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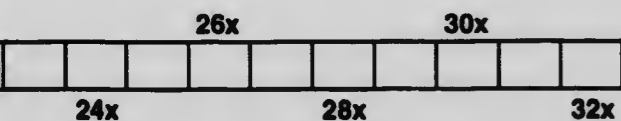
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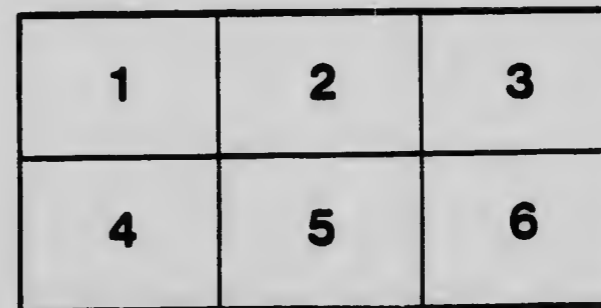
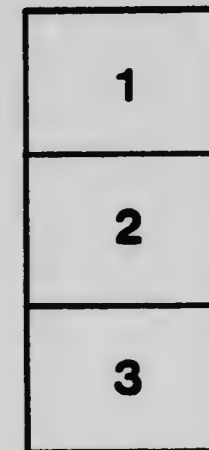
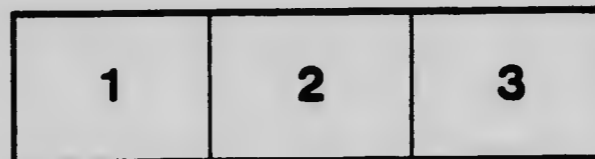
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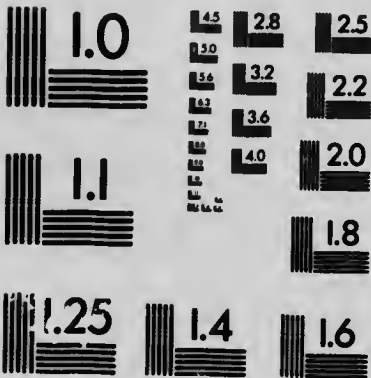
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Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye tent it ;
A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it !
BURNS.

Ahora bien, dixo el Cura, traedme, enor huésped, aqueles libros, que los quiero ver. Que me place, respondió el, y entrando en su aposento, sacó dél una maletilla vieja cerrada con una cadenilla, y abriéndola halló en ella tres libros grandes y unos papeles de muy buena letra escritos de mano. — DON QUIXOTE, Parte I. Capitulo xxxii.

It is mighty well, said the priest ; pray, landlord, bring me those books, for I have a mind to see them. With all my heart, answered the host ; and going to his chamber, he brought out a little old cloke-bag, with a padlock and chain to it, and opening it, he took out three large volumes, and some manuscript papers written in a fine character.—
JARVIS'S Translation.

INTRODUCTION TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

THE Author has stated in the preface to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*, 1827, that he received from an anonymous correspondent an account of the incident upon which the following story is founded. He is now at liberty to say that the information was conveyed to him by a late amiable and ingenious lady, whose wit and power of remarking and judging of character still survive in the memory of her friends. Her maiden name was Miss Helen Lawson, of Girthhead, and she was wife of Thomas Goldie, Esq., of Craigmuirie, Commissary of Dumfries.

Her communication was in these words :

'I had taken for summer lodgings a cottage near the old Abbey of Lincluden. It had formerly been inhabited by a lady who had pleasure in embellishing cottages, which she found perhaps homely and even poor enough ; mine therefore possessed many marks of taste and elegance unusual in this species of habitation in Scotland'. There a cottage is literally what its name declares.

'From my cottage door I had a partial view of the old Abbey before mentioned ; some of the highest arches were seen over, and some through, the trees scattered along a lane which led down to the ruin, and the strange fantastic shapes of almost all these old ashes accorded wonderfully well with the building they at once shaded and ornamented.

'The Abbey itself from my door was almost on a level with the cottage ; but on coming to the end of the lane, it was discovered to be situated on a high perpendicular bank, at the

foot of which run the clear waters of the Cluden, where they hasten to join the sweeping Nith,

Whose distant roaring swells and fa's.

As my kitchen and parlour were not very far distant, I one day went in to purchase some chickens from a person I heard offering them for sale. It was a little, rather stout-looking woman, who seemed to be between seventy and eighty years of age; she was almost covered with a tartan plaid, and her cap had over it a black silk hood, tied under the chin, a piece of dress still much in use among elderly women of that rank of life in Scotland; her eyes were dark, and remarkably lively and intelligent. I entered into conversation with her, and began by asking how she maintained herself, etc.

'She said that in winter she footed stockings, that is, knit feet to country people's stockings, which bears about the same relation to stocking-knitting that cobbling does to shoemaking, and is of course both less profitable and less dignified; she likewise taught a few children to read, and in summer she whiles reared a few chickens.

'I said I could venture to guess from her face she had never been married. She laughed heartily at this, and said, "I maun hae the queeriest face that ever was seen, that ye could guess that. Now, do tell me, madam, how ye cam to think sae?" I told her it was from her cheerful disengaged countenance. She said, "Mem, have ye na far mair reason to be happy than me, wi' a gude husband and a fine family o' bairns, and plenty o' everything? For me, I'm the puirest o' a' puir bodies, and can hardly contrive to keep mysell alive in a' thae wee bits o' ways I hae tell't ye." After some more conversation, during which I was more and more pleased with the old woman's sensible conversation and the *naïveté* of her remarks, she rose to go away, when I asked her name. Her countenance suddenly clouded, and she said gravely, rather colouring, "My name is Helen Walker; but your husband kens weel about me."

'In the evening I related how much I had been pleased, and inquired what was extraordinary in the history of the poor woman. Mr. — said, there were perhaps few more remarkable people than Helen Walker. She had been left an orphan, with the charge of a sister considerably younger than herself, and who was educated and maintained by her exertions. Attached to her by so many ties, therefore, it will not be easy to conceive her feelings when she found that this only sister must be tried

by the laws of her country for child-murder, and upon being called as principal witness against her. The counsel for the prisoner told Helen, that if she could declare that her sister had made any preparations, however slight, or had given her any intimation on the subject, such a statement would save her sister's life, as she was the principal witness against her. Helen said, "It is impossible for me to swear to a falsehood; and, whatever may be the consequence, I will give my oath according to my conscience."

'The trial came on, and the sister was found guilty and condemned; but, in Scotland, six weeks must elapse between the sentence and the execution, and Helen Walker availed herself of it. The very day of her sister's condemnation, she got a petition drawn up, stating the peculiar circumstances of the case, and that very night set out on foot to London.

'Without introduction or recommendation, with her simple, perhaps ill-expressed, petition, drawn up by some inferior clerk of the court, she presented herself, in her tartan plaid and country attire, to the late Duke of Argyle, who immediately procured the pardon she petitioned for, and Helen returned with it on foot, just in time to save her sister.

'I was so strongly interested by this narrative, that I determined immediately to prosecute my acquaintance with Helen Walker; but as I was to leave the country next day, I was obliged to defer it till my return in spring, when the first walk I took was to Helen Walker's cottage.

'She had died a short time before. My regret was extreme, and I endeavoured to obtain some account of Helen from an old woman who inhabited the other end of her cottage. I inquired if Helen ever spoke of her past history, her journey to London, etc. "Na," the old woman said, "Helen was a wily body, and whene'er ony o' the neebors asked anything about it, she aye turned the conversation."

'In short, every answer I received only tended to increase my regret, and raise my opinion of Helen Walker, who could unite so much prudence with so much heroic virtue.'

This narrative was inclosed in the following letter to the Author, without date or signature:—

'SIR—The occurrence just related happened to me twenty-six years ago. Helen Walker lies buried in the churchyard of Irongray, about six miles from Dunifries. I once proposed that

a small monument should have been erected to commemorate so remarkable a character, but I now prefer leaving it to you to perpetuate her memory in a more durable manner.'

The reader is now able to judge how far the Author has improved upon, or fallen short of, the pleasing and interesting sketch of high principle and steady affection displayed by Helen Walker, the prototype of the fictitious Jeanie Deans. Mrs. Goldie was unfortunately dead before the Author had given his name to these volumes, so he lost all opportunity of thanking that lady for her highly valuable communication. But her daughter, Miss Goldie, obliged him with the following additional information :—

'Mrs. Goldie endeavoured to collect further particulars of Helen Walker, particularly concerning her journey to London, but found this nearly impossible ; as the natural dignity of her character, and a high sense of family respectability, made her so indissolubly connect her sister's disgrace with her own exertions, that none of her neighbours durst ever question her upon the subject. One old woman, a distant relation of Helen's, and who is still living, says she worked an harvest with her, but that she never ventured to ask her about her sister's trial, or her journey to London. "Helen," she added, "was a lofty body, and used a high style o' language." The same old woman says that every year Helen received a cheese from her sister, who lived at Whitehaven, and that she always sent a liberal portion of it to herself or to her father's family. This fact, though trivial in itself, strongly marks the affection subsisting between the two sisters, and the complete conviction on the mind of the criminal that her sister had acted solely from high principle, not from any want of feeling, which another small but characteristic trait will further illustrate. A gentleman, a relation of Mrs. Goldie's, who happened to be travelling in the North of England, on coming to a small inn, was shown into the parlour by a female servant, who, after cautiously shutting the door, said, "Sir, I'm Nelly Walker's siste:." Thus practically showing that she considered her sister as better known by her high conduct than even herself by a different kind of celebrity.

'Mrs. Goldie was extremely anxious to have a tombstone and an inscription upon it erected in Irongray churchyard ; and if Sir Walter Scott will condescend to write the last, a little subscription could be easily raised in the immediate neighbourhood, and Mrs. Goldie's wish be thus fulfilled.'

It is scarcely necessary to add, that the request of Miss Goldie will be most willingly complied with, and without the necessity of any tax on the public.¹ Nor is there much occasion to repeat how much the Author conceives himself obliged to his unknown correspondent, who thus supplied him with a theme affording such a pleasing view of the moral dignity of virtue, though unaided by birth, beauty, or talent. If the picture has suffered in the execution, it is from the failure of the Author's powers to present in detail the same simple and striking portrait exhibited in Mrs. Goldie's letter.

ABBOTSFORD, April 1, 1830.

ALTHOUGH it would be impossible to add much to Mrs. Goldie's picturesque and most interesting account of Helen Walker, the prototype of the imaginary Jeanie Deans, the Editor may be pardoned for introducing two or three anecdotes respecting that excellent person, which he has collected from a volume entitled *Sketches from Nature*, by John M'Diarmid, a gentleman who conducts an able provincial paper in the town of Dumfries.

Helen was the daughter of a small farmer in a place called Dalquhairn, in the parish of Irongray; where, after the death of her father, she continued, with the unassuming piety of a Scottish peasant, to support her mother by her own unremitting labour and privations; a case so common that even yet, I am proud to say, few of my countrywomen would shrink from the duty.

Helen Walker was held among her equals 'pensy,' that is, proud or conceited; but the facts brought to prove this accusation seem only to evince a strength of character superior to those around her. Thus it was remarked, that when it thundered, she went with her work and her Bible to the front of the cottage, alleging that the Almighty could smite in the city as well as in the field.

Mr. M'Diarmid mentions more particularly the misfortune of her sister, which he supposes to have taken place previous to 1736. Helen Walker, declining every proposal of saving her relation's life at the expense of truth, borrowed a sum of money sufficient for her journey, walked the whole distance to London barefoot, and made her way to John Duke of Argyle.

¹ See Tombstone to Helen Walker. Note 1.

She was heard to say that, by the Almighty's strength, she had been enabled to meet the Duke at the most critical moment, which, if lost, would have caused the inevitable forfeiture of her sister's life.

Isabella, or Tibby Walker, saved from the fate which impended over her, was married by the person who had wronged her (named Waugh), and lived happily for great part of a century, uniformly acknowledging the extraordinary affection to which she owed her preservation.

Helen Walker died about the end of the year 1791, and her remains are interred in the churchyard of her native parish of Irongray, in a romantic cemetery on the banks of the Cairn. That a character so distinguished for her undaunted love of virtue lived and died in poverty, if not want, serves only to show us how insignificant, in the sight of Heaven, are our principal objects of ambition upon earth.

TO THE BEST OF PATRONS,
A PLEASED AND INDULGENT READER,
JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM

WISHES HEALTH, AND INCREASE, AND CONTENTMENT

COURTEOUS READER,

IF ingratitude comprehendeth every vice, surely so foul a stain worst of all beseemeth him whose life has been devoted to instructing youth in virtue and in humane letters. Therefore have I chosen, in this prolegomenon, to unload my burden of thanks at thy feet, for the favour with which thou hast kindly entertained the *Tales of my Landlord*. Certes, if thou hast chuckled over their facetious and festive descriptions, or hast thy mind filled with pleasure at the strange and pleasant turns of fortune which they record, verily, I have also simpered when I beheld a second story with attics, that has arisen on the basis of my small domicile at Gandercleugh, the walls having been beforehand pronounced by Deacon Barrow to be capable of enduring such an elevation. Nor has it been without delectation that I have endued a new coat (snuff-brown, and with metal buttons), having all nether garments corresponding thereto. We do therefore lie, in respect of each other, under a reciprocation of benefits, whereof those received by me being the most solid, in respect that a new house and a new coat are better than a new tale and an old song, it is meet that my gratitude should be expressed with the louder voice and more preponderating vehemence. And how should it be so expressed? Certainly not in words only, but in act and deed. I with this sole purpose, and disclaiming all intention of puffing that pe-

dicle or poffle of land called the Carlinescroft, lying adjacent to my garden, and measuring seven acres, three roods, and four perches, that I have committed to the eyes of those who thought well of the former tomes, these four additional volumes of the *Tales of my Landlord*. Not the less, if Peter Prayfort be minded to sell the said poffle, it is at his own choice to say so ; and, peradventure, he may meet with a purchaser ; unless, gentle Reader, the pleasing pourtraictures of Peter Pattieson, now given unto thee in particular, and unto the public in general, shall have lost their favour in thine eyes, whereof I am no way distrustful. And so much confidence do I repose in thy continued favour, that, should thy lawful occasions call thee to the town of Gandercleugh, a place frequented by most at one time or other in their lives, I will enrich thine eyes with a sight of those precious manuscripts whence thou hast derived so much delectation, thy nose with a snuff from my mull, and thy palate with a dram from my bottle of strong waters, called by the learned of Gandercleugh the Dominie's Dribble o' Drink.

It is there, O highly esteemed and beloved Reader, thou wilt be able to bear testimony, through the medium of thine own senses, against the children of vanity, who have sought to identify thy friend and servant with I know not what inditer of vain fables ; who hath cumbered the world with his devices, but shrunken from the responsibility thereof. Truly, this hath been well termed a generation hard of faith ; since what can a man do to assert his property in a printed tome, saving to put his name in the title-page thereof, with his description, or designation, as the lawyers term it, and place of abode ? Of a surety I would have such sceptics consider how they themselves would brook to have their works ascribed to others, their names and professions imputed as forgeries, and their very existence brought into question ; even although, peradventure, it may be it is of little consequence to any but themselves, not only whether they are living or dead, but even whether they ever lived or no. Yet have my maligners carried their uncharitable censures still farther. These cavillers have not only doubted mine identity, although thus plainly proved, but they have impeached my veracity and the authenticity of my historical narratives ! Verily, I can only say in answer, that I have been cautelous in quoting mine authorities. It is true, indeed, that if I had hearkened with only one ear, I might have rehearsed my tale with

more acceptance from those who love to hear but half the truth. It is, it may hap, not altogether to be discredit of our kindly nation of Scotland, that we are apt to take an interest, warm, yet partial, in the deeds and sentiments of our forefathers. He whom his adversaries describe as a perjured Prelatist, is desirous that his predecessors should be held moderate in their power, and just in their execution of its privileges, when, truly, the unimpassioned peruser of the annals of those times shall deem them sanguinary, violent, and tyrannical.

Again, the representatives of the suffering nonconformists desire that their ancestors, the Cameronians, shall be represented not simply as honest enthusiasts, oppressed for conscience sake, but persons of fine breeding, and valiant heroes. Truly, the historian cannot gratify these predilections. He must needs describe the Cavaliers as proud and high-spirited, cruel, remorseless, and vindictive; the suffering party as honourably tenacious of their opinions under persecution, their own tempers being, however, sullen, fierce, and rude, their opinions absurd and extravagant, and their whole course of conduct that of persons whom hellebore would better have suited than prosecutions unto death for high treason. Notwithstanding, while such and so preposterous were the opinions on either side, there were, it cannot be doubted, men of virtue and worth on both, to entitle either party to claim merit from its actions. It has been demanded of me, Jedediah Cleishbotham, by what right I am entitled to constitute myself an impartial judge of their discrepancies of opinions, seeing (as it is stated) that they necessarily have descended from one or other of the two parties, and be, of course, wedded for better or for ill, according to the reasonable practice of Scotland, to its dogmata, or opinions, and bound, as it were, by the tie matrimonial, to speak without metaphor, *ex jure sanguinis*, to maintain them in preference to all others.

But, nothing denying the rationality of the rule, which calls on all now living to rule their political and religious opinions by those of their great-grandfathers, and inevitable as seems the one or the other horn of the dilemma betwixt which my adversaries conceive they have pinned me to the wall, I yet spy some means of refuge, and claim a privilege to write and speak of both parties with impartiality. For, O ye powers of logic! when the Prelatists and Presbyterians of old times went together by the ears in this unlucky country, my ancestor

—venerated be his memory!— was one of the people called Quakers,¹ and suffered severe handling from either side, even to the extenuation of his purse and the incarceration of his person.

Craving thy pardon, gentle Reader, for these few words concerning me and mine, I rest, as above expressed, thy sure and obligated friend,

J. C.

GANDERCLEUGH, *this 1st of April, 1818.*

¹ See Sir Walter Scott's Relations with the Quakers. Note 2.

THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

CHAPTER I

Being Introductory

So down thy hill, romantic Ashbourn, glides
The Derby dilly, carrying six insides.

FREE.

THE times have changed in nothing more — we follow as we were wont the manuscript of Peter Pattieson — than in the rapid conveyance of intelligence and communication betwixt one part of Scotland and another. It is not above twenty or thirty years, according to the evidence of many credible witnesses now alive, since a little miserable horse-cart, performing with difficulty a journey of thirty miles *per diem*, carried our mails from the capital of Scotland to its extremity. Nor was Scotland much more deficient in these accommodations than our richer sister had been about eighty years before. Fielding, in his *Tom Jones*, and Farquhar, in a little farce called the *Stage-Coach*, have ridiculed the slowness of these vehicles of public accommodation. According to the latter authority, the highest bribe could only induce the coachman to promise to anticipate by half an hour the usual time of his arrival at the Bull and Mouth.

But in both countries these ancient, slow, and sure modes of conveyance are now alike unknown: mail-coach races against mail-coach, and high-flyer against high-flyer, through the most remote districts of Britain. And in our village alone, three post-coaches, and four coaches with men armed, and in scarlet cassocks, thunder through the streets each day, and rival in brilliancy and noise the invention of the celebrated tyrant:

Demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen,
Ære et cornipedum pulsu, simularat, equorum.

Now and then, to complete the resemblance, and to correct the presumption of the venturous charioteers, it does happen that the career of these dashing rivals of Salomoneus meets with as undesirable and violent a termination as that of their prototype. It is on such occasions that the 'insides' and 'outsides,' to use the appropriate vehicular phrases, have reason to rue the exchange of the slow and safe motion of the ancient fly-coaches, which, compared with the chariots of Mr. Palmer, so ill deserve the name. The ancient vehicle used to settle quietly down, like a ship scuttled and left to sink by the gradual influx of the waters, while the modern is smashed to pieces with the velocity of the same vessel hurled against breakers, or rather with the fury of a bomb bursting at the conclusion of its career through the air. The late ingenious Mr. Pennant, whose humour it was to set his face in stern opposition to these speedy conveyances, had collected, I have heard, a formidable list of such casualties, which, joined to the imposition of innkeepers, whose charges the passengers had no time to dispute, the sauciness of the coachman, and the uncontrolled and despotic authority of the tyrant called the guard, held forth a picture of horror, to which murder, theft, fraud, and peculation lent all their dark colouring. But that which gratifies the impatience of the human disposition will be practised in the teeth of danger, and in defiance of admonition; and, in despite of the Cambrian antiquary, mail-coaches not only roll their thunders round the base of Penmen-Maur and Cader-Edris, but

Frighted Skiddaw hears afar
The rattling of the unscythed car.

And perhaps the echoes of Ben Nevis may soon be awakened by the bugle, not of a warlike chieftain, but of the guard of a mail-coach.

It was a fine summer day, and our little school had obtained a half holiday, by the intercession of a good-humoured visitor.¹ I expected by the coach a new number of an interesting periodical publication, and walked forward on the highway to meet it, with the impatience which Cowper has described as actuating the resident in the country when longing for intelligence from the mart of news:

¹ His honour Gilbert Goslin of Gandercleugh, for I love to be precise in matters of importance. — J. C.

The grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh, — I long to know them all ;
I burn to set the imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance again.

It was with such feelings that I eyed the approach of the new coach, lately established on our road, and known by the name of the Somerset, which, to say truth, possesses some interest for me, even when it conveys no such important information. The distant tremulous sound of its wheels was heard just as I gained the summit of the gentle ascent, called the Goslin brae, from which you command an extensive view down the valley of the river Gander. The public road, which comes up the side of that stream, and crosses it at a bridge about a quarter of a mile from the place where I was standing, runs partly through inclosures and plantations, and partly through open pasture land. It is a childish amusement perhaps — but my life has been spent with children, and why should not my pleasures be like theirs? — childish as it is, then, I must own I have had great pleasure in watching the approach of the carriage, where the openings of the road permit it to be seen. The gay glancing of the equipage, its diminished and toy-like appearance at a distance, contrasted with the rapidity of its motion, its appearance and disappearance at intervals, and the progressively increasing sounds that announce its nearer approach, have all to the idle and listless spectator, who has nothing more important to attend to, something of awakening interest. The ridicule may attach to me, which is flung upon many an honest citizen, who watches from the window of his villa the passage of the stage-coach ; but it is a very natural source of amusement notwithstanding, and many of those who join in the laugh are perhaps not unused to resort to it in secret.

On the present occasion, however, fate had decreed that I should not enjoy the consummation of the amusement by seeing the coach rattle past me as I sat on the turf, and hearing the hoarse grating voice of the guard as he skimmed forth for my grasp the expected packet, without the carriage checking its course for an instant. I had seen the vehicle thunder down the hill that leads to the bridge with more than its usual impetuosity, glittering all the while by flashes from a cloudy tabernacle of the dust which it had raised, and leaving a train behind it on the road resembling a wreath of summer mist.

But it did not appear on the top of the nearer bank within the usual space of three minutes, which frequent observation had enabled me to ascertain was the medium time for crossing the bridge and mounting the ascent. When double that space had elapsed, I became alarmed, and walked hastily forward. As I came in sight of the bridge, the cause of delay was too manifest, for the Somerset had made a summerset in good earnest, and overturned so completely, that it was literally resting upon the ground, with the roof undermost, and the four wheels in the air. The 'exertions of the guard and coachman,' both of whom were gratefully commemorated in the newspapers, having succeeded in disentangling the horses by cutting the harness, were now proceeding to extricate the 'insides' by a sort of summary and Cæsarean process of delivery, forcing the hinges from one of the doors which they could not open otherwise. In this manner were two disconsolate damsels set at liberty from the womb of the leathern conveniency. As they immediately began to settle their clothes, which were a little deranged, as may be presumed, I concluded they had received no injury, and did not venture to obtrude my services at their toilette, for which, I understand, I have since been reflected upon by the fair sufferers. The 'outsides,' who must have been discharged from their elevated situation by a shock resembling the springing of a mine, escaped, nevertheless, with the usual allowance of scratches and bruises, excepting three, who, having been pitched into the river Gander, were dimly seen contending with the tide, the relics of Æneas's shipwreck —

Rari apparent nantes in gurgite vasto.

I applied my poor exertions where they seemed to be most needed, and with the assistance of one or two of the company who had escaped unhurt, easily succeeded in fishing out two of the unfortunate passengers, who were stout active young fellows; and but for the preposterous length of their greatcoats, and the equally fashionable latitude and longitude of their Wellington trousers, would have required little assistance from any one. The third was sickly and elderly, and might have perished but for the efforts used to preserve him.

When the two greatcoated gentlemen had extricated themselves from the river, and shaken their ears like huge water-dogs, a violent altercation ensued betwixt them and the coachman and guard, concerning the cause of their overthrow.

In the course of the squabble, I observed that both my new acquaintances belonged to the law, and that their professional sharpness was likely to prove an overmatch for the surly and official tone of the guardians of the vehicle. The dispute ended in the guard assuring the passengers that they should have seats in a heavy coach which would pass that spot in less than half an hour, providing it were not full. Chance seemed to favour this arrangement, for when the expected vehicle arrived, there were only two places occupied in a carriage which professed to carry six. The two ladies who had been disinterred out of the fallen vehicle were readily admitted, but positive objections were stated by those previously in possession to the admittance of the two lawyers, whose wetted garments being much of the nature of well-soaked sponges, there was every reason to believe they would refund a considerable part of the water they had collected, to the inconvenience of their fellow-passengers. On the other hand, the lawyers rejected a seat on the roof, alleging that they had only taken that station for pleasure for one stage, but were entitled in all respects to free egress and regress from the interior, to which their contract positively referred. After some altercation, in which something was said upon the edict *Nauta, caupones, stabularii*, the coach went off, leaving the learned gentlemen to abide by their action of damages.

They immediately applied to me to guide them to the next village and the best inn; and from the account I gave them of the Wallace Head, declared they were much better pleased to stop there than to go forward upon the terms of that impudent scoundrel the guard of the Somerset. All that they now wanted was a lad to carry their travelling bags, who was easily procured from an adjoining cottage; and they prepared to walk forward, when they found there was another passenger in the same deserted situation with themselves. This was the elderly and sickly-looking person who had been precipitated into the river along with the two young lawyers. He, it seems, had been too modest to push his own plea against the coachman when he saw that of his betters rejected, and now remained behind with a look of timid anxiety, plainly intimating that he was deficient in those means of recommendation which are necessary passports to the hospitality of an inn.

I ventured to call the attention of the two dashing young blades, for such they seemed, to the desolate condition of their fellow-traveller. They took the hint with ready good-nature.

'O, true, Mr. Dunover,' said one of the youngsters, 'you must not remain on the *pavé* here; you must go and have some dinner with us; Halkit and I must have a post-chaise to go on, at all events, and we will set you down wherever suits you best.'

The poor man, for such his dress, as well as his diffidence, bespoke him, made the sort of acknowledging bow by which says a Scotchman, 'It's too much honour for the like of me'; and followed humbly behind his gay patrons, all three besprinkling the dusty road as they walked along with the moisture of their drethed garments, and exhibiting the singular and somewhat ridiculous appearance of three persons suffering from the opposite extreme of humidity, while the summer sun was at its height, and everything else around them had the expression of heat and drought. The ridicule did not escape the young gentlemen themselves, and they had made what might be received as one or two tolerable jests on the subject before they had advanced far on their peregrination.

'We cannot complain, like Cowley,' said one of them, 'that Gideon's fleece remains dry, while all around is moist; this is the reverse of the miracle.'

'We ought to be received with gratitude in this good town; we bring a supply of what they seem to need most,' said Halkit.

'And distribute it with unparalleled generosity,' replied his companion; 'performing the part of three water-carts for the benefit of their dusty roads.'

'We come before them, too,' said Halkit, 'in full professional force — counsel and agent —'

'And client,' said the young advocate, looking behind him. And then added, lowering his voice, 'that looks as if he had kept such dangerous company too long.'

It was, indeed, too true, that the humble follower of the gay young men had the threadbare appearance of a worn-out litigant, and I could not but smile at the conceit, though anxious to conceal my mirth from the object of it.

When we arrived at the Wallace Inn, the elder of the Edinburgh gentlemen, and whom I understood to be a barrister, insisted that I should remain and take part of their dinner; and their inquiries and demands speedily put my Landlord and his whole family in motion to produce the best cheer which the larder and cellar afforded, and proceed to cook it to the best advantage, a science in which our entertainers seemed to be admirably skilled. In other respects they were lively young

men, in the heyday of youth and good spirits, playing the part which is common to the higher classes of the law at Edinburgh, and which nearly resembles that of the young Templars in the days of Steele and Addison. An air of giddy gaiety mingled with the good sense, taste, and information which their conversation exhibited; and it seemed to be their object to unite the character of men of fashion and lovers of the polite arts. A fine gentleman, bred up in the thorough idleness and inanity of pursuit, which I understand is absolutely necessary to the character in perfection, might in all probability have traced a tinge of professional pedantry which marked the barrister in spite of his efforts, and something of active bustle in his companion, and would certainly have detected more than a fashionable mixture of information and animated interest in the language of both. But to me, who had no pretensions to be so critical, my companions seemed to form a very happy mixture of good-breeding and liberal information, with a disposition to lively rattle, pun, and jest, amusing to a grave man, because it is what he himself can least easily command.

The thin pale-faced man, whom their good-nature had brought into their society, looked out of place, as well as out of spirits, sate on the edge of his seat, and kept the chair at two feet distance from the table, thus incommoding himself considerably in conveying the victuals to his mouth, as if by way of penance for partaking of them in the company of his superiors. A short time after dinner, declining all entreaty to partake of the wine, which circulated freely round, he informed himself of the hour when the chaise had been ordered to attend; and saying he would be in readiness, modestly withdrew from the apartment.

'Jack,' said the barrister to his companion, 'I remember that poor fellow's face; you spoke more truly than you were aware of; he really is one of my clients, poor man.'

'Poor man!' echoed Halkit. 'I suppose you mean he is your one and only client?'

'That's not my fault, Jack,' replied the other, whose name I discovered was Hardie. 'You are to give me all your business, you know; and if you have none, the learned gentleman here knows nothing can come of nothing.'

'You seem to have brought something to nothing though, in the case of that honest man. He looks as if he were just about to honour with his residence the HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN.'

'You are mistaken: he is just delivered from it. Our friend

here looks for an explanation. Pray, Mr. Pattieson, have you been in Edinburgh?’

I answered in the affirmative.

‘Then you must have passed, occasionally at least, though probably not so faithfully as I am doomed to do, through a narrow intricate passage, leading out of the north-west corner of the Parliament Square, and passing by a high and antique building, with turrets and iron grates,

Making good the saying odd,
Near the church and far from God’ —

Mr. Halkit broke in upon his learned counsel, to contribute his moiety to the riddle — ‘Having at the door the sign of the Red Man —’

‘And being on the whole,’ resumed the counsellor, interrupting his friend in his turn, ‘a sort of place where misfortune is happily confounded with guilt, where all who are in wish to get out —’

‘And where none who have the good luck to be out wish to get in,’ added his companion.

‘I conceive you, gentlemen,’ replied I: ‘you mean the prison.’

‘The prison,’ added the young lawyer. ‘You have hit it — the very reverend tolbooth itself; and let me tell you, you are obliged to us for describing it with so much modesty and brevity; for with whatever amplifications we might have chosen to decorate the subject, you lay entirely at our mercy, since the Fathers Conscrip of our city have decreed that the venerable edifice itself shall not remain in existence to confirm or to confute us.’

‘Then the tolbooth of Edinburgh is called the Heart of Midlothian?’ said I.

‘So termed and reputed, I assure you.’

‘I think,’ said I, with the bashful diffidence with which a man lets slip a pun in the presenee of his superiors, ‘the metropolitan county may, in that case, be said to have a sad heart.’

‘Right as my glove, Mr. Pattieson,’ added Mr. Hardie; ‘and a close heart, and a hard heart. Keep it up, Jack.’

‘And a wicked heart, and a poor heart,’ answered Halkit, doing his best.

‘And yet it may be called in some sort a strong heart, and a high heart,’ rejoined the advocate. ‘You see I can put you both out of heart.’

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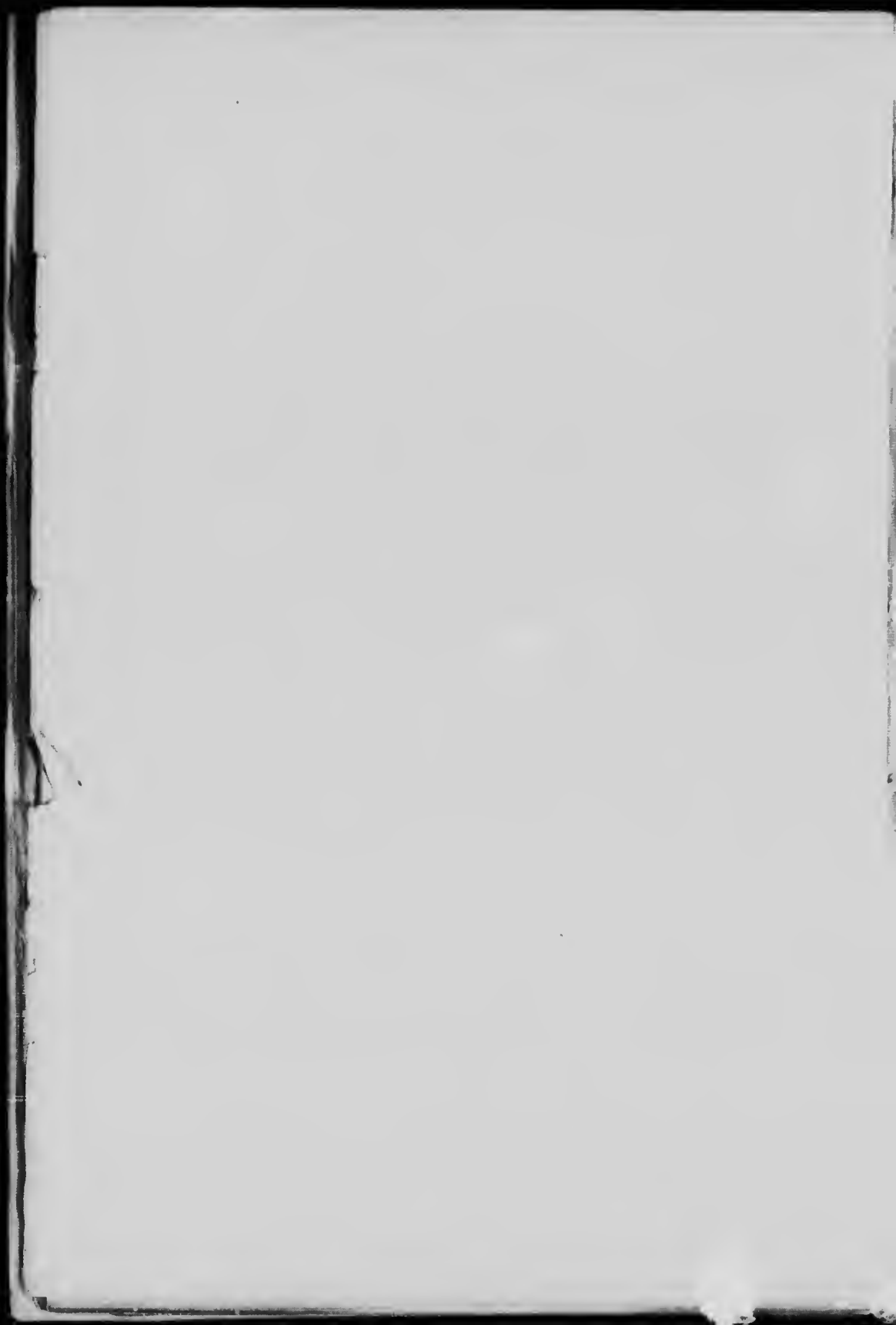
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THE TOLBOOTH, EDINBURGH.
From a rare print.



'I have played all my hearts,' said the younger gentleman.

'Then we'll have another lead,' answered his companion. 'And as to the old and condemned tolbooth, what pity the same honour cannot be done to it as has been done to many of its inmates. Why should not the tolbooth have its "Last Speech, Confession, and Dying Words"? The old stones would be just as conscious of the honour as many a poor devil who has dangled like a tassel at the west end of it, while the hawkers were shouting a confession the culprit had never heard of.'

'I am afraid,' said I, 'if I might presume to give my opinion, it would be a tale of unvaried sorrow and guilt.'

'Not entirely, my friend,' said Hardie; 'a prison is a world within itself, and has its own business, griefs, and joys, peculiar to its circle. Its inmates are sometimes short-lived, but so are soldiers on service; they are poor relatively to the world without, but there are degrees of wealth and poverty among them, and so some are relatively rich also. They cannot stir abroad, but neither can the garrison of a besieged fort, or the crew of a ship at sea; and they are not under a dispensation quite so desperate as either, for they may have as much food as they have money to buy, and are not obliged to work whether they have food or not.'

'But what variety of incident,' said I, not without a secret view to my present task, 'could possibly be derived from such a work as you are pleased to talk of?'

'Infinite,' replied the young advocate. 'Whatever of guilt, crime, imposture, folly, unheard-of misfortunes, and unlooked-for change of fortune, can be found to chequer life, my Last Speech of the Tolbooth should illustrate with examples sufficient to gorge even the public's all-devouring appetite for the wonderful and horrible. The inventor of fictitious narratives has to rack his brains for means to diversify his tale, and after all can hardly hit upon characters or incidents which have not been used again and again, until they are familiar to the eye of the reader, so that the development, *enlèvement*, the desperate wound of which the hero never dies, the burning fever from which the heroine is sure to recover, become a mere matter of course. I join with my honest friend Crabbe, and have an unlucky propensity to hope when hope is lost, and to rely upon the cork-jacket, which carries the heroes of romance safe through all the billows of affliction.' He then declaimed the

following passage, rather with too much than too little emphasis :—

Much have I fear'd, but am no more afraid,
 When some chaste beauty, by some wretch betray'd,
 Is drawn away with such distracted speed,
 That she anticipates a dreadful deed.
 Not so do I. Let solid walls impound
 The captive fair, and dig a moat around ;
 Let there be brazen locks and bars of steel,
 And keepers cruel, such as never feel ;
 With not a single note the purse supply,
 And when she begs, let men and maids deny ;
 Be windows those from which she dares not fall,
 And help so distant, 't is in vain to call ;
 Still means of freedom will some Power devise,
 And from the baffled ruffian snatch his prize.

'The end of uncertainty,' he concluded, 'is the death of interest ; and hence it happens that no one now reads novels.'

'Hear him, ye gods!' returned his companion. 'I assure you, Mr. Pattieson, you will hardly visit this learned gentleman, but you are likely to find the new novel most in repute lying on his table—snugly intrenched, however, beneath Stair's *Institutes*, or an open volume of Morison's *Decisions*.'

'Do I deny it?' said the hopeful juriseonsult, 'or wherefore should I, since it is well known these Delilahs seduced my wisers and my betters? May they not be found lurking amidst the multiplied memorials of our most distinguished counsel, and even peeping from under the cushion of a judge's arm-chair? Our seniors at the bar, within the bar, and even on the bench, read novels ; and, if not belied, some of them have written novels into the bargain. I only say, that I read from habit and from indolence, not from real interest ; that, like Ancient Pistol devouring his leek, I read and swear till I get to the end of the narrative. But not so in the real records of human vagaries, not so in the *State Trials*, or in the *Books of Adjournal*, where every now and then you read new pages of the human heart, and turns of fortune far beyond what the boldest novelist ever attempted to produce from the coinage of his brain.'

'And for such narratives,' I asked, 'you suppose the history of the prison of Edinburgh might afford appropriate materials?'

'In a degree unusually ample, my dear sir,' said Hardie. 'Fill your glass, however, in the meanwhile. Was it not for many years the place in which the Scottish Parliament met?'

Was it not James's place of refuge, when the mob, inflamed by a seditious preacher, broke forth on him with the cries of "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon; bring forth the wicked Haman"? Since that time how many hearts have throbb'd within these walls, as the tolling of the neighbouring bell announced to them how fast the sands of their life were slipping; how many must have sunk at the sound; how many were supported by stubborn pride and dogged resolution; how many by the consolations of religion? Have there not been some, who, looking back on the motives of their crimes, were scarce able to understand how they should have had such temptation as to seduce them from virtue? and have there not, perhaps, been others, who, sensible of their innocence, were divided between indignation at the undeserved doom which they were to undergo, consciousness that they had not deserved it, and racking anxiety to discover some way in which they might yet vindicate themselves? Do you suppose any of these deep, powerful, and agitating feelings can be recorded and perused without exciting a corresponding depth of deep, powerful, and agitating interest? O! do but wait till I publish the *causes célèbres* of Caledonia, and you will find no want of a novel or a tragedy for some time to come. The true thing will triumph over the brightest inventions of the most ardent imagination. *Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.*

'I have understood,' said I, encouraged by the affability of my rattling entertainer, 'that less of this interest must attach to Scottish jurisprudence than to that of any other country. The general morality of our people, their sober and prudent habits —'

'Secure them,' said the barrister, 'against any great increase of professional thieves and depredators, but not against wild and wayward starts of fancy and passion, producing crimes of an extraordinary description, which are precisely those to the detail of which we listen with thrilling interest. England has been much longer a highly civilised country; her subjects have been very strictly amenable to laws administered without fear or favour; a complete division of labour has taken place among her subjects; and the very thieves and robbers form a distinct class in society, subdivided among themselves according to the subject of their depredations, and the mode in which they carry them on, acting upon regular habits and principles, which can be calculated and anticipated at Bow Street, Hatton Garden, or the Old Bailey. Our sister kingdom is like a cultivated field: the farmer expects that, in spite of all his care, a certain number

of weeds will rise with the eorn, and can tell you beforehand their names and appearance. But Scotland is like one of her own Highland glens, and the moralist who reads the records of her criminal jurisprudence will find as many curious anomalous facts in the history of mind as the botanist will detect rare specimens among her dingles and cliffs.'

'And that's all the good you have obtained from three perusals of the *Commentaries on Scottish Criminal Jurisprudence?*' said his companion. 'I suppose the learned author very little thinks that the facts which his erudition and acuteness have accumulated for the illustration of legal doctrines might be so arranged as to form a sort of appendix to the half-bound and slip-shod volumes of the circulating library.'

'I'll bet you a pint of claret,' said the elder lawyer, 'that he will not feel sore at the comparison. But as we say at the bar, "I beg I may not be interrupted"; I have much more to say upon my Scottish collection of *causes célèbres*. You will please recollect the scope and motive given for the contrivance and execution of many extraordinary and daring crimes, by the long civil dissensions of Scotland; by the hereditary jurisdictions, which, until 1748, rested the investigation of crimes in judges, ignorant, partial, or interested; by the habits of the gentry, shut up in their distant and solitary mansion-houses, nursing their revengeful passions just to keep their blood from stagnating; not to mention that amiable national qualification, called the *perferendum ingenium Scotorum*, which our lawyers join in alleging as a reason for the severity of some of our enactments. When I come to treat of matters so mysterious, deep, and dangerous as these circumstances have given rise to, the blood of each reader shall be curdled, and his epidermis crisped into goose-skin. But, hist! here comes the landlord, with tidings, I suppose, that the chaise is ready.'

It was no such thing: the tidings bore, that no chaise could be had that evening, for Sir Peter Plym had carried forward my Landlord's two pairs of horses that morning to the ancient royal borough of Bubbleburgh, to look after his interest there. But as Bubbleburgh is only one of a set of five boroughs which club their shares for a member of Parliament, Sir Peter's adversary had judiciously watched his departure, in order to commence a canvass in the no less royal borough of Bitem, which, as all the world knows, lies at the very termination of Sir Peter's avenue, and has been held in leading-strings by him and his ancestors for time immemorial. Now Sir Peter

was thus placed in the situation of an ambitious monarch, who, after having commenced a daring inroad into his enemies' territories, is suddenly recalled by an invasion of his own hereditary dominions. He was obliged in consequence to return from the half-won borough of Bubbleburgh, to look after the half-lost borough of Bitem, and the two pairs of horses which had carried him that morning to Bubbleburgh were now forcibly detained to transport him, his agent, his valet, his jester, and his hard-drinker across the country to Bitem. The cause of this detention, which to me was of as little consequence as it may be to the reader, was important enough to my companions to reconcile them to the delay. Like eagles, they smelled the battle afar off, ordered a magnum of claret and beds at the Wallace, and entered at full career into the Bubbleburgh and Bitem politics, with all the probable 'petitions and complaints' to which they were likely to give rise.

In the midst of an anxious, animated, and, to me, most unintelligible discussion, concerning provosts, bailies, deacons, sets of boroughs, leets, town-clerks, burgesses resident and non-resident, all of a sudden the lawyer recollected himself. 'Poor Dunover, we must not forget him'; and the landlord was despatched in quest of the *pauvre honteux*, with an earnestly civil invitation to him for the rest of the evening. I could not help asking the young gentlemen if they knew the history of this poor man; and the counsellor applied himself to his pocket to recover the memorial or brief from which he had stated his cause.

'He has been a candidate for our *remedium miserabile*,' said Mr. Hardie, 'commonly called a *cessio bonorum*. As there are divines who have doubted the eternity of future punishments, so the Scotch lawyers seem to have thought that the crime of poverty might be atoned for by something short of perpetual imprisonment. After a month's confinement, you must know, a prisoner for debt is entitled, on a sufficient statement to our Supreme Court, setting forth the amount of his funds, and the nature of his misfortunes, and surrendering all his effects to his creditors, to claim to be discharged from prison.'

'I had heard,' I replied, 'of such a humane regulation.'

'Yes,' said Halkit, 'and the beauty of it is, as the foreign fellow said, you may get the *cessio* when the *bonorum* are all spent. But what, are you puzzling in your pockets to seek your only memorial among old play-bills, letters requesting

a meeting of the faculty, rules of the Speculative Society,¹ syllabus of lectures — all the miscellaneous contents of a young advocate's pocket, which contains everything but briefs and bank-notes? Can you not state a case of *cessio* without your memorial? Why, it is done every Saturday. The events follow each other as regularly as clock-work, and one form of condescendence might suit every one of them.'

'This is very unlike the variety of distress which this gentleman stated to fall under the consideration of your judges,' said I.

'True,' replied Halkit; 'but Hardie spoke of criminal jurisprudence, and this business is purely civil. I could plead a *cessio* myself without the inspiring honours of a gown and three-tailed periwig. Listen. My client was bred a journeyman weaver — made some little money — took a farm — (for conducting a farm, like driving a gig, comes by nature) — late severe times — induced to sign bills with a friend, for which he received no value — landlord sequestrates — creditors accept a composition — pursuer sets up a public-house — fails a second time — is incarcerated for a debt of ten pounds, seven shillings and sixpence — his debts amount to blank — his losses to blank — his funds to blank — leaving a balance of blank in his favour. There is no opposition; your lordships will please grant commission to take his oath.'

Hardie now renounced his ineffectual search, in which there was perhaps a little affectation, and told us the tale of poor Dunover's distresses, with a tone in which a degree of feeling, which he seemed ashamed of as unprofessional, mingled with his attempts at wit, and did him more honour. It was one of those tales which seem to argue a sort of ill-luck or fatality attached to the hero. A well-informed, industrious, and blameless, but poor and bashful, man had in vain essayed all the usual means by which others acquire independence, yet had never succeeded beyond the attainment of bare subsistence. During a brief gleam of hope, rather than of actual prosperity, he had added a wife and family to his cares, but the dawn was speedily overcast. Everything retrograded with him towards the verge of the miry Slough of Despond, which yawns for insolvent debtors; and after catching at each twig, and experiencing the protracted agony of feeling them one by one elude his grasp, he actually sunk into the miry pit whence he had been extricated by the professional exertions of Hardie.

¹ A well-known debating club in Edinburgh (*Lainy*).

'And, I suppose, now you have dragged this poor devil ashore, you will leave him half naked on the beach to provide for himself?' said Halkit. 'Hark ye,' and he whispered something in his ear, of which the penetrating and insinuating words, 'Interest with my lord,' alone reached mine.

'It is *pessimi exempli*,' said Hardie, laughing, 'to provide for a ruined client; but I was thinking of what you mention, provided it can be managed. But hush! here he comes.'

The recent relation of the poor man's misfortunes had given him, I was pleased to observe, a claim to the attention and respect of the young men, who treated him with great civility, and gradually engaged him in a conversation, which, much to my satisfaction, again turned upon the *causes célèbres* of Scotland. Emboldened by the kindness with which he was treated, Mr. Dunover began to contribute his share to the amusement of the evening. Jails, like other places, have their ancient traditions, known only to the inhabitants, and handed down from one set of the melancholy lodgers to the next who occupy their cells. Some of these, which Dunover mentioned, were interesting, and served to illustrate the narratives of remarkable trials which Hardie had at his finger-ends, and which his companion was also well skilled in. This sort of conversation passed away the evening till the early hour when Mr. Dunover chose to retire to rest, and I also retreated to take down memorandums of what I had learned, in order to add another narrative to those which it had been my chief amusement to collect, and to write out in detail. The two young men ordered a broiled bone, Madeira negus, and a pack of cards, and commenced a game at picquet.

Next morning the travellers left Gandereleugh. I afterwards learned from the papers that both have been since engaged in the great political cause of Bubbleburgh and Bitem, a summary case, and entitled to particular despatch; but which, it is thought, nevertheless, may outlast the duration of the parliament to which the contest refers. Mr. Halkit, as the newspapers informed me, acts as agent or solicitor; and Mr. Hardie opened for Sir Peter Plyem with singular ability, and to such good purpose, that I understand he has since had fewer play-bills and more briefs in his pocket. And both the young gentlemen deserve their good fortune; for I learned from Dunover, who called on me some weeks afterwards, and communicated the intelligence with tears in his eyes, that their interest had availed to obtain him a small office for the

decent maintenance of his family ; and that, after a train of constant and uninterrupted misfortune, he could trace a dawn of prosperity to his having the good fortune to be flung from the top of a mail-coach into the river Gander, in company with an advocate and a writer to the signet. The reader will not perhaps deem himself equally obliged to the accident, since it brings upon him the following narrative, founded upon the conversation of the evening.

CHAPTER II

Who'er's been at Paris must needs know the Grève,
The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave,
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute,
To ease heroes' pains by an halter and gibbet.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but began ;
There the squire of the pad, and knight of the post,
Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes no more cross'd.

PRIOR.

IN former times, England had her Tyburn, to which the devoted victims of justice were conducted in solemn procession up what is now called Oxford Road. In Edinburgh, a large open street, or rather oblong square, surrounded by high houses, called the Grassmarket, was used for the same melancholy purpose. It was not ill chosen for such a scene, being of considerable extent, and therefore fit to accommodate a great number of spectators, such as are usually assembled by this melancholy spectacle. On the other hand, few of the houses which surround it were, even in early times, inhabited by persons of fashion ; so that those likely to be offended or over deeply affected by such unpleasant exhibitions were not in the way of having their quiet disturbed by them. The houses in the Grassmarket are, generally speaking, of a mean description ; yet the place is not without some features of grandeur, being overhung by the southern side of the huge rock on which the castle stands, and by the moss-grown battlements and turreted walls of that ancient fortress.

It was the custom, until within these thirty years or thereabouts, to use this esplanade for the scene of public executions. The fatal day was announced to the public by the appearance of a huge black gallows-tree towards the eastern end of the Grassmarket. This ill-omened apparition was of great height, with a scaffold surrounding it, and a double ladder placed

against it, for the ascent of the unhappy criminal and the executioner. As this apparatus was always arranged before dawn, it seemed as if the gallows had grown out of the earth in the course of one night, like the production of some foul demon; and I well remember the fright with which the school-boys, when I was one of their number, used to regard these ominous signs of deadly preparation. On the night after the execution the gallows again disappeared, and was conveyed in silence and darkness to the place where it was usually deposited, which was one of the vaults under the Parliament House, or courts of justice. This mode of execution is now exchanged for one similar to that in front of Newgate, with what beneficial effect is uncertain. The mental sufferings of the convict are indeed shortened. He no longer stalks between the attendant clergymen, dressed in his grave-clothes, through a considerable part of the city, looking like a moving and walking corpse, while yet an inhabitant of this world; but, as the ultimate purpose of punishment has in view the prevention of crimes, it may at least be doubted whether, in abridging the melancholy ceremony, we have not in part diminished that appalling effect upon the spectators which is the useful end of all such inflictions, and in consideration of which alone, unless in very particular cases, capital sentences can be altogether justified.

On the 7th day of September 1736 these ominous preparations for execution were described in the place we have described, and at an early hour the space around began to be occupied by several groups, who gazed on the scaffold and gibbet with a stern and vindictive show of satisfaction very seldom testified by the populace, whose good-nature in most cases forgets the crime of the condemned person, and dwells only on his misery. But the act of which the expected culprit had been convicted was of a description calculated nearly and closely to awaken and irritate the resentful feelings of the multitude. The tale is well known; yet it is necessary to recapitulate its leading circumstances, for the better understanding what is to follow; and the narrative may prove long, but I trust not uninteresting, even to those who have heard its general issue. At any rate, some detail is necessary, in order to render intelligible the subsequent events of our narrative.

Contraband trade, though it strikes at the root of legitimate government, by encroaching on its revenues, though it injures

the fair trader, and debauches the minds of those engaged in it, is not usually looked upon, either by the vulgar or by their betters, in a very heinous point of view. On the contrary, in those counties where it prevails, the cleverest, boldest, and most intelligent of the peasantry are uniformly engaged in illicit transactions, and very often with the sanction of the farmers and inferior gentry. Smuggling was almost universal in Scotland in the reigns of George I. and II. ; for the people, unaccustomed to imposts, and regarding them as an unjust aggression upon their ancient liberties, made no scruple to elude them whenever it was possible to do so.

The county of Fife, bounded by two firths on the south and north, and by the sea on the east, and having a number of small seaports, was long famed for maintaining successfully a contraband trade ; and as there were many seafaring men residing there, who had been pirates and buccaneers in their youth, there were not wanting a sufficient number of daring men to carry it on. Among these, a fellow called Andrew Wilson, originally a baker in the village of Pathhead, was particularly obnoxious to the revenue officers. He was possessed of great personal strength, courage, and cunning, was perfectly acquainted with the coast, and capable of conducting the most desperate enterprises. On several occasions he succeeded in baffling the pursuit and researches of the king's officers ; but he became so much the object of their suspicions and watchful attention that at length he was totally ruined by repeated seizures. The man became desperate. He considered himself as robbed and plundered, and took it into his head that he had a right to make reprisals, as he could find opportunity. Where the heart is prepared for evil, opportunity is seldom long wanting. This Wilson learned that the collector of the customs at Kirkealdy had come to Pittenweem, in the course of his official round of duty, with a considerable sum of public money in his custody. As the amount was greatly within the value of the goods which had been seized from him, Wilson felt no scruple of conscience in resolving to reimburse himself for his losses at the expense of the collector and the revenue. He associated with himself one Robertson and two other idle young men, whom, having been concerned in the same illicit trade, he persuaded to view the transaction in the same justifiable light in which he himself considered it. They watched the motions of the collector ; they broke forcibly into the house where he lodged, Wilson, with two of his associates, entering the

collector's apartment, while Robertson, the fourth, kept watch at the door with a drawn cutlass in his hand. The officer of the customs, conceiving his life in danger, escaped out of his bedroom window, and fled in his shirt, so that the plunderers, with much ease, possessed themselves of about two hundred pounds of public money. This robbery was committed in a very audacious manner, for several persons were passing in the street at the time. But Robertson, representing the noise they heard as a dispute or fray betwixt the collector and the people of the house, the worthy citizens of Pittenweem felt themselves no way called on to interfere in behalf of the obnoxious revenue officer; so, satisfying themselves with this very superficial account of the matter, like the Levite in the parable, they passed on the opposite side of the way. An alarm was at length given, military were called in, the depredators were pursued, the booty recovered, and Wilson and Robertson tried and condemned to death, chiefly on the evidence of an accomplice.

Many thought that, in consideration of the men's erroneous opinion of the nature of the action they had committed, justice might have been satisfied with a less forfeiture than that of two lives. On the other hand, from the audacity of the fact, a severe example was judged necessary; and such was the opinion of the government. When it became apparent that the sentence of death was to be executed, files, and other implements necessary for their escape, were transmitted secretly to the culprits by a friend from without. By these means they sawed a bar out of one of the prison windows, and might have made their escape, but for the obstinacy of Wilson, who, as he was daringly resolute, was doggedly pertinacious of his opinion. His comrade, Robertson, a young and slender man, proposed to make the experiment of passing the foremost through the gap they had made, and enlarging it from the outside, if necessary, to allow Wilson free passage. Wilson, however, refused to make the first experiment, and being a robust and lusty man, he not only found it impossible to get through betwixt the bars, but, by his struggles, he jammed himself so fast that he was unable to draw his body back again. In these circumstances discovery became unavoidable; and sufficient precautions were taken by the jailor to prevent any repetition of the same attempt. Robertson uttered not a word of reflection on his companion for the consequences of his obstinacy; but it appeared from the sequel that Wilson's mind was deeply impressed with the recollection that, but for him, his comrade, over whose mind

he exercised considerable influence, would not have engaged in the criminal enterprise which had terminated thus fatally ; and that now he had become his destroyer a second time, since, but for his obstinacy, Robertson might have effected his escape. Minds like Wilson's, even when exercised in evil practices, sometimes retain the power of thinking and resolving with enthusiastic generosity. His whole thoughts were now bent on the possibility of saving Robertson's life, without the least respect to his own. The resolution which he adopted, and the manner in which he carried it into effect, were striking and unusual.

Adjacent to the tolbooth or city jail of Edinburgh is one of three churches into which the cathedral of St. Giles is now divided, called, from its vicinity, the Tolbooth Church. It was the custom that criminals under sentence of death were brought to this church, with a sufficient guard, to hear and join in public worship on the Sabbath before execution. It was supposed that the hearts of these unfortunate persons, however hardened before against feelings of devotion, could not but be accessible to them upon uniting their thoughts and voices, for the last time, along with their fellow-mortals, in addressing their Creator. And to the rest of the congregation it was thought it could not but be impressive and affecting to find their devotions mingling with those who, sent by the doom of an earthly tribunal to appear where the whole earth is judged, might be considered as beings trembling on the verge of eternity. The practice, however edifying, has been discontinued, in consequence of the incident we are about to detail.

The clergyman whose duty it was to officiate in the Tolbooth Church had concluded an affecting discourse, part of which was particularly directed to the unfortunate men, Wilson and Robertson, who were in the pew set apart for the persons in their unhappy situation, each secured betwixt two soldiers of the City Guard. The clergyman had reminded them that the next congregation they must join would be that of the just or of the unjust ; that the psalms they now heard must be exchanged, in the space of two brief days, for eternal hallelujahs or eternal lamentations ; and that this fearful alternative must depend upon the state to which they might be able to bring their minds before the moment of awful preparation ; that they should not despair on account of the suddenness of the summons, but rather to feel this comfort in their misery, that, though all who now lifted the voice, or bent the knee, in conjunction with

them lay under the same sentence of certain death, *they* only had the advantage of knowing the precise moment at which it should be executed upon them. 'Therefore,' urged the good man, his voice trembling with emotion, 'redeem the time, my unhappy brethren, which is yet left; and remember that, with the grace of Him to whom space and time are but as nothing, salvation may yet be assured, even in the pittance of delay which the laws of your country afford you.'

Robertson was observed to weep at these words; but Wilson seemed as one whose brain had not entirely received their meaning, or whose thoughts were deeply impressed with some different subject; an expression so natural to a person in his situation that it excited neither suspicion nor surprise.

The benediction was pronounced as usual, and the congregation was dismissed, many lingering to indulge their curiosity with a more fixed look at the two criminals, who now, as well as their guards, rose up, as if to depart when the crowd should permit them. A murmur of compassion was heard to pervade the spectators, the more general, perhaps, on account of the alleviating circumstances of the case; when all at once, Wilson, who, as we have already noticed, was a very strong man, seized two of the soldiers, one with each hand, and calling at the same time to his companion, 'Run, Geordie, run!' threw himself on a third, and fastened his teeth on the collar of his coat. Robertson stood for a second as if thunderstruck, and unable to avail himself of the opportunity of escape; but the cry of 'Run, run!' being echoed from many around, whose feelings surprised them into a very natural interest in his behalf, he shook off the grasp of the remaining soldier, threw himself over the pew, mixed with the dispersing congregation, none of whom felt inclined to stop a poor wretch taking this last chance for his life, gained the door of the church, and was lost to all pursuit.

The generous intrepidity which Wilson had displayed on this occasion augmented the feeling of compassion which attended his fate. The public, where their own prejudices are not concerned being easily engaged on the side of disinterestedness and humanity, admired Wilson's behaviour, and rejoiced in Robertson's escape. This general feeling was so great that it excited a vague report that Wilson would be rescued at the place of execution, either by the mob or by some of his old associates, or by some second extraordinary and unexpected exertion of strength and courage on his own part. The magistrates thought it their duty to provide against the possibility of dis-

turbance. They ordered out, for protection of the execution of the sentence, the greater part of their own City Guard, under the command of Captain Porteous, a man whose name became too memorable from the melancholy circumstances of the day and subsequent events. It may be necessary to say a word about this person and the corps which he commanded. But the subject is of importance sufficient to deserve another chapter.

CHAPTER III

And thou, great god of aqua-vitæ !
Wha sways the empire of this city,
(When fou we're sometimes capernoity),
Be thou prepared,
To save us frae that black banditti,
The City Guard !

FERGUSON'S *Daft Days*.

CAPTAIN JOHN PORTEOUS, a name memorable in the traditions of Edinburgh, as well as in the records of criminal jurisprudence, was the son of a citizen of Edinburgh, who endeavoured to breed him up to his own mechanical trade of a tailor. The youth, however, had a wild and irrelaisable propensity to dissipation, which finally sent him to serve in the corps long maintained in the service of the States of Holland, and called the Scotch Dutch. Here he learned military discipline ; and returning afterwards, in the course of an idle and wandering life, to his native city, his services were required by the magistrates of Edinburgh, in the disturbed year 1715, for disciplining their City Guard, in which he shortly afterwards received a captain's commission. It was only by his military skill, and an alert and resolute character as an officer of police, that he merited this promotion, for he is said to have been a man of profligate habits, an unnatural son, and a brutal husband. He was, however, useful in his station, and his harsh and fierce habits rendered him formidable to rioters or disturbers of the public peace.

The corps in which he held his command is, or perhaps we should rather say *was*, a body of about one hundred and twenty soldiers, divided into three companies, and regularly armed, clothed, and embodied. They were chiefly veterans who enlisted in this corps, having the benefit of working at their trades when they were off duty. These men had the charge of preserving public order, repressing riots and street robberies, acting, in short, as an armed police, and attending on all public occasions

where confusion or popular disturbance might be expected.¹ Poor Ferguson, whose irregularities sometimes led him into unpleasant *rencontres* with these military conservators of public order, and who mentions them so often that he may be termed their poet laureate, thus admonishes his readers, warned doubtless by his own experience :

Gude folk, as ye come frae the fair,
Bide yont frae this black squad ;
There 's nae sic savages elsewhere
Allow'd to wear cockad.

In fact, the soldiers of the City Guard, being, as we have said, in general discharged veterans, who had strength enough remaining for this municipal duty, and being, moreover, for the greater part, Highlanders, were neither by birth, education, or former habits trained to endure with much patience the insults of the rabble, or the provoking petulance of truant schoolboys, and idle debauches of all descriptions, with whom their occupation brought them into contact. On the contrary, the tempers of the poor old fellows were soured by the indignities with which the mob distinguished them on many occasions, and frequently might have required the soothing strains of the poet we have just quoted —

O soldiers ! for your ain dear sakes,
For Scotland's love, the Land o' Cakes,
Gie not her bairns sic deadly paiks,
Nor be sae rude,
Wi' firelock or Lochaber axe,
As spill their bluid !

On all occasions when a holiday licensed some riot and irregularity, a skirmish with these veterans was a favourite recreation with the rabble of Edinburgh. These pages may perhaps see the light when many have in fresh recollection such onsets as we allude to. But the venerable corps with whom the contention was held may now be considered as totally extinct. Of late the gradual diminution of these civic soldiers reminds one of the abatement of King Lear's hundred knights. The edicts of each succeeding set of magistrates have, like those of Goneril and Regan, diminished this venerable band with the similar question, 'What need we five and twenty?—ten?—or five?' And it is now nearly come to, 'What need one?' A spectre may indeed here and there still be seen, of

¹ See Edinburgh City Guard. Note 3.

an old grey-headed and grey-bearded Highlander, with war-worn features, but bent double by age; dressed in an old-fashioned cocked hat, bound with white tape instead of silver lace, and in coat, waistcoat, and breeches of a muddy-coloured red, bearing in his withered hand an ancient weapon, called a Lochaber axe, a long pole, namely, with an axe at the extremity and a hook at the back of the hatchet.¹ Such a phantom of former days still creeps, I have been informed, round the statue of Charles the Second, in the Parliament Square, as if the image of a Stuart were the last refuge for any memorial of our ancient manners; and one or two others are supposed to glide around the door of the guard-house assigned to them in the Luckenbooths when their ancient refuge in the High Street was laid low.² But the fate of manuscripts bequeathed to friends and executors is so uncertain, that the narrative containing these frail memorials of the old Town Guard of Edinburgh, who, with their grim and valiant corporal, John Dhu, the fiercest-looking fellow I ever saw, were, in my boyhood, the alternate terror and derision of the petulant brood of the High School, may, perhaps, only come to light when all memory of the institution has faded away, and then serve as an illustration of Kay's caricatures, who has preserved the features of some of their heroes. In the preceding generation, when there was a perpetual alarm for the plots and activity of the Jacobites, some pains were taken by the magistrates of Edinburgh to keep this corps, though composed always of such materials as we have noticed, in a more effective state than was afterwards judged necessary, when their most dangerous service was to skirmish with the rabble on the king's birthday. They were, therefore, more the objects of hatred, and less that of scorn, than they were afterwards accounted.

To Captain John Porteous the honour of his command and of his corps seems to have been a matter of high interest and importance. He was exceedingly incensed against Wilson for the affront which he construed him to have put upon his soldiers, in the effort he made for the liberation of his companion, and expressed himself most ardently on the subject. He was no less indignant at the report that there was an intention to rescue Wilson himself from the gallows, and uttered many threats and imprecations upon that subject,

¹ This hook was to enable the bearer of the Lochaber axe to scale a gateway, by grappling the top of the door and swinging himself up by the staff of his weapon.

² See Last March of the City Guard. Note 4.

which were afterwards remembered to his disadvantage. In fact, if a good deal of determination and promptitude rendered Porteous, in one respect, fit to command guards designed to suppress popular commotion, he seems, on the other, to have been disqualified for a charge so delicate by a hot and surly temper, always too ready to come to blows and violence, a character void of principle, and a disposition to regard the rabble, who seldom failed to regale him and his soldiers with some marks of their displeasure, as declared enemies, upon whom it was natural and justifiable that he should seek opportunities of vengeance. Being, however, the most active and trustworthy among the captains of the City Guard, he was the person to whom the magistrates confided the command of the soldiers appointed to keep the peace at the time of Wilson's execution. He was ordered to guard the gallows and scaffold, with about eighty men, all the disposable force that could be spared for that duty.

But the magistrates took farther precautions, which affected Porteous's pride very deeply. They requested the assistance of part of a regular infantry regiment, not to attend upon the execution, but to remain drawn up on the principal street of the city, during the time that it went forward, in order to intimidate the multitude, in case they should be disposed to be unruly, with a display of force which could not be resisted without desperation. It may sound ridiculous in our ears, considering the fallen state of this ancient civic corps, that its officer should have felt punctiliously jealous of its honour. Yet so it was. Captain Porteous resented as an indignity the introducing the Welsh Fusileers within the city, and drawing them up in the street where no drums but his own were allowed to be sounded without the special command or permission of the magistrates. As he could not show his ill-humour to his patrons the magistrates, it increased his indignation and his desire to be revenged on the unfortunate criminal Wilson, and all who favoured him. These internal emotions of jealousy and rage wrought a change on the man's mien and bearing, visible to all who saw him on the fatal morning when Wilson was appointed to suffer. Porteous's ordinary appearance was rather favourable. He was about the middle size, stout, and well made, having a military air, and yet rather a gentle and mild countenance. His complexion was brown, his face somewhat fretted with the scars of the small-pox, his eyes rather languid than keen or fierce. On the present occasion, however, it seemed to those

who saw him as if he were agitated by some evil demon. His step was irregular, his voice hollow and broken, his countenance pale, his eyes staring and wild, his speech imperfect and confused, and his whole appearance so disordered that many remarked he seemed to be 'fey,' a Scottish expression, meaning the state of those who are driven on to their impending fate by the strong impulse of some irresistible necessity.

One part of his conduct was truly diabolical, if, indeed, it has not been exaggerated by the general prejudice entertained against his memory. When Wilson, the unhappy criminal, was delivered to him by the keeper of the prison, in order that he might be conducted to the place of execution, Porteous, not satisfied with the usual precautions to prevent escape, ordered him to be manacled. This might be justifiable from the character and bodily strength of the malefactor, as well as from the apprehensions so generally entertained of an expected rescue. But the hardenings which were produced being found too small for the wrists of a man so big-boned as Wilson, Porteous proceeded with his own hands, and by great exertion of strength, to force them till they clasped together, to the exquisite torture of the unhappy criminal. Wilson remonstrated against such barbarous usage, declaring that the pain distracted his thoughts from the subjects of meditation proper to his unhappy condition.

'It signifies little,' replied Captain Porteous; 'your pain will be soon at an end.'

'Your cruelty is great,' answered the sufferer. 'You know not how soon you yourself may have occasion to ask the mercy which you are now refusing to a fellow-creature. May God forgive you!'

These words, long afterwards quoted and remembered, were all that passed between Porteous and his prisoner; but as they took air and became known to the people, they greatly increased the popular compassion for Wilson, and excited a proportionate degree of indignation against Porteous, against whom, as strict, and even violent, in the discharge of his unpopular office, the common people had some real, and many imaginary, causes of complaint.

When the painful procession was completed, and Wilson, with the escort, had arrived at the scaffold in the Grassmarket, there appeared no signs of that attempt to rescue him which had occasioned such precautions. The multitude, in general, looked on with deeper interest than at ordinary executions; and there might be seen on the countenances of many a stern

and indignant expression, like that with which the ancient Cameronians might be supposed to witness the execution of their brethren, who glorified the Covenant on the same occasion, and at the same spot. But there was no attempt at violence. Wilson himself seemed disposed to hasten over the space that divided time from eternity. The devotions proper and usual on such occasions were no sooner finished than he submitted to his fate, and the sentence of the law was fulfilled.

He had been suspended on the gibbet so long as to be totally deprived of life, when at once, as if occasioned by some newly-received impulse, there arose a tumult among the multitude. Many stones were thrown at Porteous and his guards; some mischief was done; and the mob continued to press forward with whoops, shrieks, howls, and exclamations. A young fellow, with a sailor's cap slouched over his face, sprung on the scaffold and cut the rope by which the criminal was suspended. Others approached to carry off the body, either to secure for it a decent grave, or to try, perhaps, some means of resuscitation. Captain Porteous was wrought, by this appearance of insurrection against his authority, into a rage so headlong as made him forget that, the sentence having been fully executed, it was his duty not to engage in hostilities with the misguided multitude, but to draw off his men as fast as possible. He sprung from the scaffold, snatched a musket from one of his soldiers, commanded the party to give fire, and, as several eye-witnesses concurred in swearing, set them the example by discharging his piece and shooting a man dead on the spot. Several soldiers obeyed his command or followed his example; six or seven persons were slain, and a great many were hurt and wounded.

After this act of violence, the Captain proceeded to withdraw his men towards their guard-house in the High Street. The mob were not so much intimidated as incensed by what had been done. They pursued the soldiers with execrations, accompanied by volleys of stones. As they pressed on them, the rearmost soldiers turned and again fired with fatal aim and execution. It is not accurately known whether Porteous commanded this second act of violence; but of course the odium of the whole transactions of the fatal day attached to him, and to him alone. He arrived at the guard-house, dismissed his soldiers, and went to make his report to the magistrates concerning the unfortunate events of the day.

Apparently by this time Captain Porteous had begun to

doubt the propriety of his own conduct, and the reception he met with from the magistrates was such as to make him still more anxious to gloss it over. He denied that he had given orders to fire; he denied he had fired with his own hand; he even produced the fusee which he carried as an officer for examination: it was found still loaded. Of three cartridges which he was seen to put in his pouch that morning, two were still there; a white handkerchief was thrust into the muzzle of the piece, and returned unsoiled or blackened. To the defence founded on these circumstances it was answered, that Porteous had not used his own piece, but had been seen to take one from a soldier. Among the many who had been killed and wounded by the unhappy fire, there were several of better rank; for even the humanity of such soldiers as fired over the heads of the mere rabble around the scaffold, proved in some instances fatal to persons who were stationed in windows, or observed the melancholy scene from a distance. The voice of public indignation was loud and general; and, ere men's tempers had time to cool, the trial of Captain Porteous took place before the High Court of Justiciary. After a long and patient hearing, the jury had the difficult duty of balancing the positive evidence of many persons, and those of respectability, who deposed positively to the prisoner's commanding his soldiers to fire, and himself firing his piece, of which some swore that they saw the smoke and flash, and beheld a man drop at whom it was pointed, with the negative testimony of others, who, though well stationed for seeing what had passed, neither heard Porteous give orders to fire, nor saw him fire himself; but, on the contrary, averred that the first shot was fired by a soldier who stood close by him. A great part of his defence was also founded on the turbulence of the mob, which witnesses, according to their feelings, their predilections, and their opportunities of observation, represented differently; some describing as a formidable riot what others represented as a trifling disturbance, such as always used to take place on the like occasions, when the executioner of the law and the men commissioned to protect him in his task were generally exposed to some indignities. The verdict of the jury sufficiently shows how the evidence preponderated in their minds. It declared that John Porteous fired a gun among the people assembled at the execution; that he gave orders to his soldiers to fire, by which many persons were killed and wounded; but, at the same time, that the prisoner and his guard had been

wounded and beaten by stones thrown at them by the multitude. Upon this verdict, the Lords of Justiciary passed sentence of death against Captain John Porteous, adjudging him, in the common form, to be hanged on a gibbet at the common place of execution, on Wednesday, 8th September 1736, and all his movable property to be forfeited to the king's use, according to the Scottish law in cases of wilful murder.

CHAPTER IV

The hour's come, but not the man.¹

Kelpie.

ON the day when the unhappy Porteous was expected to suffer the sentence of the law, the place of execution, extensive as it is, was crowded almost to suffocation. There was not a window in all the lofty tenements around it, or in the steep and crooked street called the Bow, by which the fatal procession was to descend from the High Street, that was not absolutely filled with spectators. The uncommon height and antique appearance of these houses, some of which were formerly the property of the Knights Templars and the Knights of St. John, and still exhibit on their fronts and gables the iron cross of these orders, gave additional effect to a scene in itself so striking. The area of the Grassmarket resembled a huge dark lake or sea of human heads, in the centre of which arose the fatal tree, tall, black, and ominous, from which dangled the deadly halter. Every object takes interest from its uses and associations, and the erect beam and empty noose, things so simple in themselves, became, on such an occasion, objects of terror and of solemn interest.

Amid so numerous an assembly there was scarcely a word spoken, save in whispers. The thirst of vengeance was in some degree allayed by its supposed certainty; and even the populace, with deeper feeling than they are wont to entertain, suppressed all clamorous exultation, and prepared to enjoy the scene of retaliation in triumph, silent and decent, though stern and relentless. It seemed as if the depth of their hatred to the unfortunate criminal scorned to display itself in anything resembling the more noisy current of their ordinary feelings. Had a stranger consulted only the evidence of his ears, he might have supposed that so vast a multitude were assembled

¹ See the Kelpie's Voice. Note 5.

for some purpose which affected them with the deepest sorrow, and stilled those noises which, on all ordinary occasions, arise from such a concourse; but if he gazed upon their faces he would have been instantly undeceived. The compressed lip, the bent brow, the stern and flashing eye of almost every one on whom he looked, conveyed the expression of men come to glut their sight with triumphant revenge. It is probable that the appearance of the criminal might have somewhat changed the temper of the populace in his favour, and that they might in the moment of death have forgiven the man against whom their resentment had been so fiercely heated. It had, however, been destined that the mutability of their sentiments was not to be exposed to this trial.

The usual hour for producing the criminal had been past for many minutes, yet the spectators observed no symptom of his appearance. 'Would they venture to defraud public justice?' was the question which men began anxiously to ask at each other. The first answer in every case was bold and positive — 'They dare not.' But when the point was further canvassed, other opinions were entertained, and various causes of doubt were suggested. Porteous had been a favourite officer of the magistracy of the city, which, being a numerous and fluctuating body, requires for its support a degree of energy in its functionaries which the individuals who compose it cannot at all times alike be supposed to possess in their own persons. It was remembered that in the information for Porteous (the paper, namely, in which his case was stated to the judges of the criminal court), he had been described by his counsel as the person on whom the magistrates chiefly relied in all emergencies of uncommon difficulty. It was argued, too, that his conduct, on the unhappy occasion of Wilson's execution, was capable of being attributed to an imprudent excess of zeal in the execution of his duty, a motive for which those under whose authority he acted might be supposed to have great sympathy. And as these considerations might move the magistrates to make a favourable representation of Porteous's case, there were not wanting others in the higher departments of government which would make such suggestions favourably listened to.

The mob of Edinburgh, when thoroughly excited, had been at all times one of the fiercest which could be found in Europe; and of late years they had risen repeatedly against the government, and sometimes not without temporary success. They were conscious, therefore, that they were no favourites with the

rulers of the period, and that, if Captain Porteous's violence was not altogether regarded as good service, it might certainly be thought that to visit it with a capital punishment would render it both delicate and dangerous for future officers, in the same circumstances, to act with effect in repressing tumults. There is also a natural feeling, on the part of all members of government, for the general maintenance of authority; and it seemed not unlikely that what to the relatives of the sufferers appeared a wanton and unprovoked massacre, should be otherwise viewed in the cabinet of St. James's. It might be there supposed that, upon the whole matter, Captain Porteous was in the exercise of a trust delegated to him by the lawful civil authority; that he had been assaulted by the populace, and several of his men hurt; and that, in finally repelling force by force, his conduct could be fairly imputed to no other motive than self-defence in the discharge of his duty.

These considerations, of themselves very powerful, induced the spectators to apprehend the possibility of a reprieve; and to the various causes which might interest the rulers in his favour the lower part of the rabble added one which was peculiarly well adapted to their comprehension. It was averred, in order to increase the odium against Porteous, that, while he repressed with the utmost severity the slightest excesses of the poor, he not only overlooked the license of the young nobles and gentry, but was very willing to lend them the countenance of his official authority in execution of such loose pranks as it was chiefly his duty to have restrained. This suspicion, which was perhaps much exaggerated, made a deep impression on the minds of the populace; and when several of the higher rank joined in a petition recommending Porteous to the mercy of the crown, it was generally supposed he owed their favour not to any conviction of the hardship of his case, but to the fear of losing a convenient accomplice in their debaucheries. It is scarcely necessary to say how much this suspicion augmented the people's detestation of this obnoxious criminal, as well as their fear of his escaping the sentence pronounced against him.

While these arguments were stated and replied to, and canvassed and supported, the hitherto silent expectation of the people became changed into that deep and agitating murmur which is sent forth by the ocean before the tempest begins to howl. The crowded populace, as if their motions had corresponded with the unsettled state of their minds, fluctuated to and fro without any visible cause of impulse, like the agitation of

the waters called by sailors the ground-swell. The news, which the magistrates had almost hesitated to communicate to them, were at length announced, and spread among the spectators with a rapidity like lightning. A reprieve from the Secretary of State's office, under the hand of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, had arrived, intimating the pleasure of Queen Caroline (regent of the kingdom during the absence of George II. on the Continent), that the execution of the sentence of death pronounced against John Porteous, late Captain-Lieutenant of the City Guard of Edinburgh, present prisoner in the tolbooth of that city, be respited for six weeks from the time appointed for his execution.

The assembled spectators of almost all degrees, whose minds had been wound up to the pitch which we have described, uttered a groan, or rather a roar of indignation and disappointed revenge, similar to that of a tiger from whom his meal has been rent by his keeper when he was just about to devour it. This fierce exclamation seemed to forebode some immediate explosion of popular resentment, and, in fact, such had been expected by the magistrates, and the necessary measures had been taken to repress it. But the shout was not repeated, nor did any sudden tumult ensue, such as it appeared to announce. The populace seemed to be ashamed of having expressed their disappointment in a vain clamour, and the sound changed, not into the silence which had preceded the arrival of these stunning news, but into stifled mutterings, which each group maintained among themselves, and which were blended into one deep and hoarse murmur which floated above the assembly.

Yet still, though all expectation of the execution was over, the mob remained assembled, stationary, as it were, through very resentment, gazing on the preparations for death, which had now been made in vain, and stimulating their feelings by recalling the various claims which Wilson might have had on royal mercy, from the mistaken motives on which he acted, as well as from the generosity he had displayed towards his accomplice. 'This man,' they said, 'the brave, the resolute, the generous, was executed to death without mercy for stealing a purse of gold, which in some sense he might consider as a fair reprisal; while the profligate satellite, who took advantage of a trifling tumult, inseparable from such occasions, to shed the blood of twenty of his fellow-citizens, is deemed a fitting object for the exercise of the royal prerogative of mercy. Is this to be borne? Would our fathers have borne it? Are not we, like them, Scotsmen and burghers of Edinburgh?'

The officers of justice began now to remove the scaffold and other preparations which had been made for the execution, in hopes, by doing so, to accelerate the dispersion of the multitude. The measure had the desired effect; for no sooner had the fatal tree been unfixed from the large stone pedestal or socket in which it was secured, and sunk slowly down upon the wain intended to remove it to the place where it was usually deposited, than the populace, after giving vent to their feelings in a second shout of rage and mortification, began slowly to disperse to their usual abodes and occupations.

The windows were in like manner gradually deserted, and groups of the more decent class of citizens formed themselves, as if waiting to return homewards when the streets should be cleared of the rabble. Contrary to what is frequently the case, this description of persons agreed in general with the sentiments of their inferiors, and considered the cause as common to all ranks. Indeed, as we have already noticed, it was by no means amongst the lowest class of the spectators, or those most likely to be engaged in the riot at Wilson's execution, that the fatal fire of Porteous's soldiers had taken effect. Several persons were killed who were looking out at windows at the scene, who could not of course belong to the rioters, and were persons of decent rank and condition. The burghers, therefore, resenting the loss which had fallen on their own body, and proud and tenacious of their rights, as the citizens of Edinburgh have at all times been, were greatly exasperated at the unexpected respite of Captain Porteous.

It was noticed at the time, and afterwards more particularly remembered, that, while the mob were in the act of dispersing, several individuals were seen busily passing from one place and one group of people to another, remaining long with none, but whispering for a little time with those who appeared to be declaiming most violently against the conduct of government. These active agents had the appearance of men from the country, and were generally supposed to be old friends and confederates of Wilson, whose minds were of course highly excited against Porteous.

If, however, it was the intention of these men to stir the multitude to any sudden act of mutiny, it seemed for the time to be fruitless. The rabble, as well as the more decent part of the assembly, dispersed, and went home peaceably; and it was only by observing the moody discontent on their brows, or catching the tenor of the conversation they held

with each other, that a stranger could estimate the state of their minds. We will give the reader this advantage, by associating ourselves with one of the numerous groups who were painfully ascending the steep declivity of the West Bow, to return to their dwellings in the Lawnmarket.

'An unco thing this, Mrs. Howden,' said old Peter Plumdamas to his neighbour the rousing-wife, or saleswoman, as he offered her his arm to assist her in the toilsome ascent, 'to see the grit folk at Lunnon set their face against law and gospel, and let loose sic a reprobate as Porteous upon a peaceable town!'

'And to think o' the weary walk they hae gien us,' answered Mrs. Howden, with a groan; 'and sic a comfortable window as I had gotten, too, just within a pennystane cast of the scaffold — I could hae heard every word the minister said — and to pay twal pennies for my stand, and a' for naething!'

'I am judging,' said Mr. Plumdamas, 'that this reprieve wadna stand gude in the auld Scots law, when the kingdom *was* a kingdom.'

'I dinna ken muckle about the law,' answered Mrs. Howden; 'but I ken, when we had a king, and a chancellor, and parliament men o' our ain, we could aye peeble them wi' stanes when they werena gude bairns. But naeboddy's nails can reach the length o' Lunnon.'

'Weary on Lunnon, and a' that e'er came out o't!' said Miss Grizel Damahoy, an ancient seamstress; 'they hae taen awa our parliament, and they hae oppressed our trade. Our gentles will hardly allow that a Scots needle can sew ruffles on a sark, or lace on an owerlay.'

'Ye may say that, Miss Damahoy, and I ken o' them that hae gotten raisins frae Lunnon by forpits at ance,' responded Plumdamas; 'and then sic an host of idle English gaugers and excisemen as hae come down to vex and torment us, that an honest man canna feteh sae muckle as a bit anker o' brandy frae Leith to the Lawnmarket, but he's like to be rubbit o' the very gudes he's bought and paid for. Weel, I winna justify Andrew Wilson for pitting hands on what wasna his; but if he took nae mair than his ain, there's an awfu' difference between that and the fact this man stands for.'

'If ye speak about the law,' said Mrs. Howden, 'here comes Mr. Saddletree, that can settle it as weel as ony on the bench.'

The party she mentioned, a grave elderly person, with a superb periwig, dressed in a decent suit of sad-coloured clothes,

came up as she spoke, and courteously gave his arm to Miss Grizel Damahoy.

It may be necessary to mention that Mr. Bartoline Saddletree kept an excellent and highly-esteemed shop for harness, saddles, etc. etc., at the sign of the Golden Nag, at the head of Bess Wynd.¹ His genius, however (as he himself and most of his neighbours conceived), lay towards the weightier matters of the law, and he failed not to give frequent attendance upon the pleadings and arguments of the lawyers and judges in the neighbouring square, where, to say the truth, he was oftener to be found than would have consisted with his own emolument; but that his wife, an active painstaking person, could, in his absence, make an admirable shift to please the customers and scold the journeymen. This good lady was in the habit of letting her husband take his way, and go on improving his stock of legal knowledge without interruption; but, as if in requital, she insisted upon having her own will in the domestic and commercial departments which he abandoned to her. Now, as Bartoline Saddletree had a considerable gift of words, which he mistook for eloquence, and conferred more liberally upon the society in which he lived than was at all times gracious and acceptable, there went forth a saying, with which wags used sometimes to interrupt his rhetoric, that, as he had a golden nag at his door, so he had a grey mare in his shop. This reproach induced Mr. Saddletree, on all occasions, to assume rather a haughty and stately tone towards his good woman, a circumstance by which she seemed very little affected, unless he attempted to exercise any real authority, when she never failed to fly into open rebellion. But such extremes Bartoline seldom provoked; for, like the gentle King Jamie, he was fonder of talking of authority than really exercising it. This turn of mind was on the whole lucky for him; since his substance was increased without any trouble on his part, or any interruption of his favourite studies.

This word in explanation has been thrown in to the reader, while Saddletree was laying down, with great precision, the law upon Porteous's case, by which he arrived at this conclusion, that, if Porteous had fired five minutes sooner, before Wilson was cut down, he would have been *versans in licito*, engaged, that is, in a lawful act, and only liable to be punished *propter excessum* or for lack of discretion, which might have mitigated the punishment to *pœna ordinaria*.

¹ See Bess Wynd. Note 6.

'Discretion!' echoed Mrs. Howden, on whom, it may well be supposed, the fineness of this distinction was entirely thrown away, 'whan had Jock Porteous either grace, discretion, or gude manners? I mind when his father ——'

'But, Mrs. Howden,' said Saddletree ——

'And I,' said Miss Damahoy, 'mind when his mother ——'

'Miss Damahoy,' entreated the interrupted orator ——

'And I,' said Plumdamas, 'mind when his wife ——'

'Mr. Plumdamas — Mrs. Howden — Miss Damahoy,' again implored the orator, 'mind the distinction, as Counsellor Crossmyloof says — "I," says he, "take a distinction." Now, the body of the criminal being cut down, and the execution ended, Porteous was no longer official; the act which he came to protect and guard being done and ended, he was no better than *civis ex populo*.'

'*Quivis* — *quivis*, Mr. Saddletree, craving your pardon,' said, with a prolonged emphasis on the first syllable, Mr. Butler, the deputy schoolmaster of a parish near Edinburgh, who at that moment came up behind them as the false Latin was uttered.

'What signifies interrupting me, Mr. Butler? — but I am glad to see ye notwithstanding. I speak after Counsellor Crossmyloof, and he said *civis*.'

'If Counsellor Crossmyloof used the dative for the nominative, I would have crossed *his* loof with a tight leathern strap, Mr. Saddletree; there is not a boy on the booby form but should have been scourged for such a solecism in grammar.'

'I speak Latin like a lawyer, Mr. Butler, and not like a schoolmaster,' retorted Saddletree.

'Scarce like a schoolboy, I think,' rejoined Butler.

'It matters little,' said Bartoline: 'all I mean to say is, that Porteous has become liable to the *pœna extra ordinem*, or capital punishment, which is to say, in plain Scotch, the gallows, simply because he did not fire when he was in office, but waited till the body was cut down, the execution whilk he had in charge to guard implemented, and he himself exonered of the public trust imposed on him.'

'But, Mr. Saddletree,' said Plumdamas, 'do ye really think John Porteous's case wad hac been better if he had begun firing before ony stanes were flung at a'?'

'Indeed do I, neighbour Plumdamas,' replied Bartoline, confidently, 'he being then in point of trust and in point of power, the execution being but inchoate, or, at least, not imple-

mented, or finally ended; but after Wilson was cut down it was a' ower — he was clean exauctorate, and had nae mair ado but to get awa wi' his Guard up this West Bow as fast as if there had been a caption after him. And this is law, for I heard it laid down by Lord Vincovincementem.'

'Vincovincementem! Is he a lord of state or a lord of seat?' inquired Mrs. Howden.

'A lord of seat — a lord of session. I fash mysell little wi' lords o' state; they vex me wi' a wheen idle questions about their saddles, and curpels, and holsters, and horse-furniture, and what they'll cost, and whan they'll be ready. A wheen galloping geese! my wife may serve the like o' them.'

'And so might she, in her day, hae served the best lord in the land, for as little as ye think o' her, Mr. Saddletree,' said Mrs. Howden, somewhat indignant at the contemptuous way in which her gossip was mentioned: 'when she and I were twa gilpies, we little thought to hae sitten down wi' the like o' my auld Davie Howden, or you either, Mr. Saddletree.'

While Saddletree, who was not bright at a reply, was cudgelling his brains for an answer to this home-thrust, Miss Damahoy broke in on him.

'And as for the lords of state,' said Miss Damahoy, 'ye suld mind the riding o' the parliament, Mr. Saddletree, in the gude auld time before the Union: a year's rent o' mony a gude estate gaed for horse-graith and harnessing, forbye broidered robes and foot-mantles, that wad hae stude by their lane wi' gold brocade, and that were muckle in my ain line.'

'Ay, and then the lusty banqueting, with sweetmeats and comfits wet and dry, and dried fruits of divers sorts,' said Plum-damas. 'But Scotland was Scotland in these days.'

'I'll tell ye what it is, neighbours,' said Mrs. Howden, 'I'll ne'er believe Scotland is Scotland ony mair, if our kindly Scots sit down with the affront they hae gien us this day. It's not only the bluid that *is* shed, but the bluid that might hae been shed, that's required at our hands. There was my daughter's wean, little Eppie Daidle — my oe, ye ken, Miss Grizel — had played the truant frae the school, as bairns will do, ye ken, Mr. Butler —'

'And for which,' interjected Mr. Butler, 'they should be soundly scourged by their well-wishers.'

'And had just cruppen to the gallows' foot to see the hanging, as was natural for a wean; and what for mightna she hae been shot as weel as the rest o' them, and where wad we a'

hae been then? I wonder how Queen Carline — if her name be Carline — wad hae liked to hae had ane o' her ain bairns in sic a venture?'

'Report says,' answered Butler, 'that such a circumstance would not have distressed her Majesty beyond endurance.'

'Aweel,' said Mrs. Howden, 'the sum o' the matter is, that, were I a man, I wad hae amends o' Jock Porteous, be the up-shot what like o't, if a' the carles and carlines in England had sworn to the nay-say.'

'I would claw down the tolbooth door wi' my nails,' said Miss Grizel, 'but I wad be at him.'

'Ye may be very right, ladies,' said Butler, 'but I would not advise you to speak so loud.'

'Speak!' exclaimed both the ladies together, 'there will be naething else spoken about frae the Weigh House to the Water Gate till this is either ended or mended.'

The females now departed to their respective places of abode. Plumdamas joined the other two gentlemen in drinking their 'meridian,' a bumper-dram of brandy, as they passed the well-known low-browed shop in the Lawnmarket where they were wont to take that refreshment. Mr. Plumdamas then departed towards his shop, and Mr. Butler, who happened to have some particular occasion for the rein of an old bridle — the truants of that busy day could have anticipated its application — walked down the Lawnmarket with Mr. Saddletree, each talking as he could get a word thrust in, the one on the laws of Scotland, the other on those of syntax, and neither listening to a word which his companion uttered.

CHAPTER V

Elshair he colde right weel lay down the law,
But in his house was neek as is a daw.

DAVID LINDSAY.

‘THERE has been Jock Driver, the carrier, here, speering about his new graith,’ said Mrs. Saddletree to her husband, as he crossed his threshold, not with the purpose, by any means, of consulting him upon his own affairs, but merely to intimate, by a gentle recapitulation, how much duty she had gone through in his absence.

‘Weel,’ replied Bartoline, and deigned not a word more.

‘And the Laird of Girdingburst has had his running footman here, and ca’d himsell — he’s a civil pleasant young gentleman — to see when the broidered saddle-cloth for his sorrel horse will be ready, for he wants it again the Kelso races.’

‘Weel, aweel,’ replied Bartoline, as laconically as before.

‘And his lordship, the Earl of Blazonbury, Lord Flash and Flame, is like to be clean daft that the harness for the six Flanders mears, wi’ the crests, coronets, housings, and mountings conform, are no sent hame according to promise gien.’

‘Weel, weel, weel — weel, weel, gudewife,’ said Saddletree, ‘if he gangs daft, we’ll hae him cognosced — it’s a’ very weel.’

‘It’s weel that ye think sae, Mr. Saddletree,’ answered his helpmate, rather nettled at the indifference with which her report was received; ‘there’s mony ane wad hae thought their lasses affronted if sae mony customers had ca’d and naebady to answer them but women-folk; for a’ the lads weel aff, as soon as your back was turned, to see Porteous hanged, that might be counted upon; and sae, you no being at hame —’

‘Houts, Mrs. Saddletree,’ said Bartoline, with an air of consequence, ‘diinna deave me wi’ your nonsense; I was under the necessity of being elsewhere: *non omnia*, as Mr. Crossmy-

loof said, when he was called by two macers at once — *non omnia possimus — pessimus — possimis* — I ken our law Latⁿ. offends Mr. Butler's ears, but it means "Naeboddy," an it were the Lord President himsell, "can do twa turns at ance."

'Very right, Mr. Saddletree,' answered his careful helpmate, with a sarcastic smile; 'and nae doubt it's a decent thing to leave your wife to look after young gentlemen's saddles and bridles, when ye gang to see a man that never did ye nae ill raxing a halter.'

'Woman,' said Saddletree, assuming an elevated tone, to which the 'meridian' had somewhat contributed, 'desist, — I say forbear, from intromitting with affairs thou canst not understand. D' ye think I was born to sit here broggin an elshin through bend-leather, when sie men as Duncan Forbes and that other Arniston chield there, without muckle greater parts, if the close-head speak true, than mysell, maun be presidents and king's advocates, me doubt, and wha but they? Whereas, were favour equally distribute, as in the days of the wight Wallace —'

'I ken naething we wad hae gotten by the wight Wallace,' said Mrs. Saddletree, 'unless, as I hae heard the auld folk tell, they fought in thae days wi' bend-leather guns, and then it's a chance but what, if he had bought them, he might have forgot to pay for them. And as for the greatness of your parts, Bartley, the folk in the close-head maun ken mair about them than I do, if they make sic a report of them.'

'I tell ye, woman,' said Saddletree, in high dudgeon, 'that ye ken naething about these matters. In Sir William Wallace's days there was nae man pinned down to sic a slavish wark as a saddler's, for they got ony leather graith that they had use for ready-made out of Holland.'

'Well,' said Butler, who was, like many of his profession, something of a humorist and dry joker, 'if that be the case, Mr. Saddletree, I think we have changed for the better; since we make our own harness, and only import our lawyers from Holland.'

'It's ower true, Mr. Butler,' answered Bartoline, with a sigh; 'if I had had the luck — or rather, if my father had had the sense to send me to Leyden and Utrecht to learn the *Substitutes* and *Pander* —'

'You mean the *Institutes* — Justinian's *Institutes*, Mr. Saddletree?' said Butler.

'Institutes and substitutes are synonymous words, Mr.

Butler, and used indifferently as such in deeds of tailzie, as you may see in Balfour's *Practiques*, or Dallas of St. Martin's *Styles*. I understand these 'hings pretty weel, I thank God; but I own I should have studied in Holland.'

'To comfort you, you might not have been farther forward than you are now, Mr. Saddletree,' replied Mr. Butler; 'for our Scottish advocates are an aristocratic race. Their brass is of the right Corinthian quality, and *Non cuivis contigit adire Corinthum*. Aha, Mr. Saddletree!'

'And aha, Mr. Butler,' rejoined Bartoline, upon whom, as may be well supposed, the jest was lost, and all but the sound of the words, 'ye said a gliff syne it was *quavis*, and now I heard ye say *cuivis* with my ain ears, as plain as ever I heard a word at the fore-bar.'

'Give me your patience, Mr. Saddletree, and I'll explain the discrepance in three words,' said Butler, as pedantie in his own department, though with infinitely more judgment and learning, as Bartoline was in his self-assumed profession of the law. 'Give me your patience for a moment. You'll grant that the nominative case is that by which a person or thing is nominated or designed, and which may be called the primary case, all others being formed from it by alterations of the termination in the learned languages, and by prepositions in our modern Babylonian jargons? You'll grant me that, I suppose, Mr. Saddletree?'

'I dinna ken whether I will or no — *ad arisandum*, ye ken — naeboddy should be in a hurry to make admissions, either in point of law or in point of fact,' said Saddletree, looking, or endeavouring to look, as if he understood what was said.

'And the dative case,' continued Butler —

'I ken what a tutor dative is,' said Saddletree, 'readily enough.'

'The dative case,' resumed the grammarian, 'is that in which anything is given or assigned as properly belonging to a person or thing. You cannot deny that, I am sure.'

'I am sure I'll no grant it though,' said Saddletree.

'Then, what the *deevil* d' ye take the nominative and the dative cases to be?' said Butler, hastily, and surprised at once out of his decency of expression and accuracy of pronunciation.

'I'll tell you that at leisure, Mr. Butler,' said Saddletree, with a very knowing look. 'I'll take a day to see and answer every article of your condescendence, and then I'll hold you to confess or deny, as accords.'

'Come, come, Mr. Saddletree,' said his wife, 'we'll hae nae confessions and condescendences here, let them deal in thae sort o' wares that are paid for them; they suit the like o' us as ill as a demi-pique saddle would set a draught ox.'

'Aha!' said Mr. Butler, '*Optat ephippia bos piger*, nothing new under the sun. But it was a fair hit of Mrs. Saddletree, however.'

'And it wad far better become ye, Mr. Saddletree,' continued his helpmate, 'since ye say ye hae skeel o' the law, to try if ye can do ony thing for Effie Deans, puir thing, that's lying up in the tolbooth yonder, cauld, and hungry, and comfortless. A servant lass of ours, Mr. Butler, and as innocent a lass, to my thinking, and as usefu' in the chop. When Mr. Saddletree gangs out — and ye're aware he's seldom at hame when there's ony o' the plea-houses open — puir Effie used to help me to tumble the bundles o' barked leather up and down, and range out the gudes, and suit a'body's humours. And troth, she could aye please the customers wi' her answers, for she was aye civil, and a bonnier lass wasna in Auld Reekie. And when folk were hasty and unreasonable, she could serve them better than me, that am no sae young as I hae been, Mr. Butler, and a wee bit short in the temper into the bargain; for when there's ower mony folks crying on me at ones, and nane but ae tongue to answer them, folk maun speak hastily, or they'll ne'er get through their wark. Sae I miss Effie daily.'

'*De die in diem*,' added Saddletree.

'I think,' said Butler, after a good deal of hesitation, 'I have seen the girl in the shop, a modest-looking, fair-haired girl?'

'Ay, ay, that's just puir Effie,' said her mistress. 'How she was abandoned to hersell, or whether she was sackless o' the sinfu' deed, God in Heaven knows; but if she's been guilty, she's been sair tempted, and I wad amaist take my Bible aith she hasna been hersell at the time.'

Butler had by this time become much agitated; he fidgeted up and down the shop, and showed the greatest agitation that a person of such strict decorum could be supposed to give way to. 'Was not the girl,' he said, 'the daughter of David Deans, that had the parks at St. Leonard's taken? and has she not a sister?'

'In troth has she — puir Jeanie Deans, ten years anlder than hersell; she was here greeting a wee while syne about her tittie. And what could I say to her, but that she behoved to come and

‘speak to Mr. Saddletree when he was at hame? It wasna that I thought Mr. Saddletree could do her or any other body muckle gnde or ill, but it wad aye serve to keep the puir thing’s heart up for a wee while; and let sorrow come when sorrow maun.’

‘Ye’re mistaen though, gudewife,’ said Saddletree, scornfully, ‘for I could hae gien her great satisfaction; I could hae proved to her that her sister was indicted upon the statute 1690, chap. 1 [21]—for the mair ready prevention of child-murder, for concealing her pregnancy, and giving no account of the child which she had borne.’

‘I hope,’ said Butler—‘I trust in a gracious God, that she can clear herself.’

‘And sae do I, Mr. Bntler,’ replied Mrs. Saddletree. ‘I am sure I wad hae answered for her as my ain daughter; but, wae’s my heart, I had been tender a’ the simmer, and scarce ower the door o’ my room for twal weeks. And as for Mr. Saddletree, he might be in a lying-in hospital, and ne’er find out what the women cam there for. Sae I could see little or naething o’ her, or I wad hae had the truth o’ her situation out o’ her, I’sc warrant ye. Bnt we a’ think her sister maun be able to speak something to clear her.’

‘The hail Parliament House,’ said Saddletree, ‘was speaking o’ naething else, till this job o’ Porteous’s put it out o’ head. It’s a beautiful point of presumptive murder, and there’s been nane like it in the Justiciar Court since the case of Luckie Smith, the howdie, that suffered in the year 1679.’

‘But what’s the matter wi’ you, Mr. Butler?’ said the good woman; ‘ye are looking as white as a sheet; will ye take a dram?’

‘By no means,’ said Butler, compelling himself to speak. ‘I walked in from Dumfries yesterday, and this is a warm day.’

‘Sit down,’ said Mrs. Saddletree, laying hands on him kindly, ‘and rest ye; ye’ll kill yoursell, man, at that rate. And are we to wish you joy o’ getting the scule, Mr. Butler?’

‘Yes—no—I do not know,’ answered the young man, vaguely. But Mrs. Saddletree kept him to the point, partly out of real interest, partly from curiosity.

‘Ye dinna ken whether ye are to get the free scule o’ Dumfries or no, after hinging on and teaching it a’ the simmer?’

‘No, Mrs. Saddletree, I am not to have it,’ replied Butler, more collectedly. ‘The Laird of Black-at-the-Bane had a natnral

son bred to the kirk, that the presbytery could not be prevailed upon to license; and so ——

'Ay, ye need say nae mair aboot it; if there was a laird that had a puir kinsman or a bastard that it wad suit, there's enough said. And ye're e'en come back to Liberton to wait for dead men's shoon? and, for as frail as Mr. Whackbairn is, he may live as lang as you, that are his assistant and successor.'

'Very like,' replied Butler, with a sigh; 'I do not know if I should wish it otherwise.'

'Nae doubt it's a very vexing thing,' continued the good lady, 'to be in that dependant station; and you that hae right and title to sae muckle better, I wonder how ye bear these crosses.'

'*Quos diligit castigat,*' answered Butler; 'even the pagan Seneca could see an advantage in affliction. The heathens had their philosophy and the Jews their revelation, Mrs. Saddletree, and they endured their distresses in their day. Christians have a better dispensation than either, but doubtless ——'

He stopped and sighed.

'I ken what ye mean,' said Mrs. Saddletree, looking toward her husband; 'there's whiles we lose patience in spite of baith book and Bible. But ye are no gaun awa, and looking sae poorly; ye'll stay and take some kail wi' us?'

Mr. Saddletree laid aside Balfour's *Practiques* (his favourite study, and much good may it do him), to join in his wife's hospitable importunity. But the teacher declined all entreaty, and took his leave upon the spot.

'There's something in a' this,' said Mrs. Saddletree, looking after him as he walked up the street. 'I wonder what makes Mr. Butler sae distressed about Effie's misfortune; there was nae acquaintance atween them that ever I saw or heard of; but they were neighbours when David Deans was on the laird o' Dumbiedikes' land. Mr. Butler wad ken her father, or some o' her folk. Get up, Mr. Saddletree; ye have set yoursell down on the very brecham that wants stitching; and here's little Willie, the prentice. Ye little rintherout deil that ye are, what takes you raking through the gutters to see folk haigit? How wad ye like when it comes to be your ain chance, as I winna ensure ye, if ye dinna mend your manners? And what are ye maundering and greeting for, as if a word were breaking your banes? Gang in bye, and be a better bairn another time, and tell Peggy to gie ye a bicker o' broth, for ye'll be as gleg as a

gled, I'se warrant ye. It's a fatherless bairn, Mr. Saddletree, and motherless, whilk in some cases may be waur, and ane would take care o' him if they could; it's a Christian duty.'

'Very true, gudewife,' said Saddletree, in reply, 'we are *in loco parentis* to him during his years of pupillarity, and I hae had thoughts of applying to the court for a commission as factor *loco tutoris*, seeing there is nae tutor nominate, and the tutor-at-law declines to act; but only I fear the expense of the procedure wad not be *in rem versam*, for I am not aware if Willie has ony effects whereof to assume the administration.'

He concluded 'his sentence with a self-important cough, as one who has laid down the law in an indisputable manner.

'Effects!' said Mrs. Saddletree, 'what effects has the puir wean? He was in rags when his mother died; and the blue polonie that Effie made for him out of an auld mantle of my ain was the first decent dress the bairn ever had on. Puir Effie! can ye tell me now really, wi' a' your law, will her life be in danger, Mr. Saddletree, when they arena able to prove that ever there was a bairn ava?'

'Whoy,' said Mr. Saddletree, delighted at having for once in his life seen his wife's attention arrested by a topic of legal discussion — 'whoy, there are two sorts of *murdrum*, or *murdragium*, or what you *populariter et vulgariter* call murther. I mean there are many sorts; for there's your *murthrum per vigilias et insidias* and your *murthrum* under trust.'

'I am sure,' replied his moiety, 'that murther by trust is the way that the gentry murther us merchants, and whiles make us shut the booth up; but that has naething to do wi' Effie's misfortune.'

'The case of Effie — or Euphemia — Deans,' resumed Saddletree, 'is one of those cases of murder presumptive, that is, a murder of the law's inferring or construction, being derived from certain *indicia* or grounds of suspicion.'

'So that,' said the good woman, 'unless puir Effie has communicated her situation, she'll be hanged by the neck, if the bairn was still-born, or if it be alive at this moment?'

'Assuredly,' said Saddletree, 'it being a statute made by our sovereign Lord and Lady to prevent the horrid delict of bringing forth children in secret. The crime is rather a favourite of the law, this species of murther being one of its ain creation.'¹

'Then, if the law makes murders,' said Mrs. Saddletree, 'the

¹ See Law relating to Child-Murder. Note 7.

law should be hanged for them ; or if they wad hang a lawyer instead, the country wad find nae faut.'

A summons to their frugal dinner interrupted the further progress of the conversation, which was otherwise like to take a turn much less favourable to the science of jurisprudence and its professors than Mr. Bartoline Saddletree, the fond admirer of both, had at its opening anticipated.

CHAPTER VI

But up then raise all Edinburgh,
They all rose up by thousands three.

Johnie Armstrong's Goodnight.

BUTLER, on his departure from the sign of the Golden Nag, went in quest of a friend of his connected with the law, of whom he wished to make particular inquiries concerning the circumstances in which the unfortunate young woman mentioned in the last chapter was placed, having, as the reader has probably already conjectured, reasons much deeper than those dictated by mere humanity for interesting himself in her fate. He found the person he sought absent from home, and was equally unfortunate in one or two other calls which he made upon acquaintances whom he hoped to interest in her story. But everybody was, for the moment, stark mad on the subject of Porteous, and engaged busily in attacking or defending the measures of government in repleving him; and the ardour of dispute had excited such universal thirst that half the young lawyers and writers, together with their very clerks, the class whom Butler was looking after, had adjourned the debate to some favourite tavern. It was computed by an experienced arithmetician that there was as much twopenny ale consumed on the discussion as would have floated a first-rate man-of-war.

Butler wandered about until it was dusk, resolving to take that opportunity of visiting the unfortunate young woman, when his doing so might be least observed; for he had his own reasons for avoiding the remarks of Mrs. Saddletree, whose shop-door opened at no great distance from that of the jail, though on the opposite or south side of the street, and a little higher up. He passed, therefore, through the narrow and partly covered passage leading from the north-west end of the Parliament Square.

He stood now before the Gothic entrance of the ancient prison, which, as is well known to all men, rears its ancient front in the very middle of the High Street, forming, as it were, the termination to a huge pile of buildings called the Lucken-booths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our ancestors had jammed into the midst of the principal street of the town, leaving for passage a narrow street on the north, and on the south, into which the prison opens, a narrow crooked lane, winding betwixt the high and sombre walls of the tolbooth and the adjacent houses on the one side, and the buttresses and projections of the old Cathedral upon the other. To give some gaiety to this sombre passage, well known by the name of the Krames, a number of little booths or shops, after the fashion of cobblers' stalls, are plastered, as it were, against the Gothic projections and abutments, so that it seemed as if the traders had occupied with nests, bearing the same proportion to the building, every buttress and coign of vantage, as the martlet did in Macbeth's castle. Of later years these booths have degenerated into mere toy-shops, where the little loiterers chiefly interested in such wares are tempted to linger, enchanted by the rich display of hobby-horses, babies, and Dutch toys, arranged in artful and gay confusion; yet half-scared by the cross looks of the withered pantaloon, or spectacled old lady, by whom these tempting stores are watched and superintended. But in the times we write of the hosiers, the glovers, the hatters, the mercers, the milliners, and all who dealt in the miscellaneous wares now termed haberdashers' goods, were to be found in this narrow alley.

To return from our digression. Butler found the outer turnkey, a tall, thin old man, with long silver hair, in the act of locking the outward door of the jail. He addressed himself to this person, and asked admittance to Effie Deans, confined upon accusation of child-murder. The turnkey looked at him earnestly, and, civilly touching his hat out of respect to Butler's black coat and clerical appearance, replied, 'It was impossible any one could be admitted at present.'

'You shut up earlier than usual, probably on account of Captain Porteous's affair?' said Butler.

The turnkey, with the true mystery of a person in office, gave two grave nods, and withdrawing from the wards a ponderous key of about two feet in length, he proceeded to shut a strong plate of steel which folded down above the keyhole, and was secured by a steel spring and catch. Butler stood still

instinctively while the door was made fast, and then looking at his watch, walked briskly up the street, muttering to himself almost unconsciously —

*Porta adversa, ingens, solidoque adamante columnæ;
Vis ut nulla virum, non ipsi excindere ferro
Coelicolæ valeant. Stat ferrea turris ad auras, etc.¹*

Having wasted half an hour more in a second fruitless attempt to find his legal friend and adviser, he thought it time to leave the city and return to his place of residence in a small village about two miles and a half to the southward of Edinburgh. The metropolis was at this time surrounded by a high wall, with battlements and flanking projections at some intervals, and the access was through gates, called in the Scottish language 'ports,' which were regularly shut at night. A small fee to the keepers would indeed procure egress and ingress at any time, through a wicket left for that purpose in the large gate, but it was of some importance to a man so poor as Butler to avoid even this slight pecuniary mulct; and fearing the hour of shutting the gates might be near, he made for that to which he found himself nearest, although by doing so he somewhat lengthened his walk homewards. Bristo Port was that by which his direct road lay, but the West Port, which leads out of the Grassmarket, was the nearest of the city gates to the place where he found himself, and to that, therefore, he directed his course.

He reached the port in ample time to pass the circuit of the walls, and enter a suburb called Portsburgh, chiefly inhabited by the lower order of citizens and mechanics. Here he was unexpectedly interrupted. He had not gone far from the gate before he heard the sound of a drum, and, to his great surprise, met a number of persons, sufficient to occupy the whole front of the street, and form a considerable mass behind, moving with great speed towards the gate he had just come from, and having in front of them a drum beating to arms. While he considered how he should escape a party assembled, as it might be presumed, for no lawful purpose, they came full on him and stopped him.

'Are you a clergyman?' one questioned him.

Butler replied that 'he was in orders, but was not a placed minister.'

'It's Mr. Butler from Liberton,' said a voice from behind; 'he'll discharge the duty as weel as ony man.'

¹ See Translation. Note 8.

'You must turn back with us, sir,' said the first speaker, in a tone civil but peremptory.

'For what purpose, gentlemen?' said Mr. Butler. 'I live at some distance from town; the roads are unsafe by night; you will do me a serious injury by stopping me.'

'You shall be sent safely home, no man shall touch a hair of your head; but you must and shall come along with us.'

'But to what purpose or end, gentlemen?' said Butler. 'I hope you will be so civil as to explain that to me?'

'You shall know that in good time. Come along, for come you must, by force or fair means; and I warn you to look neither to the right hand nor the left, and to take no notice of any man's face, but consider all that is passing before you as a dream.'

'I would it were a dream I could awaken from,' said Butler to himself; but having no means to oppose the violence with which he was threatened, he was compelled to turn round and march in front of the rioters, two men partly supporting and partly holding him. During this parley the insurgents had made themselves masters of the West Port, rushing upon the waiters (so the people were called who had the charge of the gates), and possessing themselves of the keys. They bolted and barred the folding doors, and commanded the person whose duty it usually was to secure the wicket, of which they did not understand the fastenings. The man, terrified at an incident so totally unexpected, was unable to perform his usual office, and gave the matter up, after several attempts. The rioters, who seemed to have come prepared for every emergency, called for torches, by the light of which they nailed up the wicket with long nails, which, it appeared probable, they had provided on purpose.

While this was going on, Butler could not, even if he had been willing, avoid making remarks on the individuals who seemed to lead this singular mob. The torch-light, while it fell on their forms and left him in the shade, gave him an opportunity to do so without their observing him. Several of those who appeared most active were dressed in sailors' jackets, trowsers, and sea-caps; others in large loose-bodied greatcoats and slouched hats; and there were several who, judging from their dress, should have been called women, whose rough deep voices, uncommon size, and masculine deportment and mode of walking, forbade them being so interpreted. They moved as if by some well-concerted plan of arrangement. They had

signals by which they knew, and nicknames by which they distinguished, each other. Butler remarked that the name of Wildfire was used among them, to which one stout amazon seemed to reply.

The rioters left a small party to observe the West Port, and directed the waiters, as they valued their lives, to remain within their lodge, and make no attempt for that night to repossess themselves of the gate. They then moved with rapidity along the low street called the Cowgate, the mob of the city everywhere rising at the sound of their drum and joining them. When the multitude arrived at the Cowgate Port, they secured it with as little opposition as the former, made it fast, and left a small party to observe it. It was afterwards remarked as a striking instance of prudence and precaution, singularly combined with audacity, that the parties left to guard those gates did not remain stationary on their posts, but flittered to and fro, keeping so near the gates as to see that no efforts were made to open them, yet not remaining so long as to have their persons closely observed. The mob, at first only about one hundred strong, now amounted to thousands, and were increasing every moment. They divided themselves so as to ascend with more speed the various narrow lanes which lead up from the Cowgate to the High Street; and still beating to arms as they went, and calling on all true Scotsmen to join them, they now filled the principal street of the city.

The Netherbow Port might be called the Temple Bar of Edinburgh, as, intersecting the High Street at its termination, it divided Edinburgh, properly so called, from the suburb named the Canongate, as Temple Bar separates London from Westminster. It was of the utmost importance to the rioters to possess themselves of this pass, because there was quartered in the Canongate at that time a regiment of infantry, commanded by Colonel Moyle, which might have occupied the city by advancing through this gate, and would possess the power of totally defeating their purpose. The leaders therefore hastened to the Netherbow Port, which they secured in the same manner, and with as little trouble, as the other gates, leaving a party to watch it, strong in proportion to the importance of the post.

The next object of these hardy insurgents was at once to disarm the City Guard and to procure arms for themselves; for scarce any weapons but staves and bludgeons had been yet seen among them. The guard-house was a long, low, ugly building (removed in 1787), which to a fanciful imagination

might have suggested the idea of a long black snail crawling up the middle of the High Street, and deforming its beautiful esplanade. This formidable insurrection had been so unexpected that there were no more than the ordinary sergeant's guard of the city corps upon duty; even these were without any supply of powder and ball; and sensible enough what had raised the storm, and which way it was rolling, could hardly be supposed very desirous to expose themselves by a valiant defence to the animosity of so numerous and desperate a mob, to whom they were on the present occasion much more than usually obnoxious.

There was a sentinel upon guard who, that one town-guard soldier might do his duty on that eventful evening, presented his piece, and desired the foremost of the rioters to stand off. The young amazon, whom Butler had observed particularly active, sprung upon the soldier, seized his musket, and after a struggle succeeded in wrenching it from him, and throwing him down on the causeway. One or two soldiers, who endeavoured to turn out to the support of their sentinel, were in the same manner seized and disarmed, and the mob without difficulty possessed themselves of the guard-house, disarming and turning out of doors the rest of the men on duty. It was remarked that, notwithstanding the city soldiers had been the instruments of the slaughter which this riot was designed to revenge, no ill-usage or even insult was offered to them. It seemed as if the vengeance of the people disdained to stoop at any head meaner than that which they considered as the source and origin of their injuries.

On possessing themselves of the guard, the first act of the multitude was to destroy the drums, by which they supposed an alarm might be conveyed to the garrison in the Castle; for the same reason they now silenced their own, which was beaten by a young fellow, son to the drummer of Portsburgh, whom they had forced upon that service. Their next business was to distribute among the boldest of the rioters the guns, bayonets, partizans, halberds, and battle or Loehaber axes. Until this period the principal rioters had preserved silence on the ultimate object of their rising, as being that which all knew, but none expressed. Now, however, having accomplished all the preliminary parts of their design, they raised a tremendous shout of 'Porteous! Porteous! To the tolbooth! To the tolbooth!'

They proceeded with the same prudence when the object

seemed to be nearly in their grasp as they had done hitherto when success was more dubious. A strong party of the rioters, drawn up in front of the Luckenbooths, and facing down the street, prevented all access from the eastward, and the west end of the defile formed by the Luckenbooths was secured in the same manner; so that the tolbooth was completely surrounded, and those who undertook the task of breaking it open effectually secured against the risk of interruption.

The magistrates, in the meanwhile, had taken the alarm, and assembled in a tavern, with the purpose of raising some strength to subdue the rioters. The deacons, or presidents of the trades, were applied to, but declared there was little chance of their authority being respected by the craftsmen, where it was the object to save a man so obnoxious. Mr. Lindsay, member of parliament for the city, volunteered the perilous task of carrying a verbal message from the Lord Provost to Colonel Moyle, the commander of the regiment lying in the Canongate, requesting him to force the Netherbow Port, and enter the city to put down the tumult. But Mr. Lindsay declined to charge himself with any written order, which, if found on his person by an enraged mob, might have cost him his life; and the issue of the application was, that Colonel Moyle, having no written requisition from the civil authorities, and having the fate of Porteous before his eyes as an example of the severe construction put by a jury on the proceedings of military men acting on their own responsibility, declined to encounter the risk to which the Provost's verbal communication invited him.

More than one messenger was despatched by different ways to the Castle, to require the commanding officer to march down his troops, to fire a few cannon-shot, or even to throw a shell among the mob, for the purpose of clearing the streets. But so strict and watchful were the various patrols whom the rioters had established in different parts of the street, that none of the emissaries of the magistrates could reach the gate of the Castle. They were, however, turned back without either injury or insult, and with nothing more of menace than was necessary to deter them from again attempting to accomplish their errand.

The same vigilance was used to prevent everybody of the higher, and those which, in this case, might be deemed the more suspicious, orders of society from appearing in the street, and observing the movements, or distinguishing the persons, of the rioters. Every person in the garb of a gentleman was

stopped by small parties of two or three of the mob, who partly exhorted, partly required of them, that they should return to the place from whence they came. Many a quadrille table was spoiled that memorable evening ; for the sedan-chairs of ladies, even of the highest rank, were interrupted in their passage from one point to another, in spite of the laced footmen and blazing flambeaux. This was uniformly done with a deference and attention to the feelings of the terrified females which could hardly have been expected from the videttes of a mob so desperate. Those who stopped the chair usually made the excuse that there was much disturbance on the streets, and that it was absolutely necessary for the lady's safety that the chair should turn back. They offered themselves to escort the vehicles which they had thus interrupted in their progress, from the apprehension, probably, that some of those who had casually united themselves to the riot might disgrace their systematic and determined plan of vengeance, by those acts of general insult and license which are common on similar occasions.

Persons are yet living who remember to have heard from the mouths of ladies thus interrupted on their journey in the manner we have described, that they were escorted to their lodgings by the young men who stopped them, and even handed out of their chairs, with a polite attention far beyond what was consistent with their dress, which was apparently that of journeymen mechanics.¹ It seemed as if the conspirators, like those who assassinated the Cardinal Beaton in former days, had entertained the opinion that the work about which they went was a judgment of Heaven, which, though unsanctioned by the usual authorities, ought to be proceeded in with order and gravity.

While their outposts continued thus vigilant, and suffered themselves neither from fear nor curiosity to neglect that part of the duty assigned to them, and while the main guards to the east and west secured them against interruption, a select body of the rioters thundered at the door of the jail, and demanded instant admission. No one answered, for the outer keeper had prudently made his escape with the keys at the commencement of the riot, and was nowhere to be found. The door was instantly assailed with sledge-hammers, iron crows, and the coulters of ploughs, ready provided for the purpose, with which they prized, heaved, and battered for some time with little effect ; for, being of double oak planks, clenched, both end-long and athwart, with

¹ See Note 9.

broad-headed nails, the door was so hung and secured as to yield to no means of forcing, without the expenditure of much time. The rioters, however, appeared determined to gain admittance. Gang after gang relieved each other at the exercise, for, of course, only a few could work at a time; but gang after gang retired, exhausted with their violent exertions, without making much progress in forcing the prison door. Butler had been led up near to this the principal scene of action; so near, indeed, that he was almost deafened by the unceasing clang of the heavy fore-hammers against the iron-bound portals of the prison. He began to entertain hopes, as the task seemed protracted, that the populace might give it over in despair, or that some rescue might arrive to disperse them. There was a moment at which the latter seemed probable.

The magistrates, having assembled their officers and some of the citizens who were willing to hazard themselves for the public tranquillity, now sallied forth from the tavern where they held their sitting, and approached the point of danger. Their officers went before them with links and torches, with a herald to read the Riot Act, if necessary. They easily drove before them the outposts and videttes of the rioters; but when they approached the line of guard which the mob, or rather, we should say, the conspirators, had drawn across the street in the front of the Luekenbooths, they were received with an unintermitted volley of stones, and, on their nearer approach, the pikes, bayonets, and Lochaber axes of which the populace had possessed themselves were presented against them. One of their ordinary officers, a strong resolute fellow, went forward, seized a rioter, and took from him a musket; but, being unsupported, he was instantly thrown on his back in the street, and disarmed in his turn. The officer was too happy to be permitted to rise and run away without receiving any farther injury; which afforded another remarkable instance of the mode in which these men had united a sort of moderation towards all others with the most inflexible inveteracy against the object of their resentment. The magistrates, after vain attempts to make themselves heard and obeyed, possessing no means of enforcing their authority, were constrained to abandon the field to the rioters, and retreat in all speed from the showers of missiles that whistled around their ears.

The passive resistance of the tolbooth gate promised to do more to baffle the purpose of the mob than the active interference of the magistrates. The heavy sledge-hammers con-

tinued to din against it without intermission, and with a noise which, echoed from the lofty buildings around the spot, seemed enough to have alarmed the garrison in the Castle. It was circulated among the rioters that the troops would march down to disperse them, unless they could execute their purpose without loss of time; or that, even without quitting the fortress, the garrison might obtain the same end by throwing a bomb or two upon the street.

Urged by such motives for apprehension, they eagerly relieved each other at the labour of assailing the tolbooth door; yet such was its strength that it still defied their efforts. At length a voice was heard to pronounce the words, 'Try it with fire.' The rioters, with an unanimous shout, called for combustibles, and as all their wishes seemed to be instantly supplied, they were soon in possession of two or three empty tar-barrels. A huge red glaring bonfire speedily arose close to the door of the prison, sending up a tall column of smoke and flame against its antique turrets and strongly-grated windows, and illuminating the ferocious and wild gestures of the rioters who surrounded the place, as well as the pale and anxious groups of those who, from windows in the vicinage, watched the progress of this alarming scene. The mob fed the fire with whatever they could find fit for the purpose. The flames roared and crackled among the heaps of nourishment piled on the fire, and a terrible shout soon announced that the door had kindled, and was in the act of being destroyed. The fire was suffered to decay, but long ere it was quite extinguished the most forward of the rioters rushed, in their impatience, one after another, over its yet smouldering remains. Thiek showers of sparkles rose high in the air as man after man bounded over the glowing embers and disturbed them in their passage. It was now obvious to Butler and all others who were present that the rioters would be instantly in possession of their victim, and have it in their power to work their pleasure upon him, whatever that might be.¹

¹ See *The Old Tolbooth*, Note 16.

CHAPTER VII

The evil you teach us, we will execute; and it shall go hard but we will better the instruction.

Merchant of Venice.

THE unhappy object of this remarkable disturbance had been that day delivered from the apprehension of a public execution, and his joy was the greater, as he had some reason to question whether government would have : in the risk of unpopularity by interfering in his favour, after he had been legally convicted, by the verdict of a jury, of a crime so very obnoxious. Relieved from this doubtful state of mind, his heart was merry within him, and he thought, in the emphatic words of Scripture on a similar occasion, that surely the bitterness of death was past. Some of his friends, however, who had watched the manner and behaviour of the crowd when they were made acquainted with the reprieve, were of a different opinion. They augured, from the unusual sternness and silence with which they bore their disappointment, that the populace nourished some scheme of sudden and desperate vengeance; and they advised Porteous to lose no time in petitioning the proper authorities that he might be conveyed to the Castle under a sufficient guard, to remain there in security until his ultimate fate should be determined. Habituated, however, by his office to overawe the rabble of the city, Porteous could not suspect them of an attempt so audacious as to storm a strong and defensible prison; and, despising the advice by which he might have been saved, he spent the afternoon of the eventful day in giving an entertainment to some friends who visited him in jail, several of whom, by the indulgence of the captain of the tolbooth, with whom he had an old intimacy, arising from their official connexion, were even permitted to remain to supper with him, though contrary to the rules of the jail.

It was, therefore, in the hour of unalloyed mirth, when this unfortunate wretch was 'full of bread,' hot with wine, and

high in mistimed and ill-grounded confidence, and, alas! with all his sins full blown, when the first distant shouts of the rioters mingled with the song of merriment and intemperance. The hurried call of the jailor to the guests, requiring them instantly to depart, and his yet more hasty intimation that a dreadful and determined mob had possessed themselves of the city gates and guard-house, were the first explanation of these fearful clamours.

Porteous might, however, have eluded the fury from which the force of authority could not protect him, had he thought of slipping on some disguise and leaving the prison along with his guests. It is probable that the jailor might have connived at his escape, or even that, in the hurry of this alarming contingency, he might not have observed it. But Porteous and his friends alike wanted presence of mind to suggest or execute such a plan of escape. The latter hastily fled from a place where their own safety seemed compromised, and the former, in a state resembling stupefaction, awaited in his apartment the termination of the enterprise of the rioters. The cessation of the clang of the instruments with which they had at first attempted to force the door gave him momentary relief. The flattering hopes that the military had marched into the city, either from the Castle or from the suburbs, and that the rioters were intimidated and dispersing, were soon destroyed by the broad and glaring light of the flames, which, illuminating through the grated window every corner of his apartment, plainly showed that the mob, determined on their fatal purpose, had adopted a means of forcing entrance equally desperate and certain.

The sudden glare of light suggested to the stupified and astonished object of popular hatred the possibility of concealment or escape. To rush to the chimney, to ascend it at the risk of suffocation, were the only means which seem to have occurred to him; but his progress was speedily stopped by one of those iron gratings which are, for the sake of security, usually placed across the vents of buildings designed for imprisonment. The bars, however, which impeded his farther progress, served to support him in the situation which he had gained, and he seized them with the tenacious grasp of one who esteemed himself clinging to his last hope of existence. The lurid light which had filled the apartment lowered and died away; the sound of shouts was heard within the walls, and on the narrow and winding stair, which, cased within one of the turrets, gave access to the upper apartments of the prison:

The huzza of the rioters was answered by a shout wild and desperate as their own, the cry, namely, of the imprisoned felons, who, expecting to be liberated in the general confusion, welcomed the mob as their deliverers. By some of these the apartment of Porteous was pointed out to his enemies. The obstacle of the lock and bolts was soon overcome, and from his hiding-place the unfortunate man heard his enemies search every corner of the apartment, with oaths and maledictions, which would but shock the reader if we recorded them, but which served to prove, could it have admitted of doubt, the settled purpose of soul with which they sought his destruction.

A place of concealment so obvious to suspicion and scrutiny as that which Porteous had chosen could not long screen him from detection. He was dragged from his lurking-place, with a violence which seemed to argue an intention to put him to death on the spot. More than one weapon was directed towards him, when one of the rioters, the same whose female disguise had been particularly noticed by Bulter, interfered in an authoritative tone. 'Are ye mad?' he said, 'or would ye execute an act of justice as if it were a crime and a cruelty? This sacrifice will lose half its savour if we do not offer it at the very horns of the altar. We will have him die where a murderer should die, on the common gibbet. We will have him die where he spilled the blood of so many innocents!'

A loud shout of applause followed the proposal, and the cry, 'To the gallows with the murderer! To the Grassmarket with him!' echoed on all hands.

'Let no man hurt him,' continued the speaker; 'let him make his peace with God, if he can; we will not kill both his soul and body.'

'What time did he give better folk for preparing their account?' answered several voices. 'Let us mete to him with the same measure he measured to them.'

But the opinion of the spokesman better suited the temper of those he addressed, a temper rather stubborn than impetuous, sedate though ferocious, and desirous of colouring their cruel and revengeful action with a show of justice and moderation.

For an instant this man quitted the prisoner, whom he consigned to a selected guard, with instructions to permit him to give his money and property to whomsoever he pleased. A person confined in the jail for debt received this last deposit from the trembling hand of the victim, who was at the same time permitted to make some other brief arrangements to meet

his approaching fate. The felons, and all others who wished to leave the jail, were now at full liberty to do so; not that their liberation made any part of the settled purpose of the rioters, but it followed as almost a necessary consequence of forcing the jail doors. With wild cries of jubilee they joined the mob, or disappeared among the narrow lanes to seek out the hidden receptacles of vice and infamy where they were accustomed to lurk and conceal themselves from justice.

Two persons, a man about fifty years old and a girl about eighteen, were all who continued within the fatal walls, excepting two or three debtors, who probably saw no advantage in attempting their escape. The persons we have mentioned remained in the strong-room of the prison, now deserted by all others. One of their late companions in misfortune called out to the man to make his escape, in the tone of an acquaintance. 'Rin for it, Ratcliffe; the road's clear.'

'It may be sae, Willie,' answered Ratcliffe, composingly, 'but I have taen a fancy to leave aff trade, and set up for an honest man.'

'Stay there and be hanged, then, for a donnard auld deevil!' said the other, and ran down the prison stair.

The person in female attire whom we have distinguished as one of the most active rioters was about the same time at the ear of the young woman. 'Flee, Effie, flee!' was all he had time to whisper. She turned towards him an eye of mingled fear, affection, and upbraiding, all contending with a sort of stupified surprise. He again repeated, 'Flee, Effie, flee, for the sake of all that's good and dear to you!' Again she gazed on him, but was unable to answer. A loud noise was now heard, and the name of Madge Wildfire was repeatedly called from the bottom of the staircase.

'I am coming — I am coming,' said the person who answered to that appellative; and then reiterating hastily, 'For God's sake — for your own sake — for my sake, flee, or they'll take your life!' he left the strong-room.

The girl gazed after him for a moment, and then faintly muttering, 'Better tyne life, since tint is gude fame,' she sunk her head upon her hand, and remained seemingly unconscious as a statue of the noise and tumult which passed around her.

That tumult was now transferred from the inside to the outside of the tolbooth. The mob had brought their destined victim forth, and were about to conduct him to the common place of execution, which they had fixed as the scene of his

death. The leader whom they distinguished by the name of Madge Wildfire had been summoned to assist at the procession by the impatient shouts of his confederates.

'I will ensure you five hundred pounds,' said the unhappy man, grasping Wildfire's hand — 'five hundred pounds for to save my life.'

The other answered in the same undertone, and returning his grasp with one equally convulsive, 'Five hundredweight of coined gold should not save you. Remember Wilson!'

A deep pause of a minute ensued, when Wildfire added, in a more composed tone, 'Make your peace with Heaven. Where is the clergyman?'

Butler, who, in great terror and anxiety, had been detained within a few yards of the tolbooth door, to wait the event of the search after Porteous, was now brought forward and commanded to walk by the prisoner's side, and to prepare him for immediate death. His answer was a supplication that the rioters would consider what they did. 'You are neither judges nor jury,' said he. 'You cannot have, by the laws of God or man, power to take away the life of a human creature, however deserving he may be of death. If it is murder even in a lawful magistrate to execute an offender otherwise than in the place, time, and manner which the judges' sentence prescribes, what must it be in you, who have no warrant for interference but your own wills? In the name of Him who is all mercy, show mercy to this unhappy man, and do not dip your hands in his blood, nor rush into the very crime which you are desirous of avenging!'

'Cut your sermon short, you are not in your pulpit,' answered one of the rioters.

'If we hear more of your clavers,' said another, 'we are like to hang you up beside him.'

'Peace! hush!' said Wildfire. 'Do the good man no harm; he discharges his conscience, and I like him the better.'

He then addressed Butler. 'Now, sir, we have patiently heard you, and we just wish you to understand, in the way of answer, that you may as well argue to the ashler-work and iron stanchels of the tolbooth as think to change our purpose. Blood must have blood. We have sworn to each other by the deepest oaths ever were pledged, that Porteous shall die the death he deserves so richly; therefore, speak no more to us, but prepare him for a death as well as the briefness of his change will permit.'

They had suffered the unfortunate Porteous to put on his nightgown and slippers, as he had thrown off his coat and shoes in order to facilitate his attempted escape up the chimney. In this garb he was now mounted on the hands of two of the rioters, clasped together, so as to form what is called in Scotland 'The King's Cushion.' Butler was placed close to his side, and repeatedly urged to perform a duty always the most painful which can be imposed on a clergyman deserving of the name, and now rendered more so by the peculiar and horrid circumstances of the criminal's case. Porteous at first uttered some supplications for mercy, but when he found that there was no chance that these would be attended to, his military education, and the natural stubbornness of his disposition, combined to support his spirits.

'Are you prepared for this dreadful end?' said Butler, in a faltering voice. 'O turn to Him in whose eyes time and space have no existence, and to whom a few minutes are as a lifetime, and a lifetime as a minute.'

'I believe I know what you would say,' answered Porteous, sullenly. 'I was bred a soldier; if they will murder me without time, let my sins as well as my blood be at their door.'

'Who was it,' said the stern voice of Wildfire, 'that said to Wilson at this very spot, when he could not pray, owing to the galling agony of his fetters, that his pains would soon be over? I say to you, take your own tale home; and if you cannot profit by the good man's lessons, blame not them that are still more merciful to you than you were to others.'

The procession now moved forward with a slow and determined pace. It was enlightened by many blazing links and torches; for the actors of this work were so far from affecting any secrecy on the occasion that they seemed even to court observation. Their principal leaders kept close to the person of the prisoner, whose pallid yet stubborn features were seen distinctly by the torch-light, as his person was raised considerably above the concourse which thronged around him. Those who bore swords, muskets, and battle-axes marched on each side, as if forming a regular guard to the procession. The windows, as they went along, were filled with the inhabitants, whose slumbers had been broken by this unusual disturbance. Some of the spectators muttered accents of encouragement; but in general they were so much appalled by a sight so strange and audacious, that they looked on with a sort of

stupified astonishment. No one offered, by act or word, the slightest interruption.

The rioters, on their part, continued to act with the same air of deliberate confidence and security which had marked all their proceedings. When the object of their resentment dropped one of his slippers, they stopped, sought for it, and replaced it upon his foot with great deliberation.¹ As they descended the Bow towards the fatal spot where they designed to complete their purpose, it was suggested that there should be a rope kept in readiness. For this purpose the booth of a man who dealt in cordage was forced open, a coil of rope fit for their purpose was selected to serve as a halter, and the dealer next morning found that a guinea had been left on his counter in exchange; so anxious were the perpetrators of this daring action to show that they meditated not the slightest wrong for infraction of law, excepting so far as Porteous was himself concerned.

Leading, or carrying along with them, in this determined and regular manner, the object of their vengeance, they at length reached the place of common execution, the scene of his crime, and destined spot of his sufferings. Several of the rioters (if they should not rather be described as conspirators) endeavoured to remove the stone which filled up the socket in which the end of the fatal tree was sunk when it was erected for its fatal purpose; others sought for the means of constructing a temporary gibbet, the place in which the gallows itself was deposited being reported too secure to be forced, without much loss of time.

Butler endeavoured to avail himself of the delay afforded by these circumstances to turn the people from their desperate design. 'For God's sake,' he exclaimed, 'remember it is the image of your Creator which you are about to deface in the person of this unfortunate man! Wretched as he is, and wicked as he may be, he has a share in every promise of Scripture, and you cannot destroy him in impenitence without blotting his name from the Book of Life. Do not destroy soul and body: give time for preparation.'

'What time had they,' returned a stern voice, 'whom he murdered on this very spot? The laws both of God and man call for his death.'

'But what, my friends,' insisted Butler, with a generous

¹ This little incident, characteristic of the extreme composure of this extraordinary mob, was witnessed by a lady who, disturbed, like others, from her slumbers, had gone to the window. It was told to the Author by the lady's daughter.

disregard to his own safety — 'what hath constituted you his judges?'

'We are not his judges,' replied the same person; 'he has been already judged and condemned by lawful authority. We are those whom Heaven, and our righteous anger, have stirred up to execute judgment, when a corrupt government would have protected a murderer.'

'I am none,' said the unfortunate Porteous; 'that which you charge upon me fell out in self-defence, in the lawful exercise of my duty.'

'Away with him — away with him!' was the general cry. 'Why do you trifle away time in making a gallows? that dyester's pole is good enough for the homicide.'

The unhappy man was forced to his fate with remorseless rapidity. Butler, separated from him by the press, escaped the last horrors of his struggles. Unnoticed by those who had hitherto detained him as a prisoner, he fled from the fatal spot, without much caring in what direction his course lay. A loud shout proclaimed the stern delight with which the agents of this deed regarded its completion. Butler then, at the opening into the low street called the Cowgate, cast back a terrified glance, and by the red and dusky light of the torches he could discern a figure wavering and struggling as it hung suspended above the heads of the multitude, and could even observe men striking at it with their Lochaber axes and partizans. The sight was of a nature to double his horror and to add wings to his flight.

The street down which the fugitive ran opens to one of the eastern ports or gates of the city. Butler did not stop till he reached it, but found it still shut. He waited nearly an hour, walking up and down in inexpressible perturbation of mind. At length he ventured to call out and rouse the attention of the terrified keepers of the gate, who now found themselves at liberty to resume their office without interruption. Butler requested them to open the gate. They hesitated. He told them his name and occupation.

'He is a preacher,' said one; 'I have heard him preach in Haddo's Hole.'

'A fine preaching has he been at the night,' said another; 'but maybe least said is sunest mended.'

Opening then the wicket of the main gate, the keepers suffered Butler to depart, who hastened to carry his horror and fear beyond the walls of Edinburgh. His first purpose

was instantly to take the road homeward; but other fears and cares, connected with the news he had learned in that remarkable day, induced him to linger in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh until daybreak. More than one group of persons passed him as he was whiling away the hours of darkness that yet remained, whom, from the stifled tones of their discourse, the unwonted hour when they travelled, and the hasty pace at which they walked, he conjectured to have been engaged in the late fatal transaction.

Certain it was, that the sudden and total dispersion of the rioters, when their vindictive purpose was accomplished, seemed not the least remarkable feature of this singular affair. In general, whatever may be the impelling motive by which a mob is at first raised, the attainment of their object has usually been only found to lead the way to farther excesses. But not so in the present case. They seemed completely satiated with the vengeance they had prosecuted with such stanch and sagacious activity. When they were fully satisfied that life had abandoned their victim, they dispersed in every direction, throwing down the weapons which they had only assumed to enable them to carry through their purpose. At daybreak there remained not the least token of the events of the night, excepting the corpse of Porteous, which still hung suspended in the place where he had suffered, and the arms of various kinds which the rioters had taken from the city guard-house, which were found scattered about the streets as they had thrown them from their hands, when the purpose for which they had seized them was accomplished.¹

The ordinary magistrates of the city resumed their power, not without trembling at the late experience of the fragility of its tenure. To march troops into the city, and commence a severe inquiry into the transactions of the preceding night, were the first marks of returning energy which they displayed. But these events had been conducted on so secure and well-calculated a plan of safety and secrecy, that there was little or nothing learned to throw light upon the authors or principal actors in a scheme so audacious. An express was despatched to London with the tidings, where they excited great indignation and surprise in the council of regency, and particularly in the bosom of Queen Caroline, who considered her own authority as exposed to contempt by the success of this singular conspiracy. Nothing was spoke of for some time save the measure

¹ See The Murder of Captain Porteous. Note 11.

of vengeance which should be taken, not only on the actors of this tragedy, so soon as they should be discovered, but upon the magistrates who had suffered it to take place, and upon the city which had been the scene where it was exhibited. On this occasion, it is still recorded in popular tradition that her Majesty, in the height of her displeasure, told the celebrated John, Duke of Argyle, that, sooner than submit to such an insult, she would make Scotland a hunting-field. 'In that case, Madam,' answered that high-spirited nobleman, with a profound bow, 'I will take leave of your Majesty, and go down to my own country to get my hounds ready.'

The import of the reply had more than met the ear ; and as most of the Scottish nobility and gentry seemed actuated by the same national spirit, the royal displeasure was necessarily checked in mid-volley, and milder courses were recommended and adopted, to some of which we may hereafter have occasion to advert.

CHAPTER VIII

Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be press'd by me ;
St. Anton's well shall be my drink,
Sin' my true-love 's forsaken me.

Old Song.

IF I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semicircular rocks called Salisbury Crags, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh. The prospect, in its general outline, commands a close-built, high-piled city, stretching itself out beneath in a form which, to a romantic imagination, may be supposed to represent that of a dragon; now a noble arm of the sea, with its rocks, isles, distant shores, and boundary of mountains; and now a fair and fertile champaign country, varied with hill, dale, and rock, and skirted by the picturesque ridge of the Pentland Mountains. But as the path gently circles around the base of the cliffs, the prospect, composed as it is of these enchanting and sublime objects, changes at every step, and presents them blended with, or divided from, each other in every possible variety which can gratify the eye and the imagination. When a piece of scenery so beautiful, yet so varied, so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime, is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character even to the tamest of landscapes, the effect approaches near to enchantment. This path used to be my favourite evening and morning resort, when engaged with a favourite author or new subject of study. It is, I am informed, now become totally impassable, a circumstance which,

if true, reflects little credit on the taste of the Good Town or its leaders.¹

It was from this fascinating path — the scene to me of so much delicious musing, when life was young and promised to be happy, that I have been unable to pass it over without an episodical description — it was, I say, from this romantic path that Butler saw the morning arise the day after the murder of Porteous. It was possible for him with ease to have found a much shorter road to the house to which he was directing his course, and, in fact, that which he chose was extremely circuitous. But to compose his own spirits, as well as to while away the time, until a proper hour for visiting the family without surprise or disturbance, he was induced to extend his circuit by the foot of the rocks, and to linger upon his way until the morning should be considerably advanced. While, now standing with his arms across and waiting the slow progress of the sun above the horizon, now sitting upon one of the numerous fragments which storms had detached from the rocks above him, he is meditating alternately upon the horrible catastrophe which he had witnessed, and upon the melancholy, and to him most interesting, news which he had learned at Saddletree's, we will give the reader to understand who Butler was, and how his fate was connected with that of Effie Deans, the unfortunate handmaiden of the careful Mrs. Saddletree.

Reuben Butler was of English extraction, though born in Scotland. His grandfather was a trooper in Monk's army, and one of the party of dismounted dragoons which formed the forlorn hope at the storming of Dundee in 1651. Stephen Butler (called, from his talents in reading and expounding, Scripture Stephen and Bible Butler) was a staunch Independent, and received in its fullest comprehension the promise that the saints should inherit the earth. As hard knocks were what had chiefly fallen to his share hitherto in the division of this common property, he lost not the opportunity, which the storm and plunder of a commercial place afforded him, to appropriate as large a share of the better things of this world as he could possibly compass. It would seem that he had succeeded indifferently well, for his exterior circumstances appeared, in consequence of this event, to have been much mended.

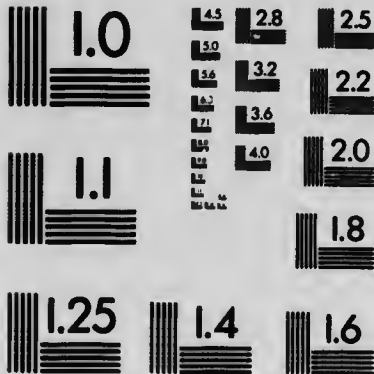
The troop to which he belonged was quartered at the village

¹ A beautiful and solid pathway has, within a few years, been formed around these romantic rocks: and the Author has the pleasure to think that the passage in the text gave rise to the undertaking.



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of Dalkeith, as forming the body-guard of Monk, who, in the capacity of general for the Commonwealth, resided in the neighbouring castle. When, on the eve of the Restoration, the general commenced his march from Scotland, a measure pregnant with such important consequences, he new-modelled his troops, and more especially those immediately about his person, in order that they might consist entirely of individuals devoted to himself. On this occasion Scripture Stephen was weighed in the balance and found wanting. It was supposed he felt no call to any expedition which might endanger the reign of the military sainthood, and that he did not consider himself as free in conscience to join with any party which might be likely ultimately to acknowledge the interest of Charles Stuart, the son of 'the last man,' as Charles I. was familiarly and irreverently termed by them in their common discourse, as well as in their more elaborate predications and harangues. As the time did not admit of cashiering such dissidents, Stephen Butler was only advised in a friendly way to give up his horse and accoutrements to one of Middleton's old troopers, who possessed an accommodating conscience of a military stamp, and which squared itself chiefly upon those of the colonel and paymaster. As this hint came recommended by a certain sum of arrears presently payable, Stephen had carnal wisdom enough to embrace the proposal, and with great indifference saw his old corps depart for Coldstream, on their route for the south, to establish the tottering government of England on a new basis.

The 'zone' of the ex-trooper, to use Horace's phrase, was weighty enough to purchase a cottage and two or three fields (still known by the name of Beersheba), within about a Scottish mile of Dalkeith; and there did Stephen establish himself with a youthful help-mate, chosen out of the said village, whose disposition to a comfortable settlement on this side of the grave reconciled her to the gruff manners, serious temper, and weather-beaten features of the martial enthusiast. Stephen did not long survive the falling on 'evil days and evil tongues,' of which Milton, in the same predicament, so mournfully complains. At his death his consort remained an early widow, with a male child of three years old, which, in the sobriety wherewith it demeaned itself, in the old-fashioned and even grim cast of its features, and in its sententious mode of expressing itself, would sufficiently have vindicated the honour of the widow of Beersheba, had any one thought proper to challenge the babe's descent from Bible Butler.

Butler's principles had not descended to his family, or extended themselves among his neighbours. The air of Scotland was alien to the growth of Independency, however favourable to fanaticism under other colours. But, nevertheless, they were not forgotten; and a certain neighbouring laird, who piqued himself upon the loyalty of his principles 'in the worst of times' (though I never heard they exposed him to more peril than that of a broken head, or a night's lodging in the main guard, when wine and Cavalierism predominated in his upper story), had found it a convenient thing to rake up all matter of accusation against the deceased Stephen. In this enumeration his religious principles made no small figure, as, indeed, they must have seemed of the most exaggerated enormity to one whose own were so small and so faintly traced as to be well-nigh imperceptible. In these circumstances, poor widow Butler was supplied with her full proportion of fines for nonconformity, and all the other oppressions of the time, until Beersheba was fairly wrenched out of her hands, and became the property of the laird who had so wantonly, as it had hitherto appeared, persecuted this poor forlorn woman. When his purpose was fairly achieved, he showed some remorse or moderation, or whatever the reader may please to term it, in permitting her to occupy her husband's cottage, and cultivate, on no very heavy terms, a croft of land adjacent. Her son, Benjamin, in the meanwhile, grew up to man's estate, and, moved by that impulse which makes men seek marriage even when its end can only be the perpetuation of misery, he wedded and brought a wife, and eventually a son, Reuben, to share the poverty of Beersheba.

The Laird of Dumbiedikes¹ had hitherto been moderate in his exactions, perhaps because he was ashamed to tax too highly the miserable means of support which remained to the widow Butler. But when a stout active young fellow appeared as the labourer of the croft in question, Dumbiedikes began to think so broad a pair of shoulders might bear an additional burden. He regulated, indeed, his management of his dependents (who fortunately were but few in number) much upon the principle of the carters whom he observed loading their carts at a neighbouring coal-hill, and who never failed to elap an additional brace of hundredweights on their burden, so soon as by any means they had compassed a new horse of somewhat superior strength to that which had broken down the day

¹ See Dumbiedikes. Note 12.

before. However reasonable this practice appeared to the Laird of Dumbiedikes, he ought to have observed that it may be overdone, and that it infers, as a matter of course, the destruction and loss of both horse, cart, and loading. Even so it befell when the additional 'prestations' came to be demanded of Benjamin Butler. A man of few words and few ideas, but attached to Beersheba with a feeling like that which a vegetable entertains to the spot in which it chances to be planted, he neither remonstrated with the Laird nor endeavoured to escape from him, but, toiling night and day to accomplish the terms of his taskmaster, fell into a burning fever and died. His wife did not long survive him; and, as if it had been the fate of this family to be left orphans, our Reuben Butler was, about the year 1704-5, left in the same circumstances in which his father had been placed, and under the same guardianship, being that of his grandmother, the widow of Monk's old trooper.

The same prospect of misery hung over the head of another tenant of this hard-hearted lord of the soil. This was a tough true-blue Presbyterian, called Deans, who, though most obnoxious to the Laird on account of principles in church and state, contrived to maintain his ground upon the estate by regular payment of mail-duties, kain, arriage, earriage, dry multure, lock, gowpen, and knaveship, and all the various exactions now commuted for money, and summed up in the emphatic word RENT. But the years 1700 and 1701, long remembered in Scotland for dearth and general distress, subdued the stout heart of the agricultural Whig. Citations by the ground-officer, decreets of the Baron Court, sequestrations, pounings of oversight and insight plenishing, flew about his ears as fast as ever the Tory bullets whistled around those of the Covenanters at Pentland, Bothwell Brig, or Arid's Moss. Struggle as he might, and he struggled gallantly, 'Douce David Deans' was routed horse and foot, and lay at the mercy of his grasping landlord just at the time that Benjamin Butler died. The fate of each family was anticipated; but they who prophesied their expulsion to beggary and ruin were disappointed by an accidental circumstance.

On the very term-day when their ejection should have taken place, when all their neighbours were prepared to pity and not one to assist them, the minister of the parish, as well as a doctor from Edinburgh, received a hasty summons to attend the Laird of Dumbiedikes. Both were surprised, for his con-

tempt for both faculties had been pretty commonly his theme over an extra bottle, that is to say, at least once every day. The leech for the soul and he for the body alighted in the court of the little old manor-house at almost the same time; and when they had gazed a moment at each other with some surprise, they in the same breath expressed their conviction that Dumbiedikes must needs be very ill indeed, since he summoned them both to his presence at once. Ere the servant could usher them to his apartment the party was augmented by a man of law, Nichil Novit, writing himself procurator before the sheriff court, for in those days there were no solicitors. This latter personage was first summoned to the apartment of the Laird, where, after some short space, the soul-curer and the body-curer were invited to join him.

Dumbiedikes had been by this time transported into the best bedroom, used only upon occasions of death and marriage, and called, from the former of these occupations, the Dead Room. There were in this apartment, besides the sick person himself and Mr. Novit, the son and heir of the patient, a tall gawky silly-looking boy of fourteen or fifteen, and a housekeeper, a good buxom figure of a woman, betwixt forty and fifty, who had kept the keys and managed matters at Dumbiedikes since the lady's death. It was to these attendants that Dumbiedikes addressed himself pretty nearly in the following words; temporal and spiritual matters, the care of his health and his affairs, being strangely jumbled in a head which was never one of the clearest:—

'These a:æ sair times wi' me, gentlemen and neighbours! amaist as ill as at the aughty-nine, when I was rabbled by the collegeaners.¹ They mistook me muckle: they ca'd me a Papist, but there was never a Papist bit about me, minister. Jock, ye'll take warning. It's a debt we maun a' pay, and there stands Nichil Novit that will tell ye I was never gude at paying debts in my life. Mr. Novit, ye'll no forget to draw the annual rent that's due on the yerl's band; if I pay debt to other folk, I think they suld pay it to me—that equals aquals. Jock, when ye hac naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye're sleeping.² My father tauld me sae forty years sin', but I ne'er fand time to mind him. Jock, ne'er drink brandy in the morning, it files the stan. Ah sair; gin ye take a morning's draught, let it be *aqua mirabilis*;

¹ See College Students. Note 13.

² See Recommendation to Arboriculture. Note 14.

Jenny there makes it weel. Doctor, my breath is growing as scant as a broken-winded piper's, when he has played for four and twenty hours at a penny-wedding. Jenny, pit the cod aneath my head; but it's a' needless! Mass John, could ye think o' rattling ower some bit short prayer; it wad do me gude maybe, and keep some queer thoughts out o' my head. Say something, man.'

'I cannot use a prayer like a ratt-rhyme,' answered the honest clergyman; 'and if you would have your soul redeemed like a prey from the fowler, Laird, you must needs show me your state of mind.'

'And shouldna ye ken that without my telling you?' answered the patient. 'What have I been paying stipend and teind, parsonage and vicarage for, ever sin' the aughty-ninc, an I canna get a spell of a prayer for 't, the only time I ever asked for ane in my life? Gang awa' wi' your Whiggery, if that's a' ye can do; auld Curate Kiltstoup wad hae read half the Prayer Book to me by this time. Awa' wi' ye! Doctor, let's see if ye can do ony thing better for me.'

The Doctor, who had obtained some information in the meanwhile from the housekeeper on the state of his complaints, assured him the medical art could not prolong his life many hours.

'Then damn Mass John and you baith!' cried the furious and intractable patient. 'Did ye come here for naething but to tell me that ye canna help me at the pinch? Out wi' them, Jenny — out o' the house! and, Jock, my curse, and 'he curse of Cromwell, go wi' ye, if ye gie them either fee or jountith, or sae muckle as a black pair o' cheverons!'

The clergyman and doctor made a speedy retreat out of the apartment, while Dumbiedikes fell into one of those transports of violent and profane language which had procured him the surname of Damn-me-dikes. 'Bring me the brandy bottle, Jenny, ye b——,' he cried, with a voice in which passion contended with pain. 'I can die as I have lived, without fashing ony o' them. But there's ae thing,' he said, sinking his voice — 'there's ae fearful thing hings about my heart, and an anker of brandy winna wash it away. The Deanses at Woodend! I sequestered them in the dear years, and now they are to flit, they'll starve; and that Beersheba, and that auld trooper's wife and her oe, they'll starve — they'll starve! Look out, Jock; what kind o' night is 't?'

'On-ding o' snaw, father,' answered Jock, after having opened the window and looked out with great composure.

'They'll perish in the drifts!' said the expiring sinner — 'they'll perish wi' cauld! but I'll be het enough, gin a' tales be true.'

This last observation was made under breath, and in a tone which made the very attorney shudder. He tried his hand at ghostly advice, probably for the first time in his life, and recommended, as an opiate for the agonised conscience of the Laird, reparation of the injuries he had done to these distressed families, which, he observed by the way, the civil law called *restitutio in integrum*. But Mammon was struggling with Remorse for retaining his place in a bosom he had so long possessed; and he partly succeeded, as an old tyrant proves often too strong for his insurgent rebels.

'I canna do't,' he answered, with a voice of despair. 'It would kill me to do't; how can ye bid me pay baek siller, when ye ken how I want it? or dispone Beersheba, when it lies sae weel into my ain plaid-nuik? Nature made Dumbiedikes and Beersheba to be ae man's land. She did, by — Niehil, it wad kill me to part them.'

'But ye maun die whether or no, Laird,' said Mr. Novit; 'and maybe ye wad die easier, it's but trying. I'll seroll the disposition in nae time.'

'Dinna speak o't, sir,' replied Dumbiedikes, 'or I'll fling the stoup at your head. But, Jock, lad, ye see how the warld warstles wi' me on my death-bed; be kind to the puir creatures, the Deanses and the Butlers — be kind to them, Jock. Dinna let the warld get a grip o' ye, Jock; but keep the gear thegither! and whate'er ye do, dispone Beersheba at no rate. Let the creatures stay at a moderate mailing, and hae bite and soup; it will maybe be the better wi' your father whare he's gann, lad.'

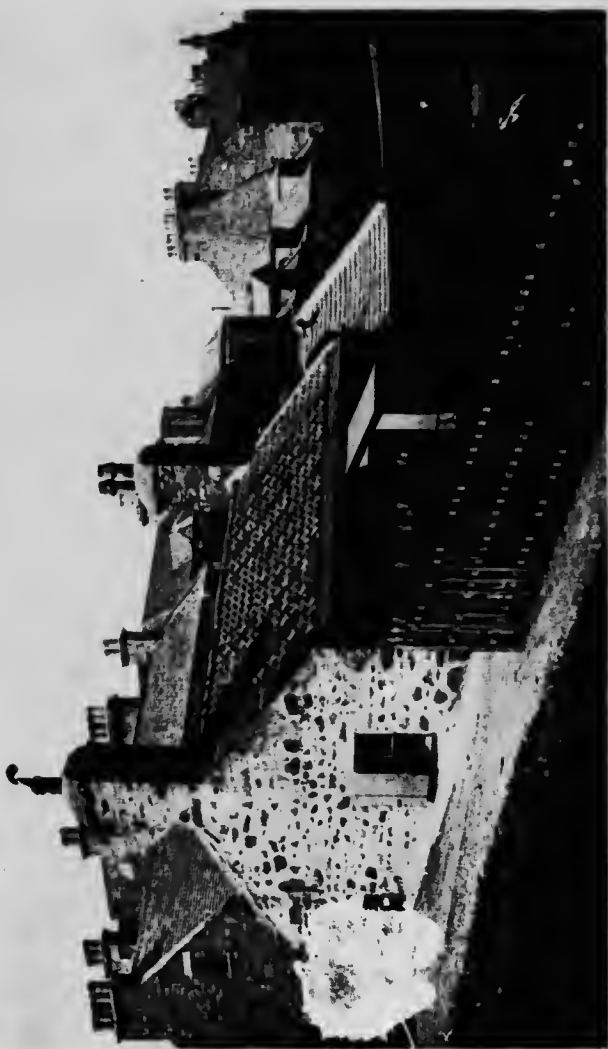
After these contradictory instructions, the Laird felt his mind so much at ease that he drank three bumpers of brandy continuously, and 'soughed awa', as Jenny expressed it, in an attempt to sing 'Deil stiek the minister.'

His death made a revolution in favour of the distressed families. John Dumbie, now of Dumbiedikes, in his own right, seemed to be close and selfish enough; but wanted the grasping spirit and active mind of his father; and his guardian happened to agree with him in opinion that his father's dying recommendation should be attended to. The tenants, therefore, were not actually turned out of doors among the snow wreaths, and were allowed wherewith to procure butter-milk and pease bannoeks, which they ate under the full force of the original

malediction. The cottage of Deans, called Woodend, was not very distant from that at Beersheba. Formerly there had been little intercourse between the families. Deans was a sturdy Scotchman, with all sort of prejudices against the Southern, and the spawn of the Southern. Moreover, Deans was, as we have said, a stanch Presbyterian, of the most rigid and unbending adherence to what he conceived to be the only possible straight line, as he was wont to express himself, between right-hand heats and extremes and left-hand defections; and, therefore, he held in high dread and horror all Independents, and whomsoever he supposed allied to them.

But, notwithstanding these national prejudices and religious professions, Deans and the widow Butler were placed in such a situation as naturally and at length created some intimacy between the families. They had shared a common danger and a mutual deliverance. They needed each other's assistance, like a company who, crossing a mountain stream, are compelled to cling close together, lest the current should be too powerful for any who are not thus supported.

On nearer acquaintance, too, Deans abated some of his prejudices. He found old Mrs. Butler, though not thoroughly grounded in the extent and bearing of the real testimony against the defections of the times, had no opinions in favour of the Independent party; neither was she an Englishwoman. Therefore, it was to be hoped that, though she was the widow of an enthusiastic corporal of Cromwell's dragoons, her grandson might be neither schismatic nor anti-national, two qualities concerning which Goodman Deans had as wholesome a terror, as against Papists and Malignants. Above all, for Douce Davie Deans had his weak side, he perceived that widow Butler looked up to him with reverence listened to his advice, and compounded for an occasional fling at the doctrines of her deceased husband, to which, as we have seen, she was by no means warmly attached, in consideration of the valuable counsels which the Presbyterian afforded her for the management of her little farm. These usually concluded with, 'they may do otherwise in England, neighbour Butler, for aught I ken'; or, 'it may be different in foreign parts'; or, 'they wha think differently on the great foundation of our covenanted reformation, overturning and misguggling the government and discipline of the kirk, and breaking down the carved work of our Zion, might be for sawing the craft wi' aits; but I say pcease, pcease.' And as his advice was shrewd and sensible, though con-



JEANIE DEANS' COTTAGE, EDINBURGH.
From a photograph.



ceitedly given, it was received with gratitude, and followed with respect.

The intercourse which took place betwixt the families at Beersheba and Woodend became strict and intimate, at a very early period, betwixt Reuben Butler, with whom the reader is already in some degree acquainted, and Jeanie Deans, the only child of Douce Davie Deans by his first wife, 'that singular Christian woman,' as he was wont to express himself, 'whose name was savoury to all that knew her for a desirable professor, Christian Menzies in Hochmagirdle.' The manner of which intimacy, and the consequences thereof, we now proceed to relate.

CHAPTER IX

Reuben and Rachel, though as fond as doves,
Were yet discreet and cautious in their loves,
Nor would attend to Cupid's wild commands,
Till cool reflection bade them join their hands.
When both were poor, they thought it argued ill
Of hasty love to make them poorer still.

CRABBE'S Parish Register.

WHILE widow Butler and widower Deans struggled with poverty, and the hard and sterile soil of those 'parts and portions' of the lands of Dumbiedikes which it was their lot to occupy, it became gradually apparent that Deans was to gain the strife, and his ally in the conflict was to lose it. The former was a man, and not much past the prime of life; Mrs. Butler a woman, and declined into the vale of years. This, indeed, ought in time to have been balanced by the circumstance that Reuben, as growing up to assist his grandmother's labours, and that Jennie Deans, as a girl, could be only supposed to add to her father's burdens. But Dounce Davie Deans knew better things, and so schooled and trained the young minion, as he called her, that from the time she could walk, upwards, she was daily employed in some task or other suitable to her age and capacity; a circumstance which, added to her father's daily instructions and lectures, tended to give her mind, even when a child, a grave, serious, firm, and reflecting cast. An uncommonly strong and healthy temperament free from all nervous affection and every other irregularity, which, attacking the body in its more noble functions, so often influences the mind, tended greatly to establish this fortitude, simplicity, and decision of character.

On the other hand, Reuben was weak in constitution, and, though not timid in temper, might be safely pronounced anxious, doubtful, and apprehensive. He partook of the temperament of his mother, who had died of a consumption in early age. He was a pale, thin, feeble, sickly boy, and somewhat lame,

from an accident in early youth. He was, besides, the child of a doting grandmother, whose too solicitous attention to him soon taught him a sort of diffidence in himself, with a disposition to overrate his own importance, which is one of the very worst consequences that children deduce from over-indulgence.

Still, however, the two children clung to each other's society, not more from habit than from taste. They herded together the handful of sheep, with the two or three cows, which their parents turned out rather to seek food than actually to feed upon the uninclosed common of Dumbiedikes. It was there that the two urchins might be seen seated beneath a blooming bush of whin, their little faces laid close together under the shadow of the same plaid drawn over both their heads, while the landscape around was embrowned by an overshadowing cloud, big with the shower which had driven the children to shelter. On other occasions they went together to school, the boy receiving that encouragement and example from his companion, in crossing the little brooks which intersected their path, and encountering cattle, dogs, and other perils upon their journey, which the male sex in such cases usually consider it as their prerogative to extend to the weaker. But when, seated on the benches of the school-house, they began to con their lessons together, Renben, who was as much superior to Jeanie Deans in acuteness of intellect as inferior to her in firmness of constitution, and in that insensibility to fatigue and danger which depends on the conformation of the nerves, was able fully to requite the kindness and countenance with which, in other circumstances, she used to regard him. He was decidedly the best scholar at the little parish school; and so gentle was his temper and disposition, that he was rather admired than envied by the little mob who occupied the noisy mansion, although he was the declared favourite of the master. Several girls, in particular (for in Scotland they are taught with the boys), longed to be kind to and comfort the sickly lad, who was so much cleverer than his companions. The character of Reuben Butler was so calculated as to offer scope both for their sympathy and their admiration, the feelings, perhaps, through which the female sex, the more deserving part of them at least, is more easily attached.

But Renben, naturally reserved and distant, improved none of these advantages; and only became more attached to Jeanie Deans, as the enthusiastic approbation of his master assured him of fair prospects in future life, and awakened his ambition.

In the meantime, every advance that Reuben made in learning (and, considering his opportunities, they were uncommonly great) rendered him less capable of attending to the domestic duties of his grandmother's farm. While studying the *pons asinorum* in Euclid, he suffered every 'cuddie' upon the common to trespass upon a large field of pease belonging to the laird, and nothing but the active exertions of Jeanie Deans, with her little dog Dustiefoot, could have saved great loss and consequent punishment. Similar miscarriages marked his progress in his classical studies. He read Virgil's *Georgics* till he did not know bear from barley; and had nearly destroyed the crofts of Beer-sheba while attempting to cultivate them according to the practice of Columella and Cato the Censor.

These blunders occasioned grief to his grand-dame, and disconcerted the good opinion which her neighbour, Davie Deans, had for some time entertained of Reuben.

'I see naething ye can make of that silly callant, neighbour Butler,' said he to the old lady, 'unless ye train him to the wark o' the ministry. And ne'er was there mair need of poorfu' preachers than e'en now in these cauld Gallio days, when men's hearts are hardened like the nether millstone, till they come to regard none of these things. It's evident this puir callant of yours will never be able to do an usefu' day's wark, unless it be as an ambassador from our Master; and I will make it my business to procure a license when he is fit for the same, trusting he will be a shaft cleanly polished, and meet to be used in the body of the kirk, and that he shall not turn again, like the sow, to wallow in the mire of heretical extremes and defections, but shall have the wings of a dove, though he hath lain among the pots.'

The poor widow gulped down the affront to her husband's principles implied in this caution, and hastened to take Butler from the High School, and encourage him in the pursuit of mathematics and divinity, the only physics and ethies that chanced to be in fashion at the time.

Jeanie Deans was now compelled to part from the companion of her labour, her study, and her pastime, and it was with more than childish feeling that both children regarded the separation. But they were young, and hope was high, and they separated like those who hope to meet again at a more auspicious hour.

While Reuben Butler was acquiring at the University of St. Andrews the knowledge necessary for a clergyman, and macer-

ating his body with the privations which were necessary in seeking food for his mind, his grand-dame become daily less able to struggle with her little farm, and was at length obliged to throw it up to the new Laird of Dumbiedikes. That great personage was no absolute Jew, and did not cheat her in making the bargain more than was tolerable. He even gave her permission to tenant the house in which she had lived with her husband, as long as it should be 'tenantable'; only he protested against paying for a farthing of repairs, any benevolence which he possessed being of the passive, but by no means of the active mood.

In the meanwhile, from superior shrewdness, skill, and other circumstances, some of them purely accidental, Davie Deans gained a footing in the world, the possession of some wealth, the reputation of more, and a growing disposition to preserve and increase his store, for which, when he thought upon it seriously, he was inclined to blame himself. From his knowledge in agriculture, as it was then practised, he became a sort of favourite with the Laird, who had no pleasure either in active sports or in society, and was wont to end his daily saunter by calling at the cottage of Woodend.

Being himself a man of slow ideas and confused utterance, Dumbiedikes used to sit or stand for half an hour with an old laced hat of his father's upon his head, and an empty tobacco-pipe in his mouth, with his eyes following Jeanie Deans, or 'the lassie,' as he called her, through the course of her daily domestic labour; while her father, after exhausting the subject of bestial, of ploughs, and of harrows, often took an opportunity of going full-sail into controversial subjects, to which discussions the dignitary listened with much seeming patience, but without making any reply, or, indeed, as most people thought, without understanding a single word of what the orator was saying. Deans, indeed, denied this stoutly, as an insult at once to his own talents for expounding hidden truths, of which he was a little vain, and to the Laird's capacity of understanding them. He said, 'Dumbiedikes was nae of these flashy gentles, wi' lace on their skirts and swords at their tails, that were rather for riding on horseback to hell than gangin' barefooted to Heaven. He wasna like his father—nae profane company-keeper, nae swearer, nae drinker, nae frequenter of play-house, or music-house, or dancing-house, nae Sabbath-breaker, nae imposer of aiths, or bonds, or denier of liberty to the flock. He clave to the warld, and the warld's gear, a wee ower muckle,

but then there was some breathing of a gale upon his spirit,' etc. etc. All this honest Davie said and believed.

It is not to be supposed that, by a father and a man of sense and observation, the constant direction of the Laird's eyes towards Jeanie was altogether unnoticed. This circumstance, however, made a much greater impression upon another member of his family, a second helpmate, to wit, whom he had chosen to take to his bosom ten years after the death of his first. Some people were of opinion that Douce Davie had been rather surprised into this step, for in general he was no friend to marriages or giving in marriage, and seemed rather to regard that state of society as a necessary evil—a thing lawful, and to be tolerated in the imperfect state of our nature, but which clipped the wings with which we ought to soar upwards, and tethered the soul to its mansion of clay, and the creature-comforts of wife and bairns. His own practice, however, had in this material point varied from his principles, since, as we have seen, he twice knitted for himself this dangerous and ensnaring entanglement.

Rebecca, his spouse, had by no means the same horror of matrimony, and as she made marriages in imagination for every neighbour round, she failed not to indicate a match betwixt Dumbiedikes and her stepdaughter Jeanie. The goodman used regularly to frown and pshaw whenever this topic was touched upon, but usually ended by taking his bonnet and walking out of the house to conceal a certain gleam of satisfaction which, at such a suggestion, involuntarily diffused itself over his austere features.

The more youthful part of my readers may naturally ask whether Jeanie Deans was deserving of this mute attention of the Laird of Dumbiedikes; and the historian, with due regard to veracity, is compelled to answer that her personal attractions were of no uncommon description. She was short, and rather too stoutly made for her size, had grey eyes, light-coloured hair, a round good-humoured face, much tanned with the sun, and her only peculiar charm was an air of inexpressible serenity, which a good conscience, kind feelings, contented temper, and the regular discharge of all her duties, spread over her features. There was nothing, it may be supposed, very appalling in the form or manners of this rustic heroine; yet, whether from sheepish bashfulness, or from want of decision and imperfect knowledge of his own mind on the subject, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, with his old laced hat and empty tobacco-pipe, came and

enjoyed the beatific vision of Jeanie Deans day after day, week after week, year after year, without proposing to accomplish any of the prophecies of the stepmother.

This good lady began to grow doubly impatient on the subject when, after having been some years married, she herself presented Douce Davie with another daughter, who was named Euphemia, by corruption, Effie. It was then that Rebecca began to turn impatient with the slow pace at which the Laird's wooing proceeded, judiciously arguing that, as Lady Dumbiedikes would have but little occasion for tocher, the principal part of her gudeman's substance would naturally descend to the child by the second marriage. Other stepdames have tried less laudable means for clearing the way to the succession of their own children; but Rebecca, to do her justice, only sought little Effie's advantage through the promotion, or which must have generally been accounted such, of her elder sister. She therefore tried every female art within the compass of her simple skill to bring the Laird to a point; but had the mortification to perceive that her efforts, like those of an unskilful angler, only scared the trout she meant to catch. Upon one occasion, in particular, when she joked with the Laird on the propriety of giving a mistress to the house of Dumbiedikes, he was so effectually startled that neither laced hat, tobacco-pipe, nor the intelligent proprietor of these movables, visited Woodend for a fortnight. Rebecca was therefore compelled to leave the Laird to proceed at his own snail's pace, convinced by experience of the grave-digger's aphorism, that your dull ass will not mend his pace for beating.

Reuben in the meantime pursued his studies at the university, supplying his wants by teaching the younger lads the knowledge he himself acquired, and thus at once gaining the means of maintaining himself at the seat of learning and fixing in his mind the elements of what he had already obtained. In this manner, as is usual among the poorer students of divinity at Scottish universities, he contrived not only to maintain himself according to his simple wants, but even to send considerable assistance to his sole remaining parent, a sacred duty of which the Scotch are seldom negligent. His progress in knowledge of a general kind, as well as in the studies proper to his profession, was very considerable, but was little remarked, owing to the retired modesty of his disposition, which in no respect qualified him to set off his learning

to the best advantage. And thus, had Butler been a man given to make complaints, he had his tale to tell, like others, of unjust preferences, bad luck, and hard usage. On these subjects, however, he was habitually silent, perhaps from modesty, perhaps from a touch of pride, or perhaps from a conjunction of both.

He obtained his license as a preacher of the Gospel, with some compliments from the presbytery by whom it was bestowed; but this did not lead to any preferment, and he found it necessary to make the cottage at Beersheba his residence for some months, with no other income than was afforded by the precarious occupation of teaching in one or other of the neighbouring families. After having greeted his aged grandmother, his first visit was to Woodend, where he was received by Jeanie with warm cordiality, arising from recollections which had never been dismissed from her mind, by Rebecca with good-humoured hospitality, and by old Deans in a mode peculiar to himself.

Highly as Douce Davie honoured the clergy, it was not upon each individual of the cloth that he bestowed his approbation; and, a little jealous, perhaps, at seeing his youthful acquaintance erected into the dignity of a teacher and preacher, he instantly attacked him upon various points of controversy, in order to discover whether he might not have fallen into some of the snares, defections, and desertions of the time. Butler was not only a man of stanch Presbyterian principles, but was also willing to avoid giving pain to his old friend by disputing upon points of little importance; and therefore he might have hoped to have come like refined gold out of the furnace of Davie's interrogatories. But the result on the mind of that strict investigator was not altogether so favourable as might have been hoped and anticipated. Old Judith Butler, who had hobbled that evening as far as Woodend, in order to enjoy the congratulations of her neighbours upon Reuben's return, and upon his high attainments, of which she was herself not a little proud, was somewhat mortified to find that her old friend Deans did not enter into the subject with the warmth she expected. At first, indeed, he seemed rather silent than dissatisfied; and it was not till Judith had essayed the subject more than once that it led to the following dialogue:—

'Aweel, neibor Deans, I thought ye wad hae been glad to see Reuben among us again, poor fallow.'

'I am glad, Mrs. Butler,' was the neighbour's concise answer.

'Since he has lost his grandfather and his father — praised be Him that giveth and taketh! — I ken nae friend he has in the world that's been sae like a father to him as the sell o' ye, neibor Deans.'

'God is the only Father of the fatherless,' said Deans, touching his bonnet and looking upwards. 'Give honour where it is due, gudewife, and not to an unworthy instrument.'

'Aweel, that's your way o' turning it, and nae doubt ye ken best. But I hae kenn'd ye, Davie, send a forpit o' meal to Beersheba when there wasna a bow left in the meal-ark at Woodend; ay, and I hae kenn'd ye —'

'Gudewife,' said Davie, interrupting her, 'these are but idle tales to tell me, fit for naething but to puff up our inward man wi' our ain vain acts. I stude beside blessed Alexander Peden, when I heard him call the death and testimony of our happy martyrs but draps of bluid and scarts of ink in respect of fitting discharge of our duty; and what suld I think of ony thing the like of me can do?'

'Weel, neibor Deans, ye ken best; but I maun say that I am sure you are glad to see my bairn again. The halt's gane now, unless he has to walk ower mony miles at a stretch; and he has a wee bit colour in his cheek, that glads my auld een to see it; and he has as decent a black coat as the minister; and —'

'I am very heartily glad he is weel and thriving,' said Mr. Deans, with a gravity that seemed intended to cut short the subject; but a woman who is bent upon a point is not easily pushed aside from it.

'And,' continued Mrs. Butler, 'he can wag his head in a pulpit now, neibor Deans, think but of that — my ain oe — and a'body maun sit still and listen to him, as if he were the Paip of Rome.'

'The what? the who, woman?' said Deans, with a sternness far beyond his usual gravity, as soon as these offensive words had struck upon the tympanum of his ear.

'Eh, guide us!' said the poor woman; 'I had forgot what an ill will ye had aye at the Paip, and sae had my puir gudeman, Stephen Butler. Mony an afternoon he wad sit and take up his testimony again the Paip, and again baptizing of bairns, and the like.'

'Woman,' reiterated Deans, 'either speak about what ye ken something o', or be silent. I say that Independency is a foul heresy, and Anabaptism a damnable and deceiving error,

whilk suld be rooted out of the land wi' the fire o' the spiritual and the sword o' the civil magistrate.'

'Weel, weel, neibor, I'll no say that ye mayna be right,' answered the submissive Judith 'I am sure ye are right about the sawing and the mawing, the shearing and the leading, and what for suld ye no be right about kirk-wark, too? But concerning my oe, Reuben Butler ——'

'Reuben Butler, gudewife,' said David with solemnity, 'is a lad I wish heartily weel to, even as if he were mine ain son; but I doubt there will be outs and ins in the track of his walk. I muckle fear his gifts will get the heels of his grace. He has ower muckle human wit and learning, and thinks as muckle about the form of the bicker as he does about the healsomeness of the food; he maun broider the marriage-garment with lace and passments, or it's no gude enough for him. And it's like he's something proud o' his human gifts and learning, whilk enables him to dress up his doctrine in that fine airy dress. But,' added he, at seeing the old woman's uneasiness at his discourse, 'affliction may gie him a jagg, and let the wind out o' him, as out o' a cow that's eaten wet clover, and the lad may do weel, and be a burning and a shining light; and I trust it will be yours to see, and his to feel it, and that soon.'

Widow Butler was obliged to retire, unable to make anything more of her neighbour, whose discourse, though she did not comprehend it, filled her with undefined apprehensions on her grandson's account, and greatly depressed the joy with which she had welcomed him on his return. And it must not be concealed, in justice to Mr. Deans's discernment, that Butler, in their conference, had made a greater display of his learning than the occasion called for, or than was likely to be acceptable to the old man, who, accustomed to consider himself as a person pre-eminently entitled to dictate upon theological subjects of controversy, felt rather humbled and mortified when learned authorities were placed in array against him. In fact, Butler had not escaped the tinge of pedantry which naturally flowed from his education, and was apt, on many occasions, to make parade of his knowledge, when there was no need of such vanity.

Jeanie Deans, however, found no fault with this display of learning, but, on the contrary, admired it; perhaps on the same score that her sex are said to admire men of courage, on account of their own deficiency in that qualification. The circumstances of their families threw the young people con-

stantly together ; their old intimacy was renewed, though upon a footing better adapted to their age ; and it became at length understood betwixt them that their union should be deferred no longer than until Butler should obtain some steady means of support, however humble. This, however, was not a matter speedily to be accomplished. Plan after plan was formed, and plan after plan failed. The good-humoured cheek of Jeanie lost the first flush of juvenile freshness ; Reuben's brow assumed the gravity of manhood ; yet the means of obtaining a settlement seemed remote as ever. Fortunately for the lovers, their passion was of no ardent or enthusiastic cast ; and a sense of duty on both sides induced them to bear with patient fortitude the protracted interval which divided them from each other.

In the meanwhile, time did not roll on without effecting his usual changes. The widow of Stephen Butler, so long the prop of the family of Bee-sheba, was gathered to her fathers ; and Rebecca, the careful spouse of our friend Davie Deans, was also summoned from her plans of matrimonial and domestic economy. The morning after her death, Reuben Butler went to offer his mite of consolation to his old friend and benefactor. He witnessed, on this occasion, a remarkable struggle betwixt the force of natural affection and the religious stoicism which the sufferer thought it was incumbent upon him to maintain under each earthly dispensation, whether of weal or woe.

On his arrival at the cottage, Jeanie, with her eyes overflowing with tears, pointed to the little orchard, 'in which,' she whispered with broken accents, 'my poor father has been since his misfortune.' Somewhat alarmed at this account, Butler entered the orchard, and advanced slowly towards his old friend, who, seated in a small rude arbour, appeared to be sunk in the extremity of his affliction. He lifted his eyes somewhat sternly as Butler approached, as if offended at the interruption ; but as the young man hesitated whether he ought to retreat or advance, he arose and came forward to meet him with a self-possessed and even dignified air.

'Young man,' said the sufferer, 'lay it not to heart though the righteous perish and the merciful are removed, seeing, it may well be said, that they are taken away from the evils to come. Woe to me, were I to shed a tear for the wife of my bosom, when I might weep rivers of water for this afflicted ehureh, cursed as it is with carnal seekers and with the dead of heart.'

'I am happy,' said Butler, 'that you can forget your private affliction in your regard for public duty.'

'Forget, Reuben?' said poor Deans, putting his handkerchief to his eyes. 'She's not to be forgotten on this side of time; but He that gives the wound can send the ointment. I declare there have been times during this night when my meditation has been so wrapt that I knew not of my heavy loss. It has been with me as with the worthy John Semple, called Carspharn John,¹ upon a like trial: I have been this night on the banks of Ulai, plucking an apple here and there.'

Notwithstanding the assumed fortitude of Deans, which he conceived to be the discharge of a great Christian duty, he had too good a heart not to suffer deeply under this heavy loss. Woodend became altogether distasteful to him; and as he had obtained both substance and experience by his management of that little farm, he resolved to employ them as a dairy-farmer, or cow-feeder, as they are called in Scotland. The situation he chose for his new settlement was at a place called St. Leonard's Crag, lying betwixt Edinburgh and the mountain called Arthur's Seat, and adjoining to the extensive sheep pasture still named the King's Park, from its having been formerly dedicated to the preservation of the royal game. Here he rented a small lonely house, about half a mile distant from the nearest point of the city, but the site of which, with all the adjacent ground, is now occupied by the buildings which form the south-eastern suburb. An extensive pasture-ground adjoining, which Deans rented from the keeper of the Royal Park, enabled him to feed his milk-cows; and the unceasing industry and activity of Jeanie, his eldest daughter, was exerted in making the most of their produce.

She had now less frequent opportunities of seeing Reuben, who had been obliged, after various disappointments, to accept the subordinate situation of assistant in a parochial school of some eminence, at three or four miles' distance from the city. Here he distinguished himself, and became acquainted with several respectable burgesses, who, on account of health or other reasons, chose that their children should commence their education in this little village. His prospects were thus gradually brightening, and upon each visit which he paid at St. Leonard's he had an opportunity of gliding a hint to this purpose into Jeanie's ear. These visits were necessarily very rare, on account of the demands which the duties of the school made

¹ See Note 15.

upon Butler's time. Nor did he dare to make them even altogether so frequent as these vocations would permit. Deans received him with civility indeed, and even with kindness; but Reuben, as is usual in such cases, imagined that he read his purpose in his eyes, and was afraid too premature an explanation on the subject would draw down his positive disapproval. Upon the whole, therefore, he judged it prudent to call at St. Leonard's just so frequently as old acquaintance and neighbourhood seemed to authorise, and no oftener. There was another person who was more regular in his visits.

When Davie Deans intimated to the Laird of Dumbiedikes his purpose of 'quitting wi' the land and house at Woodend,' the Laird stared and said nothing. He made his usual visits at the usual hour without remark, until the day before the term, when, observing the bustle of moving furniture already commenced, the great east-country 'awnrie' dragged out of its nook, and standing with its shoulder to the company, like an awkward booby about to leave the room, the Laird again stared mightily, and was heard to ejaculate, 'Hegh, sirs!' Even after the day of departure was past and gone, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, at his usual hour, which was that at which David Deans was wont to 'loose the plough,' presented himself before the closed door of the cottage at Woodend, and seemed as much astonished at finding it shut against his approach as if it was not exactly what he had to expect. On this occasion he was heard to ejaculate, 'Gude guide us!' which, by those who knew him, was considered as a very unusual mark of emotion. From that moment forward, Dumbiedikes became an altered man, and the regularity of his movements, hitherto so exemplary, was as totally disconcerted as those of a boy's watch when he has broken the main-spring. Like the index of the said watch, did Dumbiedikes spin round the whole bounds of his little property, which may be likened unto the dial of the timepiece, with unwonted velocity. There was not a cottage into which he did not enter, nor scarce a maiden on whom he did not stare. But so it was, that, although there were better farm-houses on the land than Woodend, and certainly much prettier girls than Jeanie Deans, yet it did somehow befall that the blank in the Laird's time was not so pleasantly filled up as it had been. There was no seat accommodated him so well as the 'bunker' at Woodend, and no face he loved so much to gaze on as Jeanie Deans's. So, after spinning round and round his little orbit, and then remaining stationary for a week, it seems to have

occurred to him that he was not pinned down to circulate on a pivot, like the hands of the watch, but possessed the power of shifting his central point and extending his circle if he thought proper. To realise which privilege of change of place, he bought a pony from a Highland drover, and with its assistance and company stepped, or rather stumbled, as far as St. Leonard's Crag.

Jeanie Deans, though so much accustomed to the Laird's staring that she was sometimes scarce conscious of his presence, had nevertheless some occasional fears lest he should call in the organ of speech to back those expressions of admiration which he bestowed on her through his eyes. Should this happen, farewell, she thought, to all chance of an union with Butler. For her father, however stout-hearted and independent in civil and religious principles, was not without that respect for the laird of the land so deeply imprinted on the Scottish tenantry of the period. Moreover, if he did not positively dislike Butler, yet his fund of carnal learning was often the object of sarcasms on David's part, which were perhaps founded in jealousy, and which certainly indicated no partiality for the party against whom they were launched. And, lastly, the match with Dumbiedikes would have presented irresistible charms to one who used to complain that he felt himself apt to take 'ower grit an armfu' o' the world.' So that, upon the whole, the Laird's diurnal visits were disagreeable to Jeanie from apprehension of future consequences, and it served much to console her, upon removing from the spot where she was bred and born, that she had seen the last of Dumbiedikes, his laced hat, and tobacco-pipe. The poor girl no more expected he could muster courage to follow her to St. Leonard's Crag than that any of her apple-trees or cabbages, which she had left rooted in the 'yard' at Woodend, would spontaneously, and unaided, have undertaken the same journey. It was, therefore, with much more surprise than pleasure that, on the sixth day after their removal to St. Leonard's, she beheld Dumbiedikes arrive, laced hat, tobacco-pipe, and all, and, with the self-same greeting of 'How's a' wi' ye, Jeanie? Whare's the gudeman?' assume as nearly as he could the same position in the cottage at St. Leonard's which he had so long and so regularly occupied at Woodend. He was no sooner, however, seated than, with an unusual exertion of his powers of conversation, he added, 'Jeanie — I say, Jeanie, woman'; here he extended his hand towards her shoulder with all the fingers spread out as if to clutch it, but in so bashful

and awkward a manner that, when she whisked herself beyond its reach, the paw remained suspended in the air with the palm open, like the claw of a heraldic griffin. 'Jeanie,' continued the swain, in this moment of inspiration — 'I say, Jeanie, it's a braw day out-bye, and the roads are no that ill for boot-hose.'

'The deil's in the daidling body,' muttered Jeanie between her teeth; 'wha wad hae thought o' his daikering out this length?' And she afterwards confessed that she threw a little of this ungracious sentiment into her accent and manner; for her father being abroad, and the 'body,' as she irreverently termed the landed proprietor, 'looking unco gleg and eanty, she didna ken what he might be coming out wi' next.'

Her frowns, however, acted as a complete sedative, and the Laird relapsed from that day into his former taciturn habits, visiting the cow-feeder's cottage three or four times every week, when the weather permitted, with apparently no other purpose than to stare at Jeanie Jeans, while Douce Davie poured forth his eloquence upon the controversies and testimonies of the day.

CHAPTER X

Her air, her manners, all who saw admired,
Courteous, though coy, and gentle, though retired ;
The joy of youth and health her eyes display'd,
And ease of heart her every look convey'd.

CRABBE.

THE visits of the Laird thus again sunk into matters of ordinary course, from which nothing was to be expected or apprehended. If a lover could have gained a fair one as a snake is said to fascinate a bird, by pertinaciously gazing on her with great stupid greenish eyes, which began now to be occasionally aided by spectacles, unquestionably Dumbiedikes would have been the person to perform the feat. But the art of fascination seems among the *artes perditæ*, and I cannot learn that this most pertinacious of starers produced any effect by his attentions beyond an occasional yawn.

In the meanwhile, the object of his gaze was gradually attaining the verge of youth, and approaching to what is called in females the middle age, which is impolitely held to begin a few years earlier with their more fragile sex than with men. Many people would have been of opinion that the Laird would have done better to have transferred his glances to an object possessed of far superior charms to Jeanie's, even when Jeanie's were in their bloom, who began now to be distinguished by all who visited the cottage at St. Leonard's Crag.

Effie Deans, under the tender and affectionate care of her sister, had now shot up into a beautiful and blooming girl. Her Grecian-shaped head was profusely rich in waving ringlets of brown hair, which, confined by a blue snood of silk, and shading a laughing Hebe countenance, seemed the picture of health, pleasure, and contentment. Her brown russet short-gown set off a shape which time, perhaps, might be expected to render too robust, the frequent objection to Scottish beauty, but which, in her present early age, was slender and taper, with

that graceful and easy sweep of outline which at once indicates health and beautiful proportion of parts.

These growing charms, in all their juvenile profusion, had no power to shake the steadfast mind, or divert the fixed gaze, of the constant Laird of Dumbiedikes. But there was scarce another eye that could behold this living picture of health and beauty without pausing on it with pleasure. The traveller stopped his weary horse on the eve of entering the city which was the end of his journey, to gaze at the sylph-like form that tripped by him, with her milk-pail poised on her head, bearing herself so erect, and stepping so light and free under her burden, that it seemed rather an ornament than an encumbrance. The lads of the neighbouring suburb, who held their evening rendezvous for putting the stone, casting the hammer, playing at long bowls, and other athletic exercises, watched the motions of Effie Deans, and contended with each other which should have the good fortune to attract her attention. Even the rigid Presbyterians of her father's persuasion, who held each indulgence of the eye and sense to be a snare at least, if not a crime, were surprised into a moment's delight while gazing on a creature so exquisite — instantly checked by a sigh, reproaching at once their own weakness, and mourning that a creature so fair should share in the common and hereditary guilt and imperfection of our nature. She was currently entitled the Lily of St. Leonard's, a name which she deserved as much by her guileless purity of thought, speech, and action as by her uncommon loveliness of face and person.

Yet there were points in Effie's character which gave rise not only to strange doubt and anxiety on the part of Douce David Deans, whose ideas were rigid, as may easily be supposed, upon the subject of youthful amusements, but even of serious apprehension to her more indulgent sister. The children of the Scotch of the inferior classes are usually spoiled by the early indulgence of their parents; how, wherefore, and to what degree, the lively and instructive narrative of the amiable and accomplished authoress¹ of *Glenburnie* has saved me and all future scribblers the trouble of recording. Effie had had a double share of this inconsiderate and misjudged kindness. Even the strictness of her father's principles could not condemn the sports of infancy and childhood; and to the good old man his younger daughter, the child of his old age, seemed a child for some years after she attained the years of womanhood, was

¹ Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton.

still called the 'bit lassie' and 'little Effie,' and was permitted to run up and down uncontrolled, unless upon the Sabbath or at the times of family worship. Her sister, with all the love and care of a mother, could not be supposed to possess the same authoritative influence; and that which she had hitherto exercised became gradually limited and diminished as Effie's advancing years entitled her, in her own conceit at least, to the right of independence and free agency. With all the innocence and goodness of disposition, therefore, which we have described, the Lily of St. Leonard's possessed a little fund of self-conceit and obstinacy, and some warmth and irritability of temper, partly natural perhaps, but certainly much increased by the unrestrained freedom of her childhood. Her character will be best illustrated by a cottage evening scene.

The careful father was absent in his well-stocked byre, foddering those useful and patient animals on whose produce his living depended, and the summer evening was beginning to close in, when Jeanie Deans began to be very anxious for the appearance of her sister, and to fear that she would not reach home before her father returned from the labour of the evening, when it was his custom to have 'family exercise,' and when she knew that Effie's absence would give him the most serious displeasure. These apprehensions hung heavier upon her mind because, for several preceding evenings, Effie had disappeared about the same time, and her stay, at first so brief as scarce to be noticed, had been gradually protracted to half an hour, and an hour, and on the present occasion had considerably exceeded even this last limit. And now Jeanie stood at the door, with her hand before her eyes to avoid the rays of the level sun, and looked alternately along the various tracks which led towards their dwelling, to see if she could descry the nymph-like form of her sister. There was a wall and a stile which separated the royal domain, or King's Park, as it is called, from the public road; to this pass she frequently directed her attention, when she saw two persons appear there somewhat suddenly, as if they had walked close by the side of the wall to screen themselves from observation. One of them, a man, drew back hastily; the other, a female, crossed the stile and advanced towards her. It was Effie. She met her sister with that affected liveliness of manner which, in her rank, and sometimes in those above it, females occasionally assume to hide surprise or confusion; and she carolled as she came —

'The elfin knight sate on the brae,
The broom grows bonny, the broom grows fair;
And by there came liltin a lady so gay,
And we daurna gang down to the broom nae mair.'

'Whisht, Effie,' said her sister; 'our father's coming out o' the byre.' The damsel stunted in her song. 'Whare hae ye been sae late at e'en?'

'It's no late, lass,' answered Effie.

'It's chappit eight on every clock o' the town, and the sun's gaun down ahint the Corstorphine Hills. Whare can ye hae been sae late?'

'Nae gate,' answered Effie.

'And wha was that parted wi' yon at the stile?'

'Naebody,' replied Effie once more.

'Nae gate! Naebody! I wish it may be a right gate, and a right body, that keeps folk out sae late at e'en, Effie.'

'What needs ye be aye speering then at folk?' retorted Effie. 'I'm sure, if ye'll ask nae questions, I'll tell ye nae lees. I never ask what brings the Laird of Dumbiedlikes glowering here like a wull-cat — only his een's greener, and no sae gleg — day after day, unl we are a' like to gamt our chafts aff.'

'Because ye ken very weel he comes to see our father,' said Jeanie, in answer to this pert remark.

'And Dominie Butler — does he come to see our father, that's sae taen wi' his Latin words?' said Effie, delighted to find that, by carrying the war into the enemy's country, she could divert the threatened attack upon herself, and with the petulance of youth she pursued her triumph over her prudent elder sister. She looked at her with a sly air, in which there was something like irony, as she chanted, in a low but marked tone, a scrap of an old Scotch song —

'Through the kirkyard
I met wi' the Laird;
The silly puir body he said me nae harm.
But just ere 't was dark,
I met wi' the clerk' —

Here the songstress stopped, looked full at her sister, and, observing the tear gather in her eyes, she suddenly flung her arms round her neck and kissed them away. Jeanie, though hurt and displeased, was unable to resist the caresses of this untought child of nature, whose good and evil seemed to flow rather from impulse than from reflection. But as she returned

the sisterly kiss, in token of perfect reconciliation, she could not suppress the gentle reproof—'Effie, if ye will learn fule sangs, ye might make a kinder use of them.'

'And so I might, Jeanie,' continued the girl, clinging to her sister's neck; 'and I wish I had never learned ane o' them, and I wish we had never come here, and I wish my tongue had been blistered or I had vexed ye.'

'Never mind that, Effie,' replied the affectionate sister. 'I canna be muckled wi' ony thing ye say to me; but O dinna vex our furrer!'

'I will not—I will not,' replied Effie; 'and if there were as mony dances the morn's night as there are merry dancers in the north firmament on a frosty e'en, I winna budge an inch to gang near ane o' them.'

'Dance!' echoed Jeanie Deans in astonishment. 'O, Effie, what could take ye to a dance?'

It is very possible that, in the communicative mood into which the Lily of St. Leonard's was now surprised, she might have given her sister her unreserved confidence, and saved me the pain of telling a melancholy tale; but at the moment the word 'dance' was uttered, it reached the ear of old David Deans, who had turned the corner of the house, and came upon his daughters ere they were aware of his presence. The word 'prelate,' or even the word 'pope,' could hardly have produced so appalling an effect upon David's ear; for, of all exercises, that of dancing, which he termed a voluntary and regular fit of distraction, he deemed most destructive of serious thoughts, and the readiest inlet to all sort of licentiousness; and he accounted the encouraging, and even permitting, assemblies or meetings, whether among those of high or low degree, for this fantastic and absurd purpose, or for that of dramatic representations, as one of the most flagrant proofs of defection and causes of wrath. The pronouncing of the word 'dance' by his own daughters, and at his own door, now drove him beyond the verge of patience. 'Dance!' he exclaimed. 'Dance—dance, said ye? I daur ye, limmers that ye are, to name sic a word at my door-check! It's a dissolute profane pastime, practised by the Israelites only at their base and brutal worship of the Golden Calf at Bethel, and by the unhappy lass wha danced aff the head of John the Baptist, upon whilk chapter I will exercise this night for your farther instruction, since ye need it sac muckle, nothing doubting that she has cause to rue the day, lang or this time, that e'er she suld hac shook a limb on sic an errand. Better for her to

hae been born a cripple, and carried frae door to door, like auld Bessie Bowie, begging bawbees, than to be a king's daughter, fiddling and flinging the gate she did. I hae often wondered that ony ane that ever bent a knee for the right purpose should ever daur to crook a hough to fyke and fling at piper's wind and fiddler's squealing. And I bless God, with that singular worthy, Peter [Patrick] Walker,¹ the packman, at Bristo Port, that ordered my lot in my dancing days so that fear of my head and throat, dread of bloody rope and swift bullet, and trenchant swords and pain of boots and thumkins, cauld and hunger, wetness and weariness, stopped the lightness of my head and the wantonness of my feet. And now, if I hear ye, quean lassies, sae muckle as name dancing, or think there's sic a thing in this world as flinging to fiddler's sounds and piper's springs, as sure as my father's spirit is with the just, ye shall be no more either charge or concern of mine! Gang in, then — gang in, then, hinnies,' he added, in a softer tone, for the tears of both daughters, but especially those of Effie, began to flow very fast — 'gang in, dears, and we'll seek grace to preserve us frae all manner of profane folly, whilk causeth to sin, and promoteth the kingdom of darkness, warring with the kingdom of light.'

The objugation of David Deans, however well meant, was unhappily timed. It created a division of feelings in Effie's bosom, and deterred her from her intended confidence in her sister. 'She wad hand me nae better than the dirt below her feet,' said Effie to herself, 'were I to confess I hae danced wi' him four times on the green down-bye, and ance at Maggie Macqueen's; and she'll maybe hing it ower my head that she'll tell my father, and then she wad be mistress and mair. But I'll no gang back there again. I'm resolved I'll no gang back. I'll lay in a leaf of my Bible,² and that's very near as if I had made an aith, that I winna gang back.' And she kept her vow for a week, during which she was unusually cross and fretful, blemishes which had never before been observed in her temper, except during a moment of contradiction.

There was something in all this so mysterious as considerably to alarm the prudent and affectionate Jeanie, the more so as she judged it unkind to her sister to mention to their father grounds of anxiety which might arise from her own imagination.

¹ See Patrick Walker. Note 16.

² This custom, of making a mark by folding a leaf in the party's Bible when a solemn resolution is formed, is still held to be, in some sense, an appeal to Heaven for his or her sincerity.

Besides, her respect for the good old man did not prevent her from being aware that he was both hot-tempered and positive, and she sometimes suspected that he carried his dislike to youthful amusements beyond the verge that religion and reason demanded. Jeanie had sense enough to see that a sudden and severe curb upon her sister's hitherto unrestrained freedom might be rather productive of harm than good, and that Effie, in the headstrong wilfulness of youth, was likely to make what might be overstrained in her father's precepts an excuse to herself for neglecting them altogether. In the higher classes a damsel, however giddy, is still under the dominion of etiquette, and subject to the surveillance of mammas and chaperons; but the country girl, who snatches her moment of gaiety during the intervals of labour, is under no such guardianship or restraint, and her amusement becomes so much the more hazardous. Jeanie saw all this with much distress of mind, when a circumstance occurred which appeared calculated to relieve her anxiety.

Mrs. Saddletree, with whom our readers have already been made acquainted, chanced to be a distant relation of Douce David Deans, and as she was a woman orderly in her life and conversation, and, moreover, of good substance, a sort of acquaintance was formally kept up between the families. Now this careful dame, about a year and a half before our story commences, chanced to need, in the line of her profession, a better sort of servant, or rather shop-woman. 'Mr. Saddletree,' she said, 'was never in the shop when he could get his nose within the Parliament House, and it was an awkward thing for a woman-body to be standing among bundles o' barked leather her lane, selling saddles and bridles; and she had cast her eyes upon her far-awa' cousin Effie Deans, as just the very sort of lassie she would want to keep her in countenance on such occasions.'

In this proposal there was much that pleased old David: there was bed, board, and bountith; it was a decent situation; the lassie would be under Mrs. Saddletree's eye, who had an upright walk, and lived close by the Tolbooth Kirk, in which might still be heard the comforting doctrines of one of those few ministers of the Kirk of Scotland who had not bent the knee unto Baal, according to David's expression, or become accessory to the course of national defections — union, toleration, patronages, and a bundle of prelatical Erastian oaths which had been imposed on the church since the Revolution, and particu-

larly in the reign of 'the late woman,' as he called Queen Anne, the last of that unhappy race of Stuarts. In the good man's security concerning the soundness of the theological doctrine which his daughter was to hear, he was nothing disturbed on account of the snares of a different kind to which a creature so beautiful, young, and wilful might be exposed in the centre of a populous and corrupted city. The fact is, that he thought with so much horror on all approaches to irregularities of the nature most to be dreaded in such cases, that he would as soon have suspected and guarded against Effie's being induced to become guilty of the crime of murder. He only regretted that she should live under the same roof with such a worldly-wise man as Bartoline Saddletree, whom David never suspected of being an ass as he was, but considered as one really endowed with all the legal knowledge to which he made pretension, and only liked him the worse for possessing it. The lawyers, especially those amongst them who sate as ruling elders in the General Assembly of the Kirk, had been forward in promoting the measures of patronage, of the abjuration oath, and others, which in the opinion of David Deans were a breaking down of the carved work of the sanctuary, and an intrusion upon the liberties of the kirk. Upon the dangers of listening to the doctrines of a legalised formalist, such as Saddletree, David gave his daughter many lectures; so much so, that he had time to touch but slightly on the dangers of chambering, company-keeping, and promiscuous dancing, to which, at her time of life, most people would have thought Effie more exposed than to the risk of theoretical error in her religious faith.

Jeanie parted from her sister with a mixed feeling of regret, and apprehension, and hope. She could not be so confident concerning Effie's prudence as her father, for she had observed her more narrowly, had more sympathy with her feelings, and could better estimate the temptations to which she was exposed. On the other hand, Mrs. Saddletree was an observing, shrewd, notable woman, entitled to exercise over Effie the full authority of a mistress, and likely to do so strictly, yet with kindness. Her removal to Saddletree's, it was most probable, would also serve to break off some idle acquaintances which Jeanie suspected her sister to have formed in the neighbouring suburb. Upon the whole, then, she viewed her departure from St. Leonard's with pleasure, and it was not until the very moment of their parting for the first time in their lives, that she felt the full force of sisterly sorrow. While they repeatedly kissed each

other's cheeks and wrung each other's hands, Jeanie took that moment of affectionate sympathy to press upon her sister the necessity of the utmost caution in her conduct while residing in Edinburgh. Effie listened, without once raising her large dark eyelashes, from which the drops fell so fast as almost to resemble a fountain. At the conclusion she sobbed again, kissed her sister, promised to recollect all the good counsel she had given her, and they parted.

During the first few weeks, Effie was all that her kinswoman expected, and even more. But with time there came a relaxation of that early zeal which she manifested in Mrs. Saddletree's service. To borrow once again from the poet who so correctly and beautifully describes living manners —

Something there was, — what, none presumed to say, —
Clouds lightly passing, on a summer's day ;
Whispers and hints, which went from ear to ear,
And mix'd reports no judge on earth could clear.

During this interval, Mrs. Saddletree was sometimes displeased by Effie's lingering when she was sent upon errands about the shop business, and sometimes by a little degree of impatience which she manifested at being rebuked on such occasions. But she good-naturedly allowed that the first was very natural to a girl to whom everything in Edinburgh was new, and the other was only the petulance of a spoiled child when subjected to the yoke of domestic discipline for the first time. Attention and submission could not be learned at once ; Holy-Rood was not built in a day ; use would make perfect.

It seemed as if the considerate old lady had presaged truly. Ere many months had passed, Effie became almost wedded to her duties, though she no longer discharged them with the laughing cheek and light step which at first had attracted every customer. Her mistress sometimes observed her in tears ; but they were signs of secret sorrow, which she concealed as often as she saw them attract notice. Time wore on, her cheek grew pale, and her step heavy. The cause of these changes could not have escaped the matronly eye of Mrs. Saddletree, but she was chiefly confined by indisposition to her bedroom for a considerable time during the latter part of Effie's service. This interval was marked by symptoms of anguish almost amounting to despair. The utmost efforts of the poor girl to command her fits of hysterical agony were often totally unavailing, and the mistakes which she made in the shop the while were so

numerous and so provoking, that Bartoline Saddletree, who, during his wife's illness, was obliged to take closer charge of the business than consisted with his study of the weightier matter of the law, lost all patience with the girl, who, in his law Latin, and without much respect to gender, he declared ought to be cognosed by inquest of a jury, as *fatuus, furiosus*, and *naturaliter idiota*. Neighbours, also, and fellow-servants, remarked, with malicious curiosity or degrading pity, the disfigured shape, loose dress, and pale cheeks of the once beautiful and still interesting girl. But to no one would she grant her confidence, answering all taunts with bitter sarcasm, and all serious expostulation with sullen denial, or with floods of tears.

At length, when Mrs. Saddletree's recovery was likely to permit her wonted attention to the regulation of her household, Effie Deans, as if unwilling to face an investigation made by the authority of her mistress, asked permission of Bartoline to go home for a week or two, assigning indisposition, and the wish of trying the benefit of repose and the change of air, as the motives of her request. Sharp-eyed as a lynx, or conceiving himself to be so, in the nice sharp quilllets of legal discussion, Bartoline was as dull at drawing inferences from the occurrences of common life as any Dutch professor of mathematics. He suffered Effie to depart without much suspicion, and without any inquiry.

It was afterwards found that a period of a week intervened betwixt her leaving her master's house and arriving at St. Leonard's. She made her appearance before her sister in a state rather resembling the spectre than the living substance of the gay and beautiful girl who had left her father's cottage for the first time scarce seventeen months before. The lingering illness of her mistress had, for the last few months, given her a plea for confining herself entirely to the dusky precincts of the shop in the Lawnmarket, and Jeanie was so much occupied, during the same period, with the concerns of her father's household, that she had rarely found leisure for a walk into the city, and a brief and hurried visit to her sister. The young women, therefore, had scarcely seen each other for several months, nor had a single scandalous surmise reached the ears of the secluded inhabitants of the cottage at St. Leonard's. Jeanie, therefore, terrified to death at her sister's appearance, at first overwhelmed her with inquiries, to which the unfortunate young woman returned for a time incoherent and rambling

answers, and finally fell into a hysterical fit. Rendered too certain of her sister's misfortune, Jeanie had now the dreadful alternative of communicating her ruin to her father or of endeavouring to conceal it from him. To all questions concerning the name or rank of her seducer, and the fate of the being to whom her fall had given birth, Effie remained mute as the grave, to which she seemed hastening; and indeed the least allusion to either seemed to drive her to distraction. Her sister, in distress and in despair, was about to repair to Mrs. Saddle-tree to consult her experience, and at the same time to obtain what lights she could upon this most unhappy affair, when she was saved that trouble by a new stroke of fate, which seemed to carry misfortune to the uttermost.

David Deans had been alarmed at the state of health in which his daughter had returned to her paternal residence; but Jeanie had contrived to divert him from particular and specific inquiry. It was, therefore, like a clap of thunder to the poor old man when, just as the hour of noon had brought the visit of the Laird of Dumbiedikes as usual, other and sterner, as well as most unexpected, guests arrived at the cottage of St. Leonard's. These were the officers of justice, with a warrant of justiciary to search for and apprehend Euphemia or Effie Deans, accused of the crime of child-murder. The stunning weight of a blow so totally unexpected bore down the old man, who had in his early youth resisted the brow of military and evil tyranny, though backed with swords and guns, tortures and gibbets. He fell extended and senseless upon his own hearth; and the men, happy to escape from the scene of his awakening, raised, with rude humanity, the object of their warrant from her bed, and placed her in a coach, which they had brought with them. The hasty remedies which Jeanie had applied to bring back her father's senses were scarce begun to operate when the noise of the wheels in motion recalled her attention to her miserable sister. To run shrieking after the carriage was the first vain effort of her distraction, but she was stopped by one or two female neighbours, assembled by the extraordinary appearance of a coach in that sequestered place, who almost forced her back to her father's house. The deep and sympathetic affliction of these poor people, by whom the little family at St. Leonard's were held in high regard, filled the house with lamentation. Even Dumbiedikes was moved from his wonted apathy, and, groping for his purse as he spoke, ejaculated, 'Jeanie, woman!—Jeanie, woman! dinna greet. It's

sad wark ; but siller will help it,' and he drew out his purse as he spoke.

The old man had now raised himself from the ground, and, looking about him as if he missed something, seemed gradually to recover the sense of his wretchedness. 'Where,' he said, with a voice that made the roof ring — 'where is the vile harlot that has disgraced the blood of an honest man? Where is she that has no place among us, but has come foul with her sins, like the Evil One, among the children of God? Where is she, Jeanie? Bring her before me, that I may kill her with a word and a look!'

All hastened around him with their appropriate sources of consolation — the Laird with his purse, Jeanie with burnt feathers and strong waters, and the women with their exhortations. 'O neighbour — O Mr. Deans, it's a sair trial, doubtless ; but think of the Rock of Ages, neighbour, think of the promise!'

'And I do think of it, neighbours, and I bless God that I can think of it, even in the wrack and ruin of a' that's nearest and dearest to me. But to be the father of a castaway, a profligate, a bloody Zipporah, a mere murderess! O, how will the wicked exult in the high places of their wickedness! — the prelatists, and the latitudinarians, and the hand-waled murderers, whose hands are hard as horn wi' hauding the slaughter-weapons ; they will push out the lip, and say that we are even such as themselves. Sair, sair I am grieved, neighbours, for the poor castaway, for the child of mine old age ; but sairer for the stumbling-block and scandal it will be to all tender and honest souls!'

'Davie, winna siller do 't?' insinuated the Laird, still proffering his green purse, which was full of guineas.

'I tell ye, Dumbiedikes,' said Deans, 'that if telling down my hail substane could hae saved her frae this black snare, I wad hae walked out wi' naething but my bonnet and my staff to beg an awmous for God's sake, and ca'd mysell an happy man. But if a dollar, or a plack, or the nineteenth part of a boddle wad save her open guilt and open shame frae open punishment, that purchase wad David Deans never make. Na, na ; an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, life for life, blood for blood : it's the law of man, and it's the law of God. Leave me, sirs — leave me ; I maun warstle wi' this trial in privacy and on my knees.'

Jeanie, now in some degree restored to the power of thought,

joined in the same request. The next day found the father and daughter still in the depth of affliction, but the father sternly supporting his load of ill through a proud sense of religious duty, and the daughter anxiously suppressing her own feelings to avoid again awakening his. Thus was it with the afflicted family until the morning after Porteous's death, a period at which we are now arrived.

CHAPTER XI

Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us — Oh ! and is all forgot ?

Midsummer Night's Dream.

WE have been a long while in conducting Butler to the door of the cottage at St. Leonard's ; yet the space which we have occupied in the preceding narrative does not exceed in length that which he actually spent on Salisbury Crags on the morning which succeeded the execution done upon Porteous by the rioters. For this delay he had his own motives. He wished to collect his thoughts, strangely agitated as they were, first by the melancholy news of Effie Deans's situation, and afterwards by the frightful scene which he had witnessed. In the situation also in which he stood with respect to Jeanie and her father, some ceremony, at least some choice of fitting time and season, was necessary to wait upon them. Eight in the morning was then the ordinary hour for breakfast, and he resolved that it should arrive before he made his appearance in their cottage.

Never did hours pass so heavily. Butler shifted his place and enlarged his circle to while away the time, and heard the huge bell of St. Giles's toll each successive hour in swelling tones, which were instantly attested by those of the other steeples in succession. He had heard seven struck in this manner, when he began to think he might venture to approach nearer to St. Leonard's, from which he was still a mile distant. Accordingly he descended from his lofty station as low as the bottom of the valley which divides Salisbury Crags from those small rocks which take their name from St. Leonard. It is, as many of my readers may know, a deep, wild, grassy valley, scattered with huge rocks and fragments which have descended from the cliffs and steep ascent to the east.

This sequestered dell, as well as other places of the open pasturage of the King's Park, was, about this time, often the resort of the gallants of the time who had affairs of honour to disemss with the sword. Duels were then very common in Scotland, for the gentry were at once idle, haughty, fierce, divided by faction, and addicted to interperance, so that there lacked neither provocation nor inclination to resent it when given; and the sword, which was part of every gentleman's dress, was the only weapon used for the decision of such differences. When, therefore, Butler observed a young man skulking, apparently to avoid observation, among the scattered rocks at some distance from the footpath, he was naturally led to suppose that he had sought this lonely spot upon that evil errand. He was so strongly impressed with this that, notwithstanding his own distress of mind, he could not, according to his sense of duty as a clergyman, pass this person without speaking to him. 'There are times,' thought he to himself, 'when the slightest interference may avert a great calamity — when a word spoken in season may do more for prevention than the eloquence of Tully could do for remedying evil. And for my own griefs, be they as they may, I shall feel them the lighter if they divert me not from the prosecution of my duty.'

Thus thinking and feeling, he quitted the ordinary path and advanced nearer the object he had noticed. The man at first directed his course towards the hill, in order, as it appeared, to avoid him; but when he saw that Butler seemed disposed to follow him, he adjusted his hat fiercely, turned round and came forward, as if to meet and defy scrutiny.

Butler had an opportunity of accurately studying his features as they advanced slowly to meet each other. The stranger seemed about twenty-five years old. His dress was of a kind which could hardly be said to indicate his rank with certainty, for it was such as young gentlemen sometimes wore while on active exercise in the morning, and which, therefore, was imitated by those of the inferior ranks, as young clerks and tradesmen, because its cheapness rendered it attainable, while it approached more nearly to the apparel of youths of fashion than any other which the manners of the times permitted them to wear. If his air and manner could be trusted, however, this person seemed rather to be dressed under than above his rank; for his carriage was bold and somewhat supercilious, his step easy and free, his manner daring and unconstrained. His stature was of the middle size, or rather above it, his limbs

well-proportioned, yet not so strong as to infer the reproach of chinsiness. His features were uncommonly handsome, and all about him would have been interesting and prepossessing, but for that indescribable expression which habitual dissipation gives to the countenance, joined with a certain audacity in look and manner, of that kind which is often assumed as a mask for confusion and apprehension.

Butler and the stranger met, surveyed each other; when, as the latter, slightly touching his hat, was about to pass by him, Butler, while he returned the salutation, observed, 'A fine morning, sir. You are on the hill early.'

'I have business here,' said the young man, in a tone meant to repress further inquiry.

'I do not doubt it, sir,' said Butler. 'I trust you will forgive my hoping that it is of a lawful kind?'

'Sir,' said the other with marked surprise, 'I never forgive impertinence, nor can I conceive what title you have to hope anything about what no way concerns you.'

'I am a soldier, sir,' said Butler, 'and have a charge to arrest evil-doers in the name of my Master.'

'A soldier!' said the young man, stepping back and fiercely laying his hand on his sword — 'a soldier, and arrest me? Did you reckon what your life was worth before you took the commission upon you?'

'You mistake me, sir,' said Butler, gravely; 'neither my warfare nor my warrant are of this world. I am a preacher of the Gospel, and have power, in my Master's name, to command the peace upon earth and good-will towards men which was proclaimed with the Gospel.'

'A minister!' said the stranger, carelessly, and with an expression approaching to scorn. 'I know the gentlemen of your cloth in Scotland claim a strange right of intermeddling with men's private affairs. But I have been abroad, and know better than to be priest-ridden.'

'Sir, if it be true that any of my cloth, or, it might be more decently said, of my calling, interfere with men's private affairs, for the gratification either of idle curiosity or for worse motives, you cannot have learned a better lesson abroad than to condemn such practices. But, in my Master's work, I am called to be busy in season and out of season; and, conscious as I am of a pure motive, it were better for me to incur your contempt for speaking than the correction of my own conscience for being silent.'

'In the name of the devil!' said the young man, impatiently, 'say what you have to say, then; though whom you take me for, or what earthly concern you can have with me, a stranger to you, or with my actions and motives, of which you can know nothing, I cannot conjecture for an instant.'

'You are a ——' said Butler, 'to violate one of your country's wisest laws, you are about — which is much more dreadful — to violate a law which God Himself has implanted within our nature, and written, as it were, in the table of our hearts, to which every thrill of our nerves is responsive.'

'And what is the law you speak of?' said the stranger, in a hollow and somewhat disturbed accent.

'Thou shalt do no MURDER,' said Butler, with a deep and solemn voice.

The young man visibly started, and looked considerably appalled. Butler perceived he had made a favourable impression, and resolved to follow it up. 'Think,' he said, 'young man,' laying his hand kindly upon the stranger's shoulder, 'what an awful alternative you voluntarily choose for yourself, to kill or be killed. Think what it is to rush uncalled into the presence of an offended Deity, your heart fermenting with evil passions, your hand hot from the steel you had been urging, with your best skill and malice, against the breast of a fellow-creature. Or, suppose yourself the scarce less wretched survivor, with the guilt of Cain, the first murderer, in your heart, with his stamp upon your brow — that stamp, which struck all who gazed on him with unutterable horror, and by which the murderer is made manifest to all who look upon him. Think ——'

The stranger gradually withdrew himself from under the hand of his monitor; and, pulling his hat over his brows, thus interrupted him. 'Your meaning, sir, I daresay, is excellent, but you are throwing your advice away. I am not in this place with violent intentions against any one. I may be bad enough — you priests say all men are so — but I am here for the purpose of saving life, not of taking it away. If you wish to spend your time rather in doing a good action than in talking about you know not what, I will give you an opportunity. Do you see yonder erag to the right, over which appears the chimney of a lone house? Go thither, inquire for one Jennie Deans, the daughter of the goodman; let her know that he she wots of remained here from daybreak till this hour, expecting to see her, and that he can abide no longer. Tell her she *must* meet

me at the Hunter's Bog to night, as the moon rises behind St. Anthony's Hill, or that she will make a desperate man of me.'

'Who or what are you,' replied Butler, exceedingly and most unpleasantly surprised, 'who charge me with such an errand?'

'I am the devil!' answered the young man, hastily.

Butler stepped instinctively back and commended himself internally to Heaven; for, though a wise and strong-minded man, he was neither wiser nor more strong-minded than those of his age and education, with whom to disbelieve witchcraft or spectres was held an undeniable proof of atheism.

The stranger went on without observing his emotion. 'Yes; call me Apollyon, Abaddon, whatever name you shall choose, as a clergyman acquainted with the upper and lower circles of spiritual denomination, to call me by, you shall not find an appellation more odious to him that bears it than is mine own.'

This sentence was spoken with the bitterness of self-upbraiding, and a contortion of visage absolutely demoniacal. Butler, though a man brave by principle, if not by constitution, was overawed; for intensity of mental distress has in it a sort of sublimity which repels and overawes all men, but especially those of kind and sympathetic dispositions. The stranger turned abruptly from Butler as he spoke, but instantly returned, and, coming up to him closely and boldly, said, in a fierce, determined tone, 'I have told you who and what I am; who and what are you? What is your name?'

'Butler,' answered the person to whom this abrupt question was addressed, surprised into answering it by the sudden and fierce manner of the querist — 'Reuben Butler, a preacher of the Gospel.'

At this answer, the stranger again plucked more deep over his brows the hat which he had thrown back in his former agitation. 'Butler!' he repeated, 'the assistant of the schoolmaster at Liberton?'

'The same,' answered Butler, composedly.

The stranger covered his face with his hand, as if on sudden reflection, and then turned away; but stopped when he had walked a few paces, and seeing Butler follow him with his eyes, called out in a stern yet suppressed tone, just as if he had exactly calculated that his accents should not be heard a yard beyond the spot on which Butler stood. 'Go your way and do mine errand. Do not look after me. I will neither descend through the bowels of these rocks, nor vanish in a flash of fire;

and yet the eye that seeks to trace my motions shall have reason to curse it was ever shrouded by eyelid or eyelash. Begone, and look not behind you. Tell Jeanie Deans that when the moon rises I shall expect to meet her at Nicol Muschat's Cairn, beneath St. Anthony's Chapel.'

As he uttered these words, he turned and took the road against the hill, with a haste that seemed as peremptory as his tone of authority.

Dreading he knew not what of additional misery to a lot which seemed little capable of receiving augmentation, and desperate at the idea that any living man should dare to send so extraordinary a request, couched in terms so imperious, to the half-betrothed object of his early and only affection, Butler strode hastily towards the cottage, in order to ascertain how far this daring and rude gallant was actually entitled to press on Jeanie Deans a request which no prudent, and scarce any modest, young woman was likely to comply with.

Butler was by nature neither jealous nor superstitious; yet the feelings which lead to those moods of the mind were rooted in his heart, as a portion derived from the common stock of humanity. It was maddening to think that a profligate gallant, such as the manner and tone of the stranger evinced him to be, should have it in his power to command forth his future bride and pledged true love, at a place so improper and an hour so unseasonable. Yet the tone in which the stranger spoke had nothing of the soft half-breathed voice proper to the seducer who solicits an assignation; it was bold, fierce, and imperative, and had less of love in it than of menace and intimidation.

The suggestions of superstition seemed more plausible, had Butler's mind been very accessible to them. Was this indeed the Roaring Lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour? This was a question which pressed itself on Butler's mind with an earnestness that cannot be conceived by those who live in the present day. The fiery eye, the abrupt demeanour, the occasionally harsh, yet studiously subdued, tone of voice; the features, handsome, but now clouded with pride, now disturbed by suspicion, now inflamed with passion; those dark hazel eyes which he sometimes shaded with his cap, as if he were averse to have them seen while they were occupied with keenly observing the motions and bearing of others — those eyes that were now turbid with melancholy, now gleaming with scorn, and now sparkling with fury — was it the passions of a mere mortal they expressed, or the emotions of a fiend, who

seeks, and seeks in vain, to conceal his fiendish designs under the borrowed mask of manly beauty? The whole partook of the mien, language, and port of the ruined archangel; and, imperfectly as we have been able to describe it, the effect of the interview upon Butler's nerves, shaken as they were at the time by the horrors of the preceding night, was greater than his understanding warranted, or his pride eared to submit to. The very place where he had met this singular person was desecrated, as it were, and unhallowed, owing to many violent deaths, both in duels and by suicide, which had in former times taken place there; and the place which he had named as a rendezvous at so late an hour was held in general to be accursed, from a frightful and cruel murder which had been there committed, by the wretch from whom the place took its name, upon the person of his own wife.¹ It was in such places, according to the belief of that period, when the laws against witchcraft were still in fresh observance, and had even lately been acted upon, that evil spirits had power to make themselves visible to human eyes, and to practise upon the feelings and senses of mankind. Suspicions, founded on such circumstances, rushed on Butler's mind, unprepared as it was, by any previous course of reasoning, to deny that which all of his time, country, and profession believed; but common sense rejected these vain ideas as inconsistent, if not with possibility, at least with the general rules by which the universe is governed—a deviation from which, as Butler well argued with himself, ought not to be admitted as probable upon any but the plainest and most incontrovertible evidence. An earthly lover, however, or a young man who, from whatever cause, had the right of exercising such summary and unceremonious authority over the object of his long-settled, and apparently sincerely returned, affection, was an object scarce less appalling to his mind than those which superstition suggested.

His limbs exhausted with fatigue, his mind harassed with anxiety, and with painful doubts and recollections, Butler dragged himself up the ascent from the valley to St. Leonard's Crags, and presented himself at the door of Deans's habitation, with feelings much akin to the miserable reflections and fears of its inhabitants.

¹ See Muschat's *Calrn*. Note 17.

CHAPTER XII

Then she stretch'd out her lily hand,
And for to do her best ;
' Hae back thy faith and troth, Willie,
God gie thy soul good rest !'

Old Ballad.

'COME in,' answered the low and sweet-toned voice he loved best to hear, as Butler tapped at the door of the cottage. He lifted the latch, and found himself under the roof of affliction. Jeanie was unable to trust herself with more than one glance towards her lover, whom she now met under circumstances so agonising to her feelings, and at the same time so humbling to her honest pride. It is well known that much both of what is good and bad in the Scottish national character arises out of the intimacy of their family connexions. 'To be come of honest folk,' that is, of people who have borne a fair and unstained reputation, is an advantage as highly prized among the lower Scotch as the emphatic counterpart, 'to be of a good family,' is va'ied among their gentry. The worth and respectability of one member of a peasant's family is always accounted by themselves and others not only a matter of honest pride, but a guarantee for the good conduct of the whole. On the contrary, such a melancholy stain as was now flung on one of the children of Deans extended its disgrace to all connected with him, and Jeanie felt herself lowered at once in her own eyes and in those of her lover. It was in vain that she repressed this feeling, as far subordinate and too selfish to be mingled with her sorrow for her sister's calamity. Nature prevailed ; and while she shed tears for her sister's distress and danger, there mingled with them bitter drops of grief for her own degradation.

As Butler entered, the old man was seated by the fire with his well-worn pocket Bible in his hands, the companion of the wanderings and dangers of his youth, and bequeathed to him on the scaffold by one of those who, in the year 1686, sealed

their enthusiastic principles with their blood. The sun sent its rays through a small window at the old man's back, and, 'shining motty through the reek,' to use the expression of a bard of that time and country, illumined the grey hairs of the old man and the sacred page which he studied. His features, far from handsome, and rather harsh and severe, had yet, from their expression of habitual gravity and contempt for earthly things, an expression of stoical dignity amidst their sternness. He boasted, in no small degree, the attributes which Southey ascribes to the ancient Scandinavians, whom he terms 'firm to inflict and stubborn to endure.' The whole formed a picture, of which the lights might have been given by Rembrandt, but the outline would have required the force and vigour of Michael Angelo.

Deans lifted his eye as Butler entered, and instantly withdrew it, as from an object which gave him at once surprise and sudden pain. He had assumed such high ground with this career-witted scholar, as he had in his pride termed Butler, that to meet him of all men under feelings of humiliation aggravated his misfortune, and was a consummation like that of the dying chief in the old ballad — 'Earl Percy sees my fall!'

Deans raised the Bible with his left hand, so as partly to screen his face, and putting back his right as far as he could, held it towards Butler in that position, at the same time turning his body from him, as if to prevent his seeing the working of his countenance. Butler clasped the extended hand which had supported his orphan infancy, wept over it, and in vain endeavoured to say more than the words — 'God comfort you — God comfort you!'

'He will — He doth, my friend,' said Deans, assuming firmness as he discovered the agitation of his guest; 'He doth now, and He will yet more, in His own gude time. I have been ower proud of my sufferings in a gude cause, Reuben, and now I am to be tried with those whilk will turn my pride and glory into a reproach and a hissing. How muckle better I hae thought mysell than them that lay saft, fed sweet, and drank deep, when I was in the moss-hags and moors, wi' precious Donald [Richard] Cameron, and worthy Mr. Blackadder, called Guessagain; and how proud I was o' being made a spectacle to men and angels, having stood on their pillory at the Canongate afore I was fifteen years old, for the cause of a National Covenant! To think, Reuben, that I, wha hae been sae honoured and exalted in my youth, nay, when I was but a hafflin callant, and that hae borne

testimony again the defections o' the times, yearly, monthly, daily, hourly, minutely, striving and testifying with uplifted hand and voice, crying aloud, and sparing not, against all great national snares, as the nation-wasting and church-sinking abomination of union, toleration, and patronage, imposed by the last woman of that unhappy race of Stuarts, also against the infringements and invasions of the just powers of eldership, whereanent I uttered my paper, called a "Cry of an Howl in the Desert," printed at the Bow-head, and sold by all flying stationers in town and country — and *now* —

Here he paused. It may well be supposed that Butler, though not absolutely coinciding in all the good old man's ideas about church government, had too much consideration and humanity to interrupt him, while he reckoned up with conscious pride his sufferings, and the constancy of his testimony. On the contrary, when he paused under the influence of the bitter recollections of the moment, Butler instantly threw in his mite of encouragement.

'You have been well known, my old and revered friend, a true and tried follower of the Cross; one who, as St. Jerome hath it, "*per infamiam et bonam famam grassari ad immortalitatem*," which may be freely rendered, "who rusheth on to immortal life, through bad report and good report." You have been one of those to whom the tender and fearful souls cry during the midnight solitude — "Watchman, what of the night? — Watchman, what of the night?" And, assuredly, this heavy dispensation, as it comes not without Divine permission, so it comes not without its special commission and use.'

'I do receive it as such,' said poor Deans, returning the grasp of Butler's hand; 'and, if I have not been taught to read the Scripture in any other tongue but my native Scottish (even in his distress Butler's Latin quotation had not escaped his notice), I have, nevertheless, so learned them, that I trust to bear even this crook in my lot with submission. But O, Reuben Butler, the kirk, of whilk, though unworthy, I have yet been thought a polished shaft, and meet to be a pillar, holding, from my youth upward, the place of ruling elder — what will the lightsome and profane think of the guide that cannot keep his own family from stumbling? How will they take up their song and their reproach, when they see that the children of professors are liable to as foul backsliding as the offspring of Behal! But I will bear my cross with the comfort, that whatever showed like goodness in me or mine, was but

like the light that shines frae ereeping insects, on the brae-side, in a dark night: it kythes bright to the ee, because all is dark around it; but when the morn comes on the mountains, it is but a puir crawling kail-worm after a'. And sae it shows wi' ony rug of human righteousness, or formal law-work, that we may pit round us to eover our shame.'

As he pronouned these words, the door again opened, and Mr. Bartoline Saddletree entered, his three-pointed hat set far buek on his head, with a silk handkerchief beneath it, to keep it in that eool position, his gold-headed cane in his hand, and his whole deportment that of a wealthy burgher, who might one day look to have a share in the magistracy, if not actually to hold the curule chair itself.

Rochefoucault, who has torn the veil from so many foul gangrenes of the human heart, says, we find something not altogether unpleasant to us in the misfortunes of our best friends. Mr. Saddletree would have been very angry had any one told him that he felt pleasure in the disaster of poor Effie Deans and the disgrace of her family; and yet there is great question whether the gratification of playing the person of importance, inquiring, investigating, and laying down the law on the whole affair, did not offer, to say the least, full consolation for the pain which pure sympathy gave him on account of his wife's kinswoman. He had now got a piece of real judicial business by the end, instead of being obliged, as was his common ease, to intrude his opinion where it was neither wished nor wanted; and felt as happy in the exchange as a boy when he gets his first new watch, which actually goes when wound up, and has real hands and a true dial-plate. But besides this subject for legal disquisition, Bartoline's brains were also overloaded with the affair of Porteous, his violent death, and all its probable consequences to the city and community. It was what the French call *l'embarras des richesses*, the confusion arising from too much mental wealth. He walked in with a consciousness of double importance, full fraught with the superiority of one who possesses more information than the company into which he enters, and who feels a right to discharge his learning on them without mercy. 'Good morning, Mr. Deans. Good-morrow to you, Mr. Butler; I was not aware that you were acquainted with Mr. Deans.'

Butler made some slight answer; his reasons may be readily imagined for not making his connexion with the family, which, in his eyes, had something of tender mystery, a frequent

subject of conversation with indifferent persons, such as Saddletree.

The worthy burgher, in the plenitude of self-importance, now sate down upon a chair, wiped his brow, collected his breath, and made the first experiment of the resolved pith of his lungs, in a deep and dignified sigh, resembling a groan in sound and intonation — ‘Awfu’ times these, neighbour Deans — awfu’ times!’

‘Sinfu’, shamefu’, Heaven-daring times,’ answered Deans, in a lower and more subdued tone.

‘For my part,’ continued Saddletree, swelling with importance, ‘what between the distress of my friends and my poor auld country, ony wit that ever I had may be said to have abandoned me, sae that I sometimes think myself as ignorant as if I were *inter rusticos*. Here when I arise in the morning, wi’ my mind just arranged touching what’s to be done in puir Effie’s misfortune, and hae gotten the hail statute at my finger-ends, the mob maun get up and string Jock Porteous to a dyester’s beam, and ding a’thing out of my head again.’

Deeply as he was distressed with his own domestic calamity, Deans could not help expressing some interest in the news. Saddletree immediately entered on details of the insurrection and its consequences, while Butler took the occasion to seek some private conversation with Jeanie Deans. She gave him the opportunity he sought, by leaving the room, as if in prosecution of some part of her morning labour. Butler followed her in a few minutes, leaving Deans so closely engaged by his busy visitor that there was little chance of his observing their absence.

The scene of their interview was an outer apartment, where Jeanie was used to busy herself in arranging the productions of her dairy. When Butler found an opportunity of stealing after her into this place, he found her silent, dejected, and ready to burst into tears. Instead of the active industry with which she had been accustomed, even while in the act of speaking, to employ her hands in some useful branch of household business, she was seated listless in a corner, sinking apparently under the weight of her own thoughts. Yet the instant he entered, she dried her eyes, and, with the simplicity and openness of her character, immediately entered on conversation.

‘I am glad you have come in, Mr. Butler,’ said she, ‘for — for — for I wished to tell ye, that all maun be ended between you and me; it’s best for baith our sakes.’

'Ended!' said Butler, in surprise; 'and for what should it be ended? I grant this is a heavy dispensation, but it lies neither at your door nor mine: it's an evil of God's sending, and it must be borne; but it cannot break plighted troth, Jeanie, while they that plighted their word wish to keep it.'

'But, Reuben,' said the young woman, looking at him affectionately, 'I ken weel that ye think mair of me than yourself; and, Reuben, I can only in requital think mair of your weal than of my ain. Ye are a man of spotless name, bred to God's ministry, and a' men say that ye will some day rise high in the kirk, though poverty keep ye down e'en now. Poverty is a bad back-friend, Reuben, and that ye ken ower weel; but ill-fame is a waur aye, and that is a truth ye sall never learn through my means.'

'What do you mean?' said Butler, eagerly and impatiently; 'or how do you connect your sister's guilt, if guilt there be, which, I trust in God, may yet be disproved, with our engagement? How can that affect you or me?'

'How can you ask me that, Mr. Butler? Will this stain, d'ye think, ever be forgotten, as lang as our heads are abune the grund? Will it not stiek to us, and to our bairns, and to their very bairns' bairns? To hae been the child of an honest man might hae been saying something for me and mine; but to be the sister of a —— O my God!' With this exclamation her resolution failed, and she burst into a passionate fit of tears.

The lover used every effort to induce her to compose herself, and at length succeeded; but she only resumed her composure to express herself with the same positiveness as before. 'No, Reuben, I'll bring disgrace hame to nae man's hearth; my ain distresses I can bear, and I maun bear, but there is nae occasion for buckling them on other folks' shouthers. I will bear my load alone; the back is made for the burden.'

A lover is by charter wayward and suspicious; and Jeanie's readiness to renounce their engagement, under pretence of zeal for his peace of mind and respectability of character, seemed to poor Butler to form a portentous combination with the commission of the stranger he had met with that morning. His voice faltered as he asked, 'Whether nothing but a sense of her sister's present distress occasioned her to talk in that manner?'

'And what else can do sae?' she replied with simplicity. 'Is it not ten long years since we spoke together in this way?'

'Ten years?' said Butler. 'It's a long time, sufficient perhaps for a woman to weary ——'

'To weary of her auld gown,' said Jeanie, 'and to wish for a new one, if she likes to be brave, but not long enough to weary of a friend. The eye may wish change, but the heart never.'

'Never!' said Reuben; 'that's a bold promise.'

'But not more bauld than true,' said Jeanie, with the same quiet simplicity which attended her manner in joy and grief, in ordinary affairs, and in those which most interested her feelings.

Butler paused, and looking at her fixedly, — 'I am charged,' he said, 'with a message to you, Jeanie.'

'Indeed! From whom? Or what can any one have to say to me?'

'It is from a stranger,' said Butler, affecting to speak with an indifference which his voice belied, 'a young man whom I met this morning in the Park.'

'Mercy!' said Jeanie, eagerly; 'and what did he say?'

'That he did not see you at the hour he expected, but required you should meet him alone at Muschat's Cairn this night, so soon as the moon rises.'

'Tell him,' said Jeanie, hastily, 'I shall certainly come.'

'May I ask,' said Butler, his suspicions increasing at the ready alacrity of the answer, 'who this man is to whom you are so willing to give the meeting at a place and hour so uncommon?'

'Folk maun do muckle they have little will to do in this world,' replied Jeanie.

'Granted,' said her lover; 'but what compels you to this? Who is this person? What I saw of him was not very favourable. Who or what is he?'

'I do not know!' replied Jeanie, composedly.

'You do not know?' said Butler, stepping impatiently through the apartment. 'You purpose to meet a young man whom you do not know, at such a time and in a place so lonely, you say you are compelled to do this, and yet you say you do not know the person who exercises such an influence over you! Jeanie, what am I to think of this?'

'Think only, Reuben, that I speak truth, as if I were to answer at the last day. I do not ken this man, I do not even ken that I ever saw him; and yet I must give him the meeting he asks, there's life and death upon it.'

'Will you not tell your father, or take him with you?' said Butler.

'I cannot,' said Jeanie; 'I have no permission.'

'Will you let *me* go with you? I will wait in the Park till nightfall, and join you when you set out.'

'It is impossible,' said Jeanie; 'there maunna be mortal creature within hearing of our conference.'

'Have you considered well the nature of what you are going to do? — the time, the place, an unknown and suspicious character? Why, if he had asked to see you in this house, your father sitting in the next room, and within call, at such an hour, you should have refused to see him.'

'My weird maun be fulfilled, Mr. Butler. My life and my safety are in God's hands, but I'll not spare to risk either of them on the errand I am gawn to do.'

'Then, Jeanie,' said Butler, much displeas'd, 'we must indeed break short off, and bid farewell. When there can be no confidence betwixt a man and his plighted wife on such a momentous topic, it is a sign that she has no longer the regard for him that makes their engagement safe and snitable.'

Jeanie looked at him and sighed. 'I thought,' she said, 'that I had brought myself to bear this parting; but — but — I did not ken that we were to part in unkindness. But I am a woman and you are a man, it may be different wi' you; if your mind is made easier by thinking sae hardly of me, I would not ask you to think otherwise.'

'You are,' said Butler, 'what you have always been — wiser, better, and less selfish in your native feelings than I can be with all the helps philosophy can give to a Christian. But why — why will you persevere in an undertaking so desperate? Why will you not let me be your assistant, your protector, or at least your adviser?'

'Just because I cannot, and I dare not,' answered Jeanie. 'But hark, what's that? Surely my father is no weel?'

In fact, the voices in the next room became obstreperously loud of a sudden, the cause of which vociferation it is necessary to explain before we go farther.

When Jeanie and Butler retired, Mr. Saddletree entered upon the business which chiefly interested the family. In the commencement of their conversation he found old Deans, who, in his usual state of mind, was no granter of propositions, so much subdn'd by a deep sense of his daughter's danger and disgrace that he heard without replying to, or perhaps without understanding, one or two learned disquisitions on the nature of the crime imputed to her charge, and on the steps which ought to be taken in consequence. His only answer at

each pause was, 'I am no misdoubting that you wuss us weel, your wife's our far-awa' cousin.'

Encouraged by these symptoms of acquiescence, Saddletree, who, as an amateur of the law, had a supreme deference for all constituted authorities, again recurred to his other topic of interest, the murder, namely, of Porteous, and pronounced a severe censure on the parties concerned.

'These are kittle times — kittle times, Mr. Deans, when the people take the power of life and death out of the hands of the rightful magistrate into their ain rough grip. I am of opinion, and so, I believe, will Mr. Crossmyloof and the privy council, that this rising in effeir of war, to take away the life of a reprieved man, will prove little better than perduellion.'

'If I hadna that on my mind whilk is ill to bear, Mr. Saddletree,' said Deans, 'I wad make bold to dispute that point wi' you.'

'How could ye dispute what's plain law, man?' said Saddletree, somewhat contemptuously; 'there's no a callant that e'er carried a pock wi' a process in't, but will tell you that perduellion is the warst and maist virulent kind of treason, being an open convocating of the king's lieges against his authority, mair especially in arms, and by touk of drum, to baith whilk accessories my een and lugs bore witness, and muckle warse than lese-majesty, or the concealment of a treasonable purpose. It winna bear a dispute, neighbour.'

'But it will, though,' retorted Douce Davie Deans; 'I tell ye it will bear a dispute. I never like your cauld, legal, formal doctrines, neighbour Saddletree. I haud unco little by the Parliament House, since the awfu' downfall of the hopes of honest folk that followed the Revolution.'

'But what wad ye hae had, Mr. Deans?' said Saddletree, impatiently; 'didna ye get baith liberty and conscience made fast, and settled by tailzie on yon and your heirs for ever?'

'Mr. Saddletree,' retorted Deans, 'I ken ye are one of those that are wise after the manner of this world, and that ye haud your part, and cast in your portion, wi' the lang-heads and lang-gowns, and keep with the smart witty-pated lawyers of this our land. Weary on the dark and dolefu' cast that they hae gien this unhappy kingdom, when their black hands of defection were clasped in the red hands of our sworn murderers; when those who had numbered the towers of our Ziou, and marked the bulwarks of our Reformation, saw their hope turn into a snare and their rejoicing into weeping.'

'I canna understand this, neighbour,' answered Saddletree. 'I am an honest Presbyterian of the Kirk of Scotland, and stand by her and the General Assembly, and the due administration of justice by the fifteen Lords o' Session and the five Lords o' Justiciary.'

'Out upon ye, Mr. Saddletree!' exclaimed David, who, in an opportunity of giving his testimony on the offences and backslidings of the land, forgot for a moment his own domestic calamity — 'out upon your General Assembly, and the back of my hand to your Court o' Session! What is the tane but a waefn' bunch o' cauldrie professors and ministers, that sate bien and warm when the persecuted remnant were warstling wi' hunger, and cauld, and fear of death, and danger of fire and sword, upon wet brae-sides, peat-hags, and flow-mosses, and that now creep out of their holes, like bluebottle flees in a blink of sunshine, to take the pu'pits and places of better folk — of them that witnessed, and testified, and fought, and endured pit, prison-house, and transportation beyond seas? A bonny bibe there's o' them! And for your Court o' Session —'

'Ye may say what ye will o' the General Assembly,' said Saddletree, interrupting him, 'and let them clear them that kens them; but as for the Lords o' Session, forbye that they are my next-door neighbours, I would have ye ken, for your ain regulation, that to raise scandal aenent them, whilk is termed, to "murmur again" them, is a crime *sui generis* — *sui generis*, Mr. Deans; ken ye what that amounts to?'

'I ken little o' the language of Antichrist,' said Deans; 'and I care less than little what carnal courts may call the speeches of honest men. And as to murmur again them, it's what a' the folk that loses their pleas, and nine-tenths o' them that win them, will be gay sure to be guilty in. Sae I wad hae ye ken that I haud a' your gleg-tongued advocates, that sell their knowledge for pieces of silver, and your worldly-wise judges, that will gie three days of hearing in presence to a debate about the peeling of an ingan, and no ae half-hour to the Gospel testimony, as legalists and formalists, countenancing, by sentences, and quirks, and enuning terms of law, the late begun courses of national defections — union, toleration, patronages, and Yerasian prelatie oaths. As for the soul and body-killing Court o' Justiciary —'

The habit of considering his life as dedicated to bear testimony in behalf of what he deemed the suffering and deserted

cause of true religion had swept honest David along with it thus far; but with the mention of the criminal court, the recollection of the disastrous condition of his daughter rushed at once on his mind; he stopped short in the midst of his triumphant declamation, pressed his hands against his forehead, and remained silent.

Saddletree was somewhat moved, but apparently not so much so as to induce him to relinquish the privilege of prosing in his turn, afforded him by David's sudden silence. 'Nae doubt, neighbour,' he said, 'it's a sair thing to hae to do wi' courts of law, unless it be to improve ane's knowledge and practique, by waiting on as a hearer; and touching this unhappy affair of Effie — ye'll hae seen the dittay, doubtless?' He dragged out of his pocket a bundle of papers, and began to turn them over. 'This is no it: this is the information of Mungo Marsport, of that ilk, against Captain Lackland, for coming on his lands of Marsport with hawks, hounds, lying-dogs, nets, guns, cross-bows, hagbuts of found, or other engines more or less for destruction of game, sic as red-deer, fallow-deer, caper-cailzies, grey-fowl, moor-fowl, pairicks, herons, and sic-like; he the said defender not being ane qualified person, in terms of the statute 1621; that is, not having ane plough-gate of land. Now, the defences proponed say that *non constat* at this present what is a plough-gate of land, whilk uncertainty is sufficient to elide the conclusions of the libel. But then the answers to the defences — they are signed by Mr. Crossmyloof, but Mr. Younglad drew them — they propone that it signifies naething, *in hoc statu*, what or how muckle a plough-gate of land may be, in respect the defender has nae lands whatsoever, less or mair. "Sae grant a plough-gate (here Saddletree read from the paper in his hand) to be less than the nine-teenth part of a guse's grass" — I trow Mr. Crossmyloof put in that, I ken his style — "of a guse's grass, what the better will the defender be, seeing he hasna a divot-cast of land in Scotland? *Advocatus* for Lackland duplies that, *nihil interest de possessione*, the pursuer must put his case under the statute" — now this is worth your notice, neighbour — "and must show, *formaliter et specialiter*, as well as *generaliter*, what is the qualification that defender Lackland does *not* possess: let him tell me what a plough-gate of land is, and I'll tell him if I have one or no. Surely the pursuer is bound to understand his own libel and his own statute that he founds upon. Titius pursues Mævius for recovery of ane *black* horse lent to Mævius; surely

he shall have judgment. But if Titius pursue Mavius for ane scarlet or crimson horse, doubtless he shall be bound to show that there is sic ane animal *in rerum natura*. No man can be bound to plead to nonsense, that is to say, to a charge which cannot be explained or understood" — he's wrang there, the better the pleadings the fewer understand them — "and so the reference unto this undefined and unintelligible measure of land is, as if a penalty was inflicted by statute for any man who suld hunt or hawk, or use lying-dogs, and wearing a sky-blue pair of breeches, without having ——" But I am wearying you, Mr. Deans; we'll pass to your ain business, though this case of Marsport against Lackland has made an unco din in the Outer House. Weel, here's the dittay against puir Effie: "Whereas it is humbly meant and shown to us," etc. — they are words of mere style — "that whereas, by the laws of this and every other well-regulated realm, the murder of any one, more especially of an infant child, is a crime of ane high nature, and severely punishable: And whereas, without prejudice to the foresaid generality, it was, by ane act made in the second session of the First Parliament of our most High and Dread Sovereigns William and Mary, especially enacted, that ane woman who shall have concealed her condition, and shall not be able to show that she hath called for help at the birth, in case that the child shall be found dead or amissing, shall be deemed and held guilty of the murder thereof; and the said facts of concealment and pregnancy being found proven or confessed, shall sustain the pains of law accordingly; yet, nevertheless, you, Effie or Euphemia Deans ——"

'Read no farther!' said Deans, raising his head up; 'I would rather ye thrust a sword into my heart than read a word farther!'

'Weel, neighbour,' said Saddletree, 'I thought it wad hae comforted ye to ken the best and the warst o't. But the question is, what's to be dune?'

'Nothing,' answered Deans, firmly, 'but to abide the dispensation that the Lord sees meet to send us. O, if it had been His will to take the grey head to rest before this awful visitation on my house and name! But His will be done. I can say that yet, though I can say little mair.'

'But, neighbour,' said Saddletree, 'ye'll retain advocates for the puir lassie? it's a thing mann needs be thought of.'

'If there was ae man of them,' answered Deans, 'that held fast his integrity — but I ken them weel, they are a' carnal,

crafty, and warld-hunting self-seekers, Yerastians and Arminians, every ane o' them.'

'Hout tout, neighbour, ye maunna take the warld at its word,' said Saddletree; 'the very deil is no sae ill as he's ca'd; and I ken mair than ae advocate that may be said to hae some integrity as weel as their neighbours; that is, after a sort o' fashion o' their ain.'

'It is indeed but a fashion of integrity that ye will find among them,' replied David Deans, 'and a fashion of wisdom, and fashion of carnal learning — gazing glancing-glasses they are, fit only to fling the glaiks in folks' een, wi' their pawky policy, and earthly ingine, their flights and refinements, and periods of eloquence, frae heathen emperors and popish canons. They canna, in that daft trash ye were reading to me, sae muckle as ca' men that are sae ill-starred as to be among their hands by ony name o' the dispensation o' grace, but maun new baptize them by the names of the accursed Titus, wha was made the instrument of burning the holy Temple, and other sic like heathens.'

'It's Tishius,' interrupted Saddletree, 'and no Titus. Mr. Crossmyloof cares as little about Titus or the Latin learning as ye do. But it's a case of necessity: she maun hae counsel. Now, I could speak to Mr. Crossmyloof; he's weel kenn'd for a round-spun Presbyterian, and a ruling elder to boot.'

'He's a rank Yerastian,' replied Deans; 'one of the public and polititious warldly-wise men that stude up to prevent ane general owning of the cause in the day of power.'

'What say ye to the auld Laird of Cuffabout?' said Saddletree; 'he whiles thumps the dust out of a case gay and weel.'

'He! the fause loon!' answered Deans. 'He was in his bandaliers to hae joined the ungracious Highlanders in 1715, an they had ever had the luck to cross the Firth.'

'Weel, Arniston? there's a clever chield for ye!' said Bartoline, triumphantly.

'Ay, to bring popish medals in till their very library from that schismatic woman in the north, the Duchess of Gordon.'¹

'Weel, weel, but somebody ye maun hae. What think ye o' Kittlepunt?'

'He's an Arminian.'

'Woodsetter?'

¹ James Dundas, younger of Arniston, was tried in the year 1711 upon a charge of leasing-making, in having presented, from the Duchess of Gordon, a medal of the Pretender, for the purpose, it was said, of affronting Queen Anne (*Lainy*).

'He's, I doubt, a Cocceian.'

'Auld Whilliewhaw?'

'He's ony thing ye like.'

'Young Næmmo?'

'He's naething at a.'

'Ye're ill to please, neighbour,' said Saddletree. 'I hæe run ower the pick o' them for you, ye maun e'en choose for yoursell; but bethink ye that in the multitude of counsellors there's safety. What say ye to try young Mackenyie? he has a' his uncle's practiques at the tongue's end.'

'What, sir, wad ye speak to me,' exclaimed the sturdy Presbyterian in excessive wrath, 'about a man that has the blood of the saints at his fingers' ends? Didna his cme die and gang to his place wi' the name of the Bluidy Mackenyie? and winna he be kenn'd by that name sae lang as there's a Scots tongue to speak the word? If the life of the dear bairn that's under a suffering dispensation, and Jeanie's, and my ain, and a' mankind's, depended on my asking sic a slave o' Satan to speak a word for me or them, they should a' gae down the water together for Davie Deans!'

It was the exalted tone in which he spoke this last sentence that broke up the conversation between Butler and Jeanie, and brought them both 'ben the house,' to use the language of the country. Here they found the poor old man half frantic between grief and zealous ire against Saddletree's proposed measures, his cheek inflamed, his hand clenched, and his voice raised, while the tear in his eye, and the occasional quiver of his accents, showed that his utmost efforts were inadequate to shaking off the consciousness of his misery. Butler, apprehensive of the consequences of his agitation to an aged and feeble frame, ventured to utter to him a recommendation to patience.

'I *am* patient,' returned the old man, sternly, 'more patient than any one who is alive to the woeful backslidings of a miserable time can be patient; and in so much, that I need neither sectarians, nor sons nor grandsons of sectarians, to instruct my grey hairs how to bear my cross.'

'But, sir,' continued Butler, taking no offence at the slur cast on his grandfather's faith, 'we must use human means. When you call in a physician, you would not, I suppose, question him on the nature of his religious principles?'

'Wad I *no*? ' answered David. 'But I wad, though; and if he didna satisfy me that he had a right sense of the right-hand

and left-hand defections of the day, not a goutte of his phisic should gang through my father's son.'

It is a dangerous thing to trust to an illustration. Butler had done so and miscarried; but, like a gallant soldier when his innsket misses fire, he stood his ground and charged with the bayonet. 'This is too rigid an interpretation of your duty, sir. The sun shines, and the rain descends, on the just and unjust, and they are placed together in life in circumstances which frequently render intercourse between them indispensable, perhaps that the evil may have an opportunity of being converted by the good, and perhaps, also, that the righteous might, among other trials, be subjected to that of occasional converse with the profane.'

'Ye're a silly callant, Reuben,' answered Deans, 'with your bits of argument. Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled? Or what think ye of the brave and worthy champions of the Covenant, that wadna sae muckle as hear a minister speak, be his gifts and graces as they would, that hadna witnessed against the enormities of the day? Nae lawyer shall ever speak for me and mine that hasna concurred in the testimony of the scattered yet lovely remnant which abode in the cliffs of the rocks.'

So saying, and as if fatigued both with the arguments and presence of his guests, the old man arose, and seeming to bid them adieu with a motion of his head and hand, went to shut himself up in his sleeping-apartment.

'It's thraving his daughter's life awa',' said Saddletree to Butler, 'to hear him speak in that daft gate. Where will he ever get a Cameronian advocate? Or wha ever heard of a lawyer's suffering eithar for ae religion or another? The lassie's life is clean flung awa'.'

During the latter part of this debate, Dumbiedikes had arrived at the door, dismounted, hung the pony's bridle on the usual hook, and sunk down on his ordinary settle. His eyes, with more than their usual animation, followed first one speaker, then another, till he caught the melancholy sense of the whole from Saddletree's last words. He rose from his seat, stumped slowly across the room, and, coming close up to Saddletree's ear, said, in a tremulous, anxious voice, 'Will — will siller do naething for them, Mr. Saddletree?'

'Umph!' said Saddletree, looking grave, 'siller will certainly do it in the Parliament House, if ony thing *can* do it; but whare's the siller to come frac? Mr. Deans, ye see, will do

naething; and though Mrs. Saddletree's their far-awa' friend and right good weel-wisher, and is weel disposed to assist, yet she wadna like to stand to be bound *singuli in solidum* to such an expensive wark. An ilka friend wad bear a share o' the burden, something might be dune, ilka ane to be liable for their ain input. I wadna like to see the case fa' through without being pled; it wadna be creditable, for a' that daft Whig body says.'

'I'll — I will — yes (assuming fortitude), I will be answerable,' said Dumbiedikes, 'for a score of pounds sterling.' And he was silent, staring in astonishment at finding himself capable of such unwonted resolution and excessive generosity.

'God Almighty bless ye, Laird!' said Jeanie, in a transport of gratitude.

'Ye may ca' the twenty pounds thretty,' said Dumbiedikes, looking bashfully away from her, and towards Saddletree.

'That will do bravely,' said Saddletree, rubbing his hands; 'and ye sall hae a' my skill and knowledge to gar the siller gang far. I'll tape it out weel; I ken how to gar the birkies tak short fees, and be glad o' them too: it's only garring them trow ye hae twa or three cases of importance coming on, and they'll work cheap to get custom. Let me alane for whilly-whaing an advocate. It's nae sin to get as muckle frae them for our siller as we can; after a', it's but the wind o' their mouth, it costs them naething; whereas, in my wretched occupation of a saddler, horse-milliner, and harness-maker, we are out unconscionable sums just for barked hides and leather.'

'Can I be of no use?' said Butler. 'My means, alas! are only worth the black coat I wear; but I am young, I owe much to the family. Can I do nothing?'

'Ye can help to collect evidence, sir,' said Saddletree; 'if we could but find ony ane to say she had gien the least hint o' her condition, she wad be brought aff wi' a wat finger. Mr. Crossmyloof tell'd me sae. "The crown," says he, "canna be craved to prove a positive" — was't a positive or a negative they couldna be ca'd to prove? it was the tane or the tither o' them, I am sure, and it maksna muckle matter whilk. "Wherefore," says he, "the libel mann be redargued by the panel proving her defences. And it canna be done otherwise,"'

'But the fact, sir,' argued Butler — 'the fact that this poor girl has borne a child; surely the crown lawyers must prove that?' said Butler.

Saddletree paused a moment, while the visage of Dumbiedikes, which traversed, as if it had been placed on a pivot, from the one spokesman to the other, assumed a more blythe expression.

'Ye—ye—ye—es,' said Saddletree, after some grave hesitation; 'unquestionably that is a thing to be proved, as the court will more fully declare by an interlocutor of relevancy in common form; but I fancy that job's done already, for she has confessed her guilt.'

'Confessed the murder?' exclaimed Jeanie, with a scream that made them all start.

'No, I didna say that,' replied Bartoline. 'But she confessed bearing the babe.'

'And what became of it, then?' said Jeanie; 'for not a word could I get from her but bitter sighs and tears.'

'She says it was taken away from her by the woman in whose house it was born, and who assisted her at the time.'

'And who was that woman?' said Butler. 'Surely by her means the truth might be discovered. Who was she? I will fly to her directly.'

'I wish,' said Dumbiedikes, 'I were as young and as supple as you, and had the gift of the gab as weel.'

'Who is she?' again reiterated Butler, impatiently. 'Who could that woman be?'

'Ay, wha kens that but hersell,' said Saddletree; 'she deponed further, and declined to answer that interrogatory.'

'Then to herself will I instantly go,' said Butler; 'farewell, Jeanie.' Then coming close up to her—'Take no *rash steps* till you hear from me. Farewell!' and he immediately left the cottage.

'I wad gang too,' said the landed proprietor in an anxious, jealous, and repining tone, 'but my powny winna for the life o' me gang ony other road than just frae Dumbiedikes to this house-end, and sae straight back again.'

'Ye'll do better for them,' said Saddletree, as they left the house together, 'by sending me the thretty punds.'

'Thretty punds?' hesitated Dumbiedikes, who was now out of the reach of those eyes which had inflamed his generosity. 'I only said *twenty* punds.'

'Ay; but,' said Saddletree, 'that was under protestation to add and eik; and so ye craved leave to amend your libel, and made it thretty.'

'Did I? I dinna mind that I did,' answered Dumbiedikes.

'But whatever I said I'll stand to.' Then bestriding his steed with some difficulty, he added, 'Dinna ye think poor Jeanie's een wi' the tears in them glanced like lamour beads, Mr. Saddletree?'

'I kenna muckle about women's een, Laird,' replied the insensible Bartoline; 'and I care just as little. I wuss I were as weel free o' their tongues; though few wives,' he added, recollecting the necessity of keeping up his character for domestic rule, 'are under better command than mine, Laird. I allow neither perduellion nor lese-majesty against my sovereign authority.'

The Laird saw nothing so important in this observation as to call for a rejoinder, and when they had exchanged a mute salutation, they parted in peace upon their different errands.

CHAPTER XIII

I 'll warrant that fellow from drowning, were the ship no stronger than a nut-shell.

The Tempest.

BUTLER felt neither fatigue nor want of refreshment, although, from the mode in which he had spent the night, he might well have been overcome with either. But in the earnestness with which he hastened to the assistance of the sister of Jeanie Deans he forgot both.

In his first progress he walked with so rapid a pace as almost approached to running, when he was surprised to hear behind him a call upon his name, contending with an asthmatic cough, and half-drowned amid the resounding trot of an Highland pony. He looked behind, and saw the Laird of Dumbiedikes making after him with what speed he might, for it happened fortunately for the Laird's purpose of conversing with Butler, that his own road homeward was for about two hundred yards the same with that which led by the nearest way to the city. Butler stopped when he heard himself thus summoned, internally wishing no good to the panting equestrian who thus retarded his journey.

'Uh! uh! uh!' ejaculated Dumbiedikes, as he checked the hobbling pace of the pony by our friend Butler. 'Uh! uh! it's a hard-set willyard beast this o' mine.' He had in fact just overtaken the object of his chase at the very point beyond which it would have been absolutely impossible for him to have continued the pursuit, since there Butler's road parted from that leading to Dumbiedikes, and no means of influence or compulsion which the rider could possibly have used towards his Bucephalus could have induced the Celtic obstinacy of Rory Beau (such was the pony's name) to have diverged a yard from the path that conducted him to his own paddock.

Even when he had recovered from the shortness of breath occasioned by a trot much more rapid than Rory or he were accustomed to, the high purpose of Dumbiedikes seemed to stick

as it were in his throat, and impede his utterance, so that Butler stood for nearly three minutes ere he could utter a syllable; and when he did find voice, it was only to say, after one or two efforts, 'Uh! uh! uhm! I say, Mr. — Mr. Butler, it's a braw day for the har'st.'

'Fine day, indeed,' said Butler. 'I wish you good morning, sir.'

'Stay — stay a bit,' rejoined Dumbiedikes; 'that was no what I had gotten to say.'

'Then, pray be quick and let me have your commands,' rejoined Butler. 'I crave your pardon, but I am in haste, and *Tempus nemini* — you know the proverb.'

Dumbiedikes did not know the proverb, nor did he even take the trouble to endeavour to look as if he did, as others in his place might have done. He was concentrating all his intellects for one grand proposition, and could not afford any detachment to defend outposts. 'I say, Mr. Butler,' said he, 'ken ye if Mr. Saddletree's a great lawyer?'

'I have no person's word for it but his own,' answered Butler, dryly; 'but undoubtedly he best understands his own qualities.'

'Umph!' replied the taciturn Dumbiedikes, in a tone which seemed to say, 'Mr. Butler, I take your meaning.' 'In that case,' he pursued, 'I'll employ my ain man o' business, Nichil Novit — auld Nichil's son, and amaist as gleg as his father — to agent Effie's plea.'

And having thus displayed more sagacity than Butler expected from him, he courteously touched his gold-laced cocked hat, and by a punch on the ribs conveyed to Rory Bean it was his rider's pleasure that he should forthwith proceed homewards; a hint which the quadruped obeyed with that degree of alacrity with which men and animals interpret and obey suggestions that entirely correspond with their own inclinations.

Butler resumed his pace, not without a momentary revival of that jealousy which the honest Laird's attention to the family of Deans had at different times excited in his bosom. But he was too generous long to nurse any feeling which was allied to selfishness. 'He is,' said Butler to himself, 'rich in what I want; why should I feel vexed that he has the heart to dedicate some of his pelf to render them services which I can only form the empty wish of executing? In God's name, let us each do what we can. May she be but happy! saved from the misery and disgrace that seems impending! Let me but find the means

of preventing the fearful experiment of this evening, and farewell to other thoughts, though my heart-strings break in parting with them !'

He redoubled his pace, and soon stood before the door of the tolbooth, or rather before the entrance where the door had formerly been placed. His interview with the mysterious stranger, the message to Jeanie, his agitating conversation with her on the subject of breaking off their mutual engagements, and the interesting scene with old Deans, had so entirely occupied his mind as to drown even recollection of the tragical event which he had witnessed the preceding evening. His attention was not recalled to it by the groups who stood scattered on the street in conversation, which they hushed when strangers approached, or by the bustling search of the agents of the city police, supported by small parties of the military, or by the appearance of the guard-house, before which were treble sentinels, or, finally, by the subdued and intimidated looks of the lower orders of society, who, conscious that they were liable to suspicion, if they were not guilty, of accession to a riot likely to be strictly inquired into, glided about with an humble and dismayed aspect, like men whose spirits being exhausted in the revel and the dangers of a desperate debauch overnight, are nerve-shaken, timorous, and unenterprising on the succeeding day.

None of these symptoms of alarm and trepidation struck Butler, whose mind was occupied with a different, and to him still more interesting, subject, until he stood before the entrance to the prison, and saw it defended by a double file of grenadiers, instead of bolts and bars. Their 'Stand, stand !' the blackened appearance of the doorless gateway, and the winding staircase and apartments of the tolbooth, now open to the public eye, recalled the whole proceedings of the eventful night. Upon his requesting to speak with Effie Deans, the same tall, thin, silver-haired turnkey whom he had seen on the preceding evening made his appearance.

'I think,' he replied to Butler's request of admission, with true Scottish indirectness, 'ye will be the same lad that was for in to see her yestreen ?'

Butler admitted he was the same person.

'And I am thinking,' pursued the turnkey, 'that ye speered at me when we locked up, and if we locked up earlier on account of Porteous ?'

'Very likely I might make some such observation,' said Butler ; 'but the question now is, can I see Effie Deans ?'

'I dinna ken ; gang in bye, and up the turnpike stair, and turn till the ward on the left hand.'

The old man followed close behind him, with his keys in his hand, not forgetting even that huge one which had once opened and shut the outward gate of his dominions, though at present it was but an idle and useless burden. No sooner had Butler entered the room to which he was directed, than the experienced hand of the warder selected the proper key, and locked it on the outside. At first Butler conceived this manœuvre was only an effect of the man's habitual and official caution and jealousy. But when he heard the hoarse command, 'Turn out the guard !' and immediately afterwards heard the clash of a sentinel's arms, as he was posted at the door of his apartment, he again called out to the turnkey, 'My good friend, I have business of some consequence with Effie Deans, and I beg to see her as soon as possible.' No answer was returned. 'If it be against your rules to admit me,' repeated Butler, in a still louder tone, 'to see the prisoner, I beg you will tell me so, and let me go about my business. *Fugit irrevocabile tempus !*' muttered he to himself.

'If ye had business to do, ye suld hae dune it before ye cam here,' replied the man of keys from the outside ; 'ye 'll find it's easier wunnin in than wunnin out here. There's sma' likelihood o' another Porteous Mob coming to rabble us again : the law will haud her ain now, neighbour, and that ye 'll find to your cost.'

'What do you mean by that, sir ?' retorted Butler. 'You must mistake me for some other person. My name is Reuben Butler, preacher of the Gospel.'

'I ken that weel enough,' said the turnkey.

'Well, then, if you know me, I have a right to know from you in return, what warrant you have for detaining me ; that, I know, is the right of every British subject.'

'Warrant !' said the jailer. 'The warrant's awa' to Liberton wi' twa sheriff officers seeking ye. If ye had stayed at hame, as honest men should do, ye wad hae seen the warrant ; but if ye come to be incarcerated of your ain accord, wha can help it, my jo ?'

'So I cannot see Effie Deans, then,' said Butler ; 'and you are determined not to let me out ?'

'Troth will I no, neighbour,' answered the old man, doggedly ; 'as for Effie Deans, ye 'll hae enough ado to mind your ain business, and let her mind hers ; and for letting you out, that

maun be as the magistrate will determine. And fare ye weel for a bit, for I maun see Deacon Sawyers put on ane or twa o' the doors that your quiet folk broke down yesternight, Mr. Butler.'

There was something in this exquisitely provoking, but there was also something darkly alarming. To be imprisoned, even on a false accusation, has something in it disagreeable and menacing even to men of more constitutional courage than Butler had to boast; for although he had much of that resolution which arises from a sense of duty and an honourable desire to discharge it, yet, as his imagination was lively and his frame of body delicate, he was far from possessing that cool insensibility to danger which is the happy portion of men of stronger health, more firm nerves, and less acute sensibility. An indistinct idea of peril, which he could neither understand nor ward off, seemed to float before his eyes. He tried to think over the events of the preceding night, in hopes of discovering some means of explaining or vindicating his conduct to an angry mob, since it immediately occurred to him that his detention must be founded on that circumstance. And it was with anxiety that he found he could not recollect to have been under the observation of any disinterested witness in the attempts that he made from time to time to expostulate with the rioters, and to prevail on them to release him. The distress of Deans's family, the dangerous rendezvous which Jeanie had formed, and which he could not now hope to interrupt, had also their share in his unpleasant reflections. Yet impatient as he was to receive an *éclaircissement* upon the cause of his confinement, and if possible to obtain his liberty, he was affected with a trepidation which seemed no good omen, when, after remaining an hour in this solitary apartment, he received a summons to attend the sitting magistrate. He was conducted from prison strongly guarded by a party of soldiers, with a parade of precaution that, however ill-timed and unnecessary, is generally displayed *after* an event, which such precaution, if used in time, might have prevented.

He was introduced into the Council Chamber, as the place is called where the magistrates hold their sittings, and which was then at a little distance from the prison. One or two of the senators of the city were present, and seemed about to engage in the examination of an individual who was brought forward to the foot of the long green-covered table round which the council usually assembled.

'Is that the preacher?' said one of the magistrates, as the city officer in attendance introduced Butler. The man answered in the affirmative. 'Let him sit down there for an instant; we will finish this man's business very briefly.'

'Shall we remove Mr. Butler?' queried the assistant.

'It is not necessary. Let him remain where he is.'

Butler accordingly sat down on a bench at the bottom of the apartment, attended by one of his keepers.

It was a large room, partially and imperfectly lighted; but by chance, or the skill of the architect, who might happen to remember the advantage which might occasionally be derived from such an arrangement, one window was so placed as to throw a strong light at the foot of the table at which prisoners were usually posted for examination, while the upper end, where the examiners sat, was thrown into shadow. Butler's eyes were instantly fixed on the person whose examination was at present proceeding, in the idea that he might recognise some one of the conspirators of the former night. But though the features of this man were sufficiently marked and striking, he could not recollect that he had ever seen them before.

The complexion of this person was dark, and his age somewhat advanced. He wore his own hair, combed smooth down, and cut very short. It was jet black, slightly curled by nature, and already mottled with grey. The man's face expressed rather knavery than vice, and a disposition to sharpness, cunning, and roguery, more than the traces of stormy and indulged passions. His sharp, quick black eyes, acute features, ready sardonic smile, promptitude, and effrontery, gave him altogether what is called among the vulgar a *knowing* look, which generally implies a tendency to knavery. At a fair or market you could not for a moment have doubted that he was a horse-jockey, intimate with all the tricks of his trade; yet had you met him on a moor, you would not have apprehended any violence from him. His dress was also that of a horse-dealer — a close-buttoned jockey-coat, or wrap-rascal, as it was then termed, with huge metal buttons, coarse blue upper stockings, called boot-hose, because supplying the place of boots, and a slouched hat. He only wanted a loaded whip under his arm and a spur upon one heel to complete the dress of the character he seemed to represent.

'Your name is James Rateliffe?' said the magistrate.

'Ay, always wi' your honour's leave.'

'That is to say, you could find me another name if I did not like that one?'

'Twenty to pick and choose upon, always with your honour's leave,' resumed the respondent.

'But James Ratchliffe is your present name? What is your trade?'

'I canna just say, distinctly, that I have what ye wad ca' preceesely a trade.'

'But,' repeated the magistrate, 'what are your means of living — your occupation?'

'Hout tout, your honour, wi' your leave, kens that as weel as I do,' replied the examined.

'No matter, I want to hear you describe it,' said the examinant.

'Me describe? and to your honour? Far be it from Jemmie Ratchliffe,' responded the prisoner.

'Come, sir, no trifling; I insist on an answer.'

'Weel, sir,' replied the declarant, 'I maun make a clean breast, for ye see, wi' your leave, I am looking for favour. Describe my occupation, quo' ye? Troth it will be ill to do that, in a feasible way, in a place like this; but what is't again that the aught command says?'

'Thou shalt not steal,' answered the magistrate.

'Are you sure o' that?' replied the accused. 'Troth, then, my occupation and that command are sair at odds, for I read it, thou *shalt* steal; and that makes an unco difference, though there's but a wee bit wor' left out.'

'To cut the matter short, Ratchliffe, you have been a most notorious 'hieft,' said the examinant.

'I believe Highlands and Lowlands ken that, sir, forbye England and Holland,' replied Ratchliffe, with the greatest composure and effrontery.

'And what d'ye think the end of your calling will be?' said the magistrate.

'I could have gien a braw guess yesterday; but I dinna ken sae weel the day,' answered the prisoner.

'And what would you have said would have been your end, had you been asked the question yesterday?'

'Just the gallows,' replied Ratchliffe, with the same composure.

'You are a daring rascal, sir,' said the magistrate; 'and how dare you hope times are mended with you to-day?'

'Dear, your honour,' answered Ratchliffe, 'there's muckle difference between lying in prison under sentence of death and staying there of ane's ain proper accoord, when it would have cost a man naething to get up and rin awa'. What was to hinder

me from stepping out quietly, when the rabble walked awa' wi' Jock Porteous yestreen? And does your honour really think I staid on purpose to be hanged?'

'I do not know what you may have proposed to yourself; but I know,' said the magistrate, 'what the law proposes for you, and that is to hang you next Wednesday eight days.'

'Na, na, your honour,' said Ratcliffe, firmly; 'craving your honour's pardon, I'll ne'er believe that till I see it. I have kenn'd the law this mony a year, and mony a thrawart job I hae had wi' her first and last; but the auld jand is no sae ill as that comes to; I aye fand her bark waur than her hite.'

'And if you do not expect the gallows, to which you are condemned — for the fourth time to my knowledge — may I beg the favour to know,' said the magistrate, 'what it is that you *do* expect, in consideration of your not having taken your flight with the rest of the jail-birds, which I will admit was a line of conduct little to have been expected?'

'I would never have thought for a moment of staying in that auld gonsty toom house,' answered Ratcliffe, 'but that use and wont had just gien me a fancy to the place, and I'm just expecting a bit post in't.'

'A post!' exclaimed the magistrate; 'a whipping-post, I suppose, you mean?'

'Na, na, sir, I had nae thoughts o' a whuppin-post. After my having been four times doomed to hang by the neck till I was dead, I think I am far beyond being whuppit.'

'Then, in Heaven's name, what *did* you expect?'

'Just the post of nder-turnkey, for I understand there's a vacancy,' said the prisoner. 'I wadna think of asking the lock-man's¹ place ower his head; it wadna suit me sae weel as ither folk, for I never could put a beast out o' the way, much less deal wi' a man.'

'That's something in your favour,' said the magistrate, making exactly the inference to which Ratcliffe was desirous to lead him, though he mantled his art with an affectation of oddity. 'But,' continued the magistrate, 'how do you think you can be trusted with a charge in the prison, when you have broken at your own hand half the jails in Scotland?'

'Wi' your honour's leave,' said Ratcliffe, 'if I kenn'd sae weel how to wim out mysell, it's like I wad be a' the better a hand to keep other folk in. I think they wad ken their business

¹ See Note 18.

weel that held me in when I wanted to be out, or wan out when I wanted to haud them in.'

The remark seemed to strike the magistrate, but he made no farther immediate observation, only desired Ratcliffe to be removed.

When this daring and yet sly freebooter was out of hearing, the magistrate asked the city-clerk, 'what he thought of the fellow's assurance?'

'It's no for me to say, sir,' replied the clerk; 'but if James Ratcliffe be inclined to turn to good, there is not a man e'er came within the ports of the burgh could be of sae muckle use to the Good Town in the thief and lock-up line of business. I'll speak to Mr. Sharpitlaw about him.'

Upon Ratcliffe's retreat, Butler was placed at the table for examination. The magistrate conducted his inquiry civilly, but yet in a manner which gave him to understand that he laboured under strong suspicion. With a frankness which at once became his calling and character, Butler avowed his involuntary presence at the murder of Porteous, and, at the request of the magistrate, entered into a minute detail of the circumstances which attended that unhappy affair. All the particulars, such as we have narrated, were taken minutely down by the clerk from Butler's dictation.

When the narrative was concluded, the cross-examination commenced, which it is a painful task even for the most candid witness to undergo, since a story, especially if connected with agitating and alarming incidents, can scarce be so clearly and distinctly told, but that some ambiguity and doubt may be thrown upon it by a string of successive and minute interrogatories.

The magistrate commenced by observing, that Butler had said his object was to return to the village of Liberton, but that he was interrupted by the mob at the West Port. 'Is the West Port your usual way of leaving town when you go to Liberton?' said the magistrate, with a sneer.

'No, certainly,' answered Butler, with the haste of a man anxious to vindicate the accuracy of his evidence; 'but I chanced to be nearer that port than any other, and the hour of shutting the gates was on the point of striking.'

'That was unlucky,' said the magistrate, dryly. 'Pray, being, as you say, under coercion and fear of the lawless multitude, and compelled to accompany them through scenes disagreeable to all men of humanity, and more especially irreconcilable

to the profession of a minister, did you not attempt to struggle, resist, or escape from their violence ?

Butler replied, 'that their numbers prevented him from attempting resistance, and their vigilance from effecting his escape.'

'That was unlucky,' again repeated the magistrate, in the same dry inacquiescent tone of voice and manner. He proceeded with decency and politeness, but with a stiffness which argued his continued suspicion, to ask many questions concerning the behaviour of the mob, the manners and dress of the ringleaders ; and when he conceived that the caution of Butler, if he was deceiving him, must be lulled asleep, the magistrate suddenly and artfully returned to former parts of his declaration, and required a new recapitulation of the circumstances, to the minutest and most trivial point, which attended each part of the melancholy scene. No confusion or contradiction, however, occurred, that could countenance the suspicion which he seemed to have adopted against Butler. At length the train of his interrogatories reached Madge Wildfire, at whose name the magistrate and town-clerk exchanged significant glances. If the fate of the Good Town had depended on her careful magistrate's knowing the features and dress of this personage, his inquiries could not have been more particular. But Butler could say almost nothing of this person's features, which were disguised apparently with red paint and soot, like an Indian going to battle, besides the projecting shade of a euzch or coif, which muffled the hair of the supposed female. He declared that he thought he could not know this Madge Wildfire, if placed before him in a different dress, but that he believed he might recognise her voice.

The magistrate requested him again to state by what gate he left the city.

'By the Cowgate Port,' replied Butler.

'Was that the nearest road to Liberton ?'

'No,' answered Butler, with embarrassment ; 'but it was the nearest way to extricate myself from the mob.'

The clerk and magistrate again exchanged glances.

'Is the Cowgate Port a nearer way to Liberton from the Grassmarket than Bristo Port ?'

'No,' replied Butler ; 'but I had to visit a friend.'

'Indeed ?' said the interrogator. 'You were in a hurry to tell the sight you had witnessed, I suppose ?'

'Indeed I was not,' replied Butler ; 'nor did I speak on the subject the whole time I was at St. Leonard's Crags.'

'Which road did you take to St. Leonard's Crag?'

'By the foot of Salisbury Crag,' was the reply.

'Indeed? you seem partial to circuitous routes,' again said the magistrate. 'Whom did you see after you left the city?'

One by one he obtained a description of every one of the groups who had passed Butler, as already noticed, their number, demeanour, and appearance, and at length came to the circumstance of the mysterious stranger in the King's Park. On this subject Butler would fain have remained silent. But the magistrate had no sooner got a slight hint concerning the incident, than he seemed bent to possess himself of the most minute particulars.

'Look ye, Mr. Butler,' said he, 'you are a young man, and bear an excellent character; so much I will myself testify in your favour. But we are aware there has been, at times, a sort of bastard and fiery zeal in some of your order, and those men irreproachable in other points, which has led them into doing and countenancing great irregularities, by which the peace of the country is liable to be shaken. I will deal plainly with you. I am not at all satisfied with this story of your setting out again and again to seek your dwelling by two several roads, which were both circuitous. And, to be frank, no one whom we have examined on this unhappy affair could trace in your appearance anything like your acting under compulsion. Moreover, the waiters at the Cowgate Port observed something like the trepidation of guilt in your conduct, and declare that you were the first to command them to open the gate, in a tone of authority, as if still presiding over the guards and outposts of the rabble who had besieged them the whole night.'

'God forgive them!' said Butler. 'I only asked free passage for myself; they must have much misunderstood, if they did not wilfully misrepresent, me.'

'Well, Mr. Butler,' resumed the magistrate, 'I am inclined to judge the best and hope the best, as I am sure I wish the best; but you must be frank with me, if you wish to secure my good opinion, and lessen the risk of inconvenience to yourself. You have allowed you saw another individual in your passage through the King's Park to St. Leonard's Crag; I must know every word which passed betwixt you.'

Thus closely pressed, Butler, who had no reason for concealing what passed at that meeting, unless because Jeanie Deans was concerned in it, thought it best to tell the whole truth from beginning to end.

'Do you suppose,' said the magistrate, pausing, 'that the young woman will accept an invitation so mysterious?'

'I fear she will,' replied Butler.

'Why do you use the word "fear" it?'

'Because I am apprehensive for her safety, in meeting, at such a time and place, one who had something of the manner of a desperado, and whose message was of a character so inexplicable.'

'Her safety shall be cared for,' said the magistrate. 'Mr. Butler, I am concerned I cannot immediately discharge you from confinement, but I hope you will not be long detained. Remove Mr. Butler, and let him be provided with decent accommodation in all respects.'

He was conducted back to the prison accordingly; but, in the food offered to him, as well as in the apartment in which he was lodged, the recommendation of the magistrate was strictly attended to.

CHAPTER XIV

Dark and eerie was the night,
And lonely was the way,
As Janet, wi' her green mantell,
To Miles' Cross she did gae.

Old Ballad.

LEAVING Butler to all the uncomfortable thoughts attached to his new situation, among which the most predominant was his feeling that he was, by his confinement, deprived of all possibility of assisting the family at St. Leonard's in their greatest need, we return to Jeanie Deans, who had seen him depart, without an opportunity of further explanation, in all that agony of mind with which the female heart bids adieu to the complicated sensations so well described by Coleridge, —

Hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued —
Subdued and cherish'd long.

It is not the firmest heart (and Jeanie, under her russet rokelay, had one that would not have disgraced Cato's daughter) that can most easily bid adieu to these soft and mingled emotions. She wept for a few minutes bitterly, and without attempting to refrain from this indulgence of passion. But a moment's recollection induced her to check herself for a grief selfish and proper to her own affections, while her father and sister were plunged into such deep and irretrievable affliction. She drew from her pocket the letter which had been that morning flung into her apartment through an open window, and the contents of which were as singular as the expression was violent and energetic. 'If she would save a human being from the most damning guilt, and all its desperate consequences; if she desired the life and honour of her sister to be saved from the bloody fangs of an unjust law; if she desired not to forfeit peace of mind here, and happiness here-

after,' such was the frantic style of the conjuration, 'she was entreated to give a sure, secret, and solitary meeting to the writer. She alone could rescue him,' so ran the letter, 'and he only could rescue her.' He was in such circumstances, the billet farther informed her, that an attempt to bring any witness of their conference, or even to mention to her father, or any other person whatsoever, the letter which requested it, would inevitably prevent its taking place, and ensure the destruction of her sister. The letter concluded with incoherent but violent protestations that in obeying this summons she had nothing to fear personally.

The message delivered to her by Butler from the stranger in the Park tallied exactly with the contents of the letter, but assigned a later hour and a different place of meeting. Apparently the writer of the letter had been compelled to let Butler so far into his confidence, for the sake of announcing this change to Jeanie. She was more than once on the point of producing the billet, in vindication of herself from her lover's half-hinted suspicions. But there is something in stooping to justification which the pride of innocence does not at all times willingly submit to; besides that the threats contained in the letter, in case of her betraying the secret, hung heavy on her heart. It is probable, however, that, had they remained longer together, she might have taken the resolution to submit the whole matter to Butler, and be guided by him as to the line of conduct which she should adopt. And when, by the sudden interruption of their conference, she lost the opportunity of doing so, she felt as if she had been unjust to a friend whose advice might have been highly useful, and whose attachment deserved her full and unreserved confidence.

To have recourse to her father upon this occasion, she considered as highly imprudent. There was no possibility of conjecturing in what light the matter might strike old David, whose manner of acting and thinking in extraordinary circumstances depended upon feelings and principles peculiar to himself, the operation of which could not be calculated upon even by those best acquainted with him. To have requested some female friend to have accompanied her to the place of rendezvous would perhaps have been the most eligible expedient; but the threats of the writer, that betraying his secret would prevent their meeting, on which her sister's safety was said to depend, from taking place at all, would have deterred her from making such a confidence, even had she known a person in whom she

thought it could with safety have been reposed. But she knew none such. Their acquaintance with the cottagers in the vicinity had been very slight, and limited to trifling acts of good neighbourhood. Jeanie knew little of them, and what she knew did not greatly incline her to trust any of them. They were of the order of loquacious good-humoured gossips usually found in their situation of life; and their conversation had at all times few charms for a young woman to whom nature and the circumstance of a solitary life had given a depth of thought and force of character superior to the frivolous part of her sex whether in high or low degree.

Left alone and separated from all earthly counsel, she had recourse to a Friend and Adviser whose ear is open to the cry of the poorest and most afflicted of His people. She knelt and prayed with fervent sincerity that God would please to direct her what course to follow in her arduous and distressing situation. It was the belief of the time and sect to which she belonged that special answers to prayer, differing little in their character from divine inspiration, were, as they expressed it, 'borne in upon their minds' in answer to their earnest petitions in a crisis of difficulty. Without entering into an abstruse point of divinity, one thing is plain; namely, that the person who lays open his doubts and distresses in prayer, with feeling and sincerity, must necessarily, in the act of doing so, purify his mind from the dross of worldly passions and interests, and bring it into that state when the resolutions adopted are likely to be selected rather from a sense of duty than from any inferior motive. Jeanie arose from her devotions with her heart fortified to endure affliction and encouraged to face difficulties.

'I will meet this unhappy man,' she said to herself—'unhappy he must be, since I doubt he has been the cause of poor Effie's misfortune; but I will meet him, be it for good or ill. My mind shall never cast up to me that, for fear of what might be said or done to myself, I left that undone that might even yet be the rescue of her.'

With a mind greatly composed since the adoption of this resolution, she went to attend her father. The old man, firm in the principles of his youth, did not, in outward appearance at least, permit a thought of his family distress to interfere with the stoical reserve of his countenance and manners. He even chid his daughter for having neglected, in the distress of the morning, some trifling domestic duties which fell under her department.

'Why, what meaneth this, Jeanie?' said the old man. 'The brown four-year-auld's milk is not seiled yet, nor the bowies put up on the bink. If ye neglect your warldly duties in the day of affliction, what confidence have I that ye mind the greater matters that concern salvation? God knows, our bowies, and our pipkins, and our draps o' milk, and our bits o' bread are nearer and dearer to us than the bread of life.'

Jeanie, not displeas'd to hear her father's thoughts thus expand themselves beyond the sphere of his immediate distress, obeyed him, and proceeded to put her household matters in order; while old David moved from place to place about his ordinary employments, scarce showing, unless by a nervous impatience at remaining long stationary, an occasional convulsive sigh, or twinkle of the eyelid, that he was labouring under the yoke of such bitter affliction.

The hour of noon came on, and the father and child sat down to their homely repast. In his petition for a blessing on the meal, the poor old man added to his supplication a prayer that the bread eaten in sadness of heart, and the bitter waters of Merah, might be made as nourishing as those which had been poured forth from a full cup and a plentiful basket and store; and having concluded his benediction, and resumed the bonnet which he had laid 'reverently aside,' he proceeded to exhort his daughter to eat, not by example indeed, but at least by precept.

'The man after God's own heart,' he said, 'washed and anointed himself, and did eat bread, in order to express his submission under a dispensation of suffering, and it did not become a Christian man or woman so to cling to creature-comforts of wife or bairns (here the words became too great, as it were, for his utterance) as to forget the first duty—submission to the Divine will.'

To add force to his precept, he took a morsel on his plate, but nature proved too strong even for the powerful feelings with which he endeavoured to bridle it. Ashamed of his weakness, he started up and ran out of the house, with haste very unlike the deliberation of his usual movements. In less than five minutes he returned, having successfully struggled to recover his ordinary composure of mind and countenance, and affected to colour over his late retreat by muttering that he thought he heard the 'young staig loose in the byre.'

He did not again trust himself with the subject of his former conversation, and his daughter was glad to see that he seemed to avoid further discourse on that agitating topic. The hours

glided on, as on they must and do pass, whether winged with joy or laden with affliction. The sun set beyond the dusky eminence of the Castle and the screen of western hills, and the close of evening summoned David Deans and his daughter to the family duty of the evening. It came bitterly upon Jeanie's recollection how often, when the hour of worship approached, she used to watch the lengthening shadows, and look out from the door of the house, to see if she could spy her sister's return homeward. Alas! this idle and thoughtless waste of time, to what evils had it not finally led? And was she altogether guiltless, who, noticing Effie's turn to idle and light society, had not called in her father's authority to restrain her? 'But I acted for the best,' she again reflected, 'and who could have expected such a growth of evil from one grain of human leaven in a disposition so kind, and candid, and generous?'

As they sate down to the 'exercise,' as it is called, a chair happened accidentally to stand in the place which Effie usually occupied. David Deans saw his daughter's eyes swim in tears as they were directed towards this object, and pushed it aside with a gesture of some impatience, as if desirous to destroy every memorial of earthly interest when about to address the Deity. The portion of Scripture was read, the psalm was sung, the prayer was made; and it was remarkable that, in discharging these duties, the old man avoided all passages and expressions, of which Scripture affords so many, that might be considered as applicable to his own domestic misfortune. In doing so it was perhaps his intention to spare the feelings of his daughter, as well as to maintain, in outward show at least, that stoical appearance of patient endurance of all the evil which earth could bring, which was, in his opinion, essential to the character of one who rated all earthly things at their own just estimate of nothingness. When he had finished the duty of the evening, he came up to his daughter, wished her good-night, and, having done so, continued to hold her by the hands for half a minute; then drawing her towards him, kissed her forehead, and ejaculated, 'The God of Israel bless you, even with the blessings of the promise, my dear bairn!'

It was not either in the nature or habits of David Deans to seem a fond father; nor was he often observed to experience, or at least to evince, that fulness of the heart which seeks to expand itself in tender expressions or caresses even to those who were dearest to him. On the contrary, he used to censure this as a degree of weakness in several of his neighbours, and

particularly in poor widow Butler. It followed, however, from the rarity of such emotions in this self-denied and reserved man, that his children attached to occasional marks of his affection and approbation a degree of high interest and solemnity, well considering them as evidences of feelings which were only expressed when they became too intense for suppression or concealment.

With deep emotion, therefore, did he bestow, and his daughter receive, this benediction and paternal caress. 'And you, my dear father,' exclaimed Jeanie, when the door had closed upon the venerable old man, 'may you have purchased and promised blessings multiplied upon you—upon *you*, who walk in this world as though ye were not of the world, and hold all that it can give or take away but as the *midges* that the sun-blink brings out, and the evening wind sweeps away!'

She now made preparation for her night-walk. Her father slept in another part of the dwelling, and, regular in all his habits, seldom or never left his apartment when he had betaken himself to it for the evening. It was therefore easy for her to leave the house unobserved, so soon as the time approached at which she was to keep her appointment. But the step she was about to take had difficulties and terrors in her own eyes, though she had no reason to apprehend her father's interference. Her life had been spent in the quiet, uniform, and regular seclusion of their peaceful and monotonous household. The very hour which some damsels of the present day, as well of her own as of higher degree, would consider as the natural period of commencing an evening of pleasure, brought, in her opinion, awe and solemnity in it; and the resolution she had taken had a strange, daring, and adventurous character, to which she could hardly reconcile herself when the moment approached for putting it into execution. Her hands trembled as she snooded her fair hair beneath the ribband, then the only ornament or cover which young unmarried women wore on their head, and as she adjusted the scarlet tartan screen or muffler made of plaid, which the Scottish women wore, much in the fashion of the black silk veils still a part of female dress in the Netherlands. A sense of impropriety as well as of danger pressed upon her, as she lifted the latch of her paternal mansion to leave it on so wild an expedition, and at so late an hour, unprotected, and without the knowledge of her natural guardian.

When she found herself abroad and in the open fields, addi-

tional subjects of apprehension crowded upon her. The dim cliffs and scattered rocks, interspersed with green sward, through which she had to pass to the place of appointment, as they glimmered before her in a clear autumn night, recalled to her memory many a deed of violence, which, according to tradition, had been done and suffered among them. In earlier days they had been the haunt of robbers and assassins, the memory of whose crimes is preserved in the various edicts which the council of the city, and even the parliament of Scotland, had passed for dispersing their bands, and ensuring safety to the lieges, so near the precincts of the city. The names of these criminals, and of their atrocities, were still remembered in traditions of the scattered cottages and the neighbouring suburb. In latter times, as we have already noticed, the sequestered and broken character of the ground rendered it a fit theatre for duels and *rencontres* among the fiery youth of the period. Two or three of these incidents, all sanguinary, and one of them fatal in its termination, had happened since Deans came to live at St. Leonard's. His daughter's recollections, therefore, were of blood and horror as she pursued the small scarce-tracked solitary path, every step of which conveyed her to a greater distance from help, and deeper into the ominous seclusion of these unhallowed precincts.

As the moon began to peer forth on the scene with a doubtful, flitting, and solemn light, Jeanie's apprehensions took another turn, too peculiar to her rank and country to remain unnoticed. But to trace its origin will require another chapter.

CHAPTER XV

The spirit I have seen
May be the devil. And the devil has power
To assume a pleasing shape.

Hamlet.

WITCHCRAFT and demonology, as we have had already occasion to remark, were at this period believed in by almost all ranks, but more especially among the stricter classes of Presbyterians, whose government, when their party were at the head of the state, had been much sullied by their eagerness to inquire into and persecute these imaginary crimes. Now, in this point of view, also, St. Leonard's Crags and the adjacent chase were a dreaded and ill-reputed district. Not only had witches held their meetings there, but even of very late years the enthusiast, or impostor, mentioned in the *Pandemonium* of Richard Bovet, Gentleman,¹ had, among the recesses of these romantic cliffs, found his way into the hidden retreats where the fairies revel in the bowels of the earth.

With all these legends Jeanie Deans was too well acquainted to escape that strong impression which they usually make on the imagination. Indeed, relations of this ghostly kind had been familiar to her from her infancy, for they were the only relief which her father's conversation afforded from controversial argument, or the gloomy history of the strivings and testimonies, escapes, captures, tortures, and executions of those martyrs of the Covenant with whom it was his chiefest boast to say he had been acquainted. In the recesses of mountains, in caverns, and in morasses, to which these persecuted enthusiasts were so ruthlessly pursued, they conceived they had often to contend with the visible assaults of the Enemy of mankind, as in the cities and in the cultivated fields they were exposed to those of the tyrannical government and their soldiery. Such were the terrors which made one of their

¹ See The Fairy Boy of Leith. Note 19.

gifted seers exclaim, when his companion returned to him, after having left him alone in a haunted cavern in Sorn in Galloway, 'It is hard living in this world — incarnate devils above the earth, and devils under the earth! Satan has been here since ye went away, but I have dismissed him by resistance; we will be no more troubled with him this night.' David Deans believed this, and many other such ghostly encounters and victories, on the faith of the ansars, or auxiliaries of the banished prophets. This event was beyond David's remembrance. But he used to tell with great awe, yet not without a feeling of proud superiority to his auditors, how he himself had been present at a field-meeting at Crochmade, when the duty of the day was interrupted by the apparition of a tall black man, who, in the act of crossing a ford to join the congregation, lost ground, and was carried down apparently by the force of the stream. All were instantly at work to assist him, but with so little success that ten or twelve stout men, who had hold of the rope which they had cast in to his aid, were rather in danger to be dragged into the stream, and lose their own lives, than likely to save that of the supposed perishing man. 'But famous John Semple of Carspharn,' David Deans used to say with exultation, 'saw the whaup in the rape. "Quit the rope," he cried to us — for I that was but a callant had a haud o' the rape mysell — "it is the Great Enemy! he will burn, but not drown; his design is to disturb the good wark, by raising wonder and confusion in your minds, to put off from your spirits all that ye hae heard and felt." Sae we let go the rape,' said David, 'and he went adown the water screeching and bullering like a Bull of Bashan, as he's ca'd in Scripture.'¹

Trained in these and similar legends, it was no wonder that Jeanie began to feel an ill-defined apprehension, not merely of the phantoms which might beset her way, but of the quality, nature, and purpose of the being who had thus appointed her a meeting at a place and hour of horror, and at a time when her mind must be necessarily full of those tempting and ensnaring thoughts of grief and despair which were supposed to lay sufferers particularly open to the temptations of the Evil One. If such an idea had crossed even Butler's well-informed mind, it was calculated to make a much stronger impression upon hers. Yet firmly believing the possibility of an encounter so terrible to flesh and blood, Jeanie, with a degree of resolution of which we cannot sufficiently estimate the merit, because the incredulity

¹ See Intercourse of the Covenanters with the Invisible World. Note 20.

of the age has rendered us strangers to the nature and extent of her feelings, persevered in her determination not to omit an opportunity of doing something towards saving her sister, although, in the attempt to avail herself of it, she might be exposed to dangers so dreadful to her imagination. So, like Christiana in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, when traversing with a maid yet resolved step the terrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, she glided on by rock and stone, 'now in glimmer and now in gloom,' as her path lay through moonlight or shadow, and endeavoured to overpower the suggestions of fear, sometimes by fixing her mind upon the distressed condition of her sister, and the duty she lay under to afford her aid, should that be in her power, and more frequently by recurring in mental prayer to the protection of that Being to whom night is as noonday.

Thus drowning at one time her fears by fixing her mind on a subject of overpowering interest, and arguing them down at others by referring herself to the protection of the Deity, she at length approached the place assigned for this mysterious conference.

It was situated in the depth of the valley behind Salisbury Crags, which has for a background the north-western shoulder of the mountain called Arthur's Seat, on whose descent still remain the ruins of what was once a chapel, or hermitage, dedicated to St. Anthony the Erenite. A better site for such a building could hardly have been selected; for the chapel, situated among the rude and pathless cliffs, lies in a desert, even in the immediate vicinity of a rich, populous, and tumultuous capital; and the hum of the city might mingle with the orisons of the recluses, conveying as little of worldly interest as if it had been the roar of the distant ocean. Beneath the steep ascent on which these ruins are still visible, was, and perhaps is still, pointed out the place where the wretch Nicol Muschat, who has been already mentioned in these pages, had closed a long scene of cruelty towards his unfortunate wife by murdering her, with circumstances of uncommon barbarity. The execration in which the man's crime was held extended itself to the place where it was perpetrated, which was marked by a small cairn, or heap of stones, composed of those which each chance passenger had thrown there in testimony of abhorrence, and on the principle, it would seem, of the ancient British malediction, 'May you have a cairn for your burial-place!'

As our heroine approached this ominous and unhallowed spot, she paused and looked to the moon, now rising broad on the north-west, and shedding a more distinct light than it had afforded during her walk thither. Eyeing the planet for a moment, she then slowly and fearfully turned her head towards the cairn, from which it was at first averted. She was at first disappointed. Nothing was visible beside the little pile of stones, which shone grey in the moonlight. A multitude of confused suggestions rushed on her mind. Had her correspondent deceived her, and broken his appointment? was he too tardy at the appointment he had made? or had some strange turn of fate prevented him from appearing as he proposed? or, if he were an unearthly being, as her secret apprehensions suggested, was it his object merely to delude her with false hopes, and put her to unnecessary toil and terror, according to the nature, as she had heard, of those wandering demons? or did he purpose to blast her with the sudden horrors of his presence when she had come close to the place of rendezvous? These anxious reflections did not prevent her approaching to the cairn with a pace that, though slow, was determined.

When she was within two yards of the heap of stones, a figure rose suddenly up from behind it, and Jeanie scarce forbore to scream aloud at what seemed the realisation of the most frightful of her anticipations. She constrained herself to silence, however, and, making a dead pause, suffered the figure to open the conversation, which he did by asking, in a voice which agitation rendered tremulous and hollow, 'Are you the sister of that ill-fated young woman?'

'I am; I am the sister of Effie Deans!' exclaimed Jeanie. 'And as ever you hope God will hear you at your need, tell me, if you can tell, what can be done to save her!'

'I do *not* hope God will hear me at my need,' was the singular answer. 'I do not deserve — I do not expect He will.' This desperate language he uttered in a tone calmer than that with which he had at first spoken, probably because the shock of first addressing her was what he felt most difficult to overcome.

Jeanie remained mute with horror to hear language expressed so utterly foreign to all which she had ever been acquainted with, that it sounded in her ears rather like that of a fiend than of a human being.

The stranger pursued his address to her without seeming to notice her surprise. 'You see before you a wretch predestined to evil here and hereafter.'

'For the sake of Heaven, that hears and sees us,' said Jeanie, 'dinna speak in this desperate fashion. The Gospel is sent to the chief of sinners — to the most miserable among the miserable.'

'Then should I have my own share therein,' said the stranger, 'if you call it sinful to have been the destruction of the mother that bore me, of the friend that loved me, of the woman that trusted me, of the innocent child that was born to me. If to have done all this is to be a sinner, and to survive it is to be miserable, then am I most guilty and most miserable indeed.'

'Then you are the wicked cause of my sister's ruin?' said Jeanie, with a natural touch of indignation expressed in her tone of voice.

'Curse me for it if you will,' said the stranger; 'I have well deserved it at your hand.'

'It is fitter for me,' said Jeanie, 'to pray to God to forgive you.'

'Do as you will, how you will, or what you will,' he replied, with vehemence; 'only promise to obey my directions, and save your sister's life.'

'I must first know,' said Jeanie, 'the means you would have me use in her behalf.'

'No! you must first swear — solemnly swear — that you will employ them, when I make them known to you.'

'Surely it is needless to swear that I will do all that is lawful to a Christian to save the life of my sister?'

'I will have no reservation!' thundered the stranger. 'Lawful or unlawful, Christian or heathen, you shall swear to do my best and act by my counsel, or — you little know whose wrath you provoke!'

'I will think on what you have said,' said Jeanie, who began to get much alarmed at the frantic vehemence of his manner, and disputed in her own mind whether she spoke to a maniac or an apostate spirit incarnate — 'I will think on what you say, and let you ken to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' exclaimed the man, with a laugh of scorn. 'And where will I be to-morrow? or where will you be to-night, unless you swear to walk by my counsel? There was one accursed deed done at this spot before now; and there shall be another to match it unless you yield up to my guidance body and soul.'

As he spoke, he offered a pistol at the unfortunate young woman. She neither fled nor fainted, but sunk on her knees and asked him to spare her life.

'Is that all you have to say?' said the unmoved ruffian.

'Do not dip your hands in the blood of a defenceless creature that has trusted to you,' said Jeanie, still on her knees.

'Is that all you can say for your life? Have you no promise to give? Will you destroy your sister, and compel me to shed more blood?'

'I can promise nothing,' said Jeanie, 'which is unlawful for a Christian.'

He cocked the weapon and held it towards her.

'May God forgive you!' she said, pressing her hands forcibly against her eyes.

'D—n!' muttered the man; and, turning aside from her, he uncocked the pistol and replaced it in his pocket. 'I am a villain,' he said, 'steeped in guilt and wretchedness, but not wicked enough to do you any harm! I only wished to terrify you into my measures. She hears me not—she is gone! Great God! what a wretch am I become!'

As he spoke, she recovered herself from an agony which partook of the bitterness of death; and in a minute or two, through the strong exertion of her natural sense and courage, collected herself sufficiently to understand he intended her no personal injury.

'No!' he repeated; 'I would not add to the murder of your sister, and of her child, that of any one belonging to her! Mad, frantic, as I am, and unrestrained by either fear or mercy, given up to the possession of an evil being, and forsaken by all that is good, I would not hurt you, were the world offered me for a bribe! But, for the sake of all that is dear to you, swear you will follow my counsel. Take this weapon, shoot me through the head, and with your own hand revenge your sister's wrong, only follow the course—the only course, by which her life can be saved.'

'Alas! is she innocent or guilty?'

'She is guiltless—guiltless of everything but of having trusted a villain! Yet, had it not been for those that were worse than I am—yes, worse than I am, though I am bad indeed—this misery had not befallen.'

'And my sister's child—does it live?' said Jeanie.

'No; it was murdered—the new-born infant was barbarously murdered,' he uttered in a low, yet stern and sustained voice; 'but,' he added hastily, 'not by her knowledge or consent.'

'Then why cannot the guilty be brought to justice, and the innocent freed?'

'Torment me not with questions which can serve no purpose,' he sternly replied. 'The deed was done by those who are far enough from pursuit, and safe enough from discovery! No one can save Effie but yourself.'

'Woe's me! how is it in my power?' asked Jeanie, in despondency.

'Hearken to me! You have sense — you can apprehend my meaning — I will trust you. Your sister is innocent of the crime charged against her —'

'Thank God for that!' said Jeanie.

'Be still and hearken! The person who assisted her in her illness murdered the child; but it was without the mother's knowledge or consent. She is therefore guiltless — as guiltless as the unhappy innocent that but gasped a few minutes in this unhappy world; the better was its hap to be so soon at rest. She is innocent as that infant, and yet she must die; it is impossible to clear her of the law!'

'Cannot the wretches be discovered and given up to punishment?' said Jeanie.

'Do you think you will persuade those who are harden'd in guilt to die to save another? Is that the reed you would lean to?'

'But you said there was a remedy,' again gasped out the terrified young woman.

'There is,' answered the stranger, 'and it is in your own hands. The blow which the law aims cannot be broken by directly encountering it, but it may be turned aside. You saw your sister during the period preceding the birth of her child; what is so natural as that she should have mentioned her condition to you? The doing so would, as their cant goes, take the case from under the statute, for it removes the quality of concealment. I know their jargon, and have had sad cause to know it; and the quality of concealment is essential to this statutory offense. Nothing is so natural as that Effie should have mentioned her condition to you; think — reflect — I am positive that she did.'

'Woe's me!' said Jeanie, 'she never spoke to me on the subject, but gart sorely when I spoke to her about her altered looks an' the change on her spirits.'

'You asked her questions on the subject?' he said, eagerly. 'You *must* remember her answer was a confession that she had

been ruined by a villain — yes, lay a strong emphasis on that — a cruel false villain call it — any other name is unnecessary ; and that she bore under her bosom the consequences of his guilt and her folly ; and that he had assured her he would provide safely for her approaching illness. Well he kept his word ! These last words he spoke as it were to himself, and with a violent gesture of self-accusation, and then calmly proceeded, 'You will remember all this ? That is all that is necessary to be said.'

'But I cannot remember,' answered Jeanie, with simplicity, 'that which Effie never told me.'

'Are you so dull — so very dull of apprehension ?' he exclaimed, suddenly grasping her arm, and holding it firm in his hand. 'I tell you (speaking between his teeth, and under his breath, but with great energy), you *must* remember that she told you all this, whether she ever said a syllable of it or no. You must repeat this tale, in which there is no falsehood, except in so far as it was not told to you, before these Justices — Justiciary — whatever they call their bloodthirsty court, and save your sister from being murdered, and them from becoming murderers. Do not hesitate ; I pledge life and salvation, that in saying what I have said, you will only speak the simple truth.'

'But,' replied Jeanie, whose judgment was too accurate not to see the sophistry of this argument, 'I shall be man-sworn in the very thing in which my testimony is wanted, for it is the concealment for which poor Effie is blamed, and you would make me tell a falsehood anent it.'

'I see,' he said, 'my first suspicions of you were right, and that you will let your sister, innocent, fair, and guiltless, except in trusting a villain, die the death of a murderess, rather than bestow the breath of your mouth and the sound of your voice to save her.'

'I wad ware the best blood in my body to keep her skaithless,' said Jeanie, weeping in bitter agony ; 'but I canna change right into wrang, or make that true which is false.'

'Foolish, hard-hearted girl,' said the stranger, 'are you afraid of what they may do to you ? I tell you, even the retainers of the law, who course life as greyhounds do hares, will rejoice at the escape of a creature so young — so beautiful ; that they will not suspect your tale ; that, if they did suspect it, they would consider you as deserving, not only of forgiveness, but of praise for your natural affection.'

'It is not man I fear,' said Jeanie, looking upward; 'the God, whose name I must call on to witness the truth of what I say, He will know the falsehood.'

'And He will know the motive,' said the stranger, eagerly; 'He will know that you are doing this, not for lucre of gain, but to save the life of the innocent, and prevent the commission of a worse crime than that which the law seeks to avenge.'

'He has given us a law,' said Jeanie, 'for the lamp of our path; if we stray from it we err against knowledge. I may not do evil, even that good may come out of it. But you — you that ken all this to be true, which I must take on your word — you that, if I understood what you said e'en now, promised her shelter and protection in her travail, why do not *you* step forward and bear leal and soothfast evidence in her behalf, as ye may with a clear conscience?'

'To whom do you talk of a clear conscience, woman?' said he, with a sudden fierceness which renewed her terrors — 'to *me*? I have not known one for many a year. Bear witness in her behalf? — a proper witness, that, even to speak these few words to a woman of so little consequence as yourself, must choose such an hour and such a place as this. When you see owls and bats fly abroad, like larks, in the sunshine, you may expect to see such as I am in the assemblies of men. Hush! listen to that.'

A voice was heard to sing one of those wild and monotonous strains so common in Scotland, and to which the natives of that country chant their old ballads. The sound ceased, then came nearer and was renewed; the stranger listened attentively, still holding Jeanie by the arm (as she stood by him in motionless terror), as if to prevent her interrupting the strain by speaking or stirring. When the sounds were renewed, the words were distinctly audible:

'When the glede's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill.'

The person who sung kept a strained and powerful voice at its highest pitch, so that it could be heard at a very considerable distance. As the song ceased, they might hear a stifled sound, as of steps and whispers of persons approaching them. The song was again raised, but the tune was changed:

'O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride !
There 's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.'

'I dare stay no longer,' said the stranger. 'Return home, or remain till they come up, you have nothing to fear; but do not tell you saw me : your sister's fate is in your hands.' So saying, he turned from her, and with a swift, yet cautiously noiseless step plunged into the darkness on the side most remote from the sounds which they heard approaching, and was soon lost to her sight. Jeanie remained by the cairn terrified beyond expression, and uncertain whether she ought to fly homeward with all the speed she could exert, or wait the approach of those who were advancing towards her. This uncertainty detained her so long that she now distinctly saw two or three figures already so near to her that a precipitate flight would have been equally fruitless and impolitic.

CHAPTER XVI

She speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense : her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection ; they aim at it,
And botch the words up to fit their own thoughts.

Hamlet.

LIKE the digressive poet Ariosto, I find myself under the necessity of connecting the branches of my story, by taking up the adventures of another of the characters, and bringing them down to the point at which we have left those of Jeanie Deans. It is not, perhaps, the most artificial way of telling a story, but it has the advantage of sparing the necessity of resuming what a knitter (if stocking-loomers have left such a person in the land) might call our 'dropped stitches'; a labour in which the author generally toils much, without getting credit for his pains.

'I could risk a sma' wad,' said the clerk to the magistrate, 'that this rascal Ratcliffe, if he were ensured of his neck's safety, could do more than ony ten of our police-people and constables to help us to get out of this scrape of Porteous's. He is weel acquaint wi' a' the smugglers, thieves, and banditti about Edinburgh; and, indeed, he may be called the father of a' the misdoers in Scotland, for he has passed amang them for these twenty years by the name of Daddie Rat.'

'A bonny sort of a scoundrel,' replied the magistrate, 'to expect a place under the city!'

'Begging your honour's pardon,' said the city's procurator-fiscal, upon whom the duties of superintendent of police devolved, 'Mr. Fairscrieve is perfectly in the right. It is just sic as Ratcliffe that the town needs in my department; an' if sae be that he's disposed to turn his knowledge to the city service, ye'll no find a better man. Ye'll get nae saints to be searchers for uncustomed goods, or for thieves and sic-like;

and your decent sort of men, religious professors and broken tradesmen, that are put into the like o' sic trust, can do nae gude ava. They are feared for this, and they are scrupulous about that, and they are na free to tell a lie, though it may be for the benefit of the city; and they dinna like to be out at irregular hours, and in a dark cauld night, and they like a clont ower the croun far waur; and sae between the fear o' God, and the fear o' man, and the fear o' getting a sair throat, or sair banes, there's a dozen o' our city-folk, baith waiters, and officers, and constables, that can find out naething but a wee bit sculdudery for the benefit of the kirk-treasurer. Jock Porteous, that's stiff and stark, puir fallow, was worth a dozen o' them; for he never had ony fears, or scruples, or doubts, or conscience, about ony thing your honours bade him.'

'He was a gude servant o' the town,' said the bailie, 'though he was an ower free-living man. But if you really think this rascal Ratcliffe could do us ony service in discovering these malefactors, I would ensure him life, reward, and promotion. It's an awsome thing this mischance for the city, Mr. Fair-scrive. It will be very ill taen wi' abune stairs. Queen Caroline, God bless her! is a woman — at least I judge sae, and it's nae treason to speak my mind sae far — and ye maybe ken as weel as I do, for ye hae a housekeeper, though ye arena a married man, that women are wilfu', and downa bide a slight. And it will sound ill in her ears that sic a confused mistake suld come to pass, and naebody sae muckle as to be put into the tolbooth about it.'

'If ye thought that, sir,' said the procurator-fiscal, 'we could easily clap into the prison a few blackguards upon suspicion. It will have a gude active look, and I hae aye plenty on my list, that wadna be a hair the waur of a week or twa's imprisonment; and if ye thought it no strictly just, ye could be just the easier wi' them the neist time they did ony thing to deserve it: they arena the sort to be lang o' gieing ye an opportunity to clear scores wi' them on that account.'

'I doubt that will hardly do in this case, Mr. Sharpitlaw,' returned the town-clerk; 'they'll run their letters,¹ and be adrift again, before ye ken where ye are.'

'I will speak to the Lord Provost,' said the magistrate, 'about Ratcliffe's business. Mr. Sharpitlaw, you will go with me and receive instructions. Something may be made too out

¹ A Scottish form of procedure, answering, in some respects, to the English Habeas Corpus.

of this story of Butler's and his unknown gentleman. I know no business any man has to swagger about in the King's Park, and call himself the devil, to the terror of honest folks, who diinna care to hear mair about the devil than is said from the pulpit on the Sabbath. I cannot think the preacher himsell wad be heading the mob, though the time has been they hae been as forward in a bruilzie as their neighbours.'

'But these times are lang bye,' said Mr. Sharpitlaw. 'In my father's time there was mair search for silenced ministers about the Bow-head and the Covenant Close; and all the tents of Kedar, as they ca'd the dwellings o' the godly in those days, than there's now for thieves and vagabonds in the Laigh Calton and the back o' the Canongate. But that time's weel bye, an it bide. And if the bailie will get me directions and authority from the provost, I'll speak wi' Daddie Rat mysell; for I'm thinking I'll make mair out o' him than ye'll do.'

Mr. Sharpitlaw, being necessarily a man of high trust, was accordingly empowered, in the course of the day, to make such arrangements as might seem in the emergency most advantageous for the Good Town. He went to the jail accordingly, and saw Ratcliffe in private.

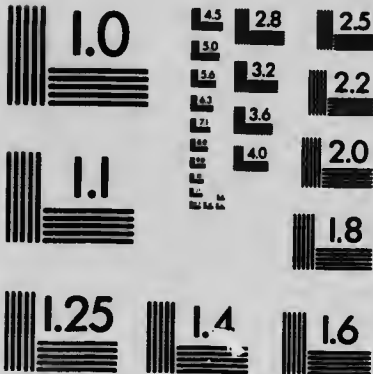
The relative positions of a police-officer and a professed thief bear a different complexion according to circumstances. The most obvious simile of a hawk pouncing upon his prey is often least applicable. Sometimes the guardian of justice has the air of a cat watching a mouse, and, while he suspends his purpose of springing upon the pilferer, takes care so to calculate his motions that he shall not get beyond his power. Sometimes, more passive still, he uses the art of fascination ascribed to the rattlesnake, and contents himself with glaring on the victim through all his devious flutterings; certain that his terror, confusion, and disorder of ideas will bring him into his jaws at last. The interview between Ratcliffe and Sharpitlaw had an aspect different from all these. They sate for five minutes silent, on opposite sides of a small table, and looked fixedly at each other, with a sharp, knowing, and alert cast of countenance, not unmingled with an inclination to laugh, and resembled more than anything else two dogs who, preparing for a game at romps, are seen to couch down and remain in that posture for a little time, watching each other's movements, and waiting which shall begin the game.

'So, Mr. Ratcliffe,' said the officer, conceiving it suited his dignity to speak first, 'you give up business, I find?'



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'Yes, sir,' replied Ratcliffe; 'I shall be on that lay nae mair; and I think that will save your folk some trouble, Mr. Sharpitlaw?'

'Which Jock Dalgleish¹ (then finisher of the law in the Scottish metropolis) wad save them as easily,' returned the procurator-fiscal.

'Ay; if I waited in the tolbooth here to have him fit my cravat; but that's an idle way o' speaking, Mr. Sharpitlaw.'

'Why, I suppose you know you are under sentence of death, Mr. Ratcliffe?' replied Mr. Sharpitlaw.

'Ay, so are a', as that worthy minister said in the Tolbooth Kirk the day Robertson wan off; but naebody kens when it will be executed. Gude faith, he had better reason to say sae than he dreamed of, before the play was played out that morning!'

'This Robertson,' said Sharpitlaw, in a lower and something like a confidential tone, 'd' ye ken, Rat — that is, can ye gie us ony inkling where he is to be heard tell o'?'

'Troth, Mr. Sharpitlaw, I'll be frank wi' ye: Robertson is rather a cut abune me. A wild deevil he was, and mony a daft prank he played; but, except the collector's job that Wilson led him into, and some tuilzies about run goods wi' the gaugers and the waiters, he never did ony thing that came near our line o' business.'

'Umph! that's singular, considering the company he kept.'

'Fact, upon my honour and credit,' said Ratcliffe, gravely. 'He keepit out o' our little bits of affairs, and that's mair than Wilson did; I hae dune business wi' Wilson afore now. But the lad will come on in time, there's nae fear o' him; naebody will live the life he has led but what he'll come to sooner or later.'

'Who or what is he, Ratcliffe? you know, I suppose?' said Sharpitlaw.

'He's better born, I judge, than he cares to let on; he's been a soldier, and he has been a play-actor, and I watna what he has been or hasna been, for as young as he is, sae that it had daffing and nonsense about it.'

'Pretty pranks he has played in his time, I suppose?'

'Ye may say that,' said Ratcliffe, with a sardonic smile; 'and (touching his nose) a deevil among the lasses.'

'Like enough,' said Sharpitlaw. 'Weel, Ratcliffe, I'll no stand niffering wi' ye: ye ken the way that favour's gotten in my office; ye maun be usefu!'

¹ See Note 21.

'Certainly, sir, to the best of my power: naething for naething — I ken the rule of the office,' said the ex-depredator.

'Now the principal thing in hand e'en now,' said the official person, 'is this job of Porteous's. An ye can gie us a lift — why, the inner turnkey's office to begiu wi', and the captainship in time; ye understand my meaning?'

'Ay, troth do I, sir; a wink's as gude as a nod to a blind horse. But Jock Porteous's job — Lord help ye! — I was under sentence the haill time. God! but I couldna help laughing when I heard Jock skirling for merey in the lads' hands! "Mony a het skin ye hae gien me, neighbour," thought I, "tak ye what's gaun: time about's fair play; ye'll ken now what hanging's gude for."'

'Come, come, this is all nonsense, Rat,' said the procurator. 'Ye canna creep out at that hole, lad; ye must speak to the point, ye understand me, if ye want favour; gif-gaf makes gude friends, ye ken.'

'But how can I speak to the point, as your honour ca's it,' said Ratchliffe, demurely, and with an air of great simplicity, 'when ye ken I was under sentence, and in the strong-room a' the while the job was going on?'

'And how can we turn ye loose on the public again, Daddie Rat, unless ye do or say something to deserve it?'

'Well, then, d—n it!' answered the criminal, 'since it maun be sae, I saw Geordie Robertson among the boys that brake the jail; I suppose that will do me some gude?'

'That's speaking to the purpose, indeed,' said the office-bearer; 'and now, Rat, where think ye we'll find him?'

'Deil haet o' me kens,' said Ratchliffe; 'he'll no likely gang back to ony o' his auld howffs; he'll be off the country by this time. He has gude friends some gate or other, for a' the life he's led; he's been weel educate.'

'He'll grace the gallows the better,' said Mr. Sharpitlaw; 'a desperate dog, to murder an officer of the city for doing his duty! wha kens wha's turn it might be next? But ye saw him plainly?'

'As plainly as I see you.'

'How was he dressed?' said Sharpitlaw.

'I couldna weel see; something of a woman's bit much on his head; but ye never saw sie a ca'-throw. Ane couldna hae een to a' thing.'

'But did he speak to no one?' said Sharpitlaw.

'They were a' speaking and gabbling through other,' said

Ratcliffe, who was obviously unwilling to carry his evidence farther than he could possibly help.

'This will not do, Ratcliffe,' said the procurator; 'you must speak *out — out — out*,' tapping the table emphatically, as he repeated that impressive monosyllable.

'It's very hard, sir,' said the prisoner; 'and but for the under turnkey's place —'

'And the reversion of the captaincy — the captaincy of the tolbooth, man — that is, in case of gude behaviour.'

'Ay, ay,' said Ratcliffe, 'gude behaviour! there's the deevil. And then it's waiting for dead folks' shoon into the bargain.'

'But Robertson's head will weigh something,' said Sharpitlaw — 'something gay and heavy, Rat; the town maun show cause — that's right and reason — and then ye'll hae freedom to enjoy your gear honestly.'

'I dinna ken,' said Ratcliffe; 'it's a queer way of beginning the trade of honesty — but deil ma care. Weel, then, I heard and saw him speak to the wench Effie Deans, that's up there for child murder.'

'The deil ye did? Rat, this is finding a mare's nest wi' a witness. And the man that spoke to Butler in the Park, and that was to meet wi' Jeanie Deans at Muschat's Cairn — whew! lay that and that thegither! As sure as I live he's been the father of the lassie's wean.'

'There hae been waur guesses than that, I'm thinking,' observed Ratcliffe, turning his quid of tobacco in his cheek and squirting out the juice. 'I heard something a while syne about his drawing up wi' a bonny quean about the Pieasaunts, and that it was a' Wilson could do to keep him frae marrying her.'

Here a city officer entered, and told Sharpitlaw that they had the woman in custody whom he had directed them to bring before him.

'It's little matter now,' said he, 'the thing is taking another turn; however, George, ye may bring her in.'

The officer retired, and introduced, upon his return, a tall, strapping wench of eighteen or twenty, dressed fantastically, in a sort of blue riding-jacket, with tarnished lace, her hair clubbed like that of a man, a Highland bonnet, and a bunch of broken feathers, a riding-skirt (or petticoat) of scarlet camlet, embroidered with tarnished flowers. Her features were coarse and masculine, yet at a little distance, by dint of very bright wild-looking black eyes, an aquiline nose, and a commanding

profile, appeared rather handsome. She flourished the switch she held in her hand, dropped a courtesy as low as a lady at a birthnight introduction, recovered herself seemingly according to Touchstone's directions to Audrey, and opened the conversation without waiting till any questions were asked.

'God gie your honour gude e'en, and mony o' them, bonny Mr. Sharpitlaw! Gude e'en to ye, Daddie Ratton; they tauld me ye were hanged, man; or did ye get out o' John Dalgleish's hands like half-hangit Maggie Dickson?'

'Whisht, ye daft jand,' said Ratcliffe, 'and hear what's said to ye.'

'Wi' a' my heart, Ratton. Great preferment for poor Madge to be brought up the street wi' a grand man, wi' a coat a' passmented wi' worstet-lace, to speak wi' provosts, and bailies, and town-clerks, and prokitors, at this time o' day; and the hail town looking at me too. This is honour on earth for anes!'

'Ay, Madge,' said Mr. Sharpitlaw, in a coaxing tone; 'and ye're dressed out in your braws, I see; these are not your every-days' elaihts ye have on?'

'Dail be in my fingers, then!' said Madge. 'Eh, sirs! (observing Butler come into the apartment), there's a minister in the tolbooth; wha will ca' it a graceless place now? I'se warrant he's in for the gude auld cause; but it's be nae cause o' mine,' and off she went into a song:—

'Hey for cavaliers, ho for cavaliers,
Dub a dub, dub a dub;
Have at old Beelzebub,—
Oliver's squeaking for fear.'

'Did you ever see that madwoman before?' said Sharpitlaw to Butler.

'Not to my knowledge, sir,' replied Butler.

'I thought as much,' said the procurator-fiscal, looking towards Ratcliffe, who answered his glance with a nod of acquiescence and intelligence.

'But that is Madge Wildfire, as she calls herself,' said the man of law to Butler.

'Ay, that I am,' said Madge, 'and that I have been ever since I was something better—heigh ho! (and something like melancholy dwelt on her features for a minute). But I canna mind when that was; it was lang syne, at ony rate, and I'll ne'er fash my thumb about it:

I glance like the wildfire through country and town ;
 I'm seen on the causeway — I'm seen on the down ;
 The lightning that flashes so bright an' so free,
 Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me.'

'Haud your tongue, ye skirling limmer!' said the officer who had acted as master of the ceremonies to this extraordinary performer, and who was rather scandalised at the freedom of her demeanour before a person of Mr. Sharpitlaw's importance — 'haud your tongue, or I'se gie ye something to skirl for!'

'Let her alone, George,' said Sharpitlaw, 'dinna put her out o' tune; I hae some questions to ask her. But first, Mr. Butler, take another look of her.'

'Do sae, minister — do sae,' cried Madge; 'I am as weel worth looking at as ony book in your aught. And I can say the Single Carritch, and the Double Carritch, and justification, and effectual calling, and the Assembly of Divines at Westminster — that is,' she added in a low tone, 'I could say them anes; but it's lang syne, and aye forgets, ye ken.' And poor Madge heaved another deep sigh.

'Weel, sir,' said Mr. Sharpitlaw to Butler, 'what think ye now?'

'As I did before,' said Butler; 'that I never saw the poor demented creature in my life before.'

'Then she is not the person whom you said the rioters last night descri'ed as Madge Wildfire?'

'Certainly not,' said Butler. 'They may be near the same height, for they are both tall; but I see little other resemblance.'

'Their dress, then, is not alike?' said Sharpitlaw.

'Not in the least,' said Butler.

'Madge, my bonny woman,' said Sharpitlaw, in the same coaxing manner, 'what did ye do wi' your ilka-day's claise yesterday?'

'I dinna mind,' said Madge.

'Where was ye yesterday at e'en, Madge?'

'I dinna mind ony thing about yesterday,' answered Madge; 'ae day is enough for ony body to wun ower wi' at a time, and ower muckle sometimes.'

'But maybe, Madge, ye wad mind something about it if I was to gie ye this half-crown?' said Sharpitlaw, taking out the piécce of money.

'That might gar me laugh, but it couldna gar me mind.'

'But, Madge,' continued Sharpitlaw, 'were I to send you to

the warkhouse in Leith Wynd, and gar Jock Dalgleish lay the tawse on your back ——

'That wad gar me greet,' said Madge, sobbing, 'but it couldna gar me mind, ye ken.'

'She is ower far past reasonable folks' motives, sir,' said Ratcliffe, 'to mind siller, or John Dalgleish, or the cat and nine tails either; but I think I could gar her tell us something.'

'Try her then, Ratcliffe,' said Sharpitlaw, 'for I am tired of her crazy prate, and be d—d to her.'

'Madge,' said Ratcliffe, 'hae ye ony joes now?'

'An ony body ask ye, say ye dinna ken. Set him to be speaking of my joes, auld Daddie Ratton!'

'I dare say ye hae deil ane?'

'See if I haena then,' said Madge, with the toss of the head of affronted beauty; 'there's Kob the Ranter, and Will Fleming, and then there's Geordie Roberston, lad — that's Gentleman Geordie; what think ye o' that?'

Ratcliffe laughed, and, winking to the procurator-fiscal, pursued the inquiry in his own way. 'But, Madge, the lads only like ye when ye hae on your brows; they wadna touch you wi' a pair o' tangs when you are in your auld ilka-day rags.'

'Ye're a leeing auld sorrow then,' replied the fair one; 'for Gentle Geordie Robertson put my ilka-day's claise on his ain bonny sell yestreen, and gaed a' through the town wi' them; and gawsie and grand he lookit, like ony queen in the land.'

'I dinna believe a word o't,' said Ratcliffe, with another wink to the procurator. 'Thae duds were a' o' the colour o' moonshine in the water, I'm thinking, Madge. The gown wad be a sky-blue scarlet, I'se warrant ye?'

'It was nae sic thing,' said Madge, whose unretentive memory let out in the eagerness of contradiction, all that she would have most wished to keep concealed, had her judgment been equal to her inclination. 'It was neither scarlet nor sky-blue, but my ain auld brown threshie-coat of a short-gown, and my mother's auld mutch, and my red rokelay; and he gaed me a croun and a kiss for the use o' them, blessing on his bonny face — though it's been a dear ane to me.'

'And where did he change his clothes again, linny?' said Sharpitlaw, in his most conciliatory manner.

'The procurator's spoiled a', observed Ratcliffe, dryly.

And it was even so; for the question, put in so direct a

shape, immediately awakened Madge to the propriety of being reserved upon those very topics on which Ratcliffe had indirectly seduced her to become communicative.

'What was 't ye were speering at us, sir?' she resumed, with an appearance of stolidity, so speedily assumed as showed there was a good deal of knavery mixed with her folly.

'I asked you,' said the procurator, 'at what hour, and to what place, Robertson brought back your clothes.'

'Robertson! Lord haud a care o' us! what Robertson?'

'Why, the fellow we were speaking of, Gentle Geordie, as you call him.'

'Geordie Gentle!' answered Madge, with well-feigned amazement. 'I dinna ken naebody they ca' Geordie Gentle.'

'Come, my jo,' said Sharpitlaw, 'this will not do; you must tell us what you did with these clothes of yours.'

Madge Wildfire made no answer, unless the question may seem connected with the snatch of a song with which she indulged the embarrassed investigator:—

'What did ye wi' the bridal ring — bridal ring — bridal ring?
 What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty quean, O?
 I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
 I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love o' mine, O.'

Of all the madwomen who have sung and said, since the days of Hamlet the Dane, if Ophelia be the most affecting, Madge Wildfire was the most provoking.

The procurator-fiscal was in despair. 'I'll take some measures with this d—d Bess of Bedlam,' said he, 'that shall make her find her tongue.'

'Wi' your favour, sir,' said Ratcliffe, 'better let her mind settle a little. Ye have aye made out something.'

'True,' said the official person; 'a brown short-gown, mutch, red rokelay—that agrees with you! Madge Wildfire, Mr. Butler?' Butler agreed that it did so. 'Yes, there was a sufficient motive for taking this crazy creature's dress and name, while he was about such a job.'

'And I am free to say *now*,' said Ratcliffe—

'When you see it has come out without you,' interrupted Sharpitlaw.

'Just sae, sir,' reiterated Ratcliffe. 'I am free to say now, since it's come out otherwise, that these were the clothes I saw Robertson wearing last night in the jail, when he was at the head of the rioters.'

'That's direct evidence,' said Sharpitlan, 'stick to that, Rat. I will report favourably of you to the provost, for I have business for you to-night. It wears late; I must home and get a snack, and I'll be back in the evening. Keep Madge with you, Ratcliffe, and try to get her into a good turn again.' So saying, he left the prison.

CHAPTER XVII

And some they whistled, and some they sang,
And some did loudly say,
Whenever Lord Barnard's horn it blew,
'Away, Musgrave, away!'

Ballad of Little Musgrave.

WHEN the man of office returned to the Heart of Midlothian, he resumed his conference with Ratcliffe, of whose experience and assistance he now held himself secure. 'You must speak with this wench, Rat — this Effie Deans — you must sift her a wee bit; for as sure as a tether she will ken Robertson's haunts; till her, Rat — till her, without delay.'

'Craving your pardon, Mr. Sharpitlaw,' said the turnkey elect, 'that's what I am not free to do.'

'Free to do, man! what the deil ails ye now? I thought we had settled a' that.'

'I dinna ken, sir,' said Ratcliffe; 'I hae spoken to this Effie. She's strange to this place and to its ways, and to a' our ways, Mr. Sharpitlaw; and she greets, the silly tawpie, and she's breaking her heart already about this wild chield; and were she the means o' taking him, she wad break it outright.'

'She wunna hae time, lad,' said Sharpitlaw: 'the woodie will hae its ain o' her before that; a woman's heart takes a lang time o' breaking.'

'That's according to the stuff they are made o', sir,' replied Ratcliffe. 'But to make a lang tale short, I canna undertake the job. It gangs against my conscience.'

'Your conscience, Rat!' said Sharpitlaw, with a sneer, which the reader will probably think very natural upon the occasion.

'Ou ay, sir,' answered Ratcliffe, calmly, 'just *my* conscience; a'body has a conscience, though it may be ill wummin at it. I think mine's as weel out o' the gate as maist folks' are; and

yet it's just like the noop of my elbow : it whiles gets a bit dirl on a corner.'

'Weel, Rat,' replied Sharpitlaw, 'since ye are nice, I'll speak to the hussy mysell.'

Sharpitlaw accordingly caused himself to be introduced into the little dark apartment tenanted by the unfortunate Effie Deans. The poor girl was seated on her little flock-bed, plunged in a deep reverie. Some food stood on the table, of a quality better than is usually supplied to prisoners, but it was untouched. The person under whose care she was more particularly placed said, 'that sometimes she tasted naething from the tae end of the four and twenty hours to the t'other, except a drink of water.'

Sharpitlaw took a chair, and, commanding the turnkey to retire, he opened the conversation, endeavouring to throw into his tone and countenance as much commiseration as they were capable of expressing, for the one was sharp and harsh, the other sly, acute, and selfish.

'How's a' wi' ye, Effie? How d'ye find yoursell, hinny?'

A deep sigh was the only answer.

'Are the folk civil to ye, Effie? it's my duty to inquire.'

'Very civil, sir,' said Effie, compelling herself to answer, yet hardly knowing what she said.

'And your victuals,' continued Sharpitlaw, in the same condoling tone — 'do you get what you like? or is there ony thing you would particularly fancy, as your health seems but silly?'

'It's a' very weel, sir, I thank ye,' said the poor prisoner, in a tone how different from the sportive vivacity of those of the Lily of St. Jeonard's! — 'it's a' very gude, ower gude for me.'

'He must have been a great villain, Effie, who brought you to this pass,' said Sharpitlaw.

The remark was dictated partly by a natural feeling, of which even he could not divest himself, though accustomed to practise the passions of others, and keep a most heedful guard over his own, and partly by his wish to introduce the sort of conversation which might best serve his immediate purpose. Indeed, upon the present occasion these mixed motives of feeling and cunning harmonised together wonderfully; 'for,' said Sharpitlaw to himself, 'the greater rogne Robertson is, the more will be the merit of bringing him to justice.' 'He must have been a great villain, indeed,' he again reiterated; 'and I wish I had the skelping o' him.'

'I may blame mysell mair than him,' said Effie. 'I was bred up to ken better; but he, poor fellow ——' she stopped.

'Was a thorough blackguard a' his life, I dare say,' said Sharpitlaw. 'A stranger he was in this country, and a companion of that lawless vagabond, Wilson, I think, Effie?'

'It wad hae been dearly telling him that he had ne'er seen Wilson's face.'

'That's very true that you are saying, Effie,' said Sharpitlaw. 'Where was't that Robertson and you were used to howff thegither? Somegate about the Laigh Calton, I am thinking.'

The simple and dispirited girl had thus far followed Mr. Sharpitlaw's lead, because he had artfully adjusted his observations to the thoughts he was pretty certain must be passing through her own mind, so that her answers became a kind of thinking aloud, a mood into which those who are either constitutionally absent in mind, or are rendered so by the temporary pressure of misfortune, may be easily led by a skilful train of suggestions. But the last observation of the procurator-fiscal was too much of the nature of a direct interrogatory, and it broke the charm accordingly.

'What was it that I was saying?' said Effie, starting up from her reclining posture, seating herself upright, and hastily shading her dishevelled hair back from her wasted, but still beautiful, countenance. She fixed her eyes boldly and keenly upon Sharpitlaw — 'You are too much of a gentleman, sir — too much of an honest man, to take any notice of what a poor creature like me says, that can hardly ca' my senses my ain — God help me!'

'Advantage! I would be of some advantage to you if I could,' said Sharpitlaw, in a soothing tone; 'and I ken naething sae likely to serve ye, Effie, as gripping this rascal, Robertson.'

'O dinna misca' him, sir, that never misca'd you! Robertson! I am sure I had naething to say against ony man o' the name, and naething will I say.'

'But if you do not heed your own misfortune, Effie, you should mind what distress he has brought on your family,' said the man of law.

'O, Heaven help me!' exclaimed poor Effie. 'My poor father — my dear Jeanie! O, that's sairest to bide of a'! O, sir, if you hae ony kindness — if ye hae ony touch of compassion — for a' the folk I see here are as hard as the wa'-stones — if ye wad but bid them —— My sister Jeanie in the next time she ca's!

for when I hear their put her awa frae the door, and canna climb up to that high window to see sae muckle as her gown-tail, it's like to pit me out o' my judgment.' And she looked on him with a face of entreaty so earnest, yet so humble, that she fairly shook the steadfast purpose of his mind.

'You shall see your sister,' he began, 'if you'll tell me'—then interrupting himself, he added, in a more hurried tone—'no, d—n it, you shall see your sister whether you tell me anything or no.' So saying, he rose up and left the apartment.

When he had rejoined Ratcliffe, he observed, 'You are right, Ratton; there's no making much of that lassie. But ae thing I have cleared—that is, that Robertson has been the father of the bairn, and so I will wager a boddle it will be he that's to meet wi' Jeanie Deans this night at Muschat's Cairn, and there we'll nail him, Rat, or my name is not Gideon Sharpitlaw.'

'But,' said Ratcliffe, perhaps because he was in no hurry to see anything which was like to be connected with the discovery and apprehension of Robertson, 'an that were the case, Mr. Butler wad hae kenned the man in the King's Park to be the same person wi' him in Madge Wildfire's claise, that headed the mob.'

'That makes nae difference, man,' replied Sharpitlaw. 'The dress, the light, the confusion, and maybe a touch o' a blackit cork, or a slake o' paint—hont, Ratton, I have seen ye dress your ainsell that the deevil ye belang to durstna hae made oath t' ye.'

'And that's true, too,' said Ratcliffe.

'And besides, ye donnard carle,' continued Sharpitlaw, triumphantly, 'the minister *did* say, that he thought he knew something of the features of the birkie that spoke to him in the Park, though he could not charge his memory where or when he had seen them.'

'It's evident, then, your honour will be right,' said Ratcliffe.

'Then, Rat, you and I will go with the party ourselfs this night, and see him in grips, or we are done wi' him.'

'I seena muckle use I can be o' to your honour,' said Ratcliffe, reluctantly.

'Use!' answered Sharpitlaw. 'You can guide the party; you ken the ground. Besides, I do not intend to quit sight o' you, my good friend, till I have him in hand.'

'Weel, sir,' said Ratcliffe, but in no joyful tone of acqui-

escence, 'ye maun hae it your ain way; but mind he's a desperate man.'

'We shall have that with us,' answered Sharpitlaw, 'that will settle him, if it is necessary.'

'But, sir,' answered Ratcliffe, 'I am sure I couldna undertake to guide you to Musehat's Cairn in the night-time; I ken the place, as mony does, in fair daylight, but how to find it by moonshine, amang sae mony erags and stanes, as like to each other as the collier to the deil, is mair than I can tell. I might as soon seek moonshine in water.'

'What's the meaning o' this, Ratcliffe?' said Sharpitlaw, while he fixed his eye on the recusant, with a fatal and ominous expression. 'Have you forgotten that you are still under sentence of death?'

'No, sir,' said Ratcliffe, 'that's a thing no easily put out o' memory; and if my presence be judged necessary, nae doubt I maun gang wi' your honour. But I was gaun to tell your honour of ane that has mair skeel o' the gate than me, and that's e'en Madge Wildfire.'

'The devil she has! Do you think me as mad as she is, to trust to her guidance on such an occasion?'

'Your honour is the best judge,' answered Ratcliffe; 'but I ken I can keep her in tune, and gar her haud the straight path; she aften sleeps out, or rambles about amang thae hills the haille sinmer night, the daft limmer.'

'Well, Ratcliffe,' replied the procurator-fiscal, 'if you think she can guide us the right way; but take heed to what you are about, your life depends on your behaviour.'

'It's a sair judgment on a man,' said Ratcliffe, 'when he has anee gane sae far wrang as I hae done, that deil a bit he can be honest, try't whilk way he will.'

Such was the reflection of Ratcliffe, when he was left for a few minutes to himself, while the retainer of justice went to procure a proper warrant, and give the necessary directions.

The rising moon saw the whole party free from the walls of the city, and entering upon the open ground. Arthur's Seat, like a couchant lion of immense size, Salisbury Crags, like a huge belt or girdle of granite, were dimly visible. Holding their path along the southern side of the Canongate, they gained the Abbey of Holyrood House, and from thence found their way by step and stile into the King's Park. They were at first four in number — an officer of justice and Sharpitlaw, who were well armed with pistols and cutlasses; Ratcliffe, who was not trusted

with weapons, lest he might, peradventure, have used them on the wrong side; and the female. But at the last stile, when they entered the chase, they were joined by other two officers, whom Sharpitlaw, desirous to secure sufficient force for his purpose, and at the same time to avoid observation, had directed to wait for him at this place. Ratcliffe saw this accession of strength with some disquietude, for he had hitherto thought it likely that Robertson, who was a bold, stout, and active young fellow, might have made his escape from Sharpitlaw and the single officer, by force or agility, without his being implicated in the matter. But the present strength of the followers of justice was overpowering, and the only mode of saving Robertson, which the old sinner was well disposed to do, providing always he could accomplish his purpose without compromising his own safety, must be by contriving that he should have some signal of their approach. It was probably with this view that Ratcliffe had requested the addition of Madge to the party, having considerable confidence in her propensity to exert her lungs. Indeed, she had already given them so many specimens of her clamorous loquacity, that Sharpitlaw half determined to send her back with one of the officers, rather than carry forward in his company a person so extremely ill qualified to be a guide in a secret expedition. It seemed, too, as if the open air, the approach to the hills, and the ascent of the moon, supposed to be so portentous over those whose brain is infirm, made her spirits rise in a degree tenfold more loquacious than she had hitherto exhibited. To silence her by fair means seemed impossible; authoritative commands and coaxing entreaties she set alike at defiance; and threats only made her sulky, and altogether intractable.

'Is there no one of you,' said Sharpitlaw, impatiently, 'that knows the way to this accursed place — this Nicol Muschat's Cairn — excepting this mad elavering idiot?'

'Deil ane o' them kens it, except mysell,' exclaimed Madge; 'how suld they, the poor fule cowards? But I hae sat on the grave frae bat-fleeing time till cock-crow, and had mony a fine crack wi' Nicol Muschat and Ailie Muschat, that are lying sleeping below.'

'The devil take your crazy brain,' said Sharpitlaw; 'will you not allow the men to answer a question?'

The officers, obtaining a moment's audience while Ratcliffe diverted Madge's attention, declared that, though they had a general knowledge of the spot, they could not undertake to

guide the party to it by the uncertain light of the moon, with such accuracy as to ensure success to their expedition.

'What shall we do, Ratcliffe?' said Sharpitlaw. 'If he sees us before we see him — and that's what he is certain to do, if we go strolling about, without keeping the straight road — we may bid gude day to the job; and I wad rather lose one hundred pounds, baith for the credit of the pollice, and because the Provost says somebody maun be hanged for this job o' Porteous, come o't what likes.'

'I think,' said Ratcliffe, 'we maun just try Madge; and I'll see if I can get her kecpit in ony better order. And at ony rate, if he suld hear her skirling her auld ends o' saugs, he's no to ken for that that there's ony body wi' her.'

'That's true,' said Sharpitlaw; 'and if he thinks her alone he's as like to come towards her as to rin frae her. So set forward, we hae lost ower muckle time already; see to get her to keep the right road.'

'And what sort o' house does Nicol Muschat and his wife keep now?' said Ratcliffe to the madwoman, by way of humouring her vein of folly; 'they were but thrawn folk lang syne, an' a' tales be true.'

'Ou, ay, ay, ay; but a's forgotten now,' replied Madge, in the confidential tone of a gossip giving the history of her next-door neighbour. 'Ye see, I spoke to them mysell, and tauld them byganes suld be byganes. Her throat's sair misguggled and mashackered though; she wears her corpse-sheet drawn weel up to hide it, but that canna hinder the bluid seiping through, ye ken. I wussed her to wash it in St. Anthony's Well, and that will cleanse if ony thing can. But they say bluid never bleaches out o' linen claiith. Deacon Sanders's new cleansing draps winna do't; I tried them mysell on a bit rag we hae at hame, that was mailed wi' the bluid of a bit skirling wean that was hurt some gate, but out it winna come. Weel, ye'll say that's queer; but I will bring it out to St. Anthony's blessed Well some braw night just like this, and I'll cry up Ailie Muschat, and she and I will hae a grand bouking-washing, and bleach our claise in the beams of the bouny Lady Moon, that's far pleasanter to me than the sun; the sun's ower het, and ken ye, cummers, my brains are het enough already. But the moon, and the dew, and the night-wind, they are just like a caller kail-blade laid on my brow; and whiles I think the moon just shincs on purpose to pleasure me, when naebody sees her but mysell.'

This raving discourse she continued with prodigious volu-

bility, walking on at a great pace, and dragging Ratcliffe along with her, while he endeavoured, in appearance at least, if not in reality, to induce her to moderate her voice.

All at once she stopped short upon the top of a little hillock, gazed upward fixedly, and said not one word for the space of five minutes. 'What the devil is the matter with her now?' said Sharpitlaw to Ratcliffe. 'Can you not get her forward?'

'Ye maun just take a grain o' patience wi' her, sir,' said Ratcliffe. 'She'll no gae a foot faster than she likes hersell.'

'D—n her,' said Sharpitlaw, 'I'll take care she has her time in Bedlam or Bridewell, or both, for she's both mad and mischievous.'

In the meanwhile, Madge, who had looked very pensive when she first stopped, suddenly burst into a vehement fit of laughter, then paused and sighed bitterly, then was seized with a second fit of laughter, then, fixing her eyes on the moon, lifted up her voice and sung—

'Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee;
I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

But I need not ask that of the bonny Lady Moon; I ken that weel enough mysell—*true-love* though he wasna. But naeboddy shall say that I ever tauld a word about the matter. But whiles I wish the bairn had lived. Weel, God guide us, there's a heaven aboon us a' (here she sighed bitterly), and a bonny moon, and sterna in it forbye' (and here she laughed once more).

'Are we to stand here all night?' said Sharpitlaw, very impatiently. 'Drag her forward.'

'Ay, sir,' said Ratcliffe, 'if we kenn'd whilk way to drag her that would settle it at ance. Come, Madge, hinn.'; addressing her, 'we'll no be in time to see Nicol and his wife unless ye show us the road.'

'In troth and that I will, Ratton,' said she, seizing him by the arm, and resuming her route with huge strides, considering it was a female who took them. 'And I'll tell ye, Ratton, blythe will Nicol Muschat be to see ye, for he says he kens weel there isna sic a vil'ain out o' hell as ye are, and he wad be ravished to hae a crack wi' you—like to like, ye ken—it's a proverb never fails; and ye are baith a pair o' the deevil's peats, I trow—hard to ken whilk deserves the hettest corner o' his ingle-side.'

Ratcliffe was conscience-struck, and could not forbear making

an involuntary protest against this classification. 'I never shed blood,' he replied.

'But ye hae sanld it, Ratton — ye hae sanld blood mony a time. Folk kill wi' the tongue as weel as wi' the hand — wi' the word as weel as wi' the gulley! —

It is the bonny butcher lad,
That wears the sleeves of blue,
He sells the flesh on Saturday,
On Friday that he slew.'

'And what is that I am doing now?' thought Ratcliffe. 'But I'll hae nae wyte of Robertson's young bluid, if I can help it.' Then speaking apart to Madge, he asked her, 'Whether she did not remember ony o' her auld sangs?'

'Mony a dainty ane,' said Madge; 'and blythely can I sing them, for lightsome sangs make merry gate.' And she sang —

'When the glede's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill.'

'Silence her cursed noise, if you should throttle her,' said Sharpitlaw; 'I see somebody yonder. Keep close, my boys, and creep round the shoulder of the height. George Poinder, stay you with Ratcliffe and that mad yelling bitch; and you other two, come with me round under the shadow of the brae.'

And he crept forward with the stealthy pace of an Indian savage, who leads his band to surprise an unsuspecting party of some hostile tribe. Ratcliffe saw them glide off, avoiding the moonlight, and keeping as much in the shade as possible. 'Robertson's done up,' said he to himself; 'thae young lads are aye sae thoughtless. What deevil could he hae to say to Jeanie Deans, or to ony woman on earth, that he suld gang awa' and get his neck raxed for her? And this mad quean, after cracking like a pen-gun and skirling like a pea-hen for the haille night, behoves just to hae hadden her tongue when her clavers might have done some gude! But it's aye the way wi' women; if they ever haud their tongues awa, ye may swear it's for mischief. I wish I could set her on again without this blood-sucker kenning what I am doing. But he's as gleg as MacKeachan's elshin, that ran through sax plies of bend-leather and half an inch into the king's heel.'

He then began to hum, but in a very low and suppressed tone, the first stanza of a favourite ballad of Wildfire's, the

words of which bore some distant analogy with the situation of Robertson, trusting that the power of association would not fail to bring the rest to her mind :

'There 's a bloodhound ranging Tinwold wood,
There 's harness glancing sheen ;
There 's a maiden sits on Tinwald brae,
And she sings loud between.'

Madge had no sooner received the catchword, than she vindicated Ratcliffe's sagacity by setting off at score with the song :

'O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride ?
There 's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.'

Though Ratcliffe was at a considerable distance from the spot called Muschat's Cairn, yet his eyes, practised like those of a cat to penetrate darkness, could mark that Robertson had caught the alarm. George Poinder, less keen of sight or less attentive, was not aware of his flight any more than Sharpitlaw and his assistants, whose view, though they were considerably nearer to the cairn, was intercepted by the broken nature of the ground under which they were screening themselves. At length, however, after the interval of five or six minutes, they also perceived that Robertson had fled, and rushed hastily towards the place, while Sharpitlaw called out aloud, in the harshest tones of a voice which resembled a saw-mill at work, 'Chase, lads — chase — haul the brae ; I see him on the edge of the hill !' Then hallooing back to the rear-guard of his detachment, he issued his farther orders : 'Ratcliffe, come here and detain the woman ; George, run and keep the stile at the Duke's Walk ; Ratcliffe, come here directly, but first knock out that mad bitch's brains !'

'Ye had better rin for it, Madge,' said Ratcliffe, 'for it 's ill dealing wi' an angry man.'

Madge Wildfire was not so absolutely void of common sense as not to understand this innuendo ; and while Ratcliffe, in seemingly anxious haste of obedience, hastened to the spot where Sharpitlaw waited to deliver up Jeanie Deans to his custody, she fled with all the despatch she could exert in an opposite direction. Thus the whole party were separated, and in rapid motion of flight or pursuit, excepting Ratcliffe and Jeanie, whom, although making no attempt to escape, he held fast by the cloak, and who remained standing by Muschat's Cairn.

CHAPTER XVIII

You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling.

Measure for Measure.

JEANIE DEANS — for here our story unites itself with that part of the narrative which broke off at the end of the fifteenth chapter — while she waited, in terror and amazement, the hasty advance of three or four men towards her, was yet more startled at their suddenly breaking asunder, and giving chase in different directions to the late object of her terror, who became at that moment, though she could not well assign a reasonable cause, rather the cause of her interest. One of the party — it was Sharpitlaw — came straight up to her, and saying, 'Your name is Jeanie Deans, and you are my prisoner,' immediately added, 'but if you will tell me which way he ran I will let you go.'

'I dinna ken, sir,' was all the poor girl could utter; and, indeed, it is the phrase which rises most readily to the lips of any person in her rank, as the readiest reply to any embarrassing question.

'But,' said Sharpitlaw, 'ye *ken* wha it was ye were speaking wi', my leddie, on the hillside, and midnight sae near; ye surely ken *that*, my bonny woman?'

'I dinna ken, sir,' again iterated Jeanie, who really did not comprehend in her terror the nature of the questions which were so hastily put to her in this moment of surprise.

'We will try to mend your memory by and by, hinny,' said Sharpitlaw, and shouted, as we have already told the reader, to Ratcliffe to come up and take charge of her, while he himself directed the chase after Robertson, which he still hoped might be successful. As Ratcliffe approached, Sharpitlaw pushed the young woman towards him with some rudeness, and betaking himself to the more important object of his quest, began to scale crags and scramble up steep banks, with an agility of which his profession and his general gravity of

demeanour would previously have argued him incapable. In a few minutes there was no one within sight and only a distant halloo from one of the pursuers to the other faintly heard on the side of the hill, argued that there was any one within hearing. Jeanie Deans was left in the clear moonlight, standing under the guard of a person of whom she knew nothing, and, what was worse, concerning whom, as the reader is well aware, she could have learned nothing that would not have increased her terror.

When all in the distance was silent, Ratcliffe for the first time addressed her, and it was in that cold sarcastic indifferent tone familiar to habitual depravity, whose crimes are instigated by custom rather than by passion. 'This is a braw night for ye, dearie,' he said, attempting to pass his arm across her shoulder, 'to be on the green hill wi' your jo.' Jeanie extricated herself from his grasp, but did not make any reply. 'I think lads and lasses,' continued the ruffian, 'didna meet at Muschat's Cairn at midnight to crack nuts,' and he again attempted to take hold of her.

'If ye are an officer of justice, sir,' said Jeanie, again eluding his attempt to seize her, 'ye deserve to have your coat stripped from your back.'

'Very true, hinny,' said he, succeeding forcibly in his attempt to get hold of her, 'but suppose I should strip your cloak off first?'

'Ye are more a man, I am sure, than to hurt me, sir,' said Jeanie; 'for God's sake have pity on a half-distracted creature!'

'Come, come,' said Ratcliffe, 'you're a good-looking wench, and should not be cross-grained. I was going to be an honest man, but the devil has this very day flung first a lawyer and then a woman in my gate. I'll tell you what, Jeanie, they are out on the hillside; if you'll be guided by me, I'll carry you to a wee bit corner in the Pleasance that I ken o' in an auld wife's that a' the prokitors o' Scotland wot naething o', and we'll see. Robertson word to meet us in Yorkshire, for there is a set o' braw lads about the midland counties, that I hae dune business wi' before now, and sac we'll leave Mr. Sharpitlaw to whistle on his thumb.'

It was fortunate for Jeanie, in an emergency like the present, that she possessed presence of mind and courage, so soon as the first hurry of surprise had enabled her to rally her recollection. She saw the risk she was in from a ruffian, who not only

was such by profession, but had that evening been stupifying, by means of strong liquors, the internal aversion which he felt at the business on which Sharpitlaw had resolved to employ him.

'Dinna speak sae loud,' said she, in a low voice, 'he's up yonder.'

'Who? Robertson?' said Ratchliffe, eagerly.

'Ay,' replied Jeanie — 'up yonder'; and she pointed to the ruins of the hermitage and chapel.

'By G—d, then,' said Ratchliffe, 'I'll make my ain of him, either one way or other; wait for me here.'

But no sooner had he set off, as fast as he could run, towards the chapel, than Jeanie started in an opposite direction, over high and low, on the nearest path homeward. Her juvenile exercise as a herdsman had put 'life and mettle' in her heels, and never had she followed Dustiefoot, when the cows were in the eorn, with half so much speed as she now cleared the distance betwixt Musehat's Cairn and her father's cottage at St. Leonard's. To lift the latch, to enter, to shut, bolt, and double bolt the door, to draw against it a heavy article of furniture, which she could not have moved in a moment of less energy, so as to make yet further provision against violence, was almost the work of a moment, yet done with such silence as equalled the celerity.

Her next anxiety was upon her father's account, and she drew silently to the door of his apartment, in order to satisfy herself whether he had been disturbed by her return. He was awake — probably had slept but little; but the constant presence of his own sorrows, the distance of his apartment from the outer door of the house, and the precautions which Jeanie had taken to conceal her departure and return, had prevented him from being sensible of either. He was engaged in his devotions, and Jeanie could distinctly hear him use these words: 'And for the other child Thou hast given me to be a comfort and stay to my old age, may her days be long in the land, according to the promise Thou hast given to those who shall honour father and mother; may all her purchased and promised blessings be multiplied upon her; keep her in the watches of the night, and in the uprising of the morning, that all in this land may know that Thou hast not utterly hid Thy face from those that seek Thee in truth and in sincerity.' He was silent, but probably continued his petition in the strong fervency of mental devotion.

His daughter retired to her apartment, comforted, that while she was exposed to danger, her head had been covered by the prayers of the just as by an helmet, and under the strong confidence that, while she walked worthy of the protection of Heaven, she would experience its countenance. It was in that moment that a vague idea first darted across her mind, that something might yet be achieved for her sister's safety, conscious as she now was of her innocence of the unnatural murder with which she stood charged. It came, as she described it, on her mind like a sun-blink on a stormy sea; and although it instantly vanished, yet she felt a degree of composure which she had not experienced for many days, and could not help being strongly persuaded that, by some means or other, she would be called upon and directed to work out her sister's deliverance. She went to bed, not forgetting her usual devotions, the more fervently made on account of her late deliverance, and she slept soundly in spite of her agitation.

We must return to Ratcliffe, who had started, like a greyhound from the slips when the sportsman cries halloo, so soon as Jeanie had pointed to the ruins. Whether he meant to aid Robertson's escape or to assist his pursuers may be very doubtful; perhaps he did not himself know, but had resolved to be guided by circumstances. He had no opportunity, however, of doing either; for he had no sooner surmounted the steep ascent, and entered under the broken arches of the ruins, than a pistol was presented at his head, and a harsh voice commanded him, in the king's name, to surrender himself prisoner.

'Mr. Sharpitlaw!' said Ratcliffe, surprised, 'is this your honour?'

'Is it only you, and be d—d to you?' answered the fiscal, still more disappointed; 'what made you leave the woman?'

'She told me she saw Robertson go into the ruins, so I made what haste I could to cleek the callant.'

'It's all over now,' said Sharpitlaw, 'we shall see no more of him to-night; but he shall hide himself in a bean-hool, if he remains on Scottish ground without my finding him. Call back the people, Ratcliffe.'

Ratcliffe hallooed to the dispersed officers, who willingly obeyed the signal; for probably there was no individual among them who would have been much desirous of a *rencontre* hand to hand, and at a distance from his comrades, with such an active and desperate fellow as Robertson.

'And where are the two women?' said Sharpitlaw.

'Both made their heels serve them, I suspect,' replied Ratcliffe, and he hummed the end of the old song —

'Then hey play up the rin-awa' bride,
For she has taen the gee.'

'One woman,' said Sharpitlaw, for, like all rogues, he was a great calumniator of the fair sex¹ — 'one woman is enough to dark the fairest ploy that ever was planned; and how could I be such an ass as to expect to carry through a job that had two in it? But we know how to come by them both, if they are wanted, that's one good thing.'

Accordingly, like a defeated general, sad and sulky, he led back his discomfited forces to the metropolis, and dismissed them for the night.

The next morning early, he was under the necessity of making his report to the sitting magistrate of the day. The gentleman who occupied the chair of office on this occasion, for the bailies (*Anglicé*, aldermen) take it by rotation, chanced to be the same by whom Butler was committed, a person very generally respected among his fellow-citizens. Something he was of a humorist, and rather deficient in general education; but acute, patient, and upright, possessed of a fortune acquired by honest industry, which made him perfectly independent; and, in short, very happily qualified to support the respectability of the office which he held.

Mr. Middleburgh had just taken his seat, and was debating in an animated manner, with one of his colleagues, the doubtful chances of a game at golf which they had played the day before, when a letter was delivered to him, addressed 'For Bailie Middleburgh — These: to be forwarded with speed.' It contained these words: —

'SIR,

'I know you to be a sensible and a considerate magistrate, and one who, as such, will be content to worship God though the devil bid you. I therefore expect that, notwithstanding the signature of this letter acknowledges my share in an action which, in a proper time and place, I would not fear either to avow or to justify, you will not on that account reject what evidence I place before you. The clergyman, Butler, is innocent of all but involuntary presence at an action which he wanted spirit to approve of, and from which he endeavoured, with his

¹ See Note 22.

best set phrases, to dissuade us. But it was not for him that it is my hint to speak. There is a woman in your jail, fallen under the edge of a law so cruel that it has hung by the wall, like unscoured armour, for twenty years, and is now brought down and whetted to spill the blood of the most beautiful and most innocent creature whom the walls of a prison ever girdled in. Her sister knows of her innocence, as she communicated to her that she was betrayed by a villain. O that high Heaven

Would put in every honest hand a whip,
To scourge me such a villain through the world !

'I write distractedly. But this girl — this Jeanie Deans, is a peevish Puritan, superstitious and scrupulous after the manner of her sect ; and I pray your honour, for so my phrase must go, to press upon her that her sister's life depends upon her testimony. But though she should remain silent, do not dare to think that the young woman is guilty, far less to permit her execution. Remember, the death of Wilson was fearfully avenged ; and those yet live who can compel you to drink the dregs of your poisoned chalice. I say, remember Porteous — and say that you had good counsel from

'ONE OF HIS SLAYERS.'

The magistrate read over this extraordinary letter twice or thrice. At first he was tempted to throw it aside as 'the production of a madman, so little did 'the scraps from playbooks,' as he termed the poetical quotation, resemble the correspondence of a rational being. On a re-perusal, however, he thought that, amid its incoherence, he could discover something like a tone of awakened passion, though expressed in a manner quaint and unusual.

'It is a cruelly severe statute,' said the magistrate to his assistant, 'and I wish the girl could be taken from under the letter of it. A child may have been born, and it may have been conveyed away while the mother was insensible, or it may have perished for want of that relief which the poor creature herself — helpless, terrified, distracted, despairing, and exhausted — may have been unable to afford to it. And yet it is certain, if the woman is found guilty under the statute, execution will follow. The crime has been too common, and examples are necessary.'

'But if this other wench,' said the city-clerk, 'can speak to

her sister communicating her situation, it will take the case from under the statute.'

'Very true,' replied the Bailie; 'and I will walk out one of these days to St. Leonard's and examine the girl myself. I know something of their father Deans — an old true-blue Cameronian, who would see house and family go to wreck ere he would disgrace his testimony by a sinful complying with the defections of the times; and such he will probably uphold the taking an oath before a civil magistrate. If they are to go on and flourish with their bull-headed obstinacy, the legislature must pass an act to take their affirmations, as in the case of Quakers. But surely neither a father nor a sister will scruple in a case of this kind. As I said before, I will go speak with them myself, when the hurry of this Porteous investigation is somewhat over; their pride and spirit of contradiction will be far less alarmed than if they were called into a court of justice at once.'

'And I suppose Butler is to remain incarcerated?' said the city-clerk.

'For the present, certainly,' said the magistrate. 'But I hope soon to set him at liberty upon bail.'

'Do you rest upon the testimony of that light-headed letter?' asked the clerk.

'Not very much,' answered the bailie; 'and yet there is something striking about it too; it seems the letter of a man beside himself, either from great agitation or some great sense of guilt.'

'Yes,' said the town-clerk, 'it is very like the letter of a mad strolling play-actor, who deserves to be hanged with all the rest of his gang, as your honour justly observes.'

'I was not quite so bloodthirsty,' continued the magistrate. 'But to the point. Butler's private character is excellent; and I am given to understand, by some inquiries I have been making this morning, that he did actually arrive in town only the day before yesterday, so that it was impossible he could have been concerned in any previous machinations of these unhappy rioters, and it is not likely that he should have joined them on a sudden.'

'There's no saying aen't that; zeal catches fire at a slight spark as fast as a brimstone match,' observed the secretary. 'I hae kem'd a minister wad be fair gude-day and fair gude-e'en wi' ilka man in the parochie, and hing just as quiet as a rocket on a stick, till ye mentioned the word abjuration oath, or patronage, or sic-like, and then, whiz, he was off, and up in

the air an hundred miles beyond common manners, common sense, and common comprehension.'

'I do not understand,' answered the burgher magistrate, 'that the young man Butler's zeal is of so inflammable a character. But I will make further investigation. What other business is there before us?'

And they proceeded to minute investigations concerning the affair of Porteous's death, and other affairs through which this history has no occasion to trace them.

In the course of their business they were interrupted by an old woman of the lower rank, extremely haggard in look and wretched in her apparel, who thrust herself into the council room.

'What do you want, gudewife? Who are you?' said Bailie Middleburgh.

'What do I want?' replied she in a sulky tone. 'I want my bairn, or I want naething frae nane o' ye, for as grand's ye are.' And she went on muttering to herself, with the wayward spitefulness of age—'They maun hae lordships and honours, nae doubt; set them up, the gutter-bloods! and deil a gentleman among them.' Then again addressing the sitting magistrate—'Will *your honour* gie me back my puir crazy bairn? *His honour!* I hae kenn'd the day when less wad ser'd him, the oe of a Campvere skipper.'

'Good woman,' said the magistrate to this shrewish suppliant, 'tell us what it is you want, and do not interrupt the court.'

'That's as muckle as till say, "Bark, Bawtie, and be done wi't!" I tell ye,' raising her termagant voice, 'I want my bairn! is na that braid Scots?'

'Who *are* you? who is your bairn?' demanded the magistrate.

'Wha am I? Wha suld I be, but Meg Murdockson, and wha suld my bairn be but Magdalen Murdockson? Your guard soldiers, and your constables, and your officers ken us weel enough when they rive the bits o' duds aff our backs, and take what penny o' siller we hae, and harle us to the correction-house in Leith Wynd, and pettle us up wi' bread and water, and sic-like sunkets.'

'Who is she?' said the magistrate, looking round to some of his people.

'Other than a gude ane, sir,' said one of the city-officers, shrugging his shoulders and smiling.

'Will ye say sae?' said the termagant, her eye gleaming with impotent fury; 'an I had ye amang the Frigate Whins, wadna I set my ten talents in your wuzzent face for that very word?' and she suited the word to the action, by spreading out a set of claws resembling those of St. George's dragon on a country sign-post.

'What does she want here?' said the impatient magistrate. 'Can she not tell her business, or go away?'

'It's my bairn — it's Magdalen Murdockson I'm wantin',' answered the beldam, screaming at the highest pitch of her cracked and mistuned voice; 'havana I been tellin' ye sae this half-hour? And if ye are deaf, what needs ye sit cockit up there, and keep folk scranthin' t' ye this gate?'

'She wants her daughter, sir,' said the same officer whose interference had given the hag such offence before — 'her daughter, who was taken up last night — Madge Wildfire, as they ca' her.'

'Madge HELLFIRE, as they ca' her!' echoed the beldam: 'and what business has a blackguard like you to ca' an honest woman's bairn out o' her ain name?'

'An *honest* woman's bairn, Maggie?' answered the peace officer, smiling and shaking his head with an ironical emphasis on the adjective, and a calmness calculated to provoke to madness the furious old shrew.

'If I am no honest now, I was honest ance,' she replied. 'and that's mair than ye can say, ye born and bred thief, that never kem'd ither folks' gear frae your ain since the day ye was cleckit. Honest, say ye? Ye pykit your mother's pouch o' twal pennies Scotch when ye were five years auld, just as she was taking leave o' your father at the fit o' the gallows.'

'She has you there, George,' said the assistants, and there was a general laugh; for the wit was fitted for the meridian of the place where it was uttered. This general applause somewhat gratified the passions of the old hag; the 'grim feature' smiled, and even laughed, but it was a laugh of bitter scorn. She condescended, however, as if appeased by the success of her sally, to explain her business more distinctly, when the magistrate, commanding silence, again desired her either to speak out her errand or to leave the place.

'Her bairn,' she said, '*was* her bairn, and she came to fetch her out of ill haft and waur guiding. If she wasna sae wise as ither folk, few ither folk had suffered as muckle as she had done; forbye that she could fend the waur for hersell within the

four wa's of a jail. She could prove by fifty witnesses, and fifty to that, that her daughter had never seen Jock Porteous, alive or dead, since he had gien her a lonndering wi' his cane, the neger that he was! for driving a dead cat at the provost's wig on the Elector of Hanover's birthday.'

Notwithstanding the wretched appearance and violent demeanour of this woman, the magistrate felt the justice of her argument, that her child might be as dear to her as to a more fortunate and more amiable mother. He proceeded to investigate the circumstances which had led to Madge Murdockson's (or Wildfire's) arrest, and as it was clearly shown that she had not been engaged in the riot, he contented himself with directing that an eye should be kept upon her by the police, but that for the present she should be allowed to return home with her mother. During the interval of fetching Madge from the jail, the magistrate endeavoured to discover whether her mother had been privy to the change of dress betwixt that young woman and Robertson. But on this point he could obtain no light. She persisted in declaring that she had never seen Robertson since his remarkable escape during service-time; and that, if her daughter had changed clothes with him, it must have been during her absence at a hamlet about two miles out of town, called Duddingstone, where she could prove that she passed that eventful night. And, in fact, one of the town-officers, who had been searching for stolen linen at the cottage of a washerwoman in that village, gave his evidence, that he had seen Maggie Murdockson there, whose presence had considerably increased his suspicion of the house in which she was a visitor, in respect that he considered her as a person of no good reputation.

'I tauld ye sae,' said the hag; 'see now what it is to hae a character, gude or bad! Now, maybe, after a', I could tell ye something about Porteous that you council-chamber bodies never could find out, for as muckle stir as ye mak.'

All eyes were turned towards her, all ears were alert. 'Speak out!' said the magistrate.

'It will be for your ain gude,' insinuated the town-clerk.

'Dinna keep the bailie waiting,' urged the assistants.

She remained doggedly silent for two or three minutes, easting around a malignant and sulky glance, that seemed to enjoy the anxious suspense with which they waited her answer. And then she broke forth at once — 'A' that I ken about him is, that he was neither soldier nor gentleman, but just a thief and a

blackguard, like maist o' yoursells, dears. What will ye gie me for that news, now? He wad hae served the Gude Town lang or provost or bailie wad hae fund that out, my jo!

While these matters were in discussion, Madge Wildfire enterd, and her first exclamation was, 'Eh! see if there isna our auld ne'er-do-weel deevil's buckie o' a mither. Heh, sirs! but we are a hopefu' family, to be twa o' us in the guard at ance. But there were better days wi' us ance; were there na, mither?'

Old Maggie's eyes had glistened with something like an expression of pleasure when she saw her daughter set at liberty. But either her natural affection, like that of the tigress, could not be displayed without a strain of ferocity, or there was something in the ideas which Madge's speech awakened that again stirr'd her cross and savage temper. 'What signifies what we were, ye street-raking limmer!' she exclaimed, pushing her daughter before her to the door, with no gentle degree of violence. 'I'll tell thee what thou is now: thou's a crazed hellicat Bess o' Bedlam, that sall taste naething but bread and water for a fortnight, to serve ye for the plague ye hae gien me; and ower gude for ye, ye idle tawpie!'

Madge, however, escaped from her mother at the door, ran back to the foot of the table, dropp'd a very low and fantastic courtesy to the judge, and said, with a giggling laugh — 'Our minnie's sair mis-set, after her ordinar, sir. She'll hae had some quarrel wi' her auld gudeman — that's Satan, ye ken, sirs.' This explanatory note she gave in a low confidential tone, and the spectators of that credulous generation did not hear it without an involuntary shudder. 'The gudeman and her disna aye gree weel, and then I maun pay the piper; but my back's broad eneugh to bear 't a', an if she hac nae havings, that's nae reason why wiser folk shouldna hae some.' Here another deep courtesy, when the ungracious voice of her mother was heard.

'Madge, ye limmer! If I come to fetch ye!'

'Hear till her,' said Madge. 'But I'll wun out a gliff the night for a' that, to dance in the moonlight, when her and the gudeman will be whirring though the blue lift on a broom-shank, to see Jean Jap, that they hac putten intill the Kirkcaldy tolbooth; ay, they will hac a merry sail ower Inehkeith, and ower a' the bits o' bonny waves that are poppling and plashing against the rocks in the gowden glimmer o' the moon, ye ken. I'm coming, mother — I'm coming,' she concluded, on hearing a scuffle at the door betwixt the beldam and the officers, who were



MADGE DROPPED A LOW COURTESY TO THE JUDGE.
From a painting by Lockhart.



endeavouring to prevent her re-entrance. Madge then waved her hand wildly towards the ceiling, and sung, at the topmost pitch of her voice —

‘ Up in the air,
On my bonny grey mare,
And I see, and I see, and I see her yet ;’

and with a hop, skip, and jump, sprung out of the room, as the witches of *Macbeth* used, in less refined days, to seem to fly upwards from the stage.

Some weeks intervened before Mr. Middleburgh, agreeably to his benevolent resolution, found an opportunity of taking a walk towards St. Leonard’s, in order to discover whether it might be possible to obtain the evidence hinted at in the anonymous letter respecting Effie Deans.

In fact, the anxious perquisitions made to discover the murderers of Porteous occupied the attention of all concerned with the administration of justice.

In the course of these inquiries, two circumstances happened material to our story. Butler, after a close investigation of his conduct, was declared innocent of accession to the death of Porteous ; but, as having been present during the whole transaction, was obliged to find bail not to quit his usual residence at Liberton, that he might appear as a witness when called upon. The other incident regarded the disappearance of Madge Wildfire and her mother from Edinburgh. When they were sought, with the purpose of subjecting them to some further interrogatories, it was discovered by Mr. Sharpitlaw that they had eluded the observation of the police, and left the city so soon as dismissed from the council-chamber. No efforts could trace the place of their retreat.

In the meanwhile, the excessive indignation of the council of regency, at the slight put upon their authority by the murder of Porteous, had dictated measures, in which their own extreme desire of detecting the actors in that conspiracy were consulted, in preference to the temper of the people and the character of their churchmen. An act of parliament was hastily passed, offering two hundred pounds reward to those who should inform against any person concerned in the deed, and the penalty of death, by a very unusual and severe enactment, was denounced against those who should harbour the guilty. But what was chiefly accounted exceptionable, was a clause, appoint-

ing the act to be read in churches by the officiating clergyman, on the first Sunday of every month, for a certain period, immediately before the sermon. The ministers who should refuse to comply with this injunction were declared, for the first offence, incapable of sitting or voting in any church judicature, and for the second, incapable of holding any ecclesiastical preferment in Scotland.

This last order united in a common cause those who might privately rejoice in Porteous's death, though they dared not vindicate the manner of it, with the more scrupulous Presbyterians, who held that even the pronouncing the name of the 'Lords Spiritual' in a Scottish pulpit was, *quodammodo*, an acknowledgment of Prelacy, and that the injunction of the legislature was an interference of the civil government with the *jus divinum* of Presbytery, since to the General Assembly alone, as representing the invisible head of the kirk, belonged the sole and exclusive right of regulating whatever pertained to public worship. Very many also, of different political or religious sentiments, and therefore not much moved by these considerations, thought they saw, in so violent an act of parliament, a more vindictive spirit than became the legislature of a great country, and something like an attempt to trample upon the rights and independence of Scotland. The various steps adopted for punishing the city of Edinburgh, by taking away her charter and liberties, for what a violent and over-mastering mob had done within her walls, were resented by many, who thought a pretext was too hastily taken for degrading the ancient metropolis of Scotland. In short, there was much heart-burning, discontent, and disaffection occasioned by these ill-considered measures.¹

Amidst these heats and dissensions, the trial of Effie Deans, after she had been many weeks imprisoned, was at length about to be brought forward, and Mr. Middleburgh found leisure to inquire into the evidence concerning her. For this purpose, he chose a fine day for his walk towards her father's house.

The excursion into the country was somewhat distant, in the opinion of a burgher of those days, although many of the present inhabit suburban villas considerably beyond the spot to which we allude. Three-quarters of an hour's walk, however, even at a pace of magisterial gravity, conducted our benevolent office-bearer to the Craigs of St. Leonard's, and the humble mansion of David Deans.

¹ See The Magistrates and the Porteous Mob. Note 23.

The old man was seated on the deas, or turf-seat, at the end of his cottage, busied in mending his cart-harness with his own hands; for in those days any sort of labour which required a little more skill than usual fell to the share of the goodman himself, and that even when he was well-to-pass in the world. With stern and austere gravity he persevered in his task, after having just raised his head to notice the advance of the stranger. It would have been impossible to have discovered, from his countenance and manner, the internal feelings of agony with which he contended. Mr. Middleburgh waited an instant, expecting Deans would in some measure acknowledge his presence, and lead into conversation; but, as he seemed determined to remain silent, he was himself obliged to speak first.

'My name is Middleburgh — Mr. James Middleburgh, one of the present magistrates of the city of Edinburgh.'

'It may be sae,' answered Deans, laconically, and without interrupting his labour.

'You must understand,' he continued, 'that the duty of a magistrate is sometimes an unpleasant onc.'

'It may be sae,' replied David; 'I hae nothing to say in the contrair'; and he was again doggedly silent.

'You must be aware,' pursued the magistrate, 'that persons in my situation are often obliged to make painful and disagreeable inquiries of individuals, merely because it is their bounden duty.'

'It may be sae,' again replied Deans; 'I hae naething to say anent it, either the tae way or the t'other. But I do ken there was ance in a day a just and God-fearing magistracy in yon town o' Edinburgh, that did not bear the sword in vain, but were a terror to evil-doers, and a praise to such as kept the path. In the glorious days of auld worthy faithfu' Provost Dick,¹ when there was a true and faithfu' General Assembly of the Kirk, walking hand in hand with the real noble Scottish-hearted barons, and with the magistrates of this and other towns, gentles, burgesses, and commons of all ranks, seeing with one eye, hearing with one ear, and upholding the ark with their united strength. And then folk might see men deliver up their silver to the state's use, as if it had been as muckle selate stanes. My father saw them toom the sacks of dollars out o' Provost Dick's window intill the carts that carried them to the army at Dunse Law; and if ye winna believe his testimony, there is the window itsell still standing in the Luckenbooths —

¹ See Sir William Dick of Braid. Note 24.

I think it's a clath-merchant's booth the day¹—at the ain stanchells, five doors abune Gossford's Close. But now we haena sic spirit amang us; we think mair about the warst wally-draigle in our ain byre than about the blessing which the angel of the covenant gave to the Patriareh, even at Peniel and Mahanaim, or the binding obligation of our national vows; and we wad rather gie a pund Scots to buy an unguent to clear our auld rannel-trees and our beds o' the English bugs, as they ca' them, than we wad gie a plack to rid the land of the swarm of Arminian caterpillars, Socinian pisnires, and deistical Miss Katies, that have ascended out of the bottomless pit to plague this perverse, insidious, and lukewarm generation.

It happened to Davie Deans on this occasion, as it has done to many other habitual orators, when once he became embarked on his favourite subject, the stream of his own enthusiasm carried him forward in spite of his mental distress, while his well-exercised memory supplied him amply with all the types and tropes of rhetoric peculiar to his sect and cause.

Mr. Middleburgh contented himself with answering—'All this may be very true, my friend; but, as you said just now, I have nothing to say to it at present, either one way or other. You have two daughters, I think, Mr. Deans?'

The old man winced, as one whose smarting sore is suddenly galled; but instantly composed himself, resumed the work which, in the heat of his declamation, he had laid down, and answered with sullen resolution, 'Ae daughter, sir—only *ane*.'

'I understand you,' said Mr. Middleburgh; 'you have only one daughter here at home with you; but this unfortunate girl who is a prisoner—she is, I think, your youngest daughter?'

The Presbyterian sternly raised his eyes. 'After the world, and according to the flesh, she *is* my daughter; but when she became a child of Belial, and a company-keeper, and a trader in guilt and iniquity, she ceased to be a bairn of mine.'

'Alas, Mr. Deans,' said Middleburgh, sitting down by him and endeavouring to take his hand, which the old man proudly withdrew, 'we are ourselves all sinners; and the errors of our offspring, as they ought not to surprise us, being the portion which they derive of a common portion of corruption inherited through us, so they do not entitle us to cast them off because they have lost themselves.'

'Sir,' said Deans, impatiently, 'I ken a' that as weel as—I

¹ I think so too; but if the reader be curious, he may consult Mr. Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*.

mean to say,' he resumed, checking the irritation he felt at being schooled — a discipline of the mind which those most ready to bestow it on others do themselves most reluctantly submit to receive — 'I mean to say, that what ye observe may be just and reasonable; but I hae nae freedom to enter into my ain private affairs wi' strangers. And now, in this great national emergency, when there's the Porteous Act has come down frae London, that is a deeper blow to this poor sinfu' kingdom and suffering kirk than ony that has been heard of since the foul and fatal Test — at a time like this —'

'But, goodman,' interrupted Mr. Middleburgh, 'you must think of your own household first, or else you are worse even than the infidels.'

'I tell ye, Bailie Middleburgh,' retorted David Deans, 'if ye be a bailie, as there is little honour in being aye in these evil days — I tell ye, I heard the gracious Samuders Peden — I wotna whan it was; but it was in killing time, when the plowers were drawing along their furrows on the back of the Kirk of Scotland — I heard him tell his hearers, gude and waled Christians they were too, that some o' them wad greet mair for a bit drowned calf or stirk than for a' the defections and oppressions of the day; and that they were some o' them thinking o' ae thing, some o' anither, and there was Lady Hundleslope thinking o' greeting Jock at the fireside! And the lady confessed in my hearing that a drow of anxiety had come ower her for her son that she had left at hame weak of a decay.¹ And what wad he hae said of me, if I had ceased to think of the gude cause for a eastaway — a — It kills me to think of what she is!'

'But the life of your child, goodman — think of that; if her life could be saved,' said Middleburgh.

'Her life!' exclaimed David. 'I wadna gie aye o' my grey hairs for her life, if her gude name be gane. And yet,' said he, relenting and retracting as he spoke, 'I wad make the niffer, Mr. Middleburgh — I wad gie a' these grey hairs that she has brought to shame and sorrow — I wad gie the auld head they grow on, for her life, and that she might hae time to amend and return, for what hae the wicked beyond the breath of their nostrils? But I'll never see her mair. No! that — that I am determined in — I'll never see her mair!' His lips continued to move for a minnte after his voice ceased to be heard, as if he were repeating the same vow internally.

¹ See *LWe of Peden*, p. 111.

'Well, sir,' said Mr. Middleburgh, 'I speak to you as a man of sense; if you would save your daughter's life, you must use human means.'

'I understand what you mean; but Mr. Novit, who is the procurator and doer of an honourable person, the Laird of Dumbiedikes, is to do what carnal wisdom can do for her in the circumstances. Mysell am not clear to trinquet and traffie wi' courts o' justice, as they are now constituted; I have a tenderness and scruple in my mind anent them.'

'That is to say,' said Middleburgh, 'that you are a Cameronian, and do not acknowledge the authority of our courts of judicature, or present government?'

'Sir, under your favour,' replied David, who was too proud of his own polemical knowledge to call himself the follower of any one, 'ye take me up before I fall down. I canna see why I suld be termed a Cameronian, especially now that ye hac given the name of that famous and savoury sufferer, not only until a regimental band of souldiers, whereof I am told many can now curse, swear, and use profane language as fast as ever Richard Cameron could preach or pray, but also because ye have, in as far as it is in your power, rendered that martyr's name vain and contemptible, by pipes, drums, and fifes, playing the vain carnal spring, called the Cameronian Rant, which too many professors of religion dance to — a practice maist unbecoming a professor to dance to any tune whatsoever, more especially promiscuously, that is, with the female sex.¹ A brutish fashion it is, whilk is the beginning of defection with many, as I may hae as muckle cause as maist folk to testify.'

'Well, but, Mr. Deans,' replied Mr. Middleburgh, 'I only meant to say that you were a Cameronian, or MacMillanite, one of the society people, in short, who think it inconsistent to take oaths under a government where the Covenant is not ratified.'

'Sir,' replied the controversialist, who forgot even his present distress in such discussions as these, 'you cannot fickle me sac easily as you do opine. I am *not* a MacMillanite, or a Russelite, or a Hamiltonian, or a Harleyite, or Howdenite;² I will be led by the nose by none; I take my name as a Christian from no vessel of clay. I have my own principles and practice to answer for, and am an humble pleader for the gude auld cause in a legal way.'

¹ See note to Patrick Walker.

² All various species of the great genus Cameronian.

'That is to say, Mr. Deans,' said Middleburgh, 'that you are a *Deanite*, and have opinions peculiar to yourself.'

'It may please you to say sae,' said David Deans; 'but I have maintained my testimony before as great folk, and in sharper times; and though I will neither exalt myself nor pull down others, I wish every man and woman in this land had kept the true testimony, and the middle and straight path, as it were, on the ridge of a hill, where wind and water shears, avoiding right-hand snares and extremes and left-hand way-slidings, as weel as Johnny Dodds of Farthing's Acre and ae man mair that shall be nameless.'

'I suppose,' replied the magistrate, 'that is as much as to say, that Johnny Dodds of Farthing's Acre and David Deans of St. Leonard's constitute the only members of the true, real, unsophisticated Kirk of Scotland?'

'God forbid that I suld make sic a vainglorious speech, when there are sae mony professing Christians!' answered David; 'but this I maun say, that all men aet according to their gifts and their graee, sae that it is nae marvel that ——'

'This is all very fine,' interrupted Mr. Middleburgh; 'but I have no time to spend in hearing it. The matter in hand is this — I have directed a citation to be lodged in your daughter's hands. If she appears on the day of trial and gives evidenee, there is reason to hope she may save her sister's life; if, from any constrained scruples about the legality of her performing the office of an affectionate sister and a good subject, by appearing in a court held under the authority of the law and government, you become the means of deterring her from the discharge of this duty, I must say, though the truth may sound harsh in your ears, that you, who gave life to this unhappy girl, will become the means of her losing it by a premature and violent death.'

So saying Mr. Middleburgh turned to leave him.

'Bide a wee — bide a wee, Mr. Middleburgh,' said Deans, in great perplexity and distress of mind; but the bailie, who was probably sensible that protracted disension might diminish the effect of his best and most forcible argument, took a hasty leave, and declined entering farther into the controversy.

Deans sunk down upon his seat, stunned with a variety of conflicting emotions. It had been a great source of controversy among those holding his opinions in religious matters, how far the government which succeeded the Revolution could be, without sin, acknowledged by true Presbyterians, seeing that it did

not recognise the great national testimony of the Solemn League and Covenant. And latterly, those agreeing in this general doctrine, and assuming the sounding title of the anti-Popish, anti-Prelatic, anti-Erastian, anti-Sectarian, true Presbyterian remnant, were divided into many petty sects among themselves, even as to the extent of submission to the existing laws and rulers which constituted such an acknowledgment as amounted to sin.

At a very stormy and tumultuous meeting, held in 1682, to discuss these important and delicate points, the testimonies of the faithful few were found utterly inconsistent with each other.¹ The place where this conference took place was remarkably well adapted for such an assembly. It was a wild and very sequestered dell in Tweeddale, surrounded by high hills, and far remote from human habitation. A small river, or rather a mountain torrent, called the Talla, breaks down the glen with great fury, dashing successively over a number of small cascades, which has procured the spot the name of Talla Linns. Here the leaders among the scattered adherents to the Covenant, men who, in their banishment from human society, and in the recollection of the severities to which they had been exposed, had become at once sullen in their tempers and fantastic in their religious opinions, met with arms in their hands, and by the side of the torrent discussed, with a turbulence which the noise of the stream could not drown, points of controversy as empty and unsubstantial as its foam.

It was the fixed judgment of most of the meeting, that all payment of cess or tribute to the existing government was utterly unlawful, and a sacrificing to idols. About other imposition and degrees of submission there were various opinions; and perhaps it is the best illustration of the spirit of those military fathers of the church to say, that while all allowed it was impious to pay the cess employed for maintaining the standing army and militia, there was a fierce controversy on the lawfulness of paying the duties levied at ports and bridges, for maintaining roads and other necessary purposes; that there were some who, repugnant to these imposts for turnpikes and pontages, were nevertheless free in conscience to make payment of the usual freight at public ferries, and that a person of exceeding and punctilious zeal, James Russel, one of the slayers of the Archbishop of St. Andrews, had given his testimony with great warmth even against this last faint shade

¹ See Meeting at Talla Linns. Note 25.

of subjection to constituted authority. This ardent and enlightened person and his followers had also great scruples about the lawfulness of bestowing the ordinary names upon the days of the week and the months of the year, which savoured in their nostrils so strongly of paganism, that at length they arrived at the conclusion that they who owned such names as Monday, Tuesday, January, February, and so forth, 'served themselves leirs to the same, if not greater, punishment than had been denounced against the idolaters of old.'

David Deans had been present on this memorable occasion, although too young to be a speaker among the polemical combatants. His brain, however, had been thoroughly heated by the noise, clamour, and metaphysical ingenuity of the discussion, and it was a controversy to which his mind had often returned; and though he carefully disguised his vacillation from others, and perhaps from himself, he had never been able to come to any precise line of decision on the subject. In fact, his natural sense had acted as a counterpoise to his controversial zeal. He was by no means pleased with the quiet and indifferent manner in which King William's government slurred over the errors of the times, when, far from restoring the Presbyterian Kirk to its former supremacy, they passed an act of oblivion even to those who had been its persecutors, and bestowed on many of them titles, favours, and employments. When, in the first General Assembly which succeeded the Revolution, an overture was made for the revival of the League and Covenant, it was with horror that Douce David heard the proposal eluded by the men of carnal wit and policy, as he called them, as being inapplicable to the present times, and not falling under the modern model of the church. The reign of Queen Anne had increased his conviction that the Revolution government was not one of the true Presbyterian complexion. But then, more sensible than the bigots of his sect, he did not confound the moderation and tolerance of these two reigns with the active tyranny and oppression exercised in those of Charles II. and James II. The Presbyterian form of religion, though deprived of the weight formerly attached to its sentences of excommunication, and compelled to tolerate the co-existence of Episcopacy, and of sects of various descriptions, was still the National Church; and though the glory of the second temple was far inferior to that which had flourished from 1639 till the battle of Dunbar, still it was a structure that, wanting the strength and the terrors, retained at least the form and symmetry, of the original model.

Then came the insurrection in 1715, and David Deans's horror for the revival of the popish and prelatical faction reconciled him greatly to the government of King George, although he grieved that that monarch might be suspected of a leaning unto Erastianism. In short, moved by so many different considerations, he had shifted his ground at different times concerning the degree of freedom which he felt in adopting any act of immediate acknowledgment or submission to the present government, which, however mild and paternal, was still uncovenanted; and now he felt himself called upon by the most powerful motive conceivable to authorise his daughter's giving testimony in a court of justice, which all who have been since called Cameronians accounted a step of lamentable and direct defection. The voice of nature, however, exclaimed loud in his bosom against the dictates of fanaticism; and his imagination, fertile in the solution of polemical difficulties, devised an expedient for extricating himself from the fearful dilemma, in which he saw, on the one side, a falling off from principle, and, on the other, a scene from which a father's thoughts could not but turn in shuddering horror.

'I have been constant and unchanged in my testimony,' said David Deans; 'but then who has said it of me, that I have judged my neighbour over closely, because he hath had more freedom in his walk than I have found in mine? I never was a separatist, nor for quarrelling with tender souls about mint, cunmin, or other the lesser tithes. My daughter Jean may have a light in this subject that is hid frae my auld een; it is laid on her conscience, and not on mine. If she hath freedom to gang before this judicatory, and hold up her hand for this poor castaway, surely I will not say she steppeth over her bounds; and if not——' He paused in his mental argument, while a pang of unutterable anguish convulsed his features, yet, shaking it off, he firmly resumed the strain of his reasoning—'And if not, God forbid that she should go into defection at bidding of mine! I wanna fret the tender conscience of one bairn—no, not to save the life of the other.'

A Roman would have devoted his daughter to death from different feelings and motives, but not upon a more heroic principle of duty.

CHAPTER XIX

To man, in this his trial state,
The privilege is given,
When lost by tides of human fate,
To anchor fast on heaven.

WATTS'S *Hymns*.

I 'T was with a firm step that Deans sought his daughter's apartment, determined to leave her to the light of her own conscience in the dubious point of casuistry in which he supposed her to be placed.

The little room had been the sleeping-apartment of both sisters, and there still stood there a small occasional bed which had been made for Effie's accommodation, when, complaining of illness, she had declined to share, as in happier times, her sister's pillow. The eyes of Deans rested involuntarily, on entering the room, upon this little couch, with its dark green coarse curtains, and the ideas connected with it rose so thick upon his soul as almost to incapacitate him from opening his errand to his daughter. Her occupation broke the ice. He found her gazing on a slip of paper, which contained a citation to her to appear as a witness upon her sister's trial in behalf of the accused. For the worthy magistrate, determined to omit no chance of doing Effie justice, and to leave her sister no apology for not giving the evidence which she was supposed to possess, had caused the ordinary citation, or *subpoena*, of the Scottish criminal court, to be served upon her by an officer during his conference with David.

This precaution was so far favourable to Deans, that it saved him the pain of entering upon a formal explanation with his daughter; he only said, with a hollow and tremulous voice, 'I perceive ye are aware of the matter.'

'O father, we are cruelly stee'd between God's laws and man's laws. What shall we do? What can we do?'

Jeanie, it must be observed, had no hesitation whatever about

the mere act of appearing in a court of justice. She might have heard the point discussed by her father more than once; but we have already noticed, that she was accustomed to listen with reverence to much which she was incapable of understanding, and that subtle arguments of casuistry found her a patient but unmodified hearer. Upon receiving the citation, therefore, her thoughts did not turn upon the chimerical scruples which alarmed her father's mind, but to the language which had been held to her by the stranger at Musehat's Cairn. In a word, she never doubted but she was to be dragged forward into the court of justice, in order to place her in the cruel position of either sacrificing her sister by telling the truth, or committing perjury in order to save her life. And so strongly did her thoughts run in this channel, that she applied her father's words, 'Ye are aware of the matter,' to his acquaintance with the advice that had been so fearfully enforced upon her. She looked up with anxious surprise, not unmingled with a cast of horror, which his next words, as she interpreted and applied them, were not qualified to remove.

'Daughter,' said David, 'it has ever been my mind, that in things of a doubtful and controversial nature ilk Christian's conscience sould be his ain guide. Wherefore descend into your self, try your ain mind with sufficiency of soul exercise, and as you sall finally find yourself clear to do in this matter, even so be it.'

'But, father,' said Jeanie, whose mind revolted at the construction which she naturally put upon his language, 'can this — THIS be a doubtful or controversial matter? Mind, father, the ninth command — "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."'

David Deans paused; for, still applying her speech to his preconceived difficulties, it seemed to him as if *she*, a woman and a sister, was scarce entitled to be scrupulous upon this occasion, where *he*, a man, exercised in the testimonies of that testifying period, had given indirect countenance to her following what must have been the natural dictates of her own feelings. But he kept firm his purpose, until his eyes involuntarily rested upon the little settle-bed, and recalled the form of the child of his old age, as she sate upon it, pale, emaciated, and broken-hearted. His mind, as the picture arose before him, involuntarily conceived, and his tongue involuntarily uttered — but in a tone how different from his usual dogmatical precision! — arguments for the course of conduct likely to ensure his child's safety.

'Daughter,' he said, 'I did not say that your path was free from stumbling; and, questionless, this act may be in the opinion of some a transgression, since he who beareth witness unlawfully, and against his conscience, doth in some sort bear false witness against his neighbour. Yet in matters of compliance, the guilt lieth not in the compliance sae muckle as in the mind and conscience of him that doth comply; and, therefore, although my testimony hath not been spared upon public defections, I haena felt freedom to separate mysell from the communion of many who have been clear to hear those ministers who have taken the fatal indulgence, because they might get good of them, though I could not.'

When David had proceeded thus far, his conscience reproved him, that he might be indirectly undermining the purity of his daughter's faith, and smoothing the way for her falling off from strictness of principle. He, therefore, suddenly stopped, and changed his tone: 'Jeanie, I perceive that our vile affections — so I call them in respect of doing the will of our Father — cling too heavily to me in this hour of trying sorrow, to permit me to keep sight of my ain duty, or to airt you to yours. I will speak nae mair aenent this over-trying matter. Jeanie, if ye can, wi' God and gude conscience, speak in favour of this pair unhappy — (here his voice faltered). She is your sister in the flesh: worthless and castaway as she is, she is the daughter of a saint in heaven, that was a mother to you, Jeanie, in place of your ain; but if ye arena free in conscience to speak for her in the court of judicature, follow your conscience, Jeanie, and let God's will be done.' After this adjuration he left the apartment, and his daughter remained in a state of great distress and perplexity.

It were been no small addition to the sorrows of David Deans, — this extremity of suffering, had he known that his daughter was applying the casuistical arguments which he had been using, not in the sense of a permission to follow her own opinion on a dubious and disputed point of controversy, but rather as an encouragement to transgress one of those divine commandments which Christians of all sects and denominations unite in holding most sacred.

'Can this be?' said Jeanie, as the door closed on her father — 'can these be his words that I have heard, or has the Enemy taken his voice and features to give weight unto the counsel which causeth to perish? A sister's life, and a father pointing out how to save it. O God deliver me! this is a fearful temptation.'

Roaming from thought to thought, she at one time imagined her father understood the ninth commandment literally, as prohibiting false witness *against* our neighbour, without extending the denunciation against falsehood uttered *in favour* of the criminal. But her clear and unsophisticated power of discriminating between good and evil instantly rejected an interpretation so limited and so unworthy of the Author of the law. She remained in a state of the most agitating terror and uncertainty — afraid to communicate her thoughts freely to her father, lest she should draw forth an opinion with which she could not comply ; wrung with distress on her sister's account, rendered the more acute by reflecting that the means of saving her were in her power, but were such as her conscience prohibited her from using ; tossed, in short, like a vessel in an open roadstead during a storm, and, like that vessel, resting on one only sure cable and anchor — faith in Providence, and a resolution to discharge her duty.

Butler's affection and strong sense of religion would have been her principal support in these distressing circumstances, but he was still under restraint, which did not permit him to come to St. Leonard's Crag ; and her distresses were of a nature which, with her indifferent habits of scholarship, she found it impossible to express in writing. She was therefore compelled to trust for guidance to her own unassisted sense of what was right or wrong.

It was not the least of Jeanie's distresses that, although she hoped and believed her sister to be innocent, she had not the means of receiving that assurance from her own mouth.

The double-dealing of Ratcliffe in the matter of Robertson had not prevented his being rewarded, as double-dealers frequently have been, with favour and preferment. Sharpitlaw, who found in him something of a kindred genius, had been intercessor in his behalf with the magistrates, and the circumstance of his having voluntarily remained in the prison, when the doors were forced by the mob, would have made it a hard measure to take the life which he had such easy means of saving. He received a full pardon ; and soon afterwards, James Ratcliffe, the greatest thief and housebreaker in Scotland, was, upon the faith, perhaps, of an ancient proverb, selected as a person to be entrusted with the custody of other delinquents.

When Ratcliffe was thus placed in a confidential situation, he was repeatedly applied to by the sapient Saddle-tree and others who took some interest in the Deans family, to procure

an interview between the sisters; but the magistrates, who were extremely anxious for the apprehension of Robertson, had given strict orders to the contrary, hoping that, by keeping them separate, they might, from the one or the other, extract some information respecting that fugitive. On this subject Jeanie had nothing to tell them. She informed Mr. Middleburgh that she knew nothing of Robertson, except having met him that night by appointment to give her some advice respecting her sister's concern, the purport of which, she said, was betwixt God and her conscience. Of his motions, purposes, or plans, past, present, or future, she knew nothing, and so had nothing to communicate.

Effie was equally silent, though from a different cause. It was in vain that they offered a commutation and alleviation of her punishment, and even a free pardon, if she would confess what she knew of her lover. She answered only with tears: unless, when at times driven into pettish sulkiness by the persecution of the interrogators, she made them abrupt and disrespectful answers.

At length, after her trial had been delayed for many weeks, in hopes she might be induced to speak out on a subject infinitely more interesting to the magistracy than her own guilt or innocence, their patience was worn out, and even Mr. Middleburgh finding no ear lent to further intercession in her behalf, the day was fixed for the trial to proceed.

It was now, and not sooner, that Sharpitlaw, recollecting his promise to Effie Deans, or rather being dinned into compliance by the unceasing remonstrances of Mrs. Saddletree, who was his next-door neighbour, and who declared 'it was heathen cruelty to keep the two broken-hearted creatures separate,' issued the important mandate permitting them to see each other.

On the evening which preceded the eventful day of trial, Jeanie was permitted to see her sister — an awful interview, and occurring at a most distressing crisis. This, however, formed a part of the bitter cup which she was doomed to drink, to atone for crimes and follies to which she had no accession; and at twelve o'clock noon, being the time appointed for admission to the jail, she went to meet, for the first time for several months, her guilty, erring, and most miserable sister, in that abode of guilt, error, and utter misery.

CHAPTER XX

Sweet sister, let me live!
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Measure for Measure.

JEANIE DEANS was admitted into the jail by Ratcliffe. This fellow, as void of shame as of honesty, as he opened the now trebly secured door, asked her, with a leer which made her shudder, 'whether she remembered him?'

A half-pronounced and timid 'No' was her answer.

'What! not remember moonlight, and Muschat's Cairn, and Rob and Rat?' said he, with the same sneer. 'Your memory needs redding up, my jo.'

If Jeanie's mistresses had admitted of aggravation, it must have been to find her sister under the charge of such a profligate as this man. He was not, indeed, without something of good to balance so much that was evil in his character and habits. In his misdemeanours he had never been bloodthirsty or cruel; and in his present occupation he had shown himself, in a certain degree, accessible to touches of humanity. But these good qualities were unknown to Jeanie, who, remembering the scene at Muschat's Cairn, could scarce find voice to acquaint him that she had an order from Bailie Middleburgh, permitting her to see her sister.

'I ken that fu' weel, my bonny doo; mair by token, I have a special charge to stay in the ward with you a' the time ye are thegither.'

'Must that be sae?' asked Jeanie, with an imploring voice.

'Hout, ay, hinny,' replied the turnkey; 'and what the waur will you and your tittie be of Jim Ratcliffe hearing what ye hae to say to ilk other? Deil a word ye'll say that will gar him ken your kittle sex better than he kens them already; and another

thing is, that, if ye dinna speak o' breaking the tolbooth, deil a word will I tell ower, either to do ye good or ill.'

Thus saying, Ratcliffe marshalled her the way to the apartment where Effie was confined.

Shame, fear, and grief had contended for mastery in the poor prisoner's bosom during the whole morning, while she had looked forward to this meeting; but when the door opened, all gave way to a confused and strange feeling that had a tinge of joy in it, as, throwing herself on her sister's neck, she ejaculated, 'My dear Jeanie! my dear Jeanie! it's lang since I hae seen ye.' Jeanie returned the embrace with an earnestness that partook almost of rapture, but it was only a flitting emotion, like a sun-beam unexpectedly penetrating betwixt the clouds of a tempest, and obscured almost as soon as visible. The sisters walked together to the side of the pallet bed, and sate down side by side, took hold of each other's hands, and looked each other in the face, but without speaking a word. In this posture they remained for a minute, while the gleam of joy gradually faded from their features, and gave way to the most intense expression, first of melancholy, and then of agony, till, throwing themselves again into each other's arms, they, to use the language of Scripture, lifted up their voices and wept bitterly.

Even the hard-hearted turnkey, who had spent his life in scenes calculated to stifle both conscience and feeling, could not witness this scene without a touch of human sympathy. It was shown in a trifling action, but which had more delicacy in it than seemed to belong to Ratcliffe's character and station. The unglazed window of the miserable chamber was open, and the beams of a bright sun fell right upon the bed where the sufferers were seated. With a gentleness that had something of reverence in it, Ratcliffe partly closed the shutter, and seemed thus to throw a veil over a scene so sorrowful.

'Ye are ill, Effie,' were the first words Jeanie could utter — 'ye are very ill.'

'O, what wad I gie to be ten times waur, Jeanie!' was the reply — 'what wad I gie to be cauld dead afore the ten o'clock bell the morn! And our father — but I am his bairn nae langer now! O, I hae nae friend left in the world! O that I were lying dead at my mother's side in Newbattle kirkyard!'

'Hout, lassie,' said Ratcliffe, willing to show the interest which he absolutely felt, 'dinna be sae dooms down-hearted as a' that; there's mony a tod hunted that's no killed. Advocate

Langtale has brought folk through waur snappers than a' this, and there's no a cleverer agent than Nichil Novit e'er drew a bill of suspension. Hanged or unhanged, they are weel aff has sic an agent and counsel; ane's sure o' fair play. Ye are a bonny lass, too, an ye wad busk up your cockernomie a bit; and a bonny lass will find favour wi' judge and jury, when they would strap up a grewsome carle like me for the fifteenth part o' a flea's hide and tallow, d—n them.'

To this homely strain of consolation the mourners returned no answer; indeed, they were so much lost in their own sorrows as to have become insensible of Ratcliffe's presence. 'O, Effie,' said her elder sister, 'how could you conceal your situation from me? O, woman, had I deserved this at your hand? Had ye spoke but ae word — sorry we might hae been, and shamed we might hae been, but this awfu' dispensation had never come ower us.'

'And what gude wad that hae dune?' answered the prisoner. 'Na, na, Jeanie, a' was ower when ance I forgot what I promised when I faulded down the leaf of my Bible. See,' she said, producing the sacred volume, 'the book opens aye at the place o' itsell. O see, Jeanie, what a fearfu' scripture!'

Jeanie took her sister's Bible, and found that the fatal mark was made at this impressive text in the book of Job: 'He hath stripped me of my glory, and taken the crown from my head. He hath destroyed me on every side, and I am gone. And mine hope hath he removed like a tree.'

'Isna that ower true a doctrine?' said the prisoner: 'isna my crown, my honour removed? And what am I but a poor wasted, wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots and flung out to waste in the highway, that man and beast may tread it under foot? I thought o' the bonny bit thorn that our father rooted out o' the yard last May, when it had a' the flush o' blossoms on it; and then it lay in the court till the beasts had trod them a' to pieces wi' their feet. I little thought, when I was wae for the bit silly green bush and its flowers, that I was to gang the same gate mysell.'

'O, if ye had spoken a word,' again sobbed Jeanie — 'if I were free to swear that ye had said but ae word of how it stude wi' ye, they couldna hae touched your life this day.'

'Could they na?' said Effie, with something like awakened interest, for life is dear even to those who feel it as a burden. 'Wha tauld ye that, Jeanie?'

'It was ane that kenn'd what he was saying weel enough.'

replied Jeanie, who had a natural reluctance at mentioning even the name of her sister's seducer.

'Wha was it? I conjure ye to tell me,' said Effie, seating herself upright. 'Wha could tak interest in sic a cast-bye as I am now? Was it — was it *him*?'

'Hout,' said Ratcliffe, 'what signifies keeping the poor lassie in a swither? I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Musehat's Cairn.'

'Was it him?' said Effie, catching eagerly at his words — 'was it him, Jeanie, indeed? O, I see it was him, poor lad; and I was thinking his heart was as hard as the nether mill-stane; and him in sic danger on his ain part — poor George!'

Somewhat indignant at this burst of tender feeling towards the author of her misery, Jeanie could not help exclaiming — 'O, Effie, how can ye speak that gate of sic a man as that?'

'We maun forgie our enemies, ye ken,' said poor Effie, with a timid look and a subdued voice; for her conscience told her what a different character the feelings with which she still regarded her seducer bore, compared with the Christian charity under which she attempted to veil it.

'And ye hae suffered a' this for him, and ye can think of loving him still?' said her sister, in a voice betwixt pity and blame.

'Love him!' answered Effie. 'If I hadna loved as woman seldom loves, I hadna been within these wa's this day; and trow ye that love sic as mine is lightly forgotten? Na, na, ye may hew down the tree, but ye canna change its bend. And O, Jeanie, if ye wad do good to me at this moment, tell me every word that he said, and whether he was sorry for poor Effie or no!'

'What needs I tell ye ony thing about it,' said Jeanie. 'Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about ony body beside.'

'That's no true, Jeanie, though a saunt had said it,' replied Effie, with a sparkle of her former lively and irritable temper. 'But ye dinna ken, though I do, how far he pat his life in venture to save mine.' And looking at Ratcliffe, she checked herself and was silent.

'I fancy,' said Ratcliffe, with one of his familiar sneers, 'the lassie thinks that naebody has ecn but hersell. Didna I see when Gentle Geordie was seeking to get other folk out of the tolbooth forbye Jock Porteous? But ye are of my mind, hinny: better sit and rue than flit and rue. Ye needna look in my face sae amazed. I ken mair things than that, maybe.'

'O my God! my God!' said Effie, springing up and throwing herself down on her knees before him. 'D'ye ken where they hae putten my bairn? O my bairn! my bairn! the poor suckless innocent new-born wee aie — bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh! O man, if ye wad e'er deserve a portion in heaven, or a broken-hearted creature's blessing upon earth, tell me where they hae put my bairn — the sign of my shame, and the partner of my suffering! tell me wha has taen 't away, or what they hae dune wi't!'

'Hout tout,' said the turnkey, endeavouring to extricate himself from the firm grasp with which she held him, 'that's taking me at my word wi' a witness. Bairn, quo' she? How the deil suld I ken ony thing of your bairn, huzzy? Ye maun ask that of auld Meg Murdockson, if ye dinna ken ower muckle about it yoursell.'

As his answer destroyed the wild and vague hope which had suddenly gleamed upon her, the unhappy prisoner let go her hold of his coat, and fell with her face on the pavement of the apartment in a strong convulsion fit.

Jeanie Deans possessed, with her excellently clear understanding, the concomitant advantage of promptitude of spirit, even in the extremity of distress.

She did not suffer herself to be overcome by her own feelings of exquisite sorrow, but instantly applied herself to her sister's relief, with the readiest remedies which circumstances afforded; and which, to do Ratcliffe justice, he showed himself anxious to suggest, and alert in procuring. He had even the delicacy to withdraw to the farthest corner of the room, so as to render his official attendance upon them as little intrusive as possible, when Effie was composed enough again to resume her conference with her sister.

The prisoner once more, in the most earnest and broken tones, conjured Jeanie to tell her the particulars of the conference with Robertson, and Jeanie felt it was impossible to refuse her this gratification.

'Do ye mind,' she said, 'Effie, when ye were in the fever before we left Woodend, and how angry your mother, that's now in a better place, was wi' me for gieing ye milk and water to drink, because ye grat for it? Ye were a bairn then, and ye are a woman now, and should ken better than ask what canna but hurt you. But come weal or woe, I canna refuse ye ony thing that ye ask me wi' the tear in your ee.'

Again Effie threw herself into her arms, and kissed her cheek

and forehead, murmuring, 'O if ye kenn'd how lang it is since I heard his name mentioned! if ye but kenn'd how muckle good it does me but to ken ony thing o' him that's like goodness or kindness, ye wadna wonder that I wish to hear o' him!'

Jeanie sighed, and commenced her narrative of all that had passed betwixt Robertson and her, making it as brief as possible. Effie listened in breathless anxiety, holding her sister's hand in hers, and keeping her eye fixed upon her face, as if devouring every word she uttered. The interjections of 'Poor fellow!' — 'Poor George!' which escaped in whispers, and betwixt sighs, were the only sounds with which she interrupted the story. When it was finished she made a long pause.

'And this was his advice?' were the first words she uttered.

'Just sie as I hae tell'd ye,' replied her sister.

'And he wanted you to say something to yon folks that wad save my young life?'

'He wanted,' answered Jeanie, 'that I suld be man-sworn.'

'And you tauld him,' said Effie, 'that ye wadna hear o' coming between me and the death that I am to die, and me no aughteen year auld yet?'

'I told him,' replied Jeanie, who now trembled at the turn which her sister's reflections seemed about to take, 'that I daured na swear to an untruth.'

'And what d' ye ca' an untruth?' said Effie, again showing a touch of her former spirit. 'Ye are muckle to blame, lass, if ye think a mother wou'd, or cou'd, murder her ain bairn. Murder! I wad hae laid down my life just to see a blink o' its ee!'

'I do believe,' said Jeanie, 'that ye are as innocent of sie a purpose as the new-born babe itsell.'

'I am glad ye do me that justice,' said Effie, haughtily; 'it's whiles the fant of very good folk like you, Jeanie, that they think a' the rest of the world are as bad as the warst temptations can make them.'

'I dinna deserve this frae ye, Effie,' said her sister, sobbing, and feeling at once the injustice of the reproach and compassion for the state of mind which dictated it.

'Maybe no, sister,' said Effie. 'But ye are angry because I love Robertson. How can I help loving him, that loves me better than body and soul baith? Here he put his life in a niffer, to break the prison to let me out; and sure am I, had it stood wi' him as it stands wi' you —' Here she paused and was silent.

'O, if it stude wi' me to save ye wi' risk of *my* life!' said Jeanie.

'Ay, lass,' said her sister, 'that's lightly said, but no sae lightly credited, frae ane that winna ware a word for me; and if it be a wrang word, ye'll hae time enough to repent o't.'

'But that word is a grievous sin, and it's a deeper offence when it's a sin wilfully and presumptuously committed.'

'Weel, weel, Jeanie,' said Effie, 'I mind a' about the sins o' presumption in the questions; we'll speak nae mair about this matter, and ye may save your breath to say your carritch; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on any body.'

'I must needs say,' interposed Ratcliffe, 'that it's d—d hard, when three words of your mouth would give the girl the chance to nick Moll Blood, that you make such scrupling about rapping to them. D—n me, if they would take me, if I would not rap to all Whatd'yecallum's — Hyssop's Fables — for her life; I am us'd to 't, b—t me, for less matters. Why, I have snacked calfskin fifty times in England for a keg of brandy.'

'Never speak mair o't,' said the prisoner. 'It's just as weel as it is; and gude day, sister, ye keep Mr. Ratcliffe waiting on. Ye'll come back and see me, I reckon, before ——' here she stopped, and became deadly pale.

'And are we to part in this way,' said Jeanie, 'and you in sic deadly peril? O, Effie, look but up and say what ye wad hae me do, and I could find in my heart amais't to say that I wad do 't.'

'No, Jeanie,' replied her sister, after an effort, 'I am better minded now. At my best, I was never half sae gude as ye were, and what for suld you begin to mak yoursell waur to save me, now that I am no worth saving? God knows, that in my sober mind I wadna wuss ony living creature to do a wrang thing to save my life. I might have fled frae this tolbooth on that awfu' night wi' ane wad hae carried me through the warld, and friended me, and fended for me. But I said to them, let life gang when gude fame is gane before it. But this lang imprisonment has broken my spirit, and I am whiles sair left to mysell, and then I wad gie the Indian mines of gold and diamonds just for life and breath; for I think, Jeanie, I have such roving fits as I used to hae in the fever; but instead of the fiery een, and wolves, and Widow Butler's bullsegg, that I used to see speiling up on my bed, I am thinking now about a high black gibbet, and me standing up, and such seas of faces all looking up at poor Effie Deans, and asking if it be her that George Robertson used to call the Lily of St. Leonard's. And then they stretch out their faces, and make months, and girn at

me, and whichever way I look, I see a face laughing like Meg Murdockson, when she tauld me I had seen the last of my wean. God preserve us, Jeanie, that carline has a fearsome face!' She clapped her hands before her eyes as she uttered this exclamation, as if to secure herself against seeing the fearful object she had alluded to.

Jeanie Deans remained with her sister for two hours, during which she endeavoured, if possible, to extract something from her that might be serviceable in her exculpation. But she had nothing to say beyond what she had declared on her first examination, with the purport of which the reader will be made acquainted in proper time and place. 'They wadna believe her,' she said, 'and she had naething mair to tell them.'

At length Ratcliffe, though reluctantly, informed the sisters that there was a necessity that they should part. 'Mr. Novit,' he said, 'was to see the prisoner, and maybe Mr. Langtale too. Langtale likes to look at a bonny lass, whether in prison or out o' prison.'

Reluctantly, therefore, and slowly, after many a tear and many an embrace, Jeanie retired from the apartment, and heard its jarring bolts turned upon the dear being from whom she was separated. Somewhat familiarised now even with her rude conductor, she offered him a small present in money, with a request he would do what he could for her sister's accommodation. To her surprise, Ratcliffe declined the fee. 'I wasna bloody when I was on the pad,' he said, 'and I winna be greedy — that is, beyond what's right and reasonable — now that I am in the lock. Keep the siller; and for civility, your sister shall hae sie as I can bestow. But I hope you'll think better on it, and rap an oath for her; deil a hair ill there is in it, if ye are rapping again the crown. I kenn'd a worthy minister, as gude a man, bating the deed they deposed him for, as ever ye heard elaver in a pu'pit, that rapped to a hogshead of pigtail tobaceo, just for as muckle as filled his spleuchan. But maybe ye are keeping your ain counsel; weel, weel, there's nae harm in that. As for your sister, I've see that she gets her meat clean and warm, and I'll try to gar her lie down and take a sleep after dinner, and I'll try to gar her lie down and take a sleep after dinner, and I'll try to gar her lie down and take a sleep after dinner, for deil a ee she'll close the night. I hae gude experience of these matters. The first night is aye the warst o't. I hae never heard o' ane that sleepit the night afore trial, but of mony a ane that sleepit as sound as a tap the night before their neeks were straughted. And it's nae wonder: the warst may be tholed when it's kenn'd. Better a finger aff as aye wagging.'

CHAPTER XXI

Yet though thou mayst be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
Thou shalt not want one faithful friend
To share the cruel fates' decree.

Jemmy Dawson.

AFTER spending the greater part of the morning in his devotions, for his benevolent neighbours had kindly insisted upon discharging his task of ordinary labour, David Deans entered the apartment when the breakfast meal was prepared. His eyes were involuntarily cast down, for he was afraid to look at Jeanie, uncertain as he was whether she might feel herself at liberty, with a good conscience, to attend the Court of Justiciary that day, to give the evidence which he understood that she possessed in order to her sister's exculpation. At length, after a minute of apprehensive hesitation, he looked at her dress to discover whether it seemed to be in her contemplation to go abroad that morning. Her apparel was neat and plain, but such as conveyed no exact intimation of her intentions to go abroad. She had exchanged her usual garb for morning labour for one something inferior to that with which, as her best, she was wont to dress herself for church, or any more rare occasion of going into society. Her sense taught her, that it was respectful to be decent in her apparel on such an occasion, while her feelings induced her to lay aside the use of the very few and simple personal ornaments which, on other occasions, she permitted herself to wear. So that there occurred nothing in her external appearance which could mark out to her father, with anything like certainty, her intentions on this occasion.

The preparations for their humble meal were that morning made in vain. The father and daughter sat, each assuming the appearance of eating when the other's eyes were turned to them, and desisting from the effort with disgust when the affectionate imposture seemed no longer necessary.

At length these moments of constraint were removed. The sound of St. Giles's heavy toll announced the hour previous to the commencement of the trial; Jeanie arose, and, with a degree of composure for which she herself could not account, assumed her plaid, and made her other preparations for a distant walking. It was a strange contrast between the firmness of her demeanour and the vacillation and cruel uncertainty of purpose indicated in all her father's motions; and one unacquainted with both could scarcely have supposed that the former was, in her ordinary habits of life, a docile, quiet, gentle, and even timid country maiden, while her father, with a mind naturally proud and strong, and supported by religious opinions of a stern, stoical, and unyielding character, had in his time undergone and withstood the most severe hardships and the most imminent peril, without depression of spirit or subjugation of his constancy. The secret of this difference was, that Jeanie's mind had already anticipated the line of conduct which she must adopt, with all its natural and necessary consequences; while her father, ignorant of every other circumstance, tormented himself with imagining what the one sister might say or swear, or what effect her testimony might have upon the awful event of the trial.

He watched his daughter with a faltering and indecisive look, until she looked back upon him with a look of unutterable anguish, as she was about to leave the apartment.

'My dear lassie,' said he, 'I will ——' His action, hastily and confusedly searching for his worsted mittens and staff, showed his purpose of accompanying her, though his tongue failed distinctly to announce it.

'Father,' said Jeanie, replying rather to his action than his words, 'ye had better not.'

'In the strength of my God,' answered Deans, assuming firmness, 'I will go forth.'

And, taking his daughter's arm under his, he began to walk from the door with a step so hasty that she was almost unable to keep up with him. A trifling circumstance, but which marked the perturbed state of his mind, checked his course. 'Your bonnet, father?' said Jeanie, who observed he had come out with his grey hairs uncovered. He turned back with a slight blush on his cheek, being ashamed to have been detected in an omission which indicated so much mental confusion, assumed his large blue Scottish bonnet, and with a step slower, but more composed, as if the circumstance had obliged

him to summon up his resolution and collect his scattered ideas, again placed his daughter's arm under his, and resumed the way to Edinburgh.

The courts of justice were then, and are still, held in what is called the Parhamment Close, or, according to modern phrase, the Parliament Square, and occupied the buildings intended for the accommodation of the Scottish Estates. This edifice, though in an imperfect and corrupted style of architecture, had then a grave, decent, and, as it were, a judicial aspect, which was at least entitled to respect from its antiquity; for which venerable front, I observed, on my last occasional visit to the metropolis, that modern taste had substituted, at great apparent expense, a pile so utterly inconsistent with every monument of antiquity around, and in itself so clumsy at the same time and fantastic, that it may be likened to the decorations of Tom Errand, the porter, in the *Trip to the Jubilee*, when he appears bedizened with the tawdry finery of Beau Clincher. *Sed transeat cym cæteris erroribus.*

The small quadrangle, or close, if we may presume still to give it that appropriate though antiquated title, which at Litchfield, Salisbury, and elsewhere is properly applied to designate the inclosure adjacent to a cathedral, already evinced tokens of the fatal scene which was that day to be acted. The soldiers of the City Guard were on their posts, now enduring, and now rudely repelling with the butts of their muskets, the motley crew who thrust each other forward, to catch a glance at the unfortunate object of trial, as she should pass from the adjacent prison to the court in which her fate was to be determined. All must have occasionally observed, with disgust, the apathy with which the vulgar gaze on scenes of this nature, and how seldom, unless when their sympathies are called forth by some striking and extraordinary circumstance, the crowd evince any interest deeper than that of callous, unthinking bustle and brutal curiosity. They laugh, jest, quarrel, and push each other to and fro, with the same unfeeling indifference as if they were assembled for some holiday sport, or to see an idle procession. Occasionally, however, this demeanour, so natural to the degraded populace of a large town, is exchanged for a temporary touch of human affections; and so it chanced on the present occasion.

When Deans and his daughter presented themselves in the close, and endeavoured to make their way forward to the door of the court-house, they became involved in the mob,

and subject, of course, to their insolence. As Deans repelled with some force the rude pushes which he received on all sides, his figure and antiquated dress caught the attention of the rabble, who often show an intuitive sharpness in ascribing the proper character from external appearance.

'Ye're welcome, Whigs,
Frae Bothwell Briggs,'

sung one fellow, for the mob of Edinburgh were at that time Jacobitically disposed, probably because that was the line of sentiment most diametrically opposite to existing authority.

'Mess David Williamson,
Chosen of twenty,
Ran up the pu'pit stair,
And sang Killiecrankie,'

chanted a siren, whose profession might be guessed by her appearance. A tattered cadie or errand porter, whom David Deans had jostled in his attempt to extricate himself from the vicinity of these scorners, exclaimed in a strong north-country tone, 'Ta deil ding out her Cameronian een! What gies her titles to dunch gentlemen about?'

'Make room for the ruling elder,' said yet another; 'he comes to see a precious sister glorify God in the Grassmarket!'

'Whisht! shame's in ye, sirs,' said the voice of a man very loudly, which, as quickly sinking, said in a low, but distinct tone, 'It's her father and sister.'

All fell back to make way for the sufferers; and all, even the very rudest and most profligate, were struck with shame and silence. In the space thus abandoned to them by the mob, Deans stood, holding his daughter by the hand, and said to her, with a countenance strongly and sternly expressive of his internal emotion, 'Ye hear with your ears, and ye see with your eyes, where and to whom the backslidings and defections of professors are ascribed by the scoffers. Not to themselves alone, but to the kirk of which they are members, and to its blessed and invisible Head. Then, weel may we take wi' patience our share and portion of this outspreading reproach.'

The man who had spoken, no other than our old friend Dumbiedikes, whose mouth, like that of the prophet's ass, had been opened by the emergency of the case, now joined them, and, with his usual taciturnity, escorted them into the court-house. No opposition was offered to their entrance, either by

the guards or doorkeepers ; and it is even said that one of the latter refused a shilling of civility-money, tendered him by the Laird of Dumbiedikes, who was of opinion that 'siller wad mak a' easy.' But this last incident wants confirmation.

Admitted within the precincts of the court-house, they found the usual number of busy office-bearers and idle loiterers, who attend on these scenes by choice or from duty. Burghers gaped and stared ; young lawyers sauntered, sneered, and laughed, as in the pit of the theatre ; while others apart sat on a bench retired and reasoned highly, *inter apices juris*, on the doctrines of constructive crime and the true import of the statute. The bench was prepared for the arrival of the judges. The jurors were in attendance. The crown counsel, employed in looking over their briefs and notes of evidence, looked grave and whispered with each other. They occupied one side of a large table placed beneath the bench ; on the other sat the advocates, whom the humanity of the Scottish law, in this particular more liberal than that of the sister country, not only permits, but enjoins, to appear and assist with their advice and skill all persons under trial. Mr. Nichil Novit was seen actively instructing the counsel for the panel — so the prisoner is called in Scottish law-phraseology — busy, bustling, and important. When they entered the court-room, Deans asked the Laird, in a tremulous whisper, 'Where will *she* sit ?'

Dumbiedikes whispered Novit, who pointed to a vacant space at the bar, fronting the judges, and was about to conduct Deans towards it.

'No !' he said ; 'I cannot sit by her ; I cannot own her — not as yet, at least. I will keep out of her sight, and turn mine own eyes elsewhere ; better for us baith.'

Saddletree, whose repeated interference with the counsel had procured him one or two rebuffs, and a special request that he would concern himself with his own matters, now saw with pleasure an opportunity of playing the person of importance. He hustled up to the poor old man, and proceeded to exhibit his consequence, by securing, through his interest with the bar-keepers and macers, a seat for Deans in a situation where he was hidden from the general eye by the projecting corner of the bench.

'It's gude to have a friend at court,' he said, continuing his heartless harangues to the passive auditor, who neither heard nor replied to them ; 'few folk but mysell could hae sorted ye out a seat like this. The Lords will be here incontinent, and

proceed *instanter* to trial. They wunna fence the court as they do at the circuit. The High Court of Justiciary is aye fenced. But, Lord's sake, what's this o't? Jeanie, ye are a cited witness. Macer, this lass is a witness; she maun be inclosed; she maun on nae account be at large. Mr. Novit, suldna Jeanie Deans be inclosed?'

Novit answered in the affirmative, and offered to conduct Jeanie to the apartment where, according to the scrupulous practice of the Scottish court, the witnesses remain in readiness to be called into court to give evidence; and separated, at the same time, from all who might influence their testimony, or give them information concerning that which was passing upon the trial.

'Is this necessary?' said Jeanie, still reluctant to quit her father's hand.

'A matter of absolute needeessity,' said Saddletree; 'wha ever heard of witnesses no being inclosed?'

'It is really a matter of necessity,' said the younger counsellor retained for her sister; and Jeanie reluctantly followed the macer of the court to the place appointed.

'This, Mr. Deans,' said Saddletree, 'is ca'd sequestering a witness; but it's clean different, whilk maybe ye wadna find out o' yoursell, frae sequestering ane's estate or effects, as in cases of bankruptcy. I hae aften been sequestered as a witness, for the sheriff is in the use whiles to cry me in to witness the declarations at precognitions, and so is Mr. Sharpitlaw; but I was ne'er like to be sequestered o' land and gudes but ance, and that was lang syne, afore I was married. But whisht, whisht! here's the Court coming.'

As he spoke, the five Lords of Justiciary, in their long robes of scarlet, faced with white, and preceded by their mace-bearer, entered with the usual formalities, and took their places upon the bench of judgment.

The audience rose to receive them; and the bustle occasioned by their entrance was hardly composed, when a great noise and confusion of persons struggling, and forcibly endeavouring to enter at the doors of the court-room and of the galleries, announced that the prisoner was about to be placed at the bar. This tumult takes place when the doors, at first only opened to those either having right to be present or to the better and more qualified ranks, are at length laid open to all whose curiosity induces them to be present on the occasion. With inflamed countenances and dishevelled dresses, struggling with and

sometimes tumbling over each other, in rushed the rude multitude, while a few soldiers, forming, as it were, the centre of the tide, could scarce, with all their efforts, clear a passage for the prisoner to the place which she was to occupy. By the authority of the Court and the exertions of its officers, the tumult among the spectators was at length appeased, and the unhappy girl brought forward, and placed betwixt two sentinels with drawn bayonets, as a prisoner at the bar, where she was to abide her deliverance for good or evil, according to the issue of her trial.

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CHAPTER XXII

We have strict statutes, and most biting laws —
The needful bits and curbs for headstrong steeds —
Which, for these fourteen years, we have let sleep,
Like to an o'ergrown lion in a cave
That goes not out to prey.

Measure for Measure.

'**E**UPHEMIA DEANS,' said the presiding Judge, in an accent in which pity was blended with dignity, 'stand up and listen to the criminal indictment now to be preferred against you.'

The unhappy girl, who had been stupified by the confusion through which the guards had forced a passage, cast a bewildered look on the multitude of faces around her, which seemed to tapestry, as it were, the walls, in one broad slope from the ceiling to the floor, with human countenances, and instinctively obeyed a command which rung in her ears like the trumpet of the judgment-day.

'Put back your hair, Effie,' said one of the macers. For her beautiful and abundant tresses of long fair hair, which, according to the costume of the country, unmarried women were not allowed to cover with any sort of cap, and which, alas! Effie dared no longer confine with the snood or ribband which implied purity of maiden-fame, now hung unbound and dishevelled over her face, and almost concealed her features. On receiving this hint from the attendant, the unfortunate young woman, with a hasty, trembling, and apparently mechanical compliance, shaded back from her face her luxuriant locks, and showed to the whole court, excepting one individual, a countenance which, though pale and emaciated, was so lovely amid its agony that it called forth an universal murmur of compassion and sympathy. Apparently the expressive sound of human feeling recalled the poor girl from the stupor of fear which predominated at first over every other sensation, and awakened her to the no less painful sense of shame and exposure attached

to her present situation. Her eye, which had at first glanced wildly around, was turned on the ground; her cheek, at first so deadly pale, began gradually to be overspread with a faint blush, which increased so fast that, when in agony of shame she strove to conceal her face, her temples, her brow, her neck, and all that her slender fingers and small palms could not cover, became of the deepest crimson.

All marked and were moved by these changes, excepting one. It was old Deans, who, motionless in his seat, and concealed, as we have said, by the corner of the bench, from seeing or being seen, did nevertheless keep his eyes firmly fixed on the ground, as if determined that, by no possibility whatever, would he be an ocular witness of the shame of his house.

'Ichabod!' he said to himself — 'Ichabod! my glory is departed!'

While these reflections were passing through his mind, the indictment, which set forth in technical form the crime of which the panel stood accused, was read as usual, and the prisoner was asked if she was Guilty or Not Guilty.

'Not guilty of my poor bairn's death,' said Effie Deans, in an accent corresponding in plaintive softness of tone to the beauty of her features, and which was not heard by the audience without emotion.

The presiding Judge next directed the counsel to plead to the relevancy; that is, to state on either part the arguments in point of law, and evidence in point of fact, against and in favour of the criminal, after which it is the form of the Court to pronounce a preliminary judgment, sending the cause to the cognizance of the jury or assize.

The counsel for the crown briefly stated the frequency of the crime of infanticide, which had given rise to the special statute under which the panel stood indicted. He mentioned the various instances, many of them marked with circumstances of atrocity, which had at length induced the King's Advocate, though with great reluctance, to make the experiment, whether, by strictly enforcing the Act of Parliament which had been made to prevent such enormities, their occurrence might be prevented. 'He expected,' he said, 'to be able to establish by witnesses, as well as by the declaration of the panel herself, that she was in the state described by the statute. According to his information, the panel had communicated her pregnancy to no one, nor did she allege in her own declaration that she had done so. This secrecy was the first requisite in support of

the indictment. The same declaration admitted that she had borne a male child, in circumstances which gave but too much reason to believe it had died by the hands, or at least with the knowledge or consent, of the unhappy mother. It was not, however, necessary for him to bring positive proof that the panel was accessory to the murder, nay, nor even to prove that the child was murdered at all. It was sufficient to support the indictment, that it could not be found. According to the stern but necessary severity of this statute, she who should conceal her pregnancy, who should omit to call that assistance which is most necessary on such occasions, was held already to have meditated the death of her offspring, as an event most likely to be the consequence of her culpable and cruel concealment. And if, under such circumstances, she could not alternatively show by proof that the infant had died a natural death, or produce it still in life, she must, under the construction of the law, be held to have murdered it, and suffer death accordingly.

The counsel for the prisoner, Mr. Fairbrother, a man of considerable fame in his profession, did not pretend directly to combat the arguments of the King's Advocate. He began by lamenting that his senior at the bar, Mr. Langtale, had been suddenly called to the county of which he was sheriff, and that he had been applied to, on short warning, to give the panel his assistance in this interesting case. He had had little time, he said, to make up for his inferiority to his learned brother by long and minute research; and he was afraid he might give a specimen of his incapacity by being compelled to admit the accuracy of the indictment under the statute. 'It was enough for their Lordships,' he observed, 'to know, that such was the law, and he admitted the Advocate had a right to call for the usual interlocutor of relevancy.' But he stated, 'that when he came to establish his case by proof, he trusted to make out circumstances which would satisfactorily elide the charge in the libel. His client's story was a short but most melancholy one. She was bred up in the strictest tenets of religion and virtue, the daughter of a worthy and conscientious person, who, in evil times, had established a character for courage and religion, by becoming a sufferer for conscience' sake.'

David Deans gave a convulsive start at hearing himself thus mentioned, and then resumed the situation in which, with his face stooped against his hands, and both resting against the corner of the elevated bench on which the Judges sate, he had hitherto listened to the procedure in the trial. The

Whig lawyers seemed to be interested; the Tories put up their lip.

'Whatever may be our difference of opinion,' resumed the lawyer, whose business it was to carry his whole audience with him if possible 'concerning the peculiar tenets of these people (here Deans groaned deeply), it is impossible to deny them the praise of sound, and even rigid, morals, or the merit of training up their children in the fear of God; and yet it was the daughter of such a person whom a jury would shortly be called upon, in the absence of evidence, and upon mere presumptions, to convict of a crime more properly belonging to an heathen or a savage than to a Christian and civilised country. It was true,' he admitted, 'that the excellent nurture and early instruction which the poor girl had received had not been sufficient to preserve her from guilt and error. She had fallen a sacrifice to an inconsiderate affection for a young man of prepossessing manners, as he had been informed, but of a very dangerous and desperate character. She was seduced under promise of marriage — a promise which the fellow might have, perhaps, done her justice by keeping, had he not at the time been called upon by the law to atone for a crime, violent and desperate in itself, but which became the preface to another eventful history, every step of which was marked by blood and guilt, and the final termination of which had not even yet arrived. He believed that no one would hear him without surprise, when he stated that the father of this infant now amissing, and said by the learned Advocate to have been murdered, was no other than the notorious George Robertson, the accomplice of Wilson, the hero of the memorable escape from the Tolbooth Church, and, as no one knew better than his learned friend the Advocate, the principal actor in the Porteous conspiracy.'

'I am sorry to interrupt a counsel in such a case as the present,' said the presiding Judge; 'but I must remind the learned gentleman that he is travelling out of the case before us.'

The counsel bowed, and resumed. 'He only judged it necessary,' he said, 'to mention the name and situation of Robertson, because the circumstance in which that character was placed went a great way in accounting for the silence on which his Majesty's counsel had laid so much weight, as affording proof that his client proposed to allow no fair play for its life to the helpless being whom she was about to bring into the world. She had not announced to her friends that she had

been seduced from the path of honour, and why had she not done so? Because she expected daily to be restored to character, by her seducer doing her that justice which she knew to be in his power, and believed to be in his inclination. Was it natural, was it reasonable, was it fair, to expect that she should, in the interim, become *jélo de se* of her own character, and proclaim her frailty to the world, when she had every reason to expect that, by concealing it for a season, it might be veiled for ever? Was it not, on the contrary, pardonable that, in such an emergency, a young woman, in such a situation, should be found far from disposed to make a confidante of every prying gossip who, with sharp eyes and eager ears, pressed upon her for an explanation of suspicious circumstances, which females in the lower — he might say which females of all ranks are so alert in noticing, that they sometimes discover them where they do not exist? Was it strange, or was it criminal, that she should have repelled their inquisitive impertinence with petulant denials? The sense and feeling of all who heard him would answer directly in the negative. But although his client had thus remained silent towards those to whom she was not called upon to communicate her situation — to whom, said the learned gentleman, 'I will add, it would have been unadvised and improper in her to have done so; yet I trust I shall remove this case most triumphantly from under the statute, and obtain the unfortunate young woman an honourable dismissal from your Lordships' bar, by showing that she did, in due time and place, and to a person most fit for such confidence, mention the calamitous circumstances in which she found herself. This occurred after Robertson's conviction, and when he was lying in prison in expectation of the fate which his comrade Wilson afterwards suffered, and from which he himself so strangely escaped. It was then, when all hopes of having her honour repaired by wedlock vanished from her eyes — when an union with one in Robertson's situation, if still practicable, might perhaps have been regarded rather as an addition to her disgrace — it was *then*, that I trust to be able to prove that the prisoner communicated and consulted with her sister, a young woman several years older than herself, the daughter of her father, if I mistake not, by a former marriage, upon the perils and distress of her unhappy situation.'

'If, indeed, you are able to instruct *that* point, Mr. Fairbrother,' said the presiding Judge —

'If I am indeed able to instruct *that* point, my lord,' re-

sumed Mr. Fairbrother, 'I trust not only to serve my client, but to relieve your Lordships from that which I know you feel the most painful duty of your high office; and to give all who now hear me the exquisite pleasure of beholding a creature so young, so ingenuous, and so beautiful as she that is now at the bar of your Lordships' Court, dismissed from thence in safety and in honour.'

This address seemed to affect many of the audience, and was followed by a slight murmur of applause. Deans, as he heard his daughter's beauty and innocent appearance appealed to, was involuntarily about to turn his eyes towards her; but, recollecting himself, he bent them again on the ground with stubborn resolution.

When a very learned brother on the other side of the bar, continued the advocate, after a short pause, 'share in this general pity, since I know, while he discharges his duty in bringing an accused person here, no one rejoices more in their being freely and honourably sent hence? My learned brother shakes his head doubtfully, and lays his hand on the panel's declaration. I understand him perfectly; he would insinuate that the facts now stated to your Lordships are inconsistent with the confession of Euphemia Deans herself. I need not remind your Lordships, that her present defence is no whit to be narrowed within the bounds of her former confession; and that it is not by any account which she may formerly have given of herself, but by what is now to be proved for or against her, that she must ultimately stand or fall. I am not under the necessity of accounting for her choosing to drop out of her declaration the circumstances of her confession to her sister. She might not be aware of its importance; she might be afraid of implicating her sister; she might even have forgotten the circumstance entirely, in the terror and distress of mind incidental to the arrest of so young a creature on a charge so heinous. Any of these reasons are sufficient to account for her having suppressed the truth in this instance, at whatever risk to herself; and I incline most to her erroneous fear of criminating her sister, because I observe she has had a similar tenderness towards her lover, however undeserved on his part, and has never once mentioned Robertson's name from beginning to end of her declaration.

'But, my lords,' continued Fairbrother, 'I am aware the King's Advocate will expect me to show that the proof I offer is consistent with other circumstances of the case which I do

not and cannot deny. He will demand of me how Effie Deans's confession to her sister, previous to her delivery, is reconcilable with the mystery of the birth — with the disappearance, perhaps the murder — for I will not deny a possibility which I cannot disprove — of the infant. My lords, the explanation of this is to be found in the placability, perchance I may say in the facility and pliability, of the female sex. The *dulcis Amargyllidis ire*, as your Lordships well know, are easily appeased; nor is it possible to conceive a woman so atrociously offended by the man whom she has loved, but what she will retain a fund of forgiveness upon which his penitence, whether real or affected, may draw largely, with a certainty that his bills will be answered. We can prove, by a letter produced in evidence, that this villain Robertson, from the bottom of the dungeon whence he already probably meditated the escape which he afterwards accomplished by the assistance of his comrade, contrived to exercise authority over the mind, and to direct the motions, of this unhappy girl. It was in compliance with his injunctions, expressed in that letter, that the panel was prevailed upon to alter the line of conduct which her own better thoughts had suggested; and, instead of resorting, when her time of travail approached, to the protection of her own family, was induced to confide herself to the charge of some vile agent of this nefarious seducer, and by her conducted to one of those solitary and secret purlieus of villainy, which, to the shame of our police, still are suffered to exist in the suburbs of this city, where, with the assistance, and under the charge, of a person of her own sex, she bore a male child, under circumstances which added treble bitterness to the woe denounced against our original mother. What purpose Robertson had in all this, it is hard to tell or even to guess. He may have meant to marry the girl, for her father is a man of substance. But for the termination of the story, and the conduct of the woman whom he had placed about the person of Euphemia Deans, it is still more difficult to account. The unfortunate young woman was visited by the fever incidental to her situation. In this fever she appears to have been deceived by the person that waited on her, and, on recovering her senses, she found that she was childless in that abode of misery. Her infant had been carried off, perhaps for the worst purposes, by the wretch that waited on her. It may have been murdered for what I can tell.

He was here interrupted by a piercing shriek, uttered by

the unfortunate prisoner. She was with difficulty brought to compose herself. Her counsel availed himself of the tragical interruption to close his pleading with effect.

'My lords,' said he, 'in that piteous cry you heard the eloquence of maternal affection, far surpassing the force of my poor words: Rachel weeping for her children! Nature herself bears testimony in favour of the tenderness and acuteness of the prisoner's parental feelings. I will not dishonour her plea by adding a word more.'

'Heard ye ever the like o' that, Laird?' said Saddletree to Dumbiedikes, when the counsel had ended his speech. 'There's a chield can pin a muckle pirn out of a wee tait of tow! Deil haet he kens mair about it than what's in the declaration, and a surmise that Jeanie Deans suld hae been able to say something about her sister's situation, whilk surmise, Mr. Crossmyloof says, rests on sma' authority. And he's cleckit this great muckle bird out o' this wee egg! He could wile the very flounders out o' the Firth. What garr'd my father no send me to Utrecht? But whisht! the Court is gaun to pronounce the interlocutor of relevancy.'

And accordingly the Judges, after a few words, recorded their judgment, which bore, that the indictment, if proved, was relevant to infer the pains of law; and that the defence, that the panel had communicated her situation to her sister, was a relevant defence; and, finally, appointed the said indictment and defence to be submitted to the judgment of an assize.

CHAPTER XXIII

Most righteous judge! a sentence. Come, prepare.

Merchant of Venice.

IT is by no means my intention to describe minutely the forms of a Scottish criminal trial, nor am I sure that I could draw up an account so intelligible and accurate as to abide the criticism of the gentlemen of the long robe. It is enough to say that the jury was impanelled, and the case proceeded. The prisoner was again required to plead to the charge, and she again replied, 'Not Guilty,' in the same heart-thrilling tone as before.

The crown counsel then called two or three female witnesses, by whose testimony it was established that Effie's situation had been remarked by them, that they had taxed her with the fact, and that her answers had amounted to an angry and petulant denial of what they charged her with. But, as very frequently happens, the declaration of the panel or accused party herself was the evidence which bore hardest upon her case.

In the event of these Tales ever finding their way across the Border, it may be proper to apprise the southern reader that it is the practice in Scotland, on apprehending a suspected person, to subject him to a judicial examination before a magistrate. He is not compelled to answer any of the questions asked of him, but may remain silent if he sees it his interest to do so. But whatever answers he chooses to give are formally written down, and being subscribed by himself and the magistrate, are produced against the accused in case of his being brought to trial. It is true, that these declarations are not produced as being in themselves evidence properly so called, but only as *adminicles* of testimony, tending to corroborate what is considered as legal and proper evidence. Notwithstanding this nice distinction, however, introduced by lawyers to reconcile this procedure to their own general rule, that a

man cannot be required to bear witness against himself, it nevertheless usually happens that these declarations become the means of condemning the accused, as it were, out of their own mouths. The prisoner, upon these previous examinations, has indeed the privilege of remaining silent if he pleases ; but every man necessarily feels that a refusal to answer natural and pertinent interrogatories, put by judicial authority, is in itself a strong proof of guilt, and will certainly lead to his being committed to prison ; and few can renounce the hope of obtaining liberty by giving some specious account of themselves, and showing apparent frankness in explaining their motives and accounting for their conduct. It, therefore, seldom happens that the prisoner refuses to give a judicial declaration, in which, nevertheless, either by letting out too much of the truth, or by endeavouring to substitute a fictitious story, he almost always exposes himself to suspicion and to contradictions, which weigh heavily in the minds of the jury.

The declaration of Effie Deans was uttered on other principles, and the following is a sketch of its contents, given in the judicial form in which they may still be found in the *Books of Adjournal*.

The declarant admitted a criminal intrigue with an individual whose name she desired to conceal. 'Being interrogated, what her reason was for secrecy on this point? She declared, that she had no right to blame that person's conduct more than she did her own, and that she was willing to confess her own faults, but not to say anything which might criminate the absent. Interrogated, if she confessed her situation to any one, or made any preparation for her confinement? Declares, she did not. And being interrogated, why she forbore to take steps which her situation so peremptorily required? Declares, she was ashamed to tell her friends, and she trusted the person she has mentioned would provide for her and the infant. Interrogated, if he did so? Declares, that he did not do so personally ; but that it was not his fault, for that the declarant is convinced he would have laid down his life sooner than the bairn or she had come to harm. Interrogated, what prevented him from keeping his promise? Declares, that it was impossible for him to do so, he being under trouble at the time, and declines farther answer to this question. Interrogated, where she was from the period she left her master, Mr. Saddletree's family, until her appearance at her father's, at St. Leonard's, the day before she was apprehended? Declares, she does not remember. And,

on the interrogatory being repeated, declares, she does not mind muckle about it, for she was very ill. On the question being again repeated, she declares, she will tell the truth, if it should be the undoing of her, so long as she is not asked to tell on other folk; and admits, that she passed that interval of time in the lodging of a woman, an acquaintance of that person who had wished her to that place to be delivered, and that she was there delivered accordingly of a male child. Interrogated, what was the name of that person? Declares and refuses to answer this question. Interrogated, where she lives? Declares, she has no certainty, for that she was taken to the lodging aforesaid under cloud of night. Interrogated, if the lodging was in the city or suburbs? Declares and refuses to answer that question. Interrogated, whether, when she left the house of Mr. Saddletree, she went up or down the street? Declares and refuses to answer the question. Interrogated, whether she had ever seen the woman before she was wished to her, as she termed it, by the person whose name she refuses to answer? Declares and replies, not to her knowledge. Interrogated, whether this woman was introduced to her by the said person verbally, or by word of mouth? Declares, she has no freedom to answer this question. Interrogated, if the child was alive when it was born? Declares, that — God help her and it! — it certainly was alive. Interrogated, if it died a natural death after birth? Declares, not to her knowledge. Interrogated, where it now is? Declares, she would give her right hand to ken, but that she never hopes to see mair than the banes of it. And being interrogated, why she supposes it is now dead? the declarant wept bitterly, and made no answer. Interrogated, if the woman in whose lodging she was seemed to be a fit person to be with her in that situation? Declares, she might be fit enough for skill, but that she was an hard-hearted bad woman. Interrogated, if there was any other person in the lodging excepting themselves two? Declares, that she thinks there was another woman; but her head was so carried with pain of body and trouble of mind that she minded her very little. Interrogated, when the child was taken away from her? Declared, that she fell in a fever, and was light-headed, and when she came to her own mind the woman told her the bairn was dead; and that the declarant answered, if it was dead it had had foul play. That, thereupon, the woman was very sair on her, and gave her much ill language; and that the deponent was frightened, and crawled out of the house when her back

was turned, and went home to St. Leonard's Crag, as well as a woman in her condition doubt. Interrogated, why she did not tell her story to her sister and father, and get force to search the house for her child, dead or alive? Declares, it was her purpose to do so, but she had not time. Interrogated, why she now conceals the name of the woman, and the place of her abode? The declarant remained silent for a time, and then said, that to do so could not repair the skaith that was done, but might be the occasion of more. Interrogated, whether she had herself, at any time, had any purpose of putting away the child by violence? Declares, never; so might God be merciful to her; and then again declares, never, when she was in her perfect senses; but what bad thoughts the Enemy might put into her brain when she was out of herself, she cannot answer. And again solemnly interrogated, declares, that she would have been drawn with wild horses rather than have touched the bairn with an unmotherly hand. Interrogated, declares, that among the ill language the woman gave her, she did say sure enough that the declarant had hurt the bairn when she was in the brain-fever; but that the declarant does not believe that she said this from any other cause than to frighten her, and make her be silent. Interrogated, what else the woman said to her? Declares, that when the declarant cried loud for her bairn, and was like to raise the neighbours, the woman threatened her, that they that could stop the wean's skirling would stop hers, if she did not keep a' the louder. And that this threat, with the manner of the woman, made the declarant conclude that the bairn's life was gone, and her own in danger, for that the woman was a desperate bad woman, as the declarant judged, from the language she used. Interrogated, declares, that the fever and delirium were brought on her by hearing bad news, suddenly told to her, but refuses to say what the said news related to. Interrogated, why she does not now communicate these particulars, which might, perhaps, enable the magistrate to ascertain whether the child is living or dead, and requested to observe, that her refusing to do so exposes her own life, and leaves the child in bad hands, as also, that her present refusal to answer on such points is inconsistent with her alleged intention to make a clean breast to her sister? Declares, that she kens the bairn is now dead, or, if living, there is one that will look after it; that for her own living or dying, she is in God's hands, who knows her innocence of harming her bairn with her will or knowledge; and that she

has altered her resolution of speaking out, which she entertained when she left the woman's lodging, on account of a matter which she has since learned. And declares, in general, that she is wearied, and will answer no more questions at this time.'

Upon a subsequent examination, Euphemia Deans adhered to the declaration she had formerly made, with this addition, that a paper found in her trunk being shown to her, she admitted that it contained the credentials in consequence of which she resigned herself to the conduct of the woman at whose lodgings she was delivered of the child. Its tenor ran thus :—

'DEAREST EFFIE,

'I have gotten the means to send to you by a woman who is well qualified to assist you in your approaching streight ; she is not what I could wish her, but I cannot do better for you in my present condition. I am obliged to trust to her in this present calamity, for myself and you too. I hope for the best, though I am now in a sore pinch ; yet thought is free. I think Handie Dandie and I may queer the stifer for all that is come and gone. You will be angry for me writing this to my little Cameronian Lily ; but if I can but live to be a comfort to you, and a father to your baby, you will have plenty of time to scold. Once more, let none know your counsel. My life depends on this hag, d—n her ; she is both deep and dangerous, but she has more wiles and wit than ever were in a beldam's head, and has cause to be true to me. Farewell, my Lily. Do not droop on my account ; in a week I will be yours, or no more my own.'

Then followed a postscript. 'If they must truss me, I will repent of nothing so much, even at the last hard pinch, as of the injury I have done my Lily.'

Effie refused to say from whom she had received this letter, but enough of the story was now known to ascertain that it came from Robertson ; and from the date it appeared to have been written about the time when Andrew Wilson, called for a nickname Handie Dandie, and he were meditating their first abortive attempt to escape, which miscarried in the manner mentioned in the beginning of this history.

The evidence of the crown being concluded, the counsel for the prisoner began to lead a proof in her defence. The first

witnesses were examined upon the girl's character. All gave her an excellent one, but none with more feeling than worthy Mrs. Saddletree, who, with the tears on her cheeks, declared, that she could not have had a higher opinion of Effie Deans, nor a more sincere regard for her, if she had been her own daughter. All present gave the honest woman credit for her goodness of heart, excepting her husband, who whispered to Dumbiedil's, 'That Nichil Novit of yours is but a raw hand at leading evidence, I'm thinking. What signified his bringing a woman here to snotter and snivel, and bather their Lordships? He should hae ceeted me, sir, and I should hae gien them sic a screed o' testimony, they shouldna hae touched a hair o' her head.'

'Hadna ye better get up and try't yet?' said the Laird. 'I'll mak a sign to Novit.'

'Na, na,' said Saddletree, 'thank ye for naething, neighbour: that would be ultroneous evidence, and I ken what belongs to that; but Nichil Novit suld hac had me ceeted *debito tempore*.' And wiping his mouth with his silk handkerchief with great importance, he resumed the port and manner of an edified and intelligent auditor.

Mr. Fairbrother now premised, in a few words, 'that he meant to bring forward his most important witness, upon whose evidence the cause must in a great measure depend. What his client was, they had learned from the preceding witnesses; and so far as general character, given in the most forcible terms, and even with tears, could interest every one in her fate, she had already gained that advantage. It was necessary, he admitted, that he should produce more positive testimony of her innocence than what arose out of general character, and this he undertook to do by the mouth of the person to whom she had communicated her situation — by the mouth of her natural counsellor and guardian — her sister. Macer, call into court Jean or Jeanie Deans, daughter of David Deans, cow-feeder, at St. Leonard's Crag.'

When he uttered these words, the poor prisoner instantly started up and stretched herself half-way over the bar, towards the side at which her sister was to enter. And when, slowly following the officer, the witness advanced to the foot of the table, Effie, with the whole expression of her countenance altered from that of confused shame and dismay to an eager, imploring, and almost ecstatic earnestness of entreaty, with outstretched hands, hair streaming back, eyes raised eagerly

to her sister's face, and glistening through tears, exclaimed, in a tone which went through the heart of all who heard her—
'O Jeanie—Jeanie, save me—save me!'

With a different feeling, yet equally appropriated to his proud and self-dependent character, old Deans drew himself back still farther under the cover of the bench; so that when Jeanie, as she entered the court, cast a timid glance towards the place at which she had left him seated, his venerable figure was no longer visible. He sat down on the other side of Dumbiedikes, wrung his hand hard, and whispered, 'Ah, Laird, this is warst of a'—if I can but win ower this part! I feel my head unco dizzy; but my Master is strong in His servant's weakness.' After a moment's mental prayer, he again started up, as if impatient of continuing in any one posture, and gradually edged himself forward towards the place he had just quitted.

Jeanie in the meantime had advanced to the bottom of the table, when, unable to resist the impulse of affection, she suddenly extended her hand to her sister. Effie was just within the distance that she could seize it with both hers, press it to her mouth, cover it with kisses, and bathe it in tears, with the fond devotion that a Catholic would pay to a guardian saint descended for his safety; while Jeanie, hiding her own face with her other hand, wept bitterly. The sight would have moved a heart of stone, much more of flesh and blood. Many of the spectators shed tears, and it was some time before the presiding Judge himself could so far subdue his emotion as to request the witness to compose herself, and the prisoner to forbear those marks of eager affection, which, however natural, could not be permitted at that time and in that presence.

The solemn oath—'the truth to tell, and no truth to conceal, as far as she knew or should be asked,' was then administered by the Judge 'in the name of God, and as the witness should answer to God at the great day of judgment'; an awful adjuration, which seldom fails to make impression even on the most hardened characters, and to strike with fear even the most upright. Jeanie, educated in deep and devout reverence for the name and attributes of the Deity, was, by the solemnity of a direct appeal to His person and justice, awed, but at the same time elevated above all considerations save those which she could, with a clear conscience, call HIM to witness. She repeated the form in a low and reverent, but distinct, tone of voice, after

the Judge, to whom, and not to any inferior officer of the court, the task is assigned in Scotland of directing the witness in that solemn appeal which is the sanction of his testimony.

When the Judge had finished the established form, he added, in a feeling, but yet a monitory, tone, an advice which the circumstances appeared to him to call for.

'Young woman,' these were his words, 'you come before this Court in circumstances which it would be worse than cruel not to pity and to sympathise with. Yet it is my duty to tell you, that the truth, whatever its consequences may be — the truth is what you owe to your country, and to that God whose word is truth, and whose name you have now invoked. Use your own time in answering the questions that gentleman (pointing to the counsel) shall put to you. But remember, that what you may be tempted to say beyond what is the actual truth, you must answer both here and hereafter.'

The usual questions were then put to her: — Whether any one had instructed her what evidence she had to deliver? Whether any one had given or promised her any good deed, hire, or reward for her testimony? Whether she had any malice or ill-will at his Majesty's Advocate, being the party against whom she was cited as a witness? To which questions she successively answered by a quiet negative. But their tenor gave great scandal and offence to her father, who was not aware that they are put to every witness as a matter of form.

'Na, na,' he exclaimed, loud enough to be heard, 'my bairn is no like the widow of Tekoah: nae man has putten words into her mouth.'

One of the Judges, better acquainted, perhaps, with the *Books of Adjournal* than with the Book of Samuel, was disposed to make some instant inquiry after this widow of Tekoah, who, as he construed the matter, had been tampering with the evidence. But the presiding Judge, better versed in Scripture history, whispered to his learned brother the necessary explanation; and the pause occasioned by this mistake had the good effect of giving Jeanie Deans time to collect her spirits for the painful task she had to perform.

Fairbrother, whose practice and intelligence were considerable, saw the necessity of letting the witness compose herself. In his heart he suspected that she came to bear false witness in her sister's cause.

'But that is her own affair,' thought Fairbrother; 'and it is my business to see that she has plenty of time to regain com-

posure, and to deliver her evidence, be it true or be it false, *valeat quantum.*'

Accordingly, he commenced his interrogatories with uninteresting questions, which admitted of instant reply.

'You are, I think, the sister of the prisoner?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Not the full sister, however?'

'No, sir; we are by different mothers.'

'True; and you are, I think, several years older than your sister?'

'Yes, sir,' etc.

After the advocate had conceived that, by these preliminary and unimportant questions, he had familiarised the witness with the situation in which she stood, he asked, 'whether she had not remarked her sister's state of health to be altered, during the latter part of the term when she had lived with Mrs. Saddle-tree?'

Jeanie answered in the affirmative.

'And she told you the cause of it, my dear, I suppose?' said Fairbrother, in an easy, and, as one may say, an inductive sort of tone.

'I am sorry to interrupt my brother,' said the Crown Counsel, rising, 'but I am in your Lordships' judgment, whether this be not a leading question?'

'If this point is to be debated,' said the presiding Judge, 'the witness must be removed.'

For the Scottish lawyers regard with a sacred and scrupulous horror every question so shaped by the counsel examining as to convey to a witness the least intimation of the nature of the answer which is desired from him. These scruples, though founded on an excellent principle, are sometimes carried to an absurd pitch of nicety, especially as it is generally easy for a lawyer who has his wits about him to elude the objection. Fairbrother did so in the present case.

'It is not necessary to waste the time of the Court, my lord; since the King's Counsel thinks it worth while to object to the form of my question, I will shape it otherwise. Pray, young woman, did you ask your sister any question when you observed her looking unwell? Take courage — speak out.'

'I asked her,' replied Jeanie, 'what ailed her.'

'Very well — take your own time — and what was the answer she made?' continued Mr. Fairbrother.

Jeanie was silent, and looked deadly pale. It was not that

she at any one instant entertained an idea of the possibility of prevarication : it was the natural hesitation to extinguish the last spark of hope that remained for her sister.

'Take courage, young woman,' said Fairbrother. 'I asked what your sister said ailed her when you inquired?'

'Nothing,' answered Jeanie, with a faint voice, which was yet heard distinctly in the most distant corner of the courtroom, — such an awful and profound silence had been preserved during the anxious interval which had interposed betwixt the lawyer's question and the answer of the witness.

Fairbrother's countenance fell ; but with that ready presence of mind which is as useful in civil as in military emergencies, he immediately rallied. 'Nothing? True; you mean nothing at first; but when you asked her again, did she not tell you what ailed her?'

The question was put in a tone meant to make her comprehend the importance of her answer, had she not been already aware of it. The ice was broken, however, and with less pause than at first, she now replied — 'Alack! Alack! she never breathed word to me about it.'

A deep groan passed through the Court. It was echoed by one deeper and more agonised from the unfortunate father. The hope, to which unconsciously, and in spite of himself, he had still secretly clung, had now dissolved, and the venerable old man fell forward senseless on the floor of the court-house, with his head at the feet of his terrified daughter. The unfortunate prisoner, with impotent passion, strove with the guards betwixt whom she was placed. 'Let me gang to my father! I will gang to him — I will gang to him; he is dead — he is killed; I hae killed him!' she repeated in frenzied tones of grief, which those who heard them did not speedily forget.

Even in this moment of agony and general confusion, Jeanie did not lose that superiority which a deep and firm mind assures to its possessor under the most trying circumstances.

'He is my father — he is our father,' she mildly repeated to those who endeavoured to separate them, as she stooped, shaded aside his grey hairs, and began assiduously to chafe his temples.

The Judge, after repeatedly wiping his eyes, gave directions that they should be conducted into a neighbouring apartment, and carefully attended. The prisoner, as her father was borne from the court, and her sister slowly followed, pursued them with her eyes so earnestly fixed, as if they would have started

from their sockets. But when they were no longer visible, she seemed to find, in her despairing and deserted state, a courage which she had not yet exhibited.

'The bitterness of it is now past,' she said, and then boldly addressed the Court. 'My lords, if it is your pleasure to gang on wi' this matter, the weariest day will hae its end at last.'

The Judge, who, much to his honour, had shared deeply in the general sympathy, was surprised at being recalled to his duty by the prisoner. He collected himself, and requested to know if the panel's counsel had more evidence to produce. Fairbrother replied, with an air of dejection, that his proof was concluded.

The King's Counsel addressed the jury for the crown. He said in few words, that no one could be more concerned than he was for the distressing scene which they had just witnessed. But it was the necessary consequence of great crimes to bring distress and ruin upon all connected with the perpetrators. He briefly reviewed the proof, in which he showed that all the circumstances of the case concurred with those required by the act under which the unfortunate prisoner was tried: that the counsel for the panel had totally failed in proving that Euphemia Deans had communicated her situation to her sister; that, respecting her previous good character, he was sorry to observe, that it was females who possessed the world's good report, and to whom it was justly valuable, who were most strongly tempted, by shame and fear of the world's censure, to the crime of infanticide; that the child was murdered, he professed to entertain no doubt. The vacillating and inconsistent declaration of the prisoner herself, marked as it was by numerous refusals to speak the truth on subjects when, according to her own story, it would have been natural, as well as advantageous, to have been candid — even this imperfect declaration left no doubt in his mind as to the fate of the unhappy infant. Neither could he doubt that the panel was a partner in this guilt. Who else had an interest in a deed so inhuman? Surely neither Robertson, nor Robertson's agent, in whose house she was delivered, had the least temptation to commit such a crime, unless upon her account, with her connivance, and for the sake of saving her reputation. But it was not required of him by the law that he should bring precise proof of the murder, or of the prisoner's accession to it. It was the very purpose of the statute to substitute a certain chain of presumptive evidence in place of a probation, which, in such cases, it was peculiarly

difficult to obtain. The jury might peruse the statute itself, and they had also the libel and interlocutor of relevancy to direct them in point of law. He put it to the conscience of the jury, that under both he was entitled to a verdict of Guilty.

The charge of Fairbrother was much cramped by his having failed in the proof which he expected to lead. But he fought his losing cause with courage and constancy. He ventured to arraign the severity of the statute under which the young woman was tried. 'In all other cases,' he said, 'the first thing required of the criminal prosecutor was, to prove unequivocally that the crime libelled had actually been committed, which lawyers called proving the *corpus delicti*. But this statute, made doubtless with the best intentions, and under the impulse of a just horror for the unnatural crime of infanticide, run the risk of itself occasioning the worst of murders, the death of an innocent person, to atone for a supposed crime which may never have been committed by any one. He was so far from acknowledging the alleged probability of the child's violent death, that he could not even allow that there was evidence of its having ever lived.'

The King's Counsel pointed to the woman's declaration; to which the counsel replied — 'A production concocted in a moment of terror and agony, and which approached to insanity,' he said, 'his learned brother well knew was no sound evidence against the party who emitted it. It was true, that a judicial confession, in presence of the justices themselves, was the strongest of all proof, in so much that it is said in law, that "*in confitentem nullæ sunt partes judicis*." But this was true of judicial confession only, by which law meant that which is made in presence of the justices and the sworn inquest. Of extrajudicial confession, all authorities held with the illustrious Farinacens and Matheus, "*confessio extrajudicialis in se nullæ est; et quod nullum est, non potest adminiculari*." It was totally inept, and void of all strength and effect from the beginning; incapable, therefore, of being bolstered up or supported, or, according to the law-phrase, adminiculated, by other presumptive circumstances. In the present case, therefore, letting the extrajudicial confession go, as it ought to go, for nothing,' he contended, 'the prosecutor had not made out the second quality of the statute, that a live child had been born; and *that*, at least, ought to be established before presumptions were received that it had been murdered. If any of the assize,' he said, 'should be of opinion that this was dealing rather narrowly

with the statute, they ought to consider that it was in its nature highly penal, and therefore entitled to no favourable construction.

He concluded a learned speech with an eloquent peroration on the scene they had just witnessed, during which Saddletree fell fast asleep.

It was now the presiding Judge's turn to address the jury. He did so briefly and distinctly.

'It was for the jury,' he said, 'to consider whether the prosecutor had made out his plea. For himself, he sincerely grieved to say that a shadow of doubt remained not upon his mind concerning the verdict which the inquest had to bring in. He would not follow the prisoner's counsel through the impeachment which he had brought against the statute of King William and Queen Mary. He and the jury were sworn to judge according to the laws as they stood, not to criticise, or to evade, or even to justify them. In no civil case would a counsel have been permitted to plead his client's case in the teeth of the law; but in the hard situation in which counsel were often placed in the Criminal Court, as well as out of favour to all presumptions of innocence, he had not inclined to interrupt the learned gentleman, or narrow his plea. The present law, as it now stood, had been instituted by the wisdom of their fathers, to check the alarming progress of a dreadful crime; when it was found too severe for its purpose, it would doubtless be altered by the wisdom of the legislature; at present it was the law of the land, the rule of the court, and, according to the oath which they had taken, it must be that of the jury. This unhappy girl's situation could not be doubted that she had borne a child, and that the child had disappeared, were certain facts. The learned counsel had failed to show that she had communicated her situation. All the requisites of the case required by the statute were therefore before the jury. The learned gentleman had, indeed, desired them to throw out of consideration the panel's own confession, which was the plea usually urged, in penury of all others, by counsel in his situation, who usually felt that the declarations of their clients bore hard on them. But that the Scottish law designed that a certain weight should be laid on these declarations, which, he admitted, were *quodammodo* extrajudicial, was evident from the universal practice by which they were always produced and read, as part of the prosecutor's probation. In the present case, no person who had heard the witnesses

describe the appearance of the young woman before she left Saddletree's house, and contrasted it with that of her state and condition at her return to her father's, could have any doubt that the fact of delivery had taken place as set forth in her own declaration, which was, therefore, not a solitary piece of testimony, but adminiculated and supported by the strongest circumstantial proof.

'He did not,' he said, 'state the impression upon his own mind with the purpose of biassing theirs. He had felt no less than they had done from the scene of domestic misery which had been exhibited before them; and if they, having God and a good conscience, the sanctity of their oath, and the regard due to the law of the country, before their eyes, could come to a conclusion favourable to this unhappy prisoner, he should rejoice as much as any one in Court; for never had he found his duty more distressing than in discharging it that day, and glad he would be to be relieved from the still more painful task which would otherwise remain for him.'

The jury, having heard the Judge's address, bowed and retired, preceded by a macer of Court, to the apartment destined for their deliberation.

CHAPTER XXIV

*Law, take thy victim. May she find the mercy
In yon mild heaven, which this hard world denies her!*

IT was an hour ere the jurors returned, and as they traversed the crowd with slow steps, as men about to discharge themselves of a heavy and painful responsibility, the audience was hushed into profound, earnest, and awful silence.

'Have you agreed on your chancellor, gentlemen?' was the first question of the Judge.

The foreman, called in Scotland the chancellor of the jury, usually the man of best rank and estimation among the assizers, stepped forward, and, with a low reverence, delivered to the Court a sealed paper, containing the verdict, which, until of late years that verbal returns are in some instances permitted, was always couched in writing. The jury remained standing while the Judge broke the seals, and, having perused the paper, handed it, with an air of mournful gravity, down to the Clerk of Court, who proceeded to engross in the record the yet unknown verdict, of which, however, all omened the tragical contents. A form still remained, trifling and unimportant in itself, but to which imagination adds a sort of solemnity, from the awful occasion upon which it is used. A lighted candle was placed on the table, the original paper containing the verdict was inclosed in a sheet of paper, and, sealed with the Judge's own signet, was transmitted to the Crown Office, to be preserved among other records of the same kind. As all this is transacted in profound silence, the producing and extinguishing the candle seems a type of the human spark which is shortly afterwards doomed to be quenched, and excites in the spectators something of the same effect which in England is obtained by the Judge assuming the fatal cap of judgment. When these preliminary forms had been gone through, the Judge required Euphemia Deans to attend to the verdict to be read.

After the usual words of style, the verdict set forth, that the jury, having made choice of John Kirk, Esq., to be their chancellor, and Thomas Moore, merchant, to be their clerk, did, by a plurality of voices, find the said Euphemia Deans GUILTY of the crime libelled; but, in consideration of her extreme youth, and the cruel circumstances of her case, did earnestly entreat that the Judge would recommend her to the mercy of the Crown.

'Gentlemen,' said the Judge, 'you have done your duty, and a painful one it must have been to men of humanity like you. I will, undoubtedly, transmit your recommendation to the throne. But it is my duty to tell all who now hear me, but especially to inform that unhappy young woman, in order that her mind may be settled accordingly, that I have not the least hope of a pardon being granted in the present case. You know the crime has been increasing in this land, and I know farther, that this has been ascribed to the lenity in which the laws have been exercised, and that there is therefore no hope whatever of obtaining a remission for this offence.' The jury bowed again, and, released from their painful office, dispersed themselves among the mass of bystanders.

The Court then asked Mr. Fairbrother whether he had anything to say, why judgment should not follow on the verdict? The counsel had spent some time in perusing and re-perusing the verdict, counting the letters in each juror's name, and weighing every phrase, nay, every syllable, in the nicest scales of legal criticism. But the clerk of the jury had understood his business too well. No flaw was to be found, and Fairbrother mournfully intimated that he had nothing to say in arrest of judgment.

The presiding Judge then addressed the unhappy prisoner: 'Euphemia Deans, attend to the sentence of the Court now to be pronounced against you.'

She arose from her seat, and, with a composure far greater than could have been augured from her demeanour during some parts of the trial, abode the conclusion of the awful scene. So nearly does the mental portion of our feelings resemble those which are corporal, that the first severe blows which we receive bring with them a stunning apathy, which renders us indifferent to those that follow them. Thus said Mandrin,¹ when he was undergoing the punishment of the wheel; and so have

¹ He was known as captain-general of French smugglers. See a Tract on his exploits, printed 1753 (*Lainy*).

all felt upon whom successive inflictions have descended with continuous and reiterated violence.

'Young woman,' said the Judge, 'it is my painful duty to tell you, that your life is forfeited under a law which, if it may seem in some degree severe, is yet wisely so, to render those of your unhappy situation aware what risk they run, by concealing, out of pride or false shame, their lapse from virtue, and making no preparation to save the lives of the unfortunate infants whom they are to bring into the world. When you concealed your situation from your mistress, your sister, and other worthy and compassionate persons of your own sex, in whose favour your former conduct had given you a fair place, you seem to me to have had in your contemplation, at least, the death of the helpless creature for whose life you neglected to provide. How the child was disposed of — whether it was dealt upon by another, or by yourself; whether the extraordinary story you have told is partly false, or altogether so, is between God and your own conscience. I will not aggravate your distress by pressing on that topic, but I do most solemnly adjure you to employ the remaining space of your time in making your peace with God, for which purpose such reverend clergyman as you yourself may name shall have access to you. Notwithstanding the humane recommendation of the jury, I cannot afford to you, in the present circumstances of the country, the slightest hope that your life will be prolonged beyond the period assigned for the execution of your sentence. Forsaking, therefore, the thoughts of this world, let your mind be prepared by repentance for those of more awful moments — for death, judgment, and eternity. *Doomster,*¹ read the sentence.'

When the doomster showed himself, a tall haggard figure, arrayed in a fantastic garment of black and grey, passmented with silver lace, all fell back with a sort of instinctive horror, and made wide way for him to approach the foot of the table. As this office was held by the common executioner, men shouldered each other backward to avoid even the touch of his garment, and some were seen to brush their own clothes, which had accidentally become subject to such contamination. A sound went through the court, produced by each person drawing in their breath hard, as men do when they expect or witness what is frightful, and at the same time affecting. The caitiff villain yet seemed, amid his hardened brutality, to have

¹ See Note 26.

some sense of his being the object of public detestation, which made him impatient of being in public, as birds of evil omen are anxious to escape from daylight and from pure air.

Repeating after the Clerk of Court, he gabbled over the words of the sentence, which condemned Euphemia Deans to be conducted back to the tolbooth of Edinburgh, and detained there until Wednesday the —— day of ——; and upon that day, betwixt the hours of two and four o'clock afternoon, to be conveyed to the common place of execution, and there hanged by the neck upon a gibbet. 'And this,' said the doomster, aggravating his harsh voice, 'I pronounce for *doom*.'

He vanished when he had spoken the last emphatic word, like a foul fiend after the purpose of his visitation has been accomplished; but the impression of horror excited by his presence and his errand remained upon the crowd of spectators.

The unfortunate criminal — for so she must now be termed — with more susceptibility and more irritable feelings than her father and sister, was found, in this emergence, to possess a considerable share of their courage. She had remained standing motionless at the bar while the sentence was pronounced, and was observed to shut her eyes when the doomster appeared. But she was the first to break silence when that evil form had left his place.

'God forgive ye, my lords,' she said, 'and dinna be angry wi' me for wishing it — we a' need forgiveness. As for myself, I canna blame ye, for ye act up to your lights; and if I havena killed my poor infant, ye may witness a' that hae seen it this day, that I hae been the means of killing my grey-headed father. I deserve the warst frae man, and frae God too. But God is mair mercifu' to us than we are to each other.'

With these words the trial concluded. The crowd rushed, bearing forward and shouldering each other, out of the court in the same tumultuary mode in which they had entered; and, in the excitation of animal motion and animal spirits, soon forgot whatever they had felt as impressive in the scene which they had witnessed. The professional spectators, whom habit and theory had rendered as callous to the distress of the scene as medical men are to those of a surgical operation, walked homeward in groups, discussing the general principle of the statute under which the young woman was condemned, the nature of the evidence, and the arguments of the counsel, without considering even that of the Judge as exempt from their criticism.

The female spectators, more compassionate, were loud in exclamation against that part of the Judge's speech which seemed to cut off the hope of pardon.

'Set him up, indeed,' said Mrs. Howden, 'to tell us that the poor lassie behoved to die, when Mr. John Kirk, as civil a gentleman as is within the ports of the town, took the pains to prigg for her himsell.'

'Ay, but, neighbour,' said Miss Damahoy, drawing up her thin maidenly form to its full height of prim dignity, 'I really think this unnatural business of having bastard bairns should be putten a stop to. There isna a hussy now on this side of thirty that you can bring within your doors, but there will be chields—writer-lads, prentice-lads, and what not—coming traiking after them for their destruction, and discrediting ane's honest house into the bargain. I hae nae patience wi' them.'

'Hout, neighbour,' said Mrs. Howden, 'we suld live and let live; we hae been young oursell, and we are no aye to judge the warst when lads and lasses forgather.'

'Young oursell! and judge the warst!' said Miss Damahoy. 'I am no sae auld as that comes to, Mrs. Howden; and as for what ye ca' the warst, I ken neither good nor bad about the matter, I thank my stars!'

'Ye are thankfu' for sma' mercies, then,' said Mrs. Howden, with a toss of her head; 'and as for *you* and *young*—I trow ye were doing for yoursell at the last riding of the Scots Parliament, and that was in the gracious year seven, sae ye can be nae sic chicken at ony rate.'

Plumdamas, who acted as squire of the body to the two contending dames, instantly saw the hazard of entering into such delicate points of chronology, and being a lover of peace and good neighbourhood, lost no time in bringing back the conversation to its original subject. 'The Judge didna tell us a' he could hae tell'd us, if he had liked, about the application for pardon, neighbours,' said he; 'there is aye a wimple in a lawyer's elne; but it's a wee bit of a secret.'

'And what is 't?—what is 't, neighbour Plumdamas?' said Mrs. Howden and Miss Damahoy at once, the acid fermentation of their dispute being at once neutralised by the powerful alkali implied in the word 'secret.'

'Here's Mr. Saddletree can tell ye that better than me, for it was him that tauld me,' said Plumdamas, as Saddletree came up, with his wife hanging on his arm and looking very disconsolate.

When the question was put to Saddletree, he looked very scornful. 'They speak about stopping the frequency of child-murder,' said he, in a contemptuous tone; 'do ye think our auld enemies of England, as Glendook aye ca's them in his printed Statute-book, care a boddle whether we didna kill ane anither, skin and birn, horse and foot, man, woman, and bairns, all and sindry, *omnes et singulos*, as Mr. Crossmyloof says? Na, na, it's no *that* hinders them frae pardoning the bit lassie. But here is the pinch of the plea. The king and queen are sae ill pleased wi' that mistak about Porteous, that deil a kindly Scot will they pardon again, either by reprieve or remission, if the haill town o' Edinburgh should be a' hanged on ae tow.'

'Deil that they were back at their German kale-yard then, as my neighbour MacCroskie ca's it,' said Mrs. Howden, 'an that's the way they're gaun to guide us!'

'They say for certain,' said Miss Damahoy, 'that King George flang his periwig in the fire when he heard o' the Porteous mob.'

'He has done that, they say,' replied Saddletree, 'for less thing.'

'Aweel,' said Miss Damahoy, 'he might keep mair wit in his anger; but it's a' the better for his wigmaker, I'se warrant.'

'The queen tore her biggonets for perfect anger, ye'll hae heard o' that too?' said Plumdamas. 'And the king, they say, kiekit Sir Robert Walpole for no keeping down the mob of Edinburgh; but I diinna believe he wad behave sae ungenteel.'

'It's dooms truth, though,' said Saddletree; 'and he was for kiekin the Duke of Argyle¹ too.'

'Kiekin the Duke of Argyle!' exclaimed the hearers at once, in all the various combined keys of utter astonishment.

'Ay, but MacCallummore's blood wadna sit down wi' that; there was risk of Andro Ferrara coming in thirdsman.'

'The Duke is a real Scotsman — a true friend to the country,' answered Saddletree's hearers.

'Ay, troth is he, to king and country baith, as ye sall hear,' continued the orator, 'if ye will come in bye to our house, for it's safest speaking of sie things *inter parietes*.'

When they entered his shop he thrust his prentice boy out of it, and, unlocking his desk, took out, with an air of grave and complacent importance, a dirty and crumpled piece of printed paper. He observed, 'This is new corn; it's no every body could show ye the like o' this. It's the Duke's speech

¹ See John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. Note 27.

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JOHN, DUKE OF ARGYLL AND GREENWICH.
From a painting by William Aikman.

about the Porteous mob, just promulgated by the hawkers. Ye shall hear what Ian Roy Cean¹ says for himsell. My correspondent bought it in the palace-yard, that's like just under the king's nose. I think he claws up their mittens! It came in a letter about a foolish bill of exchange that the man wanted me to renew for him. I wish ye wad see about it, Mrs. Saddletree.'

Honest Mrs. Saddletree had hitherto been so sincerely distressed about the situation of her unfortunate *protégée*, that she had suffered her husband to proceed in his own way, without attending to what he was saying. The words 'bill' and 'renew' had, however, an awakening sound in them; and she snatched the letter which her husband held towards her, and wiping her eyes, and putting on her spectacles, endeavoured, as fast as the dew which collected on her glasses would permit, to get at the meaning of the needful part of the epistle; while her husband, with pompous elevation, read an extract from the speech.

'I am no minister, I never was a minister, and I never will be one —'

'I didna ken his Grace was ever designed for the ministry,' interrupted Mrs. Howden.

'He disna mean a minister of the Gospel, Mrs. Howden, but a minister of state,' said Saddletree, with condescending goodness, and then proceeded: 'The time was when I might have been a piece of a minister, but I was too sensible of my own incapacity to engage in any state affair. And I thank God that I had always too great a value for those few abilities which nature has given me, to employ them in doing any drudgery, or any job of what kind soever. I have, ever since I set out in the world — and I believe few have set out more early — served my prince with my tongue; I have served him with any little interest I had; and I have served him with my sword, and in my profession of arms. I have held employments which I have lost, and were I to be to-morrow deprived of those which still remain to me, and which I have endeavoured honestly to deserve, I would still serve him to the last acre of my inheritance, and to the last drop of my blood.' —

Mrs. Saddletree here broke in upon the orator. 'Mr. Saddletree, what is the meaning of a' this? Here are ye clavering about the Duke of Argyle, and this man Martingale gann to break on our hands, and lose us gude sixty pounds. I wonder

¹ Red John the Warrior, a name personal and proper in the Highlands to John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, as MacCrimmon was that of his race or dynasty.

what duke will pay that, quotha. I wish the Duke of Argyle would pay his ain accounts. He is in a thousand pounds Scots on thae very books when he was last at Roystoun. I'm no say- ing but he's a just nobleman, and that it's gude siller; but it wad drive aye daft to be confused wi' deukes and drakes, and thae distressed folk upstairs, that's Jeanie Deans and her father. And then, putting the very callant that was sewing the curpel out o' the shop, to play wi' blackguards in the close. Sit still, neighbours, it's no that I mean to disturb *you*; but what between courts o' law and courts o' state, and npper and under parliaments, and parliament houses, here and in London, the gudeman's gane clean gyte, I think.'

The gossips understood civility, and the rule of doing as they would be done by, too well to tarry upon the slight invitation implied in the conclusion of this speech, and therefore made their farewells and departure as fast as possible, Saddletree whispering to Plumdamas that he would 'meet him at Mac-Croskie's (the low-browed shop in the Luckenbooths [Lawnmarket], already mentioned) in the hour of cause, and put MacCallummore's speech in his pocket, for a' the gudewife's din.'

When Mrs. Saddletree saw the house freed of her importunate visitors, and the little boy reclaimed from the pastimes of the wynd to the exercise of the awl, she went to visit her unhappy relative, David Deans, and his elder daughter, who had found in her house the nearest place of friendly refuge.

CHAPTER XXV

Isab. Alas! what poor ability 's in me
To do him good!

Lucio. Assay the power you have.
Measure for Measure.

WHEN Mrs. Saddletree entered the apartment in which her guests had shrouded their misery, she found the window darkened. The feebleness which followed his long swoon had rendered it necessary to lay the old man in bed. The curtains were drawn around him, and Jeanie sate motionless by the side of the bed. Mrs. Saddletree was a woman of kindness, nay, of feeling, but not of delicacy. She opened the half-shut window, drew aside the curtain, and taking her kinsman by the hand, exhorted him to sit up and bear his sorrow like a good man, and a Christian man, as he was. But when she quitted his hand it fell powerless by his side, nor did he attempt the least reply.

'Is all over?' asked Jeanie, with lips and cheeks as pale as ashes. 'And is there nae hope for her?'

'Nane, or next to nane,' said Mrs. Saddletree; 'I heard the Judge-carle say it with my ain ears. It was a burning shame to see sae mony o' them set up yonder in their red gowns and black gowns, and a' to take the life o' a bit senseless lassie. I had never muckle broo o' my gudeman's gossips, and now I like them waur than ever. The only wise-like thing I heard ony body say was decent Mr. John Kirk of Kirk Knowe, and he wussed them just to get the king's mercy, and nae mair about it. But he spake to unreasonab' folk; he might just hae keptit his breath to hae blawn on his porridge.'

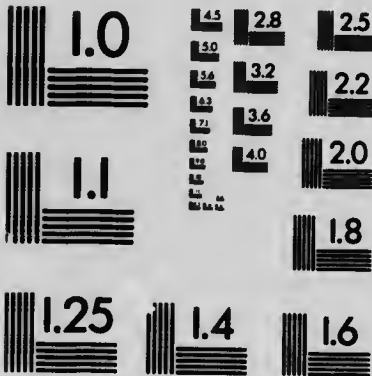
'But *can* the king gie her mercy?' said Jeanie, earnestly. 'Some folk tell me he emma gie mercy in cases of mur—in cases like hers.'

'*Can* he gie mercy, hinny? I weel I wot he *can*, when he likes. There was young Singlesword, that stickit the Laird of



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Ballencleuch ; and Captain Hackum, the Englishman, that killed Lady Colgrain's gudeman ; and the Master of St. Clair, that shot the twa Shaws ;¹ and mony mair in my time — to be sure they were gentle bluid, and had their kin to speak for them — and there was Jock Porteous, the other day. I'se warrant there's mercy, an folk could win at it.'

'Porteous !' said Jeanie ; 'very true. I forget a' that I suld maist mind. Fare ye weel, Mrs. Saddletree ; and may ye never want a friend in the hour o' distress !'

'Will ye no stay wi' your father, Jeanie, bairn ? Ye had better,' said Mrs. Saddletree.

'I will be wanted ower yonder,' indicating the tolbooth with her hand, 'and I maun leave him now, or I will never be able to leave him. I fearna for his life ; I ken how strong-hearted he is — I ken it,' she said, laying her hand on her bosom, 'by my ain heart at this minute.'

'Weel, hinny, if ye think it's for the best, better he stay here and rest him than gang back to St. Leonard's.'

'Muckle better — muckle better ; God bless you — God bless you ! At no rate let him gang till ye hear frae me,' said Jeanie.

'But ye'll be back belyve ?' said Mrs. Saddletree, detaining her ; 'they wunna let ye stay yonder, hinny.'

'But I maun gang to St. Leonard's ; there's muckle to be dune and little time to do it in. And I have friends to speak to. God bless you ! take care of my father.'

She had reached the door of the apartment when, suddenly turning, she came back and knelt down by the bedside. 'O father, gie me your blessing ; I dare not go till ye bless me. Say but "God bless ye and prosper ye, Jeanie" ; try but to say that !'

Instinctively, rather than by an exertion of intellect, the old man murmured a prayer that 'purchased and promised biessings might be multiplied upon her.'

'He has blessed mine errand,' said his daughter, rising from her knees, 'and it is borne in upon my mind that I shall prosper.'

So saying, she left the room.

Mrs. Saddletree looked after her, and shook her head. 'I wish she binna roving, poor thing. There's something queer about a' thae Deanses. I dinna like folk to be sac muckle better than other folk ; seldom comes gude o't. But if she's

¹ See Murder of the Two Shaws. Note 28.

gaun to look after the kye at St. Leonard's, that's another story; to be sure they maun be sorted. Grizzie, come up here and take tent to the honest auld man, and see he wants naething. Ye silly tawpie (addressing the maid-servant as she entered), what garr'd ye busk up your cockernony that gate? I think there's been enough the day to gie an awfu' warning about your cock-ups and your fal-lal duds; see what they a' come to,' etc. etc. etc.

Leaving the good lady to her lecture upon worldly vanities, we must transport our reader to the cell in which the unfortunate Effie Deans was now immured, being restricted of several liberties which she had enjoyed before the sentence was pronounced.

When she had remained about an hour in the state of stupefied horror so natural in her situation, she was disturbed by the opening of the jarring bolts of her place of confinement, and Ratcliffe showed himself. 'It's your sister,' he said, 'wants to speak t' ye, Effie.'

'I canna see naeboddy,' said Effie, with the hasty irritability which misery had rendered more acute — 'I canna see naeboddy, and least of a' her. Bid her take care of the auld man: I am naething to ony o' them now, nor them to me.'

'She says she maun see ye, though,' said Ratcliffe; and Jeanie, rushing into the apartment, threw her arms round her sister's neck, who writhed to extricate herself from her embrace.

'What signifies coming to greet ower me,' said poor Effie, 'when you have killed me? killed me, when a word of your mouth would have saved me; killed me, when I am an innocent creature — innocent of that guilt at least — and me that wad hae wared body and soul to save your finger from being hurt!'

'You shall not die,' said Jeanie, with enthusiastic firmness; 'say what ye like o' me, think what ye like o' me, only promise — for I doubt your prond heart — that ye wunna harm yourself, and you shall not die this shameful death.'

'A shameful death I will not die, Jeanie, lass. I have that in my heart, though it has been ower kind a ane, that wunna bide shame. Gae hame to our father, and think nae mair on me: I have eat my last earthly meal.'

'O, this was what I feared!' said Jeanie.

'Hout, tout, hinny,' said Ratcliffe; 'it's but little ye ken o' thae things. Ane aye thinks at the first dinnle o' the sentence, they hae heart enough to die rather than bide cat the sax weeks; but they aye bide the sax weeks out for a' that. I

ken the gate o't weel ; I hae fronted the doomster three times, and here I stand, Jim Ratcliffe, for a' that. Had I tied my napkin strait the first time, as I had a great mind till 't — and it was a' about a bit grey cowt, wasna worth ten pounds sterling — where would I have been now ?'

'And how *did* you escape ?' said Jeanie, the fates of this man, at first so odious to her, having acquired a sudden interest in her eyes from their correspondence with those of her sister.

'*How* did I escape ?' said Ratcliffe, with a knowing wink. 'I tell ye I 'scapit in a way that naeboddy will escape from this tolbooth while I keep the keys.'

'My sister shall come out in the face of the sun,' said Jeanie ; 'I will go to London and beg her pardon from the king and queen. If they pardoned Porteous, they may pardon her ; if a sister asks a sister's life on her bended knees, they *will* pardon her — they *shall* pardon her — and they will win a thousand hearts by it.'

Effie listened in bewildered astonishment, and so earnest was her sister's enthusiastic assurance, that she almost involuntarily caught a gleam of hope ; but it instantly faded away.

'Ah, Jeanie ! the king and queen live in London, a thousand miles from this — far ayont the saut sea ; I'll be gane before ye win there !'

'You are mistaen,' said Jeanie ; 'it is no sae far, and they go to it by land : I lea' ed something about thae things from Reuben Butler.'

'Ah, Jeanie ! ye never learned ony thing but what was gude frae the folk ye keepit company wi' ; but I — but I ——' she wrung her hands and wept bitterly.

'Dinna think on that now,' said Jeanie ; 'there will be time for that if the present space be redeemed. Fare ye weel ! Unless I die by the road, I will see the king's face that gies grace. O, sir (to Ratcliffe), be kind to her. She ne'er kenn'd what it was to need stranger's kindness till now. Fareweel — fareweel, Effie ! Dinna speak to me ; I maunna greet now, my head's ower dizzy already !'

She tore herself from her sister's arms, and left the cell. Ratcliffe followed her, and beckoned her into a small room. She obeyed his signal, but not without trembling.

'What's the fule thing shaking for ?' said he ; 'I mean nothing but civility to you. D—n me, I respect you, and I can't help it. You have so much spunk, that — d—n me, but I think there's some chance of your carrying the day. But you

must not go to the king till you have made some friend; try the Duke — try MacCallummore; he's Scotland's friend. I ken that the great folks dinna muckle like him; but they fear him, and that will serve your purpose as weel. D'ye ken naebody wad gie ye a letter to him?'

'Duke of Argyle!' said Jeanie, recollecting herself suddenly. 'What was he to that Argyle that suffered in my father's time — in the persecution?'

'His son or grandson, I'm thinking,' said Ratcliffe; 'but what o' that?'

'Thank God!' said Jeanie, devoutly clasping her hands.

'You Whigs are aye thanking God for something,' said the ruffian. 'But hark ye, hinny, I'll tell ye a secret. Ye may meet wi' rough customers on the Border, or in the Midland, afore ye get to Lunnon. Now, deil ane o' them will touch an acquaintance o' Daddie Ratton's; for though I am retired frae public practice, yet they ken I can do a gude or an ill turn yet; and deil a gude fellow that has been but a twelvemonth on the lay, be he ruffler or padder, but he knows my gybe as well as the jark of e'er a queer cuffin in England, — and there's rogue's Latin for you.'

It was, indeed, totally unintelligible to Jeanie Deans, who was only impatient to escape from him. He hastily scrawled a line or two on a dirty piece of paper, and said to her, as she drew back when he offered it, 'Hey! what the deil! it wunna bite you, my lass; if it does nae gude, it can do nae ill. But I wish you to show it, if you have ony fasherie wi' ony o' St. Nicholas's clerks.'

'Alas!' said she, 'I do not understand what you mean?'

'I mean, if ye fall among thieves, my precious; that is a Scripture phrase, if ye will hae ane. The bauldest of them will ken a scart o' my guse leather. And now awa wi' ye, and stick to Argyle; if ony body can do the job, it maun be him.'

After casting an anxious look at the grated windows and blackened walls of the old tolbooth, and another scarce less anxious at the hospitable lodging of Mrs. Saddletree, Jeanie turned her back on that quarter, and soon after on the city itself. She reached St. Leonard's Crag without meeting any one whom she knew, which, in the state of her mind, she considered as a great blessing. 'I must do naething,' she thought, as she went along, 'that can soften or weaken my heart: it's ower weak already for what I hae to do. I will think and act as firmly as I can, and speak as little.'

There was an ancient servant, or rather cottar, of her father's, who had lived under him for many years, and whose fidelity was worthy of full confidence. She sent for this woman, and explaining to her that the circumstances of her family required that she should undertake a journey which would detain her for some weeks from home, she gave her full instructions concerning the management of the domestic affairs in her absence. With a precision which, upon reflection, she herself could not help wondering at, she described and detailed the most minute steps which were to be taken, and especially such as were necessary for her father's comfort. 'It was probable,' she said, 'that he would return to St. Leonard's to-morrow — certain that he would return very soon; all must be in order for him. He had enough to distress him, without being fashed about worldly matters.'

In the meanwhile she toiled busily, along with May Hettly, to leave nothing unarranged.

It was deep in the night when all these matters were settled; and when they had partaken of some food, the first which Jeanie had tasted on that eventful day, May Hettly, whose usual residence was a cottage at a little distance from Deans's house, asked her young mistress whether she would not permit her to remain in the house all night. 'Ye hae had an awfu' day,' she said, 'and sorrow and fear are but bad companions in the watenes of the night, as I hae heard the gudeman say himsell.'

'They are ill companions indeed,' said Jeanie; 'but I maun learn to abide their presence, and better begin in the house than in the field.'

She dismissed her aged assistant accordingly — for so slight was the gradation in their rank of life that we can hardly term May a servant — and proceeded to make a few preparations for her journey.

The simplicity of her education and country made these preparations very brief and easy. Her tartan screen served all the purposes of a riding-habit and of an umbrella; a small bundle contained such changes of linen as were absolutely necessary. Barefooted, as Sancho says, she had come into the world, and barefooted she proposed to perform her pilgrimage; and her clean shoes and change of snow-white thread stockings were to be reserved for special occasions of ceremony. She was not aware that the English habits of *comfort* attach an idea of abject misery to the idea of a barefooted traveller; and if the objection of cleanliness had been made to the practice, she would have been apt to vindicate herself upon the very frequent

ablutions to which, with Mahometan scrupulosity, a Scottish damsel of some condition usually subjects herself. Thus far, therefore, all was well.

From an oaken press or cabinet, in which her father kept a few old books, and two or three bundles of papers, besides his ordinary accounts and receipts, she sought out and extracted from a parcel of notes of sermons, calculations of interest, records of dying speeches of the martyrs, and the like, one or two documents which she thought might be of some use to her upon her mission. But the most important difficulty remained behind, and it had not occurred to her until that very evening. It was the want of money, without which it was impossible she could undertake so distant a journey as she now meditated.

David Deans, as we have said, was easy, and even opulent, in his circumstances. But his wealth, like that of the patriarchs of old, consisted in his kine and herds, and in two or three sums lent out at interest to neighbours or relatives, who, far from being in circumstances to pay anything to account of the principal sums, thought they did all that was incumbent on them when, with considerable difficulty, they discharged 'the annual rent.' To these debtors it would be in vain, therefore, to apply, even with her father's concurrence; nor could she hope to obtain such concurrence, or assistance in any mode, without such a series of explanations and debates as she felt might deprive her totally of the power of taking the step, which, however daring and hazardous, she knew was absolutely necessary for trying the last chance in favour of her sister. Without departing from filial reverence, Jeanie had an inward conviction that the feelings of her father, however just, and upright, and honourable, were too little in unison with the spirit of the time to admit of his being a good judge of the measures to be adopted in this crisis. Herself more flexible in manner, though no less upright in principle, she felt that to ask his consent to her pilgrimage would be to encounter the risk of drawing down his positive prohibition, and under that she believed her journey could not be blessed in its progress and event. Accordingly, she had determined upon the means by which she might communicate to him her undertaking and its purpose shortly after her actual departure. But it was impossible to apply to him for money without altering this arrangement, and discussing fully the propriety of her journey; pecuniary assistance from that quarter, therefore, was laid out of the question.

It now occurred to Jeanie that she should have consulted

with Mrs. Saddletree on this subject. But, besides the time that must now necessarily be lost in recurring to her assistance, Jeanie internally revolted from it. Her heart acknowledged the goodness of Mrs. Saddletree's general character, and the kind interest she took in their family misfortunes; but still she felt that Mrs. Saddletree was a woman of an ordinary and worldly way of thinking, incapable, from habit and temperament, of taking a keen or enthusiastic view of such a resolution as she had formed; and to debate the point with her, and to rely upon her conviction of its propriety for the means of carrying it into execution, would have been gall and wormwood.

Butler, whose assistance she might have been assured of, was greatly poorer than herself. In these circumstances, she formed a singular resolution for the purpose of surmounting this difficulty, the execution of which will form the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXVI

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I've heard him complain,
'You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again';
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his side, and his shoulders, and his heavy head.

DR. WATTS.

THE mansion-house of Dumbiedikes, to which we are now to introduce our readers, lay three or four miles — no matter for the exact topography — to the southward of St. Leonard's. It had once borne the appearance of some little celebrity; for the Auld Laird, whose humours and pranks were often mentioned in the alchouses for about a mile round it, wore a sword, kept a good horse, and a brace of greyhounds; brawled, swore, and betted at cock-fights and horse-matches; followed Somerville of Drum's hawks and Lord Ross's hounds; and called himself point devise a gentleman. But the line had been veiled of its splendour in the present proprietor, who cared for no rustic amusements, and was as saving, timid, and retired as his father had been at once grasping and selfishly extravagant, daring, wild, and intrusive.

Dumbiedikes was what is called in Scotland a 'single' house; that is, having only one room occupying its whole depth from back to front, each of which single apartments was illuminated by six or eight cross lights, whose diminutive panes and heavy frames permitted scarce so much light to enter as shines through one well-constructed modern window. This inartificial edifice, exactly such as a child would build with cards, had a steep roof flagged with coarse grey stones instead of slates; a half-circular turret, battlemented, or, to use the appropriate phrase, bartizan'd on the top, served as a case for a narrow turnpike-stair, by which an ascent was gained from story to story; and at the bottom of the said turret was a door studded with large-headed nails. There was no lobby at the bottom of the tower, and scarce a landing-place opposite to the doors which gave

access to the apartments. One or two low and dilapidated out-houses, connected by a courtyard wall equally ruinous, surrounded the mansion. The court had been paved, but the flags being partly displaced and partly renewed, a gallant crop of docks and thistles sprung up between them, and the small garden, which opened by a postern through the wall, seemed not to be in a much more orderly condition. Over the low-arched gateway which led into the yard, there was a carved stone, exhibiting some attempt at armorial bearings; and above the inner entrance hung, and had hung for many years, the mouldering hatchment, which announced that unquihile Laurence Dumbie of Dumbiedikes had been gathered to his fathers in Newbattle kirkyard. The approach to this palace of pleasure was by a road formed by the rude fragments of stone gathered from the fields, and it was surrounded by ploughed but uninclosed land. Upon a baulk, that is, an unploughed ridge of land interposed among the corn, the Laird's trusty palfrey was tethered by the head, and picking a meal of grass. The whole argued neglect and discomfort, the consequence, however, of idleness and indifference, not of poverty.

In this inner court, not without a sense of bashfulness and timidity, stood Jeanie Deans, at an early hour in a fine spring morning. She was no heroine of romance, and therefore looked with some curiosity and interest on the mansion-house and domains, of which, it might at that moment occur to her, a little encouragement, such as women of all ranks know by instinct how to apply, might have made her mistress. Moreover, she was no person of taste beyond her time, rank, and country, and certainly thought the house of Dumbiedikes, though inferior to Holyrood House or the palace at Dalkeith, was still a stately structure in its way, and the land a 'very bonny bit, if it were better seen to and done to. But Jeanie Deans was a plain, true-hearted, honest girl, who, while she acknowledged all the splendour of her old admirer's habitation, and the value of his property, never for a moment harboured a thought of doing the Laird, Butler, or herself the injustice which many ladies of higher rank would not have hesitated to do to all three on much less temptation.

Her present errand being with the Laird, she looked round the offices to see if she could find any domestic to announce that she wished to see him. As all was silence, she ventured to open one door: it was the old Laird's dog-kennel, now deserted, unless when occupied, as one or two tubs seemed to testify, as

a washing-house. She tried another: it was the roofless shed where the hawks had been once kept, as appeared from a perch or two not yet completely rotten, and a lure and jesses which were mouldering on the wall. A third door led to the coal-house, which was well stocked. To keep a very good fire was one of the few points of domestic management in which Dumbiedikes was positively active; in all other matters of domestic economy he was completely passive, and at the mercy of his housekeeper, the same buxom dame whom his father had long since bequeathed to his charge, and who, if fame did her no injustice, had feathered her nest pretty well at his expense.

Jeanie went on opening doors, like the second Calender wanting an eye, in the castle of the hundred obliging damsels, until, like the said prince errant, she came to a stable. The Highland Pegasus, Rory Bean, to which belonged the single entire stall, was her old acquaintance, whom she had seen grazing on the bank, as she failed not to recognise by the well-known ancient riding furniture and demi-pique saddle, which half hung on the walls, half trailed on the litter. Beyond the 'trevis,' which formed one side of the stall, stood a cow, who turned her head and lowed when Jeanie came into the stable, an appeal which her habitual occupations enabled her perfectly to understand, and with which she could not refuse complying, by shaking down some fodder to the animal, which had been neglected like most things else in this castle of the sluggard.

While she was accommodating 'the milky mother' with the food which she should have received two hours sooner, a slipshod wench peeped into the stable, and perceiving that a stranger was employed in discharging the task which she, at length, and reluctantly, had quitted her slumbers to perform, ejaculated, 'Eh, sirs! the brownie! the brownie!' and fled, yelling as if she had seen the devil.

To explain her terror, it may be necessary to notice that the old house of Dumbiedikes had, according to report, been long haunted by a brownie, one of those familiar spirits who were believed in ancient times to supply the deficiencies of the ordinary labourer —

Whirl the long mop and ply the airy flail.

Certes, the convenience of such a supernatural assistant could have been nowhere more sensibly felt than in a family where the domestics were so little disposed to personal activity; yet this serving maiden was so far from rejoicing in seeing a

supposed aerial substitute discharging a task which she should have long since performed herself, that she proceeded to raise the family by her screams of horror, uttered as thick as if the brownie had been slaying her. Jeanie, who had immediately resigned her temporary occupation and followed the yelling damsel into the courtyard, in order to undeceive and appease her, was there met by Mrs. Janet Balchristie, the favourite sultana of the last Laird, as scandal went — the housekeeper of the present. The good-looking buxom woman, betwixt forty and fifty (for such we described her at the death of the last Laird), was now a fat, red-faced, old dame of seventy, or thereabouts, fond of her place, and jealous of her authority. Conscious that her administration did not rest on so sure a basis as in the time of the old proprietor, this considerate lady had introduced into the family the screamer aforesaid, who added good features and bright eyes to the powers of her lungs. She made no conquest of the Laird, however, who seemed to live as if there was not another woman in the world but Jeanie Deans, and to bear no very ardent or overbearing affection even to her. Mrs. Janet Balchristie, notwithstanding, had her own uneasy thoughts upon the almost daily visits to St. Leonard's Crag, and often, when the Laird looked at her wistfully and paused, according to his custom before utterance, she expected him to say, 'Jenny, I am gann to change my condition'; but she was relieved by 'Jenny, I am gann to change my shoon.'

Still, however, Mrs. Balchristie regarded Jeanie Deans with no small portion of malevolence, the customary feeling of such persons towards any one who they think has the means of doing them an injury. But she had also a general aversion to any female, tolerably young and decently well-looking, who showed a wish to approach the house of Dumbiedikes and the proprietor thereof. And as she had raised her mass of mortality out of bed two hours earlier than usual, to come to the rescue of her clamorous niece, she was in such extreme bad humour against all and sundry, that Saddle-tree would have pronounced that she harboured *inimicitiam contra omnes mortales*.

'Wha the deil are ye?' said the fat dame to poor Jeanie, whom she did not immediately recognise. 'scooping about a decent house at sic an hour in the morning?'

'It was ane wanting to speak to the Laird,' said Jeanie, who felt something of the intuitive terror which she had formerly entertained for this termagant, when she was occasionally at Dumbiedikes on business of her father's.

'Ane! And what sort of ane are ye? hae ye nae name? D'ye think his honour has naething else to do than to speak wi' ilka idle tramper that comes about the town, and him in his bed yet, honest man?'

'Dear, Mrs. Balchristie,' replied Jeanie, in a submissive tone, 'd'ye no mind me? — d'ye no mind Jeanie Deans?'

'Jeanie Deans!!' said the termagant, in accents affecting the utmost astonishment; then, taking two strides nearer to her, she peered into her face with a stare of curiosity, equally scornful and malignant. 'I say Jeanie Deans, indeed — Jennie Deevil, they had better hae ca'd ye! A bonny spot o' wark your tittie and you hae made out, murdering ae puir wean, and your light limmer of a sister's to be hanged for't, as weel she deserves! And the like o' yon to come to ony honest man's house, and want to be into a decent bachelor gentleman's room at this time in the morning, and him in his bed? Gae wa' — gae wa'!'

Jeanie was struck mute with shame at the unfeeling brutality of this accusation, and could not even find words to justify herself from the vile construction put upon her visit, when Mrs. Balchristie, seeing her advantage, continued in the same tone, 'Come, come, bundle up your pipes and tramp awa' wi' ye! ye may be seeking a father to another wean for ony thing I ken. If it warna that your father, auld David Deans, had been a tenant on our land, I would cry up the men-folk and hae ye dookit in the burn for your impudence.'

Jeanie had already turned her back and was walking towards the door of the courtyard, so that Mrs. Balchristie, to make her last threat impressively audible to her, had raised her stentorian voice to its utmost pitch. But, like many a general, she lost the engagement by pressing her advantage too far.

The Laird had been disturbed in his morning slumbers by the tones of Mrs. Balchristie's objurgation, sounds in themselves by no means uncommon, but very remarkable in respect to the early hour at which they were now heard. He turned himself on the other side, however, in hopes the squall would blow by, when, in the course of Mrs. Balchristie's second explosion of wrath, the name of Deans distinctly struck the tympanum of his ear. As he was, in some degree, aware of the small portion of benevolence with which his housekeeper regarded the family at St. Leonard's, he instantly conceived that some message from thence was the cause of this untimely ire, and getting out of his bed, he slipt as speedily as possible into an old brocaded

nightgown and some other necessary integuments, elapped on his head his father's gold-laced hat (for though he was seldom seen without it, yet it is proper to contradict the popular report that he slept in it, as Don Quixote did in his helmet), and opening the window of his bedroom, beheld, to his great astonishment, the well-known figure of Jeanie Deans herself retreating from his gate; while his housekeeper, with arms akimbo, fists clenched and extended, body erect, and head shaking with rage, sent after her a volley of Billingsgate oaths. His choler rose in proportion to the surprise, and, perhaps, to the disturbance of his repose. 'Hark ye,' he exclaimed from the window, 'ye auld limb of Satan! wha the deil gies you commission to guide an honest man's daughter that gate?'

Mrs. Balchristie was completely caught in the manner. She was aware, from the unusual warmth with which the Laird expressed himself, that he was quite serious in this matter, and she knew that, with all his indolence of nature, there were points on which he might be provoked, and that, being provoked, he had in him something dangerous, which her wisdom taught her to fear accordingly. She began, therefore, to retract her false step as fast as she could. 'She was but speaking for the house's credit, and she couldna think of disturbing his honour in the morning sae early, when the young woman might as weel wait or call again; and, to be sure, she might make a mistake between the twa sisters, for ane o' them wasna sae creditable an acquaintance.'

'Haud your peace, ye auld jade,' said Dumbiedikes; 'the warst quean e'er stude in their shoon may ca' yon eousin, an a' be true that I have heard. Jeanie, my woman, gang into the parlour — but stay, that winna be redd up yet; wait there a minute till I come down to let ye in. Dinna mind what Jenny says to ye.'

'Na, na,' said Jenny, with a laugh of affected heartiness, 'never mind me, lass. A' the warld kens my bark's waur than my bite; if ye had had an appointment wi' the Laird, ye might hae tauld me, I am nae unevill person. Gang your ways in bye, hinny.' And she opened the door of the house with a master-key.

'But I had no appointment wi' the Laird,' said Jeanie, drawing back; 'I want just to speak twa words to him, and I wad rather do it standing here, Mrs. Balchristie.'

'In the open courtyard? Na, na, that wad never do, lass; we maunna guide ye that gate neither. And how's that douce honest man, your father?'

Jeanie was saved the pain of answering this hypocritical question by the appearance of the Laird himself.

'Gang in and get breakfast ready,' said he to his house-keeper; 'and, d'ye hear, breakfast wi' ns yoursell; ye ken how to manage thae porringers of tea-water; and, hear ye, see abune a' that there's a gude fire. Weel, Jeanie, my woman, gang in bye — gang in bye, and rest ye.'

'Na, Laird,' Jeanie replied, endeavouring as much as she could to express herself with composure, notwithstanding she still trembled, 'I canna gang in: I have a lang day's darg afore me; I maun be twenty mile o' gate the night yet, if feet will carry me.'

'Guide and deliver us! twenty mile — twenty mile on your feet!' ejaculated Dumbiedikes, whose walks were of a very circumscribed diameter. 'Ye maun never think o' that; come in bye.'

'I canna do that, Laird,' replied Jeanie. 'The twa words I hae to say to ye I can say here; forbye that Mrs. Balehristie —'

'The deil flee awa' wi' Mrs. Balehristie,' said Dumbiedikes, 'and he'll hae a heavy lading o' her! I tell ye, Jeanie Deans, I am a man of few words, but I am laird at hame as weel as in the field: deil a brute or body about my house but I can manage when I like, except Rory Bean, my powny; but I can seldom be at the plague, an it binna when my bluid's up.'

'I was wanting to say to ye, Laird,' said Jeanie, who felt the necessity of entering upon her business, 'that I was gaun a lang journey, outbye of my father's knowledge.'

'Outbye his knowledge, Jeanie! Is that right? Ye maun think o't again; it's no right,' said Dumbiedikes, with a countenance of great concern.

'If I were anes at Lunnon,' said Jeanie, in exculpation, 'I am amaist sure I could get means to speak to the queen about my sister's life.'

'Lunnon, and the queen, and her sister's life!' said Dumbiedikes, whistling for very amazement; 'the lassie's demented.'

'I am no out o' my mind,' said she, 'and, sink or swim, I am determined to gang to Lunnon, if I suld beg my way frae door to door; and so I maun, unless ye wad lend me a small sum to pay my expenses. Little thing will do it; and ye ken my father's a man of substance, and wad see nae man, far less you, Laird, come to loss by me.'

Dumbiedikes, on comprehending the nature of this applica-

tion, could scarce trust his ears ; he made no answer whatever, but stood with his eyes riveted on the ground.

'I see ye are no for assisting me, Laird,' said Jeanie ; 'sae fare ye weel ; and gang and sec my poor father as aften as ye can, he will be lonely enough now.'

'Where is the silly bairn gaun?' said Dumbiedikes ; and, laying hold of her hand, he led her into the house. 'It's no that I didna think o't before,' he said, 'but it stack in my throat.'

Thus speaking to himself, he led her into an old-fashioned parlour, shut the door behind them, and fastened it with a bolt. While Jeanie, surprised at this manœuvre, remained as near the door as possible, the Laird quitted her hand, and pressed upon a spring lock fixed in an oak panel in the wainscot, which instantly slipped aside. An iron strong-box was discovered in a recess of the wall ; he opened this also, and, pulling out two or three drawers, showed that they were filled with leathern bags, full of gold and silver coin.

'This is my bank, Jeanie, lass,' he said, looking first at her and then at the treasure, with an air of great complacency ; 'nane o' your goldsmith's bills for me ; they bring folk to ruin.'

Then suddenly changing his tone, he resolutely said—
'Jeanie, I will make ye Leddy Dumbiedikes afore the sun sets, and ye may ride to Lunnon in your ain coach, if ye like.'

'Na, Laird,' said Jeanie, 'that can never be : my father's grief, my sister's situation, the discredit to you —'

'That's *my* business,' said Dumbiedikes. 'Ye wad say naething about that if ye werena a fulc ; and yet I like ye the better for't : ae wise body's enough in the married state. But if your heart's ower fu', take what siller will serve ye, and let it be when ye come back again, as gude syne as sune.'

'But, Laird,' said Jeanie, who felt the necessity of being explicit with so extraordinary a lover, 'I like another man better than you, and I canna marry ye.'

'Another man better than me, Jeanie!' said Dumbiedikes : 'how is that possible? It's no possible, woman ; ye hae kenn'd me sae lang.'

'Ay, but, Laird,' said Jeanie, with persevering simplicity, 'I hae kenn'd him langer.'

'Langer! It's no possible!' exclaimed the poor Laird. 'It canna be ; ye were born on the land. O Jeanie, woman, ye haena lookit—ye hacna seen the half o' the gear.' He drew out another drawer. 'A' gowd, Jeanie, and there's bands for

siller lent. And the rental book, Jeanie — clear three hunder sterling; deil a wadset, heritable band, or burden. Ye haena lookit at them, woman. And then my mother's wardrobe, and my grandmother's forbye — silk gowns wad stand on their ends, pearl-lace as fine as spiders' webs, and rings and ear-rings to the boot of a' that; they are a' in the chamber of deas. Oh, Jeanie, gang up the stair and look at them!

But Jeanie held fast her integrity, though beset with temptations which perhaps the Laird of Dumbiedikes did not greatly err in supposing were those most affecting to her sex.

'It canna be, Laird: I have said it, and I canna break my word till him, if ye wad gie me the haille barony of Dalkeith, and Lugton into the bargain.'

'Your word to *him*,' said the Laird, somewhat pettishly; 'but wha is he, Jeanie? — wha is he? I haena heard his name yet. Come now, Jeanie, ye are but queering us. I am no trowing that there is sic a ane in the warld; ye are but making fashion. What is he? wha is he?'

'Just Reuben Butler, that's schulemaster at Liberton,' said Jeanie.

'Reuben Butler! Reuben Butler!' echoed the Laird of Dumbiedikes, pacing the apartment in high disdain. 'Reuben Butler, the dominie at Liberton, and a dominie depute too! Reuben, the son of my cottar! Very weel, Jeanie, lass, wilfu' woman will hae her way. Reuben Butler! he hasna in his pouch the value o' the auld black coat he wears, — but it disna signify.' And, as he spoke, he shut successively, and with vehemence, the drawers of his treasury. 'A fair offer, Jeanie, is nae cause of feud. Ae man may bring a horse to the water, but twenty wunna gar him drink. And as for wasting my substance on other folks' joes —'

There was something in t'he last hint that nettled Jeanie's honest pride. 'I was begging nane frae your honour,' she said; 'least of a' on sic a score as ye pit it on. Gude morning to ye, sir; ye hae been kind to my father, and it isna in my heart to think otherwise than kindly of you.'

So saying, she left the room, without listening to a faint 'Bat, Jeanie — Jeanie — stay, woman!' and traversing the courtyard with a quick step, she set out on her forward journey, her bosom glowing with that natural indignation and shame which an honest mind feels at having subjected itself to ask a favour which had been unexpectedly refused. When out of the Laird's ground, and once more upon the public road, her pace slackened,

her anger cooled, and anxious anticipations of the consequence of this unexpected disappointment began to influence her with other feelings. Must she then actually beg her way to London? for such seemed the alternative; or must she turn back and solicit her father for money; and by doing so lose time, which was precious, besides the risk of encountering his positive prohibition respecting her journey? Yet she saw no medium between these alternatives; and, while she walked slowly on, was still meditating whether it were not better to return.

While she was thus in an uncertainty, she heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, and a well-known voice calling her name. She looked round, and saw advancing towards her on a pony, whose bare back and halter assorted ill with the nightgown, slippers, and laced cocked-hat of the rider, a cavalier of no less importance than Dumbiedikes himself. In the energy of his pursuit, he had overcome even the Highland obstinacy of Rory Bean, and compelled that self-willed palfrey to canter the way his rider chose; which Rory, however, performed with all the symptoms of reluctance, turning his head, and accompanying every bound he made in advance with a side-long motion, which indicated his extreme wish to turn round — a manoeuvre which nothing but the constant exercise of the Laird's heels and cudgel could possibly have counteracted.

When the Laird came up with Jeanie, the first words he uttered were — 'Jeanie, they say ane shouldna aye take a woman at her first word?'

'Ay, but ye maun take me at mine, Laird,' said Jeanie, looking on the ground, and walking on without a pause. 'I hae but ae word to bestow on ony body, and that's aye a true ane.'

'Then,' said Dumbiedikes, 'at least ye suldna aye take a man at *his* first word. Ye manna gang this wilfu' gate sillerless, come o't what like.' He put a purse into her hand. 'I wad gie you Rory too, but he's as wilfu' as yoursell, and he's ower weel used to a gate that maybe he and I hae gaen ower aften, and he'll gang nae road else.'

'But, Laird,' said Jeanie, 'though I ken my father will satisfy every penny of this siller, whatever there's o't, yet I wadna like to borrow it frae ane that maybe thinks of something mair than the paying c't back again.'

'There's just twenty-five guineas o't,' said Dumbiedikes, with a gentle sigh, 'and whether your father pays or disna pay, I make ye free till't without another word. Gang where ye

like, do what ye like, and marry a' the Butlers in the country gin ye like. And sae, gude morning to you, Jeanie.'

'And God bless you, Laird, wi' mony a gude morning,' said Jeanie, her heart more softened by the unwonted generosity of this uncauth character than perhaps Butler might have approved, had he known her feelings at that moment; 'and comfort, and the Lord's peace, and the peace of the world, be with you, if we suld never meet again!'

Dumbiedikes turned and waved his hand; and his pony, much more willing to return than he had been to set out, hurried him homewards so fast that, wanting the aid of a regular bridle, as well as of saddle and stirraps, he was too much puzzled to keep his seat to permit of his looking behind, even to give the parting glance of a forlorn swain. I am ashamed to say that the sight of a lover, run away with in nightgown and slippers and a laeed hat, by a bare-backed Highland pony, had something in it of a sedative, even to a grateful and deserved burst of affectionate esteem. The figure of Dumbiedikes was too ludicrous not to confirm Jeanie in the original sentiments she entertained towards him.

'He's a gude creature,' said she, 'and a kind; it's a pity he has sae willyard a powny.' And she immediately turned her thoughts to the important journey which she had commenced, reflecting with pleasure that, according to her habits of life and of undergoing fatigue, she was now amply, or even superfluously, provided with the means of encountering the expenses of the road up and down from London, and all other expenses whatever.

CHAPTER XXVII

What strange and wayward thoughts will slide
Into a lover's head ;
'O mercy !' to myself I cried,
'If Lucy should be dead !'

WORDSWORTH.

IN pursuing her solitary journey, our heroine, soon after passing the house of Dumbiedikes, gained a little eminence, from which, on looking to the eastward down a prattling brook, whose meanders were shaded with straggling willows and alder-trees, she could see the cottages of Woodend and Beer-sheba, the haunts and habitation of her early life, and could distinguish the common on which she had so often herded sheep, and the recesses of the rivulet where she had pulled rushes with Butler, to plait crowns and sceptres for her sister Effie, then a beautiful but spoiled child of about three years old. The recollections which the scene brought with them were so bitter that, had she indulged them, she would have sate down and relieved her heart with tears.

'But I kenn'd,' said Jeanie, when she gave an account of her pilgrimage, 'that greeting would do but little good, and that it was mair beseeming to thank the Lord, that had showed me kindness and countenance by means of a man that mony ca'd a Nabal and churl, but wha was free of his gudes to me as ever the fountain was free of the stream. And I minded the Scripture about the sin of Israel at Meribah, when the people murmured, although Moses had brought water from the dry rock that the congregation might drink and live. Sae, I wad not trust mysell with another look at pair Woodend, for the very blue reek that came out of the lum-head pat me in mind of the change of market-days with us.'

In this resigned and Christian temper she pursued her journey, until she was beyond this place of melancholy recollections, and not distant from the village where Butler dwelt,

which, with its old-fashioned church and steeple, rises among a tuft of trees, occupying the ridge of an eminence to the south of Edinburgh. At a quarter of a mile's distance is a clumsy square tower, the residence of the Laird of Liberton, who, in former times, with the habits of the predatory chivalry of Germany, is said frequently to have attacked the city of Edinburgh by intercepting the supplies and merchandise which came to the town from the southward.

This village, its tower, and its church, did not lie precisely in Jeanie's road towards England; but they were not much aside from it, and the village was the abode of Butler. She had resolved to see him in the beginning of her journey, because she conceived him the most proper person to write to her father concerning her resolution and her hopes. There was probably another reason latent in her affectionate bosom. She wished once more to see the object of so early and so sincere an attachment, before commencing a pilgrimage, the perils of which she did not disguise from herself, although she did not allow them so to press upon her mind as to diminish the strength and energy of her resolution. A visit to a lover from a young person in a higher rank of life than Jeanie's would have had something forward and improper in its character. But the simplicity of her rural habits was unacquainted with these punctilious ideas of decorum, and no notion, therefore, of impropriety crossed her imagination. As, setting out upon a long journey, she went to bid adieu to an early friend.

There was still another motive that pressed upon her mind with additional force as she approached the village. She had looked anxiously for Butler in the court-house, and had expected that certainly, in some part of that eventful day, he would have appeared to bring such countenance and support as he could give to his old friend and the protector of his youth, even if her own claims were laid aside. She knew, indeed, that he was under a certain degree of restraint; but she still had hoped that he would have found means to emancipate himself from it, at least for one day. In short, the wild and wayward thoughts which Wordsworth has described as rising in an absent lover's imagination suggested, as the only explanation of his absence, that Butler must be very ill. And so much had this wrought on her imagination, that when she approached the cottage in which her lover occupied a small apartment, and which had been pointed out to her by a maiden with a milk-pail on her

head, she trembled at anticipating the answer she might receive on inquiring for him.

Her fears in this case had, indeed, only hit upon the truth. Butler, whose constitution was naturally feeble, did not soon recover the fatigue of body and distress of mind which he had suffered in consequence of the tragical events with which our narrative commenced. The painful idea that his character was breathed on by suspicion was an aggravation to his distress.

But the most cruel addition was the absolute prohibition laid by the magistrates on his holding any communication with Deans or his family. It had unfortunately appeared likely to them that some intercourse might be again attempted with that family by Robertson, through the medium of Butler, and this they were anxious to intercept, or prevent, if possible. The measure was not meant as a harsh or injurious severity on the part of the magistrates; but, in Butler's circumstances, it pressed cruelly hard. He felt he must be suffering under the bad opinion of the person who was dearest to him, from an imputation of unkind desertion, the most alien to his nature.

This painful thought, pressing on a frame already injured, brought on a succession of slow and lingering feverish attacks, which greatly impaired his health, and at length rendered him incapable even of the sedentary duties of the school, on which his bread depended. Fortunately, old Mr. Whackbairn, who was the principal teacher of the little parochial establishment, was sincerely attached to Butler. Besides that he was sensible of his merits and value as an assistant, which had greatly raised the credit of his little school, the ancient pedagogue, who had himself been tolerably educated, retained some taste for classical lore, and would gladly relax, after the drudgery of the school was past, by conning over a few pages of Horace or Juvenal with his usher. A similarity of taste begot kindness, and he accordingly saw Butler's increasing debility with great compassion, roused up his own energies to teaching the school in the morning hours, insisted upon his assistant's reposing himself at that period, and, besides, supplied him with such comforts as the patient's situation required, and his own means were inadequate to compass.

Such was Butler's situation, scarce able to drag himself to the place where his daily drudgery must gain his daily bread, and racked with a thousand fearful anticipations concerning

the fate of those who were dearest to him in the world, when the trial and condemnation of Effie Deans put the copestone upon his mental misery.

He had a particular account of these events from a fellow-student who resided in the same village, and who, having been present on the melancholy occasion, was able to place it in all its agony of horror before his exasperated imagination. That sleep should have visited his eyes, after such a curfew-note, was impossible. A thousand dreadful visions haunted his imagination all night, and in the morning he was awaked from a feverish slumber by the only circumstance which could have added to his distress — the visit of an intrusive ass.

This unwelcome visitant was no other than Bartoline Saddle-tree. The worthy and sapient burgher had kept his appointment at MacCroskie's, with Plumdamas and some other neighbours, to discuss the Duke of Argyle's speech, the justice of Effie Deans's condemnation, and the improbability of her obtaining a reprieve. This sage conclave disputed high and drank deep, and on the next morning Bartoline felt, as he expressed it, as if his head was like a 'confused progress of wits.'

To bring his reflective powers to their usual serenity, Saddle-tree resolved to take a morning's ride upon a certain hackney which he, Plumdamas, and another honest shopkeeper combined to maintain by joint subscription, for occasional jaunts for the purpose of business or exercise. As Saddle-tree had two children boarded with Whackbairn, and was, as we have seen, rather fond of Butler's society, he turned his palfrey's head towards Liberton, and came, as we have already said, to give the unfortunate usher that additional vexation of which Imogen complains so feelingly when she says,

I'm sprighted with a fool —
Sprighted and anger'd worse.

If anything could have added gall to bitterness, it was the choice which Saddle-tree made of a subject for his prosing harangues, being the trial of Effie Deans, and the probability of her being executed. Every word fell on Butler's ear like the knell of a death-bell or the note of a screech-owl.

Jeanie paused at the door of her lover's humble abode upon hearing the loud and pompous tones of Saddle-tree sounding from the inner apartment — 'Credit me, it will be sae, Mr. Butler. Brandy cannot save her. She maun gang down the

Bow wi' the lad in the pited coat¹ at her heels. I am sorry for the lassie, but the law, sir, maun hae its course —

Vivat rex,
Currat lex,

as the poet has it, in whilk of Horace's *Odes* I know not.'

Here Butler groaned, in utter impatience of the brutality and ignorance which Bartoline had contrived to amalgamate into one sentence. But Saddletree, like other prozers, was blessed with a happy obtuseness of perception concerning the unfavourable impression which he generally made on his auditors. He proceeded to deal forth his scraps of legal knowledge without mercy, and concluded by asking Butler with great self-complacency, 'Was it na a pity my father didna send me to Utrecht? Havena I missed the chance to turn out as *clarissimus* an *ictus* as auld Grunwiggin himsell? What for dinna ye speak, Mr. Butler? Wad I no hae been a *clarissimus ictus*? Eh, man?'

'I really do not understand you, Mr. Saddletree,' said Butler, thus pushed hard for an answer. His faint and exhausted tone of voice was instantly drowned in the sonorous bray of Bartoline.

'No understand me, man? *Ictus* is Latin for a lawyer, is it not?'

'Not that ever I heard of,' answered Butler, in the same dejected tone.

'The deil ye didna! See, man, I got the word but this morning out of a memorial of Mr. Crossmyloofs; see, there it is, *ictus clarissimus et perti* — *peritissimus*; it's a' Latin, for it's printed in the Italian types.'

'O, you mean *juris-consultus*? *Ictus* is an abbreviation for *juris-consultus*.'

'Dinna tell me, man,' persevered Saddletree; 'there's nae abbreviates except in adjudications; and this is a' about a servitude of water-drap, that is to say, *tillicidian*² — maybe ye'll say that's no Latin neither — in Mary King's Close in the High Street.'

'Very likely,' said poor Butler, overwhelmed by the noisy perseverance of his visitor. 'I am not able to dispute with you.'

¹ The executioner. In a livery of black or dark grey and silver, likened by low wit to a magpie.

² He meant, probably, *stillicidium*.

'Few folk are — few folk are, Mr. Butler, though I say it that shouldna say it,' returned Bartoline, with great delight. 'Now, it will be twa hours yet or ye're wanted in the schule, and as ye are no weel, I'll sit wi' you to divert ye, and explain t'ye the nature of a *tillucidian*. Ye mann ken, the petitioner, Mrs. Crombie, a very decent woman, is a friend of mine, and I hae stude her friend in this case, and brought her wi' credit into the court, and I doubtna that in due time she will win out o't wi' credit, win she or lose she. Ye see, being an inferior tenement or laigh house, we grant ourselves to be burdened wi' the *tillicide*, that is, that we are obligated to receive the natural water-drap of the superior tenement, sae far as the same fa's frae the heavens, or the roof of our neighbour's house, and from thence by the gutters or eaves upon our laigh tenement. But the other night comes a Highland quean of a lass, and she flashes, God kens what, out at the eastmost window of Mrs. MacPhail's house, that's the superior tenement. I believe the auld woman wad hae greed, for Luckie MacPhail sent down the lass to tell my friend Mrs. Crombie that she had made the garlyloo out of the wrang window, from respect for twa Highlandmen that were speaking Gaelic in the close below the right one. But luckily for Mrs. Crombie, I just chanced to come in in time to break aff the communing, for it's a pity the point suldna be tried. We had Mrs. MacPhail into the Ten-Mark Court. The Hieland limmer of a lass wanted to swear herself free; but "Haud ye there," says I —'

The detailed account of this important suit might have lasted until poor Butler's hour of rest was completely exhausted, had not Saddletree been interrupted by the noise of voices at the door. The woman of the house where Butler lodged, on returning with her pitcher from the well, whence she had been fetching water for the family, found our heroine Jeanie Deans standing at the door, impatient of the prolix harangue of Saddletree, yet unwilling to enter until he should have taken his leave.

The good woman abridged the period of hesitation by inquiring, 'Was ye wanting the gudeman or me, lass?'

'I wanted to speak with Mr. Butler, if he's at leisure,' replied Jeanie.

'Gang in bye then, my woman,' answered the goodwife; and opening the door of a room, she announced the additional visitor with — 'Mr. Butler, here's a lass wants to speak t' ye.'

The surprise of Butler was extreme when Jeanie, who seldom

stirred half a mile from home, entered his apartment upon this annunciation.

'Good God!' he said, starting from his chair, while alarm restored to his cheek the colour of which sickness had deprived it; 'some new misfortune must have happened!'

'None, Mr. Reuben, but what you must hae heard of; but O, ye are looking ill yourself!' for 'the heetic of a moment' had not concealed from her affectionate eye the ravages which lingering disease and anxiety of mind had made in her lover's person.

'No; I am well — quite well,' said Butler, with eagerness; 'if I can do anything to assist you, Jeanie — or your father.'

'Ay, to be sure,' said Saddletree; 'the family may be considered as limited to them twa now, just as if Effie had never been in the tailzie, puir thing. But, Jeanie, lass, what brings you out to Liberton sae air in the morning, and your father lying ill in the Luekenbooths?'

'I had a message frae my father to Mr. Butler,' said Jeanie, with embarrassment; but instantly feeling ashamed of the fiction to which she had resorted, for her love of and veneration for truth was almost Quaker-like, she corrected herself — 'That is to say, I wanted to speak with Mr. Butler about some business of my father's and puir Effie's.'

'Is it law business?' said Bartoline; 'because, if it be, ye had better take my opinion on the subject than his.'

'It is not just law business,' said Jeanie, who saw considerable inconvenience might arise from letting Mr. Saddletree into the secret purpose of her journey; 'but I want Mr. Butler to write a letter for me.'

'Very right,' said Mr. Saddletree; 'and if ye'll tell me what it is about, I'll dictate to Mr. Butler as Mr. Crossmyloof does to his clerk. Get your pen and ink in *initialibus*, Mr. Butler.'

Jeanie looked at Butler, and wrung her hands with vexation and impatience.

'I believe, Mr. Saddletree,' said Butler, who saw the necessity of getting rid of him at all events, 'that Mr. Whaekbairn will be somewhat affronted if you do not hear your boys called up to their lessons.'

'Indeed, Mr. Butler, and that's as true; and I promised to ask a half play-day to the schule, so that the bairns might gang and see the hanging, which canna but have a pleasing effect on their young minds, seeing there is no knowing what they may

come to themselves. Odd so, I didna mind ye were here, Jeanie Deans; but ye maun use yoursell to hear the matter spoken o'. Keep Jeanie here till I come back, Mr. Butler; I wumna bide ten minutes.'

And with this unwelcome assurance of an immediate return, he relieved them of the embarrassment of his presence.

'Reuben,' said Jeanie, who saw the necessity of using the interval of his absence in discussing what had brought her there, 'I am bound on a lang journey. I am gaun to Lunnon to ask Effie's life o' the king and of the queen.'

'Jeanie! you are surely not yourself,' answered Butler, in the utmost surprise; '*you go to London — you address the king and queen!*'

'And what for no, Reuben?' said Jeanie, with all the composed simplicity of her character; 'it's but speaking to a mortal man and woman when a' is done. And their hearts maun be made o' flesh and blood like other folks', and Effie's story wad melt them were they stane. Forbye, I hae heard that they are no sic bad folk as what the Jacobites ca' them.'

'Yes, Jeanie,' said Butler; 'but their magnificence, their retinue, the difficulty of getting audience?'

'I have thought of a' that, Reuben, and it shall not break my spirit. Nae doubt their claihs will be very grand, wi' their crowns on their heads, and their sceptres in their hands, like the great King Ahasuerns when he sate upon his royal throne foranent the gate of his house, as we are told in Scripture. But I have that within me that will keep my heart from failing, and I am amaist sure that I will be strengthened to speak the errand I came for.'

'Alas! alas!' said Butler, 'the kings nowadays do not sit in the gate to administer justice, as in patriarchal times. I know as little of courts as you do, Jeanie, by experience; but by reading and report I know that the King of Britain does everything by means of his ministers.'

'And if they be upright, God-fearing ministers,' said Jeanie, 'it's sae muckle the better chance for Effie and me.'

'But you do not even understand the most ordinary words relating to a court,' said Butler; 'by the ministry is meant not clergymen, but the king's official servants.'

'Nae doubt,' returned Jeanie, 'he maun hae a great number, mair, I daur to say, than the Duchess has at Dalkeith; and great folks' servants are aye mair saucy than themselves. But I'll be decently put on, and I'll offer them a trifle o' siller, as if I

came to see the palace. Or, if they scruple that, I'll tell them I'm come on a business of life and death, and then they will surely bring me to speech of the king and queen?'

Butler shook his head. 'O, Jeanie, this is entirely a wild dream. You can never see them but through some great lord's intercession, and I think it is scarce possible even then.'

'Weel, but maybe I can get that too,' said Jeanie, 'with a little helping from you.'

'From me, Jeanie! this is the wildest imagination of all.'

'Ay, but it is not, Reuben. Havena I heard you say that your grandfather, that my father never likes to hear about, did some gude lang syne to the forbear of this MacCallummore, when he was Lord of Lorn?'

'He did so,' said Butler, eagerly, 'and I can prove it. I will write to the Duke of Argyle — report speaks him a good kindly man, as he is known for a brave soldier and true patriot — I will conjure him to stand between your sister and this cruel fate. There is but a poor chance of success, but we will try all means.'

'We *must* try all means,' replied Jeanie; 'but writing winna do it: a letter canna look, and pray, and beg, and beseech, as the human voice can do to the human heart. A letter's like the music that the ladies have for their spinets: naething but black scores, compared to the same tune played or sung. It's word of mouth maun do it, or naething, Reuben.'

'You are right,' said Reuben, recollecting his firmness, 'and I will hope that Heaven has suggested to your kind heart and firm courage the only possible means of saving the life of this unfortunate girl. But, Jeanie, you must not take this most perilous journey alone; I have an interest in you, and I will not agree that my Jeanie throws herself away. You must, even in the present circumstances, give me a husband's right to protect you, and I will go with you myself on this journey, and assist you to do your duty by your family.'

'Alas, Reuben!' said Jeanie in her turn, 'this must not be: a pardon will not gie my sister her fair fame again, or make me a bride fitting for an honest man and an usefu' minister. Wha wad mind what he said in the pu'pit, that had to wife the sister of a woman that was condemned for sie wickedness?'

'But, Jeanie,' pleaded her lover, 'I do not believe, and I cannot believe, that Effie has done this deed.'

'Heaven bless you for saying sae, Reuben!' answered Jeanie; 'but she maun bear the blame o't, after all.'

'But that blame, were it even justly laid on her, does not fall on you.'

'Ah, Reuben, Reuben,' replied the young woman, 'ye ken it is a blot that spreads to kith and kin. Iehabod, as my poor father says, the glory is departed from our house; for the poorest man's house has a glory, where there are true hands, a divine heart, and an honest fame. And the last has gane frae us a.'

'But, Jeanie, consider your word and plighted faith to me; and would ye undertake such a journey without a man to proteet you? and who should that protector be but your husband?'

'You are kind and good, Renben, and wad tak me wi' a' my shame, I doubtna. But ye canna but own that this is no time to marry or be given in marriage. Na, if that suld ever be, it maun be in another and a better season. And, dear Reuben, ye speak of proteeting me on my journey. Alas! who will proteet and take care of you? Your very limbs tremble with standing for ten minutes on the floor; how could you undertake a journey as far as Lumnon?'

'But I am strong — I am well,' continued Butler, sinking in his seat totally exhausted, 'at least I shall be quite well to-morrow.'

'Ye see, and ye ken, ye maun just let me depart,' said Jeanie, after a pause; and then taking his extended hand, and gazing kindly in his faee, she added, 'It's e'en a grief the mair to me to see you in this way. But ye maun keep up your heart for Jeanie's sake, for if she isna your wife, she will never be the wife of living man. And now gie me the paper for MacCallummore, and bid God speed me on my way.'

There was something of romanee in Jeanie's venturous resolution; yet, on consideration, as it seemed impossible to alter it by persuasion, or to give her assistance but by advice, Butler, after some farther debate, put into her hands the paper she desired, which, with the muster-roll in which it was folded up, were the sole memorials of the stout and enthusiastic Bible Butler, his grandfather. While Butler sought this document, Jeanie had time to take up his pocket Bible. 'I have marked a scripture,' she said, as she again laid it down, 'with your keelyvine pen, that will be useful to us baith. And ye maun tak the trouble, Reuben, to write a' this to my father, for, God help me, I have neither head nor hand for lang letters at any time, forbye now; and I trust him entirely to you, and I trust

you will soon be permitted to see him. And, Reuben, when ye do win to the speech o' him, mind a' the auld man's bits o' ways, for Jeanie's sake; and dinna speak o' Latin or English terms to him, for he's o' the auld warld, and downa bide to be fashed wi' them, though I daresay he may be wrang. And dinna ye say muckle to him, but set him on speaking himsell, for he'll bring himsell mair comfort that way. And O, Reuben, the poor lassie in yon dungeon! — but I needna bid your kind heart — gie her what comfort ye can as soon as they will let ye see her; tell her — But I maunna speak mair about her, for I maunna take leave o' ye wi' the tear in my ee, for that wadna be canny. God bless ye, Reuben!

To avoid so ill an omen she left the room hastily, while her features yet retained the mournful and affectionate smile which she had compelled them to wear in order to support Butler's spirits.

It seemed as if the power of sight, of speech, and of reflection had left him as she disappeared from the room, which she had entered and retired from so like an apparition. Saddle-tree, who entered immediately afterwards, overwhelmed him with questions, which he answered without understanding them, and with legal disquisitions, which conveyed to him no iota of meaning. At length the learned burgess recollected that there was a baron court to be held at Loanhead that day, and though it was hardly worth while, 'he might as weel go to see if there was ony thing doing, as he was acquainted with the baron-bailie, who was a decent man, and would be glad of a word of legal advice.'

So soon as he departed, Butler flew to the Bible, the last book which Jeanie had touched. To his extreme surprise, a paper, containing two or three pieces of gold, dropped from the book. With a black-lead pencil she had marked the sixteenth and twenty-fifth verses of the thirty-seventh Psalm — 'A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of the wicked.' 'I have been young and am now old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.'

Deeply impressed with the affectionate delicacy which shrouded its own generosity under the cover of a providential supply to his wants, he pressed the gold to his lips with more ardour than ever the metal was greeted with by a miser. To emulate her devout firmness and confidence seemed now the pitch of his ambition, and his first task was to write an account

to David Deans of his daughter's resolution and journey southward. He studied every sentiment, and even every phrase, which he thought could reconcile the old man to her extraordinary resolution. The effect which this epistle produced will be hereafter adverted to. Butler committed it to the charge of an honest clown, who had frequent dealings with Deans in the sale of his dairy produce, and who readily undertook a journey to Edinburgh to put the letter into his own hands.¹

¹ By dint of assiduous research, I am enabled to certiorate the reader that the name of this person was Saunders Broadfoot, and that he dealt in the wholesome commodity called klrn-milk (*Anglicé*, butter-milk). — J. C.

CHAPTER XXVIII

My native land, good night !

LORD BYRON.

IN the present day, a journey from Edinburgh to London is a matter at once safe, brief, and simple, however inexperienced or unprotected the traveller. Numerous coaches of different rates of charge, and as many packets, are perpetually passing and repassing betwixt the capital of Britain and her northern sister, so that the most timid or indolent may execute such a journey upon a few hours' notice. But it was different in 1737. So slight and infrequent was then the intercourse betwixt London and Edinburgh that men still alive remember, that upon one occasion the mail from the former city arrived at the General Post-Office in Scotland with only one letter in it.¹ The usual mode of travelling was by means of post-horses, the traveller occupying one and his guide another, in which manner, by relays of horses from stage to stage, the journey might be accomplished in a wonderfully short time by those who could endure fatigue. To have the bones shaken to pieces by a constant change of those hacks was a luxury for the rich ; the poor were under the necessity of using the mode of conveyance with which nature had provided them.

With a strong heart, and a frame patient of fatigue, Jeanie Deans, travelling at the rate of twenty miles a-day, and sometimes farther, traversed the southern part of Scotland and advanced as far as Durham.

Hitherto she had been either among her own country-folk, or those to whom her bare feet and tartan screen were objects too familiar to attract much attention. But as she advanced, she perceived that both circumstances exposed her to sarcasm and taunts which she might otherwise have escaped ; and although in her heart she thought it unkind and inhospitable

¹ The fact is certain. The single epistle was addressed to the principal director of the British Linen Company.

to sneer at a passing stranger on account of the fashion of her attire, yet she had the good sense to alter those parts of her dress which attracted ill-natured observation. Her chequered screen was deposited carefully in her bundle, and she conformed to the national extravagance of wearing shoes and stockings for the whole day. She confessed afterwards that, 'besides the wastrife, it was lang or she could walk sae comfortably with the shoes as without them; but there was often a bit saft heather by the roadside, and that helped her weel on.' The want of the screen, which was drawn over the head like a veil, she supplied by a *bon-grace*, as she called it — a large straw bonnet, like those worn by the English maidens when labouring in the fields. 'But I thought unco shame o' mysell,' she said, 'the first time I put on a married woman's *bon-grace*, and me a single maiden.'

With these changes she had little, as she said, to make 'her kenspeckle when she didna speak,' but her accent and language drew down on her so many jests and gibes, couched in a worse *patois* by far than her own, that she soon found it was her interest to talk as little and as seldom as possible. She answered, therefore, civil salutations of chance passengers with a civil courtesy, and chose, with anxious circumspection, such places of repose as looked at once most decent and sequestered. She found the common people of England, although inferior in courtesy to strangers, such as was then practised in her own more unfrequented country, yet, upon the whole, by no means deficient in the real duties of hospitality. She readily obtained food, and shelter, and protection at a very moderate rate, which sometimes the generosity of mine host altogether declined, with a blunt apology — 'Thee hast a lang way afore thee, lass; and I'se ne'er take penny out o' a single woman's purse; it's the best friend thou can have on the road.'

It often happened, too, that mine hostess was struck with 'the tidy, nice Scotch body,' and procured her an escort, or a cast in a waggon, for some part of the way, or gave her useful advice and commendation respecting her resting-places.

At York our pilgrim stopped for the best part of a day — partly to recruit her strength, partly because she had the good luck to obtain a lodging in an inn kept by a country-woman, partly to indite two letters to her father and Reuben Butler, an operation of some little difficulty, her habits being by no means those of literary composition. That to her father was in the following words: —

'DEAREST FATHER,

'I make my present pilgrimage more heavy and burdensome through the sad occasion to reflect that it is without your knowledge, which, God knows, was far contrary to my heart; for Scripture says that, "the vow of the daughter should not be binding without the consent of the father," wherein it may be I have been guilty to tak this wearie journey without your consent. Nevertheless, it was borne in upon my mind that I should be an instrument to help my poor sister in this extremity of needessity, otherwise I wad not, for wealth or for world's gear, or for the haill lands of Da'keith and Lugton, have done the like o' this, without your free will and knowledge. O, dear father, as ye wad desire a blessing on my journey, and upon your household, speak a word or write a line of eomfort to you poor prisoner. If she has sinned, she has sorrowed and suffered, and ye ken better than me that we maun forgie others, as we pray to be forgien. Dear father, forgie my saying this muckle, for it doth not become a young head to instruct grey hairs; but I am sae far frae ye, that my heart yearns to ye a', and fain wad I hear that ye had forgien her trespass, and sae I nae doubt say mair than may become me. The folks here are civil, and, like the barbarians unto the holy apostle, hae shown me much kindness; and there are a sort of chosen people in the land, for they hae some kirks without organs that are like ours, and are called meeting-houses, where the minister preaches without a gown. But most of the country are prelatists, whilk is awfu' to think; and I saw twa men that were ministers following hunds, as bauld as Roslin or Driden, the young Laird of Loop-the-Dike, or any wild gallant in Lothian. A sorrowfu' sight to behold! O, dear father, may a blessing be with your down-lying and up-rising, and remember in your prayers your affectionate daughter to eommand,

JEAN DEANS.

A postscript bore — 'I learned from a decent woman, a grazier's widow, that they hae a cure for the muir-ill in Cumberland, whilk is ane pint, as they ca't, of yill — whilk is a dribble in comparison of our gawsie Scots pint, and hardly a mutchkin — boi'd wi' sope and hartshorn draps, and tooned down the creature's throat wi' ane whorn. Ye might try it on the bauson-faced year-auld quey; an it does nae gude, it can do nae ill. She was a kind woman, and seemed skeely about horned beasts. When I reach Lannon, I intend to gang to

our cousin Mistress Glass, the tobacconist, at the sign o' the Thistle, wha is so eeevil as to send you down. Our splenchan-anes a-year; and as she must be weel kenn'd in Lamma, I doubt not easily to find out where she lives.'

Being reduced into betraying our heroine's confidence thus far, we will stretch our communication a step beyond, and impart to the reader her letter to her lover.

'MR. REUBEN BUTLER,

'Hoping this will find you better, this comes to say, that I have reached this great town safe, and am not wearied with walking, but the better for it. And I have seen many things which I trust to tell you one day, also the muckle kirk of this place; and all around the city are mills, whilk havena muckle wheels nor mill-dams, but gang by the wind — strange to behold. Ane miller asked me to gang in and see it work, but I wad not, for I am not come to the south to make acquaintance with strangers. I keep the straight road, and just beck if ony body speaks to me eeevilly, and answers naebody with the tong but women of mine ain sect. I wish, Mr. Butler, I kenn'd ony thing that wad mak ye weel, for they hae mair medicines in this town of York than wad cure a' Scotland, and surely some of them wad be gude for your complaints. If ye had a kindly motherly body to nurse ye, and no to let ye waste yoursell wi' reading — whilk ye read mair than enugh with the bairns in the schule — and to gie ye warm milk in the morning, I wad be mair easy for ye. Dear Mr. Butler, keep a good heart, for we are in the hands of Ane that kens better what is gude for us than we ken what is for oursells. I hae nae doubt to do that for which I am come: I canna doubt it — I winna think to doubt it; because, if I haena full assurance, how shall I bear myself with earnest entreaties in the great folks' presence? But to ken that ane's purpose is right, and to make their heart strong, is the way to get through the warst day's darg. The bairns' rime says, the warst blast of the borrowing days¹ couldna kill the three silly poor hog-lambs. And if it be God's pleasure, we that are sindered in sorrow may meet again in joy, even on this hither side of Jordan. I dimna bid ye mind what I said at our partin' anent my poor father and that misfortunate lassie, for I ken you will do sae for the sake of Christian charity, whilk is mair than the entreaties of her that is your servant to command,

JEANIE DEANS.'

¹ See Note 29.

This letter also had a postscript. 'Dear Reuben, If ye think that it wad hae been right for me to have said mair and kinder things to ye, just think that I hae written sae, since I am sure that I wish a' that is kind and right to ye and by ye. Ye will think I am turned waster, for I wear clean hose and shoon every day; but it's the fashion here for decent bodies, and ilka land has its ain lauch. Ower and aboon a', if laughing days were e'er to come back again till us, ye wad laugh weel to see my round face at the far end of a strae *bon-grace*, that looks as muckle and round as the middell aisle in Liberton kirk. But it sheds the sun weel aff, and keeps unceevil folk frae staring as if ane were a worrieecow. I sall tell ye by writ how I come on wi' the Duke of Argyle, when I won up to Lunnon. Direct a line, to say how ye are, to me, to the charge of Mrs. Margaret Glass, tobaceonist, at the sign of the Thistle, Lunnon, whilk, if it assures me of your health, will make my mind sae mnekle easier. Excuse bad spelling and writing, as I have ane ill pen.'

The orthography of these epistles may seem to the southron to require a better apology than the letter expresses, though a bad pen was the excuse of a certain Galwegian laird for bad spelling; but, on behalf of the heroine, I would have them to know that, thanks to the care of Butler, Jeanie Deans wrote and spelled fifty times better than half the women of rank in Scotland at that period, whose strange orthography and singular diction form the strongest contrast to the good sense which their correspondenee usually intimates.

For the rest, in the tenor of these epistles, Jeanie expressed, perhaps, more hopes, a firmer courage, and better spirits than she actually felt. But this was with the amiable idea of relieving her father and lover from apprehensions on her account, which she was sensible must greatly add to their other troubles. 'If they think me weel, and like to do weel,' said the poor pilgrim to herself, 'my father will be kinder to Effie, and Butler will be kinder to himself. For I ken weel that they will think mair o' me than I do o' mysell.'

Accordingly, she sealed her letters carefully, and put them into the post-office with her own hand, after many inquiries concerning the time in which they were likely to reach Edinburgh. When this duty was performed, she readily accepted her landlady's pressing invitation to dine with her, and remain till the next morning. The hostess, as we have said, was her country

woman, and the eagerness with which Scottish people meet, communicate, and, to the extent of their power, assist each other, although it is often objected to us as a prejudice and narrowness of sentiment, seems, on the contrary, to arise from a most justifiable and honourable feeling of patriotism, combined with a conviction, which, if undeserved, would long since have been confuted by experience, that the habits and principles of the nation are a sort of guarantee for the character of the individual. At any rate, if the extensive influence of this national partiality be considered as an additional tie, binding man to man, and calling forth the good offices of such as can render them to the countryman who happens to need them, we think it must be found to exceed, as an active and efficient motive to generosity, that more impartial and wider principle of general benevolence, which we have sometimes seen pleaded as an excuse for assisting no individual whatever.

Mrs. Bickerton, lady of the ascendant of the Seven Stars, in the Castle Gate, York, was deeply infected with the unfortunate prejudices of her country. Indeed, she displayed so much kindness to Jeanie Deans (because she herself, being a Merse woman, 'marched' with Midlothian, in which Jeanie was born), showed such motherly regard to her, and such anxiety for her farther progress, that Jeanie thought herself safe, though by temper sufficiently cautious, in communicating her whole story to her.

Mrs. Bickerton raised her hands and eyes at the recital, and exhibited much wonder and pity. But she also gave some effectual good advice.

She required to know the strength of Jeanie's purse, reduced by her deposit at Liberton and the necessary expense of her journey to about fifteen pounds. 'This,' she said, 'would do very well, providing she could carry it a' safe to London.'

'Safe!' answered Jeanie. 'I'se warrant my carrying it safe, bating the needful expenses.'

'Ay, but highwaymen, lassie,' said Mrs. Bickerton; 'for ye are come into a more civilised, that is to say, a more roguish, country than the north, and how ye are to get forward I do not profess to know. If ye could wait here eight days, our waggons would go up, and I would recommend you to Joe Broadwheel, who would see you safe to the Swan and Two Necks. And dinna sneeze at Joe, if he should be for drawing up wi' you,' continued Mrs. Bickerton, her acquired English mingling with her national or original dialect; 'he's a handy boy, and a wanter,

and no lad better thought o' on the road; and the English make good husbands enough, witness my poor man, Moses Bickerton, as is i' the kirkyard.'

Jeanie hastened to say that she could not possibly wait for the setting forth of Joe Broadwheel; being internally by no means gratified with the idea of becoming the object of his attention during the journey.

'Aweel, lass,' answered the good landlady, 'then thou must pickle in thine ain poke-nook, and buckle thy girdle thine ain gate. But take my advice, and hide thy gold in thy stays, and keep a piece or two and some silver, in case thou be'st spoke withal; for there's as wud lads haunt within a day's walk from hence as on the Braes of Doune in Perthshire. And, lass, thou manna gang staring through Lunnon, asking wha kens Mrs. Glass at the sign o' the Thistle; marry, they would laugh thee to scorn. But gang thou to this honest man,' and she put a direction into Jeanie's hand, 'he kens maist part of the sponnable Scottish folk in the city, and he will find out your friend for thee.'

Jeanie took the little introductory letter with sincere thanks; but, something alarmed on the subject of the highway robbers, her mind recurred to what Ratcliffe had mentioned to her, and briefly relating the circumstances which placed a document so extraordinary in her hands, she put the paper he had given her into the hand of Mrs. Bickerton.

The Lady of the Seven Stars did not, indeed, ring a bell, because such was not the fashion of the time, but she whistled on a silver-call, which was hung by her side, and a tight serving-maiden entered the room.

'Tell Dick Ostler to come here,' said Mrs. Bickerton.

Dick Ostler accordingly made his appearance — a queer, knowing, shambling animal, with a hatchet-face, a squint, a game arm, and a limp.

'Dick Ostler,' said Mrs. Bickerton, in a tone of authority that showed she was, at least by adoption, Yorkshire too, 'thou knowest most people and most things o' the road.'

'Eye, eye, God help me, mistress,' said Dick, shrugging his shoulders betwixt a repentant and a knowing expression — 'eye! I ha' know'd a thing or twa i' ma day, mistress.' He looked sharp and laughed, looked grave and sighed, as one who was prepared to take the matter either way.

'Kenst thou this wee bit paper among the rest, man?' said Mrs. Bickerton, handing him the protection which Ratcliffe had given Jeanie Deans.

When Dick had looked at the paper, he winked with one eye, extended his grotesque mouth from ear to ear, like a navigable canal, scratched his head powerfully, and then said, 'Ken! Ay, maybe we ken summat, an it werena for harm to him, mistress.'

'None in the world,' said Mrs. Bickerton; 'only a dram of Hollands to thyself, man, an thou will't speak.'

'Why, then,' said Dick, giving the head-band of his breeches a knowing hoist with one hand, and kicking out one foot behind him to accommodate the adjustment of that important habili-ment, 'I dares to say the pass will be kenn'd weel enough on the road, an that be all.'

'But what sort of a lad was he?' said Mrs. Bickerton, winking to Jeanie, as proud of her knowing hostler.

'Why, what ken I? Jim the Rat! why he was cock o' the North within this twelmonth, he and Scotch Wilson, Handie Dandie, as they called him. But he's been out o' this country a while, as I rackon; but ony gentleman as keeps the road o' this side Stamford will respect Jim's pass.'

Without asking farther questions, the landlady filled Dick Ostler a bumper of Hollands. He ducked with his head and shoulders, scraped with his more advanced hoof, bolted the alcohol, to use the learned phrase, and withdrew to his own domains.

'I would advise thee, Jeanie,' said Mrs. Bickerton, 'an thou meetest with ugly customers o' the road, to show them this bit paper, for it will serve thee, assure thyself.'

A neat little supper concluded the evening. The exported Scotswoman, Mrs. Bickerton by name, eat heartily of one or two seasoned dishes, drank some sound old ale, and a glass of stiff negus, while she gave Jeanie a history of her gont, admiring how it was possible that she, whose fathers and mothers for many generations had been farmers in Lammermuir, could have come by a disorder so totally unknown to them. Jeanie did not choose to offend her friendly landlady by speaking her mind on the probable origin of this complaint; but she thought on the flesh-pots of Egypt, and, in spite of all entreaties to better fare, made her evening meal upon vegetables, with a glass of fair water.

Mrs. Bickerton assured her that the acceptance of any reckoning was entirely out of the question, furnished her with credentials to her correspondent in London, and to several inns upon the road where she had some influence or interest, re-

minded her of the precautions she should adopt for concealing her money, and, as she was to depart early in the morning, took leave of her very affectionately, taking her word that she would visit her on her return to Scotland, and tell her how she had managed, and that *summum bonum* for a gossip, 'all how and about it.' This Jeanie faithfully promised.

CHAPTER XXIX

And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, bind,
In sad alliance, each degraded mind.

AS our traveller set out early on the ensuing morning to prosecute her journey, and was in the act of leaving the inn-yard, Dick Ostler, who either had risen early or neglected to go to bed, either circumstance being equally incident to his calling, hallooed out after her — ‘The top of the morning to you, Moggie! Have n care o’ Gunnerby Hill, young one. Robin Hood’s dead and gwone, but there be takers yet in the vale of Beever.’ Jeanie looked at him as if to request a further explanation, but, with a leer, a shuffle, and a shrug, inimitable (unless by Emery), Dick turned again to the raw-boned steed which he was currying, and sung as he employed the comb and brush —

‘Robin Hood was a yeoman good,
And his bow was of trusty yew;
And if Robin said stand on the king’s lea-land,
Pray, why should not we say so too?’

Jeanie pursued her journey without farther inquiry, for there was nothing in Dick’s manner that inclined her to prolong their conference. A painful day’s journey brought her to Ferry-bridge, the best inn, then and since, upon the great northern road; and an introduction from Mrs. Bickerton, added to her own simple and quiet manners, so propitiated the landlady of the Swan in her favour that the good dame procured her the convenient accommodation of a pillion and post-horse then returning to Tuxford; so that she accomplished, upon the second day after leaving York, the longest journey she had yet made. She was a good deal fatigued by a mode of travelling to which she was less accustomed than to walking, and it was considerably later than usual on the ensuing morning that she felt herself able to resume her pilgrimage. At noon the hundred-

armed Trent, and the blackened ruins of Newark Castle, demolished in the great Civil War, lay before her. It may easily be supposed that Jeanie had no curiosity to make antiquarian researches, but, entering the town, went straight to the inn to which she had been directed at Ferrybridge. While she procured some refreshment, she observed the girl who brought it to her looked at her several times with fixed and peculiar interest, and at last, to her infinite surprise, inquired if her name was not Deans, and if she was not a Scotchwoman, going to London upon justice business. Jeanie, with all her simplicity of character, had some of the caution of her country, and, according to Scottish universal custom, she answered the question by another, requesting the girl would tell her why she asked these questions.

The Maritones of the Saracen's Head, Newark, replied, 'Two women had passed that morning, who had made inquiries after one Jeanie Deans, travelling to London on such an errand, and could scarce be persuaded that she had not passed on.'

Much surprised, and somewhat alarmed, for what is inexplicable is usually alarming, Jeanie questioned the wench about the particular appearance of these two women, but could only learn that the one was aged and the other young; that the latter was the taller, and that the former spoke most, and seemed to maintain an authority over her companion, and that both spoke with the Scottish accent.

This conveyed no information whatever, and with an indescribable presentiment of evil designed towards her, Jeanie adopted the resolution of taking post-horses for the next stage. In this, however, she could not be gratified; some accidental circumstances had occasioned what is called a run upon the road, and the landlord could not accommodate her with a guide and horses. After waiting some time, in hopes that a pair of horses that had gone southward would return in time for her use, she at length, feeling ashamed of her own pusillanimity, resolved to prosecute her journey in her usual manner.

'It was all plain road,' she was assured, 'except a high mountain, called Gunnerby Hill, about three miles from Grantham, which was her stage for the night.'

'I'm glad to hear there's a hill,' said Jeanie, 'for baith my sight and my very feet are weary o' sie traets o' level ground; it looks a' the way between this and York as if a' the land had been trenched and leveled, whilk is very wearisome to my Scotch een. When I lost sight of a muckle blue hill they

ca' Ingleboro', I thought I hadna a friend left in this strange land.'

'As for the matter of that, yonng woman,' said mine host, 'an you be so fond o' hill, I carena an thou couldst carry Gunnerby away with thee in thy lap, for it's a murder to post-horses. But here's to thy journey, and mayst thou win well through it, for thou is a bold and a canny lass.'

So saying, he took a powerful pull at a solemn tankard of home-brewed ale.

'I hop there is nae bad company on the road, sir?' said Jeanie.

'Why, when it's clean without them I'll thatch Groby pool wi' pancakes. But there arena sae mony now; and since they hae lost Jim the Rat, they hold together no better than the men of Marsham when they lost their common. Take a drop ere thou goest,' he concluded, offering her the tankard; 'thou wilt get naething at night save Grantham gruel, nine grots and a gallon of water.'

Jeanie courteously declined the tankard, and inquired what was her 'lawing.'

'Thy lawing! Heaven help thee, wench! what ca'st thou that?'

'It is — I was wanting to ken what was to pay,' replied Jeanie.

'Pay! Lord help thee! why, nought, woman; we hae drawn no liquor but a gill o' beer, and the Saracen's Head can spare a mouthful o' meat to a stranger like o' thee, that cannot speak Christian language. So here's to thee once more. "The same again, quoth Mark of Bellgrave,"' and he took another profound pull at the tankard.

The travellers who have visited Newark more lately will not fail to remember the remarkably civil and gentlemanly manners of the person who now keeps the principal inn there, and may find some amusement in contrasting them with those of his more rough predecessor. But we believe it will be found that the polish has worn off none of the real worth of the metal.

Taking leave of her Lincolnshire Gains, Jeanie resumed her solitary walk, and was somewhat alarmed when evening and twilight overtook her in the open ground which extends to the foot of Gunnerby Hill, and is intersected with patches of copse and with swampy spots. The extensive commons on the north road, most of which are now inclosed, and in general a relaxed

state of police, exposed the traveller to a highway robbery in a degree which is now unknown, excepting in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. Aware of this circumstance, Jeanie mended her pace when she heard the trampling of a horse behind, and instinctively drew to one side of the road, as if to allow as much room for the rider to pass as might be possible. When the animal came up, she found that it was bearing two women, the one placed on a side-saddle, the other on a pillion behind her, as may still occasionally be seen in England.

'A braw gude night to ye, Jeanie Deans,' said the foremost female, as the horse passed our heroine. 'What think ye o' yon bonny hill yonder, lifting its brow to the moon? Trow ye yon's the gate to Heaven, that ye are sae fain of? Maybe we may win there the night yet, God sain us, though our minnie here's rather dreich in the upgang.'

The speaker kept changing her seat in the saddle, and half-stopping the horse, as she brought her body round, while the woman that sat behind her on the pillion seemed to urge her on, in words which Jeanie heard but imperfectly.

'Haud your tongue, ye moon-raised b——! what is your business with ——, or with Heaven or Hell either?'

'Troth, mither, no muckle wi' Heaven, I doubt, considering wha I carry ahint me; and as for Hell, it will fight its ain battle at its ain time, I'se be bound. Come, naggie, trot awa', man, an' as thou wert a broomstick, for a witch rides thee —

With my curch on my foot, and my shoe on my hand,
I glance like the wildfire through brugh and through land.'

The tramp of the horse, and the increasing distance, drowned the rest of her song, but Jeanie heard for some time the inarticulate sounds ring along the waste.

Our pilgrim remained stupified with undefined apprehensions. The being named by her name in so wild a manner, and in a strange country, without further explanation or communing, by a person who thus strangely flitted forward and disappeared before her, came near to the supernatural sounds in *Comus* :

The airy tongues, which syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

And although widely different in features, deportment, and rank from the Lady of that enchanting masque, the continuation of the passage may be happily applied to Jeanie Deans upon this singular alarm :

These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong siding champion — Conscience.

In fact, it was, with the recollection of the affectionate and dutiful errand on which she was engaged, her right, if such a word could be applicable, to expect protection in a task so meritorious. She had not advanced much farther, with a mind calmed by these reflections, when she was disturbed by a new and more instant subject of terror. Two men, who had been lurking among some copse, started up as she advanced, and met her on the road in a menacing manner. 'Stand and deliver,' said one of them, a short stout fellow, in a smock-frock, such as are worn by waggoners.

'The woman,' said the other, a tall thin figure, 'does not understand the words of action. Your money, my precious, or your life!'

'I have but very little money, gentlemen,' said poor Jeanie, tendering that portion which she had separated from her principal stock, and kept apart for such an emergency; 'but if you are resolved to have it, to be sure you must have it.'

'This won't do, my girl. D—n me, if it shall pass!' said the shorter ruffian; 'do ye think gentlemen are to hazard their lives on the road to be cheated in this way? We'll have every farthing you have got, or we will strip you to the skin, curse me.'

His companion, who seemed to have something like compassion for the horror which Jeanie's countenance now expressed, said, 'No, no, Tom, this is one of the precious sisters, and we'll take her word, for once, without putting her to the stripping proof. Hark ye, my lass, if you'll look up to heaven and say this is the last penny you have about ye, why, hang it, we'll let you pass.'

'I am not free,' answered Jeanie, 'to say what I have about me, gentlemen, for there's life and death depends on my journey; but if you leave me as much as finds me in bread and water, I'll be satisfied, and thank you, and pray for you.'

'D—n your prayers!' said the shorter fellow; 'that's a coin that won't pass with us'; and at the same time made a motion to seize her.

'Stay, gentlemen,' Ratcliffe's pass suddenly occurring to her; 'perhaps you know this paper.'

'What the devil is she after now, Frank?' said the more savage ruffian. 'Do you look at it, for d—n me if I could read it, if it were for the benefit of my clergy.'

'This is a jark from Jim Ratcliffe,' said the taller, having looked at the bit of paper. 'The wench must pass by our cutter's law.'

'I say no,' answered his companion. 'Rat has left the lay, and turned bloodhound, they say.'

'We may need a good turn from him all the same,' said the taller ruffian again.

'But what are we to do then?' said the shorter man. 'We promised, you know, to strip the wench and send her begging back to her own beggarly country, and now you are for letting her go on.'

'I did not say that,' said the other fellow, and whispered to his companion, who replied, 'Be alive about it then, and don't keep chattering till some travellers come up to nab us.'

'You must follow us off the road, young woman,' said the taller.

'For the love of God!' exclaimed Jeanie, 'as you were born of woman, dinna ask me to leave the road! rather take all I have in the world.'

'What the devil is the wench afraid of?' said the other fellow. 'I tell you you shall come to no harm; but if you will not leave the road and come with us, d—n me, but I'll beat your brains out where you stand.'

'Thou art a rough bear, Tom,' said his companion. 'An ye touch her, I'll give ye a shake by the collar shall make the Leicester beans rattle in thy guts. Never mind him, girl: I will not allow him to lay a finger on you, if you walk quietly on with us; but if you keep jabbering there, d—n me, but I'll leave him to settle it with you.'

This threat conveyed all that is terrible to the imagination of poor Jeanie, who saw in him that 'was of milder mood' her only protection from the most brutal treatment. She, therefore, not only followed him, but even held him by the sleeve, lest he should escape from her; and the fellow, hardened as he was, seemed something touched by these marks of confidence, and repeatedly assured her that he would suffer her to receive no harm.

They conducted their prisoner in a direction leading more and more from the public road, but she observed that they kept a sort of track or bye-path, which relieved her from part of her apprehensions, which would have been greatly increased had they not seemed to follow a determined and ascertained route. After about half an hour's walking, all three in profound silence,

they approached an old barn, which stood on the edge of some cultivated ground, but remote from everything like a habitation. It was itself, however, tenanted, for there was light in the windows.

One of the footpads scratched at the door, which was opened by a female, and they entered with their unhappy prisoner. An old woman, who was preparing food by the assistance of a stifling fire of lighted charcoal, asked them, in the name of the devil, what they brought the wench there for, and why they did not strip her and turn her abroad on the common.

'Come, come, Mother Blood,' said the tall man, 'we'll do what's right to oblige you, and we'll do no more; we are bad enough, but not such as you would make us—devils incarnate.'

'She has got a jark from Jim Ratcliffe,' said the short fellow, 'and Frank here won't hear of our putting her through the mill.'

'No, that will I not, by G—d!' answered Frank; 'but if old Mother Blood could keep her here for a little while, or send her back to Scotland, without hurting her, why, I see no harm in that, not I.'

'I'll tell you what, Frank Levitt,' said the old woman, 'if you call me Mother Blood again, I'll paint this gulley (and she held a knife up as if about to make good her threat) in the best blood in your body, my bonny boy.'

'The price of ointment must be up in the north,' said Frank, 'that puts Mother Blood so much out of humour.'

Without a moment's hesitation the fury darted her knife at him with the vengeful dexterity of a wild Indian. As he was on his guard, he avoided the missile by a sudden motion of his head, but it whistled past his ear and stuck deep in the clay wall of a partition behind.

'Come, come, mother,' said the robber, seizing her by both wrists, 'I shall teach you who's master'; and so saying, he forced the hag backwards by main force, who strove vehemently until she sunk on a bunch of straw, and then letting go her hands, he held up his finger towards her in the menacing posture by which a maniac is intimidated by his keeper. It appeared to produce the desired effect; for she did not attempt to rise from the seat on which he had placed her, or to resume any measures of actual violence, but wrung her withered hands with impotent rage, and brayed and howled like a demoniac.

'I will keep my promise with you, you old devil,' said Frank;

'the wench shall not go forward on the London road, but I will not have you touch a hair of her head, if it were but for your insolence.'

This intimation seemed to compose in some degree the vehement passion of the old hag; and while her exclamations and howls sunk into a low, mamdering, growling tone of voice, another personage was added to this singular party.

'Eh, Frank Levitt,' said this new-comer, who entered with a hop, step, and jump, which at once conveyed her from the door into the centre of the party, 'were ye killing our mother? or were ye cutting the grunter's weasand that Tam brought in this morning? or have ye been reading your prayers backward, to bring up my auld acquaintance the deil amang ye?'

The tone of the speaker was so particular that Jeanie immediately recognized the woman who had rode foremost of the pair which passed her just before she met the robbers; a circumstance which greatly increased her terror, as it served to show that the mischief designed against her was premeditated, though by whom, or for what cause, she was totally at a loss to conjecture. From the style of her conversation, the reader also may probably acknowledge in this female an old acquaintance in the earlier part of our narrative.

'Out, ye mad devil!' said Tom, whom she had disturbed in the middle of a draught of some liquor with which he had found means of accommodating himself; 'betwixt your Bess of Bedlam pranks and your dam's frenzies a man might live quieter in the devil's den than here.' And he again resumed the broken jug out of which he had been drinking.

'And what's this o't?' said the madwoman, dancing up to Jeanie Deans, who, although in great terror, yet watched the scene with a resolution to let nothing pass unnoticed which might be serviceable in assisting her to escape, or informing her as to the true nature of her situation, and the danger attending it. 'What's this o't?' again exclaimed Madge Wildfire. 'Douce Davie Deans, the auld doited Whig body's daughter in a gipsy's barn, and the night setting in; this is a sight for sair een! Eh, sirs, the falling off o' the godly! And the t'other sister's in the tolbooth at Edinburgh! I am very sorry for her, for my share; it's my mother wusses ill to her, and no me, though maybe I hae as mækle eause.'

'Hark ye, Madge,' said the taller ruffian, 'you have not such a touch of the devil's blood as the hag your mother, who may be his dam for what I know; take this young woman to your

kennel, and do not let the devil enter, though he should ask in God's name.'

'Ou ay, that I will, Frank,' said Madge, taking hold of Jeanie by the arm, and pulling her along; 'for it's no for decent Christian young laddies, like her and me, to be keeping the like o' you and Tyburn Tam company at this time o' night. Sae gude e'en t' ye, sirs, and mony o' them; and may ye a' sleep till the hangman wauken ye, and then it will be weel for the country.'

She then, as her wild fancy seemed suddenly to prompt her, walked demurely towards her mother, who, seated by the charcoal fire, with the reflection of the red light on her withered and distorted features, marked by every evil passion, seemed the very picture of Hecate at her infernal rites; and suddenly dropping on her knees, said, with the manner of a six years old child, 'Mammie, hear me say my prayers before I go to bed, and say God bless my bonny face, as ye used to do lang syne.'

'The deil flay the hide o' it to sole his brogues wi'!' said the old lady, aiming a buffet at the supplicant in answer to her piteous request.

The blow missed Madge, who, being probably acquainted by experience with the mode in which her mother was wont to confer her maternal benedictions, slipt out of arm's length with great dexterity and quickness. The hag then started up, and, seizing a pair of old fire-tongs, would have amended her motion by beating out the brains either of her daughter or Jeanie, she did not seem greatly to care which, when her hand was once more arrested by the man whom they called Frank Levitt, who, seizing her by the shoulder, flung her from him with great violence, exclaiming, 'What, Mother Damnable, again, and in my sovereign presence? Hark ye, Madge of Bedlam, get to your hole with your playfellow, or we shall have the devil to pay here, and nothing to pay him with.'

Madge took Levitt's advice, retreating as fast as she could, and dragging Jeanie along with her, into a sort of recess, partitioned off from the rest of the barn, and filled with straw, from which it appeared that it was intended for the purpose of slumber. The moonlight shone through an open hole upon a pillion, a pack-saddle, and one or two wallets, the travelling furniture of Madge and her amiable mother. 'Now, saw ye e'er in your life,' said Madge, 'sae dainty a chamber of deas? See as the moon shines down sae caller on the fresh strae! There's no a pleasanter eell in Bedlam, for as braw a place as it is on the outside. Were ye ever in Bedlam?'

'No,' answered Jeanie faintly, appalled by the question and the way in which it was put, yet willing to soothe her insane companion; being in circumstances so unhappily precarious that even the society of this gibbering madwoman seemed a species of protection.

'Never in Bedlam!' said Madge, as if with some surprise. 'But ye 'll hae been in the cells at Edinburgh?'

'Never,' repeated Jeanie.

'Weel, I think thae daft earles the magistrates send naebody to Bedlam but me; they maun hae an unco respect for me, for whenever I am brought to them they aye hae me back to Bedlam. But troth, Jeanie (she said this in a very confidential tone), to tell ye my private mind about it, I think ye are a nae great loss; for the keeper's a cross patch, and he maun hae it a' his ain gate, to be sure, or he makes the place waur than hell. I often tell him he's the daftest in a' the house. But what are they making sic a skirling for? Deil ane o' them 's get in here; it wadna be mensefu'! I will sit wi' my back again the door; it winna be that easy stirring me.'

'Madge!'—'Madge!'—'Madge Wildfire!'—'Madge devil! what have ye done with the horse?' was repeatedly asked by the men without.

'He's e'en at his supper, puir thing,' answered Madge; 'deil an ye were at yours too, an it were scauding brimstane, and then we wad hae less o' your din.'

'His supper!' answered the more sulky ruffian. 'What d'ye mean by that? Tell me where he is, or I will knock your Bedlam brains out!'

'He's in Gaffer Gablewood's wheat-close, an ye maun ken.'

'His wheat-close, you crazed jilt!' answered the other, with an accent of great indignation.

'O, dear Tyburn Tam, man, what ill will the blades of the young wheat do to the puir naig?'

'That is not the question,' said the other robber; 'but what the country will say to us to-morrow when they see him in such quarters. Go, Tom, and bring him in; and avoid the soft ground, my lad; leave no hoof-track behind you.'

'I think you give me always the fag of it, whatever is to be done,' grumbled his companion.

"'Leap, Laurence, you're long enough,'" said the other; and the fellow left the barn accordingly, without farther remonstrance.

In the meanwhile, Madge had arranged herself for repose on

the straw; but still in a half-sitting posture, with her back resting against the door of the hovel, which, as it opened inwards, was in this manner kept shut by the weight of her person.

'There's mair shifts bye stealing, Jeanie,' said Madge Wildfire; 'though whiles I can hardly get our mother to think sae. Wha wad hae thought but mysell of making a bolt of my ain back-bane? But it's no sae strong as thae that I hae seen in the tolbooth at Edinburgh. The hammermen of Edinburgh are to my mind afore the world for making stanchions, ring-bolts, fetter-bolts, bars, and locks. And they arena that bad at girdles for carcakes neither, though the Cu'ross hammermen have the gree for that. My mother had ance a bonny Cu'ross girdle, and I thought to have baked carcakes on it for my puir wean that's dead and gane nae fair way; but we maun a' dee, ye ken, Jeanie. Yon Cameronian bodies ken that brawly; and ye're for making a hell upon earth that ye may be less unwillin' to part wi' it. But as touching Bedlam, that ye were speaking about, I'se ne'er recommend it muckle the tae gate or the tother, be it right, be it wrang. But ye ken what the sang says?' And, pursuing the unconnected and floating wanderings of her mind, she sung aloud —

'In the bonny cells of Bedlam,
Ere I was ane-and-twenty,
I had hempen bracelets strong,
And merry whips, ding-dong,
And prayer and fasting plenty.

Weel, Jeanie, I am something herse the night, and I canna sing muckle mair; and troth, I think I am gaun to sleep.'

She drooped her head on her breast, a posture from which Jeanie, who would have given the world for an opportunity of quiet to consider the means and the probability of her escape, was very careful not to disturb her. After nodding, however, for a minute or two, with her eyes half closed, the unquiet and restless spirit of her malady again assailed Madge. She raised her head and spoke, but with a lowered tone, which was again gradually overcome by drowsiness, to which the fatigue of a day's journey on horseback had probably given unwonted occasion — 'I dinna ken what makes me sae sleepy; I amaist never sleep till my bonny Lady Moon gangs till her bed, mair by token when she's at the full, ye ken, rowing aboon us yonder in her grand silver coach. I have danced to her my lane sometimes

for very joy, and whiles dead folk came and danced wi' me, the like o' Jock Porteous, or ony body I had kenn'd when I was living; for ye maun ken I was ance dead mysell.' Here the poor maniac sung in a low and wild tone —

' My banes are buried in yon kirkyard
 See far ayont the sea,
 And it is but my blithesome ghaist
 That's speaking now to thee.

But, after a', Jeanie, my woman, naebody kens weel wha's living and wha's dead, — or wha's gane to Fairyland, there's another question. Whiles I think my puir bairn's dead; ye ken very weel it's buried, but that signifies naething. I have had it on my knee a hundred times, and a hundred till that, since it was buried; and how could that be were it dead, ye ken? It's merely impossible.' And here, some conviction half-overcoming the reveries of her imagination, she burst into a fit of crying and ejaculation, 'Wae's me! wae's me! wae's me!' till at length she moaned and sobbed herself into a deep sleep, which was soon intimated by her breathing hard, leaving Jeanie to her own melancholy reflections and observations.

CHAPTER XXX

Bind her quickly ; or, by this steel,
I'll tell, although I truss for company.

FLETCHER.

THE imperfect light which shone into the window enabled Jeanie to see that there was scarcely any chance of making her escape in that direction ; for the aperture was high in the wall, and so narrow that, could she have climbed up to it, she might well doubt whether it would have permitted her to pass her body through it. An unsuccessful attempt to escape would be sure to draw down worse treatment than she now received, and she therefore resolved to watch her opportunity carefully ere making such a perilous effort. For this purpose she applied herself to the ruinous clay partition which divided the hovel in which she now was from the rest of the waste barn. It was decayed, and full of cracks and chinks, one of which she enlarged with her fingers, cautiously and without noise, until she could obtain a plain view of the old hag and the taller ruffian, whom they called Levitt, seated together beside the decayed fire of charcoal, and apparently engaged in close conference. She was at first terrified by the sight, for the features of the old woman had a hideous cast of hardened and inveterate malice and ill-humour, and those of the man, though naturally less unfavourable, were such as corresponded well with licentious habits and a lawless profession.

'But I remembered,' said Jeanie, 'my worthy father's tales of a winter evening, how he was confined with the blessed martyr, Mr. James Renwick, who lifted up the fallen standard of the true reformed Kirk of Scotland, after the worthy and renowned Daniel [Richard] Cameron, our last blessed bannerman, had fallen among the swords of the wicked at Aird's Moss, and how the very hearts of the wicked malefactors and murderers whom they were confined withal were melted like wax at the sound of their doctrine, and I bethought myself, that the same help that was wi' them

in their strait, wad be wi' me in mine, an I could but watch the Lord's time and opportunity for delivering my feet from their snare; and I minded the Scripture of the blessed Psalmist, whilk he insisteth on, as weel in the forty-second as in the forty-third psalm, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope in God, for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

Strengthened in a mind naturally calm, sedate, and firm, by the influence of religious confidence, this poor captive was enabled to attend to, and comprehend, a great part of an interesting conversation which passed betwixt those into whose hands she had fallen, notwithstanding that their meaning was partly disguised by the occasional use of cant terms, of which Jeanie knew not the import, by the low tone in which they spoke, and by their mode of supplying their broken phrases by shrugs and signs, as is usual amongst those of their disorderly profession.

The man opened the conversation by saying, 'Now, dame, you see I am true to my friend. I have not forgot that you planked a ehury which helped me through the bars of the Castle of York, and I came to do your work without asking questions, for one good turn deserves another. But now that Madge, who is as loud as Tom of Lincoln, is somewhat still, and this same Tyburn Neddie is shaking his heels after the old nag, why, you must tell me what all this is about, and what's to be done; for d—n me if I touch the girl, or let her be touched, and she with Jim Rat's pass too.'

'Thou art an honest lad, Frank,' answered the old woman, 'but e'en too kind for thy trade; thy tender heart will get thee into trouble. I will see ye gang up Holborn Hill backward, and a' on the word of some silly loon that could never hae rapped to ye had ye drawn your knife across his weasand.'

'You may be baulked there, old one,' answered the robber; 'I have known many a pretty lad cut short in his first summer upon the road, because he was something hasty with his flats and sharps. Besides, a man would fain live out his two years with a good conscience. So, tell me what all this is about, and what's to be done for you that one can do decently?'

'Why, you must know, Frank—but first taste a snap of right Hollands.' She drew a flask from her pocket, and filled the fellow a large bumper, which he pronounced to be the right thing. 'You must know, then, Frank—wumna ye mend your hand?' again offering the flask.

'No, no; when a woman wants mischief from you, she always

begins by filling you drunk. D—n all Dutch courage. What I do I will do soberly. I'll last the longer for that too.'

'Well, then, you must know,' resumed the old woman, without any further attempts at propitiation, 'that this girl is going to London.'

Here Jeanie could only distinguish the word 'sister.'

The robber answered in a louder tone, 'Fair enough that; and what the devil is your business with it?'

'Business enough, I think. If the b — queers the noose, that silly cull will marry her.'

'And who cares if he does?' said the man.

'Who cares, ye donnard Neddie? I care; and I will strangle her with my own hands rather than she should come to Madge's preferment.'

'Madge's preferment! Does your old blind eyes see no farther than that? If he is as you say, d'ye think he'll ever marry a moon-calf like Madge? Ecod, that's a good one. Marry Madge Wildfire! ha! ha! ha!'

'Hark ye, ye crack-rope paddler, born beggar, and bred thief!' replied the hag; 'suppose he never marries the wench, is that a reason he should marry another, and that other to hold my daughter's place, and she crazed, and I a beggar, and all along of him? But I know that of him will hang him — I know that of him will hang him, if he had a thousand lives — I know that of him will hang — hang — hang him!'

She grinned as she repeated and dwelt upon the fatal monosyllable with the emphasis of a vindictive fiend.

'Then why don't you hang — hang — hang him?' said Frank, repeating her words contemptuously. 'There would be more sense in that, than in wreaking yourself here upon two wenches that have done you and your daughter no ill.'

'No ill!' answered the old woman; 'and he to marry this jail-bird, if ever she gets her foot loose!'

'But as there is no chance of his marrying a bird of your brood, I cannot, for my soul, see what you have to do with all this,' again replied the robber, shrugging his shoulders. 'Where there is aught to be got, I'll go as far as my neighbours, but I hate mischief for mischief's sake.'

'And would you go nae length for revenge?' said the hag — 'for revenge, the sweetest morsel to the mouth that ever was cooked in hell!'

'The devil may keep it for his own eating, then,' said the robber; 'for hang me if I like the sauce he dresses it with.'

'Revenge!' continued the old woman; 'why, it is the best reward the devil gives us for our time here and hereafter. I have wrought hard for it, I have suffered for it, and I have sinned for it, and I will have it — or there is neither justice in Heaven nor in Hell!'

Levitt had by this time lighted a pipe, and was listening with great composure to the frantic and vindictive ravings of the old hag. He was too much hardened by his course of life to be shocked with them; too indifferent, and probably too stupid, to catch any part of their animation or energy. 'But, mother,' he said, after a pause, 'still I say, that if revenge is your wish, you should take it on the young fellow himself.'

'I wish I could,' she said, drawing in her breath, with the eagerness of a thirsty person while mimicking the action of drinking — 'I wish I could! but no, I cannot — I cannot.'

'And why not? You would think little of peaching and hanging him for this Scotch affair. Rat me, one might have milled the Bank of England, and less noise about it.'

'I have nursed him at this withered breast,' answered the old woman, folding her hands on her bosom, as if pressing an infant to it, 'and though he has proved an adder to me, though he has been the destruction of me and mine, though he has made me company for the devil, if there be a devil, and food for hell, if there be such a place, yet I cannot take his life. No, I cannot,' she continued, with an appearance of rage against herself; 'I have thought of it, I have tried it, but, Francis Levitt, I canna gang through wi't! Na, na, he was the first bairn I ever nurst; ill I had been — but man can never ken what woman feels for the bairn she has held first to her bosom!'

'To be sure,' said Levitt, 'we have no experience. But, mother, they say you ha'n't been so kind to other *bairns*, as you call them, that have come in your way. Nay, d—n me, never lay your hand on the whittle, for I am captain and leader here, and I will have no rebellion.'

The hag, whose first motion had been, upon hearing the question, to grasp the haft of a large knife, now unclosed her hand, stole it away from the weapon, and suffered it to fall by her side, while she proceeded with a sort of smile — 'Bairns! ye are joking, lad, wha wad touch bairns? Madge, puir thing, had a misfortune wi' ane; and the tother —' Here her voice sunk so much that Jeanie, though anxiously upon the watch, could not catch a word she said, until she raised her tone at the con-

clusion of the sentence — 'So Madge, in her daffin', threw it into the Nor' Loch, I trow.'

Madge, whose slumbers, like those of most who labour under mental malady, had been short, and were easily broken, now made herself heard from her place of repose.

'Indeed, mother, that's a great lee, for I did nae sic thing:

'Hush, thou hellicat devil,' said her mother. 'By Heaven! the other wench will be waking too!'

'That may be dangerous,' said Frank; and he rose and followed Meg Murdockson across the floor.

'Rise,' said the hag to her daughter, 'or I sall drive the knife between the planks into the Bedlam back of thee!'

Apparently she at the same time seconded her threat, by pricking her with the point of a knife, for Madge, with a faint scream, changed her place, and the door opened.

The old woman held a candle in one hand and a knife in the other. Levitt appeared behind her; whether with a view of preventing or assisting her in any violence she might meditate could not be well guessed. Jeanie's presence of mind stood her friend in this dreadful crisis. She had resolution enough to maintain the attitude and manner of one who sleeps profoundly, and to regulate even her breathing, notwithstanding the agitation of instant terror, so as to correspond with her attitude.

The old woman passed the light across her eyes; and, although Jeanie's fears were so powerfully awakened by this movement, that she often declared afterwards that she thought she saw the figures of her destined murderers through her closed eyelids, she had still the resolution to maintain the feint on which her safety perhaps depended.

Levitt looked at her with fixed attention; he then turned the old woman out of the place, and followed her himself. Having regained the outer apartment, and seated themselves, Jeanie heard the highwayman say, to her no small relief, 'She's as fast as if she were in Bedfordshire. Now, old Meg, d—n me if I can nnderstand a glim of this story of yours, or what good it will do you to hang the one wench and torment the other; but, rat me, I will be true to my friend, and serve ye the way ye like it. I see it will be a bad job; but I do think I could get her down to Surfleet on the Wash, and so on board Tom Moonshine's neat lugger, and keep her out of the way three or four weeks, if that will please ye. But d—n me if any one shall harm her, unless they have a mind to choke on a brace

of blue plums. It's a cruel bad job, and I wish you and it, Meg, were both at the devil.'

'Never mind, hinny Levitt,' said the old woman; 'you are a ruffler, and will have a' your ain gate. She shanna gang to Heaven an hour sooner for me; I carena whether she live or die: it's her sister — ay, her sister!'

'Well, we'll say no more about it, I hear Tom coming in. We'll couch a hogshead, and so better had you.'

They retired to repose, accordingly, and all was silent in this asylum of iniquity.

Jeanie lay for a long time awake. At break of day she heard the two ruffians leave the barn, after whispering with the old woman for some time. The sense that she was now guarded only by persons of her own sex gave her some confidence, and irresistible lassitude at length threw her into slumber.

When the captive awakened, the sun was high in heaven, and the morning considerably advanced. Madge Wildfire was still in the hovel which had served them for the night, and immediately bid her good morning, with her usual air of insane glee. 'And d'ye ken, lass,' said Madge, 'there's queer things chanced since ye hae been in the land of Nod. The constables hae been here, woman, and they met wi' my minnie at the door, and they whirl'd her awa' to the Justice's about the man's wheat. Dear! thae English churls think as muckle about a blade of wheat or grass as a Scots laird does about his maukins and his muir-poots. Now, lass, if ye like, we'll play them a fine jink: we will awa' out and take a walk; they will make unco wark when they miss us, but we can easily be back by dinner time, or before dark night at ony rate, and it will be some frolic and fresh air. But maybe ye wad like to take some breakfast, and then lie down again? I ken by mysell, there's whiles I can sit wi' my head on my hand the haill day, and havena a word to cast at a dog, and other whiles that I canna sit still a moment. That's when the folk think me warst; but I am aye canny enough — ye needna be feared to walk wi' me.'

Had Madge Wildfire been the most raging lunatic, instead of possessing a doubtful, uncertain, and twilight sort of rationality, varying, probably, from the influence of the most trivial causes, Jeanie would hardly have objected to leave a place of captivity where she had so much to apprehend. She eagerly assured Madge that she had no occasion for farther sleep, no desire whatever for eating; and hoping internally that she was

not guilty of sin in doing so, she flattered her keeper's crazy humour for walking in the woods.

'It's no a'thegither for that neither,' said poor Madge; 'but I am judging ye will wun the better out o' thae folks' hands; no that they are a'thegither bad folk neither, but they have queer ways wi' them, and I whiles dinna think it has been ever very weel wi' my mother and me since we kept sie-like company.'

With the haste, the joy, the fear, and the hope of a liberated captive, Jeanie snatched up her little bundle, followed Madge into the free air, and eagerly looked round her for a human habitation; but none was to be seen. The ground was partly cultivated, and partly left in its natural state, according as the fancy of the slovenly agriculturists had decided. In its natural state it was waste, in some places covered with dwarf trees and bushes, in others swamp, and elsewhere firm and dry downs or pasture-grounds.

Jeanie's active mind next led her to conjecture which way the highroad lay, whence she had been forced. If she regained that public road, she imagined she must soon meet some person, or arrive at some house, where she might tell her story, and request protection. But a^{fter} a glance around her, she saw with regret that she had no means whatever of directing her course with any degree of certainty, and that she was still in dependence upon her crazy companion. 'Shall we not walk upon the highroad?' said she to Madge, in such a tone as a nurse uses to coax a child. 'It's braver walking on the road than amang thae wild bushes and whins.'

Madge, who was walking very fast, stopped at this question, and looked at Jeanie with a sudden and scrutinising glance, that seemed to indicate complete acquaintance with her purpose. 'Aha, lass!' she exclaimed, 'are ye gaun to guide us that gate? Ye'll be for making your heels save your head, I am judging.'

Jeanie hesitated for a moment, on hearing her companion thus express herself, whether she had not better take the hint, and try to outstrip and get rid of her. But she knew not in which direction to fly; she was by no means sure that she would prove the swiftest, and perfectly conscious that, in the event of her being pursued and overtaken, she would be inferior to the madwoman in strength. She therefore gave up thoughts for the present of attempting to escape in that manner, and, saying a few words to allay Madge's suspicions, she followed in anxious apprehension the wayward path by which her guide thought proper to lead her. Madge, infirm of purpose, and

easily reconciled to the present scene, whatever it was, began soon to talk with her usual diffuseness of ideas.

'It's a dainty thing to be in the woods on a fine morning like this. I like it far better than the town, for there isna a wheen duddy bairns to be crying after ane, as if ane were a world's wonder, just because ane maybe is a thought bonnier and better put-on than their neighbours; though, Jeanie, ye suld never be proud o' braw claiths, or beauty neither; wae's me! they're but a snare. I anes thought better o' them, and what came o't?'

'Are ye sure ye ken the way ye are taking us?' said Jeanie, who began to imagine that she was getting deeper into the woods, and more remote from the highroad.

'Do I ken the road? Wasna I mony a day living here, and what for shouldna I ken the road? I might hae forgotten, too, for it was afore my accident; but there are some things ane can never forget, let them try it as muckle as they like.'

By this time they had gained the deepest part of a patch of woodland. The trees were a little separated from each other, and at the foot of one of them, a beautiful poplar, was a variegated hillock of wild flowers and moss, such as the poet of Grasmere has described in his verses on 'The Thorn.' So soon as she arrived at this spot, Madge Wildfire, joining her hands above her head, with a loud scream that resembled laughter, flung herself all at once upon the spot, and remained lying there motionless.

Jeanie's first idea was to take the opportunity of flight: but her desire to escape yielded for a moment to apprehension for the poor insane being, who, she thought, might perish for want of relief. With an effort, which, in her circumstances, might be termed heroic, she stooped down, spoke in a soothing tone, and endeavoured to raise up the forlorn creature. She effected this with difficulty, and, as she placed her against the tree in a sitting posture, she observed with surprise that her complexion, usually florid, was now deadly pale, and that her face was bathed in tears. Notwithstanding her own extreme danger, Jeanie was affected by the situation of her companion; and the rather that, through the whole train of her wavering and inconsistent state of mind and line of conduct, she discerned a general colour of kindness towards herself, for which she felt grateful.

'Let me alane! — let me alane!' said the poor young woman, as her paroxysm of sorrow began to abate. 'Let me alane; it

does me good to weep. I canna shed tears but maybe anes or twice a-year, and I aye come to wet this turf with them, that the flowers may grow fair, and the grass may be green.'

'But what is the matter with you?' said Jeanie. 'Why do you weep so bitterly?'

'There's matter enow,' replied the lunatic; 'mair than ae puir mind can bear, I trow. Stay a bit, and I'll tell you a' about it; for I like ye, Jeanie Deans; a'boddy spoke weel about ye when we lived in the Pleasaunts. And I mind aye the drink o' milk ye gae me you day, when I had been on Arthur's Seat for four-and-twenty hours, looking for the ship that somebody was sailing in.'

These words recalled to Jeanie's recollection that, in fact, she had been one morning much frightened by meeting a crazy young woman near her father's house at an early hour, and that, as she appeared to be harmless, her apprehension had been changed into pity, and she had relieved the unhappy wanderer with some food, which she devoured with the haste of a famished person. The incident, trifling in itself, was at present of great importance, if it should be found to have made a favourable and permanent impression on the mind of the object of her charity.

'Yes,' said Madge, 'I'll tell ye all about it, for ye are a decent man's daughter — Douce Davie Deans, ye ken; and maybe ye'll can teach me to find out the narrow way and the strait path; for I have been burning bricks in Egypt, and walking through the weary wilderness of Sinai, for lang and mony a day. But whenever I think about mine errors, I am like to cover my lips with shame.' Here she looked up and smiled. 'It's a strange thing now — I hae spoke mair gude words to you in ten minutes, than I wad speak to my mother in as mony years. It's no that I dinna think on them, and whiles they are just at my tongue's end: but then comes the devil and brushes my lips with his black wing, and lays his broad black loof on my mouth — for a black loof it is, Jeanie — and sweeps away a' my gude thoughts, and dits up my gude words, and pits a when fule sangs and idle vanities in their place.'

'Try, Madge,' said Jeanie — 'try to settle your mind and make your breast clean, and you'll find your heart easier. Just resist the devil, and he will flee from you: and mind that, as my worthy father tells me, there is nae devil sae deceitfu' as our ain wandering thoughts.'

'And that's true too, lass,' said Madge, starting up; 'and I'll gang a gate where the devil daurna follow me; and it's a gate that you will like dearly to gang; but I'll keep a fast haud o' your arm, for fear Apollyon should stride across the path, as he did in the *Pilgrim's Progress*.'

Accordingly she got up, and, taking Jeanie by the arm, began to walk forward at a great pace; and soon, to her companion's no small joy, came into a marked path, with the meanders of which she seemed perfectly acquainted. Jeanie endeavoured to bring her back to the confessional, but the fancy was gone by. In fact, the mind of this deranged being resembled nothing so much as a quantity of dry leaves, which may for a few minutes remain still, but are instantly discomposed and put in motion by the first casual breath of air. She had now got John Bunyan's parable into her head, to the exclusion of everything else, and on she went with great volubility.

'Did ye never read the *Pilgrim's Progress*? And you shall be the woman Christiana, and I will be the maiden Mercy: for ye ken Mercy was of the fairer countenance, and the more alluring than her companion; and if I had my little messan dog here, it would be Great-Heart, their guide, ye ken, for he was e'en as bauld that he wad bark at ony thing twenty times his size; and that was e'en the death of him, for he bit Corporal MacAlpine's heels ae morning when they were hauling me to the guard-house, and Corporal MacAlpine killed the bit faithfu' thing wi' his Lochaber axe—deil pike the Highland banes o' him!'

'O fie, Madge,' said Jeanie, 'ye should not speak such words.'

'It's very true,' said Madge, shaking her head: 'but then I maunna think on my puir bit doggie, Snap, when I saw it lying dying in the gutter. But it's just as weel, for it suffered baith cauld and hunger when it was living, and in the grave there is rest for a' things—rest for the doggie, and my puir bairn, and me.'

'Your bairn?' said Jeanie, conceiving that by speaking on such a topic, supposing it to be a real one, she could not fail to bring her companion to a more composed temper.

She was mistaken, however, for Madge coloured, and replied with some anger, 'My bairn? ay, to be sure, *my* bairn. What for shouldna I hae a bairn, and lose a bairn too, as weel as your bonny tittie, the Lily of St. Leonard's?'

The answer struck Jeanie with some alarm, and she was anxious to soothe the irritation she had unwittingly given occasion to. 'I am very sorry for your misfortune——'

'Sorry! what wad ye be sorry for?' answered Madge. 'The bairn was a blessing — that is, Jeanie, it wad hae been a blessing if it hadna been for my mother; but my mother's a queer woman. Ye see, there was an auld carle wi' a bit land, and a gude clat o' siller besides, just the very picture of old Mr. Feeblemind or Mr. Ready-to-halt, that Great-Heart delivered from Slaygood the giant, when he was rifling him and about to pick his bones, for Slaygood was of the nature of the flesh-eaters; and Great-Heart killed Giant Despair too; but I am doubting Giant Despair's come alive again, for a' the story-book; I find him bnsy at my heart whiles.'

'Weel, and so the auld carle —' said Jeanie, for she was painfully interested in getting to the truth of Madge's history, which she could not but suspect was in some extraordinary way linked and entwined with the fate of her sister. She was also desirous, if possible, to engage her companion in some narrative which might be carried on in a lower tone of voice, for she was in great apprehension lest the elevated notes of Madge's conversation should direct her mother or the robbers in search of them.

'And so the auld carle,' said Madge, repeating her words — 'I wish you had seen him stoiting about, aff ae leg on to the other, wi' a kind o' dot-and-go-one sort o' motion, as if ilk ane o' his twa legs had belonged to sindry folk. But Gentle George could take him aff brawly. Eh, as I used to laugh to see George gang hip-hop like him! I dinna ken, I think I laughed heartier then than what I do now, though maybe no just sae muckle.'

'And who was Gentle George?' said Jeanie, endeavouring to bring her baek to her story.

'O, he was Geordie Robertson, ye ken, when he was in Edinburgh; but that's no his right name neither. His name is — But what is your business wi' his name?' said she, as if upon sudden recollection. 'What have ye to do asking for folks' names? Have ye a mind I should scour my knife between your ribs, as my mother says?'

As this was spoken with a menacing tone and gesture, Jeanie hastened to protest her total innocence of purpose in the accidental question which she had asked, and Madge Wildfire went on somewhat pacified.

'Never ask folks' names, Jeanie: it's no civil. I hae seen half a dozen o' folk in my mother's at anes, and ne'er ane o' them ea'd the ither by his name; and Daddie Ratton says it

is the most uncivil thing may be, because the bailie bodies are aye asking fashious questions, when ye saw sic a man or sic a man; and if ye dinna ken their names, ye ken there can be nae mair speer'd about it.'

'In what strange school,' thought Jeanie to herself, 'has this poor creature been bred up, where such remote precautions are taken against the pursuits of justice? What would my father or Reuben Butler think, if I were to tell them there are sic folk in the world? And to abuse the simplicity of this demented creature! O, that I were but safe at hame amang mine ain leal and true people! and I'll bless God, while I have breath, that placed me amongst those who live in His fear, and under the shadow of His wing.'

She was interrupted by the insane laugh of Madge Wildfire, as she saw a magpie hop across the path.

'See there! that was the gate my old jo used to cross the country, but no just sae lightly: he hadna wings to help his auld legs, I trow; but I behoved to have married him for a' that, Jeanie, or my mother wad hae been the dead o' me. But then came in the story of my poor bairn, and my mother thought he wad be deaved wi' its skirling, and she pat it away in below the bit bourock of turf yonder, just to be out o' the gate; and I think she buried my best wits with it, for I have never been just mysell since. And only think, Jeanie, after my mother had been at a' this pains, the auld doited body Johnny Drottle turned up his nose, and wadna hae aught to say to me! But it's little I care for him, for I have led a merry life ever since, and ne'er a braw gentleman looks at me but ye wad think he was gaun to drop off his horse for mere love of me. I have kenn'd some o' them put their hand in their pocket and gie me as muckle as sixpence at a time, just for my weel-faur'd face.'

This speech gave Jeanie a dark insight into Madge's history. She had been courted by a wealthy suitor, whose addresses her mother had favoured, notwithstanding the objection of old age and deformity. She had been seduced by some profligate, and, to conceal her shame and promote the advantageous match she had planned, her mother had not hesitated to destroy the offspring of their intrigue. That the consequence should be the total derangement of a mind which was constitutionally unsettled by giddiness and vanity was extremely natural; and such was, in fact, the history of Madge Wildfire's insanity.

CHAPTER XXXI

So free from danger, free from fear,
They cross'd the court, right glad they were.

CHRISTABEL.

PURSUING the path which Madge had chosen, Jeanie Deans observed, to her no small delight, that marks of more cultivation appeared, and the thatched roofs of houses, with their blue smoke arising in little columns, were seen embosomed in a tuft of trees at some distance. The track led in that direction, and Jeanie therefore resolved, while Madge continued to pursue it, that she would ask her no questions; having had the penetration to observe that by doing so she ran the risk of irritating her guide, or awakening suspicions, to the impressions of which persons in Madge's unsettled state of mind are particularly liable.

Madge therefore, uninterrupted, went on with the wild disjointed chat which her rambling imagination suggested; a mood in which she was much more communicative respecting her own history and that of others than when there was any attempt made, by direct queries or cross-examinations, to extract information on these subjects.

'It's a queer thing,' she said, 'but whiles I can speak about the bit bairn and the rest of it, just as if it had been another body's, and no my ain; and whiles I am like to break my heart about it. Had you ever a bairn, Jeanie?'

Jeanie replied in the negative.

'Ay, but your sister had, though; and I ken what came o't too.'

'In the name of Heavenly merey,' said Jeanie, forgetting the line of conduct which she had hitherto adopted, 'tell me but what became of that unfortunate babe, and ——'

Madge stopped, looked at her gravely and fixedly, and then broke into a great fit of laughing. 'Aha, lass, catch me if you can. I think it's easy to gar you trow ony thing. How suld I ken ony thing o' your sister's wean? Lassies suld hae naething

to do wi' weans till they are married; and then a' the gossips and cummers come in and feast as if it were the blythest day in the warld. They say maidens' bairns are weel guided. I wot that wasna true of your tittie's and mine; but these are sad tales to tell, I maun just sing a bit to keep up my heart. It's a sang that Gentle George made on me lang syne, when I went with him to Lockington wake, to see him act upon a stage, in fine clothes, with the player folk. He might have dune waur than married' me that night as he promised: "Better wed over the mixen as over the moor," as they say in Yorkshire — he may gang farther and fare waur; but that's a' ane to the sang, —

I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town,
And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own.
The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole to-day.
The wildfire that flashes so fair and so free
Was never so bright or so bonny as me.

I like that the best o' a' my sangs,' continued the maniac, 'because *he* made it. I am often singing it, and that's maybe the reason folk ca' me Madge Wildfire. I aye answer to the name, though it's no my ain, for what's the use of making a fash?'

'But ye shouldna sing upon the Sabbath at least,' said Jeanie, who, amid all her distress and anxiety, could not help being scandalised at the deportment of her companion, especially as they now approached near to the little village.

'Ay! is this Sunday?' said Madge. 'My mother leads sic a life, wi' turning night into day, that ane loses a' count o' the days o' the week, and canna ken Sunday frae Saturday. Besides, it's a' your Whiggery: in England folk sing when they like. And then, ye ken, you are Christiana and I am Mercy; and ye ken, as they went on their way, they sang.' And she immediately raised one of John Bunyan's ditties:

'He that is down need fear no fall,
He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

Fulness to such a burthen is
That go on pilgrimage;
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

And do ye ken, Jeanie, I think there's much truth in that book, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. The boy that sings that song was feeding his father's sheep in the Valley of Humiliation, and Mr. Great-Heart says that he lived a merrier life, and had more of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom, than they that wear silk and velvet like me, and are as bonny as I am.

Jeanie Deans had never read the fanciful and delightful parable to which Madge alluded. Bunyan was, indeed, a rigid Calvinist, but then he was also a member of a Baptist congregation, so that his works had no place on David Deans's shelf of divinity. Madge, however, at some time of her life had been well acquainted, as it appeared, with the most popular of his performances, which, indeed, rarely fails to make a deep impression upon children and people of the lower rank.

'I am sure,' she continued, 'I may weel say I am come out of the City of Destruction, for my mother is Mrs. Bat's-eyes, that dwells at Deadman's Corner; and Frank Levitt and Tyburn Tam, they may be likened to Mistrust and Guilt, that came galloping up, and struck the poor pilgrim to the ground with a great club, and stole a bag of silver, which was most of his spending money, and so have they done to many, and will do to more. But now we will gang to the Interpreter's house, for I ken a man that will play the Interpreter right weel; for he has eyes lifted up to heaven, the best of books in his hand, the law of truth written on his lips, and he stands as if he pleaded wi' men. O if I had minded what he had said to me, I had never been the castaway creature that I am! But it is all over now. But we'll knock at the gate, and then the keeper will admit Christiana, but Mercy will be left out; and then I'll stand at the door trembling and crying, and then Christiana — that's you, Jeanie — will intercede for me; and then Mercy — that's me, ye ken — will faint; and then the Interpreter — yes, the Interpreter, that's Mr. Staunton himself — will come out and take me — that's poor, lost, dejected me — by the hand, and give me a pomegranate, and a piece of honeycomb, and a small bottle of spirits, to stay my fainting; and then the good times will come back again, and we'll be the happiest folk you ever saw.'

In the midst of the confused assemblage of ideas indicated in this speech, Jeanie thought she saw a serious purpose on the part of Madge to endeavour to obtain the pardon and countenance of some one whom she had offended; an attempt

the most likely of all others to bring them once more into contact with law and legal protection. She therefore resolved to be guided by her while she was in so hopeful a disposition, and act for her own safety according to circumstances.

They were now close by the village, one of those beautiful scenes which are so often found in merry England, where the cottages, instead of being built in two direct lines on each side of a dusty highroad, stand in detached groups, interspersed not only with large oaks and elms, but with fruit-trees, so many of which were at this time in flourish that the grove seemed enamelled with their crimson and white blossoms. In the centre of the hamlet stood the parish church and its little Gothic tower, from which at present was heard the Sunday chime of bells.

'We will wait here until the folk are a' in the church — they ca' the kirk a church in England, Jeanie, be sure you mind that — for if I was gaun forward amang them, a' the gaitts o' boys and lasses wad be crying at Madge Wildfire's tail, the little hellrakers! and the beadle would be as hard upon us as if it was our fault. I like their skirling as ill as he does, I can tell him; I'm sure I often wish there was a het peat down their throats when they set them up that gate.'

Conscious of the disorderly appearance of her own dress after the adventure of the preceding night, and of the grotesque habit and demeanour of her guide, and sensible how important it was to secure an attentive and patient audience to her strange story from some one who might have the means to protect her, Jeanie readily acquiesced in Madge's proposal to rest under the trees, by which they were still somewhat screened, until the commencement of service should give them an opportunity of entering the hamlet without attracting a crowd around them. She made the less opposition, that Madge had intimated that this was not the village where her mother was in custody, and that the two squires of the pad were absent in a different direction.

She sate herself down, therefore, at the foot of an oak, and by the assistance of a placid fountain which had been dammed up for the use of the villagers, and which served her as a natural mirror, she began — no uncommon thing with a Scottish maiden of her rank — to arrange her toilette in the open air, and bring her dress, soiled and disordered as it was, into such order as the place and circumstances admitted.

She soon perceived reason, however, to regret that she had

set about this task, however decent and necessary, in the present time and society. Madge Wildfire, who, among other indications of insanity, had a most overweening opinion of those charms to which, in fact, she had owed her misery, and whose mind, like a raft upon a lake, was agitated and driven about at random by each fresh impulse, no sooner beheld Jeanie begin to arrange her hair, place her bonnet in order, rub the dust from her shoes and clothes, adjust her neck-handkerchief and mittens, and so forth, than with imitative zeal she began to bedizen and trick herself out with shreds and remnants of beggarly finery, which she took out of a little bundle, and which, when disposed around her person, made her appearance ten times more fantastic and apish than it had been before.

Jeanie groaned in spirit, but dared not interfere in a matter so delicate. Across the man's cap or riding-hat which she wore, Madge placed a broken and soiled white feather, intersected with one which had been shed from the train of a peacock. To her dress, which was a kind of riding-habit, she stitched, pinned, and otherwise secured a large furbelow of artificial flowers, all crushed, wrinkled, and dirty, which had first bedecked a lady of quality, then descended to her abigail, and dazzled the inmates of the servants' hall. A tawdry scarf of yellow silk, trimmed with tinsel and spangles, which had seen as hard service and boasted as honorable a transmission, was next flung over one shoulder, and fell across her person in the manner of a shoulder-belt, or baldrick. Madge then stripped off the coarse ordinary shoes which she wore, and replaced them by a pair of dirty satin ones, spangled and embroidered to match the scarf, and furnished with very high heels. She had cut a willow switch in her morning's walk, almost as long as a boy's fishing-rod. This she set herself seriously to peel, and when it was transformed into such a wand as the Treasurer or High Steward bears on public occasions, she told Jeanie that she thought they now looked decent. — Young women should do upon the Sunday morning, and that, as the bells had done ringing, she was willing to conduct her to the Interpreter's house.

Jeanie sighed heavily to think it should be her lot on the Lord's day, and during kirk-time too, to parade the street of an inhabited village with so very grotesque a comrade; but necessity had no law since, without a positive quarrel with the madwoman, which in the circumstances, would have been very inadvisable, she could see no means of shaking herself free of her society.

As for poor Madge, she was completely elated with personal vanity, and the most perfect satisfaction concerning her own dazzling dress and superior appearance. They entered the hamlet without being observed, except by one old woman, who, being nearly 'high-gravel blind,' was only conscious that something very fine and glittering was passing by, and dropped as deep a reverence to Madge as she would have done to a countess. This filled up the measure of Madge's self-approbation. She minced, she ambled, she smiled, she simpered, and waved Jeanie Deans forward with the condescension of a noble chaperon, who has undertaken the charge of a country miss on her first journey to the capital.

Jeanie followed in patience, and with her eyes fixed on the ground, that she might save herself the mortification of seeing her companion's absurdities; but she started when, ascending two or three steps, she found herself in the churchyard, and saw that Madge was making straight for the door of the church. As Jeanie had no mind to enter the congregation in such company, she walked aside from the pathway, and said in a decided tone, 'Madge, I will wait here till the church comes out; you may go in by yourself if you have a mind.'

As she spoke these words, she was about to seat herself upon one of the gravestones.

Madge was a little before Jeanie when she turned aside; but suddenly changing her course, she followed her with long strides, and, with every feature inflamed with passion, overtook and seized her by the arm. 'Do ye think, ye ungratefu' wretch, that I am gaun to let you sit doun upon my father's grave? The deil settle ye doun! if ye dinna rise and come into the Interpreter's house, that's the house of God, wi' me, but I'll rive every dud aff your back!'

She adapted the action to the phrase; for with one clutch she stripped Jeanie of her straw bonnet and a handful of her hair to boot, and threw it up into an old yew-tree, where it stuek fast. Jeanie's first impulse was to scream, but conceiving she might receive deadly harm before she could obtain the assistance of any one, notwithstanding the vicinity of the church, she thought it wiser to follow the madwoman into the congregation, where she might find some means of escape from her, or at least be secured against her violence. But when she meekly intimated her consent to follow Madge, her guide's uncertain brain had caught another train of ideas. She held Jeanie fast with one hand, and with the other pointed to the

inscription on the gravestone, and commanded her to read it. Jeanie obeyed, and read these words : —

‘THIS MONUMENT WAS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF DONALD MURDOCKSON OF THE KING’S XXVI., OR CAMERONIAN REGIMENT, A SINCERE CHRISTIAN, A BRAVE SOLDIER, AND A FAITHFUL SERVANT, BY HIS GRATEFUL AND SORROWING MASTER, ROBERT STAUNTON.’

‘It’s very weel read, Jeanie ; it’s just the very words,’ said Madge, whose ire had now faded into deep melancholy, and with a step which, to Jeanie’s great joy, was uncommonly quiet and mournful, she led her companion towards the door of the church.

It was one of those old-fashioned Gothic parish churches which are frequent in England, the most cleanly, decent, and reverential places of worship that are, perhaps, anywhere to be found in the Christian world. Yet, notwithstanding the decent solemnity of its exterior, Jeanie was too faithful to the directory of the Presbyterian Kirk to have entered a prelatric place of worship, and would, upon any other occasion, have thought that she beheld in the porch the venerable figure of her father waving her back from the entrance, and pronouncing in a solemn tone, ‘Cease, my child, to hear the instruction which causeth to err from the words of knowledge.’ But in her present agitating and alarming situation, she looked for safety to this forbidden place of assembly, as the hunted animal will sometimes seek shelter from imminent danger in the human habitation, or in other places of refuge most alien to its nature and habits. Not even the sound of the organ, and of one or two flutes which accompanied the psalmody, prevented her from following her guide into the chancel of the church.

No sooner had Madge put her foot upon the pavement, and become sensible that she was the object of attention to the spectators, than she resumed all the fantastic extravagance of deportment which some transient touch of melancholy had banished for an instant. She swam rather than walked up the centre aisle, dragging Jeanie after her, whom she held fast by the hand. She would, indeed, have fain slipped aside into the pew nearest to the door, and left Madge to ascend in her own manner and alone to the high places of the synagogue ; but this was impossible, without a degree of violent resistance which seemed to her inconsistent with the time and place, and she was accordingly led in captivity up the whole length of the church

by her grotesque conductress, who, with half-shut eyes, a prim smile upon her lips, and a mincing motion with her hands, which corresponded with the delicate and affected pace at which she was pleased to move, seemed to take the general stare of the congregation which such an exhibition necessarily excited as a high compliment, and which she returned by nods and half curtesies to individuals amongst the audience whom she seemed to distinguish as acquaintances. Her absurdity was enhanced in the eyes of the spectators by the strange contrast which she formed to her companion, who, with dishevelled hair, downcast eyes, and a face glowing with shame, was dragged, as it were, in triumph after her.

Madge's airs were at length fortunately cut short by her encountering in her progress the looks of the clergyman, who fixed upon her a glance at once steady, compassionate, and admonitory. She hastily opened an empty pew which happened to be near her, and entered, dragging in Jeanie after her. Kicking Jeanie on the shins by way of hint that she should follow her example, she sunk her head upon her hand for the space of a minute. Jeanie, to whom this posture of mental devotion was entirely new, did not attempt to do the like, but looked round her with a bewildered stare, which her neighbours, judging from the company in which they saw her, very naturally ascribed to insanity. Every person in their immediate vicinity drew back from this extraordinary couple as far as the limits of their pew permitted; but one old man could not get beyond Madge's reach ere she had snatched the prayer-book from his hand and ascertained the lesson of the day. She then turned up the ritual, and, with the most overstrained enthusiasm of gesture and manner, showed Jeanie the passages as they were read in the service, making, at the same time, her own responses so loud as to be heard above those of every other person.

Notwithstanding the shame and vexation which Jeanie felt in being thus exposed in a place of worship, she could not and durst not omit rallying her spirits so as to look around her and consider to whom she ought to appeal for protection so soon as the service should be concluded. Her first ideas naturally fixed upon the clergyman, and she was confirmed in the resolution by observing that he was an aged gentleman, of a dignified appearance and deportment, who read the service with an undisturbed and decent gravity, which brought back to becoming attention those younger members of the congregation who had been disturbed by the extravagant behaviour of Madge

Wildfire. To the clergyman, therefore, Jeanie resolved to make her appeal when the service was over.

It is true, she felt disposed to be shocked at his surprise, of which she had heard so much, but which she had never seen upon the person of a preacher of the Word. Then she was confused by the change of posture adopted in different parts of the ritual, the more so as Madge Wildfire, to whom they seemed familiar, took the opportunity to exercise authority over her, pulling her up and pushing her down with a bustling assiduity which Jeanie felt must make them both the objects of painful attention. But, notwithstanding these prejudices, it was her prudent resolution, in this dilemma, to imitate as nearly as she could what was done around her. 'The prophet,' she thought, 'permitted Naaman the Syrian to bow even in the house of Rimmon. Surely if I, in this straight, worship the God of my fathers in mine own language, although the manner thereof be strange to me, the Lord will pardon me in this thing.'

In this resolution she became so much confirmed that, withdrawing herself from Madge as far as the pew permitted, she endeavoured to evince, by serious and undeviating attention to what was passing, that her mind was composed to devotion. Her tormentor would not long have permitted her to remain quiet, but fatigue overpowered her, and she fell fast asleep in the other corner of the pew.

Jeanie, though her mind in her own despite sometimes reverted to her situation, compelled herself to give attention to a sensible, energetic, and well-composed discourse upon the practical doctrines of Christianity, which she could not help approving, although it was every word written down and read by the preacher, and although it was delivered in a tone and gesture very different from those of Boanerges Stormheaven, who was her father's favourite preacher. The serious and placid attention with which Jeanie listened did not escape the clergyman. Madge Wildfire's entrance had rendered him apprehensive of some disturbance, to provide against which, as far as possible, he often turned his eyes to the part of the church where Jeanie and she were placed, and became soon aware that, although the loss of her head-gear and the awkwardness of her situation had given an uncommon and anxious air to the features of the former, yet she was in a state of mind very different from that of her companion. When he dismissed the congregation, he observed her look around with a wild and terrified look, as if uncertain what course she ought to adopt, and noticed that

she approached one or two of the most decent of the congregation, as if to address them, and then shrunk back timidly, on observing that they seemed to shun and to avoid her. The clergyman was satisfied there must be something extraordinary in all this, and as a benevolent man, as well as a good Christian pastor, he resolved to inquire into the matter more minutely.

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CHAPTER XXXII

There govern'd in that year
A stern, stout churl — an angry overseer.

CRABBE.

WHILE Mr. Staunton, for such was this worthy clergyman's name, was laying aside his gown in the vestry, Jeanie was in the act of coming to an open rupture with Madge.

'We must return to Mummer's barn directly,' said Madge; 'we'll be ower late, and my mother will be angry.'

'I am not going baek with you, Madge,' said Jeanie, taking out a guinea and offering it to her; 'I am much obliged to you, but I maun gang my ain road.'

'And me coming a' this way out o' my gate to pleasure you, ye ungratefu' cutty,' answered Madge; 'and me to be brained by my mother when I gang hame, and a' for your sake! But I will gar ye as good —'

'For God's sake,' said Jeanie to a man who stood beside them, 'keep her off; she is mad!'

'Ey, ey,' answered the boor; 'I hae some guess of that, and I trow thou be'st a bird of the same feather. Howsomever, Madge, I red thee keep hand off her, or I'sc lend thee a whister-poop.'

Several of the lower class of the parishioners now gathered round the strangers, and the cry arose among the boys that 'there was a-going to be a fite between mad Madge Murdockson and another Bess of Bedlam.' But while the fry assembled with the humane hope of seeing as much of the man as possible, the laced cocked hat of the beadle was discerned among the multitude, and all made way for that person of awful authority. His first address was to Madge.

'What's brought thee back again, thou silly donnot, to plague this parish? Hast thou brought ony more bastards wi' thee to lay to honest men's doors? or does thou think to burden

us with this goose, that's as gare-brained as thysel, as if rates were no up enow? Away wi' thee to thy thief of a mother; she's fast in the stocks at Barkston town-end. Away wi' ye out o' the parish, or I'se be at ye with the ratan.'

Madge stood sulky for a minute; but she had been too often taught submission to the beadle's authority by ungentle means to feel courage enough to dispute it.

'And my mother — my puir auld mother, is in the stocks at Barkston! This is a' your wyte, Miss Jeanie Deans; but I'll be upsides wi' you, as sure as my name's Madge Wildfire — I mean Murdockson. God help me, I forget my very name in this confused waste!'

So saying, she turned upon her heel and went off, followed by all the mischievous imps of the village, some crying, 'Madge, canst thou tell thy name yet?' some pulling the skirts of her dress, and all, to the best of their strength and ingenuity, exercising some new device or other to exasperate her into frenzy.

Jeanie saw her departure with infinite delight, though she wished that, in some way or other, she could have requited the service Madge had conferred upon her.

In the meantime, she applied to the beadle to know whether 'there was any house in the village where she could be civilly entertained for her money, and whether she could be permitted to speak to the clergyman?'

'Ay, ay, we'se ha' reverend care on thee; and I think,' answered the man of constituted authority, 'that, unless thou answer the Rector all the better, we'se spare thy money, and gie thee lodging at the parish charge, young woman.'

'Where am I to go then?' said Jeanie, in some alarm.

'Why, I am to take thee to his Reverence, in the first place, to gie an account o' thysel, and to see thou comena to be a burden upon the parish.'

'I do not wish to burden any one,' replied Jeanie; 'I have enough for my own wants, and only wish to get on my journey safely.'

'Why, that's another matter,' replied the beadle, 'an if it be true; and I think thou dost not look so pollrumptions as thy playfellow yonder. Thou wouldst be a mettle lass enow, an thou wert snog and snod a bit better. Come thou away, then; the Rector is a good man.'

'Is that the minister,' said Jeanie, 'who preached ——'

'The minister! Lord help thee! What kind o' Presbyterian art thou? Why, 't is the Rector — the Rector's sell, woman, and

there isna the like o' him in the county, nor the four next to it. Come away — away with thee ; we munna bide here.'

'I am sure I am very willing to go to see the minister,' said Jeanie ; 'for, though he read his discourse, and wore that surplice, as they call it here, I cannot but think he must be a very worthy God-fearing man, to preach the root of the matter in the way he did.'

The disappointed rabble, finding that there was like to be no farther sport, had by this time dispersed, and Jeanie, with her usual patience, followed her consequential and surly, but not brutal, conductor towards the rectory.

This clerical mansion was large and commodious, for the living was an excellent one, and the advowson belonged to a very wealthy family in the neighbourhood, who had usually bred up a son or nephew to the church, for the sake of inducting him, as opportunity offered, into this very comfortable provision. In this manner the rectory of Willingham had always been considered as a direct and immediate appanage of Willingham Hall ; and as the rich baronets to whom the latter belonged had usually a son, or brother, or nephew, settled in the living, the utmost care had been taken to render their habitation not merely respectable and commodious, but even dignified and imposing.

It was situated about four hundred yards from the village, and on a rising ground which sloped gently upward, covered with small inclosures, or closes, laid out irregularly, so that the old oaks and elms, which were planted in hedge-rows, fell into perspective, and were blended together in beautiful irregularity. When they approached nearer to the house, a handsome gateway admitted them into a lawn, of narrow dimensions, indeed, but which was interspersed with large sweet-chestnut trees and beeches, and kept in handsome order. The front of the house was irregular. Part of it seemed very old, and had, in fact, been the residence of the incumbent in Romish times. Successive occupants had made considerable additions and improvements, each in the taste of his own age, and without much regard to symmetry. But these incongruities of architecture were so graduated and happily mingled, that the eye, far from being displeased with the combinations of various styles, saw nothing but what was interesting in the varied and intricate pile which they exhibited. Fruit-trees displayed on the southern wall, outer staircases, various places of entrance, a combination of roofs and chimneys of different ages, united to render the

front, not indeed beautiful or grand, but intricate, perplexed, or, to use Mr. Price's appropriate phrase, picturesque. The most considerable addition was that of the present Rector, who, 'being a bookish man,' as the beadle was at the pains to inform Jeanie, to augment, perhaps, her reverence for the person before whom she was to appear, had built a handsome library and parlour, and no less than two additional bedrooms.

'Mony men would hae scrupled such expense,' continued the parochial officer, 'seeing as the living mun go as it pleases Sir Edmund to will it; but his Reverence has a canny bit land of his own, and need not look on two sides of a penny.'

Jeanie could not help comparing the irregular yet extensive and commodious pile of building before her to the 'mauses' in her own country, where a set of penurious heritors, professing all the while the devotion of their lives and fortunes to the Presbyterian establishment, strain their inventions to discover what may be nipped, and clipped, and pared from a building which forms but a poor accommodation even for the present incumbent, and, despite the superior advantage of stone masonry, must, in the course of forty or fifty years, again burden their descendants with an expense which, once liberally and handsomely employed, ought to have freed their estates from a recurrence of it for more than a century at least.

Behind the Rector's house the ground sloped down to a small river, which, without possessing the romantic vivacity and rapidity of a northern stream, was, nevertheless, by its occasional appearance through the ranges of willows and poplars that crowned its banks, a very pleasing accompaniment to the landscape. 'It was the best trouting stream,' said the beadle, whom the patience of Jeanie, and especially the assurance that she was not about to become a burden to the parish, had rendered rather communicative — 'the best trouting stream in all Lincolnshire; for when you got lower there was nought to be done wi' fly-fishing.'

Turning aside from the principal entrance, he conducted Jeanie towards a sort of portal connected with the older part of the building, which was chiefly occupied by servants, and knocking at the door, it was opened by a servant in grave purple livery, such as befitted a wealthy and dignified clergyman.

'How dost do, Tummas?' said the beadle; 'and how's young Measter Staunton?'

'Why, but poorly — but poorly, Measter Stubbs. Are you wanting to see his Reverence?'

'Ay, ay, Tummas; please to say I ha' brought up the young woman as came to service to-day with mad Madge Murdockson; she seems to be a decentish koind o' body; but I ha' asked her never a question. Only I can tell his Reverence that she is a Scotchwoman, I judge, and as flat as the fens of Holland.'

Tummas honoured Jeanie Deans with such a stare as the pampered domestics of the rich, whether spiritual or temporal, usually esteem it part of their privilege to bestow upon the poor, and then desired Mr. Stubbs and his charge to step in till he informed his master of their presence.

The room into which he showed them was a sort of steward's parlour, hung with a county map or two, and three or four prints of eminent persons connected with the county, as Sir William Monson, James York the blacksmith of Lincoln,¹ and the famous Peregrine, Lord Willoughby, in complete armour, looking as when he said, in the words of the legend below the engraving —

'Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And face ye well about:
And shoot ye sharp, bold bowmen,
And we will keep them out.
Ye musquet and calliver-men,
Do you prove true to me,
I'll be the foremost man in fight,
Said brave Lord Willoughbee.'

When they had entered this apartment, Tummas as a matter of course offered, and as a matter of course Mr. Stubbs accepted, a 'summat' to eat and drink, being the respectable relics of a gammon of bacon, and a *whole whiskin*, or black pot, of sufficient double ale. To these eatables Mr. Beadle seriously inclined himself, and (for we must do him justice) not without an invitation to Jeanie, in which Tummas joined, that his prisoner or charge would follow his good example. But although she might have stood in need of refreshment, considering she had tasted no food that day, the anxiety of the moment, her own sparing and abstemious habits, and a bashful aversion to eat in company of the two strangers, induced her to decline their courtesy. So she sate in a chair apart, while Mr. Stubbs and Mr. Tummas, who had chosen to join his friend in consideration that dinner was to be put back till the afternoon service was over, made a hearty luncheon, which lasted for half an hour, and might not then have concluded, had not his Reverence

¹ Author of the *Union of Honour*, a treatise on English Heraldry, London, 1641 (*Laing*).

rung his bell, so that Tummas was obliged to attend his master. Then, and no sooner, to save himself the labour of a second journey to the other end of the house, he announced to his master the arrival of Mr. Stubbs, with the other maidwoman, as he chose to designate Jeanie, as an event which had just taken place. He returned with an order that Mr. Stubbs and the young woman should be instantly ushered up to the library.

The beadle bolted in haste his last mouthful of fat bacon, washed down the greasy morsel with the last rinsings of the pot of ale, and immediately marshalled Jeanie through one or two intricate passages, which led from the ancient to the more modern buildings, into a handsome little hall, or ante-room, adjoining to the library, and out of which a glass door opened to the lawn.

'Stay here,' said Stubbs, 'till I tell his Reverence you are come.'

So saying, he opened a door and entered the library.

Without wishing to hear their conversation, Jeanie, as she was circumstanced, could not avoid it; for as Stubbs stood by the door, and his Reverence was at the upper end of a large room, their conversation was necessarily audible in the ante-room.

'So you have brought the young woman here at last, Mr. Stubbs. I expected you some time since. You know I do not wish such persons to remain in custody a moment without some inquiry into their situation.'

'Very true, your Reverence,' replied the beadle; 'but the young woman had eat nought to-day, and soa Measter Tummas did set down a drap of drink and a morsel, to be sure.'

'Thomas was very right, Mr. Stubbs; and what has become of the other most unfortunate being?'

'Why,' replied Mr. Stubbs, 'I did think the sight on her would but vex your Reverence, and soa I did let her go her ways back to her mother, who is in trouble in the next parish.'

'In trouble! that signifies in prison, I suppose?' said Mr. Staunton.

'Ay, truly; something like it, an it like your Reverence.'

'Wretched, unhappy, incorrigible woman!' said the clergyman. 'And what sort of person is this companion of hers?'

'Why, decent enow, an it like your Reverence,' said Stubbs; 'for aught I sees of her, there's no harm in her, and she says she has cash enow to carry her out of the county.'

'Cash! that is always what you think of, Stubbs. But has

she sense? — has she her wits? — has she the capacity of taking care of herself?’

‘Why, your Reverence,’ replied Stubbs, ‘I cannot just say: I will be sworn she was not born at Witt-ham;’¹ for Gaffer Gibbs looked at her all the time of service, and he says she could not turn up a single lesson like a Christian, even though she had Madge Murdockson to help her; but then, as to fending for herself, why, she’s a bit of a Scotchwoman, your Reverence, and they say the worst donnot of them can look out for their own turn; and she is decently put on enow, and not be-ehounched like t’other.’

‘Send her in here, then, and do you remain below, Mr. Stubbs.’

This colloquy had engaged Jeanie’s attention so deeply that it was not until it was over that she observed that the sashed door, which, we have said, led from the ante-room into the garden, was opened, and that there entered, or rather was borne in by two assistants, a young man of a very pale and sickly appearance, whom they lifted to the nearest couch, and placed there, as if to recover from the fatigue of an unusual exertion. Just as they were making this arrangement, Stubbs came out of the library and summoned Jeanie to enter it. She obeyed him, not without tremor: for, besides the novelty of the situation to a girl of her seeluded habits, she felt also as if the successful prosecution of her journey was to depend upon the impression she should be able to make on Mr. Stannton.

It is true, it was difficult to suppose on what pretext a person travelling on her own business, and at her own charge, could be interrupted upon her route. But the violent detention she had already undergone was sufficient to show that there existed persons at no great distance who had the interest, the inclination, and the audacity forcibly to stop her journey, and she felt the necessity of having some countenance and protection, at least till she should get beyond their reach. While these things passed through her mind, much faster than our pen and ink can record, or even the reader’s eye collect the meaning of its traces, Jeanie found herself in a handsome library, and in presence of the Rector of Willingham. The well-furnished presses and shelves which surrounded the large and handsome apartment contained more books than Jeanie imagined existed in the world, being accustomed to consider as an extensive collec-

¹ A proverbial and punning expression in that county, to intimate that a person is not very clever.

tion two fir shelves, each about three feet long, which contained her father's treasured volumes, the whole pith and marrow, as he used sometimes to boast, of modern divinity. An orrery, globes, a telescope, and some other scientific implements conveyed to Jeanie an impression of admiration and wonder, not unmingled with fear; for, in her ignorant apprehension, they seemed rather adapted for magical purposes than any other; and a few stuffed animals (as the Rector was fond of natural history) added to the impressive character of the apartment.

Mr. Staunton spoke to her with great mildness. He observed that, although her appearance at church had been uncommon, and in strange, and, he must add, discreditable society, and calculated, upon the whole, to disturb the congregation during divine worship, he wished, nevertheless, to hear her own account of herself before taking any steps which his duty might seem to demand. He was a justice of peace, he informed her, as well as a clergyman.

'His honour (for she would not say his reverence) was very civil and kind,' was all that poor Jeanie could at first bring out.

'Who are you, young woman?' said the clergyman, more peremptorily, 'and what do you do in this country, and in such company? We allow no strollers or vagrants here.'

'I am not a vagrant or a stroller, sir,' said Jeanie, a little roused by the supposition. 'I am a decent Scotch lass, travelling through the land on my own business and my own expenses; and I was so unhappy as to fall in with bad company, and was stopped a' night on my journey. And this puir creature, who is something light-headed, let me out in the morning.'

'Bad company!' said the clergyman. 'I am afraid, young woman, you have not been sufficiently anxious to avoid them.'

'Indeed, sir,' returned Jeanie, 'I have been brought up to shun evil communication. But these wicked people were thieves, and stopped me by violence and mastery.'

'Thieves!' said Mr. Staunton; 'then you charge them with robbery, I suppose?'

'No, sir; they did not take so much as a boddle from me,' answered Jeanie; 'nor did they use me ill, otherwise than by confining me.'

The clergyman inquired into the particulars of her adventure, which she told him from point to point.

'This is an extraordinary, and not a very probable, tale, young woman,' resumed Mr. Staunton. 'Here has been, accord-

ing to your account, a great violence committed without any adequate motive. Are you aware of the law of this country — that if you lodge this charge you will be bound over to prosecute this gang ?'

Jeanie did not understand him, and he explained that the English law, in addition to the inconvenience sustained by persons who have been robbed or injured, has the goodness to entrust to them the care and the expense of appearing as prosecutors.

Jeanie said, 'that her business at London was express ; all she wanted was, that any gentleman would, out of Christian charity, protect her to some town where she could hire horses and a guide ; and, finally,' she thought, 'it would be her father's mind that she was not free to give testimony in an English court of justice, as the land was not under a direct Gospel dispensation.'

Mr. Staunton stared a little, and asked if her father was a Quaker.

'God forbid, sir,' said Jeanie. 'He is nae schismatic nor sectary, nor ever treated for sic black commodities as theirs, and that's weel keun'd o' him.'

'And what is his name, pray ?' said Mr. Staunton.

'David Deans, sir, the cow-feeder at St. Leonard's Craigs, near Edinburgh.'

A deep groan from the ante-room prevented the Rector from replying, and, exclaiming, 'Good God ! that unhappy boy !' he left Jeanie alone, and hastened into the outer apartment.

Some noise and bustle was heard, but no one entered the library for the best part of an hour.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Fantastic passions' maddening brawl !
And shame and terror over all !
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which, all confused, I could not know
Whether I suffer'd or I did,
For all seem'd guilt, remorse, or woe ;
My own, or others, still the same
Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame.

COLERIDGE.

DURING the interval while she was thus left alone, Jeanie anxiously revolved in her mind what course was best for her to pursue. She was impatient to continue her journey, yet she feared she could not safely adventure to do so while the old hag and her assistants were in the neighbourhood, without risking a repetition of their violence. She thought she could collect from the conversation which she had partly overheard, and also from the wild confessions of Madge Wildfire, that her mother had a deep and revengeful motive for obstructing her journey if possible. And from whom could she hope for assistance if not from Mr. Staunton ? His whole appearance and demeanour seemed to encourage her hopes. His features were handsome, though marked with a deep cast of melancholy ; his tone and language were gentle and encouraging ; and, as he had served in the army for several years during his youth, his air retained that easy frankness which is peculiar to the profession of arms. He was, besides, a minister of the Gospel ; and although a worshipper, according to Jeanie's notions, in the court of the Gentiles, and so benighted as to wear a surplice ; although he read the Common Prayer, and wrote down every word of his sermon before delivering it ; and although he was, moreover, in strength of lungs, as well as pith and marrow of doctrine, vastly inferior to Boanerges Stormheaven, Jeanie still thought he must be a very different person from Curate Kiltstoup and other prelati- cal divines of her

father's earlier days, who used to get drunk in their canonical dress, and hound out the dragoons against the wondering Cameronians. The house seemed to be some disturbance, but as she could not suppose she was altogether forgotten, she thought it better to remain quiet in the apartment where she had been left till some one should take notice of her.

The first who entered was, to her no small delight, one of her own sex, a motherly-looking aged person of a housekeeper. To her Jeanie explained her situation in a few words, and begged her assistance.

The dignity of a housekeeper did not encourage too much familiarity with a person who was at the rectory on justice business, and whose character might seem in her eyes somewhat precarious; but she was civil, although distant.

'Her young master,' she said, 'had had a bad accident by a fall from his horse, which made him liable to fainting fits; he had been taken very ill just now, and it was impossible his Reverence could see Jeanie for some time; but that she need not fear his doing all that was just and proper in her behalf the instant he could get her business attended to.' She concluded by offering to show Jeanie a room, where she might remain till his Reverence was at leisure.

Our heroine took the opportunity to request the means of adjusting and changing her dress.

The housekeeper, in whose estimation order and cleanliness ranked high among personal virtues, gladly complied with a request so reasonable; and the change of dress which Jeanie's bundle furnished made so important an improvement in her appearance, that the old lady hardly knew the soiled and disordered traveller, whose attire showed the violence she had sustained, in the neat, clean, quiet-looking little Scotchwoman who now stood before her. Encouraged by such a favourable alteration in her appearance, Mrs. Dalton ventured to invite Jeanie to partake of her dinner, and was equally pleased with the decent propriety of her conduct during that meal.

'Thou canst read this book, canst thou, young woman?' said the old lady, when their meal was concluded, laying her hand upon a large Bible.

'I hope sae, madam,' said Jeanie, surprised at the question; 'my father wad hae wanted mony a thing ere I had wanted *that* schuling.'

'The better sign of him, young woman. There are men here, well-to-pass in the world, would not want their share of a

Leicester plover, and that's a bag-pudding, if fasting for three hours would make all their poor children read the Bible from end to end. Take thou the book, then, for my eyes are something dazed, and read where thou listest: it's the only book thou canst not happen wrong in.'

Jeanie was at first tempted to turn up the parable of the good Samaritan, but her conscience checked her, as if it were an use of Scripture not for her own edification, but to work upon the mind of others for the relief of her worldly afflictions; and under this scrupulous sense of duty she selected, in preference, a chapter of the prophet Isaiah, and read it, notwithstanding her northern accent and tone, with a devout propriety which greatly edified Mrs. Dalton.

'Ah,' she said, 'an all Scotchwomen were sic as thou! But it was our luck to get born devils of thy country, I think, every one worse than t'other. If thou knowest of any tidy lass like thysell, that wanted a place, and could bring a good character, and would not go laiking about to wakes and fairs, and wore shoes and stockings all the day round — why, I'll not say but we might find room for her at the rectory. Hast no cousin or sister, lass, that such an offer would suit?'

This was touching upon a sore point, but Jeanie was spared the pain of replying by the entrance of the same man-servant she had seen before.

'Measter wishe' to see the young woman from Scotland,' was Tummas's address.

'Go to his Reverence, my dear, as fast as you can, and tell him all your story; his Reverence is a kind man,' said Mrs. Dalton. 'I will fold down the leaf, and make you a cup of tea, with some nice muffin, against you come down, and that's what you seldom see in Scotland, girl.'

'Measter's waiting for the young woman,' said Tummas, impatiently.

'Well, Mr. Jack Sauce, and what is your business to put in your oar? And how often must I tell you to call Mr. Staunton his Reverence, seeing as he is a diguified clergyman, and not be meastering, meastering him, as if he were a little petty squire?'

As Jeanie was now at the door, and ready to accompany Tummas, the footman said nothing till he got into the passage, when he muttered, 'There are moe masters than one in this house, and I think we shall have a mistress too, and Dame Dalton carries it thus.'

Tummas led the way through a more intricate range of

passages than Jeanie had yet threaded, and ushered her into an apartment which was darkened by the closing of most of the window-shutters, and in which was a bed with the curtains partly drawn.

'Here is the young woman, sir,' said Tummas.

'Very well,' said a voice from the bed, but not that of his Reverence; 'be ready to answer the bell, and leave the room.'

'There is some mistake,' said Jeanie, confounded at finding herself in the apartment of an invalid; 'the servant told me that the minister ——'

'Don't trouble yourself,' said the invalid, 'there is no mistake. I know more of your affairs than my father, and I can manage them better. Leave the room, Tom.' The servant obeyed. 'We must not,' said the invalid, 'lose time, when we have little to lose. Open the shutter of that window.'

She did so, and, as he drew aside the curtain of his bed, the light fell on his pale countenance, as, turbaned with bandages and dressed in a nightgown, he lay, seemingly exhausted, upon the bed.

'Look at me,' he said, 'Jeanie Deans; can you not recollect me?'

'No, sir,' said she, full of surprise. 'I was never in this country before.'

'But I may have been in yours. Think — recollect. I should faint did I name the name you are most dearly bound to loathe and to detest. Think — remember!'

A terrible recollection flashed on Jeanie, which every tone of the speaker confirmed, and which his next words rendered certainty.

'Be composed — remember Muschat's Cairn and the moonlight night!'

Jeanie sunk down on a chair, with clasped hands, and gasped in agony.

'Yes, here I lie,' he said, 'like a crushed snake, writhing with impatience at my incapacity of motion; here I lie, when I ought to have been in Edinburgh, trying every means to save a life that is dearer to me than my own. How is your sister? how fares it with her? — condemned to death, I know it, by this time! O, the horse that carried me safely on a thousand errands of folly and wickedness — that he should have broke down with me on the only good mission I have undertaken for years! But I must rein in my passion; my frame cannot endure it, and I have much to say. Give me some of the

cordial which stands on that table. Why do you tremble? But you have too good cause. Let it stand; I need it not.'

Jeanie, however reluctant, approached him with the cup into which she had poured the draught, and could not forbear saying, 'There is a cordial for the mind, sir, if the wicked will turn from their transgressions and seek to the Physician of souls.'

'Silence!' he said, sternly; 'and yet I thank you. But tell me, and lose no time in doing so, what you are doing in this country? Remember, though I have been your sister's worst enemy, yet I will serve her with the best of my blood, and I will serve you for her sake; and no one can serve you to such purpose, for no one can know the circumstances so well; so speak without fear.'

'I am not afraid, sir,' said Jeanie, collecting her spirits. 'I trust in God; and if it pleases Him to redeem my sister's captivity, it is all I seek, whosoever be the instrument. But, sir, to be plain with you, I dare not use your counsel, unless I were enabled to see that it accords with the law which I must rely upon.'

'The devil take the Puritan!' cried George Staunton, for so we must now call him. 'I beg your pardon; but I am naturally impatient, and you drive me mad! What harm can it possibly do you to tell me in what situation your sister stands, and your own expectations of being able to assist her? It is time enough to refuse my advice when I offer any which you may think improper. I speak calmly to you, though 'tis against my nature; but don't urge me to impatience: it will only render me incapable of serving Effie.'

There was in the looks and words of this unhappy young man a sort of restrained eagerness and impetuosity, which seemed to prey upon itself, as the impatience of a fiery steed fatigues itself with churning upon the bit. After a moment's consideration, it occurred to Jeanie that she was not entitled to withhold from him, whether on her sister's account or her own, the account of the fatal consequences of the crime which he had committed, nor to reject such advice, being in itself lawful and innocent, as he might be able to suggest in the way of remedy. Accordingly, in as few words as she could express it, she told the history of her sister's trial and condemnation, and of her own journey as far as Newark. He appeared to listen in the utmost agony of mind, yet repressed every violent symptom of emotion, whether by gesture or sound, which might

have interrupted the speaker, and, stretched on his couch like the Mexican monarch on his bed of live coals, only the contortions of his cheek, and the quivering of his limbs, gave indication of his sufferings. To much of what she said he listened with stifled groans, as if he were only hearing those miseries confirmed whose fatal reality he had known before; but when she pursued her tale through the circumstances which had interrupted her journey, extreme surprise and earnest attention appeared to succeed to the symptoms of remorse which he had before exhibited. He questioned Jeanie closely concerning the appearance of the two men, and the conversation which she had overheard between the taller of them and the woman.

When Jeanie mentioned the old woman having alluded to her foster-son — ‘It is too true,’ he said; ‘and the source from which I derived food, when an infant, must have communicated to me the wretched — the fated — propensity to vices that were strangers in my own family. But go on.’

Jeanie passed slightly over her journey in company with Madge, having no inclination to repeat what might be the effect of mere raving on the part of her companion, and therefore her tale was now closed.

Young Staunton lay for a moment in profound meditation, and at length spoke with more composure than he had yet displayed during their interview. ‘You are a sensible, as well as a good, young woman, Jeanie Deans, and I will tell you more of my story than I have told to any one. Story did I call it? it is a tissue of folly, guilt, and misery. But take notice, I do it because I desire your confidence in return — that is, that you will act in this dismal matter by my advice and direction. Therefore do I speak.’

‘I will do what is fitting for a sister, and a daughter, and a Christian woman to do,’ said Jeanie: ‘but do not tell me any of your secrets. It is not good that I should come into your counsel, or listen to the doctrine which causeth to err.’

‘Simple fool!’ said the young man. ‘Look at me. My head is not horned, my foot is not cloven, my hands are not garnished with talons; and, since I am not the very devil himself, what interest can any one else have in destroying the hopes with which you comfort or fool yourself? Listen to me patiently, and you will find that, when you have heard my counsel, you may go to the seventh heaven with it in your pocket, if you have a mind, and not feel yourself an ounce heavier in the ascent.’

At the risk of being somewhat heavy, as explanations usually prove, we must here endeavour to combine into a distinct narrative information which the invalid communicated in a manner at once too circumstantial, and too much broken by passion, to admit of our giving his precise words. Part of it, indeed, he read from a manuscript, which he had perhaps drawn up for the information of his relations after his decease.

'To make my tale short — this wretched hag, this Margaret Murdockson, was the wife of a favourite servant of my father; she had been my nurse; her husband was dead; she resided in a cottage near this place; she had a daughter who grew up, and was then a beautiful but very giddy girl; her mother endeavoured to promote her marriage with an old and wealthy churl in the neighbourhood. The girl saw me frequently; she was familiar with me, as our connexion seemed to permit, and I — in a word, I wronged her cruelly. It was not so bad as your sister's business, but it was sufficiently villainous; her folly should have been her protection. Soon after this I was sent abroad. To do my father justice, if I have turned out a fiend, it is not his fault: he used the best means. When I returned, I found the wretched mother and daughter had fallen into disgrace, and were chased from this country. My deep share in their shame and misery was discovered; my father used very harsh language; we quarrelled. I left his house, and led a life of strange adventure, resolving never again to see my father or my father's home.

'And now comes the story! Jeanie, I put my life into your hands, and not only my own life, which, God knows, is not worth saving, but the happiness of a respectable old man, and the honour of a family of consideration. My love of low society, as such propensities as I was cursed with are usually termed, was, I think, of an uncommon kind, and indicated a nature which, if not depraved by early debauchery, would have been fit for better things. I did not so much delight in the wild revel, the low humour, the unconfined liberty of those with whom I associated, as in the spirit of adventure, presence of mind in peril, and sharpness of intellect which they displayed in prosecuting their maraudings upon the revenue, or similar adventures. — Have you looked round this rectory? Is it not a sweet and pleasant retreat?'

Jeanie, alarmed at this sudden change of subject, replied in the affirmative.

'Well! I wish it had been ten thousand fathoms under

ground, with its church-lands, and tithes, and all that belongs to it! Had it not been for this cursed rectory, I should have been permitted to follow the bent of my own inclinations and the profession of arms, and half the courage and address that I have displayed among smugglers and deer-stealers would have secured me an honourable rank among my contemporaries. Why did I not go abroad when I left this house? Why did I leave it at all? — why? But it came to that point with me that it is madness to look back, and misery to look forward.'

He paused, and then proceeded with more composure.

'The chances of a wandering life brought me unhappily to Scotland, to embroil myself in worse and more criminal actions than I had yet been concerned in. It was now I became acquainted with Wilson, a remarkable man in his station of life — quiet, composed, and resolute, firm in mind, and uncommonly strong in person, gifted with a sort of rough eloquence which raised him above his companions. Hitherto I had been

As dissolute as desperate, yet through both
Were seen some sparkles of a better hope.

But it was this man's misfortune, as well as mine, that, notwithstanding the difference of our rank and education, he acquired an extraordinary and fascinating influence over me, which I can only account for by the calm determination of his character being superior to the less sustained impetuosity of mine. Where he led, I felt myself bound to follow; and strange was the courage and address which he displayed in his pursuits. While I was engaged in desperate adventures, under so strange and dangerous a preceptor, I became acquainted with your unfortunate sister at some sports of the young people in the suburbs, which she frequented by stealth; and her ruin proved an interlude to the tragic scenes in which I was now deeply engaged. Yet this let me say: the villainy was not premeditated, and I was firmly resolved to do her all the justice which marriage could do, so soon as I should be able to extricate myself from my unhappy course of life, and embrace some one more suited to my birth. I had wild visions — visions of conducting her as if to some poor retreat, and introducing her at once to rank and fortune she never dreamt of. A friend, at my request, attempted a negotiation with my father, which was protracted for some time, and renewed at different intervals. At length, and just when I expected my

father's pardon, he learned by some means or other my infamy, painted in even exaggerated colours, which was, God knows, unnecessary. He wrote me a letter — how it found me out I know not — inclosing me a sum of money, and disowning me for ever. I became desperate — I became frantic — I readily joined Wilson in a perilous smuggling adventure in which we miscarried, and was willingly blinded by his logic to consider the robbery of the officer of the customs in Fife as a fair and honourable reprisal. Hitherto I had observed a certain line in my criminality, and stood free of assaults upon personal property, but now I felt a wild pleasure in disgracing myself as much as possible.

'The plunder was no object to me. I abandoned that to my comrades, and only asked the post of danger. I remember well, that when I stood with my drawn sword guarding the door while they committed the felony, I had not a thought of my own safety. I was only meditating on my sense of supposed wrong from my family, my impotent thirst of vengeance, and how it would sound in the haughty ears of the family of Willingham, that one of their descendants, and the heir-apparent of their honours, should perish by the hands of the hangman for robbing a Scottish gauger of a sum not equal to one-fifth part of the money I had in my pocket-book. We were taken; I expected no less. We were condemned; that also I looked for. But death, as he approached nearer, looked grimly; and the recollection of your sister's destitute condition determined me on an effort to save my life. I forgot to tell you that in Edinburgh I again met the woman Murdockson and her daughter. She had followed the camp when young, and had now, under pretence of a trifling traffic, resumed predatory habits, with which she had already been too familiar. Our first meeting was stormy; but I was liberal of what money I had, and she forgot, or seemed to forget, the injury her daughter had received. The unfortunate girl herself seemed hardly even to know her seducer, far less to retain any sense of the injury she had received. Her mind is totally alienated, which, according to her mother's account, is sometimes the consequence of an unfavourable confinement. But it was *my doing*. Here was another stone knitted round my neck to sink me into the pit of perdition. Every look, every word of this poor creature, her false spirits, her imperfect recollections, her allusions to things which she had forgotten, but which were recorded in my conscience, were stabs of a poniard. Stabs did I say? they were

tearing with hot pincers, and scalding the raw wound with burning sulphur; they were to be endured, however, and they *were* endured. I return to my prison thoughts.

'It was not the least miserable of them that your sister's time approached. I knew her dread of you and of her father. She often said she would die a thousand deaths ere you should know her shame; yet her confinement must be provided for. I knew this woman Murdockson was an infernal hag, but I thought she loved me, and that money would make her true. She had procured a file for Wilson and a spring-saw for me; and she undertook readily to take charge of Effie during her illness, in which she had skill enough to give the necessary assistance. I gave her the money which my father had sent me. It was settled that she should receive Effie into her house in the meantime, and wait for farther directions from me, when I should effect my escape. I communicated this purpose, and recommended the old hag to poor Effie by a letter, in which I recollect that I endeavoured to support the character of Macheath under condemnation—a fine, gay, bold-faced ruffian, who is game to the last. Such, and so wretchedly poor, was my ambition! Yet I had resolved to forsake the courses I had been engaged in, should I be so fortunate as to escape the gibbet. My design was to marry your sister and go over to the West Indies. I had still a considerable sum of money left, and I trusted to be able, in one way or other, to provide for myself and my wife.

'We made the attempt to escape, and by the obstinacy of Wilson, who insisted upon going first, it totally miscarried. The undaunted and self-denied manner in which he sacrificed himself to redeem his error, and accomplish my escape from the Tolbooth Church, you must have heard of: all Scotland rung with it. It was a gallant and extraordinary deed. All men spoke of it; all men, even those who most condemned the habits and crimes of this self-devoted man, praised the heroism of his friendship. I have many vices, but cowardice or want of gratitude are none of the number. I resolved to requite his generosity, and even your sister's safety became a secondary consideration with me for the time. To effect Wilson's liberation was my principal object, and I doubted not to find the means.

'Yet I did not forget Effie neither. The bloodhounds of the law were so close after me, that I dared not trust myself near any of my old haunts; but old Murdockson met me by appointment, and informed me that your sister had happily

been delivered of a boy. I charged the hag to keep her patient's mind easy, and let her want for nothing that money could purchase, and I retreated to Fife, where, among my old associates of Wilson's gang, I hid myself in those places of concealment where the men engaged in that desperate trade are used to find security for themselves and their uncustomed goods. Men who are disobedient both to human and divine laws are not always insensible to the claims of courage and generosity. We were assured that the mob of Edinburgh, strongly moved with the hardships of Wilson's situation and the gallantry of his conduct, would back any bold attempt that might be made to rescue him even from the foot of the gibbet. Desperate as the attempt seemed, upon my declaring myself ready to lead the onset on the guard, I found no want of followers who engaged to stand by me, and returned to Lothian, soon joined by some steady associates, prepared to act whenever the occasion might require.

'I have no doubt I should have rescued him from the very noose that dangled over his head,' he continued with animation, which seemed a flash of the interest which he had taken in such exploits; 'but amongst other precautions, the magistrates had taken one—suggested, as we afterwards learned, by the unhappy wretch Porteous—which effectually disconcerted my measures. They anticipated by half an hour the ordinary period for execution; and, as it had been resolved amongst us that, for fear of observation from the officers of justice, we should not show ourselves upon the street until the time of action approached, it followed that all was over before our attempt at a rescue commenced. It did commence, however, and I gained the scaffold and cut the rope with my own hand. It was too late! The bold, stout-hearted, generous criminal was no more, and vengeance was all that remained to us—a vengeance, as I then thought, doubly due from my hand, to whom Wilson had given life and liberty when he could as easily have secured his own.'

'O, sir,' said Jeanie, 'did the Scripture never come into your mind, "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay it"?''

'Scripture! Why, I had not opened a Bible for five years,' answered Staunton.

'Wae's me, sirs,' said Jeanie, 'and a minister's son too!'

'It is natural for you to say so; yet do not interrupt me, but let me finish my most accursed history. The beast, Porteous, who kept firing on the people long after it had ceased

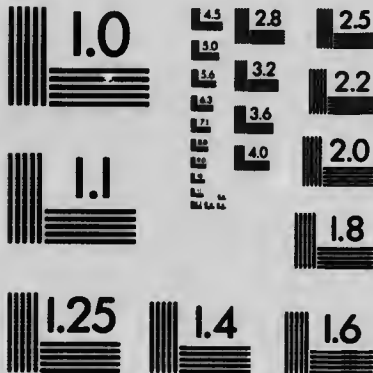
to be necessary, become the object of their hatred for having overdone his duty, and of mine for having done it too well. We — that is, I and the other determined friends of Wilson — resolved to be avenged; but caution was necessary. I thought I had been marked by one of the officers, and therefore continued to lurk about the vicinity of Edinburgh, but without daring to venture within the walls. At length I visited, at the hazard of my life, the place where I hoped to find my future wife and my son; they were both gone. Dame Murdockson informed me that, so soon as Effie heard of the miscarriage of the attempt to rescue Wilson, and the hot pursuit after me, she fell into a brain fever; and that being one day obliged to go out on some necessary business and leave her alone, she had taken that opportunity to escape, and she had not seen her since. I loaded her with reproaches, to which she listened with the most provoking and callous composure; for it is one of her attributes that, violent and fierce as she is upon most occasions, there are some in which she shows the most imperturbable calmness. I threatened her with justice; she said I had more reason to fear justice than she had. I felt she was right, and was silenced. I threatened her with vengeance; she replied in nearly the same words, that, to judge by injuries received, I had more reason to fear her vengeance than she to dread mine. She was again right, and I was left without an answer. I flung myself from her in indignation, and employed a comrade to make inquiry in the neighbourhood of St. Leonard's concerning your sister; but ere I received his answer, the opening quest of a well-scented terrier of the law drove me from the vicinity of Edinburgh to a more distant and secluded place of concealment. A secret and trusty emissary at length brought me the account of Porteous's condemnation, and of your sister's imprisonment on a criminal charge; thus astounding one of mine ears, while he gratified the other.

'I again ventured to the Pleasance — again charged Murdockson with treachery to the unfortunate Effie and her child, though I could conceive no reason, save that of appropriating the whole of the money I had lodged with her. Your narrative throws light on this, and shows another motive, not less powerful because less evident — the desire of wreaking vengeance on the seducer of her daughter, the destroyer at once of her reason and reputation. Great God! how I wish that, instead of the revenge she made choice of, she had delivered me up to the cord!



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'But what account did the wretched woman give of Effie and the bairn?' said Jeanie, who, during this long and agitating narrative, had firmness and discernment enough to keep her eye on such points as might throw light on her sister's misfortunes.

'She would give none,' said Staunton; 'she said the mother made a moonlight flitting from her house, with the infant in her arms; that she had never seen either of them since; that the lass might have thrown the child into the North Loch or the Quarry Holes, for what she knew, and it was like enough she had done so.'

'And how came you to believe that she did not speak the fatal truth?' said Jeanie, trembling.

'Because, on this second occasion, I saw her daughter, and I understood from her that, in fact, the child had been removed or destroyed during the illness of the mother. But all knowledge to be got from her is so uncertain and indirect, that I could not collect any farther circumstances. Only the diabolical character of old Murdockson makes me augur the worst.'

'The last account agrees with that given by my poor sister,' said Jeanie; 'but gang on wi' your ain tale, sir.'

'Of this I am certain,' said Staunton, 'that Effie, in her senses, and with her knowledge, never injured living creature. But what could I do in her exculpation? Nothing; and therefore my whole thoughts were turned towards her safety. I was under the cursed necessity of suppressing my feelings towards Murdockson: my life was in the hag's hand — that I cared not for; but on my life hung that of your sister. I spoke the wretch fair; I appeared to confide in her; and to me, so far as I was personally concerned, she gave proofs of extraordinary fidelity. I was at first uncertain what measures I ought to adopt for your sister's liberation, when the general rage excited among the citizens of Edinburgh on account of the reprieve of Porteous, suggested to me the daring idea of forcing the jail, and at once carrying off your sister from the clutches of the law, and bringing to condign punishment a miscreant who had tormented the unfortunate Wilson even in the hour of death, as if he had been a wild Indian taken captive by an hostile tribe. I flung myself among the multitude in the moment of fermentation; so did others among Wilson's mates, who had, like me, been disappointed in the hope of glutting their eyes with Porteous's execution. All

was organised, and I was chosen for the captain. I felt not — I do not now feel — compunction for what was to be done, and has since been executed.’

‘O, God forgive ye, sir, and bring ye to a better sense of your ways!’ exclaimed Jeanie, in horror at the avowal of such violent sentiments.

‘Amen,’ replied Staunton, ‘if my sentiments are wrong. But I repeat that, although willing to aid the deed, I could have wished them to have chosen another leader; because I foresaw that the great and general duty of the night would interfere with the assistance which I proposed to render Effie. I gave a commission, however, to a trusty friend to protect her to a place of safety, so soon as the fatal procession had left the jail. But for no persuasions which I could use in the hurry of the moment, or which my comrade employed at more length, after the mob had taken a different direction, could the unfortunate girl be prevailed upon to leave the prison. His arguments were all wasted upon the infatuated victim, and he was obliged to leave her in order to attend to his own safety. Such was his account; but perhaps he persevered less steadily in his attempt to persuade her than I would have done.’

‘Effie was right to remain,’ said Jeanie; ‘and I love her the better for it.’

‘Why will you say so?’ said Staunton.

‘You cannot understand my reasons, sir, if I should render them,’ answered Jeanie, composedly; ‘they that thirst for the blood of their enemies have no taste for the well-spring of life.’

‘My hopes,’ said Staunton, ‘were thus a second time disappointed. My next efforts were to bring her through her trial by means of yourself. How I urged it, and where, you cannot have forgotten. I do not blame you for your refusal; it was founded, I am convinced, on principle, and not on indifference to your sister’s fate. For me, judge of me as a man frantic; I knew not what hand to turn to, and all my efforts were unavailing. In this condition, and close beset on all sides, I thought of what might be done by means of my family and their influence. I fled from Scotland; I reached this place; my miserably wasted and unhappy appearance procured me from my father that pardon which a parent finds it so hard to refuse, even to the most undeserving son. And here I have awaited in anguish of mind, which the condemned criminal might envy, the event of your sister’s trial.’

‘Without taking any steps for her relief?’ said Jeanie.

'To the last I hoped her case might terminate more favourably; and it is only two days since that the fatal tidings reached me. My resolution was instantly taken. I mounted my best horse with the purpose of making the utmost haste to London, and there compounding with Sir Robert Walpole for your sister's safety, by surrendering to him, in the person of the heir of the family of Willingham, the notorious George Robertson, the accomplice of Wilson, the breaker of the toll-booth prison, and the well-known leader of the Porteous mob.'

'But would that save my sister?' said Jeanie in astonishment.

'It would, as I should drive my bargain,' said Staunton. 'Queens love revenge as well as their subjects. Little as you seem to esteem it, it is a poison which pleases all palates, from the prince to the peasant. Prime ministers love no less the power of pleasing sovereigns by gratifying their passions. The life of an obscure village girl! Why, I might ask the best of the crown-jewels for laying the head of such an insolent conspiracy at the foot of her Majesty, with a certainty of being gratified. All my other plans have failed, but this could not. Heaven is just, however, and would not honour me with making this voluntary atonement for the injury I have done your sister. I had not rode ten miles, when my horse, the best and most sure-footed animal in this country, fell with me on a level piece of road, as if he had been struck by a cannon-shot. I was greatly hurt, and was brought back here in the miserable condition in which you now see me.'

As young Staunton had come to the conclusion, the servant opened the door, and, with a voice which seemed intended rather for a signal than merely the announcing of a visit, said, 'His Reverence, sir, is coming up-stairs to wait upon you.'

'For God's sake, hide yourself, Jeanie,' exclaimed Staunton, 'in that dressing-closet!'

'No, sir,' said Jeanie; 'as I am here for nae ill, I canna take the shame of hiding mysell frae the master o' the house.'

'But, good Heavens!' exclaimed George Staunton, 'do but consider——'

Ere he could complete the sentence, his father entered the apartment.

CHAPTER XXXIV

And now, will pardon, comfort, kindness, draw
The youth from vice ? will honour, duty, law ?

CRABBE.

JEANIE arose from her seat and made her quiet reverence when the elder Mr. Staunton entered the apartment. His astonishment was extreme at finding his son in such company.

'I perceive, madam,' he said, 'I have made a mistake respecting you, and ought to have left the task of interrogating you, and of righting your wrongs, to this young man, with whom, doubtless, you have been formerly acquainted.'

'It's unwitting on my part that I am here,' said Jeanie; 'the servant told me his master wished to speak with me.'

'There goes the purple coat over my ears,' murmured Tummas. 'D—n her, why must she needs speak the truth, when she could have as well said anything else she had a mind ?'

'George,' said Mr. Staunton, 'if you are still, as you have ever been, lost to all self-respect, you might at least have spared your father, and your father's house, such a disgraceful scene as this.'

'Upon my life — upon my soul, sir !' said George, throwing his feet over the side of the bed, and starting from his recumbent posture.

'Your life, sir !' interrupted his father, with melancholy sternness — 'what sort of life has it been ? Your soul ! alas ! what regard have you ever paid to it ? Take care to reform both ere offering either as pledges of your sincerity.'

'On my honour, sir, you do me wrong,' answered George Staunton ; 'I have been all that you can call me that's bad, but in the present instance you do me injustice. By my honour, you do !'

'Your honour !' said his father, and turned from him, with a look of the most upbraiding contempt, to Jeanie. 'From you,

young woman, I neither ask nor expect any explanation; but, as a father alike and as a clergyman, I request your departure from this house. If your romantic story has been other than a pretext to find admission into it — which, from the society in which you first appeared, I may be permitted to doubt — you will find a justice of peace within two miles, with whom, more properly than with me, you may lodge your complaint.'

'This shall not be,' said George Staunton, starting up to his feet. 'Sir, you are naturally kind and humane; you shall not become cruel and inhospitable on my account. Turn out that eavesdropping rascal,' pointing to Thomas, 'and get what hartshorn drops, or what better receipt you have against fainting, and I will explain to you in two words the connexion betwixt this young woman and me. She shall not lose her fair character through me. I have done too much mischief to her family already, and I know too well what belongs to the loss of fame.'

'Leave the room, sir,' said the Rector to the servant; and when the man had obeyed, he carefully shut the door behind him. Then addressing his son, he said sternly, 'Now, sir, what new proof of your infamy have you to impart to me?'

Young Staunton was about to speak, but it was one of those moments when persons who, like Jeanie Deans, possess the advantage of a steady courage and unruffled temper, can assume the superiority over more ardent but less determined spirits.

'Sir,' she said to the elder Staunton, 'ye have an undoubted right to ask your ain son to render a reason of his conduct. But respecting me, I am but a wayfaring traveller, no ways obligated or indebted to you, unless it be for the meal of meat, which, in my ain country, is willingly gien by rich or poor, according to their ability, to those who need it; and for which, forbye that, I am willing to make payment, if I didna think it would be an affront to offer siller in a house like this, only I dinna ken the fashions of the country.'

'This is all very well, young woman,' said the Rector, a good deal surprised, and unable to conjecture whether to impute Jeanie's language to simplicity or impertinence — 'this may be all very well, but let me bring it to a point. Why do you stop this young man's mouth, and prevent his communicating to his father and his best friend an explanation, since he says he has one, of circumstances which seem in themselves not a little suspicious?'

'He may tell of his ain affairs what he likes,' answered Jeanie; 'but my family and friends have nae right to hae ony

stories told anent them without their express desire; and, as they canna be here to speak for themselves, I entreat ye wadna ask Mr. George Rob.—I mean Staunton, or whatever his name is—ony questions anent me or my folk; for I maun be free to tell you, that he will neither have the bearing of a Christian or a gentleman if he answers you against my express desire.'

'This is the most extraordinary thing I ever met with,' said the Rector, as, after fixing his eyes keenly on the placid yet modest countenance of Jeanie, he turned them suddenly upon his son. 'What have you to say, sir?'

'That I feel I have been too hasty in my promise, sir,' answered George Staunton. 'I have no title to make any communications respecting the affairs of this young person's family without her assent.'

The elder Mr. Staunton turned his eyes from one to the other with marks of surprise.

'This is more, and worse, I fear,' he said, addressing his son, 'than one of your frequent and disgraceful connexions. I insist upon knowing the mystery.'

'I have already said, sir,' replied his son, rather sullenly, 'that I have no title to mention the affairs of this young woman's family without her consent.'

'And I hae nae mysteries to explain, sir,' said Jeanie, 'but only to pray you, as a preacher of the Gospel and a gentleman, to permit me to go safe to the next public-house on the Lunnon road.'

'I shall take care of your safety,' said young Staunton; 'you need ask that favour from no one.'

'Do you say so before my face?' said the justly incensed father. 'Perhaps, sir, you intend to fill up the cup of disobedience and profligacy by forming a low and disgraceful marriage? But let me bid you beware.'

'If you were feared for sic a thing happening wi' me, sir,' said Jeanie, 'I can only say, that not for all the land that lies between the twa ends of the rainbow wad I be the woman that should wed your son.'

'There is something very singular in all this,' said the elder Staunton; 'follow me into the next room, young woman.'

'Hear me speak first,' said the young man. 'I have but one word to say. I confide entirely in your prudence; tell my father as much or as little of these matters as you will, he shall know neither more nor less from me.'

His father darted to him a glance of indignation, which softened into sorrow as he saw him sink down on the couch, exhausted with the scene he had undergone. He left the apartment, and Jeanie followed him, George Staunton raising himself as she passed the doorway, and pronouncing the word 'Remember!' in a tone as monitory as it was uttered by Charles I. upon the scaffold. The elder Staunton led the way into a small parlour, and shut the door.

'Young woman,' said he, 'there is something in your face and appearance that marks both sense and simplicity, and, if I am not deceived, innocence also. Should it be otherwise, I can only say, you are the most accomplished hypocrite I have ever seen. I ask to know no secret that you have unwillingness to divulge, least of all those which concern my son. His conduct has given me too much unhappiness to permit me to hope comfort or satisfaction from him. If you are such as I suppose you, believe me, that whatever unhappy circumstances may have connected you with George Staunton, the sooner you break them through the better.'

'I think I understand your meaning, sir,' replied Jeanie; 'and as ye are sae frank as to speak o' the young gentleman in sic a way, I must needs say that it is but the second time of my speaking wi' him in our lives, and what I hae heard frae him on these twa occasions has been such that I never wish to hear the like again.'

'Then it is your real intention to leave this part of the country, and proceed to London?' said the Rector.

'Certainly, sir; for I may say, in one sense, that the avenger of blood is behind me; and if I were but assured against mischief by the way——'

'I have made inquiry,' said the clergyman, 'after the suspicious characters you described. They have left their place of rendezvous; but, as they may be lurking in the neighbourhood, and as you say you have special reason to apprehend violence from them, I will put you under the charge of a steady person, who will protect you as far as Stamford, and see you into a light coach, which goes from thence to London.'

'A coach is not for the like of me, sir,' said Jeanie, to whom the idea of a stage-coach was unknown, as, indeed, they were then only used in the neighbourhood of London.

Mr. Staunton briefly explained that she would find that mode of conveyance more commodious, cheaper, and more safe than travelling on horseback. She expressed her gratitude

with so much singleness of heart, that he was induced to ask her whether she wanted the pecuniary means of prosecuting her journey. She thanked him, but said she had enough for her purpose; and, indeed, she had husbanded her stock with great care. This reply served also to remove some doubts, which naturally enough still floated in Mr. Staunton's mind, respecting her character and real purpose, and satisfied him, at least, that money did not enter into her scheme of deception, if an impostor she should prove. He next requested to know what part of the city she wished to go to.

'To a very decent merchant, a cousin o' my ain, a Mrs. Glass, sir, that sells snuff and tobacco, at the sign o' the Thistle, somegate in the town.'

Jeanie communicated this intelligence with a feeling that a connexion so respectable ought to give her consequence in the eyes of Mr. Staunton; and she was a good deal surprised when he answered—'And is this woman your only acquaintance in London, my poor girl? and have you really no better knowledge where she is to be found?'

'I was gaun to see the Duke of Argyle, forbye Mrs. Glass,' said Jeanie; 'and if your honour thinks it would be best to go there first, and get some of his Grace's folk to show me my cousin's shop——'

'Are you acquainted with any of the Duke of Argyle's people?' said the Rector.

'No, sir.'

'Her brain must be something touched after all, or it would be impossible for her to rely on such introductions. Well,' said he aloud, 'I must not inquire into the cause of your journey, and so I cannot be fit to give you advice how to manage it. But the landlady of the house where the coach stops is a very decent person; and as I use her house sometimes, I will give you a recommendation to her.'

Jeanie thanked him for his kindness with her best courtesy, and departed with his honour's line, and one from worthy Mrs. Glass, that keeps the Seven Stars at York, she did not doubt to be well taken out in Lunnon.'

'And now,' said he, 'I presume you will be desirous to set out immediately.'

'If I had been in an inn, sir, or any suitable resting-place,' answered Jeanie, 'I wad not have presumed to use the Lord's day for travelling; but as I am on a journey of mercy, I trust my doing so will not be imputed.'

'You may, if you choose, remain with Mrs. Dalton for the evening; but I desire you will have no further correspondence with my son, who is not a proper counsellor for a person of your age, whatever your difficulties may be.'

'Your honour speaks ower truly in that,' said Jeanie; 'it was not with my will that I spoke wi' him just now, and — not to wish the gentleman ony thing but gude — I never wish to see him between the een again.'

'If you please,' added the Rector, 'as you seem to be a seriously-disposed young woman, you may attend family worship in the hall this evening.'

'I thank your honour,' said Jeanie; 'but I am doubtful if my attendance would be to edification.'

'How!' said the Rector; 'so young, and already unfortunate enough to have doubts upon the duties of religion!'

'God forbid, sir,' replied Jeanie; 'it is not for that; but I have been bred in the faith of the suffering remnant of the Presbyterian doctrine in Scotland, and I am doubtful if I can lawfully attend upon your fashion of worship, seeing it has been testified against by many precious souls of our kirk, and specially by my worthy father.'

'Well, my good girl,' said the Rector, with a good-humoured smile, 'far be it from me to put any force upon your conscience; and yet you ought to recollect that the same divine grace dispenses its streams to other kingdoms as well as to Scotland. As it is as essential to our spiritual as water to our earthly wants, its springs, various in character, yet alike efficacious in virtue, are to be found in abundance throughout the Christian world.'

'Ah, but,' said Jeanie, 'though the waters may be alike, yet, with your worship's leave, the blessing upon them may not be equal. It would have been in vain for Naaman the Syrian leper to have bathed in Pharphar and Abana, rivers of Damascus, when it was only the waters of Jordan that were sanctified for the cure.'

'Well,' said the Rector, 'we will not enter upon the great debate betwixt our national churches at present. We must endeavour to satisfy you that at least, amongst our errors, we preserve Christian charity, and a desire to assist our brethren.'

He then ordered Mrs. Dalton into his presence, and consigned Jeanie to her particular charge, with directions to be kind to her, and with assurances that, early in the morning, a trusty guide and a good horse should be ready to conduct her

to Stamford. He then took a serious and dignified, yet kind leave of her, wishing her full success in the objects of her journey, which he said he doubted not were laudable, from the soundness of thinking which she had displayed in conversation.

Jeanie was again conducted by the housekeeper to her own apartment. But the evening was not destined to pass over without further torment from young Stanton. A paper was slipped into her hand by the faithful Tummas, which intimated his young master's desire, or rather demand, to see her instantly, and assured her he had provided against interruption.

'Tell your young master,' said Jeanie, openly, and regardless of all the winks and signs by which Tummas strove to make her comprehend that Mrs. Dalton was not to be admitted into the secret of the correspondence, 'that I promised faithfully to his worthy father that I would not see him again.'

'Tummas,' said Mrs. Dalton, 'I think you might be much more creditably employed, considering the coat you wear and the house you live in, than to be carrying messages between your young master and girls that chance to be in this house.'

'Why, Mrs. Dalton, as to that, I was hired to carry messages, and not to ask any questions about them; and it's not for the like of me to refuse the young gentleman's bidding, if he were a little wildish or so. If there was harm meant, there's no harm done, you see.'

'However,' said Mrs. Dalton, 'I gie you fair warning, Tummas Ditton, that an I catch thee at this work again, his Reverence shall make a clear house of you.'

Tummas retired, abashed and in dismay. The rest of the evening passed away without anything worthy of notice.

Jeanie enjoyed the comforts of a good bed and a sound sleep with grateful satisfaction, after the perils and hardships of the preceding day; and such was her fatigue, that she slept soundly until six o'clock, when she was awakened by Mrs. Dalton, who acquainted her that her guide and horse were ready and in attendance. She hastily rose, and, after her morning devotions, was soon ready to resume her travels. The motherly care of the housekeeper had provided an early breakfast, and, after she had partaken of this refreshment, she found herself safe seated on a pillion behind a stout Lincolnshire peasant, who was, besides, armed with pistols, to protect her against any violence which might be offered.

They trudged on in silence for a mile or two along a country road, which conducted them, by hedge and gateway, into the

principal highway, a little beyond Grantham. At length her master of the horse asked her whether her name was not Jean, or Jane, Deans. She answered in the affirmative, with some surprise. 'Then here's a bit of a note as concerns you,' said the man, handing it over his left shoulder. 'It's from young master, as I judge, and every man about Willingham is fain to please him either for love or fear; for he'll come to be landlord at last, let them say what they like.'

Jeanie broke the seal of the note, which was addressed to her, and read as follows:—

'You refuse to see me. I suppose you are shocked at my character; but, in painting myself such as I am, you should give me credit for my sincerity. I am, at least, no hypocrite. You refuse, however, to see me, and your conduct may be natural; but is it wise? I have expressed my anxiety to repair your sister's misfortunes at the expense of my honour—my family's honour—my own life; and you think me too debased to be admitted even to sacrifice what I have remaining of honour, fame, and life in her cause. Well, if the offerer be despised, the victim is still equally at hand; and perhaps there may be justice in the decree of Heaven that I shall not have the melancholy credit of appearing to make this sacrifice out of my own free good-will. You, as you have declined my concurrence, must take the whole upon yourself. Go, then, to the Duke of Argyle, and, when other arguments fail you, tell him you have it in your power to bring to condign punishment the most active conspirator in the Porteous mob. He will hear you on this topic, should he be deaf to every other. Make your own terms, for they will be at your own making. You know where I am to be found; and you may be assured I will not give you the dark side of the hill, as at Muschat's Cairn: I have no thoughts of stirring from the house I was born in; like the hare, I shall be worried in the seat I started from. I repeat it—make your own terms. I need not remind you to ask your sister's life, for that you will do of course; but make terms of advantage for yourself: ask wealth and reward—office and income for Butler—ask anything, you will get anything, and all for delivering to the hands of the executioner a man most deserving of his office—one who, though young in years, is old in wickedness, and whose most earnest desire is, after the storms of an unquiet life, to sleep and be at rest.'

This extraordinary letter was subscribed with the initials 'G. S.'

Jeanie read it over once or twice with great attention, which the slow pace of the horse, as he stalked through a deep lane, enabled her to do with facility.

When she had perused this billet, her first employment was to tear it into as small pieces as possible, and disperse these pieces in the air by a few at a time, so that a document containing so perilous a secret might not fall into any other person's hand.

The question how far, in point of extremity, she was entitled to save her sister's life by sacrificing that of a person who, though guilty towards the state, had done her no injury, formed the next earnest and most painful subject of consideration. In one sense, indeed, it seemed as if denouncing the guilt of Staunton, the cause of her sister's errors and misfortunes, would have been an act of just, and even providential, retribution. But Jeanie, in the strict and severe tone of morality in which she was educated, had to consider not only the general aspect of a proposed action, but its justness and fitness in relation to the actor, before she could be, according to her own phrase, free to enter upon it. What right had she to make a barter between the lives of Staunton and of Effie, and to sacrifice the one for the safety of the other? His guilt — that guilt for which he was amenable to the laws — was a crime against the public indeed, but it was not against her.

Neither did it seem to her that his share in the death of Porteous, though her mind revolted at the idea of using violence to any one, was in the relation of a common murder, against the perpetrator of which every one is called to aid the public magistrate. That violent action was blended with many circumstances which, in the eyes of those of Jeanie's rank in life, if they did not altogether deprive it of the character of guilt, softened, at least, its most atrocious features. The anxiety of the government to obtain conviction of some of the offenders had but served to increase the public feeling which connected the action, though violent and irregular, with the idea of ancient national independence. The rigorous procedure adopted or proposed against the city of Edinburgh, the ancient metropolis of Scotland, the extremely unpopular and injudicious measure of compelling the Scottish clergy, contrary to their principles and sense of duty, to promulgate from the pulpit the reward offered for the discovery of the perpetrators of this slaughter, had produced on the public mind the opposite consequences from what were intended; and Jeanie felt conscious

that, whoever should lodge information concerning that event, and for whatsoever purpose it might be done, it would be considered as an act of treason against the independence of Scotland. With the fanaticism of the Scotch Presbyterians there was always mingled a glow of national feeling, and Jennie trembled at the idea of her name being handed down to posterity with that of the 'fause Monteath,' and one or two others, who, having deserted and betrayed the cause of their country, are damned to perpetual remembrance and execration among its peasantry. Yet, to part with Effie's life once more, when a word spoken might save it, pressed severely on the mind of her affectionate sister.

'The Lord support and direct me!' said Jennie, 'for it seems to be His will to try me with difficulties far beyond my ain strength.'

While this thought passed through Jennie's mind, her guard, tired of silence, began to show some inclination to be communicative. He seemed a sensible, steady peasant, but not having more delicacy or prudence than is common to those in his situation, he, of course, chose the Willingham family as the subject of his conversation. From this man Jennie learned some particulars of which she had hitherto been ignorant, and which we will briefly recapitulate for the information of the reader.

The father of George Staunton had been bred a soldier, and, during service in the West Indies, had married the heiress of a wealthy planter. By this lady he had an only child, George Staunton, the unhappy young man who has been so often mentioned in this narrative. He passed the first part of his early youth under the charge of a doting mother, and in the society of negro slaves, whose study it was to gratify his every caprice. His father was a man of worth and sense; but, as he alone retained tolerable health among the officers of the regiment he belonged to, he was much engaged with his duty. Besides, Mrs. Staunton was beautiful and wilful, and enjoyed but delicate health; so that it was difficult for a man of affection, humanity, and a quiet disposition to struggle with her on the point of her over-indulgence to an only child. Indeed, what Mr. Staunton did do towards counteracting the baneful effects of his wife's system, only tended to render it more pernicious; for every restraint imposed on the boy in his father's presence was compensated by treble license during his absence. So that George Staunton acquired, even in childhood,

the habit of regarding his father as a rigid censor, from whose severity he was desirous of emancipating himself as soon and absolutely as possible.

When he was about ten years old, and when his mind had received all the seeds of those evil weeds which afterwards grew apace, his mother died, and his father, half heart-broken, returned to England. To sum up her imprudence and unjustifiable indulgence, she had contrived to place a considerable part of her fortune at her son's exclusive control or disposal; in consequence of which management, George Staunton had not been long in England till he learned his independence, and how to abuse it. His father had endeavoured to rectify the defects of his education by placing him in a well-regulated seminary. But although he showed some capacity for learning, his riotous conduct soon became intolerable to his teachers. He found means (too easily afforded to all youths who have certain expectations) of procuring such a command of money as enabled him to anticipate in boyhood the frolics and follies of a more mature age, and, with these accomplishments, he was returned on his father's hands as a profligate boy, whose example might ruin an hundred.

The elder Mr. Staunton, whose mind, since his wife's death, had been tinged with a melancholy which certainly his son's conduct did not tend to dispel, had taken orders, and was inducted by his brother, Sir William Staunton, into the family living of Willingham. The revenue was a matter of consequence to him, for he derived little advantage from the estate of his late wife; and his own fortune was that of a younger brother.

He took his son to reside with him at the rectory; but he soon found that his disorders rendered him an intolerable inmate. And as the young men of his own rank would not endure the purse-proud insolence of the Creole, he fell into that taste for low society which is worse than 'pressing to death, whipping, or hanging.' His father sent him abroad, but he only returned wilder and more desperate than before. It is true, this unhappy youth was not without his good qualities. He had lively wit, good temper, reckless generosity, and manners which, while he was under restraint, might pass well in society. But all these availed him nothing. He was so well acquainted with the turf, the gaming-table, the cockpit, and every worse rendezvous of folly and dissipation, that his mother's fortune was spent before he was twenty-one, and

he was soon in debt and in distress. His early history may be concluded in the words of our British Juvenal, when describing a similar character : —

Headstrong, determined in his own career,
He thought reproof unjust, and truth severe.
The soul's disease was to its crisis come,
He first abused and then abjured his home ;
And when he chose a vagabond to be,
He made his shame his glory, ' I 'll be free ! ' ¹

' And yet 't is pity on Measter George, too,' continued the honest boor, ' for he has an open hand, and winna let a poor body want an he has it.'

The virtue of profuse generosity, by which, indeed, they themselves are most directly advantaged, is readily admitted by the vulgar as a cloak for many sins.

At Stamford our heroine was deposited in safety by her communicative guide. She obtained a place in the coach, which, although termed a light one, and accommodated with no fewer than six horses, only reached London on the afternoon of the second day. The recommendation of the elder Mr. Staunton procured Jeanie a civil reception at the inn where the carriage stopped, and, by the aid of Mrs. Bickerton's correspondent, she found out her friend and relative Mrs. Glass, by whom she was kindly received and hospitably entertained.

¹ Crabbe's *Borough*, Letter xil. (*Laing*).

CHAPTER XXXV

My name is Argyle, you may well think it strange,
To live at the court and never to change.

Ballad.

FEW names deserve more honourable mention in the history of Scotland, during this period, than that of John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. His talents as a statesman and a soldier were generally admitted ; he was not without ambition, but 'without the illness that attends it' — without that irregularity of thought and aim which often excites great men, in his peenliar situation (for it was a very peculiar one), to grasp the means of raising themselves to power at the risk of throwing a kingdom into confusion. Pope has distinguished him as

Argyle, the state's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field.

He was alike free from the ordinary vices of statesmen, falsehood, namely, and dissimulation ; and from those of warriors, inordinate and violent thirst after self-aggrandisement.

Scotland, his native country, stood at this time in a very precarious and doubtful situation. She was indeed united to England, but the cement had not had time to acquire consistence. The irritation of ancient wrongs still subsisted, and betwixt the fretful jealousy of the Scottish and the supercilious disdain of the English quarrels repeatedly occurred, in the course of which the national league, so important to the safety of both, was in the utmost danger of being dissolved. Scotland had, besides, the disadvantage of being divided into intestine factions, which hated each other bitterly, and waited but a signal to break forth into action.

In such circumstances, another man, with the talents and rank of Argyle, but without a mind so happily regulated, would have sought to rise from the earth in the whirlwind, and direct its fury. He chose a course more safe and more honourable.

Soaring above the petty distinctions of faction, his voice was raised, whether in office or opposition, for those measures which were at once just and lenient. His high military talents enabled him, during the memorable year 1715, to render such services to the house of Hanover as, perhaps, were too great to be either acknowledged or repaid. He had employed, too, his utmost influence in softening the consequences of that insurrection to the unfortunate gentlemen whom a mistaken sense of loyalty had engaged in the affair, and was rewarded by the esteem and affection of his country in an uncommon degree. This popularity with a discontented and warlike people was supposed to be a subject of jealousy at court, where the power to become dangerous is sometimes of itself obnoxious, though the inclination is not united with it. Besides, the Duke of Argyle's independent and somewhat haughty mode of expressing himself in Parliament, and acting in public, were ill calculated to attract royal favour. He was, therefore, always respected, and often employed; but he was not a favourite of George the Second, his consort, or his ministers. At several different periods in his life, the Duke might be considered as in absolute disgrace at court, although he could hardly be said to be a declared member of opposition. This rendered him the dearer to Scotland, because it was usually in her cause that he incurred the displeasure of his sovereign; and upon this very occasion of the Porteous mob, the animated and eloquent opposition which he had offered to the severe measures which were about to be adopted towards the city of Edinburgh was the more gratefully received in that metropolis as it was understood that the Duke's interposition had given personal offence to Queen Caroline.

His conduct upon this occasion, as, indeed, that of all the Scottish members of the legislature, with one or two unworthy exceptions, had been in the highest degree spirited. The popular tradition concerning his reply to Queen Caroline has been given already, and some fragments of his speech against the Porteous bill are still remembered. He retorted upon the Chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, the insinuation that he had stated himself in this case rather as a party than as a judge. 'I appeal,' said Argyle, 'to the House — to the nation, if I can be justly branded with the infamy of being a jobber or a partizan. Have I been a briber of votes — a buyer of boroughs — the agent of corruption for any purpose, or on behalf of any party? Consider my life, examine my actions in the field and in the cabinet, and see where there lies a blot that can attach to my honour. I

have shown myself the friend of my country, the loyal subject of my king. I am ready to do so again, without an instant's regard to the frowns or smiles of a court. I have experienced both, and am prepared with indifference for either. I have given my reasons for opposing this bill, and have made it appear that it is repugnant to the international treaty of union, to the liberty of Scotland, and, reflectively, to that of England, to common justice, to common sense, and to the public interest. Shall the metropolis of Scotland, the capital of an independent nation, the residence of a long line of monarchs, by whom that noble city was graced and dignified — shall such a city, for the fault of an obscure and unknown body of rioters, be deprived of its honours and its privileges, its gates and its guards? and shall a native Scotsman tamely behold the havoc? I glory, my lords, in opposing such unjust rigour, and reckon it my dearest pride and honour to stand up in defence of my native country, which thus laid open to undeserved shame and unjust spoliation.'

Other statesmen and orators, both Scottish and English, used the same arguments; the bill was gradually stripped of its most oppressive and obnoxious clauses, and at length ended in a fine upon the city of Edinburgh in favour of Porteous's widow; so that, as somebody observed at the time, the whole of these fierce debates ended in making the fortune of an old cookmaid, such having been the good woman's original capacity.

The court, however, did not forget the baffle they had received in this affair, and the Duke of Argyle, who had contributed so much to it, was thereafter considered as a person in disgrace. It is necessary to place these circumstances under the reader's observation, both because they are connected with the preceding and subsequent part of our narrative.

The Duke was alone in his study, when one of his gentlemen acquainted him that a country-girl from Scotland was desirous of speaking with his Grace.

'A country-girl, and from Scotland!' said the Duke; 'what can have brought the silly fool to London? Some lover pressed and sent to sea, or some stock sunk in the South Sea funds, or some such hopeful concern, I suppose, and then nobody to manage the matter but MacCallummore. Well, this same popularity has its inconveniences. However, show our country-woman up, Archibald; it is ill manners to keep her in attendance.'

A young woman of rather low stature, and whose counte-

nance might be termed very modest and pleasing in expression, though sun-burnt, somewhat freckled, and not possessing regular features, was ushered into the splendid library. She wore the tartan plaid of her country, adjusted so as partly to cover her head, and partly to fall back over her shoulders. A quantity of fair hair, disposed with great simplicity and neatness, appeared in front of her round and good-humoured face, to which the solemnity of her errand, and her sense of the Duke's rank and importance, gave an appearance of deep awe, but not of slavish fear or fluttered bashfulness. The rest of Jeanie's dress was in the style of Scottish maidens of her own class, but arranged with that scrupulous attention to neatness and cleanliness which we often find united with that purity of mind of which it is a natural emblem.

She stopped near the entrance of the room, made her deepest reverence, and crossed her hands upon her bosom, without uttering a syllable. The Duke of Argyle advanced towards her: and if she admired his graceful deportment and rich dress, decorated with the orders which had been deservedly bestowed on him, his courteous manner, and quick and intelligent cast of countenance, he, on his part, was not less, or less deservedly, struck with the quiet simplicity and modesty expressed in the dress, manners, and countenance of his humble countrywoman.

'Did you wish to speak with me, my bonny lass?' said the Duke, using the encouraging epithet which at once acknowledged the connexion betwixt them as country-folk; 'or did you wish to see the Duchess?'

'My business is with your honour, my Lord — I mean your Lordship's Grace.'

'And what is it, my good girl?' said the Duke, in the same mild and encouraging tone of voice. Jeanie looked at the attendant. 'Leave us, Archibald,' said the Duke, 'and wait in the ante-room.' The domestic retired. 'And now sit down, my good lass,' said the Duke; 'take your breath — take your time, and tell me what you have got to say. I guess by your dress you are just come up from poor old Scotland. Did you come through the streets in your tartan plaid?'

'No, sir,' said Jeanie; 'a friend brought me in ane o' their street coaches — a very decent woman,' she added, her courage increasing as she became familiar with the sound of her own voice in such a presence; 'your Lordship's Grace kens her: it's Mrs. Glass, at the sign o' the Thistle.'

'O, my worthy snuff-merchant! I have always a chat with

Mrs. Glass when I purchase my Scotch high-dried. Well, but your business, my bonny woman: time and tide, you know, wait for no one.'

'Your honour — I beg your Lordship's pardon, I mean your Grace,' — for it must be noticed that this matter of addressing the Duke by his appropriate title had been anxiously inculcated upon Jeanie by her friend Mrs. Glass, in whose eyes it was a matter of such importance that her last words, as Jeanie left the coach were, 'Mind to say your Grace'; and Jeanie, who had scarce ever in her life spoke to a person of higher quality than the Laird of Dumbiedikes, found great difficulty in arranging her language according to the rules of ceremony.

The Duke, who saw her embarrassment, said, with his usual affability, 'Never mind my Grace, lassie; just speak out a plain tale, and show you have a Scotch tongue in your head.'

'Sir, I am muckle obliged. Sir, I am the sister of that poor unfortunate criminal, Effie Deans, who is ordered for execution at Edinburgh.'

'Ah!' said the Duke, 'I have heard of that unhappy story, I think — a case of child-murder, under a special Act of Parliament. Duncan Forbes mentioned it at dinner the other day.'

'And I was come up frae the north, sir, to see what could be done for her in the way of getting a reprieve or pardon, sir, or the like of that.'

'Alas! my poor girl,' said the Duke, 'you have made a long and a sad journey to very little purpose. Your sister is ordered for execution.'

'But I am given to understand that there is law for reprieving her, if it is in the king's pleasure,' said Jeanie.

'Certainly there is,' said the Duke; 'but that is purely in the king's breast. The crime has been but too common; the Scotch crown-lawyers think it is right there should be an example. Then the late disorders in Edinburgh have excited a prejudice in government against the nation at large, which they think can only be managed by measures of intimidation and severity. What argument have you, my poor girl, except the warmth of your sisterly affection, to offer against all this? What is your interest? What friends have you at court?'

'None, excepting God and your Grace,' said Jeanie, still keeping her ground resolutely, however.

'Alas!' said the Duke, 'I could almost say with old Ormond, that there could not be any whose influence was smaller with kings and ministers. It is a cruel part of our situation, young

woman — I mean of the situation of men in my circumstances — that the public ascribe to them influence which they do not possess ; and that individuals are led to expect from them assistance which we have no means of rendering. But candour and plain dealing is in the power of every one, and I must not let you imagine you have resources in my influence which do not exist, to make your distress the heavier. I have no means of averting your sister's fate. She must die.'

'We must a' die, sir,' said Jeanie ; 'it is our common doom for our father's transgression ; but we shouldna hasten ilk other out o' the world, that's what your honour kens better than me.'

'My good young woman,' said the Duke, mildly, 'we are all apt to blame the law under which we immediately suffer ; but you seem to have been well educated in your line of life, and you must know that it is alike the law of God and man that the murderer shall surely die.'

'But, sir, Effie — that is, my poor sister, sir — canna be proved to be a murderer ; and if she be not, and the law take her life notwithstanding, wha is it that is the murderer then ?'

'I am no lawyer,' said the Duke ; 'and I own I think the statute a very severe onc.'

'You are a law-maker, sir, with your leave ; and therefore ye have power over the law,' answered Jeanie.

'Not in my individual capacity,' said the Duke ; 'though, as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation. But that cannot serve you ; nor have I at present — I care not who knows it — so much personal influence with the sovereign as would entitle me to ask from him the most insignificant favour. What could tempt you, young woman, to address yourself to me ?'

'It was yoursell, sir.'

'Myself ?' he replied. 'I am sure you have never seen me before.'

'No, sir ; but a' the world kens that the Duke of Argyle is his country's friend ; and that ye fight for the right, and speak for the right, and that there's nane like you in our present Israel, and so they that think themselves wranged draw to refuge under your shadow ; and if ye wanna stir to save the blood of an innocent countrywoman of your ain, what should we expect frae Southrons and strangers ? And maybe I had another reason for troubling your honour.'

'And what is that ?' asked the Duke.

'I hae understood from my father that your honour's house, and especially your gudesire and his father, laid down their lives on the scaffold in the persecuting time. And my father was honoured to gie his testimony baith in the cage and in the pillory, as is specially mentioned in the books of Peter [Patrick] Walker, the packman, that your honour, I daresay, kens, for he uses maist partly the westland of Scotland. And, sir, there's aye that takes concern in me that wished me to gang to your Grace's presence, for his gudesire had done yor' gracious gudesire some good turn, as ye will see frae these papers.'

With these words, she delivered to the Duke the little parcel which she had received from Butler. He opened it, and in the envelope read with some surprise, 'Muster-roll of the men serving in the troop of that godly gentleman, Captain Salathiel Bangtext — Obadiah Muggleton, Sin-Despise Double-knock, Stand-fast-in-faith Gipps, Turn-to-the-right Thwack-away. What the deuce is this? A list of Praise-God Barebones' Parliament, I think, or of old Noll's evangelical army; that last fellow should understand his wheelings, to judge by his name. But what does all this mean, my girl?'

'It was the other paper, sir,' said Jeannie, somewhat abashed at the mistake.

'O, this is my unfortunate grandfather's hand sure enough: "To all who may have friendship for the house of Argyle, these are to certify that Benjamin [Stephen] Butler, of Monk's regiment of dragoons, having been, under God, the means of saving my life from four English troopers who were about to slay me, I, having no other present means of recompense in my power, do give him this acknowledgment, hoping that it may be useful to him or his during these troublesome times; and do conjure my friends, tenants, kinsmen, and whoever will do aught for me, either in the Highlands or Lowlands, to protect and assist the said Benjamin [Stephen] Butler, and his friends or family, on their lawful occasions, giving them such countenance, maintenance, and supply as may correspond with the benefit he hath bestowed on me. Witness my hand ---
LORNE."

'This is a strong injunction. This Benjamin [Stephen] Butler was your grandfather, I suppose? You seem too young to have been his daughter.'

'He was nae akin to me, sir; he was grandfather to aye — to a neighbour's son — to a sincere weel-wisher of mine, sir,' dropping her little courtesy as she spoke.

'O, I understand,' said the Duke — 'a true-love affair. He was the grandsire of one you are engaged to!'

'One I *was* engaged to, sir,' said Jeanie, sighing; 'but this unhappy business of my poor sister——'

'What!' said the Duke, hastily; 'he has not deserted you on that account, has he?'

'No, sir; he wad be the last to leave a friend in difficulties,' said Jeanie; 'but I maun think for him as weel as for mysell. He is a clergyman, sir, and it would not beseem him to marry the like of me, wi' this disgrace on my kindred.'

'You are a singular young woman,' said the Duke. 'You seem to me to think of every one before yourself. And have you really come up from Edinburgh on foot to attempt this hopeless solicitation for your sister's life?'

'It was not a'thegither on foot, sir,' answered Jeanie; 'for I sometimes got a cast in a waggon, and I had a horse from Ferrybridge, and then the coach——'

'Well, never mind all that,' interrupted the Duke. 'What reason have you for thinking your sister innocent?'

'Because she has not been proved guilty, as will appear from looking at these papers.'

She put into his hand a note of the evidence, and copies of her sister's declaration. These papers Butler had procured after her departure, and Saddletree had them forwarded to London, to Mrs. Glass's care; so that Jeanie found the documents, so necessary for supporting her suit, lying in readiness at her arrival.

'Sit down in that chair, my good girl,' said the Duke, 'until I glance over the papers.'

She obeyed, and watched with the utmost anxiety each change in his countenance as he cast his eye through the papers briefly, yet with attention, and making memoranda as he went along. After reading them hastily over, he looked up, and seemed about to speak, yet changed his purpose, as if afraid of committing himself by giving too hasty an opinion, and read over again several passages which he had marked as being most important. All this he did in shorter time than can be supposed by men of ordinary talents; for his mind was of that acute and penetrating character which discovers, with the glance of intuition, what facts bear on the particular point that chances to be subjected to consideration. At length he rose, after a few minutes' deep reflection. 'Young woman,' said he, 'your sister's case must certainly be termed a hard one.'

'God bless you, sir, for that very word!' said Jeanie.

'It seems contrary to the genius of British law,' continued the Duke, 'to take that for granted which is not proved, or to punish with death for a crime which, for aught the prosecutor has been able to show, may not have been committed at all.'

'God bless you, sir!' again said Jeanie, who had risen from her seat, and, with clasped hands, eyes glittering through tears, and features which trembled with anxiety, drank in every word which the Duke uttered.

'But, alas! my poor girl,' he continued, 'what good will my opinion do you, unless I could impress it upon those in whose hands your sister's life is placed by the law? Besides, I am no lawyer; and I must speak with some of our Scottish gentlemen of the gown about the matter.'

'O, but, sir, what seems reasonable to your honour will certainly be the same to them,' answered Jeanie.

'I do not know that,' replied the Duke; 'ilka man buckles his belt his ain gate—you know our old Scotch proverb? But you shall not have placed this reliance on me altogether in vain. Leave these papers with me, and you shall hear from me to-morrow or next day. Take care to be at home at Mrs. Glass's, and ready to come to me at a moment's warning. It will be unnecessary for you to give Mrs. Glass the trouble to attend you; and, by the by, you will please to be dressed just as you are at present.'

'I wad hae putten on a cap, sir,' said Jeanie, 'but your honour kens it isna the fashion of my country for single women; and I judged that being sae mony hundred miles frae hame, your Grace's heart wad warm to the tartan,' looking at the corner of her plaid.

'You judged quite right,' said the Duke. 'I know the full value of the snood; and MacCallummore's heart will be as cold as death can make it when it does *not* warm to the tartan. Now, go away, and don't be out of the way when I send.'

Jeanie replied, 'There is little fear of that, sir, for I have little heart to go to see sights among this wilderness of black houses. But if I might say to your gracious honour, that if ye ever condescend to speak to ony ane that is of greater degree than yoursell, though maybe it is nae civil in me to say sae, just if you would think there can be nae sic odds between you and them as between poor Jeanie Deans from St. Leonard's and the Duke of Argyle; and so dinna be chappit back or cast down wi' the first rough answer.'

'I am not apt,' said the Duke, laughing, 'to mind rough answers much. Do not you hope too much from what I have promised. I will do my best; but God has the hearts of kings in His own hand.'

Jeanie courtesied reverently and withdrew, attended by the Duke's gentleman, to her hackney-coach, with a respect which her appearance did not demand, but which was perhaps paid to the length of the interview with which his master had honoured her.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Ascend,
While radiant summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene ! Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape.

THOMSON.

FROM her kind and officious, but somewhat gossiping friend, Mrs. Glass, Jeanie underwent a very close catechism on their road to the Strand, where the Thistle of the good lady flourished in full glory, and, with its legend of *Nemo me impune*, distinguished a shop then well known to all Scottish folk of high and low degree.

'And were you sure aye to say "Your Grace" to him?' said the good old lady; 'for aye should make a distinction between MacCallummore and the bits o' southern bodies that they ca' lords here: there are as mony o' them, Jeanie, as would gar aye think they maun cost but little fash in the making. Some of them I wadna trust wi' six penniesworth of black rappee; some of them I wadna gie mysell the trouble to put up a hapnyworth in brown paper for. But I hope you shewed your breeding to the Duke of Argyle, for what sort of folk would he think your friends in London, if you had been lordling him, and him a duke?'

'He didna seem muckle to mind,' said Jeanie; 'he kenn'd that I was landward bred.'

'Weel, weel,' answered the good lady. 'His Grace kens me weel; so I am the less anxious about it. I never fill his snuff-box but he says, "How d'ye do good Mrs. Glass? How are all our friends in the North?" or it may be — "Have ye heard from the North lately?" And you may be sure I make my best courtesy, and answer, "My Lord Duke, I hope your Grace's noble Duchess and your Grace's young ladies are well; and I hope the snuff continues to give your Grace satisfaction." And then ye will see the people in the shop begin to look about them;

and if there's a Scotchman, as there may be three or half a dozen, aff go the hats, and mony a look after him, and "There goes the Prince of Scotland, God bless him!" But ye have not told me yet the very words he said t' ye.'

Jeanie had no intention to be quite so communicative. She had, as the reader may have observed, some of the caution and shrewdness, as well as of the simplicity, of her country. She answered generally, that the Duke had received her very compassionately, and had promised to interest himself in her sister's affair, and to let her hear from him in the course of the next day, or the day after. She did not choose to make any mention of his having desired her to be in readiness to attend him, far less of his hint that she should not bring her landlady. So that honest Mrs. Glass was obliged to remain satisfied with the general intelligence above mentioned, after having done all she could to extract more.

It may easily be conceived that, on the next day, Jeanie declined all invitations and inducements, whether of exercise or curiosity, to walk abroad, and continued to inhale the close and somewhat professional atmosphere of Mrs. Glass's small parlour. The latter flavour it owed to a certain eupboard, containing, among other articles, a few canisters of real Havannah, which, whether from respect to the manufacture or out of a reverent fear of the exeiseman, Mrs. Glass did not care to trust in the open shop below, and which communicated to the room a scent that, however fragrant to the nostrils of the connoisseur, was not very agreeable to those of Jeanie.

'Dear sirs,' she said to herself, 'I wonder how my cousin's silk manty, and her gowd watch, or ony thing in the world, can be worth sitting sneezing all her life in this little stifling room, and might walk in green braes if she liked.'

Mrs. Glass was equally surprised at her cousin's reluctance to stir abroad and her indifference to the fine sights of London. 'It would always help to pass away the time,' she said, 'to have something to look at, though ane *was* in distress.'

But Jeanie was unpersuadable.

The day after her interview with the Duke was spent in that 'hope delayed, which maketh the heart siek.' Minutes glided after minutes; hours fled after hours; it became too late to have any reasonable expectation of hearing from the Duke that day; yet the hope which she disowned, she could not altogether relinquish, and her heart throbbed, and her ears tingled, with every casual sound in the shop below. It was in vain. The

day wore away in the anxiety of protracted and fruitless expectation.

The next morning commenced in the same manner. But before noon a well-dressed gentleman entered Mrs. Glass's shop, and requested to see a young woman from Scotland.

'That will be my cousin, Jeanie Deans, Mr. Archibald,' said Mrs. Glass, with a courtesy of recognisance. 'Have you any message for her from his Grace the Duke of Argyle, Mr. Archibald? I will carry it to her in a moment.'

'I believe I must give her the trouble of stepping down, Mrs. Glass.'

'Jeanie — Jeanie Deans!' said Mrs. Glass, screaming at the bottom of the little staircase, which ascended from the corner of the shop to the higher regions. 'Jeanie — Jeanie Deans, I say! come downstairs instantly; here is the Duke of Argyle's groom of the chambers desires to see you directly.' This was announced in a voice so loud as to make all who chanced to be within hearing aware of the important communication.

It may easily be supposed that Jeanie did not tarry long in adjusting herself to attend the summons, yet her feet almost failed her as she came downstairs.

'I must ask the favour of your company a little way,' said Archibald, with civility.

'I am quite ready, sir,' said Jeanie.

'Is my cousin going out, Mr. Archibald? then I will hae to go wi' her, no doubt. James Rasper, — look to the shop, James. Mr. Archibald,' pushing a jar towards him, 'you take his Grace's mixture, I think? Please to fill your box, for old acquaintance sake, while I get on my things.'

Mr. Archibald transposed a modest parcel of snuff from the jar to his own mull, but said he was obliged to decline the pleasure of Mrs. Glass's company, as his message was particularly to the young person.

'Particularly to the young person!' said Mrs. Glass; 'is not that uncommon, Mr. Archibald? But his Grace is the best judge; and you are a steady person, Mr. Archibald. It is not every one that comes from a great man's house I would trust my cousin with. But, Jeanie, you must not go through the streets with Mr. Archibald with your tartan what-d'ye-call-it there upon your shoulders, as if you had come up with a drove of Highland cattle. Wait till I bring down my silk cloak. Why, we'll have the mob after you!'

'I have a hackney-coach in waiting, madam,' said Mr. Archi-

bald, interrupting the officious old lady, from whom Jeanie might otherwise have found it difficult to escape, 'and I believe I must not allow her time for any change of dress.'

So saying, he hurried Jeanie into the coach, while she internally praised and wondered at the easy manner in which he shifted off Mrs. Glass's officious offers and inquiries, without mentioning his master's orders, or going into any explanation whatever.

On entering the coach, Mr. Archibald seated himself in the front seat, opposite to our heroine, and they drove on in silence. After they had proceeded nearly half an hour, without a word on either side, it occurred to Jeanie that the distance and time did not correspond with that which had been occupied by her journey on the former occasion to and from the residence of the Duke of Argyle. At length she could not help asking her taciturn companion, 'Whilk way they were going?'

'My Lord Duke will inform you himself, madam,' answered Archibald, with the same solemn courtesy which marked his whole demeanour. Almost as he spoke the hackney-coach drew up, and the coachman dismounted and opened the door. Archibald got out and assisted Jeanie to get down. She found herself in a large turnpike road, without the bounds of London, upon the other side of which road was drawn up a plain chariot and four horses, the panels without arms, and the servants without liveries.

'You have been punctual, I see, Jeanie,' said the Duke of Argyle, as Archibald opened the carriage door. 'You must be my companion for the rest of the way. Archibald will remain here with the hackney-coach till your return.'

Ere Jeanie could make answer, she found herself, to her no small astonishment, seated by the side of a duke, in a carriage which rolled forward at a rapid yet smooth rate, very different in both particulars from the lumbering, jolting vehicle which she had just left; and which, lumbering and jolting as it was, conveyed to one who had seldom been in a coach before a certain feeling of dignity and importance.

'Young woman,' said the Duke, 'after thinking as attentively on your sister's case as is in my power, I continue to be impressed with the belief that great injustice may be done by the execution of her sentence. So are one or two liberal and intelligent lawyers of both countries whom I have spoken with. Nay, pray hear me out before you thank me. I have already told you my personal conviction is of little consequence,

unless I could impress the same upon others. Now I have done for you what I would certainly not have done to serve any purpose of my own: I have asked an audience of a lady whose interest with the king is deservedly very high. It has been allowed me, and I am desirous that you should see her and speak for yourself. You have no occasion to be abashed; tell your story simply as you did to me.'

'I am much obliged to your Grace,' said Jeanie, remembering Mrs. Glass's charge; 'and I am sure, since I have had the courage to speak to your Grace in poor Effie's cause, I have less reason to be shamefaced in speaking to a leddy. But, sir, I would like to ken what to ca' her, whether "Your Grace," or "Your Honour," or "Your leddyship," as we say to lairds and leddies in Scotland, and I will take care to mind it; for I ken leddies are full mair partiular than gentlemen about their titles of honour.'

'You have no occasion to call her anything but "Madam." Just say what you think is likely to make the best impression. Look at me from time to time: if I put my hand to my cravat so (showing her the motion), you will stop; but I shall only do this when you say anything that is not likely to please.'

'But, sir, your Grace,' said Jeanie, 'if it wasna ower muckle trouble, wad it no be better to tell me what I should say, and I could get it by heart?'

'No, Jeanie, that would not have the same effect: that would be like reading a sermon, you know, which we good Presbyterians think has less unction than when spoken without book,' replied the Duke. 'Just speak as plainly and boldly to this lady as you did to me the day before yesterday; and if you can gain her consent, I'll wad ye a plack, as we say in the north, that you get the pardon from the king.'

As he spoke he took a pamphlet from his pocket and began to read. Jeanie had good sense and tact, which constitute betwixt them that which is called natural good-breeding. She interpreted the Duke's manœuvre as a hint that she was to ask no more questions, and she remained silent accordingly.

The carriage rolled rapidly onwards through fertile meadows, ornamented with splendid old oaks, and catching occasionally a glance of the majestic mirror of a broad and placid river. After passing through a pleasant village, the equipage stopped on a commanding eminence, where the beauty of English landscape was displayed in its utmost luxuriance. Here the Duke alighted, and desired Jeanie to follow him. They paused for a

moment on the brow of a hill, to gaze on the unrivalled landscape which it presented. A huge sea of verdure, with crossing and intersecting promontories of massive and tufted groves, was tenanted by numberless flocks and herds, which seemed to wander unrestrained and unbounded through the rich pastures. The Thames, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene, to whom all its other beauties were but accessories, and bore on his bosom an hundred barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gaily fluttering pennons gave life to the whole.

The Duke of Argyle was, of course, familiar with this scene; but to a man of taste it must be always new. Yet, as he paused and looked on this inimitable landscape with the feeling of delight which it must give to the bosom of every admirer of nature, his thoughts naturally reverted to his own more grand, and scarce less beautiful, domains of Inverary. 'This is a fine scene,' he said to his companion, envious, perhaps, to draw out her sentiments; 'we have nothing like it in Scotland.'

'It's braw rich feeding for the cows, and they have a fine breed o' cattle here,' replied Jeanie; 'but I like just as weel to look at the erairs of Arthur's Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a' thae muckle trees.'

The Duke smiled at a reply equally professional and national, and made a signal for the carriage to remain where it was. Then adopting an unfrequented footpath, he conducted Jeanie through several complicated mazes to a postern-door in a high brick wall. It was shut; but as the Duke tapped slightly at it, a person in waiting within, after reconnoitring through a small iron gate contrived for the purpose, unlocked the door and admitted them. They entered, and it was immediately closed and fastened behind them. This was all done quickly, the door so instantly closing, and the person who opened it so suddenly disappearing, that Jeanie could not even catch a glimpse of his exterior.

They found themselves at the extremity of a deep and narrow alley, carpeted with the most verdant and close-shaven turf, which felt like velvet under their feet, and screened from the sun by the branches of the lofty elms which united over the path, and caused it to resemble, in the solemn obscurity of the light which they admitted, as well as from the range of columnar stems, and intricate union of their arched branches, one of the narrow side aisles in an ancient Gothic cathedral.

CHAPTER XXXVII

I beseech you ;
These tears beseech you, and these chaste hands woo you,
That never yet were heaved but to things holy —
Things like yourself. You are a God above us ;
Be as a God, then, full of saving mercy !

The Bloody Brother.

ENCOURAGED as she was by the courteous manners of her noble countryman, it was not without a feeling of something like terror that Jeanie felt herself in a place apparently so lonely, with a man of such high rank. That she should have been permitted to wait on the Duke in his own house, and have been there received to a private interview, was in itself an uncommon and distinguished event in the annals of a life so simple as hers ; but to find herself his travelling companion in a journey, and then suddenly to be left alone with him in so secluded a situation, had something in it of awful mystery. A romantic heroine might have suspected and dreaded the power of her own charms ; but Jeanie was too wise to let such a silly thought intrude on her mind. Still, however, she had a most eager desire to know where she now was, and to whom she was to be presented.

She remarked that the Duke's dress, though still such as indicated rank and fashion (for it was not the custom of men of quality at that time to dress themselves like their own coachmen or grooms), was nevertheless plainer than that in which she had seen him upon a former occasion, and was divested, in particular, of all those badges of external decoration which intimated superior consequence. In short, he was attired as plainly as any gentleman of fashion could appear in the streets of London in a morning ; and this circumstance helped to shake an opinion which Jeanie began to entertain, that perhaps he intended she should plead her cause in the presence of royalty itself. 'But, surely,' said she to herself, 'he wad hae putten

on his brow star and garter, an he had thought o' coming before the face of Majesty; and after a', this is mair like a gentleman's policy than a royal palace.'

There was some sense in Jeanie's reasoning; yet she was not sufficiently mistress either of the circumstances of etiquette, or the particular relations which existed betwixt the government and the Duke of Argyle, to form an accurate judgment. The Duke, as we have said, was at this time in open opposition to the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, and was understood to be out of favour with the royal family, to whom he had rendered such important services. But it was a maxim of Queen Caroline to bear herself towards her political friends with such caution as if there was a possibility of their one day being her enemies, and towards political opponents with the same degree of circumspection, as if they might again become friendly to her measures. Since Margaret of Anjou, no queen-consort had exercised such weight in the political affairs of England, and the personal address which she displayed on many occasions had no small share in reclaiming from their political heresy many of those determined Tories who, after the reign of the Stuarts had been extinguished in the person of Queen Anne, were disposed rather to transfer their allegiance to her brother, the Chevalier de St. George, than to acquiesce in the settlement of the crown on the Hanover family. Her husband, whose most shining quality was courage in the field of battle, and who endured the office of King of England without ever being able to acquire English habits, or any familiarity with English dispositions, found the utmost assistance from the address of his partner; and while he jealously affected to do everything according to his own will and pleasure, was in secret prudent enough to take and follow the advice of his more adroit consort. He entrusted to her the delicate office of determining the various degrees of favour necessary to attach the wavering, or to confirm such as were already friendly, or to regain those whose goodwill had been lost.

With all the winning address of an elegant, and, according to the times, an accomplished woman, Queen Caroline possessed the masculine soul of the other sex. She was proud by nature, and even her policy could not always temper her expressions of displeasure, although few were more ready at repairing any false step of this kind, when her prudence came up to the aid of her passions. She loved the real possession of power rather

than the show of it, and whatever she did herself that was either wise or popular she always desired that the king should have the full credit as well as the advantage of the measure, conscious that, by adding to his respectability, she was most likely to maintain her own. And so desirous was she to comply with all his tastes, that, when threatened with the gout, she had repeatedly had recourse to checking the fit by the use of the cold bath, thereby endangering her life, that she might be able to attend the king in his walks.

It was a very consistent part of Queen Caroline's character to keep up many private correspondences with those to whom in public she seemed unfavourable, or who, for various reasons, stood ill with the court. By this means she kept in her hands the thread of many a political intrigue, and, without pledging herself to anything, could often prevent discontent from becoming hatred and opposition from exaggerating itself into rebellion. If by any accident her correspondence with such persons chanced to be observed or discovered, which she took all possible pains to prevent, it was represented as a mere intercourse of society, having no reference to politics; an answer with which even the prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, was compelled to remain satisfied, when he discovered that the Queen had given a private audience to Pulteney, afterwards Earl of Bath, his most formidable and most inveterate enemy.

In thus maintaining occasional intercourse with several persons who seemed most alienated from the crown, it may readily be supposed that Queen Caroline had taken care not to break entirely with the Duke of Argyle. His high birth, his great talents, the estimation in which he was held in his own country, the great services which he had rendered the house of Brunswick in 1715, placed him high in that rank of persons who were not to be rashly neglected. He had, almost by his single and unassisted talents, stopped the irruption of the banded force of all the Highland chiefs; there was little doubt that, with the slightest encouragement, he could put them all in motion and renew the civil war; and it was well known that the most flattering overtures had been transmitted to the Duke from the court of St. Germain. The character and temper of Scotland were still little known, and it was considered as a volcano which might, indeed, slumber for a series of years, but was still liable, at a moment the least expected, to break out into a wasteful eruption. It was, therefore, of the highest

importance to retain some hold over so important a personage as the Duke of Argyle, and Caroline preserved the power of doing so by means of a lady with whom, as wife of George II., she might have been supposed to be on less intimate terms.

It was not the least instance of the Queen's address that she had contrived that one of her principal attendants, Lady Suffolk, should unite in her own person the two apparently inconsistent characters of her husband's mistress and her own very obsequious and complaisant confidante. By this dexterous management the Queen secured her power against the danger which might most have threatened it — the thwarting influence of an ambitious rival; and if she submitted to the mortification of being obliged to connive at her husband's infidelity, she was at least guarded against what she might think its most dangerous effects, and was besides at liberty now and then to bestow a few civil insults upon 'her good Howard,' whom, however, in general, she treated with great decorum.¹ Lady Suffolk lay under strong obligations to the Duke of Argyle, for reasons which may be collected from Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences* of that reign, and through her means the Duke had some occasional correspondence with Queen Caroline, much interrupted, however, since the part he had taken in the debate concerning the Porteous mob, an affair which the Queen, though somewhat unreasonably, was disposed to resent rather as an intended and premeditated insolence to her own person and authority than as a sudden ebullition of popular vengeance. Still, however, the communication remained open betwixt them, though it had been of late disused on both sides. These remarks will be found necessary to understand the scene which is about to be presented to the reader.

From the narrow alley which they had traversed, the Duke turned into one of the same character, but broader and still longer. Here, for the first time since they had entered these gardens, Jeanie saw persons approaching them.

They were two ladies, one of whom walked a little behind the other, yet not so much as to prevent her from hearing and replying to whatever observation was addressed to her by the lady who walked foremost, and that without her having the trouble to turn her person. As they advanced very slowly, Jeanie had time to study their features and appearance. The Duke also slackened his pace, as if to give her time to collect herself, and repeatedly desired her not to be afraid. The lady

¹ See Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences*.

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QUEEN CAROLINE, CONSORT OF GEORGE II.
From a painting by Jacopo Amigoni.

who seemed the principal person had remarkably good features, though somewhat injured by the small-pox, that venomous scourge which each village Esculapius (thanks to Jenner) can now tame as easily as their tutelary deity subdued the python. The lady's eyes were brilliant, her teeth good, and her countenance formed to express at will either majesty or courtesy. Her form, though rather *embonpoint*, was nevertheless graceful; and the elasticity and firmness of her step gave no room to suspect, what was actually the case, that she suffered occasionally from a disorder the most unfavourable to pedestrian exercise. Her dress was rather rich than gay, and her manner commanding and noble.

Her companion was of lower stature, with light brown hair and expressive blue eyes. Her features, without being absolutely regular, were perhaps more pleasing than if they had been critically handsome. A melancholy, or at least a pensive, expression, for which her lot gave too much cause, predominated when she was silent, but gave way to a pleasing and good-humoured smile when she spoke to any one.

When they were within twelve or fifteen yards of these ladies, the Duke made a sign that Jeanie should stand still, and stepping forward himself, with the grace which was natural to him, made a profound obeisance, which was formally, yet in a dignified manner, returned by the personage whom he approached.

'I hope,' she said, with an affable and condescending smile, 'that I see so great a stranger at court as the Duke of Argyle has been of late in as good health as his friends there and elsewhere could wish him to enjoy.'

The Duke replied, 'That he had been perfectly well'; and added, 'that the necessity of attending to the public business before the House, as well as the time occupied by a late journey to Scotland, had rendered him less assiduous in paying his duty at the levee and drawing-room than he could have desired.'

'When your Grace *can* find time for a duty so frivolous,' replied the Queen, 'you are aware of your title to be well received. I hope my readiness to comply with the wish which you expressed yesterday to Lady Suffolk is a sufficient proof that one of the royal family, at least, has not forgotten ancient and important services, in resenting something which resembles recent neglect.' This was said apparently with great good-humour, and in a tone which expressed a desire of conciliation.

The Duke replied, 'That he would account himself the most

unfortunate of men, if he could be supposed capable of neglecting his duty, in modes and circumstances when it was expected and would have been agreeable. He was deeply gratified by the honour which her Majesty was now doing to him personally; and he trusted she would soon perceive that it was in a matter essential to his Majesty's interest that he had the boldness to give her this trouble.'

'You cannot oblige me more, my Lord Duke,' replied the Queen, 'than by giving me the advantage of your lights and experience on any point of the King's service. Your Grace is aware that I can only be the medium through which the matter is subjected to his Majesty's superior wisdom; but if it is a suit which respects your Grace personally, it shall lose no support by being preferred through me.'

'It is no suit of mine, madam,' replied the Duke; 'nor have I any to prefer for myself personally, although I feel in full force my obligation to your Majesty. It is a business which concerns his Majesty, as a lover of justice and of mercy, and which, I am convinced, may be highly useful in conciliating the unfortunate irritation which at present subsists among his Majesty's good subjects in Scotland.'

There were two parts of this speech disagreeable to Caroline. In the first place, it removed the flattering notion she had adopted, that Argyle designed to use her personal intercession in making his peace with the administration, and recovering the employments of which he had been deprived; and next, she was displeased that he should talk of the discontents in Scotland as irritations to be conciliated, rather than suppressed.

Under the influence of these feelings, she answered hastily, 'That his Majesty has good subjects in England, my Lord Duke, he is bound to thank God and the laws; that he has subjects in Scotland, I think he may thank God and his sword.'

The Duke, though a courtier, coloured slightly, and the Queen, instantly sensible of her error, added, without displaying the least change of countenance, and as if the words had been an original branch of the sentence — 'And the swords of those real Scotchmen who are friends to the house of Brunswick, particularly that of his Grace of Argyle.'

'My sword, madam,' replied the Duke, 'like that of my fathers, has been always at the command of my lawful king and of my native country: I trust it is impossible to separate their real rights and interests. But the present is a matter of

more private concern, and respects the person of an obscure individual.'

'What is the affair, my Lord?' said the Queen. 'Let us find out what we are talking about, lest we should misconstrue and misunderstand each other.'

'The matter, madam,' answered the Duke of Argyle, 'regards the fate of an unfortunate young woman in Scotland, now lying under sentence of death, for a crime of which I think it highly probable that she is innocent. And my humble petition to your Majesty is, to obtain your powerful intercession with the King for a pardon.'

It was now the Queen's turn to colour, and she did so over cheek and brow, neck and bosom. She paused a moment, as if unwilling to trust her voice with the first expression of her displeasure; and on assuming an air of dignity and an austere regard of control, she at length replied, 'My Lord Duke, I will not ask your motives for addressing to me a request which circumstances have rendered such an extraordinary one. Your road to the King's closet, as a peer and a privy-councillor, entitled to request an audience, was open, without giving me the pain of this discussion. I, at least, have had enough of Scotch pardons.'

The Duke was prepared for this burst of indignation, and he was not shaken by it. He did not attempt a reply while the Queen was in the first heat of displeasure, but remained in the same firm yet respectful posture which he had assumed during the interview. The Queen, trained from her situation to self-command, instantly perceived the advantage she might give against herself by yielding to passion; and added, in the same condescending and affable tone in which she had opened the interview, 'You must allow me some of the privileges of the sex, my Lord; and do not judge uncharitably of me, though I am a little moved at the recollection of the gross insult and outrage done in your capital city to the royal authority, at the very time when it was vested in my unworthy person. Your Grace cannot be surprised that I should both have felt it at the time and recollected it now.'

'It is certainly a matter not speedily to be forgotten,' answered the Duke. 'My own poor thoughts of it have been long before your Majesty, and I must have expressed myself very ill if I did not convey my detestation of the murder which was committed under such extraordinary circumstances. I might, indeed, be so unfortunate as to differ with his Majesty's

advisers on the degree in which it was either just or politic to punish the innocent instead of the guilty. But I trust your Majesty will permit me to be silent on a topic in which my sentiments have not the good fortune to coincide with those of more able men.'

'We will not prosecute a topic on which we may probably differ,' said the Queen. 'One word, however, I may say in private — you know our good Lady Suffolk is a little deaf — the Duke of Argyle, when disposed to renew his acquaintance with his master and mistress, will hardly find many topics on which we should disagree.'

'Let me hope,' said the Duke, bowing profoundly to so flattering an intimation, 'that I shall not be so unfortunate as to have found one on the present occasion.'

'I must first impose on your Grace the duty of confession,' said the Queen, 'before I grant you absolution. What is your particular interest in this young woman? She does not seem (and she scanned Jeanie, as she said this, with the eye of a connoisseur) much qualified to alarm my friend the Duchess's jealousy.'

'I think your Majesty,' replied the Duke, smiling in his turn, 'will allow my taste may be a pledge for me on that score.'

'Then, though she has not much the air *d'une grande dame*, I suppose she is some thirtieth cousin in the terrible chapter of Scottish genealogy?'

'No, madam,' said the Duke; 'but I wish some of my nearer relations had half her worth, honesty, and affection.'

'Her name must be Campbell, at least?' said Queen Caroline.

'No, madam; her name is not quite so distinguished, if I may be permitted to say so,' answered the Duke.

'Ah! but she comes from Inverary or Argyleshire?' said the Sovereign.

'She has never been farther north in her life than Edinburgh, madam.'

'Then my conjectures are all ended,' said the Queen, 'and your Grace must yourself take the trouble to explain the affair of your *protégée*.'

With that precision and easy brevity which is only acquired by habitually conversing in the higher ranks of society, and which is the diametrical opposite of that protracted style of disquisition

Which squires call potter, and which men call prose,

the Duke explained the singular law under which Effie Deans had received sentence of death, and detailed the affectionate exertions which Jeanie had made in behalf of a sister for whose sake she was willing to sacrifice all but truth and conscience.

Queen Caroline listened with attention; she was rather fond, it must be remembered, of an argument, and soon found matter in what the Duke told her raising difficulties to his request.

'It appears to me, my Lord,' she replied, 'that this is a severe law. But still it is adopted upon good grounds, I am bound to suppose, as the law of the country, and the girl has been convicted under it. The very presumptions which the law construes into a positive proof of guilt exist in her case; and all that your Grace has said concerning the possibility of her innocence may be a very good argument for annulling the Act of Parliament, but cannot, while it stands good, be admitted in favour of any individual convicted upon the statute.'

The Duke saw and avoided the snare; for he was conscious that, by replying to the argument, he must have been inevitably led to a discussion, in the course of which the Queen was likely to be hardened in her own opinion, until she became obliged, out of mere respect to consistency, to let the criminal suffer.

'If your Majesty,' he said, 'would condescend to hear my poor countrywoman herself, perhaps she may find an advocate in your own heart more able than I am to combat the doubts suggested by your understanding.'

The Queen seemed to acquiesce, and the Duke made a signal for Jeanie to advance from the spot where she had hitherto remained watching countenances which were too long accustomed to suppress all apparent signs of emotion to convey to her any interesting intelligence. Her Majesty could not help smiling at the awe-struck manner in which the quiet demure figure of the little Scotchwoman advanced towards her, and yet more at the first sound of her broad northern accent. But Jeanie had a voice low and sweetly toned, an admirable thing in woman, and eke besought 'her Laddyship to have pity on a poor misguided young creature,' in tones so affecting that, like the notes of some of her native songs, provincial vulgarity was lost in pathos.

'Stand up, young woman,' said the Queen, but in a kind tone, 'and tell me what sort of a barbarous people your country-folk are, where child-murder is become so common as to require the restraint of laws like yours?'

'If your Laddyship pleases,' answered Jeanie, 'there are

mony places beside Scotland where mothers are unkind to their ain flesh and blood.'

It must be observed, that the disputes between George the Second and Frederick, Prince of Wales, were then at the highest, and that the good-natured part of the public laid the blame on the Queen. She coloured highly, and darted a glance of a most penetrating character first at Jeanie and then at the Duke. Both sustained it unmoved — Jeanie from total unconsciousness of the offence she had given, and the Duke from his habitual composure. But in his heart he thought, 'My unlucky *protégée* has, with this luckless answer, shot dead, by a kind of chance-medley, her only hope of success.'

Lady Suffolk good-humouredly and skilfully interposed in this awkward crisis. 'You should tell this lady,' she said to Jeanie, 'the particular causes which render this crime common in your country.'

'Some thinks it's the kirk-session; that is, it's the — it's the cutty-stool, if your Liddyship pleases,' said Jeanie, looking down and courtesying.

'The what?' said Lady Suffolk, to whom the phrase was new, and who besides was rather deaf.

'That's the stool of repentance, madam, if it please your Liddyship,' answered Jeanie, 'for light life and conversation, and for breaking the seventh command.' Here she raised her eyes to the Duke, saw his hand at his chin, and, totally unconscious of what she had said out of joint, gave double effect to the innuendo by stopping short and looking embarrassed.

As for Lady Suffolk, she retired like a covering party which, having interposed betwixt their retreating friends and the enemy, have suddenly drawn on themselves a fire unexpectedly severe.

'The deuce take the lass,' thought the Duke of Argyle to himself; 'there goes another shot, and she has hit with both barrels right and left!'

Indeed, the Duke had himself his share of the confusion, for, having acted as master of ceremonies to this innocent offender, he felt much in the circumstances of a country squire who, having introduced his spaniel into a well-appointed drawing-room, is doomed to witness the disorder and damage which arises to china and to dress-gowns in consequence of its untimely frolics. Jeanie's last chance-hit, however, obliterated the ill impression which had arisen from the first; for her Majesty had not so lost the feelings of a wife in those of a

Queen but that she could enjoy a jest at the expense of 'her good Suffolk.' She turned towards the Duke of Argyle with a smile, which marked that she enjoyed the triumph, and observed, 'The Scotch are a rigidly moral people.' Then again applying herself to Jeanie, she asked how she travelled up from Scotland.

'Upon my foot mostly, madam,' was the reply.

'What, all that immense way upon foot? How far can you walk in a day?'

'Five-and-twenty miles and a bittoek.'

'And a what?' said the Queen, looking towards the Duke of Argyle.

'And about five miles more,' replied the Duke.

'I thought I was a good walker,' said the Queen, 'but 'his shames me sadly.'

'May your Ledyship never hae sae weary a heart that ye canna be sensible of the weariness of the limbs!' said Jeanie.

'That came better off,' thought the Duke; 'it's the first thing she has said to the purpose.'

'And I didna just a'thegither walk the hail way neither, for I had whiles the cast of a cart; and I had the cast of a horse from Ferrybridge, and divers other easements,' said Jeanie, cutting short her story, for she observed the Duke made the sign he had fixed upon.

'With all these accommodations,' answered the Queen, 'you must have had a very fatiguing journey, and, I fear, to little purpose; since, if the King were to pardon your sister, in all probability it would do her little good, for I suppose your people of Edinburgh would hang her out of spite.'

'She will sink herself now outright,' thought the Duke.

But he was wrong. The shoals on which Jeanie had touched in this delicate conversation lay under ground, and were unknown to her; this rock was above water, and she avoided it.

'She was confident,' she said, 'that baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty taking compassion on a poor unfriended creature.'

'His Majesty has not found it so in a late instance,' said the Queen; 'but I suppose my Lord Duke would advise him to be guided by the votes of the rabble themselves who should be hanged and who spared?'

'No, madam,' said the Duke; 'but I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his

royal consort; and then, I am sure, punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with cautious reluctance.'

'Well, my Lord,' said her Majesty, 'all these fine speeches do not convince me of the propriety of so soon showing any mark of favour to your — I suppose I must not say rebellions? — but, at least, your very disaffected and intractable metropolis. Why, the whole nation is in a league to screen the savage and abominable murderers of that unhappy man; otherwise, how is it possible but that, of so many perpetrators, and engaged in so public an action for such a length of time, one at least must have been recognized? Even this wench, for aught I can tell, may be a depository of the secret. Hark you, young woman, had you any friends engaged in the Porteous mob?'

'No, madam,' answered Jeanie, happy that the question was so framed that she could, with a good conscience, answer it in the negative.

'But I suppose,' continued the Queen, 'if you were possessor of such a secret, you would hold it matter of conscience to keep it to yourself?'

'I would pray to be directed and guided what was the line of duty, madam,' answered Jeanie.

'Yes, and take that which suited your own inclinations,' replied her Majesty.

'If it like you, madam,' said Jeanie, 'I would hae gaen to the end of the earth to save the life of John Porteus, or any o'ier unhappy man in his condition; but I might lawfully doubt how far I am called upon to be the avenger of his blood, though it may become the civil magistrate to do so. He is dead and gane to his place, and they that have slain him must answer for their ain act. But my sister — my puir sister Ellie, still lives, though her days and hours are numbered! She still lives, and a word of the King's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted auld man, that never, in his daily and nightly exercise, forgot to pray that his Majesty might be blessed with a long and a prosperous reign, and that his throne, and the throne of his posterity, might be established in righteousness. O, madam, if ever ye kenn'd what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Save an honest house from dishonour, and an unhappy girl, not eighteen years of age, from an early and dreadful death! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other

people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body — and seldom may it visit your Ledyship — and when the hour of death comes, that comes to high and low — lang and late may it be yours — O, my Ledy, then it isna what we hae dune for ourself, but what we hae dune for others, that we think on maist pleasantly. And the thoughts that ye hae intervened to spare the puir thing's life will be sweeter in that hour, come when it may, than if a word of your mouth could hang the hail Porteous mob at the tail of ae tow.'

Tear followed tear down Jeanie's cheeks, as, her features glowing and quivering with emotion, she pleaded her sister's cause with a pathos which was at once simple and solemn.

'This is eloquence,' said her Majesty to the Duke of Argyle. 'Young woman,' she continued, addressing herself to Jeanie, 'I cannot grant a pardon to your sister, but you shall not want my warm intercession with his Majesty. Take this housewife case,' she continued, putting a small embroidered needle-case into Jeanie's hands; 'do not open it now, but at your leisure you will find something in it which will remind you that you have had an interview with Queen Caroline.'

Jeanie, having her suspicions thus confirmed, dropped on her knees, and would have expanded herself in gratitude; but the Duke, who was upon thorns lest she should say more or less than just enough, touched his chin once more.

'Our business is, I think, ended for the present, my Lord Duke,' said the Queen, 'and, I trust, to your satisfaction. Hereafter I hope to see your Grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St. James's. Come, Lady Suffolk, we must wish his Grace good morning.'

They exchanged their parting reverences, and the Duke, so soon as the ladies had turned their backs, assisted Jeanie to rise from the ground, and conducted her back through the avenue, which she trode with the feeling of one who walks in her sleep.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

So soon as I can win the offended King,
I will be known your advocate.

Cymbeline.

THE Duke of Argyle led the way in silence to the small postern by which they had been admitted into Richmond Park, so long the favourite residence of Queen Caroline. It was opened by the same half-seen janitor, and they found themselves beyond the precincts of the royal demesne. Still not a word was spoken on either side. The Duke probably wished to allow his rustic *protégée* time to recruit her faculties, dazzled and sunk with colloquy sublime; and betwixt what she had guessed, had heard, and had seen, Jeanie Deans's mind was too much agitated to permit her to ask any questions.

They found the carriage of the Duke in the place where they had left it; and when they resumed their places, soon began to advance rapidly on their return to town.

'I think, Jeanie,' said the Duke, breaking silence, 'you have every reason to congratulate yourself on the issue of your interview with her Majesty.'

'And that leddy *was* the Queen hersell?' said Jeanie; 'I misdoubted it when I saw that your honour didna put on your hat. And yet I can hardly believe it, even when I heard her speak it hersell.'

'It was certainly Queen Caroline,' replied the Duke. 'Have you no curiosity to see what is in the little pocket-book?'

'Do you think the pardon will be in it, sir?' said Jeanie, with the eager animation of hope.

'Why, no,' replied the Duke; 'that is unlikely. They seldom carry these things about them, unless they were likely to be wanted; and, besides, her Majesty told you it was the King, not she, who was to grant it.'

'That is true too,' said Jeanie; 'but I am so confused in my

mind. But does your honour think there is a certainty of Effie's pardon then?' continued she, still holding in her hand the unopened pocket-book.

'Why, kings are kittle cattle to shoe behind, as we say in the north,' replied the Duke; 'but his wife knows his trim, and I have not the least doubt that the matter is quite certain.'

'O, God be praised! God be praised!' ejaculated Jeanie; 'and may the gude leddy never want the heart's ease she has gien me at this moment. And God bless you too, my Lord! without your help I wad ne'er hae won near her.'

The Duke let her dwell upon this subject for a considerable time, curious, perhaps, to see how long the feelings of gratitude would continue to supersede those of curiosity. But so feeble was the latter feeling in Jeanie's mind, that his Grace, with whom, perhaps, it was for the time a little stronger, was obliged once more to bring forward the subject of the Queen's present. It was opened accordingly. In the inside of the case was the usual assortment of silk and needles, with scissors, tweezers, etc.; and in the pocket was a bank-bill for fifty pounds.

The Duke had no sooner informed Jeanie of the value of this last document, for she was unaccustomed to see notes for such sums, than she expressed her regret at the mistake which had taken place. 'For the hussy itsell,' she said, 'was a very valuable thing for a keepsake, with the Queen's name written in the inside with her ain hand doubtless—Caroline—as plain as could be, and a crown drawn aboon it.' She therefore tendered the bill to the Duke, requesting him to find some mode of returning it to the royal owner.

'No, no, Jeanie,' said the Duke, 'there is no mistake in the case. Her Majesty knows you have been put to great expense, and she wishes to make it up to you.'

'I am snre she is even cwer gude,' said Jeanie, 'and it glads me muckle that I can pay back Dumbiedikes his siller, without distressing my father, honest man.'

'Dumbiedikes! What, a freholder of Midlothian, is he not?' said his Grace, whose occasional residence in that county made him acquainted with most of the heritors, as landed persons are termed in Scotland. 'He has a house not far from Dalkeith, wears a black wig and a laced hat?'

'Yes, sir,' answered Jeanie, who had her reasons for being brief in her answers upon this topic.

'Ah! my old friend Dumbie!' said the Duke; 'I have thrice seen him fou, and only once heard the sound of his voice. Is he a cousin of yours, Jeanie?'

'No, sir — my Lord.'

'Then he must be a well-wisher, I suspect?'

'Ye—yes, my Lord, sir,' answered Jeanie, blushing, and with hesitation.

'Aha! then, if the Laird starts, I suppose my friend Butler must be in some danger?'

'O no, sir,' answered Jeanie much more readily, but at the same time blushing much more deeply.

'Well, Jeanie,' said the Duke, 'you are a girl may be safely trusted with your own matters, and I shall inquire no further about them. But as to this same pardon, I must see to get it passed through the proper forms; and I have a friend in office who will, for auld lang syne, do me so much favour. And then, Jeanie, as I shall have occasion to send an express down to Scotland, who will travel with it safer and more swiftly than you can do, I will take care to have it put into the proper channel; meanwhile, you may write to your friends, by post, of your good success.'

'And does your honour think,' said Jeanie, 'that will do as weel as if I were to take my tap in my lap, and slip my ways hame again on my ain errand?'

'Much better, certainly,' said the Duke. 'You know the roads are not very safe for a single woman to travel.'

Jeanie internally acquiesced in this observation.

'And I have a plan for you besides. One of the Duchess's attendants, and one of mine — your acquaintance Archibald — are going down to Inverary in a light calash, with four horses I have bought, and there is room enough in the carriage for you to go with them as far as Glasgow, where Archibald will find means of sending you safely to Edinburgh. And in the way, I beg you will teach the woman as much as you can of the mystery of cheese-making, for she is to have a charge in the dairy, and I dare swear you are a tidy about your milk-pail as about your dress.'

'Does your honour like cheese?' said Jeanie, with a gleam of conscious delight as she asked the question.

'Like it!' said the Duke, whose good-nature anticipated what was to follow — 'cakes and cheese are a dinner for an emperor, let alone a Highlandman.'

'Because,' said Jeanie, with modest confidence, and great and

evident self-gratulation, 'we have been thought so particular in making cheese, that some folk think it as gude as the real Dunlop; and if your Honour's Grace wad but accept a stane or twa, blythe, and fain, and proud it wad make us! But maybe ye may like the ewe-milk, that is, the Buckholmside¹ cheese better; or maybe the gait-milk, as ye come frae the Highlands — and I canna pretend just to the same skeel o' them; but my cousin Jean, that lives at Lockermachus in Lammermuir, I could speak to her, and —'

'Quite unnecessary,' said the Duke; 'the Dunlop is the very cheese of which I am so fond, and I will take it as the greatest favour you can do me to send one to Caroline Park. But remember, be on honour with it, Jeanie, and make it all yourself, for I am a real good judge.'

'I am not feared,' said Jeanie, confidently, 'that I may please your honour; for I am sure you look as if you could hardly find fault wi' ony body that did their best; and weel is it my part, I trow, to do mine.'

This discourse introduced a topic upon which the two travellers, though so different in rank and education, found each a good deal to say. The Duke, besides his other patriotic qualities, was a distinguished agriculturist, and proud of his knowledge in that department. He entertained Jeanie with his observations on the different breeds of cattle in Scotland, and their capacity for the dairy, and received so much information from her practical experience in return, that he promised her a couple of Devonshire cows in reward for the lesson. In short, his mind was so transported back to his rural employments and amusements, that he sighed when his carriage stopped opposite to the old hackney-coach, which Archibald had kept in attendance at the place where they had left it. While the coachman again bridled his lean cattle, which had been indulged with a bite of musty hay, the Duke cautioned Jeanie not to be too communicative to her landlady concerning what had passed. 'There is,' he said, 'no use of speaking of matters till they are actually settled; and you may refer the good lady to Archibald, if she presses you hard with questions. She is his old acquaintance, and he knows how to manage with her.'

He then took a cordial farewell of Jeanie, and told her to be ready in the ensuing week to return to Scotland, saw her safely established in her hackney-coach, and rolled off in his

¹ See Buckholmside Cheese. Note 30.

own carriage, humming a stanza of the ballad which he is said to have composed :

'At the sight of Dunbarton once again,
I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain,
With my claymore hanging down to my heel,
To whang at the bannocks of barley meal.'

Perhaps one ought to be actually a Scotchman to conceive how ardently, under all distinctions of rank and situation, they feel their mutual connexion with each other as natives of the same country. There are, I believe, more associations common to the inhabitants of a rude and wild than of a well-cultivated and fertile country: their ancestors have more seldom changed their place of residence; their mutual recollection of remarkable objects is more accurate; the high and the low are more interested in each other's welfare; the feelings of kindred and relationship are more widely extended; and, in a word, the bonds of patriotic affection, always honourable even when a little too exclusively strained, have more influence on men's feelings and actions.

The rumbling hackney-coach, which tumbled over the (then) execrable London pavement at a rate very different from that which had conveyed the ducal carriage to Richmond, at length deposited Jeanie Deans and her attendant at the national sign of the Thistle. Mrs. Glass, who had been in long and anxious expectation, now rushed, full of eager curiosity and open-mouthed interrogation, upon our heroine, who was positively unable to sustain the overwhelming cataract of her questions, which burst forth with the sublimity of a grand gurdyloo: — 'Had she seen the Duke, God bless him! — the Duchess — the young ladies? Had she seen the King, God bless him! — the Queen — the Prince of Wales — the Princess — or any of the rest of the royal family? Had she got her sister's pardon? Was it out and out, or was it only a commutation of punishment? How far had she gone — where had she driven to — whom had she seen — what had been said — what had kept her so long?'

Such were the various questions huddled upon each other by a curiosity so eager that it could hardly wait for its own gratification. Jeanie would have been more than sufficiently embarrassed by this overbearing tide of interrogations, had not Archibald, who had probably received from his master a hint to that purpose, advanced to her rescue. 'Mrs. Glass,' said Archibald, 'his Grace desired me particularly to say, that he

would take it as a great favour if you would ask the young woman no questions, as he wishes to explain to you more distinctly than she can do how her affairs stand, and consult you on some matters which she cannot altogether so well explain. The Duke will call at the Thistle to-morrow or next day for that purpose.'

'His Grace is very condescending,' said Mrs. Glass, her zeal for inquiry slaked for the present by the dexterous administration of this sugar-plum; 'his Grace is sensible that I am in a manner accountable for the conduct of my young kinswoman, and no doubt his Grace is the best judge how far he should entrust her or me with the management of her affairs.'

'His Grace is quite sensible of that,' answered Archibald, with national gravity, 'and will certainly trust what he has to say to the most discreet of the two; and therefore, Mrs. Glass, his Grace relies you will speak nothing to Mrs. Jean Deans, either of her own affairs or her sister's, until he sees you himself. He desired me to assure you, in the meanwhile, that all was going on as well as your kindness could wish, Mrs. Glass.'

'His Grace is very kind — very considerate; certainly, Mr. Archibald, his Grace's commands shall be obeyed, and — But you have had a far drive, Mr. Archibald, as I guess by the time of your absence, and I guess (with an engaging smile) you wina be the waur o' a glass of the right Rosa Solis.'

'I thank you, Mrs. Glass,' said the great man's great man, 'but I am under the necessity of returning to my Lord directly.' And making his adieux civilly to both consins, he left the shop of the lady of the Thistle.

'I am glad your affairs have prospered so well, Jeanie, my love,' said Mrs. Glass; 'though, indeed, there was little fear of them so soon as the Duke of Argyle was so condescending as to take them into hand. I will ask you no questions about them, because his Grace, who is most considerate and prudent in such matters, intends to tell me all that you ken yourself, dear, and doubtless a great deal more; so that anything that may lie heavily on your mind may be imparted to me in the meantime, as you see it is his Grace's pleasure that I should be made acquainted with the whole matter forthwith, and whether you or he tells it will make no difference in the world, ye ken. If I ken what he is going to say beforehand, I will be much more ready to give my advice, and whether you or he tell me about it cannot much signify after all, my dear. So you may just

say whatever you like, only mind I ask you no questions about it.'

Jeanie was a little embarrassed. She thought that the communication she had to make was perhaps the only means she might have in her power to gratify her friendly and hospitable kinswoman. But her prudence instantly suggested that her secret interview with Queen Caroline, which seemed to pass under a certain sort of mystery, was not a proper subject for the gossip of a woman like Mrs. Glass, of whose heart she had a much better opinion than of her prudence. She, therefore, answered in general, 'That the Duke had had the extraordinary kindness to make very particular inquiries into her sister's bad affair, and that he thought he had found the means of putting it a' straight again, but that he proposed to tell all that he thought about the matter to Mrs. Glass herself.'

This did not quite satisfy the penetrating mistress of the Thistle. Searching as her own small rappee, she, in spite of her promise, urged Jeanie with still further questions. 'Had she been a' that time at Argyle House? Was the Duke with her the whole time? and had she seen the Duchess? and had she seen the young ladies, and specially Lady Caroline Campbell?' To these questions Jeanie gave the general reply, 'That she knew so little of the town that she could not tell exactly where she had been; that she had not seen the Duchess to her knowledge; that she had seen two ladies, one of whom, she understood, bore the name of Caroline; and more,' she said, 'she could not tell about the matter.'

'It would be the Duke's eldest daughter, Lady Caroline Campbell, there is no doubt of that,' said Mrs. Glass; 'but, doubtless, I shall know more particularly through his Grace. And so, as the cloth is laid in the little parlour above stairs, and it is past three o'clock — for I have been waiting this hour for you, and I have had a snack myself — and, as they used to say in Scotland in my time — I do not ken if the word be used now — there is ill talking between a full body and a fasting —'

CHAPTER XXXIX

Heaven first sent letters to some wretch's aid —
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.

POPE.

BY dint of unwonted labour with the pen, Jeanie Deans contrived to indite, and give to the charge of the post-man on the ensuing day, no less than three letters, an exertion altogether strange to her habits; insomuch so that, if milk had been plenty, she would rather have made thrice as many Dunlop cheeses. The first of them was very brief. It was addressed to George Staunton, Esq., at the Rectory, Willingham, by Grantham; the address being part of the information which she had extracted from the communicative peasant who rode before her to Stamford. It was in these words:—

'SIR,

'To prevent farder mischieves, whereof there hath been enough, comes these: Sir, I have my sister's pardon from the Queen's Majesty, whereof I do not doubt you will be glad, having had to say naut of matters whereof you know the purport. So, sir, I pray for your better welfare in bodie and soul, and that it will please the fisycian to visit you in His good time. Alwaies, sir, I pray you will never come again to see my sister, whereof there has been too much. And so, wishing you no evil, but even your best good, that you may be turned from your iniquity — for why suld ye die? — I rest your humble servant to command,
YE KEN WHA.'

The next letter was to her father. It was too long altogether for insertion, so we only give a few extracts. It commenced —

'DEAREST AND TRULY HONOURED FATHER,

'This comes with my duty to inform you, that it has pleased God to redeem that captivitie of my poor sister, in

respect the Queen's blessed Majesty, for whom we are ever bound to pray, hath redeemed her soul from the slayer, granting the ransom of her, whilk is ane pardon or reprieve. And I spoke with the Queen face to face, and yet live; for she is not muckle differing from other grand leddies, saving that she has a stately presence, and een like a blue huntin'-hawk's, whilk gaed throu' and throu' me like a Hieland durk. And all this good was, alway under the Great Giver, to whom all are but instruments, wrought forth for us by the Duk of Argyle, wha is ane native true-hearted Scotsman, and not pridefu', like other folk we ken of; and likewise skeely enow in bestial, whereof he has promised to gie me twa Devonshire kye, of which he is enamoured, although I do still haud by the real hawkit Airshire breed; and I have promised him a cheese; and I wad wuss ye, if Gowans, the brockit cow, has a quey, that sne suld suck her fill of milk, as I am given to understand he has none of that breed, and is not scornfu', but will take a thing frae a pair body, that it may lighten their heart of the loading of debt that they awe him. Also his Honour the Duke will accept ane of our Dunlop cheeses, and it sall be my faut if a better was ever yearned in Lowden. (Here follow some observations respecting the breed of cattle and the produce of the dairy, which it is our intention to forward to the Board of Agriculture.) Nevertheless, these are but matters of the after-harvest, in respect of the great good which Providence hath gifted us with, and, in especial, poor Effie's life. And O, my dear father, since it hath pleased God to be merciful to her, let her not want your free pardon, whilk will make her meet to be ane vessel of grace, and also a comfort to your ain e'rie hairs. Dear father, will ye let the Laird ken that we have had friends strangely raised up to us, and that the talent whilk he lent me will be thankfully repaid? I hae some of it to the fore; and the rest of it is not knotted up in ane purse or napkin, but in ane wee bit paper, as is the fashion heir, whilk I am assured is gude for the siller. And, dear father, through Mr. Butler's means I hae gude friendship with the Duke, for there had been kindness between their forbears in the auld troublesome time bye-past. And Mrs. Glass has been kind like my very mother. She has a braw house here, and lives bien and warn, wi' twa servant lasses, and a man and a callant in the shop. And she is to send you down a pound of her hie-dried, and some other tobaka, and we maun think of some propine for her, since her kindness hath beer great. And the Duk is to send the pardun down by an

express messenger, in respect that I canna travel sae fast; and I am to come doun wi' twa of his Honour's servants — that is, John Archibald, a decent elderly gentleman, that says he has seen you lang syne, when ye were buying beasts in the west frae the Laird of Aughternuggitie — but maybe ye winna mind him — ony way, he's a civil man — and Mrs. Dolly Dutton, that is to be dairymaid at Inverara; and they bring me on as far as Glasgo', whilk will make it nae pinch to win hame, whilk I desire of all things. May the Giver of all good things keep ye in your outgauns and incomings, whereof devoutly prayeth your loving dauter,
JEAN DEANS.'

The third letter was to Butler, and its tenor as follows: —

'MASTER BUTLER —

'SIR — It will be pleasure to you to ken that all I came for is, thanks be to God, weel dune and to the gude end, and that your forbear's letter was right welcome to the Duke of Argile, and that he wrote your name doun with a keelyvine pen in a leathern book, whereby it seems like he will do for you either wi' a scule or a kirk; he has enow of baith, as I am assured. And I have seen the Queen, which gave me a hussy-case out of her own hand. She had not her crown and skeptre, but they are laid by for her, like the bairns' best claise, to be worn when she needs them. And they are keepit in a tour, whilk is not like the tour of Liberton, nor yet Craigmillar, but mair like to the castell of Edinburgh, if the buildings were taen and set doun in the midst of the Nor' Loch. Also the Queen was very bounteous, giving me a paper worth fiftie pounds, as I am assured, to pay my expenses here and back agen. Sae, Master Butler, as we were aye neebours' bairns, forbye ony thing else that may hae been spoken between us, I trust you winna skrimp yourself for what is needfir' for your health, since it signifies not muckle whilk o' us has the siller, if the other wants it. And mind this is no meant to haud ye to ony thing whilk ye wad rather forget, if ye suld get a charge of a kirk or a scule, as above said. Only I hope it will be a scule, and not a kirk, because of these difficulties anent aiths and patronages, whilk might gang ill doun wi' my honest father. Only if ye could compass a harmonious call frae the parish of Skreegh-me-dead, as ye anes had hope of, I trow it wad please him weel; since I hae heard him say that the root of the matter was mair deeply haffed in that wild muirland parish than in the Canongate of Edinburgh. I

wish I had whaten books ye wanted, Mr. Butler, for they hae haill houses of them here, and they are obliged to set sum out in the street, whilk are sold cheap, doubtless to get them out of the weather. It is a muckle place, and I hae seen sae muckle of it that my poor head turns round. And ye ken langsyne I am nae great pen-woman, and it is near eleven o'clock o' the night. I am cumming down in good company, and safe; and I had troubles in gaun up, whilk makes me blyther of travelling wi' kenn'd folk. My cousin, Mrs. Glass, has a brow house here, but a' thing is sae poisoned wi' snuff that I am like to be scomfished whiles. but what signifies these things, in comparison of the great deliverance whilk has been vouchsafed to my father's house, in whilk you, as our auld and dear well-wisher, will, I doubt not, rejoice and be exceedingly glad? And I am, dear Mr. Butler, your sincere well-wisher in temporal and eternal things,

J. D.'

After these labours of an unwonted kind, Jeanie retired to her bed, yet scarce could sleep a few minutes together, so often was she awakened by the heart-stirring consciousness of her sister's safety, and so powerfully urged to deposit her burden of joy wherc she had before laid her doubts and sorrows, in the warm and sincere exercises of devotion.

All the next, and all the succeeding day, Mrs. Glass fidgeted about her shop in the agony of expectation, like a pea — to use a vulgar simile which her profession renders appropriate — upon one of her own tobacco-pipes. With the third morning came the expected coach, with four servants clustered behind on the foot-board, in dark brown and yellow liveries; the Duke in person, with laced coat, gold-headed cane, star and garter — all, as the story-book says, very grand.

He inquired for his little countrywoman of Mrs. Glass, but without requesting to see her, probably because he was unwilling to give an appearance of personal intercourse betwixt them which scandal might have misinterpreted. 'The Queen,' he said to Mrs. Glass, 'had taken the case of her kinswoman into her gracious consideration, and being specially moved by the affectionate and resolute character of the elder sister, had condescended to use her powerful intercession with his Majesty, in consequence of which a pardon had been despatched to Scotland to Effie Deans, on condition of her banishing herself forth of Scotland for fourteen years. The King's Advocate had insisted,' he said, 'upon this qualification of the pardon, having

pointed out to his Majesty's ministers that, within the course of only seven years, twenty-one instances of child-murder had occurred in Scotland.'

'Weary on him!' said Mrs. Glass, 'what for needed he to have telled that of his ain country, and to the English folk abune a'? I used aye to think the Advocate¹ a douce decent man, but it is an ill bird—begging your Grace's pardon for speaking of such a coorse bye-word. And then what is the poor lassie to do in a foreign land? Why, wae 's me, it 's just sending her to play the same pranks ower again, out of sight or guidancee of her friends.'

'Pooh! pooh!' said the Duke, 'that need not be anticipated. Why, she may come up to London, or she may go over to America, and marry well for all that is come and gone.'

'In troth, and so she may, as your Grace is pleased to intimate,' replied Mrs. Glass; 'and now I think upon it, there is my old correspondent in Virginia, Ephraim Buckskin, that has supplied the Thistle this forty years with tobaceo, and it is not a little that serves our turn, and he has been writing to me this ten years to send him out a wife. The carle is not above sixty, and hale and hearty, and well-to-pass in the world, and a line from my hand would settle the matter, and Effie Dean's misfortune—forbye that there is no special occasion ' speak about it—would be thought little of there.'

'Is she a pretty girl?' said the Duke; 'her sister does not get beyond a good comely sonsy lass.'

'Oh, far prettier is Effie than Jeanie,' said Mrs. Glass, 'though it is long since I saw her mysell; but I hear of the Deanses by all my Lowden friends when they come; your Grace kens we Scots are clannish bodies.'

'So much the better for us,' said the Duke, 'and the worse for those who meddle with us, as your good old-fashioned Scots sign says, Mrs. Glass. And now I hope you will approve of the measures I have taken for restoring your kinswoman to her friends.' These he detailed at length, and Mrs. Glass gave her unqualified approbation, with a smile and a courtesy at every sentence. 'And now, Mrs. Glass, you must tell Jeanie I hope she will not forget my cheese when she gets down to Scotland. Archibald has my orders to arrange all her expenses.'

'Begging your Grace's humble pardon,' said Mrs. Glass,

¹ The celebrated Duncan Forbes, soon afterwards Lord President of the College of Justice, was at this time Lord Advocate.

'it's a pity to trouble yourself about them; the Deanses are wealthy people in their way, and the lass has money in her pocket.'

'That's all very true,' said the Duke; 'but you know, where MacCallummore travels he pays all: it is our Highland privilege to take from all what *we* want, and to give to all what *they* want.'

'Your Grace's better at giving than taking,' said Mrs. Glass.

'To show you the contrary,' said the Duke, 'I will fill my box out of this canister without paying you a bawbee;' and again desiring to be remembered to Jeanie, with his good wishes for her safe journey, he departed, leaving Mrs. Glass uplifted in heart and in countenance, the proudest and happiest of tobacco and snuff dealers.

Reflectively, his Grace's good-humour and affability had a favourable effect upon Jeanie's situation. Her kinswoman, though civil and kind to her, had acquired too much of London breeding to be perfectly satisfied with her cousin's rustic and national dress, and was, besides, something scandalised at the cause of her journey to London. Mrs. Glass might, therefore, have been less sedulous in her attentions towards Jeanie, but for the interest which the foremost of the Scottish nobles (for such, in all men's estimation, was the Duke of Argyle) seemed to take in her fate. Now, however, as a kinswoman whose virtues and domestic affections had attracted the notice and approbation of royalty itself, Jeanie stood to her relative in a light very different and much more favourable, and was not only treated with kindness, but with actual observance and respect.

It depended upon herself alone to have made as many visits, and seen as many sights, as lay within Mrs. Glass's power to compass. But, excepting that she dined abroad with one or two 'far-away kinsfolk,' and that she paid the same respect, on Mrs. Glass's strong urgency, to Mrs. Deputy Dabby, wife of the Worshipful Mr. Deputy Dabby, of Farringdon Without, she did not avail herself of the opportunity. As Mrs. Dabby was the second lady of great rank whom Jeanie had seen in London, she used sometimes afterwards to draw a parallel betwixt her and the Queen, in which she observed, that 'Mrs. Dabby was dressed twice as grand, and was twice as big, and spoke twice as loud, and twice as muckle, as the Queen did, but she hadna the same goss-hawk glance that makes the skin creep and the

knee bend; and though she had very kindly gifted her with a loaf of sugar and twa punds of tea, yet she badna a'thegither the sweet look that the Queen had when she put the needle-book into her hand.'

Jeanie might have enjoyed the sights and novelties of this great city more, had it not been for the qualification added to her sister's pardon, which greatly grieved her affectionate disposition. On this subject, however, her mind was somewhat relieved by a letter which she received in return of post, in answer to that which she had written to her father. With his affectionate blessing, it brought his full approbation of the step which she had taken, as one inspired by the immediate dictates of Heaven, and which she had been thrust upon in order that she might become the means of safety to a perishing household.

'If ever a deliverance was dear and precious, this,' said the letter, 'is a dear and precious deliverance; and if life saved can be made more sweet and savoury, it is when it cometh by the hands of those whom we hold in the ties of affection. And do not let your heart be disquieted within you, that this victim, who is rescued from the horns of the altar, whereuntil she was fast bound by the chains of human law, is now to be driven beyond the bounds of our land. Scotland is a blessed land to those who love the ordinances of Christianity, and it is a fair land to look upon, and dear to them who have dwelt in it a' their days; and weel said that judicious Christian, worthy John Livingstone, a sailor in Borrowstounness, as the famous Patriek Walker reporteth his words, that howbeit he thought Scotland was a Gehennah of wickedness when he was at home, yet, when he was abroad, he accounted it ane paradise; for the evils of Scotland he found everywhere, and the good of Scotland he found nowhere. But we are to hold in remembrance that Scotland, though it be our native land, and the land of our fathers, is not like Goshen in Egypt, on whilk the sun of the heavens and of the Gospel shineth allenarly, and leaveth the rest of the world in utter darkness. Therefore, and also because this increase of profit at St. Leonard's Crag may be a cauld waff of wind blawing from the frozen land of earthly self, where never plant of grace took root or grew, and because my concerns make me take something ower muckle a grip of the gear of the world in mine arms, I receive this dispensation ament Effie as a call to depart out of Haran, as righteous Abraham of old, and leave my father's kindred and my mother's house, and the ashes

and mould of them who have gone to sleep before me, and which wait to be mingled with these auld crazed bones of mine own. And my heart is lightened to do this, when I call to mind the decay of active and earnest religion in this land, and survey the height and the depth, the length and the breadth, of national defections, and how the love of many is waxing lukewarm and cold; and I am strengthened in this resolution to echange my domicile likewise, as I hear that store-farms are to be set at an easy mail in Northumberland, where there are many precious souls that are of our true though suffering persuasion. And sic part of the kye or stock as I judge it fit to keep may be driven thither without incommodity — say about Wooler, or that gate, keeping aye a shouter to the hills — and the rest may be sauld to gude profit and advantage, if we had grace weel to use and guide these gifts of the world. The Laird has been a true friend on our unhappy occasions, and I have paid him back the siller for Effie's misfortune, whereof Mr. Niehil Novit returned him no balanee, as the Laird and I did expect he wad hae done. But law licks up a', as the common folk say. I have had the siller to borrow out of sax purses. Mr. Saddletree advised to give the Laird of Lounsbeck a charge on his band for a thousand merks. But I hae nae broo' of charges, since that awfu' morning that a tout of a horn at the Cross of Edinburgh blew half the faithfu' ministers of Scotland out of their pulpits. However, I shall raise an adjudication, whilk Mr. Saddletree says comes instead of the auld apprisings, and will not lose weel-won gear with the like of him if it may be helped. As for the Queen, and the credit that she hath done to a poor man's daughter, and the mercy and the grace ye found with her, I can only pray for her weel-being here and hereafter, for the establishment of her house now and for ever upon the throne of these kingdoms. I doubt not but what you told her Majesty that I was the same David Deans of whom there was a sport at the Revolution, when I noited thegither the heads of twa false prophets, these ungracious Graces the prelates, as they stood on the Hie Street, after being expelled from the Convention Parliament.¹ The Duke of Argyle is a noble and true-hearted nobleman, who pleads the cause of the poor, and those who have none to help them; verily his reward shall not be lacking unto him. I have been writing of many things, but not of that whilk lies nearest mine heart. I have seen the misguidid thing; she will be at freedom

¹ See Expulsion of the Bishops from the Scottish Convention. Note 31.

the morn, on enacted caution that she shall leave Scotland in four weeks. Her mind is in an evil frame — casting her eye backward on Egypt, I doubt, as if the bitter waters of the wilderness were harder to endure than the brick furnaces, by the side of which there were savoury flesh-pots. I need not bid you make haste down, for you are, excepting always my Great Master, my only comfort in these straits. I charge you to withdraw your feet from the delusion of that Vanity Fair in whilk ye are a sojourner, and not to go to their worship, whilk is an ill-mumbled mass, as it was weel termed by James the Sext, though he afterwards, with his unhappy son, strove to bring it ower back and belly into his native kingdom, where-through their race have been cut off as foam upon the water, and shall be as wanderers among the nations; see the prophecies of Hosea, ninth and seventeenth, and the same, tenth and seventh. But us and our house, let us say with the same prophet: "Let us return to the Lord; for he hath torn and he will heal us, he hath smitten and he will bind us up."

He proceeded to say, that he approved of her proposed mode of returning by Glasgow, and entered into sundry minute particulars not necessary to be quoted. A single line in the letter, but not the least frequently read by the party to whom it was addressed, intimated that 'Reuben Butler had been as a son to him in his sorrows.' As David Deans scarce ever mentioned Butler before without some gibe, more or less direct, either at his carnal gifts and learning or at his grandfather's heresy, Jeanie drew a good omen from no such qualifying clause being added to this sentence respecting him.

A lover's hope resembles the beam in the nursery tale: let it once take root, and it will grow so rapidly that in the course of a few hours the giant Imagination builds a castle on the top, and by and by comes Disappointment with the 'curtal axe,' and hews down both the plant and the superstructure. Jeanie's fancy, though not the most powerful of her faculties, was lively enough to transport her to a wild farm in Northumberland, well stocked with milk-cows, yeald beasts, and sheep; a meeting-house hard by, frequented by serious Presbyterians, who had united in a harmonious call to Reuben Butler to be their spiritual guide; Effie restored, not to gaiety, but to cheerfulness at least; their father, with his grey hairs smoothed down, and spectacles on his nose; herself, with the maiden snood exchanged for a matron's curch — all arranged in a pew in the said meeting-house. listening to words of devotion,

rendered sweeter and more powerful by the affectionate ties which combined them with the preacher. She cherished such visions from day to day, until her residence in London began to become insupportable and tedious to her; and it was with no ordinary satisfaction that she received a summons from Argyle House, requiring her in two days to be prepared to join their northward party.

CHAPTER XL

One was a female, who had grievous ill
Wrought in revenge, and she enjoy'd it still;
Sullen she was, and threatening; in her eye
Glared the stern triumph that she dared to die.

CRABBE.

THE summons of preparation arrived after Jeanie Deans had resided in the metropolis about three weeks.

On the morning appointed she took a grateful farewell of Mrs. Glass, as that good woman's attention to her particularly required, placed herself and her movable goods, which purchases and presents had greatly increased, in a hackney-coach, and joined her travelling companions in the housekeeper's apartment at Argyle House. While the carriage was getting ready, she was informed that the Duke wished to speak with her; and being ushered into a splendid saloon, she was surprised to find that he wished to present her to his lady and daughters.

'I bring you my little countrywoman, Duchess,' these were the words of the introduction. 'With an army of young fellows as gallant and steady as she is, and a good cause, I would not fear two to one.'

'Ah, papa!' said a lively young lady, about twelve years old, 'remember you were full one to two at Sheriffmuir, and yet (singing the well-known ballad) —

Some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,
And some say that nae wan at a', man;
But of ae thing I'm sure, that on Sheriffmuir
A battle there was that I saw, man.'

'What, little Mary turned Tory on my hands? This will be fine news for our countrywoman to carry down to Scotland!'

'We may all turn Tories for the thanks we have got for remaining Whigs,' said the second young lady.

'Well, hold your peace, you discontented monkeys, and go dress your babies; and as for the Bob of Dumblane,

If it wasna weel bobbit, weel bobbit, weel bobbit,
If it wasna weel bobbit, we'll bobbit it again.'

'Papa's wit is running low,' said Lady Mary, 'the poor gentleman is repeating him. If; he sang that on the field of battle, when he was told the Highlanders had cut his left wing to pieces with their claymores.'

A pull by the hair was the repartee to this sally.

'Ah! brave Highlanders and bright claymores,' said the Duke, 'well do I wish them, "for a' the ill they've done me yet," as the song goes. But come, madcaps, say a civil word to your countrywoman. I wish ye had half her canny hamely sense; I think you may be as leal and true-hearted.'

The Duchess advanced, and, in few words, in which there was as much kindness as civility, assured Jeanie of the respect which she had for a character so affectionate, and yet so firm, and added, 'When you get home, you will perhaps hear from me.'

'And from me.' 'And from me.' 'And from me, Jeanie,' added the young ladies one after the other, 'for you are a credit to the land we love so well.'

Jeanie, overpowered with these unexpected compliments, and not aware that the Duke's investigation had made him acquainted with her behaviour on her sister's trial, could only answer by blushing, and courtesying round and round, and uttering at intervals, 'Mony thanks! mony thanks!'

'Jeanie,' said the Duke, 'you must have *doch an' dorroch*, or you will be unable to travel.'

There was a salver with cake and wine on the table. He took up a glass, drank 'to all true hearts that lo'ed Scotland,' and offered a glass to his guest.

Jeanie, however, declined it, saying, 'that she had never tasted wine in her life.'

'How comes that, Jeanie?' said the Duke; 'wine maketh glad the heart, you know.'

'Ay, sir, but my father is like Jonadab the son of Rechab, who charged his children that they should drink no wine.'

'I thought your father would have had more sense,' said the Duke, 'unless, indeed, he prefers brandy. But, however, Jeanie, if you will not drink, you must eat, to save the character of my house.'

He thrust upon her a large piece of cake, nor would he permit her to break off a fragment and lay the rest on the salver. 'Put it in your pouch, Jeanie,' said he; 'you will be glad of it before you see St. Giles's steeple. I wish to Heaven I were to see it as soon as you! and so my best service to all my friends at and about Auld Reekie, and a blythe journey to you.'

And, mixing the frankness of a soldier with his natural affability, he shook hands with his *protégée*, and committed her to the charge of Archibald, satisfied that he had provided sufficiently for her being attended to by his domestics, from the unusual attention with which he had himself treated her.

Accordingly, in the course of her journey, she found both her companions disposed to pay her every possible civility, so that her return, in point of comfort and safety, formed a strong contrast to her journey to London.

Her heart also was disburdened of the weight of grief, shame, apprehension, and fear which had loaded her before her interview with the Queen at Richmond. But the human mind is so strangely capricious that, when freed from the pressure of real misery, it becomes open and sensitive to the apprehension of ideal calamities. She was now much disturbed in mind that she had heard nothing from Reuben Butler, to whom the operation of writing was so much more familiar than it was to herself.

'It would have cost him sae little fash,' she said to herself; 'for I hae seen his pen gang as fast ower the paper as ever it did ower the water when it was in the grey goose's wing. Wae 's me! maybe he may be badly; but then my father wad likely hae said something about it. Or maybe he may hae taen the rue, and kensna how to let me wot of his echange of mind. He needna be at muckle fash about it,'—she went on, drawing herself up, though the tear of honest pride and injured affection gathered in her eye, as she entertained the suspicion; 'Jeanie Deans is no the lass to pu' him by the sleeve, or put him in mind of what he wishes to forget. I shall wish him weel and happy a' the same; and if he has the luck to get a kirk in our country, I sall gang and hear him just the very same, to show that I bear nae malice.' And as she imagined the scene, the tear stole over her eye.

In these melancholy reveries Jeanie had full time to indulge herself; for her travelling companions, servants in a distinguished and fashionable family, had, of course, many topics

of conversation in which it was absolutely impossible she could have either pleasure or portion. She had, therefore, abundant leisure for reflection, and even for self-tormenting, during the several days which, indulging the young horses the Duke was sending down to the North with sufficient ease and short stages, they occupied in reaching the neighbourhood of Carlisle.

In approaching the vicinity of that ancient city, they discerned a considerable crowd upon an eminence at a little distance from the highroad, and learned from some passengers who were gathering towards that busy scene from the southward, that the cause of the concourse was the laudable public desire to see a damned Scotch witch and thief get half of her due upon Haribee Broo' yonder: for she was only to be hanged; she should have been burned alive, an' cheap on't.

'Dear Mr. Archibald,' said the dame of the dairy elect, 'I never see'd a woman hanged' in a' my life, and only four men, as made a goodly spectacle.'

Mr. Archibald, however, was a Scotchman, and promised himself no extraordinary pleasure in seeing his countrywoman undergo the terrible behests of law.' Moreover, he was a man of sense and delicacy in his way, and the late circumstances of Jeanie's family, with the cause of her expedition to London, were not unknown to him; so that he answered drily, it was impossible to stop, as he must be early at Carlisle on some business of the Duke's, and he accordingly bid the postilions get on.

The road at that time passed at about a quarter of a mile's distance from the eminence called Haribee or Harabee Brow, which, though it is very moderate in size and height, is nevertheless seen from a great distance around, owing to the flatness of the country through which the Eden flows. Here many an outlaw and border-rider of both kingdoms had wavered in the wind during the wars, and scarce less hostile truces, between the two countries. Upon Harabee, in latter days, other executions had taken place with as little ceremony as compassion: for these frontier provinces remained long unsettled, and, even at the time of which we write, were ruder than those in the centre of England.

The postilions drove on, wheeling, as the Penrith road led them, round the verge of the rising ground. Yet still the eyes of Mrs. Dolly Dutton, which, with the head and substantial person to which they belonged, were all turned towards the scene of action, could discern plainly the outline of the gallows-

tree, relieved against the clear sky, the dark shade formed by the persons of the executioner and the criminal upon the light rounds of the tall aerial ladder, until one of the objects, launched into the air, gave unequivocal signs of mortal agony, though appearing in the distance not larger than a spider dependent at the extremity of his invisible thread, while the remaining form descended from its elevated situation, and regained with all speed an undistinguished place among the crowd. This termination of the tragic scene drew forth of course a squall from Mrs. Dutton, and Jeanie, with instinctive curiosity, turned her head in the same direction.

The sight of a female culprit in the act of undergoing the fatal punishment from which her beloved sister had been so recently rescued, was too much, not perhaps for her nerves, but for her mind and feelings. She turned her head to the other side of the carriage, with a sensation of sickness, of loathing, and of fainting. Her female companion overwhelmed her with questions, with proffers of assistance, with requests that the carriage might be stopped, that a doctor might be fetched, that drops might be gotten, that burnt feathers and assafetida, fair water, and hartshorn might be procured, all at once, and without one instant's delay. Archibald, more calm and considerate, only desired the carriage to push forward; and it was not till they had got beyond sight of the fatal spectacle that, seeing the deadly paleness of Jeanie's countenance, he stopped the carriage, and jumping out himself, went in search of the most obvious and most easily procured of Mrs. Dutton's pharmacopœia—a draught, namely, of fair water.

While Archibald was absent on this good-natured piece of service, damming the ditches which produced nothing but mud, and thinking upon the thousand bubbling springlets of his own mountains, the attendants on the execution began to pass the stationary vehicle in their way back to Carlisle.

From their half-heard and half-understood words, Jeanie, whose attention was involuntarily riveted by them, as that of children is by ghost stories, though they know the pain with which they will afterwards remember them — Jeanie, I say, could discern that the present victim of the law had died 'game, as it is termed by those unfortunates, that is, sullen, reckless, and impenitent, neither fearing God nor regarding man.

'A sture woife, and a donr,' said one Cumbrian peasant, as he clattered by in his wooden brogues, with a noise like the trampling of a dray-horse.

'She has gone to ho master, with ho's name in her mouth,' said another. 'Shame the country should be harried wi' Scotch witches and Scotch bitches this gate; but I say hang and drown.'

'Ay, ay, Gaffer Tramp, take awa yealdon, take awa low; hang t'ls witch, and there will be less scathe amang us; mine owsen hae been reckon this townont.'

'And mine bairns hae been crining too, mon,' replied his neighbour.

'Silence wi' your fule tongues, ye churls,' said an old woman who hobbled past them as they stood talking near the carriage; 'this was nae witch, but a bluidy-fingered thief and murderer.'

'Ay? was it e'en sae, Dame Hinchup?' said one in a civil tone, and stepping on' of his place to let the old woman pass along the footpath. 'Nay, you know best, sure; but at ony rate we hae but tint a Scot of her, and that's a thing better lost than found.'

The old woman passed on without making any answer.

'Ay, ay, neighbour,' said Gaffer Tramp, 'seest thou how one witch will speak for t' other — Scots or English, the same to them.'

His companion shook his head, and replied in the same subdued tone, 'Ay, ay, when a Sark-foot wife gets on her broomstick, the dames of Allonby are ready to mount, just as sure as the bye-word gangs o' the hills —'

If Siddaw hath a cap,
Criffel wots full weel of that.'

'But,' continued Gaffer Tramp, 'thinkest thou the daughter o' yon hangit body isna as rank a witch as ho?'

'I kenna clearly,' returned the fellow, 'but the folk are speaking o' swimming her i' the Eden.' And they passed on their several roads, after wishing each other good morning.

Just as the crows left the place, and as Mr. Archibald returned with some fair water, a crowd of boys and girls, and some of the lower rabble of more mature age, came up from the place of execution, grouping themselves with many a yell of delight around a tall female fantastically dressed, who was dancing, leaping, and bounding in the midst of them. A horrible recollection pressed on Jeannie as she looked on this unfortunate creature; and the reminiscence was mutual, for, by a sudden exertion of great strength and agility, Madge Wildfire broke out of the noisy circle of tormentors who surrounded her, and

clinging fast to the door of the calash, uttered, in a sound bewixt laughter and screaming, 'Eh, d'ye ken, Jeanie Deans, they hae hangit our mother?' Then suddenly changing her tone to that of the most piteous entreaty, she added, 'O gar them let me gang to cut her down!—let me but eut her down! She is my mother, if she was waur than the deil, and she'll be nae mair kenspeckle than half-hangit Maggie Dickson,¹ that cried saut mony a day after she had been hangit; her voice was roupit and hoarse, and her neck was a wee agee, or ye wad hae kenn'd nae odds on her frae ony other saut-wife.'

Mr. Archibald, embarrassed by the madwoman's elinging to the carriage, and detaining around them her noisy and mischievous attendants, was all this while looking out for a constable or beadle, to whom he might commit the unfortunate creature. But seeing no such person of authority, he endeavoured to loosen her hold from the carriage, that they might escape from her by driving on. This, however, could hardly be achieved without some degree of violence; Madge held fast, and renewed her frantic entreaties to be permitted to cut down her mother. 'It was but a tenpenny tow lost,' she said, 'and what was that to a woman's life?' There came up, however, a parcel of savage-looking fellows, butchers and graziers chiefly, among whose cattle there had been of late a very general and fatal distemper, which their wisdom imputed to witchcraft. They laid violent hands on Madge, and tore her from the carriage, exclaiming—'What, doest stop folk o' king's highway? Hast no done mischief enow already, wi' thy murders and thy witcherings?'

'Oh, Jeanie Deans—Jeanie Deans!' exclaimed the poor maniac, 'save my mother, and I will take ye to the Interpreter's house again; and I will teach ye a' my bonny sangs; and I will tell ye what came o' the——' The rest of her entreaties were drowned in the shouts of the rabble.

'Save her, for God's sake!—save her from those people!' exclaimed Jeanie to Archibald.

'She is mad, but quite innocent—she is mad, gentlemen,' said Archibald; 'do not use her ill, take her before the mayor.'

'Ay, ay, we'se hae care enow on her,' answered one of the fellows; 'gang thou thy gate, man, and mind thine own matters.'

'He's a Seot by his tongue,' said another; 'and an he will come out o' his whirligig there, I'se gie him his tartan plaid fu' o' broken banes.'

¹ See Note 32.

It was clear nothing could be done to rescue Madge; and Archibald, who was a man of humanity, could only bid the postillions hurry on to Carlisle, that he might obtain some assistance to the unfortunate woman. As they drove off, they heard the hoarse roar with which the mob preface acts of riot or cruelty, yet even above that deep and dire note they could discern the screams of the unfortunate victim. They were soon out of hearing of the cries, but had no sooner entered the streets of Carlisle than Archibald, at Jeanie's earnest and urgent entreaty, went to a magistrate, to state the cruelty which was likely to be exercised on this unhappy creature.

In about an hour and a half he returned, and reported to Jeanie that the magistrate had very readily gone in person, with some assistants, to the rescue of the unfortunate woman, and that he had himself accompanied him; that when they came to the muddy pool in which the mob were ducking her, according to their favourite mode of punishment, the magistrate succeeded in rescuing her from their hands, but in a state of insensibility, owing to the cruel treatment which she had received. He added, that he had seen her carried to the work-house, and understood that she had been brought to herself, and was expected to do well.

This last averment was a slight alteration in point of fact, for Madge Wildfire was not expected to survive the treatment she had received; but Jeanie seemed so much agitated that Mr. Archibald did not think it prudent to tell her the worst at once. Indeed, she appeared so fluttered and disordered by this alarming accident that, although it had been their intention to proceed to Longtown that evening, her companions judged it most advisable to pass the night at Carlisle.

This was particularly agreeable to Jeanie, who resolved, if possible, to procure an interview with Madge Wildfire. Connecting some of her wild flights with the narrative of George Staunton, she was unwilling to omit the opportunity of extracting from her, if possible, some information concerning the fate of that unfortunate infant which had cost her sister so dear. Her acquaintance with the disordered state of poor Madge's mind did not permit her to cherish much hope that she could acquire from her any useful intelligence; but then, since Madge's mother had suffered her deserts, and was silent for ever, it was her only chance of obtaining any kind of information, and she was loth to lose the opportunity.

She coloured her wish to Mr. Archibald by saying that she

had seen Madge formerly, and wished to know, as a matter of humanity, how she was attended to under her present misfortunes. That complaisant person immediately went to the workhouse, or hospital, in which he had seen the sufferer lodged, and brought back for reply, that the medical attendants positively forbade her seeing any one. When the application for admittance was repeated next day, Mr. Archibald was informed that she had been very quiet and composed, insomuch that the clergyman, who acted as chaplain to the establishment, thought it expedient to read prayers beside her bed, but that her wandering fit of mind had returned soon after his departure; however, her countrywoman might see her if she chose it. She was not expected to live above an hour or two.

Jeanie had no sooner received this information than she hastened to the hospital, her companions attending her. They found the dying person in a large ward, where there were ten beds, of which the patient's was the only one occupied.

Madge was singing when they entered — singing her own wild snatches of songs and obsolete airs, with a voice no longer overstrained by false spirits, but softened, saddened, and subdued by bodily exhaustion. She was still insane, but was no longer able to express her wandering ideas in the wild notes of her former state of exalted imagination. There was death in the plaintive tones of her voice, which yet, in this moderated and melancholy mood, had something of the lulling sound with which a mother sings her infant asleep. As Jeanie entered, she heard first the air, and then a part of the chorus and words, of what had been, perhaps, the song of a jolly harvest-home:

'Our work is over — over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labour ends when day is done.
When Autumn's gone and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.'

Jeanie advanced to the bedside when the strain was finished, and addressed Madge by her name. But it produced no symptoms of recollection. On the contrary, the patient, like one provoked by interruption, changed her posture, and called out, with an impatient tone, 'Nurse — nurse, turn my face to the wa', that I may never answer to that name ony mair, and never see mair of a wicked world.'

The attendant on the hospital arranged her in her bed as she desired, with her face to the wall and her back to the light. So soon as she was quiet in this new position, she began again to sing in the same low and modulated strains, as if she was recovering the state of abstraction which the interruption of her visitants had disturbed. The strain, however, was different, and rather resembled the music of the Methodist hymns, though the measure of the song was similar to that of the former:

'When the fight of grace is fought,
When the marriage vest is wrought,
When Faith hath chased cold Doubt away,
And Hope but sickens at delay,
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere,
Doff thy robes of sin and clay,
Christian, rise, and come away.'

The strain was solemn and affecting, sustained as it was by the pathetic warble of a voice which had naturally been a fine one, and which weakness, if it diminished its power, had improved in softness. Archibald, though a follower of the court, and a *pococurante* by profession, was confused, if not affected; the dairymaid blubbered; and Jeanie felt the tears rise spontaneously to her eyes. Even the nurse, accustomed to all modes in which the spirit can pass, seemed considerably moved.

The patient was evidently growing weaker, as was intimated by an apparent difficulty of breathing which seized her from time to time, and by the utterance of low listless moans, intimating that nature was succumbing in the last conflict. But the spirit of melody, which must originally have so strongly possessed this unfortunate young woman, seemed, at every interval of ease, to triumph over her pain and weakness. And it was remarkable that there could always be traced in her songs something appropriate, though perhaps only obliquely or collaterally so, to her present situation. Her next seemed to be the fragment of some old ballad:

'Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep of sorrow;
But thine sall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true-love, to-morrow.'

And weep ye not, my maidens free,
Though death your mistress borrow;
For he for whom I die to-day,
Shall die for me to-morrow.'

Again she changed the tune to one wilder, less monotonous, and less regular. But of the words only a fragment or two could be collected by those who listened to this singular scene :

' Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early.
Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
Singing so rarely.

" Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me ? "
" When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye."

" Who makes the bridal bed,
Birlie, say truly ? "
" The grey-headed sexton,
That delves the grave duly."

The glowworm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady ;
The owl from the steeple sing,
" Welcome, proud lady."

Her voice died away with the last notes, and she fell into a slumber, from which the experienced attendant assured them that she never would awake at all, or only in the death-agony.

The nurse's prophecy proved true. The poor maniac parted with existence without again uttering a sound of any kind. But our travellers did not witness this catastrophe. They left the hospital as soon as Jeanie had satisfied herself that no elucidation of her sister's misfortunes was to be hoped from the dying person.¹

¹ See Madge Wildfire. Note 33.

CHAPTER XLI

Wilt thou go on with me ?
The moon is bright, the sea is calm,
And I know well the ocean paths . . .
Thou wilt go on with me !

Thalaba.

THE fatigue and agitation of these various scenes had agitated Jeanie so much, notwithstanding her robust strength of constitution, that Archibald judged it necessary that she should have a day's repose at the village of Longtown. It was in vain that Jeanie herself protested against any delay. The Duke of Argyle's man of confidence was of course consequential ; and as he had been bred to the medical profession in his youth — at least he used this expression to describe his having, thirty years before, pounded for six months in the mortar of old Mungo Mangleman, the surgeon at Greenock — he was obstinate whenever a matter of health was in question.

In this case he discovered febrile symptoms, and having once made a happy application of that learned phrase to Jeanie's case, all farther resistance became in vain ; and she was glad to acquiesce, and even to go to bed and drink water-gruel, in order that she might possess her soul in quiet, and without interruption.

Mr. Archibald was equally attentive in another particular. He observed that the execution of the old woman, and the miserable fate of her daughter, seemed to have had a more powerful effect upon Jeanie's mind than the usual feelings of humanity might naturally have been expected to occasion. Yet she was obviously a strong-minded, sensible young woman, and in no respect subject to nervous affections ; and therefore Archibald, being ignorant of any special connexion between his master's *protégée* and these unfortunate persons, excepting that she had seen Madge formerly in Scotland, naturally imputed the strong impression these events had made upon her to her

associating them with the unhappy circumstances in which her sister had so lately stood. He became anxious, therefore, to prevent anything occurring which might recall these associations to Jeanie's mind.

Archibald had speedily an opportunity of exercising this precaution. A pedlar brought to Longtown that evening, amongst other wares, a large broadside sheet, giving an account of the 'Last Speech and Execution of Margaret Murdockson, and of the Barbarous Murder of her Daughter, Magdalene or Madge Murdockson, called Madge Wildfire; and of her Pious Conversation with his Reverence Archdeacon Fleming'; which authentic publication had apparently taken place on the day they left Carlisle, and being an article of a nature peculiarly acceptable to such country-folk as were within hearing of the transaction, the itinerant biblioplist had forthwith added them to his stock in trade. He found a merchant sooner than he expected; for Archibald, much applauding his own prudence, purchased the whole lot for two shillings and ninepence; and the pedlar, delighted with the profit of such a wholesale transaction, instantly returned to Carlisle to supply himself with more.

The considerate Mr. Archibald was about to commit his whole purchase to the flames, but it was rescued by the yet more considerate dairy-damsel, who said, very prudently, it was a pity to waste so much paper, which might crepe hair, pin up bonnets, and serve many other useful purposes; and who promised to put the parcel into her own trunk, and keep it carefully out of the sight of Mrs. Jeanie Deaus: 'Though, by the by, she had no great notion of folk being so very nice. Mrs. Deaus might have had enough to think about the gallows all this time to endure a sight of it, without all this to do about it.'

Archibald reminded the dame of the dairy of the Duke's very particular charge that they should be attentive and civil to Jeanie; as also that they were to part company soon, and consequently would not be doomed to observing any one's health or temper during the rest of the journey; with which answer Mrs. Dolly Dutton was obliged to hold herself satisfied.

On the morning they resumed their journey, and prosecuted it successfully, travelling through Dumfriesshire and part of Lanarkshire, until they arrived at the small town of Rutherglen, within about four miles of Glasgow. Here an express brought letters to Archibald from the principal agent of the Duke of Argyle in Edinburgh.

He said nothing of their contents that evening; but when they were seated in the carriage the next day, the faithful squire informed Jeanie that he had received directions from the Duke's factor, to whom his Grace had recommended him to carry her, if she had no objection, for a stage or two beyond Glasgow. Some temporary causes of discontent had occasioned tumults in that city and the neighbourhood, which would render it unadvisable for Mrs. Jeanie Deans to travel alone and unprotected betwixt that city and Edinburgh; whereas, by going forward a little farther, they would meet one of his Grace's sub-factors, who was coming down from the Highlands to Edinburgh with his wife, and under whose charge she might journey with comfort and in safety.

Jeanie remonstrated against this arrangement. 'She had been lang,' she said, 'frae hame: her father and her sister behoved to be very anxious to see her; there were other friends she had that werena weel in health. She was willing to pay for man and horse at Glasgow, and surely naebody wad meddle wi' sae harmless and feckless a creature as she was. She was muckle obliged by the offer; but never hunted deer langed for its resting-place as I do to find myself at St. Leonard's.'

The groom of the chambers exchanged a look with his female companion, which seemed so full of meaning that Jeanie screamed aloud — 'O, Mr. Archibald — Mrs. Dutton, if ye ken of ony thing that has happened at St. Leonard's, for God's sake — for pity's sake, tell me, and dinna keep me in suspense!'

'I really know nothing, Mrs. Deans,' said the groom of the chambers.

'And? — I — I am sure I knows as little,' said the dame of the dair, while some communication seemed to tremble on her lips, which, at a glance of Archibald's eye, she appeared to swallow down, and compressed her lips thereafter into a state of extreme and vigilant firmness, as if she had been afraid of its bolting out before she was aware.

Jeanie saw that there was to be something concealed from her, and it was only the repeated assurances of Archibald that her father — her sister — all her friends were, as far as he knew, well and happy, that at all pacified her alarm. From such respectable people as those with whom she travelled she could apprehend no harm, and yet her distress was so obvious that Archibald, as a last resource, pulled out and put into her hand a slip of paper, on which these words were written: —

'JEANIE DEANS — You will do me a favour by going with Archibald and my female domestic a day's journey beyond Glasgow, and asking them no questions, which will greatly oblige your friend,
ARGYLE & GREENWICH.'

Although this laconic epistle, from a nobleman to whom she was bound by such inestimable obligations, silenced all Jeanie's objections to the proposed route, it rather added to than diminished the eagerness of her curiosity. The proceeding to Glasgow seemed now no longer to be an object with her fellow-travellers. On the contrary, they kept the left-hand side of the river Clyde, and travelled through a thousand beautiful and changing views down the side of that noble stream, till, ceasing to hold its inland character, it began to assume that of a navigable river.

'You are not for gaun intil Glasgow, then?' said Jeanie, as she observed that the drivers made no motion for inclining their horses' heads towards the ancient bridge, which was then the only mode of access to St. Mungo's capital.

'No,' replied Archibald; 'there is some popular commotion, and as our Duke is in opposition to the court, perhaps we might be too well received; or they might take it in their heads to remember that the Captain of Carrick came down upon them with his Highlandmen in the time of Shawfield's mob¹ in 1725, and then we would be too ill received. And, at any rate, it is best for us, and for me in particular, who may be supposed to possess his Grace's mind upon many particulars, to leave the good people of the Gorbals to act according to their own imaginations, without either provoking or encouraging them by my presence.'

To reasoning of such tone and consequence Jeanie had nothing to reply, although it seemed to her to contain fully as much self-importance as truth.

The carriage meantime rolled on; the river expanded itself, and gradually assumed the dignity of an estuary, or arm of the sea. The influence of the advancing and retiring tides became more and more evident, and in the beautiful words of him of the laurel wreath, the river waxed

A broader and a broader stream.

The cormorant stands upon its shoals,
His black and dripping wings
Half open'd to the wind.²

¹ See Note 34.

² From Southey's *Thalaba*, bk. xl. stanza 36 (*Latng*).

'Which way lies Inverary?' said Jeanie, gazing on the dusky ocean of Highland hills, which now, piled above each other, and intersected by many a lake, stretched away on the opposite side of the river to the northward. 'Is yon high castle the Duke's hoose?'

'That, Mrs. Deans? Lud help thee,' replied Archibald; 'that's the old Castle of Dunbarton, the strongest place in Europe, be the other what it may. Sir William Wallace was governor of it in the old wars with the English, and his Grace is governor just now. It is always entrusted to the best man in Scotland.'

'And does the Duke live on that high rock, then?' demanded Jeanie.

'No, no, he has his deputy-governor, who commands in his absence; he lives in the white house you see at the bottom of the rock. His Grace does not reside there himself.'

'I think not, indeed,' said the dairywoman, upon whose mind the road, since they had left Dumfries, had made no very favourable impression; 'for if he did, he might go whistle for a dairywoman, an he were the only duke in England. I did not leave my place and my friends to come down to see cows starve to death upon hills as they be at that pig-sty of Ellinfoot, as you call it, Mr. Archibald, or to be perched up on the top of a rock, like a squirrel in his cage, hung out of a three pair of stairs window.'

Inwardly chuckling that these symptoms of recalcitration had not taken place until the fair malcontent was, as he mentally termed it, under his thumb, Archibald coolly replied, 'That the hills were none of his making, nor did he know how to mend them, but as to lodging, they would soon be in a house of the Duke's in a very pleasant island called Roseneath, where they went to wait for shipping to take them to Inverary, and would meet the company with whom Jeanie was to return to Edinburgh.'

'An island!' said Jeanie, who, in the course of her various and adventurous travels, had never quitted *terra firma*, 'then I am doubting we maun gang in aye of these boats; they look unco sma', and the waves are something rough, and ——'

'Mr. Archibald,' said Mrs. Dutton, 'I will not consent to it; I was never engaged to leave the country, and I desire you will bid the boys drive round the other way to the Duke's house.'

'There is a safe pinnace belonging to his Grace, ma'am,

close by,' replied Archibald, 'and you need be under no apprehensions whatsoever.'

'But I *am* under apprehensions,' said the damsel; 'and I insist upon going round by land, Mr. Archibald, were it ten miles about.'

'I am sorry I cannot oblige you, madam, as Roseneath happens to be an island.'

'If it were ten islands,' said the incensed dame, 'that's no reason why I should be drowned in going over the seas to it.'

'No reason why you should be drowned, certainly, ma'am,' answered the unmoved groom of the chambers, 'but an admirable good one why you cannot proceed to it by land.' And, fixed his master's mandates to perform, he pointed with his hand, and the drivers, turning off the highroad, proceeded towards a small hamlet of fishing huts, where a shallop, somewhat more gaily decorated than any which they had yet seen, having a flag which displayed a boar's head, crested with a ducal coronet, waited with two or three seamen and as many Highlanders.

The carriage stopped, and the men began to unyoke their horses, while Mr. Archibald gravely superintended the removal of the baggage from the carriage to the little vessel. 'Has the "Caroline" been long arrived?' said Archibald to one of the seamen.

'She has been here in five days from Liverpool, and she's lying down at Greenock,' answered the fellow.

'Let the horses and carriage go down to Greenock, then,' said Archibald, 'and be embarked there for Inverary when I send notice: they may stand in my cousin's, Duncan Archibald the stabler's. Ladies,' he added, 'I hope you will get yourselves ready, we must not lose the tide.'

'Mrs. Deans,' said the Cowslip of Inverary, 'you may do as you please, but I will sit here all night, rather than go into that there painted egg-shell. Fellow — fellow! (this was addressed to a Highlander who was lifting a travelling trunk), that trunk is *mine*, and that there band-box, and that pillion mail, and those seven bundles, and the paper bag; and if you venture to touch one of them, it shall be at your peril.'

The Celt kept his eye fixed on the speaker, then turned his head towards Archibald, and receiving no countervailing signal, he shouldered the portmanteau, and without farther notice of the distressed damsel, or paying any attention to remonstrances, which probably he did not understand, and would certainly

have equally disregarded whether he understood them or not, moved off with Mrs. Dutton's wearables, and deposited the trunk containing them safely in the boat.

The baggage being stowed in safety, Mr. Archibald handed Jeanie out of the carriage, and, not without some tremor on her part, she was transported through the surf and placed in the boat. He then offered the same civility to his fellow-servant, but she was resolute in her refusal to quit the carriage, in which she now remained in solitary state, threatening all concerned or unconcerned with actions for wages and board, wages, damages and expenses, and numbering on her fingers the gowns and other habiliments from which she seemed in the act of being separated for ever. Mr. Archibald did not give himself the trouble of making many remonstrances, which, indeed, seemed only to aggravate the damsel's indignation, but spoke two or three words to the Highlanders in Gaelic; and the wily mountaineers, approaching the carriage cautiously, and without giving the slightest intimation of their intention, at once seized the recusant so effectually fast that she could neither resist nor struggle, and hoisting her on their shoulders in nearly an horizontal posture, rushed down with her to the beach, and through the surf, and, with no other inconvenience than ruffling her garments a little, deposited her in the boat; but in a state of surprise, mortification, and terror at her sudden transportation which rendered her absolutely mute for two or three minutes. The men jumped in themselves; one tall fellow remained till he had pushed off the boat, and then tumbled in upon his companions. They took their oars and began to pull from the shore, then spread their sail and drove merrily across the firth.

'You Scotch villain!' said the infuriated damsel to Archibald, 'how dare you use a person like me in this way?'

'Madam,' said Archibald, with infinite composure, 'it's high time you should know you are in the Duke's country, and that there is not one of these fellows but would throw you out of the boat as readily as into it, if such were his Grace's pleasure.'

'Then the Lord have mercy on me!' said Mrs. Dutton. 'If I had had any on myself I would never have engaged with you.'

'It's something of the latest to think of that now, Mrs. Dutton,' said Archibald; 'but I assure you, you will find the Highlands have their pleasures. You will have a dozen of cow-milkers under your own authority at Inverary, and you may

throw any of them into the lake if you have a mind, for the Duke's head people are almost as great as himself.

'This is a strange business, to be sure, Mr. Archibald,' said the lady; 'but I suppose I must make the best on't. Are you sure the boat will not sink? it leans terribly to one side, in my poor mind.'

'Fear nothing,' said Mr. Archibald, taking a most important pinch of snuff; 'this same ferry on Clyde knows us very well, or we know it, which is all the same; no fear of any of our people meeting with any accident. We should have crossed from the opposite shore, but for the disturbances at Glasgow, which made it improper for his Grace's people to pass through the city.'

'Are you not afeard, Mrs. Deans,' said the dairy vestal, addressing Jeanie, who sat, not in the most comfortable state of mind, by the side of Archibald, who himself managed the helm — 'are you not afeard of these wild men with their naked knees, and of this nut-shell of a thing, that seems bobbing up and down like a skimming-dish in a milk-pail?'

'No — no, madam,' answered Jeanie, with some hesitation, 'I am not feared; for I hae seen Highlandmen before, though I never was sae near them; and for the danger of the deep waters, I trust there is a Providence by sea as well as by land.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Dutton, 'it is a beautiful thing to have learned to write and read, for one can always say such fine words whatever should befall them.'

Archibald, rejoicing in the impression which his vigorous measures had made upon the intractable dairymaid, now applied himself, as a sensible and good-natured man, to secure by fair means the ascendancy which he had obtained by some wholesome violence; and he succeeded so well in representing to her the idle nature of her fears, and the impossibility of leaving her upon the beach enthroned in an empty carriage, that the good understanding of the party was completely revived ere they landed at Roseneath.

CHAPTER XLII

Did Fortune guide,
Or rather Destiny, our bark, to which
We could appoint no port, to this best place ?

FLETCHER.

THE islands in the Firth of Clyde, which the daily passage of so many smoke-pennoned steamboats now renders so easily accessible, were in our fathers' times secluded spots, frequented by no travellers, and few visitors of any kind. They are of exquisite yet varied beauty. Arran, a mountainous region, or Alpine island, abounds with the grandest and most romantic scenery. Bute is of a softer and more woodland character. The Cumrays, as if to exhibit a contrast to both, are green, level, and bare, forming the links of a sort of natural bar, which is drawn along the mouth of the firth, leaving large intervals, however, of ocean. Roseneath, a smaller isle, lies much higher up the firth, and towards its western shore, near the opening of the lake called the Gare Loch, and not far from Loch Long and Loch Seant, or the Holy Loch, which wind from the mountains of the Western Highlands to join the estuary of the Clyde.

In these isles the severe frost winds which tyrannise over the vegetable creation during a Scottish spring are comparatively little felt; nor, excepting the gigantic strength of Arran, are they much exposed to the Atlantic storms, lying landlocked and protected to the westward by the shores of Ayrshire [Argyllshire]. Accordingly, the weeping-willow, the weeping-birch, and other trees of early and pendulous shoots, flourish in these favoured recesses in a degree unknown in our eastern districts; and the air is also said to possess that mildness which is favourable to consumptive cases.

The picturesque beauty of the island of Roseneath, in particular, had such recommendations that the Earls and Dukes of Argyle from an early period made it their occasional

residence, and had their temporary accommodation in a fishing or hunting lodge, which succeeding improvements have since transformed into a palace. It was in its original simplicity when the little bark which we left traversing the firth at the end of last chapter approached the shores of the isle.

When they touched the landing-place, which was partly shrouded by some old low but wide-spreading oak-trees, intermixed with hazel-bushes, two or three figures were seen as if awaiting their arrival. To these Jeanie paid little attention, so that it was with a shock of surprise almost electrical that, upon being carried by the rowers out of the boat to the shore, she was received in the arms of her father!

It was too wonderful to be believed — too much like a happy dream to have the stable feeling of reality. She extricated herself from his close and affectionate embrace, and held him at arm's length to satisfy her mind that it was no illusion. But the form was indisputable — Douce David Deans himself, in his best light blue Sunday's coat, with broad metal buttons, and waistcoat and breeches of the same; his strong granashes or leggins of thick grey cloth; the very copper buckles; the broad Lowland blue bonnet, thrown back as he lifted his eyes to Heaven in speechless gratitude; the grey locks that straggled from beneath it down his weather-beaten 'haffets'; the bald and furrowed forehead; 'the clear blue eye, that, undimmed by years, gleamed bright and pale from under its shaggy grey pent-house; the features, usually so stern and stoical, now melted into the unwonted expression of rapturous joy, affection, and gratitude — were all those of David Deans; and so happily did they assort together, that, should I ever again see my friends Wilkie or Allan, I will try to borrow or steal from them a sketch of this very scene.

'Jeanie — my ain Jeanie — my best — my maist dutiful bairn! The Lord of Israel be thy father, for I am hardly worthy of thee! Thou hast redeemed our captivity, brought back the honour of our house. Bless thee, my bairn, with mercies promised and purchased! But He *has* blessed thee, in the good of which He has made thee the instrument.'

These words broke from him not without tears, though David was of no melting mood. Archibald had, with delicate attention, withdrawn the spectators from the interview, so that the wood and setting sun alone were witnesses of the expansion of their feelings.

'And Effie? — and Effie, dear father?' was an eager inter-

jectional question which Jeanie repeatedly threw in among her expressions of joyful thankfulness.

'Ye will hear — ye will hear,' said David, hastily, and ever and anon renewed his grateful acknowledgments to Heaven for sending Jeanie safe down from the land of prelatie deadness and schismatic heresy; and had delivered her from the dangers of the way, and the lions that were in the path.

'And Effie?' repeated her affectionate sister again and again. 'And — and (fain would she have said Butler, but she modified the direct inquiry) — and Mr. and Mrs. Saddletree — and Dumbiedikes — and a' friends?'

'A' weel — a' weel, praise to His name!'

'And — and Mr. Butler? He wasna weel when I gaed awa!'

'He is quite mended — quite weel,' replied her father.

'Thank God! but O, dear father, Effie? — Effie?'

'You will never see her mair, my bairn,' answered Deans in a solemn tone. 'You are the ae and only leaf left now on the auld tree; heal be your portion!'

'She is dead! She is slain! It has come ower late!' exclaimed Jeanie, wringing her hands.

'No, Jeanie,' returned Deans, in the same grave, melancholy tone. 'She lives in the flesh, and is at freedom from earthly restraint, if she were as much alive in faith and as free from the bonds of Satan.'

'The Lord protect us!' said Jeanie. 'Can the unhappy bairn hae left you for that villain?'

'It is ower truly spoken,' said Deans. 'She has left her auld father, that has wept and prayed for her. She has left her sister, that travailed and toiled for her like a motaer. She has left the bones of her mother, and the land of her people, and she is ower the march wi' that son of Belial. She has made a moonlight flitting of it.' He paused, for a feeling betwixt sorrow and strong resentment choked his utterance.

'And wi' that man — that fearfu' man?' said Jeanie. 'And she has left us to gang aff wi' him? O Effie, Effie, wha could hae thought it, after sie a deliverance as you had been gifted wi'!'

'She went out from us, my bairn, because she was not of us,' replied David. 'She is a withered branch will never bear fruit of grace — a scapegoat gone forth into the wilderness of the world, to carry wi' her, as I trust, the sins of our little congregation. The peace of the warld gang wi' her, and a better peace when she has the grace to turn to it! If she is of His elected,

His ain hour will come. What would her mother have said, that famous and memorable matron, Rebecca M'Naught, whose memory is like a flower of sweet savour in Newbattle and a pot of frankincense in Lugton? But be it sae; let her part — let her gang her gate — let her bite on her ain bridle. The Lord kens His time. She was the bairn of prayers, and may not prove an utter castaway. But never, Jeanie — never more let her name be spoken between you and me. She hath passed from us like the brook which vanisheth when the summer waxeth warm, as patient Job saith; let her pass, and be forgotten.'

There was a melancholy pause which followed these expressions. Jeanie would fain have asked more circumstances relating to her sister's departure, but the tone of her father's prohibition was positive. She was about to mention her interview with Staunton at his father's rectory; but, on hastily running over the particulars in her memory, she thought that, on the whole, they were more likely to aggravate than diminish his distress of mind. She turned, therefore, the discourse from this painful subject, resolving to suspend farther inquiry until she should see Butler, from whom she expected to learn the particulars of her sister's elopement.

But when was she to see Butler? was a question she could not forbear asking herself, especially while her father, as if eager to escape from the subject of his youngest daughter, pointed to the opposite shore of Dunbartonshire, and asking Jeanie 'if it werena a pleasant abode?' declared to her his intention of removing his earthly tabernacle to that country, 'in respect he was solicited by his Grace the Duke of Argyle, as one well skilled in country labour and a' that appertained to flocks and herds, to superintend a store farm whilk his Grace had taen into his ain hand for the improvement of stock.'

Jeanie's heart sunk within her at this declaration. 'She allowed it was a goodly and pleasant land, and sloped bonnily to the western sun; and she doubtedna that the pasture might be very gude, for the grass looked green, for as drouthly as the weather had been. But it was far frae hame, and she thought she wad be often thinking on the bonny spots of turf, sae fu' of gowans and yellow kingeups, amang the Craggs at St. Leonard's.'

'Dinna speak on't, Jeanie,' said her father; 'I wish never to hear it named mair — that is, after the roupin is ower, and the bills paid. But I brought a' the beasts ower-bye that I thought ye wad like best. There is Gowans, and there's your ain brookit cow, and the wee hawkit aue, that ye ea'd — I needna tell

ye how ye ca'd it ; but I couldna bid them sell the petted creature, though the sight o't may sometimes gie us a sair heart : it's no the poor dumb creature's fault. And ane or twa beasts mair I hae reserved, and I caused them to be driven before the other beasts, that men might say, as when the son of Jesse returned from battle, "This is David's spoil."

Upon more particular inquiry, Jeanie found new occasion to admire the active beneficence of her friend the Duke of Argyle. While establishing a sort of experimental farm on the skirts of his immense Highland estates, he had been somewhat at a loss to find a proper person in whom to vest the charge of it. The conversation his Grace had upon country matters with Jeanie Deans during their return from Richmond had impressed him with a belief that the father, whose experience and success she so frequently quoted, must be exactly the sort of person whom he wanted. When the condition annexed to Effie's pardon rendered it highly probable that David Deans would choose to change his place of residence, this idea again occurred to the Duke more strongly, and as he was an enthusiast equally in agriculture and in benevolence, he imagined he was serving the purposes of both when he wrote to the gentleman in Edinburgh entrusted with his affairs to inquire into the character of David Deans, cow-feeder, and so forth, at St. Leonard's Crag; and if he found him such as he had been represented, to engage him without delay, and on the most liberal terms, to superintend his fancy-farm in Dunbartonshire.

The proposal was made to old David by the gentleman so commissioned on the second day after his daughter's pardon had reached Edinburgh. His resolution to leave St. Leonard's had been already formed; the honour of an express invitation from the Duke of Argyle to superintend a department where so much skill and diligence was required was in itself extremely flattering; and the more so, because honest David, who was not without an excellent opinion of his own talents, persuaded himself that, by accepting this charge, he would in some sort repay the great favour he had received at the hands of the Argyle family. The appointments, including the right of sufficient grazing for a small stock of his own, were amply liberal; and David's keen eye saw that the situation was convenient for trafficking to advantage in Highland cattle. There was risk of 'hership' from the neighbouring mountains, indeed, but the awful name of the Duke of Argyle would be a great security, and a trifle of black-mail would, David was aware, assure his safety.

Still, however, there were two points on which he haggled. The first was the character of the clergyman with whose worship he was to join; and on this delicate point he received, as we will presently show the reader, perfect satisfaction. The next obstacle was the condition of his youngest daughter, obliged as she was to leave Scotland for so many years.

The gentleman of the law smiled, and said, 'There was no occasion to interpret that clause very strictly; that if the young woman left Scotland for a few months, or even weeks, and came to her father's new residence by sea from the western side of England, nobody would know of her arrival, or at least nobody who had either the right or inclination to give her disturbance. The extensive heritable jurisdictions of his Grace excluded the interference of other magistrates with those living on his estates, and they who were in immediate dependence on him would receive orders to give the young woman no disturbance. Living on the verge of the Highlands, she might, indeed, be said to be out of Scotland, that is, beyond the bounds of ordinary law and civilisation.'

Old Deans was not quite satisfied with this reasoning; but the elopement of Effie, which took place on the third night after her liberation, rendered his residence at St. Leonard's so detestable to him that he closed at once with the proposal which had been made him, and entered with pleasure into the idea of surprising Jeanie, as had been proposed by the Duke, to render the change of residence more striking to her. The Duke had apprised Archibald of these circumstances, with orders to act according to the instructions he should receive from Edinburgh, and by which accordingly he was directed to bring Jeanie to Roseneath.

The father and daughter communicated these matters to each other, now stopping, now walking slowly towards the Lodge, which showed itself among the trees, at about half a mile's distance from the little bay in which they had landed.

As they approached the house, David Deans informed his daughter, with somewhat like a grim smile, which was the utmost advance he ever made towards a mirthful expression of visage, that 'there was baith a worshipful gentleman and ane reverend gentleman residing therein. The worshipful gentleman was his honour the Laird of Knoektarlitie, who was bailie of the lordship under the Duke of Argyle, ane Hieland gentleman, tarred wi' the same stick,' David doubted, 'as mony of them, namely, a hasty and choleric temper, and a neglect of

the higher things that belong to salvation, and also a gripping unto the things of this world, without muckle distinction of property; but, however, ane gude hospitable gentleman, with whom it would be a part of wisdom to live on a gude understanding; for Hielandmen were hasty — ower hasty. As for the reverend person of whom he had spoken, he was candidate by favour of the Duke of Argyle (for David would not for the universe have called him presentee) for the kirk of the parish in which their farm was situated, and he was likely to be highly acceptable unto the Christian souls of the parish, who were hungering for spiritual manna, having been fed but upon sour Hieland sowens by Mr. Duncan MacDonought, the last minister, who began the morning duly, Sunday and Saturday, with a mutchkin of usquebaugh. But I need say the less about the present lad,' said David, again grimly grinacing, 'as I think ye may hae seen him afore; and here he is come to meet us.'

She had indeed seen him before, for it was no other than Reuben Butler himself.

CHAPTER XLIII

No more shalt thou behold thy sister's face ;
Thou hast already had her last embrace.

Elegy on Mrs. Anne Killigrew.

THIS second surprise had been accomplished for Jeanie Deans by the rod of the same benevolent enchanter whose power had transplanted her father from the Crags of St. Leonard's to the banks of the Gare Loch. The Duke of Argyle was not a person to forget the hereditary debt of gratitude which had been bequeathed to him by his grandfather in favour of the grandson of old Bible Butler. He had internally resolved to provide for Reuben Butler in this kirk of Knocktarlitie, of which the incumbent had just departed this life. Accordingly, his agent received the necessary instructions for that purpose, under the qualifying condition always that the learning and character of Mr. Butler should be found proper for the charge. Upon inquiry, these were found as highly satisfactory as had been reported in the case of David Deans himself.

By this preferment, the Duke of Argyle more essentially benefited his friend and *protégée*, Jeanie, than he himself was aware of, since he contributed to remove objections in her father's mind to the match, which he had no idea had been in existence.

We have already noticed that Deans had something of a prejudice against Butler, which was, perhaps, in some degree owing to his possessing a sort of consciousness that the poor usher looked with eyes of affection upon his eldest daughter. This, in David's eyes, was a sin of presumption, even although it should not be followed by any overt act or actual proposal. But the lively interest which Butler had displayed in his distresses since Jeanie set forth on her London expedition, and which, therefore, he ascribed to personal respect for himself

individually, had greatly softened the feelings of irritability with which David had sometimes regarded him. And, while he was in this good disposition towards Butler, another incident took place which had great influence on the old man's mind.

So soon as the shock of Effie's second elopement was over, it was Deans's early care to collect and refund to the Laird of Dumbiedikes the money which he had lent for Effie's trial and for Jeanie's travelling expenses. The Laird, the pony, the cocked hat, and the tobacco-pipe had not been seen at St. Leonard's Crag for many a day; so that, in order to pay this debt, David was under the necessity of repairing in person to the mansion of Dumbiedikes.

He found it in a state of unexpected bustle. There were workmen pulling down some of the old hangings and replacing them with others, altering, repairing, scrubbing, painting, and whitewashing. There was no knowing the old house, which had been so long the mansion of sloth and silence. The Laird himself seemed in some confusion, and his reception, though kind, lacked something of the reverential cordiality with which he used to greet David Deans. There was a change also, David did not very well know of what nature, about the exterior of this landed proprietor—an improvement in the shape of his garments, a spruceness in the air with which they were put on, that were both novelties. Even the old hat looked smarter: the cock had been newly pointed, the lace had been refreshed, and instead of slouching backward or forward on the Laird's head as it happened to be thrown on, it was adjusted with a knowing inclination over one eye.

David Deans opened his business and told down the cash. Dumbiedikes steadily inclined his ear to the one, and counted the other with great accuracy, interrupting David, while he was talking of the redemption of the captivity of Judah, to ask him whether he did not think one or two of the guineas looked rather light. When he was satisfied on this point, had pocketed his money, and had signed a receipt, he addressed David with some little hesitation—'Jeanie wad be writing ye something, gudeman?'

'About the siller?' replied Davie. 'Nae doubt she did.'

'And did she say nae mair about me?' asked the Laird.

'Nae mair but kind and Christian wishes; what suld she hae said?' replied David, fully expecting that the Laird's long courtship, if his dangling after Jeanie deserves so active a name,

was now coming to a point. And so indeed it was, but not to that point which he wished or expected.

'Aweel, she kens her ain mind best, gudeman. I hae made a clean house o' Jenny Balehristie and her niece. They were a bad pack — stealed meat and mault, and loot the carters magg the coals. I'm to be married the morn, and kirkit on Sunday.'

Whatever David felt, he was too proud and too steady-minded to show any unpleasant surprise in his countenance and manner.

'I wuss ye happy, sir, through Him that gies happiness; marriage is an honourable state.'

'And I am wedding into an honourable house, David — the Laird of Lickpelf's youngest daughter; she sits next us in the kirk, and that's the way I came to think on't.'

There was no more to be said, but again to wish the Laird joy, to taste a cup of his liquer, and to walk back again to St. Leonard's, musing on the mutability of human affairs and human resolutions. The expectation that one day or other Jeanie would be Lady Dumbiedikes had, in spite of himself, kept a more absolute possession of David's mind than he himself was aware of. At least it had hitherto seemed an union at all times within his daughter's reach, whenever she might choose to give her silent lover any degree of encouragement, and now it was vanished for ever. David returned, therefore, in no very gracious humour for so good a man. He was angry with Jeanie for not having encouraged the Laird; he was angry with the Laird for requiring encouragement; and he was angry with himself for being angry at all on the occasion.

On his return he found the gentleman who managed the Duke of Argyle's affairs was desirous of seeing him, with a view to completing the arrangement between them. Thus, after a brief repose, he was obliged to set off anew for Edinburgh, so that old May Hettly declared, 'That a' this was to end with the master just walking himself aff his feet.'

When the business respecting the farm had been talked over and arranged, the professional gentleman acquainted David Deans, in answer to his inquiries concerning the state of public worship, that it was the pleasure of the Duke to put an excellent young clergyman called Reuben Butler into the parish, which was to be his future residence.

'Reuben Butler!' exclaimed David — 'Reuben Butler, the usher at Liberton?'

'The very same,' said the Duke's commissioner. 'His Grace has heard an excellent character of him, and has some hereditary

obligations to him besides; few ministers will be so comfortable as I am directed to make Mr. Butler.'

'Obligations! The Duke! Obligations to Reuben Butler! Reuben Butler a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland!' exclaimed David, in interminable astonishment, for somehow he had been led by the bad success which Butler had hitherto met with in all his undertakings to consider him as one of those stepsons of Fortune whom she treats with unceasing rigour, and ends with disinheriting altogether.

There is, perhaps, no time at which we are disposed to think so highly of a friend as when we find him standing higher than we expected in the esteem of others. When assured of the reality of Butler's change of prospects, David expressed his great satisfaction at his success in life, which, he observed, was entirely owing to himself (David). 'I advised his puir grandmother, who was but a silly woman, to breed him up to the ministry; and I prophesied that, with a blessing on his endeavours, he would become a polished shaft in the temple. He may be something ower proud o' his carnal learning, but a gude lad, and has the root of the matter; as ministers gang now, where ye'll find ane better, ye'll find ten waur than Reuben Butler.'

He took leave of the man of business and walked homeward, forgetting his weariness in the various speculations to which this wonderful piece of intelligence gave rise. Honest David had now, like other great men, to go to work to reconcile his speculative principles with existing circumstances; and, like other great men, when they set seriously about that task, he was tolerably successful.

'Ought Reuben Butler in conscience to accept of this preferment in the Kirk of Scotland, subject (as David at present thought that establishment was) to the Erastian encroachments of the civil power?' This was the leading question, and he considered it carefully. 'The Kirk of Scotland was shorn of its beams, and deprived of its full artillery and banners of authority; but still it contained zealous and fructifying pastors, attentive congregations, and, with all her spots and blemishes, the like of this kirk was nowhere else to be seen upon earth.'

David's doubts had been too many and too critical to permit him ever unequivocally to unite himself with any of the dissenters, who, upon various accounts, absolutely seceded from the national church. He had often joined in communion with such of the established clergy as approached nearest to the old

Presbyterian model and principles of 1640. And although there were many things to be amended in that system, yet he remembered that he, David Deans, had himself ever been a humble pleader for the good old cause in a legal way, but without rushing into right-hand excesses, divisions, and separations. But, as an enemy to separation, he might join the right-hand of fellowship with a minister of the Kirk of Scotland in its present model. *Ergo*, Reuben Butler might take possession of the parish of Knoocktarlitie without forfeiting his friendship or favour — Q. E. D. But, secondly, came the trying point of lay patronage, which David Deans had ever maintained to be a coming in by the window and over the wall, a cheating and starving the souls of a whole parish, for the purpose of clothing the back and filling the belly of the incumbent.

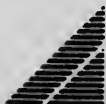
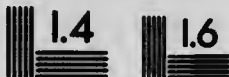
This presentation, therefore, from the Duke of Argyle, whatever was the worth and high character of that nobleman, was a limb of the brazen image, a portion of the evil thing, and with no kind of consistency could David bend his mind to favour such a transaction. But if the parishioners themselves joined in a general call to Reuben Butler to be their pastor, it did not seem quite so evident that the existence of this unhappy presentation was a reason for his refusing them the comforts of his doctrine. If the presbytery admitted him to the kirk in virtue rather of that act of patronage than of the general call of the congregation, that might be their error, and David allowed it was a heavy one. But if Reuben Butler accepted of the cure as tendered to him by those whom he was called to teach, and who had expressed themselves desirous to learn, David, after considering and reconsidering the matter, came, through the great virtue of 'if,' to be of opinion that he might safely so act in that matter.

There remained a third stumbling-block — the oaths to government exacted from the established clergymen, in which they acknowledge an Erastian king and parliament, and homologate the incorporating Union between England and Scotland, through which the latter kingdom had become part and portion of the former, wherein Prelacy, the sister of Popery, had made fast her throne and elevated the horns of her mitre. These were symptoms of defection which had often made David cry out, 'My bowels — my bowels! I am pained at the very heart!' And he remembered that a godly Bow-head matron had been carried out of the Tolbooth Church in a swoon, beyond the reach of brandy and burnt feathers, merely on hearing



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these fearful words, 'It is enacted by the Lords *spiritual* and temporal,' pronounced from a Scottish pulpit, in the poem to the Porteous proclamation. These oaths were, therefore, a deep compliance and dire abomination — a sin and a snare, and a danger and a defection. But this shibboleth was not always exacted. Ministers had respect to their own tender consciences and those of their brethren; and it was not till a later period that the reins of discipline were taken up tight by the General Assemblies and presbyteries. The peacemaking particle came again to David's assistance. *If* an incumbent was not called upon to make such compliances, and *if* he got a right entry into the church without intrusion, and by orderly appointment, why, upon the whole, David Deans came to be of opinion that the said incumbent might lawfully enjoy the spirituality and temporality of the cure of souls at Knocktarlitie, with stipend, manse, glebe, and all thereunto appertaining.

The best and most upright-minded men are so strongly influenced by existing circumstances, that it would be somewhat cruel to inquire too nearly what weight paternal affection gave to these ingenious trains of reasoning. Let David Deans's situation be considered. He was just deprived of one daughter, and his eldest, to whom he owed so much, was cut off, by the sudden resolution of Dumbiedikes, from the high hope which David had entertained that she might one day be mistress of that fair lordship. Just while this disappointment was bearing heavy on his spirits, Butler comes before his imagination — no longer the half-starved threadbare usher, but fat and sleek and fair, the beneficed minister of Knocktarlitie, beloved by his congregation, exemplary in his life, powerful in his doctrine, doing the duty of the kirk as never Highland minister did it before, turning sinners as a colley dog turns sheep, a favourite of the Duke of Argyle, and drawing a stipend of eight hundred pounds Scots and four chalders of victual. Here was a match making up, in David's mind, in a tenfold degree, the disappointment in the case of Dumbiedikes, in so far as the goodman of St. Leonard's held a powerful minister in much greater admiration than a mere landed proprietor. It did not occur to him, as an additional reason in favour of the match, that Jeanie might herself have some choice in the matter; for the idea of consulting her feelings never once entered into the honest man's head, any more than the possibility that her inclination might perhaps differ from his own.

The result of his meditations was, that he was called upon

to take the management of the whole affair into his own hand, and give, if it should be found possible without sinful compliance, or backsliding, or defection of any kind, a worthy pastor to the kirk of Knocktarlitie. Accordingly, by the intervention of the honest dealer in butter-milk who dwelt in Liberton, David summoned to his presence Reuben Butler. Even from this worthy messenger he was unable to conceal certain swelling emotions of dignity, insomuch that, when the carter had communicated his message to the usher, he added, that 'Certainly the gudeman of St. Leonard's had some grand news to tell him, for he was as uplifted as a midden-cock upon pattens.'

Butler, it may readily be conceived, immediately obeyed the summons. His was a plain character, in which worth and good sense and simplicity were the principal ingredients; but love, on this occasion, gave him a certain degree of address. He had received an intimation of the favour designed him by the Duke of Argyle, with what feelings those only can conceive who have experienced a sudden prospect of being raised to independence and respect, from penury and toil. He resolved, however, that the old man should retain all the consequence of being, in his own opinion, the first to communicate the important intelligence. At the same time, he also determined that in the expected conference he would permit David Deans to expatiate at length upon the proposal in all its bearings, without irritating him either by interruption or contradiction. This last plan was the most prudent he could have adopted; because, although there were many doubts which David Deans could himself clear up to his own satisfaction, yet he might have been by no means disposed to accept the solution of any other person; and to engage him in an argument would have been certain to confirm him at once and for ever in the opinion which Butler chanced to impugn.

He received his friend with an appearance of important gravity, which real misfortune had long compelled him to lay aside, and which belonged to those days of awful authority in which he predominated over Widow Butler, and dictated the mode of cultivating the crofts at Beersheba. He made known to Reuben with great prolixity the prospect of his changing his present residence for the charge of the Duke of Argyle's stock farm in Dunbartonshire, and enumerated the various advantages of the situation with obvious self-congratulation; but assured the patient hearer that nothing had so much moved him to accept-

ance as the sense 'That, by his skill in bestial, he could render the most important services to his Grace the Duke of Argyle, to whom, in the late unhappy circumstance (here a tear dimmed the sparkle of pride in the old man's eye), he had been sae muckle obliged. To put a rude Hielandman into sic a charge,' he continued, 'what could be expected but that he suld be sic a chiefest herdsman as wicked Doeg the Edomite; whereas, while this grey head is to the fore, not a clute o' them but sall be as weel cared for as if they were the fatted kine of Pharaoh. And now, Reuben, lad, seeing we maun remove our tent to a strange country, ye will be casting a dolefu' look after us, and thinking with whom ye are to hold council anent your government in thae slippery and backsliding times; and nae doubt remembering that the auld man, David Deans, was made the instrument to bring you out of the mire of schism and heresy, wherein your father's house delighted to wallow; aften also, nae doubt, when ye are pressed wi' ensnaring trials and temptations and heart-plagues, you, that are like a recruit that is marching for the first time to the took of drum, will miss the auld, bauld, and experienced veteran soldier that has felt the brunt of mony a foul day, and heard the bullets whistle as aften as he has hairs left on his auld pow.'

It is very possible that Butler might internally be of opinion that the reflection on his ancestor's peculiar tenets might have been spared, or that he might be presumptuous enough even to think that, at his years and v h his own lights, he might be able to hold his course without the pilotage of honest David. But he only replied by expressing his regret that anything should separate him from an ancient, tried, and affectionate friend.

'But how can it be helped, man?' said David, twisting his features into a sort of smile — 'how can we help it? I trow ye canna tell me that. Ye maun leave that to ither folk — to the Duke of Argyle and me, Reuben. It's a gude thing to hae friends in this warld; how muckle better to hae an interest beyond it!' And David, whose piety, though not always quite rational, was as sincere as it was habitual and fervent, looked reverentially upward, and paused.

Mr. Butler intimated the pleasure with which he would receive his friend's advice on a subject so important, and David resumed.

'What think ye now, Reuben, of a kirk — a regular kirk under the present establishment? Were sic offered to ye, wad ye be free to accept it, and under whilk provisions? I am speaking but by way of query.'

Butler replied, 'That if such a prospect were held out to him, he would probably first consult whether he was likely to be useful to the parish he should be called to; and if there appeared a fair prospect of his proving so, his friend must be aware that, in every other point of view, it would be highly advantageous for him.'

'Right, Reuben — very right, lad,' answered the monitor, 'your ain conscience is the first thing to be satisfied; for how shall he teach others that has himsell sae ill learned the Scriptures as to grip for the luere of fowl earthly preferment, sic as gear and manse, money and victual, that which is not his in a spiritual sense; or wha makes his kirk a stalking-horse, from behind which he may tak aim at his stipend? But I look for better things of you; and specially ye maun be minded not to act altogether on your ain judgment, for therethrough comes sair mistakes, backslidings, and defections on the left and on the right. If there were sic a day of trial put to you, Reuben, you, who are a young lad, although it may be ye are gifted wi' the carnal tongues, and those whilk were spoken at Rome, whilk is now the seat of the scarlet abomination, and by the Greeks, to whom the Gospel was as foolishness, yet nathless ye may be entreated by your weel-wisher to take the ecounsel of those prudent and resolved and weather-withstanding professors wha hae kenn'd what it was to lurk on banks and in mosses, in bogs and in caverns, and to risk the peril of the head rather than renounce the honesty of the heart.'

Butler replied, 'That certainly possessing such a friend as he hoped and trusted he had in the goodman himself, who had seen so many changes in the preceding century, he should be much to blame if he did not avail himself of his experience and friendly counsel.'

'Eneugh said — eneugh s' — Reuben,' said David Deans, with internal exultation; 'and say that ye were in the predicament whereof I hae spoken, of a surety I would deem it my duty to gang to the root o' the matter, and lay bare to you the ulcers and imposthumes, and the sores and the leprosy, of this our time, crying a'loud and sparing not.'

David Deans was now in his element. He commenced his examination of the doctrines and belief of the Christian Church with the very Culdees, from whom he passed to John Knox; from John Knox to the recusants in James the Sixth's time —

McClellan, Black, Blair, Livingstone; from them to the brief, and at length triumphant, period of the Presbyterian Church's

splendour, until it was overrun by the English Independents. Then followed the dismal times of Prelacy, the indulgences, seven in number, with all their shades and bearings, until he arrived at the reign of King James the Second, in which he himself had been, in his own mind, neither an obscure actor nor an obscure sufferer. Then was Butler doomed to hear the most detailed and annotated edition of what he had so often heard before — David Deans's confinement, namely, in the iron cage in the Cannongate tolbooth, and the cause thereof.

We should be very unjust to our friend David Deans if we should 'pretermit,' to use his own expression, a narrative which he held essential to his fame. A drunken trooper of the Royal Guards, Francis Gordon by name, had chased five or six of the skulking Whigs, among whom was our friend David; and after he had compelled them to stand, and was in the act of brawling with them, one of their number fired a pocket-pistol and shot him dead. David used to sneer and shake his head when any one asked him whether *he* had been the instrument of removing this wicked persecutor from the face of the earth. In fact, the merit of the deed lay between him and his friend, Patrick Walker, the pedlar, whose works he was so fond of quoting. Neither of them cared directly to claim the merit of silencing Mr. Francis Gordon of the Life Guards, there being some wild cousins of his about Edinburgh, who might have been even yet addicted to revenge, but yet neither of them chose to disown or yield to the other the merit of this active defence of their religious rights. David said, that if he had fired a pistol then, it was what he never did after or before. And as for Mr. Patrick Walker, he has left it upon record that his great surprise was that so small a pistol could kill so big a man. These are the words of that venerable biographer, whose trade had not taught him by experience that an inch was as good as an ell: 'He (Francis Gordon) got a shot in his head out of a pocket-pistol, rather fit for diverting a boy than killing such a furious, mad, brisk man, which notwithstanding killed him dead!'¹

Upon the extensive foundation which the history of the kirk afforded, during its short-lived triumph and long tribulation, David, with length of breath and of narrative which would have astounded any one but a lover of his daughter, proceeded to lay down his own rules for guiding the conscience of his friend as an aspirant to serve in the ministry. Upon this

¹ See Death of Francis Gordon. Note 35.

subject the good man went through such a variety of nice and casuistical problems, supposed so many extreme cases, made the distinctions so critical and nice betwixt the right hand and the left hand, betwixt compliance and defection, holding back and stepping aside, slipping and stumbling, snares and errors, that at length, after having limited the path of truth to a mathematical line, he was brought to the broad admission that each man's conscience, after he had gained a certain view of the difficult navigation which he was to encounter, would be the best guide for his pilotage. He stated the examples and arguments for and against the acceptance of a kirk on the present revolution model with much more impartiality to Butler than he had been able to place them before his own view. And he concluded, that his young friend ought to think upon these things, and be guided by the voice of his own conscience, whether he could take such an awful trust as the charge of souls, without doing injury to his own internal conviction of what is right or wrong.

When David had finished his very long harangue, which was only interrupted by monosyllables, or little more, on the part of Butler, the orator himself was greatly astonished to find that the conclusion at which he very naturally wished to arrive seemed much less decisively attained than when he had argued the case in his own mind.

In this particular David's current of thinking and speaking only illustrated the very important and general proposition concerning the excellence of the publicity of debate. For, under the influence of any partial feeling, it is certain that most men can more easily reconcile themselves to any favourite measure when agitating it in their own mind than when obliged to expose its merits to a third party, when the necessity of seeming impartial procures for the opposite arguments a much more fair statement than that which he affords it in tacit meditation. Having finished what he had to say, David thought himself obliged to be more explicit in point of fact, and to explain that this was no hypothetical case, but one on which, by his own influence and that of the Duke of Argyle, Reuben Butler would soon be called to decide.

It was even with something like apprehension that David Deans heard Butler announce, in return to this communication, that he would take that night to consider on what he had said with such kind intentions, and return him an answer the next morning. The feelings of the father mastered David on this occasion. He pressed Butler to spend the evening with him.

He produced, more unusual at his meals, one, nay, two bottles of aged strong wine. He spoke of his daughter — of her merits, her housewifery, her thrift, her affection. He led Butler so decidedly up to a declaration of his feelings towards Jeanie, that, before nightfall, it was distinctly understood she was to be the bride of Reuben Butler; and if they thought it indelicate to abridge the period of deliberation which Reuben had stipulated, it seemed to be sufficiently understood betwixt them that there was a strong probability of his becoming minister of Knocktarlitie, providing the congregation were as willing to accept of him as the Duke to grant him the presentation. The matter of the oaths, they agreed, it was time enough to dispute about whenever the shibboleth should be tendered.

Many arrangements were adopted that evening, which were afterwards ripened by correspondence with the Duke of Argyle's man of business, who entrusted Deans and Butler with the benevolent wish of his principal that they should all meet with Jeanie, on her return from England, at the Duke's hunting-lodge in Roseneath.

This retrospect, so far as the placid loves of Jeanie Deans and Reuben Butler are concerned, forms a full explanation of the preceding narrative up to their meeting on the island as already mentioned.

CHAPTER XLIV

'I come,' he said, 'my love, my life,
And — nature's dearest name — my wife.
Thy father's house and friends resign,
My home, my friends, my sire, are thine.'

LOGAN.

THE meeting of Jeanie and Butler, under circumstances promising to crown an affection so long delayed, was rather affecting from its simple sincerity than from its uncommon vehemence of feeling. David Deans, whose practice was sometimes a little different from his theory, appalled them at first by giving them the opinion of sundry of the suffering preachers and champions of his younger days, that marriage, though honourable by the laws of Scripture, was yet a state over-rashly coveted by professors, and specially by young ministers, whose desire, he said, was at times too inordinate for kirks, stipends, and wives, which had frequently occasioned over-ready compliance with the general defections of the times. He endeavoured to make them aware also, that hasty wedlock had been the bane of many a savoury professor; that the unbelieving wife had too often reversed the text, and perverted the believing husband; that when the famous Donald Cargill, being then hiding in Lee Wood, in Berkshire, it being 'killing time,' did, upon importunity, Robert Marshal of Starry Shaw, he had thus expressed himself: 'What hath induced Robert to marry this woman? He will overcome his good; he will not keep the way long: his thriving days are done.' To the sad accomplishment of which prophecy David said he was himself a living witness, for Robert Marshal, having fallen into foul compliances with the enemy, went home, and heard the curates, declined into other steps of defection, and became lightly esteemed. Indeed, he observed that the great upholders of the standard, Cargill, Peden, Cameron, and Renwick, had less delight in tying the bonds of matrimony than in any other piece of their ministerial

work; and although they would neither dissuade the parties nor refuse their office, they considered the being called to it as an evidence of indifference on the part of those between whom it was solemnised to the many grievous things of the day. Notwithstanding, however, that marriage was a snare unto many, David was of opinion, as, indeed, he had showed in his practice, 'that it was in itself honourable, especially if times were such that honest men could be secure against being shot, hanged, or banished, and had an competent livelihood to maintain themselves and those that might come after them. And, therefore,' as he concluded something abruptly, addressing Jeanie and Butler, who, with faces as high-coloured as crimson, had been listening to his lengthened argument for and against the holy state of matrimony, 'I will leave ye to your ain cracks.'

As their private conversation, however interesting to themselves, might probably be very little so to the reader, so far as it respected their present feelings and future prospects, we shall pass it over, and only mention the information which Jeanie received from Butler concerning her sister's elopement, which contained many particulars that she had been unable to extract from her father.

Jeanie learned, therefore, that for three days after her pardon had arrived, Effie had been the inmate of her father's house at St. Leonard's; that the interviews betwixt David and his erring child which had taken place before she was liberated from prison had been touching in the extreme; but Butler could not suppress his opinion that, when he was freed from the apprehension of losing her in a manner so horrible, her father had tightened the bands of discipline, so as, in some degree, to gall the feelings and aggravate the irritability of a spirit naturally impatient and petulant, and now doubly so from the sense of merited disgrace.

On the third night, Effie disappeared from St. Leonard's, leaving no intimation whatever of the route she had taken. Butler, however, set out in pursuit of her, and with much trouble traced her towards a little landing-place, formed by a small brook which enters the sea betwixt Musselburgh and Edinburgh. This place, which has been since made into a small harbour, surrounded by many villas and lodging-houses, is now termed Portobello. At this time it was surrounded by a waste common, covered with furze, and unfrequented, save by fishing-boats, and now and then a smuggling lugger. A vessel of this description had been hovering in the firth at the time of Effie's

elopement, and, as Butler ascertained, a boat had come ashore in the evening on which the fugitive had disappeared, and had carried on board a female. As the vessel made sail immediately, and landed no part of their cargo, there seemed little doubt that they were accomplices of the notorious Robertson, and that the vessel had only come into the Firth to carry off his paramour.

This was made clear by a letter which Butler himself soon afterwards received by post, signed, 'E. D.,' but without bearing any date of place or time. It was miserably ill written and spelt; sea-sickness having apparently aided the derangement of Effie's very irregular orthography and mode of expression. In this epistle, however, as in all that that unfortunate girl said or did, there was something to praise as well as to blame. She said in her letter, 'That she could not endure that her father and her sister should go into banishment, or be partakers of her shame; that if her burden was a heavy one, it was of her own binding, and she had the more right to bear it alone; that in future they could not be a comfort to her, or she to them, since every look and word of her father put her in mind of her transgression, and was like to drive her mad; that she had nearly lost her judgment during the three days she was at St. Leonard's: her father meant weel by her, and all men, but he did not know the dreadful pain he gave her in casting up her sins. If Jeanie had been at hame, it might hae done better; Jeanie was aye, like the angels in heaven, that rather weep for sinners than reckon their transgressions. But she should never see Jeanie ony mair, and that was the thought that gave her the sairest heart of a' that had come and gane yet. On her bended knees would she pray for Jeanie, night and day, baith for what she had done and what she had scorned to do in her behalf; for what a thought would it have been to her at this moment o' time, if that upright creature had made a fault we her! She desired her father would give Jeanie a' the gear-- her ain (*i.e.* Effie's) mother's and a'. She had made a deed giving up her right, and it was in Mr. Novit's hand. World's gear was henceforward the least of her care, nor was it likely to be muckle her mister. She hoped this would make it easy for her sister to settle'; and immediately after this expression, she wished Butler himself all good things, in return for his kindness to her. 'For herself,' she said, 'she kem'd her lot would be a waesome aye, but it was of her own framing, sae she desired the less pity. But, for her friends' satisfaction, she

wished them to know that she was gaun nae ill gate; that they who had done her maist wrong were now willing to do her what justice was in their power; and she would, in some worldly respects, be far better off than she deserved. But she desired her family to remain satisfied with this assurance, and give themselves no trouble in making further inquiries after her.

To David Deans and to Butler this letter gave very little comfort; for what was to be expected from this unfortunate girl's uniting her fate to that of a character so notorious as Robertson, who they readily guessed was alluded to in the last sentence, excepting that she should become the partner and victim of his future crimes? Jeannie, who knew George Staunton's character and real rank, saw her sister's situation under a ray of better hope. She argued well of the haste he had shown to reclaim his interest in Effie, and she trusted he had made her his wife. If so, it seemed improbable that, with his expected fortune and high connexions, he should again resume the life of criminal adventure which he had led, especially since, as matters stood, his life depended upon his keeping his own secret, which could only be done by an entire change of his habits, and particularly by avoiding all those who had known the heir of Willingham under the character of the audacious, criminal, and condemned Robertson.

She thought it most likely that the couple would go abroad for a few years, and not return to England until the affair of Porteous was totally forgotten. Jeannie, therefore, saw more hopes for her sister than Butler or her father had been able to perceive; but she was not at liberty to impart the comfort which she felt in believing that she would be secure from the pressure of poverty, and in little risk of being seduced into the paths of guilt. She could not have explained this without making public what it was essentially necessary for Effie's chance of comfort to conceal, the identity, namely, of George Staunton and George Robertson. After all, it was dreadful to think that Effie had united herself to a man condemned for felony, and liable to trial for murder, whatever might be his rank in life, and the degree of his repentance. Besides, it was melancholy to reflect that, she herself being in possession of the whole dreadful secret, it was most probable he would, out of regard to his own feelings and fear for his safety, never again permit her to see poor Effie. After perusing and re-perusing her sister's voluntary letter, she gave ease to her feelings in a flood of tears, which Butler in vain endeavoured to check by

every soothing attention in his power. She was obliged, however, at length to look up and wipe her eyes, for her father, thinking he had allowed the lovers time enough for conference, was now advancing towards them from the Lodge, accompanied by the Captain of Knockdunder, or, as his friends called him for brevity's sake, Duncan Knock, a title which some youthful exploits had rendered peculiarly appropriate.

This Duncan of Knockdunder was a person of first-rate importance in the island¹ of Roseneath and the continental parishes of Knockarlitie, Kilmun, and so forth; nay, his influence extended as far as Cowall, where, however, it was obscured by that of another factor. The Tower of Knockdunder still occupies, with its remains, a cliff overhanging the Holy Loch. Duncan swore it had been a royal castle; if so, it was one of the smallest, the space within only forming a square of sixteen feet, and bearing therefore a ridiculous proportion to the thickness of the walls, which was ten feet at least. Such as it was, however, it had long given the title of Captain, equivalent to that of Châtelain, to the ancestors of Duncan, who were retainers of the house of Argyle, and held a hereditary jurisdiction under them, of little extent indeed, but which had great consequence in their own eyes, and was usually administered with a vigour somewhat beyond the law.

The present representative of that ancient family was a stout short man about fifty, whose pleasure it was to unite in his own person the dress of the Highlands and Lowlands, wearing on his head a black tie-wig, surmounted by a fierce cocked hat, deeply guarded with gold lace, while the rest of his dress consisted of the plaid and philabeg. Duncan superintended a district which was partly Highland, partly Lowland, and therefore might be supposed to combine their national habits, in order to show his impartiality to Trojan or Egyptian. The incongruity, however, had a whimsical and ludicrous effect, as it made his head and body look as if belonging to different individuals; or, as some one said who had seen the executions of the insurgent prisoners in 1715, it seemed as if some Jacobite enchanter, having recalled the sufferers to life, had clapped, in his haste, an Englishman's head on a Highlander's body. To finish the portrait, the bearing of the gracious Duncan was brief, bluff, and consequential, and the upward turn of his short copper-coloured nose indicated that he was somewhat addicted to wrath and usquebaugh.

¹ This is, more correctly speaking, a peninsula (*Laing*).

When this dignitary had advanced up to Butler and to Jeanie, 'I take the freedom, Mr. Deans,' he said, in a very consequential manner, 'to salute your daughter, whilk I presume this young lass to be. I kiss every pretty girl that comes to Roseneath, in virtue of my office.' Having made this gallant speech, he took out his quid, saluted Jeanie with a hearty smack, and bade her welcome to Argyle's country. Then addressing Butler, he said, 'Ye maun gang ower and meet the earle ministers yonder the morn, for they will want to do your job; and synd it down with usquebaugh doubtless: they seldom make dry wark in this kintra.'

'And the Laird ——' said David Deans, addressing Butler in further explanation.

'The Captain, man,' interrupted Duncan; 'folk winna ken wha ye are speaking aboot, unless ye gie shentlemens their proper title.'

'The Captain, then,' said David, 'assures me that the call is unanimous on the part of the parishioners — a real harmonious call, Reuben.'

'I pelieve,' said Duncan, 'it was as harmonious as could be expected, when the tae half o' the bodies were elavering Sassenach and the t'other skirling Gaelic, like sea-maws and elack-geese before a storm. Ane wad hae needed the gift of tongues to ken preecesely what they said; but I pelieve the best end of it was, "Long live MacCallummure and Knock-dunder!" And as to its being an unanimous call, I wad be glad to ken fat business the carles have to call ony thing or ony body but what the Duke and mysell likes!'

'Nevertheless,' said Mr. Butler, 'if any of the parishioners have any scruples, which sometimes happen in the mind of sincere professors, I should be happy of an opportunity of trying to remove ——'

'Never fash your peard about it, man,' interrupted Duncan Knock. 'Leave it a' to me. Scruple! deil ane o' them has been bred up to scruple ony thing that they're bidden to do. And if sic a thing suld happen as ye speak o', ye sall see the sincere professor, as ye ca' him, towed at the stern of my boat for a few furlongs. I'll try if the water of the Haly Loch winna wash off scruples as weel as fleas. Cot tam ——!'

The rest of Duncan's threat was lost in a growling, gurgling sort of sound which he made in his throat, and which menaced recusants with no gentle means of conversion. David Deans would certainly have given battle in defence of the right of the

Christian congregation to be consulted in the choice of their own pastor, which, in his estimation, was one of the choicest and most inalienable of their privileges; but he had again engaged in close conversation with Jeanie, and, with more interest than he was in use to take in affairs foreign alike to his occupation and to his religious tenets, was inquiring into the particulars of her London journey. This was, perhaps, fortunate for the new-formed friendship betwixt him and the Captain of Knockdunder, which rested, in David's estimation, upon the proofs he had given of his skill in managing steek; but, in reality, upon the special charge transmitted to Duncan from the Duke and his agent to behave with the utmost attention to Deans and his family.

'And now, sirs,' said Duncan, in a commanding tone, 'I am to pray ye a' to come in to your supper, for yonder is Mr. Archibald half famished, and a Saxon woman, that looks as if her een were fleeing out o' her head wi' fear and wonder, as if she had never seen a shentleman in a philabeg before.'

'And Renben Butler,' said David, 'will doubtless desire instantly to retire, that he may prepare his mind for the exercise of to-morrow, that his work may suit the day, and be an offering of a sweet savour in the nostrils of the reverend presbytery.'

'Hout tout, man, it's but little ye ken about them,' interrupted the Captain. 'Teil a ane o' them wad gie the savour of the hot venison pasty which I smell (turning his squab nose up in the air) a' the way frae the Lodge, for a' that Mr. Putler, or yon either, can say to them.'

David groaned; but judging he had to do with a Gallio, as he said, did not think it worth his while to give battle. They followed the Captain to the house, and arranged themselves with great ceremony round a well-loaded supper-table. The only other circumstance of the evening worthy to be recorded is, that Butler pronounced the blessing; that Knockdunder found it too long, and David Deans censured it as too short; from which the charitable reader may conclude it was exactly the proper length.

CHAPTER XLV

Now turn the Psalms of David ower
And lilt wi' holy clangor ;
Of double verse come gie us four
And skirl up the Bangor.

BURNS.

THE next was the important day when, according to the forms and ritual of the Scottish Kirk, Reuben Butler was to be ordained minister of Knocktarlittie by the presbytery of——. And so eager were the whole party, that all, excepting Mrs. Dutton, the destined Cowslip of Inverary, were stirring at an early hour.

Their host, whose appetite was as quick and keen as his temper, was not long in summoning them to a substantial breakfast, where there were at least a dozen of different preparations of milk, plenty of cold meat, scores boiled and roasted eggs, a huge cag of butter, half a firkin herrings boiled and broiled, fresh and salt, and tea and coffee for them that liked it, which, as their landlord assured them, with a nod and a wink, pointing at the same time to a little cutter which seemed dodging under the lee of the island, cost them little beside the fetching ashore.

'Is the contraband trade permitted here so openly?' said Butler. 'I should think it very unfavourable to the people's morals.'

'The Duke, Mr. Putler, has gien nae orders concerning the putting of it down,' said the magistrate, and seemed to think that he had said all that was necessary to justify his connivance.

Butler was a man of prudence, and aware that real good can only be obtained by remonstrance when remonstrance is well-timed; so for the present he said nothing more on the subject.

When breakfast was half over, in flounced Mrs. Dolly, as

fine as a blue sacque and cherry-coloured ribbands could make her.

'Good morrow to you, madam,' said the master of ceremonies; 'I trust your early rising will not scaith ye.'

The dame apologised to Captain Knockunder, as she was pleased to term their entertainer; 'but, as we say in Cheshire,' she added, 'I was like the mayor of Altringham, who lies in bed while his breeches are mending, for the girl did not bring up the right bundle to my room till she had brought up all the others by mistake one after t'other. Well, I suppose we are all for church to-day, as I understand. Pray may I be so bold as to ask if it is the fashion for you North-Country gentlemen to go to church in your petticoats, Captain Knockunder?'

'Captain of Knockunder, madam, if you please, for I knock under to no man; and in respect of my garb, I shall go to church as I am, at your service, madam; for if I were to lie in bed, like your Major What-d'ye-callum, till my preeches were mended, I might be there all my life, seeing I never had a pair of them on my person but twice in my life, which I am pound to remember, it peing when the Duke brought his Duchess here, when her Grace pehoved to be pleased; so I e'en porrowed the minister's trews for the twa days his Grace was pleased to stay; but I will put myself under sic confinement again for no man on earth, or woman either, but her Grace being always excepted, as in duty pound.'

The mistress of the milking-pail stared, but, making no answer to this round declaration, immediately proceeded to show that the alarm of the preceding evening had in no degree injured her appetite.

When the meal was finished, the Captain proposed to them to take boat, in order that Mistress Jeanie might see her new place of residence, and that he himsel' might inquire whether the necessary preparations had been made there and at the manse for receiving the future inmates of these mansions.

The morning was delightful, and the huge mountain-shadows slept upon the mirrored wave of the firth, almost as little disturbed as if it had been an inland lake. Even Mrs. Dutton's fears no longer annoyed her. She had been informed by Archibald that there was to be some sort of junketting after the sermon, and that was what she loved dearly; and as for the water, it was so still that it would look quite like a pleasuring on the Thames.

The whole party being embarked, therefore, in a large boat, which the Captain called his coach and six, and attended by a smaller one termed his gig, the gallant Duncan steered straight upon the little tower of the old-fashioned church of Knocktarlittie, and the exertions of six stout rowers sped them rapidly on their voyage. As they neared the land, the hills appeared to recede from them, and a little valley, formed by the descent of a small river from the mountains, evolved itself as it were upon their approach. The style of the country on each side was simply pastoral, and resembled, in appearance and character, the description of a forgotten Scottish poet, which runs nearly thus :—

The water gently down a level slid,
 With little din, but couthly what it made ;
 On ilka side the trees grew thick and lang,
 And wi' the wild birds' notes were a' in sang ;
 On either side, a full bow-shot and mair,
 The green was even, gowany, and fair ;
 With easy slope on every land the braes
 To the hills' feet with scattered bushes raise ;
 With goats and sheep aboon, and kye below,
 The bonny banks all in a swarm did go.¹

They landed in this Highland Arcadia, at the mouth of the small stream which watered the delightful and peaccable valley. Inhabitants of several descriptions came to pay their respects to the Captain of Knockdunder, a homage which he was very peremptory in exacting, and to see the new settlers. Some of these were men after David Deans's own heart, elders of the kirk-session, zealous professors, from the Lennox, Lanarkshire, and Ayrshire, to whom the preceding Duke of Argyle had given 'rooms' in this corner of his estate, because they had suffered for joining his father, the unfortunate Earl, during his ill-fated attempt in 1686. These were cakes of the right leaven for David regaling himself with ; and, had it not been for this circumstance, he has been heard to say, 'that the Captain of Knockdunder would have swore him out of the country in twenty-four hours, sae awsome it was to ony thinking soul to hear his imprecations, upon the slightest temptation that crossed his humour.'

Besides these, there were a wilder set of parishioners, mountaineers from the upper glen and adjacent hill, who spoke Gaelic, went about armed, and wore the Highland dress. But the strict commands of the Duke had established such good

¹ Ross's *Fortunate Shepherdess*. Edit. 1778, p. 23.

order in this part of his territories, that the Gael and Saxons lived upon the best possible terms of good neighbourhood.

They first visited the manse, as the parsonage is termed in Scotland. It was old, but in good repair, and stood snugly embosomed in a grove of sycamore, with a well-stocked garden in front, bounded by the small river, which was partly visible from the windows, partly concealed by the bushes, trees, and bounding hedge. Within, the house looked less comfortable than it might have been, for it had been neglected by the late incumbent; but workmen had been labouring under the directions of the Captain of Knockdunder, and at the expense of the Duke of Argyll, to put it into some order. The old 'pleishing' had been removed, and neat but plain household furniture had been sent down by the Duke in a brig of his own, called the 'Caroline,' and was now ready to be placed in order in the apartments.

The gracious Duncan, finding matters were at a stand among the workmen, summoned before him the delinquents, and impressed all who heard him with a sense of his authority by the penalties with which he threatened them for their delay. Maleting them in half their charge, he assured them, would be the least of it; for, if they were to neglect his pleasure and the Duke's, 'he would be tamm'd if he paid them the t'other half either, and they might seek law for it where they could get it.' The work-people humbled themselves before the offended dignitary, and spake him soft and fair; and at length, upon Mr. Butler recalling to his mind that it was the ordination-day, and that the workmen were probably thinking of going to church, Knockdunder agreed to forgive them, out of respect to their new minister.

'But an I catch them neglecking my duty again, Mr. Putler, the teil pe in me if the kirk shall be an exense; for what has the like o' them rapparees to do at the kirk ony day put Sundays, or then either, if the Duke and I has the necessitous uses for them?'

It may be guessed with what feelings of quiet satisfaction and delight Butler looked forward to spending his days, honoured and useful as he trusted to be, in this sequestered valley, and how often an intelligent glance was exchanged betwixt him and Jeanie, whose good-humoured face looked positively handsome, from the expression of modesty, and at the same time of satisfaction, which she wore when visiting the apartments of which she was soon to call herself mistress. She was

left at liberty to give more open indulgence to her feelings of delight and admiration when, leaving the manse, the company proceeded to examine the destined habitation of David Deans.

Jeanie found with pleasure that it was not above a musket-shot from the manse; for it had been a bar to her happiness to think she might be obliged to reside at a distance from her father, and she was aware that there were strong objections to his actually living in the same house with Butler. But this brief distance was the very thing which she could have wished.

The farm-house was on the plan of an improved cottage, and contrived with great regard to convenience; an excellent little garden, an orchard, and a set of offices complete, according to the best ideas of the time, combined to render it a most desirable habitation for the practical farmer, and far superior to the hovel at Woodend and the small house at St. Leonard's Crag. The situation was considerably higher than that of the manse, and fronted to the west. The windows commanded an enchanting view of the little vale over which the mansion seemed to preside, the windings of the stream, and the firth, with its associated lakes and romantic islands. The hills of Dunbartonshire, once possessed by the fierce clan of MacFarlanes, formed a crescent behind the valley, and far to the right were seen the dusky and more gigantic mountains of Argyleshire, with a seaward view of the shattered and thunder-spliten peaks of Arran.

But to Jeanie, whose taste for the picturesque, if she had any by nature, had never been awakened or cultivated, the sight of the faithful old May Hettly, as she opened the door to receive them in her clean toy, Sunday's russet-gown, and blue apron, nicely smoothed down before her, was worth the whole varied landscape. The raptures of the faithful old creature at seeing Jeanie were equal to her own, as she hastened to assure her, 'that baith the gudeman and the beasts had been as weel seen after as she possibly could contrive.' Separating her from the rest of the company, May then hurried her young mistress to the offices, that she might receive the compliments she expected for her care of the cows. Jeanie rejoiced, in the simplicity of her heart, to see her charge once more; and the mute favourites of our heroine, Gowans and the others, acknowledged her presence by lowing, turning round their broad and decent brows when they heard her well-known 'Pruh, my leddy — pruh, my woman,' and by various indications, known only to those who have studied the habits of the milky mothers,

showing sensible pleasure as she approached to caress them in their turn.

'The very brute beasts are glad to see ye again,' said May; 'but nae wonder, Jeanie, for ye were aye kind to beast and body. And I maun learn to ca' ye *mistress* now, Jeanie, since ye hae been up to Lunnon, and seen the Duke, and the King, and a' the braw folk. But wha kens,' added the old dame slyly, 'what I'll hae to ca' ye forbye mistress, for I am thinking it wunna lang be Deans.'

'Ca' me your ain Jeanie, May, and then ye can never gang wrang.'

In the cow-house which they examined there was one animal which Jeanie looked at till the tears gushed from her eyes. May, who had watched her with a sympathising expression, immediately observed, in an undertone, 'The gudeman aye sorts that beast himsell, and is kinder to it than ony beast in the byre; and I noticed he was that way e'en when he was angriest, and had maist cause to be angry. Eh, sirs! a parent's heart's a queer thing! Mony a warsle he has had for that puir lassie. I am thinking he petitions mair for her than for yoursell, hinny; for what can he plead for you but just to wish you the blessing ye deserve? And when I sleepit ayont the hallan, when we came first here, he was often earnest a' night, and I could hear him come ower and ower again wi', "Effie—puir blinded misguided thing!" it was aye "Effie! Effie!" If that puir wandering lamb comena into the sheep-fauld in the Shepherd's ain time, it will be an unco wonder, for I wot she has been a child of prayers. O, if the puir prodigal wad return, sae blythely as the goodman wad kill the fatted calf!—though Brockie's calf will no be fit for killing this three weeks yet.'

And then, with the discursive talent of persons of her description, she got once more afloat in her account of domestic affairs, and left this delicate and affecting topic.

Having looked at everything in the offices and the dairy, and expressed her satisfaction with the manner in which matters had been managed in her absence, Jeanie rejoined the rest of the party, who were surveying the interior of the house, all excepting David Deans and Butler, who had gone down to the church to meet the kirk-session and the clergymen of the presbytery, and arrange matters for the duty of the day.

In the interior of the cottage all was clean, neat, and suitable to the exterior. It had been originally built and furnished by

the Duke as a retreat for a favourite domestic of the higher class, who did not long enjoy it, and had been dead only a few months, so that everything was in excellent taste and good order. But in Jeanie's bedroom was a neat trunk, which had greatly excited Mrs. Dutton's curiosity, for she was sure that the direction, 'For Mrs. Jean Deans, at Auchingower, parish of Knocktarlittie,' was the writing of Mrs. Semple, the Duchess's own woman. May Hettly produced the key in a sealed parcel, which bore the same address, and attached to the key was a label, intimating that the trunk and its contents were 'a token of remembrance to Jeanie Deans from her friends the Duchess of Argyle and the young ladies.' The trunk, hastily opened, as the reader will not doubt, was found to be full of wearing apparel of the best quality, suited to Jeanie's rank in life; and to most of the articles the names of the particular donors were attached, as if to make Jeanie sensible not only of the general but of the individual interest she had excited in the noble family. To name the various articles by their appropriate names would be to attempt things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme; besides, that the old-fashioned terms of manteaus, sacques, kissing-strings, and so forth would convey but little information even to the milliners of the present day. (I shall deposit, however, an accurate inventory of the contents of the trunk with my kind friend, Miss Martha Bnskbody, who has promised, should the public curiosity seem interested in the subject, to supply me with a professional glossary and commentary.) Suffice it to say, that the gift was such as became the donors, and was suited to the situation of the receiver; that everything was handsome and appropriate, and nothing forgotten which belonged to the wardrobe of a young person in Jeanie's situation in life, the destined bride of a respectable clergyman.

Article after article was displayed, commented upon, and admired, to the wonder of May, who declared, 'she didna think the Queen had mair or better claise,' and somewhat to the envy of the northern Cowslip. This unamiable, but not very unnatural, disposition of mind broke forth in sundry unfounded criticisms to the disparagement of the articles, as they were severally exhibited. But it assumed a more direct character when, at the bottom of all, was found a dress of white silk, very plainly made, but still of white silk, and French silk to boot, with a paper pinned to it, bearing, that it was a present from the Duke of Argyle to his travelling companion, to be worn on the day when she should change her name.

Mrs. Dutton could forbear no longer, but whispered into Mr. Archibald's ear, that it was a clever thing to be a Scotch-woman: 'She supposed all *her* sisters, and she had half a dozen, might have been hanged, without any one sending her a present of a pocket handkerchief.'

'Or without your making any exertion to save them, Mrs. Dolly,' answered Archibald, dryly. 'But I am surprised we do not hear the bell yet,' said he, looking at his watch.

'Fat ta deil, Mr. Archibald,' answered the Captain of Knockdunder, 'wad ye hae them ring the bell before I am ready to gang to kirk? I wad gar the bedral eat the bell-rope if he took ony sic freedom. But if ye want to hear the bell, I will just show mysell on the knowe-head, and it will begin jowing forthwith.'

Accordingly, so soon as they sallied out, and the gold-laced hat of the Captain was seen rising like Hesper above the dewy verge of the rising ground, the clash — for it was rather a clash than a clang — of the bell was heard from the old moss-grown tower, and the clapper continued to thump its cracked sides all the while they advanced towards the kirk, Duncan exhorting them to take their own time, 'for teil ony sport wad be till he came.'¹

Accordingly, the bell only changed to the final and impatient chime when they crossed the style; and 'rang in,' that is, concluded its mistuned summons, when they had entered the Duke's seat in the little kirk, where the whole party arranged themselves, with Duncan at their head, excepting David Deans, who already occupied a seat among the elders.

The business of the day, with a particular detail of which it is unnecessary to trouble the reader, was gone through according to the established form, and the sermon pronounced upon the occasion had the good fortune to please even the critical David Deans, though it was only an hour and a quarter long, which David termed a short allowance of spiritual provender.

The preacher, who was a divine that held many of David's opinions, privately apologised for his brevity by saying, 'That he observed the Captain was gaunting grievously, and that if he had detained him longer, there was no knowing how long he might be in paying the next term's victual stipend.'

David groaned to find that such carnal motives could have influence upon the mind of a powerful preacher. He had, in-

¹ See Tolling to Service in Scotland. Note 36.

deed, been scandalised by another circumstance during the service.

So soon as the congregation were seated after prayers, and the clergyman had read his text, the gracious Duncan, after rummaging the leathern purse which hung in front of his petticoat, produced a short tobacco-pipe made of iron, and observed, almost aloud, 'I hae forgotten my spleuchan. Lachlan, gang down to the clachan and bring me up a pennyworth of twist.' Six arms, the nearest within reach, presented, with an obedient start, as many tobacco pouches to the man of office. He made choice of one with a nod of acknowledgment, filled his pipe, lighted it with the assistance of his pistol-flint, and smoked with infinite composure during the whole time of the sermon. When the discourse was finished, he knocked the ashes out of his pipe, replaced it in its sporran, returned the tobacco pouch or spleuchan to its owner, and joined in the prayer with decency and attention.

At the end of the service, when Butler had been admitted minister of the kirk of Knocktarlitie, with all its spiritual immunities and privileges, David, who had frowned, groaned, and murmured at Knockdunder's irreverent demeanour, communicated his plain thoughts of the matter to Isaac Meikle-hose, one of the elders, with whom a reverential aspect and huge grizzle wig had especially disposed him to seek fraternisation. 'It didna become a wild Indian,' David said, 'much less a Christian and a gentleman, to sit in the kirk puffing tobacco-reek, as if he were in a change-house.'

Meiklehose shook his head, and allowed it was 'far frae beseeming. But what will ye say? The Captain's a queer hand, and to speak to him about that or ony thing else that crosses the maggot, wad be to set the kiln a-low. He keeps a high hand ower the country, and we couldna deal wi' the Hielandmen without his protection, sin' a' the keys o' the kintray hings at his belt; and he's no an ill body in the main, and maistry, ye ken, maws the meadows down.'

'That may be very true, neighbour,' said David; 'but Reuben Butler isna the man I take him to be if he disna learn the Captain to fuff his pipe some other gate than in God's house or the quarter be ower.'

'Fair and softly gangs far,' said Meiklehose; 'and if a fule may gie a wise man a counsel, I wad hae him think twice or he mells wi' Knockdunder. He suld hae a lang-shankit spune that wad sup kail wi' the deil. But they are a' away to their

dinner to the change-house, and if we dinna mend our pace, we'll come short at meal-time.'

David accompanied his friend without answer; but began to feel from experience that the glen of Knocktarlitie, like the rest of the world, was haunted by its own special subjects of regret and discontent. His mind was so much occupied by considering the best means of converting Duncan of Knock to a sense of reverent decency during public worship, that he altogether forgot to inquire whether Butler was called upon to subscribe the oaths to government.

Some have insinuated that his neglect on this head was, in some degree, intentional; but I think this explanation inconsistent with the simplicity of my friend David's character. Neither have I ever been able, by the most minute inquiries, to know whether the formula at which he so much scrupled had been exacted from Butler, aye or no. The books of the kirk-session might have thrown some light on this matter; but unfortunately they were destroyed in the year 1746, by one Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh, at the instance, it was said, or at least by the connivance, of the gracious Duncan of Knock, who had a desire to obliterate the recorded foibles of a certain Kate Finlayson.

CHAPTER XLVI

Now butt and ben the change-house fills
Wi' yill-caup comme. ators ;
Here 's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint-stoup clatters.
While thick and thrang, and loud and lang,
Wi' logie and wi' Scripture,
They raise a din that in the end
Is like to breed a rupture

O' wrath that day.

BURNS.

A PLENTIFUL entertainment, at the Duke of Argyle's cost, regaled the reverent gentlemen who had assisted at the ordination of Renbert Butler, and almost all the respectable part of the parish. The feast was, indeed, such as the country itself furnished; for plenty of all the requisites for 'a rough and round' dinner were always at Duncan of Knock's command. There was the beef and mutton on the braes, the fresh and saltwater fish in the lochs, the brooks, and firth; game of every kind, from the deer to the leveret, were to be had for the killing in the Duke's forests, moors, heaths, and mosses; and for liquor, home-brewed ale flowed as freely as water; brandy and usquebaugh both were had in those happy times without duty; even white wine and claret were got for nothing, since the Duke's extensive rights of admiralty gave him a title to all the wine in cask which is drifted ashore on the western coast and isles of Scotland, when shipping have suffered by severe weather. In short, as Duncan boasted, the entertainment did not cost MacCallummore a plaek out of his sporran, and was nevertheless not only liberal, but overflowing.

The Duke's health was solemnised in a *bona fide* bumper, and David Deans himself added perhaps the first huzza that his lungs had ever uttered to swell the shout with which the pledge was received. Nay, so exalted in heart was he upon this memorable occasion, and so much disposed to be indulgent,

that he expressed no dissatisfaction when three bagpipers struck up, 'The Campbells are coming.' The health of the reverend minister of Knocktarlittie was received with similar honours; and there was a roar of laughter when one of his brethren slyly subjoined the addition of, 'A good wife to our brother, to keep the manse in order.' On this occasion David Deans was delivered of his first-born joke; and apparently the parturition was accompanied with many throes, for sorely did he twist about his physiognomy, and much did he stumble in his speech, before he could express his idea, 'That the lad being now wedded to his spiritual bride, it was hard to threaten him with ane temporal spouse in the same day.' He then laughed a hoarse and brief laugh, and was suddenly grave and silent, as if abashed at his own vivacious effort.

After another toast or two, Jeanie, Mrs. Dolly, and such of the female natives as had honoured the feast with their presence, retired to David's new dwelling at Aneingower, and left the gentlemen to their potations.

The feast proceeded with great glee. The conversation, where Duncan had it under his direction, was not indeed always strictly canonical, but David Deans escaped any risk of being scandalised by engaging with one of his neighbours in a recapitulation of the sufferings of Ayrshire and Lanarkshire, during what was called the invasion of the Highland Host; the prudent Mr. Meiklehose cautioning them from time to time to lower their voices, for 'that Duncane Knock's father had been at that onslaught, and brought back muck'le gude plenishing, and that Duncan was no unlikely to hae been there himself, for what he kenn'd.'

Meanwhile, as the mirth grew fast and furious, the graver members of the party began to escape as well as they could. David Deans accomplished his retreat, and Butler anxiously watched an opportunity to follow him. Knocktarlittie, however, desirous, he said, of knowing what stuff was in the new minister, had no intention to part with him so easily, but kept him pinned to his side, watching him sedulously, and with obliging violence filling his glass to the brim as often as he could seize an opportunity of doing so. At length, as the evening was wearing late, a venerable brother chanced to ask Mr. Archibald when they might hope to see the Duke, *tam curam caput*, as he would venture to term him, at the Lodge of Roseneath. Duncan of Knock, whose ideas were somewhat conglomerated, and who, it may be believed, was no great scholar, catching up some im-

perfect sound of the words, conceived the speaker was drawing a parallel between the Duke and Sir Donald Gorme of Sleat; and being of opinion that such comparison was odious, snorted thrice, and prepared himself to be in a passion.

To the explanation of the venerable divine the Captain answered, 'I heard the word "Gorme" myself, sir, with my ain ears. D'ye think I do not know Gaelic from Latin?'

'Apparently not, sir,' so the clergyman, offended in his turn, and taking a pinch of snuff, answered with great coolness.

The copper nose of the gracious Duncan now became heated like the bull of Phalaris, and while Mr. Archibald mediated betwixt the offended parties, and the attention of the company was engaged by their dispute, Butler took an opportunity to effect his retreat.

He found the females at Auchingower very anxious for the breaking up of the convivial party; for it was a part of the arrangement that, although David Deans was to remain at Auchingower, and Butler was that night to take possession of the manse, yet Jeanie, for whom complete accommodations were not yet provided in her father's house, was to return for a day or two to the Lodge at Roseneath, and the boats had been held in readiness accordingly. They waited, therefore, for Knockdunder's return, but twilight came and they still waited in vain. At length Mr. Archibald, who, as a man of decorum, had taken care not to exceed in his conviviality, made his appearance, and advised the females strongly to return to the island under his escort; observing that, from the humour in which he had left the Captain, it was a great chance whether he budged out of the public-house that night, and it was absolutely certain that he would not be very fit company for ladies. The gig was at their disposal, he said, and there was still pleasant twilight for a party on the water.

Jeanie, who had considerable confidence in Archibald's prudence, immediately acquiesced in this proposal; but Mrs. Dolly positively objected to the small boat. If the big boat could be gotten, she agreed to set out, otherwise she would sleep on the floor, rather than stir a step. Reasoning with Dolly was out of the question, and Archibald did not think the difficulty so pressing as to require compulsion. He observed, 'It was not using the Captain very politely to deprive him of his coach and six; but as it was in the ladies' service,' he gallantly said, 'he would use so much freedom; besides, the gig would serve the Captain's purpose better, as it could come off at any

nour of the tide ; the large boat should, therefore, be at Mrs. Dolly's service.'

They walked to the beach accordingly, accompanied by Butler. It was some time before the boatmen could be assembled, and ere they were well embarked, and ready to depart, the pale moon was come over the hill, and flinging a trembling reflection on the broad and glittering waves. But so soft and pleasant was the night, that Butler, in bidding farewell to Jeanie, had no apprehension for her safety ; and, what is yet more extraordinary, Mrs. Dolly felt no alarm for her own. The air was soft, and came over the cooling wave with something of summer fragrance. The beautiful scene of headlands, and capes, and bays around them, with the broad blue chain of mountains, was dimly visible in the moonlight ; while every dash of the oars made the waters glauce and sparkle with the brilliant phenomenon called the sea fire.

This last circumstance filled Jeanie with wonder, and served to amuse the mind of her companion, until they approached the little bay, which seemed to stretch its dark and wooded arms into the sea as if to welcome them.

The usual landing-place was at a quarter of a mile's distance from the Lodge, and although the tide did not admit of the large boat coming quite close to the jetty of loose stones which served as a pier, Jeanie, who was both bold and active, easily sprung ashore ; but Mrs. Dolly positively refusing to commit herself to the same risk, the complaisant Mr. Archibald ordered the boat round to a more regular landing-place, at a considerable distance along the shore. He then prepared to land himself, that he might, in the meanwhile, accompany Jeanie to the Lodge. But as there was no mistaking the woodland lane which led from thence to the shore, and as the moonlight showed her one of the white chimneys rising out of the wood which embosomed the building, Jeanie declined this favour with thanks, and requested him to proceed with Mrs. Dolly, who, being 'in a country where the ways were strange to her, had mair need of countenance.'

This, indeed, was a fortunate circumstance, and might even be said to save poor Cowslip's life, if it was true, as she herself used solemnly to aver, that she must positively have expired for fear if she had been left alone in the boat with six wild Highlanders in kilts.

The night was so exquisitely beautiful that Jeanie, instead of immediately directing her course towards the Lodge, stood

looking after the boat as it again put off from the side, and rowed out into the little bay, the dark figures of her companions growing less and less distinct as they diminished in the distance, and the jorran, or melancholy boat-song, of the rowers coming on the ear with softened and sweeter sound, until the boat rounded the headland and was lost to her observation.

Still Jeanie remained in the same posture, looking out upon the sea. It would, she was aware, be some time ere her companions could reach the Lodge, as the distance by the more convenient landing-place was considerably greater than from the point where she stood, and she was not sorry to have an opportunity to spend the interval by herself.

The wonderful change which a few weeks had wrought in her situation, from shame and grief, and almost despair, to honour, joy, and a fair prospect of future happiness, passed before her eyes with a sensation which brought the tears into them. Yet they flowed at the same time from another source. As human happiness is never perfect, and as well-constructed minds are never more sensible of the distresses of those whom they love than when their own situation forms a contrast with them, Jeanie's affectionate regrets turned to the fate of her poor sister — the child of so many hopes, the fondled nursling of so many years — now an exile, and, what was worse, dependent on the will of a man of whose habits she had every reason to entertain the worst opinion, and who, even in his strongest paroxysms of remorse, had appeared too much a stranger to feelings of real penitence.

While her thoughts were occupied with these melancholy reflections, a shadowy figure seemed to detach itself from the copsewood on her right hand. Jeanie started, and the stories of apparitions and wraiths, seen by solitary travellers in wild situations, at such times and in such an hour, suddenly came full upon her imagination. The figure glided on, and as it came betwixt her and the moon, she was aware that it had the appearance of a woman. A soft voice twice repeated, 'Jeanie — Jeanie!' Was it indeed — could it be the voice of her sister? Was she still among the living, or had the grave given up its tenant? Ere she could state these questions to her own mind, Effie, alive and in the body, had clasped her in her arms, and was straining her to her bosom and devouring her with kisses. 'I have wandered here,' she said, 'like a ghaist, to see you, and nae wonder you take me for ane. I thought but to see you gang by, or to hear the sound of your voice; but to speak to your

sell again, Jeanie, was mair than I deserved, and mair than I durst pray for.'

'O, Effie! how came ye here alone, and at this hour, and on the wild sea-beach? Are you sure it's your ain living sell?'

There was something of Effie's former humour in her practically answering the question by a gentle pinch, more befitting the fingers of a fairy than of a ghost.

And again the sisters embraced, and laughed, and wept by turns.

'But ye maun gang up wi' me to the Lodge, Effie,' said Jeanie, 'and tell me a' your story. I hae gude folk there that will make ye welcome for my sake.'

'Na, na, Jeanie,' replied her sister, sorrowfully; 'ye hae forgotten what I am—a banished outlawed creature, scarce escaped the gallows by your being the bauldest and the best sister that ever lived. I'll gae near nane o' your grand friends, even if there was nae danger to me.'

'There is nae danger—there shall be nae danger,' said Jeanie, eagerly. 'O, Effie, dinna be wilfu': be guided for anes; we will be sae happy a'thegither!'

'I have a' the happiness I deserve on this side of the grave, now that I hae seen you,' answered Effie; 'and whether there were danger to mysell or no, naeboddy shall ever say that I come with my cheat-the-gallows face to shame my sister among her grand friends.'

'I hae nae grand friends,' said Jeanie; 'nae friends but what are friends of yours—Reuben Butler and my father. O, unhappy lassie, dinna be dour, and turn your back on your happiness again! We wanna see another acquaintance. Come hame to us, your ain dearest friends; it's better sheltering under an auld hedge than under a new-planted wood.'

'It's in vain speaking, Jeanie: I maun drink as I hae brewed. I am married, and I maun follow my husband for better for worse.'

'Married, Effie!' exclaimed Jeanie. 'Misfortunate creature! and to that awfu'——'

'Hash, hush!' said Effie, clapping one hand on her mouth, and pointing to the thicket with the other; 'he is yonder.' She said this in a tone which showed that her husband had found means to inspire her with awe as well as affection.

At this moment a man issued from the wood. It was young Staunton. Even by the imperfect light of the moon, Jeanie could observe that he was handsomely dressed, and had the air of a person of rank.

'Effie,' he said, 'our time is wellhigh spent; the skiff will be aground in the creek, and I dare not stay longer. I hope your sister will allow me to salute her?' But Jeanie shrunk back from him with a feeling of internal abhorrence. 'Well,' he said, 'it does not much signify; if you keep up the feeling of ill-will, at least you do not act upon it, and I thank you for your respect to my secret, when a word — which in your place I would have spoken at once — would have cost me my life. People say you should keep from the wife of your bosom the secret that concerns your neck: my wife and her sister both know mine, and I shall not sleep a wink the less sound.'

'But are you really married to my sister, sir?' asked Jeanie, in great doubt and anxiety; for the haughty, careless tone in which he spoke seemed to justify her worst apprehensions.

'I really am legally married, and by my own name,' replied Staunton, more gravely.

'And your father — and your friends — ?'

'And my father and my friends must just reconcile themselves to that which is done and cannot be undone,' replied Staunton. 'However, it is my intention, in order to break off dangerous connexions, and to let my friends come to their temper, to conceal my marriage for the present, and stay abroad for some years. So that you will not hear of us for some time, if ever you hear of us again at all. It would be dangerous, you must be aware, to keep up the correspondence; for all would guess that the husband of Effie was the — what shall I call myself? — the slayer of Porteous.'

'Hard-hearted, light man!' thought Jeanie; 'to what a character she has entrusted her happiness! She has sown the wind, and maun reap the whirlwind.'

'Dinna think ill o' him,' said Effie, breaking away from her husband, and leading Jeanie a step or two out of hearing — 'dinna think *very* ill o' him; he's gude to me, Jeanie — as gude as I deserve. And he is determined to gie up his bad courses. Sae, after a', dinna greet for Effie; she is better off than she has wrought for. But you — O you! — how can you be happy enough! Never till ye get to Heaven, where a'boddy is as gude as yoursell. Jeanie, if I live and thrive ye shall hear of me; if not, just forget that sic a creature ever lived to vex ye. Fare ye weel — fare — fare ye weel!'

She tore herself from her sister's arms; rejoined her husband; they plunged into the copsewood, and she saw them no more.

The whole scene had the effect of a vision, and she could almost

have believed it such, but that very soon after they quitted her she heard the sound of oars, and a skiff was seen on the firth, pulling swiftly towards the small smuggling sloop which lay in the offing. It was on board of such a vessel that Effie had embarked at Portobello, and Jeanie had no doubt that the same conveyance was destined, as Staunton had hinted, to transport them to a foreign country.

Although it was impossible to determine whether this interview, while it was passing, gave more pain or pleasure to Jeanie Deans, yet the ultimate impression which remained on her mind was decidedly favourable. Effie was married — made, according to the common phrase, an honest woman; that was one main point. It seemed also as if her husband were about to abandon the path of gross vice, in which he had run so long and so desperately; that was another; for his final and effectual conversion, he did not want understanding, and God knew His own hour.

Such were the thoughts with which Jeanie endeavoured to console her anxiety respecting her sister's future fortune. On her arrival at the Lodge, she found Archibald in some anxiety at her stay, and about to walk out in quest of her. A headache served as an apology for retiring to rest, in order to conceal her visible agitation of mind from her companions.

By this secession also, she escaped another scene of a different sort. For, as if there were danger in all gigs, whether by sea or land, that of Knockdunder had been run down by another boat, an accident owing chiefly to the drunkenness of the Captain, his crew, and passengers. Knockdunder, and two or three guests whom he was bringing along with him to finish the conviviality of the evening at the Lodge, got a sound ducking; but, being rescued by the crew of the boat which endangered them, there was no ultimate loss, excepting that of the Captain's laced hat, which, greatly to the satisfaction of the Highland part of the district, as well as to the improvement of the conformity of his own personal appearance, he replaced by a smart Highland bonnet next day. Many were the vehement threats of vengeance which, on the succeeding morning, the gracious Duncan threw out against the boat which had upset him; but as neither she nor the small smuggling vessel to which she belonged was any longer to be seen in the firth, he was compelled to sit down with the affront. This was the more hard, he said, as he was assured the mischief was done on purpose, these scoundrels having lurked about after they had landed every drop of brandy

and every bag of tea they had on board; and he understood the coxswain had been on shore making particular inquiries concerning the time when his boat was to cross over, and to return, and so forth.

'Put the neist time they meet me on the firth,' said Duncan, with great majesty, 'I will teach the moonlight rascallions and vagabonds to keep their ain side of the road, and be tamm'd to them!'

CHAPTER XLVII

Lord ! who would live turmoiled in a court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?

SHAKSPEARE.

WITHIN a reasonable time after Butler was safely and comfortably settled in his living, and Jeanie had taken up her abode at Auchingower with her father — the precise extent of which interval we request each reader to settle according to his own sense of what is decent and proper upon the occasion — and after due proclamation of banns and all other formalities, the long wooing of this worthy pair was ended by their union in the holy bands of matrimony. On this occasion, David Deans stoutly withstood the iniquities of pipes, fiddles, and promiscuous dancing, to the great wrath of the Captain of Knockdunder, who said, if he 'had guessed it was to be sic a tamm'd Quakers' meeting, he wad hae seen them peyont the cairn before he wad hae darkened their doors.'

And so much rancour remained on the spirits of the gracious Duncan upon this occasion, that various 'picqueerings,' as David called them, took place upon the same and similiar topics ; and it was only in consequence of an accidental visit of the Duke to his Lodge at Roseneath that they were put a stop to. But upon that occasion his Grace showed such particular respect to Mr. and Mrs. Butler, and such favour even to old David, that Knockdunder held it prudent to change his course towards the latter. He in future used to express himself among friends concerning the minister and his wife, as 'very worthy decent folk, just a little over strict in their notions ; put it was pest for thae plack cattle to err on the safe side.' And respecting David, he allowed that 'he was an excellent judge of nowte and sheep, and a sensible enough carle, an it werena for his tamm'd Cameronian nonsense, whilk it is not worth while of a shentleman to knock out of an auld silly head, either by force of reason or

otherwise.' So that, by avoiding topics of dispute, the personages of our tale lived in great good habits with the gracious Duncan, only that he still grieved David's soul, and set a perilous example to the congregation, by sometimes bringing his pipe to the church during a cold winter day, and almost always sleeping during sermon in the summer-time.

Mrs. Butler, whom we must no longer, if we can help it, term by the familiar name of Jeanie, brought into the married state the same firm mind and affectionate disposition, the same natural and homely good sense, and spirit of useful exertion — in a word, all the domestic good qualities of which she had given proof during her maiden life. She did not indeed rival Butler in learning; but then no woman more devoutly venerated the extent of her husband's erudition. She did not pretend to understand his expositions of divinity; but no minister of the presbytery had his humble dinner so well arranged, his clothes and linen in equal good order, his fireside so neatly swept, his parlour so clean, and his books so well dusted.

If he talked to Jeanie of what she did not understand — and (for the man was mortal, and had been a schoolmaster) he sometimes did harangue more scholarly and wisely than was necessary — she listened in placid silence; and whenever the point referred to common life, and was such as came under the grasp of a strong natural understanding, her views were more forcible, and her observations more acute, than his own. In acquired politeness of manners, when it happened that she mingled a little in society, Mrs. Butler was, of course, judged deficient. But then she had that obvious wish to oblige, and that real and natural good-breeding depending on good sense and good-humour, which, joined to a considerable degree of archness and liveliness of manner, rendered her behaviour acceptable to all with whom she was called upon to associate. Notwithstanding her strict attention to all domestic affairs, she always appeared the clean well-dressed mistress of the house, never the sordid household drudge. When complimented on this occasion by Duncan Knock, who swore, 'that he thought the fairies must help her, since her house was always clean, and nobody ever saw anybody sweeping it,' she modestly replied, 'That much might be done by timing ane's turns.'

Duncan replied, 'He heartily wished she could teach that art to the huzzies at the Lodge, for he could never discover that the house was washed at a', except now and then by breaking his shins over the pail, Cot tamm the jauds!'

Of lesser matters there is not occasion to speak much. It may easily be believed that the Duke's cheese was carefully made, and so graciously accepted that the offering became annual. Remembrances and acknowledgments of past favours were sent to Mrs. Bickerton and Mrs. Glass, and an amicable intercourse maintained from time to time with these two respectable and benevolent persons.

It is especially necessary to mention that, in the course of five years, Mrs. Butler had three children, two boys and a girl, all stout healthy babes of grace, fair-haired, blue-eyed, and strong-limbed. The boys were named David and Reuben, an order of nomenclature which was much to the satisfaction of the old hero of the Covenant, and the girl, by her mother's special desire, was christened Euphemia, rather contrary to the wish both of her father and husband, who nevertheless loved Mrs. Butler too well, and were too much indebted to her for their hours of happiness, to withstand any request which she made with earnestness, and as a gratification to herself. But from some feeling, I know not of what kind, the child was never distinguished by the name of Effie, but by the abbreviation of Femie, which in Scotland is equally commonly applied to persons called Euphemia.

In this state of quiet and unostentatious enjoyment there were, besides the ordinary rubs and ruffles which disturb even the most uniform life, two things which particularly chequered Mrs. Butler's happiness. 'Without these,' she said to our informer, 'her life would have been but too happy; and perhaps,' she added, 'she had need of some crosses in this world to remind her that there was a better to come behind it.'

The first of these related to certain polemical skirmishes betwixt her father and her husband, which, notwithstanding the mutual respect and affection they entertained for each other, and their great love for her; notwithstanding also their general agreement in strictness, and even severity, of Presbyterian principle, often threatened unpleasant weather between them. David Deans, as our readers must be aware, was sufficiently opinionative and intractable, and having prevailed on himself to become a member of a kirk-session under the established church, he felt doubly obliged to evince that, in so doing, he had not compromised any whit of his former professions, either in practice or principle. Now Mr. Butler, doing all credit to his father-in-law's motives, was frequently of opinion that it were better to drop out of memory points of division

and separation, and to act in the manner most likely to attract and unite all parties who were serious in religion. Moreover, he was not pleased, as a man and a scholar, to be always dictated to by his unlettered father-in-law; and as a clergyman he did not think it fit to seem for ever under the thumb of an elder of his own kirk-session. A proud but honest thought carried his opposition now and then a little farther than it would otherwise have gone. 'My brethren,' he said, 'will suppose I am flattering and conciliating the old man for the sake of his succession, if I defer and give way to him on every occasion; and, besides, there are many on which I neither can nor will conscientiously yield to his notions. I cannot be persecuting old women for witches, or ferreting out matter of scandal among the young ones, which might otherwise have remained concealed.'

From this difference of opinion it happened that, in many cases of nicety, such as in owning certain defections, and failing to testify against certain backslidings of the time; in not always severely tracing forth little matters of scandal and *fama clamosa*, which David called a loosening of the reins of discipline; and in failing to demand clear testimonies in other points of controversy which had, as it were, drifted to leeward with the change of times, Butler incurred the censure of his father-in-law; and sometimes the disputes betwixt them became eager and almost unfriendly. In all such cases Mrs. Butler was a mediating spirit, who endeavoured, by the alkaline smoothness of her own disposition, to neutralise the acidity of theological controversy. To the complaints of both she lent an unprejudiced and attentive ear, and sought always rather to excuse than absolutely to defend the other party.

She reminded her father that Butler had not 'his experience of the auld and wrastling times, when folk were gifted wi' a far look into eternity, to make up for the oppressions whilk they suffered here below in time. She freely allowed that many devout ministers and professors in times past had enjoyed downright revelation, like the blessed Peden, and Landie, and Cameron, and Renwick, and John Caird the tinkler, wha entered into the secrets; and Elizabeth Melvil, Lady Culross, wha prayed in her bed, surrounded by a great many Christians in a large room, in whilk it was placed on purpose; and that for three hours' time, with wonderful assistance; and Lady Robertland, whilk got six sure outgates of grace; and mony other in times past; and of a specialty, Mr. John Scrimgeour, minister

of Kinghorn, who, having a beloved child sick to death of the crewels, was free to expostulate with his Maker with such impatience of displeasure, and complaining so bitterly, that at length it was said unto him that he was heard for this time, but that he was requested to use no such boldness in time coming; so that, when he returned, he found the child sitting up in the bed hale and fair, with all its wounds closed, and sapping its parritch, whilk babe he had left at the time of death. But though these things might be true in these needful times, she contended that those ministers who had not seen such vouchsafed and especial mercies were to seek their rule in the records of ancient times; and therefore Reuben was carefu' both to search the Scriptures and the books written by wise and good men of old; and sometimes in this way it wad happen that twa precious saints might pu' sundry wise, like twa cows riving at the same hay-band.'

To this David used to reply, with a sigh, 'Ah, himmy, thou kenn'st little o't; but that saam John Scrimgeour, that blew open the gates of Heaven as an it had been wi' a sax-pund cannon-ball, used devoutly to wish that most part of books were burnt, except the Bible. Reuben's a gude lad and a kind — I have aye allowed that; but as to his not allowing inquiry anent the scandal of Margery Kittlesides and Rory MacRand, under pretence that they have sonthered sin wi' marriage, it's clear agane the Christian discipline o' the kirk. And then there's Ailie MacClure of Deepheugh, that practises her abominations, spaeing folk's fortunes wi' egg-shells, and mutton-banes, and dreams and divinations, whilk is a scandal to ony Christian land to suffer sic a wretch to live; and I'll uphau'd that in a' judicatures, civil or ecclesiastical.'

'I daresay ye are very right, father,' was the general style of Jeanie's answer; 'but ye maun come down to the manse to your dinner the day. The bits o' bairns, puir things, are wearying to see their luckie-dad; and Reuben never sleeps weel, nor I neither, when you and he hae had ony bit outcast.'

'Nae outcast, Jeanie; God forbid I suld cast out wi' thee, or aught that is dear to thee!' And he put on his Sunday's coat and came to the manse accordingly.

With her husband, Mrs Butler had a more direct conciliatory process. Reuben had the utmost respect for the old man's motives, and affection for his person, as well as gratitude for his early friendship; so that, upon any such occasion of accidental irritation, it was only necessary to remind him with

delicacy of his father-in-law's age, of his scanty education, strong prejudices, and family distresses. The least of these considerations always inclined Butler to measures of conciliation, in so far as he could accede to them without compromising principle; and thus our simple and unpretending heroine had the merit of those peacemakers to whom it is pronounced as a benediction that they shall inherit the earth.

The second crook in Mrs. Butler's lot, to use the language of her father, was the distressing circumstance that she had never heard of her sister's safety, or of the circumstances in which she found herself, though betwixt four and five years had elapsed since they had parted on the beach of the island of Roseneath. Frequent intercourse was not to be expected — not to be desired, perhaps, in their relative situations; but Effie had promised that, if she lived and prospered, her sister should hear from her. She must then be no more, or sunk into some abyss of misery, since she had never redeemed her pledge. Her silence seemed strange and portentous, and wrung from Jeanie, who could never forget the early years of their intimacy, the most painful anticipation concerning her fate. At length, however, the veil was drawn aside.

One day, as the Captain of Knockdunder had called in at the manse, on his return from some business in the Highland part of the parish, and had been accommodated, according to his special request, with a mixture of milk, brandy, honey, and water, which he said Mrs. Butler compounded 'petter than ever a woman in Scotland' — for in all innocent matters she studied the taste of every one around her — he said to Butler, 'Py the py, minister, I have a letter here either for your canny pody of a wife or you, which I got when I was last at Glasco: the postage comes to fourpence, which you may either pay me forthwith, or give me tooble or quits in a hit at packeammon.'

The playing at backgammon and draughts had been a frequent amusement of Mr. Whackbairn, Butler's principal, when at Liberton school. The minister, therefore, still piqued himself on his skill at both games, and occasionally practised them, as strictly canonical, although David Deans, whose notions of every kind were more rigorous, used to shake his head and groan grievously when he espied the tables lying in the parlour, or the children playing with the dice-boxes or backgammon men. Indeed, Mrs. Butler was sometimes chidden for removing these implements of pastime into some closet or corner out of sight. 'Let them be where they are, Jeanie,' would Butler

say upon such occasions ; ' I am not conscious of following this or any other trifling relaxation to the interruption of my more serious studies and still more serious duties. I will not, therefore, have it supposed that I am indulging by stealth, and against my conscience, in an amusement which, using it so little as I do, I may well practise openly, and without any check of mind. *Nil conscire sibi*, Jeanie, that is my motto ; which signifies, my love, the honest and open confidence which a man ought to entertain when he is acting openly, and without any sense of doing wrong.'

Such being Butler's humour, he accepted the Captain's defiance to a twopenny hit at backgammon, and handed the letter to his wife, observing, ' the post-mark was York, but, if it came from her friend Mrs. Bickerton, she had considerably improved her handwriting, which was uncommon at her years.'

Leaving the gentlemen to their game, Mrs. Butler went to order something for supper, for Captain Duncan had proposed kindly to stay the night with them, and then carelessly broke open her letter. It was not from Mrs. Bickerton, and, after glancing over the first few lines, she soon found it necessary to retire into her own bedroom, to read the document at leisure.

CHAPTER XLVIII

Happy thou art ! then happy be,
Nor envy me my lot ;
Thy happy state I envy thee,
And peaceful cot.

LADY CHARLOTTE CAMPBELL.

THE letter, which Mrs. Bntler, when retired into her own apartment, perused with anxious wonder, was certainly from Effie, although it had no other signature than the letter E.; and although the orthography, style, and penmanship were very far superior not only to anything which Effie could produce, who, though a lively girl, had been a remarkably careless scholar, but even to her more considerate sister's own powers of composition and expression. The manuscript was a fair Italian hand, though something stiff and constrained ; the spelling and the diction that of a person who had been accustomed to read good composition, and mix in good society.

The tenor of the letter was as follows : —

‘MY DEAREST SISTER,

‘At many risks I venture to write to you, to inform you that I am still alive, and, as to worldly situation, that I rank higher than I could expect or merit. If wealth, and distinction, and an honourable rank could make a woman happy, I have them all ; but you, Jeanie, whom the world might think placed far beneath me in all these respects, are far happier than I am. I have had means of hearing of your welfare, my dearest Jeanie, from time to time ; I think I should have broken my heart otherwise. I have learned with great pleasure of your increasing family. We have not been worthy of such a blessing ; two infants have been successively removed, and we are now childless — God's will be done ! But if we had a child it would perhaps divert him from the gloomy thoughts which make him terrible to himself and others. Yet do not let me frighten you,

Jeanie ; he continues to be kind, and I am far better off than I deserve. You will wonder at my better scholarship ; but when I was abroad I had the best teachers, and I worked hard because my progress pleased him. He is kind, Jeanie, only he has much to distress him, especially when he looks backward. When I look backward myself I have always a ray of comfort ; it is in the generous conduct of a sister who forsook me not when I was forsaken by every one. You have had your reward. You live happy in the esteem and love of all who know you, and I drag on the life of a miserable impostor, indebted for the marks of regard I receive to a tissue of deceit and lies, which the slightest accident may unravel. He has produced me to his friends, since the estate opened to him, as the daughter of a Scotchman of rank, banished on account of the Viscount of Dundee's wars — that is our Fr's old friend Clavers, you know — and he says I was educated in a Scotch convent ; indeed, I lived in such a place long enough to enable me to support the character. But when a countryman approaches me, and begins to talk, as they all do, of the various families engaged in Dundee's affair, and to make inquiries into my connexions, and when I see *his* eye bent on mine with such an expression of agony, my terror brings me to the very risk of detection. Good-nature and politeness have hitherto saved me, as they prevented people from pressing on me with distressing questions. But how long — O how long will this be the case ! And if I bring this disgrace on him, he will hate me ; he will kill me, for as much as he loves me ; he is as jealous of his family honour now as ever he was careless about it. I have been in England four months, and have often thought of writing to you ; and yet such are the dangers that might arise from an intercepted letter that I have hitherto forborne. But now I am obliged to run the risk. Last week I saw your great friend, the D. of A. He came to my box, and sate by me ; and something in the play put him in mind of you. Gracious Heaven ! he told over your whole London journey to all who were in the box, but particularly to the wretched creature who was the occasion of it all. If he had known — if he could have conceived, beside whom he was sitting, and to whom the story was told ! I suffered with courage, like an Indian at the stake, while they are rending his fibres and boring his eyes, and while he smiles applause at each well-imagined contrivance of his torturers. It was too much for me at last, Jeanie : I fainted ; and my agony was imputed partly to the heat of the place, and

partly to my extreme sensibility; and, hypocrite all over, I encouraged both opinions — anything but discovery! Luckily *he* was not there. But the incident has led to more alarms. I am obliged to meet your great man often; and he seldom sees me without talking of E. D. and J. D., and R. B. and D. D., as persons in whom my amiable sensibility is interested. My amiable sensibility!!! And then the cruel tone of light indifference with which persons in the fashionable world speak together on the most affecting subjects! To hear my guilt, my folly, my agony, the foibles and weaknesses of my friends, even your heroic exertions, Jeanie, spoken of in the drolling style which is the present tone in fashionable life! Scarcely all that I formerly endured is equal to this state of irritation: then it was blows and stabs; now it is pricking to death with needles and pins. He — I mean the D. — goes down next month to spend the shooting-season in Scotland. He says he makes a point of always dining one day at the manse; be on your guard, and do not betray yourself, should he mention me. Yourself — alas! *you* have nothing to betray — nothing to fear; you, the pure, the virtuous, the heroine of unstained faith, unblemished purity, what can you have to fear from the world or its proudest minions? It is E. whose life is once more in your hands; it is E. whom you are to save from being plucked of her borrowed plumes, discovered, branded, and trodden down — first by him, perhaps, who has raised her to this dizzy pinnacle. The inclosure will reach you twice a-year. Do not refuse it; it is out of my own allowance, and may be twice as much when you want it. With you it may do good; with me it never can.

‘Write to me soon, Jeanie, or I shall remain in the agonising apprehension that this has fallen into wrong hands. Address simply to “L. S.,” under cover to the Reverend George Whiterose, in the Minster Close, York. He thinks I correspond with some of my noble Jacobite relations who are in Scotland. How High Church and Jacobitical zeal would burn in his cheeks if he knew he was the agent, not of Euphemia Setoun, of the honourable house of Winton, but of E. D., daughter of a Cameronian cow-feeder! Jeanie, I can laugh yet sometimes — but God protect you from such mirth. My father — I mean your father — would say it was like the idle crackling of thorns; but the thorns keep their poignancy, they remain unconsumed. Farewell, my dearest Jeanie. Do not show this even to Mr. Butler, much less to any one else. I have every respect for

him; but his principles are over strict, and my ease will not endure severe handling. — I rest your affectionate sister, E.'

In this long letter there was much to surprise as well as to distress Mrs. Butler. That Effie — her sister Effie — should be mingling freely in society, and apparently on not unequal terms with the Duke of Argyle, sounded like something so extraordinary that she even doubted if she read truly. Nor was it less marvellous that, in the space of four years, her education should have made such progress. Jeanie's humility readily allowed that Effie had always, when she chose it, been smarter at her book than she herself was; but then she was very idle, and, upon the whole, had made much less proficiency. Love, or fear, or necessity, however, had proved an able schoolmistress, and completely supplied all her deficiencies.

What Jeanie least liked in the tone of the letter was a smothered degree of egotism. 'We should have heard little about her,' said Jeanie to herself, 'but that she was feared the Duke might come to learn wha she was, and a' about her puir friends here; but Effie, puir thing, aye looks her ain way, and folk that do that think mair o' themselves than of their neighbours. I am no clear about keeping her siller,' she added, taking up a £50 note which had fallen out of the paper to the floor. 'We hae enough, and it looks unco like theft-boot, or hush-money, as they ca' it; she might hae been sure that I wad say naething wad harm her, for a' the gowd in Lunnon. And I maun tell the minister about it. I dinna see that she suld be sae feared for her ain bonny bargain o' a gudeman, and that I shouldna reverence Mr. Butler just as much; and say I'll e'en te' when that tippling body, the Captain, has ta'en boat in the g. But I wonder at my ain state of mind,' she added, turning back, after she had made a step or two to the door to join the gentlemen; 'surely I am no sic a fule as to be angry that Effie's a braw lady, while I am only a minister's wife? and yet I am as petted as a bairn, when I should bless God, that has redeemed her from shame, and poverty, and guilt, as ower likely she might hae been plunged into.'

Sitting down upon a stool at the foot of the bed, she folded her arms upon her bosom, saying within herself, 'From this place will I not rise till I am in a better frame of mind'; and so p'ed, by dint of tearing the veil from the motives of her little temporary spleen against her sister, she compelled herself to be ashamed of them, and to view as blessings the advantages

of her sister's lot, while its embarrassments were the necessary consequences of errors long since committed. And thus she fairly vanquished the feeling of pique which she naturally enough entertained at seeing Effie, so long the object of her care and her pity, soar suddenly so high above her in life as to reckon amongst the chief objects of her apprehension the risk of their relationship being discovered.

When this unwonted burst of *amour propre* was thoroughly subdued, she walked down to the little parlour where the gentlemen were finishing their game, and heard from the Captain a confirmation of the news intimated in her letter, that the Duke of Argyle was shortly expected at Roseneath.

'He'll find plenty of moor-fowls and plaek-cock on the moors of Auehingower, and he'll pe nae doubt for taking a late dinuer and a ped at the manse, as he has done before now.'

'He has a gude right, Captain,' said J.

'Teil ane petter to ony ped in the kintra,' answered the Captain. 'And ye had petter tell your father, puir body, to get his beasts a' in order, and put his tamn'd Cameronian nonsense out o' his head for twa or three days, if he can pe so opliging; for fan I speak to him apout prute pestial, he answers me out o' the Pible, whilk is not using a slentleman weel, unless it be a person of your cloth, Mr. Putler.'

No one understood better than Jeanie the merit of the soft answer which turneth away wrath; and she only smiled, and hoped that his Grace would find everything that was under her father's care to his entire satisfaction.

But the Captain, who had lost the whole postage of the letter at backgammon, was in the pouting mood not unusual to losers, and which, says the proverb, must be allowed to them.

'And, Master Putler, though you know I never meddle with the things of your kirk-sessions, yet I must pe allowed to say that I will not pe pleased to allow Ailie MacClure of Deepheugh to pe poonished as a witch, in respect she ony spaes fortunes, and does not lame, or plind, or pedevil any persons, or coup cadgers' carts, or ony sort of mischief; put only tells people good fortunes, as aneut our poats killing so many seals and doug-fishes, whilk is very pleasant to hear.'

'The woman,' said Butler, 'is, I believe, no witch, but a cheat; and it is only on that head that she is summoned to the kirk-session, to cause her to desist in future from practising her impostures upon ignorant persons.'

'I do not know,' replied the graeions Duncau, 'what her

practices or her postures are, but I believe that if the poys take hold on her to duck her in the clachan burn, it will be a very sorry practice; and I believe, moreover, that if I come in thirdsman among you at the kirk-sessions, you will be all in a tamn'd pad posture indeed.'

Without noticing this threat, Mr. Butler replied, 'That he had not attended to the risk of ill-usage which the poor woman might undergo at the hands of the rabble, and that he would give her the necessary admonition in private, instead of bringing her before the assembled session.'

'This,' Duncan said, 'was speaking like a reasonable shentleman'; and so the evening passed peaceably off.

Next morning, after the Captain had swallowed his morning draught of Athole brose, and departed in his coach and six, Mrs. Butler anew deliberated upon communicating to her husband her sister's letter. But she was deterred by the recollection that, in doing so, she would unveil to him the whole of a dreadful secret, of which, perhaps, his public character might render him an unfit depository. Butler already had reason to believe that Effie had eloped with that same Robertson who had been a leader in the Porteous mob, and who lay under sentence of death for the robbery at Kirkcaldy. But he did not know his identity with George Staunton, a man of birth and fortune, who had now apparently reassumed his natural rank in society. Jeanie had respected Staunton's own confession as sacred, and upon reflection she considered the letter of her sister as equally so, and resolved to mention the contents to no one.

On reperusing the letter, she could not help observing the staggering and unsatisfactory condition of those who have risen to distinction by undue paths, and the outworks and bulwarks of fiction and falsehood by which they are under the necessity of surrounding and defending their precarious advantages. But she was not called upon, she thought, to unveil her sister's original history: it would restore no right to any one, for she was usurping none; it would only destroy her happiness, and degrade her in the public estimation. Had she been wise, Jeanie thought she would have chosen seclusion and privacy, in place of public life and gaiety; but the power of choice might not be hers. The money, she thought, could not be returned without her seeming haughty and unkind. She resolved, therefore, upon reconsidering this point, to employ it as occasion should serve, either in educating her children better than her own means could compass, or for their future portion. Her sister had

enough, was strongly bound to assist Jeanie by any means in her power, and the arrangement was so natural and proper, that it ought not to be declined out of fastidious or romantic delicacy. Jeanie accordingly wrote to her sister, acknowledging her letter, and requesting to hear from her as often as she could. In entering into her own little details of news, chiefly respecting domestic affairs, she experienced a singular vacillation of ideas: for sometimes she apologised for mentioning things unworthy the notice of a lady of rank, and then recollected that everything which concerned her should be interesting to Effie. Her letter, under the cover of Mr. Whiterose, she committed to the post-office at Glasgow, by the intervention of a parishioner who had business at that city.

The next week brought the Duke to Roseneath, and shortly afterwards he intimated his intention of sporting in their neighbourhood, and taking his bed at the manse; an honour which he had once or twice done to its inmates on former occasions.

Effie proved to be perfectly right in her anticipations. The Duke had hardly set himself down at Mrs. Butler's right hand, and taken upon himself the task of carving the excellent 'barndoor ch'cky,' which had been selected as the high dish upon this honourable occasion, before he began to speak of Lady Staunton of Willingham, in Lincolnshire, and the great noise which her wit and beauty made in London. For much of this Jeanie was, in some measure, prepared; but Effie's wit! that would never have entered into her imagination, being ignorant how exactly raillery in the higher rank resembles flippancy among their inferiors.

'She has been the ruling belle — the blazing star — the universal toast of the winter,' said the Duke; 'and is really the most beautiful creature that was seen at court upon the birthday.'

The birthday! and at court! Jeanie was annihilated, remembering well her own presentation, all its extraordinary circumstances, and particularly the cause of it.

'I mention this lady particularly to you, Mrs. Butler,' said the Duke, 'because she has something in the sound of her voice and cast of her countenance that reminded me of you: not when you look so pale though; you have over-fatigued yourself; you must pledge me in a glass of wine.'

She did so, and Butler observed, 'It was dangerous flattery in his Grace to tell a poor minister's wife that she was like a court-beauty.'

'Oho! Mr. Butler,' said the Duke, 'I find you are growing jealous; but it's rather too late in the day, for you know how long I have admired your wife. But seriously, there is betwixt them one of those inexplicable likenesses which we see in countenances that do not otherwise resemble each other.'

'The perilous part of the compliment has flown off,' thought Mr. Butler.

His wife, feeling the awkwardness of silence, forced herself to say, 'That perhaps the lady might be her countrywoman, and the language might make some resemblance.'

'You are quite right,' replied the Duke. 'She is a Scotch-woman, and speaks with a Scotch accent, and now and then a provincial word drops out so prettily that it is quite Doric, Mr. Butler.'

'I should have thought,' said the clergyman, 'that would have sounded vulgar in the great city.'

'Not at all,' replied the Duke; 'you must suppose it is not the broad coarse Scotch that is spoken in the Cowgate of Edinburgh, or in the Gorbals. This lady has been very little in Scotland, in fact. She was educated in a convent abroad, and speaks that pure court-Scotch which was common in my younger days; but it is so generally disused now, that it sounds like a different dialect, entirely distinct from our modern *patois*.'

Notwithstanding her anxiety, Jeanie could not help admiring within herself, how the most correct judges of life and manners can be imposed on by their own preconceptions, while the Duke proceeded thus: 'She is of the unfortunate house of Winton, I believe; but, being bred abroad, she had missed the opportunity of learning her own pedigree, and was obliged to me for informing her that she must certainly come of the Setouns of Windygoul. I wish you could have seen how prettily she blushed at her own ignorance. Amidst her noble and elegant manners, there is now and then a little touch of bashfulness and conventual rusticity, if I may call it so, that makes her quite enchanting. You see at once the rose that had bloomed untouched amid the chaste precincts of the cloister, Mr. Butler.'

True to the hint, Mr. Butler failed not to start with his

'Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,' etc.;

while his wife could hardly persuade herself that all this was spoken of Effie Deans, and by so competent a judge as the Duke of Argyle; and had she been acquainted with Catullus,

would have thought the fortunes of her sister had reversed the whole passage.

She was, however, determined to obtain some indemnification for the anxious feelings of the moment, by gaining all the intelligence she could; and therefore ventured to make some inquiry about the husband of the lady his Grace admired so much.

'He is very rich,' replied the Duke; 'of an ancient family, and has good manners; but he is far from being such a general favourite as his wife. Some people say he can be very pleasant. I never saw him so; but should rather judge him reserved, and gloomy, and capricious. He was very wild in his youth, they say, and has bad health; yet he is a good-looking man enough — a great friend of your Lord High Commissioner of the Kirk, Mr. Butler.'

'Then he is the friend of a very worthy and honourable nobleman,' said Butler.

'Does he admire his lady as much as other people do?' said Jeanie, in a low voice.

'Who — Sir George? They say he is very fond of her,' said the Duke; 'but I observe she trembles a little when he fixes his eye on her, and that is no good sign. But it is strange how I am haunted by this resemblance of yours to Lady Staunton, in look and tone of voice. One would almost swear you were sisters.'

Jeanie's distress became uncontrollable, and beyond concealment. The Duke of Argyle was much disturbed, good-naturedly ascribing it to his having unwittingly recalled to her remembrance her family misfortunes. He was too well-bred to attempt to apologise; but hastened to change the subject, and arrange certain points of dispute which had occurred betwixt Duncan of Knock and the minister, acknowledging that his worthy substitute was sometimes a little too obstinate, as well as too energetic, in his executive measures.

Mr. Butler admitted his general merits; but said, 'He would presume to apply to the worthy gentleman the words of the poet to Marrucinus Asinius,

Manu . . .
Non belle uteris in joco atque vino.'

The discourse being thus turned on parish business, nothing farther occurred that can interest the reader.

CHAPTER XLIX

Upon my head they placed a fruitless crown,
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,
Thence to be wrench'd by an unlineal hand,
No son of mine succeeding.

Macbeth.

AFTER this period, but under the most strict precautions against discovery, the sisters corresponded occasionally, exchanging letters about twice every year. Those of Lady Staunton spoke of her husband's health and spirits as being deplorably uncertain; her own seemed also to be sinking, and one of the topics on which she most frequently dwelt was their want of family. Sir George Staunton, always violent, had taken some aversion at the next heir, whom he suspected of having irritated his friends against him during his absence; and he declared, he would bequeath Willingham and all its lands to an hospital, ere that fetch-and-carry tell-tale should inherit an acre of it.

'Had he but a child,' said the unfortunate wife, 'or had that luckless infant survived, it would be some motive for living and for exertion. But Heaven has denied us a blessing which we have not deserved.'

Such complaints, in varied form, but turning frequently on the same topic, filled the letters which passed from the spacious but melancholy halls of Willingham to the quiet and happy parsonage at Knocktarlittie. Years meanwhile rolled on amid these fruitless repinings. John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich died in the year 1743, universally lamented, but by none more than by the Butlers, to whom his benevolence had been so distinguished. He was succeeded by his brother Duke Archibald, with whom they had not the same intimacy; but who continued the protection which his brother had extended towards them. This, indeed, became more necessary than ever; for, after the breaking out and suppression of the rebellion in 1745, the peace of the country adjacent to the Highlands was considerably

disturbed. Marauders, or men that had been driven to that desperate mode of life, quartered themselves in the fastnesses nearest to the Lowlands, which were their scene of plunder; and there is scarce a glen in the romantic and now peaceable Highlands of Perth, Stirling, and Dunbartonshire where one or more did not take up their residence.

The prime pest of the parish of Knocktarlittie was a certain Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh, or Black Duncan the Mischievous, whom we have already casually mentioned. This fellow had been originally a tinkler or 'caird,' many of whom stroll about these districts; but when all police was disorganised by the civil war, he threw up his profession, and from half thief became whole robber; and being generally at the head of three or four active young fellows, and he himself artful, bold, and well acquainted with the passes, he plied his new profession with emolument to himself and infinite plague to the country.

All were convinced that Duncan of Knock could have put down his namesake Donacha any morning he had a mind; for there were in the parish a set of stout young men who had joined Argyle's banner in the war under his old friend, and behaved very well upon several occasions. And as for their leader, as no one doubted his courage, it was generally supposed that Donacha had found out the mode of conciliating his favour, a thing not very uncommon in that age and country. This was the more readily believed, as David Deans's cattle, being the property of the Duke, were left untouched, when the minister's cows were carried off by the thieves. Another attempt was made to renew the same act of rapine, and the cattle were in the act of being driven off, when Butler, laying his profession aside in a case of such necessity, put himself at the head of some of his neighbours, and rescued the creagh; an exploit at which Deans attended in person, notwithstanding his extreme old age, mounted on a Highland pony, and girded with an old broadsword, likening himself (for he failed not to arrogate the whole merit of the expedition) to David the son of Jesse, when he recovered the spoil of Ziklag from the Amalekites. This spirited behaviour had so far a good effect, that Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh kept his distance for some time to come; and, though his distant exploits were frequently spoken of, he did not exercise any depredations in that part of the country. He continued to flourish, and to be heard of occasionally, until the year 1751, when, if the fear of the second David had kept him in check, fate released him from

that restraint, for the venerable patriarch of St. Leonard's was that year gathered to his fathers.

David Deans died full of years and of honour. He is believed, for the exact time of his birth is not known, to have lived upwards of ninety years; for he used to speak of events as falling under his own knowledge which happened about the time of the battle of Bothwell Bridge. It was said that he even bore arms there, for once, when a drunken Jacobite laird wished for a Bothwell Brig Whig, that 'he might stow the lugs out of his head,' David informed him with a peculiar austerity of countenance that, if he liked to try such a prank, there was one at his elbow; and it required the interference of Butler to preserve the peace.

He expired in the arms of his beloved daughter, thankful for all the blessings which Providence had vouchsafed to him while in this valley of strife and toil, and thankful also for the trials he had been visited with; having found them, he said, needful to mortify that spiritual pride and confidence in his own gifts which was the side on which the wily Enemy did most sorely beset him. He prayed in the most affecting manner for Jeanie, her husband, and her family, and that her affectionate duty to 'the puir auld man' might purchase her length of days here and happiness hereafter; then in a pathetic petition, too well understood by those who knew his family circumstances, he besought the Shepherd of souls, while gathering His flock, not to forget the little one that had strayed from the fold, and even then might be in the hands of the ravening wolf. He prayed for the national Jerusalem, that peace might be in her land and prosperity in her palaces; for the welfare of the honourable house of Argyle, and for the conversion of Duncan of Knockdunder. After this he was silent, being exhausted, nor did he again utter anything distinctly. He was heard, indeed, to mutter something about national defections, right-hand extremes, and left-hand fallings off; but, as May Hettly observed, his head was 'carried' at the time; and it is probable that these expressions occurred to him merely out of general habit, and that he died in the full spirit of charity with all men. About an hour afterwards he slept in the Lord.

Notwithstanding her father's advanced age, his death was a severe shock to Mrs. Butler. Much of her time had been dedicated to attending to his health and his wishes, and she felt as if part of her business in the world was ended when the good old man was no more. His wealth, which came nearly to

£1500, in disposable capital, served to raise the fortunes of the family at the manse. How to dispose of this sum for the best advantage of his family was matter of anxious consideration to Butler.

'If we put it on heritable bond, we shall maybe lose the interest; for there's that bond over Lounsbeck's land, your father could neither get principal nor interest for it. If we bring it into the funds, we shall maybe lose the principal and all, as many did in the South Sea scheme. The little estate of Craigsture is in the market; it lies within two miles of the manse, and Knock says his Grace has no thought to buy it. But they ask £2500, and they may, for it is worth the money; and were I to borrow the balance, the creditor might call it up suddenly, or in case of my death my family might be distressed.'

'And so, if we had mair siller, we might buy that bonny pasture-ground, where the grass comes so early?' asked Jeanie.

'Certainly, my dear; and Knockminder, who is a good judge, is strongly advising me to it. To be sure it is his nephew that is selling it.'

'Aweel, Reuben,' said Jeanie, 'ye maun just look up a text in Scripture, as ye did when ye wanted siller before. Just look up a text in the Bible.'

'Ah, Jeanie,' said Butler, laughing and pressing her hand at the same time, 'the best people in these times can only work miracles once.'

'We will see,' said Jeanie, composedly; and going to the closet in which she kept her honey, her sugar, her pots of jelly, her vials of the more ordinary medicines, and which served her, in short, as a sort of store-room, she jangled vials and gallipots, till, from out the darkest nook, well flanked by a triple row of bottles and jars, which she was under the necessity of displacing, she brought a cracked brown can, with a piece of leather tied over the top. Its contents seemed to be written papers, thrust in disorder into this uncommon *secrétaire*. But from among these Jeanie brought an old clasped Bible, which had been David Deans's companion in his earlier wanderings, and which he had given to his daughter when the failure of his eyes had compelled him to use one of a larger print. This she gave to Butler, who had been looking at her motions with some surprise, and desired him to see what that book could do for him. He opened the clasps, and to his astonishment a parcel of £50 bank-notes dropped out from betwixt the leaves, where they

had been separately lodged, and fluttered upon the floor. 'I didna think to hae tauld you o' my wealth, Reuben,' said his wife, smiling at his surprise, 'till on my deathbed, or maybe on some family pinch; but it wad be better laid out on yon bonny grass-holms, than lying useless here in this auld pigg.'

'How on earth came ye by that siller, Jeanie? Why, here is more than a thousand pounds,' said Butler, lifting up and counting the notes.

'If it were ten thousand, it's a' honestly come by,' said Jeanie; 'and troth I kenna how muckle there is o't, but it's a' there that ever I got. And as for how I came by it, Reuben — it's weel come by and honestly, as I said before. And it's mair folks' secret than mine, or ye wad hae kenn'd about it lang syne; and as for ony thing else, I am not free to answer mair questions about it, and ye mairn just ask me nane.'

'Answer me but one,' said Butler. 'Is it all freely and indisputably your own property, to dispose of it as you think fit? Is it possible no one has a claim in so large a sum except you?'

'It *was* mine, free to dispose of it as I like,' answered Jennie; 'and I have disposed of it already, for now it is yours, Reuben. You are Bible Butler now, as weel as your forbear, that my puir father had sic an ill-will at. Only, if ye like, I wad wish Femie to get a gude share o't when we are gane.'

'Certainly, it shall be as you choose. But who on earth ever pitched on such a hiding-place for temporal treasures?'

'That is just ane o' my auld-fashioned gates, as you ca' them, Reuben. I thought, if Donacha Dhu was to make an outbreak upon us, the Bible was the last thing in the house he wad meddle wi'. But an ony mair siller should drap in, as it is not unlikely, I shall e'en pay it ower to you, and ye may lay it out your ain way.'

'And I positively must not ask you how you have come by all this money?' said the clergyman.

'Indeed, Reuben, you must not; for if you were asking me very sair I wad maybe tell you, and then I am sure I would do wrong.'

'But tell me,' said Butler, 'is it anything that distresses your own mind?'

'There is baith weal and woe come aye wi' warld's gear, Reuben; but ye mairn ask me naething mair. 'This siller binds me to naething, and can never be speered back again.'

'Surely,' said Mr. Butler, when he had again counted over

the money, as if to assure himself that the notes were real, 'there was never man in the world had a wife like mine: a blessing seems to follow her.'

'Never,' said Jeanie, 'since the enchanted princess in the bairns' fairy tale, that kamed gold nobles out o' the tae side of her haffit locks and Dutch dollars out o' the tother. But gang away now, minister, and put by the siller, and dinna keep the notes wampishing in your hand that gate, or I shall wish them in the brown pigg again, for fear we get a back-cast about them: we're ower near the hills in these times to be thought to hae siller in the house. And, besides, ye maun gree wi' Knockdunder, that has the selling o' the lands; and dinna you be simple and let him ken o' this windfa', but keep him to the very lowest penny, as if ye had to borrow siller to make the price up.'

In the last admonition Jeanie showed distinctly that, although she did not understand how to secure the money which came into her hands otherwise than by saving and hoarding it, yet she had some part of her father David's shrewdness, even upon worldly subjects. And Reuben Butler was a prudent man, and went and did even as his wife had advised him.

The news quickly went abroad into the parish that the minister had bought Craigsture; and some wished him joy, and some 'were sorry it had gane out of the auld name.' However, his clerical brethren, understanding that he was under the necessity of going to Edinburgh about the ensuing Whitsunday, to get togetherr David Deans's cash to make up the purchase-money of his new acquisition, took the opportunity to name him their delegate to the General Assembly, or Convocation of the Scottish Church, which takes place usually in the latter end of the month of May.

CHAPTER I

But who is this / what thing of sea or land —
Female of sex it seems —
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way sailing?

MILTON.

NOT long after the incident of the Bible and the bank-notes, Fortune showed that she could surprise Mrs. Butler as well as her husband. The minister, in order to accomplish the various pieces of business which his unwonted visit to Edinburgh rendered necessary, had been under the necessity of setting out from home in the latter end of the month of February, concluding justly that he would find the space betwixt his departure and the term of Whitsunday (24th May) short enough for the purpose of bringing forward those various debtors of old David Deans out of whose purses a considerable part of the price of his new purchase was to be made good.

Jeanie was thus in the unwonted situation of inhabiting a lonely house, and she felt yet more solitary from the death of the good old man, who used to divide her cares with her husband. Her children were her principal resource, and to them she paid constant attention.

It happened, a day or two after Butler's departure, that, while she was engaged in some domestic duties, she heard a dispute among the young folk, which, being maintained with obstinacy, appeared to call for her interference. All came to their natural umpire with their complaints. Femie, not yet ten years old, charged Davie and Reubie with an attempt to take away her book by force; and David and Reuben replied — the elder, 'That it was not a book for Femie to read,' and Reuben, 'That it was about a bad woman.'

'Where did you get the book, ye little hempie?' said Mrs. Butler. 'How dare ye touch papa's books when he is away?'

But the little lady, holding fast a sheet of crumpled paper,

declared, 'It was nane o' papa's books, and May Hettly had taken it off the muckle cheese which came from Inverara'; for, as was very natural to suppose, a friendly intercourse, with interchange of mutual civilities, was kept up from time to time between Mrs. Dolly Dutton, now Mrs. MacCorkindale, and her former friends.

Jeanie took the subject of contention out of the child's hand, to satisfy herself of the propriety of her studies; but how much was she struck when she read upon the title of the broadside sheet, 'The Last Speech, Confession, and Dying Words of Margaret MacCraw, or Murdockson, executed on Harabee Hill, near Carlisle, the — day of —, 1737.' It was, indeed, one of those papers which Archibald had bought at Longtown, when he monopolised the pedlar's stock, which Dolly had thrust into her trunk out of sheer economy. One or two copies, it seems, had remained in her repositories at Inverary, till she chanced to need them in packing a cheese, which, as a very superior production, was sent in the way of civil challenge to the dairy at Knocktarlitie.

The title of this paper, so strangely fallen into the very hands from which, in well-meant respect to her feelings, it had been so long detained, was of itself sufficiently startling; but the narrative itself was so interesting that Jeanie, shaking herself loose from the children, ran upstairs to her own apartment, and bolted the door, to peruse it without interruption.

The narrative, which appeared to have been drawn up, or at least corrected, by the clergyman who attended this unhappy woman, stated the crime for which she suffered to have been 'her active part in that atrocious robbery and murder, committed near two years since near Haltwhistle, for which the notorious Frank Levitt was committed for trial at Lancaster assizes. It was supposed the evidence of the accomplice, Thomas Tuck, commonly called Tyburn Tom, upon which the woman had been convicted, would weigh equally heavy against him; although many were inclined to think it was Tuck himself who had struck the fatal blow, according to the dying statement of Meg Murdockson.'

After a circumstantial account of the crime for which she suffered, there was a brief sketch of Margaret's life. It was stated that she was a Scotswoman by birth, and married a soldier in the Cameronian regiment; that she long followed the camp, and had doubtless acquired in fields of battle, and similar scenes, that ferocity and love of plunder for which she

had been afterwards distinguished; that her husband, having obtained his discharge, became servant to a benediced clergyman of high situation and character in Lincolnshire, and that she acquired the confidence and esteem of that honourable family. She had lost this many years after her husband's death, it was stated, in consequence of conniving at the irregularities of her daughter with the heir of the family, added to the suspicious circumstances attending the birth of a child, which was strongly suspected to have met with foul play, in order to preserve, if possible, the girl's reputation. After this, she had led a wandering life both in England and Scotland, under colour sometimes of telling fortunes, sometimes of driving a trade in smuggled wares, but, in fact, receiving stolen goods, and occasionally actively joining in the exploits by which they were obtained. Many of her crimes she had boasted of after conviction, and there was one circumstance for which she seemed to feel a mixture of joy and occasional compunction. When she was residing in the suburbs of Edinburgh during the preceding summer, a girl, who had been seduced by one of her confederates, was entrusted to her charge, and in her house delivered of a male infant. Her daughter, whose mind was in a state of derangement ever since she had lost her own child, according to the criminal's account, carried off the poor girl's infant, taking it for her own, of the reality of whose death she at times could not be persuaded.

Margaret Murdockson stated that she for some time believed her daughter had actually destroyed the infant in her mad fits, and that she gave the father to understand so, but afterwards learned that a female stroller had got it from her. She showed some compunction at having separated mother and child, especially as the mother had nearly suffered death, being condemned, on the Scotch law, for the supposed murder of her infant. When it was asked what possible interest she could have had in exposing the unfortunate girl to suffer for a crime she had not committed, she asked, if they thought she was going to put her own daughter into trouble to save another. She did not know what the Scotch law would have done to her for carrying the child away. This answer was by no means satisfactory to the clergyman, and he discovered, by close examination, that she had a deep and revengeful hatred against the young person whom she had thus injured. But the paper intimated that, whatever besides she had communicated upon this subject, was confided by her in private to the worthy and

reverend archdeacon who had bestowed such particular pains in affording her spiritual assistance. The broadside went on to intimate that, after her execution, of which the particulars were given, her daughter, the insane person mentioned more than once, and who was generally known by the name of Madge Wildfire, had been very ill used by the populace, under the belief that she was a sorceress, and an accomplice in her mother's crimes, and had been with difficulty rescued by the prompt interference of the police.

Such (for we omit moral reflections and all that may seem unnecessary to the explanation of our story) was the tenor of the broadside. To Mrs. Butler it contained intelligence of the highest importance, since it seemed to afford the most unequivocal proof of her sister's innocence respecting the crime for which she had so nearly suffered. It is true, neither she nor her husband, nor even her father, had ever believed her capable of touching her infant with an unkind hand when in possession of her reason; but there was a darkness on the subject, and what might have happened in a moment of insanity was dreadful to think upon. Besides, whatever was their own conviction, they had no means of establishing Effie's innocence to the world, which, according to the tenor of this fugitive publication, was now at length completely manifested by the dying confession of the person chiefly interested in concealing it.

After thanking God for a discovery so dear to her feelings, Mrs. Butler began to consider what use she should make of it. To have shown it to her husband would have been her first impulse; but, besides that he was absent from home, and the matter too delicate to be the subject of correspondence by an indifferent penwoman, Mrs. Butler recollected that he was not possessed of the information necessary to form a judgment upon the occasion; and that, adhering to the rule which she had considered as most advisable, she had best transmit the information immediately to her sister, and leave her to adjust with her husband the mode in which they should avail themselves of it. Accordingly, she despatched a special messenger to Glasgow with a packet, inclosing the 'Confession' of Margaret Murdockson, addressed, as usual, under cover to Mr. Whiterose of York. She expected, with anxiety, an answer; but none arrived in the usual course of post, and she was left to imagine how many various causes might account for Lady Staunton's silence. She began to be half sorry that she had parted with the printed paper, both for fear of its having fallen into bad

hands, and from the desire of regaining the document, which might be essential to establish her sister's innocence. She was even doubting whether she had not better commit the whole matter to her husband's consideration, when other incidents occurred to divert her purpose.

Jeanie (she is a favourite, and we beg her pardon for still using the familiar title) had walked down to the seaside with her children one morning after breakfast, when the boys, whose sight was more discriminating than hers, exclaimed, that 'the Captain's coach and six was coming right for the shore, with ladies in it.' Jeanie instinctively bent her eyes on the approaching boat, and became soon sensible that there were two females in the stern, seated beside the gracious Duncan, who acted as pilot. It was a point of politeness to walk towards the landing-place, in order to receive them, especially as she saw that the Captain of Knockdunder was upon honour and ceremony. His piper was in the bow of the boat, sending forth music, of which one half sounded the better that the other was drowned by the waves and the breeze. Moreover, he himself had his brigadier wig newly frizzed, his bonnet (he had abjured the cocked hat) decorated with St. George's red cross, his uniform mounted as a captain of militia, the Duke's flag with the boar's head displayed, — all intimated parade and gala.

As Mrs. Butler approached the landing-place, she observed the Captain hand the ladies ashore with marks of great attention, and the parties advanced towards her, the Captain a few steps before the two ladies, of whom the taller and elder leaned on the shoulder of the other, who seemed to be an attendant or servant.

As they met, Duncan, in his best, most important, and deepest tone of Highland civility, 'pegged leave to introduce to Mrs. Putler, Lady — eh — eh — I hae forgotten your leddyship's name!'

'Never mind my name, sir,' said the lady; 'I trust Mrs. Butler will be at no loss. The Duke's letter —' And, as she observed Mrs. Butler look confused, she said again to Duncan, something sharply, 'Did you not send the letter last night, sir?'

'In troth and I didna, and I crave your leddyship's pardon; but you see, matam, I thought it would do as weel to-tay, because Mrs. Putler is never taen out o' sorts — never; and the coach was out fishing; and the gig was gane to Greenock for a eag of prandy; and — Put here's his Grace's letter.'

'Give it me, sir,' said the lady, taking it out of his hand; 'since you have not found it convenient to do me the favour to send it before me, I will deliver it myself.'

Mrs. Butler looked with great attention, and a certain dubious feeling of deep interest, on the lady who thus expressed herself with authority over the man of authority, and to whose mandates he seemed to submit, resigning the letter with a 'Just as your leddyship is pleased to order it.'

The lady was rather above the middle size, beautifully made, though something *embonpoint*, with a hand and arm exquisitely formed. Her manner was easy, dignified, and commanding, and seemed to evince high birth and the habits of elevated society. She wore a travelling dress, a grey beaver hat, and a veil of Flanders lace. Two footmen, in rich liveries, who got out of the barge, and lifted out a trunk and portmanteau, appeared to belong to her suite.

'As you did not receive the letter, madam, which should have served for my introduction — for I presume you are Mrs. Butler — I will not present it to you till you are so good as to admit me into your house without it.'

'To be sure, matan,' said Knockdunder, 'ye canna doubt Mrs. Putler will do that. Mrs. Putler, this is Lady — Lady — these tann'd Southern names rin out o' my head like a stane trowling downhill — but I believe she is a Scottish woman porn — the mair our credit; and I presume her leddyship is of the house of —'

'The Duke of Argyle knows my family very well, sir,' said the lady, in a tone which seemed designed to silence Duncan, or, at any rate, which had that effect completely.

There was something about the whole of this stranger's address, and tone, and manner which acted upon Jeanie's feelings like the illusions of a dream, that tease us with a puzzling approach to reality. Something there was of her sister in the gait and manner of the stranger, as well as in the sound of her voice, and something also, when, lifting her veil, she showed features to which, changed as they were in expression and complexion, she could not but attach many remembrances.

The stranger was turned of thirty certainly; but so well were her personal charms assisted by the power of dress and arrangement of ornament, that she might well have passed for one-and-twenty. And her behaviour was so steady and so composed, that as often as Mrs. Butler perceived anew some point of resemblance to her unfortunate sister, so often the

sustained self-command and absolute composure of the stranger destroyed the ideas which began to arise in her imagination. She led the way silently towards the manse, lost in a confusion of reflections, and trusting the letter with which she was to be there entrusted would afford her satisfactory explanation of what was a most puzzling and embarrassing scene.

The lady maintained in the meanwhile the manners of a stranger of rank. She admired the various points of view like one who has studied nature and the best representations of art. At length she took notice of the children.

'These are two fine young mountaineers. Yours, madam, I presume?'

Jeanie replied in the affirmative. The stranger sighed, and sighed once more as they were presented to her by name.

'Come here, Femie,' said Mrs. Butler, 'and hold your head up.'

'What is your daughter's name, madam?' said the lady.

'Euphemia, madam,' answered Mrs. Butler.

'I thought the ordinary Scottish contraction of the name had been Effie,' replied the stranger, in a tone which went to Jeanie's heart; for in that single word there was more of her sister — more of *lang syne* ideas — than in all the reminiscences which her own heart had anticipated, or the features and manner of the stranger had suggested.

When they reached the manse, the lady gave Mrs. Butler the letter which she had taken out of the hands of Knockdunder; and as she gave it she pressed her hand, adding aloud, 'Perhaps, madam, you will have the goodness to get me a little milk.'

'And me a drap of the grey-peard, if you please, Mrs. Putler,' added Duncan.

Mrs. Butler withdrew; but, deputing to May Hettly and to David the supply of the strangers' wants, she hastened into her own room to read the letter. The envelope was addressed in the Duke of Argyle's hand, and requested Mrs. Butler's attentions and civility to a lady of rank, a particular friend of his late brother, Lady Staunton of Willingham, who, being recommended to drink goats' whey by the physicians, was to honour the Lodge at Roseneath with her residence, while her husband made a short tour in Scotland. But within the same cover, which had been given to Lady Staunton unsealed, was a letter from that lady, intended to prepare her sister for meeting her, and which, but for the Captain's negligence, she ought to have

received on the preceding evening. It stated that the news in Jeanie's last letter had been so interesting to her husband, that he was determined to inquire farther into the confession made at Carlisle, and the fate of that poor innocent, and that, as he had been in some degree successful, she had, by the most earnest entreaties, extorted rather than obtained his permission, under promise of observing the most strict incognito, to spend a week or two with her sister, or in her neighbourhood, while he was prosecuting researches, to which (though it appeared to her very vainly) he seemed to attach some hopes of success.

There was a postscript, desiring that Jeanie would trust to Lady S. the management of their intercourse, and be content with assenting to what she should propose. After reading and again reading the letter, Mrs. Butler hurried downstairs, divided betwixt the fear of betraying her secret and the desire to throw herself upon her sister's neck. Effie received her with a glance at once affectionate and cautionary, and immediately proceeded to speak.

'I have been telling Mr. —, Captain —, this gentleman, Mrs. Butler, that if you could accommodate me with an apartment in your house, and a place for Ellis to sleep, and for the two men, it would suit me better than the Lodge, which his Grace has so kindly placed at my disposal. I am advised I should reside as near where the goats feed as possible.'

'I have been assuring my leddy, Mrs. Putler,' said Duncan, 'that, though it could not discommode you to receive any of his Grace's visitors or mine, yet she had mooch petter stay at the Lodge; and for the gait, the creatures can be fetched there, in respect it is mair fitting they suld wait upon her leddyship, than she upon the like of them.'

'By no means derange the goats for me,' said Lady Staunton; 'I am certain the milk must be much better here.' And this she said with languid negligence, as one whose slightest intimation of humour is to bear down all argument.

Mrs. Butler hastened to intimate that her house, such as it was, was heartily at the disposal of Lady Staunton; but the Captain continued to remonstrate.

'The Duke,' he said, 'had written —'

'I will settle all that with his Grace —'

'And there were the things had been sent down frae Glasco —'

'Anything necessary might be sent over to the parsonage

She would beg the favour of Mrs. Butler to show her an apartment, and of the Captain to have her trunks, etc., sent over from Roseneath.'

So she courtesied off poor Duncan, who departed, saying in his secret soul, 'Cot tamn her English impudence! She takes possession of the minister's house as an it were her ain; and speaks to shentlemens as if they were pounden servants, an' pe tamn'd to her! And there's the deer that was shot too; but we will send it ower to the manse, whilk will pe put civil, seeing I hae prought worthy Mrs. Putler sic a fliskmahoy.' And with these kind intentions, he went to the shore to give his orders accordingly.

In the meantime, the meeting of the sisters was as affectionate as it was extraordinary, and each evinced her feelings in the way proper to her character. Jeanie was so much overcome by wonder, and even by awe, that her feelings were deep, stunning, and almost overpowering. Effie, on the other hand, wept, laughed, sobbed, screamed, and clapped her hands for joy, all in the space of five minutes, giving way at once, and without reserve, to a natural excessive vivacity of temper, which no one, however, knew better how to restrain under the rules of artificial breeding.

After an hour had passed like a moment in their expressions of mutual affection, Lady Staunton observed the Captain walking with impatient steps below the window. 'That tiresome Highland fool has returned upon our hands,' she said. 'I will pray him to grace us with his absence.'

'Hout no! hout no!' said Mrs. Butler, in a tone of entreaty; 'ye mauna affront the Captain.'

'Affront!' said Lady Staunton; 'nobody is ever affronted at what I do or say, my dear. However, I will endure him, since you think it proper.'

The Captain was accordingly graciously requested by Lady Staunton to remain during dinner. During this visit his studious and punctilious complaisance towards the lady of rank was happily contrasted by the cavalier air of civil familiarity in which he indulged towards the minister's wife.

'I have not been able to persuade Mrs. Butler,' said Lady Staunton to the Captain, during the interval when Jeanie had left the parlour, 'to let me talk of making any recompense for storming her house, and garrisoning it in the way I have done.'

'Doubtless, matam,' said the Captain, 'it wad ill pecome

Mrs. Putler, wha is a very decent pody, to make any such sharge to a lady who comes from my house, or his Grace's, which is the same thing. And, speaking of garrisons, in the year forty-five I was poot with a garrison of twenty of my lads in the house of Invergarry, whilk had near been unhappily, for —

'I beg your pardon, sir. But I wish I could think of some way of indemnifying this good lady.'

'O, no need of intemnifying at all; no trouble for her — nothing at all. So, peing in the house of Invergarry, and the people about it being uncanny, I doubted the warst, and —'

'Do you happen to know, sir,' said Lady Staunton, 'if any of these two lads — these young Butlers, I mean — show any turn for the army?'

'Could not say, indeed, my leddy,' replied Knockdunder. 'So, I knowing the people to pe unchancy, and not to lippen to, and hearing a pibroch in the wood, I pegan to pid my lads look to their flints, and then —'

'For,' said Lady Staunton, with the most ruthless disregard to the narrative which she mangled by these interruptions, 'if that should be the case, it should cost Sir George but the asking a pair of colours for one of them at the War Office, since we have always supported government, and never had occasion to trouble ministers.'

'And if you please, my leddy,' said Duncan, who began to find some savour in this proposal, 'as I hae a braw weel-grown lad of a nevoy, ca'd Duncan MacGilligan, that is as pig as paith the Putler pairns putten thegither, Sir George could ask a pair for him at the same time, and it wad pe put ae asking for a.'

Lady Staunton only answered this hint with a well-bred stare, which gave no sort of encouragement.

Jeanie, who now returned, was lost in amazement at the wonderful difference betwixt the helpless and despairing girl whom she had seen stretched on a flock-bed in a dungeon, expecting a violent and disgraceful death, and last as a forlorn exile upon the midnight beach, with the elegant, well-bred, beautiful woman before her. The features, now that her sister's veil was laid aside, did not appear so extremely different as the whole manner, expression, look, and bearing. In outside show, Lady Staunton seemed completely a creature too soft and fair for sorrow to have touched; so much accustomed to have all

her whims complied with by those around her, that she seemed to expect she should even be saved the trouble of forming them; and so totally unacquainted with contradiction, that she did not even use the tone of self-will, since to breathe a wish was to have it fulfilled. She made no ceremony of ridding herself of Duncan as soon as the evening approached; but complimented him out of the house, under pretext of fatigue, with the utmost nonchalance.

When they were alone, her sister could not help expressing her wonder at the self-possession with which Lady Staunton sustained her part.

'I daresay you are surprised at it,' said Lady Staunton, composedly; 'for you, my dear Jeanie, have been truth itself from your cradle upwards; but you must remember that I am a liar of fifteen years' standing, and therefore must by this time be used to my character.'

In fact, during the feverish tumult of feelings excited during the two or three first days, Mrs. Butler thought her sister's manner was completely contradictory of the desponding tone which pervaded her correspondence. She was moved to tears, indeed, by the sight of her father's grave, marked by a modest stone, recording his piety and integrity; but lighter impressions and associations had also power over her. She amused herself with visiting the dairy, in which she had so long been assistant, and was so near discovering herself to May Hettly, by betraying her acquaintance with the celebrated receipt for Dunlop cheese, that she compared herself to Bedreddin Hassan, whom the vizier, his father-in-law, discovered by his superlative skill in composing cream-tarts with pepper in them. But when the novelty of such avocations ceased to amuse her, she showed to her sister but too plainly that the gaudy colouring with which she veiled her unhappiness afforded as little real comfort as the gay uniform of the soldier when it is drawn over his mortal wound. There were moods and moments in which her despondence seemed to exceed even that which she herself had described in her letters, and which too well convinced Mrs. Butler how little her sister's lot, which in appearance was so brilliant, was in reality to be envied.

There was one source, however, from which Lady Staunton derived a pure degree of pleasure. Gifted in every particular with a higher degree of imagination than that of her sister, she was an admirer of the beauties of nature, a taste which compensates many evils to those who happen to enjoy it. Here

her character of a fine lady stopped short, where she ought to have

Scream'd at ilk cleugh, and screech'd at ilka how,
As loud as she had seen the worriecow.

On the contrary, with the two boys for her guides, she undertook long and fatiguing walks among the neighbouring mountains, to visit glens, lakes, waterfalls, or whatever scenes of natural wonder or beauty lay concealed among their recesses. It is Wordsworth, I think, who, talking of an old man under difficulties, remarks, with a singular attention to nature,

Whether it was care that spurred him,
God only knows ; but to the very last,
He had the lightest foot in Ennerdale.

in the same manner, languid, listless, and unhappy within doors, at times even indicating something which approached near to contempt of the homely accommodations of her sister's house, although she instantly endeavoured, by a thousand kindnesses, to atone for such ebullitions of spleen, Lady Staunton appeared to feel interest and energy while in the open air, and traversing the mountain landscapes in society with the two boys, whose ears she delighted with stories of what she had seen in other countries, and what she had to show them at Willingham Manor. And they, on the other hand, exerted themselves in doing the honours of Dunbartonshire to the lady who seemed so kind, insomuch that there was scarce a glen in the neighbouring hills to which they did not introduce her.

Upon one of these excursions, while Reuben was otherwise employed, David alone acted as Lady Staunton's guide, and promised to show her a cascade in the hills, grander and higher than any they had yet visited. It was a walk of five long miles, and over rough ground, varied, however, and cheered, by mountain views, and peeps now of the firth and its islands, now of distant lakes, now of rocks and precipices. The scene itself, too, when they reached it, amply rewarded the labour of the walk. A single shoot carried a considerable stream over the face of a black rock, which contrasted strongly in colour with the white foam of the cascade, and, at the depth of about twenty feet, another rock intercepted the view of the bottom of the fall. The water, wheeling out far beneath, swept round the crag, which thus bounded their view, and tumbled down the rocky glen in a torrent of foam. Those who love nature

always desire to penetrate into its utmost recesses, and Lady Staunton asked David whether there was not some mode of gaining a view of the abyss at the foot of the fall. He said that he knew a station on a shelf on the further side of the intercepting rock, from which the whole waterfall was visible, but that the road to it was steep and slippery and dangerous. Bent, however, on gratifying her curiosity, she desired him to lead the way; and accordingly he did so over crag and stone, anxiously pointing out to her the resting-places where she ought to step, for their mode of advancing soon ceased to be walking, and became scrambling.

In this manner, clinging like sea-birds to the face of the rock, they were enabled at length to turn round it, and came full in front of the fall, which here had a most tremendous aspect, boiling, roaring, and thundering with unceasing din into a black cauldron, a hundred feet at least below them, which resembled the crater of a volcano. The noise, the dashing of the waters, which gave an unsteady appearance to all around them, the trembling even of the huge crag on which they stood, the precariousness of their footing, for there was scarce room for them to stand on the shelf of rock which they had thus attained, had so powerful an effect on the senses and imagination of Lady Staunton, that she called out to David she was falling, and would in fact have dropped from the crag had he not caught hold of her. The boy was bold and stont of his age; still he was but fourteen years old, and as his assistance gave no confidence to Lady Staunton, she felt her situation become really perilous. The chance was that, in the appalling novelty of the circumstances, he might have caught the infection of her panic, in which case it is likely that both must have perished. She now screamed with terror, though without hope of calling any one to her assistance. To her amazement, the scream was answered by a whistle from above, of a tone so clear and shrill that it was heard even amid the noise of the waterfall.

In this moment of terror and perplexity a human face, black, and having grizzled hair hanging down over the forehead and cheeks, and mixing with moustaches and a beard of the same colour, and as much matted and tangled, looked down on them from a broken part of the rock above.

'It is The Enemy,' said the boy, who had very nearly become incapable of supporting Lady Staunton.

'No, no,' she exclaimed, inaccessible to supernatural terrors,

and restored to the presence of mind of which she had been deprived by the danger of her situation, 'it is a man. For God's sake, my friend, help us!'

The face glared at them, but made no answer; in a second or two afterwards, another, that of a young lad, appeared beside the first, equally swart and begrimed, but having tangled black hair, descending in elf locks, which gave an air of wildness and ferocity to the whole expression of the countenance. Lady Staunton repeated her entreaties, clinging to the rock with more energy, as she found that, from the superstitious terror of her guide, he became incapable of supporting her. Her words were probably drowned in the roar of the falling stream, for, though she observed the lips of the younger being whom she supplicated move as he spoke in reply, not a word reached her ear.

A moment afterwards it appeared he had not mistaken the nature of her supplication, which, indeed, was easy to be understood from her situation and gestures. The younger apparition disappeared, and immediately after lowered a ladder of twisted osiers, about eight feet in length, and made signs to David to hold it fast while the lady ascended. Despair gives courage, and finding herself in this fearful predicament, Lady Staunton did not hesitate to risk the ascent by the precarious means which this accommodation afforded; and, carefully assisted by the person who had thus providentially come to her aid, she reached the summit in safety. She did not, however, even look around her until she saw her nephew lightly and actively follow her example, although there was now no one to hold the ladder fast. When she saw him safe she looked round, and could not help shuddering at the place and company in which she found herself.

They were on a sort of platform of rock, surrounded on every side by precipices, or overhanging cliffs, and which it would have been scarce possible for any research to have discovered, as it did not seem to be commanded by any accessible position. It was partly covered by a huge fragment of stone, which, having fallen from the cliffs above, had been intercepted by others in its descent, and jammed so as to serve for a sloping roof to the further part of the broad shelf or platform on which they stood. A quantity of withered moss and leaves, strewed beneath this rude and wretched shelter, showed the lairs — they could not be termed the beds — of those who dwelt in this eyrie, for it deserved no other name. Of these, two were before Lady Staunton.

One, the same who had afforded such timely assistance, stood upright before them, a tall, lathy, young savage; his dress a tattered plaid and philabeg, no shoes, no stockings, no hat or bonnet, the place of the last being supplied by his hair, twisted and matted like the *glibb* of the ancient wild Irish, and, like theirs, forming a natural thickset, stout enough to bear off the cut of a sword. Yet the eyes of the lad were keen and sparkling; his gesture free and noble, like that of all savages. He took little notice of David Butler, but gazed with wonder on Lady Staunton, as a being different probably in dress, and superior in beauty, to anything he had ever beheld. The old man whose face they had first seen remained recumbent in the same posture as when he had first looked down on them, only his face was turned towards them as he lay and looked up with a lazy and listless apathy, which belied the general expression of his dark and rugged features. He seemed a very tall man, but was scarce better clad than the younger. He had on a loose Lowland greateat, and ragged tartan trews or pantaloons.

All around looked singularly wild and unpropitious. Beneath the brow of the incumbent rock was a charcoal fire, on which there was a still working, with bellows, pincers, hammers, a movable anvil, and other smiths' tools; three guns, with two or three sacks and barrels, were disposed against the wall of rock, under shelter of the superincumbent crag; a dirk and two swords, and a Lochaber axe, lay scattered around the fire, of which the red glare cast a ruddy tinge on the precipitous foam and mist of the cascade. The lad, when he had satisfied his curiosity with staring at Lady Staunton, fetched an earthen jar and a horn eup, into which he poured some spirits, apparently hot from the still, and offered them successively to the lady and to the boy. Both declined, and the young savage quaffed off the draught, which could not amount to less than three ordinary glasses. He then fetched another ladder from the corner of the cavern, if it could be termed so, adjusted it against the transverse rock, which served as a roof, and made signs for the lady to ascend it, while he held it fast below. She did so, and found herself on the top of a broad rock, near the brink of the chasm into which the brook precipitates itself. She could see the crest of the torrent flung loose down the rock, like the mane of a wild horse, but without having any view of the lower platform from which she had ascended.

David was not suffered to mount so easily; the lad, from sport or love of mischief, shook the ladder a good deal as he

ascended, and seemed to enjoy the terror of young Butler; so that, when they had both come up, they looked on each other with no friendly eyes. Neither, however, spoke. The young caird, or tinker, or gipsy, with a good deal of attention, assisted Lady Staunton up a very perilous ascent which she had still to encounter, and they were followed by David Butler, until all three stood clear of the ravine on the side of a mountain, whose sides were covered with heather and sheets of loose shingle. So narrow was the chasm out of which they ascended, that, unless when they were on the very verge, the eye passed to the other side without perceiving the existence of a rent so fearful, and nothing was seen of the cataract, though its deep hoarse voice was still heard.

Lady Staunton, freed from the danger of rock and river, had now a new subject of anxiety. Her two guides confronted each other with angry countenances; for David, though younger by two years at least, and much shorter, was a stout, well-set, and very bold boy.

'You are the black-coat's son of Knocktarlitie,' said the young caird; 'if you come here again, I'll pitch you down the linn like a foot-ball.'

'Ay, lad, ye are very short to be sae lang,' retorted young Butler, undauntedly, and measuring his opponent's height with an undismayed eye. 'I am thinking you are a gillie of Black Donacha; if you come down the glen, we'll shoot you like a wild buck.'

'You may tell your father,' said the lad, 'that the leaf on the timber is the last he shall see; we will hae amends for the mischief he has done to us.'

'I hope he will live to see mony summers, and do ye muckle mair,' answered David.

More might have passed, but Lady Staunton stepped between them with her purse in her hand, and, taking out a guinea, of which it contained several, visible through the network, as well as some silver in the opposite end, offered it to the caird.

'The white siller, lady — the white siller,' said the young savage, to whom the value of gold was probably unknown.

Lady Staunton poured what silver she had into his hand, and the juvenile savage snatched it greedily, and made a sort of half inclination of acknowledgment and adieu.

'Let us make haste now, Lady Staunton,' said David, 'for there will be little peace with them since they hae seen your purse.'

They hurried on as fast as they could ; but they had not descended the hill a hundred yards or two before they heard a halloo behind them, and looking back, saw both the old man and the young one pursuing them with great speed, the former with a gun on his shoulder. Very fortunately, at this moment a sportsman, a gamekeeper of the Duke, who was engaged in stalking deer, appeared on the face of the hill. The bandits stopped on seeing him, and Lady Staunton hastened to put herself under his protection. He readily gave them his escort home, and it required his athletic form and loaded rifle to restore to the lady her usual confidence and courage.

Donald listened with much gravity to the account of their adventure ; and answered with great composure to David's repeated inquiries, whether he could have suspected that the cairds had been lurking there — 'Inteed, Master 'Tavie, I might hae had some guess that they were there, or thereabout, though maybe I had nane. But I am aften on the hill ; and they are like wasps : they stang only them that fashes them ; sae, for my part, I make a point not to see them, unless I were ordered out on the preceese errand by MacCallummor or Knockdunc', whilk is a clean different case.'

They reached the manse late ; and Lady Staunton, who had suffered much both from fright and fatigue, never again permitted her love of the picturesque to carry her so far among the mountains without a stronger escort than David, though she acknowledged he had won the stand of colours by the intrepidity he had displayed, so soon as assured he had to do with an earthly antagonist. 'I couldna maybe hae made muckle o' a bargain wi' yon lang callant,' said David, when thus complimented on his valour ; 'but when ye deal wi' thae folk, it's tyne heart tyne a'.'

CHAPTER LI

What see you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance ?

Henry V.

WE are under the necessity of returning to Edinburgh, where the General Assembly was now sitting. It is well known that some Scottish nobleman is usually deputed as High Commissioner, to represent the person of the king in this convocation ; that he has allowances for the purpose of maintaining a certain outward show and solemnity, and supporting the hospitality of the representative of Majesty. Whoever is distinguished by rank or office in or near the capital usually attends the morning levees of the Lord Commissioner, and walks with him in procession to the place where the Assembly meets.

The nobleman who held this office chanced to be particularly connected with Sir George Staunton, and it was in his train that he ventured to tread the High Street of Edinburgh for the first time since the fatal night of Porteous's execution. Walking at the right hand of the representative of Sovereignty, covered with lace and embroidery, and with all the paraphernalia of wealth and rank, the handsome though wasted form of the English stranger attracted all eyes. Who could have recognised in a form so aristocratic the plebeian convict that, disguised in the rags of Madge Wildfire, had led the formidable rioters to their destined revenge ? There was no possibility that this could happen, even if any of his ancient acquaintances, a race of men whose lives are so brief, had happened to survive the span commonly allotted to evil-doers. Besides, the whole affair had long fallen asleep, with the angry passions in which it originated. Nothing is more certain than that persons known to have had a share in that formidable riot, and to have fled from Scotland on that account, had made money abroad, returned to enjoy it in their native country, and lived and died

undisturbed by the law.¹ The forbearance of the magistrate was in these instances wise, certainly, and just; for what good impression could be made on the public mind by punishment, when the memory of the offence was obliterated, and all that was remembered was the recent inoffensive, or perhaps exemplary, conduct of the offender?

Sir George Staunton might, therefore, tread the scene of his former audacious exploits free from the apprehension of the law, or even of discovery or suspicion. But with what feelings his heart that day throbbed must be left to those of the reader to imagine. It was an object of no common interest which had brought him to encounter so many painful remembrances.

In consequence of Jeanie's letter to Lady Staunton, transmitting the confession, he had visited the town of Carlisle, and had found Archdeacon Fleming still alive, by whom that confession had been received. This reverend gentleman, whose character stood deservedly very high, he so far admitted into his confidence as to own himself the father of the unfortunate infant which had been spirited away by Madge Wildfire, representing the intrigue as a matter of juvenile extravagance on his own part, for which he was now anxious to atone, by tracing, if possible, what had become of the child. After some recollection of the circumstances, the clergyman was able to call to memory that the unhappy woman had written a letter to 'George Staunton, Esq., younger, Rectory, Willingham, by Grantham'; that he had forwarded it to the address accordingly, and that it had been returned, with a note from the Reverend Mr. Staunton, Rector of Willingham, saying, he knew no such person as him to whom the letter was addressed. As this had happened just at the time when George had, for the last time, absconded from his father's house to carry off Effic, he was at no loss to account for the cause of the resentment under the influence of which his father had disowned him. This was another instance in which his ungovernable temper had occasioned his misfortune; had he remained at Willingham but a few days longer, he would have received Margaret Murdockson's letter, in which was exactly described the person and haunts of the woman, Annaple Bailzou, to whom she [Madge Wildfire] had parted with the infant. It appeared that Meg Murdockson had been induced to make this confession, less from any feelings of contrition, than from the desire of obtaining, through George Staunton or his father's means, protection and support for her

¹ See Arnot's *Criminal Trials*, 4to ed., p. 235.

daughter Madge. Her letter to George Staunton said, 'That while the writer lived, her daughter would have needed nought from anybody, and that she would never have meddled in these affairs, except to pay back the ill that George had done to her and hers. But she was to die, and her daughter would be destitute, and without reason to guide her. She had lived in the world long enough to know that people did nothing for nothing; so she had told George Staunton all he could wish to know about his w an, in hopes he would not see the demented young creature he had ruined perish for want. As for her motives for not telling them sooner, she had a long account to reckon for in the next world, and she would reckon for that too.'

The clergyman said that Meg had died in the same desperate state of mind, occasionally expressing some regret about the child which was lost, but oftener sorrow that the mother had not been hanged — her mind at once a chaos of guilt, rage, and apprehension for her daughter's future safety; that instinctive feeling of parental anxiety which she had in common with the she-wolf and lioness being the last shade of kindly affection that occupied a breast equally savage.

The melancholy catastrophe of Madge Wildfire was occasioned by her taking the confusion of her mother's execution as affording an opportunity of leaving the workhouse to which the clergyman had sent her, and presenting herself to the mob in their fury, to perish in the way we have already seen. When Dr. Fleming found the convict's letter was returned from Lincolnshire, he wrote to a friend in Edinburgh, to inquire into the fate of the unfortunate girl whose child had been stolen, and was informed by his correspondent that she had been pardoned, and that, with all her family, she had retired to some distant part of Scotland, or left the kingdom entirely. And here the matter rested, until, at Sir George Staunton's application, the clergyman looked out and produced Margaret Murdockson's returned letter, and the other memoranda which he had kept concerning the affair.

Whatever might be Sir George Staunton's feelings in ripping up this miserable history, and listening to the tragical fate of the unhappy girl whom he had ruined, he had so much of his ancient wilfulness of disposition left as to shut his eyes on everything save the prospect which seemed to open itself of recovering his son. It was true, it would be difficult to produce him without telling much more of the history of his birth and the misfortunes of his parents than it was prudent to make

known. But let him once be found, and, being found, let him but prove worthy of his father's protection, and many ways might be fallen upon to avoid such risk. Sir George Staunton was at liberty to adopt him as his heir, if he pleased, without communicating the secret of his birth; or an Act of Parliament might be obtained, declaring him legitimate, and allowing him the name and arms of his father. He was, indeed, already a legitimate child according to the law of Scotland, by the subsequent marriage of his parents. Wilful in everything, Sir George's sole desire now was to see this son, even should his recovery bring with it a new series of misfortunes as dreadful as those which followed on his being lost.

But where was the youth who might eventually be called to the honours and estates of this ancient family? On what heath was he wandering, and shrouded by what mean disguise? Did he gain his precarious bread by some petty trade, by menial toil, by violence, or by theft? These were questions on which Sir George's anxious investigations could obtain no light. Many remembered that Annable Bailzon wandered through the country as a beggar and fortune-teller, or spae-wife; some remembered that she had been seen with an infant in 1737 or 1738, but for more than ten years she had not travelled that district, and that she had been heard to say she was going to a distant part of Scotland, of which country she was a native. To Scotland, therefore, came Sir George Staunton, having parted with his lady at Glasgow; and his arrival at Edinburgh happening to coincide with the sitting of the General Assembly of the Kirk, his acquaintance with the nobleman who held the office of Lord High Commissioner forced him more into public than suited either his views or inclinations.

At the public table of this nobleman, Sir George Staunton was placed next to a clergyman of respectable appearance, and well-bred though plain demeanour, whose name he discovered to be Butler. It had been no part of Sir George's plan to take his brother-in-law into his confidence, and he had rejoiced exceedingly in the assurances he received from his wife that Mrs. Butler, the very soul of integrity and honour, had never suffered the account he had given of himself at Willingham Rectory to transpire, even to her husband. But he was not sorry to have an opportunity to converse with so near a connexion, without being known to him, and to form a judgment of his character and understanding. He saw much, and heard more, to raise Butler very high in his opinion. He found he

was generally respected by those of his own profession, as well as by the laity who had seats in the Assembly. He had made several public appearances in the Assembly, distinguished by good sense, candour, and ability; and he was followed and admired as a sound, and at the same time an eloquent, preacher.

This was all very satisfactory to Sir George Staunton's pride, which had revolted at the idea of his wife's sister being obscurely married. He now began, on the contrary, to think the connexion so much better than he expected, that, if it should be necessary to acknowledge it, in consequence of the recovery of his son, it would sound well enough that Lady Stannton had a sister who, in the decayed state of the family, had married a Scottish clergyman, high in the opinion of his countrymen, and a leader in the church.

It was with these feelings that, when the Lord High Commissioner's company broke up, Sir George Staunton, under pretence of prolonging some inquiries concerning the constitution of the Church of Scotland, requested Butler to go home to his lodgings in the Lawnmarket, and drink a cup of coffee. Butler agreed to wait upon him, providing Sir George would permit him, in passing, to call at a friend's house where he resided, and make his apology for not coming to partake her tea. They proceeded up the High Street, entered the Krames, and passed the begging-box, placed to remind those at liberty of the distresses of the poor prisoners. Sir George paused there one instant, and next day a £20 note was found in that receptacle for public charity.

When he came up to Butler again, he found him with his eyes fixed on the entrance of the tolbooth, and apparently in deep thought.

'That seems a very strong door,' said Sir George, by way of saying something.

'It is so, sir,' said Butler, turning off and beginning to walk forward, 'but it was my misfortune at one time to see it prove greatly too weak.'

At this moment, looking at his companion, he asked him whether he felt himself ill; and Sir George Staunton admitted that he had been so foolish as to eat ice, which sometimes disagreed with him. With kind officiousness, that would not be gainsaid, and ere he could find out where he was going, Butler hurried Sir George into the friend's house, near to the prison, in which he himself had lived since he came to town, being, indeed, no other than that of his old friend Bartoline Saddle-

tree, in which Lady Staunton had served a short noviciate as a shop-maid. This recollection rushed on her husband's mind, and the blush of shame which it excited overpowered the sensation of fear which had produced his former paleness. Good Mrs. Saddletree, however, bustled about to receive the rich English baronet as the friend of Mr. Butler, and requested an elderly female in a black gown to sit still, in a way which seemed to imply a wish that she would clear the way for her betters. In the meanwhile, understanding the state of the case, she ran to get some cordial waters, sovereign, of course, in all cases of faintishness whatsoever. During her absence, her visitor, the female in black, made some progress out of the room, and might have left it altogether without particular observation, had she not stumbled at the threshold, so near Sir George Staunton, that he, in point of civility, raised her and assisted her to the door.

'Mrs. Porteous is turned very doited now, pair body,' said Mrs. Saddletree, as she returned with her bottle in her hand. 'She is no sae auld, but she got a sair back-cast wi' the slaughter o' her husband. Ye had some trouble about that job, Mr. Butler. I think, sir (to Sir George), ye had better drink out the hail glass, for to my een ye look waur than when ye came in.'

And, indeed, he grew as pale as a corpse on recollecting who it was that his arm had so lately supported — the widow whom he had so large a share in making such.

'It is a prescribed job that case of Porteous now,' said old Saddletree, who was confined to his chair by the gout — 'clean prescribed and out of date.'

'I am not clear of that, neighbour,' said Plumdamas, 'for I have heard them say twenty years should rin, and this is but the fifty-ane; the Porteous's mob was in thretty-seven.'

'Ye'll no teach me law, I think, neighbour — me that has four gaun pleas, and might hae had fourteen, an it hadna been the gudewife? I tell ye, if the foremost of the Porteous mob were standing there where that gentleman stands, the King's Advocate wadna meddle wi' him: it fa's under the negative prescription.'

'Hand your din, carles,' said Mrs. Saddletree, 'and let the gentleman sit down and get a dish of comfortable tea.'

But Sir George had had quite enough of their conversation; and Butler, at his request, made an apology to Mrs. Saddletree, and accompanied him to his lodgings. Here they found another

guest waiting Sir George Staunton's return. This was no other than our reader's old acquaintance, Ratcliffe.

This man had exercised the office of turnkey with so much vigilance, acuteness, and fidelity that he gradually rose to be governor or captain of the tolbooth. And it is yet remembered in tradition, that young men who rather sought amusing than select society in their merry-meetings used sometimes to request Ratcliffe's company, in order that he might regale them with legends of his extraordinary feats in the way of robbery and escape.¹ But he lived and died without resuming his original vocation, otherwise than in his narratives over a bottle.

Under these circumstances, he had been recommended to Sir George Staunton by a man of the law in Edinburgh, as a person likely to answer any questions he might have to ask about Annaple Bailzou, who, according to the colour which Sir George Staunton gave to his cause of inquiry, was supposed to have stolen a child in the west of England, belonging to a family in which he was interested. The gentleman had not mentioned his name, but only his official title; so that Sir George Staunton, when told that the captain of the tolbooth was waiting for him in his parlour, had no idea of meeting his former acquaintance, Jem Ratcliffe.

This, therefore, was another new and most unpleasant surprise, for he had no difficulty in recollecting this man's remarkable features. The change, however, from George Robertson to Sir George Staunton baffled even the penetration of Ratcliffe, and he bowed very low to the baronet and his guest, hoping Mr. Butler would excuse his recollecting that he was an old acquaintance.

'And once rendered my wife a piece of great service,' said Mr. Butler, 'for which she sent you a token of grateful acknowledgment, which I hope came safe and was welcome.'

'Deil a doubt on't,' said Ratcliffe, with a knowing nod; 'but ye are muckle changed for the better since I saw ye, Maister Butler.'

'So much so, that I wonder you knew me.'

'Aha, then! Deil a face I see I ever forget,' said Ratcliffe: while Sir George Staunton, tied to the stake and incapable of escaping, internally cursed the accuracy of his memory. 'And yet, sometimes,' continued Ratcliffe, 'the sharpest hand will be ta'en in. There is a face in this very room, if I might presume to be sae bauld, that if I didna ken the honourable person it

¹ See Ratcliffe. Note 37.

belongs to, I might think it had some cast of an auld acquaintance.'

'I should not be much flattered,' answered the Baronet, sternly, and roused by the risk in which he saw himself placed, 'if it is to me you mean to apply that compliment.'

'By no manner of means, sir,' said Ratcliffe, bowing very low; 'I am come to receive your honour's commands, and I do to trouble your honour wi' my poor observations.'

'Well, sir,' said Sir George, 'I am told you understand police matters; so do I; to convince you of which, here are ten guineas of retaining fee; I make them fifty when you can find me certain notice of a person, living or dead, whom you will find described in that paper. I shall leave town presently; you may send your written answer to me to the care of Mr. — (naming his highly respectable agent), or of his Grace the Lord High Commissioner.'

Ratcliffe bowed and withdrew.

'I have angered the proud peat now,' he said to himself, 'by finding out a likeness; but if George Robertson's father had lived within a mile of his mother, d—n me if I should not know what to think, for as high as he carries his head.'

When he was left alone with Butler, Sir George Staunton ordered tea and coffee, which were brought by his valet, and then, after considering with himself for a minute, asked his guest whether he had lately heard from his wife and family.

Butler, with some surprise at the question, replied, 'That he had received no letter for some time; his wife was a poor pen-woman.'

'Then,' said Sir George Staunton, 'I am the first to inform you there has been an invasion of your quiet premises since you left home. My wife, whom the Duke of Argyle had the goodness to permit to use Roseneath Lodge, while she was spending some weeks in your country, has sallied across and taken up her quarters in the manse, as she says, to be nearer the goats, whose milk she is using; but I believe, in reality, because she prefers Mrs. Butler's company to that of the respectable gentleman who acts as seneschal on the Duke's domains.'

Mr. Butler said, 'He had often heard the late Duke and the present speak with high respect of Lady Staunton, and was happy if his house could accommodate any friend of theirs; it would be but a very slight acknowledgment of the many favours he owed them.'

'That does not make Lady Staunton and myself the less

obliged to your hospitality, sir,' said Sir George. 'May I inquire if you think of returning home soon?'

'In the course of two days,' Mr. Butler answered, 'his duty in the Assembly would be ended; and the other matters he had in town being all finished, he was desirous of returning to Dunbartonshire as soon as he could; but he was under the necessity of transporting a considerable sum in bills and money with him, and therefore wished to travel in company with one or two of his brethren of the clergy.'

'My escort will be more safe,' said Sir George Staunton, 'and I think of setting off to-morrow or next day. If you will give me the pleasure of your company, I will undertake to deliver you and your charge safe at the manse, provided you will admit me along with you.'

Mr. Butler gratefully accepted of this proposal; the appointment was made accordingly, and by despatches with one of Sir George's servants, who was sent forward for the purpose, the inhabitants of the manse of Knocktarlitie were made acquainted with the intended journey; and the news rung through the whole vicinity, 'that the minister was coming back wi' a braw English gentleman, and a' the siller that was to pay for the estate of Craigsture.'

This sudden resolution of going to Knocktarlitie had been adopted by Sir George Staunton in consequence of the incidents of the evening. In spite of his present consequence, he felt he had presumed too far in venturing so near the scene of his former audacious acts of violence, and he knew too well from past experience the acuteness of a man like Ratcliffe again to encounter him. The next two days he kept his lodgings, under pretence of indisposition, and took leave, by writing, of his noble friend, the High Commissioner, alleging the opportunity of Mr. Butler's company as a reason for leaving Edinburgh sooner than he had proposed. He had a long conference with his agent on the subject of Annaple Bailzou; and the professional gentleman, who was the agent also of the Argyle family, had directions to collect all the information which Ratcliffe or others might be able to obtain concerning the fate of that woman and the unfortunate child, and, so soon as anything transpired which had the least appearance of being important, that he should send an express with it instantly to Knocktarlitie. These instructions were backed with a deposit of money, and a request that no expense might be spared: so that Sir George Staunton had little reason to apprehend

negligence on the part of the persons entrusted with the commission.

The journey which the brothers made in company was attended with more pleasure, even to Sir George Staunton, than he had ventured to expect. His heart lightened in spite of himself when they lost sight of Edinburgh; and the easy, sensible conversation of Butler was well calculated to withdraw his thoughts from painful reflections. He even began to think whether there could be much difficulty in removing his wife's connexions to the rectory of Willingham; it was only on his part procuring some still better preferment for the present incumbent, and on Butler's, that he should take orders according to the English Church, to which he could not conceive a possibility of his making objection, and then he had them residing under his wing. No doubt, there was pain in seeing Mrs. Butler, acquainted, as he knew her to be, with the full truth of his evil history. But then her silence, though he had no reason to complain of her indiscretion hitherto, was still more absolutely ensured. It would keep his lady, also, both in good temper and in more subjection; for she was sometimes troublesome to him, by insisting on remaining in town when he desired to retire to the country, alleging the total want of society at Willingham. 'Madam, your sister is there,' would, he thought, be a sufficient answer to this ready argument.

He sounded Butler on this subject, asking what he would think of an English living of twelve hundred pounds yearly, with the burden of affording his company now and then to a neighbour whose health was not strong, or his spirits equal. 'He might meet,' he said, 'occasionally, a very learned and accomplished gentleman, who was in orders as a Catholic priest, but he hoped that would be no insurmountable objection to a man of his liberality of sentiment. What,' he said, 'would Mr. Butler think of as an answer, if the offer should be made to him?'

'Simply, that I could not accept of it,' said Mr. Butler. 'I have no mind to enter into the various debates between the churches; but I was brought up in mine own, have received her ordination, am satisfied of the truth of her doctrines, and will die under the banner I have enlisted to.'

'What may be the value of your preferment?' said Sir George Staunton, 'unless I am asking an indiscreet question.'

'Probably one hundred a-year, one year with another, besides my glebe and pasture-ground.'

'And you scruple to exchange that for twelve hundred a-year, without alleging any damning difference of doctrine betwixt the two churches of England and Scotland?'

'On that, sir, I have reserved my judgment; there may be much good, and there are certainly saving means, in both, but every man must act according to his own lights. I hope I have done, and am in the course of doing, my Master's work in this Highland parish; and it would ill become me, for the sake of lucre, to leave my sheep in the wilderness. But, even in the temporal view which you have taken of the matter, Sir George, this hundred pounds a-year of stipend hath fed and clothed us, and left us nothing to wish for; my father-in-law's succession, and other circumstances, have added a small estate of about twice as much more, and how we are to dispose of it I do not know. So I leave it to you, sir, to think if I were wise, not having the wish or opportunity of spending three hundred a-year, to covet the possession of four times that sum.'

'This is philosophy,' said Sir George; 'I have heard of it, but I never saw it before.'

'It is common sense,' replied Butler, 'which accords with philosophy and religion more frequently than pedants or zealots are apt to admit.'

Sir George turned the subject, and did not again resume it. Although they travelled in Sir George's chariot, he seemed so much fatigued with the motion, that it was necessary for him to remain for a day at a small town called Mid-Calder, which was their first stage from Edinburgh. Glasgow occupied another day, so slow were their motions.

They travelled on to Dunbarton, where they had resolved to leave the equipage, and to hire a boat to take them to the shores near the manse, as the Gare Loch lay betwixt them and that point, besides the impossibility of travelling in that district with wheel-carriages. Sir George's valet, a man of trust, accompanied them, as also a footman; the grooms were left with the carriage. Just as this arrangement was completed, which was about four o'clock in the afternoon, an express arrived from Sir George's agent in Edinburgh, with a packet, which he opened and read with great attention, appearing much interested and agitated by the contents. The packet had been despatched very soon after their leaving Edinburgh, but the messenger had missed the travellers by passing through Mid-Calder in the night, and overshot his errand by getting to Roseneath before them. He was now on his return, after having waited more

than four-and-twenty hours. Sir George Staunton instantly wrote back an answer, and, rewarding the messenger liberally, desired him not to sleep till he placed it in his agent's hands.

At length they embarked in the boat, which had waited for them some time. During their voyage, which was slow, for they were obliged to row the whole way, and often against the tide, Sir George Staunton's inquiries ran chiefly on the subject of the Highland banditti who had infested that country since the year 1745. Butler informed him that many of them were not native Highlanders, but gipsies, tinkers, and other men of desperate fortunes, who had taken advantage of the confusion introduced by the civil war, the general discontent of the mountaineers, and the unsettled state of police, to practise their plundering trade with more audacity. Sir George next inquired into their lives, their habits, whether the violences which they committed were not sometimes atoned for by acts of generosity, and whether they did not possess the virtues, as well as the vices, of savage tribes.

Butler answered, that certainly they did sometimes show sparks of generosity, of which even the worst class of malefactors are seldom utterly divested; but that their evil propensities were certain and regular principles of action, while any occasional burst of virtuous feeling was only a transient impulse not to be reckoned upon, and excited probably by some singular and unusual concatenation of circumstances. In discussing these inquiries, which Sir George pursued with an apparent eagerness that rather surprised Butler, the latter chanced to mention the name of Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh, with which the reader is already acquainted. Sir George caught the sound up eagerly, and as if it conveyed particular interest to his ear. He made the most minute inquiries concerning the man whom he mentioned, the number of his gang, and even the appearance of those who belonged to it. Upon these points Butler could give little answer. The man had a name among the lower class, but his exploits were considerably exaggerated; he had always one or two fellows with him, but never aspired to the command of above three or four. In short, he knew little about him, and the small acquaintance he had, had by no means inclined him to desire more.

'Nevertheless, I should like to see him some of these days.'

'That would be a dangerous meeting, Sir George, unless you mean we are to see him receive his deserts from the law, and then it were a melancholy one.'

'Use every man according to his deserts, Mr. Butler, and who shall escape whipping? But I am talking riddles to you. I will explain them more fully to you when I have spoken over the subject with Lady Staunton. Pull away, my lads,' he added, addressing himself to the rowers; 'the clouds threaten us with a storm.'

In fact, the dead and heavy closeness of the air, the huge piles of clouds which assembled in the western horizon, and glowed like a furnace under the influence of the setting sun, that awful stillness in which nature seems to expect the thunderburst, as a condemned soldier waits for the platoon-fire which is to stretch him on the earth — all betokened a speedy storm. Large broad drops fell from time to time, and induced the gentlemen to assume the boat-cloaks; but the rain again ceased, and the oppressive heat, so unusual in Scotland in the end of May, inclined them to throw them aside. 'There is something solemn in this delay of the storm,' said Sir George; 'it seems as if it suspended its peal till it solemnised some important event in the world below.'

'Alas!' replied Butler, 'what are we, that the laws of nature should correspond in their march with our ephemeral deeds or sufferings? The clouds will burst when surcharged with the electric fluid, whether a goat is falling at that instant from the cliffs of Arran or a hero expiring on the field of battle he has won.'

'The mind delights to deem it otherwise,' said Sir George Staunton; 'and to dwell on the fate of humanity as on that which is the prime central movement of the mighty machine. We love not to think that we shall mix with the ages that have gone before us, as these broad black raindrops mingle with the waste of waters, making a trifling and momentary eddy, and are then lost for ever.'

'For ever! We are not — we cannot be lost for ever,' said Butler, looking upward; 'death is to us change, not consummation, and the commencement of a new existence, corresponding in character to the deeds which we have done in the body.'

While they agitated these grave subjects, to which the solemnity of the approaching storm naturally led them, their voyage threatened to be more tedious than they expected, for gusts of wind, which rose and fell with sudden impetuosity, swept the bosom of the firth, and impeded the efforts of the rowers. They had now only to double a small headland in order to get to the proper landing-place in the mouth of the

little river ; but in the state of the weather, and the boat being heavy, this was like to be a work of time, and in the meanwhile they must necessarily be exposed to the storm.

'Could we not land on this side of the headland,' asked Sir George, 'and so gain some shelter ?'

Butler knew of no landing-place, at least none affording a convenient or even practicable passage up the rocks which surrounded the shore.

'Think again,' said Sir George Staunton ; 'the storm will soon be violent.'

'Hout, ay,' said one of the boatmen, 'there's the Caird's Cove ; but we dinna tell the minister about it, and I am no sure if I can steer the boat to it, the bay is sae fu' o' shoals and sunk rocks.'

'Try,' said Sir George, 'and I will give you half-a-guinea.'

The old fellow took the helm, and observed, 'That if they could get in, there was a steep path up from the beach, and half an hour's walk from thence to the manse.'

'Are you sure you know the way ?' said Butler to the old man.

'I maybe kenn'd it a wee better fifteen years syne, when Dandie Wilson was in the firth wi' his clean-ganging lugger. I mind Dandie had a wild young Englisher wi' him, that they ca'd ——'

'If you chatter so much,' said Sir George Staunton, 'you will have the boat on the Grindstone ; bring that white rock in a line with the steeple.'

'By G—,' said the veteran, staring, 'I think your honour kens the bay as weel as me. Your honour's nose has been on the Grindstane ere now, I'm thinking.'

As they spoke thus, they approached the little cove, which, concealed behind crags, and defended on every point by shallows and sunken rocks, could scarce be discovered or approached, except by those intimate with the navigation. An old shattered boat was already drawn up on the beach within the cove, close beneath the trees, and with precautions for concealment.

Upon observing this vessel, Butler remarked to his companion, 'It is impossible for you to conceive, Sir George, the difficulty I have had with my poor people, in teaching them the guilt and the danger of this contraband trade ; yet they have perpetually before their eyes all its dangerous consequences. I do not know anything that more effectually depraves and ruins their moral and religious principles.'

Sir George forced himself to say something in a low voice, about the spirit of adventure natural to youth, and that unquestionably many would become wiser as they grew older.

'Too seldom, sir,' replied Butler. 'If they have been deeply engaged, and especially if they have mingled in the scenes of violence and blood to which their occupation naturally leads, I have observed that, sooner or later, they come to an evil end. Experience, as well as Scripture, teaches us, Sir George, that mischief shall hunt the violent man, and that the blood-thirsty man shall not live half his days. But take my arm to help you ashore.'

Sir George needed assistance, for he was contrasting in his altered thought the different feelings of mind and frame with which he had formerly frequented the same place. As they landed, a low growl of thunder was heard at a distance.

'That is ominous, Mr. Butler,' said Sir George.

'*Intonuit levum*: it is ominous of good, then,' answered Butler, smiling.

The boatmen were ordered to make the best of their way round the headland to the ordinary landing-place; the two gentlemen, followed by their servant, sought their way by a blind and tangled path, through a close copsewood, to the manse of Knocktarlitie, where their arrival was anxiously expected.

The sisters in vain had expected their husbands' return on the preceding day, which was that appointed by Sir George's letter. The delay of the travellers at Calder had occasioned this breach of appointment. The inhabitants of the manse began even to doubt whether they would arrive on the present day. Lady Staunton felt this hope of delay as a brief reprieve; for she dreaded the pangs which her husband's pride must undergo at meeting with a sister-in-law to whom the whole of his unhappy and dishonourable history was too well known. She knew, whatever force or constraint he might put upon his feelings in public, that she herself must be doomed to see them display themselves in full vehemence in secret — consume his health, destroy his temper, and render him at once an object of dread and compassion. Again and again she cautioned Jeanie to display no tokens of recognition, but to receive him as a perfect stranger, and again and again Jeanie renewed her promise to comply with her wishes.

Jeanie herself could not fail to bestow an anxious thought on the awkwardness of the approaching meeting; but her con-

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science was ungalled, and then she was cumbered with many household cares of an unusual nature, which, joined to the anxious wish once more to see Butler, after an absence of unusual length, made her extremely desirous that the travellers should arrive as soon as possible. And — why should I disguise the truth? — ever and anon a thought stole across her mind that her gala dinner had now been postponed for two days; and how few of the dishes, after every art of her simple *cuisine* had been exerted to dress them, could with any credit or propriety appear again upon the third; and what was she to do with the rest? Upon this last subject she was saved the trouble of farther deliberation, by the sudden appearance of the Captain at the head of half a dozen stout fellows, dressed and armed in the Highland fashion.

'Goot-morrow morning to ye, Leddy Staunton, and I hope I hae the pleasure to see ye weel! And goot-morrow to you, goot Mrs. Putler; I do peg you will order some victuals and ale and prandy for the lads, for we hae been out on firth and moor since afore daylight, and a' to no purpose neither — Cot tam!'

So saying, he sate down, pushed back his brigadier wig, and wiped his head with an air of easy importance, totally regardless of the look of well-bred astonishment by which Lady Staunton endeavoured to make him comprehend that he was assuming too great a liberty.

'It is some comfort, when one has had a sair tussle,' continued the Captain, addressing Lady Staunton, with an air of gallantry, 'that it is in a fair leddy's service, or in the service of a gentleman whilk has a fair leddy, whilk is the same thing, since serving the husband is serving the wife, as Mrs. Putler does very weel know.'

'Really, sir,' said Lady Staunton, 'as you seem to intend this compliment for me, I am at a loss to know what interest Sir George or I can have in your movements this morning.'

'O Cot tam! this is too cruel, my leddy; as if it was not py special express from his Grace's honourable agent and commissioner at Edinburgh, with a warrant conform, that I was to seek for and apprehend Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh, and bring him pefore myself and Sir George Staunton, that he may have his deserts, that is to say, the gallows, whilk he has doubtless deserved, py peing the means of frightening your leddyship, as weel as for something of less importance.'

'Frightening me!' said her ladyship. 'Why, I never wrote to Sir George about my alarm at the waterfall.'

'Then he must have heard it otherwise; for what else can give him sic an earnest tesire to see this rapscallion, that I maun ripe the hail mosses and muirs in the country for him, as if I were to get something for finding him, when the pest o't might pe a pall through my prains?'

'Can it be really true that it is on Sir George's account that you have been attempting to apprehend this fellow?'

'Py Cot, it is for no other cause that I know than his honour's pleasure; for the creature might hae gone on in a decent quiet way for me, sae lang as he respectit the Duke's pounds; put reason goot he suld be taen, and hangit to poot, if it may pleasure ony honourable shentleman that is the Duke's friend. Sae I got the express over night, and I caused warn half a score of pretty lads, and was up in the morning pefore the sun, and I garr'd the lads take their kilts and short coats.'

'I wonder you did that, Captain,' said Mrs. Butler, 'when you know the Act of Parliament against wearing the Highland dress.'

'Hout, tout, ne'er fash your thumb, Mrs. Putler. The law is put twa-three years auld yet, and is ower young to hae come our length; and, pesides, how is the lads to climb the praes wi' thae tamm'd breekens on them? It makes me sick to see them. Put ony how, I thought I kenn'd Donacha's haunts gay and weel, and I was at the place where he had rested yestreen; for I saw the leaves the limmers had lain on, and the ashes of them; by the same token, there was a pit greeshoch purning yet. I am thinking they got some word out o' the island what was intended. I sought every glen and cleuch, as if I had been deer-stalking, but teil a wauff of his coat-tail could I see — Cot tam!'

'He'll be away down the firth to Cowall,' said David; and Reuben, who had been out early that morning a-nutting, observed, 'That he had seen a boat making for the Caird's Cove'; a place well known to the boys, though their less adventurous father was ignorant of its existence.

'Py Cot,' said Duncan, 'then I will stay here no longer than to trink this very horn of prandy and water, for it is very possible they will pe in the wood. Donacha's a clever fellow, and maype thinks it pest to sit next the chimley when the lum reeks. He thought naebody would look for him sae near hand! I peg your leddyship will excuse my aprupt departure, as I will return forthwith, and I will either pring you Donacha in life

or else his head, whilk I dare to say will be as satisfactory. And I hope to pass a pleasant evening with your leddyship; and I hope to have mine revenges on Mr. Putler at pack-gammon, for the four pennies whilk he won, for he will pe surely at home soon, or else he will have a wet journey, seeing it is apout to pe a scud.'

Thus saying, with many scrapes and bows, and apologies for leaving them, which were very readily received, and reiterated assurances of his speedy return, of the sincerity whereof Mrs. Butler entertained no doubt, so long as her best greybeard of brandy was upon duty, Duncan left the manse, collected his followers, and began to scour the close and entangled wood which lay between the little glen and the Caird's Cove. David, who was a favourite with the Captain, on account of his spirit and courage, took the opportunity of escaping to attend the investigations of that great man.

CHAPTER LII

I did send for thee,

That Talbot's name might be in thee revived,
When sapless age and weak unable limbs
Should bring thy father to his drooping chair.
But — O malignant and ill-boding stars ! —

Henry VI. Part I.

DUNCAN and his party had not proceeded very far in the direction of the Caird's Cove before they heard a shot, which was quickly followed by one or two others. 'Some tamn'd villains among the roe-deer,' said Duncan; 'look sharp out, lads.'

The clash of swords was next heard, and Duncan and his myrmidons, hastening to the spot, found Butler and Sir George Staunton's servant in the hands of four ruffians. Sir George himself lay stretched on the ground, with his drawn sword in his hand. Duncan, who was as brave as a lion, instantly fired his pistol at the leader of the band, unsheathed his sword, cried out to his men, 'Claymore!' and run his weapon through the body of the fellow whom he had previously wounded, who was no other than Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh himself. The other banditti were speedily overpowered, excepting one young lad, who made wonderful resistance for his years, and was at length secured with difficulty.

Butler, so soon as he was liberated from the ruffians, ran to raise Sir George Staunton; but life had wholly left him.

'A creat misfortune,' said Duncan; 'I think it will pe pest that I go forward to intimate it to the coot leddy. Tavia, my dear, you hae smelled ponther for the first time this day. Take my sword and hack off Donacha's head, whilk will pe coot practice for you against the time you may wish to do the same kindness to a living shentleman; or hould, as your father does not approve, you may leave it alone, as he will pe a greater object of satisfaction to Ledy Staunton to see him entire; and I hope she will do me the credit to believe that I can afenge a shentleman's plood fery speedily and well.'

Such was the observation of a man too much accustomed to the ancient state of manners in the Highlands to look upon the issue of such a skirmish as anything worthy of wonder or emotion.

We will not attempt to describe the very contrary effect which the unexpected disaster produced upon Lady Staunton, when the bloody corpse of her husband was brought to the house, where she expected to meet him alive and well. All was forgotten but that he was the lover of her youth; and, whatever were his faults to the world, that he had towards her exhibited only those that arose from the inequality of spirits and temper incident to a situation of unparalleled difficulty. In the vivacity of her grief she gave way to all the natural irritability of her temper; shriek followed shriek, and swoon succeeded to swoon. It required all Jeanie's watchful affection to prevent her from making known, in these paroxysms of affliction, much which it was of the highest importance that she should keep secret.

At length silence and exhaustion succeeded to frenzy, and Jeanie stole out to take counsel with her husband, and to exhort him to anticipate the Captain's interference by taking possession in Lady Staunton's name of the private papers of her deceased husband. To the utter astonishment of Butler, she now for the first time explained the relation betwixt herself and Lady Staunton, which authorised, nay, demanded, that he should prevent any stranger from being unnecessarily made acquainted with her family affairs. It was in such a crisis that Jeanie's active and undaunted habits of virtuous exertion were most conspicuous. While the Captain's attention was still engaged by a prolonged refreshment, and a very tedious examination, in Gaelic and English, of all the prisoners, and every other witness of the fatal transaction, she had the body of her brother-in-law undressed and properly disposed. It then appeared, from the crucifix, the beads, and the shirt of hair which he wore next his person, that his sense of guilt had induced him to receive the dogmata of a religion which pretends, by the maceration of the body, to expiate the crimes of the soul. In the packet of papers which the express had brought to Sir George Staunton from Edinburgh, and which Butler, authorised by his connexion with the deceased, did not scruple to examine, he found new and astonishing intelligence, which gave him reason to thank God he had taken that measure.

Ratcliffe, to whom all sorts of misdeeds and misdoers were

familiar, instigated by the promised reward, soon found himself in a condition to trace the infant of these unhappy parents. The woman to whom Meg Murdockson had sold that most unfortunate child had made it the companion of her wanderings and her beggary until he was about seven or eight years old, when, as Ratcliffe learned from a companion of hers, then in the correction-house of Edinburgh, she sold him in her turn to Donacha Dhu na Dunaigh. This man, to whom no act of mischief was unknown, was occasionally an agent in a horrible trade then carried on betwixt Scotland and America, for supplying the plantations with servants, by means of kidnapping, as it was termed, both men and women, but especially children under age. Here Ratcliffe lost sight of the boy, but had no doubt but Donacha Dhu could give an account of him. The gentleman of the law, so often mentioned, despatched therefore an express with a letter to Sir George Staunton, and another covering a warrant for apprehension of Donacha, with instructions to the Captain of Knockdunder to exert his utmost energy for that purpose.

Possessed of this information, and with a mind agitated by the most gloomy apprehensions, Butler now joined the Captain, and obtained from him with some difficulty a sight of the examinations. These, with a few questions to the elder of the prisoners, soon confirmed the most dreadful of Butler's anticipations. We give the heads of the information, without descending into minute details.

Donacha Dhu had indeed purchased Effie's unhappy child, with the purpose of selling it to the American traders, whom he had been in the habit of supplying with human flesh. But no opportunity occurred for some time; and the boy, who was known by the name of 'The Whistler,' made some impression on the heart and affections even of this rude savage, perhaps because he saw in him flashes of a spirit as fierce and vindictive as his own. When Donacha struck or threatened him — a very common occurrence — he did not answer with complaints and entreaties like other children, but with oaths and efforts at revenge; he had all the wild merit, too, by which Woggarwolfe's arrow-bearing page won the hard heart of his master:

Like a wild cub, rear'd at the ruffian's feet,
He could say biting jests, bold ditties sing,
And quaff his foaming bumper at the board
With all the mockery of a little man.¹

¹ *Ethwald.*



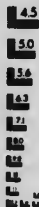
SIR GEORGE LAY STRETCHED ON THE GROUND.

From a painting by MacDonald.



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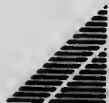
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In short, as Donacha Dhu said, the Whistler was a born imp of Satan, and *therefore* he should never leave him. Accordingly, from his eleventh year forward, he was one of the band, and often engaged in acts of violence. The last of these was more immediately occasioned by the researches which the Whistler's real father made after him whom he had been taught to consider as such. Donacha Dhu's fears had been for some time excited by the strength of the means which began now to be employed against persons of his description. He was sensible he existed only by the precarious indulgence of his namesake, Duncan of Knockdunder, who was used to boast that he could put him down or string him up when he had a mind. He resolved to leave the kingdom by means of one of those sloops which were engaged in the traffic of his old kidnapping friends, and which was about to sail for America; but he was desirous first to strike a bold stroke.

The ruffian's cupidity was excited by the intelligence that a wealthy Englishman was coming to the manse. He had neither forgotten the Whistler's report of the gold he had seen in Lady Staunton's purse, nor his old vow of revenge against the minister; and, to bring the whole to a point, he conceived the hope of appropriating the money which, according to the general report of the country, the minister was to bring from Edinburgh to pay for his new purchase. While he was considering how he might best accomplish his purpose, he received the intelligence from one quarter that the vessel in which he proposed to sail was to sail immediately from Greenock; from another, that the minister and a rich English lord, with a great many thousand pounds, were expected the next evening at the manse; and from a third, that he must consult his safety by leaving his ordinary haunts as soon as possible, for that the Captain had ordered out a party to scour the glens for him at break of day. Donacha laid his plans with promptitude and decision. He embarked with the Whistler and two others of his band (whom, by the by, he meant to sell to the kidnappers), and set sail for the Caird's Cove. He intended to lurk till nightfall in the wood adjoining to this place, which he thought was too near the habitation of men to excite the suspicion of Duncan Knock, then break into Butler's peaceful habitation, and flesh at once his appetite for plunder and revenge. When his villainy was accomplished, his boat was to convey him to the vessel, which, according to previous agreement with the master, was instantly to set sail.

This desperate design would probably have succeeded, but for the ruffians being discovered in their lurking-place by Sir George Staunton and Butler, in their accidental walk from the Cairn's Cove towards the manse. Finding himself detected, and at the same time observing that the servant carried a casket, or strong-box, Donacha conceived that both his prize and his victims were within his power, and attacked the travellers without hesitation. Shots were fired and swords drawn on both sides; Sir George Staunton offered the bravest resistance, till he fell, as there was too much reason to believe, by the hand of a son so long sought, and now at length so unhappily met.

While Butler was half-stunned with this intelligence, the hoarse voice of Knockdunder added to his consternation:— 'I will take the liberty to take down the pell-ropes, Mr. Butler, as I must be taking order to hang these idle people up to-morrow morning, to teach them more consideration in their doings in future.'

Butler entreated him to remember the act abolishing the heritable jurisdictions, and that he ought to send them to Glasgow or Inverary, to be tried by the circuit.

Duncan scorned the proposal.

'The Jurisdiction Act,' he said, 'had nothing to do put with the rebels, and specially not with Argyle's country; and he would hang the men up all three in one row before coot Leddy Staunton's windows, which would be a great comfort to her in the mornin' to see that the coot gentleman, her husbar, had been suitably a'fenged.'

And the utmost length that Butler's most earnest entreaties could prevail was, that he would reserve 'the twa pig carles for the circuit, but as for him they ca'd the Fustler, he should try how he could fustle in a swinging tow, for it suldna be said that a sheutleman, friend to the Duke, was killed in his country, and his people didna take at least twa lives for ane.'

Butler entreated him to spare the victim for his soul's sake. But Knockdunder answered 'That the soul of such a scum had been long the tefil's property, and that, Cot tam! he was determined to gif the tefil his due.'

All persuasion was in vain, and Duncan issued his mandate for execution on the succeeding morning. The child of guilt and misery was separated from his companions, strongly pinioned, and committed to a separate room, of which the Captain kept the key.

In the silence of the night, however, Mrs. Butler arose,

resolved, if possible, to avert, at least to delay, the fate which hung over her nephew, especially if, upon conversing with him, she should see any hope of his being brought to better temper. She had a master-key that opened every lock in the house; and at midnight, when all was still, she stood before the eyes of the astonished young savage, as, hard bound with cords, he lay, like a sheep designed for slaughter, upon a quantity of the refuse of flax which filled a corner in the apartment. Amid features sun-burnt, tawny, grimed with dirt, and obscured by his shaggy hair of a rusted black colour, Jeanie tried in vain to trace the likeness of either of his very handsome parents. Yet how could she refuse compassion to a creature so young and so wretched — so much more wretched than even he himself could be aware of, since the murder he had too probably committed with his own hand, but in which he had at any rate participated, was in fact a parricide. She placed food on a table near him, raised him, and slacked the cords on his arms, so as to permit him to feed himself. He stretched out his hands, still smeared with blood, perhaps that of his father, and he ate voraciously and in silence.

‘What is your first name?’ said Jeanie, by way of opening the conversation.

‘The Whistler.’

‘But your Christian name, by which you were baptized?’

‘I never was baptized that I know of. I have no other name than the Whistler.’

‘Poor unhappy abandoned lad!’ said Jeanie. ‘What would ye do if you could escape from this place, and the death you are to die to-morrow morning?’

‘Join wi’ Rob Roy, or wi’ Sergeant More Cameron (noted freebooters at that time), and revenge Donaeha’s death on all and sundry.’

‘O, ye unhappy boy,’ said Jeanie, ‘do ye ken what will come o’ ye when ye die?’

‘I shall neither feel cauld nor hunger more,’ said the youth, doggedly.

‘To let him be execute in this dreadful state of mind would be to destroy baith body and soul, and to let him gang I dare not; what will be done? But he is my sister’s son — my own nephew — our flesh and blood; and his hands and feet are yerked as tight as cords can be drawn. Whistler, do the cords hurt you?’

‘Very much.’

'But, if I were to slacken them, you would harm me ?

'No, I would not ; you never harmed me or mine.'

'There may be good in him yet,' thought Jeanie ; 'I will try fair play with him.'

She cut his bonds. He stood upright, looked round with a laugh of wild exultation, clapped his hands together, and sprung from the ground, as if in transport on finding himself at liberty. He looked so wild that Jeanie trembled at what she had done.

'Let me out,' said the young savage.

'I wanna, unless you promise ——'

'Then I'll make you glad to let us both out.'

He seized the lighted candle and threw it among the flax, which was instantly in a flame. Jeanie screamed, and ran out of the room ; the prisoner rushed past her, threw open a window in the passage, jumped into the garden, sprang over its inclosure, bounded through the woods like a deer, and gained the seashore. Meantime, the fire was extinguished ; but the prisoner was sought in vain. As Jeanie kept her own secret, the share she had in his escape was not discovered ; but they learned his fate some time afterwards : it was as wild as his life had hitherto been.

The anxious inquiries of Butler at length learned that the youth had gained the ship in which his master, Donacha, had designed to embark. But the avaricious shipmaster, inured by his evil trade to every species of treachery, and disappointed of the rich booty which Donacha had proposed to bring aboard, scoured the person of the fugitive, and having transported him to America, sold him as a slave, or indented servant, to a Virginian planter far up the country. When these tidings reached Butler, he sent over to America a sufficient sum to redeem the lad from slavery, with instructions that measures should be taken for improving his mind, restraining his evil propensities, and encouraging whatever good might appear in his character. But this aid came too late. The young man had herded a conspiracy in which his inhuman master was put to death, and had then fled to the next tribe of wild Indians. He was never more heard of ; and it may therefore be presumed that he lived and died after the manner of that savage people, with whom his previous habits had well fitted him to associate.

All hopes of the young man's reformation being now ended, Mr. and Mrs. Butler thought it could serve no purpose to explain to Lady Staunton a history so full of horror. She remained their guest more than a year, during the greater part

of which period her grief was excessive. In the latter months, it assumed the appearance of listlessness and low spirits, which the monotony of her sister's quiet establishment afforded no means of dissipating. Effie, from her earliest youth, was never formed for a quiet low content. Far different from her sister, she required the dissipation of society to divert her sorrow or enhance her joy. She left the seclusion of Knocktarlitie with tears of sincere affection, and after heaping its inmates with all she could think of that might be valuable in their eyes. But she *did* leave it; and when the anguish of the parting was over her departure was a relief to both sisters.

The family at the manse of Knocktarlitie, in their own quiet happiness, heard of the well-dowered and beautiful Lady Staunton resuming her place in the fashionable world. They learned it by more substantial proofs, for David received a commission; and as the military spirit of Bible Butler seemed to have revived in him, his good behaviour qualified the envy of five hundred young Highland cadets, 'come of good houses,' who were astonished at the rapidity of his promotion. Reuben followed the law, and rose more slowly, yet surely. Euphemia Butler, whose fortune, augmented by her aunt's generosity, and added to her own beauty, rendered her no small prize, married a Highland laird, who never asked the name of her grandfather, and was loaded on the occasion with presents from Lady Staunton, which made her the envy of all the beauties in Dunbarton and Argyle-shires.

After blazing nearly ten years in the fashionable world, and hiding, like many of her compeers, an aching heart with a gay demeanour, after declining repeated offers of the most respectable kind for a second matrimonial engagement, Lady Staunton betrayed the inward wound by retiring to the Continent and taking up her abode in the convent where she had received her education. She never took the veil, but lived and died in severe seclusion, and in the practice of the Roman Catholic religion, in all its formal observances, vigils, and austerities.

Jeanie had so much of her father's spirit as to sorrow bitterly for this apostacy, and Butler joined in her regret. 'Yet any religion, however imperfect,' he said, 'was better than cold scepticism, or the hurrying din of dissipation, which fills the ears of worldlings, until they care for none of these things.'

Meanwhile, happy in each other, in the prosperity of their family, and the love and honour of all who knew them, this simple pair lived beloved and died lamented.

READER — This tale will not be told in vain, if it shall be found to illustrate the great truth that guilt, though it may attain temporal splendour, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, for ever haunt the steps of the malefactor; and that the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are always those of pleasantness and peace.

L'Envoy, by JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM

THUS concludeth the Tale of *The Heart of Midlothian*, which hath filled more pages than I opined. The Heart of Midlothian is now no more, or rather it is transferred to the extreme side of the city, even as the Sieur Jean Baptiste Poquelin hath it, in his pleasant comedy called *Le Médecin Malgré lui*, where the simulated doctor wittily replieth to a charge, that he had placed the heart on the right side instead of the left, "*Cela étoit autrefois ainsi, mais nous avons changé tout cela.*" Of which witty speech, if any reader shall demand the purport, I have only to respond, that I teach the French as well as the classical tongues, at the easy rate of five shillings per quarter, as my advertisements are periodically making known to the public.

NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

NOTE 1. — TOMBSTONE TO HELEN WALKER, p. xiii

On Helen Walker's tombstone in Irongray churchyard, Dumfrieshire, there is engraved the following epitaph, written by Sir Walter Scott:—

THIS STONE WAS ERECTED
BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY
TO THE MEMORY
OF
HELEN WALKER,
WHO DIED IN THE YEAR OF GOD 1791.
THIS HUMBLE INDIVIDUAL PRACTISED IN REAL LIFE
THE VIRTUES
WITH WHICH FICTION HAS INVESTED
THE IMAGINARY CHARACTER OF
JEANIE DEANS;
REFUSING THE SLIGHTEST DEPARTURE
FROM VERACITY,
EVEN TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A SISTER,
SHE NEVERTHELESS SHOWED HER
KINDNESS AND FORTITUDE,
IN RESCUING HER FROM THE SEVERITY OF THE LAW
AT THE EXPENSE OF PERSONAL EXERTIONS
WHICH THE TIME RENDERED AS DIFFICULT
AS THE MOTIVE WAS LAUDABLE.
RESPECT THE GRAVE OF POVERTY
WHEN COMBINED WITH LOVE OF TRUTH
AND DEAR AFFECTION.
Erected October 1831.

(*Laing.*)

NOTE 2. — SIR WALTER SCOTT'S RELATIONS WITH THE QUAKERS, p. xviii

It is an old proverb, that 'many a true word is spoken in jest.' The existence of Walter Scott, third son of Sir William Scott of Harden, is instructed, as it is called, by a charter under the great seal. 'Domino Willelmo Scott de Harden militi, et Waltero Scott suo filio legitimo tertio genito,

terrarium de Robertson.' The munificent old gentleman left all his four sons considerable estates, and settled those of Ellrig and Raeburn, together with valuable possessions around Lessuden, upon Walter, his third son, who is ancestor of the Scotts of Raeburn, and of the Author of *Waverley*. He appears to have become a convert to the doctrine of the Quakers, or Friends, and a great assertor of their peculiar tenets. This was probably at the time when George Fox, the celebrated apostle of the sect, made an expedition into the south of Scotland about 1657, on which occasion he boasts that, 'as he first set his horse's feet upon Scottish ground, he felt the seed of grace to sparkle about him like innumerable sparks of fire.' Upon the same occasion, probably, Sir Oldeon Scott of Highcheester, second son of Sir William, immediate elder brother of Walter, and ancestor of the Author's friend and kinsman, the present representative of the family of Harden, also embraced the tenets of Quakerism. This last convert, Oldeon, entered into a controversy with the Rev. James Kirkton, author of the *Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland*, which is noticed by my ingenious friend, Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, in his valuable and curious edition of that work, 4to, 1817. Sir William Scott, eldest of the brothers, remained, amid the defection of his two younger brethren, an orthodox member of the Presbyterian Church, and used such means for reclaiming Walter of Raeburn from his heresy as savoured far more of persecution than persuasion. In this he was assisted by MacDougal of Makerston, brother to Isabella MacDougal, the wife of the said Walter, and who, like her husband, had conformed to the Quaker tenets.

The interest possessed by Sir William Scott and Makerston was powerful enough to procure the two following acts of the Privy Council of Scotland, directed against Walter of Raeburn as an heretic and convert to Quakerism, appointing him to be imprisoned first in Edinburgh jail, and then in that of Jedburgh; and his children to be taken by force from the society and direction of their parents, and educated at a distance from them, besides the assignment of a sum for their maintenance sufficient in those times to be burdensome to a moderate Scottish estate:—

'Apud Edin. vicesimo Junii 1665.

'The Lords of his Majesty's Privy Council having received information that Scott of Raeburn, and Isobel Mackdougall, his wife, being infected with the error of Quakerism, doe endeavour to breid and traine up William, Walter, and Isobel Scotts, their children, in the same profession, doe therefore give order and command to Sir William Scott of Harden, the said Raeburn's brother, to seperat and take away the saids children from the custody and society of the saids parents, and to cause educate and bring them up in his owne house, or any other convenient place, and ordaines letters to be direct at the said Sir William's instance against Raeburn, for a maintenance to the saids children, and that the said Sir Wm. give an account of his diligence with all conveniency.'

'Edinburgh, 5th July 1666.

'Anent a petition presented be Sir Wm. Scott of Harden, for himself and in name and behalf of the three children of Walter Scott of Raeburn, his brother, showing that the Lords of Council, by ane act of the 22d day of Junii 1665, did grant power and warrant to the petitioner to seperat and take away Raeburn's children from his family and education, and to breed them in some convenient place, where they might be free from all infection in their younger years from the principalls of Quakerism, and, for maintenance of the saids children, did ordain letters to be direct against Raeburn; and, seeing the petitioner, in obedience to the said order, did take away the

² See Douglas's *Baronage*, p. 215.

NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN 541

said children, being two sonnes and a daughter, and after some paines taken upon them in his owne family, hes sent them to the city of Glasgow, to be bread at schooles, and there to be principled with the knowledge of the true religion, and that it is necessary the Councill determine what shall be the maintenance for which Raeburn's three children may be charged, as likewise that Raeburn himself, being now in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, where he dayley converses with all the Quakers who are prisoners there, and others who dally resort to them, whereby he is hardened in his pernicious opinions and principles, without all hope of recovery, unlesse he be separat from such pernicious company, humbly therefore, desyring that the Councell might determine upon the soume of money to be payed by Raeburn, for the education of his children, to the petitioner, who will be countable therefor; and that, in order to his conversion, the place of his imprisonment may be changed. The Lords of hl. Maj. Privy Councell, having at length heard and considered the foresaid petition, doe modifie the soume of two thousand pounds Scots to be payed yearly at the terme of Whitsunday by the said Walter Scott of Raeburn, furth of his estate, to the petitioner, for the entertainment and education of the said children, beginning the first termes payment thereof at Whitsunday last for the half year preceding, and so furth yearly, at the said terme of Whitsunday in tym comeling till furder orders; and ordaines the said Walter Scott of Raeburn to be transported from the tolbooth of Edinburgh to the prison of Jedburgh, where his friends and others may have occasion to convert him. And to the effect he may be secured from the practice of other Quakers, the said Lords doe hereby discharge the magistrates of Jedburgh to suffer any persons suspect of these principles to have access to him; and in case any contraveen, that they secure their persons till they be therfore punelst; and ordaines letters to be direct therupon in form, as effects.

Both the sons thus harshly separated from their father proved good scholars. The eldest, William, who carried on the line of Raeburn, was, like his father, a deep Orientalist; the younger, Walter, became a good classical scholar, a great friend and correspondent of the celebrated Dr. Pitcairn, and a Jacobite so distinguished for zeal that he made a vow never to shave his beard till the restoration of the exiled family. This last Walter Scott was the Author's great-grandfather.

There is yet another link betwixt the Author and the simple-minded and excellent Society of Friends, through a proselyte of much more importance than Walter Scott of Raeburn. The celebrated John Swinton of Swinton, sixth baron in descent of that ancient and once powerful family, was, with Sir William Lockhart of Lee, the person whom Cromwell chiefly trusted in the management of the Scottish affairs during his usurpation. After the Restoration, Swinton was devoted as a victim to the new order of things, and was brought down in the same vessel which conveyed the Marquis of Argyll to Edinburgh, where that nobleman was tried and executed. Swinton was destined to the same fate. He had assumed the habit and entered into the society of the Quakers, and appeared as one of their number before the Parliament of Scotland. He renounced all legal defence, though several pleas were open to him, and answered, in conformity to the principles of his sect, that at the time these crimes were imputed to him he was in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity; but that God Almighty having since called him to the light, he saw and acknowledged these errors, and did not refuse to pay the forfeit of them, even though, in the judgment of the Parliament, it should extend to life itself.

Respect to fallen greatness, and to the patience and calm resignation with which a man once in high power expressed himself under such a change of fortune, found Swinton friends: family connexions, and some interested considerations of Middleton, the Commissioner, joined to procure his safety, and he was dismissed, but after a long imprisonment, and much dilapidation of

542 NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

his estates. It is said that Swinton's admonitions, while confined in the Castle of Edinburgh, had a considerable share in converting to the tenets of the Friends Colonel David Barclay, then lying there in the garrison. This was the father of Robert Barclay, author of the celebrated *Apology for the Quakers*. It may be observed among the inconsistencies of human nature, that Kirkton, Wodrow, and other Presbyterian authors, who have detailed the sufferings of their own sect for nonconformity with the established church, censure the government of the time for not exerting the civil power against the peaceful enthusiasts we have treated of, and some express particular chagrin at the escape of Swinton. Whatever might be his motives for assuming the tenets of the Friends, the old man retained them faithfully till the close of his life.

Jean Swinton, grand-daughter of Sir John Swinton, son of Judge Swinton, as the Quaker was usually termed, was mother of Anne Rutherford, the Author's mother.

And thus, as in the play of the *Anti-Jacobin*, the ghost of the Author's grandmother having arisen to speak the Epilogue, it is full time to conclude, lest the reader should remonstrate that his desire to know the Author of *Waverley* never included a wish to be acquainted with his whole ancestry.

NOTE 3. — EDINBURGH CITY GUARD, p. 25

The Lord Provost was ex-officio commander and colonel of the corps, which might be increased to three hundred men when the times required it. No other drum but theirs was allowed to sound on the High Street between the Luckenbooths and the Netherbow.

NOTE 4. — LAST MARCH OF THE CITY GUARD, p. 26

This ancient corps is now entirely disbanded. Their last march to do duty at Hallow Fair had something in it affecting. Their drums and pipes had been wont on better days to play, on this joyous occasion, the lively tune of

'Jock to the fair';

but on this final occasion the afflicted veterans moved slowly to the dirge of

'The last time I came ower the muir.'

NOTE 5. — THE KELPIE'S VOICE, p. 32

There is a tradition that, while a little stream was swollen into a torrent by recent showers, the discontented voice of the Water Spirit was heard to pronounce these words. At the same moment a man, urged on by his fate, i. e. in Scottish language, 'fey,' arrived at a gallop, and prepared to cross the water. No remonstrance from the bystanders was of power to stop him; he plunged into the stream, and perished.

NOTE 6. — BESS WYND, p. 38

Maitland calls it Best's Wynd, and later writers Beth's Wynd. As the name implies, it was an open thoroughfare or alley leading from the Lawnmarket, and extended in a direct line between the old tolbooth to near the head of the Cowgate. It was partly destroyed by fire in 1780, and was totally removed in 1800, preparatory to the building of the new libraries of the Faculty of Advocates and Writers to the Signet (*Lainy*).

NOTE 7. — LAW RELATING TO CHILD-MURDER, p. 48

The Scottish Statute Book, anno 1690, chapter 21, in consequence of the great increase of the crime of child-murder, both from the temptations to

NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN 543

commit the offence and the difficulty of discovery, enacted a certain set of presumptions, which, in the absence of direct proof, the jury were directed to receive as evidence of the crime having actually been committed. The circumstances selected for this purpose were, that the woman should have concealed her situation during the whole period of pregnancy; that she should not have called for help at her delivery; and that, combined with these grounds of suspicion, the child should be either found dead or be altogether missing. Many persons suffered death during the last century under this severe act. But during the Author's memory a more lenient course was followed, and the female accused under the act, and conscious of no competent defence, usually lodged a petition to the Court of Justiciary, denying, for form's sake, the tenor of the indictment, but stating that, as her good name had been destroyed by the charge, she was willing to submit to sentence of banishment, to which the crown counsel usually consented. This lenity in practice, and the comparative infrequency of the crime since the doom of public ecclesiastical penance has been generally dispensed with, have led to the abolition of the Statute of William and Mary, which is now replaced by another, imposing banishment in those circumstances in which the crime was formerly capital. This alteration took place in 1803.

NOTE 8. — ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF 'PORTA,' etc. p. 52

Wide is the fronting gate, and, raised on high,
With adamantine columns threats the sky;
Vain is the force of man, and Heaven's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain,
Sublime on these a tower of steel is rear'd.

DAVIDER'S *Virgil*, Book VI.

NOTE 9. — JOURNEYMEN MECHANICS, p. 57

A near relation of the Author's used to tell of having been stopped by the rioters and escorted home in the manner described. On reaching her own home, one of her attendants, in appearance a 'baxter,' i. e. a haker's lad, handed her out of her chair, and took leave with a bow, which, in the lady's opinion, argued breeding that could hardly be learned at the oven's mouth.

NOTE 10. — THE OLD TOLBOOTH, p. 59

The ancient tolbooth of Edinburgh, situated as described in chapter vi., was built by the citizens in 1561, and destined for the accommodation of Parliament, as well as of the High Court of Justice, and at the same time for the confinement of prisoners for debt on criminal charges. Since the year 1640, when the present Parliament House was erected, the tolbooth was occupied as a prison only. Gloomy and dismal as it was, the situation in the centre of the High Street rendered it so particularly well-aired, that when the plague laid waste the city in 1645, it affected none within these melancholy precincts. The tolbooth was removed, with the mass of buildings in which it was incorporated, in the autumn of the year 1817. At that time the kindness of his old schoolfellow and friend, Robert Johnstone, Esquire, then Clerk of Guild of the city, with the liberal acquiescence of the persons who had contracted for the work, procured for the Author of *Waverley* the stones which composed the gateway, together with the door, and its ponderous fastenings, which he employed in decorating the entrance of his kitchen-court at Abbotsford. 'To such base offices may we return!' The application of these relics of the Heart of Midlothian to serve as the postern gate to a court of modern offices may be justly ridiculed as whimsical; but yet it is not without interest that we see the gateway through which so much of the

544 NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

stormy politics of a rude age, and the vice and misery of later times, had found their passage, now occupied in the service of rural economy. Last year, to complete the change, a tom-tit was pleased to build her nest within the lock of the tolbooth, a strong temptation to have committed a sonnet, had the Author, like Tony Lumpkin, been in a concatenation accordingly.

It is worth mentioning that an act of beneficence celebrated the demolition of the Heart of Midlothian. A subscription, raised and applied by the worthy magistrate above-mentioned, procured the manumission of most of the unfortunate debtors confined in the old jail, so that there were few or none transferred to the new place of confinement. —

Few persons now living are likely to remember the interior of the Old Tolbooth, with narrow staircase, thick walls, and small apartments, nor to imagine that it could ever have been used for these purposes. Robert Chambers, in his *Minor Antiquities of Edinburgh*, has preserved ground-plans or sections, which clearly show this. The largest hall was on the second floor, and measured 27 feet by 20, and 12 feet high. It may have been intended for the meetings of the Town Council, while the Parliament assembled, after 1560, in what was called the Upper Tolbooth, that is, the south-west portion of the Collegiate Church of St. Giles, until the year 1640, when the present Parliament House was completed. Being no longer required for such a purpose, it was set apart by the Town Council on the 24th December 1641 as a distinct church, with the name of the Tolbooth parish, and therefore could not have derived the name from its vicinity to the tolbooth, as usually stated. The figure of a heart upon the pavement between St. Giles's Church and the Edinburgh County Hall now marks the site of the Old Tolbooth (*Laing*).

NOTE 11. — THE MURDER OF CAPTAIN PORTEOUS, p. 68

The following interesting and authentic account of the inquiries made by Crown Counsel into the affair of the Porteous Mob seems to have been drawn up by the Solicitor-General. The office was held in 1737 by Charles Erskine, Esq.

I owe this curious illustration to the kindness of a professional friend. It throws, indeed, little light on the origin of the tumult; but shows how profound the darkness must have been, which so much investigation could not dispel.

Upon the 7th of September last, when the unhappy wicked murder of Captain Porteous was committed, his Majesty's Advocate and Solicitor were out of town, the first beyond Inverness and the other in Annandale, not far from Carlisle; neither of them knew anything of the reprieve, nor did they in the least suspect that any disorder was to happen.

When the disorder happened, the magistrates and other persons concerned in the management of the town, seemed to be all struck of a heap; and whether, from the great terror that had seized all the inhabitants, they thought one immediate enquiry would be fruitless, or whether being a direct insult upon the prerogative of the crown, they did not care rashly to intermeddle — but no proceedings was had by them. Only, soon after, an express was sent to his Majesty's Solicitor, who came to town as soon as was possible for him; but, in the meantime, the persons who had been most guilty had either run off, or, at least, kept themselves upon the wing until they should see what steps were taken by the Government.

When the Solicitor arrived, he perceived the whole inhabitants under a consternation. He had no materials furnished him; nay, the inhabitants were so much afraid of being reputed informers, that very few people had so much as the courage to speak with him on the streets. However, having received her Majesty's orders, by a letter from the Duke of Newcastle, he resolved to set about the matter in earnest, and entered upon an enquiry, groping in the dark. He had no assistance from the magistrates

NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN 545

worth mentioning, but called witness after witness in the privatest manner before himself in his own house, and for six weeks time, from morning to evening, went on in the enquiry without taking the least diversion, or turning his thoughts to any other business.

He tried at first what he could do by declarations, by engaging secrecy, so that those who told the truth should never be discovered; made use of no clerk, but wrote all the declarations with his own hand, to encourage them to speak out. After all, for some time, he could get nothing but ends of stories, which, when pursued, broke off; and those who appeared and knew anything of the matter were under the utmost terror lest it should take air that they had mentioned any one man as guilty.

During the course of the enquiry, the run of the town, which was strong for the villainous actors, began to alter a little, and when they saw the King's servants in earnest to do their best, the generality, who before had spoke very warmly in defence of the wickedness, began to be silent, and at that period more of the criminals began to abscond.

At length the enquiry began to open a little, and the Solicitor was under some difficulty how to proceed. He very well saw that the first warrant that was issued out would start the whole gang; and as he had not come at any of the most notorious offenders, he was unwilling, upon the slight evidence he had, to begin. However, upon notice given him by General Moyle that one King, a butcher in the Canongate, had boasted in presence of Bridget Knell, a soldier's wife, the morning after Captain Porteus was hanged, that he had a very active hand in the mob, a warrant was issued out, and King was apprehended and imprisoned in the Canongate Tolbooth.

This obliged the Solicitor immediately to take up those against whom he had any information. By a signed declaration, William Stirling, apprentice to James Stirling, merchant in Edinburgh, was charged as having been at the Nether-Bow, after the gates were shut, with a Lochaber ax, or hsbert, in his hand, and having begun a huzza, marched upon the head of the mob towards the Guard.

James Braidwood, son to a candlemaker in town, was, by a signed declaration, charged as having been at the Tolbooth door, giving directions to the mob about setting fire to the door, and that the mob named him by his name, and asked his advice.

By another declaration, one Stoddart, a journeyman smith, was charged of having boasted publickly, in a smith's shop at Leith, that he had assisted in breaking open the Tolbooth door.

Peter Traill, a journeyman wright, by one of the declarations, was also accused of having lockt the Nether-Bow Port when it was shutt by the mob.

His Majesty's Solicitor having these informations, employed privately such persons as he could best rely on, and the truth was, there were very few in whom he could repose confidence. But he was, indeed, faithfully served by one Webster, a soldier in the Welsh fuzileers, recommended him by Lieutenant Alshon, who, with very great address, informed himself, and really run some risque in getting his information, concerning the places where the persons informed against used to haunt, and how they might be seized. In consequence of which, a party of the Guard from the Canongate was agreed on to march up at a certain hour, when a message should be sent. The Solicitor wrote a letter and gave it to one of the town officers, ordered to attend Captain Maitland, one of the town Captains, promoted to that command since the unhappy accident, who, indeed, was extremely diligent and active throughout the whole; and having got Stirling and Braidwood apprehended, dispatched the officer with the letter to the military in the Canongate, who immediately began their march, and by the time the Solicitor had half examined the said two persons in the Burrow-room, where the magistrates were present, a party of fifty men, drums beating, marched into the Parliament close, and drew up, which was the first thing that struck a terror, and from that time forward the insolence was succeeded by fear.

'Stirling and Braidwood were immediately sent to the Castle and imprisoned. That same night, Stoddart, the smith, was seized, and he was committed to the Castle also, as was likewise Traill, the journeyman wright, who were all severally examined, and denied the least accession.

'In the meantime, the enquiry was going on, and it having east up in one of the declarations, that a bump'd-backed creature marched with a gun as one of the guards to Porteus when he went up to the Lawn Market, the person who emitted this declaration was employed to walk the streets to see if he could find him out; at last he came to the Solleitor and told him he had found him, and that he was in a certain house. Whereupon a wurrand was issued out against him, and he was apprehended and sent to the Castle, and he proved to be one Birnie, a helper to the Countess of Weemys's coachman.

'Thereafter, ane information was given in against William McLauchlan, footman to the said Countess, he having been very active in the iacob; for some time he kept himself out of the way, but at last he was apprehended and likewise committed to the Castle.

'And these were all the prisoners who were putt under confinement in that place.

'There were other persons imprisoned in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, and severalla against whom warranda were issued, but could not be apprehended, whose names and cases shall afterwards be more particularly taken notice of.

'The friends of Stirling made an application to the Earl of Islay, Lord Justice-Generall, setting furth, that he was seized with a bloody flux; that his life was in danger; and that upon ane examination of witnesses whose names were given in, it would appear to conviction that he had not the least access to any of the riotous proceedings of that wicked mob.

'This petition was by his Lordship putt in the hands of his Majesty's Solleitor, who examined the witnesses; and by their testimonies it appeared that the young man, who was not above eighteen years of age, was that night in company with about half a dozen companions, in a public house in Stephen Law's closs, near the back of the Guard, where they all remained untill the noise came to the house that the mob had shut the gates and seized the Guard, upon which the company broke up, and he and one of his companions went towards his master's house; and, in the course of the after examination, there was a witness who declared, may, indeed swore — for the Solleitor, by this time, saw it necessary to put those he examined upon oath — that he met him [Stirling] after he entered into the alley where his master lives, going towards his house; and another witness, fellow-prentice with Stirling, declares, that after the mob had seized the Guard, he went home, where he found Stirling before him; and that his master locked the door, and kept them both at home till after twelve at night; upon weighing of which testimonies, and upon consideration had, that he was charged by the declaration only of one person, who really did not appear to be a witness of the greatest weight, and that his life was in danger from the imprisonment, he was admitted to bail by the Lord Justice-Generall, by whose warrand he was committed.

'Braidwood's friends applied in the same manner; but as he stood charged by more than one witness, he was not released — tho', indeed, the witnesses addneed for him say somewhat in his exculpa'tion — that he does not seem to have been upon any original concert; and one of the witnesses says he was along with him at the Tolbooth door, and refuses what is said against him, with regard to his having advised the burning of the Tolbooth door. But he remains still in prison.

'As to Traill, the journeyman wright, he is charged by the same witness who declared against Stirling, and there is none concurs with him; and to say the truth concerning him, he seemed to be the most ingenious of any of them whom the Solleitor examined, and pointed out a witness by whom one of the first accomplices was discovered, and who escaped when the warrand was to be putt in execution against them. He positively denies his having shutt the gate, and 't is thought Traill ought to be admitted to bail.

NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN 547

'As in Birnie, he is charged only by one witness, who had never seen him before, nor knew his name; so, tho' I dare say the witness honestly mentioned him, 'tis possible he may be mistaken; and in the examination of above 200 witnesses, there is no body concurs with him, and he is an insignificant little creature.

'With regard to M'Lauchlan, the proof is strong against him by one witness, that he acted as a serjeant or sort of commander, for some time, of a Guard that stood cross between the upper end of the Luckenbooths and the north side of the street, to stop all but friends from going towards the Tolbooth; and by other witnesses, that he was at the Tolbooth door with a fluk in his hand, while the operation of heating and burning it was going on; that he went along with the mob, with a halbert in his hand, until he came to the gallows-stone in the Grassmarket, and that he stuck the halbert into the hole of the gallows-stone; that afterwards he went in amongst the mob when Captain Porteus was carried to the dycr's tree; so that the proof seems very heavy against him.

'To sum up this matter with regard to the prisoners in the Castle, 'tis believed there is strong proof against M'Lauchlan; there is also proof against Braidwood. But as it consists only in emission of words said to have been had by him while at the Tolbooth door, and that he is an insignificant pitifull creature, and will find people to swear heartily in his favours, 'tis at best doubtful whether a jury will be got to condemn him.

'As to those in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, John Crawford, who had for some time been employed to ring the bells in the steeple of the new Church of Edinburgh, being in company with a soldier accidentally, the discourse falling in concerning the Captain Porteus and his murder, as he appears to be a light-headed fellow, he said that he knew people that were more guilty than any that were putt in prison. Upon this information, Crawford was seized, and being examined, it appeared that, when the mob began, as he was coming down from the steeple, the mob took the keys from him; that he was that night in several corners, and did indeed delate severall persons whom he saw there, and immediately warrands were despatched, and it was found they had absconded and fled. But there was no evidence against him of any kind. Nay, on the contrary, it appeared that he had been with the Magistrates in Clerk's, the vintner's, relating to them what he had seen in the streets. Therefore, after having detained him in prison for a very considerable time, his Majesty's Advocate and Solicitor signed a warrand for his liberation.

'There was also one James Wilson incarcerated in the said Tolbooth, upon the declaration of one witness, who said he saw him on the streets with a gun; and there he remained for some time, in order to try if a concurring witness could be found, or that he acted any part in the tragedy and wickedness. But nothing further appeared against him; and being seized with a severe sickness, he is, by a warrand signed by his Majesty's Advocate and Solicitor, liberated upon giving sufficient bail.

'As to King, enquiry was made, and the fact comes out beyond all exception, that he was in the lodge at the Nether-Bow, with Lindsay the walter, and several other people, not at all concerned in the mob. But after the affair was over, he went up towards the guard, and having met with Sandle the Turk and his wife, who escaped out of prison, they returned to his house at the Abbey, and then 'tis very possible he may have thought fit in his beer to boast of villany, in which he could not possibly have any share; for that reason he was desired to find bail and he should be set at liberty. But he is a stranger and a fellow of very indifferent character, and 'tis believed it won't be easy for him to find bail. Wherefore, it's thought he must be sett at liberty without it. Because he is a burden upon the Government while kept in confinement, not being able to maintain himself.

'What is above is all that relates to persons in custody. But there are warrands out against a great many other persons who had fled, particularly against one William White, a journeyman baxter, who, by the evidence,

548 NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

appears to have been at the beginning of the mob, and to have gone along with the drum, from the West-Port to the Nether-Row, and is said to have been one of those who attacked the guard, and probably was as deep as any one there.

Information was given that he was lurking at Falkirk, where he was born. Whereupon directions were sent to the Sheriff of the County, and a warrant from his Excellency General Wade to the commanding officers at Stirling and Linlithgow, to assist, and all possible endeavours were used to catch hold of him, and 't is said he escaped very narrowly, having been concealed in some outhouse; and the misfortune was, that those who were employed in the search did not know him personally. Nor, indeed, was it easy to trust any of the acquaintances of so low, obscure a fellow with the secret of the warrant to be put in execution.

There was also strong evidence found against Robert Taylor, servant to William and Charles Thomsons, periwig-makers, that he acted as an officer among the mob, and he was traced from the guard to the well at the head of Forrester's Wynd, where he stood and had the appellation of Captain Porteus, with his Lochaber axe; and by the description given of one who hawl'd the rope by which Captain Porteus was pulled up, 't is believed Taylor was the person; and 't is further probable that the witness who related Stirling had mistaken Taylor for him, their stature and age (so far as can be gathered from the description) being the same.

A great deal of pains were taken, and no charge was saved, in order to have caught hold of this Taylor, and warrants were sent to the country where he was born; but it appears he had shipt himself off for Holland, where it is said he now is.

There is strong evidence also against Thomas Burns, butcher, that he was an active person from the beginning of the mob to the end of it. He lurkt for some time amongst those of his trade; and artfully enough a train was laid to catch him, under pretence of a message that had come from his father in Ireland, so that he came to a blind alehouse in the Flesh-market cross, and a party being ready, was by Webster the soldier, who was upon this exploit, advertised to come down. However, Burns escaped out at a back window, and hid himself in some of the houses which are heaped together upon one another in that place, so that it was not possible to catch him. 'T is now said he is gone to Ireland to his father, who lives there.

There is evidence also against one Robert Anderson, journeyman and servant to Collin Allison, wright, and against Thomas Linnen and James Maxwell, both servants also to the said Collin Allison, who all seem to have been deeply concerned in the matter. Anderson is one of those who put the rope upon Captain Porteus's neck. Linnen seems also to have been very active; and Maxwell — which is pretty remarkable — is proven to have come to a shop upon the Friday before, and charged the journeymen and prentices there to attend in the Parliament close on Tuesday night, to assist to hang Captain Porteus. These three did early abscond, and though warrants had been issued out against them, and all endeavours used to apprehend them, could not be found.

One Waidle, a servant to George Campbell, wright, has also absconded, and many others, and 't is informed that numbers of them have shipt themselves off for the Plantations; and upon an information that a ship was going off from Glasgow, in which severall of the rogues were to transport themselves beyond seas, proper warrants were obtained, and persons dispatched to search the said ship, and seize any that can be found.

The like warrants had been issued with regard to ships from Leith. But whether they had been scared, or whether the information had been groundless, they had no effect.

This is a summary of the enquiry, from which it appears there is no proof on which one can rely, but against M'Lauchlan. There is a proof also against Braidwood, but more exceptionable.

NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN 549

His Majesty's Advocate, since he came to town, has join'd with the Solicitor, and has done his utmost to gett at the bottom of this matter, but hitherto it stands as is above represented. They are resolved to have their eyes and their ears open, and to do what they can. But they laboured exceedingly against the stream; and it may truly be said that nothing was wanting on their part. Nor have they declined any labour to answer the commands laid upon them to search the matter to the bottom.'

THE PORTEOUS MOB

In chapters II.-vii., the circumstances of that extraordinary riot and conspiracy, called the Porteous Mob, are given with as much accuracy as the Author was able to collect them. The order, regularity, and determined resolution with which such a violent action was devised and executed were only equalled by the secrecy which was observed concerning the principal actors.

Although the fact was performed by torch-light, and in presence of a great multitude, to some of whom, at least, the individual actors must have been known, yet no discovery was ever made concerning any of the perpetrators of the slaughter.

Two men only were brought to trial for an offence which the government were so anxious to detect and punish. William McLaughlan, footman to the Countess of Wemyss, who is mentioned in the report of the Solicitor-General (page 546), against whom strong evidence had been obtained, was brought to trial in March 1737, charged as having been accessory to the riot, armed with a Lochaber axe. But this man, who was at all times a silly creature, proved that he was in a state of mortal intoxication during the time he was present with the rabble, incapable of giving them either advice or assistance, or, indeed, of knowing what he or they were doing. He was also able to prove that he was forced into the riot, and upheld while there by two bakers, who put a Lochaber axe into his hand. The jury, wisely judging this poor creature could be no proper subject of punishment, found the panel 'Not guilty.' The same verdict was given in the case of Thomas Linnung, also mentioned in the Solicitor's memorial, who was tried in 1738. In short, neither then, nor for a long period afterwards, was anything discovered relating to the organisation of the Porteous Plot.

The imagination of the people of Edinburgh was long irritated, and their curiosity kept awake, by the mystery attending this extraordinary conspiracy. It was generally reported of such natives of Edinburgh as, having left the city in youth, returned with a fortune amassed in foreign countries, that they had originally fled on account of their share in the Porteous Mob. But little credit can be attached to these surmises, as in most of the cases they are contradicted by dates, and in none supported by anything but vague rumours, grounded on the ordinary wish of the vulgar to impute the success of prosperous men to some unpleasant source. The secret history of the Porteous Mob has been till this day unravelled: and it has always been quoted as a close, daring, and calculated act of violence of a nature peculiarly characteristic of the Scottish people.

Nevertheless, the Author, for a considerable time, nourished hopes to have found himself enabled to throw some light on this mysterious story. An old man, who died about twenty years ago, at the advanced age of ninety-three, was said to have made a communication to the clergyman who attended upon his death-bed, respecting the origin of the Porteous Mob. This person followed the trade of a carpenter, and had been employed as such on the estate of a family of opulence and condition. His character, in his life and amongst his neighbours, was excellent, and never underwent slightest suspicion. His confession was said to have been to the following purpose:—That he was one of twelve young men belonging to the village

550 NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

Pathhead, whose animosity against Porteous, on account of the execution of Wilson, was so extreme that they resolved to execute vengeance on him with their own hands, rather than he should escape punishment. With this resolution they crossed the Forth at different ferries, and rendezvoused at the suburb called Portsburgh, where their appearance in a body soon called numbers around them. The public mind was in such a state of irritation that it only wanted a single spark to create an explosion; and this was afforded by the exertions of the small and determined band of associates. The appearance of premeditation and order which distinguished the riot, according to his account, had its origin, not in any previous plan or conspiracy, but in the character of those who were engaged in it. The story also serves to show why nothing of the origin of the riot has ever been discovered, since, though in itself a great conflagration, its source, according to this account, was from an obscure and apparently inadequate cause.

I have been disappointed, however, in obtaining the evidence on which this story rests. The present proprietor of the estate on which the old man died (a particular friend of the Author) undertook to question the son of the deceased on the subject. This person follows his father's trade, and holds the employment of carpenter to the same family. He admits that his father's going abroad at the time of the Porteous Mob was popularly attributed to his having been concerned in that affair; but adds that, so far as is known to him, the old man had never made any confession to that effect; and, on the contrary, had uniformly denied being present. My kind friend, therefore, had recourse to a person from whom he had formerly heard the story; but who, either from respect to an old friend's memory, or from failure of his own, happened to have forgotten that ever such a communication was made. So my obliging correspondent (who is a fox-hunter) wrote to me that he was completely *planted*; and all that can be said with respect to the tradition is, that it certainly once existed, and was generally believed. —

The Rev. Dr. Carlyle, minister of Inveresk, in his *Autobiography*, gives some interesting particulars relating to the Porteous Mob, from personal recollections. He happened to be present in the Tolbooth Church when Robertson made his escape, and also at the execution of Wilson in the Grassmarket, when Captain Porteous fired upon the mob, and several persons were killed. Edinburgh, 1860, 8vo, pp. 33-42 (*Laing*).

NOTE 12. — DUMBIEDIKES, p. 73

Dumbiedikes, selected as descriptive of the taciturn character of the imaginary owner, is really the name of a house bordering on the King's Park, so called because the late Mr. Braidwood, an instructor of the deaf and dumb, resided there with his pupils. The situation of the real house is different from that assigned to the ideal mansion.

NOTE 13. — COLLEGE STUDENTS, p. 75

Immediately previous to the Revolution, the students at the Edinburgh College were violent anti-Catholics. They were strongly suspected of burning the house of Priestfield, belonging to the Lord Provost; and certainly were guilty of creating considerable riots in 1688-89.

NOTE 14. — RECOMMENDATION TO ARBORICULTURE, p. 75

The Author has been flattered by the assurance that this naïve mode of recommending arboriculture — which was actually delivered in these very words by a Highland laird, while on his death-bed, to his son — had so much weight with a Scottish earl as to lead to his planting a large tract of country.

NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN 551

NOTE 15. — CARSPHARN JOHN, p. 90

John Semple, called Carspharn John, because minister of the parish in Galloway so called, was a Presbyterian clergyman of singular piety and great zeal, of whom Patrick Walker records the following passage: 'That night after his wife died, he spent the whole ensuing night in prayer and meditation in his garden. The next morning, one of his elders coming to see him, and lamenting his great loss and want of rest, he replied, "I declare I have not, all night, had one thought of the death of my wife, I have been so taken up in meditating on Heavenly things. I have been this night on the banks of Ulai, plucking an apple here and there." — Walker's *Remarkable Passages of the Life and Death of Mr. John Semple*.

NOTE 16. — PATRICK WALKER, p. 99

This personage, whom it would be base ingratitude in the Author to pass over without some notice, was by far the most zealous and faithful collector and recorder of the actions and opinions of the Cameronians. He resided, while stationary, at the Bristo Port of Edinburgh, but was by trade an itinerant merchant or pedlar, which profession he seems to have exercised in Ireland as well as Britain. He composed biographical notices of Alexander Feden, John Semple, John Welwood, and Richard Cameron, all ministers of the Cameronian persuasion, to which the last-mentioned member gave the name.

It is from such tracts as these, written in the sense, feeling, and spirit of the sect, and not from the sophisticated narratives of a later period, that the real character of the persecuted class is to be gathered. Walker writes with a simplicity which sometimes slides into the hurlesque, and sometimes attains a tone of simple pathos, but always expressing the most daring confidence in his own correctness of creed and sentiments, sometimes with narrow-minded and disgusting bigotry. His turn for the marvellous was that of his time and sect; but there is little room to doubt his veracity concerning whatever he quotes on his own knowledge. His sermons now bring a very high price, especially the earlier and authentic editions.

The tirade against dancing pronounced by David Deans is, as I have said in the text, partly borrowed from Peter Walker. He notices, as a fault reproach upon the name of Richard Cameron, that his memory was vituperated 'by pipers and fiddlers playing the Cameronian march — carnal vain springs, which too many professors of religion dance to; a practice unbecoming the professors of Christianity to dance to any spring, but somewhat more to this. Whatever,' he proceeds, 'be the many foul riots recorded of the saints in Scripture, none of them is charged with this regular fit of distraction. We find it has been practised by the wicked and profane, as the dancing at that heathenish, base action of the calf-making; and it had been good for that unhappy lass who danced off the head of John the Baptist, that she had been hora a cripple and never drawn a limb to her. Historians say that her sin was written upon her judgment, who some time thereafter was dancing upon the ice and it broke and snapt the head off her: her head danced above and her feet beneath. There is ground to think and conclude that, when the world's wickedness was great, dancing at their marriages was practised; but when the heavens above and the earth beneath were let loose upon them with that overflowing flood, their mirth was soon staid; and when the Lord in holy justice rained fire and brimstone from heaven upon that wicked people and city Sodom, enjoying fulness of bread and idleness, their fiddle-strings and hands went all in a flame; and the whole people in thirty miles of length and ten of breadth, as historians say, were all made to fry in their skins; and at the end, whoever are giving in marriages and dancing when all will go in a flame, they will quickly change their note.

552 NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

'I have often wondered thow my life, how any, that ever knew what it was to bow a knee in earnest to pray, durst crook a bough to fyke and fling at a piper's and fiddler's springs. I bless the Lord that ordered my lot so in my dancing days, that made the fear of the bloody rope and bullets to my neck and head, the pain of boots, thumikens, and irons, cold and hunger, wetness and weariness, to stop the lightness of my head and the wantonness of my feet. That the never-to-be-forgotten Man of God, John Knox, said to Queen Mary, when she gave him that sharp challenge, which would strike our mean-spirited, tongue-tacked ministers dumb, for his giving public faithful warning of the danger of the church and nation, through her marrying the Dauphine of France, when he left her bubbling and greeting, and came to an outer court, where her Lady Maries were fyking and dancing, he said, "O brave ladies, a brave world, if it would last, and Heaven at the hinder end! But fye upon the knave death, that will seize upon those bodies of yours; and where will all your fiddling and flinging be then?" Dancing being such a common evil, especially amongst young professors, that all the lovers of the Lord should hate, has caused me to insist the more upon it, especially that foolish spring the Cameronian march!" — *Life and Death of three Famous Worthies*, etc., by Peter Walker, 12mo, p. 59.

It may be here observed, that some of the milder class of Cameronians made a distinction between the two sexes dancing separately, and allowed of it as a healthy and not unlawful exercise; but when men and women mingled in sport, it was then called *profligate dancing*, and considered as a scandalous enormity.

NOTE 17. — MUSCHAT'S CAIRN, p. 113

Nichol Muschat, a debauched and profligate wretch, having conceived a hatred against his wife, entered into a conspiracy with another brutal libertine and gambler, named Campbell of Burnbank (repeatedly mentioned in Pennycuik's satirical poems of the time), by which Campbell undertook to destroy the woman's character, so as to enable Muschat, on false pretences, to obtain a divorce from her. The brutal devices to which these worthy accomplices resorted for that purpose having failed, they endeavoured to destroy her by administering medicine of a dangerous kind, and in extraordinary quantities.

This purpose also failing, Nichol Muschat, or Muschet, did finally, on the 17th October 1720, carry his wife under cloud of night to the King's Park, adjacent to what is called the Duke's Walk, near Holyrood Palace, and there took her life by cutting her throat almost quite through, and inflicting other wounds. He pleaded guilty to the indictment, for which he suffered death. His associate, Campbell, was sentenced to transportation for his share in the previous conspiracy. See MacLaurin's *Criminal Cases*, pp. 64 and 738.

In memory, and at the same time execration, of the deed, a cairn, or pile of stones, long marked the spot. It is now almost totally removed, in consequence of an alteration on the road in that place.

NOTE 18. — HANGMAN OR LOCKMAN, p. 139

Lockman, so called from the small quantity of meal (Scottic, *lock*) which he was entitled to take out of every boll exposed to market in the city. In Edinburgh the duty has been very long commuted; but in Dumfries the dispenser of the law still exercises, or did lately exercise, his privilege, the quantity taken being regulated by a small iron ladle, which he uses as the measure of his perquisite. The expression *lock*, for a small quantity of any readily divisible dry substance, as corn, meal, flax, or the like, is still preserved, not only popularly, but in a legal description, as the lock and gowpen, or small quantity and handful, payable in thirlage cases, as in town n.ature.

NOTE 19. — THE FAIRY BOY OF LEITH, p. 151

This legend was in former editions inaccurately said to exist in Baxter's *World of Spirits*; but is, in fact, to be found in *Pandemonium, or the Devil's Cloyster; being a further blow to Modern Nuduceism*, by Richard Boyet, Gentleman, 12mo, 1684. The work is inscribed to Dr. Henry More. The story is entitled, 'A remarkable passage of one named the Fairy Boy of Leith, in Scotlan' given me by my worthy friend Captain George Burton, and attested under his hand'; and is as follows:—

'About fifteen years since, having business that detained me for some time in Leith, which is near Edenborough, in the kingdom of Scotland, I often met some of my acquaintance at a certain house there, where we used to drink a glass of wine for our refection. The woman which kept the house was of honest reputation amongst the neighbours, which made me give the more attention to what she told me one day about a Fairy Boy (as they called him) who lived about that town. She had given me so strange an account of him, that I desired her I might see him the first opportunity, which she promised; and not long after, passing that way, she told me there was the Fairy Boy but a little before I came by; and casting her eye into the street, said, "Look you, sir, yonder he is at play with those other boys," and designing him to me, I went, and by smooth words, and a piece of money, got him to come into the house with me; where, in the presence of divers people, I demanded of him several astrological questions, which he answered with great subtilty, and through all his discourse carried it with a cunning much beyond his years, which seemed not to exceed ten or eleven. He seemed to make a motion like drumming upon the table with his fingers, upon which I asked him, whether he could beat a drum, to which he replied, "Yes, sir, as well as any man in Scotland; for every Thursday night I bent all points to a sort of people that use to meet under yon hill" (pointing to the great hill between Edenborough and Leith). "How, boy," quoth I; "what company have you there?" "There are, sir," said he, "a great company both of men and women, and they are entertained with many sorts of music besides my drum; they have, besides, plenty of variety of meats and wine; and many times we are carried into France or Holland in a night, and return again; and whilst we are there, we enjoy all the pleasures the country doth afford." I demanded of him, how they got under that hill. To which he replied, "That there were a great pair of gates that opened to them, though they were invisible to others, and that within there were brave large rooms, as well accommodated as most in Scotland." I then asked him, how I should know what he said to be true? Upon which he told me, he would read my fortune, saying I should have two wives, and that he saw the forms of them sitting on my shoulders; that both would be very handsome women.

'As he was thus speaking, a woman of the neighbourhood, coming into the room, demanded of him what her fortune should be? He told her that she had two bastards before she was married; which put her in such a rage that she desired not to hear the rest. The woman of the house told me that all the people in Scotland could not keep him from the rendezvous on Thursday night; upon which, by promising him some more money, I got a promise of him to meet me at the same place, in the afternoon of the Thursday following, and so dismissed him at that time. The boy came again at the place and time appointed, and I had prevailed with some friends to continue with me, if possible, to prevent his moving that night; he was placed between us, and answered many questions, without offering to go from us, until about eleven of the clock he was got away unperceived of the company; but I suddenly missing him, hastened to the door, and took hold of him, and so returned him into the same room; we all watched him, and on a sudden he was again out of the doors. I followed him close, and he made a noise in the street as if he had been set upon; but from that time I could never see him,

'GEORGE BURTON.'

NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN 555

NOTE 24. — SIR WILLIAM DICK OF BRAID, p. 105

This gentleman formed a striking example of the instability of human prosperity. He was once the wealthiest man of his time in Scotland, a merchant in an extensive line of commerce, and a farmer of the public revenue; inasmuch that, about 1640, he estimated his fortune at £200,000 sterling. Sir William Dick was a zealous Covenanter; and in the memorable year 1641 he lent the Scottish Convention of Estates one hundred thousand merks at once, and thereby enabled them to support and pay their army, which must otherwise have broken to pieces. He afterwards advanced £20,000 for the service of King Charles, during the usurpation; and having, by owning the royal cause, provoked the displeasure of the ruling party, he was seized of more money, amounting in all to £65,000 sterling.

Being in this manner reduced to indigence, he went to London to try to recover some part of the sums which had been lent on government security. Instead of receiving any satisfaction, the Scottish Crusus was thrown into prison, in which he died, 19th December 1655. It is said his death was hastened by the want of common necessaries. But this statement is somewhat exaggerated, if it be true, as is commonly said, that, though he was not supplied with bread, he had plenty of pie-crust, thence called 'Sir William Dick's necessity.'

The changes of fortune are commemorated in a folio pamphlet, entitled *The Lamentable State of the deceased Sir William Dick*. It contains several copperplates, one representing Sir William on horseback, and attended with guards as Lord Provost of Edinburgh, superintending the unloading of one of his rich argosies; a second exhibiting him as arrested, and in the hands of the balliffs; a third presents him dead in prison. The tract is esteemed highly valuable by collectors of prints. The only copy I ever saw upon sale was rated at £30.

NOTE 25. — MEETING AT TALLA LINNS, p. 200

This remarkable convocation took place upon 15th June 1682, and an account of its confused and divisive proceedings may be found in Michael Shield's *Faithful Contentings Displayed*, Glasgow, 1786, p. 21. It affords a singular and melancholy example how much a metaphysical and polemical spirit had crept in amongst these unhappy sufferers, since, amid so many real injuries which they had to sustain, they were disposed to add disagreement and disunion concerning the character and extent of such as were only imaginary.

NOTE 26. — DOOMSTER OR DEMPSTER OF COURT, p. 247

The name of this officer is equivalent to the pronouncer of doom or sentence. In this comprehensive sense, the judges of the Isle of Man were called Dempsters. But in Scotland the word was long restricted to the designation of an official person, whose duty it was to recite the sentence after it had been pronounced by the Court, and recorded by the clerk; on which occasion the Dempster legalised it by the words of form, 'And this I pronounce for doom.' For a length of years, the office, as mentioned in the text, was held in *commendam* with that of the executioner; for when this odious but necessary officer of justice received his appointment, he petitioned the Court of Justiciary to be received as their dempster, which was granted as a matter of course.

The production of the executioner in open court, and in presence of the wretched criminal, had something in it hideous and disgusting to the more refined feelings of later times. But if an old tradition of the Parliament House of Edinburgh may be trusted, it was the following anecdote which occasioned the disuse of the dempster's office: —

556 NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

It chanced at one time that the office of public executioner was vacant. There was occasion for some one to act as deampster, and, considering the party who generally held the office, it is not wonderful that a *locum tenens* was hard to be found. At length one Hume, who had been sentenced to transportation for an attempt to burn his own house, was induced to consent that he would pronounce the doom on this occasion. But when brought forth to officiate, instead of repeating the doom to the criminal, Mr. Hume addressed himself to their lordships in a bitter complaint of the injustice of his own sentence. It was in vain that he was interrupted, and reminded of the purpose for which he had come hither. 'I ken what ye want of me wae enough,' said the fellow, 'ye want me to be your deampster; but I am come to be none of your deampster: I am come to summon you, Lord T——, and you, Lord H——, to answer at the bar of another world for the injustice you have done me in this.' In short, Hume had only made a pretext of complying with the proposal, in order to have an opportunity of reviling the Judges to their faces, or giving them, in the phrase of his country, 'a span.' He was hurried off amid the laughter of the audience, but the indecorous scene which had taken place contributed to the abolition of the office of deampster. The sentence is now read over by the clerk of court, and the formality of pronouncing doom is altogether omitted.—

The usage of calling the deampster into court by the ringing of a hand-bell, to repeat the sentence on a criminal, is said to have been abrogated in March 1773 (*Lainy*).

NOTE 27. — JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLE AND GREENWICH, p. 250

This nobleman was very dear to his countrymen, who were justly proud of his military and political talents, and grateful for the ready zeal with which he asserted the rights of his native country. This was never more conspicuous than in the matter of the Porteous Mob, when the Ministers brought in a violent and vindictive bill for declaring the Lord Provost of Edinburgh incapable of bearing any public office in future, for not foreseeing a disorder which no one foresaw, or interrupting the course of a riot too formidable to endure opposition. The same bill made provision for pulling down the city gates and abolishing the city guard, — rather a Hibernian mode of enabling them better to keep the peace within burgh in future.

The Duke of Argyle opposed this bill as a cruel, unjust, and fanatical proceeding, and an encroachment upon the privileges of the royal burghs of Scotland, secured to them by the treaty of Union. 'In all the proceedings of that time,' said his Grace, 'the nation of Scotland treated with the English as a free and independent people; and as that treaty, my lords, had no other guarantee for the due performance of its articles but the faith and honour of a British Parliament, it would be both unjust and ungenerous should this House agree to any proceedings that have a tendency to injure it.'

Lord Hardwicke, in reply to the Duke of Argyle, seemed to insinuate that his Grace had taken up the affair in a party point of view, to which the nobleman replied in the spirited language quoted in the text. Lord Hardwicke apologised. The bill was much modified, and the clauses concerning the dismantling the city and disbanding the guard were departed from. A fine of £2000 was imposed on the city for the benefit of Porteous's widow. She was contented to accept three-fourths of the sum, the payment of which closed the transaction. It is remarkable that in our day the magistrates of Edinburgh have had recourse to both those measures, held in such horror by their predecessors, as necessary steps for the improvement of the city.

It may be here noticed, in explanation of another circumstance mentioned in the text, that there is a tradition in Scotland that George II., whose irascible temper is said sometimes to have hurried him into expressing his displeasure *par vole du fait*, offered to the Duke of Argyle, in angry audience,

NOTES TO 'THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN' 557

some menace of this nature, on which he left the presence in high disdain, and with little ceremony. Sir Robert Walpole, having met the Duke as he retired, and learning the cause of his resentment and discomposure, endeavoured to reconcile him to what had happened by saying, 'Such was his Majesty's way, and that he often took such liberties with himself without meaning any harm.' This did not mend matters in MacCallummore's eyes, who replied, in great disdain, 'You will please to remember, Sir Robert, the infinite distance there is betwixt you and me.' Another frequent expression of passion on the part of the same monarch is alluded to in the old Jacobite song —

The fire shall get both hat and wig,
As oft-times they've got a' that.

NOTE 28. — MURDER OF THE TWO SHAWs, p. 254

In 1828, the Author presented to the Roxburgh Club a curious volume containing the *Proceedings in the Court-Martial held upon John, Master of Sinclair . . . for the Murder of Ensign Schaw . . . and Captain Schaw . . . 17th October 1708 (Latin)*.

NOTE 29. — BORROWING DAYS, p. 287

The three last days of March, old style, are called the Borrowing Days; for, as they are remarked to be unusually stormy, it is feigned that March had borrowed them from April, to extend the sphere of his rougher sway. The rhyme on the subject is quoted in Leyden's edition of the *Complaynt of Scotland*. —

March said to Aperill
I see three hogs upon a hill;

But when the borrowed days were gane,
The three silly hogs came hirplin' hame.

(Latin.)

NOTE 30. — BUCKHOLMSIDE CHEESE, p. 395

The hilly pastures of Buckholm, which the Author now surveys,
Not in the frenzy of a dreamer's eye,
are famed for producing the best ewe-milk cheese in the south of Scotland.

NOTE 31. — EXPULSION OF THE BISHOPS FROM THE SCOTTISH CONVENTION, p. 406

For some time after the Scottish Convention had commenced its sittings, the Scottish prelates retained their seats, and said prayers by rotation to the meeting, until the character of the Convention became, through the secession of Dundee, decidedly Presbyterian. Occasion was then taken on the Bishop of Ross mentioning King James in his prayer, as him for whom they watered their couch with tears — on this the Convention exclaimed, they had no occasion for spiritual lords, and commanded the bishops to depart and return no more, Montgomery of Skelmorley breaking at the same time a coarse jest upon the scriptural expression used by the prelate. David Deans's oracle, Patrick Walker, gives this account of their dismissal: — 'When they came out, some of the Convention said they wished that the honest lads knew that they were put out, for then they would not win away with heal (whole) gowns. All the fourteen gathered together with pale faces, and stood in a cloud in the Parliament Close. James Wilson, Robert Neilson, Francis Hislop, and myself were standing close by them. Francis Hislop with force thrust Robert Neilson upon them; their heads went hard upon one another. But

558 NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

there being so many enemies in the city fretting and gnashing their teeth, waiting for an occasion to raise a mob, where undoubtedly blood would have been shed, and we having laid down conclusions among ourselves to guard against giving the least occasion to all mobs, kept us from tearing of their gowns.

Their graceless Graces went quickly off, and neither bishop nor curate was seen in the streets: this was a surprising sudden change not to be forgotten. Some of us would have rejoiced more than in great sums to have seen these bishops sent legally down the Bow, that they might have found the weight of their tails in a tow to dry their hose-soles; that they might know what hanging was, they having been active for themselves, and the main instigators to all the mischiefs, cruelties, and bloodshed of that time, where in the streets of Edinburgh and other places of the land did run with the innocent, precious dear blood of the Lord's people.—*Life and Death of three famous Worthies* (Semple, etc.), by Patrick Walker. Edn. 1727, pp. 72, 73.

NOTE 32. — HALF-HANGED MAGGIE DICKSON, p. 415.

In the *Statistical Account of the Parish of Inveresk* (vol. xvi. p. 34), Dr. Carlyle says, 'No person has been convicted of a capital felony since the year 1728, when the famous Maggy Dickson was condemned and executed for child-murder in the Grassmarket of Edinburgh, and was restored to life in a cart on her way to Musselburgh to be hanged. . . . She kept an ale-house in a neighbouring parish for many years after she came to life again, which was much resorted to from curiosity.' After the body was cut down and handed over to her relatives, her revival is attributed to the jolting of the cart, and according to Robert Chambers—taking a retired road to Musselburgh, 'they stopped near Peffer-mill to get a dram; and when they came out from the house to resume their journey, Maggie was sitting up in the cart.' Among the poems of Alexander Penneculck, who died in 1730 [1722], is one entitled 'The Merry Wives of Musselburgh's Welcome to Meg Dickson'; while another broadside, without any date or author's name, is called 'Margaret Dickson's Penitential Confession,' containing these lines referring to her conviction:—

Who found me guilty of that barbarous crime,
And did, by law, end this wretched life of mine;
But God . . . did me preserve, etc.

In another of these ephemeral productions hawked about the streets, called 'A Ballad by J—n B—s,' are the following lines:—

Please peruse the speech
Of ill-hanged Maggie Dickson.
Ere she was strung, the wicked wife
Was sainted by the flamen (priest),
But now, since she's return'd to life,
Some say she's the old samen.

In his reference to Maggie's calling 'snit' after her recovery, the Author would appear to be alluding to another character, who went by the name of 'saut Maggie,' and is represented in one or more old etchings about 1790 (*Lainy*).

NOTE 33. — MADGE WILDFIRE, p. 419

In taking leave of the poor maniac, the Author may here observe that the first conception of the character, though afterwards greatly altered, was taken from that of a person calling herself, and called by others, Feebles Ffunte (weak or feeble Fannie), who always travelled with a small flock of sheep. The following account, furnished by the persevering kindness of

NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN 559

Mr. Train, contains probably all that can now be known of her history, though many, among whom is the Author, may remember having heard of Feckless Fannie in the days of their youth.

'My leisure hours,' says Mr. Train, 'for some time past have been mostly spent in searching for particulars relating to the maniac called Feckless Fannie, who travelled over all Scotland and England, between the years 1767 and 1775, and whose history is altogether so like a romance, that I have been at all possible pains to collect every particular that can be found relative to her in Galloway or in Ayrshire.

'When Feckless Fannie appeared in Ayrshire, for the first time, in the summer of 1769, she attracted much notice from being attended by twelve or thirteen sheep, who seemed all endowed with faculties so much superior to the ordinary race of animals of the same species as to excite universal astonishment. She had for each a different name, to which it answered when called by its mistress, and would likewise obey in the most surprising manner any command she thought proper to give. When travelling, she always walked in front of her flock, and they followed her closely behind. When she lay down at night in the fields, for she would never enter into a house, they always disputed who should lie next to her, by which means she was kept warm, while she lay in the midst of them; when she attempted to rise from the ground, an old ram, whose name was Charlie, always claimed the sole right of assisting her; pushing any that stood in his way aside, until he arrived right before his mistress; he then bowed his head nearly to the ground that she might lay her hands on his horns, which were very large; he then lifted her gently from the ground by raising his head. If she chanced to leave her flock feeding, as soon as they discovered she was gone, they all began to bleat most piteously, and would continue to do so till she returned; they would then testify their joy by rubbing their sides against her petticoat, and frisking about.

'Feckless Fannie was not, like most other demented creatures, fond of fine dress; on her head she wore an old slouched hat, over her shoulders an old plaid, and carried always in her hand a shepherd's crook; with any of these articles she invariably declared she would not part for any consideration whatever. When she was interrogated why she set so much value on things seemingly so insignificant she would sometimes relate the history of her misfortune, which was briefly as follows:—

"I am the only daughter of a wealthy squire in the north of England, but I loved my father's shepherd, and that has been my ruin; for my father, fearing his family would be disgraced by such an alliance, in a passion mortally wounded my lover with a shot from a pistol. I arrived just in time to receive the last blessing of the dying man, and to close his eyes in death. He bequeathed me his little nil, but I only accepted these sheep to be my sole companions through life, and this hat, this plaid, and this crook, all of which I will carry until I descend into the grave."

'This is the substance of a ballad, eighty-four lines of which I copied down lately from the recitation of an old woman in this place, who says she has seen it in print, with a plate on the title-page representing Fannie with her sheep behind her. As this ballad is said to have been written by Lowe, the author of "Mary's Dream," I am surprised that it has not been noticed by Cromek in his *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*; but he perhaps thought it unworthy of a place in his collection, as there is very little merit in the composition; which want of room prevents me from transcribing at present. But if I thought you had never seen it, I would take an early opportunity of doing so.

'After having made the tour of Galloway in 1769, as Fannie was wandering in the neighbourhood of Moffat, on her way to Edinburgh, where, I am informed, she was likewise well known. Old Charlie, her favourite ram, chanced to break into a kale-yard, which the proprietor observing, let loose a mastiff, that hunted the poor sheep to death. This was a sad misfortune; it seemed

to renew all the pangs which she formerly felt on the death of her lover. She would not part from the side of her old friend for several days, and it was with much difficulty she consented to allow him to be hurried; but, still wishing to pay a tribute to his memory, she covered his grave with moss, and fenced it round with osiers, and annually returned to the same spot, and pulled the weeds from the grave and repaired the fence. This is altogether like a romance; but I believe it is really true that she did so. The grave of Charlie is still held sacred even by the schoolboys of the present day in that quarter. It is now, perhaps, the only instance of the law of Kenneth being attended to, which says, "The grave where anie that is slaine lieth hurried, leave untill'd for seven years. Repute every grave holle so as thou be well advised, that in no wise with thy feet thou tread upon it."

Through the storms of winter, as well as in the milder seasons of the year, she continued her wandering course, nor could she be prevented from doing so, either by entreaty or promise of reward. The late Dr. Fullarton of Rosemount, in the neighbourhood of Ayr, being well acquainted with her father when in England, endeavoured, in a severe season, by every means in his power, to detain her at Rosemount for a few days until the weather should become more mild; but when she found herself rested a little, and saw her sheep fed, she raised her crook, which was the signal she always gave for the sheep to follow her, and off they all marched together.

But the hour of poor Fannie's dissolution was now at hand, and she seemed anxious to arrive at the spot where she was to terminate her mortal career. She proceeded to Glasgow, and, while passing through that city, a crowd of idle boys, attracted by her singular appearance, together with the novelty of seeing so many sheep obeying her command, began to torment her with their pranks, till she became so irritated that she pelted them with bricks and stones, which they returned in such a manner that she was actually stoned to death between Glasgow and Anderston.

To the real history of this singular individual credulity has attached several superstitious appendages. It is said that the farmer who was the cause of Charlie's death shortly afterwards drowned himself in a pent-hag; and that the hand with which a hatcher in Kilmarnock struck one of the other sheep became powerless, and withered to the very bone. In the summer of 1769, when she was passing by New Cumnock, a young man, whose name was William Forsyth, son of a farmer in the same parish, plagued her so much that she wished he might never see the morn; upon which he went home and banged himself in his father's barn. And I doubt not that many such stories may yet be remembered in other parts where she had been.

So far Mr. Train. The Author can only add to this narrative, that Feckless Fannie and her little flock were well known in the pastoral districts.

In attempting to introduce such a character into fiction, the Author felt the risk of encountering a comparison with the Maria of Sterne; and, besides, the mechanism of the story would have been as much retarded by Feckless Fannie's flock as the night-march of Don Quixote was delayed by Sancho's tale of the sheep that were ferried over the river.

The Author has only to add that, notwithstanding the preclusiveness of his friend Mr. Train's statement, there may be some hopes that the outrage on Feckless Fannie and her little flock was not carried to extremity. There is no mention of any trial on account of it, which, had it occurred in the manner stated, would have certainly taken place; and the Author has understood that it was on the Border she was last seen, about the skirts of the Cheviot hills, but without her little flock.

NOTE 34. — SHAWFIELD'S MOB, p. 423

In 1725 there was a great riot in Glasgow on account of the malt tax. Among the troops brought in to restore order was one of the Independent

NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN 561

companies of Highlanders levied in Argyleshire, and distinguished in a lampoon of the period as 'Campbell of Carrick and his Highland thieves.' It was called Shawfield's Mob, because much of the popular violence was directed against Daniel Campbell, Esq., of Shawfield, M.P., provost of the town.

NOTE 35. — DEATH OF FRANCIS GORDON, p. 444

This exploit seems to have been one in which Patrick Walker prided himself not a little; and there is reason to fear that that excellent person would have highly resented the attempt to associate another with him in the slaughter of a King's Life Guardsman. Indeed he would have had the more right to be offended at losing any share of the glory, since the party against Gordon was already three to one, besides having the advantage of firearms. The manner in which he vindicates his claim to the exploit, without committing himself by a direct statement of it, is not a little amusing. It is as follows:—

'I shall give a brief and true account of that man's death, which I did not design to do while I was upon the stage. I resolve, indeed (if it be the Lord's will), to leave a more full account of that and many other remarkable steps of the Lord's dispensations towards me through my life. It was then commonly said that Francis Gordon was a volunteer out of wickedness of principles, and could not stay with the troop, but was still ragging and ranging to catch hiding suffering people. Meldrum and Airly's troops being at Lanark upon the first day of March 1682, Mr. Gordon and another wicked comrade, with their two servants and four horses, came to Kilsalgow, two miles from Lanark, searching for William Calgow and others, under hiding.

'Mr. Gordon, rambling thro' the town, offered to abuse the women. At night, they came a mile further to the easter seat, to Robert Muir's, he being also under hiding. Gordon's comrade and the two servants went to bed, but he could sleep none, roaring all night for women. When day came, he took only his sword in his hand, and came to Moss-platt, and some new men (who had been in the fields all night) seeing him, they fled, and he pursued. James Wilson, Thomas Young, and myself, having been in a meeting all night, were tylag down in the morning. We were alarmed, thinking there were many more than one; he pursued hard, and overtook us. Thomas Young said, "Sir, what do ye pursue us for?" He said, "He was come to send us to hell." James Wilson said, "That shall not be, for we will defend ourselves." He said, "That either he or we should go to it now." He run his sword furiously thro' James Wilson's coat. James fired upon him, but missed him. All this time he cried, "Damn his soul!" He got a shot in his head out of a pocket pistol, rather fit for diverting a boy than killing such a furious, mad, brisk man, which, notwithstanding, killed him dead. The foresaid William Calgow and Robert Muir came to us. We searched him for papers, and found a long scroll of sufferers' names, either to kill or take. I tore it all in pieces. He had also some Popish books and bonds of money, with one dollar, which a poor man took off the ground; all which we put in his pocket again. Thus, he was four miles from Lanark, and near a mile from his comrade, seeking his own death, and got it. And for as much as we have been condemned for this, I could never see how any one could condemn us that allows of self-defence, which the laws both of God and nature allow to every creature. For my own part, my heart never smote me for this. When I saw his blood run, I wished that all the blood of the Lord's stated and vowed enemies in Scotland had been in his veins. Having such a clear call and opportunity, I would have rejoiced to have seen it all gone out with a gush. I have many times wondered at the greater part of the indulged, lukewarm ministers and professors in that time, who made more noise of murder when one of these enemies had been killed, even in our own defence, than of twenty of us being murdered by them. None of these men present was challenged

562 NOTES TO THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

for this but myself. Thomas Young thereafter suffered at Manchinle, but was not challenged for this; Robert Muir was banished; James Wilson outlived the persecution; William Calgow died in the Canongate tollbooth, in the beginning of 1685. Mr. Wodrow is misinformed, who says that he suffered unto death.'

NOTE 36. — TOLLING TO SERVICE IN SCOTLAND, p. 461

In the old days of Scotland, when persons of property, unless they happened to be nonjurors, were as regular as their inferiors in attendance on parochial worship, there was a kind of etiquette in waiting till the patron or acknowledged great man of the parish should make his appearance. This ceremonial was so sacred in the eyes of a parish headle in the Isle of Bute, that, the kirk hell being out of order, he is said to have mounted the steeple every Sunday, to imitate with his voice the successive summonses which his mouth of metal used to send forth. The first part of this imitative harmony was simply the repetition of the words 'Bell hell, bell bell,' two or three times, in a manner as much resembling the sound as throat of flesh could imitate throat of iron. 'Bellum! bellum!' was sounded forth in a more urgent manner; but he never sent forth the third and conclusive peal, the varied tone of which is called in Scotland the 'ringing-in,' until the two principal heritors of the parish approached, when the chime ran thus:—

Bellum Bellillum,
Berners and Knockdow 's coming!
Bellum Bellillum,
Berners and Knockdow 's coming!

Thereby intimating that service was instantly to proceed. —

Mr. Mackinlay of Borrowatouness, a native of Bute, states that Sir W. Scott had this story from Sir Adam Ferguson; but that the gallant knight had not given the lairds' titles correctly — the bellman's great men being Craich, Drumhule, and Barnernie. — 1842 (*Lainy*).

NOTE 37. — RATCLIFFE, p. 518

There seems an anachronism in the history of this person. Ratcliffe, among other escapes from justice, was released by the Porteous mob when under sentence of death; and he was again under the same predicament when the Highlanders made a similar jail-delivery in 1745. He was too sincere a Whig to embrace liberation at the hands of the Jacobites, and in reward was made one of the keepers of the tollbooth. So at least runs constant tradition.

GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

- ABUNE, ABOVE, above**
ACQUENT, acquainted
AD AVISANDUM, reserved for consideration
ADJOURNAL, Books of. See Books of Adjournal
ADMINICLE, a collateral proof
AGAIN, in time for, before
AIN, own
AIR, early
AIRD'S MOSS, the scene of a skirmish in Ayrshire, on 20th July 1680
AIRN, iron
AIRT, to direct, point out the way
AITH, oath
ARTS, oats
ALLENABLY, solely
A-LOW, on fire
ALTRINOHAM, THE MAYOR OF (p. 455), a well-known Cheshire proverb
AMAIST, almost
ANCE, ANES, once
ANDRO FERRARA, a Highland broadsword
ANKER, 10 wine gallons
ANSARS, helpers; particularly those inhabitants of Medina who helped Mohammed when he fled from Mecca
ANTI-JACOBIN, George Canning, the statesman, in whose burlesque play, *The Rovers*; or, *Double Arrangement*, printed in *The Anti-Jacobin*, the ghost of Prologue's, not the Author's, grandmother appears
AQUA MIRABILIS, the wonderful water, a cordial made of spirit of wine and spices
AROLE, EARL OF, his AT-TEMPT OF 1686, his rising in Scotland in support of Monmouth in 1685
ARNISTON CHIELD. Robert Dundas of Arniston, the elder, succeeded Duncan Forbes of Culloden as Lord President in 1748
ARRIAGE AND CARRIAGE, a phrase in old Scotch leases, but bearing no precise meaning
ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES, the Westminster Confession of Faith, which, with the Longer and Shorter Catechisms, constitute the standards of doctrine of the Presbyterians
ARTES FERDITE, lost arts
AUGHT, eight; AUGHTY-NINE, the year 1689
AUGHT, possession
AULD, old; AULD SORROW, old wretch
AVA, at all
AWMOUS, alms
AWRHIE, the cupboard
BACK-CAST, a reverse, misfortune
BACK-FRIEND, a supporter, sbetter
BALFOUR'S PRACTIQUES; OR, A SYSTEM OF THE MORE ANCIENT LAW OF SCOTLAND (1754), by Sir James Balfour, President of the Court of Session in 1567
BAND, bond
BARB, BAWTIE. Compare Sir D. Lyndsay's *Complaynt of Baysche* . . . to *Bawtie, the King's Best Belovit Dog*
BARKENED, tanned
BARON BAILIE, the baron's deputy in a burgh of barony
BATHER, to fatigue by ceaseless prating
BAULD, brave, hardy
BAUSON-FACED, having a white spot on the forehead
BAWREE, a halfpenny
BAXTER, a baker
BEAN-HOOL, bean-hull, pod
BECHOUNCED, befouled, decked out in ridiculous fashion
BEDRAL, beadle, sexton
BEDEDDIN HASSAN. See *Arabian Nights*: 'Noureddin and his Son'
BEVER, Belvoir, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, on the border of Leicestershire
BELVVE, directly
BEND-LEATHER, thick sole-leather
BENEFIT OF CLERGY, the right to claim, like the clergy, exemption from the civil courts
BEN THE HOUSE, inside, into the inner room
BESS OF BEDLAM, a female lunatic
BESTIAL, horned cattle
BICKER, a wooden vessel
BIDE, wait, stay; bear, rest under; BIDE A WEE, wait a minute
BIEN, comfortable
BIGGONNET, a lady's head-dress
BIKE, a hive, swarm
BRNK, a wall plate-rack
BIRKIE, a lively fellow, young spark

- BIRTHRIGHT**, the court festival held on the evening of a royal birthday
- BITTORN**, a little bit, proverbially a considerable distance
- BLAIR, DR. DAVIN**, a zealous Scottish Presbyterian in the reign of James VI.
- BLAIR, ROBERT**, a prominent Presbyterian minister, of Bangor in Ireland
- BLINK**, a glance
- BLUR PLUMS**, bullets
- BLUIDY MACKENZIE**, Sir George, Lord Advocate, and an active prosecutor of the Cameronians in the reign of Charles II.
- BODDLE**, 1/4th of a penny
- BOOBIE**, the lowest scholar on the forum, a dunce
- BOOKS OF ADJOURNAL**, containing the minutes and orders, especially of adjournal, of the Court of Judicary of Scotland, it being a peremptory court
- BOOT-HOSE**, coarse blue worsted hose worn in place of boots
- BOURING-WASHING**, the annual washing of the family linen in a peculiar ley (buck)
- BOUNTITH**, a perquisite
- BOUNOCK**, a mound, hillock
- BOW**, a boll (measure)
- BOW-HEAD**, leading from the High Street to the Grassmarket in Edinburgh
- BOWIE**, a milk-pail
- BRAW**, brave, fine, good;
- BRAMS**, fine clothes
- BRECHAM**, collar of a cart-horse
- BROCKIT (COW)**, with a speckled face
- BROGUE**, a Highland shoe
- BROO**, taste for, opinion of
- BROSE**, oatmeal over which boiling water has been poured
- BRUCE, ROBERT**, of Edinburgh, a champion of spiritual authority in the reign of James VI.
- BRUGH AND LAND**, town and country
- BRUIEZE**, a scuffle, tumult
- BAUNSTANE**, brimstone, sulphur
- BUCKHOLMSIDE**, a village of Roxburghshire close to Galashiels
- BULLER**, to bellow
- BULL OF PHALARIS**, an invention for roasting people alive, devised by Phalaris, ruler of Agrigentum in ancient Sicily — so tradition
- BULL-DOG**, a gelded bull
- BURK**, to dress up, arrange
- BYE**, besides; past
- BYRE**, cow-house, cow-shed
- CA'**, to call
- CÆSARRIAN PROCESS**, a surgical operation to secure delivery (as in the case of Cæsar)
- CAG**, a small cask
- CAIRD**, a strolling tinker
- CALENDAR WANTING AN EYE**. See *Arabian Nights*: 'Story of the First Calendar'
- CALLANT**, a lad
- CALLER**, fresh
- CALLIVER-MEN**, men armed with muskets
- CAMBRIAN ANTIQUARY**, Thomas Pennant, the traveller
- CAMPVERE SKIPPER**, a trader to Holland. Campvere or Campfire, on the island of Walcheren, was the seat of a privileged Scottish trading factory from 1444 to 1795
- CANNY**, propitious, auspicious
- CANTY**, mirthful, jolly
- CAPTION**, a writ to imprison a debtor
- CARCAKE**, or CARECARE, a small cake baked with eggs and eaten on Shrove Tuesday, in Scotland
- CARLE**, a fellow
- CARLINE**, a beidam, old woman
- CAROLINE PARK**. See *Roy-ston*
- CARRIED**, the mind wavering, wandering
- CARRITCH**, the Catechism
- CAST**, lot, fate; a throw; a lift, ride
- CAST-BYE**, a castaway
- CA'THROW**, an ado, a row
- CATO'S DAUGHTER**, Porcia, wife of Brutus, who stabbed Cæsar
- CATO THE CENSOR**, the celebrated Roman, wrote a book about rural affairs
- CAULN**, cold
- CAULDAIFE**, chilly
- CAUTELOUS**, cautious, careful
- CELA ÉTOIT AUTREFOIS**, etc. (p. 538), it used to be so, but we have changed all that now
- CENSIU BONORUM**, surrender of effects
- CHAFFS**, jaws
- CHALDERS**, an old dry measure = nearly 16 qrs. of corn
- CHAMBER OF DEAS**, the best bedroom
- CHANGE-MYDLEVVY**, an undesigned occurrence not purely accidental
- CHANGE HOUSE**, a small inn
- CHAPPIT**, struck (of a clock)
- CHAPPIT BACK**, beaten, deterred, daunted
- CHEVERONS**, gloves
- CHIELD**, a young fellow
- CHOP**, a shop
- CLACHAN**, a Highland hamlet
- CLAISE, CLARS, CLAITHS**, clothes
- CLARISSIMUS ICTUS**, one who is a famous lawyer
- CLAT**, a herd of money
- CLAYERS**, foolish gossip
- CLAW UP MITTENS**, to rebuke severely, tell home truths
- CLECKIT**, hatched
- CLEREK**, to catch, seize
- CLEUGH**, a ravine
- CLOSE-HEAD**, the entrance of a blind alley, a favourite rendezvous for gossips
- CLUBBED (OF HAIR)**, gathered into a club-shaped knot at the back of the head
- CLUTE**, a hoof, single beast
- COCKRIAN**, a follower of John Coccus of Leyden (d. 1669), who held that the Old Testament shadowed forth the history of the Christian Church
- COCKERHONIE**, a lady's top-knot
- COD**, a pillow, cushion
- COGNOSCH**, to examine judicially for insanity
- COLUMELLA**, a Roman writer on agriculture and similar topics
- COMMENTARIES ON SCOTCH CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE**, 1797, by David Hume, Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland
- COMUS**, by Milton
- CONFESSENDENCE**, an enumeration of particulars, a Scots law term
- CONFESSION EXTRAJUDICIALIS**, etc. (p. 242), an unofficial confession is a nullity, and cannot be quoted in evidence
- COUCH** a HOOSHEAD, to lie down to sleep
- COUP**, to overturn: to barter

COUTHY, agreeable, pleasing
 COWLEY'S COMPLAINT, his poem with that title, stanza 4
 COWT, a colt
 CRACE, gossip, talk
 CRAFT, a croft, small farm
 CRAIGHILLAS, a castle near Edinburgh, a residence of Queen Mary
 CREEAGH, stolen cattle; a foray
 CREPE, to curl, crimp
 CREWELS, CRUELS, scrofulous swellings on the neck
 CRUFFEL, a mountain on the Scottish side of the Solway. When Skiddaw is capped with clouds, rain falls soon after on Criffel
 CRINING, pining
 CROOE A HOTEH, to bend a joint, especially the knee-joint
 CRUPPEN, crept
 CUFFIN, QUEER, a justice of peace
 CUIVIS EX POPULO, one of the people
 CULL, a fool
 CUMMER, a comrade, gossip
 CUMRAYS, or CUMBRAES, in the Firth of Clyde
 CERCH, a woman's cap
 CUIROSS, CUIROSS, a village on the Firth of Forth
 CURREL, crupper
 CUTTER'S LAW, thieves' or rogues' law
 CUTTY QUEAN, a worthless young woman
 DAPPING, frolicsome jesting
 DAFT, crazy, beside oneself
 DAIDLING, trifling, loitering
 DAIRER, to saunter, jog along
 DALEKEITH, one of the seats of the Duke of Buccleuch
 DALLASON STILES; OR, SYSTEM OF STILES AS NOW PRACTICABLE WITHIN THE KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND, 1697, by George Dallas, sometime deputy-keeper of the privy seal of Scotland
 DANG, a day's work
 DEAS, CHAMBER OF, the best bedroom
 DEAVE, to deafen
 DEBITO TEMPORE, at the proper time
 DE DIE IN DIEM, from day to day
 DEEVIL'S BUCKLE, a limb of Satan
 DELL HAET, the devil a bit
 DEMENS, QUI NIMBOS, etc. (p. 1), the madman, who sought to rival the rain-

clouds and the inimitable thunder, with brasn din and the tread of horny-hoofed steeds
 DEMI-FIGUR SADDLE, one with low peaks or points
 DINE, to knock
 DINNLE, a thrilling blow
 DIRL, a thrilling knock
 DIT, to stop, close up (the mouth)
 DITTAY, indictment
 DIVOT, a thin flat turf; DIVOT-CAST, a turf-pit
 DOCH AN' DORROCH, a stirrup-cup, parting-cup
 DOER, an agent, factor
 DORRED, stupid, confused
 DONNARD, stupid
 DONNOT, or DONAUGHT, a good-for-nothing person
 DOO, a dove
 DOOKIT, ducked
 DOOMS, utterly
 DOOR-CHEEK, the door-post
 DOUPEL CAERITCH, the Larger Catechism of the Church of Scotland
 DOUCE, quiet, respectable
 DOUGHT, was able to
 DOUR, stubborn, obstinate
 DOW, to be able; DOWNA, do not like to
 DREICH, slow, leisurely
 DROW, a quailm
 DRY MILTURE, a duty of corn paid to a miller
 DUDS, ragged clothes; DUDDY, ragged
 DULCIS AMARYLLIDISIRÆ, the anger of gentlewoman
 DUNCH, to jog or punch
 D'UNE GRANDE DAME, of a great lady, lady of fashion
 DUNLOP (CHEESE), in Ayrshire
 DURK, or DIRK, a Highlander's dagger
 DYESTER, a dyer
 ÉCLAIRCISSEMENT, an explanation
 EDICT NAUTÆ, etc., in ancient Rome, imposed liability for loss or damage to property committed to carriers, lunkeepers, and stable-keepers
 ER, eye; EEN, eyes
 EFFECTUAL CALLING. See *The Shorter Catechism*, Qn. 31
 EFFEUR OF, equivalent to FIRE, to add
 ELSHIN, an awl
 EME, uncle
 EMERY, JOHN, actor who excelled in rustic parts, and played Dandie Dinmont,

Ratcliffe, and similar characters of Scott's novels
 ENBUCH, ENBUCH, ENW, EN' SH
 ENLEVEMENT, the abduction of the heroine
 ETHWALD, one of Joanna Baillie's *Plays on the Passions*, this one turning on Ambition. The passage is from Part I. Act iii. Sc. 5
 EXAUCTIONATE, to dismiss from service
 EX JURE SANGUINIS, by blood, heredity
 FAMA CLAMOSA, notoriety
 FARINACEUS, or FARINACIUS, Prosper Farinacci, a celebrated Roman writer on criminal jurisprudence, lived 1544-1613
 FASH, trouble; to trouble; FASHIOUS, troublesome
 FASHEEIE, trouble
 FATHERS CONSCRIPT, the senators of ancient Rome; here the chosen fathers (of the town)
 FATUUS, FURIOSUS, NATURALITER IDIOTA, foolish, mad, born idiot
 FAULD, to fold
 FAUSE MONTEATH, the reputed betrayer of Wallace
 FAUT, fault
 FECELESS, insignificant, feeble
 FEND, to provide
 FEROUSSON, or FEROUSSON, ROBERT, Scottish poet, born 1750, died 1774
 FILE, to foul, disorder
 FIT, foot
 FLATS AND SHARPS, sword, using the sword
 FLEE, a fly
 FLEG, a fright
 FLISE MAHOY, a giddy, thoughtless person
 FLOW-MOSS, a morass
 FOOTMAN, RUNNING. See Note 9 to *Bride of Lammermoor*
 FORANENT, directly opposite to
 FORBEAR, forefather
 FORRES, DUNCAN, appointed Lord President of the Court of Session in 1737. See footnote, p. 403
 FORRYE, besides
 FORHAMMER, sledge-hammer
 FROATHER, to come together, become intimate
 FORPIT, 1/4th of a peck
 Fou, full, drunk

- FRIGATE WHINS, more correctly Figgate Whins, a tract of sand hillocks and whin bushes between Portobello and Leith
 FUGIT, etc. (p. 135), time is flying beyond recall
 FYER, to move restlessly in the same place
- GAIT-MILE, goat-milk
 GAITTS, or GYTS, or GETTS, brats, urchins
 GAIUS (LINCOLNSHIRE), the Host in *Pilgrim's Progress*
 GALLIO. See Acts xviii. 12-27
 GAME ARM, a crooked, lame arm
 GANG, to go
 GAR, to make, oblige
 GARDYLOO, from French *gardez l'eau*, an Edinburgh cry when dirty water was thrown out of a window
 GARE-REAINED, giddy, thoughtless
 GATE, GAIT, way, direction, manner; NAE GATE, nowhere
 GAUN, going
 GAUN FLEAS, pending lawsuits
 GAUNT, to yawn
 GAWSIE, grand, fine
 GAY SURE, pretty sure; GAY AND WELL, pretty well
 GRAE, property
 GREE, TO TAKE THE, to take the pet, turn peevish
 GIE, give; GIEN, given
 GIF-GAF, mutual giving
 GILPT, GILPIE, a lively young girl
 GIRNLE, a circular iron plate for baking scones, cakes
 GIRN, to grin, grimace
 GLAIKS, TO FLING THE, IN ONE'S BEN, to deceive, blind
 GLEDE, GLEN, the kite
 GLEG, active, keen; GLEG AS A GLED, hungry as a hawk
 GLIFF, an instant
 GLIM, a light, hence anything at all
 GLOWER, to stare hard
 GORBALS, a suburb on the south side of Glasgow
 GOUSTY, dreary, haunted
 GOUTTE, a drop
 GOWAN, a dog daisy
 GOWDEN, golden
 GOWPEN, a double handful of meal, the perquisite of a miller's servant
 GRAITH, apparatus of any kind, harness
 GRANTHAM CRUEL, a Lincolnshire proverb, ridiculing exaggerations of speech
 GRAT, wept
 GRAB, to agree
 GRAB, pre-eminence
 GRASHOCH, a turf fire without flame, smouldering embers
 GRAY, to cry, weep
 GRAY-PEARL, or GRAY-BEARD, a stone jug for holding ale or liquor
 GUDEMAN, the husband, head of the house
 GUDSARS, grandfather
 GUDSWIFE, the wife, head of the household
 GUIDE, to treat, direct; GUIDING, treatment
 GULLET, a large knife
 GUSE'S GRASS, the area of grass a goose grazes during the summer
 GUTTER-BLOOD, one meanly born
 GYEE, a pass
 GYTE, a young boy; CLEAN GYTE, quite crazy
- HADDEN, held
 HADDO'S HOLE, a portion of the nave of the ancient collegiate church, now incorporated with St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh
 HAFETS, temples
 HAPPLINS, young, entering the teens
 HAPT, custody; to establish, fix
 HAGBUTS OF FOUND, fire-arms made of cast metal (found)
 HALE, or HALL, whole, entire
 HALLAN, a partition in a Scotch cottage
 HAND-WALED, remarkable, notorious
 HARLE, to trail, drag
 HAUN, hold
 HAVINGS, behaviour, manners
 HAWKIT, white-faced, having white spots or streaks
 HEAL, health, felicity; HEALSOME, wholesome
 HELLICAT, wild, desperate
 HEMPIE, a rogue
 HERITORS, the landowners in a Scotch parish
 HERSR, hoarse
 HERSHIP, plundering by armed force
 HET, hot
 HIGHLAND HOST. See *Highlandmen in 1677*, in *Glossary to Old Mortality*
 HINNY, honey, a term of affection
- HIRPLIN', limping
 HIT (at backgammon), a game, a move in the game
 HOO, a sheep older than a lamb that has not been shorn
 HOLBORN HILL BACKWARD, the position of criminals on their way to execution at Tyburn
 HOLLAND, FENS OF, the southern division of Lincolnshire, adjoining the Wash
 HOMOLOGATE, to approve, ratify, sanction
 HOW, a hollow
 HOWDIE, a midwife
 HOWFF, a haunt
 HUSSY, a housewife case, needlecase
- ILE, ILEA, each; ILEK, the same name; ILEA-DAY, every-day
 IMPOSTHUMES, abscesses, collections of pus
 IN EYE, inside the house
 IN COMMENDAM, in conjunction with
 IN CONFITENTEM, etc. (p. 242), the judge's function ceases when there is confession of the crime
 INGAN, an onion
 INGINE, ingenuity, talent
 IN HOC STATU, in this case
 INIMICITIAM CONTRA, etc. (p. 264), enmity against all mankind
 IN INITIALIBUS, to begin with
 IN LOCO PARENTIS, in place of the parent
 INPUT, contribution
 IN REM VERSAM, chargeable against the estate
 INTER APICES JURIS, on high points of law
 INTER PARIETES, within doors
 INTER BUSTICOS, a mere rustic
 INTOUIT LÆVUM, the thunder is heard on the left
 INTROMIT WITH, to interfere with
- JAGG, R prick
 JAMES'S PLACE OF REFUGE, in 1595
 JARB, a seal
 JAUD, a jade
 JINK, a dodge, lively trick
 JO, a sweetheart
 JOW, to toll
 JUS DIVINUM, divine right
- KAIL, or KALE, cabbage, broth made of greens, dinner; KAIL-WORM, cater-

- pillar; **RALE-YARD**, vegetable garden
- RAIN, or C-RE**, a rent paid in kind
- RANK**, to comb
- RAY'S CARICATURES**, in *A Series of Portraits and Caricature Etchings of Old Edinburgh characters*, by John Kay, 1837-38; new ed., 1877
- KEELYVINE**, a lead pencil
- KENSPECKLE**, conspicuous, odd
- KILLING TIME**, the Covenanters' name for the period of Claverhouse's persecutions in the West of Scotland
- KITTLE**, ticklish, slippery
- KNAVESHIP**, a small due in meal paid to the under-miller
- KYE**, cows
- KYTHE**, to seem or appear
- LAIKING**, sporting, larking
- LAMOUR**, amber
- LANDWARD**, inland, country-bred
- LANE**, alone; **THEIR LANE**, themselves
- LAUCH**, law
- LAVACCA**, a lark
- LAWING**, the account, bill
- LAWYERS FROM HOLLAND**. Many of the Scottish lawyers and doctors were educated at Leyden and Utrecht in the 17th and 18th centuries
- LAY, ON THE**, on the lookout
- LEAF, LAURENCE**, you're long enough. An adaptation or extension of the proverbial Lazy Lawrence or Long Lawrence
- LEASINO-MAINE**, high treason
- LEE**, a lie
- LEICESTER BEANS**, extensively grown in Leicestershire; hence the proverb, 'Shake a Leicestershire man by the collar, and you shall hear the beans rattle in his belly'
- LENNOX, THE**, a former county of Scotland, embracing Dunbartonshire and parts of Stirlingshire, Perthshire, and Renfrewshire
- LESE-MAJESTY**, treason
- LIFT**, the sky
- LIMMER**, a jade, scoundrel
- LINCOLNSHIRE GAITS**. See *Gaits*
- LINN**, a cascade, waterfall
- LIPPEN**, to rely upon, trust to
- LIVINGSTONE, JOHN**, an influential Presbyterian during the Commonwealth, minister at Stranraer and Ancrum
- LIVINGSTONE, JOHN, SAILOR** in *Borrowstounness*. See Patrick Walker's *Life of Peden*, p. 107
- LOCK**, the perquisite of a servant in a mill, usually a handful (lock) or two of meal
- LOCKERMACHUS**, the local pronunciation in Scott's day of Longformacus, a village in Berwickshire
- LOCKINGTON WARE**, a Leicestershire yearly merry-making or festival
- LOCC TUTORIAL**, in the place of a guardian
- LOOF**, the palm of the hand
- LOOT**, let, permitted
- LORD OF SEAT**, a judge
- LORD OF STATE**, a nobleman
- LOUND**, quiet, tranquil
- LOUNDER**, to thump, beat
- LOW**, a flame
- LOWE, JOHN**, author of 'Mary's Dream,' died 1798. See biography in Cromek, *Remains of Gallovy Song* (1810)
- LUCKIE**, a title given to old women
- LUCKIE DAD**, grandfather
- LUG**, the ear
- LUM**, a chimney
- LYING-DOE**, a kind of setter
- MACHRATH**, a highwayman, the hero of Gay's *Beggar's Opera*
- MAGE (COALS)**, to give short quantity, purloining the difference
- MAGGOT**, a whim, crotchet
- MAGNA EST VERITAS**, etc. (p. 11), truth is great, and prevail it will
- MAIL**, to stain
- MAIL-DUTIES**, rent; **MAILING**, or **MAIL**, a farm rent
- MAIR BY TOKEN**, especially as **MAISTRY**, mastery, power
- MAN-SWORN**, perjured
- MANTY**, mantle
- MANU . . . NON BALLE**, etc. (p. 488), it is not becoming to lift one's hand in jest and over the wine. See Catullus, xii.
- MARTORNES**, a coarse serving-wench whom Don Quixote mistook for a lady of noble birth
- MARE OF BELLGRAVE**. See 'Same again,' etc.
- MASHACKERED**, clumsily cut, hacked
- MASS JOHN**, a parson
- MATHEUS, or MATTHEUS, ANTON**, one of a family of celebrated German writers on jurisprudence, the 'second' Anton professor at Utrecht from 1636 to 1654
- MAUKIN**, a hare
- MAUN**, must
- MAUNDER**, to talk incoherently, nonsense
- MAUT**, mait
- MAW**, to mow
- MEAL-ARE**, meal-chest
- MEAR**, a mare
- MELL**, to meddle
- MEN OF MAREHAM**, etc., a Lincolnshire proverb, signifying disunion is the cause of ill-success
- MENSEFU'**, becoming, manly
- MARK** = 1s. 1½d.
- MERSE**, Berwickshire
- MESSE**, a lapdog, cur
- MEXICAN MONARCH**. Guatemozin, the Aztec emperor who, when put to the torture by Cortez, reproached a fellow-sufferer, groaning with anguish, by asking, 'Do you think then I am enjoying my bed (lit. bath) of flowers?'
- MIDDEE**, a dunghill
- MILE**, SCOTTISH, about nine furlongs
- MILLER**, robbed
- MINNIE**, mainna
- MISCA'**, to abuse, malign
- MISOGGLE**, to disfigure
- MISSET**, displeased, out of humour
- MISS KATIES**, mosquitoes
- MISTER**, want
- MIXEN**, a dunghill
- MOE, or MO**, more
- MONSON, SIR WILLIAM**, admiral, fought against the Spaniards and Dutch in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I
- MONTEATH, FAUSE**, the reputed betrayer of Wallace to the English
- MORISON'S DECISIONS**, with fuller title, *Decisions of the Court of Session* [Edinburgh] . . . in the form of a Dictionary, by W. M. Morison, 40 vols., 1801-11
- Moss-BAG**, a pit in a peat moor
- MORTY**, full of moths

- 'MUCH HAVE I FEAR'D,' etc. (p. 10), from Crabbe's *Horough*, Letter 22.
- MUCKLE, much
- MUIR-ILL, a disease amongst black cattle
- MUIR-ROOTS, young grouse
- MULL, a snuff-box
- MULTURE, DRY. *See* Dry Culture
- MUTCH, a woman's cap
- MUTCHIN, a liquid measure, containing $\frac{1}{2}$ pint
- NAUTIC, CAUTIONS, etc. *See* Edict Nautic
- NEGEE, nigger
- NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT, no one wounds me with impunity—the motto that accompanies the thistle, the badge of the crown of Scotland
- NICK MOLL BLOOD, to cheat the gallows
- NIFFERING, haggling; NIFFER, an exchange; PUT HIS LIFE IN A NIFFER, put his life at stake, in jeopardy
- NIHIL INTEREST DE POSSESSIONE, the question of possession is immaterial
- NOITND, rapped, struck smartly
- NOW CONSTAT, it is not certain
- NOW CUIVIV, etc. (p. 44), it is not every one that can gain admittance to the (select) society of Corinth
- Noor, the bone at the elbow-joint
- NOE' LOCK, a swamp in Edinburgh, now Princea Street Gardens
- NOWTS, cattle
- OE, a grandebild
- ON-DINO, a heavy fall (of snow)
- ORTAT EPHIFFIA, etc. (p. 45), the sluggish ox wishes for the horse's trappings
- ORDINAR, AFTER HER, as is usual with her
- ORMOND, James Butler, first Duke of, was for seven years in disfavour through the intrigues of enemies
- ORREY, a mechanism representing the motions of the planets
- OUT-EYE, out of doors; beyond, without
- OUTGATE, ostentatious display
- OUTSIGHT AND INSIGHT FLEISHING, goods belonging to the outside and inside of the house respectively
- OWER-EYE, over the way
- OWRELAY, a cravat.
- PADDER, a highwayman; ON THE PAD, a highwayman on the look-out for victims
- PAIN, a blow
- PAPE, the Pope
- PATRINE, a partridge
- PALMER, JOHN, of Bath, greatly improved the mail-coaches in the end of the 18th century
- PAROCHINE, parish
- PARSONAGE, a contribution for the support of a parson
- PAR VOIR DU FAIT, by assault, act of violence
- PASSMENTS, gold, silver, or silk lace; PASSMENTED, laced
- PAUVRE HONTEUX, poor and bumble-minded man
- PAVE, the road, highway
- PEARLIN-LACE, bone lace, made of thread or silk
- PEAT, FROUD, a person of intolerable pride
- PEAT-MAS, a pit in a peat moor
- PEDER, ALEXANDER, a celebrated Covenanting leader. *See* *Old Mortality*, Note 35
- PEELER, to pelt with stones
- PEN-GUN, CRACKING LIKE A, gabbling like a penguin
- PENNAWT, THOMAS, a keenly observant naturalist and traveller of the 18th century
- PENNYCUIK, ALEXANDER, M.D. of Newhall, near Edinburgh, author of *Historical Account of the Blue Blanket*; died in 1722
- PENNY, Scots = $\frac{1}{4}$ th of a penny English
- PENNYSTANE, a stone quoit
- PENNY WEDDING, one at which the expenses are met by the guests' contributions. *See* Burt's *Letters from the North of Scotland*, Letter 21.
- PENTLAND, or RULLION GREEN, where Dalziel routed the Galloway Wbigs in 1686
- PEREGRINE [BERTIE], LORD WILLOUGHBY, one of Elizabeth's captains. The lines quoted are from 'The Brave Lord Willoughby' in Percy's *Reliques*
- PERFEVIDUM, etc. (p. 12), the fiery nature of the Scots
- PER VIGILIAS ET INSIDIAS, by snares and ambush
- PERRINI EXAMPLE, the worst of precedents, examples
- PATTLE, to indulge, pamper
- PINNOCK, a bagpipe tune, usually for the gathering of a clan
- PICKLE IN THINE AIR FORNOON, depend on thy own exertions
- PICQUERAGES, bickering, disputes
- PICTURASQUE. *See* Price
- P'ICE, an earthenware vessel, pitcher
- PIKE, to pick
- PILLION MAIL, baggage carried on a pillion
- PIRE, a reel
- PI'T, put
- PITCAIRN, DR., a well-known Edinburgh physician, died in 1713, who showed skill in writing Latin verse
- PLACED MINISTER, one holding an ecclesiastical charge
- PLACK, 1d of a penny
- PLAGUE, trouble, annoyance
- PLANKED A CH'VVY, concealed a knife
- PLEASANTS, or PLEASANCE, a part of Edinburgh, between the Cowgate and Ballabury Crags
- PLENISHING, furniture
- PLOUGH-GATE, as much land as can be tilled by one plough
- PLOY, a spree, game
- POCK, a poke, bag
- POCCURANTE, an easy-going, indifferent person
- PONA ORDINARIA, usual punishment
- POST OF GRASSMERE, Wordsworth
- POFFLE, a small farm, piece of land
- POINT DEVISE, in or with the greatest exactitude, propriety
- POLLNUMPTIOUS, unruly, restive
- PONTAGES, bridge-tolls
- POORFU', powerful
- POFFLING, purling, rippling
- POQUELIN, the real name of Molière
- PORTOUS MOB. The actual order of events was—Robertson's escape, 11th April 1736; Wilson's execution, 14th April; Queen's pardon for Porteous reached Edinburgh, 2d September; riot took place, 7th September; Porteous's execution was fixed for 8th September
- Pow, the head

PRICE'S APPROPRIATE PHRASE, PICTURESQUE—an allusion to Sir Uvedale Price's *Essay on the Picturesque*, 1795

PRISO, to entreat, beg for
PROCTOR, a procurator, solicitor

PROFANE, a gift
PUND SCOTS = 1s. 8d.
PURN, a burn, stream
PYKIT, picked, pilfered

QUADRILLE TABLE, a game at cards, not unlike ombre with a fourth player

QUARRY HOLES, where duels were frequently fought, and female criminals sometimes drowned, at the foot of Calton Hill, not far from Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh

QUEAN, a young woman
QUEER CUFFIN, a justice of peace

QUERRING, quizzing, making fun

QUEER THE NOOSE, THE STIFLER, escape the gallows
QUEY, a young cow

QUILLET, a quibble, subtlety
QUIVIS EX POPULO, any ordinary citizen

QUODAMODO, in a manner, certain measure

QUOS DILIGIT CASTRAT, whom He loveth He chasteneth

QUOATH, for-ooth

RABBLE, to mob

RANNEL-TREES, a beam across the fireplace for suspending a pot on

RAPING, swearing falsely
RARI APPARENT NANTES, etc. (p. 4), they appear swimming, widely scattered, in the vast deep

RATT-RHYME, doggerel verses, repeated by rote

RAX, to stretch

RECKAN, pling, miserable

RED, to counsel, advise

REDDING UP, clearing up

REEK, smoke

REMEDIUM MISERABILE, sad remedy for misfortune

RENWICK, MR. JAMES, the last of the 'martyrs' of the Covenant, executed at Edinburgh on 11th February 1683

RUBINO or PARLIAMENT, the procession of dignitaries on their way to open a new session

RIN, to run

RINTHERBOUT, a houseless vagrant

RIVE, to search

RIVE, to tear

ROKSLAY, a short cloak

ROOMS, portions of land, to own or occupy
ROSA SOLIS, a cordial, formerly in great repute, made of spirits flavoured with cinnamon, orange-flower, etc.

ROUFING, selling off, auctioning

ROUFIT, hoarse

ROVING, raving

ROWING, rolling, reviving

ROYALTON, a mansion belonging to the Duke of Argyll at Cramond, near Edinburgh; it stood in Caroline Park

RUBBIT, robbed

RUR, TARE TWE, repented of

RUFFIAN, a bullying beggar or thief

RUNNING FOOTMAN. See Note 9 to *Bride of Lunnamoor*

SACKLESS, innocent, guileless

SAIN, to bless

ST. NICOLAS'S CLERKS, highwaymen

SAIN, sore, much

SALMONUS, a mythical king who, arrogantly imitating Zeus, was slain by his own thunderbolt. See Demens, etc.

'SAME AGAIN, QUOTH MARK OF HELLGRAVE, a Leicestershire proverb. The story goes that a militia officer, exercising his men before the lord-lieutenant, became confused, and continued to order 'The same again'

SAMEN, THE OLD, the same as before

SARK, a shirt

SARK FOOT, the lower portion of the boundary stream between England and Scotland

SARSENACH, Saxon, that is, English

SAUNT, saint

SAUT, salt

SCAITH, SCATHE, hairn

SCART, a scratch

SCLATR, slate

SCOPFISH, to suffocate

SCOPFING, skipping

SCOUR, to thrust (a knife)

SCRAUGHIN', screeching, screaming

SCREED, a mass, string

SCRIMOEUR. JOHN, minister

of Kinghorn, resisted the authority of his bishop to depose him, in 1620

SCUD, a sudden shower

SCD TRASSRAT, etc. (p. 214), but let it pass with other blunders

SEIL, to sie, strain

SEIL, to ooze

SELL O' YR, yourself

SET, to suit, become

SHAWRIT, hauled

SHOON, shoes

SIC, SICCAN, such

SIGHT FOR SAIE SEN, a most welcome sight

SIGNET, written to. See Writer

SILLY HEALTH, poorly

SIMMER, SUMMER

SINDERED, separated, sundered

SIDNEY, sundry, different

SINGLS CAERITCH, the Shorter Catechism of the Church of Scotland

SINGULI IN SOLIDUM, singly responsible for the whole

SIT DOWN WITH, endure, take quietly

SKAITH, hairn, injury

SKAITHLESS, free from harm

SKILL, SKILL, knowledge; skill, skillful, knowing

SKELP, to slap, beat

SKIDDAW. See Criffel

SKIN AND BIRN, wholly, in entirety

SKILL, to screech, scream

SKUDDUDERY, breach of chastity, innocency

SLAKE, a shear

SLOAN, abuse, rating

SMACKED CALF-SKIN, kissed the Testament, taken a (false) oath

SNACK, a snatch of food

SNAP, a snack, hurried meal

SNAPPER, stumble, scrape, moral error

SNOG AND SNOD, neat and tidy

'SOMETHING THERE WAS,' etc. (p. 102). From Crabbe's *The Borough*, Letter xv.

SONSY, comfortable-looking, plump

SORTED, looked after, attended to

SOUGH, to sigh; a sigh, rumour

SOUP, a sup

SOUTHER, to solder

SOWENS, a sort of gruel made from the soured siftings of oatmeal

SPAFING, telling fortunes

SPEER, to inquire, ask

SPIEL, to climb

- SPLEUCRAN**, a Highland tobacco pouch
SPURRAN, a Highland purse of goat skin
STAIR, an unbroken horse
STAIR'S INSTITUTES, or, **INSTITUTIONS OF THE LAW OF SCOTLAND**, by James Dalrymple, First Viscount Stair, President of the Court of Session, 1699-1705, a celebrated Scotch law-book
STEN, to place, fix
STERN, a star
STIRE, a steer
STOIT, to stagger
STOUP, a wooden drinking-vessel
STOV, to crop, cut off
STRAUGHTED, stretched
STRAIGHT, strait, trouble
STURS, rough, hardy
SUI GENERA, of its own kind, special
SUMMUM BONUM, the chief good, prime consideration
SUNKETS, victuals
SUSPLAAT ON THE WARR. The Three Tuns Inn on the marsh (inclosed in 1777) beside the Welland at Surfleet was a resort of smugglers
SWITTER, suspense, hesitation
SYND, to wash, rinse
SYNE, since, ago
SYNE AS SUNE, late as soon
TAILIE, entail
TAIT, a lock (of wool)
TAM CABER CAPUT, a person so dear
TAP, a top
TAP OUT, to eke out, make a little go a long way
TAP IN MY LAP, (take up) my baggage and be off
TAWFH, an awkward girl, foolish wench
TAWER, a strap cut into narrow thongs for whipping boys
TREND, tithes
TEMPUS VENIENS, time (waits for) no man
TENDER, in delicate health
TEN-MARK COURT, former Scotch small debt court for sums not exceeding ten marks (11s. 2d.) and servants' wages
TENT, care; **TAK TENT**, to take care
THATCH GROBY POOL WI' PANCAKES, a Leicestershire proverb, indicating an impossible promise or undertaking
TWELLAGS, the obligation to grind corn at a certain mill, and pay certain dues for its maintenance, etc.
TWOLE, to suffer, endure
TWRAWART, TWRAWN, crabbed, ill-tempered
TWERSHIE-COAT, a rough weather coat
THROUGH OTHERS, confusedly, all together
THUMKINS, or THUMMKINS, the thumb-screws
TWORT, trim, neat
TIRT, lost
TITTLE, a little pot, generally a sifter
TOCHER, dowry
TOB, a fox
TOM OF LINCOLN, the large bell of Lincoln Cathedral
TONY LUMPHIN, a country clown in Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*
TOON, empty; to empty, pour
TOUK, TOOK, TUCK, beat (of a drum)
TOW, a rope
TOWN, a farm-house, with the outbuildings
TOY, a woman's cap
TRAIL, to dangle after
TRAVIS, a bar or partition between two stalls in a stable
TRINQUET, or TRINKET, to correspond clandestinely, intrigue
TRIP TO THE JUBILER, a comedy by G. Farquhar
TROW, to believe
TROWLING, rolling
TULLY, Marcus Tullius Cicero, the Roman orator
TUNPIER STAIR, a winding or spiral stair
TUTOR DATIVE, a guardian appointed by a court or magistrate
TWAL, twelve
TWOMONT, a twelvemonth, year
TYNA, to lose; **TYNA HEART TYNE A'**, to lose heart is to lose everything
ULAI. See Dan. viii. 2, 16
ULTRONEOUS, voluntary
UNCANNY, mischievous, not safe
UNCHANCY, dangerous, not safe to meddle with
UNCO, uncommou, strange, serious
UNSCYTHED CAR, the war-chariots of the ancient Britons and Gauls bore scythes affixed to their wheels
URSANS, ascent
URSANS WI', quits with
URSUBAUGH, whiskey
UT FLOS IN SEPTE, etc. (p. 487), as a flower spring up unseason in a walled garden
VALBAT QUANTUM, whatever it may be worth
VICARAGE, tithes
VIVAT REX, etc. (p. 276), long live the king, let the law take its course
WA', a wall
WAD, a pledge, bet; to wager, bet
WAD, would
WADSET, a mortgage
WAE, WOE, sorry; **WAEOME**, sorrowful, sad
WAFF, whisk, sudden puff
WAGGINS, dangling by a piece of skin
WALL, to select, choose
WALLY-DRAIGLE, a poor weak creature, drone
WAMPISHING, braudishing, flourishing
WAN OUT, got out
WAN-THRIVEN, in a state of decline
WARR, to spend
WARBLE, WAUSTLE, to waste
WASTEPS, waste; **WASTER**, wasteful
WAT FINGER, to ERING AFF WI' A, maunge a thing very easily
WATNA, wot not
WAUFF, a passing glance, glimpse
WAUR, worse
WEAN, a young child, infant
WEBSTER, a weaver
WEIRD, destiny
WELL-TO-PASS, well-to-do
WHAUF IN THE RAPE, something wrong or rotten
WHEEN, a few, a parcel of
WHIES, sometimes
WHILEYWA, to wheedle
WHIEYING, hurrying
WHISTER-POOP, a back handed blow
WHISTLE ON HIS THUMB, completely disappointed
WHITTLE, a large knife
WHORN, a horn
WIGHT, WICHT, powerful, valiant
WILLYARD, wild, wilful, obstinate
WIMPLE, a white, piece of craft, wrinkle
WINNA, will not
WOGGAWOLFE. See Ethwald

GLOSSARY

571

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|---|---|---|
| <p>WOOHE, the halter
 WORRINGOW, a hobgoblin
 WORSET, worsted
 WRITER TO THE SIGNET, a class of Scottish law-agents, enjoying certain privileges
 WUD, mad, violent
 WULL-CAT, a wild cat
 WUN, WON, WIN, to win, get, gain</p> | <p>WUNOWERWI', to deal with, get through with
 WUS, to wish
 WUSSENT, wisened, withered
 WYED, a narrow passage or <i>cul-de-sac</i>
 WYTE, blame

 YEALD (cow), one whose milk has dried up; YEALD BEASTS, drapes</p> | <p>YEALDON, elding, fuel
 YEASN, to cause to coagulate, make (cheese)
 YERN, to bind tightly
 YERL, an earl
 YILL, ale
 YILL-CAUP, a wooden-drinking-vessel

 ZONE, a money-belt</p> |
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INDEX

- ARCHIBALD, John**, 306; conducts Jeanie Deans from Mrs. Glass's, 375; Jeanie's description of him, 401; consideration for her at Carlisle, 412, 417, 420; rows Jeanie and Mrs. Dutton home, 466
- Argyle, John, Duke of**, his retort to Queen Caroline, 69; defence of the Porteous riot, 251; relations with the court, 363; receives Jeanie in audience, 366; takes her to Richmond, 376; relations with Queen Caroline, 381; interview with her, 382; discusses cheese with Jeanie, 394; in Mrs. Glass's shop, 402; his wife and daughters, 409; his letter to Jeanie, 423; praises Lady Staunton, 486; his death, 488; anecdotes of, 556
- Arthur's Seat**, Author's favourite resort, 71; duels on, 108
- '**At the sight of Dunbarton**,' 296
- Auchingower**, Jeanie's home, 457
- Author's Introduction**, ix; and **Arthur's Seat**, 71; connection with **Quakerism**, xviii, 530
- BAILZOU, Annaple**, 513, 515
- Balchristie, Mrs. Janet**, 264
- Beersheba, Butler's croft**, 72
- Bellum Bellillum**, 562
- Bess Wynd**, 38, 542
- Bible**, folding a leaf of, 99
- Bickerton, Mrs.**, of York, 285, 289
- Bishops, Scottish**, expulsion of, 406, 557
- Bitem politics**. See **Bubbleburgh**
- Borrowing days**, 287, 557
- Bovet's Pandæmonium**, quoted, 553
- Brownie**, 263
- Bubbleburgh and Bitem politics**, 12, 15
- Buckholmside cheese**, 395, 557
- Butler, David**, guides Lady Staunton, 506; gets a commission, 537
- Butler, Mrs.**, Reuben's grandmother, 78; her pride in him, 86
- Butler, Reuben**, corrects Saddietree's Latin, 39; his discussions with Saddietree, 39, 43, 275; distress at Effie's misfortune, 46; chaplain to the rioters, 52; tries to save Porteous, 64, 66; escapes from Edinburgh, 67; history of, 71; early associated with Jeanie Deans, 80; licensed as a preacher, 86; encounters Robertson in the King's Park, 108; sympathetic visit to the Deans family, 114; apprehended, 134; examined by the bailie, 136, 140; does not identify Midge Wildfire, 167; visited by Jeanie, 277; gives her a letter to Argyle, 281; Jeanie's letters to him, 287, 401; appointed to Knocktarlittie church, 435; welcomes Jeanie home, 447; his ordination, 461; marriage to Jeanie Deans, 473; behaviour towards David Deans, 475; plays backgammon with Knockdundor, 478; buys Craigsture, 494; intercourse with Sir G. Staunton, 515; his loyalty to the Scottish Kirk, 521; lands at Caird's Cove, 527; takes charge of Lady Staunton's affairs, 531
- Butler, Stephen** or 'Bible,' 71; Lorn's testimony to, 369
- CAIRD'S COVE**, 525
- Cameronians**, horror of dancing, 98, 552; belief in apparitions, 151, 554; sects of, 198; meeting at Talla Linns, 200, 557; attitude to government, 201; leaders, 447; shining lights of, 476
- Carlyle, Dr.**, his recollections of the Porteous mob, 550
- Caroline, Queen**, and the Porteous riot, 45, 68; characteristics of, 380; interview with Argyle, 382; with Jeanie Deans, 387; her gift to Jeanie, 392
- Carspharn, John**, 90, 152, 551
- '**Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald**,' 418
- Cheese, Scotch**, 394
- Child-murder in Scotland**, 48, 125, 157, 542
- City Guard of Edinburgh**, 24, 542; disarmed by Porteous mob, 57
- Cleishbotham, Jedediah**, his preface, xv, his Envoy, 538
- Clyde, river**, 423; beauties of firth, 428
- College students of Edinburgh**, 75
- Covenant**, and the government, 201
- Crabbe**, quoted, 10, 102, 362
- Crombie v. Macphail**, 277
- Crossmyloof, Counsellor**, Saddietree's oracle, 39, 42, 124
- DABBY, Mrs. Deputy**, 404
- Dalglish, Jock**, 164, 554

- Dalton, Mrs. Staunton's housekeeper, 337; takes charge of Jeanie, 356
- Danahey, Miss, lament over the Union, 37, 40; and the verdict on Effie, 242
- Dancing, Cameronians' horror of, 98, 552
- Deans, David, 74; his worldly success, 83; jealousy of Butler, 86; removes to St. Leonard's Crags, 90; horror of dancing, 98; distress at Effie's disgrace, 105; reception of Butler in his distress, 114; discussion with Saddletree, 121; rejects the counsel, 126; repudiates Effie, 196; Jeanie follow her conscience, 204; attends at the trial, 217; swoons in court, 240; taken to Mrs. Saddletree's, 252; letter of thanks to Jeanie, 405; resolves to leave St. Leonard's, 406; welcomes Jeanie at Roseneath, 429; appointed to manage the Duke's farm, 432; visits Dumblodikes, 436; hears of Butler's preferment, 438; on the ordination oath, 439; his future home, 453; his first-born joke, 465; his bickerings with Butler, 473; helps rescue the minister's cows, 490; dies, 491
- Deans, Effie, Mrs. Saddletree's sympathy for, 45; urged to fly from the prison, 63; description of, 94; scolded by Jeanie, 97; takes service with Mrs. Saddletree, 100; her misfortune, 102; apprehended, 104; interrogated by the procurator, 182; interview with Jeanie whilst in jail, 208; placed in the dock, 222; her declaration, 232; found guilty, 246; second interview with Jeanie, 255; her connection with George Staunton, 343; is pardoned, 391; runs away from her father, 448; letter to her father, 449; surprises Jeanie at Roseneath, 468; affecting letter to Jeanie, 480; praised by the Duke of Argyll, 486; tenor of her letters, 489. *See further*, Staunton, Lady
- Deans, Jeanie, early association with Butler, 80; and the visits of Dumblodikes, 83, 91; personal description of, 84; admires Butler's learning, 88; scolds Effie, 97; breaks off her engagement, 118; meets Robertson at Muschat's Cairn, 149, 154; escapes from Sharpitlaw's party, 184; difficulties attending her evidence, 204; interview with Effie in jail, 208; at the trial, 219; in the witness-box, 237; receives her father's blessing, 254; second interview with Effie, 255; takes Ratcliffe's pass, 257; asks assistance from Dumblodikes, 267; his wooing, 268; visit to Butler, 277; letters to her father, 286, 399; to Butler, 287, 401; stopped by highwaymen, 297; danger in their hut, 309; led into church by Madge Wildfire, 323; brought before Rev. Mr. Staunton, 334; interview with George Staunton, 339; his relations with Effie, 340; put in Mrs. Dalton's charge, 356; escorted to Stamford, 359; arrives in London, 362; interview with Argyle, 365; cross-questioned by Mr. Glass, 373, 386; taken to Richmond, 375; interview with Queen Caroline, 387; discusses cheese with the Duke, 394; her father's reply to her letter to him, 405; presented to the Duchess, 409; sets off home, 410; at Madge Wildfire's death, 417; her distress at the change of route, 422; meeting with her father, 429; with Butler, 447; inspects her future home, 457; delight at seeing the cows, 459; unpacks the Argyle presents, 460; surprised by Effie at Roseneath, 468; marriage to Butler, 473; joys and crosses of her married life, 474; reads Effie's letter, 480; her transitory pique, 483; surprises Butler with the money, 492; is visited by Lady Staunton, 499; visits the Whistler, 535; loosens his cords, 536
- Deans, Mrs. Rebecca, 84
- Dempster of court, 247, 555. *See also* Haugman
- Dhu, John, of the City Guard, 26
- Dick, Sir William, of Braid, 193, 555
- Dickson, Maggie. *See* Half-hanged Maggie
- Dickson
- Donacha Dhu, 490, 507; attacks Butler and Sir George Staunton, 530; killed by Knockdunder, 530; his plans, 533
- Doomster of court, 247, 555. *See also* Haugman
- Dumbledikes, old laird of, 73; deathbed of, 75
- Dumbledikes, young laird of, at his father's deathbed, 75; his character, 77; his visits to the Deans, 83, 91; his wooing, 92, 268; offers money to help Effie, 106, 128; appealed to by Jeanie, 267; married, 436
- Dumbledikes mansion-house, 261; situation of, 550
- Dunbarton, Castle of, 424
- Dundas, James, younger, of Arniston, 126
- Dunover, Mr., mail-coach passenger, 5; his history, 13
- Dutton, Mrs. Dolly, 394; curiosity to witness the execution, 412; refuses to go on the water, 425; appears late for breakfast, 455; jealousy of Jeanie's presents, 460; refuses to land at Roseneath pier, 467; sends Meg Murdockson's Confession to Jeanie, 495
- ENNEBROH, City Guard of, 24, 55, 542; communication with London, 284; courts, 218; Grassmarket, 17, 28, 32; guard-house, 54; hangman, 139, 247; 'Heart of Midlothian' in, 7; King's Park, 90, 108, 113, 153; Krames, 51; Luckenbooths, 51, 55; magistrates of, 17, 58; mob, 33, 52; ports, 52, 54; students, 75, 550; tolbooth, 7, 50, 57, 543; Tolbooth Church, 21
- Envoy, Cleishbotham's, 538
- FAIRBROTHER, Effie's counsel, 225, 242
- Fairies, belief in, 151; fairy boy of Leith, 553
- Fairscrieve, city-clerk, 140, 161, 187
- Fair sex, calumniator of, 186
- Feeless Fannie, 558
- Ferguson, or Fergusson, on City Guard, 25
- Fife, smuggling in, 19
- Fleming, Archdeacon, of Carlisle, 496, 513
- Forbes, Duncan, 403

- GARR LOCH, 428
 Glass, Mrs., her instructions to Jeanie, 367; cross-questions Jeanie, 373, 386; and the Duke's visit, 402
 Goldie, Mrs., of Craigmuir, ix; her daughter's letter, xii
 'Good even, good fair moon,' 179
 Gordon, Francis, death of, 444, 561
 Grassmarket, Edinburgh, 17; execution of Wilson in, 28; at the execution of Porteous, 32
 Graves, Bow Street officer, on women, 554
 Guard-house, Edinburgh, 54
 Gunnerby Hill, near Grantham, 294; Jeanie stopped by highwayman near, 297
- HALF-BANGED Maggie Dickson, 415, 558
 Halkit, Edinburgh lawyer, 4
 Hangman of Edinburgh, 139, 247, 532. *See also* Dalgleish and Doomster
 Harabee Brow Hill, 412
 Hardie, Edinburgh advocate, 4
 Hardwicke, Lord, and the Duke of Argyle, 364, 556
 'Hadstrong, determined in his own career,' 362
 Heart of Midlothian, Edinburgh, 7. *See* Tolbooth
Heart of Midlothian, the novel, ix
 'He that is down,' 318
 Hettly, May, 258; shows Jeanie the cows, 458
 Highwaymen on the North Road, 297
 Howden, Mrs., on Porteous's reprieve, 37, 40; on the verdict on Effie, 249
- 'I BLANCE like the wildfire,' 168
 'I'm Madge of the country,' 318
 'In the bonny cells of Bedlam,' 303
 Invisible world, Covenanters' belief in, 112, 151
 Irongray, place of Helen Walker's burial, xlii, 539
 'It is the bonny butcher lad,' 180
- KELPIE'S VOICE, 542
 King's Advocate, 224, 241
 King's Park, 90, 168, 113, 153
 Knockdunder, Captain of, 451; smokes in church, 462; his boat run down, 471; interposes in behalf of Allie MacClure, 484; escorts Lady Staunton to Knocktarlittie, 499; hunts Douacha Dhu, 527; kills him, 530
 Knocktarlittie, manse of, 457
 Krames of the Tolbooth, Edinburgh, 51
- LAW-COURTS, Edinburgh, 218
 Lawson, Miss Helen, ix
 Lawyers, Scottish, Deans's objection to, 122, 126
 Leith, fairy boy of, 553
 Levitt, Frank, highwayman, stops Jeanie, 297; colloquy with Meg Murdockson, 306; committal of, 496
 Liberton, 273
 Lily of St. Leonard's. *See* Deans, Effie
- Llincuden Abbey, ix
 Lochaber axe, 26
 Lockman, 139, 247, 552. *See also* Dalgleish and Doomster
 London, communication with Edinburgh, 234
 Lord High Commissioner of Scottish Kirk, 512
 Lords of seat and of session, 40
 Luckenbooths, 51, 55
- MADGE WILDFIRE, before the procurator, 196; questioned by Ratcliffe, 169; leads the officers to Muschat's Calrn, 177; her conduct towards her mother, 191; accosts Jeanie on the North Road, 286; takes her into her own apartment, 301; leads her from the hut, 310; quotes *Pilgrim's Progress*, 314, 319; tells of her past history, 314; bedecks herself with finery, 321; enters the church, 323; her connection with George Staunton, 342; appeals to Jeanie at Carlisle, 415; her death, 417, prototype of, 558
 Magistrates of Edinburgh, 27, 58
 Mail-coaches, 1
 Marsport v. Luckland, 124
 Meiklehose, Elder, 462, 465
 Middleburgh, Bailie, 186; visits St. Leonard's, 194
 Mob of Edinburgh, 33; Porteous mob, 52-58
 'Much have I fear'd,' 10
 Murdockson, Meg, demands her daughter, 189; in the highwaymen's hut, 259; her colloquy with Levitt, 306; relations with George Staunton, 342, 345; her execution, 412; her Dying Confession, 496
 Muschat's Calrn, 113, 153; story of Nicol Muschat, 552
- NETHERBOW PORT, Edinburgh, 54
 Newark, Jeanie at, 294
 Novit, Nichol, the attorney, 75; his son acts for Effie, 220
- ORDINATION OATH, Deans on, 439, 463; Butler's, 461
 'O sleep ye sound, Sir James,' 181
 Ostler Dick, 290, 293
 'Our work is over—over now,' 417
- PEDEN, *Life of*, quoted, 197
Pilgrim's Progress cited, 314, 319
 Pittenween, Wilson's robbery at, 19
 Plumdamas, on Porteous's reprieve, 37, 39; acts as peacemaker, 249; at Saddletree's house, 517
 Porteous, Captain John, 24, 27; his cruelty to Wilson, 28; fires upon the mob, 29; reprieved, 35; dragged out of the tolbooth, 62; hanged, 67
 Porteous, Mrs., 517; indemnified for her husband's death, 556
 Porteous mob, 52-68, 543; official inquiry into, 544-550; Dr. Carlyle's recollections of, 550
 Ports, or gates, of Edinburgh, 52, 54
 Portsburgh, suburb of Edinburgh, 52
 'Proud Maise is in the wood,' 419

- QUAKERISM, Author's connection with, xviii, 539
- RATCLIFFE, Jim, refuses to leave the tolbooth, 63; before the magistrate, 137; his interview with Sharpitlaw, 163; questions Madge Wildfire, 169; goes to Muschat's Cairn, 176; appointed jailor of the tolbooth, 206; gives Jeanie his pass, 257; his communication to Sir George, 531; note on, 562
- Richmond Park, scene in, 382; Richmond Hill, view from, 378
- Robertson, Geordie, associated with Wilson, 19; attempted escape, 20; actual escape, 22; his part in the Porteous riot, 63; accosted by Butler in the King's Park, 108; meets Jeanie at Muschat's Cairn, 151; escapes from the police officers, 160. *See further*, Staunton, George
- Rory Bean, Dumbledikes's pony, 92, 130, 270
- Rosenath, 424, 428, 451
- Ross, Alex., his *Fortunate Shepherd* quoted, 436
- SADDLETREE, Bartoline, 37; his Latin, 39; discussions with Butler, 39, 43, 275; on Effie's case, 46; his advice to David Deans, 117, 122; puts the case of Marsport v. Lackland, 124; at Effie's trial, 230; recites Argyle on the Porteous mob, 251; intrudes on Butler, 275; his version of Crombie v. MacPhail, 277; in after years, 517
- Saddle-tree, Mrs., 38; cares of the shop, 43; takes Effie into her employment, 100; makes tea for Sir G. Staunton, 517
- St. Anthony's Chapel, 153
- St. Leonard's Crags, 90
- Salisbury Crags, near Edinburgh, 70
- Scotsmen, clannish feeling of, 396
- Scottish bishops, expulsion of, 406, 557
- Seiple, John, 90, 152, 551
- Sharpitlaw, his interview with Ratcliffe, 163; examines Madge Wildfire, 166; examines Effie, 173; attempts to capture Robertson, 176; his sneer at women, 186, 534
- awfield's mob, 423, 560
- Shaws, murder of the two, 254, 557
- Smuggling in Scotland, 18, 454
- Somerset stage-coach, 4
- 'Some say that we wan,' 409
- Speculative Society, Edinburgh, 14
- 'Stand to it, noble pikemen,' 331
- Staunton, George, discovers himself to Jeanie, 339; his story, 342; upbraided by his father, 351; offers his life to save Effie's, 358; his history, 360; appears at Rosenath, 369; in the Lord High Commissioner's train, 512; seeks Butler's acquaintance, 515; turns in to the Saddle-trees' house, 517; assists Mrs. Porteous, 517; challenged by Ratcliffe, 518; thinks to offer Butler a living, 521; lands at Caird's Cove, 525; killed, 530
- Staunton, Lady, arrives at Knockarllitie, 499; appearance and manners of, 500, 504; her danger at the waterfall, 507; her grief for Sir George's death, 531; her subsequent history, 538
- Staunton, Rev. Mr., observes Jeanie in church, 325; hears her story, 334; upbraids his son, 351; his history, 361
- Stuhhs, the Willingham beadle, 328
- Students of Edinburgh, 75, 550
- Suffolk, Lady, 382
- Supernatural visitants, belief in, 112, 151, 507
- Surplice, Presbyterian objection to, 325
- TALLA LINNS, Cameronian conference at, 200, 555
- Thames, from Richmond Hill, 378
- 'There's a bloodhound ranging,' 181
- 'The water gently down the level slid,' 456
- Thomas, servant at Willingham, 330
- Tilliclidian, Saddle-tree's collision with, 276
- Tolbooth, old, Edinburgh, 7, 50, 543; looked into by Porteous mob, 57-60
- Tolbooth Church, Robertson's escape from, 21
- Toiling to service, 461, 502
- Tramp, Gaffer, 414
- Trees, planting of, 75, 550
- Tyburn, London, 17
- Tyburn, Tom, highwayman, 297, 496
- UNION, the lament over, 37, 40
- WAITERS, Edinburgh gate-keepers, 53
- Walker, Helen, prototype of Jeanie Deans, x, xiii; her tombstone and epitaph, 539
- Walker, Patrick, Cameronian historian, 99, 551; on Francis Gordon's death, 444, 561; his book cited, 551, 557, 561
- Wallace Inn, Gaudercleugh, 5
- West Port, Edinburgh, 54
- Whackbairn, Liberton schoolmaster, 47, 274
- 'What did ye w' the bridal ring,' 170
- 'When the fight of grace,' 418
- 'When the glad's in the blue cloud,' 159
- Whistler, Effie's child, 509; rescues Lady Staunton, 508; captured by Knockdunder, 530; his history 532, 536; escapes, 535
- Willingham rectory, 329
- Willoughby, Peregrine Bertie, Lord, 331
- Wilson, Andrew, smuggler, 19; attempted escape, 20; secures Robertson's escape, 22; execution of, 28; Staunton's connection with, 343
- Witchcraft, belief in, 112, 151
- Women, cynical opinion of, 554
- Woodend cottage, 78
- YORK, James, blacksmith of Lincoln, 331

THE
WAVERLEY NOVELS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT
VOLUME XXV

THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER AND
CASTLE DANGEROUS

CHRONICLES OF THE CANONGATE

First Series

MR. CROFTANGRY'S PREFACE

Indite, my muse, indite,
Subpœna'd is thy lyre,
The praises to requite
Which rules of court require.

Probationary Odes.

THE concluding a literary undertaking, in whole or in part, is, to the inexperienced at least, attended with an irritating titillation, like that which attends on the healing of a wound—a prurient impatience, in short, to know what the world in general, and friends in particular, will say to our labours. Some authors, I am told, profess an oyster-like indifference upon this subject; for my own part, I hardly believe in their sincerity. Others may acquire it from habit; but in my poor opinion a neophyte like myself must be for a long time incapable of such *sang froid*.

Frankly, I was ashamed to feel how childishly I felt on the occasion. No person could have said prettier things than myself upon the importance of stoicism concerning the opinion of others, when their applause or censure refers to literary character only; and I had determined to lay my work before the public with the same unconcern with which the ostrich lays her eggs in the sand, giving herself no farther trouble concerning the incubation, but leaving to the atmosphere to bring forth the young, or otherwise, as the climate shall serve. But, though an ostrich in theory, I became in practice a poor hen, who has no sooner made her deposit but she runs cackling about, to call the attention of every one to the wonderful work which she has performed.

As soon as I became possessed of my first volume, neatly stitched up and boarded, my sense of the necessity of communicating with some one became ungovernable. Janet was inexorable, and seemed already to have tired of my literary

confidence ; for whenever I drew near the subject, after evading it as long as she could, she made, under some pretext or other, a bodily retreat to the kitchen or the cock-loft, her own peculiar and inviolate domains. My publisher would have been a natural resource ; but he understands his business too well, and follows it too closely, to desire to enter into literary discussions, wisely considering that he who has to sell books has seldom leisure to read them. Then my acquaintance, now that I have lost Mrs. Bethune Baliol, are of that distant and accidental kind to whom I had not face enough to communicate the nature of my uneasiness, and who probably would only have laughed at me had I made any attempt to interest them in my labours.

Reduced thus to a sort of despair, I thought of my friend and man of business, M^r. Fairscribe. His habits, it was true, were not likely to render him indulgent to light literature, and, indeed, I had more than once noticed his daughters, and especially my little songstress, whip into her reticule what looked very like a circulating library volume, as soon as her father entered the room. Still, he was not only my assured, but almost my only, friend, and I had little doubt that he would take an interest in the volume for the sake of the author which the work itself might fail to inspire. I sent him, therefore, the book, carefully sealed up, with an intimation that I requested the favour of his opinion upon the contents, of which I affected to talk in the depreciatory style which calls for point-blank contradiction, if your correspondent possess a grain of civility.

This communication took place on a Monday, and I daily expected (what I was ashamed to anticipate by volunteering my presence, however sure of a welcome) an invitation to eat an egg, as was my friend's favourite phrase, or a card to drink tea with Misses Fairscribe, or a provocation to breakfast, at least, with my hospitable friend and benefactor, and to talk over the contents of my inclosure. But the hours and days passed on from Monday till Saturday, and I had no acknowledgment whatever that my packet had reached its destination. 'This is very unlike my good friend's punctuality,' thought I : and having again and again vexed James, my male attendant, by a close examination concerning the time, place, and delivery, I had only to strain my imagination to conceive reasons for my friend's silence. Sometimes I thought that his opinion of the work had proved so unfavourable, that he was averse to

hurt my feelings by communicating it; sometimes that, escaping his hands to whom it was destined, it had found its way into his writing-chamber, and was become the subject of criticism to his smart clerks and conceited apprentices. 'Sdeath!' thought I, 'if I were sure of this, I would ——'

'And what would you do?' said Reason, after a few moments' reflection. 'You are ambitious of introducing your book into every writing and reading chamber in Edinburgh, and yet you take fire at the thoughts of its being criticised by Mr. Fairscribe's young people? Be a little consistent, for shame.'

'I will be consistent,' said I, doggedly; 'but for all that, I will call on Mr. Fairscribe this evening.'

I hastened my dinner, donned my greatcoat, for the evening threatened rain, and went to Mr. Fairscribe's house. The old domestic opened the door cautiously, and before I asked the question, said, 'Mr. Fairscribe is at home, sir; but it is Sunday night.' Recognising, however, my face and voice, he opened the door wider, admitted me, and conducted me to the parlour, where I found Mr. Fairscribe and the rest of his family engaged in listening to a sermon by the late Mr. Walker of Edinburgh,¹ which was read by Miss Catherine with unusual distinctness, simplicity, and judgment. Welcomed as a friend of the house, I had nothing for it but to take my seat quietly, and, making a virtue of necessity, endeavour to derive my share of the benefit arising from an excellent sermon. But I am afraid Mr. Walker's force of logic and precision of expression were somewhat lost upon me. I was sensible I had chosen an improper time to disturb Mr. Fairscribe, and when the discourse was ended I rose to take my leave, somewhat hastily, I believe. 'A cup of tea, Mr. Croftangry?' said the young lady. 'You will wait and take part of a Presbyterian supper?' said Mr. Fairscribe. 'Nine o'clock — I make it a point of keeping my father's hours on Sunday at e'en. Perhaps Dr. —— (naming an excellent clergyman) may look in.'

I made my apology for declining his invitation; and I fancy my unexpected appearance and hasty retreat had rather surprised my friend, since, instead of accompanying me to the door, he conducted me into his own apartment.

'What is the matter,' he said, 'Mr. Croftangry? This is not a night for secular business, but if anything sudden or extraordinary has happened ——'

¹ Robert Walker [1754-83], the colleague and rival of Dr. Hugh Blair [1758-1800], in St. Giles's Church, Edinburgh (*Living*).

'Nothing in the world,' said I, forcing myself upon confession, as the best way of clearing myself out of the scrape; 'only — only I sent you a little parcel, and as you are so regular in acknowledging letters and communications, I — I thought it might have miscarried — that's all.'

My friend laughed heartily, as if he saw into and enjoyed my motives and my confusion. 'Safe! It came safe enough,' he said. 'The wind of the world always blows its vanities into haven. But this is the end of the session, when I have little time to read anything printed except Inner House papers; yet if you will take your kail with us next Saturday, I will glance over your work, though I am sure I am no competent judge of such matters.'

With this promise I was fain to take my leave, not without half persuading myself that, if once the phlegmatic lawyer began my lucubrations, he would not be able to rise from them till he had finished the perusal, nor to endure an interval betwixt his reading the last page and requesting an interview with the author.

No such marks of impatience displayed themselves. Time, blunt or keen, as my friend Joanna says, swift or leisurely, held his course; and on the appointed Saturday I was at the door precisely as it struck four. The dinner hour, indeed, was five punctually, but what did I know but my friend might want half an hour's conversation with me before that time? I was ushered into an empty drawing-room, and, from a needle-book and work-basket, hastily abandoned, I had some reason to think I interrupted my little friend, Miss Katie, in some domestic labour more praiseworthy than elegant. In this critical age filial piety must hide herself in a closet if she has a mind to darn her father's linen.

Shortly after I was the more fully convinced that I had been too early an intruder, when a wench came to fetch away the basket, and recommend to my courtesies a red and green gentleman in a cage, who answered all my advances by croaking out, 'You're a fool — you're a fool, I tell you!' until, upon my word, I began to think the creature was in the right. At last my friend arrived a little overheated. He had been taking a turn at golf to prepare him for 'colloquy sublime.' And wherefore not, since the game, with its variety of odds, lengths, bunkers, tee'd balls, and so on, may be no inadequate representation of the hazards attending literary pursuits? In particular, those formidable buffets which make one ball spin

through the air like a rifle-shot, and strike another down into the very earth it is placed upon, by the maladroitness or the malicious purpose of the player — what are they but parallels to the favourable or depreciating notices of the reviewers, who play at golf with the publications of the season, even as Altisidora, in her approach to the gates of the infernal regions, saw the devils playing at racket with the new books of Cervantes's days.

Well, every hour has its end. Five o'clock came, and my friend, with his daughters and his handsome young son, who, though fairly buckled to the desk, is every now and then looking over his shoulder at a smart uniform, set seriously about satisfying the corporeal wants of nature; while I, stimulated by a nobler appetite after fame, wished that the touch of a magic wand could, without all the ceremony of picking and choosing, carving and slicing, masticating and swallowing, have transported a *quantum sufficit* of the good things on my friend's hospitable board into the stomachs of those who surrounded it, to be there at leisure converted into chyle, while their thoughts were turned on higher matters. At length all was over. But the young ladies sat still and talked of the music of *The Freischutz*, for nothing else was then thought of: so we discussed the wild hunters' song, and the tame hunters' song, etc. etc., in all which my young friends were quite at home. Luckily for me, all this horning and hooping drew on some allusion to the Seventh Hussars, which gallant regiment, I observe, is a more favourite theme with both Miss Catherine and her brother than with my old friend, who presently looked at his watch, and said something significantly to Mr. James about office hours. The youth got up with the ease of a youngster that would be thought a man of fashion rather than of business, and endeavoured, with some success, to walk out of the room as if the locomotion was entirely voluntary; Miss Catherine and her sisters left us at the same time, and now, thought I, my trial comes on.

Reader, did you ever, in the course of your life, cheat the courts of justice and lawyers by agreeing to refer a dubious and important question to the decision of a mutual friend? If so, you may have remarked the relative change which the arbiter undergoes in your estimation, when raised, though by your own free choice, from an ordinary acquaintance, whose opinions were of as little consequence to you as yours to him, into a superior personage, on whose decision your fate must depend *pro tanto*,

as my friend Mr. Fairscribe would say. His looks assume a mysterious, if not a minatory, expression ; his hat has a loftier air, and his wig, if he wears one, a more formidable buckle.

I felt, accordingly, that my good friend Fairscribe, on the present occasion, had acquired something of a similar increase of consequence. But a week since, he had, in my opinion, been indeed an excellent-meaning man, perfectly competent to everything within his own profession, but immured at the same time among its forms and technicalities, and as incapable of judging of matters of taste as any mighty Goth whatsoever of or belonging to the ancient Senate House of Scotland. But what of that ? I had made him my judge by my own election ; and I have often observed that an idea of declining such a reference on account of his own consciousness of incompetency is, as it perhaps ought to be, the last which occurs to the referee himself. He that has a literary work subjected to his judgment by the author immediately throws his mind into a critical attitude, though the subject be one which he never before thought of. No doubt the author is well qualified to select his own judge, and why should the arbiter whom he has chosen doubt his own talents for condemnation or acquittal, since he has been doubtless picked out by his friend from his indubitable reliance on their competence ? Surely the man who wrote the production is likely to know the person best qualified to judge of it.

Whilst these thoughts crossed my brain, I kept my eyes fixed on my good friend, whose motions appeared unusually tardy to me, while he ordered a bottle of particular claret, decanted it with scrupulous accuracy with his own hand, caused his old domestic to bring a saucer of olives, and chips of toasted bread, and thus, on hospitable thoughts intent, seemed to me to adjourn the discussion which I longed to bring on, yet feared to precipitate.

'He is dissatisfied,' thought I, 'and is ashamed to show it — afraid, doubtless, of hurting my feelings. What had I to do to talk to him about anything save charters and sasines ? Stay, he is going to begin.'

'We are old fellows now, Mr. Croftangry,' said my landlord : 'scarcely so fit to take a poor quart of claret between us as we would have been in better days to take a pint, in the old Scottish liberal acceptation of the phrase. Maybe you would have liked me to have kept James to help us. But if it is not on a holyday or so, I think it is best he should observe office hours.'

Here the discourse was about to fall. I relieved it by saying, Mr. James was at the happy time of life when he had better things to do than to sit over the bottle. 'I suppose,' said I, 'your son is a reader.'

'Um — yes — James may be called a reader in a sense ; but I doubt there is little solid in his studies — poetry and plays, Mr. Croftangry, all nonsense ; they set his head a-gadding after the army, when he should be minding his business.'

'I suppose, then, that romances do not find much more grace in your eyes than dramatic and poetical compositions ?'

'Deil a bit — deil a bit, Mr. Croftangry, nor historical productions either. There is too much fighting in history, as if men only were brought into this world to send one another out of it. It nourishes false notions of our being, and chief and proper end, Mr. Croftangry.'

Still all this was general, and I became determined to bring our discourse to a focus. 'I am afraid, then, I have done very ill to trouble you with my idle manuscripts, Mr. Fairscribe ; but you must do me the justice to remember that I had nothing better to do than to amuse myself by writing the sheets I put into your hands the other day. I may truly plead —

I left no calling for this idle trade.'

'I cry your mercy, Mr. Croftangry,' said my old friend, suddenly recollecting ; 'yes — yes, I have been very rude ; but I had forgotten entirely that you had taken a spell yourself at that idle man's trade.'

'I suppose,' replied I, 'you, on your side, have been too busy a man to look at my poor *Chronicles* ?'

'No — no,' said my friend, 'I am not so bad as that neither. I have read them bit by bit, just as I could get a moment's time, and I believe I shall very soon get through them.'

'Well, my good friend ?' said I, interrogatively.

And 'Well, Mr. Croftangry,' cried he, 'I really think you have got over the ground very tolerably well. I have noted down here two or three bits of things, which I presume to be errors of the press, otherwise it might be alleged, perhaps, that you did not fully pay that attention to the grammatical rules which one would desire to see rigidly observed.'

I looked at my friend's notes, which, in fact, showed that, in one or two grossly obvious passages, I had left uncorrected such solecisms in grammar.

'Well — well, I own my fault ; but, setting apart these casual

errors, how do you like the matter and the manner of what I have been writing, Mr. Fairscribe ?'

'Why,' said my friend, pausing, with more grave and important hesitation than I thanked him for, 'there is not much to be said against the manner. The style is terse and intelligible, Mr. Croftangry — very intelligible ; and that I consider as the first point in everything that is intended to be understood. There are, indeed, here and there some flights and fancies, which I comprehended with difficulty ; but I got to your meaning at last. There are people that are like ponies : their judgments cannot go fast, but they go sure.'

'That is a pretty clear proposition, my friend ; but then how did you like the meaning when you did get at it ? or was that, like some ponies, too difficult to catch, and, when caught, not worth the trouble ?'

'I am far from saying that, my dear sir, in respect it would be downright uncivil ; but since you ask my opinion, I wish you could have thought about something more appertaining to civil policy than all this bloody work about shooting and dirking, and downright hanging. I am told it was the Germans who first brought in such a practice of choosing their heroes out of the Porteous Roll ;¹ but, by my faith, we are like to be upsides with them. The first was, as I am credibly informed, Mr. Scolar, as they call him — a scholar-like piece of work he has made of it, with his robbers and thieves.'

'Schiller,' said I, 'n.y dear sir — let it be Schiller.'

'Shiller, or what you like,' said Mr. Fairscribe. 'I found the book where I wish I had found a better one, and that is, in Kate's work-basket. I sat down, and, like an old fool, began to read ; but there, I grant, you have the better of Shiller, Mr. Croftangry.'

'I should be glad, my dear sir, that you really think I have *approached* that admirable author ; even your friendly partiality ought not to talk of my having *excelled* him.'

'But I do say you have excelled him, Mr. Croftangry, in a most material particular. For surely a book of amusement should be something that one can take up and lay down at pleasure ; and I can say justly, I was never at the least loss to put aside these sheets of yours when business came in the way. But, faith, this Shiller, sir, does not let you off so easily. I forgot one appointment on particular business, and I wilfully broke through another, that I might stay at home and finish his

¹ List of criminal indictments, so termed in Scotland.

confounded book, which, after all, is about two brothers, the greatest rascals I ever heard of. The one, sir, goes near to murder his own father, and the other — which you would think still stranger — sets about to debauch his own wife.'

'I find, then, Mr. Fairscribe, that you have no taste for the romance of real life, no pleasure in contemplating those spirit-rousing impulses which force men of fiery passions upon great crimes and great virtues?'

'Why, as to that, I am not just so sure. But then, to mend the matter,' continued the critic, 'you have brought in Highlanders into every story, as if you were going back again, *velis et remis*, into the old days of Jacobitism. I must speak my plain mind, Mr. Croftangry. I cannot tell what innovations in kirk and state may be now proposed, but our fathers were friends to both, as they were settled at the glorious Revolution, and liked a tartan plaid as little as they did a white surplice. I wish to Heaven all this tartan fever bode well to the Protestant succession and the Kirk of Scotland.'

'Both too well settled, I hope, in the minds of the subject,' said I, 'to be affected by old remembrances, on which we look back as on the portraits of our ancestors, without recollecting, while we gaze on them, any of the feuds by which the originals were animated while alive. But most happy should I be to light upon any topic to supply the place of the Highlands, Mr. Fairscribe. I have been just reflecting that the theme is becoming a little exhausted, and your experience may perhaps supply —'

'Ha — ha — ha, *my* experience supply!' interrupted Mr. Fairscribe, with a laugh of derision. 'Why, you might as well ask my son James's experience to supply a case about thirlage. No — no, my good friend, I have lived by the law and in the law all my life; and when you seek the impulses that make soldiers desert and shoot their sergeants and corporals, and Highland drovers dirk English graziers, to prove themselves men of fiery passions, it is not to a man like me you should come. I could tell you some tricks of my own trade, perhaps, and a queer story or two of estates that have been lost and recovered. But, to tell you the truth, I think you might do with your Muse of Fiction, as you call her, as many an honest man does with his own sons in flesh and blood.'

'And how is that, my dear sir?'

'Send her to India, to be sure. That is the true place for

a Scot to thrive in; and if you carry your story fifty years back, as there is nothing to hinder you, you will find as much shooting and stabbing there as ever was in the wild Highlands. If you want rogues, as they are so much in fashion with you, you have that gallant caste of adventurers who laid down their consciences at the Cape of Good Hope as they went out to India, and forgot to take them up again when they returned. Then, for great exploits, you have in the old history of India, before Europeans were numerous there, the most wonderful deeds, done by the least possible means, that perhaps the annals of the world can afford.'

'I know it,' said I, kindling at the ideas his speech inspired. 'I remember, in the delightful pages of Orme,¹ the interest which mingles in his narratives, from the very small number of English which are engaged. Each officer of a regiment becomes known to you by name—nay, the non-commissioned officers and privates acquire an individual share of interest. They are distinguished among the natives like the Spaniards among the Mexicans. What do I say? They are like Homer's demigods among the warring mortals. Men like Clive and Cailliaud² influenced great events like Jove himself. Inferior officers are like Mars or Neptune, and the sergeants and corporals might well pass for demigods. Then the various religious costumes, habits, and manners of the people of Hindostan—the patient Hindoo, the warlike Rajahpoot, the haughty Moslemah, the savage and vindictive Malay. Glorious and unbounded subjects! The only objection is, that I have never been there, and know nothing at all about them.'

'Nonsense, my good friend. You will tell us about them all the better that you know nothing of what you are saying. And come, we'll finish the bottle, and when Katie—her sisters go to the assembly—has given us tea, she will tell you the outline of the story of poor Menie Gray, whose picture you will see in the drawing-room, a distant relation of my father's, who had, however, a handsome part of cousin Menie's succession. There are none living that can be hurt by the story now, though it was thought best to smother it up at the time, as indeed even the whispers about it led poor cousin Menie to live very retired. I mind her well when a child. There was

¹ *History of Military Transactions of the British Nation in Indostan, from the Year 1745 to 1761*, by Robert Orme [1763]. 3 vols. 4to (Lainy).

² Robert Clive, of Indian celebrity, born 1725, died 1774; and Frédéric Cailliaud, the French traveller in Africa, born 1787, died 1869 (Lainy).

something very gentle, but rather tiresome, about poor cousin Menie.'

When we came into the drawing-room, my friend pointed to a picture which I had before noticed, without, however, its having attracted more than a passing look; now I regarded it with more attention. It was one of those portraits of the middle of the 18th century, in which artists endeavoured to conquer the stiffness of hoops and brocades, by throwing a fancy drapery around the figure, with loose folds like a mantle or dressing-gown, the stays, however, being retained, and the bosom displayed in a manner which shows that our mothers, like their daughters, were as liberal of their charms as the nature of their dress might permit. To this the well-known style of the period the features and form of the individual added, at first sight, little interest. It represented a handsome woman of about thirty, her hair wound simply about her head, her features regular, and her complexion fair. But on looking more closely, especially after having had a hint that the original had been the heroine of a tale, I could observe a melancholy sweetness in the countenance, that seemed to speak of woes endured and injuries sustained with that resignation which women can and do sometimes display under the insults and ingratitude of those on whom they have bestowed their affections.

'Yes, she was an excellent and an ill-used woman,' said Mr. Fairscribe, his eye fixed like mine on the picture. 'She left our family not less, I daresay, than five thousand pounds, and I believe she died worth four times that sum; but it was divided among the nearest of kin, which was all fair.'

'But her history, Mr. Fairscribe,' said I; 'to judge from her look, it must have been a melancholy one.'

'You may say that, Mr. Croftangry. Melancholy enough, and extraordinary enough too. But,' added he, swallowing in haste a cup of the tea which was presented to him, 'I must away to my business: we cannot be gowffing all the morning, and telling old stories all the afternoon. Katie knows all the outs and the ins of cousin Menie's adventures as well as I do, and when she has given you the particulars, then I am at your service, to condescend more articulately upon dates or particulars.'

Well, here was I, a gay old bachelor, left to hear a love tale from my young friend Katie Fairscribe, who, when she is not surrounded by a bevy of gallants, at which time, to my

thinking, she shows less to advantage, is as pretty, well-behaved, and unaffected a girl as you see tripping the new walks of Princes Street or Heriot Row. Old bachelorship so decided as mine has its privileges in such a *tête-à-tête*, providing you are, or can seem for the time, perfectly good-humoured and attentive, and do not ape the manners of your younger years, in attempting which you will only make yourself ridiculous. I don't pretend to be so indifferent to the company of a pretty young woman as was desired by the poet, who wished to sit beside his mistress —

As unconcern'd, as when
Her infant beauty could beget
Nor happiness nor pain.

On the contrary, I can look on beauty and innocence as something of which I know and esteem the value, without the desire or hope to make them my own. A young lady can afford to talk with an old stager like me without either artifice or affectation; and we may maintain a species of friendship, the more tender, perhaps, because we are of different sexes, yet with which that distinction has very little to do.

Now, I hear my wisest and most critical neighbour remark, 'Mr. Croftangry is in the way of doing a foolish thing. He is well to pass — Old Fairscribe knows to a penny what he is worth, and Miss Katie, with all her airs, may like the old brass that buys the new pan. I thought Mr. Croftangry was looking very cadgy when he came in to play a rubber with us last night. Poor gentleman, I am sure I should be sorry to see him make a fool of himself.'

Spare your compassion, dear madam, there is not the least danger. The *beaux yeux de ma cassette* are not brilliant enough to make amends for the spectacles which must supply the dimness of my own. I am a little deaf too, as you know to your sorrow when we are partners; and if I could get a nymph to marry me with all these imperfections, who the deuce would marry Janet MacEvoy? and from Janet MacEvoy Chrystal Croftangry will not part.

Miss Katie Fairscribe gave me the tale of Menie Gray with much taste and simplicity, not attempting to suppress the feelings, whether of grief or resentment, which justly and naturally arose from the circumstances of the tale. Her father afterwards confirmed the principal outlines of the story, and furnished me with some additional circumstances, which Miss Katie had suppressed or forgotten. Indeed, I have learned on

this occasion what old Lintot meant when he told Pope that he used to propitiate the critics of importance, when he had a work in the press, by now and then letting them see a sheet of the blotted proof, or a few leaves of the original manuscript. Our mystery of authorship hath something about it so fascinating, that if you admit any one, however little he may previously have been disposed to such studies, into your confidence, you will find that he considers himself as a party interested, and, if success follows, will think himself entitled to no inconsiderable share of the praise.

The reader has seen that no one could have been naturally less interested than was my excellent friend Fairscribe in my lucubrations, when I first consulted him on the subject; but since he has contributed a subject to the work, he has become a most zealous coadjutor; and, half-ashamed, I believe, yet half-proud, of the literary stock-company in which he has got a share, he never meets me without jogging my elbow, and dropping some mysterious hints, as, 'I am saying, when will you give us any more of yon?' or, 'Yon's not a bad narrative — I like yon.'

Pray Heaven the reader may be of his opinion.

THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER

INTRODUCTION

THE tale of *The Surgeon's Daughter* formed part of the Second [First] Series of *Chronicles of the Canongate*, published in 1827; but has been separated from the stories of *The Highland Widow*, etc., which it originally accompanied, and deferred to the close of this collection, for reasons which printers and publishers will understand, and which would hardly interest the general reader.

The Author has nothing to say now in reference to this little novel, but that the principal incident on which it turns was narrated to him one morning at breakfast by his worthy friend, Mr. Train, of Castle Douglas, in Galloway, whose kind assistance he has so often had occasion to acknowledge in the course of these prefaces; and that the military friend who is alluded to as having furnished him with some information as to Eastern matters was Colonel James Ferguson of Huntly Burn, one of the sons of the venerable historian and philosopher of that name, which name he took the liberty of concealing under its Gaelic form of MacErries. W. S.

ABBOTSFORD, Sept. 1831.

THE
SURGEON'S DAUGHTER

CHAPTER I

When fainting Nature call'd for aid,
And hovering Death prepared the blow,
His vigorous remedy display'd
The power of Art without the show.
In Misery's darkest caverns known,
His useful care was ever nigh,
Where hopeless Anguish pour'd his groan,
And lonely Want retired to die ;
No summons mock'd by cold delay,
No petty gains disclaim'd by pride,
The modest wants of every day
The toil of every day supplied.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THE exquisitely beautiful portrait which the Rambler has painted of his friend Levett well describes Gideon Gray and many other village doctors, from whom Scotland reaps more benefit, and to whom she is perhaps more ungrateful, than to any other class of men, excepting her school-masters.

Such a rural man of medicine is usually the inhabitant of some petty borough or village, which forms the central point of his practice. But, besides attending to such cases as the village may afford, he is day and night at the service of every one who may command his assistance within a circle of forty miles in diameter, untraversed by roads in many directions, and including moors, mountains, rivers, and lakes. For late and dangerous journeys through an inaccessible country, for services of the most essential kind, rendered at the expense, or risk at least, of his own health and life, the Scottish village doctor receives at best a very moderate recompense, often one which is totally inadequate, and very frequently none whatsoever. He has none of the ample resources proper to the

brothers of the profession in an English town. The burgesses of a Scottish borough are rendered, by their limited means of luxury, inaccessible to gout, surfeits, and all the comfortable chronic diseases which are attendant on wealth and indolence. Four years or so of abstemiousness enable them to stand an election dinner; and there is no hope of broken heads among a score or two of quiet electors, who settle the business over a table. There the mothers of the state never make a point of pouring, in the course of every revolving year, a certain quantity of doctor's stuff through the bowels of their beloved children. Every old woman from the 'townhead to the town-fit' can prescribe a dose of salts or spread a plaster; and it is only when a fever or a palsy renders matters serious that the assistance of the doctor is invoked by his neighbours in the borough.

But still the man of science cannot complain of inactivity or want of practice. If he does not find patients at his door, he seeks them through a wide circle. Like the ghostly lover of Bürger's *Leonora*, he mounts at midnight, and traverses in darkness paths which, to those less accustomed to them, seem formidable in daylight, through straits where the slightest aberration would plunge him into a morass, or throw him over a precipice, on to cabins which his horse might ride over without knowing they lay in his way, unless he happened to fall through the roofs. When he arrives at such a stately termination of his journey, where his services are required either to bring a wretch into the world or prevent one from leaving it, the scene of misery is often such that, far from touching the hard-saved shillings which are gratefully offered to him, he bestows his medicines as well as his attendance — for charity. I have heard the celebrated traveller, Mungo Park, who had experienced both courses of life, rather give the preference to travelling as a discoverer in Africa than to wandering by night and day the wilds of his native land in the capacity of a country medical practitioner. He mentioned having once upon a time rode forty miles, sat up all night, and successfully assisted a woman under influence of the primitive curse, for which his sole remuneration was a roasted potato and a draught of buttermilk. But his was not the heart which grudged the labour that relieved human misery. In short, there is no creature in Scotland that works harder and is more poorly requited than the country doctor, unless perhaps it may be his horse. Yet the horse is, and indeed must be, hardy, active, and indefatigable,

in spite of a rough coat and indifferent condition ; and so you will often find in his master, under an unpromising and blunt exterior, professional skill and enthusiasm, intelligence, humanity, courage, and science.

Mr. Gideon Gray, surgeon in the village of Middlemas, situated in one of the midland counties of Scotland, led the rough, active, and ill-rewarded course of life which we have endeavoured to describe. He was a man between forty and fifty, devoted to his profession, and of such reputation in the medical world that he had been more than once, as opportunities occurred, advised to exchange Middlemas and its meagre circle of practice for some of the larger towns in Scotland, or for Edinburgh itself. This advice he had always declined. He was a plain, blunt man, who did not love restraint, and was unwilling to subject himself to that which was exacted in polite society. He had not himself found out, nor had any friend hinted to him, that a slight touch of the cynic, in manner and habits, gives the physician, to the common eye, an air of authority which greatly tends to enlarge his reputation. Mr. Gray, or, as the country people called him, Doctor Gray (he might hold the title by diploma for what I know, though he only claimed the rank of Master of Arts), had few wants, and these were amply supplied by a professional income which generally approached two hundred pounds a-year, for which, upon an average, he travelled about five thousand miles on horseback in the course of the twelve months. Nay, so liberally did this revenue support himself and his ponies, called Pestle and Mortar, which he exercised alternately, that he took a damsel to share it, Jean Watson, namely, the cherry-cheeked daughter of an honest farmer, who, being herself one of twelve children, who had been brought up on an income of fourscore pounds a-year, never thought there could be poverty in more than double the sum ; and looked on Gray, though now termed by irreverent youth the Old Doctor, as a very advantageous match. For several years they had no children, and it seemed as if Doctor Gray, who had so often assisted the efforts of the goddess Lucina, was never to invoke her in his own behalf. Yet his domestic roof was, on a remarkable occasion, decreed to be the scene where the goddess's art was required.

Late of an autumn evening three old women might be observed plying their aged limbs through the single street of the village at Middlemas towards the honoured door, which,

fenced off from the vulgar causeway, was defended by a broken paling, inclosing two slips of ground, half arable, half overrun with an abortive attempt at shrubbery. The door itself was blazoned with the name of Gideon Gray, M.A., Surgeon, etc. etc. Some of the idle young fellows who had been a minute or two before loitering at the other end of the street before the door of the ale-house (for the pretended inn deserved no better name) now accompanied the old dames with shouts of laughter, excited by their unwonted agility; and with bets on the winner, as loudly expressed as if they had been laid at the starting-post of Middlemas races. 'Half-a-mutchkin on Luckie Simson!' 'Auld Peg Tamson against the field!' 'Mair speed, Alison Jaup, ye'll tak the wind out of them yet!' 'Canny against the hill, lasses, or we may have a brusten auld carline amang ye!' These, and a thousand such gibes, rent the air, without being noticed, or even heard, by the anxious racers, whose object of contention seemed to be which should first reach the doctor's door.

'Guide us, doctor, what can be the matter now?' said Mrs. Gray, whose character was that of a good-natured simpleton; 'here's Peg Tamson, Jean Simson, and Alison Jaup running a race on the Hie Street of the burgh!'

The doctor, who had but the moment before hung his wet greatcoat before the fire (for he was just dismounted from a long journey), hastened downstairs, auguring some new occasion for his services, and happy that, from the character of the messengers, it was likely to be within burgh, and not landward.

He had just reached the door as Luckie Simson, one of the racers, arrived in the little area before it. She had got the start and kept it, but at the expense for the time of her power of utterance; for, when she came in presence of the doctor, she stood blowing like a grampus, her loose toy flying back from her face, making the most violent efforts to speak, but without the power of uttering a single intelligible word.

Peg Thomson whipped in before her. 'The ledly, sir—the ledly——'

'Instant help— instant help——' screeched, rather than uttered, Alison Jaup; while Luckie Simson, who had certainly won the race, found words to claim the prize which had set them all in motion. 'And I hope, sir, you will recommend me to be the sick-nurse; I was here to bring you the tidings lang before ony o' thae lazy queans.'

Loud were the counter protestations of the two competitors, and loud the laugh of the idle 'loons' who listened at a little distance.

'Hold your tongue, ye flyting fools,' said the doctor; 'and you, ye idle rascals, if I come out among you ——' So saying, he smacked his long-lashed whip with great emphasis, producing much the effect of the celebrated *Quos ego* of Neptune, in the First *Aeneid*. 'And now,' said the doctor, 'where or who is this lady?'

The question was scarce necessary; for a plain carriage, with four horses, came at a foot's-pace towards the door of the doctor's house, and the old women, now more at their ease, gave the doctor to understand that the gentleman thought the accommodation of the Swan Inn totally unfit for his lady's rank and condition, and had, by their advice (each claiming the merit of the suggestion), brought her here, to experience the hospitality of the 'west room' — a spare apartment in which Doctor Gray occasionally accommodated such patients as he desired to keep for a space of time under his own eye.

There were two persons only in the vehicle. The one, a gentleman in a riding-dress, sprung out, and having received from the doctor an assurance that the lady would receive tolerable accommodation in his house, he lent assistance to his companion to leave the carriage, and with great apparent satisfaction saw her safely deposited in a decent sleeping-apartment, and under the respectable charge of the doctor and his lady, who assured him once more of every species of attention. To bind their promise more firmly, the stranger slipped a purse of twenty guineas (for this story chanced in the golden age) into the hand of the doctor, as an earnest of the most liberal recompense, and requested he would spare no expense in providing all that was necessary or desirable for a person in the lady's condition, and for the helpless being to whom she might immediately be expected to give birth. He then said he would retire to the inn, where he begged a message might instantly acquaint him with the expected change in the lady's situation.

'She is of rank,' he said, 'and a foreigner; let no expense be spared. We designed to have reached Edinburgh, but were forced to turn off the road by an accident.' Once more he said, 'Let no expense be spared, and manage that she may travel as soon as possible.'

'That,' said the doctor, 'is past my control. Nature must

not be hurried, and she avenges herself of every attempt to do so.'

'But art,' said the stranger, 'can do much,' and he proffered a second purse, which seemed as heavy as the first.

'Art,' said the doctor, 'may be recompensed, but cannot be purchased. You have already paid me more than enough to take the utmost care I can of your lady; should I accept more money, it could only be for promising, by implication at least, what is beyond my power to perform. Every possible care shall be taken of your lady, and that affords the best chance of her being speedily able to travel. Now, go you to the inn, sir, for I may be instantly wanted, and we have not yet provided either an attendant for the lady or a nurse for the child; but both shall be presently done.'

'Yet a moment, doctor — what languages do you understand?'

'Latin and French I can speak indifferently, and so as to be understood; and I read a little Italian.'

'But no Portuguese or Spanish?' continued the stranger.

'No, sir.'

'That is unlucky. But you may make her understand you by means of French. Take notice, you are to comply with her request in everything; if you want means to do so, you may apply to me.'

'May I ask, sir, by what name the lady is to be ——'

'It is totally indifferent,' said the stranger, interrupting the question; 'you shall know it at more leisure.'

So saying, he threw his ample cloak about him, turning himself half round to assist the operation, with an air which the doctor would have found it difficult to imitate, and walked down the street to the little inn. Here he paid and dismissed the postilions, and shut himself up in an apartment, ordering no one to be admitted till the doctor should call.

The doctor, when he returned to his patient's apartment, found his wife in great surprise, which, as is usual with persons of her character, was not unmixed with fear and anxiety.

'She cannot speak a word like a Christian being,' said Mrs. Gray.

'I know it,' said the doctor.

'But she threeps to keep on a black fause-face, and skirls if we offer to take it away.'

'Well, then, let her wear it. What harm will it do?'

'Harm, doctor! Was ever honest woman brought to bed with a fause-face on?'

'Seldom, perhaps. But, Jean, my dear, those who are not quite honest must be brought to bed all the same as those who are, and we are not to endanger the poor thing's life by contradicting her whims at present.'

Approaching the sick woman's bed, he observed that she indeed wore a thin silk mask, of the kind which do such uncommon service in the Elder Comedy; such as women of rank still wore in travelling, but certainly never in the situation of this poor lady. It would seem she had sustained importunity on the subject, for when she saw the doctor she put her hand to her face, as if she was afraid he would insist on pulling off the vizard. He hastened to say, in tolerable French, that her will should be a law to them in every respect, and that she was at perfect liberty to wear the mask till it was her pleasure to lay it aside. She understood him; for she replied, by a very imperfect attempt, in the same language, to express her gratitude for the permission, as she seemed to regard it, of retaining her disguise.

The doctor proceeded to other arrangements; and, for the satisfaction of those readers who may love minute information, we record that Luckie Simson, the first in the race, carried as a prize the situation of sick-nurse beside the delicate patient; that Peg Thomson was permitted the privilege of recommending her good-daughter, Bet Jamieson, to be wet-nurse; and an *œ*, or grandchild, of Luckie Jaup was hired to assist in the increased drudgery of the family; the doctor thus, like a practised minister, dividing among his trusty adherents such good things as fortune placed at his disposal.

About one in the morning the doctor made his appearance at the Swan Inn, and acquainted the stranger gentleman that he wished him joy of being the father of a healthy boy, and that the mother was, in the usual phrase, as well as could be expected.

The stranger heard the news with seeming satisfaction, and then exclaimed, 'He must be christened, doctor—he must be christened instantly.'

'There can be no hurry for that,' said the doctor.

'We think otherwise,' said the stranger, cutting his argument short. 'I am a Catholic, doctor, and as I may be obliged to leave this place before the lady is able to travel, I desire to see my child received into the pale of the church. There is, I understand, a Catholic priest in this wretched place?'

'There is a Catholic gentleman, sir, Mr. Goodriche, who is reported to be in orders.'

'I commend your caution, doctor,' said the stranger: 'it is dangerous to be too positive on any subject. I will bring that same Mr. Goodriche to your house to-morrow.'

Gray hesitated for a moment. 'I am a Presbyterian Protestant, sir,' he said, 'a friend to the constitution as established in church and state, as I have a good right, having drawn his Majesty's pay, God bless him, for four years, as surgeon's mate in the Cameronian regiment, as my regimental Bible and commission can testify. But although I be bound especially to abhor all trafficking or trinketing with Papists, yet I will not stand in the way of a tender conscience. Sir, you may call with Mr. Goodriche when you please at my house; and undoubtedly, you being, as I suppose, the father of the child, you will arrange matters as you please; only, I do not desire to be thought an abettor or countenancer of any part of the Popish ritual.'

'Enough, sir,' said the stranger, haughtily, 'we understand each other.'

The next day he appeared at the doctor's house with Mr. Goodriche, and two persons understood to belong to that reverend gentleman's communion. The party were shut up in an apartment with the infant, and it may be presumed that the solemnity of baptism was administered to the unconscious being thus strangely launched upon the world. When the priest and witnesses had retired, the strange gentleman informed Mr. Gray that, as the lady had been pronounced unfit for travelling for several days, he was himself about to leave the neighbourhood, but would return thither in the space of ten days, when he hoped to find his companion able to leave it.

'And by what name are we to call the child and mother?'

'The infant's name is Richard.'

'But it must have some surname; so must the lady — she cannot reside in my house, yet be without a name.'

'Call them by the name of your town here — Middlemas, I think it is?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Well, Mrs. Middlemas is the name of the mother, and Richard Middlemas of the child — and I am Matthew Middlemas, at your service. This,' he continued, 'will provide Mrs. Middlemas in everything she may wish to possess — or assist her in case of accidents.' With that he placed £100 in Mr. Gray's hand, who rather scrupled receiving it, saying, 'He supposed the lady was qualified to be her own purse-bearer.'

'The worst in the world, I assure you, doctor,' replied the stranger. 'If she wished to change that piece of paper, she would scarce know how many guineas she should receive for it. No, Mr. Gray, I assure you you will find Mrs. Middleton — Middlemas — what did I call her? — as ignorant of the affairs of this world as any one you have met with in your practice. So you will please to be her treasurer and administrator for the time, as for a patient that is incapable to look after her own affairs.'

This was spoke, as it struck Dr. Gray, in rather a haughty and supercilious manner. The words intimated nothing in themselves more than the same desire of preserving incognito which might be gathered from all the rest of the stranger's conduct; but the manner seemed to say, 'I am not a person to be questioned by any one. What I say must be received without comment, how little soever you may believe or understand it.' It strengthened Gray in his opinion, that he had before him a case either of seduction or of private marriage, betwixt persons of the very highest rank; and the whole bearing, both of the lady and the gentleman, confirmed his suspicions. It was not in his nature to be troublesome or inquisitive, but he could not fail to see that the lady wore no marriage-ring; and her deep sorrow and perpetual tremor seemed to indicate an unhappy creature who had lost the protection of parents without acquiring a legitimate right to that of a husband. He was therefore somewhat anxious when Mr. Middlemas, after a private conference of some length with the lady, bade him farewell. It is true, he assured him of his return within ten days, being the very shortest space which Gray could be prevailed upon to assign for any prospect of the lady being moved with safety.

'I trust in Heaven that he will return,' said Gray to himself, 'but there is too much mystery about all this for the matter being a plain and well-meaning transaction. If he intends to treat this poor thing as many a poor girl has been used before, I hope that my house will not be the scene in which he chooses to desert her. The leaving the money has somewhat a suspicious aspect, and looks as if my friend were in the act of making some compromise with his conscience. Well, I must hope the best. Meantime my path plainly is to do what I can for the poor lady's benefit.'

Mr. Gray visited his patient shortly after Mr. Middlemas's departure — as soon, indeed, as he could be admitted. He

found her in violent agitation. Gray's experience dictated the best mode of relief and tranquillity. He caused her infant to be brought to her. She wept over it for a long time, and the violence of her agitation subsided under the influence of parental feelings, which, from her appearance of extreme youth, she must have experienced for the first time.

The observant physician could, after this paroxysm, remark that his patient's mind was chiefly occupied in computing the passage of the time, and anticipating the period when the return of her husband — if husband he was — might be expected. She consulted almanacks, inquired concerning distances, though so cautiously as to make it evident she desired to give no indication of the direction of her companion's journey, and repeatedly compared her watch with those of others, exercising, it was evident, all that delusive species of mental arithmetic by which mortals attempt to accelerate the passage of time while they calculate his progress. At other times she wept anew over her child, which was by all judges pronounced as goodly an infant as needed to be seen; and Gray sometimes observed that she murmured sentences to the unconscious infant, not only the words, but the very sound and accents, of which were strange to him, and which, in particular, he knew not to be Portuguese.

Mr. Goodriche, the Catholic priest, demanded access to her upon one occasion. She at first declined his visit, but afterwards received it, under the idea, perhaps, that he might have news from Mr. Middlemas, as he called himself. The interview was a very short one, and the priest left the lady's apartment in displeasure, which his prudence could scarce disguise from Mr. Gray. He never returned, although the lady's condition would have made his attentions and consolations necessary, had she been a member of the Catholic Church.

Our doctor began at length to suspect his fair guest was a Jewess, who had yielded up her person and affections to one of a different religion; and the peculiar style of her beautiful countenance went to enforce this opinion. The circumstance made no difference to Gray, who saw only her distress and desolation, and endeavoured to remedy both to the utmost of his power. He was, however, desirous to conceal it from his wife and the others around the sick person, whose prudence and liberality of thinking might be more justly doubted. He therefore so regulated her diet that she could not be either offended or brought under suspicion by any of the articles for

bidden by the Mosaic law being presented to her. In other respects than what concerned her health or convenience, he had but little intercourse with her.

The space passed within which the stranger's return to the borough had been so anxiously expected by his female companion. The disappointment occasioned by his non-arrival was manifested in the convalescent by inquietude, which was at first mingled with peevishness, and afterwards with doubt and fear. When two or three days had passed without message or letter of any kind, Gray himself became anxious, both on his own account and the poor lady's, lest the stranger should have actually entertained the idea of deserting this defenceless and probably injured woman. He longed to have some communication with her, which might enable him to judge what inquiries could be made, or what else was most fitting to be done. But so imperfect was the poor young woman's knowledge of the French language, and perhaps so unwilling she herself to throw any light on her situation, that every attempt of this kind proved abortive. When Gray asked questions concerning any subject which appeared to approach to explanation, he observed she usually answered him by shaking her head, in token of not understanding what he said; at other times by silence and with tears, and sometimes referring him to *Monsieur*.

For *Monsieur's* arrival, then, Gray began to become very impatient, as that which alone could put an end to a disagreeable species of mystery, which the good company of the borough began now to make the principal subject of their gossip; some blaming Gray for taking foreign 'landloupers' into his house, on the subject of whose morals the most serious doubts might be entertained; others envying the 'bonny hand' the doctor was like to make of it, by having disposal of the wealthy stranger's travelling funds — a circumstance which could not be well concealed from the public, when the honest man's expenditure for trifling articles of luxury came far to exceed its ordinary bounds.

The conscious probity of the honest doctor enabled him to despise this sort of tittle-tattle, though the secret knowledge of its existence could not be agreeable to him. He went his usual rounds with his usual perseverance, and waited with patience until time should throw light on the subject and history of his lodger. It was now the fourth week after her confinement, and the recovery of the stranger might be considered as perfect, when Gray, returning from one of his ten-mile visits, saw a post-chaise and four horses at the door.

'This man has returned,' he said, 'and my suspicions have done him less than justice.' With that he spurred his horse, a signal which the trusty steed obeyed the more readily as its progress was in the direction of the stable door. But when, dismounting, the doctor hurried into his own house, it seemed to him that the departure as well as the arrival of this distressed lady was destined to bring confusion to his peaceful dwelling. Several idlers had assembled about his door, and two or three had impudently thrust themselves forward almost into the passage to listen to a confused altercation which was heard from within.

The doctor hastened forward, the foremost of the intruders retreating in confusion on his approach, while he caught the tones of his wife's voice, raised to a pitch which he knew by experience boded no good; for Mrs. Gray, good-humoured and tractable in general, could sometimes perform the high part in a matrimonial duet. Having much more confidence in his wife's good intentions than her prudence, he lost no time in pushing into the parlour, to take the matter into his own hands. Here he found his helpmate at the head of the whole militia of the sick lady's apartment — that is, wet-nurse, and sick-nurse, and girl of all work — engaged in violent dispute with two strangers. The one was a dark-featured elderly man, with an eye of much sharpness and severity of expression, which now seemed partly quenched by a mixture of grief and mortification. The other, who appeared actively sustaining the dispute with Mrs. Gray, was a stout, bold-looking, hard-faced person, armed with pistols, of which he made rather an unnecessary and ostentatious display.

'Here is my husband, sir,' said Mrs. Gray, in a tone of triumph, for she had the grace to believe the doctor one of the greatest men living — 'here is the doctor; let us see what you will say now.'

'Why, just what I said before, ma'am,' answered the man, 'which is, that my warrant must be obeyed. It is regular, ma'am — regular.'

So saying, he struck the forefinger of his right hand against a paper which he held towards Mrs. Gray with his left.

'Address yourself to me, if you please, sir,' said the doctor, seeing that he ought to lose no time in removing the cause into the proper court. 'I am the master of this house, sir, and I wish to know the cause of this visit.'

'My business is soon told,' said the man. 'I am a king's

messenger, and this lady has treated me as if I was a baron-bailie's officer.'

'That is not the question, sir,' replied the doctor. 'If you are a king's messenger, where is your warrant, and what do you propose to do here?' At the same time he whispered the little wench to call Mr. Lawford, the town-clerk, to come thither as fast as he possibly could. The good-daughter of Peg Thomson started off with an activity worthy of her mother-in-law.¹

'There is my warrant,' said the official, 'and you may satisfy yourself.'

'The shameless loon dare not tell the doctor his errand,' said Mrs. Gray, exultingly.

'A bonny errand it is, said old Luckie Simson, 'to carry away a lying-in woman, as a gled would do a clocking-hen.'

'A woman no a month delivered,' echoed the nurse Jamieson.

'Twenty-four days eight hours and seven minutes to a second,' said Mrs. Gray.

The doctor, having looked over the warrant, which was regular, began to be afraid that the females of his family, in their zeal for defending the character of their sex, might be stirred up into some sudden fit of mutiny, and therefore commanded them to be silent.

'This,' he said, 'is a warrant for arresting the bodies of Richard Tresham and of Zilia de Monçada, on account of high treason. Sir, I have served his Majesty, and this is not a house in which traitors are harboured. I know nothing of any of these two persons, nor have I ever heard even their names.'

'But the lady whom you have received into your family,' said the messenger, 'is Zilia de Monçada, and here stands her father, Matthias de Monçada, who will make oath to it.'

'If this be true,' said Mr. Gray, looking towards the alleged officer, 'you have taken a singular duty on you. It is neither my habit to deny my own actions nor to oppose the laws of the land. There is a lady in this house slowly recovering from confinement, having become under this roof the mother of a healthy child. If she be the person described in this warrant, and this gentleman's daughter, I must surrender her to the laws of the country.'

Here the Esculapian militia were once more in motion.

'Surrender, Doctor Gray! It's a shame to hear you speak, and you that lives by women and weans, abune your other means!' so exclaimed his fair better part.

¹ [Compare p. 7.]

'I wonder to hear the doctor!' said the younger nurse, 'there's no a wife in the town would believe it o' him.'

'I aye thought the doctor was a man till this moment,' said Luckie Simson; 'but I believe him now to be an auld wife, little baulder than mysell; and I dinna wonder now that poor Mrs. Gray——'

'Hold your peace, you foolish women,' said the doctor. 'Do you think this business is not bad enough already, that you are making it worse with your senseless claver? Gentlemen, this is a very sad case. Here is a warrant for a high crime against a poor creature who is little fit to be moved from one house to another, much more dragged to a prison. I tell you plainly, that I think the execution of this arrest may cause her death. It is your business, sir, if you be really her father, to consider what you can do to soften this matter rather than drive it on.'

'Better death than dishonour,' replied the stern-looking old man, with a voice as harsh as his aspect; 'and you, messenger,' he continued, 'look what you do, and execute the warrant at your peril.'

'You hear,' said the man, appealing to the doctor himself, 'I must have immediate access to the lady.'

'In a lucky time,' said Mr. Gray, 'here comes the town-clerk. You are very welcome, Mr. Lawford. Your opinion here is much wanted as a man of law, as well as of sense and humanity. I was never more glad to see you in all my life.'

He then rapidly stated the case; and the messenger, understanding the new-comer to be a man of some authority, again exhibited his warrant.

'This is a very sufficient and valid warrant, Dr. Gray,' replied the man of law. 'Nevertheless, if you are disposed to make oath that instant removal would be unfavourable to the lady's health, unquestionably she must remain here, suitably guarded.'

'It is not so much the mere act of locomotion which I am afraid of,' said the surgeon; 'but I am free to depone, on soul and conscience, that the shame and fear of her father's anger, and the sense of the affront of such an arrest, with terror for its consequences, may occasion violent and dangerous illness—even death itself.'

'The father must see the daughter, though they may have quarrelled,' said Mr. Lawford; 'the officer of justice must execute his warrant, though it should frighten the criminal to

death ; those evils are only contingent, not direct and immediate consequences. You must give up the lady, Mr. Gray, though your hesitation is very natural.'

'At least, Mr. Lawford, I ought to be certain that the person in my house is the party they search for.'

'Admit me to her apartment,' replied the man whom the messenger termed Monçada.

The messenger, whom the presence of Lawford had made something more placid, began to become impudent once more. He hoped, he said, by means of his female prisoner, to acquire the information necessary to apprehend the more guilty person. If more delays were thrown in his way, that information might come too late, and he would make all who were accessory to such delay responsible for the consequences.

'And I,' said Mr. Gray, 'though I were to be brought to the gallows for it, protest that this course may be the murder of my patient. Can hail not be taken, Mr. Lawford ?'

'Not in cases of high treason,' said the official person ; and then continued in a confidential tone, 'Come, Mr. Gray, we all know you to be a person well affected to our royal sovereign King George and the Government ; but you must not push this too far, lest you bring yourself into trouble, which everybody in Middlemas would be sorry for. The forty-five has not been so far gone by but we can remember enough of warrants of high treason — ay, and ladies of quality committed upon such charges. But they were all favourably dealt with — Lady Ogilvy, Lady MacIntosh, Flora Macdonald, and all. No doubt this gentleman knows what he is doing, and has assurances of the young lady's safety. So you must just junk and let the jaw gae by, as we say.'

'Follow me, then, gentlemen,' said Gideon, 'and you shall see the young lady'; and then, his strong features working with emotion at anticipation of the distress which he was about to inflict, he led the way up the small staircase, and, opening the door, said to Monçada, who had followed him, 'This is your daughter's only place of refuge, in which I am, alas ! too weak to be her protector. Enter, sir, if your conscience will permit you.'

The stranger turned on him a scowl, into which it seemed as if he would willingly have thrown the power of the fabled basilisk. Then stepping proudly forward, he stalked into the room. He was followed by Lawford and Gray at a little distance. The messenger remained in the doorway. The unhappy young woman had heard the disturbance, and guessed

the cause too truly. It is possible she might even have seen the strangers on their descent from the carriage. When they entered the room she was on her knees, beside an easy-chair, her face in a silk wrapper that was hung over it. The man called Monçada uttered a single word; by the accent it might have been something equivalent to 'wretch,' but none knew its import. The female gave a convulsive shudder, such as that by which a half-dying soldier is affected on receiving a second wound. But, without minding her emotion, Monçada seized her by the arm, and with little gentleness raised her to her feet, on which she seemed to stand only because she was supported by his strong grasp. He then pulled from her face the mask which she had hitherto worn. The poor creature still endeavoured to shroud her face, by covering it with her left hand, as the manner in which she was held prevented her from using the aid of the right. With little effort her father secured that hand also, which, indeed, was of itself far too little to serve the purpose of concealment, and showed her beautiful face, burning with blushes and covered with tears.

'You, *alcalde*, and you, surgeon,' he said to Lawford and Gray, with a foreign action and accent, 'this woman is my daughter, the same Zilia Monçada who is signalled in that protocol. Make way, and let me carry her where her crimes may be atoned for.'

'Are you that person's daughter?' said Lawford to the lady.

'She understands no English,' said Gray; and addressing his patient in French, conjured her to let him know whether she was that man's daughter or not, assuring her of protection if the fact were otherwise. The answer was murmured faintly, but was too distinctly intelligible — 'He was her father.'

All farther title of interference seemed now ended. The messenger arrested his prisoner, and, with some delicacy, required the assistance of the females to get her conveyed to the carriage in waiting.

Gray again interfered. 'You will not,' he said, 'separate the mother and the infant?'

Zilia de Monçada heard the question (which, being addressed to the father, Gray had inconsiderately uttered in French), and it seemed as if it recalled to her recollection the existence of the helpless creature to which she had given birth, forgotten for a moment amongst the accumulated horrors of her father's presence. She uttered a shriek, expressing poignant grief, and turned her eyes on her father with the most intense supplication.

'To the parish with the bastard!' said Monçada; while the helpless mother sunk lifeless into the arms of the females, who had now gathered round her.

'That will not pass, sir,' said Gideu. 'If you are father to that lady, you must be grandfather to the helpless child; and you must settle in some manner for its future provision, or refer us to some responsible person.'

Monçada looked towards Lawford, who expressed himself satisfied of the propriety of what Gray said.

'I object not to pay for whatever the wretched child may require,' he said; 'and if you, sir,' addressing Gray, 'choose to take charge of him, and breed him up, you shall have what will better your living.'

The doctor was about to refuse a charge so uncivilly offered; but after a moment's reflection he replied, 'I think so indifferently of the proceedings I have witnessed, and of those concerned in them, that, if the mother desires that I should retain the charge of this child, I will not refuse to do so.'

Monçada spoke to his daughter, who was just beginning to recover from her swoon, in the same language in which he had first addressed her. The proposition which he made seemed highly acceptable, as she started from the arms of the females, and, advancing to Gray, seized his hand, kissed it, bathed it in her tears, and seemed reconciled, even in parting with her child, by the consideration that the infant was to remain under his guardianship.

'Good, kind man,' she said in her indifferent French, 'you have saved both mother and child.'

The father, meanwhile, with mercantile deliberation, placed in Mr. Lawford's hands notes and bills to the amount of a thousand pounds, which he stated was to be vested for the child's use, and advanced in such portions as his board and education might require. In the event of any correspondence on his account being necessary, as in case of death or the like, he directed that communication should be made to Signior Matthias Monçada, under cover to a certain banking-house in London.

'But beware,' he said to Gray, 'how you trouble me about these concerns, unless in case of absolute necessity.'

'You need not fear, sir,' replied Gray: 'I have seen nothing to-day which can induce me to desire a more intimate correspondence with you than may be indispensable.'

While Lawford drew up a proper minute of this transaction,

by which he himself and Gray were named trustees for the child, Mr. Gray attempted to restore to the lady the balance of the considerable sum of money which Tresham (if such was his real name) had formerly deposited with him. With every species of gesture by which hands, eyes, and even feet, could express rejection, as well as in her own broken French, she repelled the proposal of reimbursement, while she entreated that Gray would consider the money as his own property; and at the same time forced upon him a ring set with brilliants, which seemed of considerable value. The father then spoke to her a few stern words, which she heard with an air of mingled agony and submission.

'I have given her a few minutes to see and weep over the miserable being which has been the seal of her dishonour,' said the stern father. 'Let us retire and leave her alone. You, to the messenger, 'watch the door of the room on the outside.'

Gray, Lawford, and Monçada retired to the parlour accordingly, where they waited in silence, each busied with his own reflections, till, within the space of half an hour, they received information that the lady was ready to depart.

'It is well,' replied Monçada; 'I am glad she has yet sense enough left to submit to that which needs must be.'

So saying, he ascended the stair, and returned, leading down his daughter, now again masked and veiled. As she passed Gray she uttered the words, 'My child — my child!' in a tone of unutterable anguish; then entered the carriage, which was drawn up as close to the door of the doctor's house as the little inclosure would permit. The messenger, mounted on a led horse, and accompanied by a servant and assistant, followed the carriage, which drove rapidly off, taking the road which leads to Edinburgh. All who had witnessed this strange scene now departed to make their conjectures, and some to count their gains; for money had been distributed among the females who had attended on the lady with so much liberality as considerably to reconcile them to the breach of the rights of womanhood inflicted by the precipitate removal of the patient.

CHAPTER II

THE last cloud of dust which the wheels of the carriage had raised was dissipated, when dinner, which claims a share of human thoughts even in the midst of the most marvellous and affecting incidents, recurred to those of Mrs. Gray.

'Indeed, doctor, you will stand glowering out of the window till some other patient calls for you, and then have to set off without your dinner. And I hope Mr. Lawford will take pot-luck with us, for it is just his own hour; and indeed we had something rather better than ordinary for this poor lady — lamb and spinage and a veal florentine.'

The surgeon started as from a dream, and joined in his wife's hospitable request, to which Lawford willingly assented.

We will suppose the meal finished, a bottle of old and generous Antigua upon the table, and a modest little punch-bowl judiciously replenished for the accommodation of the doctor and his guest. Their conversation naturally turned on the strange scene which they had witnessed, and the town-clerk took considerable merit for his presence of mind.

'I am thinking, doctor,' said he, 'you might have brewed a bitter browst to yourself if I had not come in as I did.'

'Troth, and it might very well so be,' answered Gray; 'for, to tell you the truth, when I saw yonder fellow vapouring with his pistols among the women folk in my own house, the old Cameronian spirit began to rise in me, and little thing would have made me cleek to the poker.'

'Hoot — hoot! that would never have done. Na — na,' said the man of law, 'this was a case where a little prudence was worth all the pistols and pokers in the world.'

'And that was just what I thought when I sent to you, Clerk Lawford,' said the doctor.

'A wiser man he could not have called on to a difficult case,' added Mrs. Gray, as she sat with her work at a little distance from the table.

'Thanks t' ye, and here 's t' ye, my good neighbour,' answered the scribe; 'will you not let me help you to another glass of punch, Mrs. Gray?' This being declined, he proceeded. 'I am jalousing that the messenger and his warrant were just brought in to prevent any opposition. Ye saw how quietly he behaved after I had laid down the law; I'll never believe the lady is in any risk from him. But the father is a dour chield; depend upon it, he has bred up the young filly on the curb-rein, and that has made the poor thing start off the course. I should not be surprised that he took her abroad and shut her up in a convent.'

'Hardly,' replied Doctor Gray, 'if it be true, as I suspect, that both the father and daughter are of the Jewish persuasion.'

'A Jew!' said Mrs. Gray; 'and have I been taking a' this fyke about a Jew? I thought she seemed to gie a scunner at the eggs and bacon that Nurse Simson spoke about to her. But I thought Jews had aye had lang beards, and yon man's face is just like one of our ain folks'. I have seen the doctor with a langer beard himsell, when he has not had leisure to shave.'

'That might have been Mr. Monçada's case,' said Lawford, 'for he seemed to have had a hard journey. But the Jews are often very respectable people, Mrs. Gray; they have no territorial property, because the law is against them there, but they have a good hank in the money market — plenty of stock in the funds, Mrs. Gray; and, indeed, I think this poor young woman is better with her ain father, though he be a Jew and a dour chield into the bargain, than she would have been with the loon that wranged her, who is, by your account, Dr. Gray, baith a Papist and a rebel. The Jews are well attached to government; they hate the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender as much as any honest man among ourselves.'

'I cannot admire either of the gentlemen,' said Gideon. 'But it is but fair to say, that I saw Mr. Monçada when he was highly incensed, and to all appearance not without reason. Now, this other man, Tresham, if that be his name, was haughty to me, and I think something careless of the poor young woman, just at the time when he owed her most kindness, and me some thankfulness. I am, therefore, of your opinion, Clerk Lawford, that the Christian is the worse bargain of the two.'

'And you think of taking care of his wean yourself, doctor? That is what I call the good Samaritan.'

'At cheap cost, clerk: the child, if it lives, has enough to bring it up decently, and set it out in life, and I can teach it

an honourable and useful profession. It will be rather an amusement than a trouble to me, and I want to make some remarks on the childish diseases, which, with God's blessing, the child must come through under my charge; and since Heaven has sent us no children —

'Hoot — hoot!' said the town-clerk, 'you are in ower great a hurry now — you havena been sae lang married yet. Mrs. Gray, dinna let my daffing chase you away; we will be for a dish of tea belive, for the doctor and I are nae glass-breakers.'

Four years after this conversation took place the event happened at the possibility of which the town-clerk had hinted; and Mrs. Gray presented her husband with an infant daughter. But good and evil are strangely mingled in this sublunary world. The fulfilment of his anxious longing for posterity was attended with the loss of his simple and kind-hearted wife, one of the most heavy blows which fate could inflict on poor Gideon, and his house was made desolate even by the event which had promised for months before to add new comforts to its humble roof. Gray felt the shock as men of sense and firmness feel a decided blow, from the effects of which they never hope again fully to raise themselves. He discharged the duties of his profession with the same punctuality as ever, was easy, and even to appearance cheerful, in his intercourse with society; but the sunshine of existence was gone. Every morning he missed the affectionate charges which recommended to him to pay attention to his own health while he was labouring to restore that blessing to his patients. Every evening, as he returned from his weary round, it was without the consciousness of a kind and affectionate reception from one eager to tell, and interested to hear, all the little events of the day. His whistle, which used to arise clear and strong so soon as Middlemas steeple was in view, was now for ever silenced, and the rider's head drooped, while the tired horse, lacking the stimulus of his master's hand and voice, seemed to shuffle along as if it experienced a share of his despondency. There were times when he was so much dejected as to be unable to endure even the presence of his little Menie, in whose infant countenance he could trace the lineaments of the mother, of whose loss she had been the innocent and unconscious cause. 'Had it not been for this poor child —' he would think; but, instantly aware that the sentiment was sinful, he would snatch the infant to his breast and load it with caresses, then hastily desire it to be removed from the parlour.

The Mahometans have a fanciful idea that the true believer, in his passage to Paradise, is under the necessity of passing barefooted over a bridge composed of red-hot iron. But on this occasion all the pieces of paper which the Moslem has preserved during his life, lest some holy thing being written upon them might be profaned, arrange themselves between his feet and the burning metal, and so save him from injury. In the same manner, the effects of kind and benevolent actions are sometimes found, even in this world, to assuage the pangs of subsequent afflictions.

Thus, the greatest consolation which poor Gideon could find after his heavy deprivation was in the frolic fondness of Richard Middlemas, the child who was in so singular a manner thrown upon his charge. Even at this early age he was eminently handsome. When silent or out of humour, his dark eyes and striking countenance presented some recollections of the stern character imprinted on the features of his supposed father; but when he was gay and happy, which was much more frequently the case, these clouds were exchanged for the most frolicsome, mirthful expression that ever dwelt on the laughing and thoughtless aspect of a child. He seemed to have a tact beyond his years in discovering and conforming to the peculiarities of human character. His nurse, one prime object of Richard's observance, was Nurse Jamieson, or, as she was more commonly called for brevity, and *par excellence*, Nurse. This was the person who had brought him up from infancy. She had lost her own child, and soon after her husband, and being thus a lone woman, had, as used to be common in Scotland, remained a member of Dr. Gray's family. After the death of his wife, she gradually obtained the principal superintendence of the whole household; and being an honest and capable manager, was a person of very great importance in the family.

She was bold in her temper, violent in her feelings, and, as often happens with those in her condition, was as much attached to Richard Middlemas, whom she had once nursed at her bosom, as if he had been her own son. This affection the child repaid by all the tender attentions of which his age was capable.

Little Dick was also distinguished by the fondest and kindest attachment to his guardian and benefactor, Dr. Gray. He was officious in the right time and place, quiet as a lamb when his patron seemed inclined to study or to muse, active and assiduous to assist or divert him whenever it seemed to be

wished, and in choosing his opportunities he seemed to display an address far beyond his childish years.

As time passed on, this pleasing character seemed to be still more refined. In everything like exercise or amusement he was the pride and the leader of the boys of the place, over the most of whom his strength and activity gave him a decided superiority. At school his abilities were less distinguished, yet he was a favourite with the master, a sensible and useful teacher.

'Richard is not swift,' he used to say to his patron, Dr. Gray, 'but then he is sure; and it is impossible not to be pleased with a child who is so very desirous to give satisfaction.'

Young Middlemas's grateful affection to his patron seemed to increase with the expanding of his faculties, and found a natural and pleasing mode of displaying itself in his attentions to little Menie¹ Gray. Her slightest hint was Richard's law, and it was in vain that he was summoned forth by a hundred shrill voices to take the lead in hye-spye or at football if it was little Menie's pleasure that he should remain within and build card-houses for her amusement. At other times, he would take the charge of the little damsel entirely under his own care, and be seen wandering with her on the borough common, collecting wild flowers or knitting caps made of bul-rushes. Menie was attached to Dick Middlemas in proportion to his affectionate assiduities; and the father saw with pleasure every new mark of attention to his child on the part of his *protégé*.

During the time that Richard was silently advancing from a beautiful child into a fine boy, and approaching from a fine boy to the time when he must be termed a handsome youth, Mr. Gray wrote twice a-year with much regularity to Mr. Monçada, through the channel that gentleman had pointed out. The benevolent man thought that, if the wealthy grandfather could only see his relative, of whom any family might be proud, he would be unable to persevere in his resolution of treating as an outcast one so nearly connected with him in blood, and so interesting in person and disposition. He thought it his duty, therefore, to keep open the slender and oblique communication with the boy's maternal grandfather, as that which might, at some future period, lead to a closer connexion. Yet the correspondence could not, in other respects, be agreeable to a man of spirit like Mr. Gray. His own letters were as

¹ Marlon.

short as possible, merely rendering an account of his ward's expenses, including a moderate board to himself, attested by Mr. Lawford, his co-trustee; and intimating Richard's state of health, and his progress in education, with a few words of brief but warm eulogy upon his goodness of head and heart. But the answers he received were still shorter. 'Mr. Monçada,' such was their usual tenor, 'acknowledges Mr. Gray's letter of such a date, notices the contents, and requests Mr. Gray to persist in the plan which he has hitherto prosecuted on the subject of their correspondence.' On occasions where extraordinary expenses seem likely to be incurred, the remittances were made with readiness.

That day fortnight after Mrs. Gray's death, fifty pounds were received, with a note, intimating that it was designed to put the child R. M. into proper mourning. The writer had added two or three words, desiring that the surplus should be at Mr. Gray's disposal, to meet the additional expenses of this period of calamity; but Mr. Monçada had left the phrase unfinished, apparently in despair of turning it suitably into English. Gideon, without farther investigation, quietly added the sum to the account of his ward's little fortune, contrary to the opinion of Mr. Lawford, who, aware that he was rather a loser than a gainer by the boy's residence in his house, was desirous that his friend should not omit an opportunity of recovering some part of his expenses on that score. But Gray was proof against all remonstrance.

As the boy advanced towards his fourteenth year, Dr. Gray wrote a more elaborate account of his ward's character, acquirements, and capacity. He added, that he did this for the purpose of enabling Mr. Monçada to judge how the young man's future education should be directed. Richard, he observed, was arrived at the point where education, losing its original and general character, branches off into different paths of knowledge, suitable to particular professions, and when it was therefore become necessary to determine which of them it was his pleasure that young Richard should be trained for; and he would, on his part, do all he could to carry Mr. Monçada's wishes into execution, since the amiable qualities of the boy made him as dear to him, though but a guardian, as he could have been to his own father.

The answer, which arrived in the course of a week or ten days, was fuller than usual, and written in the first person. 'Mr. Gray,' such was the tenor, 'our meeting has been under

such circumstances as could not make us favourably known to each other at the time. But I have the advantage of you, since, knowing your motives for entertaining an indifferent opinion of me, I could respect them, and you at the same time; whereas you, unable to comprehend the motives — I say, you, being unacquainted with the infamous treatment I had received, could not understand the reasons that I have for acting as I have done. Deprived, sir, by the act of a villain, of my child, and she despoiled of honour, I cannot bring myself to think of beholding the creature, however innocent, whose look must always remind me of hatred and of shame. Keep the poor child by you, educate him to your own profession, but take heed that he looks no higher than to fill such a situation in life as you yourself worthily occupy, or some other line of like importance. For the condition of a farmer, a country lawyer, a medical practitioner, or some such retired course of life, the means of outfit and education shall be amply supplied. But I must warn him and you that any attempt to intrude himself on me further than I may especially permit will be attended with the total forfeiture of my favour and protection. So, having made known my mind to you, I expect you will act accordingly.'

The receipt of this letter determined Gideon to have some explanation with the boy himself, in order to learn if he had any choice among the professions thus opened to him; convinced, at the same time, from his docility of temper, that he would refer the selection to his (Dr. Gray's) better judgment.

He had previously, however, the unpleasing task of acquainting Richard Middlemas with the mysterious circumstances attending his birth, of which he presumed him to be entirely ignorant, simply because he himself had never communicated them, but had let the boy consider himself as the orphan child of a distant relation. But, though the doctor himself was silent, he might have remembered that Nurse Jamieson had the handsome enjoyment of her tongue, and was disposed to use it liberally.

From a very early period Nurse Jamieson, amongst the variety of legendary lore which she instilled into her foster-son, had not forgotten what she called the awful season of his coming into the world; the personable appearance of his father, a grand gentleman, who looked as if the whole world lay at his feet; the beauty of his mother, and the terrible blackness of the mask which she wore, her eyes that glanced like diamonds,

and the diamonds she wore on her fingers, that could be compared to nothing but her own een, the fairness of her skin, and the colour of her silk rokelay, with much proper stuff to the same purpose. Then she expatiated on the arrival of his grandfather, and the awful man, armed with pistol, dirk, and claymore (the last weapons existed only in Nurse's imagination), the very ogre of a fairy tale; then all the circumstances of the carrying off his mother, while bank-notes were flying about the house like screeds of brown paper, and gold guineas were as plenty as chuckie-stanes. All this, partly to please and interest the boy, partly to indulge her own talent for amplification, Nurse told with so many additional circumstances and gratuitous commentaries, that the real transaction, mysterious and odd as it certainly was, sunk into tameness before the nurse's edition, like humble prose contrasted with the boldest flights of poetry.

To hear all this did Richard seriously incline, and still more was he interested with the idea of his valiant father coming for him unexpectedly at the head of a gallant regiment, with music playing and colours flying, and carrying his son away on the most beautiful pony eyes ever beheld; or his mother, bright as the day, might suddenly appear in her coach-and-six, to reclaim her beloved child; or his repentant grandfather, with his pockets stuffed out with bank-notes, would come to atone for his past cruelty, by heaping his neglected grandchild with unexpected wealth. Sure was Nurse Jamieson 'that it wanted but a blink of her bairn's bonny ee to turn their hearts, as Scripture sayeth; and as strange things had been, as they should come a'thegither to the town at the same time, and make such a day as had never been seen in Middlemas; and then her bairn would never be called by that Lowland name of Middlemas any more, which sounded as if it had been gathered out of the town gutter; but would be called Galatian,¹ or Sir William Wallace, or Robin Hood, or after some other of the great princes named in story-books.'

Nurse Jamieson's history of the past and prospects of the future were too flattering not to excite the most ambitious visions in the mind of a boy who naturally felt a strong desire of rising in the world, and was conscious of possessing the powers necessary to his advancement. The incidents of his birth resembled those he found commemorated in the tales which he read or listened to; and there seemed no reason why his own adventures should not have a termination corresponding

¹ Galatian is the name of a person famous in Christmas gambols.

to those of such voracious histories. In a word, while good Doctor Gray imagined that his pupil was dwelling in utter ignorance of his origin, Richard was meditating upon nothing else than the time and means by which he anticipated his being extricated from the obscurity of his present condition, and enabled to assume the rank to which, in his own opinion, he was entitled by birth.

So stored the feelings of the young man, when, one day after dinner, the doctor, snuffing the candle, and taking from his pouch the great leathern pocket-book in which he deposited particular papers, with a small supply of the most necessary and active medicines, he took from it Mr. Moncada's letter, and requested Richard Middlemas's serious attention, while he told him some circumstances concerning himself, which it greatly imported him to know. Richard's dark eyes flashed fire, the blood flushed his broad and well-formed forehead — the hour of explanation was at length come. He listened to the narrative of Gideon Gray, which, the reader may believe, being altogether divested of the gilding which Nurse Jamieson's imagination had bestowed upon it, and reduced to what mercantile men termed the 'needful,' exhibited little more than the tale of a child of shame, deserted by its father and mother, and brought up on the reluctant charity of a more distant relation, who regarded him as the living, though unconscious, evidence of the disgrace of his family, and would more willingly have paid for the expenses of his funeral than that of the food which was grudgingly provided for him. 'Temple and tower,' a hundred flattering edifices of Richard's childish imagination, went to the ground at once, and the pain which attended their demolition was rendered the more acute by a sense of shame that he should have nursed such reveries. He remained, while Gideon continued his explanation, in a dejected posture, his eyes fixed on the ground, and the veins of his forehead swollen with contending passions.

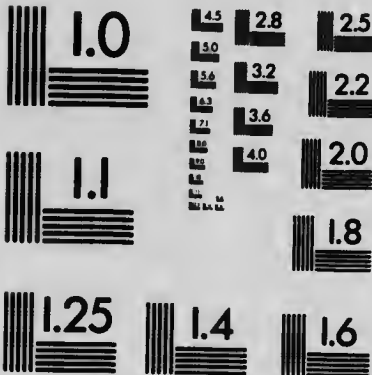
'And now, my dear Richard,' said the good surgeon, 'you must think what you can do for yourself, since your grandfather leaves you the choice of three honourable professions, by any of which, well and wisely prosecuted, you may become independent if not wealthy, and respectable if not great. You will naturally desire a little time for consideration.'

'Not a minute,' said the boy, raising his head and looking boldly at his guardian. 'I am a free-born Englishman, and will return to England if I think fit.'



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'A free-born fool you are,' said Gray. 'You were born, as I think, and no one can know better than I do, in the blue room of Stevenlaw's Land, in the townhead of Middlemas, if you call that being a free-born Englishman.'

'But Tom Hillary' — this was an apprentice of Clerk Lawford, who had of late been a great friend and adviser of young Middlemas — 'Tom Hillary says that I am a free-born Englishman, notwithstanding, in right of my parents.'

'Pooh, child! what do we know of your parents? But what has your being an Englishman to do with the present question?'

'Oh, doctor!' answered the boy, bitterly, 'you know we from the south side of Tweed cannot scramble so hard as you do. The Scots are too moral, and too prudent, and too robust for a poor pudding-eater to live amongst them, whether as a parson, or as a lawyer, or as a doctor — with your pardon, sir.'

'Upon my life, Dick,' said Gray, 'this Tom Hillary will turn your brain. What is the meaning of all this trash?'

'Tom Hillary says that the parson lives by the sins of the people, the lawyer by their distresses, and the doctor by their diseases — always asking your pardon, sir.'

'Tom Hillary,' replied the doctor, 'should be drummed out of the borough. A whipper-snapper of an attorney's apprentice, run away from Newcastle! If I hear him talking so, I'll teach him to speak with more reverence of the learned professions. Let me hear no more of Tom Hillary, whom you have seen far too much of lately. Think a little, like a lad of sense, and tell me what answer I am to give Mr. Monçada.'

'Tell him,' said the boy, the tone of affected sarcasm laid aside, and that of injured pride substituted in its room — 'tell him that my soul revolts at the obscure lot he recommends to me. I am determined to enter my father's profession, the army, unless my grandfather chooses to receive me into his house and place me in his own line of business.'

'Yes, and make you his partner, I suppose, and acknowledge you for his heir?' said Dr. Gray; 'a thing extremely likely to happen, no doubt, considering the way in which he has brought you up all along, and the terms in which he now writes concerning you.'

'Then, sir, there is one thing which I can demand of you,' replied the boy. 'There is a large sum of money in your hands belonging to me; and since it is consigned to you for my use, I demand you should make the necessary advances to

procure a commission in the army, account to me for the balance; and so, with thanks for past favours, I will give you no trouble in future.'

'Young man,' said the doctor, gravely, 'I am very sorry to see that your usual prudence and good-humour are not proof against the disappointment of some idle expectations which you had not the slightest reason to entertain. It is very true that there is a sum which, in spite of various expenses, may still approach to a thousand pounds or better, which remains in my hands for your behoof. But I am bound to dispose of it according to the will of the donor; and, at any rate, you are not entitled to call for it until you come to years of discretion—a period from which you are six years distant according to law, and which, in one sense, you will never reach at all, unless you alter your present unreasonable crotchets. But come, Dick, this is the first time I have seen you in so absurd a humour, and you have many things, I own, in your situation to apologise for impatience even greater than you have displayed. But you should not turn your resentment on me, that am no way in fault. You should remember that I was your earliest and only friend, and took charge of you when every other person forsook you.'

'I do not thank you for it,' said Richard, giving way to a burst of uncontrolled passion. 'You might have done better for me had you pleased.'

'And in what manner, you ungrateful boy?' said Gray, whose composure was a little ruffled.

'You might have flung me under the wheels of their carriages as they drove off, and have let them trample on the body of their child, as they have done on his feelings.'

So saying, he rushed out of the room, and shut the door behind him with great violence, leaving his guardian astonished at his sudden and violent change of temper and manner.

'What the dence can have possessed him? Ah, well. High-spirited, and disappointed in some follies which that Tom Hillary has put into his head. But his is a case for anodynes, and shall be treated accordingly.'

While the doctor formed this good-natured resolution, young Middlemas rushed to Nurse Jamieson's apartment, where poor Menie, to whom his presence always gave holyday feelings, hastened to exhibit for his admiration a new doll, of which she had made the acquisition. No one, generally, was more interested in Menie's amusements than Richard; but at present

Richard, like his celebrated namesake, was not i' the vein. He threw off the little damsel so carelessly, almost so rudely, that the doll flew out of Menie's hand, fell on the hearthstone, and broke its waxen face. The rudeness drew from Nurse Jamieson a rebuke, even although the culprit was her darling.

'Hout awa', Richard, that wasna like yoursell, to guide Miss Menie that gate. Haud your tongue, Miss Menie, and I'll soon mend the baby's face.'

But if Menie cried, she did not cry for the doll; and while the tears flowed silently down her cheeks, she sat looking at Dick Middlemas with a childish face of fear, sorrow, and wonder. Nurse Jamieson was soon diverted from her attention to Menie Gray's distresses, especially as she did not weep aloud, and her attention became fixed on the altered countenance, red eyes, and swoln features of her darling foster-child. She instantly commenced an investigation into the cause of his distress, after the usual inquisitorial manner of matrons of her class. 'What is the matter wi' my bairn?' and 'Wha has been vexing my bairn?' with similar questions, at last extorted this reply—

'I am not your bairn — I am no one's bairn — no one's son. I am an outcast from my family, and belong to no one. Dr. Gray has told me so himself.'

'And did he cast up to my bairn that he was a bastard? Troth he wasna blate. My vertie, your father was a better man than ever stood on the doctor's shanks — a handsome grand gentleman, with an ee like a gled's and a step like a Highland piper.'

Nurse Jamieson had got on a favourite topic, and would have expatiated long enough, for she was a professed admirer of masculine beauty, but there was something which displeased the boy in her last simile; so he cut the conversation short by asking whether she knew exactly how much money his grandfather had left with Dr. Gray for his maintenance. 'She could not say — didna ken — an awfu' sum it was to pass out of ae man's hand. She was sure it wasna less than ae hundred pounds, and it might weel be twa.' In short, she knew nothing about the matter; 'but she was sure Dr. Gray would count to him to the last farthing, for everybody kenn'd that he was a just man where siller was concerned. However, if her bairn wanted to ken mair about it, to be sure the town-clerk could tell him all about it.'

Richard Middlemas arose and left the apartment, without

saying more. He went immediately to visit the old town-clerk, to whom he had made himself acceptable, as indeed he had done to most of the dignitaries about the burgh. He introduced the conversation by the proposal which had been made to him for choosing a profession, and after speaking of the mysterious circumstances of his birth and the doubtful prospects which lay before him, he easily led the town-clerk into conversation as to the amount of the funds, and heard the exact state of the money in his guardian's hands, which corresponded with the information he had already received. He next sounded the worthy scribe on the possibility of his going into the army; but received a second confirmation of the intelligence Mr. Gray had given him, being informed that no part of the money could be placed at his disposal till he was of age, and then not without the especial consent of both his guardians, and particularly that of his master. He therefore took leave of the town-clerk, who, much approving the cautious manner in which he spoke, and his prudent selection of an adviser at this important crisis of his life, intimated to him that, should he choose the law, he would himself receive him into his office upon a very moderate apprentice-fee, and would part with Tom Hillary to make room for him, as the lad was 'rather pragmatical, and plagued him with speaking about his English practice, which they had nothing to do with on this side of the Border — the Lord be thanked!'

Middlemas thanked him for his kindness, and promised to consider his kind offer, in case he should determine upon following the profession of the law.

From Tom Hillary's master Richard went to Tom Hillary himself, who chanced then to be in the office. He was a lad about twenty, as smart as small, but distinguished for the accuracy with which he dressed his hair, and the splendour of a laced hat and embroidered waistcoat, with which he graced the church of Middlemas on Sundays. Tom Hillary had been bred an attorney's clerk in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, but, for some reason or other, had found it more convenient of late years to reside in Scotland, and was recommended to the town-clerk of Middlemas by the accuracy and beauty with which he transcribed the records of the burgh. It is not improbable that the reports concerning the singular circumstances of Richard Middlemas's birth, and the knowledge that he was actually possessed of a considerable sum of money, induced Hillary, though so much his senior, to admit the lad to his company,

and enrich his youthful mind with some branches of information which, in that retired corner, his pupil might otherwise have been some time in attaining. Amongst these were certain games at cards and dice, in which the pupil paid, as was reasonable, the price of initiation by his losses to his instructor. After a long walk with this youngster, whose advice, like the unwise son of the wisest of men, he probably valued more than that of his more aged counsellors, Richard Middlemas returned to his lodgings in Stevenlaw's Land, and went to bed sad and supperless.

The next morning Richard arose with the sun, and his night's rest appeared to have had its frequent effect, in cooling the passions and correcting the understanding. Little Menie was the first person to whom he made the *amende honorable*; and a much smaller propitiation than the new doll with which he presented her would have been accepted as an atonement for a much greater offence. Menie was one of those pure spirits to whom a state of unkindness, if the estranged person has been a friend, is a state of pain, and the slightest advance of her friend and protector was sufficient to regain all her childish confidence and affection.

The father did not prove more inexorable than Menie had done. Mr. Gray, indeed, thought he had good reason to look cold upon Richard at their next meeting, being not a little hurt at the ungrateful treatment which he had received on the preceding evening. But Middlemas disarmed him at once by frankly pleading that he had suffered his mind to be carried away by the supposed rank and importance of his parents into an idle conviction that he was one day to share them. The letter of his grandfather, which condemned him to banishment and obscurity for life, was, he acknowledged, a very severe blow; and it was with deep sorrow that he reflected that the irritation of his disappointment had led him to express himself in a manner far short of the respect and reverence of one who owed Mr. Gray the duty and affection of a son, and ought to refer to his decision every action of his life. Gideon, propitiated by an admission so candid, and made with so much humility, readily dismissed his resentment, and kindly inquired of Richard whether he had bestowed any reflection upon the choice of profession which had been subjected to him; offering, at the same time, to allow him all reasonable time to make up his mind.

On this subject, Richard Middlemas answered with the

same promptitude and candour. 'He had,' he said, 'in order to forming his opinion more safely, consulted with his friend, the town-clerk.' The doctor nodded approbation. 'Mr. Lawford had, indeed, been most friendly, and had even offered to take him into his own office. But if his father and benefactor would permit him to study, under his instructions, the noble art in which he himself enjoyed such a deserved reputation, the mere hope that he might by and by be of some use to Mr. Gray in his business would greatly overbalance every other consideration. Such a course of education, and such a use of professional knowledge when he had acquired it, would be a greater spur to his industry than the prospect even of becoming town-clerk of Middlemas in his proper person.'

As the young man expressed it to be his firm and unalterable choice to study medicine under his guardian, and to remain a member of his family, Dr. Gray informed Mr. Mougada of the lad's determination; who, to testify his approbation, remitted to the doctor the sum of £100 as apprentice-fee — a sum nearly three times as much as Gray's modesty had hinted at as necessary.

Shortly after, when Dr. Gray and the town-clerk met at the small club of the burgh, their joint theme was the sense and steadiness of Richard Middlemas.

'Indeed,' said the town-clerk, 'he is such a friendly and disinterested boy, that I could not get him to accept a place in my office for fear he should be thought to be pushing himself forward at the expense of Tam Hillary.'

'And, indeed, clerk,' said Gray, 'I have sometimes been afraid that he kept too much company with that Tam Hillary of yours; but twenty Tam Hillaries would not corrupt Dick Middlemas.'

CHAPTER III

Dick was come to high renown
Since he commenced physician ;
Tom was held by all the town
The better politician.

Tom and Dick.

AT the same period when Dr. Gray took under his charge his youthful lodger Richard Middlemas, he received proposals from the friends of one Adam Hartley to receive him also as an apprentice. The lad was the son of a respectable farmer on the English side of the Border, who, educating his eldest son to his own occupation, desired to make his second a medical man, in order to avail himself of the friendship of a great man, his landlord, who had offered to assist his views in life, and represented a doctor or surgeon as the sort of person to whose advantage his interest could be most readily applied. Middlemas and Hartley were therefore associated in their studies. In winter they were boarded in Edinburgh, for attending the medical classes, which were necessary for taking their degree. Three or four years thus passed on, and, from being mere boys, the two medical aspirants shot up into young men, who, being both very good-looking, well dressed, well bred, and having money in their pockets, became personages of some importance in the little town of Middlemas, where there was scarce anything that could be termed an aristocracy, and in which beaux were scarce and belles were plenty.

Each of the two had his especial partizans ; for, though the young men themselves lived in tolerable harmony together, yet, as usual in such cases, no one could approve of one of them without at the same time comparing him with, and asserting his superiority over, his companion.

Both were gay, fond of dancing, and sedulous attendants on the 'practeezings,' as he called them, of Mr. M'Fittoch, a dancing-master who, itinerant during the summer, became stationary

in the winter season, and afforded the youth of Middlemas the benefit of his instructions at the rate of twenty lessons for five shillings sterling. On these occasions each of Dr. Gray's pupils had his appropriate praise. Hartley danced with most spirit, Middlemas with a better grace. Mr. M'Fittoch would have turned out Richard against the country-side in the minuet, and wagered the thing dearest to him in the world, and that was his kit, upon his assured superiority; but he admitted Hartley was superior to him in hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels.

In dress Hartley was most expensive, perhaps because his father afforded him better means of being so; but his clothes were neither so tasteful when new nor so well preserved when they began to grow old as those of Richard Middlemas. Adam Hartley was sometimes fine, at other times rather slovenly, and on the former occasions looked rather too conscious of his splendour. His chum was at all times regularly neat and well dressed; while at the same time he had an air of good-breeding, which made him appear always at ease; so that his dress, whatever it was, seemed to be just what he ought to have worn at the time.

In their persons there was a still more strongly-marked distinction. Adam Hartley was full middle-size, stout, and well limbed; and an open English countenance, of the genuine Saxon mould, showed itself among chestnut locks, until the hairdresser destroyed them. He loved the rough exercises of wrestling, boxing, leaping, and quarter-staff, and frequented, when he could obtain leisure, the bull-baitings and football matches by which the burgh was sometimes enlivened.

Richard, on the contrary, was dark, like his father and mother, with high features, beautifully formed, but exhibiting something of a foreign character; and his person was tall and though muscular and active. His address and manners must have been natural to him, for they were, in elegance and refinement, far beyond any example which he could have found in his native burgh. He learned the use of the small-sword while in Edinburgh, and took lessons from a performer at the theatre, with the purpose of refining his mode of speaking. He became also an amateur of the drama, regularly attending the play-house, and assuming the tone of a critic in that and other lighter departments of literature. To fill up the contrast, so far as taste was concerned, Richard was a dexterous and successful angler, Adam a bold and unerring shot. Their efforts to surpass each other in supplying Dr. Gray's table rendered

his housekeeping much preferable to what it had been on former occasions; and, besides, small presents of fish and game are always agreeable amongst the inhabitants of a country town, and contributed to increase the popularity of the young sportsmen.

While the burgh was divided, for lack of better subject of disputation, concerning the comparative merits of Dr. Gray's two apprentices, he himself was sometimes chosen the referee. But in this, as on other matters, the doctor was cautious. He said the lads were both good lads, and would be useful men in the profession if their heads were not carried with the notice which the foolish people of the burgh took of them, and the parties of pleasure that were so often taking them away from their business. No doubt it was natural for him to feel more confidence in Hartley, who came of 'kenned folk,' and was very near as good as a born Scotsman. But if he did feel such a partiality, he blamed himself for it, since the stranger child, so oddly cast upon his hands, had peculiar good right to such patronage and affection as he had to bestow; and truly the young man himself seemed so grateful that it was impossible for him to hint the slightest wish that Dick Middlemas did not hasten to execute.

There were persons in the burgh of Middlemas who were indiscreet enough to suppose that Miss Menie must be a better judge than any other person of the comparative merits of these accomplished personages, respecting which the public opinion was generally divided. No one even of her greatest intimates ventured to put the question to her in precise terms; but her conduct was narrowly observed, and the critics remarked that to Adam Hartley her attentions were given more freely and frankly. She laughed with him, chatted with him, and danced with him; while to Dick Middlemas her conduct was more shy and distant. The premises seemed certain; but the public were divided in the conclusions which were to be drawn from them.

It was not possible for the young men to be the subject of such discussions without being sensible that they existed; and thus contrasted together by the little society in which they moved, they must have been made of better than ordinary clay if they had not themselves entered by degrees into the spirit of the controversy, and considered themselves as rivals for public applause.

Nor is it to be forgotten that Menie Gray was by this time

shot up into one of the prettiest young women, not of Middlemas only, but of the whole county in which the little burgh is situated. This, indeed, had been settled by evidence which could not be esteemed short of decisive. At the time of the races there were usually assembled in the burgh some company of the higher classes from the country around, and many of the sober burghers mended their incomes by letting their apartments, or taking in lodgers of quality, for the busy week. All the rural thanes and thanesses attended on these occasions; and such was the number of cocked hats and silken trains, that the little town seemed for a time totally to have changed its inhabitants. On this occasion persons of a certain quality only were permitted to attend upon the nightly balls which were given in the old town-house, and the line of distinction excluded Mr. Gray's family.

The aristocracy, however, used their privileges with some feelings of deference to the native beaux and belles of the burgh, who were thus doomed to hear the fiddles nightly without being permitted to dance to them. One evening in the race-week, termed the Hunters' Ball, was dedicated to general amusement, and liberated from the usual restrictions of etiquette. On this occasion all the respectable families in the town were invited to share the amusement of the evening, and to wonder at the finery, and be grateful for the condescension, of their betters. This was especially the case with the females, for the number of invitations to the gentlemen of the town was much more limited. Now, at this general muster, the beauty of Miss Gray's face and person had placed her, in the opinion of all competent judges, decidedly at the head of all the belles present, saving those with whom, according to the ideas of the place, it would hardly have been decent to compare her.

The laird of the ancient and distinguished house of Louponheight did not hesitate to engage her hand during the greater part of the evening; and his mother, renowned for her stern assertion of the distinctions of rank, placed the little plebeian beside her at supper, and was heard to say that the surgeon's daughter behaved very prettily indeed, and seemed to know perfectly well where and what she was. As for the young laird himself, he capered so high, and laughed so uproariously, as to give rise to a rumour that he was minded to 'shoot madly from his sphere,' and to convert the village doctor's daughter into a lady of his own ancient name.

During this memorable evening, Middlemas and Hartley,

who had found room in the music gallery, witnessed the scene, and, as it would seem, with very different feelings. Hartley was evidently annoyed by the excess of attention which the gallant laird of Louponheight, stimulated by the influence of a couple of bottles of claret and by the presence of a partner who danced remarkably well, paid to Miss Menie Gray. He saw from his lofty stand all the dumb show of gallantry with the comfortable feelings of a famishing creature looking upon a feast which he is not permitted to share, and regarded every extraordinary frisk of the jovial laird as the same might have been looked upon by a gouty person, who apprehended that the dignitary was about to descend on his toes. At length, unable to restrain his emotion, he left the gallery and returned no more.

Far different was the demeanour of Middlemas. He seemed gratified and elevated by the attention which was generally paid to Miss Gray, and by the admiration she excited. On the valiant laird of Louponheight he looked with indescribable contempt, and amused himself with pointing out to the burgh dancing-master, who acted *pro tempore* as one of the band, the frolicsome bounds and pirouettes, in which that worthy displayed a great deal more of vigour than of grace.

'But ye shouldna laugh sae loud, Master Dick,' said the master of capers; 'he hasna had the advantage of a real gracefu' teacher, as ye have had; and troth, if he listed to tak some lessons, I think I could make some hand of his feet, for he is a souple chield, and has a gallant instep of his ain; and sic a laced hat hasna been seen on the causeway of Middlemas this mony a day. Ye are standing laughing there, Dick Middlemas; I wou'd have you be sure he does not cut you out with your bonny partner yonder.'

'He be ——!' Middlemas was beginning a sentence which could not have concluded with strict attention to propriety, when the master of the band summoned M'Fittoch to his post by the following ireful expostulation — 'What are ye about, sir? Mind your bow-hand. How the deil d'ye think three fiddles is to keep down a bass, if yin o' them stands girning and gabbling as ye're doing? Play up, sir!'

Dick Middlemas, thus reduced to silence, continued, from his lofty station, like one of the gods of the Epicureans, to survey what passed below, without the gaieties which he witnessed being able to excite more than a smile, which seemed, however, rather to indicate good-humoured contempt for what was passing than a benevolent sympathy with the pleasures of others.

CHAPTER IV

Now hold thy tongue, Billy Bewick, he said,
Of peaceful talking let me be ;
But if thou art a man, as I think thou art,
Come ower the dike and fight with me.

Border Minstrelsy.

ON the morning after this gay evening, the two young men were labouring together in a plot of ground behind Stevenlaw's Land which the doctor had converted into a garden, where he raised, with a view to pharmacy as well as botany, some rare plants, which obtained the place from the vulgar the sounding name of the Physic Garden.¹ Mr. Gray's pupils readily complied with his wishes, that they would take some care of this favourite spot, to which both contributed their labours, after which Hartley used to devote himself to the cultivation of the kitchen garden, which he had raised into this respectability from a spot not excelling a common kail-yard, while Richard Middlemas did his utmost to decorate with flowers and shrubs a sort of arbour, usually called Miss Menie's bower.

At present, they were both in the botanic patch of the garden, when Dick Middlemas asked Hartley why he had left the ball so soon the evening before.

'I should rather ask you,' said Hartley, 'what pleasure you felt in staying there? I tell you, Dick, it is a shabby, low place this Middlemas of ours. In the smallest burg in England every decent freeholder would have been asked if the member gave a ball.'

'What, Hartley!' said his companion, 'are you, of all men, a candidate for the honour of ranking with the first-born of the earth? Mercy on us! How will canny Northumberland (throwing a true Northern accent on the letter R) acquit himself? Methinks I see thee in thy pea-green suit, dancing a jig with the Honourable Miss Maddie MacFudgeon, while

¹ The Botanic Garden is so termed by the vulgar of Edinburgh.

chiefs and thanes around laugh as they would do at a hog in armour!

'You don't, or perhaps you won't, understand me,' said Hartley. 'I am not such a fool as to desire to be hail-fellow-well-met with these fine folks: I care as little for them as they do for me. But as they do not choose to ask us to dance, I don't see what business they have with our partners.'

'Partners, said you!' answered Middlemas; 'I don't think Menie is very often yours.'

'As often as I ask her,' answered Hartley, rather haughtily.

'Ay? Indeed? I did not think that. And hang me if I think so yet,' said Middlemas, with the same sarcastic tone. 'I tell thee, Adam, I will bet you a bowl of punch that Miss Gray will not dance with you the next time you ask her. All I stipulate is to know the day.'

'I will lay no bets about Miss Gray,' said Hartley; 'her father is my master, and I am obliged to him—I think I should act very scurvily if I were to make her the subject of any idle debate betwixt you and me.'

'Very right,' replied Middlemas; 'you should finish one quarrel before you begin another. Pray, saddle your pony, ride up to the gate of Louponheight Castle, and defy the baron to mortal combat for having presumed to touch the fair hand of Menie Gray.'

'I wish you would leave Miss Gray's name out of the question, and take your defiances to your fine folks in your own name, and see what they will say to the surgeon's apprentice.'

'Speak for yourself, if you please, Mr. Adam Hartley. I was not born a clown, like some folks, and should care little, if I saw it fit, to talk to the best of them at the ordinary, and make myself understood too.'

'Very likely,' answered Hartley, losing patience; 'you are one of themselves, you know—Middlemas of that ilk.'

'You scoundrel!' said Richard, advancing on him in fury, his taunting humour entirely changed into rage.

'Stand back,' said Hartley, 'or you will come by the worst; if you will break rude jests, you must put up with rough answers.'

'I will have satisfaction for this insult, by Heaven!'

'Why, so you shall, if you insist on it,' said Hartley; 'but better, I think, to say no more about the matter. We have both spoken what would have been better left unsaid. I was in the wrong to say what I said to you, although you did

provoke me. And now I have given you as much satisfaction as a reasonable man can ask.'

'Sir,' repeated Middlemas, 'the satisfaction which I demand is that of a gentleman : the doctor has a pair of pistols.'

'And a pair of mortars also, which are heartily at your service, gentlemen,' said Mr. Gray, coming forward from behind a yew hedge, where he had listened to the whole or greater part of this dispute. 'A fine story it would be of my apprentices shooting each other with my own pistols ! Let me see either of you fit to treat a gunshot wound before you think of inflicting one. Go, you are both very foolish boys, and I cannot take it kind of either of you to bring the name of my daughter into such disputes as these. Harkye, lads, ye both owe me, I think, some portion of respect, and even of gratitude ; it will be a poor return if, instead of living quietly with this poor motherless girl, like brothers with a sister, you should oblige me to increase my expense, and abridge my comfort, by sending my child from me for the few months that you are to remain here. Let me see you shake hands, and let us have no more of this nonsense.'

While their master spoke in this manner, both the young men stood before him in the attitude of self-convicted criminals. At the conclusion of his rebuke, Hartley turned frankly round and offered his hand to his companion, who accepted it, but after a moment's hesitation. There was nothing further passed on the subject, but the lads never resumed the same sort of intimacy which had existed betwixt them in their earlier acquaintance. On the contrary, avoiding every connexion not absolutely required by their situation, and abridging as much as possible even their indispensable intercourse in professional matters, they seemed as much estranged from each other as two persons residing in the same small house had the means of being.

As for Menie Gray, her father did not appear to entertain the least anxiety upon her account, although, from his frequent and almost daily absence from home, she was exposed to constant intercourse with two handsome young men, both, it might be supposed, ambitious of pleasing her more than most parents would have deemed entirely prudent. Nor was Nurse Jamieson — her menial situation and her excessive partiality for her foster-son considered — altogether such a matron as could afford her protection. Gideon, however, knew that his daughter possessed, in its fullest extent, the upright and pure integrity

of his own character, and that never father had less reason to apprehend that a daughter should deceive his confidence; and, justly secure of her principles, he overlooked the danger to which he exposed her feelings and affections.

The intercourse betwixt Menie and the young men seemed now of a guarded kind on all sides. Their meeting was only at meals, and Miss Gray was at pains, perhaps by her father's recommendation, to treat them with the same degree of attention. This, however, was no easy matter; for Hartley became so retiring, cold, and formal that it was impossible for her to sustain any prolonged intercourse with him; whereas Middlemas, perfectly at his ease, sustained his part as formerly upon all occasions that occurred, and, without appearing to press his intimacy assiduously, seemed nevertheless to retain the complete possession of it.

The time drew nigh at length when the young men, freed from the engagements of their indentures, must look to play their own independent part in the world. Mr. Gray informed Richard Middlemas that he had written pressing upon the subject to Monçada, and that more than once, but had not yet received an answer; nor did he presume to offer his own advice until the pleasure of his grandfather should be known. Richard seemed to endure this suspense with more patience than the doctor thought belonged naturally to his character. He asked no questions, stated no conjectures, showed no anxiety, but seemed to await with patience the turn which events should take. 'My young gentleman,' thought Mr. Gray, 'has either fixed on some course in his own mind, or he is about to be more tractable than some points of his character have led me to expect.'

In fact, Richard had made an experiment on this inflexible relative, by sending Mr. Monçada a letter full of duty, and affection, and gratitude, desiring to be permitted to correspond with him in person, and promising to be guided in every particular by his will. The answer to this appeal was his own letter returned, with a note from the bankers whose cover had been used, saying, that any future attempt to intrude on Mr. Monçada would put a final period to their remittances.

While things were in this situation in Stevenlaw's Land, Adam Hartley one evening, contrary to his custom for several months, sought a private interview with his fellow-apprentice. He found him in the little arbour, and could not omit observing that Dick Middlemas, on his appearance, shoved into his bosom

a small packet, as if afraid of its being seen, and, snatching up a hoe, began to work with great devotion, like one who wished to have it thought that his whole soul was in his occupation.

'I wished to speak with you, Mr. Middlemas,' said Hartley; 'but I fear I interrupt you.'

'Not in the least,' said the other, laying down his hoe; 'I was only scratching up the weeds which the late showers have made rush up so numerously. I am at your service.'

Hartley proceeded to the arbour, and seated himself. Richard imitated his example, and seemed to wait for the proposed communication.

'I have had an interesting communication with Mr. Gray——' said Hartley, and there stopped, like one who finds himself entering upon a difficult task.

'I hope the explanation has been satisfactory?' said Middlemas.

'You shall judge. Doctor Gray was pleased to say something to me very civil about my proficiency in the duties of our profession; and, to my great astonishment, asked me whether, as he was now becoming old, I had any particular objection to continue in my present situation, but with some pecuniary advantages, for two years longer; at the end of which he promised to me that I should enter into partnership with him.'

'Mr. Gray is an undoubted judge,' said Middlemas, 'what person will best suit him as a professional assistant. The business may be worth £200 a-year, and an active assistant might go nigh to double it by riding Strath-Devon and the Carse. No great subject for division after all, Mr. Hartley.'

'But,' continued Hartley, 'that is not all. The doctor says — he proposes — in short, if I can render myself agreeable, in the course of these two years, to Miss Menie Gray — he proposes that, when they terminate, I should become his son as well as his partner.'

As he spoke, he kept his eye fixed on Richard's face, which was for a moment strongly agitated; but instantly recovering, he answered, in a tone where pique and offended pride vainly endeavoured to disguise themselves under an affectation of indifference, 'Well, Master Adam, I cannot but wish you joy of the patriarchal arrangement. You have served five years for a professional diploma — a sort of Leah, that privilege of killing and curing. Now you begin a new course of servitude for a lovely Rachel. Undoubtedly — perhaps it is rude in me to

ask — but undoubtedly you have accepted so flattering an arrangement ?'

'You cannot but recollect there was a condition annexed,' said Hartley, gravely.

'That of rendering yourself acceptable to a girl you have known for so many years ?' said Middlemas, with a half-suppressed sneer. 'No great difficulty in that, I should think, for such a person as Mr. Hartley, with Doctor Gray's favour to back him. No — no, there could be no great obstacle there.'

'Both you and I know the contrary, Mr. Middlemas,' said Hartley, very seriously.

'I know ! How should I know anything more than yourself about the state of Miss Gray's inclinations ?' said Middlemas.

'I am sure we have had equal access to know them.'

'Perhaps so ; but some know better how to avail themselves of opportunities. Mr. Middlemas, I have long suspected that you have had the inestimable advantage of possessing Miss Gray's affections, and —'

'I !' interrupted Middlemas. 'You are jesting, or you are jealous. You do yourself less, and me more, than justice ; but the compliment is so great that I am obliged to you for the mistake.'

'That you may know,' answered Hartley, 'I do not speak either by guess or from what you call jealousy, I tell you frankly that Menie Gray herself told me the state of her affections. I naturally communicated to her the discourse I had with her father. I told her I was but too well convinced that at the present moment I did not possess that interest in her heart which alone might entitle me to request her acquiescence in the views which her father's goodness held out to me ; but I entreated her not at once to decide against me, but give me an opportunity to make way in her affections, if possible, trusting that time, and the services which I should render to her father, might have an ultimate effect in my favour.'

'A most natural and modest request. But what did the young lady say in reply ?'

'She is a noble-hearted girl, Richard Middlemas ; and for her frankness alone, even without her beauty and her good sense, deserves an emperor. I cannot express the graceful modesty with which she told me that she knew too well the kindness, as she was pleased to call it, of my heart to expose me to the protracted pain of an unrequited passion. She candidly informed me that she had been long engaged to you

in secret, that you had exchanged portraits; and though without her father's consent she would never become yours, yet she felt it impossible that she should ever so far change her sentiments as to afford the most distant prospect of success to another.'

'Upon my word,' said Middlemas, 'she has been extremely candid indeed, and I am very much obliged to her!'

'And upon *my* honest word, Mr. Middlemas,' returned Hartley, 'you do Miss Gray the greatest injustice — nay, you are ungrateful to her — if you are displeased at her making this declaration. She loves you as a woman loves the first object of her affection; she loves you better —' He stopped, and Middlemas completed the sentence.

'Better than I deserve, perhaps? Faith, it may well be so, and I love her dearly in return. But after all, you know, the secret was mine as well as hers, and it would have been better that she had consulted me before making it public.'

'Mr. Middlemas,' said Hartley, earnestly, 'if the least of this feeling on your part arises from the apprehension that your secret is less safe because it is in my keeping, I can assure you that such is my grateful sense of Miss Gray's goodness, in communicating, to save me pain, an affair of such delicacy to herself and you, that wild horses should tear me limb from limb before they forced a word of it from my lips.'

'Nay — nay, my dear friend,' said Middlemas, with a frankness of manner indicating a cordiality that had not existed between them for some time, 'you must allow me to be a little jealous in my turn. Your true lover cannot have a title to the name unless he be sometimes unreasonable; and somehow it seems odd she should have chosen for a confidant one whom I have often thought a formidable rival; and yet I am so far from being displeas'd, that I do not know that the dear, sensible girl could after all have made a better choice. It is time that the foolish coldness between us should be ended, as you must be sensible that its real cause lay in our rivalry. I have much need of good advice, and who can give it to me better than the old companion whose soundness of judgment I have always envied, even when some injudicious friends have given me credit for quicker parts?'

Hartley accepted Richard's proffered hand, but without any of the buoyancy of spirit with which it was offered.

'I do not intend,' he said, 'to remain many days in this place, perhaps not very many hours. But if, in the meanwhile,

I can benefit you, by advice or otherwise, you may fully command me. It is the only mode in which I can be of service to Menie Gray.'

'Love my mistress, love me; a happy pendant to the old proverb, "Love me, love my dog." Well, then, for Menie Gray's sake, if not for Dick Middlemas's — plague on that vulgar, tell-tale name! — will you, that are a stander-by, tell us who are the unlucky players what you think of this game of ours?'

'How can you ask such a question, when the field lies so fair before you? I am sure that Dr. Gray would retain you as his assistant upon the same terms which he proposed to me. You are the better match, in all worldly respects, for his daughter, having some capital to begin the world with.'

'All true; but methinks Mr. Gray has showed no great predilection for me in this matter.'

'If he has done injustice to your indisputable merit,' said Hartley, drily, 'the preference of his daughter has more than atoned for it.'

'Unquestionably; and dearly, therefore, do I love her; otherwise, Adam, I am not a person to grasp at the leavings of other people.'

'Richard,' replied Hartley, 'that pride of yours, if you do not check it, will render you both ungrateful and miserable. Mr. Gray's ideas are most friendly. He told me plainly that his choice of me as an assistant, and as a member of his family, had been a long time balanced by his early affection for you, until he thought he had remarked in you a decisive discontent with such limited prospects as his offer contained, and a desire to go abroad into the world and push, as it is called, your fortune. He said that, although it was very probable that you might love his daughter well enough to relinquish these ambitious ideas for her sake, yet the demons of Ambition and Avarice would return after the exorciser Love had exhausted the force of his spells, and then he thought he would have just reason to be anxious for his daughter's happiness.'

'By my faith, the worthy senior speaks scholarly and wisely,' answered Richard: 'I did not think he had been so clear-sighted. To say the truth, but for the beautiful Menie Gray, I should feel like a mill-horse, walking my daily round in this dull country, while other gay rovers are trying how the world will receive them. For instance, where do you yourself go?'

'A cousin of my mother's commands a ship in the Company's service. I intend to go with him as surgeon's mate. If I like

the sea service, I will continue in it; if not I will enter some other line.' This Hartley said with a sigh.

'To India!' answered Richard; 'happy dog — to India! You may well bear with equanimity all disappointments sustained on this side of the globe. Oh, Delhi! Oh, Golconda! have your names no power to conjure down idle recollections? India, where gold is won by steel; where a brahmin cannot pitch his desire of fame and wealth so high but that he may realise it, if he have fortune to his friend? Is it possible that the bold adventurer can fix his thoughts on you, and still be dejected at the thoughts that a bonny blue-eyed lass looked favourably on a less lucky fellow than himself? Can this be?'

'Less lucky!' said Hartley. 'Can you, the accepted lover of Menie Gray, speak in that tone, even though it be in jest?'

'Nay, Adam,' said Richard, 'don't be angry with me because, being thus far successful, I rate my good fortune not quite so rapturously as perhaps you do, who have missed the luck of it. Your philosophy should tell you that the object which we attain, or are sure of attaining, loses, perhaps, even by that very certainty, a little of the extravagant and ideal value which attached to it while the object of feverish hopes and aguish fears. But for all that I cannot live without my sweet Menie. I would wed her to-morrow, with all my soul, without thinking a minute on the clog which so early a marriage would fasten on our heels. But to spend two additional years in this infernal wilderness, cruising after crowns and half-crowns, when worse men are making lacs and crores of rupees — it is a sad falling off, Adam. Counsel me, my friend; can you not suggest some mode of getting off from these two years of destined dullness?'

'Not I,' replied Hartley, scarce repressing his displeasure; 'and if I could induce Dr. Gray to dispense with so reasonable a condition, I should be very sorry to do so. You are but twenty-one, and if such a period of probation was, in the doctor's prudence, judged necessary for me, who am full two years older, I have no idea that he will dispense with it in yours.'

'Perhaps not,' replied Middlemas; 'but do you not think that these two, or call them three, years of probation had better be spent in India, where much may be done in a little while, than here, where nothing can be done save just enough to get salt to our broth, or broth to our salt? Methinks I have a natural turn for India, and so I ought. My father was

a soldier, by the conjecture of all who saw him, and gave me a love of the sword, and an arm to use one. My mother's father was a rich trafficker, who loved wealth, I warrant me, and knew how to get it. This petty two hundred a-year, with its miserable and precarious possibilities, to be shared with the old gentleman, sounds in the ears of one like me, who have the world for the winning, and a sword to cut my way through it, like something little better than a decent kind of beggary. Menie is in herself a gem — a diamond — I admit it. But then one would not set such a precious jewel in lead or copper, but in pure gold — ay, and add a circlet of brilliants to set it off with. Be a good fellow, Adam, and undertake the setting my project in proper colours before the doctor. I am sure the wisest thing for him and Menie both is to permit me to spend this short time of probation in the land of cowries. I am sure my heart will be there at any rate, and while I am bleeding some bumpkin for an inflammation, I shall be in fancy relieving some nabob or rajahpoot of his plethora of wealth. Come, will you assist — will you be auxiliary? Ten chances but you plead your own cause, man, for I may be brought up by a sabre or a bow-string before I make my pack up; then your road to Menie will be free and open, and, as you will be possessed of the situation of comforter *ex officio*, you may take her "with the tear in her ee," as old saws advise.

'Mr. Richard Middlemas,' said Hartley, 'I wish it were possible for me to tell you, in the few words which I intend to bestow on you, whether I pity you or despise you the most. Heaven has placed happiness, competence, and content within your power, and you are willing to cast them away to gratify ambition and avarice. Were I to give an advice on this subject, either to Dr. Gray or his daughter, it would be to break off all connexion with a man who, however clever by nature, may soon show himself a fool, and however honestly brought up, may also, upon temptation, prove himself a villain. You may lay aside the sneer which is designed to be a sarcastic smile. I will not attempt to do this, because I am convinced that my advice would be of no use, unless it could come unattended with suspicion of my motives. I will hasten my departure from this house, that we may not meet again; and I will leave it to God Almighty to protect honesty and innocence against the dangers which must attend vanity and folly.' So saying, he turned contemptuously from the youthful votary of ambition, and left the garden.

'Stop,' said Middlemas, struck with the picture which had been held up to his conscience — 'stop, Adam Hartley, and I will confess to you ——' But his words were uttered in a faint and hesitating manner, and either never reached Hartley's ear or failed in changing his purpose of departure.

When he was out of the garden, Middlemas began to recall his usual boldness of disposition. 'Had he stayed a moment longer,' he said, 'I would have turned Papist, and made him my ghostly confessor. The yeomanly churl! I would give something to know how he has got such a hank over me. What are Menie Gray's engagements to him? She has given him his answer, and what right has he to come betwixt her and me? If old Monçada had done a grandfather's duty, and made suitable settlements on me, this plan of marrying the sweet girl and settling here in her native place might have done well enough. But to live the life of the poor drudge her father—to be at the command and call of every boor for twenty miles round!—why, the labours of a higgler, who travels scores of miles to barter pins, ribands, snuff, and tobacco against the housewife's private stock of eggs, mort-skins, and tallow, is more profitable, less laborious, and faith, I think, equally respectable. No—no, unless I can find wealth nearer home, I will seek it where every one can have it for the gathering; and so I will down to the Swan Inn and hold a final consultation with my friend.'

CHAPTER V

THE friend whom Middlemas expected to meet at the Swan was a person already mentioned in this history by the name of Tom Hillary, bred an attorney's clerk in the ancient town of Novum Castrum, *doctus utriusque juris*, as far as a few months in the service of Mr. Lawford, town-clerk of Middlemas, could render him so. The last mention that we made of this gentleman was when his gold-laced hat veiled its splendour before the fresher-mounted beavers of the 'prentices of Dr. Gray. That was now about five years since, and it was within six months that he had made his appearance in Middlemas, a very different sort of personage from that which he seemed at his departure.

He was now called Captain; his dress was regimental, and his language martial. He seemed to have plenty of cash, for he not only, to the great surprise of the parties, paid certain old debts which he had left unsettled behind him, and that notwithstanding his having, as his old practice told him, a good defence of prescription, but even sent the minister a guinea to the assistance of the parish poor. These acts of justice and benevolence were bruited abroad greatly to the honour of one who, so long absent, had neither forgotten his just debts nor hardened his heart against the cries of the needy. His merits were thought the higher when it was understood he had served the Honourable East India Company — that wonderful company of merchants, who may indeed, with the strictest propriety, be termed princes. It was about the middle of the 18th century, and the directors in Leadenhall Street were silently laying the foundation of that immense empire which afterwards rose like an exhalation, and now astoundes Europe, as well as Asia, with its formidable extent and stupendous strength. Britain had now begun to lend a wondering ear to the account of battles fought and cities won in the East;

and was surprised by the return of individuals who had left their native country as adventurers, but now reappeared there surrounded by Oriental wealth and Oriental luxury, which dimmed even the splendour of the most wealthy of the British nobility. In this new-found El Dorado, Hillary had, it seems, been a labourer, and, if he told truth, to some purpose, though he was far from having completed the harvest which he meditated. He spoke, indeed, of making investments, and, as a mere matter of fancy, he consulted his old master, Clerk Lawford, concerning the purchase of a moorland farm of three thousand acres, for which he would be content to give three or four thousand guineas, providing the game was plenty and the trouting in the brook such as had been represented by advertisement. But he did not wish to make any extensive landed purchase at present. It was necessary to keep up his interest in Leadenhall Street; and in that view, it would be impolitic to part with his India stock and India bonds. In short, it was folly to think of settling on a poor thousand or twelve hundred a-year, when one was in the prime of life, and had no liver complaint; and so he was determined to double the Cape once again ere he retired to the chimney-corner for life. All he wished was, to pick up a few clever fellows for his regiment, or rather for his own company; and as in all his travels he had never seen finer fellows than about Middlemas, he was willing to give them the preference in completing his levy. In fact, it was making men of them at once, for a few white faces never failed to strike terror into these black rascals; and then, not to mention the good things that were going at the storming of a pettah or the plundering of a pagoda, most of these tawny dogs carried so much treasure about their persons that a won battle was equal to a mine of gold to the victors.

The natives of Middlemas listened to the noble captain's marvels with different feelings, as their temperaments were saturnine or sanguine. But none could deny that such things had been; and as the narrator was known to be a bold, dashing fellow, possessed of some abilities, and, according to the general opinion, not likely to be withheld by any peculiar scruples of conscience, there was no giving any good reason why Hillary should not have been as successful as others in the field which India, agitated as it was by war and intestine disorders, seemed to offer to every enterprising adventurer. He was accordingly received by his old acquaintances at Middle-

was rather with the respect due to his supposed wealth than in a manner corresponding with his former humble pretensions.

Some of the notables of the village did indeed keep aloof. Among these, the chief was Dr. Gray, who was an enemy to everything that approached to sanfaronade, and knew enough of the world to lay it down as a sort of general rule that he who talks a great deal of fighting is seldom a brave soldier, and he who always speaks about wealth is seldom a rich man at bottom. Clerk Lawford was also shy, notwithstanding his communings with Hillary upon the subject of his intended purchase. The coolness of the captain's old employer towards him was by some supposed to arise out of certain circumstances attending their former connexion; but as the clerk himself never explained what these were, it is unnecessary to make any conjectures upon the subject.

Richard Middlemas very naturally renewed his intimacy with his former comrade, and it was from Hillary's conversation that he had adopted the enthusiasm respecting India which we have heard him express. It was indeed impossible for a youth at once inexperienced in the world and possessed of a most sanguine disposition to listen without sympathy to the glowing descriptions of Hillary, who, though only a recruiting captain, had all the eloquence of a recruiting sergeant. Palaces rose like mushrooms in his descriptions; groves of lofty trees and aromatic shrubs, unknown to the chilly soils of Europe, were tenanted by every object of the chase, from the royal tiger down to the jackall. The luxuries of a natch, and the peculiar Oriental beauty of the enchantresses who performed their voluptuous Eastern dances for the pleasure of the haughty English conquerors, were no less attractive than the battles and sieges on which the captain at other times expatiated. Not a stream did he mention but flowed over sands of gold, and not a palace that was inferior to those of the celebrated Fata Morgana. His descriptions seemed steeped in odours, and his every phrase perfumed in ottar of roses. The interviews at which these descriptions took place often ended in a bottle of choicer wine than the Swan Inn afforded, with some other appendages of the table, which the captain, who was a *bon-vivant*, had procured from Edinburgh. From this good cheer Middlemas was doomed to retire to the homely evening meal of his master, where not all the simple beauties of Menie were able to overcome his disgust at the coarseness of the provisions, or his unwillingness to answer questions concerning the

diseases of the wretched peasants who were subjected to his inspection.

Richard's hopes of being acknowledged by his father had long since vanished, and the rough repulse and subsequent neglect on the part of Monçada had satisfied him that his grandfather was inexorable, and that neither then nor at any future time did he mean to realise the visions which Nurse Jamieson's splendid figments had encouraged him to entertain. Ambition, however, was not lulled to sleep, though it was no longer nourished by the same hopes which had at first awakened it. The Indian captain's lavish oratory supplied the themes which had been at first derived from the legends of the nursery; the exploits of a Lawrence and a Clive, as well as the magnificent opportunities of acquiring wealth to which these exploits opened the road, disturbed the slumbers of the young adventurer. There was nothing to counteract these except his love for Menie Gray and the engagements into which it had led him. But his addresses had been paid to Menie as much for the gratification of his vanity as from any decided passion for that innocent and guileless being. He was desirous of carrying off the prize for which Hartley, whom he never loved, had the courage to contend with him. Then Menie Gray had been beheld with admiration by men his superiors in rank and fortune, but with whom his ambition incited him to dispute the prize. No doubt, though urged to play the gallant at first rather from vanity than any other cause, the frankness and modesty with which his suit was admitted made their natural impression on his heart. He was grateful to the beautiful creature who acknowledged the superiority of his person and accomplishments, and fancied himself as devotedly attached to her as her personal charms and mental merits would have rendered any one who was less vain or selfish than her lover. Still his passion for the surgeon's daughter might not, he prudentially determined, to bear more than its due weight in a case so very important as the determining his line of life; and this he smoothed over to his conscience by repeating to himself that Menie's interest was as essentially concerned as his own in postponing their marriage to the establishment of his fortune. How many young couples had been ruined by a premature union!

The contemptuous conduct of Hartley in their last interview had done something to shake his comrade's confidence in the truth of this reasoning, and to lead him to suspect that he

was playing a very sordid and unmanly part in trifling with the happiness of this amiable and unfortunate young woman. It was in this doubtful humour that he repaired to the Swan Inn, where he was anxiously expected by his friend the captain.

When they were comfortably seated over a bottle of Paxarete, Middlemas began, with characteristical caution, to sound his friend about the ease or difficulty with which an individual, desirous of entering the Company's service, might have an opportunity of getting a commission. If Hillary had answered truly, he would have replied that it was extremely easy; for, at that time, the East India service presented no charms to that superior class of people who have since struggled for admittance under its banners. But the worthy captain replied that, though in the general case it might be difficult for a young man to obtain a commission without serving for some years as a cadet, yet, under his own protection, a young man entering his regiment, and fitted for such a situation, might be sure of an ensigncy, if not a lieutenancy, as soon as ever they set foot in India. 'If you, my dear fellow,' continued he, extending his hand to Middlemas, 'would think of changing sheep-head broth and haggis for mullagatawny and curry, I can only say that, though it is indispensable that you should enter the service at first simply as a cadet, yet, by —, you should live like a brother on the passage with me; and no sooner were we through the surf at Madras than I would put you in the way of acquiring both wealth and glory. You have, I think, some trifle of money — a couple of thousands or so?'

'About a thousand or twelve hundred,' said Richard, affecting the indifference of his companion, but feeling privately humbled by the scantiness of his resources.

'It is quite as much as you will find necessary for the outfit and passage,' said his adviser; 'and, indeed, if you had not a farthing, it would be the same thing; for if I once say to a friend, "I'll help you," Tom Hillary is not the man to start for fear of the cowries. However, it is as well you have something of a capital of your own to begin upon.'

'Yes,' replied the proselyte. 'I should not like to be a burden on any one. I have some thoughts, to tell you the truth, to marry before I leave Britain; and in that case, you know, cash will be necessary, whether my wife goes out with us or remains behind till she hear how luck goes with me. So, after all, I may have to borrow a few hundreds of you.'

'What the devil is that you say, Dick, about marrying and giving in marriage?' replied his friend. 'What can put it into the head of a gallant young fellow like you, just rising twenty-one, and six feet high on your stocking-soles, to make a slave of yourself for life? No — no, Dick, that will never do. Remember the old song —

Bachelor Bluff, bachelor Bluff,
Hey for a heart that's rugged and tough!

'Ay — ay, that sounds very well,' replied Middlemas; 'but then one must shake off a number of old recollections.'

'The sooner the better, Dick; old recollections are like old clothes, and should be sent off by wholesale: they only take up room in one's wardrobe, and it would be old-fashioned to wear them. But you look grave upon it. Who the devil is it has made such a hole in your heart?'

'Pshaw!' answered Middlemas, 'I'm sure you must remember — Menie — my master's daughter.'

'What, Miss Green, the old potter-carrier's daughter? A likely girl enough, I think.'

'My master is a surgeon,' said Richard, 'not an apothecary, and his name is Gray.'

'Ay — ay, Green or Grey — what does it signify? He sells his own drugs, I think, which we in the south call being a potter-carrier. The girl is a likely girl enough for a Scottish ball-room. But is she up to anything? Has she any *nouz*?'

'Why, she is a sensible girl, save in loving me,' answered Richard; 'and that, as Benedict says, is no proof of her wisdom and no great argument of her folly.'

'But has she spirit — spunk — dash — a spice of the devil about her?'

'Not a pennyweight — the kindest, simplest, and most manageable of human beings,' answered the lover.

'She won't do, then,' said the monitor, in a decisive tone. 'I am sorry for it, Dick, but she will never do. There are some women in the world that can bear their share in the bustling life we live in India — ay, and I have known some of them drag forward husbands that would otherwise have stuck fast in the mud till the day of judgment. Heaven knows how they paid the turnpikes they pushed them through! But these were none of your simple Susans, that think their eyes are good for nothing but to look at their husbands, or their fingers but to sew baby-clothes. Depend on it, you must give

up your matrimony or your views of preferment. If you wilfully tie a clog round your throat, never think of running a race. But do not suppose that your breaking off with the lass will make any very terrible catastrophe. A scene there may be at parting; but you will soon forget her among the native girls, and she will fall in love with Mr. Tapeitout, the minister's assistant and successor. She is not goods for the Indian market, I assure you.'

Among the capricious weaknesses of humanity, that one is particularly remarkable which inclines us to esteem persons and things not by their real value, or even by our own judgment, so much as by the opinion of others, who are often very incompetent judges. Dick Middlemas had been urged forward in his suit to Menie Gray by his observing how much her partner, a booby laird, had been captivated by her; and she was now lowered in his esteem because an impudent, low-lived coxcomb had presumed to talk of her with disparagement. Either of these worthy gentlemen would have been as capable of enjoying the beauties of Homer as judging of the merits of Menie Gray.

Indeed, the ascendancy which this bold-talking, promise-making soldier had acquired over Dick Middlemas, wilful as he was in general, was of a despotic nature; because the captain, though greatly inferior in information and talent to the youth whose opinions he swayed, had skill in suggesting those tempting views of rank and wealth to which Richard's imagination had been from childhood most accessible. One promise he exacted from Middlemas, as a condition of the services which he was to render him: it was absolute silence on the subject of his destination for India, and the views upon which it took place. 'My recruits,' said the captain, 'have been all marched off for the depôt at the Isle of Wight; and I want to leave Scotland, and particularly this little burgh, without being worried to death, of which I must despair, should it come to be known that I can provide young griffins, as we call them, with commissions. Gad, I should carry off all the first-born of Middlemas as cadets, and none are so scrupulous as I am about making promises. I am as trusty as a Trojan for that; and you know I cannot do that for every one which I would for an old friend like Dick Middlemas.'

Dick promised secrecy, and it was agreed that the two friends should not even leave the burgh in company, but that the captain should set off first, and his recruit should join him

at Edinburgh, where his enlistment might be attested; and then they were to travel together to town, and arrange matters for their Indian voyage.

Notwithstanding the definitive arrangement which was thus made for his departure, Middlemas thought from time to time with anxiety and regret about quitting Menie Gray, after the engagement which had passed between them. The resolution was taken, however; the blow was necessarily to be struck; and her ungrateful lover, long since determined against the life of domestic happiness which he might have enjoyed had his views been better regulated, was now occupied with the means, not indeed of breaking off with her entirely, but of postponing all thoughts of their union until the success of his expedition to India.

He might have spared himself all anxiety on this last subject. The wealth of that India to which he was bound would not have bribed Menie Gray to have left her father's roof against her father's commands; still less when, deprived of his two assistants, he must be reduced to the necessity of continued exertion in his declining life, and therefore might have accounted himself altogether deserted had his daughter departed from him at the same time. But though it would have been her unalterable determination not to accept any proposal of an immediate union of their fortunes, Menie could not, with all a lover's power of self-deception, succeed in persuading herself to be satisfied with Richard's conduct towards her. Modesty and a becoming pride prevented her from seeming to notice, but could not prevent her from bitterly feeling, that her lover was preferring the pursuits of ambition to the humble lot which he might have shared with her, and which promised content at least, if not wealth.

'If he had loved me as he pretended,' such was the unwilling conviction that rose on her mind, 'my father would surely not have ultimately refused him the same terms which he held out to Hartley. His objections would have given way to my happiness, nay, to Richard's importunities, which would have removed his suspicions of the unsettled cast of his disposition. But I fear — I fear Richard hardly thought the terms proposed were worthy of his acceptance. Would it not have been natural, too, that he should have asked me, engaged as we stand to each other, to have united our fate before his quitting Europe, when I might either have remained here with my father, or accompanied him to India, in quest of that fortune

which he is so eagerly pushing for? It would have been wrong — very wrong — in me to have consented to such a proposal, unless my father had authorised it; but surely it would have been natural that Richard should have offered it? Alas! men do not know how to love like women. Their attachment is only one of a thousand other passions and predilections: they are daily engaged in pleasures which blunt their feelings, and in business which distracts them. We — we sit at home to weep, and to think how coldly our affections are repaid!

The time was now arrived at which Richard Middlemas had a right to demand the property vested in the hands of the town-clerk and Doctor Gray. He did so, and received it accordingly. His late guardian naturally inquired what views he had formed in entering on life? The imagination of the ambitious aspirant saw in this simple question a desire, on the part of the worthy man, to offer, and perhaps press upon him, the same proposal which he had made to Hartley. He hastened, therefore, to answer drily, that he had some hopes held out to him which he was not at liberty to communicate; but that the instant he reached London he would write to the guardian of his youth and acquaint him with the nature of his prospects, which he was happy to say were rather of a pleasing character.

Gideon, who supposed that at this critical period of his life the father or grandfather of the young man might perhaps have intimated a disposition to open some intercourse with him, only replied, 'You have been the child of mystery, Richard; and as you came to me, so you leave me. Then I was ignorant from whence you came, and now I know not whither you are going. It is not, perhaps, a very favourable point in your horoscope that everything connected with you is a secret. But as I shall always think with kindness on him whom I have known so long, so when you remember the old man, you ought not to forget that he has done his duty to you to the extent of his means and power, and taught you that noble profession by means of which, wherever your lot casts you, you may always gain your bread, and alleviate, at the same time, the distresses of your fellow-creatures.' Middlemas was excited by the simple kindness of his master, and poured forth his thanks with the greater profusion, that he was free from the terror of the emblematical collar and chain, which a moment before seemed to glisten in the hand of his guardian, and gape to inclose his neck.

'One word more,' said Mr. Gray, producing a small ring-case. 'This valuable ring was forced upon me by your unfortunate mother. I have no right to it, having been amply paid for my services; and I only accepted it with the purpose of keeping it for you till this moment should arrive. It may be useful, perhaps, should there occur any question about your identity.'

'Thanks, once more, my more than father, for this precious relic, which may indeed be useful. You shall be repaid, if India has diamonds left.'

'India and diamonds!' said Gray. 'Is your head turned, child?'

'I mean,' stammered Middlemas, 'if London has any Indian diamonds.'

'Pooh! you foolish lad,' answered Gray, 'how should you buy diamonds, or what should I do with them, if you gave me ever so many? Get you gone with you while I am angry.' The tears were glistening in the old man's eyes. 'If I get pleased with you again, I shall not know how to part with you.'

The parting of Middlemas with poor Menie was yet more affecting. Her sorrow revived in his mind all the liveliness of a first love, and he redeemed his character for sincere attachment by not only imploring an instant union, but even going so far as to propose renouncing his more splendid prospects, and sharing Mr. Gray's humble toil, if by doing so he could secure his daughter's hand. But, though there was consolation in this testimony of her lover's faith, Menie Gray was not so unwise as to accept of sacrifices which might afterwards have been repented of.

'No, Richard,' she said, 'it seldom ends happily when people alter, in a moment of agitated feeling, plans which have been adopted under mature deliberation. I have long seen that your views were extended far beyond so humble a station as this place affords promise of. It is natural they should do so, considering that the circumstances of your birth seem connected with riches and with rank. Go, then, seek that riches and rank. It is possible your mind may be changed in the pursuit, and if so, think no more about Menie Gray. But if it should be otherwise, we may meet again, and do not believe for a moment that there can be a change in Menie Gray's feelings towards you.'

At this interview much more was said than it is necessary

to repeat, much more thought than was actually said. Nurse Jamieson, in whose chamber it took place, folded her 'bairns,' as she called them, in her arms, and declared that Heaven had made them for each other, and that she would not ask of Heaven to live beyond the day when she should see them bridegroom and bride.

At length it became necessary that the parting scene should end; and Richard Middlemas, mounting a horse which he had hired for the journey, set off for Edinburgh, to which metropolis he had already forwarded his heavy baggage. Upon the road the idea more than once occurred to him that even yet he had better return to Middlemas, and secure his happiness by uniting himself at once to Menie Gray and to humble competence. But from the moment that he rejoined his friend Hillary at their appointed place of rendezvous he became ashamed even to hint at any change of purpose; and his late excited feelings were forgotten, unless in so far as they confirmed his resolution that, as soon as he had attained a certain portion of wealth and consequence, he would haste to share them with Menie Gray. Yet his gratitude to her father did not appear to have slumbered, if we may judge from the gift of a very handsome cornelian seal, set in gold, and bearing engraved upon it gules, a lion rampant within a bordure or, which was carefully despatched to Stevenlaw's Land, Middlemas, with a suitable letter. Menie knew the handwriting, and watched her father's looks as he read it, thinking, perhaps, that it had turned on a different topic. Her father pshawed and poohed a good deal when he had finished the billet, and examined the seal.

'Dick Middlemas,' he said, 'is but a fool after all, Menie. I am sure I am not like to forget him, that he should send me a token of remembrance; and if he would be so absurd, could he not have sent me the improved lithotomical apparatus? And what have I, Gideon Gray, to do with the arms of my Lord Gray? No — no, my old silver stamp, with the double G upon it, will serve my turn. But put the bonny die away, Menie, my dear; it was kindly meant, at any rate.'

The reader cannot doubt that the seal was safely and carefully preserved.

CHAPTER VI

▲ lazar-house it seemed, wherein were laid
Numbers of all diseased.

MILTON.

AFTER the captain had finished his business, amongst which he did not forget to have his recruit regularly attested as a candidate for glory in the service of the Honourable East India Company, the friends left Edinburgh. From thence they got a passage by sea to Newcastle, where Hillary had also some regimental affairs to transact before he joined his regiment. At Newcastle the captain had the good luck to find a small brig, commanded by an old acquaintance and schoolfellow, which was just about to sail for the Isle of Wight. 'I have arranged for our passage with him,' he said to Middlemas; 'for when you are at the depôt you can learn a little of your duty, which cannot be so well taught on board of ship, and then I will find it easier to have you promoted.'

'Do you mean,' said Richard, 'that I am to stay at the Isle of Wight all the time that you are jiggling it away in London?'

'Ay, indeed do I,' said his comrade, 'and it's best for you too; whatever business you have in London, I can do it for you as well or something better than yourself.'

'But I choose to transact my own business myself, Captain Hillary,' said Richard.

'Then you ought to have remained your own master, Mr. Cadet Middlemas. At present you are an enlisted recruit of the Honourable East India Company; I am your officer, and should you hesitate to follow me aboard, why, you foolish fellow, I could have you sent on board in handcuffs.'

"his was jestingly spoken; but yet there was something in the tone which hurt Middlemas's pride and alarmed his fears. He had observed of late that his friend, especially when in company of others, talked to him with an air of command or superiority, difficult to be endured, and yet so closely allied to

the freedom often exercised betwixt two intimates, that he could not find any proper mode of rebuffing or resenting it. Such manifestations of authority were usually followed by an instant renewal of their intimacy; but in the present case that did not so speedily ensue.

Middlemas, indeed, consented to go with his companion to the Isle of Wight, perhaps because if he should quarrel with him the whole plan of his Indian voyage, and all the hopes built upon it, must fall to the ground. But he altered his purpose of entrusting his comrade with his little fortune, to lay out as his occasions might require, and resolved himself to overlook the expenditure of his money, which, in the form of Bank of England notes, was safely deposited in his travelling-trunk. Captain Hillary, finding that some hint he had thrown out on this subject was disregarded, appeared to think no more about it.

The voyage was performed with safety and celerity; and having coasted the shores of that beautiful island, which he who once sees never forgets, through whatever part of the world his future path may lead him, the vessel was soon anchored off the little town of Ryde; and, as the waves were uncommonly still, Richard felt the sickness diminish which, for a considerable part of the passage, had occupied his attention more than anything else.

The master of the brig, in honour to his passengers and affection to his old schoolfellow, had formed an awning upon deck, and proposed to have the pleasure of giving them a little treat before they left his vessel. Lobscouse, sea-pie, and other delicacies of a naval description had been provided in a quantity far disproportionate to the number of the guests. But the punch which succeeded was of excellent quality, and portentously strong. Captain Hillary pushed it round, and insisted upon his companion taking his full share in the merry bout, the rather that, as he facetiously said, there had been some dryness between them, which good liquor would be sovereign in removing. He renewed, with additional splendours, the various panoramic scenes of India and Indian adventures which had first excited the ambition of Middlemas, and assured him that, even if he should not be able to get him a commission instantly, yet a short delay would only give him time to become better acquainted with his military duties; and Middlemas was too much elevated by the liquor he had drank to see any difficulty which could oppose itself to his fortunes. Whether

those who shared in the computation were more seasoned toppers, whether Middlemas drank more than they, or whether, as he himself afterwards suspected, his cup had been drugged, like those of King Duncan's body-guard, it is certain that on this occasion he passed, with unusual rapidity, through all the different phases of the respectable state of drunkenness—laughed, sung, whooped, and hallooed, was maudlin in his fondness and frantic in his wrath, and at length fell into a fast and imperturbable sleep.

The effect of the liquor displayed itself, as usual, in a hundred wild dreams of parched deserts, and of serpents whose bite inflicted the most intolerable thirst, of the suffering of the Indian on the death-stake, and the torments of the infernal regions themselves, when at length he awakened, and it appeared that the latter vision was in fact realised. The sounds which had at first influenced his dreams, and at length broken his slumbers, were of the most horrible as well as the most melancholy description. They came from the ranges of pallet-beds which were closely packed together in a species of military hospital, where a burning fever was the prevalent complaint. Many of the patients were under the influence of a high delirium, during which they shouted, shrieked, laughed, blasphemed, and uttered the most horrible imprecations. Others, sensible of their condition, bewailed it with low groans and some attempts at devotion, which showed their ignorance of the principles, and even the forms, of religion. Those who were convalescent talked ribaldry in a loud tone, or whispered to each other in cant language, upon schemes which, as far as a passing phrase could be understood by a novice, had relation to violent and criminal exploits.

Richard Middlemas's astonishment was equal to his horror. He had but one advantage over the poor wretches with whom he was classed, and it was in enjoying the luxury of a pallet to himself, most of the others being occupied by two unhappy beings. He saw no one who appeared to attend to the wants, or to heed the complaints, of the wretches around him, or to whom he could offer any appeal against his present situation. He looked for his clothes, that he might arise and extricate himself from this den of horrors; but his clothes were nowhere to be seen, nor did he see his portmanteau or sea-chest. It was much to be apprehended he would never see them more.

Then, but too late, he remembered the insinuations which

had passed current respecting his friend the captain, who was supposed to have been discharged by Mr. Lawford on account of some breach of trust in the town-clerk's service. But that he should have trepanned the friend who had reposed his whole confidence in him, that he should have plundered him of his fortune, and placed him in this house of pestilence, with the hope that death might stifle his tongue, were iniquities not to have been anticipated, even if the worst of these reports were true.

But Middlemas resolved not to be awanting to himself. This place must be visited by some officer, military or medical, to whom he would make an appeal, and alarm his fears at least, if he could not awaken his conscience. While he revolved these distracting thoughts, tormented at the same time by a burning thirst which he had no means of satisfying, he endeavoured to discover if, among those stretched upon the pallets nearest him, he could not discern some one likely to enter into conversation with him, and give him some information about the nature and customs of this horrid place. But the bed nearest him was occupied by two fellows who, although, to judge from their gaunt cheeks, hollow eyes, and ghastly looks, they were apparently recovering from the disease, and just rescued from the jaws of death, were deeply engaged in endeavouring to cheat each other of a few halfpence at a game of cribbage, mixing the terms of the game with oaths not loud but deep; each turn of luck being hailed by the winner as well as the loser with execrations, which seemed designed to blight both body and soul, now used as the language of triumph, and now as reproaches against fortune.

Next to the gamblers was a pallet occupied indeed by two bodies, but only one of which was living: the other sufferer had been recently relieved from his agony.

'He is dead — he is dead!' said the wretched survivor.

'Then do you die too, and be d—d,' answered one of the players, 'and then there will be a pair of you, as Pugg says.'

'I tell you he is growing stiff and cold,' said the poor wretch: 'the dead is no bedfellow for the living. For God's sake, help to rid me of the corpse.'

'Ay, and get the credit of having *done* him — as may be the case with yourself, friend, for he had some two or three hoggs about him —'

'You know you took the last rap from his breeches-pocket not an hour ago,' expostulated the poor convalescent. 'But

help me to take the body out of the bed, and I will not tell the jigger-dubber that you have been beforehand with him.'

'You tell the jigger-dubber!' answered the cribbage-player. 'Such another word and I will twist your head round till your eyes look at the drummer's handwriting on your back. Hold your peace, and don't bother our game with your gammon, or I will make you as mute as your bedfellow.'

The unhappy wretch, exhausted, sunk back beside his hideous companion, and the usual jargon of the game, interlarded with execrations, went on as before.

From this specimen of the most obdurate indifference, contrasted with the last excess of misery, Middlemas became satisfied how little could be made of an appeal to the humanity of his fellow-sufferers. His heart sunk within him, and the thoughts of the happy and peaceful home which he might have called his own arose before his overheated fancy with a vividness of perception that bordered upon insanity. He saw before him the rivulet which wanders through the burgh muir of Middlemas, where he had so often set little mills for the amusement of Menie while she was a child. One draught of it would have been worth all the diamonds of the East, which of late he had worshipped with such devotion; but that draught was denied to him as to Tantalus.

Rallying his senses from this passing illusion, and knowing enough of the practice of the medical art to be aware of the necessity of preventing his ideas from wandering, if possible, he endeavoured to recollect that he was a surgeon, and, after all, should not have the extreme fear for the interior of a military hospital which its horrors might inspire into strangers to the profession. But, though he strove by such recollections to rally his spirits, he was not the less aware of the difference betwixt the condition of a surgeon who might have attended such a place in the course of his duty and a poor inhabitant who was at once a patient and a prisoner.

A footstep was now heard in the apartment, which seemed to silence all the varied sounds of woe that filled it. The cribbage-party hid their cards and ceased their oaths; other wretches, whose complaints had arisen to frenzy, left off their wild exclamations and entreaties for assistance. Agony softened her shriek, Insanity hushed its senseless clamours, and even Death seemed desirous to stifle his parting groan in the presence of Captain Seelencoper. This official was the superintendent, or, as the miserable inhabitants termed him, the governor, of

the hospital. He had all the air of having been originally a turnkey in some ill-regulated jail — a stout, short, bandy-legged man, with one eye, and a double portion of ferocity in that which remained. He wore an old-fashioned tarnished uniform, which did not seem to have been made for him; and the voice in which this minister of humanity addressed the sick was that of a boatswain shouting in the midst of a storm. He had pistols and a cutlass in his belt; for, his mode of administration being such as provoked even hospital patients to revolt, his life had been more than once in danger amongst them. He was followed by two assistants, who carried handcuffs and strait-jackets.

As Seelencoper made his rounds, complaint and pain were hushed, and the flourish of the bamboo which he bore in his hand seemed powerful as the wand of a magician to silence all complaint and remonstrance.

'I tell you the meat is as sweet as a nosegay; and for the bread, it's good enough, and too good, for a set of lubbers that lie shamming Abraham, and consuming the Right Honourable Company's victuals. I don't speak to them that are really sick, for God knows I am always for humanity.'

'If that be the case, sir,' said Richard Middlemas, whose lair the captain had approached, while he was thus answering the low and humble complaints of those by whose bedside he passed — 'if that be the case, sir, I hope your humanity will make you attend to what I say.'

'And who the devil are you?' said the governor, turning on him his single eye of fire, while a sneer gathered on his harsh features, which were so well qualified to express it.

'My name is Middlemas; I came from Scotland, and have been sent here by some strange mistake. I am neither a private soldier nor am I indisposed, more than by the heat of this cursed place.'

'Why then, friend, all I have to ask you is, whether you are an attested recruit or not?'

'I was attested at Edinburgh,' said Middlemas, 'but ——'

'But what the devil would you have, then? You are enlisted. The captain and the doctor sent you here; surely they know best whether you are private or officer, sick or well.'

'But I was promised,' said Middlemas — 'promised by Tom Hillary ——'

'Promised, were you? Why, there is not a man here that has not been promised something by somebody or another, or

perhaps has promised something to himself. This is the land of promise, my smart fellow, but you know it is India that must be the land of performance. So good morning to you. The doctor will come his rounds presently, and put you all to rights.'

'Stay but one moment — one moment only: I have been robbed.'

'Robbed! look you there now,' said the governor, 'everybody that comes here has been robbed. Egad, I am the luckiest fellow in Europe: other people in my line have only thieves and blackguards upon their hands; but none come to my ken but honest, decent, unfortunate gentlemen that have been robbed!'

'Take care how you treat this so lightly, sir,' said Middlemas; 'I have been robbed of a thousand pounds.'

Here Governor Seelencoper's gravity was totally overcome, and his laugh was echoed by several of the patients, either because they wished to curry favor with the superintendent or from the feeling which influences evil spirits to rejoice in the tortures of those who are sent to share their agony.

'A thousand pounds!' exclaimed Captain Seelencoper, as he recovered his breath. 'Come, that's a good one — I like a fellow that does not make two bites of a cherry; why, there is not a cull in the ken that pretends to have lost more than a few hoggs, and here is a servant to the Honourable Company that has been robbed of a thousand pounds! Well done, Mr. Tom of Ten Thousand, you're a credit to the house, and to the service, and so good morning to you.'

He passed on, and Richard, starting up in a storm of anger and despair, found, as he would have called after him, that his voice, betwixt thirst and agitation, refused its office. 'Water — water!' he said, laying hold, at the same time, of one of the assistants who followed Seelencoper by the sleeve. The fellow looked carelessly round; there was a jug stood by the side of the cribbage-players, which he reached to Middlemas, bidding him, 'Drink and be d—d.'

The man's back was no sooner turned than the gamester threw himself from his own bed into that of Middlemas, and grasping firm hold of the arm of Richard, ere he could carry the vessel to his head, swore he should not have his booze. It may be readily conjectured that the pitcher thus anxiously and desperately reclaimed contained something better than the pure element. In fact, a large proportion of it was gin. The

jug was broken in the struggle and the liquor spilt. Middlemas dealt a blow to the assailant, which was amply and heartily repaid, and a combat would have ensued, but for the interference of the superintendent and his assistants, who, with a dexterity that showed them well acquainted with such emergencies, clapped a strait-waistcoat upon each of the antagonists. Richard's efforts at remonstrance only procured him a blow from Captain Seelencoper's rattan, and a tender admonition to hold his tongue if he valued a whole skin.

Irritated at once by sufferings of the mind and of the body, tormented by raging thirst, and by the sense of his own dreadful situation, the mind of Richard Middlemas seemed to be on the point of becoming unsettled. He felt an insane desire to imitate and reply to the groans, oaths, and ribaldry which, as soon as the superintendent quitted the hospital, echoed around him. He longed, though he struggled against the impulse, to vie in curses with the reprobate, and in screams with the maniac. But his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, his mouth itself seemed choked with ashes; there came upon him a dimness of sight, a rushing sound in his ears, and the powers of life were for a time suspended.

CHAPTER VII

A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
Is more than armies to the common weal.

POPE'S *Homer*.

AS Middlemas returned to his senses, he was sensible that his blood felt more cool, that the feverish throb of his pulsation was diminished, that the ligatures on his person were removed, and his lungs performed their functions more freely. One assistant was binding up a vein, from which a considerable quantity of blood had been taken; another, who had just washed the face of the patient, was holding aromatic vinegar to his nostrils. As he began to open his eyes, the person who had just completed the bandage said in Latin, but in a very low tone, and without raising his head, 'Annon sis Ricardus ille Middlemas, ex civitate Middlemassiense? Responde in lingua Latina.'

'Sum ille miserrimus,' replied Richard, again shutting his eyes; for, strange as it may seem, the voice of his comrade Adam Hartley, though his presence might be of so much consequence in this emergency, conveyed a pang to his wounded pride. He was conscious of unkindly, if not hostile, feelings towards his old companion; he remembered the tone of superiority which he used to assume over him, and thus to lie stretched at his feet, and in a manner at his mercy, aggravated his distress, by the feelings of the dying chieftain, 'Earl Percy sees my fall.' This was, however, too unreasonable an emotion to subsist above a minute. In the next, he availed himself of the Latin language, with which both were familiar, for in that time the medical studies at the celebrated University of Edinburgh were, in a great measure, conducted in Latin, to tell in a few words his own folly, and the villainy of Hillary.

'I must be gone instantly,' said Hartley. 'Take courage; I trust to be able to assist you. In the meantime, take food and physic from none but my servant, who you see holds the

sponge in his hand. You are in a place where a man's life has been taken for the sake of his gold sleeve-buttons.'

'Stay yet a moment,' said Middlemas. 'Let me remove this temptation from my dangerous neighbours.'

He drew a small packet from his under waistcoat, and put it into Hartley's hands.

'If I die,' he said, 'be my heir. You deserve her better than I.'

All answer was prevented by the hoarse voice of Seelencoper.

'Well, doctor, will you carry through your patient?'

'Symptoms are dubious yet,' said the doctor. 'That was an alarming swoon. You must have him carried into the private ward, and my young man shall attend him.'

'Why, if you command it, doctor, needs must; but I can tell you there is a man we both know that has a thousand reasons at least for keeping him in the public ward.'

'I know nothing of your thousand reasons,' said Hartley; 'I can only tell you that this young fellow is as well-limbed and likely a lad as the Company have among their recruits. It is my business to save him for their service, and if he dies by your neglecting what I direct, depend upon it I will not allow the blame to lie at my door. I will tell the General the charge I had given you.'

'The General!' said Seelencoper, much embarrassed. 'Tell the General? Ay, about his health. But you will not say anything about what he may have said in his light-headed fits? My eyes! if you listen to what feverish patients say when the tantivy is in their brain, your back will soon break with tale-bearing, for I will warrant you plenty of them to carry.'

'Captain Seelencoper,' said the doctor, 'I do not meddle with your department in the hospital. My advice to you is, not to trouble yourself with mine. I suppose, as I have a commission in the service, and have besides a regular diploma as a physician, I know when my patient is light-headed or otherwise. So do you let the man be carefully looked after, at your peril.'

Thus saying, he left the hospital, but not till, under pretext of again consulting the pulse, he pressed the patient's hand, as if to assure him once more of his exertions for his liberation.

'My eyes!' muttered Seelencoper, 'this cockerel crows gallant, to come from a Scotch roost; but I would know well enough how to fetch the youngster off the perch, if it were not for the cure he has done on the General's pickaninnies.'

Enough of this fell on Richard's ear to suggest hopes of deliverance, which were increased when he was shortly afterwards removed to a separate ward, a place much more decent in appearance, and inhabited only by two patients, who seemed petty officers. Although sensible that he had no illness save that weakness which succeeds violent agitation, he deemed it wisest to suffer himself still to be treated as a patient, in consideration that he should thus remain under his comrade's superintendence. Yet, while preparing to avail himself of Hartley's good offices, the prevailing reflection of his secret bosom was the ungrateful sentiment, 'Had Heaven no other means of saving me than by the hands of him I like least on the face of the earth?'

Meanwhile, ignorant of the ungrateful sentiments of his comrade, and indeed wholly indifferent how he felt towards him, Hartley proceeded in doing him such service as was in his power, without any other object than the discharge of his own duty as a man and as a Christian. The manner in which he became qualified to render his comrade assistance requires some short explanation.

Our story took place at a period when the Directors of the East India Company, with that hardy and persevering policy which has raised to such a height the British Empire in the East, had determined to send a large reinforcement of European troops to the support of their power in India, then threatened by the kingdom of Mysore, of which the celebrated Hyder Ali had usurped the government, after dethroning his master. Considerable difficulty was found in obtaining recruits for that service. Those who might have been otherwise disposed to be soldiers were afraid of the climate, and of the species of banishment which the engagement implied; and doubted also how far the engagements of the Company might be faithfully observed towards them, when they were removed from the protection of the British laws. For these and other reasons, the military service of the king was preferred, and that of the Company could only procure the worst recruits, although their zealous agents scrupled not to employ the worst means. Indeed, the practice of kidnapping, or crimping, as it is technically called, was at that time general, whether for the colonies or even for the king's troops; and as the agents employed in such transactions must be of course entirely unscrupulous, there was not only much villainy committed in the direct prosecution of the trade, but it gave rise incidentally to re-

markable cases of robbery, and even murder. Such atrocities were, of course, concealed from the authorities for whom the levies were made, and the necessity of obtaining soldiers made men whose conduct was otherwise unexceptionable cold in looking closely into the mode in which their recruiting service was conducted.

The principal depôt of the troops which were by these means assembled was in the Isle of Wight, where, the season proving unhealthy, and the men themselves being many of them of a bad habit of body, a fever of a malignant character broke out amongst them, and speedily crowded with patients the military hospital, of which Mr. Seelencoper, himself an old and experienced crimp and kidnapper, had obtained the superintendence. Irregularities began to take place also among the soldiers who remained healthy, and the necessity of subjecting them to some discipline before they sailed was so evident, that several officers of the Company's naval service expressed their belief that otherwise there would be dangerous mutinies on the passage.

To remedy the first of these evils, the Court of Directors sent down to the island several of their medical servants, amongst whom was Hartley, whose qualifications had been amply certified by a medical board, before which he had passed an examination, besides his possessing a diploma from the University of Edinburgh as M.D.

To enforce the discipline of their soldiers, the Court committed full power to one of their own body, General Witherington. The General was an officer who had distinguished himself highly in their service. He had returned from India five or six years before, with a large fortune, which he had rendered much greater by an advantageous marriage with a rich heiress. The General and his lady went little into society, but seemed to live entirely for their infant family, those in number being three, two boys and a girl. Although he had retired from the service, he willingly undertook the temporary charge committed to him, and taking a house at a considerable distance from the town of Ryde, he proceeded to enrol the troops into separate bodies, appoint officers of capacity to each, and, by regular training and discipline, gradually to bring them into something resembling good order. He heard their complaints of ill-usage in the articles of provisions and appointments, and did them upon all occasions the strictest justice, save that he was never known to restore one recruit to his freedom from the service,

however unfairly or even illegally his attestation might have been obtained.

'It is none of my business,' said General Witherington, 'how you became soldiers,—soldiers I found you, and soldiers I will leave you. But I will take especial care that, as soldiers you shall have everything, to a penny or a pin's head, that you are justly entitled to.' He went to work without fear or favour, reported many abuses to the Board of Directors, had several officers, commissaries, etc., removed from the service, and made his name as great a terror to the speculators at home as it had been to the enemies of Britain and Hindostan.

Captain Seelencoper and his associates in the hospital department heard and trembled, fearing that their turn should come next; but the General, who elsewhere examined all with his own eyes, showed a reluctance to visit the hospital in person. Public report industriously imputed this to fear of infection. Such was certainly the motive, though it was not fear for his own safety that influenced General Witherington, but he dreaded lest he should carry the infection home to the nursery, on which he doated. The alarm of his lady was yet more unreasonably sensitive: she would scarcely suffer the children to walk abroad, if the wind but blew from the quarter where the hospital was situated.

But Providence baffles the precautions of mortals. In a walk across the fields, chosen as the most sheltered and sequestered, the children, with their train of Eastern and European attendants, met a woman who carried a child that was recovering from the small-pox. The anxiety of the father, joined to some religious scruples on the mother's part, had postponed inoculation, which was then scarcely come into general use. The infection caught like a quick-match, and ran like wildfire through all those in the family who had not previously had the disease. One of the General's children, the second boy, died, and two of the ayahs, or black female servants, had the same fate. The hearts of the father and mother would have been broken for the child they had lost, had not their grief been suspended by anxiety for the fate of those who lived, and who were confessed to be in imminent danger. They were like persons distracted, as the symptoms of the poor patients seemed gradually to resemble more nearly that of the child already lost.

While the parents were in this agony of apprehension, the General's principal servant, a native of Northumberland like himself, informed him one morning that there was a young

man from the same county among the hospital doctors who had publicly blamed the mode of treatment observed towards the patients, and spoken of another which he had seen practised with eminent success.

'Some impudent quack,' said the General, 'who would force himself into business by bold assertions. Doctor Tourniquet and Doctor Lancelot are men of high reputation.'

'Do not mention their reputation,' said the mother, with a mother's impatience; 'did they not let my sweet Reuben die? What avails the reputation of the physician when the patient perisheth?'

'If his honour would but see Doctor Hartley,' said Winter, turning half towards the lady, and then turning back again to his master. 'He is a very decent young man, who, I am sure, never expected what he said to reach your honour's ears — and he is a native of Northumberland.'

'Send a servant with a led horse,' said the General; 'let the young man come hither instantly.'

It is well known that the ancient mode of treating the small-pox was to refuse to the patient everything which nature urged him to desire; and, in particular, to confine him to heated rooms, bed loaded with blankets, and spiced wine, when nature called for cold water and fresh air. A different mode of treatment had of late been adventured upon by some practitioners, who preferred reason to authority, and Gideon Gray had followed it for several years with extraordinary success.

When General Witherington saw Hartley, he was startled at his youth; but when he heard him modestly, but with confidence, state the difference of the two modes of treatment, and the *rationale* of his practice, he listened with the most serious attention. So did his lady, her streaming eyes turning from Hartley to her husband, as if to watch what impression the arguments of the former were making upon the latter. General Witherington was silent for a few minutes after Hartley had finished his exposition, and seemed buried in profound reflection. 'To treat a fever,' he said, 'in a manner which tends to produce one seems indeed to be adding fuel to fire.'

'It is — it is,' said the lady. 'Let us trust this young man, General Witherington. We shall at least give our darlings the comforts of the fresh air and cold water for which they are pining.'

But the General remained undecided. 'Your reasoning,' he said to Hartley, 'seems plausible; but still it is only hypothesis.'

What can you show to support your theory in opposition to the general practice ?'

'My own observation,' replied the young man. 'Here is a memorandum-book of medical cases which I have witnessed. It contains twenty cases of small-pox, of which eighteen were recoveries.'

'And the two others ?' said the General.

'Terminated fatally,' replied Hartley; 'we can as yet but partially disarm this scourge of the human race.'

'Young man,' continued the General, 'were I to say that a thousand gold mohurs were yours in case my children live under your treatment, what have you to peril in exchange ?'

'My reputation,' answered Hartley, firmly.

'And you could warrant on your reputation the recovery of your patients ?'

'God forbid I should be so presumptuous ! But I think I could warrant my using those means which, with God's blessing, afford the fairest chance of a favourable result.'

'Enough — you are modest and sensible, as well as bold, and I will trust you.'

The lady, on whom Hartley's words and manner had made a great impression, and who was eager to discontinue a mode of treatment which subjected the patients to the greatest pain and privation, and had already proved unfortunate, eagerly acquiesced, and Hartley was placed in full authority in the sick-room.

Windows were thrown open, fires reduced or discontinued, loads of bed-clothes removed, cooling drinks superseded mulled wine and spices. The sick-nurses cried out murder. Doctors Tourniquet and Lancelot retired in disgust, menacing something like a general pestilence, in vengeance of what they termed rebellion against the neglect of the aphorisms of Hippocrates. Hartley proceeded quietly and steadily, and the patients got into a fair road of recovery.

The young Northumbrian was neither conceited nor artful ; yet, with all his plainness of character, he could not but know the influence which a successful physician obtains over the parents of the children whom he has saved from the grave, and especially before the cure is actually completed. He resolved to use this influence in behalf of his old companion, trusting that the military tenacity of General Witherington would give way on consideration of the obligation so lately conferred upon him.

On his way to the General's house, which was at present his constant place of residence, he examined the packet which Middlemas had put into his hand. It contained the picture of Menie Gray, plainly set, and the ring, with brilliants, which Doctor Gray had given to Richard as his mother's last gift. The first of these tokens extracted from honest Hartley a sigh, perhaps a tear, of sad remembrance. 'I fear,' he said, 'she has not chosen worthily; but she shall be happy, if I can make her so.'

Arrived at the residence of General Witherington, our doctor went first to the sick apartment, and then carried to their parents the delightful account that the recovery of the children might be considered as certain. 'May the God of Israel bless thee, young man!' said the lady, trembling with emotion; 'thou hast wiped the tear from the eye of the despairing mother. And yet — alas! alas! still it must flow when I think of my cherub Reuben. Oh! Mr. Hartley, why did we not know you a week sooner — my darling had not then died?'

'God gives and takes away, my lady,' answered Hartley; 'and you must remember that two are restored to you out of three. It is far from certain that the treatment I have used towards the convalescents would have brought through their brother; for the case, as reported to me, was of a very inveterate description.'

'Doctor,' said Witherington, his voice testifying more emotion than he usually or willingly gave way to, 'you can comfort the sick in spirit as well as the sick in body. But it is time we settle our wager. You betted your reputation, which remains with you, increased by all the credit due to your eminent success, against a thousand gold mohurs, the value of which you will find in that pocket-book.'

'General Witherington,' said Hartley, 'you are wealthy, and entitled to be generous; I am poor, and not entitled to decline whatever may be, even in a liberal sense, a compensation for my professional attendance. But there is a bound to extravagance, both in giving and accepting; and I must not hazard the newly-acquired reputation with which you flatter me by giving room to have it said that I fleeced the parents when their feelings were all afloat with anxiety for their children. Allow me to divide this large sum: one half I will thankfully retain, as a most liberal recompense for my labour; and if you still think you owe me anything, let me have it in the advantage of your good opinion and countenance.'

'If I acquiesce in your proposal, Doctor Hartley,' said the General, reluctantly receiving back a part of the contents of the pocket-book, 'it is because I hope to serve you with my interest even better than with my purse.'

'And indeed, sir,' replied Hartley, 'it was upon your interest that I am just about to make a small claim.'

The General and his lady spoke both in the same breath, to assure him his boon was granted before asked.

'I am not so sure of that,' said Hartley; 'for it respects a point on which I have heard say that your Excellency is rather inflexible — the discharge of a recruit.'

'My duty makes me so,' replied the General. 'You know the sort of fellows that we are obliged to content ourselves with: they get drunk, grow pot-valiant, enlist over-night, and repent next morning. If I am to dismiss all those who pretend to have been trepanned, we should have few volunteers remain behind. Every one has some idle story of the promises of a swaggering Sergeant Kite. It is impossible to attend to them. But let me hear yours, however.'

'Mine is a very singular case. The party has been robbed of a thousand pounds.'

'A recruit for this service possessing a thousand pounds! My dear doctor, depend upon it the fellow has gulled you. Bless my heart, would a man who had a thousand pounds think of enlisting as a private sentinel?'

'He had no such thoughts,' answered Hartley. 'He was persuaded by the rogue whom he trusted that he was to have a commission.'

'Then his friend must have been Tom Hillary, or the devil; for no other could possess so much cunning and impudence. He will certainly find his way to the gallows at last. Still this story of the thousand pounds seems a touch even beyond Tom Hillary. What reason have you to think that this fellow ever had such a sum of money?'

'I have the best reason to know it for certain,' answered Hartley. 'He and I served our time together, under the same excellent master; and when he came of age, not liking the profession which he had studied, and obtaining possession of his little fortune, he was deceived by the promises of this same Hillary.'

'Who has had him locked up in our well-ordered hospital yonder?' said the General.

'Even so, please your Excellency,' replied Hartley; 'not, I

think, to cure him of any complaint, but to give him the opportunity of catching one, which would silence all inquiries.'

'The matter shall be closely looked into. But how miserably careless the young man's friends must have been to let a raw lad go into the world with such a companion and guide as Tom Hillary, and such a sum as a thousand pounds in his pocket. His parents had better have knocked him on the head. It certainly was not done like canny Northumberland, as my servant Winter calls it.'

'The youth must indeed have had strangely hard-hearted or careless parents,' said Mrs. Witherington, in accents of pity.

'He never knew them, madam,' said Hartley: 'there was a mystery on the score of his birth. A cold, unwilling, and almost unknown hand dealt him out his portion when he came of lawful age, and he was pushed into the world like a bark forced from shore without rudder, compass, or pilot.'

Here General Witherington involuntarily looked to his lady, while, guided by a similar impulse, her looks were turned upon him. They exchanged a momentary glance of deep and peculiar meaning, and then the eyes of both were fixed on the ground.

'Were you brought up in Scotland?' said the lady, addressing herself, in a faltering voice, to Hartley. 'And what was your master's name?'

'I served my apprenticeship with Mr. Gideon Gray, of the town of Middlemas,' said Hartley.

'Middlemas! Gray!' repeated the lady, and fainted away.

Hartley offered the succours of his profession; the husband flew to support her head, and the instant that Mrs. Witherington began to recover he whispered to her, in a tone betwixt entreaty and warning, 'Zilia, beware — beware!'

Some imperfect sounds which she had begun to frame died away upon her tongue.

'Let me assist you to your dressing-room, my love,' said her obviously anxious husband.

She arose with the action of an automaton, which moves at the touch of a spring, and half-hanging upon her husband, half-dragging herself on by her own efforts, had nearly reached the door of the room, when Hartley, following, asked if he could be of any service.

'No, sir,' said the General, sternly: 'this is no case for a stranger's interference; when you are wanted I will send for you.'

Hartley stepped back on receiving a rebuff in a tone so different from that which General Witherington had used towards him in their previous intercourse, and [was] disposed, for the first time, to give credit to public report, which assigned to that gentleman, with several good qualities, the character of a very proud and haughty man. 'Hitherto,' he thought, 'I have seen him tamed by sorrow and anxiety; now the mind is regaining its natural tension. But he must in decency interest himself for this unhappy Middlemas.'

The General returned into the apartment a minute or two afterwards, and addressed Hartley in his usual tone of politeness, though apparently still under great embarrassment, which he in vain endeavoured to conceal.

'Mrs. Witherington is better,' he said, 'and will be glad to see you before dinner. You dine with us, I hope?'

Hartley bowed.

'Mrs. Witherington is rather subject to this sort of nervous fits, and she has been much harassed of late by grief and apprehension. When she recovers from them, it is a few minutes before she can collect her ideas, and during such intervals — to speak very confidentially to you, my dear Doctor Hartley — she speaks sometimes about imaginary events which have never happened, and sometimes about distressing occurrences in an early period of life. I am not, therefore, willing that any one but myself, or her old attendant, Mrs. Lopez, should be with her on such occasions.'

Hartley admitted that a certain degree of light-headedness was often the consequence of nervous fits.

The General proceeded. 'As to this young man — this friend of yours — this Richard Middlemas — did you not call him so?'

'Not that I recollect,' answered Hartley; 'but your Excellency has hit upon his name.'

'That is odd enough. Certainly you said something about Middlemas?' replied General Witherington.

'I mentioned the name of the town,' said Hartley.

'Ay, and I caught it up as the name of the recruit. I was indeed occupied at the moment by my anxiety about my wife. But this Middlemas, since such is his name, is a wild young fellow, I suppose?'

'I should do him wrong to say so, your Excellency. He may have had his follies like other young men; but his conduct has, so far as I know, been respectable; but, considering we lived in the same house, we were not very intimate.'

'That is bad ; I should have liked him — that is — it would have been happy for him to have had a friend like you. But I suppose you studied too hard for him. He would be a soldier, ha ? Is he good-looking ?'

'Remarkably so,' replied Hartley ; 'and has a very prepossessing manner.'

'Is his complexion dark or fair ?' asked the General.

'Rather uncommonly dark,' said Hartley — 'darker, if I may use the freedom, than your Excellency's.'

'Nay, then, he must be a black ouzel indeed ! Does he understand languages ?'

'Latin and French tolerably well.'

'Of course he cannot fence or dance !'

'Pardon me, sir, I am no great judge ; but Richard is reckoned to do both with uncommon skill.'

'Indeed ! Sum this up, and it sounds well. Handsome, accomplished in exercises, moderately learned, perfectly well-bred, not unreasonably wild. All this comes too high for the situation of a private sentinel. He must have a commission, doctor — entirely for your sake.'

'Your Excellency is generous.'

'It shall be so ; and I will find means to make Tom Hillary disgorge his plunder, unless he prefers being hanged, a fate he has long deserved. You cannot go back to the hospital to-day. You dine with us, and you know Mrs. Witherington's fears of infection ; but to-morrow find out your friend. Winter shall see him equipped with everything needful. Tom Hillary shall repay advances, you know ; and he must be off with the first detachment of the recruits, in the "Middlesex" Indiaman, which sails from the Downs on Monday fortnight ; that is, if you think him fit for the voyage. I daresay the poor fellow is sick of the Isle of Wight.'

'Your Excellency will permit the young man to pay his respects to you before his departure ?'

'To what purpose, sir ?' said the General, hastily and peremptorily ; but instantly added, 'You are right ; I should like to see him. Winter shall let him know the time, and take horses to fetch him hither. But he must have been out of the hospital for a day or two ; so the sooner you can set him at liberty the better. In the meantime, take him to your own lodgings, doctor ; and do not let him form any intimacies with the officers, or any others, in this place, where he may light on another Hillary.'

Had Hartley been as well acquainted as the reader with the circumstances of young Middlemas's birth, he might have drawn decisive conclusions from the behaviour of General Witherington while his comrade was the topic of conversation. But as Mr. Gray and Middlemas himself were both silent on the subject, he knew little of it but from general report, which his curiosity had never induced him to scrutinise minutely. Nevertheless, what he did apprehend interested him so much, that he resolved upon trying a little experiment, in which he thought there could be no great harm. He placed on his finger the remarkable ring entrusted to his care by Richard Middlemas, and endeavoured to make it conspicuous in approaching Mrs. Witherington, taking care, however, that this occurred during her husband's absence. Her eyes had no sooner caught a sight of the gem than they became riveted to it, and she begged a nearer sight of it, as strongly resembling one which she had given to a friend. Taking the ring from his finger, and placing it in her emaciated hand, Hartley informed her it was the property of the friend in whom he had just been endeavouring to interest the General. Mrs. Witherington retired in great emotion, but next day summoned Hartley to a private interview, the particulars of which, so far as are necessary to be known, shall be afterwards related.

On the succeeding day after these important discoveries, Middlemas, to his great delight, was rescued from his seclusion in the hospital, and transferred to his comrade's lodgings in the town of Ryde, of which Hartley himself was a rare inmate, the anxiety of Mrs. Witherington detaining him at the General's house long after his medical attendance might have been dispensed with.

Within two or three days a commission arrived for Richard Middlemas as a lieutenant in the service of the East India Company. Winter, by his master's orders, put the wardrobe of the young officer on a suitable footing; while Middlemas, enchanted at finding himself at once emancipated from his late dreadful difficulties and placed under the protection of a man of such importance as the General, obeyed implicitly the hints transmitted to him by Hartley, and enforced by Winter, and abstained from going into public, or forming acquaintances with any one. Even Hartley himself he saw seldom; and, deep as were his obligations, he did not perhaps greatly regret the absence of one whose presence always affected him with a sense of humiliation and abasement.

CHAPTER VIII

THE evening before he was to sail for the Downs, where the 'Middlesex' lay ready to weigh anchor, the new lieutenant was summoned by Winter to attend him to the General's residence, for the purpose of being introduced to his patron, to thank him at once and to bid him farewell. On the road the old man took the liberty of schooling his companion concerning the respect which he ought to pay to his master, 'who was, though a kind and generous man as ever came from Northumberland, extremely rigid in punctiliously exacting the degree of honour which was his due.'

While they were advancing towards the house, the General and his wife expected their arrival with breathless anxiety. They were seated in a superb drawing-room, the General behind a large chandelier, which, shaded opposite to his face, threw all the light to the other side of the table, so that he could observe any person placed there without becoming the subject of observation in turn. On a heap of cushions, wrapped in a glittering drapery of gold and silver muslins, mingled with shawls, a luxury which was then a novelty in Europe, sat, or rather reclined, his lady, who, past the full meridian of beauty, retained charms enough to distinguish her as one who had been formerly a very fine woman, though her mind seemed occupied by the deepest emotion.

'Zilia,' said her husband, 'you are unable for what you have undertaken; take my advice — retire; you shall know all and everything that passes — but retire. To what purpose should you cling to the idle wish of beholding for a moment a being whom you can never again look upon?'

'Alas!' answered the lady, 'and is not your declaration that I shall never see him more a sufficient reason that I should wish to see him now — should wish to imprint on my memory the features and the form which I am never again to behold'

while we are in the body ? Do not, my Richard, be more cruel than was my poor father, even when his wrath was in its bitterness. He let me look upon my infant, and its cherub face dwelt with me, and was my comfort, among the years of unutterable sorrow in which my youth wore away.

'It is enough, Zilia : you have desired this boon ; I have granted it, and, at whatever risk, my promise shall be kept. But think how much depends on this fatal secret — your rank and estimation in society — my honour interested that that estimation should remain uninjured. Zilia, the moment that the promulgation of such a secret gives prudes and scandal-mongers a right to treat you with scorn will be fraught with unutterable misery, perhaps with bloodshed and death, should a man dare to take up the rumour.'

'You shall be obeyed, my husband,' answered Zilia, 'in all that the frailness of nature will permit. But oh, God of my fathers, of what clay hast Thou fashioned us, poor mortals, who dread so much the shame which follows sin, yet repent so little for the sin itself !' In a minute afterwards steps were heard ; the door opened, Winter announced Lieutenant Middlemas, and the unconscious son stood before his parents.

Witherington started involuntarily up, but immediately constrained himself to assume the easy deportment with which a superior receives a dependant, and which, in his own case, was usually mingled with a certain degree of hauteur. The mother had less command of herself. She too sprung up, as if with the intention of throwing herself on the neck of her son, for whom she had travailed and sorrowed. But the warning glance of her husband arrested her, as if by magic, and she remained standing, with her beautiful head and neck somewhat advanced, her hands clasped together, and extended forward in the attitude of motion, but motionless, nevertheless, as a marble statue, to which the sculptor has given all the appearance of life, but cannot impart its powers. So strange a gesture and posture might have excited the young officer's surprise ; but the lady stood in the shade, and he was so intent in looking upon his patron that he was scarce even conscious of Mrs. Witherington's presence.

'I am happy in this opportunity,' said Middlemas, observing that the General did not speak, 'to return my thanks to General Witherington, to whom they never can be sufficiently paid.'

The sound of his voice, though uttering words so indifferent,

seemed to dissolve the charm which kept his mother motionless. She sighed deeply, relaxed the rigidity of her posture, and sunk back on the cushions from which she had started up. Middlemas turned a look towards her at the sound of the sigh and the rustling of her drapery.

The General hastened to speak. 'My wife, Mr. Middlemas, has been unwell of late; your friend, Mr. Hartley, might mention it to you—an affection of the nerves.'

Mr. Middlemas was, of course, sorry and concerned.

'We have had distress in our family, Mr. Middlemas, from the ultimate and heart-breaking consequences of which we have escaped by the skill of your friend, Mr. Hartley. We will be happy if it is in our power to repay a part of our obligations in services to his friend and *protégé*, Mr. Middlemas.'

'I am only acknowledged as *his protégé*, then,' thought Richard; but he said, 'Every one must envy his friend in having had the distinguished good fortune to be of use to General Witherington and his family.'

'You have received your commission, I presume. Have you any particular wish or desire respecting your destination?'

'No, may it please your Excellency,' answered Middlemas. 'I suppose Hartley would tell your Excellency my unhappy state—that I am an orphan, deserted by the parents who cast me on the wide world, an outcast about whom nobody knows or cares, except to desire that I should wander far enough, and live obscurely enough, not to disgrace them by their connexion with me.'

Zilia wrung her hands as he spoke, and drew her muslin veil closely around her head, as if to exclude the sounds which excited her mental agony.

'Mr. Hartley was not particularly communicative about your affairs,' said the General, 'nor do I wish to give you the pain of entering into them. What I desire to know is, if you are pleased with your destination to Madras?'

'Perfectly, please your Excellency—anywhere, so that there is no chance of meeting the villain Hillary.'

'Oh! Hillary's services are too necessary in the purlieus of St. Giles's, the Lowlights of Newcastle, and such-like places, where human carrion can be picked up, to be permitted to go to India. However, to show you the knave has some grace, there are the notes of which you were robbed. You will find them the very same paper which you lost, except a small sum

which the rogue had spent, but which a friend has made up, in compassion for your sufferings.'

Richard Middlemas sunk on one knee, and kissed the hand which restored him to independence.

'Pshaw!' said the General, 'you are a silly young man'; but he withdrew not his hand from his caresses. This was one of the occasions on which Dick Middlemas could be oratorical.

'O, my more than father,' he said, 'how much greater a debt do I owe to you than to the unnatural parents who brought me into this world by their sin, and deserted me through their cruelty!'

Zilia, as she heard these cutting words, flung back her veil, raising it on both hands till it floated behind her like a mist, and then giving a faint groan, sunk down in a swoon. Pushing Middlemas from him with a hasty movement, General Witherington flew to his lady's assistance, and carried her in his arms, as if she had been a child, into the ante-room, where an old servant waited with the means of restoring suspended animation, which the unhappy husband too truly anticipated might be useful. These were hastily employed, and succeeded in calling the sufferer to life, but in a state of mental emotion that was terrible.

Her mind was obviously impressed by the last words which her son had uttered. 'Did you hear him, Richard?' she exclaimed, in accents terribly loud, considering the exhausted state of her strength — 'did you hear the words? It was Heaven speaking our condemnation by the voice of our own child. But do not fear, my Richard, do not weep! I will answer the thunder of Heaven with its own music.'

She flew to a harpsichord which stood in the room, and, while the servant and master gazed on each other, as if doubting whether her senses were about to leave her entirely, she wandered over the keys, producing a wilderness of harmony, composed of passages recalled by memory, or combined by her own musical talent, until at length her voice and instrument united in one of those magnificent hymns in which her youth had praised her Maker, with voice and harp, like the royal Hebrew who composed it. The tear ebbed insensibly from the eyes which she turned upwards; her vocal tones, combining with those of the instrument, rose to a pitch of brilliancy seldom attained by the most distinguished performers, and then sunk into a dying cadence, which fell, never again to rise — for the songstress had died with her strain.

The horror of the distracted husband may be conceived, when all efforts to restore life proved totally ineffectual. Servants were despatched for medical men — Hartley, and every other who could be found. The General precipitated himself into the apartment they had so lately left, and in his haste ran against Middlemas, who, at the sound of the music from the adjoining apartment, had naturally approached nearer to the door, and, surprised and startled by the sort of clamour, hasty steps, and confused voices which ensued, had remained standing there, endeavouring to ascertain the cause of so much disorder.

The sight of the unfortunate young man wakened the General's stormy passions to frenzy. He seemed to recognise his son only as the cause of his wife's death. He seized him by the collar, and shook him violently as he dragged him into the chamber of mortality.

'Come hither,' he said, 'thou for whom a life of lowest obscurity was too mean a fate — come hither, and look on the parents whom thou hast so much envied — whom thou hast so often cursed. Look at that pale emaciated form, a figure of wax, rather than flesh and blood : that is thy mother — that is the unhappy Zilia Monçada, to whom thy birth was the source of shame and misery, and to whom thy ill-omened presence has now brought death itself. And behold me' — he pushed the lad from him, and stood up erect, looking wellnigh in gesture and figure the apostate spirit he described — 'behold me,' he said — 'see you not my hair streaming with sulphur, my brow scathed with lightning? I am the Arch-Fiend — I am the father whom you seek — I am the accursed Richard Tresham, the seducer of Zilia, and the father of her murderer!'

Hartley entered while this horrid scene was passing. All attention to the deceased, he instantly saw, would be thrown away ; and understanding, partly from Winter, partly from the tenor of the General's frantic discourse, the nature of the disclosure which had occurred, he hastened to put an end, if possible, to the frightful and scandalous scene which had taken place. Aware how delicately the General felt on the subject of reputation, he assailed him with remonstrances on such conduct, in presence of so many witnesses. But the mind had ceased to answer to that once powerful key-note.

'I care not if the whole world hear my sin and my punishment,' said Witherington. 'It shall not be again said of me that I fear shame more than I repent sin. I feared shame only for Zilia, and Zilia is dead.'

'But her memory, General — spare the memory of your wife, in which the character of your children is involved.'

'I have no children,' said the desperate and violent man. 'My Reuben is gone to Heaven, to prepare a lodging for the angel who has now escaped from earth in a flood of harmony, which can only be equalled where she is gone. The other two cherubs will not survive their mother. I shall be, nay, I already feel myself, a childless man.'

'Yet I am your son,' replied Middlemas, in a tone sorrowful, but at the same time tinged with sullen resentment — 'your son by your wedded wife. Pale as she lies there, I call upon you both to acknowledge my rights, and all who are present to bear witness to them.'

'Wretch!' exclaimed the maniac father, 'canst thou think of thine own sordid rights in the midst of death and frenzy? My son! Thou art the fiend who hast occasioned my wretchedness in this world, and who will share my eternal misery in the next. Hence from my sight, and my curse go with thee!'

His eyes fixed on the ground, his arms folded on his breast, the haughty and dogged spirit of Middlemas yet seemed to meditate reply. But Hartley, Winter, and other bystanders interfered, and forced him from the apartment. As they endeavoured to remonstrate with him, he twisted himself out of their grasp, ran to the stables, and seizing the first saddled horse that he found, out of many that had been in haste got ready to seek for assistance, he threw himself on its back and rode furiously off. Hartley was about to mount and follow him; but Winter and the other domestics threw themselves around him, and implored him not to desert their unfortunate master at a time when the influence which he had acquired over him might be the only restraint on the violence of his passions.

'He had a *coup de soleil* in India,' whispered Winter, 'and is capable of anything in his fits. These cowards cannot control him, and I am old and feeble.'

Satisfied that General Witherington was a greater object of compassion than Middlemas, whom besides he had no hope of overtaking, and who he believed was safe in his own keeping, however violent might be his present emotions, Hartley returned where the greater emergency demanded his immediate care.

He found the unfortunate general contending with th.

domestics, who endeavoured to prevent his making his way to the apartment where his children slept, and exclaiming furiously, 'Rejoice, my treasures — rejoice! He has fled who would proclaim your father's crime and your mother's dishonour! He has fled, never to return, whose life has been the death of one parent and the ruin of another! Courage, my children, your father is with you — he will make his way to you through a hundred obstacles!'

The domestics, intimidated and undecided, were giving way to him, when Adam Hartley approached, and, placing himself before the unhappy man, fixed his eye firmly on the General's, while he said in a low but stern voice — 'Madman, would you kill your children?'

The General seemed staggered in his resolution, but still attempted to rush past him. But Hartley, seizing him by the collar of his coat on each side, 'You are my prisoner,' he said; 'I command you to follow me.'

'Ha! prisoner, and for high treason? Dog, thou hast met thy death!'

The distracted man drew a poniard from his bosom, and Hartley's strength and resolution might not perhaps have saved his life, had not Winter mastered the General's right hand, and contrived to disarm him.

'I am your prisoner, then,' he said; 'use me civilly — and let me see my wife and children.'

'You shall see them to-morrow,' said Hartley; 'follow us instantly, and without the least resistance.'

General Witherington followed like a child, with the air of one who is suffering for a cause in which he glories.

'I am not ashamed of my principles,' he said — 'I am willing to die for my king.'

Without exciting his frenzy, by contradicting the fantastic idea which occupied his imagination, Hartley continued to maintain over his patient the ascendancy he had acquired. He caused him to be led to his apartment, and beheld him suffer himself to be put to bed. Administering then a strong composing-draught, and causing a servant to sleep in the room, he watched the unfortunate man till dawn of morning.

General Witherington awoke in his full senses, and apparently conscious of his real situation, which he testified by low groans, sobs, and tears. When Hartley drew near his bedside he knew him perfectly, and said, 'Do not fear me — the fit is over; leave me now, and see after yonder unfortunate. Let

him leave Britain as soon as possible, and go where his fate calls him, and where we can never meet more. Winter knows my ways, and will take care of me.'

Winter gave the same advice. 'I can answer,' he said, 'for my master's security at present ; but in Heaven's name, prevent his ever meeting again with that obdurate young man !'

CHAPTER IX

Well, then, the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.

Merry Wives of Windsor

WHEN Adam Hartley arrived at his lodgings in the sweet little town of Ryde, his first inquiries were after his comrade. He had arrived last night late, man and horse all in a foam. He made no reply to any questions about supper or the like, but, snatching a candle, ran upstairs into his apartment, and shut and double-locked the door. The servants only supposed that, being something intoxicated, he had ridden hard, and was unwilling to expose himself.

Hartley went to the door of his chamber, not without some apprehensions; and after knocking and calling more than once, received at length the welcome return, 'Who is there?'

On Hartley announcing himself, the door opened, and Middlemas appeared, well dressed, and with his hair arranged and powdered; although, from the appearance of the bed, it had not been slept in on the preceding night, and Richard's countenance, haggard and ghastly, seemed to bear witness to the same fact. It was, however, with an affectation of indifference that he spoke.

'I congratulate you on your improvement in worldly knowledge, Adam. It is just the time to desert the poor heir, and stick by him that is in immediate possession of the wealth.'

'I staid last night at General Witherington's,' answered Hartley, 'because he is extremely ill.'

'Tell him to repent of his sins, then,' said Richard. 'Old Gray used to say, a doctor had as good a title to give ghostly advice as a parson. Do you remember Doctor Dulberry, the minister, calling him an interloper? Ha! ha! ha!'

'I am surprised at this style of language from one in your circumstances.'

'Why, ay,' said Middlemas, with a bitter smile, 'it would

be difficult to most men to keep up their spirits, after gaining and losing father, mother, and a good inheritance, all in the same day. But I had always a turn for philosophy.'

'I really do not understand you, Mr. Middlemas.'

'Why, I found my parents yesterday, did I not?' answered the young man. 'My mother, as you know, had waited but that moment to die, and my father to become distracted; and I conclude both were contrived purposely to cheat me of my inheritance, as he has taken up such a prejudice against me.'

'Inheritance!' repeated Hartley, bewildered by Richard's calmness, and half suspecting that the insanity of the father was hereditary in the family. 'In Heaven's name, recollect yourself, and get rid of these hallucinations. What inheritance are you dreaming of?'

'That of my mother, to be sure, who must have inherited old Monçada's wealth; and to whom should it descend, save to her children? I am the eldest of them — that fact cannot be denied.'

'But consider, Richard — recollect yourself.'

'I do,' said Richard; 'and, what then?'

'Then you cannot but remember,' said Hartley, 'that, unless there was a will in your favour, your birth prevents you from inheriting.'

'You are mistaken, sir: I am legitimate. Yonder sickly brats whom you rescued from the grave are not more legitimate than I am. Yes, our parents could not allow the air of Heaven to breathe on them; so they committed to the winds and the waves. I am nevertheless their lawful child, as well as their pining offspring of advanced age and decayed health. I saw them, Adam: Winter showed the nursery to me while they were gathering courage to receive me in the drawing-room. There they lay, the children of predilection, the riches of the East expended that they might sleep soft and wake in magnificence. I, the eldest brother — the heir — I stood beside their bed in the borrowed dress which I had so lately exchanged for the rags of an hospital. Their couches breathed the richest perfumes, while I was reeking from a pest-house; and I — I repeat it — the heir, the produce of their earliest and best love, was thus treated. No wonder that my look was that of a basilisk.'

'You speak as if you were possessed with an evil spirit,' said Hartley; 'or else you labour under a strange delusion.'

'You think those only are legally married over whom a

drowsy parson has read the ceremony from a dog's-eared prayer-book ? It may be so in your English law ; but Scotland makes Love himself the priest. A vow betwixt a fond couple, the blue heaven alone witnessing, will protect a confiding girl against 'he perjury of a fickle swain, as much as if a dean had performed the rites in the loftiest cathedral in England. Nay, more ; if the child of love be acknowledged by the father at the time when he is baptized, if he present the mother to strangers of respectability as his wife, the laws of Scotland will not allow him to retract the justice which has, in these actions, been done to the female whom he has wronged, or the offspring of their mutual love. This General Tresham, or Witherington, treated my unhappy mother as his wife before Gray and others, quartered her as such in the family of a respectable man, gave her the same name by which he himself chose to pass for the time. He presented me to the priest as his lawful offspring ; and the law of Scotland, benevolent to the helpless child, will not allow him now to disown what he so formally admitted. I know my rights, and am determined to claim them.'

'You do not then intend to go on board the "Middlesex" ? Think a little. You will lose your voyage and your commission.'

'I will save my birthright,' answered Middlemas. 'When I thought of going to India, I knew not my parents, or how to make good the rights which I had through them. That riddle is solved. I am entitled to at least a third of Monçada's estate, which, by Winter's account, is considerable. But for you, and your mode of treating the small-pox, I should have had the whole. Little did I think, when old Gray was likely to have his wig pulled off for putting out fires, throwing open windows, and exploding whisky and water, that the new system of treating the small-pox was to cost me so many thousand pounds.'

'You are determined .en,' said Hartley, 'on this wild course ?'

'I know my rights, and am determined to make them available,' answered the obstinate youth.

'Mr. Richard Middlemas, I am sorry for you.'

'Mr. Adam Hartley, I beg to know why I am honoured by your sorrow.'

'I pity you,' answered Hartley, 'both for the obstinacy of selfishness which can think of wealth after the scene you saw last night, and for the idle vision which leads you to believe that you can obtain possession of it.'

'Selfish!' cried Middlemas; 'why, I am a dutiful son, labouring to clear the memory of a calumniated mother. And am I a visionary? Why, it was to this hope that I awakened when old Monçada's letter to Gray, devoting me to perpetual obscurity, first roused me to a sense of my situation, and dispelled the dreams of my childhood. Do you think that I would ever have submitted to the drudgery which I shared with you, but that, by doing so, I kept in view the only traces of these unnatural parents, by means of which I proposed to introduce myself to their notice, and, if necessary, enforce the rights of a legitimate child? The silence and death of Monçada broke my plans, and it was then only I reconciled myself to the thoughts of India.'

'You were very young to have known so much of the Scottish law, at the time when we were first acquainted,' said Hartley. 'But I can guess your instructor.'

'No less authority than Tom Hillary's,' replied Middlemas. 'His good counsel on that head is a reason why I do not now prosecute him to the gallows.'

'I judged as much,' replied Hartley; 'for I heard him, before I left Middlemas, debating the point with Mr. Lawford; and I recollect perfectly that he stated the law to be such as you now lay down.'

'And what said Lawford in answer?' demanded Middlemas.

'He admitted,' replied Hartley, 'that, in circumstances where the case was doubtful, such presumptions of legitimacy might be admitted. But he said they were liable to be controlled by positive and precise testimony, as, for instance, the evidence of the mother declaring the illegitimacy of the child.'

'But there can exist none such in my case,' said Middlemas hastily, and with marks of alarm.

'I will not deceive you, Mr. Middlemas, though I fear I cannot help giving you pain. I had yesterday a long conference with your mother, Mrs. Witherington, in which she acknowledged you as her son, but a son born before marriage. This express declaration will, therefore, put an end to the suppositions on which you ground your hopes. If you please, you may hear the contents of her declaration, which I have in her own handwriting.'

'Confusion! is the cup to be for ever dashed from my lips?' muttered Richard; but recovering his composure by exertion of the self-command of which he possessed so large a portion, he desired Hartley to proceed with his communication. Hartley

accordingly proceeded to inform him of the particulars preceding his birth and those which followed after it ; while Middleton, seated on a sea-chest, listened with inimitable composure to a tale which went to root up the flourishing hopes of wealth which he had lately so fondly entertained.

Zilia Monçada was the only child of a Portuguese Jew of great wealth, who had come to London in prosecution of his commerce. Among the few Christians who frequented his house, and occasionally his table, was Richard Tresham, a gentleman of a high Northumbrian family, deeply engaged in the service of Charles Edward during his short invasion, and, though holding a commission in the Portuguese service, still an object of suspicion to the British government on account of his well-known courage and Jacobitical principles. The high-bred elegance of this gentleman, together with his complete acquaintance with the Portuguese language and manners, had won the intimacy of old Monçada, and, alas ! the heart of the inexperienced Zilia, who, beautiful as an angel, had as little knowledge of the world and its wickedness as the lamb that is but a week old.

Tresham made his proposals to Monçada, perhaps in a manner which too evidently showed that he conceived the high-born Christian was degrading himself in asking an alliance with the wealthy Jew. Monçada rejected his proposals, forbade him his house, but could not prevent the lovers from meeting in private. Tresham made a dishonourable use of the opportunities which the poor Zilia so incautiously afforded, and the consequence was her ruin. The lover, however, had every purpose of righting the injury which he had inflicted, and, after various plans of secret marriage, which were rendered abortive by the difference of religion and other circumstances, flight for Scotland was determined on. The hurry of the journey, the fear and anxiety to which Zilia was subject, brought on her confinement several weeks before the usual time, so that they were compelled to accept of the assistance and accommodation offered by Mr. Gray. They had not been there many hours ere Tresham heard, by the medium of some sharp-sighted or keen-eared friend, that there were warrants out against him for treasonable practices. His correspondence with Charles Edward had become known to Monçada during the period of their friendship ; he betrayed it in vengeance to the British cabinet, and warrants were issued, in which, at Monçada's request, his daughter's name was included. This

might be of use, he apprehended, to enable him to separate his daughter from Tresham, should he find the fugitives actually married. How far he succeeded the reader already knows, as well as the precautions which he took to prevent the living evidence of his child's frailty from being known to exist. His daughter he carried with him, and subjected her to severe restraint, which her own reflections rendered doubly bitter. It would have completed his revenge had the author of Zilia's misfortunes been brought to the scaffold for his political offences. But Tresham skulked among friends in the Highlands, and escaped until the affair blew over.

He afterwards entered into the East India Company's service, under his mother's name of Witherington, which concealed the Jacobite and rebel until these terms were forgotten. His skill in military affairs soon raised him to riches and eminence. When he returned to Britain his first inquiries were after the family of Monçada. His fame, his wealth, and the late conviction that his daughter never would marry any but him who had her first love induced the old man to give that encouragement to General Witherington which he had always denied to the poor and outlawed Major Tresham; and the lovers, after having been fourteen years separated, were at length united in wedlock.

General Witherington eagerly concurred in the earnest wish of his father-in-law, that every remembrance of former events should be buried, by leaving the fruit of the early and unhappy intrigue suitably provided for, but in a distant and obscure situation. Zilia thought far otherwise. Her heart longed, with a mother's longing, towards the object of her first maternal tenderness, but she dared not place herself in opposition at once to the will of her father and the decision of her husband. The former, his religious prejudices much effaced by his long residence in England, had given consent that she should conform to the established religion of her husband and her country; the latter, haughty as we have described him, made it his pride to introduce the beautiful convert among his high born kindred. The discovery of her former frailty would have proved a blow to her respectability which he dreaded like death; and it could not long remain a secret from his wife that, in consequence of a severe illness in India, even his reason became occasionally shaken by anything which violently agitated his feelings. She had, therefore, acquiesced in patience and silence in the course of policy which Monçada had devised,

and which her husband anxiously and warmly approved. Yet her thoughts, even when their marriage was blessed with other offspring, anxiously reverted to the banished and outcast child who had first been clasped to the maternal bosom.

All these feelings, 'subdued and cherished long,' were set afloat in full tide by the unexpected discovery of this son, redeemed from a lot of extreme misery, and placed before his mother's imagination in circumstances so disastrous.

It was in vain that her husband had assured her that he would secure the young man's prosperity by his purse and his interest. She could not be satisfied until she had herself done something to alleviate the doom of banishment to which her eldest-born was thus condemned. She was the more eager to do so, as she felt the extreme delicacy of her health, which was undermined by so many years of secret suffering.

Mrs. Witherington was, in conferring her maternal bounty, naturally led to employ the agency of Hartley, the companion of her son, and to whom, since the recovery of her younger children, she almost looked up as to a tutelar deity. She placed in his hands a sum of £2000, which she had at her own unchallenged disposal, with a request, uttered in the fondest and most affectionate terms, that it might be applied to the service of Richard Middlemas in the way Hartley should think most useful to him. She assured him of further support as it should be needed; and a note to the following purport was also entrusted to him, to be delivered when and where the prudence of Hartley should judge it proper to confide to him the secret of his birth.

'Oh, Benoni! Oh, child of my sorrow!' said this interesting document, 'why should the eyes of thy unhappy mother be about to obtain permission to look on thee, since her aims were denied the right to fold thee to her bosom? May the God of Jews and of Gentiles watch over thee and guard thee! May He remove, in His good time, the darkness which rolls between me and the beloved of my heart — the first fruit of my unhappy, nay, unhallowed, affection. Do not — do not, my beloved, think thyself a lonely exile, while thy mother's prayers arise for thee at sunrise and at sunset, to call down every blessing on thy head — to invoke every power in thy protection and defence. Seek not to see me. Oh, why must I say so? But let me humble myself in the dust, since it is my own sin, my own folly, which I must blame; but seek not to

see or speak with me — it might be the death of both. Confide thy thoughts to the excellent Hartley, who hath been the guardian angel of us all, even as the tribes of Israel had each their guardian angel. What thou shalt wish, and he shall advise in thy behalf, shall be done, if in the power of a mother. And the love of a mother, — is it bounded by seas, or can deserts and distance measure its limits? Oh, child of my sorrow! Oh, Benoni! let thy spirit be with mine, as mine is with thee.

Z. M.'

All these arrangements being completed, the unfortunate lady next insisted with her husband that she should be permitted to see her son in that parting interview which terminated so fatally. Hartley, therefore, now discharged as her executor the duty entrusted to him as her confidential agent.

'Surely,' he thought, as, having finished his communication, he was about to leave the apartment — 'surely the demons of ambition and avarice will unclothe the talons which they have fixed upon this man, at a charm like this.'

And indeed Richard's heart had been formed of the nether millstone had he not been duly affected by these first and last tokens of his mother's affection. He leant his head upon a table, and his tears flowed plentifully. Hartley left him undisturbed for more than an hour, and on his return found him in nearly the same attitude in which he had left him.

'I regret to disturb you at this moment,' he said, 'but I have still a part of my duty to discharge. I must place in your possession the deposit which your mother made in my hands; and I must also remind you that time flies fast, and that you have scarce an hour or two to determine whether you will prosecute your Indian voyage under the new view of circumstances which I have opened to you.'

Middlemas took the bills which his mother had bequeathed him. As he raised his head Hartley could observe that his face was stained with tears. Yet he counted over the money with mercantile accuracy; and though he assumed the pen for the purpose of writing a discharge with an air of inconsolable dejection, yet he drew it up in good set terms, like one who had his senses much at his command.

'And now,' he said, in a mournful voice, 'give me my mother's narrative.'

Hartley almost started, and answered hastily, 'You have the poor lady's letter, which was addressed to yourself; the

narrative is addressed to me. It is my warrant for disposing of a large sum of money; it concerns the rights of third parties, and I cannot part with it.'

'Surely — surely it were better to deliver it into my hands, were it but to weep over it,' answered Middlemas. 'My fortune, Hartley, has been very cruel. You see that my parents purposed to have made me their undoubted heir; yet their purpose was disappointed by accident. And now my mother comes with well-intended fondness, and, while she means to advance my fortune, furnishes evidence to destroy it. Come — come, Hartley, you must be conscious that my mother wrote those details entirely for my information. I am the rightful owner, and insist on having them.'

'I am sorry I must insist on refusing your demand,' answered Hartley, putting the papers in his pocket. 'You ought to consider that, if this communication has destroyed the idle and groundless hopes which you have indulged in, it has, at the same time, more than trebled your capital; and that if there are some hundreds or thousands in the world richer than yourself, there are many millions not half so well provided. Set a brave spirit, then, against your fortune, and do not doubt your success in life.'

His words seemed to sink into the gloomy mind of Middlemas. He stood silent for a moment, and then answered with a reluctant and insinuating voice —

'My dear Hartley, we have long been companions; you can have neither pleasure nor interest in ruining my hopes — you may find some in forwarding them. Monçada's fortune will enable me to allow five thousand pounds to the friend who should aid me in my difficulties.'

'Good morning to you, Mr. Middlemas,' said Hartley, endeavouring to withdraw.

'One moment — one moment,' said Middlemas, holding his friend by the button at the same time, 'I meant to say ten thousand — and — and — marry whomsoever you like — I will not be your hinderance.'

'You are a villain!' said Hartley, breaking from him, 'and I always thought you so.'

'And you,' answered Middlemas, 'are a fool, and I never thought you better. Off he goes. Let him — the game has been played and lost. I must hedge my bets: India must be my back-play.'

All was in readiness for his departure. A small vessel and

a favouring gale conveyed him and several other military gentlemen to the Downs, where the Indiaman which was to transport them from Europe lay ready for their reception.

His first feelings were sufficiently disconsolate. But accustomed from his infancy to conceal his internal thoughts, he appeared in the course of a week the gayest and best-bred passenger who ever dared the long and weary space betwixt Old England and her Indian possessions. At Madras, where the sociable feelings of the resident inhabitants give ready way to enthusiasm in behalf of any stranger of agreeable qualities, he experienced that warm hospitality which distinguishes the British character in the East.

Middlemas was well received in company, and in the way of becoming an indispensable guest at every entertainment in the place, when the vessel on board of which Hartley acted as surgeon's mate arrived at the same settlement. The latter would not, from his situation, have been entitled to expect much civility and attention; but this disadvantage was made up by his possessing the most powerful introductions from General Witherington, and from other persons of weight in Leadenhall Street, the General's friends, to the principal inhabitants in the settlement. He found himself once more, therefore, moving in the same sphere with Middlemas, and under the alternative of living with him on decent and distant terms, or of breaking off with him altogether.

The first of these courses might perhaps have been the wisest; but the other was most congenial to the blunt and plain character of Hartley, who saw neither propriety nor comfort in maintaining a show of friendly intercourse, to conceal hate, contempt, and mutual dislike.

The circle at Fort St. George was much more restricted at that time than it has been since. The coldness of the young men did not escape notice. It transpired that they had been once intimates and fellow-students; yet it was now found that they hesitated at accepting invitations to the same parties. Rumour assigned many different and incompatible reasons for this deadly breach, to which Hartley gave no attention whatever, while Lieutenant Middlemas took care to countenance those which represented the cause of the quarrel most favourably to himself.

'A little bit of rivalry had taken place,' he said, when pressed by gentlemen for an explanation; 'he had only had the good luck to get further in the good graces of a fair lady

than his friend Hartley, who had made a quarrel of it, as they saw. He thought it very silly to keep up spleen, at such a distance of time and space. He was sorry, more for the sake of the strangeness of the appearance of the thing than anything else, although his friend had really some very good points about him.

While these whispers were working their effect in society, they did not prevent Hartley from receiving the most flattering assurances of encouragement and official promotion from the Madras government as opportunity should arise. Soon after, it was intimated to him that a medical appointment of a lucrative nature in a remote settlement was conferred on him, which removed him for some time from Madras and its neighbourhood.

Hartley accordingly sailed on his distant expedition; and it was observed that after his departure the character of Middlemas, as if some check had been removed, began to display itself in disagreeable colours. It was noticed that this young man, whose manners were so agreeable and so courteous during the first months after his arrival in India, began now to show symptoms of a haughty and overbearing spirit. He had adopted, for reasons which the reader may conjecture, but which appeared to be mere whim at Fort St. George, the name of Tresham in addition to that by which he had hitherto been distinguished, and in this he persisted with an obstinacy which belonged more to the pride than the craft of his character. The lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, an old cross-tempered martinet, did not choose to indulge the captain (such was now the rank of Middlemas) in this humour.

'He knew no officer,' he said, 'by any name save that which he bore in his commission,' and he Middlemas'd the captain on all occasions.

One fatal evening, the captain was so much provoked as to intimate peremptorily 'that he knew his own name best.'

'Why, Captain Middlemas,' replied the colonel, 'it is not every child that knows its own father, so how can every man be so sure of his own name?'

The bow was drawn at a venture, but the shaft found the rent in the armour and stung deeply. In spite of all the interposition which could be attempted, Middlemas insisted on challenging the colonel, who could be persuaded to no apology.

'If Captain Middlemas,' he said, 'thought the cap fitted, he was welcome to wear it.'

The result was a meeting, in which, after the parties had exchanged shots, the seconds tendered their mediation. It was rejected by Middlemas, who at the second fire had the misfortune to kill his commanding officer. In consequence, he was obliged to fly from the British settlements; for, being universally blamed for having pushed the quarrel to extremity, there was little doubt that the whole severity of military discipline would be exercised upon the delinquent. Middlemas, therefore, vanished from Fort St. George, and, though the affair had made much noise at the time, was soon no longer talked of. It was understood, in general, that he had gone to seek that fortune at the court of some native prince which he could no longer hope for in the British settlements.

CHAPTER X

THREE years passed away after the fatal encounter mentioned in the last chapter, and Doctor Hartley, returning from his appointed mission, which was only temporary, received encouragement to settle in Madras in a medical capacity; and, upon having done so, soon had reason to think he had chosen a line in which he might rise to wealth and reputation. His practice was not confined to his countrymen, but much sought after among the natives, who, whatever may be their prejudices against the Europeans in other respects, universally esteem their superior powers in the medical profession. This lucrative branch of practice rendered it necessary that Hartley should make the Oriental languages his study, in order to hold communication with his patients without the intervention of an interpreter. He had enough of opportunities to practise as a linguist, for, in acknowledgment, as he used jocularly to say, of the large fees of the wealthy Moslemah and Hindoos, he attended the poor of all nations gratis, whenever he was called upon.

It so chanced, that one evening he was hastily summoned, by a message from the Secretary of the Government, to attend a patient of consequence. 'Yet he is, after all, only a fakir,' said the message. 'You will find him at the tomb of Cara Razi, the Mohammedan saint and doctor, about one coss from the fort. Inquire for him by the name of Barak el Hadgi. Such a patient promises no fees; but we know how little you care about the pagodas, and, besides, the Government is your paymaster on this occasion.'

'That is the last matter to be thought on,' said Hartley, and instantly repaired in his palanquin to the place pointed out to him.

The tomb of the *ouliah*, or Mohammedan saint, Cara Razi, was a place held in much reverence by every good Mussulman. It

was situated in the centre of a grove of mangos and tamarind-trees, and was built of red stone, having three domes, and minarets at every corner. There was a court in front, as usual, around which were cells constructed for the accommodation of the fakirs who visited the tomb from motives of devotion, and made a longer or shorter residence there as they thought proper, subsisting upon the alms which the faithful never fail to bestow on them in exchange for the benefit of their prayers. These devotees were engaged day and night in reading verses of the Koran before the tomb, which was constructed of white marble, inscribed with sentences from the book of the Prophet, and with the various titles conferred by the Koran upon the Supreme Being. Such a sepulchre, of which there are many, is, with its appendages and attendants, respected during wars and revolutions, and no less by Feringis (Franks, that is) and Hindoos than by Mohammedans themselves. The fakirs, in return, act as spies for all parties, and are often employed in secret missions of importance.

Complying with the Mohammedan custom, our friend Hartley laid aside his shoes at the gates of the holy precincts, and avoiding to give offence by approaching near to the tomb, he went up to the principal *moullah*, or priest, who was distinguishable by the length of his beard and the size of the large wooden beads, with which the Mohammedans, like the Catholics, keep register of their prayers. Such a person, venerable by his age, sanctity of character, and his real or supposed contempt of worldly pursuits and enjoyments, is regarded as the head of an establishment of this kind.

The moullah is permitted by his situation to be more communicative with strangers than his younger brethren, who in the present instance remained with their eyes fixed on the Koran, muttering their recitations without noticing the European, or attending to what he said, as he inquired at their superior for Barak el Hadgi.

The moullah was seated on the earth, from which he did not arise, or show any mark of reverence; nor did he interrupt the tale of his beads, which he continued to count assiduously while Hartley was speaking. When he finished, the old man raised his eyes, and looking at him with an air of distraction, as if he was endeavouring to recollect what he had been saying, he at length pointed to one of the cells, and resumed his devotions like one who felt impatient of whatever withdrew his attention from his sacred duties, were it but for an instant.

Hartley entered the cell indicated, with the usual salutation of '*Salam alaikum.*' His patient lay on a little carpet in a corner of the small whitewashed cell. He was a man of about forty, dressed in the black robe of his order, very much torn and patched. He wore a high, conical cap of Tartarian felt, and had round his neck the string of black beads belonging to his order. His eyes and posture indicated suffering, which he was enduring with stoical patience.

'*Salam alaikum,*' said Hartley; 'you are in pain, my father?' a title which he gave rather to the profession than to the years of the person he addressed.

'*Salam alaikum bema sabartem,*' answered the fakir. 'Well is it for you that you have suffered patiently. The Book saith, such shall be the greeting of the angels to those who enter paradise.'

The conversation being thus opened, the physician proceeded to inquire into the complaints of the patient, and to prescribe what he thought advisable. Having done this, he was about to retire, when, to his great surprise, the fakir tendered him a ring of some value.

'The wise,' said Hartley, declining the present, and at the same time paying a suitable compliment to the fakir's cap and robe — 'the wise of every country are brethren. My left hand takes no guerdon of my right.'

'A Feringi can then refuse gold!' said the fakir. 'I thought they took it from every hand, whether pure as that of an houri or leprous like Gehazi's, even as the hungry dog reeketh not whether the flesh he eateth be of the camel of the prophet Saleth or of the ass of Degial, on whose head be curses!'

'The Book says,' replied Hartley, 'that it is Allah who closes and who enlarges the heart. Frank and Mussulman are all alike moulded by His pleasure.'

'My brother hath spoken wisely,' answered the patient. 'Welcome the disease, if it bring thee acquainted with a wise physician. For what saith the poet — "It is well to have fallen to the earth, if while grovelling there thou shalt discover a diamond"?''

The physician made repeated visits to his patient, and continued to do so even after the health of El Hadgi was entirely restored. He had no difficulty in discerning in him one of those secret agents frequently employed by Asiatic sovereigns. His intelligence, his learning above all, his versatility and freedom from prejudices of every kind, left no doubt of Barak's

possessing the necessary qualifications for conducting such delicate negotiations ; while his gravity of habit and profession could not prevent his features from expressing occasionally a perception of humour, not usually seen in devotees of his class.

Barak el Hadgi talked often, amidst their private conversations, of the power and dignity of the Nawaub of Mysore ; and Hartley had little doubt that he came from the court of Hyder Ali on some secret mission, perhaps for achieving a more solid peace betwixt that able and sagacious prince and the East India Company's Government, that which existed for the time being regarded on both parts as little more than a hollow and insincere truce. He told many stories to the advantage of this prince, who certainly was one of the wisest that Hindostan could boast, and, amidst great crimes, perpetrated to gratify his ambition, displayed many instances of princely generosity, and, what was a little more surprising, of even-handed justice.

On one occasion, shortly before Barak el Hadgi left Madras, he visited the doctor, and partook of his sherbet, which he preferred to his own, perhaps because a few glasses of rum or brandy were usually added to enrich the compound. It might be owing to repeated applications to the jar which contained this generous fluid, that the pilgrim became more than usually frank in his communications, and, not contented with praising his Nawaub with the most hyperbolic eloquence, he began to insinuate the influence which he himself enjoyed with the Invincible, the Lord and Shield of the Faith of the Prophet.

'Brother of my soul,' he said, 'do but think if thou needest aught that the all-powerful Hyder Ali Khan Bahauder can give ; and then use not the intercession of those who dwell in palaces, and wear jewels in their turbans, but seek the cell of thy brother at the great city, which is Seringapatam. And the poor fakir, in his torn cloak, shall better advance thy suit with the Nawaub' — for Hyder did not assume the title of Suldaun — 'than they who sit upon seats of honour in the divan.'

With these and sundry other expressions of regard, he exhorted Hartley to come into the Mysore, and look upon the face of the great prince, whose glance inspired wisdom and whose nod conferred wealth, so that folly or poverty could not appear before him. He offered at the same time to requite the kindness which Hartley had evinced to him, by showing him whatever was worthy the attention of a sage in the land of Mysore.

Hartley was not reluctant to promise to undertake the proposed journey, if the continuance of good understanding betwixt their governments should render it practicable, and in reality looked forward to the possibility of such an event with a good deal of interest. The friends parted with mutual good wishes, after exchanging, in the Oriental fashion, such gifts as became sages, to whom knowledge was to be supposed dearer than wealth. Barak el Hadgi presented Hartley with a small quantity of the balsam of Mecca, very hard to be procured in an unadulterated form, and gave him at the same time a passport in a peculiar character, which he assured him would be respected by every officer of the Nawaub, should his friend be disposed to accomplish his visit to the Mysore. 'The head of him who should disrespect this safe-conduct,' he said, 'shall not be more safe than that of the barley-stalk which the reaper has grasped in his hand.'

Hartley requited these civilities by the present of a few medicines little used in the East, but such as he thought might, with suitable directions, be safely entrusted to a man so intelligent as his Mos'em friend.

It was several months after Barak had returned to the interior of India that Hartley was astonished by an unexpected rencounter.

The ships from Europe had but lately arrived, and had brought over their usual cargo of boys longing to be commanders, and young women without any purpose of being married, but whom a pious duty to some brother, some uncle, or other male relative, brought to India to keep his house, until they should find themselves unexpectedly in one of their own. Doctor Hartley happened to attend a public breakfast given on this occasion by a gentleman high in the service. The roof of his friend had been recently enriched by a consignment of three nieces, whom the old gentleman, justly attached to his quiet hookah, and, it was said, to a pretty girl of colour, desired to offer to the public, that he might have the fairest chance to get rid of his new guests as soon as possible. Hartley, who was thought a fish worth casting a fly for, was contemplating this fair investment with very little interest, when he heard one of the company say to another in a low voice —

'Angels and ministers! there is our old acquaintance, the Queen of Sheba, returned upon our hands like unsaleable goods.'

Hartley looked in the same direction with the two who were

speaking, and his eye was caught by a Semiramis-looking person, of unusual stature and amplitude, arrayed in a sort of riding-habit, but so formed, and so looped and gallooned with lace, as made it resemble the upper tunic of a native chief. Her robe was composed of crimson silk, rich with flowers of gold. She wore wide trowsers of light blue silk, a fine scarlet shawl around her waist, in which was stuck a creeze, with a richly ornamented handle. Her throat and arms were loaded with chains and bracelets, and her turban, formed of a shawl similar to that worn around her waist, was decorated by a magnificent aigrette, from which a blue ostrich plume flowed in one direction and a red one in another. The brow, of European complexion, on which this tiara rested, was too lofty for beauty, but seemed made for command; the aquiline nose retained its form, but the cheeks were a little sunken, and the complexion so very brilliant as to give strong evidence that the whole countenance had undergone a thorough repair since the lady had left her couch. A black female slave, richly dressed, stood behind her with a chowry, or cow's tail, having a silver handle, which she used to keep off the flies. From the mode in which she was addressed by those who spoke to her, this lady appeared a person of too much importance to be affronted or neglected, and yet one with whom none desired further communication than the occasion seemed in propriety to demand.

She did not, however, stand in need of attention. The well-known captain of an East Indian vessel lately arrived from Britain was sedulously polite to her; and two or three gentlemen, whom Hartley knew to be engaged in trade, tended upon her as they would have done upon the safety of a rich argosy.

'For Heaven's sake, what is that for a Zenobia?' said Hartley to the gentleman whose whisper had first attracted his attention to this lofty dame.

'Is it possible you do not know the Queen of Sheba?' said the person of whom he inquired, no way loth to communicate the information demanded. 'You must know, then, that she is the daughter of a Scotch emigrant, who lived and died at Pondicherry, a sergeant in Lally's regiment. She managed to marry a partizan officer named Montreville, a Swiss or Frenchman, I cannot tell which. After the surrender of Pondicherry, this hero and heroine — But hey — what the devil are you thinking of? If you stare at her that way you will make a scene; for she will think nothing of scolding you across the table.'

But, without attending to his friend's remonstrances, Hartley bolted from the table at which he sat, and made his way, with something less than the decorum which the rules of society enjoin, towards the place where the lady in question was seated.

'The doctor is surely mad this morning ——' said his friend Major Mercer to old Quartermaster Calder.

Indeed, Hartley was not perhaps strictly in his senses; for, looking at the Queen of Sheba as he listened to Major Mercer, his eye fell on a light female form beside her, so placed as if she desired to be eclipsed by the bulky form and flowing robes we have described, and to his extreme astonishment he recognised the friend of his childhood, the love of his youth — Menie Gray herself!

To see her in India was in itself astonishing. To see her apparently under such strange patronage greatly increased his surprise. To make his way to her and address her seemed the natural and direct mode of satisfying the feelings which her appearance excited.

His impetuosity was, however, checked when, advancing close upon Miss Gray and her companion, he observed that the former, though she looked at him, exhibited not the slightest token of recognition, unless he could interpret as such that she slightly touched her upper lip with her forefinger, which, if it happened otherwise than by mere accident, might be construed to mean, 'Do not speak to me just now.'

Hartley, adopting such an interpretation, stood stock still, blushing deeply; for he was aware that he made for the moment but a silly figure. He was rather convinced of this when, with a voice which in the force of its accents corresponded with her commanding air, Mrs. Montreville addressed him in English, which savoured slightly of a Swiss *patois* — 'You haave come to us very fast, sir, to say nothing at all. Are you sure you did not get your tongue stolen by de way?'

'I thought I had seen an old friend in that lady, madam,' stammered Hartley, 'but it seems I am mistaken.'

'The good people do tell me that you are onc Doctors Hartley, sir. Now, my friend and I do not know Doctors Hartley at all.'

'I have not the presumption to pretend to your acquaintance, madam, but him ——'

Here Menie repeated the sign in such a manner that, though it was only momentary, Hartley could not misunder-

stand its purpose ; he therefore changed the end of his sentence, and added, 'But I have only to make my bow, and ask pardon for my mistake.'

He retired back accordingly among the company, unable to quit the room, and inquiring at those whom he considered as the best newsmongers for such information as — 'Who is that stately-looking woman, Mr. Butler ?'

'Oh, the Queen of Sheba, to be sure.'

'And who is that pretty girl who sits beside her ?'

'Or rather behind her,' answered Butler, a military chaplain. 'Faith, I cannot say. Pretty did you call her ?' turning his opera-glass that way. 'Yes, faith, she is pretty — very pretty. Gad, she shoots her glances as smartly from behind the old pile yonder as Teucer from behind Ajax Telamon's shield.'

'But who is she, can you tell me ?'

'Some fair-skinned speculation of old Montreville's, I suppose, that she has got either to toady herself or take in some of her black friends with. Is it possible you have never heard of old Mother Montreville ?'

'You know I have been so long absent from Madras —'

'Well,' continued Butler, 'this lady is the widow of a Swiss officer in the French service, who, after the surrender of Pondicherry, went off into the interior, and commenced soldier on his own account. He got possession of a fort, under pretence of keeping it for some simple rajah or other ; assembled around him a parcel of desperate vagabonds, of every colour in the rainbow ; occupied a considerable territory, of which he raised the duties in his own name, and declared for independence. But Hyder Naig understood no such interloping proceedings, and down he came, besieged the fort and took it, though some pretend it was betrayed to him by this very woman. Be that as it may, the poor Swiss was found dead on the ramparts. Certain it is, she received large sums of money, under pretence of paying off her troops, surrendering of hill-forts, and Heaven knows what besides. She was permitted also to retain some insignia of royalty ; and, as she was wont to talk of Hyder as the Eastern Solomon, she generally became known by the title of Queen of Sheba. She leaves her court when she pleases, and has been as far as Fort St. George before now. In a word, she does pretty much as she likes. The great folks here are civil to her, though they look on her as little better than a spy. As to Hyder, it is supposed he has ensured her fidelity by borrowing the greater part of her

treasures, which prevents her from daring to break with him — besides other causes that smack of scandal of another sort.'

'A singular story,' replied Hartley to his companion, while his heart dwelt on the question, 'How it was possible that the gentle and simple Menie Gray should be in the train of such a character as this adventuress?'

'But Butler has not told you the best of it,' said Major Mercer, who by this time came round to finish his own story. 'Your old acquaintance, Mr. Tresham, or Mr. Middlemas, or whatever else he chooses to be called, has been complimented by a report that he stood very high in the good graces of this same Boadicea. He certainly commanded some troops which she still keeps on foot, and acted at their head in the Nawaub's service, who craftily employed him in whatever could render him odious to his countrymen. The British prisoners were entrusted to his charge, and, to judge by what I felt myself, the devil might take a lesson from him in severity.'

'And was he attached to, or connected with, this woman?'

'So Mrs. Rumour told us in our dungeon. Poor Jack Ward had the bastinado for celebrating their merits in a parody on the playhouse song,

Sure such a pair were never seen,
So aptly formed to meet by nature.'

Hartley could listen no longer. The fate of Menie Gray, connected with such a man and such a woman, rushed on his fancy in the most horrid colours, and he was struggling through the throng to get to some place where he might collect his ideas, and consider what could be done for her protection, when a black attendant touched his arm, and at the same time slipped a card into his hand. It bore, 'Miss Gray, Mrs. Montreville's, at the house of Ram Sing Cottah, in the Black Town.' On the reverse was written with a pencil, 'Eight in the morning.'

This intimation of her residence implied, of course, a permission, nay, an invitation, to wait upon her at the hour specified. Hartley's heart beat at the idea of seeing her once more, and still more highly at the thought of being able to serve her. 'At least,' he thought, 'if there is danger near her, as is much to be suspected, she shall not want a counsellor, or, if necessary, a protector.' Yet, at the same time, he felt the necessity of making himself better acquainted with the circumstances of her case, and the persons with whom she seemed connected. Butler and Mercer had both spoke to their dis-

peragement ; but Butler was a little of a coxcomb, and Mercer a great deal of a gossip. While he was considering what credit was due to their testimony, he was unexpectedly encountered by a gentleman of his own profession, a military surgeon, who had had the misfortune to have been in Hyder's prison, till set at freedom by the late pacification. Mr. Esdale, for so he was called, was generally esteemed a rising man, calm, steady, and deliberate in forming his opinions. Hartley found it easy to turn the subject on the Queen of Sheba, by asking whether her Majesty was not somewhat of an adventuress.

'On my word, I cannot say,' answered Esdale, smiling ; 'we are all upon the adventure in India, more or less ; but I do not see that the Begum Montreville is more so than the rest.'

'Why, that amazonian dress and manner,' said Hartley, 'savour a little of the *picaresca*.'

'You must not,' said Esdale, 'expect a woman who has commanded soldiers, and may again, to dress and look entirely like an ordinary person ; but I assure you that, even at this time of day, if she wished to marry, she might easily find a respectable match.'

'Why, I heard that she had betrayed her husband's fort to Hyder.'

'Ay, that is a specimen of Madras gossip. The fact is, that she defended the place long after her husband fell, and afterwards surrendered it by capitulation. Hyder, who piques himself on observing the rules of justice, would not otherwise have admitted her to such intimacy.'

'Yes, I have heard,' replied Hartley, 'that their intimacy was rather of the closest.'

'Another calumny, if you mean any scandal,' answered Esdale. 'Hyder is too zealous a Mohammedan to entertain a Christian mistress ; and besides, to enjoy the sort of rank which is yielded to a woman in her condition, she must refrain, in appearance at least, from all correspondence in the way of gallantry. Just so they said that the poor woman had a connexion with poor Middlemas of the ——— regiment.'

'And was that also a false report ?' said Hartley, in breathless anxiety.

'On my soul, I believe it was,' answered Mr. Esdale. 'They were friends, Europeans in an Indian court, and therefore intimate ; but I believe nothing more. By the by, though, I believe there was some quarrel between Middlemas, poor fel-

low, and you; yet I am sure that you will be glad to hear there is a chance of his affair being made up?

'Indeed!' was again the only word which Hartley could utter.

'Ay, indeed,' answered Esdale. 'The duel is an old story now; and it must be allowed that poor Middlemas, though he was rash in that business, had provocation.'

'But his desertion, his accepting of command under Hyder, his treatment of our prisoners — how can all these be passed over?' replied Hartley.

'Why, it is possible — I speak to you as a cautious man, and in confidence — that he may do us better service in Hyder's capital, or Tippoo's camp, than he could have done if serving with his own regiment. And then, for his treatment of prisoners, I am sure I can speak nothing but good of him in that particular. He was obliged to take the office, because those that serve Hyder Naig must do or die. But he told me himself — and I believe him — that he accepted the office chiefly because, while he made a great bullying at us before the black fellows, he could privately be of assistance to us. Some fools could not understand this, and answered him with abuse and lampoons; and he was obliged to punish them, to avoid suspicion. Yes — yes, I and others can prove he was willing to be kind, if men would give him leave. I hope to thank him at Madras one day soon. All this in confidence. Good morrow to you.'

Distracted by the contradictory intelligence he had received, Hartley went next to question old Captain Capstern, the captain of the Indiaman, whom he had observed in attendance upon the Begum Montreville. On inquiring after that commander's female passengers, he heard a pretty long catalogue of names, in which that he was so much interested in did not occur. On closer inquiry, Capstern recollected that Menie Gray, a young Scotchwoman, had come out under charge of Mrs. Duffer, the master's wife. 'A good, decent girl,' Capstern said, 'and kept the mates and guinea-pigs at a respectable distance. She came out,' he believed, 'to be a sort of female companion, or upper servant, in Madame Montreville's family. Snug berth enough,' he concluded, 'if she can find the length of the old girl's foot.'

This was all that could be made of Capstern; so Hartley was compelled to remain in a state of uncertainty until the next morning, when an explanation might be expected with Menie Gray in person.

CHAPTER XI

THE exact hour assigned found Hartley at the door of the rich native merchant, who, having some reasons for wishing to oblige the Begum Montreville, had relinquished, for her accommodation and that of her numerous retinue, almost the whole of his large and sumptuous residence in the Black Town of Madras, as that district of the city is called which the natives occupy.

A domestic, at the first summons, ushered the visitor into an apartment, where he expected to be joined by Miss Gray. The room opened on one side into a small garden or parterre, filled with the brilliant-coloured flowers of Eastern climates, in the midst of which the waters of a fountain rose upwards in a sparkling jet, and fell back again into a white marble cistern.

A thousand dizzy recollections thronged on the mind of Hartley, whose early feelings towards the companion of his youth, if they had slumbered during distance and the various casualties of a busy life, were revived when he found himself placed so near her, and in circumstances which interested from their unexpected occurrence and mysterious character. A step was heard, the door opened, a female appeared; but it was the portly form of Madame de Montreville.

'What do you please to want, sir?' said the lady; 'that is, if you have found your tongue this morning, which you had lost yesterday.'

'I proposed myself the honour of waiting upon the young person whom I saw in your Excellency's company yesterday morning,' answered Hartley, with assumed respect. 'I have had long the honour of being known to her in Europe, and I desire to offer my services to her in India.'

'Much obliged — much obliged; but Miss Gray is gone out, and does not return for one or two days. You may leave your commands with me.'

'Pardon me, madam,' replied Hartley; 'but I have some reason to hope you may be mistaken in this matter. And here comes the lady herself.'

'How is this, my dear?' said Mrs. Montreville, with unruffled front, to Menie, as she entered; 'are you not gone out for two or three days, as I tell this gentleman? *Mais c'est égal*: it is all one thing. You will say "How d'ye do," and "Good-bye," to monsieur, who is so polite as to come to ask after our healths, and as he sees us both very well, he will go away home again.'

'I believe, madam,' said Miss Gray, with appearance of effort, 'that I must speak with this gentleman for a few minutes in private, if you will permit us.'

'That is to say, get you gone? But I do not allow that: I do not like private conversation between young man and pretty young woman; *cela n'est pas honnête*. It cannot be in my house.'

'It may be out of it, then, madam,' answered Miss Gray, not pettishly nor pertly, but with the utmost simplicity. 'Mr. Hartley, will you step into that garden? And you, madam, may observe us from the window, if it be the fashion of the country to watch so closely.'

As she spoke this, she stepped through a lattice-door into the garden, and with an air so simple that she seemed as if she wished to comply with her patroness's ideas of decorum, though they appeared strange to her. The Queen of Sheba, notwithstanding her natural assurance, was disconcerted by the composure of Miss Gray's manner, and left the room, apparently in displeasure. Menie turned back to the door which opened into the garden, and said, in the same manner as before, but with less nonchalance —

'I am sure I would not willingly break through the rules of a foreign country; but I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of speaking to so old a friend, if, indeed,' she added, pausing and looking at Hartley, who was much embarrassed, 'it be as much pleasure to Mr. Hartley as it is to me.'

'It would have been,' said Hartley, scarce knowing what he said — 'it must be a pleasure to me in every circumstance. But this extraordinary meeting — but your father —'

Menie Gray's handkerchief was at her eyes. 'He is gone, Mr. Hartley. After he was left unassisted, his toilsome business became too much for him; he caught a cold, which hung about him, as you know he was the last to attend to his own

complaints, till it assumed a dangerous, and, finally, a fatal, character. I distress you, Mr. Hartley, but it becomes you well to be affected. My father loved you dearly.'

'Oh, Miss Gray!' said Hartley, 'it should not have been thus with my excellent friend at the close of his useful and virtuous life. Alas, wherefore — the question bursts from me involuntarily — wherefore could you not have complied with his wishes? Wherefore —'

'Do not ask me,' said she, stopping the question which was on his lips; 'we are not the formers of our own destiny. It is painful to talk on such a subject; but for once, and for ever, let me tell you that I should have done Mr. Hartley wrong if, even to secure his assistance to my father, I had accepted his hand, while my wayward affections did not accompany the act.'

'But wherefore do I see you here, Menie? Forgive me, Miss Gray, my tongue as well as my heart turns back to long-forgotten scenes. But why here? Why with this woman?'

'She is not, indeed, everything that I expected,' answered Menie; 'but I must not be prejudiced by foreign manners, after the step I have taken. She is, besides, attentive, and generous in her way, and I shall soon' — she paused a moment, and then added, 'be under better protection.'

'That of Richard Middlemas?' said Hartley, with a faltering voice.

'I ought not, perhaps, to answer the question,' said Menie; 'but I am a bad dissembler, and those whom I trust I trust entirely. You have guessed right, Mr. Hartley,' she added, colouring a good deal, 'I have come hither to unite my fate to that of your old comrade.'

'It is, then, just as I feared!' exclaimed Hartley.

'And why should Mr. Hartley fear?' said Menie Gray. 'I used to think you too generous; surely the quarrel which occurred long since ought not to perpetuate suspicion and resentment.'

'At least, if the feeling of resentment remained in my own bosom, it would be the last I should intrude upon you, Miss Gray,' answered Hartley. 'But it is for you, and for you alone, that I am watchful. This person — this gentleman whom you mean to entrust with your happiness — do you know where he is, and in what service?'

'I know both, more distinctly perhaps than Mr. Hartley can do. Mr. Middlemas has erred greatly, and has been severely punished. But it was not in the time of his exile

and sorrow that she who has plighted her faith to him should, with the flattering world, turn her back upon him. Besides, you have, doubtless, not heard of his hopes of being restored to his country and his rank ?

'I have,' answered Hartley, thrown off his guard ; 'but I see not how he can deserve it, otherwise than by becoming a traitor to his new master, and thus rendering himself even more unworthy of confidence than I hold him to be at this moment.'

'It is well that he hears you not,' answered Menie Gray, resenting, with natural feeling, the imputation on her lover. Then instantly softening her tone, she added, 'My voice ought not to aggravate, but to soothe, your quarrel. Mr. Hartley, I plight my word to you that you do Richard wrong.'

She said these words with affecting calmness, suppressing all appearance of that displeasure of which she was evidently sensible, upon this depreciation of a beloved object.

Hartley compelled himself to answer in the same strain.

'Miss Gray,' he said, 'your actions and motives will always be those of an angel ; but let me entreat you to view this most important matter with the eyes of worldly wisdom and prudence. Have you well weighed the risks attending the course which you are taking in favour of a man, who — nay, I will not again offend you — who may, I hope, deserve your favour ?'

'When I wished to see you in this manner, Mr. Hartley, and declined a communication in public, where we could have had less freedom of conversation, it was with the view of telling you everything. Some pain I thought old recollections might give, but I trusted it would be momentary ; and, as I desire to retain your friendship, it is proper I should show that I still deserve it. I must then first tell you my situation after my father's death. In the world's opinion, we were always poor, you know ; but in the proper sense I had not known what real poverty was until I was placed in dependence upon a distant relation of my poor father, who made our relationship a reason for casting upon me all the drudgery of her household, while she would not allow that it gave me a claim to countenance, kindness, or anything but the relief of my most pressing wants. In these circumstances I received from Mr. Middlemas a letter, in which he related his fatal duel and its consequence. He had not dared to write to me to share his misery. Now, when he was in a lucrative situation, under the patronage of a powerful prince, whose wisdom knew how to prize and protect such

Europeans as entered his service — now, when he had every prospect of rendering our government such essential service by his interest with Hyder Ali, and might eventually nourish hopes of being permitted to return and stand his trial for the death of his commanding officer — now, he pressed me to come to India, and share his reviving fortunes, by accomplishing the engagement into which we had long ago entered. A considerable sum of money accompanied this letter. Mrs. Duffer was pointed out as a respectable woman, who would protect me during the passage. Mrs. Montreville, a lady of rank, having large possessions and high interest in the Mysore, would receive me on my arrival at Fort St. George, and conduct me safely to the dominions of Hyder. It was further recommended that, considering the peculiar situation of Mr. Middlemas, his name should be concealed in the transaction, and that the ostensible cause of my voyage should be to fill an office in that lady's family. What was I to do? My duty to my poor father was ended, and my other friends considered the proposal as too advantageous to be rejected. The references given, the sum of money lodged, were considered as putting all scruples out of the question, and my immediate protectress and kinswoman was so earnest that I should accept of the offer made me, as to intimate that she would not encourage me to stand in my own light by continuing to give me shelter and food — she gave me little more — if I was foolish enough to refuse compliance.'

'Sordid wretch,' said Hartley, 'how little did she deserve such a charge!'

'Let me speak a proud word, Mr. Hartley, and then you will not perhaps blame my relations so much. All their persuasions, and even their threats, would have failed in inducing me to take a step which has an appearance, at least, to which I found it difficult to reconcile myself. But I had loved Middlemas — I love him still, why should I deny it? — and I have not hesitated to trust him. Had it not been for the small still voice which reminded me of my engagements, I had maintained more stubbornly the pride of womanhood, and, as you would perhaps have recommended, I might have expected, at least, that my lover should have come to Britain in person, and might have had the vanity to think,' she added, smiling faintly, 'that, if I were worth having, I was worth fetching.'

'Yet now — even now,' answered Hartley, 'be just to yourself while you are generous to your lover. Nay, do not look

angrily, but hear me. I doubt the propriety of your being under the charge of this unsexed woman, who can no longer be termed a European. I have interest enough with females of the highest rank in the settlement — this climate is that of generosity and hospitality — there is not one of them who, knowing your character and history, will not desire to have you in her society, and under her protection, until your lover shall be able to vindicate his title to your hand in the face of the world. I myself will be no cause of suspicion to him, or of inconvenience to you, Menie. Let me but have your consent to the arrangement I propose, and the same moment that sees you under honourable and unsuspected protection I will leave Madras, not to return till your destiny is in one way or other permanently fixed.'

'No; Hartley,' said Miss Gray. 'It may — it must be, friendly in you thus to advise me; but it would be most base in me to advance my own affairs at the expense of your prospects. Besides, what would this be but taking the chance of contingencies, with the view of sharing poor Middlemas's fortunes should they prove prosperous, and casting him off should they be otherwise? Tell me only, do you, of your own positive knowledge, aver that you consider this woman as an unworthy and unfit protectress for so young a person as I am?'

'Of my own knowledge I can say nothing — nay, I must own that reports differ even concerning Mrs. Montreville's character. But surely the mere suspicion —'

'The mere suspicion, Mr. Hartley, can have no weight with me, considering that I can oppose to it the testimony of the man with whom I am willing to share my future fortunes. You acknowledge the question is but doubtful, and should not the assertion of him of whom I think so highly decide my belief in a doubtful matter? What, indeed, must he be, should this Madame Montreville be other than he represented her?'

'What must he be, indeed!' thought Hartley internally, but his lips uttered not the words. He looked down in a deep reverie, and at length started from it at the words of Miss Gray.

'It is time to remind you, Mr. Hartley, that we must needs part. God bless and preserve you.'

'And you, dearest Menie,' exclaimed Hartley, as he sunk on one knee, and pressed to his lips the hand which she held out to him, 'God bless you! — you must deserve blessing. God protect you! — you must need protection. Oh, should things

prove different from what you hope, send for me instantly, and if man can aid you, Adam Hartley will.'

He placed in her hand a card containing his address. He then rushed from the apartment [garden]. In the hall he met the lady of the mansion, who made him a haughty reverence in token of adieu, while a native servant of the upper class, by whom she was attended, made a low and reverential salam.

Hartley hastened from the Black 'Town, more satisfied than before that some deceit was about to be practised towards Menie Gray, more determined than ever to exert himself for her preservation; yet more completely perplexed, when he began to consider the doubtful character of the danger to which she might be exposed, and the scanty means of protection which he had to oppose to it.

CHAPTER XII

AS Hartley left the apartment [garden] in the house of Ram Sing Cottah by one mode of exit, Miss Gray retired by another to an apartment destined for her private use. She, too, had reason for secret and anxious reflection, since all her love for Middlemas, and her full confidence in his honour, could not entirely conquer her doubts concerning the character of the person whom he had chosen for her temporary protectress. And yet she could not rest these doubts upon anything distinctly conclusive: it was rather a dislike of her patroness's general manners, and a disgust at her masculine notions and expressions, that displeased her than anything else.

Meantime, Madame Montreville, followed by her black domestic, entered the apartment where Hartley and Menic had just parted. It appeared from the conversation which follows that they had from some place of concealment overheard the dialogue we have narrated in the former chapter.

'It is good luck, Sadoc,' said the lady, 'that there is in this world the great fool.'

'And the great villain,' answered Sadoc, in good English, but in a most sullen tone.

'This woman, now,' continued the lady, 'is what in Frangistan you call an angel.'

'Ay, and I have seen those in Hindostan you may well call devil.'

'I am sure that this — how you call him — Hartley, is a meddling devil. For what has he to do? She will not have any of him. What is his business who has her? I wish we were well up the Ghauts again, my dear Sadoc.'

'For my part,' answered the slave, 'I am half determined never to ascend the Ghauts more. Hark you, Adela, I begin to sicken of the plan we have laid. This creature's confiding purity — call her angel or woman, as you will — makes my

practices appear too vile, even in my own eyes. I feel myself unfit to be your companion farther in the daring paths which you pursue. Let us part, and part friends.'

'Amen, coward. But the woman remains with me,' answered the Queen of Sheba.'

'With thee!' replied the seeming black — 'never. No, Adela. She is under the shadow of the British flag, and she shall experience its protection.'

'Yes, and what protection will it afford to you yourself?' retorted the amazon. 'What if I should clap my hands, and command a score of my black servants to bind you like a sheep, and then send word to the Governor of the Presidency that one Richard Middlemas, who had been guilty of mutiny, murder, desertion, and serving of the enemy against his countrymen, is here, at Ram Sing Cottah's house, in the disguise of a black servant?' Middlemas covered his face with his hands, while Madame Montreville proceeded to load him with reproaches. 'Yes,' she said, 'slave, and son of a slave! Since you wear the dress of my household, you shall obey me as fully as the rest of them, otherwise — whips, fetters — the scaffold, renegade — the gallows, murderer! Dost thou dare to reflect on the abyss of misery from which I raised thee, to share my wealth and my affections? Dost thou not remember that the picture of this pale, cold, unimpassioned girl was then so indifferent to thee that thou didst sacrifice it as a tribute due to the benevolence of her who relieved thee, to the affection of her who, wretch as thou art, condescended to love thee?'

'Yes, fell woman,' answered Middlemas, 'but was it I who encouraged the young tyrant's outrageous passion for a portrait, or who formed the abominable plan of placing the original within his power?'

'No; for to do so required brain and wit. But it was thine, flimsy villain, to execute the device which a bolder genius planned: it was thine to entice the woman to this foreign shore, under pretence of a love which, on thy part, cold-blooded miscreant, never had existed.'

'Peace, screech-owl!' answered Middlemas, 'nor drive me to such madness as may lead me to forget thou art a woman.'

'A woman, dastard! Is this thy pretext for sparing me? What, then, art thou, who tremblest at a woman's looks, a

¹ In order to maintain uninjured the tone of passion throughout this dialogue, it has been judged expedient to discard, in the language of the Begum, the *patois* of Madame Montreville.



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woman's words? I am a woman, renegade, but one who wears a dagger, and despises alike thy strength and thy courage. I am a woman who has looked on more dying men than thou hast killed deer and antelopes. Thou must traffic for greatness? Thou hast thrust thyself like a five-years' child into the rough sports of men, and wilt only be borne down and crushed for thy pains. Thou wilt be a double traitor, forsooth: betray thy betrothed to the prince, in order to obtain the means of betraying the prince to the English, and thus gain thy pardon from thy countrymen. But me thou shalt not betray. I will not be made the tool of thy ambition. I will not give thee the aid of my treasures and my soldiers, to be sacrificed at last to this Northern icicle. No, I will watch thee as the fiend watches the wizard. Show but a symptom of betraying me while we are here, and I denounce thee to the English, who might pardon the successful villain, but not him who can only offer prayers for his life in place of useful services. Let me see thee flinch when we are beyond the Ghauts, and the Nawaub shall know thy intrigues with the Nizam and the Mahrattas, and thy resolution to deliver up Bangalore to the English, when the imprudence of Tippoo shall have made thee *killedar*. Go where thou wilt, slave, thou shalt find me thy mistress.'

'And a fair, though an unkind, one,' said the counterfeit Sadoc, suddenly changing his tone to an affectation of tenderness. 'It is true I pity this unhappy woman — true I would save her if I could; but most unjust to suppose I would in any circumstances prefer her to my *nourjehan*, my light of the world, my *mootee mahul*, my pearl of the palace —'

'All false coin and empty compliment,' said the Begum. 'Let me hear, in two brief words, that you leave this woman to my disposal.'

'But not to be interred alive under your seat, like the Circassian of whom you were jealous,' said Middlemas, shuddering.

'No, fool; her lot shall not be worse than that of being the favourite of a prince. Hast thou, fugitive and criminal as thou art, a better fate to offer her?'

'But,' replied Middlemas, blushing even through his base disguise at the consciousness of his abject conduct, 'I will have no force on her inclinations.'

'Such truce she shall have as the laws of the zenana allow,' replied the female tyrant. 'A week is long enough for her to determine whether she will be the willing mistress of a princely and generous lover.'

'Ay,' said Richard, 'and before that week expires — He stopped short.

'What will happen before the week expires?' said the Begum Montreville.

'No matter — nothing of consequence. I leave the woman's fate with you.'

'T'is well; we march to-night on our return, so soon as the moon rises. Give orders to our retinue.'

'To hear is to obey,' replied the seeming slave, and left the apartment.

The eyes of the Begum remained fixed on the door through which he had passed. 'Villain — double-dyed villain!' she said, 'I see thy drift: thou wouldst betray Tippoo, in policy alike and in love. But me thou canst not betray. Ho, there, who waits? Let a trusty messenger be ready to set off instantly with letters, which I will presently make ready. His departure must be a secret to every one. And now shall this pale phantom soon know her destiny, and learn what it is to have rivalled Adela Montreville.'

While the amazonian princess meditated plans of vengeance against her innocent rival and the guilty lover, the latter plotted as deeply for his own purposes. He had waited until such brief twilight as India enjoys rendered his disguise complete, then set out in haste for the part of Madras inhabited by the Europeans, or, as it is termed, Fort St. George.

'I will save her yet,' he said: 'ere Tippoo can seize his prize, we will raise around his ears a storm which would drive the God of War from the arms of the Goddess of Beauty. The trap shall close its fangs upon this Indian tiger ere he has time to devour the bait which enticed him into the snare.'

While Middlemas cherished these hopes, he approached the residency. The sentinel on duty stopped him, as of course; but he was in possession of the countersign, and entered without opposition. He rounded the building in which the President of the Council resided — an able and active, but unconscientious, man, who neither in his own affairs nor in those of the Company was supposed to embarrass himself much about the means which he used to attain his object. A tap at a small postern-gate was answered by a black slave, who admitted Middlemas to that necessary appurtenance of every government, a back stair, which, in its turn, conducted him to the office of the Bramin Paupiah, the *dubash*, or steward, of the great man, and by whose means chiefly he communicated

with the native courts, and carried on many mysterious intrigues, which he did not communicate to his brethren at the council-board.

It is perhaps justice to the guilty and unhappy Middlemas to suppose that, if the agency of a British officer had been employed, he might have been induced to throw himself on his mercy, might have explained the whole of his nefarious bargain with Tippoo, and, renouncing his guilty projects of ambition, might have turned his whole thoughts upon saving Mevie Gray, ere she was transported beyond the reach of British protection. But the thin, dusky form which stood before him, wrapped in robes of muslin embroidered with gold, was that of Paupiah, known as a master-counsellor of dark projects, an Oriental Machiavel, whose premature wrinkles were the result of many an intrigue, in which the existence of the poor, the happiness of the rich, the honour of men, and the chastity of women had been sacrificed without scruple to attain some private or political advantage. He did not even inquire by what means the renegade Briton proposed to acquire that influence with Tippoo which might enable him to betray him: he only desired to be assured that the fact was real.

'You speak at the risk of your head if you deceive Paupiah, or make Paupiah the means of deceiving his master. I know, so does all Madras, that the Nawaub has placed his young son, Tippoo, as vice-regent his newly-conquered territory of Bangalore, which Hyder hath lately added to his dominions. But that Tippoo should bestow the government of that important place on an apostate Feringi seems more doubtful.'

'Tippoo is young,' answered Middlemas, 'and to youth the temptation of the passions is what a lily on the surface of the lake is to childhood: they will risk life to reach it, though, when obtained, it is of little value. Tippoo has the cunning of his father and his military talents, but he lacks his cautious wisdom.'

'Thou speakest truth; but when thou art governor of Bangalore, hast thou forces to hold the place till thou art relieved by the Mahrattas or by the British?'

'Doubt it not: the soldiers of the Begum Mootee Mahul, whom the Europeans call Montreville, are less hers than mine. I am myself her *bukshee* (general), and her sirdars are at my devotion. With these I could keep Bangalore for two months, and the British army may be before it in a week. What do you risk by advancing General Smith's army nearer to the frontier?'

'We risk a settled peace with Hyder,' answered Paupiah, 'for which he has made advantageous offers. Yet I say not but thy plan may be most advantageous. Thou sayest Tippoo's treasures are in the fort?'

'His treasures and his zenana; I may even be able to secure his person.'

'That were a goodly pledge,' answered the Hindoo minister.

'And you consent that the treasures shall be divided to the last rupee, as in this scroll?'

'The share of Paupiah's master is too small,' said the Bramin; 'and the name of Paupiah is unnoticed.'

'The share of the Begum may be divided between Paupiah and his master,' answered Middlemas.

'But the Begum will expect her proportion,' replied Paupiah.

'Let me alone to deal with her,' said Middlemas. 'Before the blow is struck, she shall not know of our private treaty, and afterwards her disappointment will be of little consequence. And now, remember my stipulations — my rank to be restored, my full pardon to be granted.'

'Ay,' replied Paupiah, cautiously, 'should you succeed. But were you to betray what has here passed, I will find the dagger of a lootie which shall reach thee, wert thou sheltered under the folds of the Nawaub's garment. In the meantime, take this missive, and when you are in possession of Bangalore despatch it to General Smith, whose division shall have orders to approach as near the frontiers of Mysore as may be, without causing suspicion.'

Thus parted this worthy pair, Paupiah to report to his principal the progress of these dark machinations, Middlemas to join the Begum on her return to the Mysore. The gold and diamonds of Tippoo, of an importance which he was about to acquire, the ridding himself at once of the capricious authority of the irritable Tippoo and the troublesome claims of the Begum, were such agreeable subjects of contemplation, that he scarcely thought of the fate of his European victim, unless to salve his conscience with the hope that the sole injury she could sustain might be the alarm of a few days, during the course of which he would acquire the means of delivering her from the tyrant in whose zenana she was to remain a temporary prisoner. He resolved, at the same time, to abstain from seeing her till the moment he could afford her protection, justly considering the danger which his whole plan might incur if he again awakened the jealousy of the Begum.

This, he trusted, was now asleep ; and, in the course of their return to Tippoo's camp, near Bangalore, it was his study to soothe this ambitious and crafty female by blandishments, intermingled with the more splendid prospects of wealth and power to be opened to them both, as he pretended, by the success of his present surprise.¹

¹ See *An Anachronism*. Note 1.

CHAPTER XIII

IT appears that the jealous and tyrannical Begum did not long suspend her purpose of agonizing her rival by acquainting her with her intended fate. By prayers or rewards, Menie Gray prevailed on a servant of Ram Sing Cottah to deliver to Hartley the following distracted note : —

‘All is true your fears foretold. He has delivered me up to a cruel woman, who threatens to sell me to the tyrant Tippoo. Save me if you can ; if you have not pity, or cannot give me aid, there is none left upon earth. — M. G.’

The haste with which Dr. Hartley sped to the Fort, and demanded an audience of the governor, was defeated by the delays interposed by Paupiah.

It did not suit the plans of this artful Hindoo that any interruption should be opposed to the departure of the Begum and her favourite, considering how much the plans of the last corresponded with his own. He affected incredulity on the charge when Hartley complained of an Englishwoman being detained in the train of the Begum against her consent, treated the complaint of Miss Gray as the result of some female quarrel unworthy of particular attention, and when at length he took some steps for examining further into the matter, he contrived they should be so tardy, that the Begum and her retinue were far beyond the reach of interruption.

Hartley let his indignation betray him into reproaches against Paupiah, in which his principal was not spared. This only served to give the impassible Bramin a pretext for excluding him from the residency, with a hint that, if his language continued to be of such an imprudent character, he might expect to be removed from Madras, and stationed at some hill-fort or village among the mountains, where his medical knowl-

edge would find full exercise in protecting himself and others from the unhealthiness of the climate.

As he retired, bursting with ineffectual indignation, Esdale was the first person whom Hartley chanced to meet with, and to him, stung with impatience, he communicated what he termed the infamous conduct of the governor's dubash, connived at, as he had but too much reason to suppose, by the governor himself; exclaiming against the want of spirit which they betrayed, in abandoning a British subject to the fraud of renegades and the force of a tyrant.

Esdale listened with that sort of anxiety which prudent men betray when they feel themselves like to be drawn into trouble by the discourse of an imprudent friend.

'If you desire to be personally righted in this matter,' said he at length, 'you must apply to Leadenhall Street, where, I suspect — betwixt ourselves — complaints are accumulating fast, both against Paupiah and his master.'

'I care for neither of them,' said Hartley; 'I need no personal redress — I desire none. I only want succour for Mevie Gray.'

'In that case,' said Esdale, 'you have only one resource: you must apply to Hyder himself——'

'To Hyder — to the usurper — the tyrant?'

'Yes, to this usurper and tyrant,' answered Esdale, 'you must be contented to apply. His pride is, to be thought a strict administrator of justice; and perhaps he may on this, as on other occasions, choose to display himself in the light of an impartial magistrate.'

'Then I go to demand justice at his footstool,' said Hartley.

'Not so fast, my dear Hartley,' answered his friend; 'first consider the risk. Hyder is just by reflection, and perhaps from political considerations; but by temperament his blood is as unruly as ever beat under a black skin, and if you do not find him in the vein of judging, he is likely enough to be in that of killing. Stakes and bowstrings are as frequently in his head as the adjustment of the scales of justice.'

'No matter, I will instantly present myself at his *durbar*. The governor cannot for very shame refuse me letters of credence.'

'Never think of asking them,' said his more experienced friend; 'it would cost Paupiah little to have them so worded as to induce Hyder to rid our sable dubash at once and for ever of the sturdy, free-spoken Dr. Adam Hartley. A *nahal*,

or messenger of government, sets out to-morrow for Seringapatam; contrive to join him on the road, his passport will protect you both. Do you know none of the chiefs about Hyder's person?

'None, excepting his late emissary to this place, Barak el Hadgi,' answered Hartley.

'His support,' said Esdale, 'although only a fakir, may be as effectual as that of persons of more essential consequence. And, to say the truth, where the caprice of a despot is the question in debate, there is no knowing upon what it is best to reckon. Take my advice, my dear Hartley, leave this poor girl to her fate. After all, by placing yourself in an attitude of endeavouring to save her, it is a hundred to one that you only ensure your own destruction.'

Hartley shook his head, and bade Esdale hastily farewell; leaving him in the happy and self-applauding state of mind proper to one who has given the best advice possible to a friend, and may conscientiously wash his hands of all consequences.

Having furnished himself with money, and with the attendance of three trusty native servants, mounted like himself on Arab horses, and carrying with them no tent, and very little baggage, the anxious Hartley lost not a moment in taking the road to Mysore, endeavouring, in the meantime, by recollecting every story he had ever heard of Hyder's justice and forbearance, to assure himself that he should find the Nawaub disposed to protect a helpless female, even against the future heir of his empire.

Before he crossed the Madras territory, he overtook the vakeel, or messenger of the British government, of whom Esdale had spoken. This man, accustomed for a sum of money to admit adventurous European traders who desired to visit the capital to share his protection, passport, and escort, was not disposed to refuse the same good office to a gentleman of credit at Madras; and, propitiated by an additional gratuity, undertook to travel as speedily as possible. It was a journey which was not prosecuted without much fatigue and considerable danger, as they had to traverse a country frequently exposed to all the evils of war, more especially when they approached the Ghauts, those tremendous mountain-passes which descend from the tableland of Mysore, and through which the mighty streams that arise in the centre of the Indian peninsula find their way to the ocean.

The sun had set ere the party reached the foot of one of these perilous passes, up which lay the road to Seringapatam. A narrow path, which in summer resembled an empty water-course, winding upwards among immense rocks and precipices, was at one time completely overshadowed by dark groves of teak-trees, and at another found its way beside impenetrable jungles, the habitation of jackalls and tigers.

By means of this unsocial path the travellers threaded their way in silence — Hartley, whose impatience kept him before the vakeel, eagerly inquiring when the moon would enlighten the darkness, which, after the sun's disappearance, closed fast around them. He was answered by the natives according to their usual mode of expression, that the moon was in her dark side, and that he was not to hope to behold her bursting through a cloud to illuminate the thickets and strata of black and slaty rocks amongst which they were winding. Hartley had therefore no resource save to keep his eye steadily fixed on the lighted match of the *sowar*, or horseman, who rode before him, which, for sufficient reasons, was always kept in readiness to be applied to the priming of the matchlock. The vidette, on his part, kept a watchful eye on the *dowrah*,¹ a guide supplied at the last village, who, having got more than halfway from his own house, was much to be suspected of meditating how to escape the trouble of going farther. The *dowrah*, on the other hand, conscious of the lighted match and loaded gun behind him, hallooed from time to time to show that he was on his duty, and to accelerate the march of the travellers. His cries were answered by an occasional ejaculation of 'Ulla!' from the black soldiers, who closed the rear, and who were meditating on former adventures, the plundering of a *kuffila* (party of travelling merchants), or some such exploit, or perhaps reflecting that a tiger, in the neighbouring jung. might be watching patiently for the last of the party, in order to spring upon him, according to his usual practice.

The sun, which appeared almost as suddenly as it had left them, served to light the travellers in the remainder of the ascent, and called forth from the Mohammedans belonging to the party the morning prayer of *Allah ackbar*, which resounded in long notes among the rocks and ravines, and they continued with better advantage their forced march until the pass opened upon a boundless extent of jungle, with a single high mud fort rising through the midst of it. Upon this plain rapine and

¹ See Note 2.

war had suspended the labours of industry, and the rich vegetation of the soil had in a few years converted a fertile champaign country into an almost impenetrable thicket. Accordingly, the banks of a small *nullah*, or brook, were covered with the foot-marks of tigers and other animals of prey.

Here the travellers stopped to drink, and to refresh themselves and their horses; and it was near this spot that Hartley saw a sight which forced him to compare the subject which engrossed his own thoughts with the distress that had afflicted another.

At a spot not far distant from the brook, the guide called their attention to a most wretched-looking man, overgrown with hair, who was seated on the skin of a tiger. His body was covered with mud and ashes, his skin sun-burnt, his dress a few wretched tatters. He appeared not to observe the approach of the strangers, neither moving nor speaking a word, but remaining with his eyes fixed on a small and rude tomb, formed of the black slate-stones which lay around, and exhibiting a small recess for a lamp. As they approached the man, and placed before him a rupee or two and some rice, they observed that a tiger's skull and bones lay beside him, with a sabre almost consumed by rust.

While they gazed on this miserable object, the guide acquainted them with his tragical history. Sadhu Sing had been a *sipahce*, or soldier, and freebooter of course, the native and the pride of a half-ruined village which they had passed on the preceding day. He was betrothed to the daughter of a sipahce, who served in the mud fort which they saw at a distance rising above the jungle. In due time, Sadhu, with his friends, came for the purpose of the marriage, and to bring home the bride. She was mounted on a *tatoo*, a small horse belonging to the country, and Sadhu and his friends preceded her on foot in all their joy and pride. As they approached the nullah near which the travellers were resting, there was heard a dreadful roar, accompanied by a shriek of agony. Sadhu Sing, who instantly turned, saw no trace of his bride, save that her horse ran wild in one direction, whilst in the other the long grass and weeds of the jungle were moving like the ripple of the ocean, when distorted by the course of a shark holding its way near the surface. Sadhu drew his sabre and rushed forward in that direction; the rest of the party remained motionless until roused by a short roar of agony. They then plunged into the jungle with their drawn weapons, where they speedily

found Sadhu Sing holding in his arms the lifeless corpse of his bride, while a little farther lay the body of the tiger, slain by such a blow over the neck as desperation itself could alone have discharged. The brideless bridegroom would permit none to interfere with his sorrow. He dug a grave for his Mora, and erected over it the rude tomb they saw, and never afterwards left the spot. The beasts of prey themselves seemed to respect or dread the extremity of his sorrow. His friends brought him food and water from the nullah; but he neither smiled nor showed any mark of acknowledgment unless when they brought him flowers to deck the grave of Mora. Four or five years, according to the guide, had passed away, and there Sadhu Sing still remained among the trophies of his grief and his vengeance, exhibiting all the symptoms of advanced age, though still in the prime of youth.

The tale hastened the travellers from their resting-place; the vakeel because it reminded him of the dangers of the jungle, and Hartley because it coincided too well with the probable fate of his beloved, almost within the grasp of a more formidable tiger than that whose skeleton lay beside Sadhu Sing.

It was at the mud fort already mentioned that the travellers received the first accounts of the progress of the Begum and her party, by a *peon*, or foot-soldier, who had been in their company, but was now on his return to the coast. 'They had travelled,' he said, 'with great speed, until they ascended the Ghauts, where they were joined by a party of the Begum's own forces; and he and others, who had been brought from Madras as a temporary escort, were paid and dismissed to their homes. After this, he understood, it was the purpose of the Begum Mootee Mahul to proceed by slow marches and frequent halts to Bangalore, the vicinity of which place she did not desire to reach until Prince Tippoo, with whom she desired an interview, should have returned from an expedition towards Vandiccotta, in which he had lately been engaged.'

From the result of his anxious inquiries, Hartley had reason to hope that, though Seringapatam was seventy-five miles more to the eastward [westward] than Bangalore, yet, by using diligence, he might have time to throw himself at the feet of Hyder and beseech his interposition before the meeting betwixt Tippoo and the English should decide the fate of Menie Gray. On the other hand, he trembled as the peon told him that the Begum's bukshee, or general, who had travelled to Madras with her in disguise, had now assumed the dress and character belonging

to his rank, and it was expected he was to be honoured by the Mohammedan prince with some high office of dignity. With still deeper anxiety, he learned that a palanquin, watched with sedulous care by the slaves of Oriental jealousy, contained, it was whispered, a Feringi, or Frankish woman, beautiful as a houri, who had been brought from England by the Begum as a present to Tippoo. The deed of villainy was therefore in full train to be accomplished; it remained to see whether, by diligence on Hartley's side, its course could be interrupted.

When this eager vindicator of betrayed innocence arrived in the capital of Hyder, it may be believed that he consumed no time in viewing the temple of the celebrated Vishnoo, or in surveying the splendid gardens called Loll-bang, which were the monument of Hyder's magnificence, and now hold his mortal remains. On the contrary, he was no sooner arrived in the city than he hastened to the principal mosque, having no doubt that he was there most likely to learn some tidings of Barak el Hadgi. He approached, accordingly, the sacred spot, and as to enter it would have cost a Feringi his life, he employed the agency of a devout Mussulman to obtain information concerning the person whom he sought. He was not long in learning that the fakir Barak was within the mosque, as he had anticipated, busied with his holy office of reading passages from the Koran and its most approved commentators. To interrupt him in his devout task was impossible, and it was only by a high bribe that he could prevail on the same Moslem whom he had before employed to slip into the sleeve of the holy man's robe a paper containing his name and that of the khan in which the vakeel had taken up his residence. The agent brought back for answer, that the fakir, immersed, as to be expected, in the holy service which he was in the act of discharging, had paid no visible attention to the signal of intimation which the Feringi *sahib* (European gentleman) had sent to him. Distracted with the loss of time, of which each moment was precious, Hartley next endeavoured to prevail on the Mussulman to interrupt the fakir's devotions with a verbal message; but the man was indignant at the very proposal.

'Dog of a Christian!' he said, 'what art thou and thy whole generation, that Barak el Hadgi should lose a divine thought for the sake of an infidel like thee?'

Exasperated beyond self-possession, the unfortunate Hartley was now about to intrude upon the precincts of the mosque in

person, in hopes of interrupting the formal prolonged recitation which issued from its recesses, when an old man laid his hand on his shoulder, and prevented him from a rashness which might have cost him his life, saying, at the same time, 'You are a *sahib Angrezie* (English gentleman); I have been a *telinga* (a private soldier) in the Company's service, and have eaten their salt. I will do your errand for you to the fakir Barak el Hadgi.'

So saying, he entered the mosque, and presently returned with the fakir's answer, in these enigmatical words — 'He who would see the sun rise must watch till the dawn.'

With this poor subject of consolation, Hartley retired to his inn, to meditate on the futility of the professions of the natives, and to devise some other mode of finding access to Hyder than that which he had hitherto trusted to. On this point, however, he lost all hope, being informed by his late fellow-traveller, whom he found at the khan, that the Nawaub was absent from the city on a secret expedition, which might detain him for two or three days. This was the answer which the vakeel himself had received from the *dewan*, with a farther intimation, that he must hold himself ready, when he was required, to deliver his credentials to Prince Tippoo, instead of the Nawaub, his business being referred to the former in a way not very promising for the success of his mission.

Hartley was now nearly thrown into despair. He applied to more than one officer supposed to have credit with the Nawaub, but the slightest hint of the nature of his business seemed to strike all with terror. Not one of the persons he applied to would engage in the affair, or even consent to give it a hearing; and the *dewan* plainly told him, that to engage in opposition to Prince Tippoo's wishes was the ready way to destruction, and exhorted him to return to the coast. Driven almost to distraction by his various failures, Hartley betook himself in the evening to the khan. The call of the muezzins thundering from the minarets had invited the faithful to prayers, when a black servant, about fifteen years old, stood before Hartley, and pronounced these words, deliberately, and twice over — 'Thus says Barak el Hadgi, the watcher in the mosque — He that would see the sun rise, let him turn towards the east.' He then left the caravanserai; and it may be well supposed that Hartley, starting from the carpet on which he had lain down to repose himself, followed his youthful guide with renewed vigour and palpitating hope.

CHAPTER XIV

'T was the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each paynim voice to prayer,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day his sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and cool the moonbeams shone ;
T' the vizier's lofty palace
Came a bold Christian came alone.

THOMAS CAMPBELL. *Quoted from memory.*¹

THE twilight darkened into night so fast, that it was only by his white dress that Hartley could discern his guide, as he tripped along the splendid bazaar of the city. But the obscurity was so far favourable, that it prevented the inconvenient attention which the natives might otherwise have bestowed upon the European in his native dress, a sight at that time very rare in Seringapatam.

The various turnings and windings through which he was conducted ended at a small door in a wall, which, from the branches that hung over it, seemed to surround a garden or grove.

The postern opened on a tap from his guide, and the slave having entered, Hartley prepared to follow, but stepped back as a gigantic African brandished at his head a scimitar three fingers broad. The young slave touched his countryman with a rod which he held in his hand, and it seemed as if the touch disabled the giant, whose arm and weapon sunk instantly. Hartley entered without farther opposition, and was now in a grove of mango-trees, through which an infant moon was twinkling faintly amid the murmur of waters, the sweet song of the nightingale, and the odours of the rose, yellow jasmine, orange and citron flowers, and Persian narcissus. Huge domes

¹ It is only in the last two lines that the Author has made a serious alteration on Campbell (*Lairg*).

and arches, which were seen imperfectly in the quivering light, seemed to intimate the neighbourhood of some sacred edifice, where the fakir had doubtless taken up his residence.

Hartley pressed on with as much haste as he could, and entered a side-door and narrow vaulted passage, at the end of which was another door. Here his guide stopped, but pointed and made indications that the European should enter. Hartley did so, and found himself in a small cell, such as we have formerly described, wherein sat Barak el Hadgi, with another fakir, who, to judge from the extreme dignity of a white beard, which ascended up to his eyes on each side, must be a man of great sanctity, as well as importance.

Hartley pronounced the usual salutation of '*Salam alaikum*' in the most modest and deferential tone; but his former friend was so far from responding in their former strain of intimacy, that, having consulted the eye of his older companion, he barely pointed to a third carpet, upon which the stranger seated himself cross-legged after the country fashion, and a profound silence prevailed for the space of several minutes. Hartley knew the Oriental customs too well to endanger the success of his suit by precipitation. He waited an intimation to speak. At length it came, and from Barak.

'When the pilgrim Barak,' he said, 'dwelt at Madras he had eyes and a tongue; but now he is guided by those of his father, the holy Scheik Hali ben Khaledoun, the superior of his convent.'

This extreme humility Hartley thought inconsistent with the affectation of possessing superior influence which Barak had shown while at the presidency; but exaggeration of their own consequence is a foible common to all who find themselves in a land of strangers. Addressing the senior fakir, therefore, he told him in as few words as possible the villainous plot which was laid to betray Menie Gray into the hands of the Prince Tippoo. He made his suit for the reverend father's intercession with the prince himself, and with his father the Nawaub, in the most persuasive terms. The fakir listened to him with an inflexible and immovable aspect, similar to that with which a wooden saint regards his eager supplicants. There was a second pause, when, after resuming his pleading more than once, Hartley was at length compelled to end it for want of matter.

The silence was broken by the elder fakir, who, after shooting a glance at his younger companion by a turn of the eye,

without the least alteration of the position of the head and body, said, 'The unbeliever has spoken like a poet. But does he think that the Nawaub Hyder Ali Khan Behauder will contest with his son, Tippoo the Victorious, the possession of an infidel slave?'

Hartley received at the same time a side glance from Barak, as if encouraging him to plead his own cause. He suffered a minute to elapse, and then replied —

'The Nawaub is in the place of the Prophet—a judge over the low as well as high. It is written that, when the Prophet decided a controversy between the two sparrows concerning a grain of rice, his wife Fatima said to him, "Doth the missionary of Allah well to bestow his time in distributing justice on a matter so slight, and between such despicable litigants?" "Know, woman," answered the Prophet, "that the sparrows and the grain of rice are the creation of Allah. They are not worth more than thou hast spoken; but justice is a treasure of inestimable price, and it must be imparted by him who holdeth power to all who require it at his hand. The prince doth the will of Allah, who gives it alike in small matters as in great, and to the poor as well as the powerful. To the hungry bird a grain of rice is as a chaplet of pearls to a sovereign." I have spoken.'

'*Bismallah!*—Praised be God! he hath spoken like a moullah,' said the elder fakir, with a little more emotion, and some inclination of his head towards Barak, for on Hartley he scarcely deigned even to look.

'The lips have spoken it which cannot lie,' replied Barak, and there was again a pause.

It was once more broken by Scheik Hali, who addressing himself directly to Hartley, demanded of him, 'Hast thou heard, Feringi, of aught of treason meditated by this *kafir* (infidel) against the Nawaub Behauder?'

'Out of a traitor cometh treason,' said Hartley, 'but, to speak after my knowledge, I am not conscious of such design.'

'There is truth in the words of him,' said the fakir, 'who accuseth not his enemy save on his knowledge. The things thou hast spoken shall be laid before the Nawaub; and as Allah and he will, so shall the issue be. Meantime, return to thy khan, and prepare to attend the vakeel of thy government, who is to travel with dawn to Bangalore, the strong, the happy, the holy city. Peace be with thee! Is it not so, my son?'

Barak, to whom this appeal was made, replied, 'Even as my father hath spoken.'

Hartley had no alternative but to arise and take his leave with the usual phrase, '*Salam* — God's peace be with you!'

His youthful guide, who waited his return without, conducted him once more to his khan, through bye-paths which he could not have found out without pilotage. His thoughts were in the meantime strongly engaged on his late interview. He knew the Moslem men of religion were not implicitly to be trusted. The whole scene might be a scheme of Barak to get rid of the trouble of patronising a European in a delicate affair; and he determined to be guided by what should seem to confirm or discredit the intimation which he had received.

On his arrival at the khan he found the vakeel of the British government in a great bustle, preparing to obey directions transmitted to him by the Nawaub's dewan, or treasurer, directing him to depart the next morning with break of day for Bangalore.

He expressed great discontent at the order, and when Hartley intimated his purpose of accompanying him, seemed to think him a fool for his pains, hinting the probability that Hyder meant to get rid of them both by means of the freebooters, through whose countries they were to pass with such a feeble escort. This fear gave way to another when the time of departure came, at which moment there rode up about two hundred of the Nawaub's native cavalry. The sirdar who commanded these troops behaved with civility, and stated that he was directed to attend upon the travellers, and to provide for their safety and convenience on the journey; but his manner was reserved and distant, and the vakeel insisted that the force was intended to prevent their escape rather than for their protection. Under such unpleasant auspices, the journey between Seringapatam and Bangalore was accomplished in two days and part of a third, the distance being nearly eighty miles.

On arriving in view of this fine and populous city, they found an encampment already established within a mile of its walls. It occupied a *tope*, or knoll, covered with trees, and looked full on the gardens which Tippoo had created in one quarter of the city. The rich pavilions of the principal persons flamed with silk and gold; and spears with gilded points, or poles supporting gold knobs, displayed numerous little banners, inscribed with the name of the Prophet. This was the camp

of the Begum Mootee Mahul, who, with a small body of her troops, about two hundred men, was waiting the return of Tippoo under the walls of Bangalore. Their private motives for desiring a meeting the reader is acquainted with; to the public the visit of the Begum had only the appearance of an act of deference, frequently paid by inferior and subordinate princes to the patrons whom they depend upon.

These facts ascertained, the sirdar of the Nawaub took up his own encampment within sight of that of the Begum, but at about half a mile's distance, despatching to the city a messenger to announce to the Prince Tippoo, so soon as he should arrive, that he had come hither with the English vakeel.

The bustle of pitching a few tents was soon over, and Hartley, solitary and sad, was left to walk under the shade of two or three mango-trees, and, looking to the displayed streamers of the Begum's encampment, to reflect that amid these insignia of Mohammedanism Menie Gray remained, destined by a profligate and treacherous lover to the fate of slavery to a heathen tyrant. The consciousness of being in her vicinity added to the bitter pangs with which Hartley contemplated her situation, and reflected how little chance there appeared of his being able to rescue her from it by the mere force of reason and justice, which was all he could oppose to the selfish passions of a voluptuous tyrant. A lover of romance might have meditated some means of effecting her release by force or address; but Hartley, though a man of courage, had no spirit of adventure, and would have regarded as desperate any attempt of the kind.

His sole gleam of comfort arose from the impression which he had apparently made upon the elder fakir, which he could not help hoping might be of some avail to him. But on one thing he was firmly resolved, and that was, not to relinquish the cause he had engaged in whilst a grain of hope remained. He had seen in his own profession a quickening and a revival of life in the patient's eye, even when glazed apparently by the hand of death; and he was taught confidence amidst moral evil by his success in relieving that which was physical only.

While Hartley was thus meditating, he was roused to attention by a heavy firing of artillery from the high bastions of the town; and, turning his eyes in that direction, he could see advancing, on the northern side of Bangalore, a tide of cavalry, riding tumultuously forward, brandishing their spears in all different attitudes, and pressing their horses to a gallop. The

clouds of dust which attended this vanguard, for such it was, combined with the smoke of the guns, did not permit Hartley to see distinctly the main body which followed; but the appearance of howdahed elephants and royal banners, dimly seen through the haze, plainly intimated the return of Tippoo to Bangalore; while shouts and irregular discharges of musketry announced the real or pretended rejoicing of the inhabitants. The city gates received the living torrent which rolled towards them; the clouds of smoke and dust were soon dispersed, and the horizon was restored to serenity and silence.

The meeting between persons of importance, more especially of royal rank, is a matter of very great consequence in India, and generally much address is employed to induce the person receiving the visit to come as far as possible to meet the visitor. From merely rising up, or going to the edge of the carpet, to advancing to the gate of the palace, to that of the city, or, finally, to a mile or two on the road, is all subject to negotiation. But Tippoo's impatience to possess the fair European induced him to grant on this occasion a much greater degree of courtesy than the Begum had dared to expect, and he appointed his garden, adjacent to the city walls, and indeed included within the precincts of the fortifications, as the place of their meeting; the hour noon, on the day succeeding his arrival; for the natives seldom move early in the morning, or before having broken their fast. This was intimated to the Begum's messenger by the prince in person, as, kneeling before him, he presented the *nuzzur* (a tribute consisting of three, five, or seven gold mohurs, always an odd number), and received in exchange a *khelaut*, or dress of honour. The messenger, in return, was eloquent in describing the importance of his mistress, her devoted veneration for the prince, the pleasure which she experienced on the prospect of their *motakul*, or meeting, and concluded with a more modest compliment to his own extraordinary talents, and the confidence which the Begum reposed in him. He then departed; and orders were given that on the next day all should be in readiness for the *souarree*, or grand procession, when the prince was to receive the Begum as his honoured guest at his pleasure-house in the gardens.

Long before the appointed hour, the rendezvous of fakirs, beggars, and idlers, before the gate of the palace, intimated the excited expectations of those who usually attend processions; while a more urgent set of mendicants, the courtiers, were

hastening thither, on horses or elephants, as their means afforded, always in a hurry to show their zeal, and with a speed proportioned to what they hoped or feared.

At noon precisely, a discharge of cannon, placed in the outer courts, as also of matchlocks and of small swivels, carried by camels (the poor animals shaking their long ears . . . very discharge), announced that Tippoo had mounted his elephant. The solemn and deep sound of the *naggra*, or state drum, borne upon an elephant, was then heard like the distant discharge of artillery, followed by a long roll of musketry, and was instantly answered by that of numerous trumpets and tom-toms, or common drums, making a discordant, but yet a martial, din. The noise increased as the procession traversed the outer courts of the palace in succession, and at length issued from the gates, having at their head the *chobdars*, bearing silver sticks and clubs, and shouting at the pitch of their voices the titles and the virtues of Tippoo, the great, the generous, the invincible—strong as Rustan, just as Noushirvan— with a short prayer for his continued health.

After these came a confused body of men on foot, bearing spears, matchlocks, and banners, and intermixed with horsemen, some in complete shirts of mail, with caps of steel under their turbans, some in a sort of defensive armour, consisting of rich silk dresses, rendered sabre-proof by being stuffed with cotton. These champions preceded the prince, as whose bodyguards they acted. It was not till after this time that Tippoo raised his celebrated tiger-regiment, disciplined and armed according to the European fashion. Immediately before the prince came, on a small elephant, a hard-faced, severe-looking man, by office the distributor of alms, which he flung in showers of small copper money among the fakirs and beggars, whose scrambles to collect them seemed to augment their amount; while the grim-looking agent of Mohammedan charity, together with his elephant, which marched with half angry eyes, and its trunk curled upwards, seemed both alike ready to chastise those whom poverty should render too importunate.

Tippoo himself next appeared, richly appavelled, and seated on an elephant, which, carrying its head above all the others in the procession, seemed proudly conscious of superior dignity. The howdah, or seat, which the prince occupied was of silver, embossed and gilt, having behind a place for a confidential servant, who waved the great chowry, or cow-tail, to keep off the flies; but who could also occasionally perform the task of

spokesman, being well versed in all terms of flattery and compliment. The caparisons of the royal elephant were of scarlet cloth, richly embroidered with gold. Behind Tippoo came the various courtiers and officers of the household, mounted chiefly on elephants, all arrayed in their most splendid attire, and exhibiting the greatest pomp.

In this manner the procession advanced down the principal street of the town, to the gate of the royal gardens. The houses were ornamented by broadcloth, silk shawls, and embroidered carpets of the richest colours, displayed from the verandahs and windows; even the meanest hut was adorned with some piece of cloth, so that the whole street had a singularly rich and gorgeous appearance.

This splendid procession having entered the royal gardens, approached, through a long avenue of lofty trees, a *shabootra*, or platform of white marble, canopied by arches of the same material, which occupied the centre. It was raised four or five feet from the ground, covered with white cloth and Persian carpets. In the centre of the platform was the *musnud*, or state cushion of the prince, six feet square, composed of crimson velvet, richly embroidered. By especial grace, a small low cushion was placed on the right of the prince, for the occupation of the Begum. In front of this platform was a square tank, or pond, of marble, four feet deep, and filled to the brim with water as clear as crystal, having a large jet or fountain in the middle, which threw up a column of it to the height of twenty feet.

The Prince Tippoo had scarcely dismounted from his elephant and occupied the *musnud*, or throne of cushions, when the stately form of the Begum was seen advancing to the place of rendezvous. The elephant being left at the gate of the gardens opening into the country, opposite to that by which the procession of Tippoo had entered, she was carried in an open litter, richly ornamented with silver, and borne on the shoulders of six black slaves. Her person was as richly attired as silks and gems could accomplish.

Richard Middlemas, as the Begum's general or *bukshiee*, walked nearest to her litter, in a dress as magnificent in itself as it was remote from all European costume, being that of a *banka*, or Indian courtier. His turban was of rich silk and gold, twisted very hard, and placed on one side of his head, its ends hanging down on the shoulder. His mustachios were turned and curled, and his eyelids stained with antimony. The vest was of gold brocade, with a *cummerband*, or sash,

around his waist, corresponding to his turban. He carried in his hand a large sword, sheathed in a scabbard of crimson velvet, and wore around his middle a broad embroidered sword-belt. What thoughts he had under this gay attire, and the bold bearing which corresponded to it, it would be fearful to unfold. His least detestable hopes were perhaps those which tended to save Menie Gray, by betraying the prince who was about to confide in him, and the Begum, at whose intercession Tippoo's confidence was to be reposed.

The litter stopped as it approached the tank, on the opposite side of which the prince was seated on his musnud. Middlemas assisted the Begum to descend, and led her, deeply veiled with silver muslin, towards the platform of marble. The rest of the retinue of the Begum followed in their richest and most gaudy attire — all males, however; nor was there a symptom of woman being in her train, except that a close litter, guarded by twenty black slaves, having their sabres drawn, remained at some distance in a thicket of flowering shrubs.

When Tippoo Sahib, through the dim haze which hung over the waterfall, discerned the splendid train of the Begum advancing, he arose from his musnud, so as to receive her near the foot of his throne, and exchanged greetings with her upon the pleasure of meeting, and inquiries after their mutual health. He then conducted her to the cushion placed near to his own, while his courtiers anxiously showed their politeness in accommodating those of the Begum with places upon the carpets around, where they all sat down cross-legged, Richard Middlemas occupying a conspicuous situation.

The people of inferior note stood behind, and amongst them was the sirdar of Hyder Ali, with Hartley and the Madras vakeel. It would be impossible to describe the feelings with which Hartley recognised the apostate Middlemas and the amazonian Mrs. Montreville. The sight of them worked up his resolution to make an appeal against them, in full durbar, to the justice which Tippoo was obliged to render to all who should complain of injuries. In the meanwhile, the prince, who had hitherto spoken in a low voice, while acknowledging, it is to be supposed, the services and the fidelity of the Begum, now gave the sign to his attendant, who said, in an elevated tone, 'Wherefore, and to requite these services, the mighty prince, at the request of the mighty Begum Mootee Mahul, beautiful as the moon, and wise as the daughter of Gianschid, had decreed to take into his service the bukshee of her armies,

and to invest him, as one worthy of all confidence, with the keeping of his beloved capital of Bangalore.'

The voice of the crier had scarce ceased, when it was answered by one as loud, which sounded from the crowd of bystanders, 'Cursed is he who maketh the robber Leik his treasurer, or trusteth the lives of Moslemah to the command of an apostate!'

With unutterable satisfaction, yet with trembling doubt and anxiety, Hartley traced the speech to the elder fakir, the companion of Barak. Tippoo seemed not to notice the interruption, which passed for that of some mad devotee, to whom the Moslem princes permit great freedoms. The durbar, therefore, recovered from their surprise; and, in answer to the proclamation, united in the shout of applause which is expected to attend every annunciation of the royal pleasure.

Their acclamation had no sooner ceased than Middlemas arose, bent himself before the musnud, and, in a set speech, declared his unworthiness of such high honour as had now been conferred, and his zeal for the prince's service. Something remained to be added, but his speech faltered, his limbs shook, and his tongue seemed to refuse its office.

The Begum started from her seat, though contrary to etiquette, and said, as if to supply the deficiency in the speech of her officer, 'My slave would say that, in acknowledgment of so great an honour conferred on my bukshee, I am so void of means that I can only pray your Highness will deign to accept a lily from Frangistan, to plant within the recesses of the secret garden of thy pleasures. Let my lord's guards carry yonder litter to the zenana.'

A female scream was heard, as, at a signal from Tippoo, the guards of his seraglio advanced to receive the closed litter from the attendants of the Begum.

The voice of the old fakir was heard louder and sterner than before — 'Cursed is the prince who barter justice for lust! He shall die in the gate by the sword of the stranger.'

'This is too insolent!' said Tippoo. 'Drag forward that fakir, and cut his robe into tatters on his back with your *chabouks*.'

But a scene ensued like that in the hall of Seyd. All who attempted to obey the command of the incensed despot fell back from the fakir, as they would from the Angel of Death. He flung his cap and fictitious beard on the ground, and the incensed countenance of Tippoo was subdued in an instant,

when he encountered the stern and awful eye of his father. A sign dismissed him from the throne, which Hyder himself ascended, while the officious menials hastily disrobed him of his tattered cloak, and flung on him a robe of regal splendour, and placed on his head a jewelled turban. 'The durbar rung with acclamations to Hyder Ali Khan Behauder, 'the good, the wise, the discoverer of hidden things, who cometh into the divan like the sun bursting from the clouds.'

The Nawaub at length signed for silence, and was promptly obeyed. He looked majestically around him, and at length bent his look upon Tippoo, whose downcast eyes, as he stood before the throne with his arms folded on his bosom, were strongly contrasted with the haughty air of authority which he had worn but a moment before. 'Thou hast been willing,' said the Nawaub, 'to barter the safety of thy capital for the possession of a white slave. But the beauty of a fair woman caused Solomon ben David to stumble in his path; how much more, then, should the son of Hyder Naig remain firm under temptation! That men may see clearly, we must remove the light which dazzles them. Yonder Feringi woman must be placed at my disposal.'

'To hear is to obey,' replied Tippoo, while the deep gloom on his brow showed what his forced submission cost his proud and passionate spirit.

In the hearts of the courtiers present reigned the most eager curiosity to see the *dévouement* of the scene, but not a trace of that wish was suffered to manifest itself on features accustomed to conceal all internal sensations. The feelings of the Begum were hidden under her veil; while, in spite of a bold attempt to conceal his alarm, the perspiration stood in large drops on the brow of Richard Middlemas.

The next words of the Nawaub sounded like music in the ear of Hartley.

'Carry the Feringi woman to the tent of the Sirdar Belash Cassim (the chief to whom Hartley had been committed). Let her be tended in all honour, and let him prepare to escort her, with the vakeel and the *hakim* Hartley, to the Payeen-Ghaut (the country beneath the passes), answering for their safety with his head.' The litter was on its road to the sirdar's tents ere the Nawaub had done speaking. 'For thee, Tippoo,' continued Hyder, 'I am not come hither to deprive thee of authority, or to disgrace thee before the durbar. Such things as thou hast promised to this Feringi, proceed to make them

good. The sun calleth not back the splendour which he lends to the moon ; and the father obscures not the dignity which he has conferred on the son. What thou hast promised, that do thou proceed to make good.'

The ceremony of investiture was therefore recommenced, by which the Prince Tippoo conferred on Middlemas the important government of the city of Bangalore, probably with the internal resolution that, since he was himself deprived of the fair European, he would take an early opportunity to remove the new killedar from his charge ; while Middlemas accepted it with the throbbing hope that he might yet outwit both father and son. The deed of investiture was read aloud, the robe of honour was put upon the newly-created killedar, and a hundred voices, while they blessed the prudent choice of Tippoo, wished the governor good fortune, and victory over his enemies.

A horse was led forward, as the prince's gift. It was a fine steed of the Cuttyawar breed, high-crested, with broad hind-quarters ; he was of a white colour, but had the extremity of his tail and mane stained red. His saddle was red velvet, the bridle and crupper studded with gilded knobs. Two attendants on lesser horses led this prancing animal, one holding the lance and the other the long spear of their patron. The horse was shown to the applauding courtiers, and withdrawn, in order to be led in state through the streets, while the new killedar should follow on the elephant, another present usual on such an occasion, which was next made to advance, that the world might admire the munificence of the prince.

The huge animal approached the platform, shaking his large wrinkled head, which he raised and sunk, as if impatient, and curling upwards his trunk from time to time, as if to show the gulf of his tongueless mouth. Gracefully retiring with the deepest obeisance, the killedar, well pleased the audience finished, stood by the neck of the elephant, expecting the conductor of the animal would make him kneel down, that he might ascend the gilded howdah which awaited his occupancy.

'Hold, Feringi,' said Hyder. 'Thou hast received all that was promised thee by the bounty of Tippoo. Accept now what is the fruit of the justice of Hyder.'

As he spoke, he signed with his finger, and the driver of the elephant instantly conveyed to the animal the pleasure of the Nawab. Curling his long trunk around the neck of the ill-fated European, the monster suddenly threw the wretch

prostrate before him, and, stamping his huge shapeless foot upon his breast, put an end at once to his life and to his crimes. The cry which the victim uttered was mimicked by the roar of the monster, and a sound like an hysterical laugh mingling with a scream, which rung from under the veil of the Begum. The elephant once more raised his trunk aloft, and gaped fearfully.

The courtiers preserved a profound silence; but Tippoo, upon whose muslin robe a part of the victim's blood had spirted, held it up to the Nawaub, exclaiming, in a sorrowful yet resentful tone—'Father—father, was it thus my promise should have been kept?'

'Know, foolish boy,' said Hyder Ali, 'that the carrion which lies there was in a plot to deliver Bangalore to the Feringis and the Mahrattas. This Begum (she started when she heard herself named) has given us warning of the plot, and has so merited her pardon for having originally concurred in it,—whether altogether out of love to us we will not too curiously inquire. Hence with that lump of bloody clay, and let the hakim Hartley and the English vakeel come before me.'

They were brought forward, while some of the attendants flung sand upon the bloody traces, and others removed the crushed corpse.

'Hakim,' said Hyder, 'thou shalt return with the Feringi woman, and with gold to compensate her injuries, wherein the Begum, as is fitting, shall contribute a share. Do thou say to thy nation, Hyder Ali acts justly.' The Nawaub then inclined himself graciously to Hartley, and then turning to the vakeel, who appeared much discomposed, 'You have brought to me,' he said, 'words of peace, while your masters meditated a treacherous war. It is not upon such as you that my vengeance ought to alight. But tell the kafir, or infidel, Paupiah and his unworthy master that Hyder Ali sees too clearly to suffer to be lost by treason the advantages he has gained by war. Hitherto I have been in the Carnatic as a mild prince; in future I will be a destroying tempest. Hitherto I have made inroads as a compassionate and merciful conqueror; hereafter I will be the messenger whom Allah sends to the kingdoms which He visits in judgment.'

It is well known how dreadfully the Nawaub kept this promise, and how he and his son afterwards sunk before the discipline and bravery of the Europeans. The scene of just punishment which he so faithfully exhibited might be owing

to his policy, his internal sense of right, and to the ostentation of displaying it before an Englishman of sense and intelligence, or to all of these motives mingled together, but in what proportions it is not for us to distinguish.

Hartley reached the coast in safety with his precious charge, rescued from a dreadful fate when she was almost beyond hope. But the nerves and constitution of Menie Gray had received a shock from which she long suffered severely, and never entirely recovered. The principal ladies of the settlement, moved by the singular tale of her distress, received her with the utmost kindness, and exercised towards her the most attentive and affectionate hospitality. The Nawaub, faithful to his promise, remitted to her a sum of no less than ten thousand gold mohurs, extorted, as was surmised, almost entirely from the hoards of the Begum Mootee Mahul, or Montreville. Of the fate of that adventuress nothing was known for certainty; but her forts and government were taken into Hyder's custody, and report said that, her power being abolished and her consequence lost, she died by poison, either taken by herself or administered by some other person.

It might be thought a natural conclusion of the history of Menie Gray that she should have married Hartley, to whom she stood much indebted for his heroic interference in her behalf. But her feelings were too much and too painfully agitated, her health too much shattered, to permit her to entertain thoughts of a matrimonial connexion, even with the acquaintance of her youth and the champion of her freedom. Time might have removed these obstacles, but not two years after their adventures in Mysore the gallant and disinterested Hartley fell a victim to his professional courage in withstanding the progress of a contagious distemper, which he at length caught, and under which he sunk. He left a considerable part of the moderate fortune which he had acquired to Menie Gray, who, of course, did not want many advantageous offers of a matrimonial character. But she respected the memory of Hartley too much to subdue in behalf of another the reasons which induced her to refuse the hand which he had so well deserved — nay, it may be thought, had so fairly won.

She returned to Britain — what seldom occurs — unmarried though wealthy; and, settling in her native village, appeared to find her only pleasure in acts of benevolence, which seemed to exceed the extent of her fortune, had not her very retired

life been taken into consideration. Two or three persons with whom she was intimate could trace in her character that generous and disinterested simplicity and affection which were the groundwork of her character. To the world at large her habits seemed those of the ancient Roman matron, which is recorded on her tomb in these four words,

DOMUM MANSIT — LANAM FECIT.

MR. CROFTANGRY'S CONCLUSION

If you tell a good jest,
And please all the rest,
Comes Dingley, and asks you, 'What was it !'
And before she can know,
Away she will go
To seek an old rag in the closet.

DEAN SWIFT.

WHILE I was inditing the goodly matter which my readers have just perused, I might be said to go through a course of breaking-in to stand criticism, like a shooting-pony to stand fire. By some of those venial breaches of confidence which always take place on the like occasions, my private flirtations with the muse of fiction became a matter whispered in Miss Fairscribe's circle, some ornaments of which were, I suppose, highly interested in the progress of the affair, while others 'really thought Mr. Chrystal Croftangry might have had more wit at his time of day.' Then came the sly intimation, the oblique remark, all that sugar-lipped raillery which is fitted for the situation of a man about to do a foolish thing, whether it be to publish or to marry, and that accompanied with the discreet nods and winks of such friends as are in the secret, and the obliging eagerness of others to know all about it.

At length the affair became so far public that I was induced to face a tea-party with my manuscript in my pocket, looking as simple and modest as any gentleman of a certain age need to do upon such an occasion. When tea had been carried round, handkerchiefs and smelling bottles prepared, I had the honour of reading *The Surgeon's Daughter* for the entertainment of the evening. It went off excellently. My friend Mr. Fairscribe, who had been seduced from his desk to join the literary circle, only fell asleep twice, and readily recovered his attention by help of his snuff-box. The ladies were politely attentive, and when the cat, or the dog, or a next neighbour tempted an individual to relax, Katie Fairscribe was on the alert, like an

active whipper-in, with look, touch, or whisper, to recall them to a sense of what was going on. Whether Miss Katie was thus active merely to enforce the literary discipline of her coterie, or whether she was really interested by the beauties of the piece, and desirous to enforce them on others, I will not venture to ask, in case I should end in liking the girl — and she is really a pretty one — better than wisdom would warrant, either for my sake or hers.

I must own my story here and there flagged a good deal; perhaps there were faults in my reading, for, while I should have been attending to nothing but how to give the words effect as they existed, I was feeling the chilling consciousness that they might have been, and ought to have been, a great deal better. However, we kindled up at last when we got to the East Indies, although, on the mention of tigers, an old lady, whose tongue had been impatient for an hour, broke in with, 'I wonder if Mr. Croftangry ever heard the story of Tiger Tullideph?' and had nearly inserted the whole narrative as an episode in my tale. She was, however, brought to reason, and the subsequent mention of shawls, diamonds, turbans, and cummerbands had their usual effect in awakening the imaginations of the fair auditors. At the extinction of the faithless lover in a way so horribly new, I had, as indeed I expected, the good fortune to excite that expression of painful interest which is produced by drawing in the breath through the compressed lips — nay, one miss of fourteen actually screamed.

At length my task was ended, and the fair circle rained odours upon me, as they pelt beaux at the carnival with sugar-plums, and drench them with scented spices. There was 'Beautiful,' and 'Sweetly interesting,' and 'O, Mr. Croftangry,' and 'How much obliged,' and 'What a delightful evening,' and 'O, Miss Katie, how could you keep such a secret so long!' While the dear souls were thus smothering me with rose-leaves, the merciless old lady carried them all off by a disquisition upon shawls, which she had the impudence to say arose entirely out of my story. Miss Katie endeavoured to stop the flow of her eloquence in vain: she threw all other topics out of the field, and from the genuine Indian she made a digression to the imitation shawls now made at Paisley out of real Thibet wool, not to be known from the actual country shawl, except by some inimitable cross-stitch in the border. 'It is well,' said the old lady, wrapping herself up in a rich Kashmere, 'that there is some way of knowing a thing that cost fifty guineas

from an article that is sold for five ; but I venture to say there is not one out of ten thousand that would understand the difference.'

The politeness of some of the fair ladies would now have brought back the conversation to the forgotten subject of our meeting. 'How could you, Mr. Croftangry, collect all these hard words about India — you were never there?' 'No, madam, I have not had that advantage ; but, like the imitative operatives of Paisley, I have composed my shawl by incorporating into the woof a little Thibet wool, which my excellent friend and neighbour, Colonel Mackerris, one of the best fellows who ever trode a Highland moor, or dived into an Indian jungle, had the goodness to supply me with.'

My rehearsal, however, though not absolutely and altogether to my taste, has prepared me in some measure for the less tempered and guarded sentence of the world. So a man must learn to encounter a foil before he confronts a sword ; and to take up my original simile, a horse must be accustomed to a *feu de joie* before you can ride him against a volley of balls. Well, Corporal Nym's philosophy is not the worst that has been preached, 'Things must be as they may.' If my lucubrations give pleasure, I may again require the attention of the courteous reader ; if not, here end the

TALES OF MY LANDLORD

FOURTH AND LAST SERIES

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

JEDEDIAH CLEISHBOTHAM

SCHOOLMASTER AND PARISH-CLERK OF GANDERCLEUCH

CASTLE DANGEROUS

As I stood by yon roofless tower,
Where the wa'flower scents the dewy air,
Where the howlet mourns in her ivy bower,
And tells the midnight moon her care ;
The winds were laid, the air was still,
The stars they shot along the sky,
The fox was howling on the hill,
And the distant echoing glens reply.

ROBERT BURNS.

INTRODUCTION TO CASTLE DANGEROUS

The following introduction to *Castle Dangerous* was forwarded by Sir Walter Scott from Naples in February 1832, together with some corrections of the text, and notes on localities mentioned in the Novel.

The materials for the Introduction must have been collected before he left Scotland, in September 1831; but in the hurry of preparing for his voyage he had not been able to arrange them so as to accompany the first edition of this Romance.

A few notes, supplied by the [original] Editor [J. G. Lockhart], are followed by his name in brackets.

THE incidents on which the ensuing Novel mainly turns are derived from the ancient metrical chronicle of *The Bruce*, by Archdeacon Barbour, and from *The History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus*, by David Hume of Godscroft; and are sustained by the immemorial tradition of the western parts of Scotland. They are so much in consonance with the spirit and manners of the troubled age to which they are referred, that I can see no reason for doubting their being founded in fact: the names, indeed, of numberless localities in the vicinity of Douglas Castle appear to attest, beyond suspicion, many even of the smallest circumstances embraced in the story of Godscroft.

Among all the associates of Robert the Bruce, in his great enterprise of rescuing Scotland from the power of Edward, the first place is universally conceded to James, the eighth Lord Douglas, to this day venerated by his countrymen as 'the Good Sir James':

And Gud Schyr James off Douglas,
That in his time sa worthy was,
That off his price and his bounté,
In fer landis renownyt wes he. — BARBOUR [bk. i.].

The Good Sir James, the dreadful blacke Douglas,
That in his dayes so wise and worthie was,
Wha here, and on the infidels of Spain,
Such honour, praise, and triumphs did obtain. — GORDON.¹

¹ Patrick Gordon, who published in 1615, in heroic verse, the first book of *The History of Prince Robert, surnamed the Bruce (Lairg)*.

From the time when the King of England refused to reinstate him, on his return from France, where he had received the education of chivalry, in the extensive possessions of his family, which had been held forfeited by the exertions of his father, William the Hardy, the young knight of Douglas appears to have embraced the cause of Bruce with enthusiastic ardour, and to have adhered to the fortunes of his sovereign with unwearied fidelity and devotion. 'The Douglass,' says Hollinshed [*Historie of Scotland*, p. 215, ed. 1585], 'was joyfully received of King Robert, in whose service he faithfully continued, both in peace and war, to his life's end. Though the surname and familie of the Douglasses was in some estimation of nobilitie before those daies, yet the rising thereof to honour chanced through this James Douglass; for, by meanes of his advancement, others of that lineage tooke occasion, by their singular manhood and noble prowess, shewed at sundrie times in defence of the realme, to grow to such height in authoritie and estimation, that their mightie puissance in mainrent, lands, and great possessions at length was, through suspicion conceived by the kings that succeeded, the cause in part of their ruinous decay.'

In every narrative of the Scottish war of independence, a considerable space is devoted to those years of perilous adventure and suffering which were spent by the illustrious friend of Bruce in harassing the English detachments successively occupying his paternal territory, and in repeated and successful attempts to wrest the formidable fortress of Douglas Castle itself from their possession. In the English as well as Scotch Chronicles, and in Rymcr's *Fadera*, occur frequent notices of the different officers entrusted by Edward with the keeping of this renowned stronghold; especially Sir Robert de Clifford, ancestor of the heroic race of the Cliffords, Earls of Cumberland; his lieutenant, Sir Richard de Thurlewalle (written sometimes Thruswall), of Thirlwall Castle, on the Tipalt in Northumberland; and Sir John de Walton, the romantic story of whose love-pledge, to hold the Castle of Douglas for a year and day, or surrender all hope of obtaining his mistress's favour, with the tragic consequences softened in the Novel, is given at length in Godscroft, and has often been pointed out as one of the affecting passages in the chronicles of chivalry.¹

¹ The reader will find both this story and that of *Count Robert of Paris* in Sir W. Scott's essay on 'Chivalry,' published in 1818, in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (Lockhart).

The Author, before he had made much progress in this, probably the last of his Novels, undertook a journey to Douglas Dale, for the purpose of examining the remains of the famous castle, the kirk of St. Bride of Douglas, the patron saint of that great family, and the various localities alluded to by Goldcroft in his account of the early adventures of Good Sir James; but though he was fortunate enough to find a zealous and well-informed *cicerone* in Mr. Thomas Haddow, and had every assistance from the kindness of Mr. Alexander Finlay, the resident chamberlain of his friend, Lord Douglas, the state of his health at the time was so feeble, that he found himself incapable of pursuing his researches, as in better days he would have delighted to do, and was obliged to be contented with such a cursory view of scenes, in themselves most interesting, as could be snatched in a single morning, when any bodily exertion was painful. Mr. Haddow was attentive enough to forward subsequently some notes on the points which the Author had seemed desirous of investigating; but these did not reach him until, being obliged to prepare matters for a foreign excursion in quest of health and strength, he had been compelled to bring his work, such as it is, to a conclusion.

The remains of the old Castle of Douglas¹ are inconsiderable. They consist indeed of but one ruined tower, standing at a short distance from the modern mansion, which itself is only a fragment of the design on which the Duke of Douglas meant to reconstruct the edifice, after its last accidental destruction by fire. His Grace had kept in view the ancient prophecy that, as often as Douglas Castle might be destroyed, it should rise again in enlarged dimensions and improved splendour, and projected a pile of building which, if it had been completed, would have much exceeded any nobleman's residence then existing in Scotland, as indeed what has been finished, amounting to about one-eighth part of the plan, is sufficiently extensive for the accommodation of a large establishment, and contains some apartments the dimensions of which are magnificent. The situation is commanding; and though the Duke's successors have allowed the mansion to continue as he left it, great expense has been lavished on the environs, which now present a vast sweep of richly undulated woodland, stretching to the borders of the Cairntable mountains, repeatedly mentioned as the favourite retreat of the great ancestor of the family in the days of his hardship and perse-

¹ See Note B.

cution. There remains at the head of the adjoining *bowy* the choir of the ancient church of St. Bride, having beneath it the vault which was used till lately as the burial-place of this princely race, and only abandoned when their stone and leaden coffins had accumulated, in the course of five or six hundred years, in such a way that it could accommodate no more. Here a silver case, containing the dust of what was once the brave heart of Good Sir James, is still pointed out; and in the dilapidated choir above appears, though in a sorely ruinous state, the once magnificent tomb of the warrior himself. After detailing the well-known circumstances of Sir James's death in Spain, 20 [25]th August 1330, where he fell, assisting the King of Arragon in an expedition against the Moors, when on his way back to Scotland from Jerusalem, to which he had conveyed the heart of Bruce, the old poet Barbour tells us [bk. xiv.] that —

Quhen his men lang had mad murnyn,
 Thai debowalyt him, and syne
 Gert scher him awa, that mycht be tane
 The flesch all haly fra the bane,
 And the carioune thar in haly place
 Erdyt, with rycht gret worschip, was.

The banys haue thai with thaim tane;
 And syne ar to their schippis gane;

Syne towart Scotland held thair way,
 And thar ar cummyn in full gret hy.
 And the banys honorabilly
 In till the kyrk off Douglas war
 Erdyt, with dule and mekill car.
 Schyr Archebald his sone gert an.
 Off alabastre, bath fair and fyne,
 Ordane a tumbe sa richly
 As it behowyt to swa worthy.

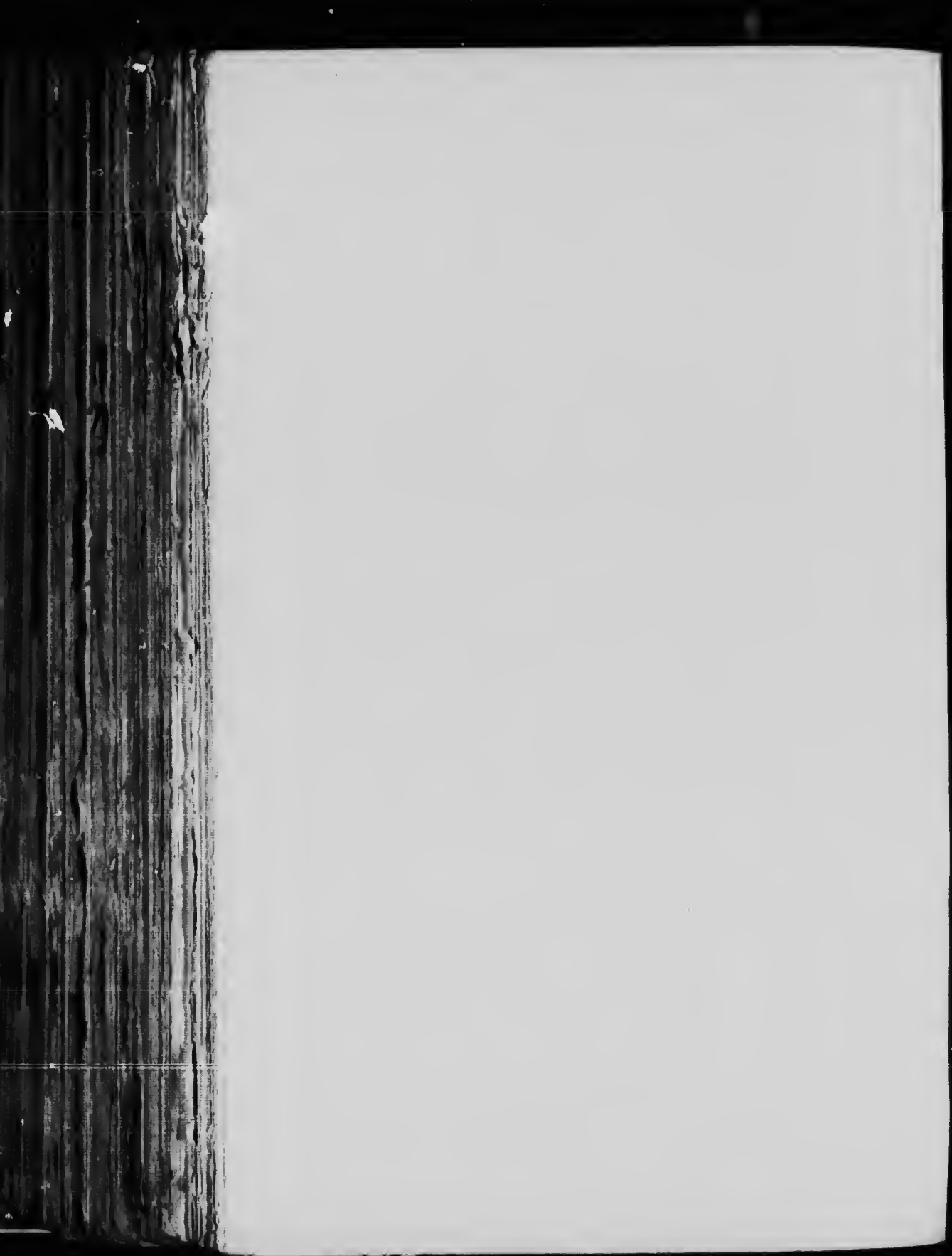
The monument is supposed to have been wantonly mutilated and defaced by a detachment of Cromwell's troops, who, as was their custom, converted the kirk of St. Bride of Douglas into a stable for their horses. Enough, however, remains to identify the resting-place of the great Sir James. The effigy, of dark stone, is cross-legged, marking his character as one who had died after performing the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and in actual conflict with the infidels of Spain; and the introduction of the HEART, adopted as an addition to the old arms of Douglas, in consequence of the knight's fulfilment of Bruce's dying injunction, appears, when taken in connexion with the

posture of the figure, to set the question at rest. The monument, in its original state, must have been not inferior in any respect to the best of the same period in Westminster Abbey; and the curious reader is referred for farther particulars of it to *The Sepulchral Antiquities of Great Britain*, by Edward Blore, F. S. A. (London, 1826), where may also be found interesting details of some of the other tombs and effigies in the cemetery of the first house of Douglas.

As considerable liberties have been taken with the historical incidents on which this novel is founded, it is due to the reader to place before him such extracts from Godscroft and Barbour as may enable him to correct any mis-impression. The passages introduced in the Appendix, from the ancient poem of *The Bruce*, will moreover gratify those who have not in their possession a copy of the text of Barbour, as given in the valuable quarto edition of my learned friend Dr. Jamieson, as furnishing on the whole a favourable specimen of the style and manner of a venerable classic who wrote when Scotland was still full of the fame and glory of her liberators from the yoke of Plantagenet, and especially of Sir James Douglas, 'of whom,' says Godscroft [p. 52, ed. 1644], 'we will not omit here (to shut up all) the judgment of those times concerning him, in a rude verse indeed, yet such as beareth witness of his true magnanimity and invincible mind in either fortune, good or bad :—

Good Sir James Douglas, who wise, and wight, and worthy was,
Was never overglad in no winning, nor yet oversad for no tining;
Good fortune and evil chance he weighed both in one balance.'

W. S



CASTLE DANGEROUS

CHAPTER I

Hosts have been known at that dread sound to yield,
And, Douglas dead, his name hath won the field.

JOHN HOME.

IT was at the close of an early spring day, when nature, in a cold province of Scotland, was reviving from her winter's sleep, and the air at least, though not the vegetation, gave promise of an abatement of the rigour of the season, that two travellers, whose appearance at that early period sufficiently announced their wandering character, which, in general, secured a free passage even through a dangerous country, were seen coming from the south-westward, within a few miles of the Castle of Douglas, and seemed to be holding their course in the direction of the river of that name, whose dale afforded a species of approach to that memorable feudal fortress. The stream, small in comparison to the extent of its fame, served as a kind of drain to the country in its neighbourhood, and at the same time afforded the means of a rough road to the castle and village. The high lords to whom the castle had for ages belonged might, had they chosen, have made this access a great deal smoother and more convenient; but there had been as yet little or no exercise for those geniuses who have taught all the world that it is better to take the more circuitous road round the base of a hill than the direct course of ascending it on the one side and descending it directly on the other, without yielding a single step to render the passage more easy to the traveller; still less were those mysteries dreamed of which MacAdam¹ has of late days expounded. But, indeed, to what purpose should the ancient Douglasses have employed his

¹ See Note 4.

principles, even if they had known them in ever so much perfection? Wheel-carriages, except of the most clumsy description, and for the most simple operations of agriculture, were totally unknown. Even the most delicate female had no resource save a horse, or, in case of sore infirmity, a litter. The men used their own sturdy limbs, or hardy horses, to transport themselves from place to place; and travellers, females in particular, experienced no small inconvenience from the rugged nature of the country. A swollen torrent sometimes crossed their path, and compelled them to wait until the waters had abated their frenzy. The bank of a small river was occasionally torn away by the effects of a thunderstorm, a recent inundation, or the like convulsions of nature; and the wayfarer relied upon his knowledge of the district, or obtained the best local information in his power, how to direct his path so as to surmount such untoward obstacles.

The Douglas issues from an amphitheatre of mountains which bounds the valley to the south-west, from whose contributions, and the aid of sudden storms, it receives its scanty supplies. The general aspect of the country is that of the pastoral hills of the south of Scotland, forming, as is usual, bleak and wild farms, many of which had, at no great length of time from the date of the story, been covered with trees, as some of them still attest by bearing the name of 'shaw,' that is, wild natural wood. The neighbourhood of the Douglas water itself was flat land, capable of bearing strong crops of oats and rye, supplying the inhabitants with what they required of these productions. At no great distance from the edge of the river, a few special spots excepted, the soil capable of agriculture was more and more mixed with the pastoral and woodland country, till both terminated in desolate and partly inaccessible moorlands.

Above all, it was war-time, and of necessity all circumstances of mere convenience were obliged to give way to a paramount sense of danger; the inhabitants, therefore, instead of trying to amend the paths which connected them with other districts, were thankful that the natural difficulties which surrounded them rendered it unnecessary to break up or to fortify the access from more open countries. Their wants, with a very few exceptions, were completely supplied, as we have already said, by the rude and scanty produce of their own mountains and 'holms,' the last of which served for the exercise of their limited agriculture, while the better part of the mountains and

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RUINS OF DOUGLAS CASTLE.
From a painting by Brown.

forest glens produced pasture for their herds and flocks. The recesses of the unexplored depths of these silvan retreats being seldom disturbed, especially since the lords of the district had laid aside, during this time of strife, their constant occupation of hunting, the various kinds of game had increased of late very considerably; so that not only in crossing the rougher parts of the hilly and desolate country we are describing different varieties of deer were occasionally seen, but even the wild cattle peculiar to Scotland sometimes showed themselves, and other animals, which indicated the irregular and disordered state of the period. The wildcat was frequently surprised in the dark ravines or the swampy thickets; and the wolf, already a stranger to the more populous districts of the Lothians, here maintained his ground against the encroachments of man, and was still himself a terror to those by whom he was finally to be extirpated. In winter especially — and winter was hardly yet past — these savage animals were wont to be driven to extremity for lack of food, and used to frequent, in dangerous numbers, the battlefield, the deserted churchyard — nay, sometimes the abodes of living men, there to watch for children, their defenceless prey, with as much familiarity as the fox nowadays will venture to prowl near the mistress's¹ poultry-yard.

From what we have said, our readers, if they have made — as who in these days has not? — the Scottish tour, will be able to form a tolerably just idea of the wilder and upper part of Douglas Dale, during the earlier period of the 14th century. The setting sun cast his gleams along a moorland country, which to the westward broke into larger swells, terminating in the mountains called the Larger and Lesser Cairntable. The first of these is, as it were, the father of the hills in the neighbourhood, the source of an hundred streams, and by far the largest of the ridge, still holding in his dark bosom, and in the ravines with which his sides are ploughed, considerable remnants of those ancient forests with which all the high grounds of that quarter were once covered, and particularly the hills, in which the rivers — both those which run to the east and those which seek the west to discharge themselves into the Solway — hide, like so many hermits, their original and scanty sources.

The landscape was still illuminated by the reflection of the

¹ The good dame or wife of a respectable farmer is almost universally thus designated in Scotland.

evening sun, sometimes thrown back from pool or stream, sometimes resting on grey rocks, huge cumberers of the soil, which labour and agriculture have since removed; and sometimes contenting itself with gilding the banks of the stream, tinged alternately grey, green, or ruddy, as the ground itself consisted of rock, or grassy turf, or bare earthen mound, or looked at a distance like a rampart of dark red porphyry. Occasionally, too, the eye rested on the steep brown extent of moorland, as the sunbeam glanced back from the little tarn or mountain pool, whose lustre, like that of the eye in the human countenance, gives a life and vivacity to every feature around.

The elder and stouter of the two travellers whom we have mentioned was a person well, and even showily, dressed, according to the finery of the times, and bore at his back, as wandering minstrels were wont, a case, containing a small harp, rote, or viol, or some such species of musical instrument for accompanying the voice. The leathern case announced so much, although it proclaimed not the exact nature of the instrument. The colour of the traveller's doublet was blue, and that of his hose violet, with slashes which showed a lining of the same colour with the jerkin. A mantle ought, according to ordinary custom, to have covered this dress; but the heat of the sun, though the season was so early, had induced the wearer to fold up his cloak in small compass, and form it into a bundle, attached to the shoulders like the military great-coat of the infantry soldier of the present day. The neatness with which it was made up argued the precision of a practised traveller, who had been long accustomed to every resource which change of weather required. A great profusion of narrow ribands or points, constituting the loops with which our ancestors connected their doublet and hose, formed a kind of cordon, composed of knots of blue or violet, which surrounded the traveller's person, and thus assimilated in colour with the two garments which it was the office of these strings to combine. The bonnet usually worn with this showy dress was of that kind with which Henry the Eighth and his son, Edward the Sixth, are usually represented. It was more fitted, from the gay stuff of which it was composed, to appear in a public place than to encounter a storm of rain. It was party-coloured, being made of different stripes of blue and violet; and the wearer arrogated a certain degree of gentility to himself, by wearing a plume of considerable dimensions of the same favourite colours. The features over which this feather

drooped were in no degree remarkable for peculiarity of expression. Yet in so desolate a country as the west of Scotland it would not have been easy to pass the man without more minute attention than he would have met with where there was more in the character of the scenery to arrest the gaze of the passengers.

A quick eye, a sociable look, seeming to say, 'Ay, look at me, I am a man worth noticing, and not unworthy your attention,' carried with it, nevertheless, an interpretation which might be thought favourable or otherwise, according to the character of the person whom the traveller met. A knight or soldier would merely have thought that he had met a merry fellow, who could sing a wild song, or tell a wild tale, and help to empty a flagon, with all the accomplishments necessary for a boon companion at an hostelry, except perhaps an alacrity at defraying his share of the reckoning. A churchman, on the other hand, might have thought he of the blue and violet was of too loose habits, and accustomed too little to limit himself within the boundaries of befitting mirth, to be fit society for one of his sacred calling. Yet the man of song had a certain steadiness of countenance, which seemed fitted to hold place in scenes of serious business as well as of gaiety. A wayfaring passenger of wealth, not at that time a numerous class, might have feared in him a professional robber, or one whom opportunity was very likely to convert into such; a female might have been apprehensive of uncivil treatment, and a youth, or timid person, might have thought of murder or such direful doings. Unless privately armed, however, the minstrel was ill-accounted for any dangerous occupation. His only visible weapon was a small crooked sword, like what we now call a hanger; and the state of the times would have justified any man, however peaceful his intentions, in being so far armed against the perils of the road.

If a glance at this man had in any respect prejudiced him in the opinion of those whom he met on his journey, a look at his companion would, so far as his character could be guessed at — for he was closely muffled up — have passed for an apology and warrant for his associate. The younger traveller was apparently in early youth, a soft and gentle boy, whose Slavonic gown, the appropriate dress of the pilgrim, he wore more closely drawn about him than the coldness of the weather seemed to authorise or recommend. His features, imperfectly seen under the hood of his pilgrim's dress, were prepossessing

in a high degree ; and though he wore a walking-sword, it seemed rather to be in compliance with general fashion than from any violent purpose he did so. There were traces of sadness upon his brow, and of tears upon his cheeks ; and his weariness was such as even his rougher companion seemed to sympathise with, while he privately participated also in the sorrow which left its marks upon a countenance so lovely. They spoke together, and the elder of the two, while he assumed the deferential air proper to a man of inferior rank addressing a superior, showed, in tone and gesture, something that amounted to interest and affection.

'Bertram, my friend,' said the younger of the two, 'how far are we still from Douglas Castle? We have already come farther than the twenty miles which thou didst say was the distance from Camnock — or how didst thou call the last hostelry which we left by daybreak?'

'Camnock, my dearest lady — I beg ten thousand excuses — my gracious young lord.'

'Call me Augustine,' replied his comrade, 'if you mean to speak as is fittest for the time.'

'Nay, as for that,' said Bertram, 'if your ladyship can condescend to lay aside your quality, my own good-breeding is not so firmly sewed to me but that I can doff it and resume it again without its losing a stitch ; and since your ladyship, to whom I am sworn in obedience, is pleased to command that I should treat you as my own son, shame it were to me if I were not to show you the affection of a father, more especially as I may well swear my great oath that I owe you the duty of such, though well I wot it has, in our case, been the lot of the parent to be maintained by the kindness and liberality of the child ; for when was it that I hungered or thirsted, and the black stock¹ of Berke'y did not relieve my wants?'

'I would have it so,' answered the young pilgrim — 'I would have it so. What use of the mountains of beef and the oceans of beer which they say our domains produce, if there is a hungry heart among our vassalage, or especially if thou, Bertram, who hast served as the minstrel of our house for more than twenty years, shouldst experience such a feeling?'

'Certes, lady,' answered Bertram, 'it would be like the catastrophe which is told of the baron of Fastenough, when his last mouse was starved to death in the very pantry ; and if I escape this journey without such a calamity, I shall think

¹ The table dormant, which stood in a baron's hall, was often so designated.

myself out of reach of thirst or famine for the whole of my life.'

'Thou hast suffered already once or twice by these attacks, my poor friend,' said the lady.

'It is little,' answered Bertram, 'anything that I have suffered; and I were ungrateful to give the inconvenience of missing a breakfast, or making an untimely dinner, so serious a name. But then I hardly see how your ladyship can endure this gear much longer. Yon must yourself feel that the plodding along these high lands, of which the Scots give us such good measure in their miles, is no jesting matter; and as for Douglas Castle, why, it is still three good miles off.'

'The question then is,' quoth the lady, heaving a sigh, 'what we are to do when we have so far to travel, and when the castle gates must be locked long before we arrive there?'

'For that I will pledge my word,' answered Bertram. 'The gates of Douglas, under the keeping of Sir John de Walton, do not open so easily as those of the buttery hatch at our own castle when it is well oiled; and if your ladyship take my advice, you will turn southward ho, and in two days at farthest we shall be in a land where men's wants are provided for, as the inns proclaim it, with the least possible delay, and the secret of this little journey shall never be known to living mortal but ourselves, as sure as I am sworn minstrel and man of faith.'

'I thank thee for thy advice, mine honest Bertram,' said the lady, 'but I cannot profit by it. Should thy knowledge of these parts possess thee with an acquaintance with any decent house, whether it belong to rich or poor, I would willingly take quarters there, if I could obtain them from this time until tomorrow morning. The gates of Douglas Castle will then be open to guests of so peaceful an appearance as we carry with us, and — and — it will out — we might have time to make such applications to our toilet as might insure us a good reception, by drawing a comb through our locks, or such-like foppery.'

'Ah, madam!' said Bertram, 'were not Sir John de Walton in question, methinks I should venture to reply, that an unwashed brow, an unkempt head of hair, and a look far more saucy than your ladyship ever wears, or can wear, were the proper disguise to trick out that minstrel's boy whom you wish to represent in the present pageant.'

'Do you suffer your youthful pupils to be indeed so slovenly and so saucy, Bertram?' answered the lady. 'I for one will not

imitate them in that particular ; and whether Sir John be now in the Castle of Douglas or not, I will treat the soldiers who hold so honourable a charge with a washed brow and a head of hair somewhat ordered. As for going back without seeing a castle which nas mingled even with my very dreams — at a word, Bertram, thou mayst go that way, but I will not.'

'And if I part with your ladyship on such terms,' responded the minstrel, 'now your frolic is so nearly accomplished, it shall be the foul fiend himself, and nothing more comely or less dangerous, that shall tear me from your side ; and for lodging, there is not far from hence the house of one Tom Dickson of Hazelside, one of the most honest fellows of the dale, and who, although a labouring man, ranked as high as a warrior, when I was in this country, as any noble gentleman that rode in the band of the Douglas.'

'He is, then, a soldier?' said the lady.

'When his country or his lord need his sword,' replied Bertram, 'and, to say the truth, they are seldom at peace : but otherwise, he is no enemy, save to the wolf which plunders his herds.'

'But forget not, my trusty guide,' replied the lady, 'that the blood in our veins is English, and consequently, that we are in danger from all who call themselves foes to the ruddy ross.'

'Do not fear this man's faith,' answered Bertram. 'You may trust to him as to the best knight or gentleman of the land. We may make good our lodging by a tune or a song ; and it may remember you that I undertook, provided it pleased your ladyship, to temporise a little with the Scots, who, poor souls, love minstrelsy, and when they have but a silver penny will willingly bestow it to encourage the gay science — I promised you, I say, that we should be as welcome to them as if we had been born amidst their own wild hills ; and for the best that such a house as Dickson's affords, the gleeman's son, fair lady, shall not breathe a wish in vain. And now, will you speak your mind to your devoted friend and adopted father, or rather your sworn servant and guide, Bertram the Minstrel, what it is your pleasure to do in this matter?'

'O, we will certainly accept of the Scot's hospitality,' said the lady, 'your minstrel word being plighted that he is a true man. Tom Dickson, call you him?'

'Yes,' replied Bertram, 'such is his name ; and by looking on these sheep, I am assured that we are now upon his land.'

'Indeed!' said the lady, with some surprise; 'and how is your wisdom aware of that?'

'I see the first letter of his name marked upon this flock,' answered the guide. 'Ah, learning is what carries a man through the world, as well as if he had the ring by virtue of which old minstrels tell that Adam understood the language of the beasts in Paradise. Ah, madam! there is more wit taught in the shepherd's shieling than the lady thinks of who sews her painted seam in her summer bower.'

'Be it so, good Bertram. And although not so deeply skilled in the knowledge of written language as you are, it is impossible for me to esteem its value more than I actually do; so hold we on the nearest road to this Tom Dickson's, whose very sheep tell of his whereabouts. I trust we have not very far to go, although the knowledge that our journey is shortened by a few miles has so much recovered my fatigue that methinks I could dance all the rest of the way.'

CHAPTER II

Rosalind. Well, this is the Forest of Arden.

Touchstone. Aye, now am I in Arden; the more fool I. When I was at home I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Ros. Aye, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here; a young man and an old, in solemn talk.

As You Like It, Act II. Scene IV.

AS the travellers spoke together, they reached a turn of the path which presented a more extensive prospect than the broken face of the country had yet shown them. A valley, through which flowed a small tributary stream, exhibited the wild, but not unpleasant, features of 'a lone vale of green bracken,' here and there besprinkled with groups of alder-trees, of hazels, and of copse oak-wood, which had maintained their stations in the recesses of the valley, although they had vanished from the loftier and more exposed sides of the hills. The farm-house, or mansion-house, for, from its size and appearance, it might have been the one or the other, was a large but low building, and the walls of the outhouses were sufficiently strong to resist any band of casual depredators. There was nothing, however, which could withstand a more powerful force; for, in a country laid waste by war, the farmer was then, as now, obliged to take his chance of the great evils attendant upon that state of things; and his condition, never a very eligible one, was rendered considerably worse by the insecurity attending it. About half a mile farther was seen a Gothic building of very small extent, having a half-dismantled chapel, which the minstrel pronounced to be the abbey of St. Bride. 'The place,' he said, 'I understand, is allowed to subsist, as two or three old monks and as many nuns, whom it contains, are permitted by the English to serve God there, and sometimes to give relief to Scottish travellers; and who have accordingly taken assurance with Sir John de Walton, and accepted as their superior a churchman on whom he thinks he can depend. But if these

guests happen to reveal any secrets, they are, by some means or other, believed to fly towards the English governor; and therefore, unless your ladyship's commands be positive, I think we had best not trust ourselves to their hospitality.'

'Of a surety, no,' said the lady, 'if thou canst provide me with lodgings where we shall have more prudent hosts.'

At this moment, two human forms were seen to approach the farm-house in a different direction from the travellers, and speaking so high, in a tone apparently of dispute, that the minstrel and his companion could distinguish their voices though the distance was considerable. Having screened his eyes with his hand for some minutes, Bertram at length exclaimed, 'By Our Lady, it is my old friend, Tom Dickson, sure enough! What can make him in such bad humour with the lad, who, I think, may be the little wild boy, his son Charles, who used to run about and plait rushes some twenty years ago? It is lucky, however, we have found our friends astir; for, I warrant, Tom hath a hearty piece of beef in the pot ere he goes to bed, and he must have changed his want if an old friend hath not his share; and who knows, had we come later, at what hour they may now find it convenient to drop latch and draw bolt so near a hostile garrison; for, if we call things by their right names, such is the proper term for an English garrison in the castle of a Scottish nobleman.'

'Foolish man,' answered the lady, 'thou judgest of Sir John de Walton as thou wouldst of some rude boor, to whom the opportunity of doing what he wills is a temptation and license to exercise cruelty and oppression. Now, I could plight you my word that, setting apart the quarrel of the kingdoms, which, of course, will be fought out in fair battle on both sides, you will find that English and Scottish, within this domain, and within the reach of Sir John de Walton's influence, live together as that same flock of sheep and goats do with the shepherd's dog—a foe from whom they fly upon certain occasions, but around whom they nevertheless eagerly gather for protection should a wolf happen to show himself.'

'It is not to your ladyship,' answered Bertram, 'that I should venture to state my opinion of such matters; but the young knight, when he is sheathed in armour, is a different being from him who feasts in halls among press of ladies; and he that feeds by another man's fireside, and when his landlord, of all men in the world, chances to be the Black Douglas, has reason to keep his eyes about him as he makes his meal. But

it were better I looked after our own evening refreshment than that I stood here gaping and talking about other folks' matters.' So saying, he called out in a thundering tone of voice, 'Dickson! — what ho, Thomas Dickson! will you not acknowledge an old friend, who is much disposed to trust his supper and night's lodging to your hospitality?'

The Scotchman, attracted by the call, looked first along the banks of the river, then upwards to the bare side of the hill, and at length cast his eyes upon the two figures who were descending from it.

As if he felt the night colder while he advanced from the more sheltered part of the valley to meet them, the Douglas Dale farmer wrapped closer around him the grey plaid which, from an early period, has been used by the shepherds of the south of Scotland, and the appearance of which gives a romantic air to the peasantry and middle classes; and which, although less brilliant and gaudy in its colours, is as picturesque in its arrangement as the more military tartan mantle of the Highlands. When they approached near to each other, the lady might observe that this friend of her guide was a stout athletic man, somewhat past the middle of life, and already showing marks of the approach, but none of the infirmities, of age, upon a countenance which had been exposed to many a storm. Sharp eyes, too, and a quick observation, exhibited signs of vigilance, acquired by one who had lived long in a country where he had constant occasion for looking around him with caution. His features were still swollen with displeasure; and the handsome young man who attended him seemed to be discontented, like one who had undergone no gentle marks of his father's indignation, and who, from the sullen expression which mingled with an appearance of shame on his countenance, seemed at once affected by anger and remorse.

'Do you not remember me, old friend?' said Bertram, as they approached within a distance for communing; 'or have the twenty years which have marched over us since we met carried along with them all remembrance of Bertram, the English minstrel?'

'In troth,' answered the Scot, 'it is not for want of plenty of your countrymen to keep you in my remembrance, and I have hardly heard one of them so much as whistle

Hey, now the day dawns,

but it has recalled some note of your blythe rebeck; and yet

such animals are we, that I had forgot the mien of my old friend, and scarcely knew him at a distance. But we have had trouble lately: there are a thousand of your countrymen that keep garrison in the Perilous Castle of Douglas yonder, as well as in other places through the vale, and that is but a woeful sight for a true Scotchman; even my own poor house has not escaped the dignity of a garrison of a man-at-arms, besides two or three archer knaves, and one or two slips of mischievous boys called pages, and so forth, who will not let a man say, "this is my own," by his own fireside. Do not, therefore, think hardly of me, old comrade, if I show you a welcome something colder than you might expect from a friend of other days; for, by St. Bride of Douglas, I have scarcely anything left to which I can say welcome.'

'Small welcome will serve,' said Bertram. 'My son, make thy reverence to thy father's old friend. Augustine is learning my joyous trade, but he will need some practice ere he can endure its fatigues. If you could give him some little matter of food, and a quiet bed for the night, there's no fear but that we shall both do well enough; for I daresay when you travel with my friend Charles there — if that tall youth chance to be my old acquaintance Charles — you will find yourself accommodated when his wants are once well provided for.'

'Nay, the foul fiend take me if I do,' answered the Scottish husbandman. 'I know not what the lads of this day are made of — not of the same clay as their fathers to be sure — not sprung from the heather, which fears neither wind nor rain, but from some delicate plant of a foreign country, which will not thrive unless it be nourished under glass, with a murrain to it! The good Lord of Douglas — I have been his henchman, and can vouch for it — did not in his pagehood desire such food and lodging as, in the present day, will hardly satisfy such a lad as your friend Charles.'

'Nay,' said Bertram, 'it is not that my Augustine is over nice; but, for other reasons, I must request of you a bed to himself: he hath of late been unwell.'

'Ay, I understand,' said Dickson, 'your son hath had a touch of that illness which terminates so frequently in the black death you English folk die of? We hear much of the havoc it has made to the southward. Comes it hitherward?'

Bertram nodded.

'Well, my father's house,' continued the farmer, 'hath more rooms than one, and your son shall have one well aired and

comfortable ; and for supper, ye shall have a part of what is prepared for your countrymen, though I would rather have their room than their company. Since I am bound to feed a score of them, they will not dispute the claim of such a skilful minstrel as thou art to a night's hospitality. I am ashamed to say that I must do their bidding even in my own house. Well-a-day, if my good lord were in possession of his own, I have heart and hand enough to turn the whole of them out of my house, like — like ——

'To speak plainly,' said Bertram, 'like a Southron strolling gang from Redesdale, whom I have seen you fling out of your house like a litter of blind puppies, when not one of them looked behind to see who had done him the courtesy until he was half-way to Cairntable.'

'Ay,' answered the Scotchman, drawing himself up at least six inches taller than before ; ' then I had a house of my own, and a cause and an arm to keep it. Now I am — what signifies it what I am ? — the noblest lord in Scotland is little better.'

'Truly, friend,' said Bertram, 'now you view this matter in a rational light. I do not say that the wisest, the richest, or the strongest man in this world has any right to tyrannise over his neighbour, because he is the more weak, ignorant, and the poorer ; but yet, if he does enter into such a controversy, he must submit to the course of nature, and that will always give the advantage in the tide of battle to wealth, strength, and health.'

'With permission, however,' answered Dickson, 'the weaker party, if he use his faculties to the utmost, may, in the long-run, obtain revenge upon the author of his sufferings, which would be at least compensation for his temporary submission ; and he acts simply as a man, and most foolishly as a Scotchman, whether he sustain these wrongs with the insensibility of an idiot or whether he endeavour to revenge them before Heaven's appointed time has arrived. But if I talk thus I shall scare you, as I have scared some of your countrymen, from accepting a meal of meat and a night's lodging in a house where you might be called with the morning to a bloody settlement of a national quarrel.'

'Never mind,' said Bertram, 'we have been known to each other of old ; and I am no more afraid of meeting unkindness in your house than you expect me to come here for the purpose of adding to the injuries of which you complain.'

'So be it,' said Dickson ; 'and you, my old friend, are as

welcome to my abode as when it never held any guest save of my own inviting. And you, my young friend, Master Augustine, shall be looked after as well as if you came with a gay brow and a light cheek, such as best becomes the gay science.'

'But wherefore, may I ask,' said Bertram, 'so much displeased but now at my young friend Charles?'

The youth answered before his father had time to speak. 'My father, good sir, may put what show upon it he will, but shrewd and wise men wax weak in the brain in these troublous times. He saw two or three wolves seize upon three of our choicest wethers; and because I shouted to give the alarm to the English garrison, he was angry as if he could have murdered me—just for saving the sheep from the jaws that would have devoured them.'

'This is a strange account of thee, old friend,' said Bertram. 'Dost thou connive with the wolves in robbing thine own fold?'

'Why, let it pass if thou lovest me,' answered the countryman: 'Charles could tell thee something nearer the truth if he had a mind; but for the present let it pass.'

The minstrel, perceiving that the Scotchman was fretted and embarrassed with the subject, pressed it no farther.

At this moment, in crossing the threshold of Thomas Dickson's house, they were greeted with sounds from two English soldiers within. 'Quiet, Anthony,' said one voice—'quiet, man! for the sake of common sense, if not common manners; Robin Hood himself never sat down to his board ere the roast was ready.'

'Ready!' quoth another rough voice; 'it is roasting to rags, and small had been the knave Dickson's share, even of these rags, had it not been the express orders of the worshipful Sir John de Walton that the soldiers who lie at outposts should afford to the inmates such provisions as are not necessary for their own subsistence.'

'Hush, Anthony—hush, for shame!' replied his fellow-soldier, 'if ever I heard our host's step, I heard it this instant; so give over thy grumbling, since our captain, as we all know, hath prohibited, under strict penalties, all quarrels between his followers and the people of the country.'

'I am sure,' replied Anthony, 'that I have ministered occasion to none; but I would I were equally certain of the good meaning of this sullen-browed Thomas Dickson towards the English soldiers, for I seldom go to bed in this dungeon of a

house but I expect my throat will gape as wide as a thirsty oyster before I awaken. Here he comes, however,' added Anthony, sinking his sharp tones as he spoke; 'and I hope to be excommunicated if he has not brought with him that mad animal, his son Charles, and two other strangers, hungry enough, I'll be sworn, to eat up the whole supper, if they do us no other injury.'

'Shame of thyself, Anthony,' repeated his comrade; 'a good archer thou as ever wore Kendal green, and yet affect to be frightened for two tired travellers, and alarmed for the inroad their hunger may make on the night's meal. There are four or five of us here; we have our bows and our bills within reach, and scorn to be chased from our supper, or cheated out of our share of it, by a dozen Scotchmen, whether stationary or strollers. How say'st thou?' he added, turning to Dickson — 'how say ye, quartermaster? it is no secret that, by the directions given to our post, we must inquire into the occupations of such guests as you may receive besides ourselves, your unwilling inmates; you are as ready for supper, I warrant, as supper is for you, and I will only delay you and my friend Anthony, who becomes dreadfully impatient, until you answer two or three questions which you wot of.'

'Bend-the-bow,' answered Dickson, 'thou art a civil fellow; and although it is something hard to be constrained to give an account of one's friends, because they chance to quarter in one's own house for a night or two, yet I must submit to the times, and make no vain opposition. You may mark down in your breviary there that, upon the fourteenth day before Palm Sunday, Thomas Dickson brought to his house of Hazelside, in which you hold garrison, by orders from the English governor, Sir John de Walton, two strangers, to whom the said Thomas Dickson had promised refreshment and a bed for the evening, if it be lawful at this time and place.'

'But what are they — these strangers?' said Anthony, somewhat sharply.

'A fine world thou while,' murmured Thomas Dickson, 'that an honest man should be forced to answer the questions of every paltry companion!' But he mitigated his voice and proceeded — 'The eldest of my guests is Bertram, an ancient English minstrel, who is bound on his own errand to the Castle of Douglas, and will communicate what he has to say of news to Sir John de Walton himself. I have known him for twenty years, and never heard anything of him save that he was good

man and true. 'The younger stranger is his son, a lad recovering from the English disorder, which has been raging far and wide in Westmoreland and Cumberland.'

'Tell me,' said Bend-the-Bow, 'this same Bertram, was he not about a year since in the service of some noble lady in our own country?'

'I have heard so,' answered Dickson.

'We shall, in that ease, I think, incur little danger,' replied Bend-the-Bow, 'by allowing this old man and his son to proceed on their journey to the castle.'

'You are my elder and my better,' answered Anthony; 'but I may remind you that it is not so clearly our duty to give free passage into a garrison of a thousand men of all ranks to a youth who has been so lately attacked by a contagious disorder; and I question if our commander would not rather hear that the Black Douglas, with a hundred devils as black as himself, since such is his colour, had taken possession of the outpost of Hazelside with sword and battle-axe than that one person suffering under this fell sickness had entered peaceably, and by the opened wicket of the castle.'

'There is something in what thou sayest, Anthony,' replied his comrade; 'and considering that our governor, since he has undertaken the troublesome job of keeping a castle which is esteemed so much more dangerous than any other within Scotland, has become one of the most cautious and jealous men in the world, we had better, I think, inform him of the circumstance, and take his commands how the stripling is to be dealt with.'

'Content am I,' said the archer; 'and first, methinks, I would just, in order to show that we know what belongs to such a case, ask the stripling a few questions, as how long he has been ill, by what physicians he has been attended, when he was cured, and how his cure is certified, etc.'

'True, brother,' said Bend-the-Bow. 'Thou hearest, minstrel, we would ask thy son some questions. What has become of him? He was in this apartment but now.'

'So please you,' answered Bertram, 'he did but pass through the apartment. Mr. Thomas Dickson, at my entreaty, as well as in respectful reverence to your honour's health, carried him through the room without tarriance, judging his own bed-chamber the fittest place for a young man recovering from a severe illness, and after a day of no small fatigue.'

'Well,' answered the elder archer, 'though it is uncommon for men who, like us, live by bow-string and quiver, to meddle

with interrogations and examinations; yet, as the case stands, we must make some inquiries of your son ere we permit him to set forth to the Castle of Douglas, where you say his errand leads him.'

'Rather my errand, noble sir,' said the minstrel, 'than that of the young man himself.'

'If such be the case,' answered Bend-the-Bow, 'we may sufficiently do our duty by sending yourself, with the first grey light of dawn, to the castle, and letting your son remain in bed, which I warrant is the fittest place for him, until we shall receive Sir John de Walton's commands whether he is to be brought onward or not.'

'And we may as well,' said Anthony, 'since we are to have this man's company at supper, make him acquainted with the rules of the out garrison stationed here for the time.' So saying, he pulled a scroll from his leathern pouch, and said, 'Minstrel, canst thou read?'

'It becomes my calling,' said the minstrel.

'It has nothing to do with mine, though,' answered the archer, 'and therefore do thou read these regulations aloud; for, since I do not comprehend these characters by sight, I lose no chance of having them read over to me as often as I can, that I may fix their sense in my memory. So beware that thou readest the words letter for letter as they are set down; for thou dost so at thy peril, sir minstrel, if thou readest not like a true man.'

'On my minstrel word,' said Bertram, and began to read excessively slow, for he wished to gain a little time for consideration, which he foresaw would be necessary to prevent his being separated from his mistress, which was likely to occasion her much anxiety and distress. He therefore began thus: "Outpost at Hazelside,¹ the steading of Goodman Thomas Dickson." Ay, Thomas, and is thy house so called?'

'It is the ancient name of the steading,' said the Scot, 'being surrounded by a hazel-shaw, or thicket.'

'Hold your chattering tongue, minstrel,' said Anthony, 'and proceed, as you value that or your ears, which you seem disposed to make less use of.'

"His garrison," proceeded the minstrel, reading, "consists of a lance with its furniture." What, then, a lance, in other words, a belted knight, commands this party?'

'T is no concern of thine,' said the archer.

¹ See Note 5.

'But it is,' answered the minstrel: 'we have a right to be examined by the highest person in presence.'

'I will show thee, thou rascal,' said the archer, starting up, 'that I am lance enough for thee to reply to, and I will break thy head if thou say'st a word more.'

'Take care, brother Anthony,' said his comrade, 'we are to use travellers courteously — and, with your leave, those travellers best who come from our native land.'

'It is even so stated here,' said the minstrel, and he proceeded to read — "'The watch at this outpost of Hazelside shall stop and examine all travellers passing by the said station, suffering such to pass onwards to the town of Douglas, or to Douglas Castle, always interrogating them with civility, and detaining and turning them back if there arise matter of suspicion; but conducting themselves in all matters civilly and courteously to the people of the country, and to those who travel in it.'" You see, most excellent and valiant archer,' added the commentator Bertram, 'that courtesy and civility are, above all, recommended to your worship in your conduct towards the inhabitants, and those passengers who, like us, may chance to fall under your rules in such matters.'

'I am not to be told at this time of day,' said the archer, 'how to conduct myself in the discharge of my duties. Let me advise you, sir minstrel, to be frank and open in your answers to our inquiries, and you shall have no reason to complain.'

'I hope, at all events,' said the minstrel, 'to have your favour for my son, who is a delicate stripling, and not accustomed to play his part among the crew which inhabit this wild world.'

'Well,' continued the elder and more civil of the two archers, 'if thy son be a novice in this terrestrial navigation, I warrant that thou, my friend, from thy look and manner of speech, hast enough of skill to use thy compass. To comfort thee, although thou must thyself answer the questions of our governor or deputy-governor, in order that he may see there is no offence in thee, I think there may be permission granted for thy son's residing here in the convent hard by — where the nuns, by the way, are as old as the monks, and have nearly as long beards, so thou mayst be easy about thy son's morals — until thou hast done thy business at Douglas Castle, and art ready to resume thy journey.'

'If such permission,' said the minstrel, 'can be obtained, I should be better pleased to leave him at the abbey, and go

myself, in the first place, to take the directions of your commanding-officer.'

'Certainly,' answered the archer, 'that will be the safest and best way; and with a piece or two of money thou mayst secure the protection of the abbot.'

'Thou say'st well,' answered the minstrel; 'I have known life, I have known every stile, gap, pathway, and pass of this wilderness of ours for some thirty years; and he that cannot steer his course fairly through it like an able seaman, after having served such an apprenticeship, can hardly ever be taught, were a century to be given him to learn it in.'

'Since thou art so expert a mariner,' answered the archer Anthony, 'thou hast, I warrant me, met in thy wanderings a potation called a morning's draught, which they who are conducted by others where they themselves lack experience are used to bestow upon those who undertake the task of guide upon such an occasion?'

'I understand you, sir,' quoth the minstrel; 'and although money, or "drink-geld," as the Fleming calls it, is rather a scarce commodity in the purse of one of my calling, yet, according to my feeble ability, thou shalt have no cause to complain that thine eyes or those of thy comrades have been damaged by a Scottish mist while we can find an English coin to pay for the good liquor which should wash them clear.'

'Content,' said the archer; 'we now understand each other, and if difficulties arise on the road, thou shalt not want the countenance of Anthony to sail triumphantly through them. But thou hadst better let thy son know soon of the early visit to the abbot to-morrow, for thou mayst guess that we cannot and dare not delay our departure for the convent a minute after the eastern sky is ruddy; and, with other infirmities, young men often are prone to laziness and a love of ease.'

'Thou shalt have no reason to think so,' answered the minstrel: 'not the lark himself, when waked by the first ray peeping over the black cloud, springs more lightly to the sky than will my Augustine answer the same brilliant summons. And now we understand each other, I would only further pray you to forbear light talk while my son is in your company, — a boy of innocent life, and timid in conversation.'

'Nay, jolly minstrel,' said the elder archer, 'thou givest us here too gross an example of Satan reproving sin. If thou hast followed thy craft for twenty years, as thou pretendest,

thy son, having kept thee company since childhood, must by this time be fit to open a school to teach even devils the practice of the seven deadly sins, of which none know the theory if those of the gay science are lacking.'

'Truly, comrade, thou speakest well,' answered Bertram, 'and I acknowledge that we minstrels are too much to blame in this matter. Nevertheless, in good sooth, the fault is not one of which I myself am particularly guilty; on the contrary, I think that he who would wish to have his own hair honoured when time has strewed it with silver should so rein his mirth when in the presence of the young as may show in what respect he holds innocence. I will, therefore, with your permission, speak a word to Augustine, that to-morrow we must be on foot early.'

'Do so, my friend,' said the English soldier; 'and do the same the more speedily that our poor supper is still awaiting until thou art ready to partake of it.'

'To which, I promise thee,' said Bertram, 'I am disposed to entertain no delay.'

'Follow me, then,' said Dickson, 'and I will show thee where this young bird of thine has his nest.'

Their host accordingly tripped up the wooden stair, and tapped at a door, which he thus indicated was that of his younger guest.

'Your father,' continued he, as the door opened, 'would speak with you, Master Augustine.'

'Excuse me, my host,' answered Augustine; 'the truth is, that this room being directly above your eating-chamber, and the flooring not in the best possible repair, I have been compelled to the unhandsome practice of eavesdropping, and not a word has escaped me that passed concerning my proposed residence at the abbey, our journey to-morrow, and the somewhat early hour at which I must shake off sloth, and, according to thy expression, fly down from the roost.'

'And how dost thou relish,' said Dickson, 'being left with the abbot of St. Bride's little flock here?'

'Why, well,' said the youth, 'if the abbot is a man of respectability becoming his vocation, and not one of those swaggering churchmen who stretch out the sword, and bear themselves like rank soldiers in these troublous times.'

'For that, young master,' said Dickson, 'if you let him put his hand deep enough into your purse, he will hardly quarrel with anything.'

'Then I will leave him to my father,' replied Augustine, 'who will not grudge him anything he asks in reason.'

'In that case,' replied the Scotchman, 'you may trust to our abbot for good accommodation; and so both sides are pleased.'

'It is well, my son,' said Bertram, who now joined in the conversation; 'and that thou mayst be ready for thy early travelling, I shall presently get our host to send thee some food, after partaking of which thou shouldst go to bed and sleep off the fatigue of to-day, since to-morrow will bring work for itself.'

'And as for thy engagement to these honest archers,' answered Augustine, 'I hope you will be able to do what will give pleasure to our guides, if they are disposed to be civil and true men.'

'God bless thee, my child!' answered Bertram: 'thou knowest already what would drag after thy beck all the English archers that were ever on this side of the Solway. There is no fear of a grey-goose shaft, if you sing a *réveille* like to that which chimed even now from that silken nest of dainty young goldfinches.'

'Hold me as in readiness, then,' said the seeming youth, 'when you depart to-morrow morning. I am within hearing, I suppose, of the bells of St. Bride's chapel, and have no fear, through my sloth, of keeping you or your company waiting.'

'Good-night, and God bless thee, my child!' again said the minstrel; 'remember that your father sleeps not far distant, and on the slightest alarm will not fail to be with you. I need scarce bid thee recommend thyself, meantime, to the great Being who is the friend and father of us all.'

The pilgrim thanked his supposed father for his evening blessing, and the visitors withdrew without farther speech at the time, leaving the young lady to those engrossing fears which, the novelty of her situation and the native delicacy of her sex being considered, naturally thronged upon her.

The tramp of a horse's foot was not long after heard at the house of Hazelside, and the rider was welcomed by its garrison with marks of respect. Bertram understood so much as to discover from the conversation of the warders that this late arrival was Aymer de Valence, the knight who commanded the little party, and to the furniture of whose lance, as it was technically called, belonged the archers with whom we have already been acquainted, a man-at-arms or two, a certain proportion of pages or grooms, and, in short, the command and

guidance of the garrison at Thomas Dickson's, while in rank he was deputy-governor of Douglas Castle.

To prevent all suspicion respecting himself and his companion, as well as the risk of the latter being disturbed, the minstrel thought it proper to present himself to the inspection of this knight, the great authority of the little place. He found him, with as little scruple as the archers heretofore, making a supper off the relics of the roast-beef.

Before this young knight Bertram underwent an examination, while an old soldier took down in writing such items of information as the examinee thought proper to express in his replies, both with regard to the minutiae of his present journey, his business at Castle Douglas, and his route when that business should be accomplished — a much more minute examination, in a word, than he had hitherto undergone by the archers, or perhaps than was quite agreeable to him, being encumbered with at least the knowledge of one secret, whatever more. Not that this new examiner had anything stern or severe in his looks or his questions. As to the first, he was mild, gentle, and 'meek as a maid,' and possessed exactly of the courteous manners ascribed by our father Chaucer to the pattern of chivalry whom he describes upon his pilgrimage to Canterbury. But, with all his gentleness, De Valence showed a great degree of acuteness and accuracy in his queries; and well pleased was Bertram that the young knight did not insist upon seeing his supposed son, although even in that case his ready wit had resolved, like a seaman in a tempest, to sacrifice one part to preserve the rest. He was not, however, driven to this extremity, being treated by Sir Aymer with that degree of courtesy which in that age men of song were in general thought entitled to. The knight kindly and liberally consented to the lad's remaining in the convent, as a fit and quiet residence for a stripling and an invalid, until Sir John de Walton should express his pleasure on the subject; and Sir Aymer consented to this arrangement the more willingly, as it averted all possible danger of bringing disease into the English garrison.

By the young knight's order, all in Dickson's house were despatched earlier to rest than usual; the matin bell of the neighbouring chapel being the signal for their assembly by day-break. They rendezvoused accordingly, and proceeded to St. Bride's, where they heard mass, after which an interview took place between the abbot Jerome and the minstrel, in which the former undertook, with the permission of De Valence, to receive

Augustine into his abbey as a guest for a few days, less or more, and for which Bertram promised an acknowledgment in name of alms, which was amply satisfactory.

'So be it,' said Bertram, taking leave of his supposed son; 'rejoice that I will not tarry a day longer at Douglas Castle than shall suffice for transacting my business there, which is to look after the old books you wot of, and I will speedily return for thee to the abbey of St. Bride, to resume in company our journey homeward.'

'O father,' replied the youth, with a smile, 'I fear, if you get among romances and chronicles, you will be so earnest in your researches that you will forget poor Augustine and his concerns.'

'Nay, for me, Augustine,' said the old man, making the motion of throwing a kiss towards the boy; 'thou art good and virtuous, and Heaven will not neglect thee were thy father unnatural enough to do so. Believe me, all the old songs since Merlin's day shall not make me forget thee.'

Thus they separated, the minstrel, with the English knight and his retinue, to move towards the castle, and the youth in dutiful attendance on the venerable abbot, who was delighted to find that his guest's thoughts turned rather upon spiritual things than on the morning repast, of the approach of which he could not help being himself sensible.

CHAPTER III

The night, methinks, is but the daylight sick,
It looks a little paler; 't is a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Merchant of Venice.

TO facilitate the progress of the party on its way to Douglas Castle, the knight of Valence offered the minstrel the convenience of a horse, which the fatigues of yesterday made him gladly accept. Any one acquainted with equestrian exercise is aware that no means of refreshment carries away the sense of fatigue from over-walking so easily as the exchange to riding, which calls into play another set of muscles, and leaves those which have been over-exerted an opportunity of resting through change of motion more completely than they could in absolute repose. Sir Aymer de Valence was sheathed in armour, and mounted on his charger; two of the archers, a groom of mean rank, and a squire, who looked in his day for the honour of knighthood, completed the detachment, which seemed so disposed as to secure the minstrel from escape and to protect him against violence. 'Not,' said the young knight, addressing himself to Bertram, 'that there is usually danger in travelling in this country, any more than in the most quiet districts of England; but some disturbances, as you may have learnt, have broken out here within this last year, and have caused the garrison of Castle Douglas to maintain a stricter watch. But let us move on, for the complexion of the day is congenial with the original derivation of the name of the country, and the description of the chiefs to whom it belonged — *Sholto Dhu Glass* (see you dark grey man), and dark grey will our route prove this morning, though by good luck it is not long.'

The morning was indeed what the original Gaelic words implied, a drizzly, dark, moist day; the mist had settled upon the hills, and unrolled itself upon brook, glade, and tarn, and the spring breeze was not powerful enough to raise the veil,

though, from the wild sounds which were heard occasionally on the ridges, and through the glens, it might be supposed to wail at a sense of its own inability. The route of the travellers was directed by the course which the river had ploughed for itself down the valley, the banks of which bore in general that dark grey livery which Sir Aymer de Valence had intimated to be the prevalent tint of the country. Some ineffectual struggles of the sun shot a ray here and there to salute the peaks of the hills; yet these were unable to surmount the dulness of a March morning, and, at so early an hour, produced a variety of shades, rather than a gleam of brightness, upon the eastern horizon. The view was monotonous and depressing, and apparently the good knight Aymer sought some amusement in occasional talk with Bertram, who, as was usual with his craft, possessed a fund of knowledge and a power of conversation well suited to pass away a dull morning. The minstrel, well pleased to pick up such information as he might be able concerning the present state of the country, embraced every opportunity of sustaining the dialogue.

'I would speak with you, sir minstrel,' said the young knight. 'If thou dost not find the air of this morning too harsh for thine organs, heartily do I wish thou wouldst fairly tell me what can have induced thee, being, as thou seemest, a man of sense, to thrust thyself into a wild country like this, at such a time. And you, my masters,' addressing the archers and the rest of the party, 'methinks it would be as fitting and seeming if you reined back your steeds for a horse's length or so, since I apprehend you can travel on your way without the pretence of minstrelsy.' The bowmen took the hint, and fell back, but, as was expressed by their grumbling observations, by no means pleased that there seemed little chance of their overhearing what conversation should pass between the young knight and the minstrel, which proceeded as follows:—

'I am, then, to understand, good minstrel,' said the knight, 'that you, who have in your time borne arms, and even followed St. George's red-cross banner to the Holy Sepulchre, are so little tired of the danger attending our profession, that you feel yourself attracted unnecessarily to regions where the sword, for ever loose in its scabbard, is ready to start on the slightest provocation?'

'It would be hard,' replied the minstrel, bluntly, 'to answer such a question in the affirmative; and yet, when you consider how nearly allied is his profession who celebrates deeds of arms

with that of the knight who performs them, your honour, I think, will hold it advisable that a minstrel desirous of doing his devoir should, like a young knight, seek the truth of adventures where it is to be found, and rather visit countries where the knowledge is preserved of high and noble deeds than those lazy and quiet realms in which men live indolently, and die ignobly in peace, or by sentence of law. You yourself, sir, and those like you, who hold life cheap in respect of glory, guide your course through this world on the very same principle which brings your poor rhyming servant Bertram from a far province of Merry England to this dark country of rugged Scotland called Douglas Dale. You long to see adventures worthy of notice, and I—under favour for naming us two in the same breath—seek a scanty and precarious, but not a dishonourable, living by preparing for immortality, as well as I can, the particulars of such exploits, especially the names of those who were the heroes of these actions. Each, therefore, labours in his vocation; nor can the one be justly wondered at more than the other, seeing that, if there be any difference in the degrees of danger to which both the hero and the poet are exposed, the courage, strength, arms, and address of the valiant knight render it safer for him to venture into scenes of peril than for the poor man of rhyme.'

'You say well,' answered the warrior; 'and although it is something of novelty to me to hear your craft represented as upon a level with my own mode of life, yet shame were it to say that the minstrel who toils so much to keep in memory the feats of gallant knights should not himself prefer fame to existence, and a single achievement of valour to a whole age without a name, or to affirm that he follows a mean and unworthy profession.'

'Your worship will then acknowledge,' said the minstrel, 'that it is a legitimate object in such as myself, who, simple as I am, have taken my regular degrees among the professors of the gay science at the capital town of Aigues-Mortes, to struggle forward into this Northern district, where I am well assured many things have happened which have been adapted to the harp by minstrels of great fame in ancient days, and have become the subject of lays which lie deposited in the library of Castle Douglas, where, unless copied over by some one who understands the old British characters and language, they must, with whatever they may contain, whether of entertainment or edification, be speedily lost to posterity. If these hidden treasures

were preserved and recorded by the minstrel art of my poor self and others, it might be held well to compensate for the risk of a chance blow of a broadsword, or the sweep of a brown-bill, received while I am engaged in collecting them; and I were unworthy of the name of a man, much more of an inventor or finder,¹ should I weigh the loss of life, a commodity always so uncertain, against the chance of that immortality which will survive in my lay after my broken voice and shivered harp shall no longer be able either to express tune or accompany tale.'

'Certainly,' said Sir Aymer, 'having a heart to feel such a motive, you have an undoubted right to express it; nor should I have been in any degree disposed to question it had I found many minstrels prepared, like yourself, to prefer renown even to life itself, which most men think of greatly more consequence.'

'There are, indeed, noble sir,' replied Bertram, 'minstrels, and, with your reverence, even belted knights themselves, who do not sufficiently value that renown which is acquired at the risk of life. To such ignoble men we must leave their own reward: let us abandon to them earth, and the things of earth, since they cannot aspire to that glory which is the *best* reward of others.'

The minstrel uttered these last words with such enthusiasm that the knight drew his bridle and stood fronting Bertram, with his countenance kindling at the same theme, on which, after a short silence, he expressed himself with a like vivacity.

'Well fare thy heart, gay companion! I am happy to see there is still so much enthusiasm surviving in the world. Thou hast fairly won the minstrel groat; and if I do not pay it in conformity to my sense of thy merit, it shall be the fault of dame Fortune, who has graced my labours in these Scottish wars with the niggard pay of Scottish money. A gold piece or two there must be remaining of the ransom of one French knight whom chance threw into my hands, and that, my friend, shall surely be thine own; and hark thee, I, Aymer de Valence, who now speak to thee, am born of the noble house of Pembroke; and though now landless, shall, by the grace of Our Lady, have in time a fitting establishment, wherein I will find room for a minstrel like thee, if thy talents have not by that time found thee a better patron.'

'Thank thee, noble knight,' said the minstrel, 'as well for thy present intentions as I hope I shall for thy future per-

¹ See Maker or Trouveur. Note 6.

formance ; but I may say with truth that I have not the sordid inclination of many of my brethren.'

'He who partakes the true thirst of noble fame,' said the young knight, 'can have little room in his heart for the love of gold. But thou hast not yet told me, friend minstrel, what are the motives, in particular, which have attracted thy wandering steps to this wild country?'

'Were I to do so,' replied Bertram, rather desirous to avoid the question, as in some respects too nearly bordering on the secret purpose of his journey, 'it might sound like a studied panegyric on thine own bold deeds, sir knight, and those of your companions-in-arms ; and such adulation, minstrel as I am, I hate like an empty cup at a companion's lips.' But let me say in few words, that Douglas Castle, and the deeds of valour which it has witnessed, have sounded wide through England ; nor is there a gallant knight or trusty minstrel whose heart does not throb at the name of the stronghold, which in former days the foot of an Englishman never entered, except in hospitality. There is a magic in the very names of Sir John de Waltor and Sir Aymer de Valence, the gallant defenders of a place so often won back by its ancient lords, and with such circumstances of valour and cruelty that it bears in England the name of the Dangerous Castle.'

'Yet I would fain hear,' answered the knight, 'your own minstrel account of those legends which have induced you, for the amusement of future times, to visit a country which, at this period, is so distracted and perilous.'

'If you can endure the length of a minstrel tale,' said Bertram, 'I for one am always amused by the exercise of my vocation, and have no objection to tell my story, provided you do not prove an impatient listener.'

'Nay, for that matter,' said the young knight, 'a fair listener thou shalt have of me ; and if my reward be not great, my attention at least shall be remarkable.'

'And he,' said the minstrel, 'must be a poor gleeman who does not hold himself better paid with that than with gold or silver, were the pieces English rose-nobles. On this condition, then, I begin a long story, which may, in one or other of its details, find subject for better minstrels than myself, and be listened to by such warriors as you hundreds of years hence.'

CHAPTER IV

While many a merry lay and many a song
Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road long ;
The rough road, then returning in a round,
Mark'd their impatient steps, for all was fairy ground.

DR. JOHNSON.

'IT was about the year of redemption one thousand two hundred and eighty-five [1283] years,' began the minstrel, 'when King Alexander the Third of Scotland lost his daughter Margaret, whose only child, of the same name, called the Maiden of Norway, as her father was king of that country, became the heiress of this kingdom of Scotland, as well as of her father's crown. An unhappy death was this for Alexander, who had no nearer heirs left of his own body than this grandchild. She indeed might claim his kingdom by birthright, but the difficulty of establishing such a claim of inheritance must have been anticipated by all who bestowed a thought upon the subject. The Scottish king, therefore, endeavoured to make up for his loss by replacing his late queen, who was an English princess, sister of our Edward the First, with Juletta, daughter of the Count de Dreux. The solemnities at the nuptial ceremony, which took place in the town of Jedburgh, were very great and remarkable, and particularly when, amidst the display of a pageant which was exhibited on the occasion, a ghastly spectre made its appearance in the form of a skeleton, as the King of Terrors is said to be represented. Your worship is free to laugh at this, if you think it a proper subject for mirth ; but men are alive who viewed it with their own eyes, and the event showed too well of what misfortunes this apparition was the singular prognostication.'

'I have heard the story,' said the knight ; 'but the monk who told it me suggested that the figure, though unhappily chosen, was perhaps purposely introduced as a part of the pageant.'

'I know not that,' said the minstrel, drily; 'but there is no doubt that shortly after this apparition King Alexander died, to the great sorrow of his people. The Maid of Norway, his heiress, speedily followed her grandfather to the grave, and our English king, sir knight, raked up a claim of dependency and homage due, he said, by Scotland, which neither the lawyers, nobles, priests, nor the very minstrels of Scotland had ever before heard of.'

'Now, beshrew me,' interrupted Sir Aymer de Valence, 'this is beyond bargain. I agreed to hear your tale with patience, but I did not pledge myself that it should contain matter to the reproach of Edward the First, of blessed memory; nor will I permit his name to be mentioned in my hearing without the respect due to his high rank and noble qualities.'

'Nay,' said the minstrel, 'I am no Highland bagpiper or genealogist, to carry respect for my art so far as to quarrel with a man of worship who stops me at the beginning of a pibroch. I am an Englishman, and wish dearly well to my country; and, above all, I must speak the truth. But I will avoid disputable topics. Your age, sir, though none of the ripest, authorises me to suppose you may have seen the battle of Falkirk, and other onslaughts in which the competition of Bruce and Baliol has been fiercely agitated, and you will permit me to say that, if the Scottish have not had the right upon their side, they have at least defended the wrong with the efforts of brave men and true.'

'Of brave men, I grant you,' said the knight, 'for I have seen no cowards amongst them; but as for truth, they can best judge of it who know how often they have sworn faith to England, and how repeatedly they have broken their vow.'

'I shall not stir the question,' said the minstrel, 'leaving it to your worship to determine which has most falsehood, he who compels a weaker person to take an unjust oath, or he who, compelled by necessity, takes the imposed oath without the intention of keeping his word.'

'Nay — nay,' said De Valence, 'let us keep our opinions, for we are not likely to foree each other from the faith we have adopted on this subject. But take my advice, and, whilst thou travellest under an English pennon, take heed that thou keepest off this conversation in the hall and kitchen, where perhaps the soldier may be less tolerant than the officer. And now, in a word, what is thy legend of this Dangerous Castle?'

'For that,' replied Bertram, 'methinks your worship is

most likely to have a better edition than I, who have not been in this country for many years; but it is not for me to bandy opinions with your knightship. I will even proceed with the tale as I have heard it. I need not, I presume, inform your worship that the Lords of Douglas, who founded this castle, are second to no lineage in Scotland in the antiquity of their descent. Nay, they have themselves boasted that their family is not to be seen or distinguished, like other great houses, until it is found at once in a certain degree of eminence. "You may see us in the tree," they say, "you cannot discover us in the twig; you may see us in the stream, you cannot trace us to the fountain." In a word, they deny that historians or genealogists can point out the first mean man named Douglas who originally elevated the family; and true it is that, so far back as we have known this race, they have always been renowned for valour and enterprise, accompanied with the power which made that enterprise effectual.'

'Enough,' said the knight, 'I have heard of the pride and power of that great family, nor does it interest me in the least to deny or detract from their bold claims to consideration in this respect.'

'Without doubt you must also have heard, noble sir,' replied the minstrel, 'many things of James, the present heir of the house of Douglas?'

'More than enough,' answered the English knight; 'he is known to have been a stout supporter of that outlawed traitor, William Wallace; and again, upon the first raising of the banner by this Robert Bruce, who pretends to be King of Scotland, this young springald, James Douglas, must needs start into rebellion anew. He plunders his uncle, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, of a considerable sum of money to fill the Scottish usurper's not over-burdened treasury, debauches the servants of his relation, takes arms, and, though repeatedly chastised in the field, still keeps his vaunt, and threatens mischief to those who, in the name of his rightful sovereign, defend the Castle of Douglas Dale.'

'It is your pleasure to say so, sir knight,' replied Bertram; 'yet I am sure, were you a Scot, you would with patience hear me tell over what has been said of this young man by those who have known him, and whose account of his adventures shows how differently the same tale may be told. These men talk of the present heir of this ancient family as fully adequate to maintain and augment its reputation; ready, indeed, to

undergo every peril in the cause of Robert the Bruce, because the Bruce is esteemed by him his lawful king ; and sworn and devoted, with such small strength as he can muster, to revenge himself on those Southrons who have, for several years, as he thinks, unjustly possessed themselves of his father's abode.'

'O,' replied Sir Aymer de Valence, 'we have heard much of his achievements in this respect, and of his threats against our governor and ourselves ; yet we think it scarce likely that Sir John de Walton will move from Douglas Dale without the King's order, although this James Douglas, a mere chicken, take upon himself to crack his voice by crowing like a cock of the game.'

'Sir,' answered Bertram, 'our acquaintance is but brief, and yet I feel it has been so beneficial to me, that I trust there is no harm in hoping that James Douglas and you may never meet in bodily presence till the state of the two countries shall admit of peace being between you.'

'Thou art obliging, friend,' answered Sir Aymer, 'and, I doubt not, sincere ; and truly thou seemest to have a wholesome sense of the respect due to this young knight when men talk of him in his native valley of Douglas. For me, I am only poor Aymer of Valence, without an acre of land, or much hope of acquiring any, unless I cut something huge with my broadsword out of the middle of these hills. Only this, good minstrel, if thou livest to tell my story, may I pray thee to use thy scrupulous custom of searching out the verity, and whether I live or die thou shalt not, I think, discover that thy late acquaintance of a spring morning hath added more to the laurels of James of Douglas than any man's death must give to him by whose stronger arm, or more lucky chance, it is his lot to fall.'

'I nothing fear you, sir knight,' said the minstrel, 'for yours is that happy brain which, bold in youth as beseems a young knight, is in more advanced life the happy source of prudent counsel, of which I would not, by an early death, wish thy country to be deprived.'

'Thou art so candid, then, as to wish Old England the benefit of good advice,' said Sir Aymer, 'though thou leanest to the side of Scotland in the controversy ?'

'Assuredly, sir knight,' said the minstrel, 'since, in wishing that Scotland and England each knew their own true interest, I am bound to wish them both alike well ; and they should, I think, desire to live in friendship together. Occupying each

their own portion of the same island, and living under the same laws, and being at peace with each other, they might, without fear, face the enmity of the whole world.'

'If thy faith be so liberal,' answered the knight, 'as becomes a good man, thou must certainly pray, sir minstrel, for the success of England in the war, by which alone these murderous hostilities of the Northern nation can end in a solid peace. The rebellions of this obstinate country are but the struggles of the stag when he is mortally wounded: the animal grows weaker and weaker with every struggle, till his resistance is effectually tamed by the hand of death.'

'Not so, sir knight,' said the minstrel; 'if my creed is well taught me, we ought not so to pray. We may, without offence, intimate in our prayers the end we wish to obtain; but it is not for us poor mortals to point out to an all-seeing Providence the precise manner in which our petitions are to be accomplished, or to wish the downfall of a country to end its commotions, as the death-stab terminates the agonies of the wounded stag. Whether I appeal to my heart or to my understanding, the dictate would be to petition Heaven for what is just and equal in the case; and if I should fear for thee, sir knight, in an encounter with James of Douglas, it is only because he upholds, as I conceive, the better side of the debate, and powers more than earthly have presaged to him success.'

'Do you tell me so, sir minstrel,' said De Valence in a threatening tone, 'knowing me and my office?'

'Your personal dignity and authority,' said Bertram, 'cannot change the right into wrong, or avert what Providence has decreed to take place. You know, I must presume, that the Douglas hath, by various devices, already contrived to make himself master of this Castle of Douglas three several times, and that Sir John de Walton, the present governor, holds it with a garrison trebled in force, and under the assurance that if, without surprise, he should keep it from the Scottish power for a year and a day, he shall obtain the barony of Douglas, with its extensive appendages, in free property for his reward; while, on the other hand, if he shall suffer the fortress during this space to be taken, either by guile or by open force, as has happened successively to the holders of the Dangerous Castle, he will become liable to dishonour as a knight and to attainder as a subject; and the chiefs who take care with him and serve under him will participate also in his guilt and his punishment.'

'All this I know well,' said Sir Aymer; 'and I only wonder that, having become public, the conditions have, nevertheless, been told with so much accuracy; but what has this to do with the issue of the combat, if the Douglas and I should chance to meet? I will not surely be disposed to fight with less animation because I wear my fortune upon my sword, or become coward because I fight for a portion of the Douglas's estate, as well as for fame and for fatherland? And after all ——'

'Hear me,' said the minstrel; 'an ancient gleeman has said that in a false quarrel there is no true valour, and the *los* or praise won therein is, when balanced against honest fame, as valueless as a wreath formed out of copper compared to a chaplet of pure gold; but I bid you not take me for thy warrant in this important question. Thou well knowest how James of Thirwall, the last English commander before Sir John de Walton, was surprised, and the castle sacked with circumstances of great inhumanity.'

'Truly,' said Sir Aymer, 'I think that Scotland and England both have heard of that onslaught, and of the disgusting proceedings of the Scottish chieftain, when he caused transport into the wild forest gold, silver, ammunition, and armour, and all things that could be easily removed, and destroyed a large quantity of provisions, in a manner equally savage and unheard of.'

'Perhaps, sir knight,' said Bertram, 'you were yourself an eyewitness of that transaction, which has been spoken of far and wide, and is called the Douglas Larder?'

'I saw not the actual accomplishment of the deed,' said De Valence — 'that is, I witnessed it not a-doing — but I beheld enough of the sad relics to make the Douglas Larder never by me to be forgotten as a record of horror and abomination. I would speak it truly, by the hand of my father and by my honour as a knight! and I will leave it to thee to judge whether it was a deed calculated to secure the smiles of Heaven in favour of the actors. This is my edition of the story: —'

'A large quantity of provisions had during two years or thereabouts been collected from different points, and the castle of Douglas, newly repaired, and, as was thought, carefully guarded, was appointed as the place where the said provisions were to be put in store for the service of the King of England, or of the Lord Clifford, whichever should first enter the western marches with an English army, and stand in need of such a

supply. This army was also to relieve our wants-- I mean those of my uncle the Earl of Pembroke, who for some time before had lain with a considerable force in the town called Ayr, near the old Caledonian Forest, and where we had hot wars with the insurgent Scots. Well, sir, it happened, as in similar cases, that Thirlwall, though a bold and active soldier, was surprised in the Castle of Douglas, about Hallowmass, by this same worthy, young James Douglas. In no very good humour was he, as you may suppose; for his father, called William the Hardy, or William Long-legs, having refused, on any terms, to become Anglicised, was made a lawful prisoner, and died as such, closely confined in Berwick, or, as some say, in Newcastle. The news of his father's death had put young Douglas into no small rage, and tended, I think, to suggest what he did in his resentment. Embarrassed by the quantity of provisions which he found in the castle, which, the English being superior in the country, he had neither the means to remove nor the leisure to stay and consume, the fiend, as I think, inspired him with a contrivance to render them unfit for human use. You shall judge yourself whether it was likely to be suggested by a good or an evil spirit.

'According to this device, the gold, silver, and other transportable commodities being carried to secret places of safety, Douglas caused the meat, the malt, and other corn or grain, to be brought down into the castle cellar, where he emptied the contents of the sacks into one loathsome heap, striking out the heads of the barrels and puncheons, so as to let the mingled drink run through the heap of meal, grain, and so forth. The bullocks provided for slaughter were in like manner knocked on the head, and their blood suffered to drain into the mass of edible substances; and lastly, the flesh of these oxen was buried in the same mass, in which were also included the dead bodies of those in the castle, who, receiving no quarter from the Douglas, paid dear enough for having kept no better watch. This base and unworthy abuse of provisions intended for the use of man, together with throwing into the well of the castle carcasses of men and horses, and other filth for polluting the same, has since that time been called the DOUGLAS LARDER.'

'I pretend not, good Sir Aymer,' said the minstrel, 'to vindicate what you justly reprove, nor can I conceive any mode of rendering provisions arranged after the form of the Douglas Larder proper for the use of any Christian; yet this young gentleman might perhaps act under the sting of natural resent-

ment, rendering his singular exploit more excusable than it may seem at first. Think, if your own noble father had just died in a lingering captivity, his inheritance seized upon, and occupied as a garrison by a foreign enemy, would not these things stir you to a mode of resentment which, in cold blood, and judging of it as the action of an enemy, your honour might hold in natural and laudable abhorrence? Would you pay respect to dead and senseless objects, which no one could blame your appropriating to your own use, or even scruple the refusal of quarter to prisoners, which is so often practised even in wars which are otherwise termed fair and humane?

'You press me close, minstrel,' said Aymer de Valence. 'I at least have no great interest to excuse the Douglas in this matter, since its consequences were, that I myself, and the rest of my uncle's host, laboured with Clifford and his army to rebuild this same Dangerous Castle; and feeling no stomach for the cheer that the Douglas had left us, we suffered hard commons, though I acknowledge we did not hesitate to adopt for our own use such sheep and oxen as the miserable Scots had still left around their farm-houses; and I jest not, sir minstrel, when I acknowledge in sad earnest that we martial men ought to make our petitions with peculiar penitence to Heaven for mercy, when we reflect on the various miseries which the nature of our profession compels us to inflict upon each other.'

'It seems to me,' answered the minstrel, 'that those who feel the stings of their own conscience should be more lenient when they speak of the offences of others; nor do I greatly rely on a sort of prophecy which was delivered, as the men of this hill district say, to the young Douglas, by a man who in the course of nature should have been long since dead, promising him a course of success against the English for having sacrificed his own castle to prevent their making it a garrison.'

'We have time enough for the story,' said Sir Aymer, 'and methinks it would suit a knight and a minstrel better than the grave converse we have hitherto held, which would have seemed — so God save me! — the months of two travelling friars.'

'So be it,' said the minstrel: 'the rote or the viol easily changes its time and varies its note.'

CHAPTER V

A tale of sorrow, for your eyes may weep ;
A tale of horror, for your flesh may tingle ;
A tale of wonder, for the eyebrows arch,
And the flesh curls, if you read it rightly.

Old Plan.

‘YOUR honour must be informed, gentle Sir Aymer de Valence, that I have heard this story told at a great distance from the land in which it happened, by a sworn minstrel, the ancient friend and servant of the house of Douglas, one of the best, it is said, who ever belonged to that noble family. This minstrel, Hugo Hugonet by name, attended his young master when on this fierce exploit, as was his wont.

‘The castle was in total tumult ; in one corner the war-men were busy breaking up and destroying provisions ; in another, they were slaying men, horses, and cattle, and these actions were accompanied with appropriate sounds. The cattle, particularly, had become sensible of their impending fate, and with awkward resistance and piteous cries testified that reluctance with which these poor creatures look instinctively on the shambles. The groans and screams of men undergoing, or about to undergo, the stroke of death, and the screeches of the poor horses which were in mortal agony, formed a fearful chorus. Hugonet was desirous to remove himself from such unpleasant sights and sounds ; but his master, the Douglas, had been a man of some reading, and his old servant was anxious to secure a book of poetry, to which he had been attached of old. This contained the lays of an ancient Scottish bard, who, if an ordinary human creature while he was in this life, cannot now perhaps be exactly termed such.

‘He was, in short, that Thomas, distinguished by the name of the Rhymer, and whose intinacy, it is said, became so great with the gifted people called the faery folk that he could, like them, foretell the future deed before it came to pass, and united

in his own person the quality of bard and of soothsayer. But of late years he had vanished almost entirely from this mortal scene; and although the time and manner of his death were never publicly known, yet the general belief was, that he was not severed from the land of the living, but removed to the land of faëry, from whence he sometimes made excursions, and concerned himself only about matters which were to come hereafter. Hugonet was the more earnest to prevent the loss of the works of this ancient bard, as many of his poems and predictions were said to be preserved in the castle, and were supposed to contain much especially connected with the old house of Douglas, as well as other families of ancient descent, who had been subjects of this old man's prophecy; and accordingly he determined to save this volume from destruction in the general conflagration to which the building was about to be consigned by the heir of its ancient proprietors. With this view he hurried up into the little old vaulted room called "the Douglas's study," in which there might be some dozen old books written by the ancient chaplains, in what the minstrels call the letter black. He immediately discovered the celebrated lay, called *Sir Tristrem*,¹ which has been so often altered and abridged as to bear little resemblance to the original. Hugonet, who well knew the value in which this poem was held by the ancient lords of the castle, took the parchment volume from the shelves of the library, and laid it upon a small desk adjacent to the baron's chair. Having made such preparation for putting it in safety, he fell into a brief reverie, in which the decay of light, and the preparations for the Douglas Larler, but especially the last sight of objects which had been familiar to his eyes, now on the eve of destruction, engaged him at that moment.

The bard, therefore, was thinking within himself upon the uncommon mixture of the mystical scholar and warrior in his old master, when, as he bent his eyes upon the book of the ancient Rhymer, he was astonished to observe it slowly removed from the desk on which it lay by an invisible hand. The old man looked with horror at the spontaneous motion of the book for the safety of which he was interested, and had the courage to approach a little nearer the table, in order to discover by what means it had been withdrawn.

'I have said the room was already becoming dark, so as to render it difficult to distinguish any person in the chair, though

¹ See Note 7.

it now appeared, on closer examination, that a kind of shadowy outline of a human form was scated in it, but neither precise enough to convey its exact figure to the mind nor so detailed as to intimate distinctly its mode of action. The bard of Douglas, therefore, gazed upon the object of his fear, as if he had looked upon something not mortal; nevertheless, as he gazed more intently, he became more capable of discovering the object which offered itself to his eyes, and they grew by degrees more keen to penetrate what they witnessed. A tall thin form, attired in, or rather shaded with, a long flowing dusky robe, having a face and physiognomy so wild and overgrown with hair as to be hardly human, were the only marked outlines of the phantom; and, looking more attentively, Hugonet was still sensible of two other forms, the outlines, it seemed, of a hart and a hind, which appeared half to shalter themselves behind the person and under the robe of this supernatural figure.

'A probable tale,' said the knight, 'for you, sir minstrel, a man of sense as you seem to be, to recite so gravely! From what wise authority have you had this tale, which, though it might pass well enough amid clanging beakers, must be held quite apocryphal in the sober hours of the morning?'

'By my minstrel word, sir knight,' answered Bertram, 'I am no propagator of the fable, if it be one; Hugonet, the violer, when he had retired into a cloister near the Lake of Pembel-mere in Wales, communicated the story to me as I now tell it. Therefore, as it was upon the authority of an eyewitness, I apologise not for relating it to you, since I could hardly discover a more direct source of knowledge.'

'Be it so, sir minstrel,' said the knight; 'tell on thy tale, and may thy legend escape criticism from others as well as from me.'

'Hugonet, sir knight,' answered Bertram, 'was a holy man, and maintained a fair character during his whole life, notwithstanding his trade may be esteemed a light one. The vision spoke to him in an antique language, like that formerly used in the kingdom of Strathclyde, being a species of Scots or Gaelic, which few would have comprehended.'

"You are a learned man," said the apparition, "and not unacquainted with the dialects used in your country formerly, although they are now out of date, and you are obliged to translate them into the vulgar Saxon of Deira or Northumberland; but highly must an ancient British bard prize one in this

'remote term of time' who sets upon the poetry of his native country a value which invites him to think of its preservation at a moment of such terror as influences the present evening."

"It is, indeed," said Hugonet, "a night of terror, that calls even the dead from the grave, and makes them the ghastly and fearful companions of the living. Who or what art thou, in God's name, who breakest the bounds which divide them, and revisitest thus strangely the state thou hast so long bid adieu to?"

"I am," replied the vision, "that celebrated Thomas the Rhymer, by some called Thomas of Ercildoun, or Thomas the True Speaker. Like other sages, I am permitted at times to revisit the scenes of my former life, nor am I incapable of removing the shadowy clouds and darkness which overhang futurity; and know, thou afflicted man, that what thou now seest in this woeful country is not a general emblem of what shall therein befall hereafter; but in proportion as the Douglasses are now suffering the loss and destruction of their home for their loyalty to the rightful heir of the Scottish kingdom, so hath Heaven appointed for them a just reward; and as they have not spared to burn and destroy their own house and that of their fathers in the Bruce's cause, so is it the doom of Heaven that, as often as the walls of Douglas Castle shall be burnt to the ground, they shall be again rebuilt still more stately and more magnificent than before."

A cry was now heard like that of a multitude in the courtyard, joining in a fierce shout of exultation; at the same time a broad and ruddy glow seemed to burst from the beams and rafters, and sparks flew from them as from the smith's stithy, while the element caught to its fuel, and the conflagration broke its way through every aperture.

"See ye that?" said the vision, casting his eye towards the windows, and disappearing. "Begone! The fated hour of removing this book is not yet come, nor are thine the destined hands. But it will be safe where I have placed it, and the time of its removal shall come." The voice was heard after the form had vanished, and the brain of Hugonet almost turned round at the wild scene which he beheld; his utmost exertion was scarcely sufficient to withdraw him from the terrible spot; and Douglas Castle that night sunk into ashes and smoke, to arise, in no great length of time, in a form stronger than ever. The minstrel stopt, and his hearer, the English knight, remained silent for some minutes ere at length he replied.

'It is true, minstrel,' answered Sir Aymer, 'that your tale is so far undeniable, that this castle, three times burned down by the heir of the house and of the barony, has hitherto been as often reared again by Henry Lord Clifford and other generals of the English, who endeavoured on every occasion to build it up more artificially and more strongly than it had formerly existed, since it occupies a position too important to the safety of our Scottish border to permit our yielding it up. This I myself have partly witnessed. But I cannot think that, because the castle has been so destroyed, it is therefore decreed so to be repaired in future, considering that such cruelties as surely cannot meet the approbation of Heaven have attended the feats of the Douglasses. But I see thou art determined to keep thine own faith, nor can I blame thee, since the wonderful turns of fate which have attended this fortress are sufficient to warrant any one to watch for what seem the peculiar indications of the will of Heaven; but thou mayst believe, good minstrel, that the fault shall not be mine if the young Douglas shall have opportunity to exercise his cookery upon a second edition of his family larder, or to profit by the predictions of Thomas the Rhymer.'

'I do not doubt due circumspection upon your own part and Sir John de Walton's,' said Bertram; 'but there is no crime in my saying that Heaven can accomplish its own purposes. I look upon Douglas Castle as in some degree a fated place, and I long to see what changes time may have made in it during the currency of twenty years. Above all, I desire to secure, if possible, the volume of this Thomas of Ercildoun, having in it such a fund of forgotten minstrelsy, and of prophecies respecting the future fates of the British kingdom, both northern and southern.'

The knight made no answer, but rode a little space forward, keeping the upper part of the ridge of the water, by which the road down the vale seemed to be rather sharply conducted. It at length attained the summit of an acclivity of considerable length. From this point, and behind a conspicuous rock, which appeared to have been pushed aside, as it were, like the scene of a theatre, to admit a view of the under part of the valley, the travellers beheld the extensive vale, parts of which have been already shown in detail, but which, as the river became narrower, was now entirely laid bare in its height and depth as far as it extended, and displayed in its precincts, at a little distance from the course of the stream, the towering and lordly

castle to which it gave the name. The mist, which continued to encumber the valley with its fleecy clouds, showed imperfectly the rude fortifications which served to defend the small town of Douglas, which was strong enough to repel a desultory attack, but not to withstand what was called in those days a formal siege. The most striking feature was its church, an ancient Gothic pile raised on an eminence in the centre of the town, and even then extremely ruinous. To the left, and lying in the distance, might be seen other towers and battlements; and, divided from the town by a piece of artificial water, which extended almost around it, arose the Dangerous Castle of Douglas.

Sternly was it fortified, after the fashion of the middle ages, with donjon and battlements; displaying, above others, the tall tower, which bore the name of Lord Henry's, or the Clifford's, Tower.

'Yonder is the castle,' said Aymer de Valence, extending his arm, with a smile of triumph upon his brow; 'thou mayst judge thyself whether the defences added to it under the Clifford are likely to render its next capture a more easy deed than the last.'

The minstrel barely shook his head, and quoted from the Psalmist — '*Nisi Dominus custodiet.*' Nor did he prosecute the discourse, though De Valence answered eagerly, 'My own edition of the text is not very different from thine; but, methinks, thou art more spiritually-minded than can always be predicated of a wandering minstrel.'

'God knows,' said Bertram, 'that if I, or such as I, are forgetful of the finger of Providence in accomplishing its purposes in this lower world, we have heavier blame than that of other people, since we are perpetually called upon, in the exercise of our fanciful profession, to admire the turns of fate which bring good out of evil, and which render those who think only of their own passions and purposes the executors of the will of Heaven.'

'I do submit to what you say, sir minstrel,' answered the knight, 'and it would be unlawful to express any doubt of the truths which you speak so solemnly, any more than of your own belief in them. Let me add, sir, that I think I have power enough in this garrison to bid you welcome, and Sir John de Walton, I hope, will not refuse access to hall, castle, or knight's bower to a person of your profession, and by whose conversation we shall perhaps profit somewhat. I cannot, how-

ever, lead you to expect such indulgence for your son, considering the present state of his health ; but if I procure him the privilege to remain at the convent of St. Bride, he will be there unmolested and in safety, until you have renewed your acquaintance with Douglas Dale and its history, and are disposed to set forward on your journey.'

'I embrace your honour's proposal the more willingly,' said the minstrel, 'that I can recompense the father abbot.'

'A main point with holy men or women,' replied De Valence, 'who, in time of warfare, subsist by affording the visitors of their shrine the means of maintenance in their cloisters for a passing season.'

The party now approached the sentinels on guard at the castle, who were closely and thickly stationed, and who respectfully admitted Sir Aymer de Valence, as next in command under Sir John de Walton. Fabian — for so was the young squire named who attended on De Valence — mentioned it as his master's pleasure that the minstrel should also be admitted.

An old archer, however, looked hard at the minstrel as he followed Sir Aymer. 'It is not for us,' said he, 'or any of our degree, to oppose the pleasure of Sir Aymer de Valence, nephew to the Earl of Pembroke, in such a matter ; and for us, Master Fabian, welcome are you to make the gleeman your companion both at bed and board, as well as your visitant, a week or two at the Castle of Douglas ; but your worship is well aware of the strict order of watch laid upon us, and if Solomon king of Israel were to come here as a travelling minstrel, by my faith I durst not give him entrance, unless I had positive authority from Sir John de Walton.'

'Do you doubt, sirrah,' said Sir Aymer de Valence, who returned on hearing an altercation betwixt Fabian and the archer — 'do you doubt that I have good authority to entertain a guest, or do you presume to contest it ?'

'Heaven forbid !' said the old man, 'that I should presume to place my own desire in opposition to your worship, who has so lately and so honourably acquired your spurs ; but in this matter I must think what will be the wish of Sir John de Walton, who is your governor, sir knight, as well as mine ; and so far I hold it worth while to detain your guest until Sir John return from a ride to the outposts of the castle ; and this, I conceive, being my duty, will be no matter of offence to your worship.'

'Methinks,' said the knight, 'it is sauey in thee to suppose

that my commands can have anything in them improper, or contradictory to those of Sir John de Walton; thou mayst trust to me at least that thou shalt come to no harm. Keep this man in the guard-room; let him not want good cheer, and when Sir John de Walton returns, report him as a person admitted by my invitation, and if anything more be wanted to make out your excuse, I shall not be reluctant in stating it to the governor.'

The archer made a signal of obedience with the pike which he held in his hand, and resumed the grave and solemn manner of a sentinel upon his post. He first, however, ushered in the minstrel, and furnished him with food and liquor, speaking at the same time to Fabian, who remained behind. The smart young stripling had become very proud of late, in consequence of obtaining the name of Sir Aymer's squire, and advancing a step in chivalry, as Sir Aymer himself had, somewhat earlier than the usual period, been advanced from squire to knight.

'I tell thee, Fabian,' said the old archer, whose gravity, sagacity, and skill in his vocation, while they gained him the confidence of all in the castle, subjected him, as he himself said, occasionally to the ridicule of the young coxcombs, and at the same time, we may add, rendered him somewhat pragmatic and punctilious towards those who stood higher than himself in birth and rank — 'I tell thee, Fabian, thou wilt do thy master, Sir Aymer, good service if thou wilt give him a hint to suffer an old archer, man-at-arms, or such-like, to give him a fair and civil answer respecting that which he commands; for undoubtedly it is not in the first score of a man's years that he learns the various proper forms of military service; and Sir John de Walton, a most excellent commander no doubt, is one earnestly bent on pursuing the strict line of his duty, and will be rigorously severe, as well, believe me, with thy master as with a lesser person. Nay, he also possesses that zeal for his duty which induces him to throw blame, if there be the slightest ground for it, upon Aymer de Valence himself, although his uncle, the Earl of Pembroke, was Sir John de Walton's steady patron, and laid the beginning of his good fortune; for all which, by training up his nephew in the true discipline of the French wars, Sir John has taken the best way of showing himself grateful to the old earl.'

'Be it as you will, old Gilbert Greenleaf,' answered Fabian, 'thou knowest I never quarrel with thy sermonising, and therefore give me credit for submitting to many a lecture from

Sir John de Walton and thyself; but thou drivest this a little too far, if thou canst not let a day pass without giving me a flogging. Credit me, Sir John de Walton will not thank thee if thou term him one too old to remember that he himself had once some green sap in his veins. Ay, thus it is, the old man will not forget that he has once been young, nor the young that he must some day be old; and so the one changes his manners into the lingering formality of advanced age, and the other remains like a midsummer torrent swoln with rain, every drop of water in it noise, froth, and overflow. There is a maxim for thee, Gilbert! Heardest thou ever better? Hang it up amidst thy axioms of wisdom, and see if it will not pass among them like fifteen to the dozen. It will serve to bring thee off, man, when the wine-pot—thine only fault, good Gilbert—hath brought thee on occasion into something of a scrape.'

'Best keep it for thyself, good sir squire,' said the old man; 'methinks it is more like to stand thyself one day in good stead. Who ever heard of a knight, or of the wood of which a knight is made, and that is a squire, being punished corporally like a poor old archer or horseboy? Your worst fault will be mended by some of these witty sayings, and your best service will scarce be rewarded more thankfully than by giving thee the name of Fabian the Fabler, or some such witty title.'

Having unloosed his repartee to this extent, old Greenleaf resumed a certain acidity of countenance, which may be said to characterise those whose preferment hath become frozen under the influence of the slowness of its progress, and who display a general spleen against such as have obtained the advancement for which all are struggling earlier, and, as they suppose, with less merit than their own. From time to time the eye of the old sentinel stole from the top of his pike, and with an air of triumph rested upon the young man Fabian, as if to see how deeply the wound had galled him, while at the same time he held himself on the alert to perform whatever mechanical duty his post might require. Both Fabian and his master were at the happy period of life when such discontent as that of the grave archer affected them lightly, and, at the very worst, was considered as the jest of an old man and a good soldier; the more especially as he was always willing to do the duty of his companions, and was much trusted by Sir John de Walton, who, though very much younger, had been bred up like Greenleaf in the wars of Edward the First, and was tenacious in upholding strict discipline, which, since the

death of that great monarch, had been considerably neglected by the young and warm-blooded valour of England.

Meantime it occurred to Sir Aymer de Valence that, though, in displaying the usual degree of hospitality shown to such a man as Bertram, he had merely done what was becoming his own rank, as one possessed of the highest honours of chivalry, the self-styled minstrel might not in reality be a man of that worth which he assumed. There was certainly something in his conversation, at least more grave, if not more austere, than was common to those of his calling; and when he recollected many points of Sir John de Walton's minuteness, a doubt arose in his mind that the governor might not approve of his having introduced into the castle a person of Bertram's character, who was capable of making observations from which the garrison might afterwards feel much danger and inconvenience. Secretly, therefore, he regretted that he had not fairly intimated to the wandering minstrel that his reception, or that of any stranger, within the Dangerous Castle was not at present permitted by the circumstances of the times. In this case, the express line of his duty would have been his vindication, and instead, perhaps, of discountenance and blame, he would have had praise and honour from his superior.

With these thoughts passing through his mind, some tacit apprehension arose of a rebuke on the part of his commanding-officer, for this officer, notwithstanding his strictness, Sir Aymer loved as well as feared. He went, therefore, towards the guard-room of the castle, under the pretence of seeing that the rites of hospitality had been duly observed towards his late travelling companion. The minstrel arose respectfully, and from the manner in which he paid his compliments seemed, if he had not expected this call of inquiry, at least to be in no degree surprised at it. Sir Aymer, on the other hand, assumed an air something more distant than he had yet used towards Bertram, and in reverting to his former invitation, he now so far qualified it as to say, that the minstrel knew that he was only second in command, and that effectual permission to enter the castle ought to be sanctioned by Sir John de Walton.

There is a civil way of seeming to believe any apology which people are disposed to receive in payment, without alleging suspicion of its currency. The minstrel, therefore, tendered his thanks for the civility which had so far been shown to him. 'It was a mere wish of passing curiosity,' he said, 'which, if

not granted, could be attended with no consequences either inconvenient or disagreeable to him. Thomas of Ercildoum was, according to the Welsh triads, one of the three bards of Britain who never stained a spear with blood, or was guilty either of taking or retaking castles and fortresses, and thus far not a person likely, after death, to be suspected of such warlike feats. But I can easily conceive why Sir John de Walton should have allowed the usual rites of hospitality to fall into disuse, and why a man of public character like myself ought not to desire food or lodging where it is accounted so dangerous; and it can surprise no one why the governor did not even invest his worthy young lieutenant with the power of dispensing with so strict and unusual a rule.

These words, very coolly spoken, had something of the effect of affronting the young knight, as insinuating that he was not held sufficiently trustworthy by Sir John de Walton, with whom he had lived on terms of affection and familiarity, though the governor had attained his thirtieth year and upwards, and his lieutenant did not yet write himself one-and-twenty, the full age of chivalry having been in his case particularly dispensed with, owing to a feat of early manhood. Ere he had fully composed the angry thoughts which were chafing in his mind, the sound of a hunting-bugle was heard at the gate, and from the sort of general stir which it spread through the garrison, it was plain that the governor had returned from his ride. Every sentinel, seemingly animated by his presence, shouldered his pike more uprightly, gave the word of the post more sharply, and seemed more fully awake and conscious of his duty. Sir John de Walton, having alighted from his horse, asked Greenleaf what had passed during his absence: the old archer 'thought it his duty to say that a minstrel, who seemed like a Scotchman, or wandering Borderer, had been admitted into the castle, while his son, a lad sick of the pestilence so much talked of, had been left for a time at the abbey of St. Bride.' This he said on Fabian's information. The archer added, that 'the father was a man of tale and song, who could keep the whole garrison amused, without giving them leave to attend to their own business.'

'We want no such devices to pass the time,' answered the governor; 'and we would have been better satisfied if our lieutenant had been pleased to find us other guests, and listen for a direct and frank communication, than one who, by his profession, is a detractor of God and a deceiver of man.'

'Yet,' said the old soldier, who could hardly listen even to his commander without indulging the humour of contradiction, 'I have heard your honour intimate that the trade of a minstrel, when it is justly acted up to, is as worthy as even the degree of knighthood itself.'

'Such it may have been in former days,' answered the knight; 'but in modern minstrelsy the duty of rendering the art an incentive to virtue is forgotten, and it is well if the poetry which fired our fathers to noble deeds does not now push on their children to such as are base and unworthy. But I will speak upon this to my friend Aymer, than whom I do not know a more excellent or a more high-spirited young man.'

While discoursing with the archer in this manner, Sir John de Walton, of a tall and handsome figure, advanced and stood within the ample arch of the guard-room chimney, and was listened to in reverential silence by trusty Gilbert, who filled up with nods and signs, as an attentive auditor, the pauses in the conversation.

The conduct of another hearer of what passed was not equally respectful, but, from his position, he escaped observation. This third person was no other than the squire Fabian, who was concealed from observation by his position behind the hob, or projecting portion of the old-fashioned fireplace, and hid himself yet more carefully when he heard the conversation between the governor and the archer turn to the prejudice, as he thought, of his master. The squire's employment at this time was the servile task of cleaning Sir Aymer's arms, which was conveniently performed by heating, upon the projection already specified, the pieces of steel armour for the usual thin coating of varnish. He could not, therefore, if he should be discovered, be considered as guilty of anything insolent or disrespectful. He was better screened from view, as a thick smoke arose from a quantity of oak panelling, carved in many cases with the crest and achievements of the Douglas family, which, being the fuel nearest at hand, lay smouldering in the chimney, and gathering to a blaze.

The governor, unconscious of this addition to his audience, pursued his conversation with Gilbert Greenleaf. 'I need not tell you,' he said, 'that I am interested in the speedy termination of this siege or blockade with which Douglas continues to threaten us; my own honour and affections are engaged in keeping this Dangerous Castle safe in England's behalf, but I

am troubled at the admission of this stranger; and young De Valence would have acted more strictly in the line of his duty if he had refused to this wanderer any communication with this garrison without my permission.'

'Pity it is,' replied old Greenleaf, shaking his head, 'that this good-natured and gallant young knight is somewhat drawn aside by the rash advices of his squire, the boy Fabian, who has bravery, but as little steadiness in him as a bottle of fermented small beer.'

'Now hang thee,' thought Fabian to himself, 'for an old relic of the wars, stuffed full of conceit and warlike terms, like the soldier who, to keep himself from the cold, has lapped himself so close in a tattered ensign for a shelter, that his very outside may show nothing but rags and blazonry.'

'I would not think twice of the matter, were the party less dear to me,' said Sir John de Walton. 'But I would fain be of use to this young man, even although I should purchase his improvement in military knowledge at the expense of giving him a little pain. Experience should, as it were, be burnt in upon the mind of a young man, and not merely impressed by marking the lines of his chart out for him with chalk; I will remember the hint you, Greenleaf, have given, and take an opportunity of severing these two young men; and though I most dearly love the one, and am far from wishing ill to the other, yet at present, as you well hint, the blind is leading the blind, and the young knight has for his assistant and counsellor too young a squire, and that must be amended.'

'Marry, out upon thee, old palmer-worm!' said the page within himself; 'have I found thee in the very fact of maligning myself and my master, as it is thy nature to do towards all the hopeful young buds of chivalry? If it were not to dirty the arms of an *etere* of chivalry, by measuring them with one of thy rank, I might honour thee with a knightly invitation to the field, while the scandal which thou hast spoken is still foul upon thy tongue; as it is, thou shalt not carry one kind of language publicly in the castle, and another before the governor, upon the footing of having served with him under the banner of Long-shanks. I will carry to my master this tale of thine evil intentions; and when we have concerted together, it shall appear whether the youthful spirits of the garrison or the grey beards are most likely to be the hope and protection of this same Castle of Douglas.'

It is enough to say that Fabian pursued his purpose, in carrying to his master, and in no very good humour, the report of what had passed between Sir John de Walton and the old soldier. He succeeded in representing the whole as a formal offence intended to Sir Aymar de Valence; while all that the governor did to remove the suspicions entertained by the young knight could not in any respect bring him to take a kindly view of the feelings of his commander towards him. He retained the impression which he had formed from Fabian's recital of what he had heard, and did not think he was doing Sir John de Walton any injustice in supposing him desirous to engross the greatest share of the fame acquired in the defence of the castle, and thrusting back his companions, who might reasonably pretend to a fair portion of it.

The mother of mischief, says a Scottish proverb, is no bigger than a midge's wing.¹ In this matter of quarrel neither the young man nor the older knight had afforded each other any just cause of offence. De Walton was a strict observer of military discipline, in which he had been educated from his extreme youth, and by which he was almost as completely ruled as by his natural disposition; and his present situation added force to his original education.

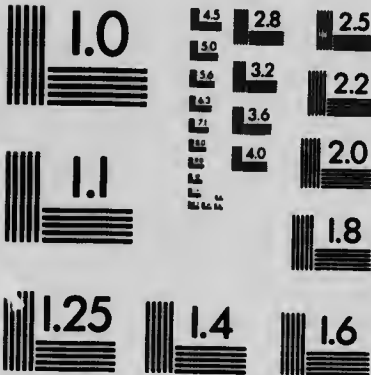
Common report had even exaggerated the military skill, the love of adventure, and the great variety of enterprise ascribed to James, the young Lord of Douglas. He had, in the eyes of this Southern garrison, the faculties of a fiend, rather than those of a mere mortal; for if the English soldiers cursed the tedium of the perpetual watch and ward upon the Dangerous Castle, which admitted of no relaxation from the severity of extreme duty, they agreed that a tall form was sure to appear to them with a battle-axe in his hand, and, entering into conversation in the most insinuating manner, never failed, with an ingenuity and eloquence equal to that of a fallen spirit, to recommend to the discontented sentinel some mode in which, by giving his assistance to betray the English, he might set himself at liberty. The variety of these devices, and the frequency of their recurrence, kept Sir John de Walton's anxiety so perpetually upon the stretch, that he at no time thought himself exactly out of the Black Douglas's reach any more than the good Christian supposes himself out of reach of the wiles of the Devil; while every new temptation, instead of confirming his hope, seems to announce that the immediate retreat of the

¹ I. e. Gnat's wing.



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Evil One will be followed by some new attack yet more cunningly devised. Under this general state of anxiety and apprehension, the temper of the governor changed somewhat for the worse, and they who loved him best regretted most that he became addicted to complain of the want of diligence on the part of those who, neither invested with responsibility like his nor animated by the hope of such splendid rewards, did not entertain the same degree of watchful and incessant suspicion as himself. The soldiers muttered that the vigilance of their governor was marked with severity; the officers and men of rank, of whom there were several, as the castle was a renowned school of arms, and there was a certain merit attained even by serving within its walls, complained, at the same time, that Sir John de Walton no longer made parties for hunting, for hawking, or for any purpose which might soften the rigours of warfare, and suffered nothing to go forward but the precise discipline of the castle. On the other hand, it may be usually granted that the castle is well kept where the governor is a disciplinarian; and where feuds and personal quarrels are found in the garrison, the young men are usually more in fault than those whose greater experience has convinced them of the necessity of using the strictest precautions.

A generous mind — and such was Sir John de Walton's — is often in this way changed and corrupted by the habit of over-vigilance, and pushed beyond its natural limits of candour. Neither was Sir Aymer de Valence free from a similar change: suspicion, though from a different cause, seemed also to threaten to bias his open and noble disposition, in those qualities which had hitherto been proper to him. It was in vain that Sir John de Walton studiously sought opportunities to give his younger friend indulgences, which at times were as far extended as the duty of the garrison permitted. The blow was struck: the alarm had been given to a proud and fiery temper on both sides; and while De Valence entertained an opinion that he was unjustly suspected by a friend who was in several respects bound to him, De Walton, on the other hand, was led to conceive that a young man of whom he took a charge as affectionate as if he had been a son of his own, and who owed to his lessons what he knew of warfare, and what success he had obtained in life, had taken offence at trifles, and considered himself ill treated on very inadequate grounds. The seeds of disagreement thus sown between them failed not, like the

tares sown by the Enemy among the wheat, to pass from one class of the garrison to another; the soldiers, though without any better reason than merely to pass the time, took different sides between their governor and his young lieutenant; and so the ball of contention, being once thrown up between them, never lacked some arm or other to keep it in motion.

CHAPTER VI

Alas ! they had been friends in youth ;
But whispering tongues can poison truth ;
And constancy lives in realms above,
And life is thorny, and youth is vain,
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.

Each spoke words of high disdain,
And insult to his heart's dear brother,
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining ;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder.
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

COLERIDGE, *Christabel*.

IN prosecution of the intention which, when his blood was cool, seemed to him wisest, Sir John de Walton resolved that he would go to the verge of indulgence with his lieutenant and his young officers, furnish them with every species of amusement which the place rendered possible, and make them ashamed of their discontent by overloading them with courtesy. The first time, therefore, that he saw Aymer de Valence after his return to the castle, he addressed him in high spirits, whether real or assumed.

'What thinkest thou, my young friend,' said De Walton, 'if we try some of the woodland sports proper, they say, to this country ? There are still in our neighbourhood some herds of the Caledonian breed of wild cattle,¹ which are nowhere to be found except among the moorlands, the b^o and rugged frontier of what was anciently called the kingdom of Strathclyde. There are some hunters, too, who have been accustomed to the sport, and who vouch that these animals are by far the

¹ See Note 8.

most bold and fierce subjects of chase in the island of Britain.'

'You will do as you please,' replied Sir Aymer, coldly; 'but it is not I, Sir John, who would recommend, for the sake of a hunting-match, that you should involve the whole garrison in danger; you know best the responsibilities incurred by your office here, and no doubt must have heedfully attended to them before making a proposal of such a nature.'

'I do indeed know my own duty,' replied De Walton, offended in turn, 'and might be allowed to think of yours also, without assuming more than my own share of responsibility; but it seems to me as if the commander of this Dangerous Castle, among other inabilities, were, as old people in this country say, subjected to a spell, and one which renders it impossible for him to guide his conduct so as to afford pleasure to those whom he is most desirous to oblige. Not a great many weeks since, whose eyes would have sparkled like those of Sir Aymer de Valence at the proposal of a general hunting-match after a new object of game; and now what is his bearing when such sport is proposed — merely, I think, to disappoint my purpose of obliging him? A cold acquiescence drops half-frozen from his lips, and he proposes to go to rouse the wild cattle with an air of gravity, as if he were undertaking a pilgrimage to the tomb of a martyr.'

'Not so, Sir John,' answered the young knight. 'In our present situation we stand conjoined in more charges than one, and although the greater and controlling trust is no doubt laid upon you as the elder and abler knight, yet still I feel that I must have my own share of a serious responsibility. I trust, therefore, you will indulgently hear my opinion, and bear with it, even though it should appear to have relation to that part of our common charge which is more especially entrusted to your keeping. The dignity of knighthood which I have the honour to share with you, the accolade laid on my shoulder by the royal Plantagenet, entitles me, methinks, to so much grace.'

'I cry you mercy,' said the elder cavalier; 'I forgot how important a person I had before me, dubbed by King Edward himself, who was moved no doubt by special reasons to confer such an early honour; and I certainly feel that I overstep my duty when I propose anything that savours like idle sport to a person of such grave pretensions.'

'Sir John de Walton,' retorted De Valence, 'we have had

something too much of this — let it stop here. All that I mean to say is that, in this wardship of Douglas Castle, it will not be by my consent if any amusement which distinctly infers a relaxation of discipline be unnecessarily engaged in, and especially such as compels us to summon to our assistance a number of the Scots, whose evil disposition towards us we well know; nor will I, though my years have rendered me liable to such suspicion, suffer anything of this kind to be imputed to me; and if unfortunately — though I am sure I know not why — we are in future to lay aside those bonds of familiar friendship which formerly linked us to each other, yet I see no reason why we should not bear ourselves in our necessary communications like knights and gentlemen, and put the best construction on each other's motives, since there can be no reason for imputing the worst to anything that comes from either of us.'

'You may be right, Sir Aymer de Valence,' said the governor, bending stiffly; 'and since you say we are no longer bound to each other as friends, you may be certain, nevertheless, that I will never permit a hostile feeling of which you are the object to occupy my bosom. You have been long, and I hope not uselessly, my pupil in the duties of chivalry. You are the near relation of the Earl of Pembroke, my kind and constant patron, and if these circumstances are well weighed, they form a connexion which it would be difficult, at least for me, to break through. If you feel yourself, as you seem to intimate, less strictly tied by former obligations, you must take your own choice in fixing our relations towards each other.'

'I can only say,' replied De Valence, 'that my conduct will naturally be regulated by your own; and you, Sir John, cannot hope more devoutly than I do that our military duties may be fairly discharged without interfering with our friendly intercourse.'

The knights here parted, after a conference which once or twice had very nearly terminated in a full and cordial explanation; but still there was wanting one kind heartfelt word from either to break, as it were, the ice which was fast freezing upon their intercourse, and neither chose to be the first in making the necessary advances with sufficient cordiality, though each would have gladly done so had the other appeared desirous of meeting it with the same ardour; but their pride was too high, and prevented either from saying what might at once have put

them upon an open and manly footing. They parted, therefore, without again returning to the subject of the proposed diversion; until it was afterwards resumed in a formal note, praying Sir Aymer de Valence to accompany the commandant of Douglas Castle upon a solemn hunting-match, which had for its object the wild cattle of the neighbouring dale.

The time of meeting was appointed at six in the morning, beyond the gate of the outer barricade; and the chase was declared to be ended in the afternoon, when the recheat should be blown beneath the great oak, known by the name of Sholto's Club, which stood a remarkable object where Douglas Dale was bounded by several scattered trees, the outskirts of the forest and hill country. The usual warning was sent out to the common people, or vassals of the district, which they, notwithstanding their feeling of antipathy, received in general with delight, upon the great epicurean principle of *carpe diem* — that is to say, in whatever circumstances it happens to present itself, be sure you lose no recreation which life affords. A hunting-match has still its attractions, even though an English knight take his pleasure in the woods of the Douglas.

It was no doubt afflicting to these faithful vassals to acknowledge another lord than the redoubted Douglas, and to wait by wood and river at the command of English officers, and in the company of their archers, whom they accounted their natural enemies. Still it was the only species of amusement which had been permitted them for a long time, and they were not disposed to omit the rare opportunity of joining in it. The chase of the wolf, the wild boar, or even the timid stag, required silvan arms; the wild cattle still more demanded this equipment of war-bows and shafts, boar-spears and sharp swords, and other tools of the chase similar to those used in actual war. Considering this, the Scottish inhabitants were seldom allowed to join in the chase, except under regulations as to number and arms, and especially in preserving a balance of force on the side of the English soldiers, which was very offensive to them. The greater part of the garrison was upon such occasions kept on foot, and several detachments, formed according to the governor's direction, were stationed in different positions, in case any quarrel should suddenly break out.

CHAPTER VII

The drivers thorough the wood went,
For to raise the deer ;
Bowmen bickered upon the bent,
With their broad arrows clear.

The wyld thorough the woods went,
On every side shear ;
Grehounds thorough the groves gleut,
For to kill thir deer.

Ballad of Chevy Chase, Old Edit.

THE appointed morning came in cold and raw, after the manner of the Scottish March weather. Dogs yelped, yawned, and shivered, and the huntsmen, though hardy and cheerful in expectation of the day's sport, twitched their mauds, or Lowland plaids, close to their throats, and looked with some dismay at the mists which floated about the horizon, now threatening to sink down on the peaks and ridges of prominent mountains, and now to shift their position under the influence of some of the uncertain gales which rose and fell alternately as they swept along the valley.

Nevertheless, the appearance of the whole scene was usual in almost all departments of the chase, a jovial and jocular spectacle. A brief truce seemed to have taken place between the nations, and the Scottish people appeared at the time rather as exhibiting the sports of their mountains in a friendly manner to the accomplished knights and bonny archers of Old England than as performing a feudal service, neither easy nor dignified in itself, at the instigation of usurping neighbours. The figures of the cavaliers, now half seen, now exhibited fully, and at the height of strenuous exertion, according to the character of the dangerous and broken ground, particularly attracted the attention of the pedestrians, who, leading the dogs or beating the thickets, dislodged such objects of chase as they found in the dingles, and kept their eyes fixed upon their

companions, rendered more remarkable from being mounted, and the speed at which they urged their horses; the disregard of all accidents being as perfect as Melton Mowbray itself, or any other noted field of hunters of the present day, can exhibit.

The principles on which modern and ancient hunting were conducted are, however, as different as possible. A fox, or even a hare, is in our own day considered as a sufficient apology for a day's exercise to forty or fifty dogs, and nearly as many men and horses; but the ancient chase, even though not terminating, as it often did, in battle, carried with it objects more important, and an interest immeasurably more stirring. If, indeed, one species of exercise can be pointed out as more universally exhilarating and engrossing than others, it is certainly that of the chase. The poor overlaboured drudge, who has served out his day of life, and wearied all his energies, in the service of his fellow-mortals, he who has been for many years the slave of agriculture, or, still worse, of manufactures, engaged in raising a single peck of corn from year to year, or in the monotonous labours of the desk, can hardly remain dead to the general happiness when the chase sweeps past him with hound and horn, and for a moment feels all the exultation of the proudest cavalier who partakes the amusement. Let any one who has witnessed the sight recall to his imagination the vigour and lively interest which he has seen inspired into a village, including the oldest and feeblest of its inhabitants. In the words of Wordsworth, it is, on such occasions —

Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away,
Not a soul will remain in the village to-day;
The hare has just started from Hamilton's grounds,
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the hounds.

But compare these inspiring sounds to the burst of a whole feudal population enjoying the sport, whose lives, instead of being spent in the monotonous toil of modern avocations, have been agitated by the hazards of war and of the chase, its near resemblance, and you must necessarily suppose that the excitation is extended like a fire which catches to dry heath. To use the common expression, borrowed from another amusement, all is fish that comes in the net on such occasions. An ancient hunting-match, the nature of the carnage excepted, was almost equal to a modern battle, when the strife took place on the surface of a varied and unequal country. A whole district

poured forth its inhabitants, who formed a ring of great extent, called technically a tunchel, and, advancing and narrowing their circle by degrees, drove before them the alarmed animals of every kind, all and each of which, as they burst from the thicket or the moorland, were objects of the bow, the javelin, or whatever missile weapons the hunters possessed ; while others were run down and worried by large greyhounds, or more frequently brought to bay, when the more important persons present claimed for themselves the pleasure of putting them to death with their chivalrous hands, incurring individually such danger as is inferred from a mortal contest even with the timid buck, when he is brought to the death-struggle, and has no choice but yielding his life or putting himself upon the defensive, by the aid of his splendid antlers, and with all the courage of despair.

The quantity of game found in Douglas Dale on this occasion was very considerable, for, as already noticed, it was a long time since a hunting upon a great scale had been attempted under the Douglasses themselves, whose misfortunes had commenced, several years before, with those of their country. The English garrison, too, had not sooner judged themselves strong or numerous enough to exercise these valued feudal privileges. In the meantime the game increased considerably. The deer, the wild cattle, and the wild boars lay near the foot of the mountains, and made frequent irruptions into the lower part of the valley, which in Douglas Dale bears no small resemblance to an oasis, surrounded by tangled woods and broken moors, occasionally rocky, and showing large tracts of that bleak dominion which wild creatures gladly enter when pressed by the neighbourhood of man.

As the hunters traversed the spots which separated the field from the wood, there was always a stimulating uncertainty what sort of game was to be found, and the marksman, with his bow ready bent, or his javelin poised, and his good and well-bitted horse thrown upon its haunches, ready for a sudden start, observed watchfully what should rush from the covert, so that, were it deer, boar, wolf, wild cattle, or any other species of game, he might be in readiness.

The wolf, which, on account of its ravages, was the most obnoxious of the beasts of prey, did not, however, supply the degree of diversion which his name promised : he usually fled far — in some instances many miles — before he took courage to turn to bay, and though formidable at such moments, destroying

both dogs and men by his terrible bite, yet at other times was rather despised for his cowardice. The boar, on the other hand, was a much more irascible and courageous animal.

The wild cattle, the most formidable of all the tenants of the ancient Caledonian forest, were, however, to the English cavaliers by far the most interesting objects of pursuit. Altogether, the ringing of bugles, the clattering of horses' hoofs, the lowing and bellowing of the enraged mountain cattle, the sobs of deer mangled by throttling dogs, the wild shouts of exultation of the men, made a chorus which extended far through the scene in which it arose, and seemed to threaten the inhabitants of the valley even in its inmost recesses.

During the course of the hunting, when a stag or a boar was expected, one of the wild cattle often came rushing forward, bearing down the young trees, crashing the branches in its progress, and in general dispersing whatever opposition was presented to it by the hunters. Sir John de Walton was the only one of the chivalry of the party who individually succeeded in mastering one of these powerful animals. Like a Spanish tauridor, he bore down and killed with his lance a ferocious bull; two well-grown calves and three kine were also slain, being unable to carry off the quantity of arrows, javelins, and other missiles directed against them by the archers and drivers; but many others, in spite of every endeavour to intercept them, escaped to their gloomy haunts in the remote skirts of the mountain called Cairntable, with their hides well-feathered with those marks of human enmity.

A large portion of the morning was spent in this way, until a particular blast from the master of the hunt announced that he had not forgot the discreet custom of the repast, which, on such occasions, was provided for upon a scale proportioned to the multitude who had been convened to attend the sport.

The blast peculiar to the time assembled the whole party in an open space in a wood, where their numbers had room and accommodation to sit down upon the green turf, the slain game affording a plentiful supply for roasting or broiling, an employment in which the lower class were all immediately engaged; while puncheons and pipes, placed in readiness, and scientifically opened, supplied Gascoigne wine and mighty ale at the pleasure of those who chose to appeal to them.

The knights, whose rank did not admit of interference, were seated by themselves, and ministered to by their squires and

pages, to whom such menial services were not accounted disgraceful, but, on the contrary, a proper step of their education. The number of those distinguished persons seated upon the present occasion at the table of dais, as it was called, in virtue of a canopy of green boughs with which it was overshadowed, comprehended Sir John de Walton, Sir Aymer de Valence, and some reverend brethren dedicated to the service of St. Bride, who, though Scottish ecclesiastics, were treated with becoming respect by the English soldiers. One or two Scottish retainers or vavasours, maintaining, perhaps in prudence, a suitable deference to the English knights, sat at the bottom of the table, and as many English archers, peculiarly respected by their superiors, were invited, according to the modern phrase, to the honours of the sitting.

Sir John de Walton sat at the head of the table: his eye, though it seemed to have no certain object, yet never for a moment remained stationary, but glanced from one countenance to another of the ring formed by his guests, for such they all were, no doubt, though he himself could hardly have told upon what principle he had issued the invitations: and even apparently was at a loss to think what, in one or two cases, had procured him the honour of their presence.

One person in particular caught De Walton's eye, as having the air of a redoubted man-at-arms, although it seemed as if fortune had not of late smiled upon his enterprises. He was a tall raw-boned man, of an extremely rugged countenance, and his skin, which showed itself through many a loophole in his dress, exhibited a complexion which must have endured all the varieties of an outlawed life; and akin to one who had, according to the customary phrase, 'ta'en the bent with Robin Bruce' — in other words, occupied the moors with him as an insurgent. Some such idea certainly crossed De Walton's mind. Yet the apparent coolness and absence of alarm with which the stranger sat at the board of an English officer, at the same time being wholly in his power, had much in it which was irreconcilable with any such suggestion. De Walton, and several of those about him, had in the course of the day observed that this tattered cavalier, the most remarkable parts of whose garb and equipments consisted of an old coat-of-mail and a rusted yet massive partizan about eight feet long, was possessed of superior skill in the art of hunting to any individual of their numerous party. The governor having looked at this suspicious figure until he had rendered the stranger aware of the special

interest which he attracted, at length filled a goblet of choice wine, and requested him, as one of the best pupils of Sir Tristrem who had attended upon the day's chase, to pledge him in a vintage superior to that supplied to the general company.

'I suppose, however, sir,' said De Walton, 'you will have no objections to put off my challenge of a brimmer until you can answer my pledge in Gascoigne wine, which grew in the King's own demesne, was pressed for his own lip, and is therefore fittest to be emptied to his Majesty's health and prosperity.'

'One half of the island of Britain,' said the woodsman, with great composure, 'will be of your honour's opinion; but, as I belong to the other half, even the choicest liquor in Gascony cannot render that health acceptable to me.'

A murmur of disapprobation ran through the warriors present; the priests hung their heads, looked deadly grave, and muttered their paternosters.

'You see, stranger,' said De Walton, sternly, 'that your speech discomposes the company.'

'It may be so,' replied the man, in the same blunt tone; 'and it may happen that there is no harm in the speech notwithstanding.'

'Do you consider that it is made in my presence?' answered De Walton.

'Yes, sir governor.'

'And have you thought what must be the necessary inference?' continued De Walton.

'I may form a round guess,' answered the stranger, 'what I might have to fear, if your safe-conduct and word of honour, when inviting me to this banquet, were less trustworthy than I know full well it really is. But I am your guest; your meat is even now passing my carot; your cup, filled with right good wine, I have just now quaffed off; and I would not fear the rankest paynim infidel, if we stood in such relation together, much less an English knight. I tell you besides, sir knight, you undervalue the wine we have quaffed. The high flavour and contents of your cup, grow where it will, give me spirit to tell you one or two circumstances, which cold cautious sobriety would, in a moment like this, have left unsaid. You wish, I doubt not, to know who I am? My Christian name is Michael; my surname is that of Turnbull — a redoubted clan, to whose honours, even in the field of hunting or of battle, I have added something. My abode is beneath the mountain of

Ruberslaw, by the fair streams of Teviot. You are surprised that I know how to hunt the wild cattle — I, who have made them my sport from infancy in the lonely forests of Jed and Southdean, and have killed more of them than you or any Englishman in your host ever saw, even if you include the doughty deeds of this day.'

The bold Borderer made this declaration with the same provoking degree of coolness which predominated in his whole demeanour, and was indeed his principal attribute. His effrontery did not fail to produce its effect upon Sir John de Walton, who instantly called out — 'To arms — to arms! Secure the spy and traitor. Ho! pages and yeomen — William, Anthony, Bend-the-Bow, and Greenleaf — seize the traitor, and bind him with your bowstrings and dog-leashes — bind him, I say, until the blood start from beneath his nails.'

'Here is a goodly summons!' said Turnbull, with a sort of horse-laugh. 'Were I as sure of being answered by twenty men I could name, there would be small doubt of the upshot of this day.'

The archers thickened around the hunter, yet laid no hold on him, none of them being willing to be the first who broke the peace proper to the occasion.

'Tell me,' said De Walton, 'thou traitor, for what waitest thou here?'

'Simply and solely,' said the Jed forester, 'that I may deliver up to the Douglas the castle of his ancestors, and that I may ensure thee, sir Englishman, the payment of thy deserts, by cutting that very throat which thou makest such a bawling use of.'

At the same time, perceiving that the yeomen were crowding behind him to carry their lord's commands into execution so soon as they should be reiterated, the huntsman turned himself short round upon those who appeared about to surprise him, and having, by the suddenness of the action, induced them to step back a pace, he proceeded — 'Yes, John de Walton, my purpose was ere now to have put thee to death, as one whom I find in possession of that castle and territory which belong to my master, a knight much more worthy than thyself; but I know not why I have paused — thou hast given me food when I have hungered for twenty-four hours, I have not therefore had the heart to pay thee at advantage as thou hast deserved. Begone from this place and country, and take the fair warning of a foe: thou hast constituted thyself the mortal enemy of this

people, and there are those among them who have seldom been injured or defied with impunity. Take no care in searching after me — it will be in vain — until I meet thee at a time which will come at my pleasure, not thine. Push not your inquisition into cruelty, to discover by what means I have deceived you, for it is impossible for you to learn; and with this friendly advice, look at me and take your leave, for, although we shall one day meet, it may be long ere I see you again.'

De Walton remained silent, hoping that his prisoner (for he saw no chance of his escaping) might, in his communicative humour, drop some more information, and was not desirous to precipitate a fray with which the scene was likely to conclude, unconscious at the same time of the advantage which he thereby gave the daring hunter.

As Turnbull concluded his sentence, he made a sudden spring backwards, which carried him out of the circle formed around him, and, before they were aware of his intentions, at once disappeared among the underwood.

'Seize him — seize him!' repeated De Walton; 'let us have him at least at our discretion, unless the earth has actually swallowed him.'

This indeed appeared not unlikely, for near the place where Turnbull had made the spring there yawned a steep ravine, into which he plunged, and descended by the assistance of branches, bushes, and copsewood until he reached the bottom, where he found some road to the outskirts of the forest, through which he made his escape, leaving the most expert woodsmen among the pursuers totally at fault, and unable to trace his footsteps.

CHAPTER VIII

THIS interlude carried some confusion into the proceedings of the hunt, thus suddenly surprised by the apparition of Michael Turnbull, an armed and avowed follower of the house of Douglas, a sight so little to be expected in the territory where his master was held a rebel and a bandit, and where he himself must have been well known to most of the peasantry present. The circumstance made an obvious impression on the English chivalry. Sir John de Walton looked grave and thoughtful, ordered the hunters to be assembled on the spot, and directed his soldiers to commence a strict search among the persons who had attended the chase, so as to discover whether Turnbull had any companions among them ; but it was too late to make that inquiry in the strict fashion which De Walton directed.

The Scottish attendants on the chase, when they beheld that the hunting, under pretence of which they were called together, was interrupted for the purpose of laying hands upon their persons, and subjecting them to examination, took care to suit their answers to the questions put to them — in a word, they kept their own secret, if they had any. Many of them, conscious of being the weaker party, became afraid of foul play, slipt away from the places to which they had been appointed, and left the hunting-match like men who conceived they had been invited with no friendly intent. Sir John de Walton became aware of the decreasing numbers of the Scottish, their gradual disappearance awakening in the English knight that degree of suspicion which had of late become his peculiar characteristic.

‘Take, I pray thee,’ said he to Sir Aymer de Valence, ‘as many men-at-arms as thou canst get together in five minutes’ space, and at least a hundred of the mounted archers, and ride as fast as thou canst, without permitting them to straggle from thy standard, to reinforce the garrison of Douglas ; for I have

my own thoughts what may have been attempted on the castle, when we observe with our own eyes such a nest of traitors here assembled.'

'With reverence, Sir John,' replied Aymer, 'you shoot in this matter rather beyond the mark. That the Scottish peasants have bad thoughts against us, I will be the last to deny; but, long debarred from any silvan sport, you cannot wonder at their crowding to any diversion by wood or river, and still less at their being easily alarmed as to the certainty of the safe footing on which they stand with us. The least rough usage is likely to strike them with fear and with the desire of escape, and so —'

'And so,' said Sir John de Walton, who had listened with a degree of impatience scarce consistent with the grave and formal politeness which one knight was accustomed to bestow upon another — 'and so I would rather see Sir Aymer de Valence busy his horse's heels to execute my orders than give his tongue the trouble of impugning them.'

At this sharp reprimand, all present looked at each other with indications of marked displeasure. Sir Aymer was highly offended, but saw it was no time to indulge in reprisal. He bowed until the feather which was in his barret-cap mingled with his horse's mane, and without reply — for he did not even choose to trust his voice in reply at the moment — headed a considerable body of cavalry by the straightest road back to the Castle of Douglas.

When he came to one of those eminences from which he could observe the massive and complicated towers and walls of the old fortress, with the glitter of the broad lake which surrounded it on three sides, he felt much pleasure at the sight of the great banner of England, which streamed from the highest part of the building. 'I knew it,' he internally said — 'I was certain that Sir John de Walton had become a very woman in the indulgence of his fears and suspicions. Alas! that a situation of responsibility should so much have altered a disposition which I have known so noble and so knightly! By this good day, I scarce know in what manner I should demean me when thus publicly rebuked before the garrison. Certainly he deserves that I should, at some time or other, let him understand that, however he may triumph in the exercise of his short-lived command, yet, when man is to meet with man, it will puzzle Sir John de Walton to show himself the superior of Aymer de Valence, or perhaps to establish himself as his equal.

But if, on the contrary, his fears, however fantastic, are sincere at the moment he expresses them, it becomes me to obey punctually commands which, however absurd, are imposed in consequence of the governor's belief that they are rendered necessary by the times, and not inventions designed to vex and domineer over his officers in the indulgence of his official powers. I would I knew which is the true statement of the case, and whether the once famed De Walton is become afraid of his enemies more than fits a knight, or makes imaginary doubts the pretext of tyrannising over his friend. I cannot say it would make much difference to me, but I would rather have it that the man I once loved had turned a petty tyrant than a weak-spirited coward; and I would be content that he should study to vex me, rather than be afraid of his own shadow.'

With these ideas passing in his mind, the young knight crossed the causeway which traversed the piece of water that fed the moat, and, passing under the strongly fortified gateway, gave strict orders for letting down the portcullis and elevating the drawbridge, even at the appearance of De Walton's own standard before it.

A slow and guarded movement from the hunting-ground to the Castle of Douglas gave the governor ample time to recover his temper, and to forget that his young friend had shown less alacrity than usual in obeying his commands. He was even disposed to treat as a jest the length of time and extreme degree of ceremony with which every point of martial discipline was observed on his own re-admission to the castle, though the raw air of a wet spring evening whistled around his own unsheltered person and those of his followers, as they waited before the castle gate for the exchange of passwords, the delivery of keys, and all the slow minutiae attendant upon the movements of a garrison in a well-guarded fortress.

'Come,' said he, to an old knight, who was pcevishly blaming the lieutenant-governor, 'it was my own fault: I spoke but now to Aymer de Valence with more authoritative emphasis than his newly-dubbed dignity was pleased with, and this precise style of obedience is a piece of not unnatural and very pardonable revenge. Well, we will owe him a return, Sir Philip — shall we not? This is not a night to keep a man at the gate.'

This dialogue, overheard by some of the squires and pages, was bandied about from one to another, until it entirely lost the tone of good-humour in which it was spoken, and the

offence was one for which Sir John de Walton and old Sir Philip were to meditate revenge, and was said to have been represented by the governor as a piece of mortal and intentional offence on the part of his subordinate officer.

Thus an increasing feud went on from day to day between two warriors who, with no just cause of quarrel, had at heart every reason to esteem and love each other. It became visible in the fortress even to those of the lower rank, who hoped to gain some consequence by intermingling in the species of emulation produced by the jealousy of the commanding-officers — an emulation which may take place, indeed, in the present day, but can hardly have the same sense of wounded pride and jealous dignity attached to it which existed in times when the personal honour of knighthood rendered those who possessed it jealous of every punctilio.

So many little debates took place between the two knights, that Sir Aymer de Valence thought himself under the necessity of writing to his uncle and namesake, the Earl of Pembroke, stating that his officer, Sir John de Walton, had unfortunately of late taken some degree of prejudice against him, and that, after having borne with many provoking instances of his displeasure, he was now compelled to request that his place of service should be changed from the Castle of Douglas to wherever honour could be acquired, and time might be given to put an end to his present cause of complaint against his commanding-officer. Through the whole letter young Sir Aymer was particularly cautious how he expressed his sense of Sir John de Walton's jealousy or severe usage; but such sentiments are not easily concealed, and in spite of him an air of displeasure glanced out from several passages, and indicated his discontent with his uncle's old friend and companion-in-arms, and with the sphere of military duty which his uncle had himself assigned him.

An accidental movement among the English troops brought Sir Aymer an answer to his letter sooner than he could have hoped for at that time of day, in the ordinary course of correspondence, which was then extremely slow and interrupted.

Pembroke, a rigid old warrior, entertained the most partial opinion of Sir John de Walton, who was a work of his own hands, and was indignant to find that his nephew, whom he considered as a mere boy, elated by having had the dignity of knighthood conferred upon him at an age unusually early, did not absolutely coincide with him in this opinion. He

replied to him, accordingly, in a tone of high displeasure, and expressed himself as a person of rank would write to a young and dependent kinsman upon the duties of his profession; and, as he gathered his nephew's cause of complaint from his own letter, he conceived that he did him no injustice in making it slighter than it really was. He reminded the young man that the study of chivalry consisted in the faithful and patient discharge of military service, whether of high or low degree, according to the circumstances in which war placed the champion. That, above all, the post of danger, which Douglas Castle had been termed by common consent, was also the post of honour; and that a young man should be cautious how he incurred the supposition of being desirous of quitting his present honourable command, because he was tired of the discipline of a military director so renowned as Sir John de Walton. Much also there was, as was natural in a letter of that time, concerning the duty of young men, whether in council or in arms, to be guided implicitly by their elders; and it was observed, with justice, that the commanding-officer, who had put himself into the situation of being responsible with his honour, if not his life, for the event of the siege or blockade, might justly, and in a degree more than common, claim the implicit direction of the whole defence. Lastly, Pembroke reminded his nephew that he was, in a great measure, dependent upon the report of Sir John de Walton for the character which he was to sustain in after life; and reminded him that a few actions of headlong and inconsiderate valour would not so firmly found his military reputation as months and years spent in regular, humble, and steady obedience to the commands which the governor of Douglas Castle might think necessary in so dangerous a conjuncture.

This missive arrived within so short a time after the despatch of the letter to which it was a reply, that Sir Aymer was almost tempted to suppose that his uncle had some mode of corresponding with De Walton unknown to the young knight himself and to the rest of the garrison. And as the earl alluded to some particular displeasure which had been exhibited by De Valence on a late trivial occasion, his uncle's knowledge of this and other minutiae seemed to confirm his idea that his own conduct was watched in a manner which he did not feel honourable to himself or dignified on the part of his relative; in a word, he conceived himself exposed to that sort of surveillance of which, in all ages, the young have accused the old.

It hardly needs to say that the admonition of the Earl of Pembroke greatly chafed the fiery spirit of his nephew, inso-much that, if the earl had wished to write a letter purposely to increase the prejudices which he desired to put an end to, he could not have made use of terms better calculated for that effect.

The truth was, that the old archer, Gilbert Greenleaf, had, without the knowledge of the young knight, gone to Pembroke's camp, in Ayrshire, and was recommended by Sir John de Walton to the earl as a person who could give such minute information respecting Aymer de Valence as he might desire to receive. The old archer was, as we have seen, a formalist, and when pressed on some points of Sir Aymer de Valence's discipline, he did not hesitate to throw out hints which, connected with those in the knight's letter to his uncle, made the severe old earl adopt too implicitly the idea that his nephew was indulging a spirit of insubordination, and a sense of impatience under authority, most dangerous to the character of a young soldier. A little explanation might have produced a complete agreement in the sentiments of both; but for this fate allowed neither time nor opportunity; and the old earl was unfortunately induced to become a party, instead of a negotiator, in the quarrel.

And by decision more embroil'd the fr-

Sir John de Walton soon perceived that the receipt of Pembroke's letter did not in any respect alter the cold, ceremonious conduct of his lieutenant towards him, which limited their intercourse to what their situation rendered dispensable, and exhibited no advances to any more frank or intimate connexion. Thus, as may sometimes be the case between officers in their relative situations even at the present day, they remained in that cold, stiff degree of official communication in which their intercourse was limited to as few expressions as the respective duties of their situation absolutely demanded. Such a state of misunderstanding is, in fact, worse than a downright quarrel: the latter may be explained or apologised for, or become the subject of mediation, but in such a case as the former an *éclaircissement* is as unlikely to take place as a general engagement between two armies which have taken up strong defensive positions on both sides. Duty, however, obliged the two principal persons in the garrison of Douglas Castle to be often together, when they were so far from seeking

an opportunity of making up matters, that they usually revived ancient subjects of debate.

It was upon such an occasion that De Walton, in a very formal manner, asked De Valence in what capacity, and for how long time, it was his pleasure that the minstrel called Bertram should remain at the castle.

'A week,' said the governor, 'is certainly long enough, in this time and place, to express the hospitality due to a minstrel.'

'Certainly,' replied the young man; 'I have not interest enough in the subject to form a single wish upon it.'

'In that case,' resumed De Walton, 'I shall request of this person to cut short his visit at the Castle of Douglas.'

'I know no particular interest,' replied Aymer de Valence, 'which I can possibly have in this man's motions. He is here, under pretence of making some researches after the writings of Thomas of Ercildoun, called the Rhymer, which he says are infinitely curious, and of which there is a volume in the old baron's study, saved somehow from the flames at the last conflagration. This told, you know as much of his errand as I do; and if you hold the presence of a wandering old man and the neighbourhood of a boy dangerous to the castle under your charge, you will no doubt do well to dismiss them — it will cost but a word of your mouth.'

'Pardon me,' said De Walton; 'the minstrel came here as one of your retinue, and I could not, in fitting courtesy, send him away without your leave.'

'I am sorry, then,' answered Sir Aymer, 'in my turn, that you did not mention your purpose sooner. I never entertained a dependent vassal or servant whose residence in the castle I would wish to have prolonged a moment beyond your honourable pleasure.'

'I am sorry,' said Sir John de Walton, 'that we two have of late grown so extremely courteous that it is difficult for us to understand each other. This minstrel and his son come from we know not where, and are bound we know not whither. There is a report among some of your escort that this fellow Bertram upon the way had the audacity to impugn, even to your face, the King of England's right to the crown of Scotland, and that he debated the point with you, while your other attendants were desired by you to keep behind and out of hearing.'

'Hah!' said Sir Aymer, 'do you mean to found on that

circumstance any charge against my loyalty? I pray you to observe that such an averment would touch mine honour, which I am ready and willing to defend to the last gasp.'

'No doubt of it, sir knight,' answered the governor; 'but it is t' strolling minstrel, and not the high-born English knight, against whom the charge is brought. Well, the minstrel comes to this castle, and he intimates a wish that his son should be allowed to take up his quarters at the little old convent of St. Bride, where two or three Scottish nuns and friars are still permitted to reside, most of them rather out of respect to their order than for any good-will which they are supposed to bear the English or their sovereign. It may also be noticed that this leave was purchased by a larger sum of money, if my information be correct, than is usually to be found in the purses of travelling minstrels, a class of wanderers alike remarkable for their poverty and for their genius. What do you think of all this?'

'I!' replied De Valence. 'I am happy that my situation, as a soldier under command, altogether dispenses with my thinking of it at all. My post, as lieutenant of your castle, is such that, if I can manage matters so as to call my honour and my soul my own, I must think that quite enough of free-will is left at my command; and I promise you shall not have again to reprove, or send a bad report of me to my uncle, on that account.'

'This is beyond sufferance!' said Sir John de Walton, half aside, and then proceeded aloud — 'Do not, for Heaven's sake, do yourself and me the injustice of supposing that I am endeavouring to gain an advantage over you by these questions. Recollect, young knight, that, when you evade giving your commanding-officer your advice when required, you fail as much in point of duty as if you declined affording him the assistance of your sword and lance.'

'Such being the case,' answered De Valence, 'let me know plainly on what matter it is that you require my opinion. I will deliver it plainly, and stand by the result, even if I should have the misfortune — a crime unpardonable in so young a man and so inferior an officer — to differ from that of Sir John de Walton.'

'I would ask you, then, sir knight of Valence,' answered the governor, 'what is your opinion with respect to this minstrel Bertram, and whether the suspicions respecting him and his son are not such as to call upon me, in performance of my

duty, to put them to a close examination, with the question ordinary and extraordinary, as is usual in such cases, and to expel them not only from the castle, but from the whole territory of Douglas Dale, under pain of scourging, if they be again found wandering in these parts !'

'You ask me my opinion,' said De Valence, 'and you shall have it, sir knight of Walton, as freely and fairly as if matters stood betwixt us on a footing as friendly as they ever did. I agree with you that most of those who in these days profess the science of minstrelsy are altogether unqualified to support the higher pretensions of that noble order. Minstrels by right are men who have dedicated themselves to the noble occupation of celebrating knightly deeds and generous principles : it is in their verse that the valiant knight is handed down to fame, and the poet has a right, nay, is bound, to emulate the virtues which he praises. The looseness of the times has diminished the consequence and impaired the morality of this class of wanderers : their satire and their praise are now too often distributed on no other principle than love of gain ; yet let us hope that there are still among them some who know, and also willingly perform, their duty. My own opinion is, that this Bertram holds himself as one who has not shared in the degradation of his brethren, nor bent the knee to the mammon of the times ; it must remain with you, sir, to judge whether such a person, honourably and morally disposed, can cause any danger to the Castle of Douglas. But believing, from the sentiments he has manifested to me, that he is incapable of playing the part of a traitor, I must strongly remonstrate against his being punished as one, or subjected to the torture within the walls of an English garrison. I should blush for my country if it required of us to inflict such wanton misery upon wanderers whose sole fault is poverty ; and your own knightly sentiments will suggest more than would become me to state to Sir John de Walton, unless in so far as is necessary to apologise for retaining my own opinion.'

Sir John de Walton's dark brow was stricken with red when he heard an opinion delivered in opposition to his own, which plainly went to stigmatise his advice as ungenerous, unfeeling, and unknighly. He made an effort to preserve his temper, while he thus replied with a degree of calmness — 'You have given your opinion, Sir Aymer de Valence ; and that you have given it openly and boldly, without regard to my own, I thank you. It is not quite so clear that I am obliged to defer my

own sentiments to yours, in case the rules on which I hold my office, the commands of the King, and the observations which I may personally have made, shall recommend to me a different line of conduct from that which you think it right to suggest.'

De Walton bowed, in conclusion, with great gravity; and the young knight, returning the reverence with exactly the same degree of stiff formality, asked whether there were any particular orders respecting his duty in the castle; and having received an answer in the negative, took his departure.

Sir John de Walton, after an expression of impatience, as if disappointed at finding that the advance which he had made towards an explanation with his young friend had proved unexpectedly abortive, composed his brow as if to deep thought, and walked several times to and fro in the apartment, considering what course he was to take in these circumstances. 'It is hard to censure him severely,' he said, 'when I recollect that, on first entering upon life, my own thoughts and feelings would have been the same with those of this giddy and hot-headed, but generous, boy. Now prudence teaches me to suspect mankind in a thousand instances where perhaps there is not sufficient ground. If I am disposed to venture my own honour and fortune, rather than an idle travelling minstrel should snuff a little pain, which at all events I might make up to him by money, still, have I a right to run the risk of a conspiracy against the King, and thus advance the treasonable surrender of the Castle of Douglas, for which I know so many schemes are formed; for which, too, none can be imagined so desperate but agents will be found bold enough to undertake the execution? A man who holds my situation, although the slave of conscience, ought to learn to set aside those false scruples which assume the appearance of flowing from our own moral feeling, whereas they are in fact instilled by the suggestion of affected delicacy. I will not, I swear by Heaven, be infected by the follies of a boy such as Aymer; I will not, that I may defer to his caprices, lose all that love, honour, and ambition can propose for the reward of twelve months' service, of a nature the most watchful and unpleasant. I will go straight to my point, and use the ordinary precautions in Scotland which I should employ in Normandy or Gascoigne. What ho! page, who waits there?'

One of his attendants replied to his summons. 'Seek me out Gilbert Greenleaf the archer, and tell him I would speak

with him touching the two bows and the sheaf of arrows concerning which I gave him a commission to Ayr.'

A few minutes intervened after the order was given, when the archer entered, holding in his hand two bow-staves, not yet fashioned, and a number of arrows secured together with a thong. He bore the mysterious looks of one whose apparent business is not of very great consequence, but is meant as a passport for other affairs which are in themselves of a secret nature. Accordingly, as the knight was silent, and afforded no other opening for Greenleaf, that judicious negotiator proceeded to enter upon such as was open to him.

'Here are the bow-staves, noble sir, which you desired me to obtain while I was at Ayr with the Earl of Pembroke's army. They are not so good as I could have wished, yet are perhaps of better quality than could have been procured by any other than a fair judge of the weapon. The Earl of Pembroke's whole camp are frantic mad in order to procure real Spanish staves from the Groyne and other ports in Spain; but though two vessels laden with such came into the port of Ayr, said to be for the King's army, yet I believe never one-half of them have come into English hands. These two grew in Sherwood, which [and], having been seasoned since the time of Robin Hood, are not likely to fail either in strength or in aim, in so strong a hand, and with so just an eye, as those of the men who wait on your worship.'

'And who has got the rest, since two ships' cargoes of new bow-staves are arrived at Ayr, and thou with difficulty hast only procured me two old ones?' said the governor.

'Faith, I pretend not skill enough to know,' answered Greenleaf, shrugging his shoulders. 'Talk there is of plots in that country as well as here. It is said that their Bruce and the rest of his kinsmen intend a new May-game, and that the outlawed king proposes to land near to Turnberry early in summer, with a number of stout kernes from Ireland; and no doubt the men of his mock earldom of Carrick are getting them ready with bow and spear for so hopeful an undertaking. I reckon that it will not cost us the expense of more than a few score of sheaves of arrows to put all that matter to rights.'

'Do you talk then of conspiracies in this part of the country, Greenleaf?' said De Walton. 'I know you are a sagacious fellow, well bred for many a day to the use of the bent stick and string, and will not allow such a practice to go on under thy nose without taking notice of it.'

'I am old enough, Heaven knows,' said Greenleaf, 'and have had good experience of these Scottish wars, and know well whether these native Scots are a people to be trusted to by knight or yeoman. Say they are a false generation, and say a good archer told you so, who, with a fair aim, seldom missed a hand's-breadth of the white. Ah! sir, your honour knows how to deal with them: ride them strongly and rein them hard; you are not like those simple novices who imagine that all is to be done by gentleness, and wish to parade themselves as courteous and generous to those faithless mountaineers, who never, in the course of their lives, knew any tincture either of courteousness or generosity.'

'Thou alludest to some one,' said the governor, 'and I charge thee, Gilbert, to be plain and sincere with me. Thou knowest, methinks, that in trusting me thou wilt come to no harm?'

'It is true — it is true, sir,' said the old remnant of the wars, carrying his hand to his brow; 'but it were imprudent to communicate all the remarks which float through an old man's brain in the idle moments of such a garrison as this. One stumbles unawares on fantasies as well as realities, and thus one gets, not altogether undeservedly, the character of a tale-bearer and mischief-maker among his comrades, and methinks I would not willingly fall under that accusation.'

'Speak frankly to me,' answered De Walton, 'and have no fear of being misconstrued, whosoever the conversation may concern.'

'Nay, in plain truth,' answered Gilbert, 'I fear not the greatness of this young knight, being, as I am, the oldest soldier in the garrison, and having drawn a bowstring long and many a day ere I was weaned from his nurse's breast.'

'It is then,' said De Walton, 'my lieutenant and friend, Aymer de Valence, at whom your suspicions point?'

'At nothing,' replied the archer, 'touching the honour of the young knight himself, who is as brave as the sword he wears, and, his youth considered, stands high in the roll of English chivalry; but he is young, as your worship knows, and I own that in the choice of his company he disturbs and alarms me.'

'Why, you know, Greenleaf,' answered the governor, 'that in the leisure of a garrison a knight cannot always confine his sports and pleasures among those of his own rank, who are not numerous, and may not be so gamesome or fond of frolic as he would desire them to be.'

'I know that well,' answered the archer, 'nor would I say a word concerning your honour's lieutenant for joining any honest fellows, however inferior their rank, in the wrestling-ring or at a bout of quarter-staff. But if Sir Aymer de Valence has a fondness for martial tales of former days, methinks he had better learn them from the ancient soldiers who have followed Edward the First — whom God assoilzie! — and who have known before his time the barons' wars and other onslaughts, in which the knights and archers of Merry England transmitted so many gallant actions to be recorded by fame; this truly, I say, were more beseeming the Earl of Pembroke's nephew than to see him closet himself day after day with a strolling minstrel, who gains his livelihood by reciting nonsense and lies to such young men as are fond enough to believe him, of whom hardly any one knows whether he be English or Scottish in his opinions, and still less can any one pretend to say whether he is of English or Scottish birth, or with what purpose he lies lounging about this castle, and is left free to communicate everything which passes within it to those old mutters of matins at St. Bride's, who say with their tongues "God save King Edward," but pray in their hearts "God save King Robert the Bruce." Such a communication he can easily carry on by means of his son, who lies at St. Bride's cell, as your worship knows, under pretence of illness.'

'How do you say?' exclaimed the governor — 'under pretence? Is he not then really indisposed?'

'Nay, he may be sick to the death for aught I know,' said the archer; 'but if so, were it not then more natural that the father should attend his son's sick-bed than that he should be ranging about this castle, where one eternally meets him in the old baron's study, or in some corner, where you least expect to find him?'

'If he has no lawful object,' replied the knight, 'it might be as you say; but he is said to be in quest of ancient poems or prophecies of Merlin, of the Rhymor, or some other old bard: and in truth it is natural for him to wish to enlarge his stock of knowledge and power of giving amusement, and where should he find the means save in a study filled with ancient books?'

'No doubt,' replied the archer, with a sort of dry, civil sneer of incredulity; 'I have seldom known an insurrection in Scotland but that it was prophesied by some old forgotten rhyme, conjured out of dust and cobwebs, for the sake of giving courage to those North Country rebels who durst not otherwise

have abidden the whistling of the grey-goose shaft; but curled heads are hasty, and, with license, even your own train, sir knight, retains too much of the fire of youth for such uncertain times as the present.'

'Thou hast convinced me, Gilbert Greenleaf, and I will look into this man's business and occupation more closely than hitherto. This is no time to peril the safety of a royal castle for the sake of affecting generosity towards a man of whom we know so little, and to whom, till we receive a very full explanation, we may, without doing him injustice, attach grave suspicions. Is he now in the apartment called the baron's study?'

'Your worship will be certain to find him there,' replied Greenleaf.

'Then follow me, with two or three of thy comrades, and keep out of sight, but within hearing: it may be necessary to arrest this man.'

'My assistance,' said the old archer, 'shall be at hand when you call, but —'

'But what?' said the knight; 'I hope I am not to find doubts and disobedience on all hands?'

'Certainly not on mine,' replied Greenleaf; 'I would only remind your worship that what I have said was a sincere opinion expressed in answer to your worship's question, and that, as Sir Aymer de Valence has avowed himself the patron of this man, I would not willingly be left to the hazard of his revenge.'

'Pshaw!' answered De Walton, 'is Aymer de Valence governor of this castle or am I? or to whom do you imagine you are responsible for answering such questions as I may put to you?'

'Nay,' replied the archer, secretly not displeased at seeing De Walton show some little jealousy of his own authority, 'believe me, sir knight, that I know my own station and your worship's, and that I am not now to be told to whom I owe obedience.'

'To the study then, and let us find the man,' said the governor.

'A fine matter indeed,' subjoined Greenleaf, following him. 'that your worship should have to go in person to look after the arrest of so mean an individual. But your honour is right: these minstrels are often jugglers, and possess the power of making their escape by means which borrel folk like myself are disposed to attribute to necromancy.'

Without attending to these last words, Sir John de Walton set forth towards the study, walking at a quick pace, as if this conversation had augmented his desire to find himself in possession of the person of the suspected minstrel.

Traversing the ancient passages of the castle, the governor had no difficulty in reaching the study, which was strongly vaulted with stone, and furnished with a sort of iron cabinet, intended for the preservation of articles and papers of value, in case of fire. Here he found the minstrel seated at a small table, sustaining before him a manuscript, apparently of great antiquity, from which he seemed engaged in making extracts. The windows of the room were very small, and still showed some traces that they had originally been glazed with a painted history of St. Bride — another mark of the devotion of the great family of Douglas to their tutelar saint.

The minstrel, who had seemed deeply wrapt in the contemplation of his task, on being disturbed by the unlooked-for entrance of Sir John de Walton, rose with every mark of respect and humility, and, remaining standing in the governor's presence, appeared to wait for his interrogations, as if he had anticipated that the visit concerned himself particularly.

'I am to suppose, sir minstrel,' said Sir John de Walton, 'that you have been successful in your search, and have found the roll of poetry or prophecies that you proposed to seek after amongst these broken shelves and tattered volumes?'

'More successful than I could have expected,' replied the minstrel, 'considering the effects of the conflagration. This, sir knight, is apparently the fatal volume for which I sought, and strange it is, considering the heavy chance of other books contained in this library, that I have been able to find a few, though imperfect, fragments of it.'

'Since, therefore, you have been permitted to indulge your curiosity,' said the governor, 'I trust, minstrel, you will have no objection to satisfy mine?'

The minstrel replied with the same humility, 'that, if there was anything within the poor compass of his skill which could gratify Sir John de Walton in any degree, he would but reach his lute and presently obey his commands.'

'You mistake, sir,' said Sir John, somewhat harshly. 'I am none of those who have hours to spend in listening to tales or music of former days: my life has hardly given me time enough for learning the duties of my profession, far less has it allowed me leisure for such twangling follies. I care not who knows it,

but my ear is so incapable of judging of your art, which you doubtless think a noble one, that I can scarcely tell the modulation of one tune from another.'

'In that case,' replied the minstrel, composedly, 'I can hardly promise myself the pleasure of affording your worship the amusement which I might otherwise have done.'

'Nor do I look for any at your hand,' said the governor, advancing a step nearer to him, and speaking in a sterner tone. 'I want information, sir, which I am assured you can give me, if you incline; and it is my duty to tell you that, if you show unwillingness to speak the truth, I know means by which it will become my painful duty to extort it in a more disagreeable manner than I would wish.'

'If your questions, sir knight,' answered Bertram, 'be such as I can or ought to answer, there shall be no occasion to put them more than once. If they are such as I cannot or ought not to reply to, believe me that no threats of violence will extort an answer from me.'

'You speak boldly,' said Sir John de Walton; 'but take my word for it, that your courage will be put to the test. I am as little fond of proceeding to such extremities as you can be of undergoing them, but such will be the natural consequence of your own obstinacy. I therefore ask you, whether Bertram be your real name; whether you have any other profession than that of a travelling minstrel; and, lastly, whether you have any acquaintance or connexion with any Englishman or Scottishman beyond the walls of this Castle of Douglas?'

'To these questions,' replied the minstrel, 'I have already answered the worshipful knight, Sir Aymer de Valence, and, having fully satisfied him, it is not, I conceive, necessary that I should undergo a second examination; nor is it consistent either with your worship's honour or that of the lieutenant-governor that such a re-examination should take place.'

'You are very considerate,' replied the governor, 'of my honour and of that of Sir Aymer de Valence. Take my word for it, they are both in perfect safety in our own keeping, and may dispense with your attention. I ask you, will you answer the inquiries which it is my duty to make, or am I to enforce obedience by putting you under the penalties of the question? I have already, it is my duty to say, seen the answers you have returned to my lieutenant, and they do not satisfy me.'

He at the same time clapped his hands, and two or three

archers showed themselves, stripped of their tunics, and only attired in their shirts and hose.

'I understand,' said the minstrel, 'that you intend to inflict upon me a punishment which is foreign to the genius of the English laws, in that no proof is adduced of my guilt. I have already told that I am by birth an Englishman, by profession a minstrel, and that I am totally unconnected with any person likely to nourish any design against this Castle of Douglas, Sir John de Walton, or his garrison. What answers you may extort from me by bodily agony, I cannot, to speak as a plain-dealing Christian, hold myself responsible for. I think that I can endure as much pain as any one; I am sure that I never yet felt a degree of agony that I would not willingly prefer to breaking my plighted word, or becoming a false informer against innocent persons; but I own I do not know the extent to which the art of torture may be carried; and though I do not fear you, Sir John de Walton, yet I must acknowledge that I fear myself, since I know not to what extremity your cruelty may be capable of subjecting me, or how far I may be enabled to bear it. I, therefore, in the first place, protest, that I shall in no manner be liable for any words which I may utter in the course of any examination enforced from me by torture; and you must therefore, under such circumstances, proceed to the execution of an office which, permit me to say, is hardly that which I expected to have found thus administered by an accomplished knight like yourself.'

'Hark you, sir,' replied the governor, 'you and I are at issue, and in doing my duty I ought instantly to proceed to the extremities I have threatened; but perhaps you yourself feel less reluctance to undergo the examination as proposed than I shall do in commanding it; I will therefore consign you for the present to a place of confinement suitable to one who is suspected of being a spy upon this fortress. Until you are pleased to remove such suspicions, your lodgings and nourishment are those of a prisoner. In the meantime, before subjecting you to the question, take notice, I will myself ride to the abbey of St. Bride, and satisfy myself whether the young person whom you would pass as your son is possessed of the same determination as that which you yourself seem to assert. It may so happen that his examination and yours may throw such light upon each other as will decidedly prove either your guilt or innocence, without its being confirmed by the use of the extraordinary question. If it be otherwise, tremble for

your son's sake, if not for your own. Have I shaken you, sir; or do you fear for your boy's young sinews and joints the engines which, in your own ease, you seem willing to defy?'

'Sir,' answered the minstrel, recovering from the momentary emotion he had shown, 'I leave it to yourself, as a man of honour and candour, whether you ought, in common fairness, to form a worse opinion of any man because he is not unwilling to incur in his own person severities which he would not desire to be inflicted upon his child, a sickly youth, just recovering from a dangerous disease.'

'It is my duty,' answered De Walton, after a short pause, 'to leave no stone unturned by which this business may be traced to the source; and if thou desirest merely for thy son, thou wilt thyself most easily attain it by setting him the example of honesty and plain-dealing.'

The minstrel threw himself back on the seat, as if fully resolved to bear every extremity that could be inflicted, rather than make any farther answer than he had already offered. Sir John de Walton himself seemed in some degree uncertain what might now be his best course. He felt an invincible repugnance to proceed, without due consideration, in what most people would have deemed the direct line of his duty, by inflicting the torture both upon father and son; but deep as was his sense of devotion towards the King, and numerous as were the hopes and expectations he had formed upon the strict discharge of his present high trust, he could not resolve upon having recourse at once to this cruel method of cutting the knot. Bertram's appearance was venerable, and his power of words not unworthy of his aspect and bearing. The governor remembered that Aymer de Valence, whose judgment in general it was impossible to deny, had described him as one of those rare individuals who vindicated the honour of a corrupted profession by their personal good behaviour; and he acknowledged to himself that there was gross cruelty and injustice in refusing to admit the prisoner to the credit of being a true and honest man until, by way of proving his rectitude, he had strained every sinew and crushed every joint in his body, as well as those of his son. 'I have no touchstone,' he said internally, 'which can distinguish truth from falsehood. The Bruce and his followers are on the alert: he has certainly equipped the galleys which lay at Radrin during winter. This story, too, of Greenleaf, about arms being procured for a new insurrection, tallies strangely with the appearance of that

savage-looking forester at the hunt ; and all tends to show that something is upon the anvil which it is my duty to provide against. I will, therefore, pass over no circumstance by which I can affect the mind through hope or fear ; but, please God to give me light from any other source, I will not think it lawful to torment these unfortunate, and, it may yet be, honest, men.' He accordingly took his departure from the library, whispering a word to Greenleaf respecting the prisoner.

He had reached the outward door of the study, and his satellites had already taken the minstrel into their grasp, when the voice of the old man was heard calling upon De Walton to return for a single moment.

'What hast thou to say, sir?' said the governor. 'Be speedy, for I have already lost more time in listening to thee than I am answerable for, and so I advise thee for thine own sake ——'

'I advise thee,' said the minstrel, 'for thine own sake, Sir John de Walton, to beware how thou dost insist on thy present purpose, by which thou thyself alone, of all men living, will most severely suffer. If thou harmest a hair of that young man's head — nay, if thou permittest him to undergo any privation which it is in thy power to prevent — thou wilt, in doing so, prepare for thine own suffering a degree of agony more acute than anything else in this mortal world could cause thee. I swear by the most blessed objects of our holy religion, I call to witness that holy sepulchre, of which I have been an unworthy visitor, that I speak nothing but the truth, and that thou wilt one day testify thy gratitude for the part I am now acting. It is my interest, as well as yours, to secure you in the safe possession of this castle, although assuredly I know some things respecting it, and respecting your worship, which I am not at liberty to tell without the consent of that youth. Bring me but a note under his hand, consenting to my taking you into our mystery, and believe me, you will soon see those clouds charmed away ; since there was never a doleful uncertainty which more speedily changed to joy, or a thunder-cloud of adversity which more instantly gave way to sunshine, than would then the suspicions which appear now so formidable.'

He spoke with so much earnestness as to make some impression upon Sir John de Walton, who was once more wholly at a loss to know what line his duty called upon him to pursue.

'I would most gladly,' said the governor, 'follow out my

purpose by the gentlest means in thy power, and I shall bring no further distress upon this poor lad than thine own obstinacy and his shall appear to deserve. In the meantime, think, sir minstrel, that my duty has limits, and if I slack it for a day, it will become thee to exert every effort in thy power to meet my condescension. I will give thee leave to address thy son by a line under thy hand, and I will await his answer before I proceed farther in this matter, which seems to be very mysterious. Meantime, if thou hast a soul to be saved, I conjure thee to speak the truth, and tell me whether the secrets of which thou seemest to be a too faithful treasurer have regard to the practices of Douglas, of Bruce, or of any in their names, against this Castle of Douglas ?'

The prisoner thought a moment, and then replied — 'I am aware, sir knight, of the severe charge under which this command is entrusted to your hands, and were it in my power to assist you, as a faithful minstrel and loyal subject, either with hand or tongue, I should feel myself called upon so to do ; but so far am I from being the character your suspicions have apprehended, that I should have held it for certain that the Bruce and Douglas had assembled their followers, for the purpose of renouncing their rebellious attempts, and taking their departure for the Holy Land, but for the apparition of the forester who, I hear, bearded you at the hunting, which impresses upon me the belief that, when so resolute a follower and henchman of the Douglas was sitting fearless among you, his master and comrades could be at no great distance. How far his intentions could be friendly to you, I must leave it to yourself to judge ; only believe me thus far, that the rack, pulley, or pincers would not have compelled me to act the informer, or adviser, in a quarrel wherein I have little or no share, if I had not been desirous of fixing the belief upon you that you are dealing with a true man, and one who has your welfare at heart. Meanwhile, permit me to have writing-materials, or let my own be restored, for I possess, in some degree, the higher arts of my calling ; nor do I fear but that I can procure for you an explanation of these marvels, without much more loss of time.'

'God grant it prove so,' said the governor ; 'though I see not well how I can hope for so favourable a termination, and I may sustain great harm by trusting too much on the present occasion. My duty, however, requires that, in the meantime, you be removed into strict confinement.'

He handed to the prisoner as he spoke the writing-materials, which had been seized upon by the archers on their first entrance, and then commanded those satellites to unhand the minstrel.

'I must, then,' said Bertram, 'remain subjected to all the severities of a strict captivity? But I deprecate no hardship whatever in my own person, so I may secure you from acting with a degree of rashness of which you will all your life repent, without the means of atoning.'

'No more words, minstrel,' said the governor; 'but since I have made my choice, perhaps a very dangerous one for myself, let us carry this spell into execution, which thou sayest is to serve me, as mariners say that oil spread upon the raging billows will assuage their fury.'

CHAPTER IX

Beware ! beware ! of the Black Friar.
He still retains his sway,
For he is yet the church's heir by right,
Whoever may be the lay.
Anunde ville is lord by day,
But the monk is lord by night,
Nor wine nor wassel could raise a vassal
To question that friar's right.

Don Juan, Canto xvii.

THE minstrel made no vain boast of the skill which he possessed in the use of pen and ink. In fact, no priest of the time could have produced his little scroll more speedily, more neatly composed, or more fairly written, than were the lines addressed 'To the youth called Augustine, son of Bertram the Minstrel.'

'I have not folded this letter,' said he, 'nor tied it with silk, for it is not expressed so as to explain the mystery to you ; nor, to speak frankly, do I think that it can convey to you any intelligence ; but it may be satisfactory to show you what the letter does not contain, and that it is written from and to a person who both mean kindly towards you and your garrison.'

'That,' said the governor, 'is a deception which is easily practised ; it tends, however, to show, though not with certainty, that you are disposed to act upon good faith ; and until the contrary appear, I shall consider it a point of duty to treat you with as much gentleness as the matter admits of. Meantime, I will myself ride to the abbey of St. Bride, and in person examine the young prisoner ; and as you say he has the power, so I pray to Heaven he may have the will, to read this riddle, which seems to throw us all into confusion.' So saying, he ordered his horse, and while it was getting ready, he perused with great composure the minstrel's letter. Its contents ran thus :—

'DEAR AUGUSTINE—

'Sir John de Walton, the governor of this castle, has conceived those suspicions which I pointed out as likely to be the consequence of our coming to this country without an avowed errand. I at least am seized, and threatened with examination under torture, to force me to tell the purpose of our journey; but they shall tear my flesh from my bones ere they force me to break the oath which I have taken. And the purport of this letter is to apprise you of the danger in which you stand of being placed in similar circumstances, unless you are disposed to authorise me to make the discovery to this knight; but on this subject you have only to express your own wishes, being assured they shall be in every respect attended to by your devoted

BERTRAM.'

This letter did not throw the smallest light upon the mystery of the writer. The governor read it more than once, and turned it repeatedly in his hand, as if he had hoped by that mechanical process to draw something from the missive which at a first view the words did not express; but as no result of this sort appeared, De Walton retired to the hall, where he informed Sir Aymer de Valence that he was going abroad as far as the abbey of St. Bride, and that he would be obliged by his taking upon him the duties of governor during his absence. Sir Aymer, of course, intimated his acquiescence in the charge; and the state of disunion in which they stood to each other permitted no further explanation.

Upon the arrival of Sir John de Walton at the dilapidated shrine, the abbot, with trembling haste, made it his business immediately to attend the commander of the English garrison, upon whom, for the present, their house depended for every indulgence they experienced, as well as for the subsistence and protection necessary to them in so perilous a period. Having interrogated this old man respecting the youth residing in the abbey, De Walton was informed that he had been indisposed since left there by his father, Bertram, a minstrel. It appeared to the abbot that his indisposition might be of that contagious kind which, at that period, ravaged the English Borders, and made some incursions into Scotland, where it afterwards worked a fearful progress. After some farther conversation, Sir John de Walton put into the abbot's hand the letter to the young person under his roof; on delivering which to Augustine, the reverend father was charged with a message to the English

governor so bold that he was afraid to be the bearer of it. It signified that the youth could not, and would not, at that moment receive the English knight; but that, if he came back on the morrow after mass, it was probable he might learn something of what was requested.

'This is not an answer,' said Sir John de Walton, 'to be sent by a boy like this to a person in my charge; and methinks, father abbot, you consult your own safety but slenderly in delivering such an insolent message.'

The abbot trembled under the folds of his large coarse habit; and De Walton, imagining that his discomposure was the consequence of guilty fear, called upon him to remember the duties which he owed to England, the benefits which he had received from himself, and the probable consequence of taking part in a pert boy's insolent defiance of the power of the governor of the province.

The abbot vindicated himself from these charges with the utmost anxiety. He pledged his sacred word that the inconsiderate character of the boy's message was owing to the waywardness arising from indisposition. He reminded the governor that, as a Christian and an Englishman, he had duties to observe towards the community of St. Bride, which had never given the English government the least subject of complaint. As he spoke, the churchman seemed to gather courage from the immunities of his order. He said he could not permit a sick boy, who had taken refuge within the sanctuary of the church, to be seized or subjected to any species of force, unless he was accused of a specific crime, capable of being immediately proved. The Douglasses, a headstrong race, had, in former days, uniformly respected the sanctuary of St. Bride, and it was not to be supposed that the King of England, the dutiful and obedient child of the Church of Rome, would act with less veneration for her rights than the followers of a usurper, homicide, and excommunicated person like Robert Bruce.

Walton was considerably shaken with this remonstrance. He knew that, in the circumstances of the times, the Pope had great power in every controversy in which it was his pleasure to interfere. He knew that, even in the dispute respecting the supremacy of Scotland, his Holiness had set up a claim to the kingdom which, in the temper of the times, might perhaps have been deemed superior both to that of Robert Bruce and that of Edward of England, and he conceived his monarch would give him little thanks for any fresh embroilment which

might take place with the church. Moreover, it was easy to place a watch, so as to prevent Augustine from escaping during the night; and on the following morning he would be still as effectually in the power of the English governor as if he were seized on by open force at the present moment. Sir John de Walton, however, so far exerted his authority over the abbot, that he engaged, in consideration of the sanctuary being respected for this space of time, that, when it expired, he would be aiding and assisting with his spiritual authority to surrender the youth, should he not allege a sufficient reason to the contrary. This arrangement, which appeared still to flatter the governor with the prospect of an easy termination of this troublesome dispute, induced him to grant the delay which Augustine rather demanded than petitioned for.

'At your request, father abbot, whom I have hitherto found a true man, I will indulge this youth with the grace he asks before taking him into custody, understanding that he shall not be permitted to leave this place; and thou art to be responsible to this effect, giving thee, as is reasonable, power to command our little garrison at Hazelside, to which I will send a reinforcement on my return to the castle, in case it should be necessary to use the strong hand, or circumstances impose upon me other measures.'

'Worthy sir knight,' replied the abbot, 'I have no idea that the frowardness of this youth will render any course necessary saving that of persuasion; and I venture to say that you yourself will in the highest degree approve of the method in which I shall acquit myself of my present trust.'

The abbot went through the duties of hospitality, enumerating what simple cheer the cloister of the convent permitted him to offer to the English knight. Sir John de Walton declined the offer of refreshment, however, took a courteous leave of the churchman, and did not spare his horse until the noble animal had brought him again before the Castle of Douglas.

Sir Aymer de Valenee met him on the drawbridge, and reported the state of the garrison to be the same in which he had left it, excepting that intimation had been received that twelve or fifteen men were expected on their way to the town of Lanark; and being on march from the neighbourhood of Ayr, would that night take up their quarters at the outpost of Hazelside.

'I am glad of it,' replied the governor: 'I was about to strengthen that detachment. This stripling, the son of Ber-

tram the minstrel, or whoever he is, has engaged to deliver himself up for examination in the morning. As this party of soldiers are followers of your uncle, Lord Pembroke, may I request you will ride to meet them, and command them to remain at Hazelside until you make farther inquiries about this youth, who has still to clear up the mystery which hangs about him, and reply to a letter which I delivered with my own hand to the abbot of St. Bride. I have shown too much forbearance in this matter, and I trust to your looking to the security of this young man, and convey[ing] him hither, with all due care and attention, as being a prisoner of some importance.'

'Certainly, Sir John,' answered Sir Aymer; 'your orders shall be obeyed, since you have none of greater importance for one who hath the honour to be second only to yourself in this place.'

'I crave your mercy, Sir Aymer,' returned the governor, 'if the commission be in any degree beneath your dignity; but it is our misfortune to misunderstand each other, when we endeavour to be most intelligible.'

'But what am I to do,' said Sir Aymer — 'no way disputing your command, but only asking for information — what am I to do, if the abbot of St. Bride offers opposition?'

'How!' answered Sir John de Walton; 'with the reinforcement from my Lord of Pembroke, you will command at least twenty war-men, with bow and spear, against five or six timid old monks, with only gown and hood.'

'True,' said Sir Aymer, 'but ban and excommunication are sometimes, in the present day, too hard for the mail coat, and I would not willingly be thrown out of the pale of the Christian church.'

'Well, then, thou very suspicious and scrupulous young man,' replied De Walton, 'know that, if this youth does not deliver himself up to thee of his own accord, the abbot has promised to put him into thy hands.'

There was no farther answer to be made, and De Valence, though still thinking himself unnecessarily harassed with the charge of a petty commission, took the sort of half arms which were always used when the knights stirred beyond the walls of the garrison, and proceeded to execute the commands of De Walton. A horseman or two, together with his squire Fabian, accompanied him.

The evening closed in with one of those Scottish mists which are commonly said to be equal to the showers of happier

climates; the path became more and more dark, the hills more wreathed in vapours, and more difficult to traverse; and all the little petty inconveniences which rendered travelling through the district slow and uncertain were augmented by the density of the fog which overhung everything.

Sir Aymer, therefore, occasionally mended his pace, and often incurred the fate of one who is over-late, delaying himself by his efforts to make greater expedition. The knight bethought himself that he would get into a straight road by passing through the almost deserted town of Douglas, the inhabitants of which had been treated so severely by the English, in the course of those fierce troubles, that most of them who were capable of bearing arms had left it, and withdrawn themselves to different parts of the country. This almost deserted place was defended by a rude palisade, and a ruder drawbridge, which gave entrance into streets so narrow as to admit with difficulty three horses abreast, and evincing with what strictness the ancient lords of the village adhered to their prejudice against fortifications, and their opinion in favour of keeping the field, so quaintly expressed in the well-known proverb of the family—'It is better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep.' The streets, or rather the lanes, were dark but for a shifting gleam of moonlight, which, as that planet began to rise, was now and then visible upon some steep and narrow gable. No sound of domestic industry or domestic festivity was heard, and no ray of candle or firelight glanced from the windows of the houses: the ancient ordinance called the curfew, which the Conqueror had introduced into England, was at this time in full force in such parts of Scotland as were thought doubtful, and likely to rebel, under which description it need not be said the ancient possessions of the Douglas were most especially regarded. The church, whose Gothic monuments were of a magnificent character, had been, as far as possible, destroyed by fire; but the ruins, held together by the weight of the massive stones of which they were composed, still sufficiently evinced the greatness of the family at whose cost it had been raised, and whose bones, from immemorial time, had been entombed in its crypts.

Paying little attention to these relics of departed splendour, Sir Aymer de Valence advanced with his small detachment, and had passed the scattered fragments of the cemetery of the Douglases, when, to his surprise, the noise of his horse's feet was seemingly replied to by sounds which rung like those of

another knightly steed advancing heavily up the street, as if it were to meet him. Valence was unable to conjecture what might be the cause of these warlike sounds; the ring and the clang of armour was distinct, and the heavy tramp of a war-horse was not to be mistaken by the ear of a warrior. The difficulty of keeping soldiers from straying out of quarters by night would have sufficiently accounted for the appearance of a straggling foot-soldier; but it was more difficult to account for a mounted horseman, in full armour; and such was the apparition which a peculiarly bright glimpse of moonlight now showed at the bottom of the causewayed hill. Perhaps the unknown warrior obtained at the same time a glance of Aymer de Valence and his armed followers — at least each of them shouted, 'Who goes there?' the alarm of the times; and on the instant the deep answers of 'St. George!' on the one side, and 'The Douglas!' on the other, awakened the still echoes of the small and ruinous street, and the silent arches of the dilapidated church. Astonished at a war-ery with which so many recollections were connected, the English knight spurred his horse at full gallop down the steep and broken descent leading out at the south or south-east gate of the town; and it was the work of an instant to call out, 'Ho! St. George! upon the insolent villain all of you! To the gate, Fabian, and cut him off from flight! St. George! I say, for England! Bows and bills — bows and bills!' At the same time Aymer de Valence laid in rest his own long lance, which he snatched from the squire by whom it was carried. But the light was seen and gone in an instant, and though De Valence concluded that the hostile warrior had hardly room to avoid his career, yet he could take no aim for the encounter, unless by mere guess, and continued to plunge down the dark declivity, among shattered stones and other encumbrances, without groping out with his lance the object of his pursuit. He rode, in short, at a broken gallop, a descent of about fifty or sixty yards, without having any reason to suppose that he had met the figure which had appeared to him, although the narrowness of the street scarcely admitted his having passed him, unless both horse and horseman could have melted at the moment of encounter like an air-bubble. The riders of his suite, meanwhile, were struck with a feeling like supernatural terror, which a number of singular adventures had caused most of them to attach to the name of Douglas; and when he reached the gate by which the broken street was terminated, there was none close behind him but Fabian, in

whose head no suggestions of a timorous nature could outlive the sound of his dear master's voice.

Here there was a post of English archers, who were turning out in considerable alarm, when De Valence and his page rode in amongst them. 'Villains!' shouted De Valence, 'why were ye not upon your duty! Who was it passed through your post even now, with the traitorous cry of "Douglas"?'

'We know of no such,' said the captain of the watch.

'That is to say, you besotted villains,' answered the young knight, 'you have been drinking, and have slept?'

The men protested the contrary, but in a confused manner, which was far from overcoming De Valence's suspicions. He called loudly to bring cressets, torches, and candles; and a few remaining inhabitants began to make their unwilling appearance, with such various means of giving light as they chanced to possess. They heard the story of the young English knight with wonder; nor, although it was confirmed by all his retinue, did they give credit to the recital, more than that the Englishmen wished somehow or other to pick a quarrel with the people of the place, under the pretence of their having admitted a retainer of their ancient lord by night into the town. They protested, therefore, their innocence of the cause of tumult, and endeavoured to seem active in hastening from house to house, and corner to corner, with their torches, in order to discover the invisible cavalier. The English suspected them no less of treachery than the Scottish imagined the whole matter a pretext for bringing an accusation, on the part of the knight, against the citizens. The women, however, who began to issue from the houses, had a key for the solution of the apparition, which at that time was believed of efficacy sufficient to solve any mystery. 'The Devil,' they said, 'must have appeared visibly amongst them' — an explanation which had already occurred to the followers of the young knight; for that a living man and horse, both, as it seemed, of a gigantic size, could be conjured in the twinkling of an eye, and appear in a street secured at one end by the best of the archers, and at the other by the horsemen under Valence himself, was altogether, it seemed, a thing impossible. The inhabitants did not venture to put their thoughts on the subject into language, for fear of giving offence, and only indicated by a passing word to each other the secret degree of pleasure which they felt in the confusion and embarrassment of the English garrison. Still, however, they continued to affect

a great deal of interest in the alarm which De Valence had received, and the anxiety which he expressed to discover the cause.

At length a female voice spoke above the Babel of confused sounds, saying, 'Where is the Southron knight? I am sure that I can tell him where he can find the only person who can help him out of his present difficulty.'

'And who is that, good woman?' said Aymer de Valence, who was growing every moment more impatient at the loss of time, which was flying fast, in an investigation which had something in it vexatious, and even ridiculous. At the same time, the sight of an armed partizan of the Douglasses, in their own native town, seemed to bode too serious consequences, if it should be suffered to pass without being probed to the bottom.

'Come hither to me,' said the female voice, 'and I will name to you the only person who can explain all matters of this kind that chance in this country.' On this the knight snatched a torch from some of those who were present, and, holding it up, descried the person who spoke — a tall woman, who evidently endeavoured to render herself remarkable. When he approached her, she communicated her intelligence in a grave and sententious tone of voice.

'We had once wise men that could have answered any parables which might have been put to them for explanation in this country-side. Whether you yourselves, gentlemen, have not had some hand in weeding them out, good troth, it is not for the like of me to say; at any rate, good counsel is not so easy come by as it was in this Douglas country, nor, maybe, is it a safe thing to pretend to the power of giving it.'

'Good woman,' said De Valence, 'if you will give me an explanation of this mystery, I will owe you a kirtle of the best raploch grey.'

'It is not I,' said the old woman, 'that pretend to possess the knowledge which may assist you; but I would fain know that the man whom I shall name to you shall be scaithless and harmless. Upon your knighthood and your honour, will you promise to me so much?'

'Assuredly,' said De Valence, 'such a person shall even have thanks and reward, if he is a faithful informer; ay, and pardon, moreover, although he may have listened to any dangerous practices, or been concerned in any plots.'

'Oh! not he,' replied the female; 'it is old Goodman Powheid, who has the charge of the muniments (meaning probably

monuments) — that is, such part of them as you English have left standing; I mean the old sexton of the kirk of Douglas, who can tell more stories of these old folk, whom your honour is not very fond of hearing named, than would last us from this day to Yule.'

'Does anybody,' said the knight, 'know whom it is that this old woman means?'

'I conjecture,' replied Fabian, 'that she speaks of an old dotard, who is, I think, the general referee concerning the history and antiquities of this old town, and of the savage family that lived here, perhaps before the flood.'

'And who, I daresay,' said the knight, 'knows as much about the matter as she herself does. But where is this man? A sexton is he. He may be acquainted with places of concealment, which are often fabricated in Gothic buildings, and known to those whose business calls them to frequent them. Come, my good old dame, bring this man to me; or, what may be better, I will go to him, for we have already spent too much time.'

'Time!' replied the old woman — 'is time an object with your honour? I am sure I can hardly get so much for mine as will hold soul and body together. You are not far from the old man's house.'

She led the way accordingly, blundering over heaps of rubbish, and encountering all the embarrassments of a ruinous street, in lighting the way to Sir Aymer, who, giving his horse to one of his attendants, and desiring Fabian to be ready at a call, scrambled after as well as the slowness of his guide would permit.

Both were soon involved in the remains of the old church, much dilapidated as it had been by wanton damage done to it by the soldiery, and so much impeded by rubbish, that the knight marvelled how the old woman could find the way. She kept talking all the while as she stumbled onward. Sometimes she called out in a screeching tone, 'Powheid! — Lazarus Powheid!' and then muttered — 'Ay — ay, the old man will be busy with some of his duties, as he calls them; I wonder he fashes wi' them in these times. But never mind, I warrant they will last for his day, and for mine; and the times, Lord help us! for all that I can see, are well enough for those that are to live in them.'

'Are you sure, good woman,' replied the knight, 'that there is any inhabitant in these ruins? For my part, I should rather

suppose that you are taking me to the charnel-house of the dead.'

'Maybe you are right,' said the old woman, with a ghastly laugh; 'carles and carlines agree weel with funeral vaults and charnel-houses, and when an auld bedral dwells near the dead, he is living, ye ken, among his customers. Halloo, Powheid! — Lazarus Powheid! there is a gentleman would speak with you'; and she added, with some sort of emphasis — 'an English noble gentleman, one of the honourable garrison.'

An old man's step was now heard advancing, so slowly that the glimmering light which he held in his hand was visible on the ruined walls of the vault some time before it showed the person who bore it.

The shadow of the old man was also projected upon the illuminated wall ere his person came in view; his dress was in considerable confusion, owing to his having been roused from his bed; and since artificial light was forbidden by the regulations of the garrison, the natives of Douglas Dale spent in sleep the time that they could not very well get rid of by any other means. The sexton was a tall, thin man, emaciated by years and by privations; his body was bent habitually by his occupation of grave-digging, and his eye naturally inclined downwards to the scene of his labours. His hand sustained the cruise or little lamp, which he held so as to throw light upon his visitant; at the same time it displayed to the young knight the features of the person with whom he was now confronted, which, though neither handsome nor pleasing, were strongly marked, sagacious, and venerable, indicating, at the same time, a certain air of dignity, which age, even mere poverty, may be found occasionally to bestow, as conferring that last melancholy species of independence proper to those whose situation can hardly, by any imaginable means, be rendered much worse than years and fortune have already made it. The habit of a lay brother added somewhat of religious importance to his appearance.

'What would you with me, young man?' said the sexton. 'Your youthful features and your gay dress bespeak one who stands in need of my ministry neither for hims nor for others.'

'I am, indeed,' replied the knight, 'a living man, and therefore need not either shovel or pick-axe for my own behoof. I am not, as you see, attired in mourning, and therefore need not your offices in behalf of any friend: I would only ask you a few questions.'

'What you would have done must needs be done, you being at present one of our rulers, and, as I think, a man of authority,' replied the sexton. 'Follow me this way into my poor habitation; I have had a better in my day, and yet, Heaven knows, it is good enough for me, when many men of much greater consequence must perforce content themselves with worse.'

He opened a lowly door, which was fitted, though irregularly, to serve as the entrance of a vaulted apartment, where it appeared that the old man held, apart from the living world, his wretched and solitary dwelling.¹ The floor, composed of paving-stones, laid together with some accuracy, and here and there inscribed with letters and hieroglyphics, as if they had once upon a time served to distinguish sepulchres, was indifferently well swept, and a fire at the upper end directed its smoke into a hole which served for a chimney. The spade and pick-axe, with other tools, which the chamberlain of mortality makes use of, lay scattered about the apartment, and, with a rude stool or two and a table, where some inexperienced hand had unquestionably supplied the labours of the joiner, were nearly the only furniture, if we include the old man's bed of straw, lying in a corner, and discomposed, as if he had been just raised from it. At the lower end of the apartment, the wall was almost entirely covered by a large escutcheon, such as is usually hung over the graves of men of very high rank, having the appropriate quarters, to the number of sixteen, each properly blazoned and distinct, placed as ornaments around the principal armorial coat itself.

'Let us sit,' said the old man: 'the posture will better enable my failing ears to apprehend your meaning, and the asthma will deal with me more mercifully in permitting me to make you understand mine.'

A peal of short asthmatic coughs attested the violence of the disorder which he had last named, and the young knight followed his host's example, in sitting down on one of the rickety stools by the side of the fire. The old man brought from one corner of the apartment an apron, which he occasionally wore, full of broken boards in irregular pieces, some of which were covered with black cloth, or driven full of nails, black, as it might happen, or gilded.

'You will find this fresh fuel necessary,' said the old man, 'to keep some degree of heat within this waste apartment; nor are the vapours of mortality, with which this vault is apt to be

¹ See *Ruin of Douglas Church*. Note 9.

filled, if the fire is permitted to become extinct, indifferent to the lungs of the dainty and the healthy, like your worship, though to me they are become habitual. The wood will catch fire, although it is some time ere the damp of the grave are overcome by the drier air and the warmth of the chimney.'

Accordingly, the relics of mortality with which the old man had heaped his fireplace began by degrees to send forth a thick, unctuous vapour, which at length leaped to light, and, blazing up the aperture, gave a degree of liveliness to the gloomy scene. The blazonry of the huge escutcheon met, and returned the rays with as brilliant a reflection as that lugubrious object was capable of, and the whole apartment looked with a fantastic gaiety, strangely mingled with the gloomy ideas which its ornaments were calculated to impress upon the imagination.

'You are astonished,' said the old man, 'and perhaps, sir knight, you have never before seen these relics of the dead applied to the purpose of rendering the living, in some degree, more comfortable than their condition would otherwise admit of.'

'Comfortable!' returned the knight of Valence, shrugging his shoulders; 'I should be sorry, old man, to know that I had a dog that was as indifferently quartered as thou art, whose grey hairs have certainly seen better days.'

'It may be,' answered the sexton, 'and it may be otherwise; but it was not, I presume, concerning my own history that your worship seemed disposed to ask me some questions; and I would venture to inquire, therefore, to whom they have relation?'

'I will speak plainly to you,' replied Sir Aymer, 'and you will at once acknowledge the necessity of giving a short and distinct reply. I have even now met in the streets of this village a person only shown to me by a single flash of light, who had the audacity to display the armorial insignia and utter the war-cry of the Douglasses; nay, if I could trust a transient glance, this daring cavalier had the features and the dark complexion proper to the Douglas. I am referred to thee as to one who possesses means of explaining this extraordinary circumstance, which, as an English knight, and one holding a charge under King Edward, I am particularly called upon to make inquiry into.'

'Let me make a distinction,' said the old man. 'The Douglasses of former generations are my near neighbours, and,

according to my superstitious townsmen, my acquaintances and visitors ; I can take it upon my conscience to be answerable for their good behaviour, and to become bound that none of the old barons, to whom the roots of that mighty tree may, it is said, be traced, will again disturb with their war-ery the towns or villages of their native country : not one will parade in moonshine the black armour which has long rusted upon their tombs.

The knights are dust,
And their good swords are rust ;
Their souls are with the saints, we trust.¹

Look around, sir knight, you have above and around you the men of whom we speak. Beneath us, in a little aisle, which hath not been opened since these thin grey locks were thick and brown, there lies the first man whom I can name as memorable among those of this mighty line. It is he whom the Thane of Athol pointed out to the King of Scotland as Sholto Dhuglass, or the dark, iron-coloured man, whose exertions had gained the battle for his native prince ; and who, according to this legend, bequeathed his name to our dale and town, though others say that the race assumed the name of Douglas from the stream so called in unrecorded times, before they had their fastness on its banks. Others, his descendants, called Eachain, or Hector the first, and Orodh, or Hugh, William, the first of that name, and Gilmour, the theme of many a minstrel song, commemorating achievements done under the orillamme of Charles the Great, Emperor of France, have all consigned themselves to their last sleep, nor has their memory been sufficiently preserved from the waste of time. Something we know concerning their great deeds, their great power, and, alas ! their great crimes. Something we also know of a Lord of Douglas who sat in a parliament at Forfar, held by King Malcolm the First, and we are aware that, from his attachment to hunting the wild hart, he built himself a tower called Blackhouse, in the Forest of Ettrick, which perhaps still exists.

‘I crave your forgiveness, old man,’ said the knight, ‘but I have no time at present to bestow upon the recitation of the pedigree of the house of Douglas. A less matter would hold a well-breathed minstrel in subject for recitation for a calendar month, Sundays and holydays included.’

‘What other information can you expect from me,’ said the sexton, ‘than that respecting those heroes, some of whom it

¹ See Fragment by Coleridge. Note 10.

has been my lot to consign to that eternal rest which will forever divide the dead from the duties of this world? I have told you where the race sleep down to the reign of the royal Malcolm. I can tell you also of another vault, in which lie Sir John of Douglas Burn, with his son Lord Archibald, and a third William, known by an indenture with Lord Abernethy. Lastly, I can tell you of him to whom that escutcheon, with its appurtenances of splendour and dignity, justly belong. Do you envy that nobleman, whom, if death were in the sound, I would not hesitate to term my honourable patron? and have you any design of dishonouring his remains? It will be a poor victory; nor does it become a knight and nobleman to come in person to enjoy such a triumph over the dead, against whom, when he lived, there were few knights dared spur their horses. He fought in defence of his country, but he had not the good fortune of most of his ancestors, to die on the field of battle. Captivity, sickness, and regret for the misfortunes of his native land brought his head to the grave in his prison-house, in the land of the stranger.'

The old man's voice here became interrupted by emotion, and the English knight found it difficult to continue his examination in the stern fashion which his duty required.

'Old man,' he said, 'I do not require from thee this detail, which must be useless to me, as well as painful to thyself. Thou dost but thy duty in rendering justice to thy ancient lord; but thou hast not yet explained to me why I have met in this town, this very night, and not half an hour since, a person in the arms, and bearing the complexion, of one of the Black Douglasses, who cried his war-cry as if in contempt of his conquerors.'

'Surely,' replied the sexton, 'it is not my business to explain such a fancy, otherwise than by supposing that the natural fears of the Southron will raise the spectre of a Douglas at any time, when he is within sight of their sepulchre. Methinks, in such a night as this, the fairest cavalier would wear the complexion of this swarthy race; nor can I hold it wonderful that the war-cry which was once in the throats of so many thousands in this country should issue upon occasion from the mouth of a single champion.'

'You are bold, old man,' returned the English knight; 'do you consider that your life is in my power, and that it may, in certain cases, be my duty to inflict death with that degree of pain at which humanity shudders?'

The old man rose up slowly in the light of the blazing fire, displaying his emaciated features, which resembled those ascribed by artists to St. Anthony of the desert, and pointing to the feeble lamp, which he placed upon the coarse table, thus addressed his interrogator, with an appearance of perfect firmness, and something even resembling dignity :

'Young knight of England, you see that utensil constructed for the purpose of dispensing light amidst these fatal vaults ; it is as frail as anything can well be, whose flame is supplied by living element, contained in a frame composed of iron. It is doubtless in your power entirely to end its service, by destroying the frame or extinguishing the light. Threaten it with such annihilation, sir knight, and see whether your menace will impress any sense of fear either on the element or the iron. Know that you have no more power over the frail mortal whom you threaten with similar annihilation. You may tear from my body the skin in which it is now swathed ; but although my nerves might glow with agony during the inhuman operation, it would produce no more impression on me than slaying on the stag which an arrow has previously pierced through the heart. My age sets me beyond your cruelty : if you think otherwise, call your agents, and commence your operations ; neither threats nor inflictions will enable you to extort from me anything that I am not ready to tell you of my own accord.'

'You trifle with me, old man,' said De Valence : 'you talk as if you possessed some secret respecting the motions of these Douglasses, who are to you as gods, yet you communicate no intelligence to me whatever.'

'You may soon know,' replied the old man, 'all that a poor sexton has to communicate ; and it will not increase your knowledge respecting the living, though it may throw some light upon my proper domains, which are those of the dead. The spirits of the deceased Douglasses do not rest in their graves during the dishonour of their monuments and the downfall of their house. That, upon death, the greater part of any line are consigned to the regions of eternal bliss or of never-ending misery religion will not suffer us to believe, and, amidst a race who had so great a share of worldly triumph and prosperity, we must suppose there have existed many who have been justly subjected to the doom of an intermediate space of punishment. You have destroyed the temples which were built by their posterity to propitiate Heaven for the welfare of their souls ;

you have silenced the prayers and stopt the choirs by the mediation of which the piety of children had sought to appease the wrath of Heaven in behalf of their ancestors, subjected to expiatory fires. Can you wonder that the tormented spirits, thus deprived of the relief which had been proposed to them, should not, according to the common phrase, rest in their graves? Can you wonder they should show themselves like discontented loiterers near to the places which, but for the manner in which you have prosecuted your remorseless warfare, might have ere now afforded them rest? Or do you marvel that these fleshless warriors should interrupt your marches, and do what else their airy nature may permit to disturb your councils, and meet as far as they may the hostilities which you make it your boast to carry on, as well against those who are deceased as against any who may yet survive your cruelty?

'Old man,' replied Aymer de Valence, 'you cannot expect that I am to take for answer a story like this, being a fiction too gross to charm to sleep a schoolboy tormented with the toothache; nevertheless, I thank God that thy doom does not remain in my hands. My squire and two archers shall carry thee captive to the worshipful Sir John de Walton, governor of the castle and valley, that he may deal with thee as seems meet; nor is he a person to believe in your apparitions and ghosts from purgatory. What ho! Fabian! Come hither, and bring with thee two archers of the guard.'

Fabian accordingly, who had waited at the entrance of the ruined building, now found his way, by the light of the old sexton's lamp, and the sound of his master's voice, into the singular apartment of the old man, the strange decorations of which struck the youth with great surprise and some horror.

'Take the two archers with thee, Fabian,' said the knight of Valence, 'and, with their assistance, convey this old man, on horseback or in a litter, to the presence of the worshipful Sir John de Walton. Tell him what we have seen, which thou didst witness as well as I; and tell him that this old sexton, whom I send to be examined by his superior wisdom, seems to know more than he is willing to disclose respecting our ghostly cavalier, though he will give us no account of him, except intimating that he is a spirit of the old Douglasses from purgatory, to which Sir John de Walton will give what faith he pleases. You may say that, for my part, my belief is, either that the sexton is crazed by age, want, and enthusiasm, or that he is connected with some plot which the country people are hatching.

You may also say, that I shall not use much ceremony with the youth under the care of the abbot of St. Bride; there is something suspicious in all the occurrences that are now passing around us.'

Fabian promised obedience; and the knight, pulling him aside, gave him an additional caution to behave with attention in this business, seeing he must recollect that neither the judgment of himself nor that of his master was apparently held in very much esteem by the governor, and that it would ill become them to make any mistake in a matter where the safety of the castle was perhaps concerned.

'Fear me not, worshipful sir,' replied the youth; 'I am returning to pure air in the first place, and a good fire in the second, both acceptable exchanges for this dungeon of suffocating vapours and execrable smells. You may trust to my making no delay: a very short time will carry me back to Castle Douglas, even moving with suitable attention to this old man's bones.'

'Use him humanely,' answered the knight. 'And thou, old man, if thou art insensible to threats of personal danger in this matter, remember that, if thou art found paltering with us, thy punishment will perhaps be more severe than any we can inflict upon thy person.'

'Can you administer the torture to the soul?' said the sexton.

'As to thee,' answered the knight, 'we have that power: we will dissolve every monastery or religious establishment held for the souls of these Douglases, and will only allow the religious people to hold their residence there upon condition of their praying for the soul of King Edward the First of glorious memory, the *malleus Scotorum*; and if the Douglases are deprived of the ghostly benefit of the prayers and services of such shrines, they may term thy obstinacy the cause.'

'Such a species of vengeance,' answered the old man, in the same bold unsubdued tone which he had hitherto used, 'were more worthy of the infernal fiends than of Christian men.'

The squire raised his hand. The knight interposed. 'Forbear him,' he said, 'Fabian, he is very old, and perhaps insane. And you, sexton, remember that the vengeance threatened is lawfully directed towards a family which have been the obstinate supporters of the excommunicated rebel who murdered the Red Comyn at the High Church in Dumfries.'

So saying, Aymer strode out of the ruins, picking his way

with some difficulty ; took his horse, which he found at the entrance ; repeated a caution to Fabian to conduct himself with prudence ; and, passing on to the south-western gate, gave the strongest injunctions concerning the necessity of keeping a vigilant watch, both by patrols and by sentinels, intimating at the same time that it must have been neglected during the preceding part of the evening. The men murmured an apology, the confusion of which seemed to express that there had existed some occasion for the reprimand.

Sir Aymer then proceeded on his journey to Hazelside, his train diminished by the absence of Fabian and his assistants. After a hasty but not a short journey, the knight alighted at Thomas Dickson's, where he found the detachment from Ayr had arrived before him, and were singly housed for the night. He sent one of the archers to announce his approach to the abbot of St. Bride and his young guest, intimating at the same time that the archer must keep sight of the latter until he himself arrived at the chapel, which would be instantly.

CHAPTER X

When the nightengale singes the wodes waxen grene,
Lef, and gras, and blosme springeth in April I wene,
And love is to myne herte gone with one speare so kene.
Night and day my blood hyt drynkes, mine herte deth me tene.

MSS. Hail. Quoted by Warton.

SIR AYMER DE VALENCE had no sooner followed his archer to the convent of St. Bride than he summoned the abbot to his presence, who came with the air of a man who loves his ease, and who is suddenly called from the couch where he has consigned himself to a comfortable repose, at the summons of one whom he does not think it safe to disobey, and to whom he would not disguise his sense of peevishness, if he durst.

'It is a late ride,' he said, 'which has brought your worthy honour hither from the castle. May I be informed of the cause, after the arrangement so recently gone into with the governor?'

'It is my hope,' replied the knight, 'that you, father abbot, are not already conscious of it; suspicions are afloat, and I myself have this night seen something to confirm them, that some of the obstinate rebels of this country are again setting afoot dangerous practices, to the peril of the garrison; and I come, father, to see whether, in requital of many favours received from the English monarch, you will not merit his bounty and protection by contributing to the discovery of the designs of his enemies.'

'Assuredly so,' answered Father Jerome, in an agitated voice. 'Most unquestionably my information should stand at your command; that is, if I knew anything the communication of which could be of advantage to you.'

'Father abbot,' replied the English knight, 'although it is rash to make myself responsible for a North Country man in these times, yet I own I do consider you as one who has ever been faithfully subject to the King of England, and I willingly hope that you will still continue so.'

And a fine encouragement I have!' said the abbot; 'to be called out of my bed at midnight, in this raw weather, to undergo the examination of a knight who is the youngest, perhaps, of his own honourable rank, and who will not tell me the subject of the interrogatories, but detains me on this cold pavement till, according to the opinion of Celsus, the podagra which lurks in my feet may be driven into my stomach, and then good-night to abbacy and examinations from hence-forward.'

'Good father,' said the young man, 'the spirit of the times must teach thee patience; recollect that I can feel no pleasure in this duty, and that, if an insurrection should take place, the rebels, who are sufficiently displeased with thee for acknowledging the English monarch, would hang thee from thine own steeple to feed the crows; or that, if thou hast secured thy peace by some private compact with the insurgents, the English governor, who will sooner or later gain the advantage, will not fail to treat thee as a rebel to his sovereign.'

'It may appear to you, my noble son,' answered the abbot, obviously discomposed, 'that I am hung up, in this case, on the horns of the dilemma which you have stated; nevertheless, I protest to you that, if any one accuses me of conspiring with the rebels against the King of England, I am ready, provided you give me time to swallow a potion recommended by Celsus in my perilous case, to answer with the most perfect sincerity every question which thou canst put to me upon that subject.' So saying, he called upon a monk who had attended at his levée, and, giving him a large key, whispered something in his ear. The cup which the monk brought was of such capacity as proved Celsus's draught required to be administered in considerable quantity, and a strong smell which it spread through the apartment accredited the knight's suspicion that the medicine chiefly consisted of what were then termed distilled waters — a preparation known in the monasteries for some time before that comfortable secret had reached the laity in general. The abbot, neither overawed by the strength nor by the quantity of the potion, took it off with what he himself would have called a feeling of solace and pleasance, and his voice became much more composed; he signified himself as comforted extraordinarily by the medicine, and willing to proceed to answer any questions which could be put to him by his gallant young friend.

'At present,' said the knight, 'you are aware, father, that

strangers travelling through this country must be the first objects of our suspicions and inquiries. What is, for example, your own opinion of the youth termed Augustine, the son, or calling himself so, of a person called Bertram the minstrel, who has resided for some days in your convent ?'

The abbot heard the question with eyes expressive of surprise at the quarter from which it came.

'Assuredly,' said he, 'I think of him as a youth who, from anything I have seen, is of that excellent disposition, both with respect to loyalty and religion, which I should have expected, were I to judge from the estimable person who committed him to my care.'

With this the abbot bowed to the knight, as if he had conceived that this repartee gave him a silencing advantage in any question which could follow upon that subject, and he was probably therefore surprised when Sir Aymer replied as follows : —

'It is very true, father abbot, that I myself did recommend this stripling to you as a youth of a harmless disposition, and with respect to whom it would be unnecessary to exercise the strict vigilance extended to others in similar circumstances ; but the evidence which seemed to me to vouch for this young man's innocence has not appeared so satisfactory to my superior and commander, and it is by his orders that I now make farther inquiries of you. You must think they are of consequence, since we again trouble you, and at so unwonted an hour.'

'I can only protest by my order and by the veil of St. Bride,' replied the abbot, the spirit of Celsus appearing to fail his pupil, 'that whatever evil may be in this matter is totally unknown to me, nor could it be extorted from me by racks or implements of torture. Whatever signs of disloyalty may have been evinced by this young man, I have witnessed none of them, although I have been strictly attentive to his behaviour.'

'In what respect ?' said the knight, 'and what is the result of your observation ?'

'My answer,' said the abbot of St. Bride, 'shall be sincere and downright. The youth condescended upon payment of a certain number of gold crowns, not by any means to repay the hospitality of the church of St. Bride, but merely —'

'Nay, father,' interrupted the knight, 'you may cut that short, since the governor and I well understand the terms upon which the monks of St. Bride exercise their hospitality.'

In what manner, it is more necessary to ask, was it received by this boy?'

'With the utmost gentleness and moderation, noble sir,' answered the abbot. 'Indeed, it appeared to me at first that he might be a troublesome guest, since the amount of his benevolence to the convent was such as to encourage, and in some degree to authorise, his demanding accommodation of a kind superior to what we had to bestow.'

'In which case,' said Sir Aymer, 'you would have had the discomfort of returning some part of the money you had received?'

'That,' replied the abbot, 'would have been a mode of settlement contrary to our vows. What is paid to the treasury of St. Bridget cannot, agreeably to our rule, be on any account restored. But, noble knight, there was no occasion for this: a crust of white bread and a draught of milk were diet sufficient to nourish this poor youth for a day, and it was my own anxiety for his health that dictated the furnishing of his cell with a softer bed and coverlet than are quite consistent with the rules of our order.'

'Now hearken to what I say, sir abbot, and answer me truly,' said the knight of Valence. 'What communication has this youth held with the inmates of your convent, or with those beyond your house? Search your memory concerning this, and let me have a distinct answer, for your guest's safety and your own depend upon it.'

'As I am a Christian man,' said the abbot, 'I have observed nothing which could give ground for your worship's suspicions. The boy Augustine, unlike those whom I have observed who have been educated in the world, showed a marked preference to the company of such sisters as the house of St. Bride contains, rather than for that of the monks, my brethren, although there are among them pleasant and conversible men.'

'Scandal,' said the young knight, 'might find a reason for that preference.'

'Not in the case of the sisters of St. Bridget,' said the abbot, 'most of whom have been either sorely misused by time, or their comeliness destroyed by some mishap previously to their being received into the seclusion of the house.'

This observation the good father made with some internal movement of mirth, which was apparently excited at the idea of the sisterhood of St. Bridget becoming attractive to any one by dint of their personal beauty, in which, as it happened,

they were all notably, and almost ludicrously, deficient. The English knight, to whom the sisterhood were well known, felt also inclined to smile at this conversation.

'I acquit,' he said, 'the pious sisterhood of charming, otherwise than by their kind wishes and attention to the wants of the suffering stranger.'

'Sister Beatrice,' continued the father, resuming his gravity, 'is indeed blessed with a winning gift of making comfits and syllabubs; but, on minute inquiry, I do not find that the youth has tasted any of them. Neither is sister Ursula so hard-favoured by nature as from the effects of an accident; but your honour knows that, when a woman is ugly, the men do not trouble themselves about the cause of her hard favour. I will go, with your leave, and see in what state the youth now is, and summon him before you.'

'I request you to do so, father, for the affair is instant; and I earnestly advise you to watch, in the closest manner, this Augustine's behaviour: you cannot be too particular. I will wait your return, and either carry the boy to the castle, or leave him here, as circumstances may seem to require.'

The abbot bowed, promised his utmost exertions, and hobbled out of the room to wait on the youth Augustine in his cell, anxious to favour, if possible, the wishes of De Valence, whom he looked upon as rendered by circumstances his military patron.

He remained long absent, and Sir Aymer began to be of opinion that the delay was suspicious, when the abbot returned with perplexity and discomposure in his countenance.

'I crave your pardon for keeping your worship waiting,' said Jerome, with much anxiety; 'but I have myself been detained and vexed by unnecessary formalities and scruples on the part of this peevish boy. In the first place, hearing my foot approaching his bedroom, my youth, instead of undoing the door, which would have been but proper respect to my place, on the contrary draws a strong bolt on the inside; and this fastening, forsooth, has been placed on his chamber by Ursula's command, that his slumbers might be suitably respected. I intimated to him as I best could that he must attend you without delay, and prepare to accompany you to the Castle of Douglas; but he would not answer a single word, save recommending to me patience, to which I was fain to have recourse, as well as your archer, whom I found standing sentinel before the door of the cell, and contenting himself

with the assurance of the sisters that there was no other passage by which Augustine could make his escape. At length the door opens, and my young master presents himself fully arrayed for his journey. The truth is, I think some fresh attack of his malady has affected the youth: he may perhaps be disturbed with some touch of hypochondria or black choler—a species of dotage of the mind which is sometimes found concomitant with and symptomatic of this disorder; but he is at present composed, and if your worship chooses to see him, he is at your command.'

'Call him hither,' said the knight. And a considerable space of time again elapsed ere the eloquence of the abbot, half chiding and half soothing, prevailed on the lady, in her adopted character, to approach the parlour, in which at last she made her appearance, with a countenance on which the marks of tears might still be discovered, and a pettish sullenness, like that of a boy, or, with reverence, that of a girl, who is determined upon taking her own way in any matter, and equally resolved to give no reason for her doing so. Her hurried levée had not prevented her attending closely to all the mufflings and disguisings by which her pilgrim's dress was arranged, so as to alter her appearance, and effectually disguise her sex. But as civility prevented her wearing her large slouched hat, she necessarily exposed her countenance more than in the open air; and though the knight beheld a most lovely set of features, yet they were not such as were inconsistent with the character she had adopted, and which she had resolved upon maintaining to the last. She had, accordingly, mustered up a degree of courage which was not natural to her, and which she perhaps supported by hopes which her situation hardly admitted. So soon as she found herself in the same apartment with De Valence, she assumed a style of manners bolder and more determined than she had hitherto displayed.

'Your worship,' she said, addressing him even before he spoke, 'is a knight of England, and possessed, doubtless, of the virtues which become that noble station. I am an unfortunate lad, obliged, by reasons which I am under the necessity of keeping secret, to travel in a dangerous country, where I am suspected, without any just cause, of becoming accessory to plots and conspiracies which are contrary to my own interest, and which my very soul abhors, and which I might safely abjure, by imprecating upon myself all the curses of our religion and renouncing all its promises, if I were accessory to

such designs in thought, word, or deed. Nevertheless, you, who will not believe my solemn protestations, are about to proceed against me as a guilty person, and in so doing I must warn you, sir knight, that you will commit a great and cruel injustice.'

'I shall endeavour to avoid that,' said the knight, 'by referring the duty to Sir John de Walton, the governor, who will decide what is to be done; in this case, my only duty will be to place you in his hands at Douglas Castle.'

'Must you do this?' said Augustine.

'Certainly,' replied the knight, 'or be answerable for neglecting my duty.'

'But if I become bound to answer your loss with a large sum of money, a large tract of land——'

'No treasure, no land, supposing such at your disposal,' answered the knight, 'can atone for disgrace; and besides, boy, how should I trust to your warrant, were my avarice such as would induce me to listen to such proposals?'

'I must then prepare to attend you instantly to the Castle of Douglas and the presence of Sir John de Walton?' replied Augustine.

'Young man,' answered De Valence, 'there is no remedy, since, if you delay me longer, I must carry you thither by force.'

'What will be the consequence to my father?' said the youth.

'That,' replied the knight, 'will depend exactly on the nature of your confession and his; something you both have to say, as is evident from the terms of the letter Sir John de Walton conveyed to you; and I assure you, you were better to speak it out at once than to risk the consequences of more delay. I can admit of no more trifling; and, believe me, that your fate will be entirely ruled by your own frankness and candour.'

'I must prepare, then, to travel at your command,' said the youth. 'But this cruel disease still hangs around me, and Abbot Jerome, whose leechcraft is famous, will himself assure you that I cannot travel without danger of my life; and that, while I was residing in this convent, I declined every opportunity of exercise which was offered me by the kindness of the garrison at Hazelside, lest I might by mishap bring the contagion among your men.'

'The youth says right,' said the abbot: 'the archers and men-at-arms have more than once sent to invite this lad to join

in some of their military games, or to amuse them, perhaps, with some of his minstrelsy; but he has uniformly declined doing so; and, according to my belief, it is the effects of this disorder which have prevented his accepting an indulgence so natural to his age, and in so dull a place as the convent of St. Bride must needs seem to a youth bred up in the world.'

'Do you then hold, reverend father,' said Sir Aymer, 'that there is real danger in carrying this youth to the castle to-night, as I proposed?'

'I conceive such danger,' replied the abbot, 'to exist, not only as it may occasion the relapse of the poor youth himself, but as particularly likely, no preparations having been made, to introduce the infection among your honourable garrison; for it is in these relapses, more than in the first violence of the malady, that it has been found most contagious.'

'Then,' said the knight, 'you must be content, my friend, to give a share of your room to an archer, by way of sentinel.'

'I cannot object,' said Augustine, 'provided my unfortunate vicinity does not endanger the health of the poor soldier.'

'He will be as ready to do his duty,' said the abbot, 'without the door of the apartment as within it; and if the youth should sleep soundly, which the presence of a guard in his chamber might prevent, he is the more likely to answer your purpose on the morrow.'

'Let it be so,' said Sir Aymer, 'so you are sure that you do not minister any facility of escape.'

'The apartment,' said the monk, 'hath no other entrance than that which is guarded by the archer; but to content you I shall secure the door in your presence.'

'So be it, then,' said the knight of Valence; 'this done, I myself will lie down without doffing my mail-shirt, and snatch a sleep till the ruddy dawn calls me again to duty, when you, Augustine, will hold yourself ready to attend me to our Castle of Douglas.'

The bells of the convent summoned the inhabitants and inmates of St. Bride to morning prayers at the first peep of day. When this duty was over, the knight demanded his prisoner. The abbot marshalled him to the door of Augustine's chamber. The sentinel who was stationed there, armed with a brown-bill, or species of partizan, reported that he had heard no motion in the apartment during the whole night. The abbot tapped at the door, but received no answer. He knocked again louder, but the silence was unbroken from within.

'What means this?' said the reverend ruler of the convent of St. Bride; 'my young patient has certainly fallen into a syncope or swoon!'

'I wish, father abbot,' said the knight, 'that he may not have made his escape instead — an accident which both you and I may be required to answer, since, according to our strict duty, we ought to have kept sight of him, and detained him in close custody until daybreak.'

'I trust your worship,' said the abbot, 'only anticipates a misfortune which I cannot think possible.'

'We shall speedily see,' said the knight; and, raising his voice, he called aloud, so as to be heard within, 'Bring crow-bars and levers, and burst me that door into splinters without an instant's delay!'

The loudness of his voice, and the stern tone in which he spoke, soon brought around him the brethren of the house, and two or three soldiers of his own party, who were already busy in caparisoning their horses. The displeasure of the young knight was manifested by his flushed features and the abrupt manner in which he again repeated his commands for breaking open the door. This was speedily performed, though it required the application of considerable strength, and as the shattered remains fell crashing into the apartment, De Valence sprang, and the abbot hobbled, into the cell of the prisoner, which, to the fulfilment of their worst suspicions, they found empty.

CHAPTER XI

Where is he ! Has the deep earth swallow'd him ?
Or hath he melted like some airy phantom
That shuns the approach of morn and the young sun ?
Or hath he wrapt him in Cimmerian darkness,
And pass'd beyond the circuit of the sight
With things of the night's shadows !

Anonymous.

THE disappearance of the youth, whose disguise and whose fate have, we hope, inclined our readers to take some interest in him, will require some explanation ere we proceed with the other personages of the story, and we shall set about giving it accordingly.

When Augustine was consigned to his cell for the second time on the preceding evening, both the monk and the young knight of Valence had seen the key turned upon him, and had heard him secure the door on the inside with the bolt which had been put on at his request by Sister Ursula, in whose affections the youth of Augustine, his extreme handsomeness, and, above all, his indisposition of body and his melancholy of mind, had gained him considerable interest.

So soon, accordingly, as Augustine re-entered his apartment, he was greeted in a whisper by the sister, who, during the interval of his absence, had contrived to slip into the cell, and having tapped herself behind the little bed, came out, with great appearance of joy, to greet the return of the youth. The number of little attentions, the disposal of holly boughs and such other evergreens as the season permitted, showed the anxiety of the holy sisters to decorate the chamber of their guest, and the greetings of Sister Ursula expressed the same friendly interest, at the same time intimating that she was already in some degree in possession of the stranger's mystery.

As Augustine and the holy sister were busied in exchange of confidence, the extraordinary difference between their counte-

nances and their persons must have struck any one who might have been accidentally a witness of their interview. The dark pilgrim's robe of the disguised female was not a stronger contrast to the white woollen garment worn by the votress of St. Bride than the visage of the nun, seamed with many a ghastly scar, and the light of one of her eyes extinguished for ever, causing it to roll a sightless luminary in her head, was to the beautiful countenance of Augustine, now bent with a confidential, and even affectionate, look upon the extraordinary features of her companion.

'You know,' said the supposed Augustine, 'the principal part of my story; can you, or will you, lend me your assistance? If not, my dearest sister, you must consent to witness my death, rather than my shame. Yes, Sister Ursula, I will not be pointed at by the finger of scorn, as the thoughtless maiden who sacrificed so much for a young man of whose attachment she was not so well assured as she ought to have been. I will not be dragged before De Walton, for the purpose of being compelled, by threats of torture, to declare myself the female in honour of whom he holds the Dangerous Castle. No doubt he might be glad to give his hand in wedlock to a damsel whose dowry is so ample; but who can tell whether he will regard me with that respect which every woman would wish to command, or pardon that boldness of which I have been guilty, even though its consequences have been in his own favour?'

'Nay, my darling daughter,' answered the nun, 'comfort yourself; for in all I can aid you, be assured I will. My means are somewhat more than my present situation may express, and be assured they shall be tried to the uttermost. Methinks I still hear that lay which you sung to the other sisters and myself, though I alone, touched by feelings kindred to yours, had no address to comprehend that it told your own tale.'

'I am yet surprised,' said Augustine, speaking beneath her breath, 'how I had the boldness to sing in your ears the lay, which, in fact, was the history of my disgrace.'

'Alas! that you will say so,' returned the nun; 'there was not a word but what resembled those tales of love and of high-spirited daring which the best minstrels love to celebrate, and the noblest knights and maidens weep at once and smile to hear! The Lady Augusta of Berkely, a great heiress, according to the world, both in land and movable goods, becomes the king's ward by the death of her parents; and thus is on the point of being given away in marriage to a minion of the King

of England, whom in these Scottish valleys we scruple not to call a peremptory tyrant.'

'I must not say so, my sister,' said the pilgrim; 'and yet, true it is that the cousin of the obscure parasite Gaveston, on whom the King wished to confer my poor hand, was neither by birth, merit, nor circumstance worthy of such an alliance. Meantime I heard of the fame of Sir John de Walton; and I heard of it not with the less interest that his feats of chivalry were said to adorn a knight who, rich in everything else, was poor in worldly goods and in the smiles of fortune. I saw this Sir John de Walton, and I acknowledge that a thought, which had already intruded itself on my imagination, became after this interview, by frequent recurrence, more familiar and more welcome to me. Methought that the daughter of a powerful English family, if she could give away with her hand such wealth as the world spoke of, would more justly and honourably bestow it in remedying the errors of fortune in regard to a gallant knight like De Walton than in patching the revenues of a beggarly Frenchman, whose only merit was in being the kinsman of a man who was very generally detested by the whole kingdom of England, excepting the infatuated monarch himself.'

'Nobly designed, my daughter,' said the nun; 'what more worthy of a noble heart, possessing riches, beauty, birth, and rank, than to confer them all upon indigent and chivalrous merit?'

'Such, dearest sister, was my intention,' replied Augustine; 'but I have, perhaps, scarce sufficiently explained the manner in which I meant to proceed. By the advice of a minstrel of our house, the same who is now prisoner at Douglas, I caused exhibit a large feast upon Christmas eve, and sent invitations abroad to the young knights of noble name who were known to spend their leisure in quest of arms and adventures. When the tables were drawn and the feast concluded, Bertram, as had been before devised, was called upon to take his harp. He sung, receiving from all who were present the attention due to a minstrel of so much fame. The theme which he chose was the frequent capture of this Douglas Castle, or, as the poet termed it, Castle Dangerous. "Where are the champions of the renowned Edward the First," said the minstrel, "when the realm of England cannot furnish a man brave enough, or sufficiently expert in the wars, to defend a miserable hamlet of the North against the Scottish rebels, who have vowed to retake it

over our soldiers' heads ere the year rolls to an end? Where are the noble ladies whose smiles used to give countenance to the knights of St. George's cross? Alas! the spirit of love and of chivalry is alike dead amongst us: our knights are limited to petty enterprises, and our noblest heiresses are given as prizes to strangers, as if their own country had no one to deserve them." Here stopt the harp; and I shame to say that I myself, as if moved to enthusiasm by the song of the minstrel, arose, and taking from my neck the chain of gold which supported a crucifix of special sanctity, I made my vow, always under the King's permission, that I would give my hand, and the inheritance of my fathers, to the good knight, being of noble birth and lineage, who should keep the Castle of Douglas in the King of England's name for a year and a day. I sat down, my dearest sister, deafened with the jubilee in which my guests expressed their applause of my supposed patriotism. Yet some degree of pause took place amidst the young knights, who might reasonably have been supposed ready to embrace this offer, although at the risk of being encumbered with Augusta of Berkely.'

'Shame on the man,' said Sister Ursula, 'who should think so! Put your beauty alone, my dearest, into consideration, and a true knight ought to have embraced the dangers of twenty Castles of Douglas, rather than let such an invaluable opportunity of gaining your favour be lost.'

'It may be that some in reality thought so,' said the pilgrim; 'but it was supposed that the King's favour might be lost by those who seemed too anxious to thwart his royal purpose upon his ward's hand. At any rate, greatly to my joy, the only person who availed himself of the offer I had made was Sir John de Walton; and as his acceptance of it was guarded by a clause, saving and reserving the King's approbation, I hope he has not suffered any diminution of Edward's favour.'

'Assure yourself, noble and high-spirited young lady,' replied the nun, 'that there is no fear of thy generous devotion hurting thy lover with the King of England. Something we hear concerning worldly passages, even in this remote nook of St. Bride's cloister, and the report goes among the English soldiers that their king was indeed offended at your putting your will in opposition to his own; yet, on the other hand, this preferred lover, Sir John de Walton, was a man of such extensive fame, and your offer was so much in the character

of better but not forgotten times, that even a king could not at the beginning of a long and stubborn war deprive an errant cavalier of his bride, if she should be duly won by his sword and lance.'

'Ah! dearest Sister Ursula!' sighed the disguised pilgrim, 'but, on the other hand, how much time must pass by in the siege by defeating which that suit must needs be advanced? While I sat in my lonely castle, tidings after tidings came to astound me with the numerous, or rather the constant, dangers with which my lover was surrounded, until at length, in a moment I think of madness, I resolved to set out in this masculine disguise; and having myself with my own eyes seen in what situation I had placed my knight, I determined to take such measures in respect to shortening the term of his trial, or otherwise, as a sight of Douglas Castle, and — why should I deny it? — of Sir John de Walton, might suggest. Perhaps you, my dearest sister, may not so well understand my being tempted into flinching from the resolution which I had laid down for my own honour and that of my lover; but consider that my resolution was the consequence of a moment of excitation, and that the course which I adopted was the conclusion of a long, wasting, sickening state of uncertainty, the effect of which was to weaken the nerves which were once highly strung with love of my country, as I thought; but in reality, alas! with fond and anxious feelings of a more selfish description.'

'Alas!' said Sister Ursula, evincing the strongest symptoms of interest and compassion, 'am I the person, dearest child, whom you suspect of insensibility to the distresses which are the fruit of true love? Do you suppose that the air which is breathed within these walls has the property, upon the female heart, of such marvellous fountains as they may change into stone the substances which are immersed into their waters? Hear my tale, and judge if it can be thus with one who possesses my causes of grief. And do not fear for loss of time: we must let our neighbours at Hazelside be settled for the evening ere I furnish you with the means of escape; and you must have a trusty guide, whose fidelity I will be responsible, to direct your path through these woods, and protect you in case of any danger, too likely to occur in these troublesome times. It will thus be nigh an hour ere you depart; and sure I am that in no manner can you spend the time better than in listening to distresses too similar to your own, and

flowing from the source of disappointed affection which you must needs sympathise with.'

The distresses of the Lady Augusta did not prevent her being in some degree affected almost ludicrously with the singular contrast between the hideous countenance of this victim of the tender passion and the cause to which she imputed her sorrows; but it was not a moment for giving way to a sense of the ridiculous, which would have been in the highest degree offensive to the sister of St. Bride, whose goodwill she had so many reasons to conciliate. She readily, therefore, succeeded in preparing herself to listen to the votary with an appearance of sympathy, which might reward that which she had herself experienced at the hands of Sister Ursula; while the unfortunate recluse, with an agitation which made her ugliness still more conspicuous, narrated, nearly in a whisper, the following circumstances:—

'My misfortunes commenced long before I was called Sister Ursula, or secluded as a votaress within these walls. My father was a noble Norman, who, like many of his countrymen, sought and found fortune at the court of the King of Scotland. He was endowed with the sheriffdom of this county, and Maurice de Hattely, or Hautlieu, was numbered among the wealthy and powerful barons of Scotland. Wherefore should I deny it, that the daughter of this baron, then called Margaret de Hautlieu, was also distinguished among the great and fair of the land? It can be no censurable vanity which provokes me to speak the truth, and unless I tell it myself, you could hardly suspect what a resemblance I once bore even to the lovely Lady Augusta of Berkely. About this time broke out those unfortunate feuds of Bruce and Baliol which have been so long the curse of this country. My father, determined in his choice of party by the arguments of his wealthy kinsman at the court of Edward, embraced with passion the faction of the English interest, and became one of the keenest partizans, at first of John Baliol, and afterwards of the English monarch. None among the Anglicised Scottish, as his party was called, were so zealous as he for the red cross, and no one was more detested by his countrymen who followed the national standard of St. Andrew and the patriot Wallace. Among those soldiers of the soil, Malcolm Fleming of Biggar was one of the most distinguished by his noble birth, his high acquirements, and his fame in chivalry. I saw him; and the ghastly spectre who now addresses you must not be ashamed to say that she

loved, and was beloved by, one of the handsomest youths in Scotland. Our attachment was discovered to my father almost ere we had owned it to each other, and he was furious both against my lover and myself; he placed me under the charge of a religious woman of this rule, and I was immured within the house of St. Bride, where my father shamed not to announce he would cause me to take the veil by force, unless I agreed to wed a youth bred at the English court, his nephew; and, as Heaven had granted him no son, the heir, as he had resolved, of the house of Hautlieu. I was not long in making my election. I protested that death should be my choice, rather than any other husband excepting Malcolm Fleming. Neither was my lover less faithful: he found means to communicate to me a particular night on which he proposed to attempt to storm the nunnery of St. Bride, and carry me from hence to freedom and the greenwood, of which Wallace was generally called the king. In an evil hour — an hour, I think, of infatuation and witchery — I suffered the abbess to wheedle the secret out of me, which I might have been sensible would appear more horribly flagitious to her than to any other woman that breathed; but I had not taken the vows, and I thought Wallace and Fleming had the same charms for everybody as for me, and the artful woman gave me reason to believe that her loyalty to Bruce was without a flaw of suspicion, and she took part in a plot of which my freedom was the object. The abbess engaged to have the English guards removed to a distance, and in appearance the troops were withdrawn. Accordingly, in the middle of the night appointed, the window of my cell, which was two stories from the ground, was opened without noise; and never were my eyes more gladdened than, as ready disguised and arrayed for flight, even in a horseman's dress, like yourself, fairest Lady Augusta, I saw Malcolm Fleming spring into the apartment. He rushed towards me; but at the same time my father with ten of his strongest men filled the room, and eried their war-cry of "Baliol." Blows were instantly dealt on every side. A form like a giant, however, appeared in the midst of the tumult, and distinguished himself, even to my half-giddy eye, by the ease with which he bore down and dispersed those who fought against our freedom. My father alone offered an opposition which threatened to prove fatal to him; for Wallace, it was said, could foil any two martial champions that ever drew sword. Brushing from him the armed men, as a lady would drive

away with her fan a swarm of troublesome flies, he secured me in one arm, used his other for our mutual protection, and I found myself in the act of being borne in safety down the ladder by which my deliverers had ascended from without; but an evil fate awaited this attempt.

'My father, whom the Champion of Scotland had spared for my sake, or rather for Fleming's, gained by his victor's compassion and lenity a fearful advantage, and made a remorseless use of it. Having only his left hand to oppose to the maniac attempts of my father, even the strength of Wallace could not prevent the assailant, with all the energy of desperation, from throwing down the ladder, on which his daughter was perched like a dove in the grasp of an eagle. The Champion saw our danger, and, exerting his inimitable strength and agility, cleared himself and me from the ladder, and leaped free of the moat of the convent, into which we must otherwise have been precipitated. The Champion of Scotland was saved in the desperate attempt, but I, who fell among a heap of stones and rubbish — I, the disobedient daughter, wellnigh the apostate vestal — waked only from a long bed of sickness to find myself the disfigured wretch which you now see me. I then learned that Malcolm had escaped from the fray, and shortly after I heard, with feelings less keen, perhaps, than they ought to have been, that my father was slain in one of the endless battles which took place between the contending factions. If he had lived, I might have submitted to the completion of my fate; but since he was no more, I felt that it would be a preferable lot to be a beggar in the streets of a Scottish village than an abbess in this miserable house of St. Bride; nor was even that poor object of ambition, on which my father used to expatiate when desirous of persuading me to enter the monastic state, by milder means than throwing me off the battlements, long open to me. The old abbess died of a cold caught the evening of the fray; and the place, which might have been kept open until I was capable of filling it, was disposed of otherwise, when the English thought fit to reform, as they termed it, the discipline of the house; and, instead of electing a new abbess, sent hither two or three friendly monks, who have now the absolute government of the community, and wield it entirely according to the pleasure of the English. But I, for one, who have had the honour to be supported by the arms of the Champion of my country, will not remain here to be commanded by this Abbot Jerome. I will go forth, nor do I fear

to find relations and friends who will provide a more fitting place of refuge for Margaret de Hautlieu than the convent of St. Bride; you, too, dearest lady, shall obtain your freedom, and it will be well to leave such information as will make Sir John de Walton aware of the devotion with which his happy fate has inspired you.'

'It is not, then, your own intention,' said the Lady Augusta, 'to return into the world again, and you are about to renounce the lover in a union with whom you and he once saw your joint happiness?'

'It is a question, my dearest child,' said Sister Ursula, 'which I dare not ask myself, and to which I am absolutely uncertain what answer I should return. I have not taken the final and irrevocable vows: I have done nothing to alter my situation with regard to Malcolm Fleming. He also, by the vows plighted in the chancery of Heaven, is my affianced bridegroom, nor am I conscious that I less deserve his faith in any respect now than at the moment when it was pledged to me; but I confess, dearest lady, that rumours have reached me which sting me to the quick: the reports of my wounds and scars are said to have estranged the knight of my choice. I am now indeed poor,' she added, with a sigh, 'and I am no longer possessed of those personal charms which they say attract the love and fix the fidelity of the other sex. I teach myself, therefore, to think, in my moments of settled resolution, that all betwixt me and Malcolm Fleming is at an end, saving good wishes on the part of both towards the other; and yet there is a sensation in my bosom which whispers, in spite of my reason, that, if I absolutely believed that which I now say, there would be no object on earth worthy my living for in order to attain it. This insinuating prepossession whispers to my secret soul, and in very opposition to my reason and understanding, that Malcolm Fleming, who could pledge his all upon the service of his country, is incapable of nourishing the versatile affection of an ordinary, a coarse, or a venal character. Methinks, were the difference upon his part instead of mine, he would not lose his interest in my eyes because he was seamed with honourable scars, obtained in asserting the freedom of his choice, but that such wounds would, in my opinion, add to his merit, whatever they took away from his personal comeliness. Ideas rise on my soul, as if Malcolm and Margaret might yet be to each other all that their affections once anticipated with so much security, and that a change which

took nothing from the honour and virtue of the beloved person must rather add to than diminish the charms of the union. Look at me, dearest Lady Augusta — look me, if you have courage, full in the face, and tell me whether I do not rave when my fancy is thus converting mere possibilities into that which is natural and probable.'

The Lady of Berkely, conscious of the necessity, raised her eyes on the unfortunate nun, afraid of losing her own chance of deliverance by the mode in which she should conduct herself in this crisis, yet not willing at the same time to flatter the unfortunate Ursula with suggesting ideas for which her own sense told her she could hardly find any rational grounds. But her imagination, stored with the minstrelsy of the time, brought back to her recollection the Loathly Lady in *The Marriage of Sir Gawain*, and she conducted her reply in the following manner : —

'You ask me, my dear Lady Margaret, a trying question, which it would be unfriendly to answer otherwise than sincerely, and most cruel to answer with too much rashness. It is true, that what is called beauty is the first quality on which we of the weaker sex learn to set a value : we are flattered by the imputation of personal charms, whether we actually possess them or not ; and no doubt we learn to place upon them a great deal more consequence than in reality is found to belong to them. Women, however, even such as are held by their own sex, and perhaps in secret by themselves, as devoid of all pretensions to beauty, have been known to become, from their understanding, their talents, or their accomplishments, the undoubted objects of the warmest attachment. Wherefore, then, should you, in the mere rashness of your apprehension, deem it impossible that your Malcolm Fleming should be made of that porcelain clay of the earth which despises the passing captivations of outward form, in comparison to the charms of true affection and the excellence of talents and virtue ?'

The nun pressed her companion's hand to her bosom, and answered her with a deep sigh.

'I fear,' she said, 'you flatter me ; and yet, in a crisis like this, it does one good to be flattered, even as cordials, otherwise dangerous to the constitution, are wisely given to support a patient through a paroxysm of agony, and enable him to endure at least what they cannot cure. Answer only one question, and it will be time we drop this conversation. Could you, sweet lady — you upon whom fortune has bestowed so many charms —

could any argument make you patient under the ir retrievable loss of your personal advantages, with the concomitant loss, as in my case is most probable, of that lover for whom you have already done so much ?

The English lady cast her eyes again on her friend, and could not help shuddering a little at the thought of her own beautiful countenance being exchanged for the seamed and scarred features of the Lady of Hautlieu, irregularly lighted by the beams of a single eye.

'Believe me,' she said, looking solemnly upwards, 'that, even in the case which you suppose, I would not sorrow so much for myself as I would for the poor-spirited thoughts of the lover who could leave me because those transitory charms — which must in any case ere long take their departure — had fled ere yet the bridal day. It is, however, concealed by the decrees of Providence in what manner, or to what extent, other persons, with whose disposition we are not fully acquainted, may be affected by such changes. I can only assure you that my hopes go with yours, and that there is no difficulty which shall remain in your path in future, if it is in my power to remove it. Hark !'

'It is the signal of our freedom,' replied Ursula, giving attention to something resembling the whoop of the night-owl. 'We must prepare to leave the convent in a few minutes. Have you anything to take with you ?'

'Nothing,' answered the Lady of Berkely, 'except the few valuables, which I scarce know why I brought with me on my flight hither. This scroll, which I shall leave behind, gives my faithful minstrel permission to save himself, by confessing to Sir John de Walton who the person really is whom he has had within his reach.'

'It is strange,' said the novice of St. Bride, 'through what extraordinary labyrinths this Love, this will-of-the-wisp, guides his votaries. Take heed as you descend ; this trap-door, carefully concealed, curiously jointed and oiled, leads to a secret postern, where I conceive the horses ready wait, which will enable us speedily to bid adieu to St. Bride's — Heaven's blessing on her and on her convent ! We can have no advantage from any light until we are in the open air.'

During this time, Sister Ursula, to give her for the last time her conventual name, exchanged her stole, or loose upper garment, for the more succinct cloak and hood of a horseman. She led the way through divers passages, studiously complicated,

until the Lady of Berkely, with throbbing heart, stood in the pale and doubtful moonlight, which was shining with grey uncertainty upon the walls of the ancient building. The imitation of an owlet's cry directed them to a neighbouring large elm, and on approaching it they were aware of three horses, held by one concerning whom they could only see that he was tall, strong, and accoutred in the dress of a man-at-arms.

'The sooner,' he said, 'we are gone from this place, Lady Margaret, it is so much the better. You have only to direct the course which we shall hold.'

Lady Margaret's answer was given beneath her breath; and replied to with a caution from the guide to ride slowly and silently for the first quarter of an hour, by which time inhabited places would be left at a distance.

CHAPTER XII

GREAT was the astonishment of the young knight of Valence and the reverend Father Jerome, when, upon breaking into the cell, they discovered the youthful pilgrim's absence; and, from the garments which were left, saw every reason to think that the one-eyed novice, Sister Ursula, had accompanied him in his escape from custody. A thousand thoughts thronged upon Sir Aymer, how shamefully he had suffered himself to be outwitted by the artifices of a boy and of a novice. His reverend companion in error felt no less contrition for having recommended to the knight a mild exercise of his authority. Father Jerome had obtained his preferment as abbot upon the faith of his zeal for the cause of the English monarch, with the affected interest in which he was at a loss to reconcile his proceedings of the last night. A hurried inquiry took place, from which little could be learned, save that the young pilgrim had most certainly gone off with the Lady Margaret de Hautlieu — an incident at which the females of the convent expressed surprise, mingled with a great deal of horror; while that of the males, whom the news soon reached, was qualified with a degree of wonder, which seemed to be founded upon the very different personal appearance of the two fugitives.

'Sacred Virgin,' said a nun, 'who could have conceived the hopeful votaress, Sister Ursula, so lately drowned in tears for her father's untimely fate, capable of eloping with a boy scarce fourteen years old?'

'And, holy St. Bride!' said the Abbot Jerome, 'what could have made so handsome a young man lend his arm to assist such a nightmare as Sister Ursula in the commission of so great an enormity? Certainly he can neither plead temptation nor seduction, but must have gone, as the worldly phrase is, to the devil with a dish-clout.'

'I must disperse the soldiers to pursue the fugitives,' said

De Valence, 'unless this letter, which the pilgrim must have left behind him, shall contain some explanations respecting our mysterious prisoner.'

After viewing the contents with some surprise, he read aloud — 'The undersigned, late residing in the house of St. Bride, do you, Father Jerome, the abbot of said house, to know that, finding you were disposed to treat me as a prisoner and a spy, in the sanctuary to which you had received me as a distressed person, I have resolved to use my natural liberty, with which you have no right to interfere, and therefore have withdrawn myself from your abbacy. Moreover, finding that the novice called in your convent Sister Ursula — who hath, by monastic rule and discipline, a fair title to return to the world unless she is pleased, after a year's noviciate, to profess herself sister of your order — is determined to use such privilege, I joyfully take the opportunity of her company in this her lawful resolution, as being what is in conformity to the law of God, and the precepts of St. Bride, which gave you no authority to detain any person in your convent by force, who hath not taken upon her irrevocably the vows of the order.'

'To you, Sir John de Walton, and Sir Aymer de Valence, knights of England, commanding the garrison of Douglas Dale, I have only to say, that you have acted and are acting against me under a mystery, the solution of which is comprehended in a secret known only to my faithful minstrel, Bertram of the many Lays, as whose son I have found it convenient to pass myself. But, as I cannot at this time prevail upon myself personally to discover a secret which cannot well be unfolded without feelings of shame, I not only give permission to the said Bertram the minstrel, but I charge and command him, that he tell to you the purpose with which I came originally to the Castle of Douglas. When this is discovered, it will only remain to express my feelings towards the two knights, in return for the pain and agony of mind which their violence and threats of further severities have occasioned me.'

'And first, respecting Sir Aymer de Valence, I freely and willingly forgive him for having been involved in a mistake to which I myself led the way, and I shall at all times be happy to meet with him as an acquaintance, and never to think farther of his part in these few days' history, saving as matter of mirth and ridicule.'

'But respecting Sir John de Walton, I must request of him to consider whether his conduct towards me, standing as we at

present go towards each other, is such as he himself ought to forget, or I ought to forgive; and I trust he will understand me when I tell him that all former connexions must henceforth be at an end between him and the supposed

‘AUGUSTINE.’

‘This is madness,’ said the abbot, when he had read the letter — ‘very midsummer madness, not unfrequently an accompaniment of this pestilential disease, and I should do well in requiring of those soldiers who shall first apprehend this youth Augustine, that they reduce his victuals immediately to water and bread, taking care that the diet do not exceed in measure what is necessary to sustain nature; nay, I should be warranted by the learned, did I recommend a sufficient intermixture of flagellation with belts, stirrup-leathers, or surcingles, and failing those, with riding-whips, switches, and the like.’

‘Hush! my reverend father,’ said De Valence, ‘a light begins to break in upon me. John de Walton, if my suspicion be true, would sooner expose his own flesh to be hewn from his bones than have this Augustine’s finger stung by a gnat. Instead of treating this youth as a madman, I, for my own part, will be contented to avow that I myself have been bewitched and fascinated; and by my honour, if I send out my attendants in quest of the fugitives, it shall be with the strict charge that, when apprehended, they treat them with all respect, and protect them, if they object to return to this house, to any honourable place of refuge which they may desire.’

‘I hope,’ said the abbot, looking strangely confused, ‘I shall be first heard in behalf of the church concerning this affair of an abducted nun? You see yourself, sir knight, that this scapegrace of a minstrel avouches neither repentance nor contrition at his share in a matter so flagitious.’

‘You shall be secured an opportunity of being fully heard,’ replied the knight, ‘if you shall find at last that you really desire one. Meantime, I must back, without a moment’s delay, to inform Sir John de Walton of the turn which affairs have taken. Farewell, reverend father. By my honour, we may wish each other joy that we have escaped from a troublesome charge, which brought as much terror with it as the phantoms of a fearful dream, and is yet found capable of being dispelled by a cure as simple as that of awakening the sleeper. But, by St. Bride! both churchmen and laymen are bound to sympathise with the unfortunate Sir John de Walton. I tell thee,

father, that if this letter' — touching the missive with his finger — 'is to be construed literally, as far as respects him, he is the man most to be pitied betwixt the brink of Solway and the place where we now stand. Suspend thy curiosity, most worthy churchman, lest there should be more in this matter than I myself see; so that, while thinking that I have lighted on the true explanation, I may not have to acknowledge that I have been again leading you into error. Sound to horse there! Ho!' he called out from the window of the apartment; 'and let the party I brought hither prepare to scour the woods on their return.'

'By my faith!' said Father Jerome, 'I am right glad that this young nutcracker is going to leave me to my own meditation. I hate when a young person pretends to understand whatever passes, while his betters are obliged to confess that it is all a mystery to them. Such an assumption is like that of the conceited fool, Sister Ursula, who pretended to read with a single eye a manuscript which I myself could not find intelligible with the assistance of my spectacles.'

This might not have quite pleased the young knight, nor was it one of those truths which the abbot would have chosen to deliver in his hearing. But the knight had shaken him by the hand, said adieu, and was already at Hazelside, issuing particular orders to little troops of the archers and others, and occasionally chiding Thomas Dickson, who, with a degree of curiosity which the English knight was not very willing to excuse, had been endeavouring to get some account of the occurrences of the night.

'Peace, fellow!' he said, 'and mind thine own business, being well assured that the hour will come in which it will require all the attention thou canst give, leaving others to take care of their own affairs.'

'If I am suspected of anything,' answered Dickson, in a tone rather dogged and surly than otherwise, 'methinks it were but fair to let me know what accusation is brought against me. I need not tell you that chivalry prescribes that a knight should not attack an enemy undefied.'

'When you are a knight,' answered Sir Aymer de Valence, 'it will be time enough for me to reckon with you upon the points of form due to you by the laws of chivalry. Meanwhile, you had best let me know what share you have had in playing off the martial phantom which sounded the rebellious slogan of Douglas in the town of that name?'

'I know nothing of what you speak,' answered the goodman of Hazelside.

'See then,' said the knight, 'that you do not engage yourself in the affairs of other people, even if your conscience warrants that you are in no danger from your own.'

So saying, he rode off, not waiting any answer. The ideas which filled his head were to the following purpose:—

'I know not how it is, but one mist seems no sooner to clear away than we find ourselves engaged in another. I take it for granted that the disguised damsel is no other than the goddess of Walton's private idolatry, who has cost him and me so much trouble, and some certain degree of misunderstanding, during these last weeks. By my honour! this fair lady is right lavish in the pardon which she has so frankly bestowed upon me, and if she is willing to be less complaisant to Sir John de Walton, why then—— And what then? It surely does not infer that she would receive me into that place in her affections from which she has just expelled De Walton? Nor, if she did, could I avail myself of a change in favour of myself, at the expense of my friend and companion-in-arms. It were a folly even to dream of a thing so improbable. But with respect to the other business, it is worth serious consideration. Yon sexton seems to have kept company with dead bodies until he is unfit for the society of the living; and as to that Dickson of Hazelside, as they call him, there is no attempt against the English during these endless wars in which that man has not been concerned; had my life depended upon it, I could not have prevented myself from intimating my suspicions of him, let him take it as he lists.'

So saying, the knight spurred his horse, and arriving at Douglas Castle without farther adventure, demanded, in a tone of greater cordiality than he had of late used, whether he could be admitted to Sir John de Walton, having something of consequence to report to him. He was immediately ushered into an apartment in which the governor was seated at his solitary breakfast. Considering the terms upon which they had lately stood, the governor of Douglas Dale was somewhat surprised at the easy familiarity with which De Valence now approached him.

'Some uncommon news,' said Sir John, rather gravely, 'have brought me the honour of Sir Aymer de Valence's company.'

'It is,' answered Sir Aymer, 'what seems of high importance

to your interest, Sir John de Walton, and therefore I were to blame if I lost a moment in communicating it.'

'I shall be proud to profit by your intelligence,' said Sir John de Walton.

'And I, too,' said the young knight, 'am loth to lose the credit of having penetrated a mystery which blinded Sir John de Walton. At the same time, I do not wish to be thought capable of jesting with you, which might be the case were I, from misapprehension, to give a false key to this matter. With your permission, then, we will proceed thus: we go together to the place of Bertram the minstrel's confinement. I have in my possession a scroll from the young person who was entrusted to the care of the Abbot Jerome; it is written in a delicate female hand, and gives authority to the minstrel to declare the purpose which brought them to this vale of Douglas.'

'It must be as you say,' said Sir John de Walton, 'although I can scarce see occasion for adding so much form to a mystery which can be expressed in such small compass.'

Accordingly the two knights, a warder leading the way, proceeded to the dungeon to which the minstrel had been removed.

CHAPTER XIII

THE doors of the stronghold being undone displayed a dungeon such as in those days held victims hopeless of escape, but in which the ingenious knave of modern times would scarcely have deigned to remain many hours. The huge rings by which the fetters were soldered together and attached to the human body were, when examined minutely, found to be clenched together by riveting so very thin that, when rubbed with corrosive acid, or patiently ground with a bit of sandstone, the hold of the fetters upon each other might be easily forced asunder, and the purpose of them entirely frustrated. The locks also, large, and apparently very strong, were so coarsely made that an artist of small ingenuity could easily contrive to get the better of their fastenings upon the same principle. The daylight found its way to the subterranean dungeon only at noon, and through a passage which was purposely made tortuous, so as to exclude the rays of the sun, while it presented no obstacle to wind or rain. The doctrine that a prisoner was to be esteemed innocent until he should be found guilty by his peers was not unobscured in those days of brute force, and he was only accompanied with a lamp or other alleviation of his misery if his dependence was quiet, and he appeared disposed to give his jailer no trouble by attempting to make his escape. Such a cell of confinement was that of Bertram, whose moderation of temper and patience had nevertheless procured for him such mitigations of his fate as the warder could grant. He was permitted to carry into his cell the old book, in the perusal of which he found an amusement of his solitude, together with writing-materials, and such other helps towards spending his time as were consistent with his abode in the bosom of the rock, and the degree of information with which his minstrel craft had possessed him. He raised his head from the table as the knights entered, while the governor observed to the young knight —

'As you seem to think yourself possessed of the secret of this prisoner, I leave it to you, Sir Aymer de Valence, to bring it to light in the manner which you shall judge most expedient. If the man or his son have suffered unnecessary hardship, it shall be my duty to make amends — which, I suppose, can be no very important matter.'

Bertram looked up, and fixed his eyes full upon the governor, but read nothing in his looks which indicated his being better acquainted than before with the secret of his imprisonment. Yet, upon turning his eye towards Sir Aymer, his countenance evidently lighted up, and the glance which passed between them was one of intelligence.

'You have my secret, then,' said he, 'and you know who it is that passes under the name of Augustine?'

Sir Aymer exchanged with him a look of acquiescence; while, the eyes of the governor glancing wildly from the prisoner to the knight of Valence, [he] exclaimed —

'Sir Aymer de Valence, as you are belted knight and Christian man, as you have honour to preserve on earth and a soul to rescue after death, I charge you to tell me the meaning of this mystery! It may be that you conceive, with truth, that you have subject of complaint against me. If so, I will satisfy you as a knight may.'

The minstrel spoke at the same moment. 'I charge this knight,' he said, 'by his vow of chivalry, that he do not divulge any secret belonging to a person of honour and of character, unless he has positive assurance that it is done entirely by that person's own consent.'

'Let this note remove your scruples,' said Sir Aymer, putting the scroll into the hands of the minstrel; 'and for you, Sir John de Walton, far from retaining the least feeling of any misunderstanding which may have existed between us, I am disposed entirely to bury it in forgetfulness, as having arisen out of a series of mistakes which no mortal could have comprehended. And do not be offended, my dear Sir John, when I protest, on my knightly faith, that I pity the pain which I think this scroll is likely to give you, and that, if my utmost efforts can be of the least service to you in unravelling this tangled skein, I will contribute them with as much earnestness as ever I did aught in my life. This faithful minstrel will now see that he can have no difficulty in yielding up a secret which I doubt not, but for the writing I have just put into his hands, he would have continued to keep with unshaken fidelity.'

Sir Aymer now placed in De Walton's hand a note, in which he had, ere he left St. Bride's convent, signified his own interpretation of the mystery; and the governor had scarcely read the name it contained, before the same name was pronounced aloud by Bertram, who at the same moment handed to the governor the scroll which he had received from the knight of Valence.

The white plume which floated over the knight's cap of maintenance, which was worn as a head-piece within doors, was not more pale in complexion than was the knight himself at the unexpected and surprising information that the lady who was, in chivalrous phrase, empress of his thoughts and commander of his actions, and to whom, even in less fantastic times, he must have owed the deepest gratitude for the generous election which she had made in his favour, was the same person whom he had threatened with personal violence, and subjected to hardships and affronts which he would not willingly have bestowed even upon the meanest of her sex.

Yet Sir John de Walton seemed at first scarcely to comprehend the numerous ill consequences which might probably follow this unhappy complication of mistakes. He took the paper from the minstrel's hand, and while his eye, assisted by the lamp, wandered over the characters without apparently their conveying any distinct impression to his understanding, De Valence even became alarmed that he was about to lose his faculties.

'For Heaven's sake, sir,' he said, 'be a man, and support with manly steadiness these unexpected occurrences — I would fain think they will reach to nothing else — which the wit of man could not have prevented. This fair lady, I would fain hope, cannot be much hurt or deeply offended by a train of circumstances the natural consequence of your anxiety to discharge perfectly a duty upon which must depend the accomplishment of all the hopes she had permitted you to entertain. In God's name, rouse up, sir; let it not be said that an apprehended frown of a fair lady hath damped to such a degree the courage of the boldest knight in England: be what men have called you, "Walton the Unwavering." In Heaven's name, let us at least see that the lady is indeed offended before we conclude that she is irreconcilably so. To whose fault are we to ascribe the source of all these errors? Surely, with all due respect, to the caprice of the lady herself, which has engendered such a nest of mistakes. Think of it as a man and as a

soldier. Suppose that you yourself, or I, desirous of proving the fidelity of our sentinels, or for any other reason, good or bad, attempted to enter this Dangerous Castle of Douglas without giving the password to the warders, would we be entitled to blame those upon duty if, not knowing our persons, they manfully refused us entrance, made us prisoners, and mishandled us while resisting our attempt, in terms of the orders which we ourselves had imposed upon them? What is there that makes a difference between such a sentinel and yourself, John de Walton, in this curious affair, which, by Heaven! would rather form a gay subject for the minstrelsy of this excellent bard than the theme of a tragic lay? Come! look not thus, Sir John de Walton; be angry, if you will, with the lady who has committed such a piece of folly; or with me, who have rode up and down nearly all night on a fool's errand, and spoiled my best horse, in absolute uncertainty how I shall get another till my uncle of Pembroke and I shall be reconciled; or, lastly, if you desire to be totally absurd in your wrath, direct it against this worthy minstrel on account of his rare fidelity, and punish him for that for which he better deserves a chain of gold. Let passion out if you will: but chase this desponding gloom from the brow of a man and a belted knight.'

Sir Jean de Walton made an effort to speak, and succeeded with some difficulty. 'Aymer de Valence,' he said, 'in irritating a madman you do but sport with your own life': and then remained silent.

'I am glad you can say so much,' replied his friend; 'for I was not jesting when I said I would rather that you were at variance with me than that you laid the whole blame on yourself. It would be courteous, I think, to set this minstrel instantly at liberty. Meantime, for his lady's sake, I will entreat him, in all honour, to be our guest till the lady Augusta de Berkely shall do us the same honour, and to assist us in our search after her place of retirement. Good minstrel,' he continued, 'you hear what I say, and you will not, I suppose, be surprised that, in all honour and kind usage, you find yourself detained for a short space in this Castle of Douglas?'

'You seem, sir knight,' replied the minstrel, 'not so much to keep your eye upon the right of doing what you should as to possess the might of doing what you would. I must necessarily be guided by your advice, since you have the power to make it a command.'

'And I trust,' continued De Valence, 'that, when your mistress and you again meet, we shall have the benefit of your intercession for anything which we may have done to displeasure her, considering that the purpose of our action was exactly the reverse.'

'Let me,' said Sir John de Walton, 'say a single word. I will offer thee a chain of gold, heavy enough to bear down the weight of these shackles, as a sign of regret for having condemned thee to suffer so many indignities.'

'Enough said, Sir John,' said De Valence; 'let us promise no more till this good minstrel shall see some sign of performance. Follow me this way, and I will tell thee in private of other tidings, which it is important that you should know.'

So saying, he withdrew De Walton from the dungeon, sending for the old knight, Sir Philip de Montenay, already mentioned, who acted as seneschal of the castle, he commanded that the minstrel should be enlarged from the dungeon, well looked to in other respects, yet prohibited, though with every mark of civility, from leaving the castle without a trusty attendant.

'And now, Sir John de Walton,' he said, 'methinks you are a little churlish in not ordering me some breakfast, after I have been all night engaged in your affairs; and a cup of muscadell would, I think, be no bad induction to a full consideration of this perplexed matter.'

'Thou knowest,' answered De Walton, 'that thou mayst call for what thou wilt, provided always thou tellest me, without loss of time, what else thou knowest respecting the will of the lady against whom we have all sinned so grievously, and I, alas! beyond hope of forgiveness.'

'Trust me, I hope,' said the knight of Valence, 'the good lady bears me no malice, as indeed she has expressly renounced any ill-will against me. The words, you see, are as plain as you yourself may read — "The lady pardons poor Aymer de Valence, and willingly, for having been involved in a mistake to which she herself led the way; she herself will at all times be happy to meet with him as an acquaintance, and never to think farther of these few days' history, except as matter of mirth and ridicule." So it is expressly written and set down.'

'Yes,' replied Sir John de Walton, 'but see you not that her offending lover is expressly excluded from the amnesty granted to the lesser offender? Mark you not the concluding para-

graph?' He took the scroll with a trembling hand, and read with a discomposed voice its closing words. 'It is even so: "All former connexion must henceforth be at an end between him and the supposed Augustine." Explain to me how the reading of these words is reconcilable to anything but their plain sense of condemnation and forfeiture of contract, implying destruction of the hopes of Sir John de Walton!'

'You are somewhat an older man than I, sir knight,' answered De Valence, 'and, I will grant, by far the wiser and more experienced; yet I will uphold that there is no adopting the interpretation which you seem to have affixed in your mind to this letter, without supposing the preliminary that the fair writer was distracted in her understanding — nay, never start, look wildly, or lay your hand on your sword, I do not affirm this is the case. I say again, that no woman in her senses would have pardoned a common acquaintance for his behaving to her with unintentional disrespect and unkindness during the currency of a certain masquerade, and, at the same time, sternly and irrevocably broke off with the lover to whom her troth was plighted, although his error in joining in the offence was neither grosser nor more protracted than that of the person indifferent to her love.'

'Do not blaspheme,' said Sir John de Walton; 'and forgive me if, in justice to truth and to the angel whom I fear I have forfeited for ever, I point out to you the difference which a maiden of dignity and of feeling must make between an offence towards her committed by an ordinary acquaintance and one of precisely the same kind offered by a person who is bound by the most undeserved preference, by the most generous benefits, and by everything which can bind human feeling, to think and reflect ere he becomes an actor in any case in which it is possible for her to be concerned.'

'Now, by mine honour,' said Aymer de Valence, 'I am glad to hear thee make some attempt at reason, although it is but an unreasonable kind of reason too, since its object is to destroy thine own hopes, and argue away thine own chance of happiness; but if I have, in the progress of this affair, borne me sometimes towards thee s to give not only the governor, but even the friend, some cause of displeasure, I will make it up to thee now, John de Walton, by trying to convince thee in spite of thine own perverse logic. But here comes the muscadel and the breakfast; wilt thou take some refreshment — or shall we go on without the spirit of muscadel?'

'For Heaven's sake,' replied De Walton, 'do as thou wilt, so thou make me clear of thy well-intended babble.'

'Nay, thou shalt not brawl me out of my powers of argument,' said De Valence, laughing, and helping himself to a brimming cup of wine; 'if thou acknowledgest thyself conquered, I am contented to give the victory to the inspiring strength of the jovial liquor.'

'Do as thou listest,' said De Walton, 'but make an end of an argument which thou canst not comprehend.'

'I deny the charge,' answered the younger knight, wiping his lips, after having finished his draught; 'and listen, Walton the Warlike, to a chapter in the history of women, in which thou art more unskilled than I would wish thee to be. Thou canst not deny that, be it right or wrong, thy Lady Augusta hath ventured more forward with you than is usual upon the sea of affection: she boldly made thee her choice, while thou wert as yet known to her only as a flower of English chivalry. Faith, and I respect her for her frankness; but it was a choice which the more cold of her own sex might perhaps claim occasion to term rash and precipitate. Nay, be not, I pray thee, offended — I am far from thinking or saying so; on the contrary, I will uphold with my lance her selection of John de Walton against the minions of a court to be a wise and generous choice, and her own behaviour as alike candid and noble. But she herself is not unlikely to dread unjust misconstruction — a fear of which may not improbably induce her, upon any occasion, to seize some opportunity of showing an unwonted and unusual rigour towards her lover, in order to balance her having extended towards him, in the beginning of their intercourse, somewhat of an unusual degree of frank encouragement. Nay, it might be easy for her lover so far to take part against himself, by arguing as thou dost when out of thy senses, as to make it difficult for her to withdraw from an argument which he himself was foolish enough to strengthen; and thus, like a maiden too soon taken at her first nay-say, she shall perhaps be allowed no opportunity of bearing herself according to her real feelings, or retracting a sentence issued with consent of the party whose hopes it destroys.'

'I have heard thee, De Valence,' answered the governor of Douglas Dale; 'nor is it difficult for me to admit that these thy lessons may serve as a chart to many a female heart, but not to that of Augusta de Berkely. By my life, I say I would much sooner be deprived of the merit of those few deeds of

chivalry which thou sayest have procured for me such enviable distinction than I would act upon them with the insolence, as if I said that my place in the lady's bosom was too firmly fixed to be shaken even by the success of a worthier man, or by my own gross failure in respect to the object of my attachment. No, herself alone shall have power to persuade me that even goodness equal to that of an interceding saint will restore me to the place in her affections which I have most unworthily forfeited by a stupidity only to be compared to that of brutes.'

'If you are so minded,' said Aymer de Valence, 'I have only one word more — forgive me if I speak it peremptorily — the lady, as you say, and say truly, must be the final arbitress in this question. My arguments do not extend to insisting that you should claim her hand whether she herself will or no; but to learn her determination, it is necessary that you should find out where she is, of which I am unfortunately not able to inform you.'

'How! what mean you?' exclaimed the governor, who now only began to comprehend the extent of his misfortune. 'Whither hath she fled, or with whom?'

'She is fled, for what I know,' said De Valence, 'in search of a more enterprising lover than one who is so willing to interpret every air of frost as a killing blight to his hopes; perhaps she seeks the Black Douglas, or some such hero of the thistle, to reward with her lands, her lordships, and beauty those virtues of enterprise and courage of which John de Walton was at one time thought possessed. But, seriously, events are passing around us of strange import. I saw enough last night, on my way to St. Bride's, to make me suspicious of every one. I sent to you as a prisoner the old sexton of the church of Douglas. I found him contumacious as to some inquiries which I thought it proper to prosecute; but of this more at another time. The escape of this lady adds greatly to the difficulties which encircle this devoted castle.'

'Aymer de Valence,' replied De Walton, in a solemn and animated tone, 'Douglas Castle shall be defended, as we have hitherto been able, with the aid of Heaven, to spread from its battlements the broad banner of St. George. Come of me what list during my life, I will die the faithful lover of Augusta de Berkely, even although I no longer live as her chosen knight. There are cloisters and hermitages —'

'Ay, marry are there,' replied Sir Aymer, 'and girdles of hemp, moreover, and beads of oak; but all these we omit in

our reckonings till we discover where the Lady Augusta is, and what she purposes to do in this matter.'

'You say well,' replied De Walton; 'let us hold counsel together by what means we shall, if possible, discover the lady's too hasty retreat, by which she has done me great wrong — I mean, if she supposed her commands would not have been fully obeyed, had she honoured with them the governor of Douglas Dale, or any who are under his command.'

'Now,' replied De Valence, 'you again speak like a true son of chivalry. With your permission, I would summon this minstrel to our presence. His fidelity to his mistress has been remarkable; and, as matters stand now, we must take instant measures for tracing the place of her retreat.'

CHAPTER XIV

The way is long, my children — long and rough,
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark ;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskilled save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath missed the discipline of noble hearts.

Old Play.

IT was yet early in the day when, after the governor and De Valence had again summoned Bertram to their councils, the garrison of Douglas was mustered, and a number of small parties, in addition to those already despatched by De Valence from Hazelside, were sent out to scour the woods in pursuit of the fugitives, with strict injunctions to treat them, if overtaken, with the utmost respect, and to obey their commands, keeping an eye, however, on the place where they might take refuge. To facilitate this result, some who were men of discretion were entrusted with the secret who the supposed pilgrim and the fugitive nun really were. The whole ground, whether forest or moorland, within many miles of Douglas Castle was covered and traversed by parties, whose anxiety to detect the fugitives was equal to the reward for their safe recovery liberally offered by De Walton and De Valence. They spared not, meantime, to make such inquiries in all directions as might bring to light any machinations of the Scottish insurgents which might be on foot in those wild districts, of which, as we have said before, De Valence, in particular, entertained strong suspicions. Their instructions were, in case of finding such, to proceed against the persons engaged, by arrest and otherwise, in the most rigorous manner, such as had been commanded by De Walton himself at the time when the Black Douglas and his accomplices had been the principal objects of his wakeful suspicions. These various detachments had greatly reduced the strength of the garrison ; yet, although numerous, alert, and despatched in every direction, they had not the

fortune either to fall on the trace of the Lady of Berkely or to encounter any party whatever of the insurgent Scottish.

Meanwhile our fugitives had, as we have seen, set out from the convent of St Bride under the guidance of a cavalier, of whom the Lady Augusta knew nothing save that he was to guide their steps in a direction where they would not be exposed to the risk of being overtaken. At length Margaret de Hautlieu herself spoke upon the subject.

'You have made no inquiry,' she said, 'Lady Augusta, whither you are travelling, or under whose charge, although methinks it should much concern you to know.'

'Is it not enough for me to be aware,' answered Lady Augusta, 'that I am travelling, kind sister, under the protection of one to whom you yourself trust as to a friend; and why need I be anxious for any farther assurance of my safety?'

'Simply,' said Margaret de Hautlieu, 'because the persons with whom, from national as well as personal circumstances, I stand connected are perhaps not exactly the protectors to whom you, lady, can with such perfect safety entrust yourself.'

'In what sense,' said the Lady Augusta, 'do you use these words?'

'Because,' replied Margaret de Hautlieu, 'the Bruce, the Douglas, Malcolm Fleming, and others of that party, although they are incapable of abusing such an advantage to any dishonourable purpose, might nevertheless, under a strong temptation, consider you as an hostage thrown into their hands by Providence, through whom they might meditate the possibility of gaining some benefit to their dispersed and dispirited party.'

'They might make me,' answered the Lady Augusta, 'the subject of such a treaty when I was dead, but, believe me, never while I drew vital breath. Believe me also that, with whatever pain, shame, or agony I would again deliver myself up to the power of De Walton — yes, I would rather put myself in his hands. What do I say? *His!* I would rather surrender myself to the meanest archer of my native country than combine with its foes to work mischief to Merry England — my own England — that country which is the envy of every other country, and the pride of all who can term themselves her natives!'

'I thought that your choice might prove so,' said Lady Margaret; 'and since you have honoured me with your confidence, gladly would I provide for your liberty by placing you as nearly in the situation which you yourself desire as my poor

means have the power of accomplishing. In half an hour we shall be in danger of being taken by the English parties, which will be instantly dispersed in every direction in quest of us. Now take notice, lady, I know a place in which I can take refuge with my friends and countrymen, those gallant Scots, who have never even in this dishonoured age bent the knee to Baal. For their honour — their nicety of honour, I could in other days have answered with my own; but of late, I am bound to tell you, they have been put to those trials by which the most generous affections may be soured, and driven to a species of frenzy the more wild that it is founded originally on the noblest feelings. A person who feels himself deprived of his natural birthright, denounced, exposed to confiscation and death, because he avouches the rights of his king, the cause of his country, ceases on his part to be nice or precise in estimating the degree of retaliation which it is lawful for him to exercise in the requital of such injuries; and, believe me, bitterly should I lament having guided you into a situation which you might consider afflicting or degrading.'

'In a word, then,' said the English lady, 'what is it you apprehend I am like to suffer at the hands of your friends, whom I must be excused for terming rebels?'

'If,' said the Sister Ursula, '*your* friends, whom I should term oppressors and tyrants, take our land and our lives, seize our castles and confiscate our property, you must confess that the rough laws of war indulge *mine* with the privilege of retaliation. There can be no fear that such men, under any circumstances, would ever exercise cruelty or insult upon a lady of your rank; but it is another thing to calculate that they will abstain from such means of extorting advantage from your captivity as are common in warfare. You would not, I think, wish to be delivered up to the English, on consideration of Sir John de Walton surrendering the Castle of Douglas to its natural lord; yet, were you in the hands of the Bruce or Douglas, although I can answer for your being treated with all the respect which they have the means of showing, yet I own their putting you at such a ransom might be by no means unlikely.'

'I would sooner die,' said the Lady Berkely, 'than have my name mixed up in a treaty so disgraceful; and De Walton's reply to it would, I am certain, be to strike the head from the messenger, and throw it from the highest tower of Douglas Castle.'

'Where, then, lady, would you now go,' said Sister Ursula, 'were the choice in your power?'

'To my own castle,' answered Lady Augusta, 'where, if necessary, I could be defended even against the King himself, until I could place at least my person under the protection of the church.'

'In that case,' replied Margaret de Hautlien, 'my power of rendering you assistance is only precarious, yet it comprehends a choice which I will willingly submit to your decision, notwithstanding I thereby subject the secrets of my friends to some risk of being discovered and frustrated. But the confidence which you have placed in me imposes on me the necessity of committing to you a like trust. It rests with you whether you will proceed with me to the secret rendezvous of the Douglas and his friends, which I may be blamed for making known, and there take your chance of the reception which you may encounter, since I cannot warrant you of anything save honourable treatment, so far as your person is concerned; or, if you should think this too hazardous, make the best of your way at once for the Border, in which last case I will proceed as far as I can with you towards the English line, and then leave you to pursue your journey, and to obtain a guard and a conductor among your own countrymen. Meantime, it will be well for me if I escape being taken, since the abbot would not shrink at inflicting upon me the death due to an apostate nun.'

'Such cruelty, my sister, could hardly be inflicted upon one who had never taken the religious vows, and who still, according to the laws of the church, had a right to make a choice between the world and the veil.'

'Such choice as they gave their gallant victims,' said Lady Margaret, 'who have fallen into English hands during these merciless wars — such choice as they gave to Wallace, the Champion of Scotland; such as they gave to Hay, the gentle and the free; to Somnerville, the flower of chivalry; and to Athol, the blood relation of King Edward himself — all of whom were as much traitors, under which name they were executed, as Margaret de Hautlien is an apostate nun, and subject to the rule of the cloister.'

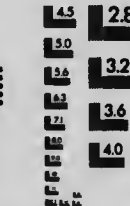
She spoke with some eagerness, for she felt as if the English lady imputed to her more coldness than she was, in such doubtful circumstances, conscious of manifesting.

'And after all,' she proceeded, 'you, Lady Augusta de



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Berkely, what do you venture, if you run the risk of falling into the hands of your lover? What dreadful risk do you incur? You need not, methinks, fear being immured between four walls, with a basket of bread and a cruise of water, which, were I seized, would be the only support allowed to me for the short space that my life would be prolonged. Nay, even were you to be betrayed to the rebel Scots, as you call them, a captivity among the hills, sweetened by the hope of deliverance, and rendered tolerable by all the alleviations which the circumstances of your captors allowed them the means of supplying, were not, I think, a lot so very hard to endure.'

'Nevertheless,' answered the Lady of Berkely, 'frightful enough it must have appeared to me, since, to fly from such, I threw myself upon your guidance.'

'And whatever you think or suspect,' answered the novice, 'I am as true to you as ever was one maiden to another; and as sure as ever Sister Ursula was true to her vows, although they were never completed, so will I be faithful to your secret, even at the risk of betraying my own.' Harken, lady!' she said, suddenly pausing, 'do you hear that?'

The sound to which she alluded was the same imitation of the cry of an owlet which the lady had before heard under the walls of the convent.

'These sounds,' said Margaret de Hautlieu, 'announce that one is near more able than I am to direct us in this matter. I must go forward and speak with him; and this man, our guide, will remain by you for a little space; nor, when he quits your bridle, need you wait for any other signal, but ride forward on the woodland path, and obey the advice and directions which will be given you.'

'Stay — stay, Sister Ursula!' cried the Lady de Berkely — 'abandon me not in this moment of uncertainty and distress!'

'It must be, for the sake of both,' returned Margaret de Hautlieu. 'I also am in uncertainty, I also am in distress, and patience and obedience are the only virtues which can save us both.'

So saying, she struck her horse with the riding-rod, and, moving briskly forward, disappeared among the boughs of a tangled thicket. The Lady of Berkely would have followed her companion, but the cavalier who attended them laid a strong hand upon the bridle of her palfrey, with a look which implied that he would not permit her to proceed in that direction. Terrified, therefore, though she could not exactly state

a reason why, the Lady of Berkely remained with her eyes fixed upon the thicket, instinctively, as it were, expecting to see a band of English archers, or rugged Scottish insurgents, issue from its tangled skirts, and doubtful which she should have most considered as the objects of her terror. In the distress of her uncertainty, she again attempted to move forward, but the stern check which her attendant again bestowed upon her bridle proved sufficiently that, in restraining her wishes, the stranger was not likely to spare the strength which he certainly possessed. At length, after some ten minutes had elapsed, the cavalier withdrew his hand from her bridle, and pointing with his lance towards the thicket, through which there winded a narrow, scarce visible path, seemed to intimate to the lady that her road lay in that direction, and that he would no longer prevent her following it.

'Do you not go with me?' said the lady, who, having been accustomed to this man's company since they left the convent, had by degrees come to look upon him as a sort of protector. He, however, gravely shook his head, as if to excuse complying with a request which it was not in his power to grant; and, turning his steed in a different direction, retired at a pace which soon carried him from her sight. She had then no alternative but to take the path of the thicket which had been followed by Margaret de Hautlieu, nor did she pursue it long before coming in sight of a singular spectacle.

The trees grew wider as the lady advanced, and when she entered the thicket she perceived that, though hedged in as it were by an enclosure of copsewood, it was in the interior altogether occupied by a few of the magnificent trees, such as seemed to have been the ancestors of the forest, and which, though few in number, were sufficient to overshadow all the unoccupied ground by the great extent of their complicated branches. Beneath one of these lay stretched something of a grey colour, which, as it drew itself together, exhibited the figure of a man sheathed in armour, but strangely accoutred, and in a manner so bizarre as to indicate some of the wild fancies peculiar to the knights of that period. His armour was ingeniously painted so as to represent a skeleton, the ribs being constituted by the corslet and its back-piece. The shield represented an owl with its wings spread, a device which was repeated upon the helmet, which appeared to be completely covered by an image of the same bird of ill omen. But that which was particularly calculated to excite surprise in the

spectator was the great height and thinness of the figure, which, as it arose from the ground and placed itself in an erect posture, seemed rather to resemble an apparition in the act of extricating itself from the grave than that of an ordinary man rising upon his feet. The horse, too, upon which the lady rode started back and snorted, either at the sudden change of posture of this ghastly specimen of chivalry, or disagreeably affected by some odour which accompanied his presence. The lady herself manifested some alarm, for although she did not utterly believe she was in the presence of a supernatural being, yet, among all the strange half-frantic disguises of chivalry, this was assuredly the most uncouth which she had ever seen; and considering how often the knights of the period pushed their dreamy fancies to the borders of insanity, it seemed at best no very safe adventure to meet one accoutred in the emblems of the King of Terrors himself, alone, and in the midst of a wild forest. Be the knight's character and purposes what they might, she resolved, however, to accost him in the language and manner observed in romances upon such occasions, in the hope even that if he were a madman he might prove a peaceable one, and accessible to civility.

'Sir knight,' she said, in as firm a tone as she could assume, 'right sorry am I if, by my hasty approach, I have disturbed your solitary meditations. My horse, sensible, I think of the presence of yours, brought me hither, without my being aware whom or what I was to encounter.'

'I am one,' answered the stranger, in a solemn tone, 'whom few men seek to meet, till the time comes that they can avoid me no longer.'

'You speak, sir knight,' replied the Lady de Berkely, 'according to the dismal character of which it has pleased you to assume the distinction. May I appeal to one whose exterior is so formidable, for the purpose of requesting some directions to guide me through this wild wood; as, for instance, what is the name of the nearest castle, town, or hostelry, and by what course I am best likely to reach such?'

'It is a singular audacity,' answered the Knight of the Tomb, 'that would enter into conversation with him who is termed the Inexorable, the Unsparring, and the Pitiless whom even the most miserable forbears to call to his assistance lest his prayers should be too soon answered.'

'Sir knight,' replied the Lady Augusta, 'the character which you have assumed, unquestionably for good reasons,

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CADZOW FOREST.
From a painting by McCulloch.



dictates to you a peculiar course of speech ; but although your part is a sad one, it does not, I should suppose, render it necessary for you to refuse those acts of civility to which you must have bound yourself in taking the high vows of chivalry.'

'If you will trust to my guidance,' replied the ghastly figure, 'there is only one condition upon which I can grant you the information which you require; and that is, that you follow my footsteps without any questions asked as to the tendency of our journey.'

'I suppose I must submit to your conditions,' she answered, 'if you are indeed pleased to take upon yourself the task of being my guide. In my heart I conceive you to be one of the unhappy gentlemen of Scotland who are now in arms, as they say, for the defence of their liberties. A rash undertaking has brought me within the sphere of your influence, and now the only favour I have to request of you, against whom I never did nor planned any evil, is the guidance which your knowledge of the country permits you easily to afford me in my way to the frontiers of England. Believe that what I may see of your haunts or of your practices shall be to me things invisible, as if they were actually concealed by the sepulchre itself of the king of which it has pleased you to assume the attributes; and if a sum of money, enough to be the ransom of a wealthy earl, will purchase such a favour at need, such a ransom will be frankly paid, and with as much fidelity as ever it was rendered by a prisoner to the knight by whom he was taken. Do not reject me, princely Bruce — noble Douglas — if indeed it is to either of these that I address myself in this my last extremity; men speak of both as fearful enemies, but generous knights and faithful friends. Let me entreat you to remember how much you would wish your own friends and connexions to meet with compassion under similar circumstances at the hands of the knights of England.'

'And have they done so?' replied the knight, in a voice more gloomy than before, 'or do you act wisely, while imploring the protection of one whom you believe to be a true Scottish knight, for no other reason than the extreme and extravagant misery of his appearance — is it, I say, well or wise to remind him of the mode in which the lords of England have treated the lovely maidens and the high-born dames of Scotland? Have not their prison cages been suspended from the battlements of castles, that their captivity might be kept in view of every base burgher who would desire to look upon the miseries

of the noblest peeresses, yea, even the queen of Scotland? Is this a recollection which can inspire a Scottish knight with compassion towards an English lady? or is it a thought which can do ought but swell the deeply sworn hatred of Edward Plantagenet, the author of these evils, that boils in every drop of Scottish blood which still feels the throb of life? No; it is all you can expect if, cold and pitiless as the sepulchre I represent, I leave you unassisted in the helpless condition in which you describe yourself to be.'

'You will not be so inhuman,' replied the lady; 'in doing so, you must surrender every right to honest fame which you have won either by sword or lance. You must surrender every pretence to that justice which affects the merit of supporting the weak against the strong. You must make it your principle to avenge the wrongs and tyranny of Edward Plantagenet upon the dames and damosels of England who have neither access to his councils nor perhaps give him their approbation in his wars against Scotland.'

'It would not, then,' said the Knight of the Sepulchre, 'induce you to depart from your request, should I tell you the evils to which you would subject yourself should we fall into the hands of the English troops, and should they find you under such ill-omened protection as my own?'

'Be assured,' said the lady, 'the consideration of such an event does not in the least shake my resolution or desire of confiding in your protection. You may probably know who I am, and may judge how far even Edward would hold himself entitled to extend punishment towards me.'

'How am I to know you,' replied the ghostly cavalier, 'or your circumstances? They must be extraordinary indeed if they could form a check, either of justice or humanity, upon the revengeful feelings of Edward. All who know him are assured that it is no ordinary motive that will induce him to depart from the indulgence of his evil temper. But you may, you, lady, if a lady you be, throw yourself as you may upon me, and I must discharge myself of my trust as I best may; for this purpose you must be guided implicitly by my directions, which will be given after the fashion of those of the spiritual world, being intimations, rather than detailed instructions, for your conduct, and expressed rather by commands than by any reason or argument. In this way it is possible that I may be of service to you; in any other case, it is most likely

¹ See Prison Cages. Note 11.

that I may fail you at need, and melt from your side like a phantom which dreads the approach of day.'

'You cannot be so cruel!' answered the lady. 'A gentleman, a knight, and a nobleman — and I persuade myself I speak to all — hath duties which he cannot abandon.'

'He has, I grant it, and they are most sacred to me,' answered the Spectral Knight; 'but I have also duties whose obligations are doubly binding, and to which I must sacrifice those which would otherwise lead me to devote myself to your rescue. The only question is, whether you feel inclined to accept my protection on the limited terms on which alone I can extend it, or whether you deem it better that each go their own way, and limit themselves to their own resources, and trust the rest to Providence?'

'Alas!' replied the lady, 'beset and hard pressed as I am, to ask me to form a resolution for myself is like calling on a wretch, in the act of falling from a precipice, to form a calm judgment by what twig he may best gain the chance of breaking his fall. His answer must necessarily be, that he will cling to that which he can easiest lay hold of, and trust the rest to Providence. I accept, therefore, your offer of protection, in the modified way you are pleased to limit it, and I put my faith in Heaven and in you. To aid me effectually, however, you must know my name and my circumstances.'

'All these,' answered the Knight of the Sepulchre, 'have already been told me by your late companion; for deem not, young lady, that either beauty, rank, extended domains, unlimited wealth, or the highest accomplishments can weigh anything in the consideration of him who wears the trappings of the tomb, and whose affections and desires are long buried in the charnel-house.'

'May your faith,' said the Lady Augusta de Berkely, 'be as steady as your words appear severe, and I submit to your guidance without the least doubt or fear that it will prove otherwise than as I venture to hope.'

CHAPTER XV

LIKE the dog following its master, when engaged in training him to the sport in which he desires he should excel, the Lady Augusta felt herself occasionally treated with a severity calculated to impress upon her the most implicit obedience and attention to the Knight of the Tomb, in whom she had speedily persuaded herself she saw a principal man among the retainers of Douglas, if not James of Douglas himself. Still, however, the ideas which the lady had formed of the redoubted Douglas were those of a knight highly accomplished in the duties of chivalry, devoted in particular to the service of the fair sex, and altogether unlike the personage with whom she found herself so strangely united, or rather for the present enthralled to. Nevertheless, when, as if to abridge farther communication, he turned short into one of the mazes of the wood, and seemed to adopt a pace which, from the nature of the ground, the horse on which the Lady Augusta was mounted had difficulty to keep up with, she followed him with the alarm and speed of the young spaniel, which, from fear rather than fondness, endeavours to keep up with the track of its severe master. The simile, it is true, is not a very polite one, nor entirely becoming an age when women were worshipped with a certain degree of devotion; but such circumstances as the present were also rare, and the Lady Augusta de Berkely could not but persuade herself that the terrible Champion, whose name had been so long the theme of her anxiety, and the terror indeed of the whole country, might be able, some way or other, to accomplish her deliverance. She, therefore, exerted herself to the utmost so as to keep pace with the phantom-like apparition, and followed the knight, as the evening shadow keeps watch upon the belated rustic.

As the lady obviously suffered under the degree of exertion necessary to keep her palfrey from stumbling in these steep

and broken paths, the Knight of the Tomb slackened his pace, looked anxiously around him, and muttered apparently to himself, though probably intended for his companion's ear, 'There is no occasion for so much haste.'

He proceeded at a slower rate until they seemed to be on the brink of a ravine, being one of many irregularities on the surface of the ground, effected by the sudden torrents peculiar to that country, and which, winding among the trees and copse-wood, formed, as it were, a net of places of concealment, opening into each other, so that there was perhaps no place in the world so fit for the purpose of ambuscade. The spot where the Borderer Turnbull had made his escape at the hunting-match was one specimen of this broken country, and perhaps connected itself with the various thickets and passes through which the knight and pilgrim occasionally seemed to take their way, though that ravine was at a considerable distance from their present route.

Meanwhile the knight led the way, as if rather with the purpose of bewildering the Lady Augusta amidst these interminable woods than following any exact or fixed path. Here they ascended, and anon appeared to descend in the same direction, finding only boundless wildernesses and varied combinations of tangled woodland scenery. Such part of the country as seemed arable the knight appeared carefully to avoid; yet he could not direct his course with so much certainty but that he occasionally crossed the path of inhabitants and cultivators, who showed a consciousness of so singular a presence, but never, as the lady observed, evinced any symptom of recognition. The inference was obvious, that the Spectre Knight was known in the country, and that he possessed adherents or accomplices there, who were at least so far his friends as to avoid giving any alarm, which might be the means of his discovery. The well-imitated cry of the night-owl, too frequent a guest in the wilderness that its call should be a subject of surprise, seemed to be a signal generally understood among them; for it was heard in different parts of the wood, and the Lady Augusta, experienced in such journeys by her former travels under the guidance of the minstrel Bertram, was led to observe that, on hearing such wild notes, her guide changed the direction of his course, and betook himself to paths which led through deeper wilds and more impenetrable thickets. This happened so often, that a new alarm came upon the unfortunate pilgrim, which suggested other motives of terror.

Was she not the confidante, and almost the tool, of some artful design, laid with a view to an extensive operation, which was destined to terminate, as the efforts of Douglas had before done, in the surprise of his hereditary castle, the massacre of the English garrison, and finally in the dishonour and death of that Sir John de Walton upon whose fate she had long believed, or taught herself to believe, that her own was dependent ?

It no sooner flashed across the mind of the Lady Augusta that she was engaged in some such conspiracy with a Scottish insurgent than she shuddered at the consequences of the dark transactions in which she had now become involved, and which appeared to have a tendency so very different from what she had at first apprehended.

The hours of the morning of this remarkable day, being that of Palm Sunday, were thus drawn out in wandering from place to place ; while the Lady de Berkely occasionally interposed by petitions for liberty, which she endeavoured to express in the most moving and pathetic manner, and by offers of wealth and treasures, to which no answer whatever was returned by her strange guide.

At length, as if worn out by his captive's importunity, the knight, coming close up to the bridle-rein of the Lady Augusta, said in a solemn tone —

'I am, as you may well believe, none of those knights who roam through wood and wild seeking adventures, by which I may obtain grace in the eyes of a fair lady. Yet will I to a certain degree grant the request which thou dost solicit so anxiously, and the arbitration of thy fate shall depend upon the pleasure of him to whose will thou hast expressed thyself ready to submit thine own. I will, on our arrival at the place of our destination, which is now at hand, write to Sir John de Walton, and send my letter, together with thy fair self, by a special messenger. He will, no doubt, speedily attend our summons, and thou shalt thyself be satisfied that even he who has as yet appeared deaf to entreaty, and insensible to earthly affections, has still some sympathy for beauty and for virtue. I will put the choice of safety and thy future happiness into thine own hands and those of the man whom thou hast chosen ; and thou mayst select which thou wilt betwixt those and misery.'

While he thus spoke, one of those ravines or clefts in the earth seemed to yawn before them, and entering it at the upper end, the Spectre Knight, with an attention which he had not yet shown, guided the lady's courser by the rein down the

broken and steep path by which alone the bottom of the tangled dingle was accessible.

When placed on firm ground after the dangers of a descent, in which her palfrey seemed to be sustained by the personal strength and address of the singular being who had hold of the bridle, the lady looked with some astonishment at a place so well adapted for concealment as that which she had now reached. It appeared evident that it was used for this purpose, for more than one stifled answer was given to a very low bugle-note emitted by the Knight of the Tomb; and when the same note was repeated, about half a score of armed men, some wearing the dress of soldiers, others those of shepherds and agriculturists, showed themselves imperfectly, as if acknowledging the summons.

CHAPTER XVI

'HAIL to you, my gallant friends!' said the Knight of the Tomb to his companions, who seemed to welcome him with the eagerness of men engaged in the same perilous undertaking. 'The winter has passed over, the festival of Palm Sunday is come, and as surely as the ice and snow of this season shall not remain to chill the earth through the ensuing summer, so surely we, in a few hours, keep our word to those Southron braggarts, who think their language of boasting and malice has as much force over our Scottish bosoms as the blast possesses over the autumn fruits; but it is not so. While we choose to remain concealed, they may as vainly seek to descry us as a housewife would search for the needle she has dropped among the withered foliage of yon gigantic oak. Yet a few hours, and the lost needle shall become the exterminating sword of the Genius of Scotland, avenging ten thousand injuries, and especially the life of the gallant Lord Douglas, cruelly done to death as an exile from his native country.'

An exclamation between a yell and a groan burst from the assembled retainers of Douglas, upon being reminded of the recent death of their chieftain; while they seemed at the same time sensible of the necessity of making little noise, lest they should give the alarm to some of the numerous English parties which were then traversing different parts of the forest. The acclamation, so cautiously uttered, had scarce died away in silence, when the Knight of the Tomb, or, to call him by his proper name, Sir James Douglas, again addressed his handful of faithful followers.

'One effort, my friends, may yet be made to end our strife with the Southron without bloodshed. Fate has within a few hours thrown into my power the young heiress of Berkely, for whose sake it is said Sir John de Walton keeps with such

obstinacy the castle which is mine by inheritance. Is there one among you who dare go, as the honourable escort of Augusta de Berkely, bearing a letter, explaining the terms on which I am willing to restore her to her lover, to freedom, and to her English lordships ?

'If there is none other,' said a tall man, dressed in the tattered attire of a woodsman, and being, in fact, no other than the very Michael Turnbull who had already given so extraordinary a proof of his undaunted manhood, 'I will gladly be the person who will be the lady's henchman on this expedition.'

'Thou art never wanting,' said the Douglas, 'where a manly deed is to be done; but remember, this lady must pledge to us her word and oath that she will hold herself our faithful prisoner, rescue or no rescue; that she will consider herself as pledged for the life, freedom, and fair usage of Michael Turnbull; and that, if Sir John de Walton refuse my terms, she must hold herself obliged to return with Turnbull to our presence, in order to be disposed of at our pleasure.'

There was much in these conditions which struck the Lady Augusta with natural doubt and horror; nevertheless, strange as it may seem, the declaration of the Douglas gave a species of decision to her situation which might have otherwise been unattainable; and, from the high opinion which she entertained of the Douglas's chivalry, she could not bring herself to think that any part which he might play in the approaching drama would be other than that which a perfect good knight would, under all circumstances, maintain towards his enemy. Even with respect to De Walton she felt herself relieved of a painful difficulty. The idea of her being discovered by the knight himself in a male disguise had preyed upon her spirits; and she felt as if guilty of a departure from the laws of womanhood, in having extended her favour towards him beyond maidenly limits—a step, too, which might tend to lessen her in the eyes of the lover for whom she had hazarded so much.

The heart, she said, is lightly prized
That is but lightly won;
And long shall mourn the heartless man
That leaves his love too soon.

On the other hand, to be brought before him as a prisoner was indeed a circumstance equally perplexing and unpleasing, but it was one which was beyond her control, and the Douglas,

into whose hands she had fallen, appeared to her to represent the deity in the play, whose entrance was almost sufficient to bring its perplexities to a conclusion ; she therefore not unwillingly submitted to take what oaths and promises were required by the party in whose hands she found herself, and accordingly engaged to be a true prisoner, whatever might occur. Meantime, she strictly obeyed the directions of those who had her motions at command, devoutly praying that circumstances, in themselves so adverse, might nevertheless work together for the safety of her lover and her own freedom.

A pause ensued, during which a slight repast was placed before the Lady Augusta, who was wellnigh exhausted with the fatigues of her journey.

Douglas and his partizans, meanwhile, whispered together, as if unwilling she should hear their conference ; while, to purchase their good-will, if possible, she studiously avoided every appearance of listening.

After some conversation, Turnbull, who appeared to consider the lady as peculiarly his charge, said to her in a harsh voice, 'Do not fear, lady ; no wrong shall be done you ; nevertheless, you must be content for a space to be blindfolded.'

She submitted to this in silent terror ; and the trooper, wrapping part of a mantle round her head, did not assist her to remount her palfrey, but lent her his arm to support her in this blinded state.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ground which they traversed was, as Lady Augusta could feel, very broken and uneven, and sometimes, as she thought, encumbered with ruins, which were difficult to surmount. The strength of her comrade assisted her forward on such occasions; but his help was so roughly administered that the lady once or twice, in fear or suffering, was compelled to groan or sigh heavily, whatever was her desire to suppress such evidence of the apprehension which she underwent, or the pain which she endured. Presently, upon an occasion of this kind, she was distinctly sensible that the rough woodsman was removed from her side, and another of the party substituted in his stead, whose voice, more gentle than that of his companion, she thought she had lately heard.

'Noble lady,' were the words, 'fear not the slightest injury at our hands, and accept of my ministry instead of that of my henchman, who has gone forward with our letter; do not think me presuming on my situation if I bear you in my arms through ruins where you could not easily move alone and blindfold.'

At the same time, the Lady Augusta Berkely felt herself raised from the earth in the strong arms of a man, and borne onward with the utmost gentleness, without the necessity of making those painful exertions which had been formerly required. She was ashamed of her situation; but, however delicate, it was no time to give vent to complaints, which might have given offence to persons whom it was her interest to conciliate. She, therefore, submitted to necessity, and heard the following words whispered in her ear —

'Fear nothing, there is no evil intended you; nor shall Sir John de Walton, if he loves you as you deserve at his hand, receive any harm on our part. We call on him but to do justice to ourselves and to you; and be assured you will best

accomplish your own happiness by aiding our views, which are equally in favour of your wishes and your freedom.'

The Lady Augusta would have made some answer to this, but her breath, betwixt fear and the speed with which she was transported, refused to permit her to use intelligible accents. Meantime, she began to be sensible that she was inclosed within some building, and probably a ruinous one; for although the mode of her transportation no longer permitted her to ascertain the nature of her path in any respect distinctly, yet the absence of the external air — which was, however, sometimes excluded and sometimes admitted in furious gusts — intimated that she was conducted through buildings partly entire, and in other places admitting the wind through wide rents and gaps. In one place it seemed to the lady as if she passed through a considerable body of people, all of whom observed silence, although there was sometimes heard among them a murmur, to which every one present in some degree contributed, although the general sound did not exceed a whisper. Her situation made her attend to every circumstance, and she did not fail to observe that these persons made way for him who bore her, until at length she became sensible that he descended by the regular steps of a stair, and that she was now alone excepting his company. Arrived, as it appeared to the lady, on more level ground, they proceeded on their singular road by a course which appeared neither direct nor easy, and through an atmosphere which was close to a smothering degree, and felt at the same time damp and disagreeable, as if from the vapours of a new-made grave.

Her guide again spoke. 'Bear up, Lady Augusta, for a little longer, and continue to endure that atmosphere which must be one day common to us all. By the necessity of my situation, I must resign my present office to your original guide, and can only give you my assurance that neither he nor any one else shall offer you the least incivility or insult, and on this you may rely, on the faith of a man of honour.'

He placed her, as he said these words, upon the soft turf, and, to her infinite refreshment, made her sensible that she was once more in the open air, and free from the smothering atmosphere which had before oppressed her like that of a charnel-house. At the same time, she breathed in a whisper an anxious wish that she might be permitted to disencumber herself from the folds of the mantle, which excluded almost the power of breathing, though intended only to prevent her

those by whose orders you act by holding no society with me whatever, otherwise than is necessary in the character of guide.'

The man lowered his brows, yet seemed to assent to what the Lady of Berkely proposed, and remained silent as they for some time pursued their course, each pondering over their own share of meditation, which probably turned upon matters essentially different. At length the loud blast of a bugle was heard at no great distance from the unsocial fellow-travellers. 'That is the person we seek,' said Turnbull: 'I know his blast from any other who frequents this forest, and my orders are to bring you to speech of him.'

The blood darted rapidly through the lady's veins at the thought of being thus unceremoniously presented to the knight in whose favour she had confessed a rash preference more agreeable to the manners of those times, when exaggerated sentiments often inspired actions of extravagant generosity, than in our days, when everything is accounted absurd which does not turn upon a motive connected with the immediate selfish interests of the actor himself. When Turnbull, therefore, winded his horn, as if in answer to the blast which they had heard, the lady was disposed to fly at the first impulse of shame and of fear. Turnbull perceived her intention, and caught hold of her with no very gentle grasp, saying, 'Nay, lady, it is to be understood that you play your own part in the drama, which, unless you continue on the stage, will conclude unsatisfactorily to us all, in a combat at outrance between your lover and me, when it will appear which of us is most worthy of your favour.'

'I will be patient,' said the lady, bethinking her that even this strange man's presence, and the compulsion which he appeared to use towards her, was a sort of excuse to her female scruples for coming into the presence of her lover, at least at her first appearance before him, in a disguise which her feelings confessed was not extremely decorous, or reconcilable to the dignity of her sex.

The moment after these thoughts had passed through her mind, the tramp of a horse was heard approaching; and Sir John de Walton, pressing through the trees, became aware of the presence of his lady, captive, as it seemed, in the grasp of a Scottish outlaw, who was only known to him by his former audacity at the hunting-match.

His surprise and joy only supplied the knight with these hasty expressions — 'Caitiff, let go thy hold! or die in thy profane attempt to control the motions of one whom the very sun

in heaven should be proud to . . . At the same time, apprehensive that the huntsman might hurry the lady from his sight by means of some entangled path — such as upon a former occasion had served him for escape — Sir John de Walton dropt his cumbersome lance, of which the trees did not permit him the perfect use, and, springing from his horse, approached Turnbull with his drawn sword.

The Scottishman, keeping his left hand still upon the lady's mantle, uplifted with his right his battle-axe, or Jedwood staff, for the purpose of parrying and returning the blow of his antagonist; but the lady spoke.

'Sir John de Walton,' she said, 'for Heaven's sake, forbear all violence, till you hear upon what pacific object I am brought hither, and by what peaceful means these wars may be put an end to. This man, though an enemy of yours, has been to me a civil and respectful guardian; and I entreat you to forbear him while he speaks the purpose for which he has brought me hither.'

'To speak of compulsion and the Lady de Berkely in the same breath would itself be cause enough for instant death,' said the governor of Douglas Castle; 'but you command, lady, and I spare his insignificant life, although I have causes of complaint against him the least of which were good warrant, had he a thousand lives, for the forfeiture of them all.'

'John de Walton,' replied Turnbull, 'this lady well knows that no fear of thee operates in my mind to render this peaceful meeting; and were I not withheld by other circumstances of great consideration to the Douglas, as well as thyself, I should have no more fear in facing the utmost thou couldst do than I have now in levelling that sapling to the earth it grows upon.'

So saying, Michael Turnbull raised his battle-axe, and struck from a neighbouring oak-tree a branch, wellnigh as thick as a man's arm, which, with all its twigs and leaves, rushed to the ground between De Walton and the Scottishman, giving a singular instance of the keenness of his weapon, and the strength and dexterity with which he used it.

'Let there be truce, then, between us, good fellow,' said Sir John de Walton, 'since it is the lady's pleasure that such should be the case, and let me know what thou hast to say to me respecting her?'

'On that subject,' said Turnbull, 'my words are few, but mark them, sir Englishman. The Lady Augusta Berkely, wandering in this country, has become a prisoner of the noble Lord Douglas, the rightful inheritor of the castle and lordship,

and he finds himself obliged to attach to the liberty of this lady the following conditions, being in all respects such as good and lawful warfare entitles a knight to exact. That is to say, in all honour and safety the Lady Augusta shall be delivered to Sir John de Walton, or those whom he shall name for the purpose of receiving her. On the other hand, the Castle of Douglas itself, together with all outposts or garrisons thereunto belonging, shall be made over and surrendered by Sir John de Walton, in the same situation, and containing the same provisions and artillery, as are now within their walls and the space of a month of truce shall be permitted to Sir James Douglas and Sir John de Walton farther to regulate the terms of surrender on both parts, having first plighted their knightly word and oath that in the exchange of the honourable lady for the foresaid castle lie the full import of the present agreement, and that every other subject of dispute shall, at the pleasure of the noble knights foresaid, be honourably compounded and agreed betwixt them; or, at their pleasure, settled knightly by single combat, according to usage, and in a fair field, before any honourable person that may possess power enough to preside.'

It is not easy to conceive the astonishment of Sir John de Walton at hearing the contents of this extraordinary cartel; he looked towards the Lady of Berkely with that aspect of despair with which a criminal may be supposed to see his guardian angel prepare for departure. Through her mind also similar ideas flowed, as if they contained a concession of what she had considered as the summit of her wishes, but under conditions disgraceful to her lover, like the cherub's fiery sword of yore, which was a barrier between our first parents and the blessings of Paradise.

Sir John de Walton, after a moment's hesitation, broke silence in these words: 'Noble lady, you may be surprised if a condition be imposed upon me, having for its object your freedom, and if Sir John de Walton, already standing under those obligations to you which he is proud of acknowledging, should yet hesitate on accepting, with the utmost eagerness, what must ensure your restoration to freedom and independence; but so it is, that the words now spoken have thrilled in mine ear without reaching to my understanding, and I must pray the Lady of Berkely for pardon if I take time to reconsider them for a short space.'

'And I,' replied Turnbull, 'have only power to allow you half an hour for the consideration of an offer in accepting

which, methinks, you should jump shoulder-height, instead of asking any time for reflection. What does this cartel exact, save what your duty as a knight implicitly obliges you to? You have engaged yourself to become the agent of the tyrant Edward, in holding Douglas Castle, as his commander, to the prejudice of the Scottish nation and of the knight of Douglas Dale, who never, as a community or as an individual, were guilty of the least injury towards you; you are therefore prosecuting a false path, unworthy of a good knight. On the other hand, the freedom and safety of your lady is now proposed to be pledged to you, with a full assurance of her liberty and honour, on consideration of your withdrawing from the unjust line of conduct in which you have suffered yourself to be imprudently engaged. If you persevere in it, you place your own honour and the lady's happiness in the hands of men whom you have done everything in your power to render desperate, and whom, thus irritated, it is most probable you may find such.'

'It is not from thee at least,' said the knight, 'that I shall learn to estimate the manner in which Douglas will explain the laws of war, or De Walton receive them at his dictating.'

'I am not, then,' said Turnbull, 'received as a friendly messenger? Farewell, and think of this lady as being in any hands but those which are safe, while you make up at leisure your mind upon the message I have brought you. Come, madam, we must be gone.'

So saying, he seized upon the lady's hand, and pulled her, as if to force her to withdraw. The lady had stood motionless, and almost senseless, while these speeches were exchanged between the warriors; but when she felt the grasp of Michael Turnbull she exclaimed, like one almost beside herself with fear — 'Help me, De Walton!'

The knight, stung to instant rage, assaulted the forester with the utmost fury, and dealt him with his long sword, almost at unawares, two or three heavy blows, by which he was so wounded that he sunk backwards in the thicket, and De Walton was about to despatch him when he was prevented by the anxious cry of the lady — 'Alas! De Walton, what have you done? This man was only an ambassador, and should have passed free from injury, while he confined himself to the delivery of what he was charged with; and if thou hast slain him, who knows how frightful may prove the vengeance exacted!'

The voice of the lady seemed to recover the huntsman from the effects of the blows he had received: he sprung on his feet, saying, 'Never mind me, nor think of my becoming the means of making mischief. The knight, in his haste, spoke without giving me warning and defiance, which gave him an advantage which, I think, he would otherwise have scorned to have taken in such a case. I will renew the combat on fairer terms, or call another champion, as the knight pleases.' With these words he disappeared.

'Fear not, empress of De Walton's thoughts,' answered the knight, 'but believe that, if we regain together the shelter of Douglas Castle and the safeguard of St. George's cross, thou mayst laugh at all. And if you can but pardon, what I shall never be able to forgive myself, the mole-like blindness which did not recognise the sun while under a temporary eclipse, the task cannot be named too hard for mortal valour to achieve which I shall not willingly undertake to wipe out the memory of my grievous fault.'

'Mention it no more,' said the lady; 'it is not at such a time as this, when our lives are for the moment at stake, that quarrels upon slighter topics are to be recurred to. I can tell you, if you do not yet know, that the Scots are in arms in this vicinity, and that even the earth has yawned to conceal them from the sight of your garrison.'

'Let it yawn, then,' said Sir John de Walton, 'and suffer every fiend in the infernal abyss to escape from his prison-house and reinforce our enemies; still, fairest, having received in thee a pearl of matchless price, my spurs shall be hacked from my heels by the basest scullion if I turn my horse's head to the rear before the utmost force these ruffians can assemble, either upon earth or from underneath it. In thy name I defy them all to instant combat.'

As Sir John de Walton pronounced these last words in something of an exalted tone, a tall cavalier, arrayed in black armour of the simplest form, stepped forth from that part of the thicket where Turnbull had disappeared. 'I am,' he said, 'James of Douglas, and your challenge is accepted. I, the challenged, name the arms our knightly weapons as we now wear them, and our place of combat this field or dingle called the Bloody Sykes,¹ the time being instant, and the combatants, like true knights, foregoing each advantage on either side.'

'So be it, in God's name,' said the English knight, who,

¹ See Note 12.

though surprised at being called upon to so sudden an encounter with so formidable a warrior as young Douglas, was too proud to dream of avoiding the combat. Making a sign to the lady to retire behind him, that he might not lose the advantage which he had gained by setting her at liberty from the forester, he drew his sword, and with a deliberate and prepared attitude of offence moved slowly to the encounter. It was a dreadful one, for the courage and skill both of the native Lord of Douglas Dale and of De Walton were among the most renowned of the times, and perhaps the world of chivalry could hardly have produced two knights more famous. Their blows fell as if urged by some mighty engine, where they were met and parried with equal strength and dexterity; nor seemed it likely, in the course of ten minutes' encounter, that an advantage would be gained by either combatant over the other. An instant they stopped by mutually implied assent, as it seemed, for the purpose of taking breath, during which Douglas said, 'I beg that this noble lady may understand that her own freedom is no way concerned in the present contest, which entirely regards the injustice done by this Sir John de Walton, and by his nation of England, to the memory of my father, and to my own natural rights.'

'You are generous, sir knight,' replied the lady; 'but in what circumstances do you place me, if you deprive me of my protector by death or captivity and leave me alone in a foreign land?'

'If such should be the event of the combat,' replied Sir James, 'the Douglas himself, lady, will safely restore thee to thy native land; for never did his sword do an injury for which he was not willing to make amends with the same weapon; and if Sir John de Walton will make the slightest admission that he renounces maintaining the present strife, were it only by yielding up a feather from the plume of his helmet, Douglas will renounce every purpose on his part which can touch the lady's honour or safety, and the combat may be suspended until the national quarrel again brings us together.'

Sir John de Walton pondered a moment, and the lady, although she did not speak, looked at him with eyes which plainly expressed how much she wished that he would choose the less hazardous alternative. But the knight's own scruples prevented his bringing the ease to so favourable an arbitrement.

'Never shall it be said of Sir John de Walton,' he replied, 'that he compromised, in the slightest degree, his own honour

or that of his country. 'This battle may end in my defeat, or rather death, and in that case my earthly prospects are closed, and I resign to Douglas, with my last breath, the charge of the Lady Augusta, trusting that he will defend her with his life, and find the means of replacing her with safety in the halls of her fathers. But while I survive she may have a better, but will not need another, protector than he who is honoured by being her own choice; nor will I yield up, were it a plume from my helmet, implying that I have maintained an unjust quarrel, either in the cause of England or of the fairest of her daughters. Thus far alone I will concede to Douglas—an instant truce, provided the lady shall not be interrupted in her retreat to England, and the combat be fought out upon another day. The castle and territory of Douglas is the property of Edward of England, the governor in his name is the rightful governor, and on this point I will fight while my eyelids are unclosed.'

'Time flies,' said Douglas, 'without waiting for our resolves; nor is there any part of his motions of such value as that which is passing with every breath of vital air which we presently draw. Why should we adjourn till to-morrow that which can be as well finished to-day? Will our swords be sharper or our arms stronger to wield them than they are at this moment? Douglas will do all which a knight can do to succour a lady in distress; but he will not grant to her knight the slightest mark of deference, which Sir John de Walton vainly supposes him able to extort by force of arms.'

With these words, the knights engaged once more in mortal combat, and the lady felt uncertain whether she should attempt her escape through the devious paths of the wood or abide the issue of this obstinate fight. It was rather her desire to see the fate of Sir John de Walton than any other consideration which induced her to remain, as if fascinated, upon the spot, where one of the fiercest quarrels ever fought was disputed by two of the bravest champions that ever drew sword. At last the lady attempted to put a stop to the combat by appealing to the bells which began to ring for the service of the day, which was Palm Sunday.

'For Heaven's sake,' she said, 'for your own sakes, and for that of lady's love, and the duties of chivalry, hold your hands only for an hour, and take chance that, where strength is so equal, means will be found of converting the truce into a solid peace. Think, this is Palm Sunday, and will you defile with

blood such a peculiar festival of Christianity? Intermit your feud at least so far as to pass to the nearest church, bearing with you branches, not in the ostentations mode of earthly conquerors, but as rendering due homage to the rules of the blessed church and the institutions of our holy religion.'

'I was on my road, fair lady, for that purpose, to the holy church of Douglas,' said the Englishman, 'when I was so fortunate as to meet you at this place; nor do I object to proceed thither even now, holding truce for an hour, and I fear not to find there friends to whom I can commit you with assurance of safety, in case I am unfortunate in the combat which is now broken off, to be resumed after the service of the day.'

'I also assent,' said the Douglas, 'to a truce for such short space; nor do I fear that there may be good Christians enough at the church who will not see their master overpowered by odds. Let us go thither, and each take the chance of what Heaven shall please to send us.'

From these words, Sir John de Walton little doubted that Douglas had assured himself of a party among those who should there assemble; but he doubted not of so many of the garrison being present as would bridle every attempt at rising; and the risk, he thought, was worth incurring, since he should thereby secure an opportunity to place Lady Augusta de Berkely in safety, at least so far as to make her liberty depend on the event of a general conflict, instead of the precarious issue of a combat between himself and Douglas.

Both these distinguished knights were inwardly of opinion that the proposal of the lady, though it relieved them from their present conflict, by no means bound them to abstain from the consequences which an accession of force might add to their general strength, and each relied upon his superiority, in some degree provided for by their previous proceedings. Sir John de Walton made almost certain of meeting with several of his bands of soldiers, who were scouring the country and traversing the woods by his direction; and Douglas, it may be supposed, had not ventured himself in person where a price was set upon his head without being attended by a sufficient number of approved adherents, placed in more or less connexion with each other, and stationed for mutual support. Each, therefore, entertained well-grounded hopes that, by adopting the truce proposed, he would ensure himself an advantage over his antagonist, although neither exactly knew in what manner or to what extent this success was to be obtained.

CHAPTER XVIII

His talk was of another world -- his bodements
Strange, doubtful, and mysterious ; those who heard him
Listen'd as to a man in feverish dreams,
Who speaks of other objects than the present,
And mutters like to him who sees a vision.

Old Play.

ON the same Palm Sunday when De Walton and Douglas measured together their mighty swords, the minstrel Bertram was busied with the ancient book of prophecies, which we have already mentioned as the supposed composition of Thomas the Rhymer, but not without many anxieties as to the fate of his lady, and the events which were passing around him. As a minstrel, he was desirous of an auditor to enter into the discoveries which he should make in that mystic volume, as well as to assist in passing away the time ; Sir John de Walton had furnished him, in Gilbert Greenleaf the archer, with one who was well contented to play the listener 'from morn to dewy eve,' provided a flask of Gascon wine, or a stoup of good English ale, remained on the board. It may be remembered that De Walton, when he dismissed the minstrel from the dungeon, was sensible that he owed him some compensation for the causeless suspicion which had dictated his imprisonment, more particularly as he was a valued servant, and had shown himself the faithful confidant of the Lady Augusta de Berkely, and the person who was moreover likely to know all the motives and circumstances of her Scottish journey. To secure his good wishes was, therefore, politic ; and De Walton had intimated to his faithful archer that he was to lay aside all suspicion of Bertram, but at the same time keep him in sight, and, if possible, in good humour with the governor of the castle and his adherents. Greenleaf, accordingly, had no doubt in his own mind that the only way to please a minstrel was to listen with patience and commendation to the lays which he liked best to

sing, or the tales which he most loved to tell; and in order to ensure the execution of his master's commands, he judged it necessary to demand of the butler such store of good liquor as could not fail to enhance the pleasure of his society.

Having thus fortified himself with the means of bearing a long interview with the minstrel, Gilbert Greenleaf proposed to confer upon him the bounty of an early breakfast, which, if it pleased him, they might wash down with a cup of sack, and, having his master's commands to show the minstrel anything about the castle which he might wish to see, refresh their over-wearied spirits by attending a part of the garrison of Douglas to the service of the day, which, as we have already seen, was of peculiar sanctity. Against such a proposal the minstrel, a good Christian by profession, and, by his connexion with the joyous science, a good fellow, having no objections to offer, the two comrades, who had formerly little good-will towards each other, commenced their morning's repast on that fated Palm Sunday with all manner of cordiality and good fellowship.

'Do not believe, worthy minstrel,' said the archer, 'that my master in any respect disparages your worth or rank in referring you for company or conversation to so poor a man as myself. It is true, I am no officer of this garrison; yet for an old archer, who for these thirty years has lived by bow and bowstring, I do not — Our Lady make me thankful! — hold less share in the grace of Sir John de Walton, the Earl of Pembroke, and other approved good soldiers, than many of those giddy young men on whom commissions are conferred, and to whom confidences are entrusted, not on account of what they have done, but what their ancestors have done before them. I pray you to notice among them one youth placed at our head in De Walton's absence, and who bears the honoured name of Aymer de Valence, being the same with that of the Earl of Pembroke, of whom I have spoken: this knight has also a brisk young page, whom men call Fabian Harbothel.'

'Is it to these gentlemen that your censure applies?' answered the minstrel. 'I should have judged differently, having never, in the course of my experience, seen a young man more courteous and amiable than the young knight you named.'

'I nothing dispute that it may be so,' said the archer, hastening to amend the false step which he had made; 'but in order that it should be so, it will be necessary that he conform to the usages of his uncle, taking the advice of experienced old

soldiers in the emergencies which may present themselves ; and not believing that the knowledge which it takes many years of observation to acquire can be at once conferred by the slap of the flat of a sword, and the magic words, "Rise up, Sir Arthur," or however the case may be.'

'Doubt not, sir archer,' replied Bertram, 'that I am fully aware of the advantage to be derived from conversing with men of experience like you : it benefiteth men of every persuasion, and I myself am oft reduced to lament my want of sufficient knowledge of armorial bearings, signs, and cognizances, and would right fain have thy assistance, where I am a stranger alike to the names of places, of persons, and description of banners and emblems by which great families are distinguished from each other, so absolutely necessary to the accomplishment of my present task.'

'Pennons and banners,' answered the archer, 'I have seen right many, and can assign, as is a soldier's wont, the name of the leader to the emblem under which he musters his followers ; nevertheless, worthy minstrel, I cannot presume to understand what you call prophecies, with or under warranted authority of old painted books, expositions of dreams, oracles, revelations, invocations of damned spirits, judicials, astrologicals, and other gross and palpable offences, whereby men, pretending to have the assistance of the Devil, do impose upon the common people, in spite of the warnings of the privy council ; not, however, that I suspect you, worthy minstrel, of busying yourself with these attempts to explain futurity, which are dangerous attempts, and may be truly said to be penal, and part of treason.'

'There is something in what you say,' replied the minstrel ; 'yet it applieth not to books and manuscripts such as I have been consulting ; part of which things, therein written, having already come to pass authorise us surely to expect the completion of the rest ; nor would I have much difficulty in showing you from this volume that enough has been already proved true to entitle us to look with certainty to the accomplishment of that which remains.'

'I should be glad to hear that,' answered the archer, who entertained little more than a soldier's belief respecting prophecies and auguries, but yet cared not bluntly to contradict the minstrel upon such subjects, as he had been instructed by Sir John de Walton to comply with his humour.

Accordingly the minstrel began to recite verses which, in our time, the ablest interpreter could not make sense out of

'When the cock crows, keep well his comb,
 For the fox and the fulmart they are false both.
 When the raven and the rook have rounded together,
 And the kid in his cliff shall accord to the same,
 Then shall they be bold, and soon to battle thereafter.
 Then the birds of the raven rugs and reives,
 And the leal men of Lothian are louping on their horse ;
 Then shall the poor people be spoiled full near,
 And the abbeyes be burnt truly that stand upon Tweed ;
 They shall burn and slay, and great reif make ;
 There shall no poor man who say whose man he is :
 Then shall the land be lawless, for love there is none.
 Then falsset shall have foot fully five years ;
 Then truth surely shall be tint, and none shall lippen to other ;
 The one cousing shall not trust the other,
 Not the son the father, nor the father the son ;
 For to have his goods he would have him hanged.'

The archer listened to these mystic prognostications, which were not the less wearisome that they were, in a considerable degree, unintelligible ; at the same time subduing his Hotspur-like disposition to tire of the recitation, yet at brief intervals comforting himself with an application to the wine flagon, and enduring as he might what he neither understood nor took interest in. Meanwhile the minstrel proceeded with his explanation of the dubious and imperfect vaticinations of which we have given a sufficient specimen.

'Could you wish,' said he to Greenleaf, 'a more exact description of the miseries which have passed over Scotland in these latter days? Have not these the raven and rook, the fox and the fulmart, explained ; either because the nature of the birds or beasts bear an individual resemblance to those of the knights who display them on their banners, or otherwise are bodied forth by actual blazonry on their shields, and come openly into the field to ravage and destroy? Is not the total disunion of the land plainly indicated by these words, that connexions of blood shall be broken asunder, that kinsmen shall not trust each other, and that the father and son, instead of putting faith in their natural connexion, shall seek each other's life, in order to enjoy his inheritance? The leal men of Lothian are distinctly mentioned as taking arms, and there is plainly allusion to the other events of these late Scottish troubles. The death of this last William is obscurely intimated under the type of a hound, which was that good lord's occasional cognizance.

The hound that was harmed then muzzled shall be,
 Who loved him worst shall weep for his wretch.

Yet shall a whelp rise of the same race,
That rudely shall roar, and rule the whole north,
And quit the whole quarrel of old deeds done,
Though he from his hold be kept back a while.
True Thomas told me this in a troublesome time,
In a harvest morning at Eldoun Hills.

This hath a meaning, sir archer,' continued the minstrel, 'and which flies as directly to its mark as one of your own arrows, although there may be some want of wisdom in making the direct explication. Being, however, upon assurance with you, I do not hesitate to tell you that in my opinion this lion's whelp that waits its time means this same celebrated Scottish prince, Robert the Bruce, who, though repeatedly defeated, has still, while hunted with bloodhounds and surrounded by enemies of every sort, maintained his pretensions to the crown of Scotland in despite of King Edward, now reigning.'

'Minstrel,' answered the soldier, 'you are my guest, and we have sat down together as friends to this simple meal in good comradeship. I must tell thee, however, though I am loth to disturb our harmony, that thou art the first who hast adventured to speak a word before Gilbert Greenleaf in favour of that outlawed traitor, Robert Bruce, who has by his seditious so long disturbed the peace of this realm. Take my advice, and be silent on this topic; for, believe me, the sword of a true English archer will spring from its scabbard without consent of its master should it hear aught said to the disparagement of bonny St. George and his ruddy cross; nor shall the authority of Thomas the Rhymer, or any other prophet in Scotland, England, or Wales, be considered as an apology for such unbecoming predictions.'

'I were loth to give offence at any time,' said the minstrel, 'much more to provoke you to anger, when I am in the very act of experiencing your hospitality. I trust, however, you will remember that I do not come your uninvited guest, and that, if I speak to you of future events, I do so without having the least intention to add my endeavour to bring them to pass: for, God knows, it is many years since my sincere prayer has been for peace and happiness to all men, and particularly honour and happiness to the land of bowmen, in which I was born, and which I am bound to remember in my prayers beyond all other nations in the world.'

'It is well that you do so,' said the archer; 'for so you shall best maintain your bounden duty to the fair land of your

birth, which is the richest that the sun shines upon. Something, however, I would know, if it suits with your pleasure to tell me, and that is, whether you find anything in these rude rhymes appearing to affect the safety of the Castle of Douglas, where we now are? for, mark me, sir minstrel, I have observed that these mouldering parchments, when or by whomsoever composed, have so far a certain coincidence with the truth, that when such predictions which they contain are spread abroad in the country, and create rumours of plots, conspiracies, and bloody wars, they are very apt to cause the very mischances which they would be thought only to predict.

'It were not very cautious in me,' said the minstrel, 'to choose a prophecy for my theme which had reference to any attack on this garrison; for in such case I should, according to your ideas, lay myself under suspicion of endeavouring to forward what no person could more heartily regret than myself.'

'Take my word for it, good friend,' said the archer, 'that it shall not be thus with thee; for I neither will myself conceive ill of thee nor report thee to Sir John de Walton as meditating harm against him or his garrison; nor, to speak truth, would Sir John de Walton be willing to believe any one who did. He thinks highly, and no doubt deservedly, of thy good faith towards thy lady, and would conceive it unjust to suspect the fidelity of one who has given evidence of his willingness to meet death rather than betray the least secret of his mistress.'

'In preserving her secret,' said Bertram, 'I only discharged the duty of a faithful servant, leaving it to her to judge how long such a secret ought to be preserved; for a faithful servant ought to think as little of the issue towards himself of the commission which he bears as the band of flock-silk concerns itself with the secret of the letter which it secures. And touching your question, I have no objections, although merely to satisfy your curiosity, to unfold to you that these old prophecies do contain some intimations of wars befalling in Douglas Dale between an haggard, or wild hawk, which I take to be the cognizance of Sir John de Walton, and the three stars, or martlets, which is the cognizance of the Douglas, and more particulars I could tell of these onslaughts, did I know whereabouts is a place in these woods termed Bloody Sykes, the scene also, as I comprehend, of slaughter and death between the followers of the three stars and those who hold the part of the Saxon, or King of England.'

'Such a place,' replied Gilbert Greenleaf, 'I have heard often mentioned by that name among the natives of these parts; nevertheless, it is in vain to seek to discover the precise spot, as these wily Scots conceal from us with care everything respecting the geography of their country, as it is called by learned men; but we may here mention the Bloody Sykes, Bottomless Myre, and other places as portentous names, to which their traditions attach some signification of war and slaughter. If it suits your wish, however, we can, on our way to the church, try to find this place called Bloody Sykes, which I doubt not we shall trace out long before the traitors... meditate an attack upon us will find a power sufficient for the attempt.'

Accordingly, the minstrel and archer, the latter of whom was by this time reasonably well refreshed with wine, marched out of the Castle of Douglas, without waiting for others of the garrison, resolving to seek the dingle bearing the ominous name of Bloody Sykes, concerning which the archer only knew that by mere accident he had heard of a place bearing such a name, at the hunting-match made under the auspices of Sir John de Walton, and knew that it lay in the woods somewhere near the town of Douglas, and in the vicinage of the castle.

CHAPTER XIX

Hotspur. I cannot choose; sometimes he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin, and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clipt-wing'd griffin and a moulted raven,
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skumble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith.

King Henry IV.

THE conversation between the minstrel and the ancient archer naturally pursued a train somewhat resembling that of Hotspur and Glendower, in which Gilbert Greenleaf by degrees took a larger share than was apparently consistent with his habits and education; but the truth was that, as he exerted himself to recall the recognizances of military chieftains, their war-cries, emblems, and other types by which they distinguished themselves in battle, and might undoubtedly be indicated in prophetic rhymes, he began to experience the pleasure which most men entertain when they find themselves unexpectedly possessed of a faculty which the moment calls upon them to employ, and renders them important in the possession of. The minstrel's sound good sense was certainly somewhat surprised at the inconsistencies sometimes displayed by his companion, as he was carried off by the willingness to make show of his newly-discovered faculty on the one hand, and, on the other, to call to mind the prejudices which he had nourished during his whole life against minstrels, who, with the whole train of legends and fables, were the more likely to be false, as being generally derived from the 'North Countree.'

As they strolled from one glade of the forest to another, the minstrel began to be surprised at the number of Scottish votaries whom they met, and who seemed to be hastening to the church, and, as it appeared by the boughs which they carried, to assist in the ceremony of the day. To each of these the archer put

a question respecting the existence of a place called Bloody Sykes, and where it was to be found; but all seemed either to be ignorant on the subject or desirous of evading it, for which they found some pretext in the jolly archer's manner of interrogation, which savoured a good deal of the genial breakfast. The general answer was, that they knew no such place, or had other matters to attend to upon the morn of a holy-tide than answering frivolous questions. At last, when, in one or two instances, the answer of the Scottish almost approached to sullenness, the minstrel remarked it, observing, that there was ever some mischief on foot when the people of this country could not find a civil answer to their betters, which is usually so ready among them, and that they appeared to be making a strong muster for the service of Palm Sunday.

'You will doubtless, sir archer,' continued the minstrel, 'make your report to your knight accordingly; for I promise you that, if you do not, I myself, whose lady's freedom is also concerned, will feel it my duty to place before Sir John de Walton the circumstances which make me entertain suspicion of this extraordinary confluence of Scottish men, and the surliness which has replaced their wonted courtesy of manners.'

'Tush, sir minstrel,' replied the archer, displeased at Bertram's interference, 'believe me, that armies have ere now depended on my report to the general, which has always been perspicuous and clear, according to the duties of war. Your walk, my worthy friend, has been in a separate department, such as affairs of peace, old songs, prophecies, and the like, in which it is far from my thoughts to contend with you; but credit me, it will be most for the reputation of both that we do not attempt to interfere with what concerns each other.'

'It is far from my wish to do so,' replied the minstrel; 'but I would wish that a speedy return should be made to the castle, in order to ask Sir John de Walton's opinion of that which we have but just seen.'

'To this,' replied Greenleaf, 'there can be no objection; but, would you seek the governor at the hour which now is, you will find him most readily by going to the church of Douglas, to which he regularly wends on occasions such as the present, with the principal part of his officers, to ensure by his presence that no tumult arise — of which there is no little dread — between the English and the Scottish. Let us therefore hold to our original intention of attending the service of the day,

and we shall rid ourselves of these entangled woods, and gain the shortest road to the church of Douglas.'

'Let us go then with all despatch,' said the minstrel; 'and with the greater haste, that it appears to me that something has passed on this very spot this morning which argues that the Christian peace due to the day has not been inviolably observed. What mean these drops of blood?' alluding to those which had flowed from the wounds of Turnbull. 'Wherefore is the earth impressed with these deep dints, the footsteps of armed men advancing and retreating, doubtless, according to the chances of a fierce and heady conflict?'

'By Our Lady,' returned Greenleaf, 'I must own that thou seest clear. What were my eyes made of when they permitted thee to be the first discoverer of these signs of conflict? Here are feathers of a blue plume, which I ought to remember, seeing my knight assumed it, or at least permitted me to place it in his helmet, this morning, in sign of returning hope, from the liveliness of its colour. But here it lies, shorn from his head, and, if I may guess, by no friendly hand. Come, friend, to the church—to the church, and thou shalt have my example of the manner in which De Walton ought to be supported when in danger.'

He led the way through the town of Douglas, entering at the southern gate, and up the very street in which Sir Aymer de Valence had charged the Phantom Knight.

We can now say more fully that the church of Douglas had originally been a stately Gothic building, whose towers, arising high above the walls of the town, bore witness to the grandeur of its original construction. It was now partly ruinous, and the small portion of open space which was retained for public worship was fitted up in the family aisle, where its deceased lords rested from worldly labours and the strife of war. From the open ground in the front of the building their eye could pursue a considerable part of the course of the river Douglas, which approached the town from the south-west, bordered by a line of hills fantastically diversified in their appearance, and in many places covered with copsewood, which descended towards the valley, and formed a part of the tangled and intricate woodland by which the town was surrounded. The river itself, sweeping round the west side of the town, and from thence northward, supplied that large inundation or artificial piece of water which we have already mentioned. Several of the Scottish people, bearing willow branches, or those of yew, to

represent the palms which were the symbol of the day, seemed wandering in the churchyard as if to attend the approach of some person of peculiar sanctity, or procession of monks and friars, come to render the homage due to the solemnity. At the moment almost that Bertram and his companion entered the churchyard, the Lady of Berkely, who was in the act of following Sir John de Walton into the church, after having witnessed his conflict with the young knight of Douglas, caught a glimpse of her faithful minstrel, and instantly determined to regain the company of that old servant of her house and confidant of her fortunes, and trust to the chance afterwards of being rejoined by Sir John de Walton, with a sufficient party to provide for her safety, which she in no respect doubted it would be his care to collect. She darted away accordingly from the path in which she was advancing, and reached the place where Bertram, with his new acquaintance Greenleaf, were making some inquiries of the soldiers of the English garrison, whom the service of the day had brought there.

Lady Augusta Berkely, in the meantime, had an opportunity to say privately to her faithful attendant and guide, 'Take no notice of me, friend Bertram, but take heed, if possible, that we be not again separated from each other.' Having given him this hint, she observed that it was adopted by the minstrel, and that he presently afterwards looked round and set his eye upon her, as, muffled in her pilgrim's cloak, she slowly withdrew to another part of the cemetery, and seemed to halt until, desisting himself from Greenleaf, he should find an opportunity of joining her.

Nothing, in truth, could have more sensibly affected the faithful minstrel than the singular mode of communication which acquainted him that his mistress was safe, and at liberty to choose her own motions, and, as he might hope, disposed to extricate herself from the dangers which surrounded her in Scotland, by an immediate retreat to her own country and domain. He would gladly have approached and joined her, but she took an opportunity by a sign to caution him against doing so, while at the same time he remained somewhat apprehensive of the consequences of bringing her under the notice of his new friend, Greenleaf, who might perhaps think it proper to busy himself so as to gain some favour with the knight who was at the head of the garrison. Meantime the old archer continued his conversation with Bertram, while the minstrel, like many other men similarly situated, heartily wished that his

well-meaning companion had been a hundred fathoms under ground, so his evanishment had given him license to join his mistress; but all he had in his power was to approach her as near as he could without ereating any suspicion.

'I would pray you, worthy minstrel,' said Greenleaf, after looking carefully round, 'that we may prosecute together the theme which we were agitating before we came hither: is it not your opinion that the Scottish natives have fixed this very morning for some of those dangerous attempts which they have repeatedly made, and which are so carefully guarded against by the governors placed in this district of Douglas by our good King Edward, our rightful sovereign?'

'I cannot see,' replied the minstrel, 'on what grounds you found such an apprehension, or what you see here in the church-yard different from that you talked of as we approached it, when you held me rather in scorn for giving way to some suspicions of the same kind.'

'Do you not see,' added the archer, 'the numbers of men with strange faces, and in various disguisements, who are thronging about these ancient ruins, which are usually so solitary? Yonder, for example, sits a boy, who seems to shun observation, and whose dress, I will be sworn, has never been shaped in Scotland.'

'And if he is an English pilgrim,' replied the minstrel, observing that the archer pointed towards the Lady of Berkely, 'he surely affords less matter of suspicion.'

'I know not that,' said old Greenleaf, 'but I think it will be my duty to inform Sir John de Walton, if I can reach him, that there are many persons here who in outward appearance neither belong to the garrison nor to this part of the country.'

'Consider,' said Bertram, 'before you harass with accusation a poor young man, and subject him to the consequences which must necessarily attend upon suspicions of this nature, how many circumstances call forth men peculiarly to devotion at this period. Not only is this the time of the triumphal entrance of the Founder of the Christian religion into Jerusalem, but the day itself is called *Dominica Confitentium*, or the Sunday of Confessors, and the palm-tree, or the box and yew, which are used as its substitutes, and which are distributed to the priests, are burnt solemnly to ashes, and those ashes distributed among the pions by the priests upon the Ash Wednesday of the succeeding year — all which rites and cere-

monies in our country are observed by order of the Christian Church ; nor ought you, gentle archer, nor can you without crime, persecute those as guilty of designs upon your garrison who can ascribe their presence here to their desire to discharge the duties of the day ; and look ye at yon numerous procession approaching with banner and cross, and, as it appears, consisting of some churchman of rank and his attendants ; let us first inquire who he is, and it is probable we shall find in his name and rank sufficient security for the peaceable and orderly behaviour of those whom piety has this day assembled at the church of Douglas.'

Greenleaf accordingly made the investigation recommended by his companion, and received information that the holy man who headed the procession was no other than the diocesan of the district, the Bishop of Glasgow, who had come to give his countenance to the rites with which the day was to be sanctified.

The prelate accordingly entered the walls of the dilapidated churchyard, preceded by his cross-bearers, and attended by numbers, with boughs of yew and other evergreens, used on the festivity instead of palms. Among them the holy father showered his blessing, accompanied by signs of the cross, which were met with devout exclamations by such of the worshippers as crowded around him — 'To thee, reverend father, we apply for pardon for our offences, which we humbly desire to confess to thee, in order that we may obtain pardon from Heaven.'

In this manner the congregation and the dignified clergyman met together, exchanging pious greeting, and seemingly intent upon nothing but the rites of the day. The acclamations of the congregation mingled with the deep voice of the officiating priest, dispensing the sacred ritual, the whole forming a scene which, conducted with the Catholic skill and ceremonial, was at once imposing and affecting.

The archer, on seeing the zeal with which the people in the churchyard, as well as a number who issued from the church, hastened proudly to salute the bishop of the diocese, was rather ashamed of the suspicions which he had entertained of the sincerity of the good man's purpose in coming hither. Taking advantage of a fit of devotion, not perhaps very common with old Greenleaf, who at this moment thrust himself forward to share in those spiritual advantages which the prelate was dispensing, Bertram slipped clear of his English friend, and,

gliding to the side of the Lady Augusta, exchanged, by the pressure of the hand, a mutual congratulation upon having rejoined company. On a sign by the minstrel, they withdrew to the inside of the church, so as to remain unobserved amidst the crowd, in which they were favoured by the dark shadows of some parts of the building.

The body of the church, broken as it was, and hung round with the armorial trophies of the last Lords of Douglas, furnished rather the appearance of a sacrilegiously desecrated ruin than the inside of a holy place; yet some care appeared to have been taken to prepare it for the service of the day. At the lower end hung the great escutcheon of William Lord of Douglas, who had lately died a prisoner in England; around that escutcheon were placed the smaller shields of his sixteen ancestors, and a deep black shadow was diffused by the whole mass, unless where relieved by the glance of the coronets or the glimmer of bearings particularly gay in emblazonry. I need not say that in other respects the interior of the church was much dismantled; it being the very same place in which Sir Aymer de Valence held an interview with the old sexton, and who now, drawing into a separate corner some of the straggling parties whom he had collected and brought to the church, kept on the alert, and appeared ready for an attack as well at mid-day as at the witching hour of midnight. This was the more necessary, as the eye of Sir John de Walton seemed busied in searching from one place to another, as if unable to find the object he was in quest of, which the reader will easily understand to be the Lady Augusta de Berkely, of whom he had lost sight in the pressure of the multitude. At the eastern part of the church was fitted up a temporary altar, by the side of which, arrayed in his robes, the Bishop of Glasgow had taken his place, with such priests and attendants as composed his episcopal retinue. His suite was neither numerous nor richly attired, nor did his own appearance present a splendid specimen of the wealth and dignity of the episcopal order. When he laid down, however, his golden cross, at the stern command of the King of England, that of simple wood, which he assumed instead thereof, did not possess less authority nor command less awe among the clergy and people of the diocese.

The various persons, natives of Scotland, now gathered around seemed to watch his motions, as those of a descended saint, and the English waited in mute astonishment, apprehen-

sive that at some unexpected signal an attack would be made upon them, either by the powers of earth or heaven, or perhaps by both in combination. The truth is, that so great was the devotion of the Scottish clergy of the higher ranks to the interests of the party of Bruce, that the English had become jealous of permitting them to interfere even with those ceremonies of the church which were placed under their proper management, and thence the presence of the Bishop of Glasgow, officiating at a high festival in the church of Douglas, was a circumstance of rare occurrence, and not unattended both with wonder and suspicion. A council of the church, however, had lately called the distinguished prelates of Scotland to the discharge of their duty on the festivity of Palm Sunday, and neither English nor Scottish saw the ceremony with indifference. An unwonted silence which prevailed in the church, filled, as it appeared, with persons of different views, hopes, wishes, and expectations, resembled one of those solemn pauses which often take place before a strife of the elements, and are well understood to be the forerunners of some dreadful convulsion of nature. All animals, according to their various nature, express their sense of the approaching tempest: the cattle, the deer, and other inhabitants of the walks of the forest, withdraw to the inmost recesses of their pastures; the sheep crowd into their fold; and the dull stupor of universal nature, whether animate or inanimate, presages its speedily awaking into general convulsion and disturbance, when the lurid lightning shall hiss at command of the diapason of the thunder.

It was thus that, in deep suspense, those who had come to the church in arms at the summons of Douglas awaited and expected every moment a signal to attack; while the soldiers of the English garrison, aware of the evil disposition of the natives towards them, were reckoning every moment when the well-known shout of 'Bows and bills!' should give signal for a general conflict, and both parties, gazing fiercely upon each other, seemed to expect the fatal onset.

Notwithstanding the tempest, which appeared every moment ready to burst, the Bishop of Glasgow proceeded with the utmost solemnity to perform the ceremonies proper to the day; he paused from time to time to survey the throng, as if to calculate whether the turbulent passions of those around him would be so long kept under as to admit of his duties being brought to a close in a manner becoming the time and place.

The prelate had just concluded the service, when a person

advanced towards him with a solemn and mournful aspect, and asked if the reverend father could devote a few moments to administer comfort to a dying man who was lying wounded close by.

The churchman signified a ready acquiescence, amidst a stillness which, when he surveyed the lowering brows of one party at least of those who were in the church, boded no peaceable termination to this fated day. The father motioned to the messenger to show him the way, and proceeded on his mission, attended by some of those who were understood to be followers of the Douglas.

There was something peculiarly striking, if not suspicious, in the interview which followed. In a subterranean vault was deposited the person of a large, tall man, whose blood flowed copiously through two or three ghastly wounds, and streamed amongst the trusses of straw on which he lay; while his features exhibited a mixture of sternness and ferocity, which seemed prompt to kindle into a still more savage expression.

The reader will probably conjecture that the person in question was no other than Michael Turnbull, who, wounded in the rencounter of the morning, had been left by some of his friends upon the straw, which was arranged for him by way of couch, to live or die as he best could. The prelate, on entering the vault, lost no time in calling the attention of the wounded man to the state of his spiritual affairs, and assisting him to such comfort as the doctrine of the church directed should be administered to departing sinners. The words exchanged between them were of that grave and severe character which passes between the ghostly father and his pupil, when one world is rolling away from the view of the sinner and another is displaying itself in all its terrors, and thundering in the ear of the penitent that retribution which the deeds done in the flesh must needs prepare him to expect. This is one of the most solemn meetings which can take place between earthly beings, and the courageous character of the Jedwood forester, as well as the benevolent and pious expression of the old churchman, considerably enhanced the pathos of the scene.

'Turnbull,' said the churchman, 'I trust you will believe me when I say that it grieves my heart to see thee brought to this situation by wounds which, it is my duty to tell you, you must consider mortal.'

'Is the chase ended then?' said the Jedwood man with a sigh. 'I care not, good father, for I think I have borne me as

becomes a gallant quarry, and that the old forest has lost no credit by me, whether in pursuit or in bringing to bay; and even in this last matter, methinks this gay English knight would not have come off with such advantage had the ground on which we stood been alike indifferent to both, or had I been aware of his onset; but it will be seen, by any one who takes the trouble to examine, that poor Michael Turnbull's foot slipped twice in the *mêlée*, otherwise it had not been his fate to be lying here in the dead-thraw; while yonder Southron would probably have died like a dog upon this bloody straw in his place.'

The bishop replied, advising his penitent to turn from vindictive thoughts respecting the death of others, and endeavour to fix his attention upon his own departure from existence, which seemed shortly about to take place.

'Nay,' replied the wounded man, 'you, father, undoubtedly know best what is fit for me to do; yet methinks it would not be very well with me if I had prolonged to this time of day the task of revising my life, and I am not the man to deny that mine has been a bloody and a desperate one. But you will grant me I never bore malice to a brave enemy for having done me an injury, and show me the man, being a Scotchman, born and having a natural love for his own country, who hath not, in these times, rather preferred a steel cap to a hat of feather, or who hath not been more conversant with drawn blades than with prayer-book; and you yourself know, father, whether, in our proceedings against the English interest, we have not uniformly had the countenance of the sincere fathers of the Scottish Church, and whether we have not been exhorted to take arms and make use of them for the honour of the King of Scotland and the defence of our own rights.'

'Undoubtedly,' said the prelate, 'such have been our exhortations towards our oppressed countrymen, nor do I now teach you a different doctrine; nevertheless, having now blood around me, and a dying man before me, I have need to pray that I have not been misled from the true path, and that I become the means of misdirecting others. May Heaven forgive me if I have done so, since I have only to plead my sincere and honest intention in excuse for the erroneous counsel which I may have given to you and others touching these wars. I am conscious that, encouraging you so to stain your swords in blood, I have departed in some degree from the character of my profession, which enjoins that we neither shed blood nor are the

occasion of its being shed. May Heaven enable us to obey our duties and to repent of our errors, especially such as have occasioned the death or distress of our fellow-creatures! And, above all, may this dying Christian become aware of his errors, and repent with sincerity of having done to others that which he would not willingly have suffered at their hand!

'For that matter,' answered Turnbull, 'the time has never been when I would not exchange a blow with the best man who ever lived; and if I was not in constant practice of the sword, it was because I have been brought up to the use of the Jedwood-axe, which the English call a partizan, and which makes little difference, I understand, from the sword and poniard.'

'The distinction is not great,' said the bishop; 'but I fear, my friend, that life taken with what you call a Jedwood-axe gives you no privilege over him who commits the same deed, and inflicts the same injury, with any other weapon.'

'Nay, worthy father,' said the penitent, 'I must own that the effect of the weapons is the same as far as concerns the man who suffers; but I would pray of you information, why a Jedwood man ought not to use, as is the custom of his country, a Jedwood-axe, being, as is implied in the name, the offensive weapon proper to his country?'

'The crime of murder,' said the bishop, 'consists not in the weapon with which the crime is inflicted, but in the pain which the murderer inflicts upon his fellow-creature, and the breach of good order which he introduces into Heaven's lovely and peaceable creation; and it is by turning your repentance upon this crime that you may fairly expect to propitiate Heaven for your offences, and at the same time to escape the consequences which are denounced in Holy Writ against those by whom man's blood shall be shed.'

'But, good father,' said the wounded man, 'you know as well as any one that in this company, and in this very church, there are upon the watch scores of both Scotchmen and Englishmen, who come here not so much to discharge the religious duties of the day as literally to bereave each other of their lives, and give a new example of the horror of those feuds which the two extremities of Britain nourish against each other. What conduct, then, is a poor man like me to hold? Am I not to raise this hand against the English, which methinks I still can make a tolerably efficient one; or am I, for the first time in my life, to hear the war-cry when it is raised, and hold

back my sword from the slaughter? Methinks it will be difficult, perhaps altogether impossible, for me to do so; but if such is the pleasure of Heaven, and your advice, most reverend father, unquestionably I must do my best to be governed by your directions, as of one who has a right and title to direct us in every dilemma, or case, as they term it, of troubled conscience.'

'Unquestionably,' said the bishop, 'it is my duty, as I have already said, to give no occasion this day for the shedding of blood or the breach of peace; and I must charge you, as my penitent, that, upon your soul's safety, you do not minister any occasion to affray or bloodshed, either by maintaining such in your own person or inciting others to the same; for, by following a different course of advice, I am certain that you, as well as myself, would act sinfully and out of character.'

'So I will endeavour to think, reverend father,' answered the huntsman; 'nevertheless, I hope it will be remembered in my favour that I am the first person bearing the surname of Turnbull, together with the proper name of the Prince of Archangels himself, who has at any time been able to sustain the affront occasioned by the presence of a Southron with a drawn sword, and was not thereby provoked to pluck forth his own weapon and to lay about him.'

'Take care, my son,' returned the prelate of Glasgow, 'and observe that even now thou art departing from those resolutions which, but a few minutes since, thou didst adopt upon serious and just consideration; wherefore do not be, O my son! like the sow that has wallowed in the mire, and, having been washed, repeats its act of pollution, and becomes again yet fouler than it was before.'

'Well, reverend father,' replied the wounded man, 'although it seems almost unnatural for Scottish men and English to meet and part without a buffet, yet I will endeavour most faithfully not to minister any occasion of strife, nor, if possible, to snatch at any such occasion as shall be ministered to me.'

'In doing so,' returned the bishop, 'thou wilt best atone for the injury which thou hast done to the law of Heaven upon former occasions, and thou shalt prevent the causes for strife betwixt thee and thy brethren of the southern land, and shalt eschew the temptation towards that bloodguiltiness which is so rife in this our day and generation. And do not think that I am imposing upon thee, by these admonitions, a duty more difficult than it is in thy covenant to bear, as a man and as a

Christian. I myself am a man, and a Scotchman, and, as such, I feel offended at the unjust conduct of the English towards our country and sovereign; and thinking as you do yourself, I know what you must suffer when you are obliged to submit to national insults, unretaliated and unrevenged. But let us not conceive ourselves the agents of that retributive vengeance which Heaven has, in a peculiar degree, declared to be its own attribute. Let us, while we see and feel the injuries inflicted on our own country, not forget that our own raids, ambuscades, and surprisals have been at least equally fatal to the English as their attacks and forays have been to us; and, in short, let the mutual injuries of the crosses of St. Andrew and of St. George be no longer considered as hostile to the inhabitants of the opposite district, at least during the festivals of religion; but, as they are mutually signs of redemption, let them be, in like manner, intimations of forbearance and peace on both sides.

'I am contented,' answered Turnbull, 'to abstain from all offences towards others, and shall even endeavour to keep myself from resenting those of others towards me, in the hope of bringing to pass such a quiet and godly state of things as your words, reverend father, induce me to expect.' Turning his face to the wall, the Borderer lay in stern expectation of approaching death, which the bishop left him to contemplate.

The peaceful disposition which the prelate had inspired into Michael Turnbull had in some degree diffused itself among those present, who heard with awe the spiritual admonition to suspend the national antipathy, and remain in truce and amity with each other. Heaven had, however, decreed that the national quarrel, in which so much blood had been sacrificed, should that day again be the occasion of deadly strife.

A loud flourish of trumpets, seeming to proceed from beneath the earth, now rung through the church, and roused the attention of the soldiers and worshippers then assembled. Most of those who heard these warlike sounds betook themselves to their weapons, as if they considered it useless to wait any longer for the signal of conflict. Hoarse voices, rude exclamations, the rattle of swords against their sheaths, or their clashing against other pieces of armour, gave an awful presage of an onset, which, however, was for a time averted by the exhortations of the bishop. A second flourish of trumpets having taken place, the voice of a herald made proclamation to the following purpose:—

'That whereas there were many noble pursuivants of chivalry presently assembled in the kirk of Douglas, and whereas there existed among them the usual causes of quarrel and points of debate for their advancement in chivalry, therefore the Scottish knights were ready to fight any number of the English who might be agreed, either upon the superior beauty of their ladies, or upon the national quarrel in any of its branches, or upon whatsoever point might be at issue between them, which should be deemed satisfactory ground of quarrel by both; and the knights who should chance to be worsted in such dispute should renounce the prosecution thereof, or the bearing arms therein thereafter, with such other conditions to ensue upon their defeat as might be agreed upon by a council of the knights present at the kirk of Douglas aforesaid. But foremost of all, any number of Scottish knights, from one to twenty, will defend the quarrel which has already drawn blood, touching the freedom of Lady Augusta de Berkely, and the rendition of Douglas Castle to the owner here present. Wherefore it is required that the English knights do intimate their consent that such trial of valour take place, which, according to the rules of chivalry, they cannot refuse, without losing utterly the reputation of valour, and incurring the diminution of such other degree of estimation as a courageous pursuivant of arms would willingly be held in, both by the good knights of his own country and those of others.'

This unexpected gage of battle realised the worst fears of those who had looked with suspicion on the extraordinary assemblage this day of the dependants of the house of Douglas. After a short pause, the trumpets again flourished lustily, when the reply of the English knights was made in the following terms:—

'That God forbid the rights and privileges of England's knights, and the beauty of her dansels, should not be asserted by her children, or that such English knights as were here assembled should show the least backwardness to accept the combat offered, whether grounded upon the superior beauty of their ladies or whether upon the causes of dispute between the countries, for either or all of which the knights of England here present were willing to do battle in the terms of the indenture aforesaid, while sword and lance shall endure. Saving and excepting the surrender of the Castle of Douglas, which can be rendered to no one but England's king, or those acting under his orders.'

CHAPTER XX

Cry the wild war-note, let the champions pass,
Do bravely each, and God defend the right ;
Upon St. Andrew thrice can they thus cry,
And thrice they shout on height,
And then marked them on the Englishmen,
As I have told you right.
St. George the bright, our ladies' knight,
To name they were full fain ;
Our Englishmen they cried on height,
And thrice they shout again.

Old Ballad.

THE extraordinary crisis mentioned in the preceding chapter was the cause, as may be supposed, of the leaders on both sides now throwing aside all concealment, and displaying their utmost strength, by marshalling their respective adherents ; the renowned knight of Douglas, with Sir Malcolm Fleming and other distinguished cavaliers, were seen in close consultation.

Sir John de Walton, startled by the first flourish of trumpets, while anxiously endeavouring to secure a retreat for the Lady Augusta, was in a moment seen collecting his followers, in which he was assisted by the active friendship of the knight of Valence.

The Lady of Berkely showed no craven spirit at these warlike preparations : she advanced, closely followed by the faithful Bertram, and a female in a riding-hood, whose face, though carefully concealed, was no other than that of the unfortunate Margaret de Hautlieu, whose worst fears had been realised as to the faithlessness of her betrothed knight.

A pause ensued, which for some time no one present thought himself of authority sufficient to break.

At last the knight of Douglas stepped forward and said loudly, 'I wait to know whether Sir John de Walton requests leave of James of Douglas to evacuate his castle without further wasting that daylight which might show us to judge

a fair field, and whether he craves Douglas's protection in doing so ?

The knight of Walton drew his sword. 'I hold the Castle of Douglas,' he said, 'in spite of all deadly ; and never will I ask the protection from any one which my own sword is competent to afford me.'

'I stand by you, Sir John,' said Aymer de Valence, 'as your true comrade, against whatever odds may oppose themselves to us.'

'Courage, noble English,' said the voice of Greenleaf ; 'take your weapons, in God's name. Bows and bills — bows and bills ! A messenger brings us notice that Pembroke is in full march hither from the borders of Ayrshire, and will be with us in half an hour. Fight on, gallant English ! Valence to the rescue ! and long life to the gallant Earl of Pembroke !'

Those English within and around the church no longer delayed to take arms, and De Walton, crying out at the height of his voice, 'I implore the Douglas to look nearly to the safety of the ladies,' fought his way to the church door, the Scottish finding themselves unable to resist the impression of terror which affected them at the sight of this renowned knight, seconded by his brother-in-arms, both of whom had been so long the terror of the district. In the meantime, it is possible that De Walton might altogether have forced his way out of the church, had he not been met boldly by the young son of Thomas Dickson of Hazelside, while his father was receiving from Douglas the charge of preserving the stranger ladies from all harm from the fight, which, so long suspended, was now on the point of taking place.

De Walton cast his eye upon the Lady Augusta, with a desire of rushing to the rescue ; but was forced to conclude that he provided best for her safety by leaving her under the protection of Douglas's honour.

Young Dickson, in the meantime, heaped blow on blow, seconding with all his juvenile courage every effort he could make, in order to attain the prize due to the conqueror of the renowned De Walton.

'Silly boy,' at length said Sir John, who had for some time forborne the stripling, 'take, then, thy death from a noble hand, since thou preferrest that to peace and length of days.'

'I care not,' said the Scottish youth, with his dying breath : 'I have lived long enough, since I have kept you so long in the place where you now stand.'

And the youth said truly, for, as he fell never again to rise, the Douglas stood in his place, and, without a word spoken, again engaged with De Walton in the same formidable single combat by which they had already been distinguished, but with even additional fury. Aymer de Valence drew up to his friend De Walton's left hand, and seemed but to desire the apology of one of Douglas's people attempting to second him to join in the fray; but as he saw no person who seemed disposed to give him such opportunity, he repressed the inclination, and remained an unwilling spectator. At length it seemed as if Fleming, who stood foremost among the Scottish knights, was desirous to measure his sword with De Valence. Aymer himself, burning with the desire of combat, at last called out, 'Faithless knight of Boghall, step forth and defend yourself against the imputation of having deserted your lady-love, and of being a mansworn disgrace to the rolls of chivalry!'

'My answer,' said Fleming, 'even to a less gross taunt, hangs by my side.' In an instant his sword was in his hand, and even the practised warriors who looked on felt difficulty in discovering the progress of the strife, which rather resembled a thunderstorm in a mountainous country than the stroke and parry of two swords, offending on the one side and keeping the defensive on the other.

Their blows were exchanged with surprising rapidity; and although the two combatants did not equal Douglas and De Walton in maintaining a certain degree of reserve, founded upon a respect which these knights mutually entertained for each other, yet the want of art was supplied by a degree of fury which gave chance at least an equal share in the issue.

Seeing their superiors thus desperately engaged, the partizans, as they were accustomed, stood still on either side, and looked on with the reverence which they instinctively paid to their commanders and leaders in arms. One or two of the women were in the meanwhile attracted, according to the nature of the sex, by compassion for those who had already experienced the casualties of war. Young Dickson, breathing his last among the feet of the combatants,¹ was in some sort rescued from the tumult by the Lady of Berkely, in whom the action seemed less strange, owing to the pilgrim's dress which she still retained, and who in vain endeavoured to solicit the attention of the boy's father to the task in which she was engaged.

'Cumber yourself not, lady, about that which is bootless,'

¹ See Death of Young Dickson. Note 13.

said old Dickson, 'and distract not your own attention and mine from preserving you, whom it is the Douglas's wish to rescue, and whom, so please God and St. Bride, I consider as placed by my chieftain under my charge. Believe me, this youth's death is in no way forgotten, though this be not the time to remember it. A time will come for recollection, and an hour for revenge.'

So said the stern old man, reverting his eyes from the bloody corpse which lay at his feet, a model of beauty and strength. Having taken one more anxious look, he turned round, and placed himself where he could best protect the Lady of Berkely, not again turning his eyes on his son's body.

In the interim the combat continued, without the least cessation on either side, and without a decided advantage. At length, however, fate seemed disposed to interfere: the knight of Fleming, pushing fiercely forward, and brought by chance almost close to the person of the Lady Margaret de Hautlien, missed his blow, and his foot sliding in the blood of the young victim, Dickson, he fell before his antagonist, and was in imminent danger of being at his mercy, when Margaret de Hautlien, who inherited the soul of a warrior, and, besides, was a very strong, as well as an undaunted, person, seeing a mace of no great weight lying on the floor, where it had been dropt by the fallen Dickson — it at the same instant caught her eye, armed her hand, and intercepted or struck down the sword of Sir Aymer de Valence, who would otherwise have remained the master of the day at that interesting moment. Fleming had more to do to avail himself of an unexpected chance of recovery than to make a commentary upon the manner in which it had been so singularly brought about: he instantly recovered the advantage he had lost, and was able in the ensuing close to trip up the feet of his antagonist, who fell on the pavement, while the voice of his conqueror, if he could properly be termed such, resounded through the church with the fatal words, 'Yield thee, Aymer de Valence — rescue or no rescue; yield thee — yield thee!' he added, as he placed his sword to the throat of the fallen knight, 'not to me, but to this noble lady — rescue or no rescue.'

With a heavy heart the English knight perceived that he had fairly lost so favourable an opportunity of acquiring fame, and was obliged to submit to his destiny, or be slain upon the spot. There was only one consolation, that no battle was ever

more honourably sustained, being gained as much by accident as by valour.

The fate of the protracted and desperate combat between Douglas and De Walton did not much longer remain in suspense; indeed, the number of conquests in single combat achieved by the Douglas in these wars was so great as to make it doubtful whether he was not, in personal strength and skill, even a superior knight to Bruce himself, and he was at least acknowledged nearly his equal in the art of war.

So, however, it was that, when three-quarters of an hour had passed in hard contest, Douglas and De Walton, whose nerves were not actually of iron, began to show some signs that their human bodies were feeling the effect of the dreadful exertion. Their blows began to be drawn more slowly, and were parried with less celerity. Douglas, seeing that the combat must soon come to an end, generously made a signal, intimating to his antagonist to hold his hand for an instant.

'Brave de Walton,' he said, 'there is no mortal quarrel between us, and you must be sensible that in this passage of arms Douglas, though he is only worth his sword and his cloak, has abstained from taking a decisive advantage when the chance of arms has more than once offered it. My father's house, the broad domains around it, the dwelling, and the graves of my ancestors, form a reasonable reward for a knight to fight for, and call upon me in an imperative voice to prosecute the strife which has such an object, while you are as welcome to the noble lady, in all honour and safety, as if you had received her from the hands of King Edward himself; and I give you my word, that the utmost honours which can attend a prisoner, and a careful absence of everything like injury or insult, shall attend De Walton when he yields up the castle, as well as his sword, to James of Douglas.'

'It is the fate to which I am perhaps doomed,' replied Sir John de Walton; 'but never will I voluntarily embrace it, and never shall it be said that my own tongue, saving in the last extremity, pronounced upon me the fatal sentence to sink the point of my own sword. Pembroke is upon the march with his whole army to rescue the garrison of Douglas. I hear the tramp of his horse's feet even now; and I will maintain my ground while I am within reach of support; nor do I fear that the breath which now begins to fail will not last long enough to uphold the struggle till the arrival of the expected succour. Come on, then, and treat me not as a child, but as one who,

whether I stand or fall, fears not to encounter the utmost force of my knightly antagonist.'

'So be it, then,' said Douglas, a darksome hue, like the lurid colour of the thunder-cloud, changing his brow as he spoke, intimating that he meditated a speedy end to the contest, when, just as the noise of horses' feet drew nigh, a Welsh knight, known as such by the diminutive size of his steed, his naked limbs, and his bloody spear, called out loudly to the combatants to hold their hands.

'Is Pembroke near?' said De Walton.

'No nearer than Loudon Hill,' said the Prestantiu; 'but I bring his commands to John de Walton.'

'I stand ready to obey them through every danger,' answered the knight.

'Woe is me,' said the Welshman, 'that my mouth should bring to the ears of so brave a man tidings so unwelcome! The Earl of Pembroke yesterday received information that the Castle of Douglas was attacked by the son of the deceased earl and the whole inhabitants of the district. Pembroke, on hearing this, resolved to march to your support, noble knight, with all the forces he had at his disposal. He did so, and accordingly entertained every assurance of relieving the castle, when unexpectedly he met, on Loudon Hill, a body of men of no very inferior force to his own, and having at their head that famous Bruce whom the Scottish rebels acknowledge as their king. He marched instantly to the attack, swearing he would not even draw a comb through his grey beard until he had rid England of this recurring plague. But the fate of war was against us.'

He stopt here for lack of breath.

'I thought so!' exclaimed Douglas. 'Robert Bruce will now sleep at night, since he has paid home Pembroke for the slaughter of his friends and the dispersion of his army at Methuen Wood. His men are, indeed, accustomed to meet with dangers, and to conquer them: those who follow him have been trained under Wallace, besides being partakers of the perils of Bruce himself. It was thought that the waves had swallowed them when they shipped themselves from the west, but know that the Bruce was determined with the present reviving spring to awaken his pretensions, and that he retired not from Scotland again while he lives, and while a single lord remains to set his foot by his sovereign, in spite of all the power which has been so feloniously employed against him.'

'It is even too true,' said the Welshman Meredith, 'although it is said by a proud Scotchman. The Earl of Pembroke, completely defeated, is unable to stir from Ayr, towards which he has retreated with great loss; and he sends his instructions to Sir John de Walton to make the best terms he can for the surrender of the Castle of Douglas, and trust nothing to his support.'

The Scottish, who heard this unexpected news, joined in a shout so loud and energetic, that the ruins of the ancient church seemed actually to rock, and threaten to fall on the heads of those who were crowded within it.

The brow of De Walton was overclouded at the news of Pembroke's defeat, although in some respects it placed him at liberty to take measures for the safety of the Lady of Berkely. He could not, however, claim the same honourable terms which had been offered to him by Douglas before the news of the battle of Loudon Hill had arrived.

'Noble knight,' he said, 'it is entirely at your pleasure to dictate the terms of surrender of your paternal castle; nor have I a right to claim from you those conditions which, a little while since, your generosity put in my offer. But I submit to my fate; and upon whatever terms you think fit to grant me, I must be content to offer to surrender to you the weapon of which I now put the point in the earth, in evidence that I will never more direct it against you until a fair ransom shall place it once more at my own disposal.'

'God forbid,' answered the noble James of Douglas, 'that I should take such advantage of the bravest knight out of not a few who have found me work in battle! I will take example from the knight of Fleming, who has gallantly bestowed his captive in guerdon upon a noble damsel here present; and in like manner I transfer my claim upon the person of the redoubted knight of Walton to the high and noble Lady Augusta Berkely, who, I hope, will not scorn to accept from the Douglas a gift which the chance of war has thrown into his hands.'

Sir John de Walton, on hearing this unexpected decision, looked up like the traveller who discovers the beams of the sun breaking through and dispersing the tempest which has accompanied him for a whole morning. The Lady of Berkely recollected what became her rank, and showed her sense of the Douglas's chivalry. Hastily wiping off the tears which had unwillingly flowed to her eyes, while her lover's safety and her own were resting on the precarious issue of a desperate combat,

she assumed the look proper to a heroine of that age, who did not feel averse to accept the importance which was conceded to her by the general voice of the chivalry of the period. Stepping forward, bearing her person gracefully, yet modestly, in the attitude of a lady accustomed to be looked to in difficulties like the present, she addressed the audience in a tone which might not have misbecome the Goddess of Battle dispensing her influence at the close of a field covered with the dead and the dying.

'The noble Douglas,' she said, 'shall not pass without a prize from the field which he has so nobly won. This rich string of brilliants, which my ancestor won from the Sultan of Trebizond, itself a prize of battle, will be honoured by sustaining, under the Douglas's armour, a lock of hair of the fortunate lady whom the victorious lord has adopted for his guide in chivalry; and if the Douglas, till he shall adorn it with that lock, will permit the honoured lock of hair which it now bears to retain its station, she on whose head it grew will hold it as a signal that poor Augusta de Berkely is pardoned for having gaged any mortal man in strife with the knight of Douglas.'

'Woman's love,' replied the Douglas, 'shall not divorce this locket from my bosom, which I will keep till the last day of my life, as emblematic of female worth and female virtue. And, not to encroach upon the valued and honoured province of St. John de Walton, be it known to all men, that whoever shall say that the Lady Augusta of Berkely has, in this entangled matter, acted otherwise than becomes the noblest of her sex, he will do well to be ready to maintain such a proposition with his lance against James of Douglas, in a fair field.'

This speech was heard with approbation on all sides; and the news brought by Meredith of the defeat of the Earl of Pembroke, and his subsequent retreat, reconciled the fiercest of the English soldiers to the surrender of Douglas Castle. The necessary conditions were speedily agreed on, which put the Scottish in possession of this stronghold, together with the stores, both of arms and ammunition, of every kind which it contained. The garrison had it to boast, that they obtained a free passage, with their horses and arms, to return by the shortest and safest route to the marches of England, without either suffering or inflicting damage.

Margaret of Hautlieu was not behind in acting a generous

part. the gallant knight of Valence was allowed to accompany his friend De Walton and the Lady Augusta to England, and without ransom.

The venerable prelate of Glasgow, seeing what appeared at one time likely to end in a general conflict terminate so auspiciously for his country, contented himself with bestowing his blessing on the assembled multitude, and retiring with those who came to assist in the service of the day.

This surrender of Douglas Castle upon the Palm Sunday of 19th March 1306-7 was the beginning of a career of conquest which was uninterrupted, in which the greater part of the strengths and fortresses of Scotland were yielded to those who asserted the liberty of their country, until the crowning mercy was gained in the celebrated field of Bannockburn, where the English sustained a defeat more disastrous than is mentioned upon any other occasion in their annals.

Little need be said of the fate of the persons of this story. King Edward was greatly enraged at Sir John de Walton for having surrendered the Castle of Douglas, securing at the same time his own object, the envied hand of the heiress of Berkely. The knights to whom he referred the matter as a subject of inquiry gave it nevertheless as their opinion that De Walton was void of all censure, having discharged his duty in its fullest extent, till the commands of his superior officer obliged him to surrender the Dangerous Castle.

A singular renewal of intercourse took place, many months afterwards, between Margaret of Hautlien and her lover, Sir Malcolm Fleming. The use which the lady made of her freedom, and of the doom of the Scottish Parliament, which put her in possession of her father's inheritance, was to follow her adventurous spirit through dangers not usually encountered by those of her sex; and the Lady of Hautlien was not only a daring follower of the chase, but it was said that she was even not daunted in the battlefield. She remained faithful to the political principles which she had adopted at an early period; and it seemed as if she had formed the gallant resolution of shaking the god Cupid from her horse's mane, if not treading him beneath her horse's feet.

The Fleming, although he had vanished from the neighbourhood of the counties of Lanark and Ayr, made an attempt to state his apology to the Lady de Hautlien herself, who returned his letter unopened, and remained to all appearance resolved never again to enter upon the topic of their original engage-

ment. It chanced, however, at a later period of the war with England, while Fleming was one night travelling upon the Border, after the ordinary fashion of one who sought adventures, a waiting-maid, equipped in a fantastic habit, asked the protection of his arm in the name of her lady, who, late in the evening, had been made captive, she said, by certain ill-disposed caitiffs, who were carrying her by force through the forest. The Fleming's lance was, of course, in its rest, and woe betide the faitour whose lot it was to encounter its thrust: the first fell, incapable of farther combat, and another of the felons encountered the same fate with little more resistance. The lady, released from the discourteous cord which restrained her liberty, did not hesitate to join company with the brave knight by whom she had been rescued; and although the darkness did not permit her to recognise her old lover in her liberator, yet she could not but lend a willing ear to the conversation with which he entertained her, as they proceeded on the way. He spoke of the fallen caitiffs as being Englishmen, who found a pleasure in exercising oppression and barbarities upon the wandering damsels of Scotland, and whose cause, therefore, the champions of that country were bound to avenge while the blood throbbed in their veins. He spoke of the injustice of the national quarrel which had afforded a pretence for such deliberate oppression; and the lady, who herself had suffered so much by the interference of the English in the affairs of Scotland, readily acquiesced in the sentiments which he expressed on a subject which she had so much reason for regarding as an afflicting one. Her answer was given in the spirit of a person who would not hesitate, if the times should call for such an example, to defend even with her hand the rights which she asserted with her tongue.

Pleased with the sentiments which she expressed, and recognising in her voice that secret charm which, once impressed upon the human heart, is rarely wrought out of the remembrance by a long train of subsequent events, he almost persuaded himself that the tones were familiar to him, and had at one time formed the key to his innermost affections. In proceeding on their journey, the knight's troubled state of mind was augmented instead of being diminished. The scenes of his earliest youth were recalled by circumstances so slight as would in ordinary cases have produced no effect whatsoever; the sentiments appeared similar to those which his life had been devoted to enforce, and he half persuaded himself that the

dawn of day was to be to him the beginning of a fortune equally singular and extraordinary.

In the midst of this anxiety, Sir Malcolm Fleming had no anticipation that the lady whom he had heretofore rejected was again thrown into his path, after years of absence; still less, when daylight gave him a partial view of his fair companion's countenance, was he prepared to believe that he was once again to term himself the champion of Margaret de Hautlieu, but it was so. The lady, on that direful morning when she retired from the church of Douglas, had not resolved (indeed, what lady ever did?) to renounce, without some struggle, the beauties which she had once possessed. A long process of time, employed under skilful hands, had succeeded in obliterating the scars which remained as the marks of her fall. These were now considerably effaced, and the lost organ of sight no longer appeared so great a blemish, concealed as it was by a black ribbon and the arts of the tirewoman, who made it her business to shadow it over by a lock of hair. In a word, he saw the same Margaret de Hautlieu, with no very different style of expression from that which her face, partaking of the high and passionate character of her soul, had always presented. It seemed to both, therefore, that their fate, by bringing them together after a separation which appeared so decisive, had intimated its fiat that their fortunes were inseparable from each other. By the time that the summer sun had climbed high in the heavens, the two travellers rode apart from their retinue, conversing together with an eagerness which marked the important matters in discussion between them; and in a short time it was made generally known through Scotland that Sir Malcolm Fleming and the Lady Margaret de Hautlieu were to be united at the court of the good King Robert, and the husband invested with the honours of Biggar and Cumbernauld, an earldom so long known in the family of Fleming.

[CONCLUSION]

THE gentle reader is acquainted that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the Author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts : a ship of war is commissioned by its royal master to carry the Author of *Waverley* to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration of health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable that, at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain ; and little can one who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings be entitled to complain that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportions of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have ensured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more ; and those who may yet follow in his wake are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

The public have claims on his gratitude for which the Author of *Waverley* has no adequate means of expression ; but he may be permitted to hope that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body ; and that he may again meet his patronising friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch which may not call forth the remark that —

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.

ABBOTSFORD, *Septembër* 1831.

APPENDIX TO INTRODUCTION
TO
THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER

MR. TRAIN was requested by Sir Walter Scott to give him in writing the story as nearly as possible in the shape in which he had told it; but the following narrative, which he drew up accordingly, did not reach Abbotsford until July 1832:—

In the old stock of Fife there was not perhaps an individual whose exertions were followed by consequences of such a remarkable nature as those of Davie Duff, popularly called the 'Thane of Fife,' who, from a very humble parentage, rose to fill one of the chairs of the magistracy of his native burgh. By industry and economy in early life, he obtained the means of erecting, solely on his own account, one of those ingenious manufactories for which Fifeshire is justly celebrated. From the day on which the industrious artisan first took his seat at the council board, he attended so much to the interests of the little privileged community, that civic honours were conferred on him as rapidly as the set of the royalty¹ could legally admit.

To have the right of walking to church on holyday, preceded by a phalanx of halberdiers, in habiliments fashioned as in former times, seems, in the eyes of many a guild brother, to be a very enviable pitch of worldly grandeur. Few persons were ever more proud of civic honours than the Thane of Fife, but he knew well how to turn his political influence to the best account. The council, court, and other business of the burgh occupied much of his time, which caused him to entrust the management of his manufactory to a near relation whose name was D——, a young man of dissolute habits; but the Thane, seeing at last that, by continuing that extravagant person in that charge, his affairs would, in all probability, fall into a state of bankruptcy, applied to the member of Parliament for that district to obtain a situation for his relation in the civil department of the state. The knight, who, it is here unnecessary to name, knowing how effectually the Thane ruled the little burgh, applied in the proper quarter, and actually obtained an appointment for D—— in the civil service of the East India Company.

A respectable surgeon, whose residence was in a neighbouring village, had a beautiful daughter named Emma, who had long been courted by D——. Immediately before his departure to India, as a mark of mutual affection, they exchanged miniatures, taken by an eminent artist in Fife, and each set in a locket, for the purpose of having the object of affection always in view.

The eyes of the old Thane were now turned toward Hindostan with much anxiety; but his relation had not long arrived in that distant quarter

¹ The constitution of the borough.

of the globe before he had the satisfaction of receiving a letter, conveying the welcome intelligence of his having taken possession of his new station in a large frontier town of the Company's dominions, and that great emoluments were attached to the situation; which was confirmed by several subsequent communications of the most gratifying description to the old Thane, who took great pleasure in spreading the news of the reformed habits and singular good fortune of his intended heir. None of all his former acquaintances heard with such joy the favourable report of the successful adventurer in the East as did the fair and accomplished daughter of the village surgeon; but his previous character caused her to keep her own correspondence with him secret from her parents, to whom even the circumstance of her being acquainted with D—— was wholly unknown, till her father received a letter from him, in which he assured him of his attachment to Emma long before his departure from Fife; that, having been so happy as to gain her affections, he would have made her his wife before leaving his native country, had he then had the means of supporting her in a suitable rank through life; and that, having it now in his power to do so, he only waited the consent of her parents to fulfil the vow he had formerly made.

The doctor having a large family, with a very limited income to support them, and understanding that D—— had at last become a person of sober and industrious habits, he gave his consent, in which Emma's mother fully concurred.

Aware of the straitened circumstances of the doctor, D—— remitted a sum of money to complete at Edinburgh Emma's Oriental education, and fit her out in her journey to India; she was to embark at Sheerness, on board one of the Company's ships, for a port in India, at which place, he said, he would wait her arrival, with a retinue suited to a person of his rank in society.

Emma set out from her father's house just in time to secure a passage, as proposed by her intended husband, accompanied by her only brother, who, on their arrival at Sheerness, met one C——, an old schoolfellow, captain of the ship by which Emma was to proceed to India.

It was the particular desire of the doctor that his daughter should be committed to the care of that gentleman, from the time of her leaving the shores of Britain till the intended marriage ceremony was duly performed on her arrival in India—a charge that was frankly undertaken by the generous sea-captain.

On the arrival of the fleet at the appointed port, D——, with a large cavalcade of mounted Pindarees, was, as expected, in attendance, ready to salute Emma on landing, and to carry her direct into the interior of the country. C——, who had made several voyages to the shores of Hindostan, knowing something of Hindoo manners and customs, was surprised to see a private individual in the Company's service with so many attendants; and when D—— declined having the marriage ceremony performed, according to the rites of the church, till he returned to the place of his abode, C——, more and more confirmed in his suspicion that all was not right, resolved not to part with Emma till he had fulfilled, in the most satisfactory manner, the promise he had made before leaving England, of giving her duty away in marriage. Not being able by her entreaties to alter the resolution of D——, Emma solicited her protector C—— to accompany her to the place of her intended destination, to which he most readily agreed, taking with him as many of his crew as he deemed sufficient to ensure the safe custody of his innocent *protégée*, should any attempt be made to carry her away by force.

Both parties journeyed onwards till they arrived at a frontier town, where a native rajah was waiting the arrival of the fair maid of Fife, with whom he had fallen deeply in love, from seeing her miniature likeness in the possession of D——, to whom he had paid a large sum of money for the original, and had only trusted him to convey her in state to the seat of his government.

TO THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER 367

No sooner was this villainous action of D—— known to C—— than he communicated the whole particulars to the commanding officer of a regiment of Scotch Highlanders that happened to be quartered in that part of India, begging at the same time, for the honour of Caledonia and protection of injured innocence, that he would use the means in his power of resisting any attempt that might be made by the native chief to wrest from their hands the virtuous female who had been so shamefully decoyed from her native country by the worst of mankind. Honour occupies too large a space in the heart of the Gael to resist such a call of humanity.

The rajah, finding his claim was not to be acceded to, and resolving to enforce the same, assembled his troops, and attacked with great fury the place where the affrighted Emma was for a time secured by her countrymen, who fought in her defence with all their native valour, which at length so overpowered their assailants, that they were forced to retire in every direction, leaving behind many of their slain, among whom was found the mangled corpse of the perfidious D——.

C—— was immediately afterwards married to Emma, and my informant assured me he saw them many years afterwards, living happily together in the county of Kent, on the fortune bequeathed by the 'Thane of Fife.'

J. T.

CASTLE DOUGLAS, *July, 1832.*

APPENDICES TO INTRODUCTION

TO

CASTLE DANGEROUS

No. I

Extracts from *The History of the Houses of Douglas and Angus.*

By Master DAVID HUME of Godscroft. Fol. Edit.

AND here indeed the course of the King's misfortunes begins to make some halt and stay by thus much prosperous success in his own person, but more in the person of Sir James, by the reconquests of his own castles and countries. From hence he went into Douglasdale, where, by the means of his father's old servant, Thomas Dickson, he took in the Castle of Douglas, and not being able to keep it, he caused burn it, contenting himself with this, that his enemies had one strength fewer in that country than before. The manner of his taking of it is said to have been thus:—Sir James, taking only with him two of his servants, went to Thomas Dickson, of whom he was received with tears, after he had revealed himself to him, for the good old man knew him not at first, being in mean and homely apparel. There he kept him secretly in a quiet chamber, and brought unto him such as had beene trusty servants to his father, not all at once, but apart by one and one, for feare of discoverie. Their advice was, that on Palmunday, when the English would come forth to the church, being a solemne holiday, he with his two servants should come thither apparell'd like country taskers, with mantles to cover their armour, and when he should perceive that the English were in the church, and his partners were convene'd, that then he should give the word, and cry the Douglas slogan, and presently set upon them that should happen to be there, who being dispatched, the castle might be taken easily. This being concluded, and they come, so soon as the English were entred into the church with palms in their hands (according to the custome of that day), little suspecting or fearing any such thing, Sir James, according to their appointment, cryed too soone (a Douglas, a Douglas!), which being heard in the church (this was St. Bride's church of Douglas, Thomas Dickson, supposing he had beene hard at hand, drew out his sword, and ran upon them, having none to second him but another man, so that, oppressed with the multitude of his enemies, he was beaten downe and slaine. In the meantime, Sir James being come, the English that were in the chancel kept off the Scots, and, having the advantage of the strait and narrow entrie, defended themselves manfully. But Sir James encouraging his men, not so much by words as by deeds and good example, and having slain the boldest resisters, prevailed at last, and, entering the place, slew some twenty-six of their number, and tooke the rest, about ten or twelve persons, intending by them to get the castle upon composition, or to enter with them when the gates should be opened to let them in; but it needed not, for they of the castle were so secure, that there was none left to keepe it save the porter and the cooke, who, knowing nothing of what had hapned at the church, which stood a large quarter of a mile from thence, had left the gate wide open, the porter standing without, and the cooke dressing the dinner within. They entred without resistance, and meat being ready, and the cloth laid, they shut the gates, and tooke their refection at good leisure.

Now that he had gotten the castle into his hands, considering with himselfe (as he was a man no lesse advised than valiant) that it was hard for him to keep it, the English being as yet the stronger in that countrey, who if they should besiege him, he knew of no reliefe, he thought better to carry away such things as he most easily transported, gold, silver, and apparell, with ammunition and armour, whereof he had greatest use and need, and to destroy the rest of the provision, together with the castle itselfe, then to diminish the number of his followers for a garrison there where they could do no good. And so he caused carrie the meale and malt, and other cornes and graine, into the cellar, and layd all together in one heape; then he took the prisoners and slew them, to revenge the death of his trustie and valiant servant, Thomas Dickson, mingling the victuals with their bloud, and burying their carcases in the heap of corne; after that he struck ont the heads of the barrells and punchions, and let the drink runne through all; and then he cast the carkasses of dead horses and other carrion amongst it, throwing the salt above all, so to make altogether unusefull to the enemye and this cellar is called yet the Douglas Lairdor. Last of all, he set the house on fire, and burnt all the timber, and what else the fire could overcome, leaving nothing but the scorched walls behind him. And this seemes to be the first taking of the Castle of Douglas, for it is supposed that he took it twice. For this service, and others done to Lord William his father, Sir James gave unto Thomas Dickson the lands of Hieside, which hath bene given him before the castle was taken as an encouragement to whet him on, and not after, for he was slaine in the church; which was both liberally and wisely done of him, thus to hearten and draw men to his service by such a noble beginning. The castle being burnt, Sir James retired, and parting his men into divers companies, so as they might be most secret, he caused cure such as were wounded in the fight, and he himselfe kept as close as he could, waiting ever for an occasion to enterprise something against the enemye. So soone as he was gone, the Lord Clifford being advertised of what had happened, came himselfe in person to Douglas, and caused re-edifie and repair the castle in a very short time, unto which he also added a tower, which is yet called Harries Tower from him, and so returned luto England, leaving one Thruswall to be captain thereof. . . .

He (Sir James Douglas) therefore, getting him into Dougladale, did use this stratagem against Thruswall, Captaine of the Castle of the Lord Douglas, under the Lord Clifford. Hee caused some of his folkes drive away the cattell that fed neare unto the castle, and when the captaine of the garrison followed to rescue, gave orders to his men to leave them and to flee away. Thus he did often to make the captaine to slight such frayes, and to make him secure, that he might not suspect any further end to be in it; which when he had wrought sufficiently (as he thought), he laid some men in ambuscado, and sent others away to drive away such beasts as they should finde in the view of the castle, as if they had been theeves and robbers, as they had done often before. The captaine hearing of it, and supposing there was no greater danger now then had bene before, issued forth of the castle, and followed after them with such haste that his men (running who should be first) were disordered and out of their ranks. The drivers also fled as fast as they could till they had drawne the captaine a little beyond the place of the ambuscado, which when they perceived, rising quickly out of their covert, set fiercely upon him and his companie, and so slew himselfe and chased his men back to the castle, some of which were overtaken and slaine, others got into the castle and so were saved. Sir James, not being able to force the house, took what bootie he could get without in the fields, and so departed. By this means, and such other exploits, he so affrighted the enemye, that it was counted a matter of such great jeopardie to keepe this castle, which began to be called the adventurous (or hazardous) Castle of Douglas. Whereupon Sir John Walton being in suit of an English lady, she wrote to him that when he had kept the adventurous Castle of Douglas seven years, then he might think himselfe worthy to be a sutor to her. Upon this occasion, Walton tooke upon him the keeping of it, and succeeded to Thruswall; but he ran the same fortune with the rest that were before him.

For, Sir James having first dressed an ambuscado near unto the place, he made fourteen of his men take so many sacks, and fill them with grasse, as though it had been corn, which they carried in the way toward Lanerik, the chief market-town in that county; so hoping to draw forth the captain by that bait, and either to take him or the castle, or both.

Neither was this expectation frustrate, for the captain did bite, and came forth to have taken this victuall (as he supposed). But ere he could reach these carriers, Sir James, with his company, had gotten between the castle and him; and these disguised carriers, seeing the captain following after them, did quickly cast off their upper garments, wherein they had masked themselves, and throwing off their sacks, mounted themselves on horseback, and met the captain with a sharp encounter, being so much the more amazed as it was unlooked for; wherefore, when he saw these carriers metamorphosed into warriors, and ready to assault him, fearing that which was, that there was some train laid for them, he turned about to have retired to the castle; but

there also hee met with his enemies; between which two companies he and his whole followers were slain, so that none escaped; the captain afterwards being searched, they found (as it is reported) his mistress's letters about him. Then hee went and tooke in the castle, but it is uncertain (say our writers) whether by force or composition; but it seems that the Constable, and those that were within, have yielded it up without force; in regard that hee used them so gently, which he would not have done if he had taken it at utterance. For he sent them all safe home to the Lord Clifford, and gave them also provision and money for their entertainment by the way. The castle, which he had burnt onely before, now he razeth, and casts down the walls thereof to the ground. By these and the like proceedings, within a short while he freed Douglasdale, Attrick Forrest, and Jedward Forrest of the English garrisons and subjection. — Pages 26-30.

No. II

Extracts from *The Bruce* — *Liber Compositus per Magistrum Johannem Barber, Archidiaconum Apyrdonensem, de Gestis, Bellis, et Virtutibus, Domini Roberti Bruce, Regis Scocie Illustrissimi, et de Conquatu Regni Scocie per eundem, et de Domino Jacobo de Douglas.* Edited by John Jamieson, D.D., F.R.S.E., etc. etc. Edinburgh, 1820.

Now takis James his wiage
Toward Dowglas, his heretage,
With twa yemen, for owtyn ma;
That was a symple stuff to sa,
A land or a castell to wyn.
The quethir he yaryt to begyn
Till bring purpos till ending;
For gud help is in gud begynnyng,
For gud begynnyng, and hardy,
Gyff it be folowit wittily,
May ger ovtays unlikly thing
Cum to full counaill ending.
Swa did it here; but he wes wys
And saw he mycht, on nakyn wys,
Werray his fa with ewyn mycht;
Tharfor he thocht to wyrk with alycht.
And in Dowglas daile, his countre,
Upon an ewynnyng entryt he.
And than a man wonnyt tharhy,
That was off freyndis wall mychte,
And ryche of mohie, and off casteill,
And had bene till his fa's leyll;
And till him self, in his wythed,
He haid done mouy a mychtfull deld.
Thom Dison wes his name per fay.
Till him he send; and gan him pray,
That he wald cum a mychtly pray,
For to spek with him priuely.
And he but danger till him gais:
Bot fra he tauld him quhat he wais,
He gret for joy, and for pitie;
And him rycht till his hous had he;
Quhar in a chamhre priuely
He held him, and his cumpany,
That nane had off him persawing.
Off mete, and drynk, and othyr thing,
That mycht thaim eyss, thai had plenté
Sa wrocht he throw autelté,
That all the lele men off that land,
That with his fadyr war duelland,
This gud man gert cum, ane and ane,
And mak him manrent cuir ilkane;

And he him self fyret homage maid.
Dowglas in hart gret glaidship haid,
That the gud men off his countre
Wald swagate till him hundyn be.
He aperyt the conwyne off the land,
And quha the castell had in hand,
And thai him tankil all hally;
And syne among them priuely
Thai ordanyt, that he still suld be
In hiddillis, and in priwet,
Till Palme Sondag, that wes ner hand,
The thrid day eftyr followand.
For than the folk off that countre
Assemhlyt at the kyrk wald be;
And thai, that in the castell wer,
Wald ala be thar, thar palmya to ber,
As folk that had na dreid off ill;
For thai thought all wea at thair will.
Than suld he cum with his twa men.
Bot, for that men suld nocht him ken,
He suld ane mantill haiff suld and bar,
And a flail, as he a threescier war.
Wндыr the mantill nocht for thil
He suld be arnyt priuely.
And quhen the men off his countre,
That suld all boune befor him be,
His ensenye mycht her hym cry,
Then suld thai, full enforcely,
Rycht ymyddys the kyrk asaill
The Inglyss men with hard bataill,
Swa that nane mycht eschap tham fra;
For thar throwch trowyt thai to ta
The castell, that besid wes ner.
And quhen this, that I tell you her,
Wes diuisyt, and wdertane,
Ilkane till his hous hame is gane;
And held this spek in priweté,
Till the day off thar assembly.

The folk upon the Sonunday
Held to Saynet Bridis kyrk thair way;
And thai thai in the castell war

Ischytt owt, bath lee and mar,
 And went thair palms for to ber;
 Owtane a cuk and a porter.
 James off Dowglas off thair cummyng,
 And quhat thair war, had witting;
 And sped him till the kyrk in hy.
 Bot or he come, too hastily
 Ane off his cryt, 'Dowglas! Dowglas!
 Thomas Dikson, that nerrest was
 Till thaim that war off the castell,
 That war all innouth the chancell,
 Quhen he 'Dowglas!' swa hey herd cry,
 Draw owt his sward; and fellely
 Ruschytt amang thaim to and fra.
 Bot ane or twa, for owtyn ma,
 Than in hy war left lyand,
 Quhill Dowglas come rycht at hand,
 And then enforeyt on thaim the cry.
 Bot that the chancell sturdyly
 Held, and thaim defendyt wele,
 Till off thair men war alayne sumdeil.
 Bot the Dowglace sa well him bar,
 That all the men, that with him war,
 Had confort off his wele doying;
 And he him sparyt nakyn thing,
 Bot prowyt swa his force in fycht,
 That throw his woreschip and his mycht
 His men sa keynly helpyt than,
 That thair the chancell on thaim wan.
 Than dang thair on swa hardyly,
 That in schort tyme men mycht se ly
 The twa part dede, or then deand.
 The lave war seyt sone in hand,
 Swa that off thretty levyt nane,
 That thair ne war alayne ilkan, or tane.

James off Dowglas, quhen this was done,
 The prisoneris has he tane alsone;
 And, with thaim off his company,
 Towart the castell went in hy,
 Or noyis or cry suld rysa.
 And for he wald thaim sone suppriss,
 That leytt in the castell war,
 That war but twa for owtyn mar,
 Fyve men or sex befor send he,
 That fand all opyn the entre;
 And entryt, and the porter tuk
 Rycht at the gate, and ayne the cuk.
 With that Dowglas come to the yat,
 And entryt in for owtyn debate;
 And fand the mete all redy gratit,
 With burdys set, and clathis layt.
 The ynalta then he gert sper,
 And sat, and eyt all at layser.
 Syne all the gudis tursyt thair
 That thaim thoct thair mycht half away;
 And namly wapnys, and armynge,
 Siluer, and tresour, and clethyng.
 Wycetallis, that mycht nocht tursyt be,
 On this maner destroyt he.
 All the wictalls, owtane salt,
 Als quheytt, and flour, and mell, and malt
 In the wyne sellar gert he bring;
 And samyn on the fur all flyng,
 And the prisoneria that he had tane
 Rycht thair in gert he held ilkane;
 Syne off the townnys he hedle ontatrak:
 A foule mellé thair gane he mak.
 For melle, and malt, and blud, and wyne,

Ran all to glidder in a mallyne,
 That was wnaemly for to se.
 Thairfor the men off that countré
 For swa fele thair mellytt wer,
 Callit it the 'Dowglas Lardner.'
 Syne tuk he salt, as ic hard tell,
 And ded horsa, and sordid the well;
 And brynt all, owtakyn stane;
 And la forth, with his menyne, gayne
 Till his reset; for him thought well,
 Giff he had haldyn the castell,
 It had bene asseytt raith;
 And that him thought to mekill waith.
 For he ne had hop off reskewyng.
 And it is to peralou thing
 In castell asseytt to be,
 Quhar want is off thir thingis thre—
 Victaill, or men with thair armyng,
 Or than gud hop off reskewyng,
 And for he dred thir thingis suld faile,
 He chesyt furthwart to trawwall,
 Quhar he mycht at his larges be;
 And swa dryve furth his destane.

Or this wise was the castell tan,
 And slayne that war thairin ilkan.
 The Dowglas syne all his menyne
 Gert in aer plaes depertyt be;
 For men suld wyt quhar thair war,
 That yeld depertyt her and thair.
 Thaim that war woundyt gert he ly
 In till hiddillis, all pruely;
 And gert gud leechis till thaim bring
 Quhill that thair war in till heilng.
 And him self, with a few menyne,
 Quhile ane, quhile twa, and quhill thre,
 And wunquhill all him allane,
 In hiddillis throw the land is gane.
 Sa dred he Inglis men his mycht,
 That he durst nocht wele cum in sycht.
 For thair war that tyme all weldand
 As maist lordis, our a:l the land.

But tythandis, that sealis sone,
 Off this deid that Dowglas has done
 Come to the Cliffurd his ere, in hy,
 That for his tynsail wen sary;
 And menytt his men that thair had slayne,
 And syne has to purpos tane,
 To big the castell wp agayne.
 Thair for, as man of mekill mayne,
 He assemblit gret company,
 And till Dowglas he went in hy.
 And biggyt wp the castell swytt;
 And maid it rycht stalwart and stytt
 And put thairin wictallis and men.
 Ane off the Thyrwallys then
 He left behnd him capitane,
 And syne till Ingland went agayne.

Book IV. 255-462.

Bot yeit than James of Dowglas
 In Dowglas Dail trawwilland was;
 Or ellys weill ner hand tharby,
 In hiddillis sumdeil pruely.
 For he wald se his gowernyng
 That had the castell in kepung;
 And gert mak mony juperty;

To se quethyr he wald lache blythly.
 And quhen he persawt that he
 Wald blythly lache with his menyne,
 He maid a gadring priuely
 Off thaim that war on his party;
 That war as fele, that thal durst fycht
 With Thyrwall, and all the mycht
 Off thaim that in the castell war.
 He schupe him in the nycht to far
 To Sandylandia; and thar ner by
 He him enbuschyt priuely,
 And send a few a trane to ma;
 That sone in the mornyng gan ga,
 And tuk catell, that was the castell by,
 And syne withdrew thaim hastily
 Towart thaim that enbuscht war.
 Than Thyrwall, for owtyne mar,
 Gert arme his men, forowtyn bald;
 And ischyt with all the men he hald:
 And folowyt fast eftir the cry.
 He wes armyt at poynt cleuly,
 To stane [that] his hede wes bar.
 Than, with the men that with him war,
 The catell folowit he gud speid,
 Rycht as a man that had na dreid,

Till that he gat off thaim a specht.
 Than prekyt thal with all thair mycht,
 Folowand thaim owt off aray;
 And thal speid thaim fleand, quhill thal
 For by thair buschement war past:
 And Thyrwall ay chassyt fast.
 And than thal that enbuschyt war
 Ischyt till him, bath lea and mar,
 And raysyt sodanly the cry.
 And thal that saw as undandly
 That folk come egypty prikand
 Rycht betuix thaim and thair warand,
 Thal war in to full gret effray.
 And, for thal war owt off aray,
 Sum off thaim fled, and sum abad.
 And Dowglas, that thar with him had
 A gret mengye, full egypty
 Assaylt, and scalyt thaim hastly:
 And in schort tyme ourraid thaim awa,
 That welle name eschapyt thaim fra.
 Thyrwall, that was thair capitane,
 Wes thar in the bargane stane,
 And off his men the most party.
 The lave fled full effraytly.

NOTES TO THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER, ETC.

NOTE 1. — AN ANACHRONISM, p. 126

It is scarce necessary to say, that such things could only be acted in the earlier period of our Indian settlements, when the check of the Directors was imperfect, and that of the crown did not exist. My friend Mr. Fair-
scribe is of opinion that there is an anachronism in the introduction of Maulah, the Bramin *dubash* of the English governor. — C. C.

NOTE 2. — THE DOWRAH, p. 130

In every village the *dowrah*, or guide, is an official person, upon the public establishment, and receives a portion of the harvest or other revenue, along with the smith, the sweeper, and the barber. As he gets nothing from the travellers whom it is his office to conduct, he never scruples to shorten his own journey and prolong theirs by taking them to the nearest village, without reference to the most direct line of route, and sometimes deserts them entirely. If the regular dowrah is sick or absent, no wealth can procure a substitute.

NOTE 3. — CASTLE OF DOUGLAS, p. 159

The following notice of Douglas Castle, etc., is from the *Description of the Sheriffdom of Lanark*, by William Hamilton of Wishaw, written in the beginning of the 18th century, and printed by the Maitland Club of Glasgow in 1831: —

Douglass parish, and baronie and lordship, hath very long appertained to the family of Douglass, and continued with the Earles of Douglass untill their fatal forfeiture, anno 1455; during which tyme there are many noble and important acties recorded in histories performed by them, by the lords and earls of that great family. It was thereafter given to Douglass Earl of Angus, and continued with them untill William Earle of Angus was created Marquess of Douglass, anno 1633; and is now the principal seat of the Marquess of Douglass his family. It is a large baronie and parish, and hath a laick patronage, and the Marquess is both titular and patron. He hath there, near to the church, a very considerable great house, called the Castle of Douglass; and near the church is a fyne village, called the town of Douglass, long since erected in a burgh of baronie. It hath ane handsome church, with many ancient monuments and inscriptions on the old interments of the earles of this place.

The water of Douglas runs quyte through the whole length of this parish, and upon either syde of the water it is called Douglas Dale. It toucheth Clyde towards the north, and is bounded by Lesmahagow to the west, Kyle to the south-west, Crawford John and Carmichael to the south and south-east. It is a pleasant strath, plentiful in grass and corne, and coall; and the minister is well provided.

The lands of Helyeside, belonging to Samuel Douglass, has a good house and pleasant seat, close by a wood, etc. — Pp. 64, 65 (*Lockhart*).

374 NOTES TO SURGEON'S DAUGHTER, ETC.

NOTE 4. — JOHN LOUDON MACADAM, p. 163

John Loudon MacAdam, a great improver of public roads, was awarded [1827] by Parliament the sum of £10,000, and made surveyor of the Metropolitan roads; died 1836 (*Laing*).

NOTE 5. — HAZELSIDE, p. 180

Hazelside Place, the fief granted to Thomas Dickson by William the Hardy, seventh Lord Douglas, is still pointed out about two miles to the south-west of the Castle Dangerous. Dickson was sixty years of age at the time when Lord James first appeared in Douglas Dale. His heirs kept possession of the fief for centuries; and some respectable gentlemen's families in Lanarkshire still trace themselves to this ancestor (*Note by Mr. Eadow*).

NOTE 6. — MAKER OR TROUVEUR, p. 190

The name of maker stands for poet (with the original sense of which word it exactly corresponds) in the old Scottish language. That of *trouveur* or *trouhadour*—finder, in short—has a similar meaning, and almost in every country the poetical tribes have been graced with the same epithets, inferring the property of those who employ invention or creation.

NOTE 7. — SIR TRISTREM, p. 201

The metrical romance of *Sir Tristrem*, first published by Sir Walter Scott in 1804, who ascribed it to Thomas of Erclidoune, called the Rhymer (*Laing*).

NOTE 8. — WILD CATTLE, p. 216

These bulls are thus described by Hector Boetius, concerning which he says:—

In this wood (namely the Caledonian wood) were sometime white bulls, with crisp and curling manes, like fierce lions; and though they seemed meek and tame in the remanent figure of their bodies, they were more wild than any other beasts, and had such hatred against the society and company of men, that they came never in the woods nor leasuries where they found any foot or hand thereof, and many days after they eat not of the herbs that were touched or handled by man. These bulls were so wild, that they were never taken but slight and crafty labour, and so impatient, that after they were taken they died from insupportable dolour. As soon as any man invaded these bulls, they rushed with such terrible press upon him that they struck him to the earth, taking no fear of hounds, sharp lances, or other most penetrative weapons.—Boetius, *Chron. Scot.*, vol. 1. p. xxxix.

The wild cattle of this breed, which are now only known in one manor in England, that of Chillingham Castle in Northumberland (the seat of the Earl of Tankerville), were, in the memory of man, still preserved in three places in Scotland, namely, Drumlanrig, Cumbernauld, and the upper park at Hamilton Palace, at all of which places, except the last, I believe, they have now been destroyed, on account of their ferocity. But though those of modern days are remarkable for their white colour, with black muzzles, and exhibiting, in a small degree, the black mane, about three or four inches long, by which the bulls in particular are distinguished, they do not by any means come near the terrific description given us by the ancient authors, which has made some naturalists think that these animals should probably be referred to a different species, though possessing the same general habits, and included in the same genus. The bones which are often discovered in

NOTES TO SURGEON'S DAUGHTER, ETC. 375

Scottish mosses belong certainly to a race of animals much larger than those of Chillingham, which seldom grow to above 80 stone (of 14lbs.), the general weight varying from 60 to 80 stone. We should be accounted very negligent by one class of readers did we not record that the beef furnished by those cattle is of excellent flavour, and finely marbled.

The following is an extract from a letter received by Sir Walter Scott some time after the publication of the novel:—

When it is wished to kill any of the cattle at Chillingham, the keeper goes into the herd on horseback, in which way they are quite accessible, and singling out his victim, takes aim, with a large rifle-gun, and seldom fails in bringing him down. If the poor animal makes much bellowing in his agony, and especially if the ground be stained with his blood, his companions become very furious, and are themselves, I believe, accessory to his death. After which, they fly off to a distant part of the park, and he is drawn away on a sledge. Lord Tankerville is very tenacious of these singular animals: he will on no account part with a living one, and hardly allows of a sufficient number being killed to leave pasturage for those that remain.

It happened on one occasion, three or four years ago, that a party visiting at the castle, among whom were some *men of war*, who had hunted buffaloes in foreign parts, obtained permission to do the keeper's work and shoot one of the wild cattle. They sallied out on horseback, and, duly equipped for the enterprise, attacked their object. The poor animal received several wounds, but none of them proving fatal, he retired before his pursuers, roaring with pain and rage, till, planting himself against a wall or tree, he stood at bay, offering a front of defiance. In this position the youthful heir of the castle, Lord Ossulston, rode up to give him the fatal shot. Though warned of the danger of approaching near to the enraged animal, and especially of firing without first having turned his horse's head in a direction to be ready for flight, he discharged his piece; but ere he could turn his horse round to make his retreat, the raging beast had plunged his immense horns into its flank. The horse staggered and was near falling, but recovering by a violent effort, he extricated himself from his infuriated pursuer, making off with all the speed his wasting strength supplied, his entrails meanwhile dragging on the ground; till at length he fell, and died at the same moment. The animal was now close upon his rear, and the young lord would unquestionably have shared the fate of his unhappy steed, had not the keeper, deeming it full time to conclude the day's diversion, fired at the instant. His shot brought the beast to the ground, and running in with his large knife, he put a period to its existence.

This scene of gentlemanly pastime was viewed from a turret of the castle by Lady Tankerville and her female visitors. Such a situation for the mother of the young hero was anything but enviable.

NOTE 9. — RUIN OF DOUGLAS CHURCH, p. 260

This is a most graphic and accurate description of the present state of the ruin. Its being occupied by the sexton as a dwelling-place, and the whole scene of the old man's interview with De Valence, may be classed with our illustrious author's most felicitous imaginings (*Note by the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Douglas*).

NOTE 10. — FRAGMENT BY COLERIDGE, p. 262

The Author has somewhat altered part of a beautiful unpublished fragment of Coleridge:—

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur Orellan,—
Where may the grave of that good knight be?
By the marge of a brook, on the slope of Helvellyn,
Under the boughs of a young birch-tree.
The oak that in summer was pleasant to hear,
That rustled in autumn all withered and sear,
That whistled and groaned thro' the winter alone—
He hath gone, and a birch in his place is grown.
The knight's bones are dust,
His good sword is rust;
His spirit is with the saints, we trust.

(Lockhart.)

376 NOTES TO SURGEON'S DAUGHTER, ETC.

NOTE 11. — PRISON CAGES, p. 312

The queen of Robert the Bruce, and the Countess of Buchan, by whom, as one of Macduff's descent, he was crowned at Scone, were secured in the manner described.

NOTE 12. — BLOODY SYKES, p. 328

The ominous name of Bloodm're Sink or Syke marks a narrow hollow to the north-west of Douglas Castle, from which it is distant about the third of a mile. Mr. Haddow states that, according to local tradition, the name was given in consequence of Sir James Douglas having at this spot intercepted and slain part of the garrison of the castle while De Walton was in command.

NOTE 13. — DEATH OF YOUNG DICKSON, p. 355

The fall of this brave stripling by the hand of the English governor, and the stern heroism of the father in turning from the spot where he lay, 'a model of beauty and strength,' that he might not be withdrawn from the duty which Douglas had assigned him of protecting the Lady of Berkeley, excites an interest for both, with which it is almost to be regretted that history interferes. It was the old man, Thomas Dickson, not his son, who fell. The slogan, 'a Douglas—a Douglas,' having been prematurely raised, Dickson, who was within the church, thinking that his young lord with his armed band was at hand, drew his sword, and, with only one man to assist him, opposed the English, who now rushed to the door. Cut across the middle by an English sword, he still continued his opposition, till he fell lifeless at the threshold. Such is the tradition, and it is supported by a memorial of some authority—a tombstone, still to be seen in the churchyard of Douglas, on which is sculptured a figure of Dickson, supporting with his left arm his protruding entrails, and raising his sword with the other in the attitude of combat (*Note by the Rev. Mr. Stewart of Douglas*).

GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS

- ABAD**, waited, delayed
ABRAHAM, SHAMMING, feigning sickness
ABUNE, above
ACCOLADE, the touch of the sword on the shoulder in conferring knighthood
AE, one
AIGUES-MORTES, about 20 miles south of Nîmes in France
AIR, OWN
AJAX TELAMON. See Teucer
ALCALDE, a Spanish magistrate or judge
ALLAH ACKBAR, God is great
ALL AHERLY, or **ALLENARLY**, solely
ALONE, as soon
ALTSIDOSA. See *Don Quixote*, Part II. chap. xlv.
AMBUSCADE, an ambush
ANNON SIS RICARDUS, etc. (p. 69), Are you not a certain Richard Middlemas of the town of Middlemas? Answer in Latin
ANODYNE, an opiate, narcotic
ANTIGUA, rum, named from the West India island which produces it
ASSIGT, besieged
A'THEGITHER, all together
ATTICK, or **ETTRICK**, **FOREST**, nearly the same as Selkirkshire
AULD, old
AYAH, a black female purse, generally a native of India
BACK-PLAY, game in reserve, resource
BAHAUDKE, an epithet of respect, equivalent to 'gallant officer' or so
BAID, or **BADE**, delay
BANKA, a courtier
BANTS, bones
BAR, bare, threadbare
BARON-BAILIE, baron's deputy in a burgh of barony, a kind of Scottish magistrate
BASILISK, a fabulous serpent-like creature that inhabited the deserts of Arabia; its glance was held to be fatal to living creatures
BAULDER, bolder
BAUX YAUX DA MAO CASSETTE, a sly allusion to the proverb *épouser une femme pour les beaux yeux de sa cassette* = to marry a woman for (the beautiful eyes of) her money
BEDEAL, a sexton, beadle
BAGUM, a lady of high rank
BEROWYT, behoved
BELIVE, by and by, soon
BENEDICT, or **BEN DICK**, a character in *Much Ado About Nothing*, Act ii. sc. 3
BENT, TA'EN THE, taken to the open field, provided for one's safety
BIG, to build; **BIGATT**, built
BISMILLAR, in the name of God!
BLACK DEATH, visited England in 1348-49, 1361-62, and 1369
BLATE, civil, bashful
BLINK, glance
BOADICEA, a warlike queen of the ancient Britons
BONNY DIE, or **DYE**, a pretty toy
BORREL, simple, unlearned
BOUNE, ready, prepared
BOURG, borough, town
BROWN-BILL, a kind of halberd, painted brown, and carried by foot-soldiers and town-watchmen
BROWST, screwing
BRUSTEN, burst
BRYNT, bn.
BUCKLE (of leg), the curl or arrangement that has gone a long time without being renewed
BURSHER, a general
BURDYS, boards, tables, which were usually boards supported on movable trestles
BURGESS'S LEONORA, or **LENORE**, the German poem which Scott translated and published as his first literary achievement
BURGH OF BAACONIE, or **BARONV**, a distinctive class of boroughs amongst Scottish towns
BUT (**DAUNGA**), without, apart from
CADGV, sportive, lively
CANNY, gently, carefully
CAS, care
CAR, RAZI, probably RIZA, the eighth Imam of the Shiite Mohammedans, whose principal shrine is at Meshed in Persia
CARIOUNE, corpse
CARLE, a fellow, person
CARLINE, an old woman
CARPE DIEM, make the most of the present day
CASE, of Gowrie, the low

- alluvial lands on the north side of the Tay in Perthshire
- CAST UP TO**, to reproach
- CELA N'EST PAS HONNÊTE**, that is not proper
- CELSUS**, a Roman physician of the 1st century A. D.
- CHABOTRA**, a platform
- CHABOUR**, a long whip
- CHESTT**, chose, preferred
- CHILD**, a fellow, person
- CROBBER**, an usher, mace-bearer
- CROWNY**, a flap or fan made of a cow's tail
- CHUCKIE-STANES**, pebbles, sandstones
- CLATHS**, cloths
- CLAVER**, chatter, tattling
- CLERE TO**, to seize upon
- CLENLY**, wholly, entirely
- CLOCKING-HEEN**, a hen sitting on eggs
- CLOSE**, bout, turn, struggle
- COMYN, RED**, a Scottish chief stabbed by Robert Bruce in the Minorites' church in Dumfries on 10th February 1306
- CONABILL**, possible, attainable
- CONWINE**, condition, state
- COSSE**, a measure of distance varying from 1½ to 2½ miles
- COUF DE SOLEIL**, a sunstroke
- COUSINE**, a blood-relation
- COWRIES**, small shells used as money in India, 6000 or 7000 being worth a rupee = 2s.
- CRIBBER, OR KES**, a short knife or sword, worn in the East
- CRIBBIT**, a fixed candlestick, or small portable fire
- CRIMPING**, kidnapping men for the army or navy
- CRORE**, the sum of ten million rupees, worth £1,000,000
- CROSS, RUDDY**, the red cross of St. George of England
- CUB**, cook
- CULL IN THE KEN**, a man or boy in the house
- CUMMERBAND**, a sash
- CUTTAWAR, OR KATHIWAR**, a peninsula on the west side of India, north of Bombay, formerly famous for its breed of horses
- DAFFING**, free conversation, frolicking
- DAB**, a canopy; the chief table, somewhat higher than the others
- DANG, LAID ON**, struck
- DEAD-THRAW**, death-throes, death-agonies
- DEAND**, dying
- DEBOWALYT**, disembowelled
- DEGIAL, OR DEJJAL**, the anti-christ or false prophet of the Mohammedans, who will come riding on an ass in mockery of Jesus
- DEIRA**, an ancient Saxon kingdom of England, between the Tees, the Humber, and the borders of Wales
- DEPERTYT**, divided, separated
- DEWAN**, a treasurer
- DIUIST**, devised
- DIVAN**, the state council of an Oriental sovereign
- DOCTUS UTRIUSQUE JURIS**, learned in both civil and ecclesiastical law; that is, duly qualified to practise
- DOMINICA CONFITENTUM**, the Sunday of confessing persons
- DOMUS SERVAVIT, LANAM FECTI**, she stayed at home and spun wool
- DORMANT (TABLE)**, a fixed, stationary table, as distinguished from one made of boards laid on trestles, which was the usual fashion in the middle ages
- DOUR**, stubborn, obstinate
- DOWRAN**, the official guide of a Hindoo village
- DREID**, dread, fear
- DRINK OELD**, a gratuity, tip
- DRUMMER'S HANDWRITING**, marks of the lash, made by the drummer as the regimental executioner
- DUBASH**, a steward
- DUELLAND**, fighting
- DULE**, grief
- DUNCAN, KING, HIS BODY-GUARD**. See *Macbeth*, Act i. sc. 7, and Act ii. sc. 2
- DURBAR**, an official reception
- ERN**, eyes
- EFFRAY**, fear, terror;
- EFFRAYTLY**, under the influence of fear
- EOYRLY, OR SOBRLY**, eagerly
- ELDER COMEDY**, amongst the ancient Greeks, the actors nearly always wore masks; their Elder Comedy was of a decidedly satirical character
- ELDOUN, OR EILDON, HILLS**, near Melrose, Roxburghshire, traditionally associated with Thomas the Rhymer and Michael Scott, the magician
- ENBUCHYT, OR ENBUSCHIT**, ambushed
- ENENYR**, standard, ensign
- ERNYT**, buried
- ERN**, ear
- ESCHAP**, escape
- ETTRICK, FOREST OF**, where is now the county of Selkirk
- EYES**, to desire
- EYT**, eat, ate
- FA**, foe, enemy
- FAITOUR**, a traitor
- FAKIR**, a Hindoo, in the text a Mohammedan, religious enthusiast
- FALKIRK, BATTLE OF**, was fought on 22d July 1298
- FANFARONADE**, vain boasting, swaggering
- FAR**, fore, go
- FASHER**, takes trouble, pains
- FATA MORGANA**, a fairy, sister of King Arthur, figures in the chivalric epics of Boiardo and Tasso
- FAUSE-FACE**, a false face, mask
- FELS**, much, many things
- FER**, far, a long way
- FRINGIS**, Franks; that is, Europeans of all nations;
- FRINGI SAMIS**, a European gentleman
- FU DE JOIE**, a discharge of firearms, salute
- FLEAND**, flying
- FLOCK-SILK**, floss-silk
- FLORENTINE (VEAL)**, a pie
- FLYING**, scolding
- FOROWTIN**, besides
- FORTY-FIVE**, the attempt of the Young Pretender, Prince Charles Edward, to gain the crown of England in 1745
- FRANGISTAN**, Europe
- FRISCHUTZ, OR FERISCHUTZ**, an opera by Carl Maria von Weber, completed in 1820
- FURTHWART**, prudence, precaution
- FYCHT**, fight
- FYKE**, trouble, pains, worry
- GADRING**, gathering
- GALLOONED**, ornamented with galloon, a kind of thread lace used for binding
- GAN**, began
- GART**. See *Ger*, etc.
- GAVESTON, PIERS DE**, a Gaiac, an unworthy favourite of Edward II.
- GAY SCIENCE**, minstrelsy

- GEAR**, business, affair
GER, or GAR, to make, cause;
GART, GERT, or GARRD,
 made, caused
GHAUTS, mountain chains on
 both sides of the country
 of Mysore in Southern
 India
GIAMSCHID, or JAMSHID, a
 legendary king of Persia.
See The Talisman, Note 3,
 p. 416
GIR, to give
GRINING AND GABBLING, grin-
 ning and talking
GLED, a kite
GLOWERING, staring
GLOONDA, a town and king-
 dom in the interior of
 India, where diamonds
 were formerly cut and
 polished; hence the place
 was proverbial for its
 wealth
GOOD-DAUGHTER, daughter-
 in-law
GOTE, one deficient in taste,
 an uncultivated person
GOFFINE, playing golf
GRATHIT, dressed, prepared
GRUYNE, an old name for
 Corunna, in Spain
GUIDE, to treat, use, direct
GUINRA-PICE (p. 112), guinea-
 men, men possessing
 guineas
GUTT, if
HAGGARD, a wild hawk which
 has been tamed
HAGGIS, sheep's liver, heart,
 etc., minced fine and boiled
 in a bag with oatmeal,
 suet, etc.
HAIFF, to have, wear
HARIM, a physician
HALDIN, held
HALLOWMASS, All Saints Day,
 the 1st of November
HANK, a hold, advantage
HEADS, heads, ends
HERIOT ROW, a street of
 Edinburgh, running paral-
 lel to, and north of, Princes
 Street (*q. v.*), was laid out
 in 1767 and following years
HIDDILLIS, or HODDELLIS,
 hiding
HIE, high, principal (street)
HIPPOCRATES, an ancient
 Greek physician, whose
 authority was long of
 great weight in medical
 practice; he wrote a book
 of *Aphorisms*
Hose, a shilling, perhaps
 sixpence
HOLM, a flat plain beside a
 river
HOOKAN, the tobacco-pipe
 of Oriental races, consists
 of a bowl for holding the
 tobacco, and a bottle for
 holding water, through
 which the smoke passes in
 an indiarubber tube
HORNING AND ROOFING, blow-
 ing of horns and shouting
 (whooping), as by the Wild
 Huntsman in the opera
HOURI, a beautiful maiden
 in the Mohammedan
 paradise
HOWDAH, provided with a
 howdah, or enclosed seat
 for persons to ride in
HY, haste
Io, I
ILEAVE, each one
INNER HOUSE, one of the
 branches of the principal
 law court of Scotland
INMOUTH, within
ISCHYT, issued, came out;
ISCHE, to come out, forth
JALOUSINE, suspecting,
 opining
JED, FOREST OF, or JEDWARD
FOREST, near Jedburgh, in
 the south of Scotland;
JEDWOOD, or JEDDART,
STAFF, a kind of battle-
 axe, made originally at
 Jedburgh
JIGGER-DUBBER, a door-
 shutter, porter
JOANNA, MY FRIEND (p. xii),
 the dramatist Joanna
 Baillie (1762-1851)
JOUK AND LET THE JAW GAR
BY, stoop, *i. e.* give way,
 and let the wave go by,
 bend to the storm
JURERTY, a dangerous, war-
 like enterprise
KAFFILA, a caravan of mer-
 chants
KAFR, an infidel, from the
 standpoint of a Moham-
 medan
KAIL, cabbage; **KAIL-YARD**,
 cabbage-plot
KEN, to know
KERNE, a light-armed foot-
 soldier
KHAN, an Oriental Inn
KHELAUT, a dress of honour
KILLEDAR, the governor of
 a fort
KIT, the small violin that
 dancing-masters formerly
 used
KITE, SERGEANT, a character
 in George Farquhar's
Recruiting-Officer (1706)
LAC, the sum of 100,000
 rupees, worth \$10,000
LAIKE, lay
LALLY, COUNT, an officer of
 Irish extraction, com-
 manded the French forces
 in India in 1758-61
LAND, a block of houses,
 house
LANDLOUSER, stroller, ad-
 venturer
LANDWARD, the outlying
 rural districts
LARGES, liberty
LAYE, remainder
LAYSER, leisure
LEADENHALL STREET, Lon-
 don, where the East India
 Company had their prin-
 cipal offices
LESURIERS, pastures
LEVETT, a sort of medical
 practitioner whom Dr.
 Johnson sheltered in his
 own house for twenty
 years
LEVYTT, remained
LEYLL, LELE, or LEAL, loyal,
 faithful
LINTOT, BARNABY BERNARD
 (1675-1736), publisher of
 works by Pope, Steele,
 Gay, and others
LIPPER, to trust, confide in
LISTER, liked, chose
LOBSCOTER, a hash of stewed
 biscuit and salt meat
LONG-SHANES, a nickname of
 Edward I. of England
LOON, fellow
LOOTIE, a marauder,
 plunderer
Loe, praise
LOUFING, leaping
LUCINA, the goddess of
 birth amongst the ancient
 Romans
LUCY, dame, a title given to
 old women
LYAND, lying
MA, or MAR, more; MA, to
 make
MACDONALD, FLORA, the
 guide of Prince Charles
 Edward in June 1746, was
 imprisoned for a time, but
 eventually set at liberty
MACHIAVEL, statesman of
 Florence, 16th century,
 famous for craft and un-
 scrupulous duplicity
MAHATTAS, the mixed races
 inhabiting a group of states
 on the west side of India
MAINRENT, or MANRENT,
 vassalage, homage to a
 superior
MAIR, more

- MAIS C'EST ÉGAL**, but it's all the same
- MALLEUS SCOTORUM**, the hammer of the Scots
- MAUD**, a Lowland plaid
- MAYNE**, valour, might
- MEILL**, or **MEILE**, meal, flour
- MEKILL**, or **MUCELE**, much, great
- MELLÉ**, medley, confused mess; **MELLYNE**, confusion, mixture; **MELLYT**, mingled together
- MENYE**, or **MENYE**, a feudal lord's retainers
- METHVEN**, or **METHVEN**, Wood, a few miles west of Perth, where Bruce was defeated on 19th June 1306
- MOBLE**, moveable goods
- MOHUR**, a British Indian gold coin = 30a.
- MOLWARP**, a mole
- MOOTHE MAHUL**, pearl of the palace, a term of endearment
- MORT-SEIN**, the skin of a lamb or sheep that has died accidentally
- MOTAKUL**, a meeting
- MOULLAH**, a Mohammedan priest
- MUEZZIN**, the officer of a Mohammedan mosque who announces the hours of prayer from a lofty tower
- MUIR**, moor, common
- MURNTN**, mourning
- MUSCADEL**, or **MUSCATEL**, a sweet, strong wine of Italy and France
- MUSHUD**, a state cushion
- MYCHT**, night (verb and substantive)
- NA BLATE**, uncivil, immodest, bold
- NAGGRA**, a state drum
- NAEYN WISE**, no manner of wise, nowise
- NATCH**, or **NAUTCH**, a spectacle by professional dancers in India
- NISI DOMINUS CUSTODIET**, unless the Lord keep (the house) —
- NIZAM**, the title of the ruler of the state of Hyderabad in the centre of India
- NOCHT**, not
- NOURJAHAN**, light of the world, a term of endearment
- NOUSHRYAN**, **KHOSRAU**, or **CHOSROES**, surnamed Anosharvan, i.e. the Blessed, a great king of ancient Persia, famed for his justice
- NOUS**, for **MOUS**, intelligence and enterprise
- NOVUM CASTRUM**, Roman name of Newcastle-on-Tyne
- NULLAH**, a small brook, torrent
- NUZZAL**, a tribute of gold mohurs
- NYCHT**, night
- NYM**, CORONAL, a character in Shakespeare's *Henry V.*
- ON**, a grandchild
- ORTYSS**, oftentimes, often
- ORIFLAMME**, the sacred banner of France, edged with flame-like trimming and borne on a gilded staff
- OUTTRAK**, struck out
- OWLIAH**, or **WALL**, a Mohammedan saint
- OWT**, out
- OWTYN**, **OWTANE**, or **OWTAKYN**, outta'en, outtaken, except
- PAGONA** (p. 102), gold coin, with a pagoda figured on one side = 7s.
- PARK**, **MUNGO**, practised as a surgeon at Peebles from 1799 to 1805
- PAXARETE**, a kind of sherry, grown near to Xeres in the south of Spain
- PEON**, a foot-soldier
- PERPAY**, verily, truly
- PERSAVING**, perceiving, perception; **PERSAVYT**, perceived
- PETTAR**, the town or suburb outside a fortified place
- FIGARESCA**, what is knavish, adventurous, and not over honest
- PICANINNIES**, small children
- PINDAREES**, freebooters or mercenary soldiers who established themselves in the Central Provinces of India after the overthrow of the Mogul empire
- PINT** (SCOTTISH) = 3 pints English
- PONNICHERRY**, was surrendered, after a long resistance, to the English by Count Lally in 1761
- PREYTT**, pricked, hastened; **PRIEANN**, pricking, hurrying
- PRESTANTIN**, or **PRESTANTIN**, one who receives military pay (*prestantia*)
- PRINCES STREET**, the principal street of Edinburgh, laid out in 1767 and following years
- PRIVELY**, privily, secretly
- PRO TANTO**, so far as this matter is concerned
- PUGE**, or **PUE**, a mischievous little goblin in Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*
- QUANTUM SUFFICIT**, the needful amount or quantity
- QURAN**, a woman, female
- QUESTION**, torture
- QURAN**, where
- QURAN**, when
- QURSHIR**, or **QURSHYR**, however, notwithstanding
- QURETT**, wheat
- QUHILL**, now, again
- QUHILL**, till, until
- QUOS REGO OF NEPTUNE** (p. 5). See Virgil's *Aeneid*, Bk. I. 139
- RACHEIN**, or **RATHLIN**, an island off the north coast of Ireland
- RATTI**, quickly, soon
- RAJAHPOOT**, a noble of India
- RAMELER**, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who edited the periodical called *The Rambler*
- RAP**, a counterfeit coin, current in Ireland in the reign of George I. and worth half a farthing, though it passed for a halfpenny
- RAPFLOCH**, coarse woollen, homespun
- RATTAN**, a species of cane
- RATSYTT**, raised
- REBECK**, a stringed instrument, not unlike a violin in appearance
- RECHERAT**, the huntsman's signal of recall
- REDESDALE**, the valley of the river Reed in Northumberland
- REIF**, robbery, plunder
- RESETT**, abode, residence
- RICHARD**, NOT I' THE VEIN (p. 30), an allusion to Shakespeare's *Richard III.*, Act IV. sc. 2
- ROKELAY**, a woman's short cloak
- ROSE NOBLE**, an old English gold coin = 6s. 8d.; so called because a rose was shown on one side of the coin after Edward IV.'s reign
- ROTE**, a kind of harp or guitar, played by turning a handle
- RUBERSLAW**, a hill in Roxburghshire, 1400 feet high
- RUNNY CROSS**. See *Cross*, ruddy

- RUES AND BRIVES, tears and carries off by violence
 KUSTAR, or RUSTEM, an ancient legendary prince of Persia
 KYSS, arise
- SACK, a kind of dry wine
 SAMIE ANGERZIE, an English gentleman
 ST. GILRS's, the district about Seven Dials, London
 SALAM, a greeting, salutation; SALAM ALAIKUM, peace be with you; SALAM ALAIKUM ERMA SEBARTEN, peace abide with you, for that ya have endured patiently—from the Koran, sura xiii. verse 24
 SALETH, or SALIH, a prophet who, in the Koran, attests his divine mission by causing a she-camel to come out of a solid rock
 SAMYR, same
 SASINE, investiture, the legal document which testifies that so and so has been put in lawful possession of certain property
 SCALIA, spread abroad; SCALYT, scattered, separated
 SCHER, to hear, divide
 SCHILLER, the German poet, whose prose play of *Die Räuber*, i.e. *The Robbers* (1782), is alluded to on p. xvi
 SCHUPF, directed his course, went
 SCHEERDS, shreds, pieces torn off
 SCUNNER, SIE A, to make a gesture of loathing or disgust
 SEA-PIE, beef boiled in a coating of paste, in a large stoneware dish
 SEMIRAMIS, a mythical empress of Assyria, and wife of the founder of Nineveh
 SER, several
 SESYT, seized
 SEVD, HALL OF, an allusion to the popular Arah romance of Abu-Zeyd. See Lane, *Modern Egyptians*, end of chap. xxi.
 SHAW, wild wood, forest
 SHELING, a hut
 SHOLTO DHU GLASS, see yon dark grey man
 SIE NALLEB, indicated, described
 SIPAHKE, or SEPOY, a native foot-soldier in India
 BIRDAR, captain, officer
- SIR TRISTREM, was a mighty hunter in his day
 SKIILS, screams
 SLIGHT, or SLYCHT, craft, guile
 SLOGAN, a war-cry
 SONE, soon
 SORDID, defiled
 SOUFLE, supple, active
 SOUTHDEAN, FOREST OF, near Jedburgh, in the south of Scotland
 SOWAR, a native cavalry-man in Indian armies
 SOWARREE, a grand procession
 SPER, speech, discourse, agreement
 SPER, to close, shut
 SPERYT, inquired, inquired into
 SPRINGALD, a youth, active young man
 STOUT, a flagon, a vessel for holding ale, etc.
 STRATHCLYDE, KINGDOM OF, stretched from the Clyde to the Solway, and existed during the 8th to 11th centuries
 STRATH-DEVON, the valley of the Devon, a river which joins the Forth a few miles from Alloa
 STTTR, strong
 SUNDELL, SUNDELL, or SOMDEAL, somewhat, in some degree
 SUNILLE MISERRIMUS, I am that unhappy one
 SWA, so; SWAGATE, in such way, manner
 SWIVEL, a small cannon fixed on a swivel
 SWYTH, quickly
 SYCHT, sight
 SYLLABUR, or SELLIBUR, a dish of wine, etc., with milk or cream, sugar, etc., a sort of curd
- TA, to take
 TABLE DORMANT. See Dormant (table)
 TAN, ta'en, taken
 TANTIVY, an outbreak of violence
 TAPFICED, or TAPFISHED, concealed, hidden
 TARTARIAN FELT, dressed and prepared by Tartars or in the lands they range over
 TATOO, a small horse of Southern India
 TAURIDOR, a bull-fighter
 TELINGA, a native soldier in the East India Company's Service
 TRUCER, half-brother of Ajax
- Telanion. See Homer's *Iliad*, Bk. viii. 266-272
 TRANK, originally one in rank between a noble and a franklin; here (p. 37) one of the country gentry
 'THINGS MUST BE AS THEY MAY' (p. 152), from *Henry V.*, Act ii. sc. 1
 THIRLAGE, the obligation of a tenant to get his corn ground at a particular mill
 THOCHT, or THOUGHT, thought
 THREEP, to persist
 THROWCH, or THROW, through
 TINCHEL, a great drive of game, made by a wide ring of beaters
 TIMING, losing; TINT, lost
 TIPPOO, son and successor of Hyder Ali as ruler of Mysore
 TITULAR, a layman who had the disposition of church lands after the Reformation
 TOPE, a knoll, slight eminence
 TOWNHEAD to THE TOWFFIT, from the head to the foot (one end to the other) of the town
 TOWNHYS, tuns, liquor-harrels
 TOY, a headdress worn by old women of the lower classes
 TRAIN, train, ambush
 TEAVAILLED, travelling, moving from place to place
 TREBIZOND, SULTAN OF, A branch of the imperial Byzantine family of the Comneni reigned at Trebizond, on the north coast of Asia Minor, for two hundred and fifty years (till 1461)
 TRINKETING, holding secret communication with, intriguing
 TROWYT, trowed, trusted, believed
 TURNERRY, the stronghold of the Earl of Carrick, i. e. Robert Bruce, in Ayrshire
 TURSSYT, or TURSTY, packed up in bales or huddles
 TYNSAILL, loss
 TYTHANDIS, tidings, news
- UNQUHILL, sometimes
 UPSIDES WITH, quits with, even with
 'UP, TIMOTHY, UP,' etc. (p. 221), from Wordsworth's 'Childless Father,' one of the 'Poems on the Affections'
 UTTERANCE ('AT), extremity, outrance

VAKHEL , a government messenger	WARAND , place of protection, shelter	YATIN , gates, doors
VAVASOUR , a vassal of intermediate rank	WEANG , children	YED , went
VEN , 1' TRE . See Richard, etc.	WELDAND , possessing, obtaining	YET , yet
VELS ET REMS , with help of sails and oars, with flowing sail	WERRAY , to make war upon	YIN , one
VIMEROO , one of the principal gods of the Hindoos	WIAOR , a military expedition	YNYDDA , in the midst of
WAITE , danger	WIGHT , strong and active	YOWTRAD , youth
WALD , would	WITING , knowledge	
WAN , won, gained	WONNT , reached, gained, won. <i>Compere Wan</i>	ZENANA , the harem, i. e. the wives, with their attendants, of an Indian prince or noble
WAPYTS , weapons	WROCHT , worked, laboured, effected	ZENOMA , queen of Palmyra, in the Syrian desert, towards the end of the 3d century
	WYS (WAS) , knew	
	WYZ , to avoid, shun	

INDEX TO THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER

AUTHOR'S Introduction, xv

BANGALORE, 138

Barak el Hadgi, 102; sought by Hartley, 135
 Begum Motee. *See* Montreville
 Butler, Mr., military chaplain, 109

CAPTAIN, Captain, 112

Cara Razi, 103, 378

Chronicles of the Canongate, Introduction to, ix

Croftangry, Mr., his Preface, ix; his Conclusion, 150

DUGLAL, 104, 378

Doctor, of Scottish village, 1
 Dowrah, native guide, 130, 373
 Duff, Davie, Thane of Fife, 365

EAST INDIA COMPANY, 71

Elder Comedy, 7, 378
 Esdale, Mr. Surgeon, 111, 128

FAIRSCRIE, James, xlii

Fairscribe, Katie, xii, xi, 150
 Fairscribe, Mr., x, 150
 Ferguson, Colonel James, xv, 152
 Fort St. George, Madras, 99

GALATIAN, 26

Ghats, of Mysore, 129

Glossary, 377

Golconda, 47, 379

Goodriche, Roman Catholic priest, 7
 Gray, Gideon, 3; receives Zilia Monçada, 5; interview with her father, 12; takes charge of Middlemas, 17; his talk with Lawford, 19; interview with Middlemas, 27; separates him and Hartley, 41; his death, 114

Gray, Menie, prototype of, xvii, 365; birth of, 21; attachment to Middlemas, 23; at the Hunters' Ball, 37; left by Middlemas, 59; interview with Hartley, 114; the plot against her, 120, 124; begs Hartley to help her, 127; set at liberty, 145; returns to Scotland, 148

Gray, Mrs., 3; her prejudices against Zilia Monçada, 6; talk with Lawford, 19; gives birth to Menie, 21

HARTLEY, Adam, 34; quarrels with Middlemas, 39, 43; rescues him from the

hospital, 69; cures General Witherington's children, 73; asks his interest for Middlemas, 77; discussion with Middlemas, 90; attends Barak el Hadgi, 102; recognises Menie, 108; interview with her, 114; sets off to rescue Menie, 127; interview with Barak, 135; arrives at Bangalore, 139; dismissed by Hyder Ali, 147; his death, 148

Hillary, Tom, 28, 31; as recruiting captain, 50; takes Middlemas to the Isle of Wight, 61

Hospital, military, at Ryde, 63
 Hyder Ali, 71; disguised as a fakir, 136; interrupts Tipoo's audience, 145

INDIA, xvii; golden dreams of, 47, 51; re-

cruiting for, 50. *See further* Madras Introduction, Chrystal Croftangry's to *Chronicles of the Canongate*, ix; Author's, to *Surgeon's Daughter*, xv

JAMIESON, Nurse, 7, 22; fondness for Middlemas, 25, 30
 Jaup, Alison, 4

LAWFORD, town-clerk, 14; talk with the Grays, 19
 Louponheight, Laird of, 37

M'FITTOCH, dancing-master, 34, 38

MacErries. *See* Ferguson, Colonel James
 Madras, society at, 99; Black Town, 113

Mercer, Major, 108

Messenger, king's, 12

Middlemas, Richard, birth of, 7; taken charge of by Gideon Gray, 17; attachment to Menie Gray, 23; interview with Gideon Gray, 27; compared with Hartley, 34; quarrels with him, 39, 43; consults Hillary, 52; demands his property, 58; parts from Menie Gray, 59; in the military hospital, 63; appeals to Seelecooper, 66; rescued by Hartley, 69; interview with his parents, 83; claims his inheritance, 90; at Madras, 99; conversation with Madame Montreville, 120; conspires with Panpiah, 123; at Bangalore, 142; trampled to death, 146

Middlemas village, 3; Hunters' Ball, 37; Stevenlaw's Land, 39; Swan Inn, 50, 52

384 INDEX TO THE SURGEON'S DAUGHTER

- Moncada, Mathias de**, 12; claims his daughter, 16; refuses to acknowledge his grandson, 25
Moncada, Zilla de, brought to Gideon Gray's 5; gives birth to a son, 7; claimed by her father, 16; leaves her son with Gideon Gray, 17; anxiety for her children, 74; interview with Middlemas, 84; her death, 85; her life-story, 94
Montreville, Adela, 106, 109; denies Menie Gray to Hartley, 113; her conversation with Middlemas, 129; meeting with Tippoo, 142; future history, 148
PARK, Mungo, traveller, 2
Paupiah, 123
QUEEN OF SERRA. See *Montreville, Adela*
RAP, coin, 361
Ryde, Isle of Wight, 72
SADHU SIRS, story of, 131
SADOC. See *Middlemas, Richard*
Saleth, Prophet, 104, 361
Schiller, Robbers, xvi
Seelencoper, hospital superintendent, 65, 70
Seringapatam, 133
Shawls, Indian, 151
Simson, Jean, 4
Small-pox, treatment of, 74
Surgeon, Scottish country, 1
Surgeon's Daughter. See *Gray, Menie*
Surgeon's Daughter, the novel, xiv, 1
TAMSON, or Thomson, Peg, 4
Thane of Fife, 365
Tippoo, Prince, 125; at Bangalore, 140
Train, Joseph, xxv; his story of the Thane of Fife, 365
Tresham, Richard, 5. See further *Witherington, General*
VAKKEL, government agent, 120
WALKER, Rev. Robert, xi
Winter, servant, 73, 87
Witherington, General, 72; his children cured, 76; interview with Middlemas, 84; his frantic passion, 86; his life-story, 94

INDEX TO CASTLE DANGEROUS

- ALEXANDER III.**, story of, 192
Anthony, English soldier, 177
Augustina, minstrel's boy. *See* Berkely,
 Augusta de
Author, his Introduction, 157; Conclusion,
 364
- BARBOUR**, Bruce, quoted, 157, 160, 370
Bend-the-Bow, English soldier, 177
Berkely, Augusta de, 167; at Hazelside,
 179; left at St. Bride's abbey, 186; inter-
 rogated by Aymer de Valence, 273;
 escapes from the abbey, 276, 305; her
 vow, 278; her letter to De Walton and
 De Valence, 290; guided by Lord James
 Douglas, 309; taken to De Walton, 319;
 at Bloody Sykes, 324; at Douglas church,
 342; given up to De Walton, 360
Bertram, the minstrel, 166; kills Dickson,
 174; reads the soldiers' instructions, 180;
 taken to Castle Douglas, 187; his story
 of Alexander III., 192; of James of
 Douglas, 194; of Thomas the Rhymer,
 200; examined by De Walton, 242; his
 misdeed to Augusta de Berkely, 249;
 visited in the dungeon, 296; in Green-
 leaf's custody, 332; in Douglas church-
 yard, 342
Black stock, table, 168
Bloody Sykes, 328, 338, 376
Biore, *Sepulchral Antiquities*, 161
Bruce, extracts from, 157, 160, 370
Bruce, Robert, 358
- CASS**, for prisoners, 312, 376
Cairntable Hills, 165
Castle Dangerous. *See* Douglas Castle
Castle Dangerous, the novel, 157
Cattle, wild, 220, 374
Chillingham, 374
Coleridge, fragment by, 262, 375
- DICKSON**, Charles, 175; death of, 354, 376
Dickson, Thomas, 170, 174, 368, 370; wit-
 nesses his son's death, 355
Douglas, Lord James, 157, 194; his war-
 like energy, 213; appears in Douglas
 town, 254; guides Augusta de Berkely,
 309; meets his adherents, 318; fights
 De Walton, 328; challenges him again,
 352; Hume of Godscroft's account of
 him, 368; Barbour's, 370
- Douglas**, village, 254; church, 254, 341, 375
Douglas Burn, 163, 373
Douglas Castle, 158, 194, 204; Augusta de
 Berkely's vow regarding, 278; dungeon
 of, 295; surrendered to Lord James
 Douglas, 369; Hamilton of Bangour's
 account of, 373
Douglas Dale, 159, 163
Douglas Larder, 197, 371
- FABIAN**, squire. *See* Harbothel, Fabian
Flulay, Alexander, 159
Flemlug, Malcolm of Biggar, 282; rescued
 by Margaret de Haultieu, 356; subse-
 quent relations with her, 361
- GLASGOW**, Bishop of, 344; visits Turnbull,
 347
Glossary, 377
Gordon, Patrick, quoted, 157
Greenleaf, Gilbert, 206; his jealous sus-
 picious, 210; conference with De Walton,
 238; as Bertram's custodian, 332; in
 Douglas churchyard, 342
- HADDOU**, Thomas, 159; notes by, 374, 376
Hamilton of Wiahaw, quoted, 373
Harbothel, Fabian, 206; eavesdropping,
 211; at St. Bride's church, 285
Hattely, or Haultieu, Maurice de, 282
Haultieu, Margaret de, 277; her story, 282;
 guides Augusta de Berkely, 305; saves
 Malcolm Fleming, 356; subsequent re-
 lations with him, 361
Hazelside, 172, 181, 374
Hollinshed, quoted, 158
Hugonet, Hugo, 200
Hume of Godscroft, quoted, 161, 368
Hunting, in Douglas Dale, 320
- INTRODUCTION**, Author's, 157
- JEROME**, Abbot, 250; under examination,
 268
- LOUDON HILL**, battle of, 358
- MACADAM**, roadmaker, 163, 374
Maker, or poet, 190, 374
Meredith, Welsh knight, 358
Minstrel. *See* Bertram
Minstrelsy, 189
Moutenay, Sir Philip de, 230, 299

OSULATOR, Lord, 375

PENBRECK, Earl of, 231, 358

Post, or maker, 190, 374

Powheld, Lazarus, sexton, 259; defies De Valence, 266

Prison cages, 312, 376

RHYMER, Thomas the, tale of, 200; his book of prophecies, 334

ST. BRIDE'S ABBEY, 150, 172, 260

Sir Tristram, poem, 201, 374

Steward, Rev. Mr., of Douglas, 375, 376

THIRLWALL, Thruswall, or Thyrwall, James of, 197, 368, 372

Thomas the Rhymer. *See* Rhymer, Thomas the

Trouveur, 374

Turnbull, Michael, 224; leads Augusta de Berkely to De Walton, 320, 323; struck down by him, 327; death of, 347

URSULA, Sister. *See* Hautlieu, Margaret de

VALENCY, Aymor de, 184; takes Bertram to Douglas Castle, 187; enters the castle, 206; differences with De Walton, 216, 229, 234; receives a letter from Penbreck, 231; encounters the mysterious knight, 254; seeks the sexton, 258; questions Abbot Jerome, 268; interview with Augusta de Berkely, 273; visits Bertram in the dungeon, 295; fights Fleming, 359

WALLACE, Sir William, 264

Walton, Sir John de, 196; his suspicions aroused, 210; differences with Aymor de Valence, 216, 229, 234; warned by Turnbull, 226, 229, 234; consults Greek leaf, 238; examines Bertram, 242; rides to St. Bride's, 250; Augusta de Berkely's vow, 278; her letter to him, 290; visits Bertram in the dungeon, 295; meets Augusta de Berkely, 301; strikes down Turnbull, 327; fights Lord James Douglas, 328; fight in the church, 363; surrenders Douglas Castle, 359; Hume of Goderott's account of him, 369

'When the cock crows,' 335

Wild cattle, 223, 374

Wolves, in Scotland, 223

SUPPLEMENTARY GLOSSARY, CORRECTIONS, ETC.

WAVERLEY

AGRAMANTE, KING, a character in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*

ALMA. Substitute See Prior's poem, *Alma, or the Progress of the Mind*

BANGOR, WILLIAM HAMILTON OF, Scottish poet, 1701-1754

BULLEN, WINNING OF, probably for 'bull-bull,' money, coin

CHESTERFIELD'S CHARACTERS REVISUED, by Thomas Davies, 1777

DENT'S DOG-BILL, imposed taxes of 5s. and 3s. on dogs, was conducted through the House of Commons by Mr. Dent, in 1796

L'AMIEZ FAIRE A DON ANTOINE, a proverbial saying expressive of confidence, confident audacity

STURGEON, MAJOR, a character in Foote's farce, *The Mayor of Garret* (1763)

TEN COMMANDMENTS IN THE FACE (p. 198), fingers and thumbs, an allusion to *Henry VI.*, Part II. Act i. sc. 3

'**UNTHREAD THE RUDE EYE**,' etc. (p. 216). See *King John*, Act v. sc. 4

GUY MANNERING

ABOUFOURIS, the voyager. See H. W. Weber, *Tales of the East*, vol. ii. p. 469

ANAHIBAZON (p. 17). Read ANABIBAZON, ascension

BLAZE ACTS, the (fictitious) enactments of necromancy or magic. In English legal phraseology the term is applied to certain Georgian acts against riots, mobs, unlawful assemblies

CANZADE. See H. W. Weber, *Tales of the East*, vol. ii. p. 469

CATAHIBAZON (p. 17). Read CATIBIBAZON, descension

COCK AND A BOTTLE. Substitute An abbreviation of a phrase in Congreve's *Way of the World*, Act iii. sc. 3

CONCOWHART MOSS. See Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 90

KREITHOR (p. 330), a Thessalian witch. See Lucan's *Pharsalia*, bk. vi.

MATTERAKE, DICE. This name occurs in, and was no doubt borrowed from, Sinclair's *Satan's Invisible World Discovered* (reprinted 1871)

LINGTOW MEN, smugglers who carried goods from the coast to the interior, named from the coil of ropes, or 'lingtow,' which they wore at other times as a shoulder belt (Joseph Train, *History of Isle of Man*, vol. ii. p. 317, ed. 1845)

NICHOLAS KNOCKING. St. Nicholas was the patron saint of thieves and highwaymen

PATRICO, the orator, leader and patriarch of a gang or company of strollers or gipsies. See Henry Jones's *Earthenmen Fair*, Act i. sc. 1

RANPROUSE, a name of the *rap-huis*, a house of ill fame

STANESHIREBANK. See Scott's *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. p. 76

WALKER'S, a tavern in Writer's Court, off the High Street, Edinburgh

ANTIQUARY

BASILUS (-VALENTINE). *Idid* A name under which several books on alchemy were published in the 14th to 16th centuries (at Hamburg in 1740)

KELSO CONVOY, a step and a half over the threshold

388 SUPPLEMENTARY GLOSSARY, ETC.

PYMANDER, an allusion to *Hermes Mercurius Triemegistus*; his *Divine Pymander*, translated by Dr. Everard (1630), chap. II. Pymander is a spirit with whom Hermes Triemegistus holds colloquy

SCHREIBARSCHMOTZ SCHAFTAGHAN, or **SCHARTATHAN**, the Spirit of the Spirits of the Moon (Francis Barrett, *Magnus, or the Celestial Intelligencer* 1801, pt. II. p. 146)

ROB ROY

BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE, opposite to Will's, in Russell Street, Covent Garden, was established by Daniel Button, a servant of Addison's wife, and ranked next after Will's for its literary associations

COLLEGE OF ST. OMER'S (p. 412). *Real* At St. Omer, dept. Pas de Calais, France, for educating English and Irish Roman Catholics

BLACK DWARI'

DALLONLEA. Compare Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, canto vi. stanza 23

ELLIOT, MARTIN, OF PEBACKIN TOWER. See Scott's *Prose Works*, vol. vii. p. 88: *Provincial Antiquities*

LEGEND OF MONTROSE

RORRES, a general name for Highlanders. One of the three divisions of the descendants of Somerled of the Isles was called Rori or Ruri

HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN

BAWTIE, an old Scottish name for a dog, used in Sir David Lindsay's poems

GRUNWIGGAN, or **GROENWEGEN**, Simon van der Made, Dutch jurist (1613-52), editor of Grotius

ROBERTLAND, LADY, of the family of Cunningham of Robertland, in the parish of Stevarton, Ayrshire

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

BOOTS AND HOULET, etc. (p. 200). See Blakepeare's *Twelfth Night*, Act I. sc. 3

DON GRYFFOS. See *Don Quixote*, Part II. chap. XLV, etc.

HYER A TALBOT, etc. (p. 90), borrowed from Dame Juliana Berners

ROAR YOU AS 'T WERE ANY NIGHTINGALE (p. 1). See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. sc. 2

IVANHOE

ESTRADA. Read **ESTRADA**, of ESTRADO, the raised part of a room where Spanish ladies sat on cushions to receive visitors

PARRIA, JOSEPH, ARMOURER OF MILAN. Galeazzo Duke of Milan sent to England in the reign of Richard II. four of the best armourers of Milan, to make armour for Henry Earl of Derby (Henry IV.). See John's *Froissart*, iv. p. 597

SIR BEVIS, of Hampton, hero of a mediæval romance of chivalry

SIR GUY, of Warwick, hero of a mediæval romance of chivalry

ULPHUS, HORN OF, an ancient Danish horn, perpetuating the memory of Ulphus son of Torald, and preserved in York minster

THE MONASTERY

'**I PREACH FOR EVER**,' etc. (p. 262), from Crabbe's *Parish Register*, 'Marriages'

KENILWORTH

SCHANMAJM, or **SHAHMAIM**, in astrology, a name of the 'first heaven'

FORTUNES OF NIGEL

BULL (THEATRE), perhaps the Red Bull theatre, St. John's Street, London

ERCLA'S VEIN, a tyrant's vein. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I. sc. 2

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK

GEORGE AND A STAR (p. 458), the insignia of the Order of the Garter; also an allusion to George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham

'**I AM AS FREE**,' etc., from Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*, Act I. sc. 1

LOUGHAN, or **LOAGHTYN**. 'brown,' a cloth made of undyed wool, in the Isle of Man

TALISMAN

HUNTINGLEN. Read *Huntingdon*

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