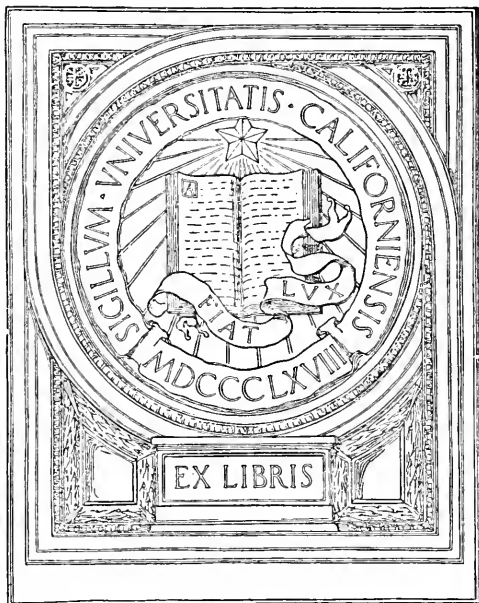


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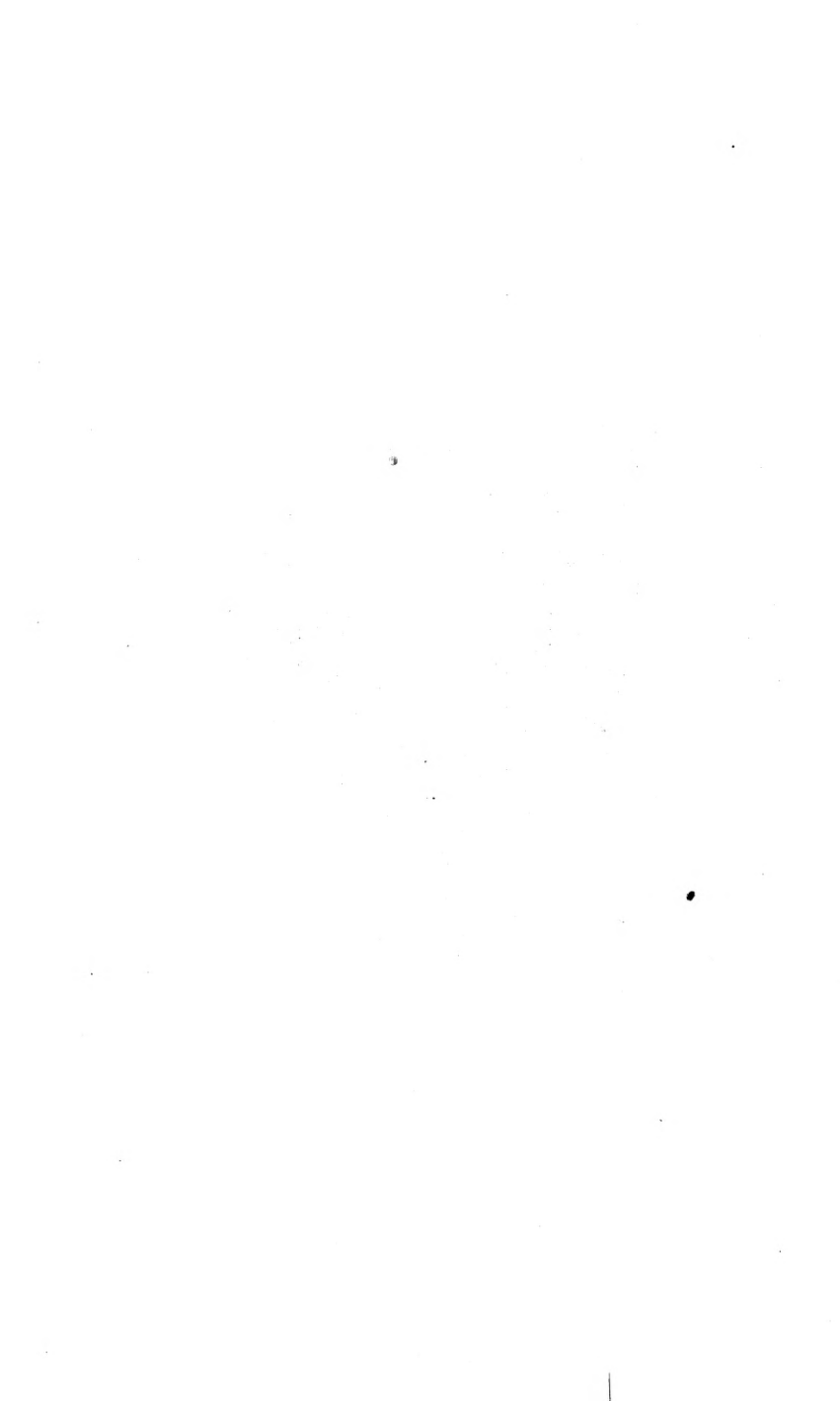
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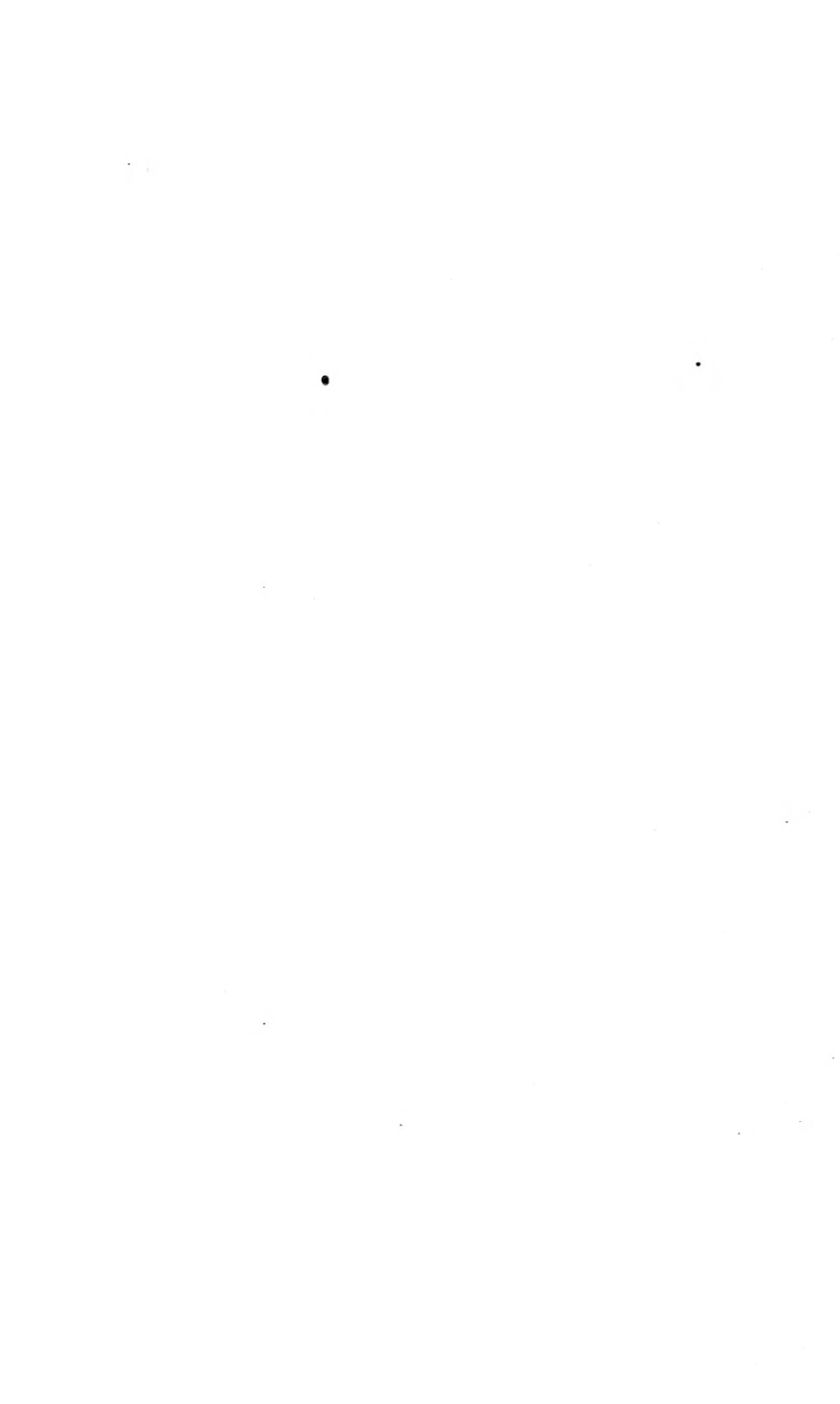
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TALES OF MY LANDLORD

Hear, Land o' Cakes and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirke 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!

BURNŃ

Ahora bien, dixo il Cura, traedme, señor huésped, aquesos libros, que los quiero ver. Que me place, respondió el, y entrando en su aposento, sacó del 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 Craigmuaie, 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, where 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 were scattered along a lane which led down to the ruin, and the strange fantastic shapes of almost all those 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 distance roaring swells and fa's.

As my kitchen and parlor 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 queerist 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 puirist 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 coloring, "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 endeavored 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 any 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 enclosed 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 Dumfries. 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 endeavored 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 neighbors 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 parlor by a female servant, who, after cautiously shutting the door, said, ‘ Sir, I’m Nelly Walker’s sister.’ 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 neighborhood, 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.* Nor is there much oc-

* See Tombstone to Helen Walker. Note 2

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 labor 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. 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 im-

pended 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 favor 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 atties, that has arisen on the basis of my small domicile at Ganderclough, the walls having been aforehand 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. It is with this sole purpose, and disclaiming all intention of purchasing that pendicle 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*

* [The *Heart of Midlothian* was originally published in four volumes.]

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 favor in thine eyes, whereof I am no way distrustful. And so much confidence do I repose in thy continued favor, 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 shrunk 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 the discredit of our kindly nation of Scotland, that we are apt to take an interest, warm, yea 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 honorably 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. Natheless, 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 martyrs. 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 I must necessarily have descended from one or other of the contending parties, and be, of course, wedded for better or for worse, according to the reasonable practice of Scotland, to its dogmata, or opinions, and bound, as it were, by the tie matrimonial, or, to speak without metaphor, *ex jure sanguinis*, to maintain them in preference to all others.

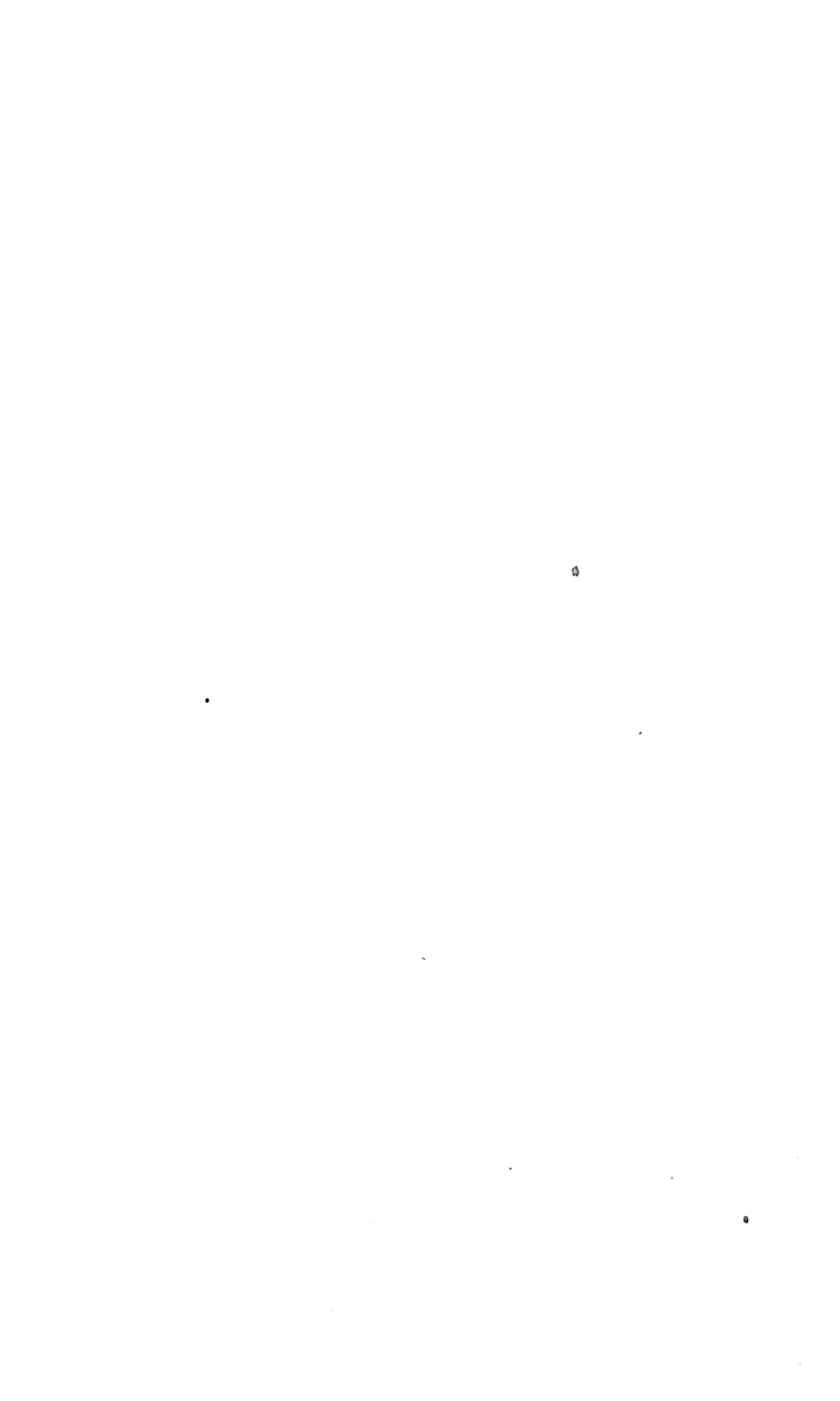
But, nothing denying the rationality of the rule, which calls on all now living to rule their political and religious opinions by those of their great-grandfathers, and inevitable as seems the one or the other horn of the dilemma betwixt which my adversaries conceive they have pinned me to the wall, 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,* 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.*

* 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.

FRERE.

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-flier against high-flier, 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 Salmoneus 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 humor 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 coloring. 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-humored visitor.* 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:

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.

* His honor Gilbert Goslinn of Gandercleugh; for I love to be precise in matters of importance.—J. C.

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 enclosures and plantations, and partly through open pastureland. 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 sunmary 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 toilet, 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, like 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 great-coats, 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 a hour, providing it were not full. Chance seemed to favor 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 disin

tered 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 honor 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 drenched 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 gayety 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, sat 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 honor 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 contrib-

ute 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 'n 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 Conscript 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 presence 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 Hal-kit, 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."

"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 honor 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 honor 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, nor 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 checker 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, 'tis 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 jurisconsult, “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 belicd, 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 throbbd within these walls, as the tolling of the neighboring bell announced to them how fast the sands of their life were ebbing; 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 prævalebit.*"

"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 civilized country; her subjects have been very strictly amenable to laws administered without fear or favor; a complete division of labor 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 corn, 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 slipshod 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 *perfervidum 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 Plyem had carried forward my Landlord’s two pair 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 Dumover, we must not forget him:” and the landlord was despatched in quest of the *paucere houteur*, 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,* 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 clockwork, 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 eriminal jurisprudence, and this business is purely civil. I could plead a *cessio* myself without the inspiring honors of a gown and three-tailed periwig. Listen. My client was bred a journeyman weaver—made some little money—took a farm—(for con-

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

ducing a farm, like driving a gig, comes by nature)—late severe times—induced to sign bills for 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 favor. 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 honor. 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.

“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 fingertips, 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 Gandercleugh. 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

Whoe'er's been at Paris must needs know the Grêve,
The fatal retreat of the unfortunate brave,
Where honor 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 schoolboys, 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 descried 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 Kirkcaldy 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, insisted on making 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 jailer 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 behavior, 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 disturbance. 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 endeavored to breed him up to his own mechanical trade of a tailor. The youth, however, had a wild and irreclaimable 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.* Poor Ferguson, whose irregularities

* See Edinburgh City Guard. Note 3.

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, nor former habits trained to endure with much patience the insults of the rabble, or the provoking petulance of truant schoolboys, and idle debauchees 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 favorite 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 an old gray-headed and gray-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-colored 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.* 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 Lucken-booths when their ancient refuge in the High Street was laid low.† 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 honor 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, 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

* 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.

† See *Last March of the City Guard*. Note 4.

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 further 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 honor. 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-humor to his patrons the magistrates, it increased his indignation and his desire to be revenged on the unfortunate criminal Wilson, and all who favored 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 favorable. 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 smallpox, 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 handcuffs 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 fin-

ished 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.*

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 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

* See The Kelpie's Voice. Note 5.

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 favor, 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 favorite 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 favorable representation of Porteous's case, there were not wanting others in the higher departments of government which would make such suggestions favorably 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 favorites 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 favor 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 favor 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 re-

prieve 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 clamor, 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 execu-

tion, 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 among 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 conditions. 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 neighbor 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 fetch 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-colored clothes, came up as she spoke, and courteously gave his arm to Miss Grizel Damahoy.

It may be necessary to mention that Mr. Bartoline Saddle-

tree 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.* His genius, however (as he himself and most of his neighbors 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 neighboring 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 gray 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 favorite 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*.

“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——”

*See Bess Wynd. Note 6.

“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 exonerated of the public trust imposed on him.”

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

“Indeed do I, neighbor 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 implemented, 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 when idle questions about their saddles, and curpels, and holsters, and horse-furniture, and what they'll cost, and whan they'll be ready. A when 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 ending 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 Plumdamas. "But Scotland was Scotland in these days."

"I'll tell ye what it is, neighbors," 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 upshot what likè 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

**Elswhair he colde right weel lay down the law,
But in his house was meek as is a daw.**

DAVIE 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 themselves affronted if sae mony customers had ca’d and naebody to answer them but womenfolk: for a’ the lads were 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, “dinna deave me wi’ your nonsense: I was under the necessity of being elsewhere: *non omnia*, as Mr. Crossmyloof said, when he was called by two macers at once—*non omnia possumus—pessimus—possimis*—I ken our law Latin offends Mr. Butler’s ears, but it means ‘Naebody,’ 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 sic 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, nae doubt, and wha but they? Whereas, were favor 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 *Pandex*——"

"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 things 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 *quivis*, 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 pedantic 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 avisandum*, ye ken—naebody should be in a hurry to make admissions, either in point of law or in point of fact,” said Saddletree, looking, or endeavoring 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, “*Oplat 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 onything 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 shop. 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'bodys' humors. 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 anes, 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 this 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 aulder 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 ony other body muckle gude 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, scorn-

fully, "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. Butler," 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'se warrant ye. But we a' think her sister mann 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 natural son bred to the kirk, that the presbytery could not be prevailed upon to license; and so——"

"Ay, ye need say nae mair about 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 dependent 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 favorite 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 neighbors 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 hangit? How wad ye like when it comes to be your ain chance, as I winna insure 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 this 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 vigiliis 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 favorite of the law, this species of murther being one of its ain creation."*

"Then, if the law makes murders," said Mrs. Saddletree, "the 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 favorable to the science of jurisprudence and its professors than Mr. Bartoline Saddletree, the fond admirer of both, had at its opening anticipated.

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

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 reprimanding him; and the ardor 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 favorite 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 Luckenbooths, which, for some inconceivable reason, our an-

cestors 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 gayety 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 pantaloons, 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
Cœlicolæ valeant. Stat ferrea turre ad auras, etc.**

* See Translation. Note 8.

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."

"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 flitted 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 sergent'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 endeavored 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 Lochaber 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 despite 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.* 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 coulter 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, clinched, both end-long and athwart, with 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.**

* See Note 9.

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 Luckenbooths, 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 further 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 continued 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 labor 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 a 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 smoldering remains. Thick 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.*

* See *The Old Tolbooth*, Note 10.

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 run the risk of unpopularity by interfering in his favor, 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 behavior 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 connection, 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 jailer 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 clamors.

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 jailer 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 stupefied 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 further 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 des-

perate 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 Butler, 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 savor 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 Grass-market 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 coloring 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, composedly, " 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 stupefied 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 insure 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 hundred-weight 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 death as well as the briefness of his change will permit.”

They had suffered the unfortunate Porteous to put on his

night-gown 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 lie 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 stupefied 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.* 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) endeavored 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 endeavored 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 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

* 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.

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, east 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 neighborhood 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 stilled 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 further 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.*

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 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 noble-

* See *THE MARRIAGE OF Captain Porteous*. Note 11.

man, 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 favorite evening and morning resort, when engaged with a favorite 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.*

* 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.

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 episodic 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.

Renben 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 of Dalkeith, as forming the body-guard of Monk, who, in the capacity of general for the Commonwealth, resided in the neighboring 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 chiefly 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 helpmate, 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 honor 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 neighbors. The air of Scotland was alien to the growth of Independency, however favorable to fanaticism under other colors. But, nevertheless, they were not forgotten; and a certain neighboring 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 non-conformity, 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, Renben, to share the poverty of Beersheba.

The Laird of Dumbiedikes * 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 laborer 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 dependants (who fortunately were but few in number) much upon the principle of the carters whom he observed loading their carts at a neighboring coal-hill, and who never failed to clap 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 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

* See Dumbiedikes. Note 12.

to be planted, he neither remonstrated with the Laird nor endeavored 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 Renben 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, carriage, 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, pointings 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 Aird's Moss. Struggle as he might, and he struggled gallantly, "Douce Davie 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 neighbors 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 contempt 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 house-keeper, 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 are sair times wi’ me, gentlemen and neighbors! amaist as ill as at the aughty-nine, when I was rabbled by the collegeaners.* 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 hae naething else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing, Jock, when ye’re sleeping.† 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 stamach sair; gin ye take a morning’s draught, let it be *aqua mirabilis*; 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 eod 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?”

* See College Students. Note 13.

† See Recommendation to Agriculture. Note 14.

answered the patient. "What have I been paying stipend and teind, parsonage and vicarage for, ever sin' the aughtynine, 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 onything 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 the curse of Cromwell, go wi' ye, if ye gie them either fee or bountith, 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 agonized 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 back 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 —. Nichil, 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 scroll 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 world 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 world 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 gaun, lad.”

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

His death made a revolution in favor of the distressed families. John Dunbie, 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 bannocks, which they ate under the full force of the original malediction. The cottage of Deans, called Woodend, was not very distant from that of Beersheba. Formerly there had been little intercourse between the families. Deans was a sturdy Scotchman, with all sorts 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 favor 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, neighbor 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 pease, pease." And as his advice was shrewd and sensible, though conceitedly 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 savory 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 was growing up to assist his grandmother's labors, and that Jeanie Deans, as a girl, could be only supposed to add to her father's burdens. But Douce 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 solici-

tous 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 unenclosed 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, Reuben, 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 favorite 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 Reuben, 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 Beersheba 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 neighbor, Davie Deans, had for some time entertained of Reuben.

"I see naething ye can make of that silly callant, neighbor 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 ethics that chanced to be in fashion at the time.

Jeanie Deans was now compelled to part from the companion of her labor, 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.

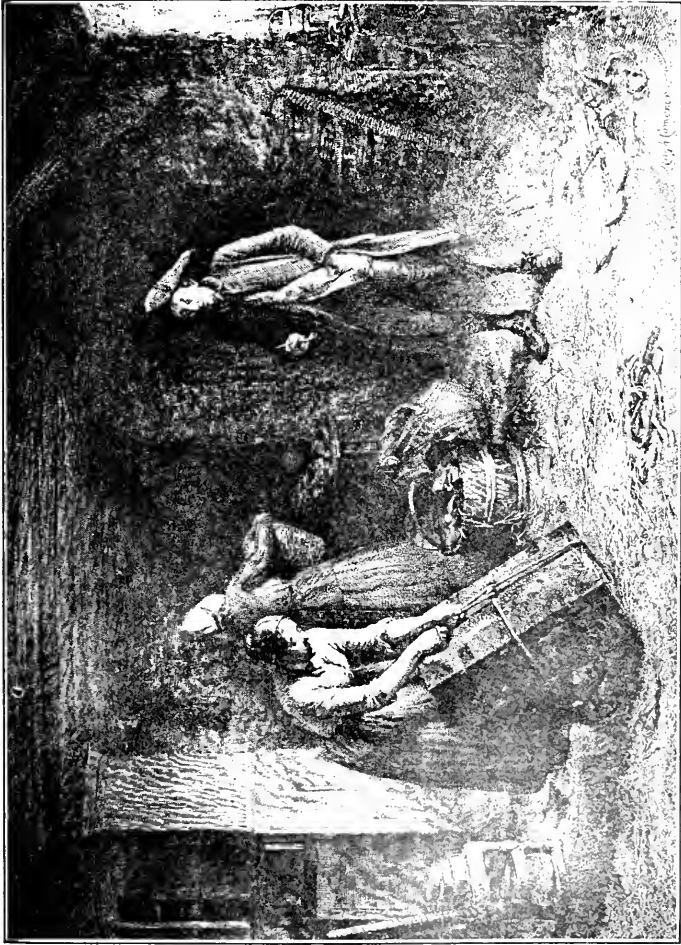
While Reuben Butler was acquiring at the University of St. Andrews the knowledge necessary for a clergyman, and macerating his body with the privations which were necessary in seeking food for his mind, his grand-dame became daily less able to struggle with her little farm; and was at length obliged 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 favorite 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 labor; 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 nane of these flashy gentles, wi' lace on their skirts and swords at their tails, that were rather for riding on horseback to hell than ganging 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 world, and the world'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 circum-



The Laird of Dumbiedykes in Dean's cottage, Woodend.

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stance, 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 neighbor 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 gray eyes, light-colored hair, a round good-humored 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 step-dames 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 be-

stowed ; 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 neighboring 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-humored hospitality, and by old Deans in a mode peculiar to himself.

Highly as Douce Davie honored 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 favorable 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 neighbors 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 yø wad hae been gläd to see Reuben amang us again, poor fallow.”

“ I *am* glad, Mrs. Butler,” was the neighbor'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 honor 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 onything 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 color 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 baptising 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 neighbor, 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 constantly 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-humored 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 Beersheba, 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 arbor, 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 church, 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 wrapped that I knew not of my heavy loss. It has been with me as with the worthy John Semple, called Carspharn John,* 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

* See Note 15.

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 upon Butler's time. Nor did he dare to make them even altogether so frequent as these avocations 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 neighborhood seemed to authorize, 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 "awmrie" 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, "Heh, 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 time-piece, 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 realize 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 Crags.

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 a union with Butler. For her father, however stout-hearted and inde-

pendent 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 warld." 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 Craggs 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 an 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 canty, 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 Deans, 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 Crags.

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 neighboring 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 authoress* 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 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 in

* Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton.

fluence; 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 labor 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 stinted 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 gawn down ahint the Corstorphine Hills. Whare can ye hae been sae late?"

"Nae gate," answered Effie.

"And wha was that parted wi' you 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 Dumbiedikes glowering here like a wull-cat—only his een's greener, and no sae gleg—day after day, till we are a' like to gaunt 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 'twas 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 untaught 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 muckle vexed wi' onything ye say to me; but O dinna vex our father!"

"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-cheek! 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 sae muckle, nothing doubting that she has cause to rue the day, lang or this time, that e'er she suld hae 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,* 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, himmies." 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 objurgation 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,† 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. 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,

* See Patrick Walker. Note 16.

† 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.

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 gayety during the intervals of labor, 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' bark-ened 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 prelatial Erastian oaths which had been imposed on the church since the Revolution, and particularly 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 among them who sat 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 legalized 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 neighboring 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 the her kins-

woman 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 matters 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*. Neighbors, 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 specter 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 endeavoring 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. Saddletree 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 civil 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 neighbors, 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 burned

feathers and strong waters, and the women with their exhortations. "O neighbor—O Mr. Deans, it's a sair trial, doubtless; but think of the Rock of Ages, neighbor, think of the promise!"

"And I do think of it, neighbors, 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-waied 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, neighbors, 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 haill substance 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 myself 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 honor to discuss 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 intemperance, 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 clumsiness. His features were uncommonly handsome, and all about him would have been interest-

ing 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 about,” 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 favorable 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 dare say, 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 crag to the right, over which appears the chimney of a lone house? Go thither, inquire for one Jeanie 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 plighted 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 demeanor, 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 cared 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.* 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.

* See Muschat's Cairn. 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 agonizing 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 connections. "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 valued 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 gray 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 amid 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 vigor 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 carnal-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 endeavored 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 honored and exalted in my youth, nay, when I was but a hafflins 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 elder-ship, 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 Belial! 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 creeping 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 pair crawling kail-worm after a'.

And sae it shows wi' ony rag of human righteousness, or formal law-work, that we may pit round us to cover our shame."

As he pronounced these words, the door again opened, and Mr. Bartoline Saddletree entered, his three-pointed hat set far back on his head, with a silk handkerchief beneath it, to keep it in that cool 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 case, 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 connection 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 sat 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, neighbor 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 labor. 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 ane, 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 stick 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' shouters. 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 ane, 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 favorable. 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 gaun to do."

"Then, Jeanie," said Butler, much displeased, "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 suitable."

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 further.

When Jeanie and Butler retired, Mr. Saddle-tree 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 subdued 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, Saddle-tree, 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, neighbor.”

“But it will, though,” retorted Dounce Davie Deans; “I tell ye it will bear a dispute. I never like your cauld, legal, formal doctrines, neighbor 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 you and your heirs forever?”

“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 murtherers; when those who had numbered the towers of our Zion, and marked the bulwarks of our Reformation, saw their hope turn into a snare and their rejoicing into weeping.”

“I canna understand this, neighbor,” 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 domes-

tic calamity—"out upon your General Assembly, and the back of my hand to your Court o' Session! What is the tane but a waefu' bunch o' cauldrie professors and ministers, that sat 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 bike 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 neighbors, I would have ye ken, for your ain regulation, that to raise scandal anent 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 hand a' your gieg-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 cunning terms of law, the late begun courses of national defections—union, toleration, patronages, and Yerastian 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, neigabor," 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, gray-fowl, moor-fowl, paitricks, 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 whatsoe'er, less or mair. 'Sae grant a plough-gate [here Saddletree read from the paper in his hand] to be less than the nineteenth 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, neighbor—'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 Mævius 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 Ettie: '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, Ettie 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, neighbor," said Saddle-tree, "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 gray 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, neighbor," said Saddle-tree, "ye'll retain advocates for the puir lassie? it's a thing maun 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, neighbor, ye maunna take the warld at its word," said Saddle-tree; "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 neighbors; 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' ceu, 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 amang their hands by ony name o' the dispeusation o' grace, but maun new baptise 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 polititions 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."*

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

"He's an Arminian."

"Woodsetter?"

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

"Auld Whilliewhaw?"

"He's onything ye like."

"Young Næmmo?"

"He's naething at a'."

"Ye're ill to please, neighbor," said Saddletree. "I hae 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 eme die

* 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 (*Laing*).

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 sie a slave o' Satan to speak a word for me or them, they should a' gae down the water thegither 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 woful 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 gray 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 physick 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 musket 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 de-

filed? 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 either 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 onything *can* do it; but whare's the siller to come frae? 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 pund 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 ea' the twenty pund 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 importanee 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 maun 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 blithe 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 pund."

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

"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 lamor 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 a 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 Bean (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 endeavor 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—and 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 a 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, neighbor, 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, neighbor," 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 honorable 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 for appearing among the 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 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 recognize 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 gray. 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 Ratcliffe ?” said the magistrate.

“Ay, always wi' your honor'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 honor's leave,” resumed the respondent.

“But James Ratcliffe is your present name ? What is your trade ?”

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

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

“Hout tout, your honor, 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 honor? Far be it from Jemie Ratcliffe,” 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 favor. Describe my occupation, quo’ ye? Troth it will be il 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 word left out.”

“To cut the matter short, Ratcliffe, you have been a most notorious thief,” said the examinant.

“I believe Highlands and Lowlands ken that, sir, forbye England and Holland,” replied Ratcliffe, 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 Ratcliffe, 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 honor,” answered Ratcliffe. “there’s muckle difference between lying in prison under sentence of death and staying there of ane’s ain proper accord, 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 honor really think I stayed 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 honor,” said Ratcliffe, firmly; “craving

your honor'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 jaud is no sae ill as that comes to; I aye fand her bark waur than her bite."

"And if you do not expect the gallows, to which you are condemned—for the fourth time to my knowledge—may I beg the favor 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 liddle to have been expected?"

"I would never have thought for a moment of staying in that auld gousty 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 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 under-turnkey, for I understand there's a vacancy," said the prisoner. "I wadna think of asking the lockman's* 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 favor," 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 honor's leave," said Ratcliffe, "if I kenn'd sae weel how to wun 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 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 further 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

* See Note 18.

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 Ratchiffe'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 labored 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 behavior 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 curch 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 recognize 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 Crag."

"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, demeanor, 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 favor. 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?” said the magistrate.

“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 honor 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 hereafter," 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 further 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 insure 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 neighborhood. 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-humored 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 circumstances 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 worldly duties in the day of affliction, what contidence 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 displeased 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 laboring 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 endeavored 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 color 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 bit-

terly 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 sat 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 neighbors, 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 ribbon, 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, additional subjects of apprehension crowded upon her. The dim cliffs and scattered rocks, interspersed with greensward, 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 insuring 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 neighboring 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 Boyet, Gentleman,* 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 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—incaruate devils above the earth, and devils under the earth! Satan has been

* See *The Fairy Boy* of Leith. Note 19.

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 hand 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."*

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 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

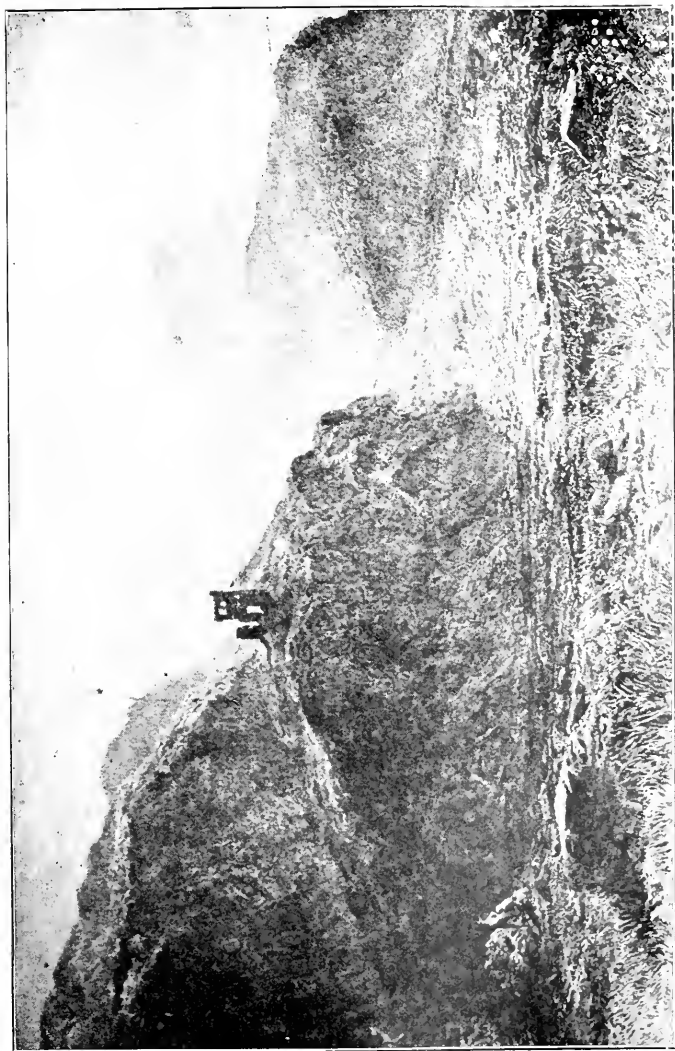
* See Intercourse of the Covenanters with the Invisible World. Note 20.

exposed to dangers so dreadful to her imagination. So, like Christiana in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, when traversing with a timid 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 endeavored 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 noontide.

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 Eremite. 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. Eying 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



Muschats Cairn

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disappointed. Nothing was visible beside the little pile of stones, which shone gray 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 realization 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 hest 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 hardened 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 offence. 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 grat sorely when I spoke to her about her altered looks and 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 glade’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-looms have left such a person in the land) might call our "dropped stitches ;" a labor 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 insured of his neck's safety, could do more than any ten of our police-people and constables to help us to get out of this scrape of Porteous's. He is weel acquent 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 among 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 honor'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 arena 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 clout ower the crown 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 sculdnddery 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 onything your honors 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 insure him life, reward, and promotion. It's an awsome thing this mischance for the city, Mr. Fairscrieve. It will be very ill taen wi' abunestairs. 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 onything 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,* 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 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 dinna 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

* A Scottish form of procedure, answering, in some respects, to the English Habeas Corpus.

has been they hae been as forward in a bruilzie as their neighbors."

"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 sat 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?"

"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 Dalglish * [then finisher of the law in the Scottish metropolis] wad save them as easily," returned the procurator-fiscal.

* See Note 21.

“ 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 onything that came near our line o’ business.”

“ Umph ! that’s singular, considering the company he kept.”

“ Fact, upon my honor 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 nifferring wi’ ye : ye ken the way that favor’s gotten in my office ; ye maun be usefu’.”

“ 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 begin 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 hail time. God! but I couldna help laughing when I heard Jock skirling for mercy in the lads' hands! 'Mony a het skin ye hae gien me, neighbor,' 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; you must speak to the point, you understand me, if you want favor; gif-gaf makes gude friends, ye ken."

"But how can I speak to the point, as your honor ca's it," said Ratcliffe, 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 Ratcliffe; "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 you 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 mutch on his head; but ye never saw sic 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 further 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 behavior."

“Ay, ay,” said Ratcliffe, “gude behavior! 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 Pleasants, 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 camelot, 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 honor 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 jaud,” 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’ worsset-lace, to speak wi’ provosts, and bailies, and town clerks, and prokitors, at this time o’ day; and the haill town looking at me too. This is honor 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-day’s claiths ye have on?”

“Deil 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 and 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 scandalized at the freedom of her demeanor 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 aneforgets, 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 described 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 onything about yesterday," answered Madge ; "ae day is enough for onybody 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 piece 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 onybody 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 Rob the Ranter, and Will Fleming, and then there’s Geardie Robertson, 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 color 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, hinny?” 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 favor, 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 your 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 Sharpitlaw; "stick to that, Rat. I will report favorably 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 tune 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 wunnin 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, endeavoring 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 onything 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. Leonard’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 on 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 harmonized 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 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 let my sister Jeanie in the next time she ca’s ! for when I hear them 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 kenn'd 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—hout, 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 honor will be right," said Ratcliffe.

"Then, Rat, you and I will go with the party oursells this night, and see him in grips, or we are done wi' him."

"I seena muckle use I can be o' to your honor," 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-

essence, "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 Muschat'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 crags and stanes, as like to each other as the eollier 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 honor. But I was gaun to tell your honor 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 guidanee on such an occasion ?"

"Your honor 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 haill simmer 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 behavior."

"It's a sair judgment on a man," said Ratcliffe, "when he has ance 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, per-

adventure, 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 clavering 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 insure 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 police, 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 keepit in ony better order. And at ony rate, if he suld hear her skirling her auld ends o’ sangs, he’s no to ken for that that there’s onybody 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 mad woman, by way of humoring her vein of folly; “they were but thrawn folk lang syne, an a’ tales be true.”

“On, ay, ay, ay; but a’s forgotten now,” replied Madge, in the confidential tone of a gossip giving the history of her next-door neighbor. “Ye see, I spoke to them mysell, and tauld them byganes suld be byganes. Her throat’s sair misguggled and mashaekered, 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 onything can. But they say bluid never bleaches out o’ linen claith. 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 elaise in the beams of the bonny Lady Moon, that’s far pleasanter to me than the sun; the sun’s ower het, and ken ye, eummers, 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 shines on purpose to pleasure me, when naebody sees her but mysell.”

This raving discourse she continued with prodigious volubility, walking on at a great pace, and dragging Ratcliffe

along with her while he endeavored, 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 herself."

"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 naebody 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 sterns 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, hinny," 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, blithe will Nicol Muschat be to see ye, for he says he kens weel there isna sic a villain 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 sauld it, Ratton—ye hae sauld blood mony a time. Folk kill wi' the tongue as weel as wi' the hand—wi' the word as weel as wi' the gully!—"

"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 blithely can I sing them, for lightsome sangs make merry gate." And she sung—

"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 haill 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 ava, 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 favorite 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 Tinwald 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—hand the brae ; I see him on the edge of the hill !” Then hallooing back to the rear-guard of his detachment, he issued his further 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 leddy, 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 demeanor 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, "dinna 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 Pleasaunts that I ken o' in an auid wife's, that a' the prokitors o' Scotland wot naething o', and we'll send 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 sae 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 stupefying, 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 Ratcliffe, eagerly.

“Ay,” replied Jeanie—“up yonder;” and she pointed to the ruins of the hermitage and chapel.

“By G—d, then,” said Ratcliffe, “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 herdswoman had put “life and mettle” in her heels, and never had she followed Dustiefoot, when the cows were in the corn, with half so much speed as she now cleared the distance betwixt Muschat’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 honor 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 a 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 un-

natural 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 honor ? "

" 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 halloed 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 sex *—" one woman is enough

* See Note 22.

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 endeavored, with his 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 armor, 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 honor, 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 honor 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 suddeny."

"There's no saying anent that; zeal catches fire at a slight spark as fast as a brunstane match," observed the secretary. "I hae kenn'd a minister wad be fair gude-day and fair gude-e'en wi' ilka man in the parochine, 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 honors nae doubt; set them up, the gutter-bloods! and deil a gentleman amang them." Then again addressing the sitting magistrate—"Will *your honor* gie me back my puir crazy bairn? *His honor!* 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 dune 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; "havena I been tellin' ye sae this half-hour? And if ye are deaf, what needs ye sit cockit up there, and keep folk scraughin' 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 kenn’d ither folks’ gear frae your ain since the day ye was cleekit. 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 witnesss, and fifty to that, that her daughter had never seen Jock Porteous, alive or dead, since he had gien her a lounding 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 demeanor 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 endeavored 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 declar-

ing 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 sæ,” 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, casting 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 entered, and her first exclamation was, “Eh! see if there isna our auld ne’er-do-weel deevil’s buckie o’ amither. Hegh, 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; we.e 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 stirred 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’se tell thee what thou is now: thou’s a crazed hellicat Bess o’ Bedlam, that sall taste naething but bread and



Madge Wildfire before Bailie Middleburgh.

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, dropped 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 enough to bear't a', an if she hae 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 through the blue lift on a broomshank, to see Jean Jap, that they hae putten intill the Kirkcaldy tolbooth; ay, they will hae a merry sail ower Inchkeith, and ower a' the bits o' bonny waves that are popping and plashing against the rocks in the gowden glimmer o' the moon, ye ken. I'm coming, mither—I'm coming," she concluded, on hearing a scuffle at the door betwixt the beldam and the officers, who were endeavoring 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 gray 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 hap-

pened 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 harbor the guilty. But what was chiefly accounted exceptionable, was a clause, appointing 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 offense, 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 to 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.*

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 burgess 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 Crag of St. Leonard's, and the humble mansion of David Deans.

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 labor 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 labor.

"You must understand," he continued, "that the duty of a magistrate is sometimes an unpleasant one."

"It may be sae," replied David; "I hae naething to say in the contrair;" and he was again doggedly silent.

"You must be aware," pursued the magistrate, "that

* See *The Magistrates and the Porteous Mob.* Note 23.

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,* 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 Duns Law; and if ye winna believe his testimony, there is the window itself still standing in the Luckenbooths—I think it's a claith-merchant's booth the day†—at the airn 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 Patriarch, 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 pismires, 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 favorite 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,

* See Sir William Dick of Braid. Note 24.

† I think so too; but if the reader be curious, he may consult Mr. Chambers's *Traditions of Edinburgh*.

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 endeavoring 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 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 honor in being ane in these evil days—I tell ye, I heard the gracious Saunders Peden—I wotna whan it was ; but it was in killing time, when the plowers were drawing along their furrows on the baek 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 of a decay.* And what wad he hae said of me, if I had ceased to think of the gude cause for a castaway—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 ane o' my gray 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 gray 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 minute after his voice ceased to be heard, as if he were repeating the same vow internally.

"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 honorable 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 traffic 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 favor," 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 hae given the name of that famous and savory sufferer, not only until a regimental band of soldiers, 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

* See *Life of Peden*, v. 111.

whatsoever, more especially promiscuously, that is, with the female sex.* 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 Mac-Millanite, 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 sae easily as you do opine. I am *not* a MacMillanite, or a Russelite, or a Hamiltonian, or a Harleyite, or a Howdenite; † 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."

"That is to say, Mr. Deans," said Middleburgh, "that you are *Deanite*, and have opinions peculiar to yourself."

"It may please you to say sae," replied 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. Leonards 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 act according to their gifts and their grace, 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 evidence, there is reason to hope that 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

* See note to Patrick Walker.

† All various species of the great genus *Cameronian*.

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 discussion 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 recognize 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.* 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 removed 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

* See Meeting at Talla Linns. Note 25.

atterly unlawful, and a sacrificing to idols. About other impositions 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 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 savored 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 heirs to the same, if not greater, punishment than had been denounced against the idolators 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, clamor, 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, favors, 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 and excommunications, and compelled to tolerate the co-existence of the 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 of 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 authorize his daughter's giving testimony in a court of justice, which all who have since been 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 neighbor over closely, because he hath had more freedom in his walk than I have found in mine ? I never was a separatist, nor for quarreling with tender souls about mint, cummin, 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 the judiciary, 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 wunna 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 tost by tides of human fate,
To anchor fast on heaven.

WATTS'S *Hymns*.

It 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 *subpœna*, of the Scottish criminal court, to be served upon her by an officer during his conference with David.

This precaution was so far favorable 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 sted 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 inca-

pable of understanding, and that subtle arguments of casuistry found her a patient but unedified bearer. 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 Muschat'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 ane doubtful and controversial nature ilk Christian's conscience suld be his ain guide. Wherefore descend into yourself, 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 neighbor.'"

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 sat 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 insure 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 neighbor. 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 anent this over-trying matter. Jeanie, if ye can, wi' God and gude conscience, speak in favor 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 would have been no small addition to the sorrows of David Deans, even in 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 neighbor, without

extending the denunciation against falsehood uttered *in favor* 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 favor 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 intrusted with the custody of other delinquents.

When Ratcliffe was thus placed in a confidential situation, he was repeatedly applied to by the sapient Saddletree 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, ex-

tract 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 neighbor, and who declared "it was heathen cruelty to keep the twa 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 distresses 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 misdemeanors 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 keus 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 sunbeam 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 sat 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 onr 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 kirk-yard!"

"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 unhangd, they are



The interview between Lizzie Deans and her sister in prison.

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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 cocker-
nonie a bit ; and a bonny lass will find favor wi' judge and
jury, when they would strap up a grewsome carle like me for
the fifteenth part of 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 sor-
rows 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' dis-
pensation 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' script-
ure !"

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 honor 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 un-
der 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, seat-

ing 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 uphau'd it's been Robertson that learned ye that doctrine when ye saw him at Muschat'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 onything about it," said Jeanie. "Ye may be sure he had ower muckle to do to save himsell, to speak lang or muckle about onybody 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 een 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 sackless innocent new-born wee ane—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 tont,” said the turnkey, endeavoring 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 onything 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 furthest 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 onything 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 onything 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 sic 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 would, or could, 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 sic a purpose as the new-born babe itself."

"I am glad ye do me that justice," said Effie, haughtily; "it's whiles the faut 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 that 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 enugh 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 carriteh ; and for me, I'll soon hae nae breath to waste on ony-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 smacked 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 baek 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 spelling 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 mouths, and girn at me, and which-

ever 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 endeavored, 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."

Atlength 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 familiarized 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 sall hae sic 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 claver in a pu'pit, that rapped to a hogshead of pigtail tobacco, 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 see that she gets her meat clean and warm, 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 necks 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 neighbors had kindly insisted upon discharging his task of ordinary labor, 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 labor 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 demeanor 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 gray 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 Parliament 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 cum 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 enclosure 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 demeanor, 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 endeavored 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 scorers, 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. Nichol 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 courtroom, 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 barkeepers 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 *instante* to trial. They wunna fence the court as they do at the circuit. The High Court of Judiciary 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 enclosed; she maun on nae account be at large. Mr. Novit, suldna Jeanie Deans be enclosed?”

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 readi-

ness 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 needcessity,” 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 mace 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 fund 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 endeavoring 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.

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.

“EUPHEMIA 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 stupefied 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 ribbon 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 a 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 favor 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 cir-

umstances 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 sat, 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 a heathen or a savage than to a Christian and civilized 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 that 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 honor, 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 *felo 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 forever? 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 honorable 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 honor repaired by wedlock vanished from her eyes—when a 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,” resumed 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 honor."

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.

"Will not my learned brother on the other side of the bar," continued the advocate, after a short pause, "share in this general joy, since I know, while he discharges his duty in bringing an accused person here, no one rejoices more in their being freely and honorably 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 Amaryllidis ira*, 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 villany, 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 favor of the tenderness and acuteness

of the prisoner's parental feelings. I will not dishonor 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 spin 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 endeavoring 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 further 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 a 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 Crags, as well as a woman in her condition dought. 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 neighbors, the woman threatened her, that they that could stop the wean's skirling would stop hers, if she did not keep a' the lounder. 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 stifler 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 Dumbiedikes, “ That Nichil Novit of yours is

but a raw hand at leading evidence, I'm thinking. What signified his bringing a woman here to snorter 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, neighbor: that would be ultroneous evidence, and I ken what beangs to that; but Nichil Novit suld hae 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 further 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 sympathize 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 for 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 composure, 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 prelimi-

nary and unimportant questions, he had familiarized 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. Saddletree?"

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 agonized 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 foot 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 endeavored to separate them, as she stooped, shaded aside his gray hairs, and began assiduously to chafe his temples.

The Judge, after repeatedly wiping his eyes, gave directions that they should be conducted into a neighboring 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 honor, 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 sup-

posed 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 Farinæus and Matheus, '*confessio extrajudicialis in se nulla 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 lawphrase, 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 favorable construction."

He concluded a learned speech with an eloquent peroration on the scene they had just witnessed, during which Saddle-tree 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 favor 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 favorable 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 enclosed 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 further, 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 rose from her seat, and, with a composure far greater than could have been augured from her demeanor 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,* when he was undergoing the punishment of the wheel; and so have 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

* He was known as captain-general of French smugglers. See a Tract on his exploits, printed 1753 (*Laing*)

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 favor 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 reverent 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,* read the sentence.”

When the doomster showed himself, a tall haggard figure, arrayed in a fantastic garment of black and gray, passemented 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 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

* See Note 26

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 gray-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, neighbor," 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, neighbor," said Mrs. Howden, "we suld live and let live; we hae been young oursells, and we are no aye to judge the warst when lads and lasses forgather."

"Young oursells! 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 yourself 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 neighborhood, 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, neighbors," said he; "there is aye a wimple in a lawyer's clue; but it's a wee bit of a secret."

"And what is't?—what is't, neighbor Plumdamas?" said Mrs. Howden and Miss Damahoy at once, the acid fermentation of their dispute being at once neutralized 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 *plea* 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 neighbor 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 toe?" said Plumdamas. "And the king, they say, kickit Sir Robert Walpole for no keeping down the mob of Edinburgh; but I dinna believe he wad behave sae ungenteel."

"It's dooms truth, though," said Saddletree; "and he was for kickin' the Duke of Argyle* too."

"Kickin' 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 sic 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 everybody could show ye the like o' this. It's the Duke's speech about the Porteous mob, just promulgated by the hawkers. Ye shall hear what Ian Roy Cean † says for himself. 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."

* See John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich. Note 27.

† Red John the Warrior, a name personal and proper in the Highlands to John Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, as MacCummin was that of his race or dynasty.

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, endeavored, 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 endeavored 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 Martin-gale gaun to break on our hands, and lose us gude sixty pounds. I wonder what duke will pay that, quotha. I wish the Duke of Argyle would pay his ain accounts. He is in a thousand pund Scots on thae very books when he was last at Roystoun. I'm no saying but he's a just nobleman, and that it's gude siller; but it wad drive ane 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, neighbors, it's no that I

mean to disturb *you* ; but what between courts o' law and courts o' state, and upper 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 MacCroskie'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 sat 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 waar than ever. The only wise-like thing I heard onybody say was decent Mr. John Kirk, of Kirk Knowe, and he wussed them just to get the king’s merey, and nae mair about it. But he spake to unreasonable folk ; he might just hae keepit his breath to hae blawn on his porridge.”

“ But *can* the king gie her mercy ? ” said Jeanie, earnestly. “ Some folk tell me he canna 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 Ballenclench ; and Captain Hackum, the Englishman, that killed Lady Colgrain’s gudeman ; and the Master of St. Clair, that shot the twa Shaws ;* and mony mair in

* See Murder of the Two Shaws. Note 33.

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 done 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 blessings 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 sae muckle better than other folk; seldom comes gude o't. But if she's gawn 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 proud heart—that ye wanna 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 wanna 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 out 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 gray cowl, wasna worth ten pund 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 naebody 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 learned something about thae things from Reuben Butler.”

“Ah, Jeanie! ye never learned onything 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 sud-

denly. "What was he to that Argyle that suffered in my father's time—in the persecution?"

"His son or grandson, I'm thinking," said Ratchliffe; "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 banldest of them will ken a scart o' my guse feather. And now awa' wi' ye, and stick to Argyle; if onybody 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 warldly 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 watches of the night, as I hae heard the gude-man 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, rec-

ords 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 neighbors 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 favor of her sister. Without departing from filial reverence, Jeanie had an inward conviction that the feelings of her father, however just, and upright, and honorable, 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 worm-wood.

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 humors and pranks were often mentioned in the alehouses 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 the Lord Ross's hounds ; and called himself point devise a gentleman. But the line had been veiled of its splendor 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 gray 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 unquhile 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 unenclosed 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 splendor of her old admirer's habitation, and the value of his property, never for a moment harbored 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 recognize 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 laborer—

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 flaying 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 favorite 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 Crags, 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 gaun to change my condition;" but she was relieved by "Jenny, I am gaun 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 humor against all and sundry, that Saddletree would have pronounced that she harbored *inimicitiam contra omnes mortales*.

"Wha the deil are ye?" said the fat dame to poor Jeanie, whom she did not immediately recognize, "scouping 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 honor has naething else to do than to speak wi' ilka idle tramp 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—Jeanie 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’ you 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 onything 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 slipped as speedily as possible into an old brocaded nightgown and some other necessary integuments, clapped 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 clinched and ex-

tended, 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 honor 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' you cousin, an a' be true that I have heard. Jeanie, my woman, gang into the parlor—but stay, that winna be redd up yet; wait there a minute till I come douu to let ye in. Diinna 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 ureivil 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' us 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, endeavoring 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. Balchristie——"

"The deil flee awa' wi' Mrs. Balchristie," said Dumbiedikes, "and he'll hac 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 determin'd 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 application, 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 see 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 parlor, shut the door behind them, and fastened it with a bolt. While Jeanie, surprised at this manoeuvre, 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 fule; 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 haena 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 earrings 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 haill 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 fend. 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 the last hint that nettled Jeanie’s honest pride. “I was begging nane frae your honor,” 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 “But, 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 favor 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 night-gown, 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 sidelong motion, which indicated his extreme wish to turn round—a manœuvre 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?"

"Aye, 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 onybody, and that's aye a true ane."

"Then," said Dumbiedikes, "at least ye suldna aye take a man at *his* first word. Ye maunna 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 o'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 uncouth 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 stirrups, 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 laced hat, by a barebacked 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 Beersheba, 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 sat 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 puir 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 annoyed 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 horrors before his excruciated 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 Saddletree. The worthy and sapient burgher had kept his appointment at MacCroskie's, with Plumdamas and some other neighbors, 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 writs."

To bring his reflective powers to their usual serenity, Saddletree 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 Saddletree 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 Saddletree 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 Saddletree 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 coat* 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

* The executioner, in a livery of black or dark gray and silver, likened by low wit to a magpie.

blessed with a happy obtuseness of perception concerning the unfavorable 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. Crossmyloof's; 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**—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."

"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 *tillicidian*. 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 neighbor's

* He meant, probably, *stillicidium*.

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 women wad hae greed, for Luckie MacPhail sent down the lass to tell my friend Mrs. Crombie that she had made the gardyloo out of the wrang window, from respect for twa Highlandmen that were speaking Gaelic in the close below the right ane. 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 sulda 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 color 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 yoursell!" for "the hectic 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 Luckenbooths?”

“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. Whackbairn 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 wanna 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 of 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 claiths will be very grand, wi’ their crowns on their heads, and their sceptres in their hands, like the great King Ahasuerus when he sat 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 mak 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 sic 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. Ichabod, 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 protect you? and who should that protector be but your husband?”

“You are kind and good, Reuben, 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 protecting me on my journey. Alas ! who will protect 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 Lunnon ? ”

“ 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 face, 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 romance 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 further 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 ony 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 dare say 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 reflec-

tion 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 burgher 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 onything 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 ardor 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.*

* 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 kirk-milk (*Anglicé*, buttermilk).—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.* 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 further, 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 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 checked

* The fact is certain. The single epistle was addressed to the principal director of the British Linen Company.

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 laboring 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 wagon, for some part of the way, or gave her useful advice and recommendation 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 neavy 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 needcessity, 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 comfort to yon 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, forgive my saying this muckle, for it doth not become a young head to instruct gray 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 folk 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 Loup-the-Dike, or ony 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 command,

“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—boil’d wi’ sope and hartshorn draps, and toomed doun 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 Lunnon, I intend to gang to our cousin Mistress Glass, the tobacconist, at the sign o’ the Thistle, wha is so ceevil as to send you down your spleuchan-fu’ anes a year; and as she must be weel kenn’d in Lunnon, I doubt not easily to find out where she lives.”

Being seduced 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 onybody speaks to me ceevilly, and answers naebody with the tong but women of mine ain sect. I wish, Mr. Butler, I kenn'd onything 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 days* 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 dinna 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.”

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

* See Note 29.

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 worriecow. 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, tobacconist, at the sign of the Thistle, Lunnon, whilk, if it assures me of your health, will make my mind sae muckle 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 correspondence 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 countrywoman, 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 honorable 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 further 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 civilized, 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 wagons 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 maunna 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 ’sponsible 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 amang 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 habiliment, "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 further 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 gout, 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, reminded 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 a 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 further inquiry, for there was nothing in Dick's manner that inclined her to prolong their conference. A painful day's journey brought her to Ferrybridge, 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 favor 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 Ferry-bridge. 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 Maritornes 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' sic tracts o' level ground; it looks a' the way between this and York as if a' the land had been trenched and levelled, 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, young woman," said mine host, "and 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 hope 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 Gaius, 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 enclosed, 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 stupefied 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 further, 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 wagoners.

"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 by-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 an 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 gully [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 humor."

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, maundering, 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’?” 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’?” again exclaimed Madge Wildfire. “Douce Davie Deans, the auld doited Whig body’s daughter in a gypsy’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 muckle cause.”

“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 leddies, 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 duteous 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, slipped 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 cell 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 carles 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 at 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 Gabblewood’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 further 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 sæ. Wha wad hae thought but mysell of making a bolt of my ain backbane? But it's no sæ 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 car-cakes on it for my puir wean that's dead and gane nae fair way; but we maun a'dee, ye ken, Jeanie. You 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 sæ 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 onybody 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
 Sae 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-humor, and those of the man, though naturally less unfavorable, 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 mysell, 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 among 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 chury 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 balked 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—wunna 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 further 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 padder, 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 neighbors, 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 conclusion of the sentence—"So Madge, in her daffin', threw it into the Nor' Loch, I trow."

Madge, whose slumbers, like those of most who labor 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 understand 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 hail 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 further 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 humor for walking in the woods.

“ It’s no a’thegither for that neither,” said poor Madge ; “ but I am judging ye will wan 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 sic-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 high-road 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 after 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 high-road?" said she to Madge, in such a tone as a nurse uses to coax a child. "It's brawer 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 scrutinizing 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 neighbors; 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 high-road.

"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 ganed 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 endeavored 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 color 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’body spoke weel about ye when we lived in the Pleasaunts. And I mind aye the drink o’ milk ye gae me yon 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 favorable 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 for 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 hand 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 endeavored 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 onything 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 colored, 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 busy 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, endeavoring to bring her back 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 ca'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 among 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 favored, 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 mercy," 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 onything. How suld I ken onything o' your sister's wean? Lasses 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 blithest day in the world. 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 scandalized 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 disna ken Sunday frae Saturday. Besides, it's a' your Whiggery : in England folks 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 blss,
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, demented 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 endeavor 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 high-road, 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 demeanor 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 sat 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 toilet 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 be-

gin 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, as 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 unadvisable, 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 ungratefa' wretch, that I am gaun to let you sit down upon my father's grave ? The deil settle ye down ! 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 stuck 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 SCREWING 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 prelate 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 courtesies to individuals among 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 neighbors, 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 behavior 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 surplice, 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 streight, 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 endeavored 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 favorite 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.

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 back 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. Howson-ever, Madge, I red thee keep hand off her, or I'se lend thee a whisterpoop.”

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 fun 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 thysell, 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 rattan.”

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 pair 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' thysell, 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 pollrumptious 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, 'tis 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 further 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 neighborhood, 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 enclosures, 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 resident 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 parlor, 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 “manses” 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 Stannton?”

“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 honored 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 parlor, 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,* and the famous Peregrine, Lord Willoughby, in complete armor, 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 whislin*, 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 sat 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 rung his bell, so that Tummas was obliged to attend his master. Then, and no sooner, to save himself the labor of a second journey to the other end of the house, he announced to his master the arrival of Mr. Stubbs, with the other madwoman, as he chose to designate Jeanie, as an event which had just taken place. He returned with an

* Author of the *Union of Honor*, a treatise on English Heraldry, London, 1641 (*Lainig*).

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 of 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;* 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 hersell, 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 bechounded 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 secluded 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. Staunton.

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 collection 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

* A proverbial and punning expression in that county, to intimate that a person is not very clever.

unmixed 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 honor [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, according 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 intrust 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 kenn'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 neighborhood, 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 demeanor 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 wandering Cameronians. The house seemed to be in 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 favorable 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 a 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 wishes 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 dignified 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, an 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 endeavor 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 favorite 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 endeavored to promote her marriage with an old and wealthy churl in the neighborhood. The girl saw me frequently ; she was familiar with me, as our connection 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 villanous ; 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 honor 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 humor, 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 his 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 honorable 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 villany 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 dreamed 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 colors, which was, God knows, unnecessary. He wrote me a letter—how it found me out I know not—enclosing me a sum of money, and disowning me forever. 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 honorable 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 honors, 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 unfavorable 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 further 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 endeavored 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 rang 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 among 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 among 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, became 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 imper-turbable 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 neighborhood 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 !”

“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 further 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 a 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 organized, 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 favorably; 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 Tolbooth 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 cer-

tainty of being gratified. All my other plans have failed, but this could not. Heaven is just, however, and would not honor 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 upstairs 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 honor, 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 honor, 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 honor, you do!”

“Your honor!” 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 connection 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 connections. 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 favor 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 parlor, 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 neighborhood, 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 neighborhood 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 connection 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 Argyrie, forbye Mrs. Glass,” said Jeanie; “and if your honor 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 said, “That with his honor’s line, and aue from worthy Mrs. Bickerton, 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 honor 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 onything 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 honor," 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-humored 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 Pharpar 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 endeavor to satisfy you that at least, among our errors, we preserve Christian charity, and a desire to assist our brethren."

He then ordered Mrs. Dalton into his presence, and assigned 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 Staunton. 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 pleasure 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 honor—my family’s honor—my own life ; and you think me too debased to be admitted even to sacrifice what I have remaining of honor, 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 Jeanie trembled at the idea of her name being handed down to posterity with that of the "fause Monteth," 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 Jeanie, “for it seems to be His will to try me with difficulties far beyond my ain strength.”

While this thought passed through Jeanie’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 Jeanie 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 endeavored 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 a 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-prond 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 cock-pit, 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!"*

"And yet 'tis 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."

* Crabbe's *Borough*, Letter xii. (*Laing*).

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.

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 honorable 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 peculiar 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-aggrandizement.

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 honorable.

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 favor. He was, therefore, always respected, and often employed; but he was not a favorite 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 partisan. 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 honor. 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 pre-

pared 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 honors 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 rigor, and reckon it my dearest pride and honor to stand up in defence of my native country, while 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 favor 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 cook-maid, 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 countrywoman up, Archibald; it is ill manners to keep her in attendance.”

A young woman of rather low stature, and whose countenance 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-humored 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 connection betwixt them as country-folk; “or did you wish to see the Duchess?”

“My business is with your honor, 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 honor—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 candor 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 honor 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 one."

"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 favor. What could tempt you, young woman, to address yourself to me?"

"It was yonrsell, 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 wrangled 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 honor."

"And what is that?" asked the Duke.

"I hae understood from my father that your honor's house, and especially your gudesire and his father, laid down their lives on the scaffold in the persecuting time. And my father was honored 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 honor, I dare say, kens, for he uses maist partly the westland of Scotland.

And, sir, there's ane that takes concern in me that wished me to gang to your Grace's presence, for his gudesire had done your 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 Jeanie, 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 ane—to a neighbor'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 difficul-

ties," 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 wagon, 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 honor 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 honor 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 honor, 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 to 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 honored 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 ane 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 ane 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 showed your breeding to the Duke of Argyle, for what sort of folk would he think your friends in London, if you had been lording 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 parlor. The latter flavor it owed to a certain cupboard, containing, among other articles, a few canisters of real Havana, which, whether from respect to the manufacturer or out of a reverent fear of the exciseman, 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 onything in the world, can be worth sitting sneezing all her life in this little stifling room, and might walk on 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 aue *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 sick." 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 recognizance. “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 favor 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. Archibald, 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 demeanor. 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 Honor,’ 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 particular than gentlemen about their titles of honor.”

“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 manoeuvre as a hint that she was to ask no more questions, and she remained silent accordingly.

The carriage rolled rapidly onward 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 a hundred



View from Richmond Hill.

barks and skiffs, whose white sails and gayly 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, curious, 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 craigs 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 grate 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 braw 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 favor 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 intrusted to her the delicate office of determining the various degrees of favor necessary to attach the wavering, or to confirm such as were already friendly, or to regain those whose good will 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 unfavorable, 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.* Lady Suffolk lay under strong obligations to the Duke of Argyll, 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 who seemed the principal person had remarkably good features, though somewhat injured by the small-pox, that venomous scourge which each village Esculapins (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 grace-

* See Horace Walpole's *Reminiscences*.

ful; 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 unfavorable 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-humored 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-humor, 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 honor 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, colored 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 color, 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 further 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 for 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 favor 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 she besought “her Lddyship 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 Lddyship pleases,” answered Jeanie, “there are many 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 colored 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-humoredly 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 catty-stool, if your Lddyship 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 Lddyship," 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 bittock."

“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 this shames me sadly.”

“May your Ledyship never hae sac 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 underground, 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 favor to you—I suppose I must not say rebellious?—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 possessed 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 Porteous, or any other 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 Effie, 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 dishonor, 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 Leddy, then it isna what we hae dune for oursells, 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 ease," 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 trod 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 favorite 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 honor 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 honor 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 gi’en 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 sure she is even ower 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 freeholder of Midlothian, is he not?” said his Grace, whose occasional residence in that country 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 favor. 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 honor 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 as tidy about your milk-pail as about your dress.”

“Does your honor 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 Honor’s Grace wad but accept a stane or twa, blithe, and fain, and proud it wad make us! But maybe ye may like the ewe-milk, that is, the Buckholmside* cheese better; or maybe the gait-milk, as ye come

* See Buckholmside Cheese. Note 30.

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 favor you can do me to send one to Caroline Park. But remember, be on honor 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 honor; for I am sure you look as if you could hardly find fault wi' onybody 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 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 connection 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 honorable 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 gadyloo—"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 favor 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 intrust 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 winna 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 cousins, 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 there-

fore 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 parlor above stairs, and it is past three o'clock—for I have been waiting this hour for you, and I have had a snaek 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 labor with the pen, Jeanie Deans contrived to indite, and give to the charge of the postman 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 HONORED 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, grant-

ing the ransom of her, whilk is ane pardon or reprevie. And I spoke with the Queen face to face, and yet live; for she is not muckle differing from other grand leddies, saying 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 broekit cow, has a quey, that she 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 puir body, that it may lighten their heart of the loading of debt that they awe him. Also his Honor the Duke will accept ane of our Dunlop cheeses, and it sall be my fault 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 Beard 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 graie 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 by-past. And Mrs. Glass has been kind like my very mother. She has a braw house here, and lives bien and warm, wi' twa servant lasses, and a man and a callant in the shop. And she is to send you doun a pound of her hie-dried, and some other tobaka, and we maun think of some propine for her, since her kindness hath been great. And the Duk is to send the pardun doun by an express messenger, in respect that I canna travel sae fast; and I am to come doun wi' twa of his Honor'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 Aughtermuggitie—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 outganns 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 down 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 down 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 onything else that may hae been spoken between us, I trust you winna skrimp yourself for what is needfu' 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 onything 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 down wi' my honest father. Only if ye could compass a harmonious call frae the parish of Skregh-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 hafted 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 sald 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 lang syne 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 braw 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 labors 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 where 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 ease 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 Advocate* a douce decent man, but it is an ill bird—begging your Grace's pardon for speaking of such a coorse by-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 guidance 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 tobacco, 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 Deans's misfortune—forbye that there is no special occasion to 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, "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."

*The celebrated Duncan Forbes, soon afterwards Lord President of the College of Justice, was at this time Lord Advocate.

“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-humor and affability had a favorable 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 scandalized 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 favorable, 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 pund of tea, yet she hadna 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 savory, 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, wherewith 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 Patrick 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 Crags may be a cauld waff of wind blowing 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 anent 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 change 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 shouther 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 warld. 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. Nichil Novit returned him no balance, 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 sall 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 forever 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.* 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 misguided thing; she will be at freedom 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 savory 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, wherethrough their race

* See Expulsion of the Bishops from the Scottish Convention. Note 31.

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 bean 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 an harmonious call to Reuben Butler to be their spiritual guide; Effie restored, not to gayety, but to cheerfulness at least; their father, with his gray 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 house-keeper'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 nane 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 again."

“Papa’s wit is running low,” said Lady Mary; “the poor gentleman is repeating himself; 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 behavior 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’ dor-roch*, 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 blithe 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 gray 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 change 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 sall 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 neighborhood of Carlisle.

In approaching the vicinity of that ancient city, they discerned a considerable crowd upon an eminence at a little

distance from the high-road, 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 domned Scotch witch and thief get half of her due upo' Haribee Broo' yonder : for she was only to be hanged ; she should hae been boorned aloive, an' cheap on't."

"Dear Mr. Archibald," said the dame of the dairy elect, "I never seed 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 exuberant 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 dryly, 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 asafoetida, 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 dour,” 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 the witch, and there will be less scathe amang us; mine owsen hae been reckon this towmont.”

“And mine bairns hae been crining too, mon,” replied his neighbor.

“Silence wi’ your fule tongnes, 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 murderess.”

“Ay? was it e’en sae, Dame Hinchup?” said one in a civil tone, and stepping out of his place to let the old woman pass along the footpath. “Nay, you know best, sure; but at any 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, neighbor,” 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 by-word gangs o’ the hills—

“If Skiddaw 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 clowns 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 Jeanie 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 betwixt 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 cut 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,* that cried saut mony a day after she had been hangit; her voice was rouplit 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 clinging 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 endeavored 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 bouny 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 Scot by his tongue," said another; "and an he will come out o' his whirlingig there, I'se gie him his tartan plaid fu' o' broken banes."

It was clear nothing could be done to rescue Madge; and Archibald, who was a man of humanity, could only bid the postilions 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

* See Note 32.

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 favorite 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 workhouse, 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 forever, it was her only chance of obtaining any kind of information, and she was loath to lose the opportunity.

She colored 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, inasmuch 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 labor 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 differ-

ent, 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 *pocourante* 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
 Sall 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,
Birdie, say truly?’
‘The gray-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-agonny.

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.*

* 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 further 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 connection 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 peddler brought to Longtown that evening, among 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 bibliopoliſt 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 peddler, 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-daunſel, 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 Deans: "Though, by the by, ſhe had no great notion of folk being ſo very nice. Mrs. Deans 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 Dumfriſſhire 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 be-

yond Glasgow. Some temporary causes of discontent had occasioned tumults in that city and the neighborhood, 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 further, 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 onything 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—I am sure I knows as little," said the dame of the dairy, 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 favor 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 intill 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 mob * 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.†

"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?"

* See Note 34.

† From Southey's *Thalaba*, Bk. XI., stanza 36 (*Lairg*).

“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 intrusted 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 whitc 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 favorable 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-stye of Elfinfoot, 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 aine 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 high-road, proceeded towards a small hamlet of fishing huts, where a shallop, somewhat more gayly 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 bandbox, 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 further 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 forever. 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 in-

portant 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 nutshell 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 Hielandmen 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 visitants 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 tyrannize 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 favored recesses in a degree unknown in our eastern districts; and the air is also said to possess that mildness which is favorable 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 gramashes or leggins of thick gray cloth; the very copper buckles; the broad Lowland blue bonnet, thrown back as he lifted his eyes to Heaven in speechless gratitude; the gray 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 slaggy gray 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 Jeame—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 honor 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 interjectional 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 pre-latic 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 skain! 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 mother. 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 fitting 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 sic 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 world 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 savor 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 further 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 labor 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 drouthy 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 kingcups, 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 rouping 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 brockit cow, and the wee hawkit aine, that ye ca'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 intrusted 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 honor 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 favor 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 “her ship” from the neighboring mountains, indeed, but the awful name of the Duke of Argyle would be a great security, and a trifle of blackmail 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 civilization."

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 Rosenearth.

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 honor the Laird of Knocktarlittie, who was bailie of the lordship under the Duke of Argyle, ane Hieland gentleman, tared 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 favor 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 grimacing, "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 Craggs 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 favor 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 benefitted 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 traveling expenses. The Laird, the pony, the cocked hat, and the tobacco-pipe had not been seen at St. Leonard's Craggs 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 Balchristie 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 honorable state."

"And I am wedding into an honorable 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 liquor, 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 forever. David returned, therefore, in no very gracious humor 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 Hattly 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 Libberton?"

"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 rigor, 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 endeavors, 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 Knocktarlitie without forfeiting his friendship or favor—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 favor 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 miter. 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 these fearful words, "It is enacted by the Lords *spiritual* and temporal," pronounced from a Scottish pulpit, in the proem 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 Knocktarlittie, 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 Knocktarlittie, 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 collie dog turns sheep, a favorite 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 favor 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 Knocktarlittie. Accordingly, by the intervention of the honest dealer in buttermilk 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 favor 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 consequences 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 forever 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 acceptance 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 circumstances (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 gray head is to the fore, not a clute o' them but sall be as weel cared for if they were the fatted kine of Pharaoh. And now, Reuben, lad, seeing we maun remove our tent to a strange country, ye'll 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 tock 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 with his own lights, he must 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 sall he teach others that has himsell sae ill learned the Scriptures as to grip for the luere of foul 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 natheless ye may be entreated by your weel-wisher to take the counsel 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 renunee 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 said, 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 aloud 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—Bruce, Black, Blair, Livingstone ; from them to the brief, and at length triumphant, period of the Presbyterian Church's splendor, 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 Dean's confinement, namely, in the iron cage in the Canongate 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 pedler, 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 defense 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!"*

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 subject the good man went through such a variety of nice and casuistical problems, supposed so many extreme

* See Death of Francis Gordon. Note 35.

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 favorite 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 from 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, most unusual at his meals, one, nay, two bottles of aged strong ale. 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 night-fall, 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 Knocktarlittie, 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 Ruben 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 practise 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 honorable 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 whiles too inordinate for kirks, stipends, and wives, which had frequently occasioned over-ready compliance with the general defections of the times. He endeavored to make them aware also, that hasty wedlock had been the bane of many a savory 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 Lanarkshire, it being “killing time,” did, upon importunity, marry Robert Marshal of Starry Shaw, he had thus expressed himself: “What hath induced Robert to marry this woman? Her ill 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 solemnized 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 practise, "that it was in itself honorable, especially if times were such that honest men could be secure against being shot, hanged, or banished, and had ane 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-colored 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 information 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 harbor, surrounded by many villas and lodging-houses, is now termed Portobello. At this time it was surrounded by a waste common, covered with firs, 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 dune 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 that moment o' time, if that upright creature had made a fault to save 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 kenn'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 ? Jeanie, who knew George Staunton's character and real rank, saw her sister's situation under a ray of better hope. She augured 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 connections, 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. Jeanie, 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 valedictory letter, she gave ease to her feelings in a flood of tears, which Butler in vain endeavored 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 island * of Roseneath and the continental parishes of Knocktarlittie, 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 Chatelain, 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 vigor 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 Tyrian. 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-colored nose indicated that he was somewhat addicted to wrath and usquebaugh.

* 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 carle 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 about, 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 clavering Sassenach and the t'other skirling Gaelic, like sea-maws and clack-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 MacCallummore and Knockdunder!' 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 happens 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 threats was lost in a growling gurgling sort of sound which he made in his throat, and which menaced recusants with no gentle means of conver-

tion. 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 stock ; 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 pefore.”

“ And Reuben 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 savor 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 savor of the hot venison pasty which I smell (turning his squad nose up in the air) a' the way frae the Lodge, for a' that Mr. Putler, or you 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 of ritual of the Scottish Kirk, Reuben Butler was to be ordained minister of Knoektarlitie 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 unfavorable 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-colored ribbons could make her.

“Good morrow to you, madam,” said the master of ceremonies ; “I trust your early rising will not scaith ye.”

The dame apologized 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 betticoats, Captain Knockunder!"

"Captain of Knockdunder, 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 breeches 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 pchoved 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 himself 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 Knocktarlitie, 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 couthy 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 hand 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. *

They landed in this Highland Arcadia, at the mouth of the small stream which watered the delightful and peaceable 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 sworn 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 humor."

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 order in this part of his territories, that the Gael and Saxons lived upon the best possible terms of good neighborhood.

They first visited the manse, as the parsonage is termed in Scotland. It was old, but in good repair, and stood

* Ross's *Fortunate Shepherdess*. Edit. 1778, p. 23.

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 laboring under the directions of the Captain of Knockdunder, and at the expense of the Duke of Argyle, to put it into some order. The old "plenishing" 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. Muleting 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 tamn'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 neglecting my duty again, Mr. Putler, the teil pe in me if the kirk shall be an excuse; 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, honored 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-humored 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 dnsky 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 favorites 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 sympathizing 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 sheepfauld 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 blithely 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 aloat 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 favorite 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 Knocktarlitie," 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 Buskbody, 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 traveling 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, drily. "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."*

Accordingly, the bell only changed to the final and impatient chime when they crossed the stile; 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 apologized 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, indeed, been scandalized by another circumstance during the service.

* See Tolling to Service in Scotland. Note 36.

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 penny-worth 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 sporrán, 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 demeanor, 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 fraternization. "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 beseeeming. 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, neighbor," 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 commentators :
Here's crying out for bakes and gills,
And there the pint-stoup clatters,
While thick and thrang, and loud and lang,
Wi' logic 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 reverend gentlemen who had assisted at the ordination of Reuben 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 plack out of his sporan, and was nevertheless not only liberal, but overflowing.

The Duke's health was solemnized 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 honors ; 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 a 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 honored the feast with their presence, retired to David's new dwelling at Auchingower, and left the gentlemen to their potatoes.

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 scandalized by engaging with one of his neighbors 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 Duncan Knock's father had been at that onslaught, and brought back muckle 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. Knockdunder, 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 carum 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 imperfect 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 humor 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 hour 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 glance 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 favor 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 jorram, 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 our 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 honor, 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 the 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 the 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 travelers in wild situations, as 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 yoursell 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 seli?"

There was something of Effie's former humor in her practically answering the question by a gentle pinch, more be-seeming 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, if ever 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 aines; 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, naebody should ever say that I come with my cheat-the-gallows face to shame my sisters amang 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'——"

"Hush, 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 well-nigh spent; the skiff

wili be aground in the creek, and I dare not stay longer. ? 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 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 connections, and to let my friends come to their temper, to conceal my marriage for the present, and stay abroad for some years. So 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 charactor 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’body 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 sounds 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 favorable. 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 endeavored 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 rapscallions 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 tann’d Quakers’ meeting, he wad hae seen them peyont the cairn before he wad hae darkened their doors.”

And so much rancor remained on the spirits of the gracious Duncan upon this occasion, that various “picqueerings,” as David called them, took place upon the same and similar 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 favor even to aid 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 plaek 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 tann’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 parlor 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-humor, which, joined to a considerable degree of archness and liveliness of manner, rendered her behavior 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 tamn the jauds!”

Of lesser matters there is no 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 favors 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 of both 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 disturbed 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 practise or principle. Now Mr. Butler, doing all credit to his father-in-law's motives, was frequently of opinion that it was 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 forever 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 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 endeavored, by the alkaline smoothness of her own disposition, to neutralize 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 Lúndie, and Cameron, and Renwick, and John Caird the tinkler, wha entered into the secrets ; and Elizabeth Melvil, Lady Culross who 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 supping 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 record 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, hinny, thou kenn'st little o't; but that same 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 burned, 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 pretense that they have southered 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 folks 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 uphaud 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 peace-makers 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 snuk 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 packcammon.”

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 parlor, 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 humor, 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. Butler, 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 honorable 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 connections, 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 honor 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 fibers 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 ! Scarce 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 agonizing 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 honorable 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 case will not endure severe handling.—I rest your affectionate sister, E.”

In this long letter there was much to surprise as well as 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 marvelous 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 neighbors. 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 sae I'll e'en tell him when that tippling body, the Captain, has ta'en boat in the morning. 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 placed, 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 parlor 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 plack-cock on the moors of Anchingower, and he'll pe nae doubt for taking a late dinner and a ped at the manse, as he has done pefore now.”

“He has a gude right, Captain,” said Jeanie.

“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 shentleman 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 be allowed to say that I will not pe pleased to allow Ailie MacClure of Deepheugh to be poonished as a witch, in respect she only 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 anent our poats killing so many seals and dong-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 gracious Duncan, “what her practices or her postures are, but I believe that if the poys take hold on her to duck her in the clachan purn, it will be a very sorry practise; and I believe, moreover, that if I come in thirdsman among you at the kirk-sessions, you will be all in a tamm’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 apologized 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 neighborhood, and taking his bed at the manse; an honor 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 chucky," which had been selected as the high dish upon this honorable 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 flat-

tery 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 country-woman, and the language might make some resemblance."

"You are quite right," replied the Duke. "She is a Scotchwoman, 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 anxieties, 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 favorite 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 honorable 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 apologize ; 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 scepter 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 Knocktarlitie. 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 disorganized 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 favor, 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 neighbors, 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 behavior had so far a good effect, that Donacha Dhu da 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 honor. 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 honorable 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 Knockdunder, 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, til, 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 *secretaire*. 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 maun júst 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 Jeanie; “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’ world’s gear, Reuben; but ye maun ask me naething mair. This siller binds me to naething, and can never be speered baek 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 together 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 L

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 folks, 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 Renbie 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 monopolized the pedler'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 changed 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 Knockartlitie.

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 Scotchwoman 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 beneficed clergyman of high situation and character in Lincolnshire, and that she acquired the confidence and esteem of that honorable 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 color 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 Murdoekson 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 Scottish 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 Scottish 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 favorite, 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 honor 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-day, 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 cag 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 favor 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 traveling dress, a gray 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 pe sure, matam,” said Knockdunder, “ye canna doubt Mrs. Putler will do that. Mrs. Putler, this is Lady—Lady—these tamm’d Southern names rin out o’ my head like a stane trowling downhill—put 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 teaze 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 behavior 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 mean while 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 gray-peard, if you please, Mrs. Putler,” added Duncan.

Mrs. Butler withdrew; but deputed to May Hettley 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 honor 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 neighborhood, 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 humor 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 favor 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 mause, 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 mean time, 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 npon 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 maunna 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 persnade Mrs. Butler,” said Lady Staunton to the Captain, during the interval when Jeanie had left the parlor, “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 imdemnifying 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 unchaney, 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 colors 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 savor 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 Dunean 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 Bedredden 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 coloring 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 neighboring mountains, to visits 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 highest 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 endeavored, 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 honors of Dunbartonshire to the lady who seemed so kind, insomuch that there was scarce a glen in the neighboring 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 labor of the walk. A single shoot carried a considerable stream over the face of a black rock, which contrasted strongly in color 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 stout 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 mustaches and a beard of the same color, 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 thicket, 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 greatcoat, 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 ax, lay scattered around the fire, of which the red glare cast a ruddy tinge on the precipitous foam and midst of the cascade. The lad, when he had satisfied his curiosity with staring at Lady Staunton, fetched an earthen jar and a horn cup, 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 blackcoat’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 simmers, 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 cards 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 MacCallummore or Knockdunder, whilk is a clean different case."

They reached the mause 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 colors 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 valor ; " 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 recognized 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.* The forbearance of the magistrate was in these instances wise, certainly, and

* See Arnot's *Criminal Trials*, 4to ed., p. 235.

just ; for what good impression could be made on the public mind by punishment, when the memory of the offense was obliterated, and all that was remembered was the recent in-offensive, 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 Effie, 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 Bailzon, 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 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 wean, 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.

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 honors 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 Annaple Bailzou 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 traveled 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 demeanor, 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 honor, 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 connection, 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, candor, 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 connection 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 Staunton 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 our old friend **Bartoline Saddletree**, in which Lady Staunton had served a

short novice 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, puir 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 haille 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, neighbor," said Plumdamas, "for I have heard them say twenty years should rin, and this is but the fifty-ane; Porteous's mob was in thretty-seven."

"Ye'll no teach me law, I think, neighbor—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 stauding 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.* 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 color 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 parlor, 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 taen in. There is a face in this

* See Ratcliffe. Note 37.

very room, if I might presume to be sae bauld, that if I didna ken the honorable person it 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 honor's commands, and no to trouble your honor 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 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 favors 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 pretense 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 Bailzon; 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 connections 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 neighbor 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 traveling 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 travelers 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 solemnized 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 forever."

"Forever! We are not—we cannot be lost forever," 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 mean while 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 maunse.”

“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 venteran, staring, “I think your honor kens the bay as weel as me. Your honor’s nose has been on the Grindstaun 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 con-

sequences. 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.

"*In tonitruum*: 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 travelers 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 dishonorable 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 conscience 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 travelers 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 endeavored 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 honorable 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 rapscaillon, that I maun rip the haill 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 honor’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 honorable 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 before the sun, an’ 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 besides, how is the lads to climb the praes wi’ thae tamm’d breeken 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 maybe 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 packgammon, for the four pennies whilk he won, for he will be surely at home soon, or else he will have a wet journey, seeing it is apont to pe a seud."

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 graybeard 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 favorite with the Captain, on account of his spirit and courage, took the opportunity of escaping to attend the investigation 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 tann'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 great misfortune," said Duncan; "I think it will be best that I go forward to intimate it to the coot leddy. Tavie, my dear, you hae smelled pouther for the first time this day. Take my sword and hack off Donacha's head, whilk will be coot practise 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 be a greater object of satisfaction to Liddy Staunton to see him entire; and I hope she will do me the credit to believe that I can avenge a shentleman's blood 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 authorized, 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, authorized by his connection 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.

Ratliffe, 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.*

* *Ethwald.*

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 Caird'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 travelers 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. Putler, 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.

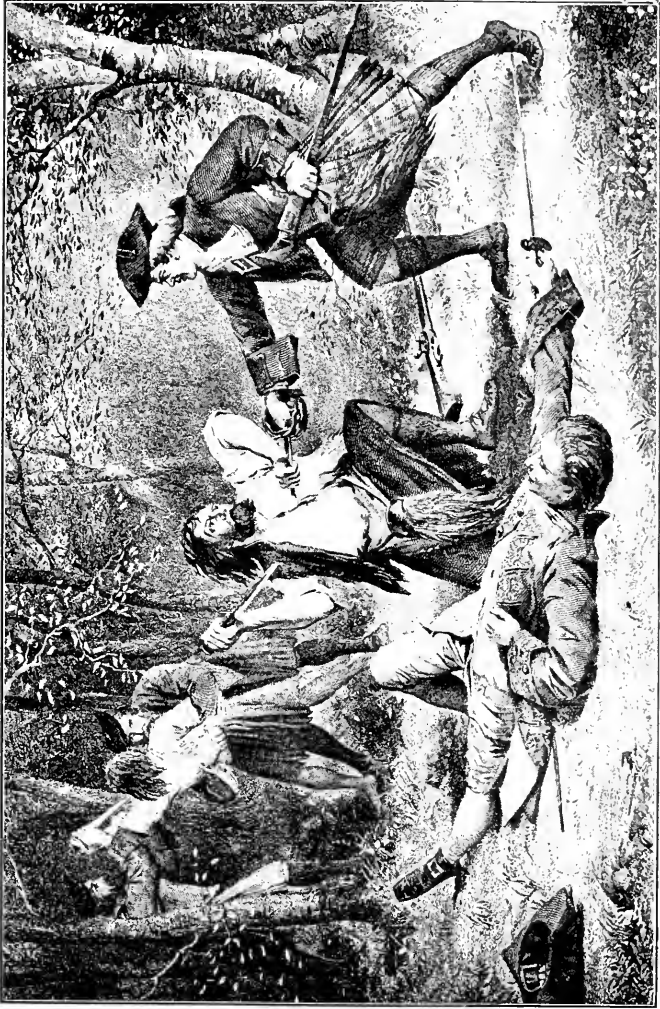
"The Jurisdiction Act," he said, "had nothing to do put with the rebels, and specially not with Argyle's country: and he would hang the men up all three in one row before coot Leddy Staunton's windows, which would be a great comfort to her in the morning to see that the coot gentleman, her husband, had been suitably afenged."

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 shentleman, 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,



The death of Sir George Staunton.

100

100

100

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-burned, tawny, grimed with dirt, and obscured by his shaggy hair of a rusted black color, 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 Donacha’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 executed 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, sprung over its enclosure, 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, enured by his evil trade to every species of treachery, and disappointed of the rich booty which Donacha had proposed to bring aboard, secured 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 headed 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 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 proof, for David received a commission; and as the military spirit of Bible Butler seemed to have revived in him, his good behavior 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 of Dunbarton and Argyleshires.

After blazing nearly ten years in the fashionable world, and hiding, like many of her compeers, an aching heart with a gay demeanor, 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 practise 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 the regret. "Yet any religion, however imperfect," he said, "was better than cold scepticism, or the hurrying din of dissipation, which fills the ears of the worldlings, until they care for none of these things."

Meanwhile, happy in each other, in the prosperity of their

family, and the love and honor 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 splendor, can never confer real happiness; that the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commission, and, like the ghosts of the murdered, forever 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 hath it, in his pleasant comedy called *Le Medecin Malgre lui*, where the simulated doctor wittily replieth to a charge, Poquelin 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. XI.

On Helen Walker's tombstone in Irongray churchyard, Dumfriesshire, 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 WALKER SCOTT'S RELATIONS WITH THE QUAKERS, p. XVII.

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 Wilkelmo Scott de Harden militi, et Waltero Scott suo filio

legitimo tertio genito, terarum de Robertson.* The munificent old gentleman left all his four sons considerable estates, and settled those of Eildrig and Raeburn, together with valuable possessions around Lessudden, upon Walter, his third son, who is ancestor of the Scots 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 Gideon Scott of Highchesters, 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, Gideon, 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, vigesimo Junii 1665.

'The Lords of his Maj. Privy Councill having received information that Scott of Raeburn, and Isobel Mackdougall, his wife, being infected with the error of Quakerism, doe endeavour to brelid and traine up William, Walter, and Isobel Scotts, their children, in the same profession, doe yrfore give order and command to Sir William Scott of Harden, the sd Raeburn's brother, to sepatat and take away the sds children from the custody and society of the sds parents, and to cause educat and bring them up in his owne house, or any other convenient place, and ordaines letters to be direct at the sd Sir William's instance against Raeburn, for a maintenance to the sds children, and that the sd. Sir Wm. gave ane account of his diligence with all conveniency.'

'Edinburgh, 5th July 1666.

'Anent a petition presented by 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 (20th) day of Junii 1665, did grant power and warrant to the petitioner to sepatat 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 yr younger years from the principalls of Quakerism, and, for maintenance of the sds children, did ordain letters to be direct against Raeburn; and, seeing the petitioner, in obedience to the sd order, did take away the sds 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 qch Raeburn's three children may be charged, as likewayes that Raeburn himself, being now prisoner in

*See Douglas's Baronage, p. 215.

the Tolbuith of Edin., where he dayley converses with all the Quakers who are prisoners there, and others who dayly resort to them, whereby he is hardened in his pernicious opinions and principles, without all hope of recovery, unlesse he be sepearate from such pernicious company, humbly therefore, desyryng that the Councilll might determine upon the soume of money to be payed be Raeburn, for the education of his children, to the petitioner, who will be countable yrfore; and yt, in order to his conversion, the place of his imprisonment may be changed. The Lords of his Maj. Privy Council, having at length heard and considered the forsd petition, doe modifye the soume of two thousand pounds Scots, to be payed yearly at the terme of Whitsunday be the said Walter Scott of Raeburn, furth of his estate, to the petitioner, for the entertainment and education of the sd children, beginning the first termes payment yrof at Whitsunday last for the half year preceding, and so furth yearly, at the sd terme of Whitsunday in tyme coming till further orders; and ordaines the sd Walter Scott of Raeburn to be transported from the Tolbuith of Edr to the prison of Jedburgh, where his friends and oysr may have occasion to convert him. And to the effect he may be secured from the practice of oyr Quakers, the sds Lords doe hereby discharge the magistrates of Jedburgh to suffer any percons suspect of these principlls to have access to him; and in case any contraveen, that they secure yr persons till they be yrfore puneist; and ordaines letters to be direct heirupon in form, as effeirs.'

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, nineteenth 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 Argyle 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 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 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 non-conformity 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 the 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. 24

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 fifes had been wont on better days to play, on this joyous occasion, the lively tune of

'Jockey 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. 29

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, or 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. 35

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 1786, and was totally removed in 1809, preparatory to the building of the new libraries of the Faculty of Advocates and Writers to the Signet (Laing).

NOTE 7.—LAW RELATING TO CHILD-MURDER, p. 45

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 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. 47.

Wide is the fronting gate, and, raised on high,
 With adamantine columns threatens 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.
 DRYDEN'S Virgil, BOOK VI.

NOTE 9.—JOURNEYMEN MECHANICS, p. 53.

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 baker'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 beside the oven.

NOTE 10.—THE OLD TOLBOOTH, p. 55.

The ancient tolbooth of Edinburgh, situated and described as in chapter vi., was built by the citizens in 1561, and destined for the accommodation of Parliament, as well as of the High Courts of Justice, and at the same time for the confinement of prisoners for debt or 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 Dean 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 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 tomtit was pleased to built 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 1550, 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 II.—THE MURDER OF CAPTAIN PORTEUS, p. 64.

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 Carlyle; 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 an 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 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 inquiry, the rum of the town, which was strong for the villainous actors, begun 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, begun to be silent, and at that period more of the criminals begun 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 one of the most notorious offenders, he was unwilling, upon the slight evidence he had, to begin. However, upon notice given him by Generall 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 proceed 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 halbert, 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 shut by the mob.

His Majesties 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 to him by Lieutenant Aishton, 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 Mailland, 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 officers with the letter to the military in Canongate, who immediately begun 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 closs, 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 cast up in one of the declarations, that a hump'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 Solicitor and told him he had found him, and that he was in a certain house. Whereupon a warrant 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 Weemy's coachman.

Thereafter, an information was given in against William M'Lauchlan, footman to the said Countess, as having been very active in the mob; 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 at Edinburgh, and severalls against whom warrants 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 an 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 Majesties Sollicitor, 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 until 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, nay, indeed swore—for the Sollicitor, 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 lockt 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 baill by the Lord Justice-Generall, by whose warrand he was committed.

'Braidwood's friends applyed in the same manner; but as he stood charged by more than one witness, he was not released—tho', indeed, the witnesses adduced for him say somewhat in his exculpation—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 Sollicitor 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 denys his having shutt the gate, and 'tis thought Traill ought to be admitted to baill.

'As for 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 link in his hand, while the operation of beating 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 dyer'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, pitiful 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 Edlnburgh, John Crawford, who had for some time been employed to ring the bells in the steeple of the new Church of Edlnburgh, being in company with a soldier accidentally, the discourse falling in concerning Captain Porteus and his murder, as he appears to be a lightheaded 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 begun, 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 warrants were dispatched, 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 warrant for his liberation.

There was also one James Wilson incarcerated in the said Tol-booth, 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 warrant 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 of the Nether-Bow, with Lindsay the waiter, 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 Sandie 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 fitt 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 warrants out against a great many other persons who are fled, particularly against one William White, a journeyman baxter, who, by the evidence, 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-Bow, 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 'tis said he escaped very narrowly, having lyen 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 putt into 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 is traced from the guard to the well at the head of Forrester's Wynd, where he stood and had the appellation of Captain from the mob, and from that walking down the Bow before Captain Porteus, with his Lochaber axe; and by the description given of one who had hawl'd the rope by which Captain Porteus was pulled up, 'tis believed Taylor was the person; and 'tis further probable that the witness who delated Stirling had mistaken Taylor for him, their stature and age (so far as can be gathered from the description) being much the same.

A great deal of pains were taken, and no charge was saved, in order to have catched 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 ale-house in the Flesh-market closs, 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. 'Tis 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 Colin Alison, wright, and against Thomas Linnen (Linning) and James Maxwell, both servants also to the said Colin Alison, who all seem to have been deeply concerned in the matter. Anderson is one of those who putt 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 warrands had been issued out against them, and all endeavours used to apprehend them, could not be found.

The like warrands had been issued with regard to ships from Leith. But whether they had been scard, 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 prooff on which one can rely, but against M'Lauchlan. There is a prooff also against Braidwood, but more exceptionable.

One Walaie, a servant to George Campbell, wright, has also absconded, and many others, and 'tis informed that numbers of them have shipt themselves off for the Plantations; and upon ane information that a ship was going off from Glasgow, in which severall of the rogues were to transport themselves beyond seas, proper warrands were obtained, and persons dispatched to search the said sh.p. and seize any that can be found.

His Majesties 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 labour'd 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 M'Lauchlan, footman to the Countess of Wemyss, who is mentioned in the report of the Solicitor-General (page 530), 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 Linning, 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 line of life and amongst his neighbours, was excellent, and never underwent the 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 of 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 that 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. 69

Dumbledikes, 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. 71

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. 71

The Author has been flattered by the assurance that this naive 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.

NOTE 15.—CARSPHARN JOHN, p. 84

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 the 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. 94

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 Peden, 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 narrative 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 burlesque, 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 small tracts now bring a very high price, especially the earlier and authentic editions.

The tirade against dancing pronounced by David Deans is, as intimated in the text, partly borrowed from Peter [Patrick] Walker. He notices, as a foul 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 blots 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 brutish, 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 born 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 his 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.

'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 hough 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, thumbikins, and irons, cold and hunger, wetness and weariness, to stop the lightness of my head and the wantonness of my feet. What 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 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 fy upon the knave Death, that will seize upon these 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 [Patrick] 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 promiscuous dancing, and considered as a scandalous enormity.

NOTE 17.—MUSCHAT'S CAIRN, p. 107

Nicol 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 Pennecuick's satirical poems of the times), 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 endeavored to destroy her by administering medicine of a dangerous kind, and in extraordinary quantities. This purpose also failing, Nicol 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. 132

Lockman, so called from the small quantity of meal (Scottise, 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 com-

muted; but in Dumfries the finisher 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 multure.

NOTE 19.—THE FAIRY BOY OF LEITH, p. 144

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 Sadduceism, by Richard Bovet, Gentleman, 12mo, 1684 (p. 172, etc.). The work is inscribed to Dr. Henry More. The story is entitled, 'A remarkable passage of one named the Fairy Boy of Leith, in Scotland, given me by my worthy friend, Captain George Burton, and attested under his own 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 acquaintances at a certain house there, where we used to drink a glass of wine for our refecation. 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 carryed it with a cunning much above 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 beat all points to a sort of people that used to meet under yonder 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 musick 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 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 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,

hasted 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 got 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.

NOTE 20.—INTERCOURSE OF THE COVENANTERS WITH THE INVISIBLE

WORLD, p. 145

The gloomy, dangerous and constant wanderings of the persecuted sect of Cameronians naturally led to their entertaining with peculiar credulity the belief that they were sometimes persecuted, not only by the wrath of men, but by the secret wiles and open terrors of Satan. In fact, a flood could not happen, a horse cast a shoe, or any other the most ordinary interruption thwart a minister's wish to perform service at a particular spot, than the accident was imputed to the immediate agency of fiends. The encounter of Alexander Peden with the devil in the cave, and that of John Semple with the demon in the ford, are given by Peter [Patrick] Walker, almost in the language of the text.

NOTE 21.—JOCK DALGLEISH, p. 155

Among the flying leaves of the period there is one called 'Sutherland's Lament for the loss of his post,—with his advice to John Dalgleish, his successor.' He was whipped and banished, 25th July, 1722.

There is another, called 'The Speech and Dying Words of John Dalgleish, Lockman, alias Hangman, of Edinburgh,' containing these lines:—

Death, I've a favour for to beg,
That ye wad only gie a fleg,
And spare my life;
As I did to ill-hanged Megg,
(Laing.)

NOTE 22.—CALUMNIATOR OF THE FAIR SEX, p. 176

The journal of Graves, a Bow Street officer, despatched to Holland to obtain the surrender of the unfortunate William Brodie, bears a reflection on the ladies somewhat like that put in the mouth of the police officer Sharpitlaw. It had been found difficult to identify the unhappy criminal; and when a Scotch gentleman of respectability had seemed disposed to give evidence on the point required, his son-in-law, a clergyman in Amsterdam, and his daughter, were suspected by Graves to have used arguments with the witness to dissuade him from giving his testimony; on which subject the journal of the Bow Street officer proceeds thus:

'Saw then a manifest reluctance in Mr. —, and had no doubt the daughter and parson would endeavour to persuade him to decline troubling himself in the matter, but judged he could not go back from what he had said to Mr. Rich.—NOTA BENE. No mischief but a woman or a priest in it—here both.'

NOTE 23.—THE MAGISTRATES AND THE PORTEOUS MOB, p. 185

The Magistrates were closely interrogated before the House of Peers, concerning the particulars of the Mob, and the patois in which these functionaries made their answers sounded strange in the ears of the Southern nobles. The Duke of Newcastle having demanded to know with what kind of shot the guard which Porteous commanded had loaded their muskets, was answered naively, 'Ow, just sic as ane shoots dukes and fools with.' This reply was considered as a contempt of the House of Lords, and the Provost would have suffered accordingly, but that the Duke of Argyle explained that the expression, properly rendered in English, means ducks and waterfowl.

NOTE 24.—SIR WILLIAM DICK OF BRAID, p. 186

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; insomuch 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 fleeced 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 Croesus 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 Estate and Distressed Case of Sir William Dick* [1656.] 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 bailiffs; 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. 190

This remarkable convocation took place upon 15th June, 1682, and an account of its confused and divisive proceedings may be found in Michael Shields's *Faithful Contendings Displayed*. Glasgow, 1780, 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. 236

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 legalized it 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:—

It chanced at one time that the office of public executioner was vacant. There was occasion for some one to act as dempster, 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 weel enough,' said the fellow, 'ye want me to be your dempster; but I am come to be none of your dempster; I am come to summon you, Lord T—, and you, Lord E—, 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 sloan.' 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 dempster. The sentence is now read over by the clerk of the court, and the formality of pronouncing doom is altogether omitted.—

The usage of calling the dempster 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 (Laing).

NOTE 27.—JOHN DUKE OF ARGYLE AND GREENWICH, p. 239

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 further 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 apologized. The bill was much modified, and the clauses concerning the dismantling the city and disbanding the guard were departed from.

A fine of £2,000 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 voie du fait*, offered to the Duke of Argyle, in angry audience, 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, endeavored 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. 242

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 (Laing).

NOTE 29.—BORROWING DAYS, p. 275

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.

(Laing.)

NOTE 30.—BUCKHOLMSIDE CHEESE, p. 379

The hilly pastures of Buckholm, which the Author now surveys, 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. 391

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. Davie 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 hael [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 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 row 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, wherein 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, Edin 1727, pp. 72, 73.

NOTE 32.—HALF-HANGED MAGGIE DICKSON, p. 399

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 buried . . . She kept an ale-house in a neighboring 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 Pennecuik, 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 Maggy 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 'salt' 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 (Laing).

NOTE 33.—MADGE WILDFIRE, p. 403

In taking leave of the poor maniac, the Author may 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 Feckless Fannie (weak or feeble Fannie), who always travelled with a small flock of sheep. The following account, furnished by the persevering kindness of 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 endued 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 until 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 all, 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 neighborhood of Moffat, on her way to Edinburgh, where, I am informed, she was likewise well known, Old Charlie, her favorite 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 buried; 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 that 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 buried, leave untilld for seven years. Repute every grave holie 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 season 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, 1773, 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 peat-hag; and that the hand with which a butcher 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 hanged himself in his father's barn. And I doubt not 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. 407

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 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. 428

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 the Lord will), to leave a more full account of that and many other remarkable steps of the Lord's dispensations towards me thorow 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 raging and ranging to catch hiding suffering people. Meldrum and Airlie's troops lying at Larark upon the first day of March, 1682, Mr. Gordon and another wicked comrade, with

the two servants and four horses, came to Kilcaigow, two miles from Lanark, searching for William Caigow 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 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 lye'n 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 the 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 Caigow 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 avowed 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, luke-warm ministers and professors in that time, who made more noise of murder when one of these enemies has been killed, even in our own defence, than of twenty of us being murdered by them. None of these men present was challenged for this but myself. Thomas Young thereafter suffered at Machline, but was not challenged for this; Robert Muir was banished; James Wilson outlived the persecution; William Caigow died in the Canongate tolbooth, in the beginning of 1685. Mr. Wodrow is misinformed, who says that he suffered unto death' (pp. 165-167).

NOTE 36.—TOLLING TO SERVICE IN SCOTLAND, p. 445

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 beadle in the Isle of Bute, that the kirk bell being out of order, he is said to have mounted the steeple every Sunday, to imitate with his voice the successive summonses which its mouth of metal used to send forth. The first part of this imitative harmony was simply the repetition of the words 'Bell bell, 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 chimes ran thus:—

Bellum Bellellum,
Bernera and Knockdow's coming!
Bellum Bellellum,
Bernera and Knockdow's coming!

Thereby intimating that service was instantly to proceed.—

Mr. MacInlay of Borrowstounness, a native of Bute, states that Sir Walter 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, Drumbuie, and Barnernie.—1842 (Laing).

NOTE 37.—RATCLIFFE, p. 502

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 tolbooth. So at least runs a constant tradition.

GLOSSARY
OF
WORDS, PHRASES, AND ALLUSIONS.

ABUNE, ABOON, above
ACQUENT, acquainted
AD AVISANDUM, reserved for consideration
ADJOURNAL, BOOKS OF See Books of Adjournal
ADMICCLE, 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
AITS, oats
ALLENARLY, solely
A-LOW, on fire
ALTRINGHAM, THE MAYOR OF (p. 439), 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 spirits of wine and spices
ARGYLE, EARL OF, HIS ATTEMPT 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 PERDITAE, lost arts
AUGHT, eight; **AUGHTY-NINE,** the year 1689
AUGHT, possession
AULD, old; **AULD SORROW,** old wretch
AVA, at all
A'WMOUS, alms
AWMURIE, the cupboard

BACK-CAST, a reverse, misfortune
BACK-FRIEND, a supporter, abettor
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
BARK, BAWTIE, Compare Sir D. Lindsay's Complaint of Bogshe . . . to Bawtie, the King's Best Belovit Dog
BARKENED, tanned
BARON BAILE, the baron's deputy in a

burgh of barony
BAIHER, to fatigue by ceaseless prating
BAULD, brave, hardy
BAUSON-FACED, having a white spot on the forehead
BAWBEE, a halfpenny
BAXTER, a baker
BEAN-HOOL, bean-hull, pod
BECHOUNCHED, be-fouled, decked out in ridiculous fashion
BEDRAL, beadle, sexton
BEDREDDIN HASSAN, See Arabian Nights: 'Noureddin and his Son'
BEEVER, Belvoir, the seat of the Duke of Rutland, on the border of Leicestershire
BELYVE, 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 cat.*le.*
BICKER, a wooden vessel
BIDE, wait, stay; bear, rest under; **BIDE A WEE,** wait a minute
BIEN, comfortable
BIGGONETS, a lady's headdress
BIKE, a hive, swarm
BINK, a wall plate-rack
BIRKIE, a lively fellow; young spark
BIRTHNIGHT, the court festival held on the evening of a royal birthday

- BITTOCK**, a little bit, proverbially a considerable distance
- BLACK, DR. DAVID**, a zealous Scottish Presbyterian in the reign of James VI.
- BLAIR, ROBERT**, a prominent Presbyterian minister, of Bangor in Ireland
- BLINK**, a glance
- BLUE PLUMS**, bullets
- BLUIDY MACKENZIE**, Sir George, Lord Advocate, and an active prosecutor of the Cameronians in the reign of Charles II.
- BOODLE**, 1-6 of a penny
- BOBIE**, the lowest scholar on the farm, a dunce
- BOOKS OF ADJOURNAL**, containing the minutes and orders, especially of adjournal, of the Court of Judiciary of Scotland, it being a peremptory court
- BOOT-HOSE**, coarse blue worsted hose worn in place of boots
- BOUKING-WASHING**, the annual washing of the family linen in a peculiar ley (bouk)
- BOUNTITH**, a perquisite
- BOUROCK**, 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;
- BRAWS**, 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
- BRUILZIE**, a scuffle, tumult
- BRUNSTANE**, brimstone, sulphur
- BUCKHOLMSIDE**, a village of Roxburgshire 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
- BULLSEGG**, a gelded bull
- BUSK**, to dress up, arrange
- BYE**, besides; past
- BYRE**, cow-house, cowshed
- CA'**, to call
- CAESAREAN 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 Camphire, 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 **CARE-CAKE**, a small cake baked with eggs and eaten on Shrove Tuesday in Scotland
- CARLE**, a fellow
- CARLINE**, a beldam, old woman
- CAROLINE PARK**. See Roystoun
- CARRIED**, the mind wavering, wandering
- CARRITON**, 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
- CAULD**, cold
- CAULDRIFE**, chilly
- CAUTELOUS**, cautious, careful
- CELA ETOIT AUTRE-FOIS**, etc. (p. 538), it used to be so, but we have changed all that now
- CESSIO BONORUM**, surrender of effects
- CHAFTS**, jaws
- CHALDERS**, an old dry measure—nearly 16 qrs. of corn
- CHAMBER OF DEAS**, the best bedroom
- CHANCE-MEDLEY**, an undesigned occurrence not purely accidental
- CHANGE-HOUSE**, a small inn
- CHAPPIT**, struck (of a clock)
- CHAPIT BACK**, beaten, deterred, daunted
- CHEVERONS**, gloves
- CHIELD**, a young fellow
- CHOP**, a shoe
- CLACHAN**, a Highland hamlet
- CLAISE**, CLAES,
- CLAITHS**, clothes
- CLARISSIMO ICTUS**, one who is a famous lawyer
- CLAT**, a hoard of money
- CLAVERS**, foolish gossip
- CLAW UP MITTENS**, to rebuke severely, tell home truths
- CLECKIT**, hatched
- CLEEK**, to catch, seize
- CLEUGH**, a ravine
- CLOSE-HEAD**, the entrance of a blind alley, a favorite rendezvous for gossips
- CLUBBED (of hair)**, gathered into a club-shaped knot at the back of the head
- CLUTE**, a hoof, single beast
- COCCEIAN**, a follower of John Cocceius of Leyden (d. 1669), who held that the Old Testament shadowed forth the history of the Christian Church
- COCKERNONIE**, a lady's topknot
- COD**, a pillow, cushion
- COGNOSCE**, to examine judicially for insanity
- COLUMELLA**, a Roman writer on agriculture and similar topics
- COMMENTARIES ON SCOTTISH CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE**, 1797, by David Hume, Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland
- COMUS**, by Milton
- CONDESCENDENCE**, an enumeration of particulars, a Scots law term
- CONFESSIO EXTRAJUDICIALIS**, etc. (p. 242). An unofficial confession is a nullity, and cannot be quoted in evidence
- COUCH A HOGSHEAD**, 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
CRACK, gossip, talk
CRAFT, a croft, small farm
CRAIGMILLAR, a castle near Edinburgh, a residence of Queen Mary
CREAGH, stolen cattle; a foray
CREPE, to curl, crimp
CREWELS, **CRUELS**, scrofulous swellings on the neck
CRIFTEL, a mountain on the Scottish side of the Solway. When Skiddaw is capped with clouds, rain falls soon after on Criffel
CRINING, pining
CROOK A HOUGH, to bend a joint, especially the knee-joint
CRUPPEN, crapt
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
CURCH, a woman's cap
CU'ROSS, Culross, a village on the Firth of Forth
CURPEL, crupper
CUTTER'S LAW, thieves' rogues' law
CUTTY QUEAN, a worthless young woman

DAFFING, frolicsome jesting
DAFT, crazy, beside oneself
DAIDLING, trifling; loitering
DAIKER, to saunter, jog along
DALKEITH, one of the seats of the Duke of Buccleuch
DALLAS ON STILES: **OR**, **SYSTEM OF STILES AS NOW PRACTICABLE WITHIN THE KINGDOM OF SCOTLAND**, 1697, by George Dallas, sometime deputy-keeper the privy seal of Scotland
DARG, 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 BUCKIE, a limb of Satan
DEIL HAET, the devil a bit

DEMENS, QUI NIMBOS, etc. (p. 1), the madman, who sought to rival the rainclouds and the inimitable thunder, with brazen din and the tread of horny-hoofed steeds
DEMI-PIQUE SADDLE, one with low peaks or points
DING, to knock
DINLE, a thrilling blow
DIRL, a thrilling knock
DIT, to stop, close up (the mouth)
DITAY, indictment
DIVOT, a thin flat turf; **DIVOT-CAST**, a turf-pit
DOCH AN' DORROCH, a stirrup-cup, parting-cup
DOER, an agent, factor
DOTED, stupid, confused
DONNARD, stupid
DONNOT, or **DONAUGHT**, a good-for-nothing person
DOO, a dove
DOOKIT, ducked
DOOMS, utterly
DOOR-CHEEK, the door-post
DOUBLE CARRITCH, 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 qualm
DRY MUTURE, a duty of corn paid to a miller
DUDS, ragged clothes;
DUDDY, ragged
DULCIS AMARYLLIDIS
IRAE, the anger of gentle woman
DUNCH, to jog or punch
D'UNE GRANDE DAME, of a great lady, lady of fashion
DUNLOP (CHEESE), in Ayrshire
DIRK or **DIRK**, a Highlander's dagger
DYESTER, a dyer

ECLAIRCISSEMENT, an explanation
EDICT NAUTAE, etc., in ancient Rome, imposed thoughtless person liability for loss or damage to property committed to carriers, innkeepers, and stable-keepers
EE, eye; **EEN**, eyes
EFFECTUAL CALLING. See The Shorter Catechism, Qu. 31

EFFEIR OF, equivalent to
EIK, to add
ELSHIN, an awl
EMER, uncle
EMERY, **JOHN**, actor who excelled in rustic parts, and played Dandie Dinmont, Ratcliffe, and similar characters of Scott's novels
ENEUCH, **E NEUGH**, **ENOW**, enough
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
EXAUCTORATE, to dismiss from service
EX JURE SANGUINIS, by blood, heredity

FAMA CLAMOSA, notorious
FARINACEUS, or **FARINACIUS**, Prosper Farinacci, a celebrated Roman writer on criminal jurisprudence, lived 1544-1612
FASH, trouble; to trouble; **FASHIOUS**, troublesome
FASHERIE, trouble
FATHERS CONSCRIPT, the senators of ancient Rome; here the chosen fathers (of the town)
F A T U U S, **FURIOUS**, **N A T U R A L I T E R** **IDIOTA**, foolish, mad, horn idiot
FAULD, to fold
FAUSE MONTEATH, the reputed betrayer of Wallace
FAUT, fault
FECKLESS, insignificant, feeble
FEND, to provide
FERGUSON, or **FERGUSON**, **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
FLISKMAHOY, a giddy, thoughtless person
FLOW-MOSS, a morass
 See Note 9 to Bride of Lammermoor
FORANET, directly opposite to
FORBEAR, forefather
FORBES, **DUNCAN**, ap- of the Court of Session pointed Lord President in 1737. See footnote, p. 403
FORBYE, besides

FORE-HAMMER, sledge-hammer
 FORGATHER, to come together, become intimate
 FORPIT, $\frac{1}{4}$ th of a peck
 FOU, full, drunk
 correctly **F I g g a t e**
 Whins, a trace of sand hillocks and wain bushes between Fortobello
 FRIGATE WHINS, more and Leith
 FUGIT, etc. (p. 135), time

GAIT-MILK, grat-milk
 GAITTS, or GYTES, or GETTS, brats, urchins
 Pilgrim's Progress
 GALLIO. See Acts xviii.
 GAUS (L I N C O L N - S H I R E), the Host in 12-27
 GAME ARM, a crooked, lame arm
 GANG, to go
 gardez l'eau, an Edinburgh cry when dirty water was thrown out a
 GARE-BRAINED, giddy, thoughtless
 GATE, GAIT, way, direction, manner; NAE
 GATE, nowhere
 GAUN, going
 GAUN PLEAS, pending lawsuits
 GAUNT, to yawn
 GAUSIE, grand, fine
 GAY SURE, pretty sure;
 GAY AND WELL, pretty well
 GEE, TO TAKE THE, to take the pet, turn pet-
 GEAR, property
 GIE, give; GIEN, given
 GIF-GAF, mutual giving
 GILPY, GILPIE, a lively young girl
 GIRDLE, a circular iron plate for baking scones, cakes
 GIRN, to grin, grimace
 GLAIKS, TO FLING THE, GARDYLOO, from French
 IN ONE'S EEN, to detest flying beyond recall
 FYKE, to move restlessly in the same place
 window
 GLEDE, GLED, the kite
 G L E G, active, keen;
 GLEG AS A GLED, hungry as a hawk
 GLIFF, an instant
 GLIM, a light, hence anything at all
 GLOWER, to stare hard
 BORBALS, a suburb on 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 per-

quisite of a miller's servant
 GRAITH, apparatus of any kind, harness
 GRANTHAM GRUEL, a Lincolnshire proverb, ridiculing exaggerations of speech
 GRAT, wept
 GREE, to agree
 GREE, pre-eminence
 GREESBROCH, a turf fire without flame, smouldering embers
 GREET, to cry, weep
 GREY-PEARL, or GREY-BEARD, a stone jug for holding ale or liquor
 GUDEMAN, the husband, head of the house
 GUDESIRE, grandfather
 GUDEWIFE, the wife, head of the household
 GUIDE, to treat, direct;
 GUIDING, treatment
 GULLEY, a large knife
 GUSES GRASS, the area of grass a goose grazes during the summer
 GUTTER-BLOOD, one meanly born
 GYBE, 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
 HAFFETS, temples
 HAFFLINS, young, entering the teens
 HAFT, custody; to establish, fix
 HAGBUTS OF FOUND, firearms made of cast metal (found)
 HALE, or HILL, whole entire
 HALLAN, a partition in a Scotch cottage
 HAND-WALED, remarkable, notorious
 FOOTMAN, RUNNING.
 HARLE, to trail, drag
 HAUD, hold
 HAVINGS, behaviour, manners
 HAWKIT, white-faced, having white spots or streaks
 HEAL, healthy, felicity;
 HEALSOME, wholesome
 HELLICAT, wild, desperate
 HEMPIE, a rogue
 HERITORS, the landowners in a Scotch parish
 HERSE, 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
 HOG, 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

ILK, ILKA, each; ILK, the same name; ILKA-DAY, every-day
 IMPOSTHUMES, abscesses, collections of pus
 IN BYE, inside the house
 IN COMMENDAM, in conjunction with
 IN CONFITENIEM, 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 RUSTICOS, a mere rustle
 INTONUIT LAEVUM, the thunder is heard on the left
 INTROMIT WITH, to interfere with
 JAGG, a prick
 JAMES'S PLACE OF REFUGE, in 1595
 JARK, a seal
 JAUD, a jade
 JANK, 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**, caterpillar; **KALE-YARD**, vegetable garden
KAIN, or **CANE**, a rent paid in kind
KAME, to comb
KAY'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
LAUROCK, 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
LEAP, LAURENCE, YOUR'RE LONG ENOUGH, An adaptation or extension of the proverbial Lazy Lawrence or Long Lawrence
LEASING-MAKING, 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 Dumbartonshire and parts of Stirlingshire, Perthshire, and Renfrewshire
LESE-MAJESTY, treason
LIFT, the sky
LIMMER, a jade, scoundrel
LINCOLNSHIRE GAUIS,
See Galus

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 BORROW-STOUNNESS, 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 WAKE, a Leicestershire yearly merrymaking or festival
LOCO TUTORIS, in the place of a guardian
LOOP, the palm of the hand
LOOT, let, permitted
LORD OF SEAT, a judge
LORD OF STATE, a nobleman
LOUND, quiet, tranquil
LOUNDRER, to thump, beat
LOW, a flame
LOWE, JOHN, author of 'Mary's Dream,' died 1798. See biography in Cromek, Remains of Galloway Song (1810)
LUCKIE, a title given to old women
LUCKIE DAD, grandfather
LUG, the ear
LUM, a chimney
LYING-DOG, a kind of setter

MACHEATH, a highwayman, the hero of Gay's Beggar's Opera

MAGG (COALS), to give short quantity, purloining the difference
MAGGOT, a whim, crochet
MAGNA EST VERITAS, &c. (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 BELLE, &c. (p. 488), it is not becoming to lift one's hand in jest and over the wine. See Catullus, xii.
MARITORNES, a coarse serving-wench whom Don Quixote mistook for a lady of noble birth

MARK OF BELLGRAVE, See 'Same again,' etc
MASHACKERED, clumsily cut, hacked
MASS JOHN, a parson
MATHEUS, or MATTHÆUS, 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, malt
MAW, to mow
MEAL-ARK, meal-chest
MEAR, a mare
MELL, to muddle
MEN OF MARSHAM, etc., a Lincolnshire proverb, signifying disunion is the cause of ill-success
MEN'S EPU', becoming, mannerly
MERK=Is, 11-3d.
MERSE, Berwickshire
MESSAN, a lapdog, cur
MEXICAN MONARCH, Guatemozin, the Aztec emperor who, when put to the torture by Cortes, reproached a fellow-sufferer, groaning with anguish, by asking, 'Do you think then I am enjoying my bed (lit. bath) of flowers?'
MIDDEN, a dunghill
MILE, SCOTTISH, about nine furlongs
MILLED, robbed
MINNIE, mamma
MISCA', to abuse, malign
MISGUGGLE, 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-HAG, a pit in a peat moor
MOTTY, full of notes
'MUCH HAVE I FEAR'D.' etc. (p. 10), from Crabbe's Borough, Letter xx.
MUCKLE, much
MUIR-ILL, a disease amongst black cattle

- MUIR-FOOTS**, young grouse
- MULL**, a snuff-box
- MULLUKE, DRY**. See Dry Multure
- MUTCH**, a woman's cap
- MUTCHKIN**, a liquid measure, containing $\frac{3}{4}$ pint
- NAUTAE, CAUPONES**, &c. See Edict Nautae
- NÆGER**, nigger
- NEMO ME IMPUNE LA-CESBIT**, 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
- NIHL INTEREST DE POSSESSIONE**, the question of possession is immaterial
- NOITED**, rapped, struck smartly
- NON CONSTAT**, it is not certain
- NON CUIVIS**, etc. (p. 44), it is not every one that can gain admittance to the (select) society of Corinth
- NOOP**, the bone at the elbow-joint
- NOR' LOCH**, a swamp in Edinburgh, now Princes Street Gardens
- NOWTIE**, cattle
- OE**, a grandchild
- ON-DING**, a heavy fall (of snow)
- OPTAT EPHIPPIA**, etc. (p. 45), the sluggish wishes for the horse's trappings
- ORDENAR, AFTER HER**, as is usual with her
- ORMOND**, James Butler, first Duke of, was for seven years in disfavour through the intrigues of enemies
- ORRERY**, a mechanism representing the motions of the planets
- DUT-BYE**, out of doors; beyond, without
- DUTGATE**, ostentatious display
- DUTSIGHT AND INSIGHT**
- PLENISHING**, goods belonging to the outside and inside of the house respectively
- OWER-BYE**, over the way
- OWRELAY**, a cravat
- PADDER**, a highwayman;
- ON THE PAD**, a highwayman on the look-out for victims
- PAIK**, a blow
- PAIP**, the Pope
- PAIRICK**, 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 VOIE DU FAIT**, by assault, act of violence
- PASSEMENTS**, gold, silver, or silk lace; **PASSE-MENTED**, laced
- PAUVRE HONTEUX**, poor and humble-minded man
- PAVE**, the road, highway
- PEARLIN-LACE**, bone lace, made of thread or silk
- PEAT**, **PROUD**, a person of intolerable pride
- PEAT-HAG**, a pit in a peat moor
- PEDEN, ALEXANDER**, a celebrated Covenanted leader. See Old Mortality, Note 38
- PEEBLE**, to pelt with stones
- PEN-GUN, CRACKING LIKE A**, gabbling like a penguin
- PENNANT, THOMAS**, a keenly observant naturalist and traveller of the 18th century
- PENNECUICK, ALEXANDER, M. D.**, of Newhall, near Edinburgh, author of Historical Account of the Blue Blanket; died in 1723
- PENNY, SCOTS**—1-12th 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 xi.
- PENTLAND, or RULLION GREEN**, where Dalziel routed the Galloway Whigs in 1666
- PEREGRINE (BERTIE), LORD WILLOUGHBY**, one of Elizabeth's captains. The lines quoted are from 'The Brave Lord Willoughby' in Percy's Reliques
- PERFERVIDUM**, etc. (p. 12), the fiery nature of the Scots
- PER VIGILIAS ET INSIDIAS**, by snares and ambush
- PESSIMI EXEMPLI**, the worst of precedents, examples
- PETTLE**, to indulge, pamper
- PIBROCH**, a bagpipe tune, usually for the gathering of a clan
- FICKLE IN THINE AIN FOKENOOK**, depend on thy own exertions
- PICQUEERINGS, bickerings, disputes**
- PICTURESQUE**. See Price
- PIGG**, an earthenware vessel, pletcher
- PIKE**, to pick
- PILLION MAIL**, baggage carried on a pillion
- PIRN**, a reel
- PIT**, put
- PITCAIRN, DR.**, a well-known Edinburgh physician, died in 1712, who showed skill in writing Latin verse
- PLACED MINISTER**, one holding an ecclesiastical charge
- PLACK**, one-third of a penny
- PLAGUE**, trouble, annoyance
- PLANKED A CHURY**, concealed a knife
- PLEASAUNTS, or PLEASANCE**, a part of Edinburgh between the Cowgate and Salisbury Crag
- PLENISHING**, furniture
- PLOUGH-GATE**, as much land as can be tilled by one plough
- PLOY**, a spree, game
- POCK**, a poke, bag
- POCOCURANTE**, an easy-going, indifferent person
- P O B N A ORDINARIA**, usual punishment
- POET OF GRASMERE**, Wordsworth
- POFFLE**, a small farm, piece of land
- POINT DEVISE**, in or with the greatest exactitude, propriety
- POLLRUMPTIOUS**, unruly, restive
- PONTAGES**, bridge-tolls
- POORFU'**, powerful
- POPPLING, purling, ripping**
- POQUELIN**, the real name of Moliere
- PORTEOUS MOB**. The actual order of events was—Robertson's escape, 11th April, 1736; Wilton'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, PICTURE-SQUE**—an allusion to Sir Uvedale Price's Essay on the Picturesque, 1796

PRIGG, to entreat, beg for
PROKITOR, a procurator,
solicitor

PROPINE, a gift
PUND SCOTS—Is. 8d.
PURN, a burn, stream
PYKIT, picked, pilfered

QUADRELLE TABLE, a
game at cards, not un-
like 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 jus-
tice of peace

QUEERING, quizzing,
making fun

QUEER THE NOOSE,
THE STIFLER, escape
the gallows

QUEY, a young cow
QUILLET, a quibble, sub-
tlety

QUIVIS EX POPULO, any
ordinary citizen

QUODAMODO, in a
manner, certain measure

**QUOS DILIGIT CASTE-
GAT**, whom He loveth
He chasteneth
QUOETHA, forsooth

RAMBLE, to mob
RANNEL-TREES, a beam
across the fireplace for
suspending a pot on

RAPPING, swearing false-
ly

**RARI APPARENT NAN-
TES**, etc. (p. 4), they
appear swimming, wide-
ly scattered, in the vast
deep

RATT-RHYME, doggerel
verses, repeated by rote

RAX, to stretch
RACKAN, pining, miser-
able

RED, to counsel, advise
REDDING UP, clearing
up

REEK, smoke

**REMEDIUM MISERAB-
ILE**, sad remedy for
misfortune

RENWICK, MR. JAMES,
the last of the 'martyrs'
of the Covenant, exe-
cuted at Edinburgh on
17th February, 1688

**RIDING OF PARLIA-
MENT**, the procession of
dignitaries on their way
to open a new session

RIN, to run
RINTHEROUT, a house-
less vagrant

RIPE, to search

RIVE, to tear

ROKELAY, a short cloak
ROOMS, portions of land,
to own or occupy

ROSA SOLIS, a cordial,
formerly in great repute,
made of spirits flavored
with cinnamon, orange-
flower, etc.

ROUPIT, hoarse

ROUVING, raving

ROUING, selling off, auc-
tioning

ROWING, rolling, revol-
ving

ROYSTOUN, a mansion be-
longing to the Duke of
Argyle at Cramond, near
Edinburgh; it stood in
Caroline Park

RUBBIT, robbed

RUE, TAEN THE, re-
pent of

RUFFLER, a bullying
beggar or thief

RUNNING FOOTMAN. See
Note 9 to Bride of Lam-
mermoor

SACKLESS, innocent,
guileless

SAIN, to bless

ST. NICHOLAS'S CLERKS,
highwaymen

SAIR, sore, much

SALMONBOUS, a mythical
king who, arrogantly
imitating Zeus, was slain
by his own thunderbolt.
See Demens, etc.

**'SAME AGAIN, QUOTH
MARK OF BELGRAVE,'**
a Leicestershire proverb.

The story goes that a
militia officer, exercising
his men before the lord-
lieutenant, became con-
fused, 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

SASSENACH, Saxon, that
is, English

SAUNT, saint

SAUT, salt

SCAITH, SCATHE, harm

SCART, a scratch

SCULATE, slate

SCOMFISH, to suffocate

SCOUPING, skipping

SCOUR, to thrust (a knife)

SCRAUGIN', screeching,
screaming

SCREED, a mass, string
SCRIMGEOUR, JOHN, min-
ister of Kinghorn, re-
sisted the authority of
his bishop to depose
him, in 1629

SCUD, a sudden shower
SED TRANSEAT, etc. (p.
218), but let it pass with
other blunders

SELL, to slie, **strawn**

SHIP, to ooze

SILL O' YE, yourself

SET, to suit, become

SHANKIT, handled

SHOON, shoes

SIC, SICCAN, such

SIGHT FOR SAIR EEN, a
most welcome sight

SIGNET, WRITER TO. See
Writer

SILLY HEALTH, poorly

SIMMER, summer

SIN D E RED, separated,
sundered

SINDRY, sundry, different

SINGLE CARRITCH, the
Shorter Catechism of the
Church of Scotland

SINGULI IN SOLIDUM,
singly responsible for the
whole

SIT DOUN WITH, endure,
take quietly

SKAITH, harm, injury
SKAITHLESS, free from
harm

SKEEL, skill, knowledge;
SKEELY, skilful, know-
ing

SKELP, to slap, beat

SKIDDAW. See cruffel

SKIN AND BIRN, wholly,
in entirety

SKIRL, to screech, scream

SKULDUDDERY, breach of
chastity, indecency

SLAKE, a smear

SLOAN, abuse, rating

SMAKED CALF-SKIN,
kissed the Testament,
taken a false oath

SNACK, a snatch of food
SNAP, a snack, hurried
meal

S N A P P E R, stumble,
scrape, moral error

SNUG AND SNOD, neat
and tidy

**'SOMETHING T H E R E
WAS,'** etc. (p. 102). From
Crabbe's *The Borough*.

Letter xv.

SONSY, comfortable-look-
ing, plump

SORTED, looked after, at-
tended to

SOUGH, to sigh; a sigh
rumor

SOUP, a sup

FOUTHER, to solder

SOWENS, a sort of gruel
made from the soured
siftings of oatmeal

SPAENG, telling fortunes

SPEER, to inquire, ask

SPIEL, to climb

**SPLEUCHAN, a Highland
tobacco pouch**

SPORRAN, a Highland purse of goatskin
 SPAIG, an unbroke horse
 STAIR'S INSTITUTES, OR, INSTITUTIONS OF THE LAW OF SCOTLAND, by James Dalrymple, First Viscount Stair, President of the Court of Session, 1609-95, a celebrated Scotch law-book
 SPED, to place, fix
 STERN, a star
 STIRK, a steer
 STOIT, to stagger
 STOUP, a wooden drinking vessel
 STOW, to crop, cut off
 STRAUGHTED, stretched
 STREIGHT, strait, trouble
 STURE, rough, hardy
 SUI GENERIS, of its own kind, special
 SUMMUM BONUM, the chief, good, prime consideration
 SUNKETS, victuals
 SURFLEET ON THE WASH, The Three Tuns Inn on the marsh (inclosed in 1777) beside the Welland at Surfleet was a resort of smugglers
 SWITHER, suspense, hesitation
 SYND, to wash, rinse
 SYNE, since, ago
 SYNE AS SUNE, late as soon

 TAILZIE, entail
 TAIT, a lock (of wool)
 TAM GARUM CAPUT, a person so dear
 TAP, a top
 TAPE OUT, to eke out, make a little go a long way
 TAP IN MY LAP (take up) my baggage and be off
 TAWPIE, an awkward girl, foolish wench
 TAWSE, a strap cut into narrow thongs for whipping boys
 TEIND, tithe
 TEMPUS NEMINI, time (waits for) no man
 TENDER, in delicate health
 TEN-MARK COURT, former Scotch small debt court for sums not exceeding ten merks (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
 THIRLAGE, the obligation to grind corn at a cer-

tain mill, and pay certain dues for its maintenance, etc.
 THOLE, to suffer, endure
 THRAWART, THRAWN, crabbed, ill-tempered
 THRESHIE-COAT, a rough weather coat
 THROUGH OTHER, confusedly, all together
 THUMKINS, or THUMBKINS, the thumb-screws
 TIGHT, trim, neat
 TINT, lost
 TITTIE, a little pet, generally a sister
 TOCHER, dowry
 TOD, a fox
 TOM OF LINCOLN, the large bell of Lincoln Cathedral
 TONY LUMPKIN, a country clown in Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer
 TOOM, 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
 TRAIK, to dangle after
 TREVISS, a bar or partition between two stalls in a stable
 TRINQUET, or TRINKET, to correspond clandestinely, intrigue
 TRIP TO THE JUBILEE, a comedy by G. Farquhar
 TROW, to believe
 TROWLING, rolling
 TULLY, Marcus Tullius Cicero, the Roman orator
 TURNPIKE STAIR, a winding or spiral stair
 TUTOR DATIVE, a guardian appointed by a court or magistrate
 TWAL, twelve
 TWOMONT, a twelve-month, year
 TYNE, to lose; TYNE HEART TYNE A', to lose heart is to lose everything

 ULAI. See Dan. viii. 2, 16
 ULTRONEOUS, voluntary
 UNCANNY, mischievous, not safe
 UNOHANCY, dangerous, not safe to meddle with
 UNCO, uncommon, strange, serious
 UNSCYTHED CAR, the war-chariots of the ancient Britons and Gauls bore scythes affixed to their wheels
 UPGANG, ascent
 UPSIDES WI', quits with
 USQUEBAUGH, whisky

UT FLOS IN SEPTIS, etc. (p. 487), as a flower springs up unseen in a walled garden

VALEAT 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; WAE-SOME, sorrowful, sad
 WAFF, whisk, sudden puff
 WAGGING, dangling by a piece of skin
 WALE, to select, choose
 WALLY-DRAIGLE, a poor weak creature, drone
 WAMPISHING, brandishing, flourishing
 WAN OUT, got out
 WAN-THRIVEN, in a state of decline
 WARE, to spend
 WARSLE, WARSTLE, to wrestle
 W A S T R I F E, waste; WASTER, wasteful
 WAT FINGER, TO BRING AFF WI' A, manage 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
 WHAUP IN THE RAPE, something wrong or rotten
 WHEEN, a few, a parcel of
 WHILES, sometimes
 WHILLYWHA, to wheedle
 WHIRRYING, hurrying
 WHISTER-POOP, a back-handed blow
 W H I S T L E O N H I S THUMB, completely disappointed
 WHITTLE, a large knife
 WHORN, a horn
 WIGHT, WICHT, powerful, valiant
 WILLYARD, wild, wilful, obstinate
 WIMPLE, a wile, piece of craft, wrinkle
 WINNA, will not
 WOGGARWOLFE. See Ethwald
 WOODIE, the halter

WORRIECOW, a hobgoblin
 WORSET, worsted
 WRITER TO THE SIG-
 NET, a class of Scottish
 law-agents, enjoying cer-
 tain privileges
 WUD, mad, violent
 WULL-CAT, a wild cat
 WUN, WON, WIN, to win,
 get, gain
 WUN OWER WI', to deal
 with, get through with

WUSS, to wish
 WUZZENT, wizenel, with-
 ered
 WYND, a narrow passage
 or cul-de-sac
 WYTE, blame

YEALD (COW), one whose
 milk has dried up;
 YEALD BEASTS, drapes

YEALDON, elding, fuel
 YEARN, to cause to coagu-
 late, make (cheese)
 YERK, to bind tightly
 YERL, an earl
 YILL, ale
 YILL-CAUP, a wooden
 drinking-vessel

ZONE, a money-belt

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TALES OF MY LANDLORD

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 il Cura, traedme, senior huésped, aquesos 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 BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

THE Author, on a former occasion,* declined giving the real source from which he drew the tragic subject of this history, because, though occurring at a distant period, it might possibly be displeasing to the feelings of the descendants of the parties.† But as he finds an account of the circumstances given in the Notes to Law's *Memorials*,‡ by his ingenious friend, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq., and also indicated in his reprint of the Rev. Mr. Symson's poems appended to the *Large Description of Galloway*, as the original of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the Author feels himself now at liberty to tell the tale as he had it from connections of his own, who lived very near the period, and were closely related to the family of the bride.

It is well known that the family of Dalrymple, which has produced, within the space of two centuries, as many men of talent, civil and military, and of literary, political, and professional eminence, as any house in Scotland, first rose into distinction in the person of James Dalrymple, one of the most eminent lawyers that ever lived, though the labors of his powerful mind were unhappily exercised on a subject so limited as Scottish jurisprudence, on which he has composed an admirable work.

He married Margaret, daughter to Ross of Balneel, with whom he obtained a considerable estate. She was an able, politic, and high-minded woman, so successful in what she

* See Introduction to the *Chronicles of the Canongate*.

† See The Family of Stair. Note 1.

‡ Law's *Memorials*, p. 226.

undertook, that the vulgar, no way partial to her husband or her family, imputed her success to necromancy. According to the popular belief, this Dame Margaret purchased the temporal prosperity of her family from the Master whom she served under a singular condition, which is thus narrated by the historian of her grandson, the great Earl of Stair: "She lived to a great age, and at her death desired that she might not be put under ground, but that her coffin should stand upright on one end of it, promising that while she remained in that situation the Dalrymples should continue to flourish. What was the old lady's motive for the request, or whether she really made such a promise, I shall not take upon me to determine; but it's certain her coffin stands upright in the aisle of the church of Kirklistown, the burial-place belonging to the family."* The talents of this accomplished race were sufficient to have accounted for the dignities which many members of the family attained, without any supernatural assistance. But their extraordinary prosperity was attended by some equally singular family misfortunes, of which that which befell their eldest daughter was at once unaccountable and melancholy.

Miss Janet Dalrymple, daughter of the first Lord Stair and Dame Margaret Ross, had engaged herself without the knowledge of her parents to the Lord Rutherford, who was not acceptable to them either on account of his political principles or his want of fortune. The young couple broke a piece of gold together, and pledged their troth in the most solemn manner; and it is said the young lady imprecated dreadful evils on herself should she break her plighted faith. Shortly after, a suitor who was favored by Lord Stair, and still more so by his lady, paid his addresses to Miss Dalrymple. The young lady refused the proposal, and being pressed on the subject, confessed her secret engagement. Lady Stair, a woman accustomed to universal submission, for even her husband did not dare to contradict her, treated this objection as a trifle, and insisted upon her daughter yielding her consent to marry the new suitor, David Dunbar, son and heir to David Dunbar of Baldoon, in Wigtonshire. The first lover, a man of very high spirit, then interfered by letter, and insisted on the right he had acquired by his troth plighted with the young lady. Lady Stair sent him for answer, that her daughter, sensible of her undutiful behavior in entering into a contract unsanctioned by her parents, had retracted

* *Memoirs of John Earl of Stair, by an Impartial Hand.* London, printed for C. Corbett, p. 8.

her unlawful vow, and now refused to fulfil her engagement with him.

The lover, in return, declined positively to receive such an answer from any one but his mistress in person; and as she had to deal with a man who was both of a most determined character and of too high condition to be trifled with, Lady Stair was obliged to consent to an interview between Lord Rutherford and her daughter. But she took care to be present in person, and argued the point with the disappointed and incensed lover with pertinacity equal to his own. She particularly insisted on the Levitical law, which declares that a woman shall be free of a vow which her parents dissent from. This is the passage of Scripture she founded on:

“If a man vow a vow unto the Lord, or swear an oath to bind his soul with a bond; he shall not break his word, he shall do according to all that proceedeth out of his mouth.

“If a woman also vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father’s house in her youth;

“And her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold his peace at her: then all her vows shall stand, and every bond wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand.

“But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth; not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand: and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her.”—Numbers xxx. 2-5.

While the mother insisted on these topics, the lover in vain conjured the daughter to declare her own opinion and feelings. She remained totally overwhelmed, as it seemed—mute, pale, and motionless as a statue. Only at her mother’s command, sternly uttered, she summoned strength enough to restore to her plighted suitor the piece of broken gold which was the emblem of her troth. On this he burst forth into a tremendous passion, took leave of the mother with maledictions, and as he left the apartment, turned back to say to his weak, if not fickle, mistress, “For you, madam, you will be a world’s wonder;” a phrase by which some remarkable degree of calamity is usually implied. He went abroad, and returned not again. If the last Lord Rutherford was the unfortunate party, he must have been the third who bore the title, and who died in 1685.

The marriage betwixt Janet Dalrymple and David Dunbar of Baldoon now went forward, the bride showing no repugnance, but being absolutely passive in everything her mother commanded or advised. On the day of the marriage, which,

as was then usual, was celebrated by a great assemblage of friends and relations, she was the same—sad, silent, and resigned, as it seemed, to her destiny. A lady, very nearly connected with the family, told the Author that she had conversed on the subject with one of the brothers of the bride, a mere lad at the time, who had ridden before his sister to church. He said her hand, which lay on his as she held her arm round his waist, was as cold and damp as marble. But, full of his new dress and the part he acted in the procession, the circumstance, which he long afterwards remembered with bitter sorrow and compunction, made no impression on him at the time.

The bridal feast was followed by dancing. The bride and bridegroom retired as usual, when of a sudden the most wild and piercing cries were heard from the nuptial chamber. It was then the custom, to prevent any coarse pleasantry which old times perhaps admitted, that the key of the nuptial chamber should be intrusted to the bridesman. He was called upon, but refused at first to give it up, till the shrieks became so hideous that he was compelled to hasten with others to learn the cause. On opening the door, they found the bridegroom lying across the threshold, dreadfully wounded, and streaming with blood. The bride was then sought for. She was found in the corner of the large chimney, having no covering save her shift, and that dabbled in gore. There she sat grinning at them, mopping and mowing, as I heard the expression used; in a word, absolutely insane. The only words she spoke were, "Tak up your bonny bridegroom." She survived this horrible scene little more than a fortnight, having been married on the 24th of August, and dying on the 12th of September, 1669.

The unfortunate Baldoon recovered from his wounds, but sternly prohibited all inquiries respecting the manner in which he had received them. "If a lady," he said, "asked him any question upon the subject, he would neither answer her nor speak to her again while he lived; if a gentleman, he would consider it as a mortal affront, and demand satisfaction as having received such." He did not very long survive the dreadful catastrophe, having met with a fatal injury by a fall from his horse, as he rode between Leith and Holyrood House, of which he died the next day, 28th March, 1682. Thus a few years removed all the principal actors in this frightful tragedy.

Various reports went abroad on this mysterious affair, many of them very inaccurate, though they could hardly be

said to be exaggerated.* It was difficult at that time to become acquainted with the history of a Scottish family above the lower rank; and strange things sometimes took place there, into which even the law did not scrupulously inquire.

The credulous Mr. Law says, generally, that the Lord President Stair had a daughter, who, "being married, the night she was bride in, was taken from her bridegroom and harled through the house [by spirits, we are given to understand], and afterward died. Another daughter," he says, "was supposed to be possessed with an evil spirit."

My friend, Mr. Sharpe, gives another edition of the tale. According to his information, it was the bridegroom who wounded the bride. The marriage, according to this account, had been against her mother's inclination, who had given her consent in these ominous words: "Weel, you may marry him, but sair shall you repent it."

I find still another account darkly insinuated in some highly scurrilous and abusive verses, of which I have an original copy. They are docketed as being written "Upon the late Viscount Stair and his family, by Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw. The marginals by William Dunlop, writer in Edinburgh, a son of the Laird of Househill, and nephew to the said Sir William Hamilton." There was a bitter and personal quarrel and rivalry betwixt the author of this libel, a name which it richly deserves, and Lord President Stair; and the lampoon, which is written with much more malice than art, bears the following motto:

Stair's neck, mind, wife, sons, grandson, and the rest,
Are wry, false, witch, pests, parricide, possessed.

This malignant satirist, who calls up all the misfortunes of the family, does not forget the fatal bridal of Baldoon. He seems, though his verses are as obscure as unpoetical, to intimate that the violence done to the bridegroom was by the intervention of the foul fiend, to whom the young lady had resigned herself, in case she should break her contract with her first lover. His hypothesis is inconsistent with the account given in the note upon Law's *Memorials*, but easily reconcilable to the family tradition.

* There appeared in the *Edinburgh Evening Post* of Oct. 10, 1840 (and afterwards in the *Lives of the Lindsays*, p. 459), a letter dated September 5th, 1823, addressed by Sir C. Horne Dalrymple Elphinstone, Bart., to the late Sir James Stewart Denham of Joltness, Bart., both descendants of Lord President Stair, from which it appears that, according to the traditional creed of the Dalrymple family, the bride's unhappy lover, Lord Rutherford, had found means to be secreted in the nuptial chamber, and that the wound of the bridegroom, Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, was inflicted by Rutherford's hand.—J. G. LOCKHART.

In all Stair's offspring we no difference know,
 They do the females as the males bestow ;
 So he of one of his daughters' marriage gave the ward,
 Like a true vassal, to Glenluce's Laird ;
 He knew what she did to her master plight,
 If she her faith to Rutherford should slight,
 Which, like his own, for greed he broke outright. }
 Nick did Baldoon's posterior right deride,
 And, as first substitute, did seize the bride ;
 Whate'er he to his mistress did or said,
 He threw the bridegroom from the nuptial bed,
 Into the chimney did so his rival maul,
 His bruised bones ne'er were cured but by the fall. *

One of the marginal notes ascribed to William Dunlop applies to the above lines. "She had betrothed herself to Lord Rutherford under horrid imprecations, and afterwards married Baldoon, his nevy, and her mother was the cause of her breach of faith."

The same tragedy is alluded to in the following couplet and note :

What train of curses that base brood pursues,
 When the young nephew weds old uncle's spouse.

The note on the word "uncle" explains it as meaning "Rutherford, who should have married the Lady Baldoon, was Baldoon's uncle." The poetry of this satire on Lord Stair and his family was, as already noticed, written by Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw, a rival of Lord Stair for the situation of President of the Court of Session ; a person much inferior to that great lawyer in talents, and equally ill-treated by the calumny or just satire of his contemporaries as an unjust and partial judge. Some of the notes are by that curious and laborious antiquary, Robert Milne, who, as a virulent Jacobite, willingly lent a hand to blacken the family of Stair. †

Another poet of the period, with a very different purpose, has left an elegy, in which he darkly hints at and bemoans the fate of the ill-starred young person, whose very uncommon calamity Whitelaw, Dunlop, and Milne thought a fitting subject for buffoonery and ribaldry. This bard of milder mood was Andrew Symson, before the Revolution minister of Kirkinner, in Galloway, and after his expulsion

* The fall from his horse, by which he was killed.

† I have compared the satire, which occurs in the first volume of the curious little collection called a *Book of Scottish Pasquils*, 1827, with that which has a more full text and more extended notes, and which is in my own possession, by gift of Thomas Thomson, Esq., Register-Depute. In the *Book of Pasquils*, p. 72. is a most abusive epitaph on Sir William Hamilton of Whitelaw.

as an Episcopalian following the humble occupation of a printer in Edinburgh. He furnished the family of Baldoon, with which he appears to have been intimate, with an elegy on the tragic event in their family. In this piece he treats the mournful occasion of the bride's death with mysterious solemnity.

The verses bear this title, "On the unexpected death of the virtuous Lady Mrs. Janet Dalrymple, Lady Baldoon, younger," and afford us the precise dates of the catastrophe, which could not otherwise have been easily ascertained. "Nupta August 12. Domum Ducta August 24. Obiit September 12. Sepult. September 30, 1669." The form of the elegy is a dialogue betwixt a passenger and a domestic servant. The first, recollecting that he had passed that way lately, and seen all around enlivened by the appearances of mirth and festivity, is desirous to know what had changed so gay a scene into mourning. We preserve the reply of the servant as a specimen of Mr. Symson's verses, which are not of the first quality :

Sir, 'tis truth you've told.

We did enjoy great mirth ; but now, ah me !
 Our joyful song's turn'd to an elegie.
 A virtuous lady, not long since a bride,
 Was to a hopeful plant by marriage tied,
 And brought home hither. We did all rejoice,
 Even for her sake. But presently our voice
 Was turn'd to mourning for that little time
 That she'd enjoy : she waned in her prime,
 For Atropus, with her impartial knife,
 Soon cut her thread, and therewithal her life ;
 And for the time we may it well remember,
 It being in unfortunate September ;

Where we must leave her till the resurrection,
 'Tis then the Saints enjoy their full perfection.*

Mr. Symson also poured forth his elegiac strains upon the fate of the widowed bridegroom, on which subject, after a long and querulous effusion, the poet arrives at the sound conclusion, that if Baldoon had walked on foot, which it seems was his general custom, he would have escaped perishing by a fall from horseback. As the work in which it occurs is so

* This elegy is reprinted in the appendix to a topographical work by the same author, entitled *A Large Description of Galloway*, by Andrew Symson, Minister of Kirkiner, 8vo, Tait, Edinburgh, 1823. The reverend gentleman's elegies are extremely rare, nor did the Author ever see a copy but his own, which is bound up with the *Tripatriarchicon*, a religious poem from the Biblical History, by the same author.

scarcely as almost to be unique, and as it gives us the most full account of one of the actors in this tragic tale which we have rehearsed, we will, at the risk of being tedious, insert some short specimens of Mr. Symson's composition. It is entitled—

“A Funeral Elegie, occasioned by the sad and much lamented death of that worthily respected, and very much accomplished gentleman, David Dunbar, younger, of Baldoon, only son and apparent heir to the right worshipful Sir David Dunbar of Baldoon, Knight Baronet. He departed this life on March 28, 1682, having received a bruise by a fall, as he was riding the day preceding betwixt Leith and Holyrood House; and was honorably interred in the Abbey Church of Holyrood House, on April 4, 1682.”

Men might, and very justly too, conclude
 Me guilty of the worst ingratitude,
 Should I be silent, or should I forbear
 At this sad accident to shed a tear;
 A tear! said I? ah! that's a petit thing,
 A very lean, slight, slender offering,
 Too mean, I'm sure, for me, wherewith t'attend
 The unexpected funeral of my friend:
 A glass of briny tears charged up to th' brim,
 Would be too few for me to shed for him.

The poet proceeds to state his intimacy with the deceased, and the constancy of the young man's attendance on public worship, which was regular, and had such effect upon two or three others that were influenced by his example,

So that my Muse 'gainst Priscian avers,
 He, only he, *were* my parishioners;
 Yea, and my only hearers.

He then describes the deceased in person and manners, from which it appears that more accomplishments were expected in the composition of a fine gentleman in ancient than modern times:

His body, though not very large or tall,
 Was sprightly, active, yea and strong withal.
 His constitution was, if right I've guess'd,
 Blood mixt with choler, said to be the best.
 In's gesture, converse, speech, discourse, attire,
 He practis'd that which wise men still admire,
 Commend, and recommend. What's that? you'll say.
 'Tis this: he ever choos'd the middle way
 'Twixt both th' extremes. Amost in ev'ry thing
 He did the like, 'tis worth our noticing:

Sparing, yet not a niggard ; liberal,
 And yet not lavish or a prodigal,
 As knowing when to spend and when to spare ;
 And that's a lesson which not many are
 Acquainted with. He bashful was, yet daring
 When he saw cause, and yet therein but sparing ;
 Familiar, yet not common, for he knew
 To condescend, and keep his distance too.
 He us'd, and that most commonly, to go
 On foot ; I wish that he had still done so.
 Th' affairs of court were unto him well known ;
 And yet meanwhile he slighted not his own.
 He knew full well how to behave at court,
 And yet but seldom did thereto resort ;
 But lov'd the country life, choos'd to inure
 Himself to past'rage and agriculture ;
 Proving, improving, ditching, trenching, draining,
 Viewing, reviewing, and by those means gaining ;
 Planting, transplanting, levelling, erecting
 Walls, chambers, houses, terraces ; projecting
 Now this, now that device, this draught, that measure,
 That might advance his profit with his pleasure.
 Quick in his bargains, honest in commerce,
 Just in his dealings, being much averse
 From quirks of law, still ready to refer
 His cause t' an honest country arbiter.
 He was acquainted with cosmography,
 Arithmetic, and modern history ;
 With architecture and such arts as these,
 Which I may call specifick sciences
 Fit for a gentleman ; and surely he
 That knows them not, at least in some degree,
 May brook the title, but he wants the thing,
 Is but a shadow scarce worth noticing.
 He learned the French, be't spoken to his praise,
 In very little more than forty days.

Then comes the full burst of woe, in which, instead of
 saying much himself, the poet informs us what the ancients
 would have said on such an occasion :

A heathen poet, at the news, no doubt,
 Would have exclaimed, and furiously cry'd out
 Against the fates, the destinies and starrs,
 What ! this the effect of planetarie warrs !
 We might have seen him rage and rave, yea worse,
 'Tis very like we might have heard him curse
 The year, the month, the day, the hour, the place,
 The company, the wager, and the race ;
 Decry all recreations, with the names
 Of Isthmian, Pythian, and Olympick games ;

Exclaim against them all both old and new,
 Both the Nemæan and the Lethæan too :
 Adjudge all persons, under highest pain,
 Always to walk on foot, and then again
 Order all horses to be hough'd, that we
 Might never more the like adventure see.

Supposing our readers have had enough of Mr. Symson's woe, and finding nothing more in his poem worthy of transcription, we return to the tragic story.

It is needless to point out to the intelligent reader that the witchcraft of the mother consisted only in the ascendancy of a powerful mind over a weak and melancholy one, and that the harshness with which she exercised her superiority in a case of delicacy had driven her daughter first to despair, then to frenzy. Accordingly, the Author has endeavored to explain the tragic tale on this principle. Whatever resemblance Lady Ashton may be supposed to possess to the celebrated Dame Margaret Ross, the reader must not suppose that there was any idea of tracing the portrait of the first Lord Viscount Stair in the tricky and mean-spirited Sir William Ashton. Lord Stair, whatever might be his moral qualities, was certainly one of the first statesmen and lawyers of his age.

The imaginary castle of Wolf's Crag has been identified by some lover of locality with that of Fast Castle. The Author is not competent to judge of the resemblance betwixt the real and imaginary scene, having never seen Fast Castle except from the sea. But fortalices of this description are found occupying, like ospreys' nests, projecting rocks, or promontories, in many parts of the eastern coast of Scotland, and the position of Fast Castle seems certainly to resemble that of Wolf's Crag as much as any other, while its vicinity to the mountain ridge of Lammermoor renders the assimilation a probable one.

We have only to add, that the death of the unfortunate bridegroom by a fall from horseback has been in the novel transferred to the no less unfortunate lover.*

* See the account of how this novel was composed in Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. vi., p. 66 *et seq.*, ed. 1862 (*Laing*).

THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

CHAPTER I

By cauk and keel to win your bread,
Wi' whigmaleeries for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed
To carry the gaberlunzie on.
Old Song.

FEW have been in my secret while I was compiling these narratives, nor is it probable that they will ever become public during the life of their author. Even were that event to happen, I am not ambitious of the honored distinction, *digito monstrari*. I confess that, were it safe to cherish such dreams at all, I should more enjoy the thought of remaining behind the curtain unseen, like the ingenious manager of Punch and his wife Joan, and enjoying the astonishment and conjectures of my audience. Then might I, perchance, hear the productions of the obscure Peter Pattieson praised by the judicious and admired by the feeling, engrossing the young and attracting even the old; while the critic traced their fame up to some name of literary celebrity, and the question when, and by whom, these tales were written filled up the pause of conversation in a hundred circles and coteries. This I may never enjoy during my lifetime; but farther than this, I am certain, my vanity should never induce me to aspire.

I am too stubborn in habits, and too little polished in manners, to envy or aspire to the honors assigned to my literary contemporaries. I could not think a whit more highly of myself were I even found worthy to "come in place as a lion" for a winter in the great metropolis. I could not rise, turn round, and show all my honors, from the shaggy mane to the tufted tail, "roar you an 'twere any nightingale," and so lie down again like a well-behaved beast of show, and all at the cheap and easy rate of a cup of coffee and a slice of bread and butter as thin as a wafer. And I could ill stomach

the fulsome flattery with which the lady of the evening indulges her show-monsters on such occasions, as she crams her parrots with sugar-plums, in order to make them talk before company. I cannot be tempted to "come aloft" for these marks of distinction, and, like imprisoned Sampson, I would rather remain—if such must be the alternative—all my life in the mill-house, grinding for my very bread, than be brought forth to make sport for the Philistine lords and ladies. This proceeds from no dislike, real or affected, to the aristocracy of these realms. But they have their place, and I have mine; and, like the iron and earthen vessels in the old fable, we can scarce come into collision without my being the sufferer in every sense. It may be otherwise with the sheets which I am now writing. These may be opened and laid aside at pleasure; by amusing themselves with the perusal, the great will excite no false hopes; by neglecting or condemning them, they will inflict no pain; and how seldom can they converse with those whose minds have toiled for their delight without doing either the one or the other.

In the better and wiser tone of feeling which Ovid only expresses in one line to retract in that which follows, I can address these quires—

Parve, nec invideo, sine me, liber, ibis in urbem.

Nor do I join the regret of the illustrious exile, that he himself could not in person accompany the volume, which he sent forth to the mart of literature, pleasure, and luxury. Were there not a hundred similar instances on record, the fate of my poor friend and school-fellow, Dick Tinto, would be sufficient to warn me against seeking happiness in the celebrity which attaches itself to a successful cultivator of the fine arts.

Dick Tinto, when he wrote himself artist, was wont to derive his origin from the ancient family of Tinto, of that ilk. in Lanarkshire, and occasionally hinted that he had somewhat derogated from his gentle blood in using the pencil for his principal means of support. But if Dick's pedigree was correct, some of his ancestors must have suffered a more heavy declension, since the good man his father executed the necessary, and, I trust, the honest, but certainly not very distinguished, employment of tailor in ordinary to the village of Langdirdum in the west. Under his humble roof was Richard born, and to his father's humble trade was Richard, greatly contrary to his inclination, early indentured. Old Mr. Tinto had, however, no reason to congratulate himself upon having

compelled the youthful genius of his son to forsake its natural bent. He fared like the schoolboy who attempts to stop with his finger the spout of a water cistern, while the stream, exasperated at this compression, escapes by a thousand uncalculated spirits, and wets him all over for his pains. Even so fared the senior Tinto, when his hopeful apprentice not only exhausted all the chalk in making sketches upon the shop-board, but even executed several caricatures of his father's best customers, who began loudly to murmur, that it was too hard to have their persons deformed by the vestments of the father, and to be at the same time turned into ridicule by the pencil of the son. This led to discredit and loss of practice, until the old tailor, yielding to destiny and to the entreaties of his son, permitted him to attempt his fortune in a line for which he was better qualified.

There was about this time, in the village of Langdirdum, a peripatetic brother of the brush, who exercised his vocation *sub Jove frigido*, the object of admiration to all the boys of the village, but especially to Dick Tinto. The age had not yet adopted, among other unworthy retrenchments, that illiberal measure of economy which, supplying by written characters the lack of symbolical representation, closes one open and easily accessible avenue of instruction and emolument against the students of the fine arts. It was not yet permitted to write upon the plastered doorway of an alehouse, or the suspended sign of an inn, "The Old Magpie," or "The Saracen's Head," substituting that cold description for the lively effigies of the plumed chatterer, or the turbaned frown of the terrific soldan. That early and more simple age considered alike the necessities of all ranks, and depicted the symbols of good cheer so as to be obvious to all capacities; well judging that a man who could not read a syllable might nevertheless love a pot of good ale as well as his better-educated neighbors, or even as the parson himself. Acting upon this liberal principle, publicans as yet hung forth the painted emblems of their calling, and sign-painters, if they seldom feasted, did not at least absolutely starve.

To a worthy of this decayed profession, as we have already intimated, Dick Tinto became an assistant; and thus, as is not unusual among heaven-born geniuses in this department of the fine arts, began to paint before he had any notion of drawing.

His talent for observing nature soon induced him to rectify the errors, and soar above the instructions, of his teacher. He particularly shone in painting horses, that being

a favorite sign in the Scottish villages; and, in tracing his progress, it is beautiful to observe how by degrees he learned to shorten the backs and prolong the legs of these noble animals, until they came to look less like crocodiles, and more like nags. Detraction, which always pursues merit with strides proportioned to its advancement, has indeed alleged that Dick once upon a time painted a horse with five legs instead of four. I might have rested his defence upon the license allowed to that branch of his profession, which, as it permits all sorts of singular and irregular combinations, may be allowed to extend itself so far as to bestow a limb supernumerary on a favorite subject. But the cause of a deceased friend is sacred; and I disdain to bottom it so superficially. I have visited the sign in question, which yet swings exalted in the village of Langdirdum; and I am ready to depone upon oath that what has been idly mistaken or misrepresented as being the fifth leg of the horse, is, in fact, the tail of that quadruped, and, considered with reference to the posture in which he is delineated, forms a circumstance introduced and managed with great and successful, though daring, art. The nag being represented in a rampant or rearing posture, the tail, which is prolonged till it touches the ground, appears to form a *point d'appui*, and gives the firmness of a tripod to the figure, without which it would be difficult to conceive, placed as the feet are, how the courser could maintain his ground without tumbling backwards. This bold conception has fortunately fallen into the custody of one by whom it is duly valued; for, when Dick, in his more advanced state of proficiency, became dubious of the propriety of so daring a deviation from the established rules of art, and was desirous to execute a picture of the publican himself in exchange for this juvenile production, the courteous offer was declined by his judicious employer, who had observed, it seems, that when his ale failed to do its duty in conciliating his guests, one glance at his sign was sure to put them in good humor.

It would be foreign to my present purpose to trace the steps by which Dick Tinto improved his touch, and corrected, by the rules of art, the luxuriance of a fervid imagination. The scales fell from his eyes on viewing the sketches of a contemporary, the Scottish Teniers, as Wilkie has been deservedly styled. He threw down the brush, took up the crayons, and, amid hunger and toil, and suspense and uncertainty, pursued the path of his profession under better auspices than those of his original master. Still the first rude emanations

of his genius, like the nursery rhymes of Pope, could these be recovered, will be dear to the companions of Dick Tinto's youth. There is a tankard and gridiron painted over the door of an obscure change-house in the Back Wynd of Ganderclough— But I feel I must tear myself from the subject, or dwell on it too long.

Amid his wants and struggles, Dick Tinto had recourse, like his brethren, to levying that tax upon the vanity of mankind which he could not extract from their taste and liberality—in a word, he painted portraits. It was in this more advanced state of proficiency, when Dick had soared above his original line of business, and highly disdained any allusion to it, that, after having been estranged for several years, we again met in the village of Ganderclough, I holding my present situation, and Dick painting copies of the human face divine at a guinea per head. This was a small premium, yet, in the first burst of business, it more than sufficed for all Dick's moderate wants; so that he occupied an apartment at the Wallace Inn, cracked his jest with impunity even upon mine host himself, and lived in respect and observance with the chambermaid, hostler, and waiter.

Those halcyon days were too serene to last long. When his honor the Laird of Ganderclough, with his wife and three daughters, the minister, the ganger, mine esteemed patron Mr. Jedediah Cleishbotham, and some round dozen of the feuars and farmers, had been consigned to immortality by Tinto's brush, custom began to slacken, and it was impossible to wring more than crowns and half-crowns from the hard hands of the peasants whose ambition led them to Dick's painting-room.

Still, though the horizon was overclouded, no storm for some time ensued. Mine host had Christian faith with a lodger who had been a good paymaster as long as he had the means. And from a portrait of our landlord himself, grouped with his wife and daughters, in the style of Rubens, which suddenly appeared in the best parlor, it was evident that Dick had found some mode of bartering art for the necessaries of life.

Nothing, however, is more precarious than resources of this nature. It was observed that Dick became in his turn the whetstone of mine host's wit, without venturing either at defence or retaliation; that his easel was transferred to a garret-room, in which there was scarce space for it to stand upright; and that he no longer ventured to join the weekly club, of which he had been once the life and soul. In short,

Dick Tinto's friends feared that he had acted like the animal called the sloth, which, having eaten up the last green leaf upon the tree where it has established itself, ends by tumbling down from the top, and dying of inanition. I ventured to hint this to Dick, recommended his transferring the exercise of his inestimable talent to some other sphere, and forsaking the common which he might be said to have eaten bare.

"There is an obstacle to my change of residence," said my friend, grasping my hand with a look of solemnity.

"A bill due to my landlord, I am afraid?" replied I, with heartfelt sympathy; "if any part of my slender means can assist in this emergence——"

"No, by the soul of Sir Joshua!" answered the generous youth, "I will never involve a friend in the consequences of my own misfortune. There is a mode by which I can regain my liberty; and to creep even through a common sewer is better than to remain in prison."

I did not perfectly understand what my friend meant. The muse of painting appeared to have failed him, and what other goddess he could invoke in his distress was a mystery to me. We parted, however, without farther explanation, and I did not again see him until three days after, when he summoned me to partake of the "foy" with which his landlord proposed to regale him ere his departure for Edinburgh.

I found Dick in high spirits, whistling while he buckled the small knapsack which contained his colors, brushes, palettes, and clean shirt. That he parted on the best terms with mine host was obvious from the cold beef set forth in the low parlor, flanked by two mugs of admirable brown stout; and I own my curiosity was excited concerning the means through which the face of my friend's affairs had been so suddenly improved. I did not suspect Dick of dealing with the devil, and by what earthly means he had extricated himself thus happily I was at a total loss to conjecture.

He perceived my curiosity, and took me by the hand. "My friend," he said, "fain would I conceal, even from you, the degradation to which it has been necessary to submit, in order to accomplish an honorable retreat from Ganderclough. But what avails attempting to conceal that which must needs betray itself even by its superior excellence? All the village—all the parish—all the world—will soon discover to what poverty has reduced Richard Tinto."

A sudden thought here struck me. I had observed that our landlord wore, on that memorable morning, a pair of bran new velveteens, instead of his ancient thicksets.

“What,” said I, drawing my right hand, with the forefinger and thumb pressed together, nimbly from my right haunch to my left shoulder, “you have condescended to resume the paternal arts to which you were first bred—long stitches, ha, Dick?”

He repelled this unlucky conjecture with a frown and a pshaw, indicative of indignant contempt, and leading me into another room, showed me, resting against the wall, the majestic head of Sir William Wallace, grim as when severed from the trunk by the orders of the felon Edward.

The painting was executed on boards of a substantial thickness, and the top decorated with irons, for suspending the honored effigy upon a signpost.

“There,” he said, “my friend, stands the honor of Scotland, and my shame; yet not so—rather the shame of those who, instead of encouraging art in its proper sphere, reduce it to these unbecoming and unworthy extremities.”

I endeavored to smooth the ruffled feelings of my misused and indignant friend. I reminded him that he ought not, like the stag in the fable, to despise the quality which had extricated him from difficulties, in which his talents, as a portrait or landscape painter, had been found unavailing. Above all, I praised the execution, as well as conception, of his painting, and reminded him that, far from feeling dishonored by so superb a specimen of his talents being exposed to the general view of the public, he ought rather to congratulate himself upon the agumentation of his celebrity to which its public exhibition must necessarily give rise.

“You are right, my friend—you are right,” replied poor Dick, his eye kindling with enthusiasm; “why should I shun the name of an—an—[he hesitated for a phrase]—an out-of-doors artist? Hogarth has introduced himself in that character in one of his best engravings; Domenichino, or somebody else, in ancient times, Morland in our own, have exercised their talents in this manner. And wherefore limit to the rich and higher classes alone the delight which the exhibition of works of art is calculated to inspire into all classes? Statues are placed in the open air, why should Painting be more niggardly in displaying her masterpieces than her sister Sculpture? And yet, my friend, we must part suddenly; the carpenter is coming in an hour to put up the—the emblem: and truly, with all my philosophy, and your consolatory encouragement to boot, I would rather wish to leave Ganderleugh before that operation commences.”

We partook of our genial host's parting banquet, and I

escorted Dick on his walk to Edinburgh. We parted about a mile from the village, just as we heard the distant cheer of the boys which accompanied the mounting of the new symbol of the Wallace Head. Dick Tinto mended his pace to get out of hearing, so little had either early practice or recent philosophy reconciled him to the character of a sign-painter.

In Edinburgh, Dick's talents were discovered and appreciated, and he received dinners and hints from several distinguished judges of the fine arts. But these gentlemen dispensed their criticism more willingly than their cash, and Dick thought he needed cash more than criticism. He therefore sought London, the universal mart of talent, and where, as is usual in general marts of most descriptions, much more of each commodity is exposed to sale than can ever find purchasers.

Dick, who, in serious earnest, was supposed to have considerable natural talents for his profession, and whose vain and sanguine disposition never permitted him to doubt for a moment of ultimate success, threw himself headlong into the crowd which jostled and struggled for notice and preferment. He elbowed others, and was elbowed himself; and finally, by dint of intrepidity, fought his way into some notice, painted for the prize at the Institution, had pictures at the exhibition at Somerset House, and damned the hanging committee. But poor Dick was doomed to lose the field he fought so gallantly. In the fine arts, there is scarce an alternative betwixt distinguished success and absolute failure; and as Dick's zeal and industry were unable to insure the first, he fell into the distresses which, in his condition, were the natural consequences of the latter alternative. He was for a time patronized by one or two of those judicious persons who make a virtue of being singular, and of pitching their own opinions against those of the world in matters of taste and criticism. But they soon tired of poor Tinto, and laid him down as a load, upon the principle on which a spoiled child throws away its plaything. Misery, I fear, took him up, and accompanied him to a premature grave, to which he was carried from an obscure lodging in Swallow Street, where he had been dunned by his landlady within doors, and watched by bailiffs without, until death came to his relief. A corner of the *Morning Post* noticed his death, generously adding, that his manner displayed considerable genius, though his style was rather sketchy; and referred to an advertisement, which announced that Mr. Varnish, a well-known printseller, had still on hand a very few drawings and paintings by Richard Tinto, Esquire, which those of the nobility and gentry who might wish to

complete their collections of modern art were invited to visit without delay. So ended Dick Tinto ! a lamentable proof of the great truth, that in the fine arts mediocrity is not permitted, and that he who cannot ascend to the very top of the ladder will do well not to put his foot upon it at all.

The memory of Tinto is dear to me, from the recollection of the many conversations which we have had together, most of them turning upon my present task. He was delighted with my progress, and talked of an ornamented and illustrated edition, with heads, vignettes, and *culs de lampe*, all to be designed by his own patriotic and friendly pencil. He prevailed upon an old serjeant of invalids to sit to him in the character of Bothwell, the lifeguard's-man of Charles the Second, and the bellman of Ganderleugh in that of David Deans. But while he thus proposed to unite his own powers with mine for the illustration of these narratives, he mixed many a dose of salutary criticism with the panegyrics which my composition was at times so fortunate as to call forth.

"Your characters," he said, "my dear Pattieson, make too much use of the *gob box*; they *patter* too much [an elegant phraseology which Dick had learned while painting the scenes of an itinerant company of players]; there is nothing in whole pages but mere chat and dialogue."

"The ancient philosopher," said I in reply, "was wont to say, 'Speak, that I may know thee;' and how is it possible for an author to introduce his *personæ dramatis* to his readers in a more interesting and effectual manner than by the dialogue in which each is represented as supporting his own appropriate character?"

"It is a false conclusion," said Tinto; "I hate it, Peter, as I hate an unfilled can. I will grant you, indeed, that speech is a faculty of some value in the intercourse of human affairs, and I will not even insist on the doctrine of that Pythagorean toper, who was of opinion that over a bottle speaking spoiled conversation. But I will not allow that a professor of the fine arts has occasion to embody the idea of his scene in language, in order to impress upon the reader its reality and its effect. On the contrary, I will be judged by most of your readers, Peter, should these tales ever become public, whether you have not given us a page of talk for every single idea which two words might have communicated, while the posture, and manner, and incident, accurately drawn, and brought out by appropriate coloring, would have preserved all that was worthy of preservation, and saved these everlasting 'said he's' and 'said she's,' with which it has been your pleasure to encumber your pages."

I replied, "That he confounded the operations of the pencil and the pen; that the serene and silent art, as painting has been called by one of our first living poets, necessarily appealed to the eye, because it had not the organs for addressing the ear; whereas poetry, or that species of composition which approached to it, lay under the necessity of doing absolutely the reverse, and addressed itself to the ear, for the purpose of exciting that interest which it could not attain through the medium of the eye."

Dick was not a whit staggered by my argument, which he contended was founded on misrepresentation. "Description," he said, "was to the author of a romance exactly what drawing and tinting were to a painter: words were his colors, and, if properly employed, they could not fail to place the scene which he wished to conjure up as effectually before the mind's eye as the tablet or canvas presents it to the bodily organ. The same rules," he contended, "applied to both, and an exuberance of dialogue, in the former case, was a verbose and laborious mode of composition which went to confound the proper art of fictitious narrative with that of the drama, a widely different species of composition, of which dialogue was the very essence, because all, excepting the language to be made use of, was presented to the eye by the dresses, and persons, and actions of the performers upon the stage. But as nothing," said Dick, "can be more dull than a long narrative written upon the plan of a drama, so where you have approached most near to that species of composition, by indulging in prolonged scenes of mere conversation, the course of your story has become chill and constrained, and you have lost the power of arresting the attention and exciting the imagination, in which upon other occasions you may be considered as having succeeded tolerably well."

I made my bow in requital of the compliment, which was probably thrown in by way of *placebo*, and expressed myself willing at least to make one trial of a more straightforward style of composition, in which my actors should do more, and say less, than in my former attempts of this kind. Dick gave me a patronizing and approving nod, and observed that, finding me so docile, he would communicate, for the benefit of my muse, a subject which he had studied with a view to his own art.

"The story," he said, "was, by tradition, affirmed to be truth, although, as upwards of a hundred years had passed away since the events took place, some doubts upon the accuracy of all the particulars might be reasonably entertained."

When Dick Tinto had thus spoken, he rummaged his portfolio for the sketch from which he proposed one day to execute a picture of fourteen feet by eight. The sketch, which was cleverly executed, to use the appropriate phrase, represented an ancient hall, fitted up and furnished in what we now call the taste of Queen Elizabeth's age. The light, admitted from the upper part of a high casement, fell upon a female figure of exquisite beauty, who, in an attitude of speechless terror, appeared to watch the issue of a debate betwixt two other persons. The one was a young man, in the Vandyke dress common to the time of Charles I., who, with an air of indignant pride, testified by the manner in which he raised his head and extended his arm, seemed to be urging a claim of right, rather than of favor, to a lady whose age, and some resemblance in their features, pointed her out as the mother of the younger female, and who appeared to listen with a mixture of displeasure and impatience.

Tinto produced his sketch with an air of mysterious triumph, and gazed on it as a fond parent looks upon a hopeful child, while he anticipates the future figure he is to make in the world, and the height to which he will raise the honor of his family. He held it at arm's length from me—he held it closer—he placed it upon the top of a chest of drawers—closed the lower shutters of the casement, to adjust a downward and favorable light—fell back to the due distance, dragging me after him—shaded his face with his hand, as if to exclude all but the favorite object—and ended by spoiling a child's copy-book, which he rolled up so as to serve for the darkened tube of an amateur. I fancy my expressions of enthusiasm had not been in proportion to his own, for he presently exclaimed with vehemence, "Mr. Pattieson, I used to think you had an eye in your head."

I vindicated my claim to the usual allowance of visual organs.

"Yet, on my honor," said Dick, "I would swear you had been born blind, since you have failed at the first glance to discover the subject and meaning of that sketch. I do not mean to praise my own performance, I leave these arts to others; I am sensible of my deficiencies, conscious that my drawing and coloring may be improved by the time I intend to dedicate to the art. But the conception—the expression—the positions—these tell the story to every one who looks at the sketch; and if I can finish the picture without diminution of the original conception, the name of Tinto shall no more be smothered by the mists of envy and intrigue."

I replied, "That I admired the sketch exceedingly; but that to understand its full merit, I felt it absolutely necessary to be informed of the subject."

"That is the very thing I complain of," answered Tinto; "you have accustomed yourself so much to these creeping twilight details of yours, that you are become incapable of receiving that instant and vivid flash of conviction which darts on the mind from seeing the happy and expressive combinations of a single scene, and which gathers from the position, attitude, and countenance of the moment, not only the history of the past lives of the personages represented, and the nature of the business on which they are immediately engaged, but lifts even the veil of futurity, and affords a shrewd guess at their future fortunes."

"In that case," replied I, "Painting excels the ape of the renowned Gines de Passamonte, which only meddled with the past and the present; nay, she excels that very Nature who affords her subjects; for I protest to you, Dick, that were I permitted to peep into that Elizabeth-chamber, and see the persons you have sketched conversing in flesh and blood, I should not be a jot nearer guessing the nature of their business than I am at this moment while looking at your sketch. Only generally, from the languishing look of the young lady, and the care you have taken to present a very handsome leg on the part of the gentleman, I presume there is some reference to a love affair between them."

"Do you really presume to form such a bold conjecture?" said Tinto. "And the indignant earnestness with which you see the man urge his suit, the unresisting and passive despair of the younger female, the stern air of inflexible determination in the elder woman, whose looks express at once consciousness that she is acting wrong and a firm determination to persist in the course she has adopted——"

"If her looks express all this, my dear Tinto," replied I, interrupting him, "your pencil rivals the dramatic art of Mr. Puff in *The Critic*, who crammed a whole complicated sentence into the expressive shake of Lord Burleigh's head."

"My good friend, Peter," replied Tinto, "I observe you are perfectly incorrigible; however, I have compassion on your dulness, and am unwilling you should be deprived of the pleasure of understanding my picture, and of gaining, at the same time, a subject for your own pen. You must know then, last summer, while I was taking sketches on the coast of East Lothian and Berwickshire, I was seduced into the mountains of Lammermoor by the account I received of some

remains of antiquity in that district. Those with which I was most struck were the ruins of an ancient castle in which that Elizabeth-chamber, as you call it, once existed. I resided for two or three days at a farmhouse in the neighborhood, where the aged goodwife was well acquainted with the history of the castle, and the events which had taken place in it. One of these was of a nature so interesting and singular, that my attention was divided between my wish to draw the old ruins in landscape, and to represent, in a history-piece, the singular events which have taken place in it. Here are my notes of the tale." said poor Dick, handing a parcel of loose scraps, partly scratched over with his pencil, partly with his pen, where outlines of caricatures, sketches of turrets, mills, old gables, and dovecots, disputed the ground with his written memoranda.

I proceeded, however, to decipher the substance of the manuscript as well as I could, and wove it into the following Tale, in which, following in part, though not entirely, my friend Tinto's advice, I endeavored to render my narrative rather descriptive than dramatic. My favorite propensity, however, has at times overcome me, and my persons, like many others in this talking world, speak now and then a great deal more than they act.*

* See Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, vol. vi., p. 66, etc.

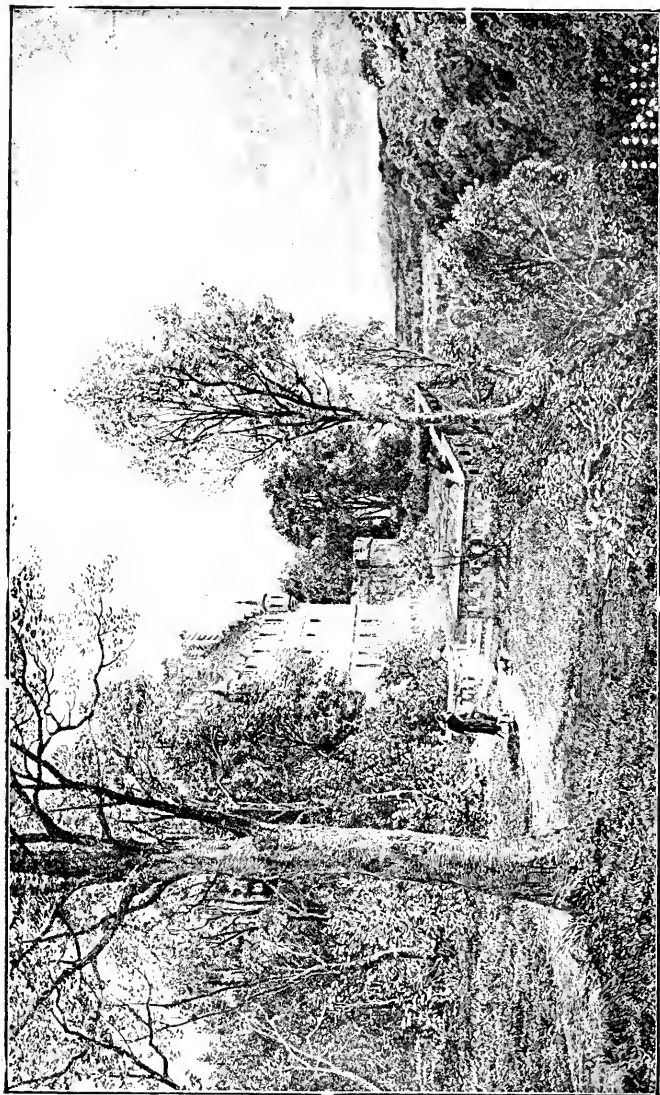
CHAPTER II

Well, lords, we have not got that which we have ;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

Henry VI., Part II.

IN the gorge of a pass or mountain glen, ascending from the fertile plains of East Lothian, there stood in former times an extensive castle, of which only the ruins are now visible. Its ancient proprietors were a race of powerful and warlike barons, who bore the same name with the castle itself, which was Ravenswood. Their line extended to a remote period of antiquity, and they had intermarried with the Douglasses, Humes, Swintons, Hays, and other families of power and distinction in the same country. Their history was frequently involved in that of Scotland itself, in whose annals their feats are recorded. The Castle of Ravenswood, occupying, and in some measure commanding, a pass betwixt Berwickshire, or the Merse, as the southeastern province of Scotland is termed, and the Lothians, was of importance both in times of foreign war and domestic discord. It was frequently besieged with ardor, and defended with obstinacy, and, of course, its owners played a conspicuous part in story. But their house had its revolutions, like all sublunary things ; it became greatly declined from its splendor about the middle of the 17th century ; and towards the period of the Revolution, the last proprietor of Ravenswood Castle saw himself compelled to part with the ancient family seat, and to remove himself to a lonely and sea-beaten tower, which, situated on the bleak shores between St. Abb's Head and the village of Eyemouth, looked out on the lonely and boisterous German Ocean. A black domain of wild pasture-land surrounded their new residence, and formed the remains of their property.

Lord Ravenswood, the heir of this ruined family, was far from bending his mind to his new condition of life. In the civil war of 1689 he had espoused the sinking side, and although he had escaped without the forfeiture of life or land, his blood had been attainted, and his title abolished. He was now called Lord Ravenswood only in courtesy.



Ravenswood Castle

This forfeited nobleman inherited the pride and turbulence, though not the fortune, of his house, and, as he imputed the final declension of his family to a particular individual, he honored that person with his full portion of hatred. This was the very man who had now become, by purchase, proprietor of Ravenswood, and the domains of which the heir of the house now stood dispossessed. He was descended of a family much less ancient than that of Lord Ravenswood, and which had only risen to wealth and political importance during the great civil wars. He himself had been bred to the bar, and had held high offices in the state, maintaining through life the character of a skilful fisher in the troubled waters of a state divided by factions, and governed by delegated authority; and of one who contrived to amass considerable sums of money in a country where there was but little to be gathered, and who equally knew the value of wealth and the various means of augmenting it and using it as an engine of increasing his power and influence.

Thus qualified and gifted, he was a dangerous antagonist to the fierce and imprudent Ravenswood. Whether he had given him good cause for the enmity with which the Baron regarded him, was a point on which men spoke differently. Some said the quarrel arose merely from the vindictive spirit and envy of Lord Ravenswood, who could not patiently behold another, though by just and fair purchase, become the proprietor of the estate and castle of his forefathers. But the greater part of the public, prone to slander the wealthy in their absence as to flatter them in their presence, held a less charitable opinion. They said that the Lord Keeper (for to this height Sir William Ashton had ascended) had, previous to the final purchase of the estate of Ravenswood, been concerned in extensive pecuniary transactions with the former proprietor; and, rather intimating what was probable than affirming anything positively, they asked which party was likely to have the advantage in stating and enforcing the claims arising out of these complicated affairs, and more than hinted the advantages which the cool lawyer and able politician must necessarily possess over the hot, fiery, and imprudent character whom he had involved in legal toils and pecuniary snares.

The character of the times aggravated these suspicions. "In those days there was no king in Israel." Since the departure of James VI. to assume the richer and more powerful crown of England, there had existed in Scotland contending parties, formed among the aristocracy, by whom, as their in-

trigues at the court of St. James's chanced to prevail, & delegated powers of sovereignty were alternately swayed. The evils attending upon this system of government resemble those which afflict the tenants of an Irish estate, the property of an absentee. There was no supreme power, claiming and possessing a general interest with the community at large, to whom the oppressed might appeal from subordinate tyranny, either for justice or for mercy. Let a monarch be as indolent, as selfish, as much disposed to arbitrary power as he will, still, in a free country, his own interests are so clearly connected with those of the public at large, and the evil consequences to his own authority are so obvious and imminent when a different course is pursued, that common policy, as well as common feeling, point to the equal distribution of justice, and to the establishment of the throne in righteousness. Thus, even sovereigns remarkable for usurpation and tyranny have been found rigorous in the administration of justice among their subjects, in cases where their own power and passions were not compromised.

It is very different when the powers of sovereignty are delegated to the head of an aristocratic faction, rivalled and pressed closely in the race of ambition by an adverse leader. His brief and precarious enjoyment of power must be employed in rewarding his partisans, in extending his influence, in oppressing and crushing his adversaries. Even Abou Hassan, the most disinterested of all viceroys, forgot not, during his caliphate of one day, to send a *douceur* of one thousand pieces of gold to his own household; and the Scottish viceroy, raised to power by the strength of their faction, failed not to embrace the same means of rewarding them.

The administration of justice, in particular, was infected by the most gross partiality. A case of importance scarcely occurred in which there was not some ground for bias or partiality on the part of the judges, who were so little able to withstand the temptation that the adage, "Show me the man, and I will show you the law," became as prevalent as it was scandalous. One corruption led the way to others still more gross and profligate. The judge who lent his sacred authority in one case to support a friend, and in another to crush an enemy, and whose decisions were founded on family connections or political relations, could not be supposed inaccessible to direct personal motives; and the purse of the wealthy was too often believed to be thrown into the scale to weigh down the cause of the poor litigant. The subordinate officers of the law affected little scruple concerning bribery. Pieces of plate

and bags of money were sent in presents to the king's counsel, to influence their conduct, and poured forth, says a contemporary writer, like billets of wood upon their floors, without even the decency of concealment.

In such times, it was not over uncharitable to suppose that the statesman, practiced in courts of law, and a powerful member of a triumphant cabal, might find and use means of advantage over his less skilful and less favored adversary; and if it had been supposed that Sir William Ashton's conscience had been too delicate to profit by these advantages, it was believed that his ambition and desire of extending his wealth and consequence found as strong a stimulus in the exhortations of his lady as the daring aim of Macbeth in the days of yore.

Lady Ashton was of a family more distinguished than that of her lord, an advantage which she did not fail to use to the uttermost, in maintaining and extending her husband's influence over others, and, unless she was greatly belied, her own over him. She had been beautiful, and was stately and majestic in her appearance. Endowed by nature with strong powers and violent passions, experience had taught her to employ the one, and to conceal, if not to moderate, the other. She was a severe and strict observer of the external forms, at least, of devotion; her hospitality was splendid, even to ostentation; her address and manners, agreeable to the pattern most valued in Scotland at the period, were grave, dignified, and severely regulated by the rules of etiquette. Her character had always been beyond the breath of slander. And yet, with all these qualities to excite respect, Lady Ashton was seldom mentioned in the terms of love or affection. Interest—the interest of her family, if not her own—seemed too obviously the motive of her actions; and where this is the case, the sharp-judging and malignant public are not easily imposed upon by outward show. It was seen and ascertained that, in her most graceful courtesies and compliments, Lady Ashton no more lost sight of her object than the falcon in his airy wheel turns his quick eyes from his destined quarry: and hence, something of doubt and suspicion qualified the feelings with which her equals received her attentions. With her inferiors these feelings were mingled with fear; an impression useful to her purposes, so far as it enforced ready compliance with her requests and implicit obedience to her commands, but detrimental, because it cannot exist with affection or regard.

Even her husband, it is said, upon whose fortunes her talents and address had produced such emphatic influence,

regarded her with respectful awe rather than confiding attachment; and report said, there were times when he considered his grandeur as dearly purchased at the expense of domestic thralldom. Of this, however, much might be suspected, but little could be accurately known: Lady Ashton regarded the honor of her husband as her own, and was well aware how much that would suffer in the public eye should he appear a vassal to his wife. In all her arguments his opinion was quoted as infallible; his taste was appealed to, and his sentiments received, with the air of deference which a dutiful wife might seem to owe to a husband of Sir William Ashton's rank and character. But there was something under all this which rang false and hollow; and to those who watched this couple with close, and perhaps malicious, scrutiny it seemed evident that, in the haughtiness of a firmer character, higher birth, and more decided views of aggrandizement, the lady looked with some contempt on her husband, and that he regarded her with jealous fear, rather than with love or admiration.

Still, however, the leading and favorite interests of Sir William Ashton and his lady were the same, and they failed not to work in concert, although without cordiality, and to testify, in all exterior circumstances, that respect for each other which they were aware was necessary to secure that of the public.

Their union was crowned with several children, of whom three survived. One, the eldest son, was absent on his travels; the second, a girl of seventeen, and the third, a boy about three years younger, resided with their parents in Edinburgh during the sessions of the Scottish Parliament and Privy Council, at other times in the old Gothic castle of Ravenswood, to which the Lord Keeper had made large additions in the style of the 17th century.

Allan Lord Ravenswood, the late proprietor of that ancient mansion and the large estate annexed to it, continued for some time to wage ineffectual war with his successor concerning various points to which their former transactions had given rise, and which were successively determined in favor of the wealthy and powerful competitor, until death closed the litigation, by summoning Ravenswood to a higher bar. The thread of life, which had been long wasting, gave way during a fit of violent and impotent fury with which he was assailed on receiving the news of the loss of a cause, founded, perhaps, rather in equity than in law, the last which he had maintained against his powerful antagonist. His son witnessed his dying agonies, and heard the curses which he

breathed against his adversary, as if they had conveyed to him a legacy of vengeance. Other circumstances happened to exasperate a passion which was, and had long been, a prevalent vice in the Scottish disposition.

It was a November morning, and the cliffs which overlooked the ocean were hung with thick and heavy mist, when the portals of the ancient and half-ruinous tower, in which Lord Ravenswood had spent the last and troubled years of his life, opened, that his mortal remains might pass forward to an abode yet more dreary and lonely. The pomp of attendance, to which the deceased had, in his latter years, been a stranger, was revived as he was about to be consigned to the realms of forgetfulness.

Banner after banner, with the various devices and coats of this ancient family and its connections, followed each other in mournful procession from under the low-browed archway of the courtyard. The principal gentry of the country attended in the deepest mourning, and tempered the pace of their long train of horses to the solemn march befitting the occasion. Trumpets, with banners of crape attached to them, sent forth their long and melancholy notes to regulate the movements of the procession. An immense train of inferior mourners and menials closed the rear, which had not yet issued from the castle gate when the van had reached the chapel where the body was to be deposited.

Contrary to the custom, and even to the law, of the time, the body was met by a priest of the Scottish Episcopal communion, arrayed in his surplice, and prepared to read over the coffin of the deceased the funeral service of the church. Such had been the desire of Lord Ravenswood in his last illness, and it was readily complied with by the Tory gentlemen, or Cavaliers, as they affected to style themselves, in which faction most of his kinsmen were enrolled. The Presbyterian Church judicatory of the bounds, considering the ceremony as a braving insult upon their authority, had applied to the Lord Keeper, as the nearest privy councillor, for a warrant to prevent its being carried into effect; so that, when the clergyman had opened his prayer-book, an officer of the law, supported by some armed men, commanded him to be silent. An insult which fired the whole assembly with indignation was particularly and instantly resented by the only son of the deceased, Edgar, popularly called the Master of Ravenswood, a youth of about twenty years of age. He clapped his hand on his sword, and, bidding the official person to desist at his peril from farther interruption, commanded the clergyman to pro-

ceed. The man attempted to enforce his commission ; but as a hundred swords at once glittered in the air, he contented himself with protesting against the violence which had been offered to him in the execution of his duty, and stood aloof, a sullen and moody spectator of the ceremonial, muttering as one who should say, "You'll rue the day that clogs me with this answer."

The scene was worthy of an artist's pencil. Under the very arch of the house of death, the clergyman, affrighted at the scene, and trembling for his own safety, hastily and unwillingly rehearsed the solemn service of the church, and spoke "dust to dust and ashes to ashes," over ruined pride and decayed prosperity. Around stood the relations of the deceased, their countenances more in anger than in sorrow, and the drawn swords which they brandished forming a violent contrast with their deep mourning habits. In the countenance of the young man alone, resentment seemed for the moment overpowered by the deep agony with which he beheld his nearest, and almost his only, friend consigned to the tomb of his ancestry. A relative observed him turn deadly pale, when, all rites being now duly observed, it became the duty of the chief mourner to lower down into the charnel vault, where mouldering coffins showed their tattered velvet and decayed plating, the head of the corpse which was to be their partner in corruption. He stepped to the youth and offered his assistance, which, by a mute motion, Edgar Ravenswood rejected. Firmly, and without a tear, he performed that last duty. The stone was laid on the sepulchre, the door of the aisle was locked, and the youth took possession of its massive key.

As the crowd left the chapel, he paused on the steps which led to its Gothic chancel. "Gentlemen and friends," he said, "you have this day done no common duty to the body of your deceased kinsman. The rites of due observance, which, in other countries, are allowed as the due of the meanest Christian, would this day have been denied to the body of your relative—not certainly sprung of the meanest house in Scotland—had it not been assured to him by your courage. Others bury their dead in sorrow and tears, in silence and in reverence; our funeral rites are marred by the intrusion of bailiffs and ruffians, and our grief—the grief due to our departed friend—is chased from our cheeks by the glow of just indignation. But it is well that I know from what quiver this arrow has come forth. It was only he that dug the grave who could have the mean cruelty to disturb the obsequies ;

and Heaven do as much to me and more, if I requite not to this man and his house the ruin and disgrace he has brought on me and mine !”

A numerous part of the assembly applauded this speech, as the spirited expression of just resentment ; but the more cool and judicious regretted that it had been uttered. The fortunes of the heir of Ravenswood were too low to brave the farther hostility which they imagined these open expressions of resentment must necessarily provoke. Their apprehensions, however, proved groundless, at least in the immediate consequences of this affair.

The mourners returned to the tower, there, according to a custom but recently abolished in Scotland, to carouse deep healths to the memory of the deceased, to make the house of sorrow ring with sounds of jovialty and debauch, and to diminish, by the expense of a large and profuse entertainment, the limited revenues of the heir of him whose funeral they thus strangely honored. It was the custom, however, and on the present occasion it was fully observed. The tables swam in wine, the populace feasted in the courtyard, the yeomen in the kitchen and buttery, and two years' rent of Ravenswood's remaining property hardly defrayed the charge of the funeral revel. The wine did its office on all but the Master of Ravenswood, a title which he still retained, though forfeiture had attached to that of his father. He, while passing around the cup which he himself did not taste, soon listened to a thousand exclamations against the Lord Keeper, and passionate protestations of attachment to himself, and to the honor of his house. He listened with dark and sullen brow to ebullitions which he considered justly as equally evanescent with the crimson bubbles on the brink of the goblet, or at least with the vapors which its contents excited in the brains of the revellers around him.

When the last flask was emptied, they took their leave with deep protestations—to be forgotten on the morrow, if, indeed, those who made them should not think it necessary for their safety to make a more solemn retraction.

Accepting their adieus with an air of contempt which he could scarce conceal, Ravenswood at length beheld his ruinous habitation cleared of this confluence of riotous guests, and returned to the deserted hall, which now appeared doubly lonely from the cessation of that clamor to which it had so lately echoed. But its space was peopled by phantoms which the imagination of the young heir conjured up before him—the tarnished honor and degraded fortunes of his house, the

destruction of his own hopes, and the triumph of that family by whom they had been ruined. To a mind naturally of a gloomy cast here was ample room for meditation, and the musings of young Ravenswood were deep and unwitnessed.

The peasant who shows the ruins of the tower, which still crown the beetling cliff and behold the war of the waves, though no more tenanted save by the sea-mew and cormorant, even yet affirms that on this fatal night the Master of Ravenswood, by the bitter exclamations of his despair, evoked some evil fiend, under whose malignant influence the future tissue of incidents was woven. Alas! what fiend can suggest more desperate counsels than those adopted under the guidance of our own violent and unresisted passions?

CHAPTER III

Over Gods forebode, then said the King,
That thou shouldst shoot at me.

William Bell, Clim o' the Cleugh, etc.

ON the morning after the funeral, the legal officer whose authority had been found insufficient to effect an interruption of the funeral solemnities of the late Lord Ravenswood, hastened to state before the Keeper the resistance which he had met with in the execution of his office.

The statesman was seated in a spacious library, once a banqueting-room in the old Castle of Ravenswood, as was evident from the armorial insignia still displayed on the carved roof, which was vaulted with Spanish chestnut, and on the stained glass of the casement, through which gleamed a dim yet rich light on the long rows of shelves, bending under the weight of legal commentators and monkish historians, whose ponderous volumes formed the chief and most valued contents of a Scottish historian [library] of the period. On the massive oaken table and reading-desk lay a confused mass of letters, petitions, and parchments; to toil among which was the pleasure at once and the plague of Sir William Ashton's life. His appearance was grave and even noble, well becoming one who held a high office in the state; and it was not save after long and intimate conversation with him upon topics of pressing and personal interest, that a stranger could have discovered something vacillating and uncertain in his resolutions; an infirmity of purpose, arising from a cautious and timid disposition, which, as he was conscious of its internal influence on his mind, he was, from pride as well as policy, most anxious to conceal from others.

He listened with great apparent composure to an exaggerated account of the tumult which had taken place at the funeral, of the contempt thrown on his own authority and that of the church and state: nor did he seem moved even by the faithful report of the insulting and threatening language which had been uttered by young Ravenswood and others, and obviously directed against himself. He heard,

also, what the man had been able to collect, in a very distorted and aggravated shape, of the toasts which had been drunk, and the menaces uttered, at the subsequent entertainment. In fine, he made careful notes of all these particulars, and of the names of the persons by whom, in case of need, an accusation, founded upon these violent proceedings, could be witnessed and made good, and dismissed his informer, secure that he was now master of the remaining fortune, and even of the personal liberty, of young Ravenswood.

When the door had closed upon the officer of the law, the Lord Keeper remained for a moment in deep meditation: then, starting from his seat, paced the apartment as one about to take a sudden and energetic resolution. "Young Ravenswood," he muttered, "is now mine—he is my own; he has placed himself in my hand, and he shall bend or break. I have not forgot the determined and dogged obstinacy with which his father fought every point to the last, resisted every effort at compromise, embroiled me in lawsuits, and attempted to assail my character when he could not otherwise impugn my rights. This boy he has left behind him—this Edgar—this hot-headed, hare-brained fool, has wrecked his vessel before she has cleared the harbor. I must see that he gains no advantage of some turning tide which may again float him off. These memoranda, properly stated to the privy council, cannot but be construed into an aggravated riot, in which the dignity both of the civil and ecclesiastical authorities stands committed. A heavy fine might be imposed; an order for committing him to Edinburgh or Blackness Castle seems not improper; even a charge of treason might be laid on many of these words and expressions, though God forbid I should prosecute the matter to that extent. No, I will not; I will not touch his life, even if it should be in my power; and yet, if he lives till a change of times, what follows? Restitution—perhaps revenge. I know Athole promised his interest to old Ravenswood, and here is his son already bandying and making a faction by his own contemptible influence. What a ready tool he would be for the use of those who are watching the downfall of our administration!"

While these thoughts were agitating the mind of the wily statesman, and while he was persuading himself that his own interest and safety, as well as those of his friends and party, depended on using the present advantage to the uttermost against young Ravenswood, the Lord Keeper sat down to his desk, and proceeded to draw up, for the information of the privy council, an account of the disorderly proceedings

which, in contempt of his warrant, had taken place at the funeral of Lord Ravenswood. The names of most of the parties concerned, as well as the fact itself, would, he was well aware, sound odiously in the ears of his colleagues in administration, and most likely instigate them to make an example of young Ravenswood, at least, *in terrorem*.

It was a point of delicacy, however, to select such expressions as might infer the young man's culpability, without seeming directly to urge it, which, on the part of Sir William Ashton, his father's ancient antagonist, could not but appear odious and invidious. While he was in the act of composition, laboring to find words which might indicate Edgar Ravenswood to be the cause of the uproar, without specifically making such a charge, Sir William, in a pause of his task, chanced, in looking upward, to see the crest of the family for whose heir he was whetting the arrows and disposing the toils of the law carved upon one of the corbeilles from which the vaulted roof of the apartment sprang. It was a black bull's head, with the legend, "I bide my time;" and the occasion upon which it was adopted mingled itself singularly and impressively with the subject of his present reflections.

It was said by a constant tradition that a Malisius de Ravenswood had, in the 13th century, been deprived of his castle and lands by a powerful usurper, who had for a while enjoyed his spoils in quiet. At length, on the eve of a costly banquet, Ravenswood, who had watched his opportunity, introduced himself into the castle with a small band of faithful retainers. The serving of the expected feast was impatiently looked for by the guests, and clamorously demanded by the temporary master of the castle. Ravenswood, who had assumed the disguise of a sewer upon the occasion, answered, in a stern voice, "I bide my time;" and at the same moment a bull's head, the ancient symbol of death, was placed upon the table. The explosion of the conspiracy took place upon the signal, and the usurper and his followers were put to death. Perhaps there was something in this still known and often repeated story which came immediately home to the breast and conscience of the Lord Keeper; for, putting from him the paper on which he had begun his report, and carefully locking the memoranda which he had prepared into a cabinet which stood beside him, he proceeded to walk abroad, as if for the purpose of collecting his ideas, and reflecting farther on the consequences of the step which he was about to take, ere yet they became inevitable.

In passing through a large Gothic anteroom, Sir William Ashton heard the sound of his daughter's lute. Music, when

the performers are concealed, affects us with a pleasure mingled with surprise, and reminds us of the natural concert of birds among the leafy bowers. The statesman, though little accustomed to give way to emotions of this natural and simple class, was still a man and a father. He stopped, therefore, and listened, while the silver tones of Lucy Ashton's voice mingled with the accompaniment in an ancient air, to which some one had adapted the following words :

“Look not thou on beauty's charming,
Sit thou still when kings are arming,
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,
Speak not when the people listens,
Stop thine ear against the singer,
From the red gold keep thy finger,
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.”

The sounds ceased, and the Keeper entered his daughter's apartment.

The words she had chosen seemed particularly adapted to her character ; for Lucy Ashton's exquisitely beautiful, yet somewhat girlish features were formed to express peace of mind, serenity, and indifference to the tinsel of worldly pleasure. Her locks, which were of shadowy gold, divided on a brow of exquisite whiteness, like a gleam of broken and pallid sunshine upon a hill of snow. The expression of the countenance was in the last degree gentle, soft, timid, and feminine, and seemed rather to shrink from the most casual look of a stranger than to court his admiration. Something there was of a Madonna cast, perhaps the result of delicate health, and of residence in a family where the dispositions of the inmates were fiercer, more active, and energetic than her own.

Yet her passiveness of disposition was by no means owing to an indifferent or unfeeling mind. Left to the impulse of her own taste and feelings, Lucy Ashton was peculiarly accessible to those of a romantic cast. Her secret delight was in the old legendary tales of ardent devotion and unalterable affection, checkered as they so often are with strange adventures and supernatural horrors. This was her favored fairy realm, and here she erected her aerial palaces. But it was only in secret that she labored at this delusive though delightful architecture. In her retired chamber, or in the woodland bower which she had chosen for her own, and called after her name, she was in fancy distributing the prizes at the tournament, or raining down influence from her eyes on the valiant combatants : or she was wandering in the wilder-

ness with Una, under escort of the generous lion ; or she was identifying herself with the simple yet noble-minded Miranda in the isle of wonder and enchantment.

But in her exterior relations to things of this world, Lucy willingly received the ruling impulse from those around her. The alternative was, in general, too indifferent to her to render resistance desirable, and she willingly found a motive for decision in the opinion of her friends which perhaps she might have sought for in vain in her own choice. Every reader must have observed in some family of his acquaintance some individual of a temper soft and yielding, who, mixed with stronger and more ardent minds, is borne along by the will of others, with as little power of opposition as the flower which is flung into a running stream. It usually happens that such a compliant and easy disposition, which resigns itself without murmur to the guidance of others, becomes the darling of those to whose inclinations its own seem to be offered, in ungrudging and ready sacrifice.

This was eminently the case with Lucy Ashton. Her politic, wary, and worldly father felt for her an affection the strength of which sometimes surprised him into an unusual emotion. Her elder brother, who trod the path of ambition with a haughtier step than his father, had also more of human affection. A soldier, and in a dissolute age, he preferred his sister Lucy even to pleasure and to military preferment and distinction. Her younger brother, at the age when trifles chiefly occupied his mind, made her the confidant of all his pleasures and anxieties, his success in field-sports, and his quarrels with his tutor and instructors. To these details, however trivial, Lucy lent patient and not indifferent attention. They moved and interested Henry, and that was enough to secure her ear.

Her mother alone did not feel that distinguished and predominating affection with which the rest of the family cherished Lucy. She regarded what she termed her daughter's want of spirit as a decided mark that the more plebeian blood of her father predominated in Lucy's veins, and used to call her in derision her Lammermoor Shepherdess. To dislike so gentle and inoffensive a being was impossible ; but Lady Ashton preferred her eldest son, on whom had descended a large portion of her own ambitious and undaunted disposition, to a daughter whose softness of temper seemed allied to feebleness of mind. Her eldest son was the more partially beloved by his mother because, contrary to the usual custom of Scottish families of distinction, he had been named after the head of the house.

“My Sholto,” she said, “will support the untarnished honor of his maternal house, and elevate and support that of his father. Poor Lucy is unfit for courts or crowded halls. Some country laird must be her husband, rich enough to supply her with every comfort, without an effort on her own part, so that she may have nothing to shed a tear for but the tender apprehension lest he may break his neck in a fox-chase. It was not so, however, that our house was raised, nor is it so that it can be fortified and augmented. The Lord Keeper’s dignity is yet new ; it must be borne as if we were used to its weight, worthy of it, and prompt to assert and maintain it. Before ancient authorities men bend from customary and hereditary deference ; in our presence they will stand erect, unless they are compelled to prostrate themselves. A daughter fit for the sheepfold or the cloister is ill qualified to exact respect where it is yielded with reluctance ; and since Heaven refused us a third boy, Lucy should have held a character fit to supply his place. The hour will be a happy one which disposes her hand in marriage to some one whose energy is greater than her own, or whose ambition is of as low an order.”

So meditated a mother to whom the qualities of her children’s hearts, as well as the prospect of their domestic happiness, seemed light in comparison to their rank and temporal greatness. But, like many a parent of hot and impatient character, she was mistaken in estimating the feelings of her daughter, who, under a semblance of extreme indifference, nourished the germ of those passions which sometimes spring up in one night, like the gourd of the prophet, and astonish the observer by their unexpected ardor and intensity. In fact, Lucy’s sentiments seemed chill because nothing had occurred to interest or awaken them. Her life had hitherto flowed on in a uniform and gentle tenor, and happy for her had not its present smoothness of current resembled that of the stream as it glides downwards to the waterfall !

“So, Lucy,” said her father, entering as her song was ended, “does your musical philosopher teach you to condemn the world before you know it ? That is surely something premature. Or did you but speak according to the fashion of fair maidens, who are always to hold the pleasures of life in contempt till they are pressed upon them by the address of some gentle knight ?”

Lucy blushed, disclaimed any inference respecting her own choice being drawn from her selection of a song, and readily laid aside her instrument at her father’s request that she would attend him in his walk.

A large and well-wooded park, or rather chase, stretched along the hill behind the castle, which, occupying, as we have noticed, a pass ascending from the plain, seemed built in its very gorge to defend the forest ground which arose behind it in shaggy majesty. Into this romantic region the father and daughter proceeded, arm in arm, by a noble avenue overarched by embowering elms, beneath which groups of the fallow-deer were seen to stray in distant perspective. As they paced slowly on, admiring the different points of view, for which Sir William Ashton, notwithstanding the nature of his usual avocations, had considerable taste and feeling, they were overtaken by the forester, or park-keeper, who, intent on sylvan sport, was proceeding with his cross-bow over his arm, and a hound led in leash by his boy, into the interior of the wood.

“Going to shoot us a piece of venison. Norman?” said his master, as he returned the woodman’s salutation.

“Saul, your honor, and that I am. Will it please you to see the sport?”

“O no,” said his lordship, after looking at his daughter, whose color fled at the idea of seeing the deer shot, although, had her father expressed his wish that they should accompany Norman, it was probable she would not even have hinted her reluctance.

The forester shrugged his shoulders. “It was a disheartening thing,” he said, “when none of the gentles came down to see the sport. He hoped Captain Sholto would be soon hame, or he might shut up his shop entirely; for Mr. Harry was kept sae close wi’ his Latin nonsense that, though his will was very gude to be in the wood from morning till night, there would be a hopeful lad lost, and no making a man of him. It was not so, he had heard, in Lord Ravenswood’s time: when a buck was to be killed, man and mother’s son ran to see; and when the deer fell, the knife was always presented to the knight, and he never gave less than a dollar for the compliment. And there was Edgar Ravenswood—Master of Ravenswood that is now—when he goes up to the wood—there hasna been a better hunter since Tristrem’s time—when Sir Edgar hauds out, down goes the deer, faith. But we hae lost a’ sense of woodcraft on this side of the hill.”

There was much in this harangue highly displeasing to the Lord Keeper’s feelings; he could not help observing that his menial despised him almost avowedly for not possessing that taste for sport which in those times was deemed the natural and indispensable attribute of a real gentleman. But the master of the game is, in all country houses, a man of

great importance, and entitled to use considerable freedom of speech. Sir William, therefore, only smiled and replied, "He had something else to think upon to-day than killing deer;" meantime, taking out his purse, he gave the ranger a dollar for his encouragement. The fellow received it as the waiter of a fashionable hotel receives double his proper fee from the hands of a country gentleman—that is, with a smile, in which pleasure at the gift is mingled with contempt for the ignorance of the donor. "Your honor is the bad paymaster," he said, "who pays before it is done. What would you do were I to miss the buck after you have paid me my wood-fee?"

"I suppose," said the Keeper, smiling, "you would hardly guess what I mean were I to tell you of a *condictio indebiti*?"

"Not I, on my saul. I guess it is some law phrase; but sue a beggar, and—your honor knows what follows. Well, but I will be just with you, and if bow and brach fail not, you shall have a piece of game two fingers fat on the bris-ket."

As he was about to go off, his master again called him, and asked, as if by accident, whether the Master of Ravenswood was actually so brave a man and so good a shooter as the world spoke him.

"Brave!—brave enough, I warrant you," answered Norman. "I was in the wood at Tynninghame when there was a sort of gallants hunting with my lord; on my saul, there was a buck turned to bay made us all stand back—a stout old Trojan of the first head, ten-tined branches, and a brow as broad as e'er a bullock's. Egad, he dashed at the old lord, and there would have been inlake among the peerage, if the Master had not whipped roundly in, and hamstrung him with his cutlass. He was but sixteen then, bless his heart."

"And is he as ready with the gun as with the couteau?" said Sir William.

"He'll strike this silver dollar out from between my finger and thumb at fourscore yards, and I'll hold it out for a gold merk; what more would ye have of eye, hand, lead, and gunpowder?"

"O, no more to be wished, certainly," said the Lord Keeper; "but we keep you from your sport, Norman. Good-morrow, good Norman."

And, humming his rustic roundelay, the yeoman went on his road, the sound of his rough voice gradually dying away as the distance betwixt them increased:

“The monk must arise when the matins ring,
The abbot may sleep to their chime;
But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,
'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.

“There's bucks and raes on Billhope braes,
There's a herd on Shortwood Shaw;
But a lily-white doe in the garden goes,
She's fairly worth them a'.”

“Has this fellow,” said the Lord Keeper, when the yeoman's song had died on the wind, “ever served the Ravenswood people, that he seems so much interested in them? I suppose you know, Lucy, for you make it a point of conscience to record the special history of every boor about the castle.”

“I am not quite so faithful a chronicler, my dear father; but I believe that Norman once served here while a boy, and before he went to Ledington, whence you hired him. But if you want to know anything of the former family, Old Alice is the best authority.”

“And what should I have to do with them, pray, Lucy,” said her father, “or with their history or accomplishments?”

“Nay, I do not know, sir; only that you were asking questions of Norman about young Ravenswood.”

“Pshaw, child!” replied her father, yet immediately added, “And who is Old Alice? I think you know all the old women in the country.”

“To be sure I do, or how could I help the old creatures when they are in hard times? And as to Old Alice, she is the very empress of old women and queen of gossips, so far as legendary lore is concerned. She is blind, poor old soul, but when she speaks to you, you would think she has some way of looking into your very heart. I am sure I often cover my face, or turn it away, for it seems as if she saw one change color, though she has been blind these twenty years. She is worth visiting, were it but to say you have seen a blind and paralytic old woman have so much acuteness of perception and dignity of manners. I assure you, she might be a countess from her language and behavior. Come, you must go to see Alice; we are not a quarter of a mile from her cottage.”

“All this, my dear,” said the Lord Keeper, “is no answer to my question, who this woman is, and what is her connection with the former proprietor's family?”

“ O, it was something of a nouriceship, I believe ; and she remained here, because her two grandsons were engaged in your service. But it was against her will, I fancy ; for the poor old creature is always regretting the change of times and of property.”

“ I am much obliged to her,” answered the Lord Keeper. “ She and her folk eat my bread and drink my cup, and are lamenting all the while that they are not still under a family which never could do good, either to themselves or any one else !”

“ Indeed,” replied Lucy, “ I am certain you do Old Alice injustice. She has nothing mercenary about her, and would not accept a penny in charity, if it were to save her from being starved. She is only talkative, like all old folk when you put them upon stories of their youth ; and she speaks about the Ravenswood people, because she lived under them so many years. But I am sure she is grateful to you, sir, for your protection, and that she would rather speak to you than to any other person in the whole world beside. Do, sir, come and see Old Alice.”

And with the freedom of an indulged daughter she dragged the Lord Keeper in the direction she desired.

CHAPTER IV

Through tops of the high trees she did descry
A little smoke, whose vapor, thin and light,
Reeking aloft, uprolled to the sky,
Which cheerful sign did send unto her sight,
That in the same did wonne some living wight.

SPENSER.

LUCY acted as her father's guide, for he was too much engrossed with his political labors, or with society, to be perfectly acquainted with his own extensive domains, and, moreover, was generally an inhabitant of the city of Edinburgh; and she, on the other hand, had, with her mother, resided the whole summer in Ravenswood, and, partly from taste, partly from want of any other amusement, had, by her frequent rambles, learned to know each lane, alley, dingle, or bushy dell,

And every bosky bourne from side to side.

We have said that the Lord Keeper was not indifferent to the beauties of nature: and we add, in justice to him, that he felt them doubly when pointed out by the beautiful, simple, and interesting girl who, hanging on his arm with filial kindness, now called him to admire the size of some ancient oak, and now the unexpected turn where the path, developing its maze from glen or dingle, suddenly reached an eminence commanding an extensive view of the plains beneath them, and then gradually glided away from the prospect to lose itself among rocks and thickets, and guide to scenes of deeper seclusion.

It was when pausing on one of those points of extensive and commanding view that Lucy told her father they were close by the cottage of her blind *protégée*: and on turning from the little hill, a path which led around it, worn by the daily steps of the infirm inmate, brought them in sight of the hut, which, embosomed in a deep and obscure dell, seemed to have been so situated purposely to bear a correspondence with the darkened state of its inhabitant.

The cottage was situated immediately under a tall rock,

which in some measure beetled over it, as if threatening to drop some detached fragment from its brow on the frail tenement beneath. The hut itself was constructed of turf and stones, and rudely roofed over with thatch, much of which was in a dilapidated condition. The thin blue smoke rose from it in a light column, and curled upward along the white face of the incumbent rock, giving the scene a tint of exquisite softness. In a small and rude garden, surrounded by straggling elder-bushes, which formed a sort of imperfect hedge, sat near to the bee-hives, by the produce of which she lived, that "woman old" whom Lucy had brought her father hither to visit.

Whatever there had been which was disastrous in her fortune, whatever there was miserable in her dwelling, it was easy to judge by the first glance that neither years, poverty, misfortune, nor infirmity had broken the spirit of this remarkable woman.

She occupied a turf seat, placed under a weeping birch of unusual magnitude and age, as Judah is represented sitting under her palm-tree, with an air at once of majesty and of dejection. Her figure was tall, commanding, and but little bent by the infirmities of old age. Her dress, though that of a peasant, was uncommonly clean, forming in that particular a strong contrast to most of her rank, and was disposed with an attention to neatness, and even to taste, equally unusual. But it was her expression of countenance which chiefly struck the spectator, and induced most persons to address her with a degree of deference and civility very inconsistent with the miserable state of her dwelling, and which, nevertheless, she received with that easy composure which showed she felt it to be her due. She had once been beautiful, but her beauty had been of a bold and masculine cast, such as does not survive the bloom of youth; yet her features continued to express strong sense, deep reflection, and a character of sober pride, which, as we have already said of her dress, appeared to argue a conscious superiority to those of her own rank. It scarce seemed possible that a face, deprived of the advantage of sight, could have expressed character so strongly; but her eyes, which were almost totally closed, did not, by the display of their sightless orbs, mar the countenance to which they could add nothing. She seemed in a ruminating posture, soothed, perhaps, by the murmurs of the busy tribe around her to abstraction, though not to slumber.

Lucy undid the latch of the little garden gate, and

solicited the old woman's attention. "My father, Alice, is come to see you."

"He is welcome, Miss Ashton, and so are you," said the old woman, turning and inclining her head towards her visitors.

"This is a fine morning for your bee-hives, mother," said the Lord Keeper, who, struck with the outward appearance of Alice, was somewhat curious to know if her conversation would correspond with it.

"I believe so, my lord," she replied; "I feel the air breathe milder than of late."

"You do not," resumed the statesman, "take charge of these bees yourself, mother? How do you manage them?"

"By delegates, as kings do their subjects," resumed Alice; "and I am fortunate in a prime minister. Here, Babie."

She whistled on a small silver call which hung around her neck, and which at that time was sometimes used to summon domestics, and Babie, a girl of fifteen, made her appearance from the hut, not altogether so cleanly arrayed as she would probably have been had Alice had the use of her eyes, but with a greater air of neatness than was upon the whole to have been expected.

"Babie," said her mistress, "offer some bread and honey to the Lord Keeper and Miss Ashton; they will excuse your awkwardness if you use cleanliness and dispatch."

Babie performed her mistress's command with the grace which was naturally to have been expected, moving to and fro with a lobster-like gesture, her feet and legs tending one way, while her head, turned in a different direction, was fixed in wonder upon the laird, who was more frequently heard of than seen by his tenants and dependants. The bread and honey, however, deposited on a plantain-leaf, was offered and accepted in all due courtesy. The Lord Keeper, still retaining the place which he had occupied on the decayed trunk of a fallen tree, looked as if he wished to prolong the interview, but was at a loss how to introduce a suitable subject.

"You have been long a resident on this property?" he said, after a pause.

"It is now nearly sixty years since I first knew Ravenswood," answered the old dame, whose conversation, though perfectly civil and respectful, seemed cautiously limited to the unavoidable and necessary task of replying to Sir William.

"You are not, I should judge by your accent, of this country originally?" said the Lord Keeper, in continuation.

"No; I am by birth an Englishwoman."

“Yet you seem attached to this country as if it were your own.”

“It is here,” replied the blind woman, “that I have drank the cup of joy and of sorrow which Heaven destined for me. I was here the wife of an upright and affectionate husband for more than twenty years ; I was here the mother of six promising children ; it was here that God deprived me of all these blessings ; it was here they died, and yonder, by yon ruined chapel, they lie all buried. I had no country but theirs while they lived ; I have none but theirs now they are no more.”

“But your house,” said the Lord Keeper, looking at it, “is miserably ruinous ?”

“Do, my dear father,” said Lucy, eagerly, yet bashfully, catching at the hint, “give orders to make it better ; that is, if you think it proper.”

“It will last my time, my dear Miss Lucy,” said the blind woman ; “I would not have my lord give himself the least trouble about it.”

“But,” said Lucy, “you once had a much better house, and were rich, and now in your old age to live in this hovel !”

“It is as good as I deserve, Miss Lucy ; if my heart has not broke with what I have suffered, and seen others suffer, it must have been strong enough, and the rest of this old frame has no right to call itself weaker.”

“You have probably witnessed many changes,” said the Lord Keeper ; “but your experience must have taught you to expect them.”

“It has taught me to endure them, my lord,” was the reply.

“Yet you knew that they must needs arrive in the course of years ?” said the statesman.

“Ay ; as I knew that the stump, on or beside which you sit, once a tall and lofty tree, must needs one day fall by decay, or by the axe ; yet I hoped my eyes might not witness the downfall of the tree which overshadowed my dwelling.”

“Do not suppose,” said the Lord Keeper, “that you will lose any interest with me for looking back with regret to the days when another family possessed my estates. You had reason, doubtless, to love them, and I respect your gratitude. I will order some repairs in your cottage, and I hope we shall live to be friends when we know each other better.”

“Those of my age,” returned the dame, “make no new friends. I thank you for your bounty, it is well intended undoubtedly ; but I have all I want, and I cannot accept more at your lordship’s hands.”

“Well, then,” continued the Lord Keeper, “at least allow me to say, that I look upon you as a woman of sense and education beyond your appearance, and that I hope you will continue to reside on this property of mine rent-free for your life.”

“I hope I shall,” said the old dame, composedly; “I believe that was made an article in the sale of Ravenswood to your lordship, though such a trifling circumstance may have escaped your recollection.”

“I remember—I recollect,” said his lordship, somewhat confused. “I perceive you are too much attached to your old friends to accept any benefit from their successor.”

“Far from it, my lord; I am grateful for the benefits which I decline, and I wish I could pay you for offering them, better than what I am now about to say.” The Lord Keeper looked at her in some surprise, but said not a word. “My lord,” she continued, in an impressive and solemn tone, “take care what you do; you are on the brink of a precipice.”

“Indeed?” said the Lord Keeper, his mind reverting to the political circumstances of the country. “Has anything come to your knowledge—any plot or conspiracy?”

“No, my lord; those who traffic in such commodities do not call into their councils the old, blind, and infirm. My warning is of another kind. You have driven matters hard with the house of Ravenswood. Believe a true tale: they are a fierce house, and there is danger in dealing with men when they become desperate.”

“Tush,” answered the Keeper; “what has been between us has been the work of the law, not my doing; and to the law they must look, if they would impugn my proceedings.”

“Ay, but they may think otherwise, and take the law into their own hand, when they fail of other means of redress.”

“What mean you?” said the Lord Keeper. “Young Ravenswood would not have recourse to personal violence?”

“God forbid I should say so! I know nothing of the youth but what is honorable and open. Honorable and open, said I? I should have added, free, generous, noble. But he is still a Ravenswood, and may bide his time. Remember the fate of Sir George Lockhart.”*

The Lord Keeper started as she called to his recollection a tragedy so deep and so recent. The old woman proceeded: “Chiesley, who did the deed, was a relative of Lord Ra-

* See Note 2.

venswood. In the hall of Ravenswood, in my presence and in that of others, he avowed publicly his determination to do the cruelty which he afterwards committed. I could not keep silence, though to speak it ill became my station. 'You are devising a dreadful crime,' I said, 'for which you must reckon before the judgment seat.' Never shall I forget his look, as he replied, 'I must reckon then for many things, and will reckon for this also.' Therefore I may well say, beware of pressing a desperate man with the hand of authority. There is blood of Chiesley in the veins of Ravenswood, and one drop of it were enough to fire him in the circumstances in which he is placed. I say, beware of him."

The old dame had, either intentionally or by accident, harped aright the fear of the Lord Keeper. The desperate and dark resource of private assassination, so familiar to a Scottish baron in former times, had even in the present age been too frequently resorted to under the pressure of unusual temptation, or where the mind of the actor was prepared for such a crime. Sir William Ashton was aware of this; as also that young Ravenswood had received injuries sufficient to prompt him to that sort of revenge, which becomes a frequent though fearful consequence of the partial administration of justice. He endeavored to disguise from Alice the nature of the apprehensions which he entertained; but so ineffectually, that a person even of less penetration than nature had endowed her with must necessarily have been aware that the subject lay near his bosom. His voice was changed in its accent as he replied to her, "That the Master of Ravenswood was a man of honor; and, were it otherwise, that the fate of Chiesley of Dalry was a sufficient warning to any one who should dare to assume the office of avenger of his own imaginary wrongs." And having hastily uttered these expressions, he rose and left the place without waiting for a reply.

CHAPTER V

Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE Lord Keeper walked for nearly a quarter of a mile in profound silence. His daughter, naturally timid, and bred up in those ideas of filial awe and implicit obedience which were inculcated upon the youth of that period, did not venture to interrupt his meditations.

“Why do you look so pale, Lucy?” said her father, turning suddenly round and breaking silence.

According to the ideas of the time, which did not permit a young woman to offer her sentiments on any subject of importance unless especially required to do so, Lucy was bound to appear ignorant of the meaning of all that had passed betwixt Alice and her father, and imputed the emotion he had observed to the fear of the wild cattle which grazed in that part of the extensive chase through which they were now walking.

Of these animals, the descendants of the savage herds which anciently roamed free in the Caledonian forests, it was formerly a point of state to preserve a few in the parks of the Scottish nobility. Specimens continued within the memory of man to be kept at least at three houses of distinction—Hamilton, namely, Drumlanrig, and Cumbernauld. They had degenerated from the ancient race in size and strength, if we are to judge from the accounts of old chronicles, and from the formidable remains frequently discovered in bogs and morasses when drained and laid open. The bull had lost the shaggy honors of his mane, and the race was small and light made, in color a dingy white, or rather a pale yellow, with black horns and hoofs. They retained, however, in some measure, the ferocity of their ancestry, could not be domesticated on account of their antipathy to the human race, and were often dangerous if approached unguardedly, or wantonly disturbed. It was this last reason which has occasioned their being extirpated at the places we have mentioned, where probably they would otherwise have been

retained as appropriate inhabitants of a Scottish woodland, and fit tenants for a baronial forest. A few, if I mistake not, are still preserved at Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville.*

It was to her finding herself in the vicinity of a group of three or four of these animals, that Lucy thought proper to impute those signs of fear which had arisen in her countenance for a different reason. For she had been familiarized with the appearance of the wild cattle during her walks in the chase; and it was not then, as it may be now, a necessary part of a young lady's demeanor, to indulge in causeless tremors of the nerves. On the present occasion, however, she speedily found cause for real terror.

Lucy had scarcely replied to her father in the words we have mentioned, and he was just about to rebuke her supposed timidity, when a bull, stimulated either by the scarlet color of Miss Ashton's mantle, or by one of those fits of capricious ferocity to which their dispositions are liable, detached himself suddenly from the group which was feeding at the upper extremity of a grassy glade, that seemed to lose itself among the crossing and entangled boughs. The animal approached the intruders on his pasture ground, at first slowly, pawing the ground with his hoof, bellowing from time to time, and tearing up the sand with his horns, as if to lash himself up to rage and violence.

The Lord Keeper, who observed the animal's demeanor, was aware that he was about to become mischievous, and, drawing his daughter's arm under his own, began to walk fast along the avenue, in hopes to get out of his sight and his reach. This was the most injudicious course he could have adopted, for, encouraged by the appearance of flight, the bull began to pursue them at full speed. Assailed by a danger so imminent, firmer courage than that of the Lord Keeper might have given way. But paternal tenderness, "love strong as death," sustained him. He continued to support and drag onward his daughter, until her fears altogether depriving her of the power of flight, she sank down by his side; and when he could no longer assist her to escape, he turned round and placed himself betwixt her and the raging animal, which, advancing in full career, its brutal fury enhanced by the rapidity of the pursuit, was now within a few yards of them. The Lord Keeper had no weapons; his age and gravity dispensed even with the usual appendage of a walking sword—could such appendage have availed him anything.

It seemed inevitable, that the father or daughter, or both, should have fallen victims to the impending danger, when a shot from the neighboring thicket arrested the progress of the animal. He was so truly struck between the junction of the spine with the skull, that the wound, which in any other part of his body might scarce have impeded his career, proved instantly fatal. Stumbling forward with a hideous bellow, the progressive force of his previous motion, rather than any operation of his limbs, carried him up to within three yards of the astonished Lord Keeper, where he rolled on the ground, his limbs darkened with the black death-sweat, and quivering with the last convulsions of muscular motion.

Lucy lay senseless on the ground, insensible of the wonderful deliverance which she had experienced. Her father was almost equally stupefied, so rapid and unexpected had been the transition from the horrid death which seemed inevitable to perfect security. He gazed on the animal, terrible even in death, with a species of mute and confused astonishment, which did not permit him distinctly to understand what had taken place; and so inaccurate was his consciousness of what had passed, that he might have supposed the bull had been arrested in its career by a thunderbolt, had he not observed among the branches of the thicket the figure of a man, with a short gun or musquetoon in his hand.

This instantly recalled him to a sense of their situation: a glance at his daughter reminded him of the necessity of procuring her assistance. He called to the man, whom he concluded to be one of his foresters, to give immediate attention to Miss Ashton, while he himself hastened to call assistance. The huntsman approached them accordingly, and the Lord Keeper saw he was a stranger, but was too much agitated to make any farther remarks. In a few hurried words he directed the shooter, as stronger and more active than himself, to carry the young lady to a neighboring fountain, while he went back to Alice's hut to procure more aid.

The man to whose timely interference they had been so much indebted did not seem inclined to leave his good work half finished. He raised Lucy from the ground in his arms, and conveying her through the glades of the forest by paths with which he seemed well acquainted, stopped not until he laid her in safety by the side of a plentiful and pellucid fountain, which had been once covered in, screened and decorated with architectural ornaments of a Gothic character. But now the vault which had covered it being broken down and riven, and the Gothic font ruined and demolished, the stream burst

forth from the recess of the earth in open day, and winded its way among the broken sculpture and moss-grown stones which lay in confusion around its source.

Tradition, always busy, at least in Scotland, to grace with a legendary tale a spot in itself interesting, had ascribed a cause of peculiar veneration to this fountain. A beautiful young lady met one of the Lords of Ravenswood while hunting near this spot, and, like a second Egeria, had captivated the affections of the feudal Numa. They met frequently afterwards, and always at sunset, the charms of the nymph's mind completing the conquest which her beauty had begun, and the mystery of the intrigue adding zest to both. She always appeared and disappeared close by the fountain, with which, therefore, her lover judged she had some inexplicable connection. She placed certain restrictions on their intercourse, which also savored of mystery. They met only once a week—Friday was the appointed day—and she explained to the Lord of Ravenswood that they were under the necessity of separating as soon as the bell of a chapel belonging to a hermitage in the adjoining wood, now long ruinous, should toll the hour of vespers. In the course of his confession, the Baron of Ravenswood intrusted the hermit with the secret of this singular amour, and Father Zachary drew the necessary and obvious consequence that his patron was enveloped in the toils of Satan, and in danger of destruction, both to body and soul. He urged these perils to the Baron with all the force of monkish rhetoric, and described, in the most frightful colors, the real character and person of the apparently lovely Naiad, whom he hesitated not to denounce as a limb of the kingdom of darkness. The lover listened with obstinate incredulity; and it was not until worn out by the obstinacy of the anchorite that he consented to put the state and condition of his mistress to a certain trial, and for that purpose acquiesced in Zachary's proposal that on their next interview the vespers bell should be rung half an hour later than usual. The hermit maintained and bucklered his opinion, by quotations from *Malleus Malificarum*, Sprengerus, Remigius, and other learned demonologists, that the Evil One, thus seduced to remain behind the appointed hour, would assume her true shape, and, having appeared to her terrified lover as a fiend of hell, would vanish from him in a flash of sulphurous lightning. Raymond of Ravenswood acquiesced in the experiment, not incurious concerning the issue, though confident it would disappoint the expectations of the hermit.

At the appointed hour the lovers met, and their interview



Lucy Ashton at the Fountain.

was protracted beyond that at which they usually parted, by the delay of the priest to ring his usual curfew. No change took place upon the nymph's outward form; but as soon as the lengthening shadows made her aware that the usual hour of the vespers chime was passed, she tore herself from her lover's arms with a shriek of despair, bid him adieu forever, and, plunging into the fountain, disappeared from his eyes. The bubbles occasioned by her descent were crimsoned with blood as they arose, leading the distracted Baron to infer that his ill-judged curiosity had occasioned the death of this interesting and mysterious being. The remorse which he felt, as well as the recollection of her charms, proved the penance of his future life, which he lost in the battle of Flodden not many months after. But, in memory of his Naiad, he had previously ornamented the fountain in which she appeared to reside, and secured its waters from profanation or pollution by the small vaulted building of which the fragments still remained scattered around it. From this period the house of Ravenswood was supposed to have dated its decay.

Such was the generally-received legend, which some, who would seem wiser than the vulgar, explained as obscurely intimating the fate of a beautiful maid of plebeian rank, the mistress of this Raymond, whom he slew in a fit of jealousy, and whose blood was mingled with the waters of the locked fountain, as it was commonly called. Others imagined that the tale had a more remote origin in the ancient heathen mythology. All, however, agreed that the spot was fatal to the Ravenswood family; and that to drink of the waters of the well, or even approach its brink, was as ominous to a descendant of that house as for a Grahame to wear green, a Bruce to kill a spider, or a St. Clair to cross the Ord on a Monday.

It was on this ominous spot that Lucy Ashton first drew breath after her long and almost deadly swoon. Beautiful and pale as the fabulous Naiad in the last agony of separation from her lover, she was seated so as to rest with her back against a part of the ruined wall, while her mantle, dripping with the water which her protector had used profusely to recall her senses, clung to her slender and beautifully proportioned form.

The first moment of recollection brought to her mind the danger which had overpowered her senses; the next called to remembrance that of her father. She looked around; he was nowhere to be seen. "My father, my father!" was all that she could ejaculate.

“Sir William is safe,” answered the voice of a stranger—
“perfectly safe, and will be with you instantly.”

“Are you sure of that?” exclaimed Lucy. “The bull was close by us. Do not stop me: I must go to seek my father!”

And she arose with that purpose; but her strength was so much exhausted that, far from possessing the power to execute her purpose, she must have fallen against the stone on which she had leaned, probably not without sustaining serious injury.

The stranger was so near to her that, without actually suffering her to fall, he could not avoid catching her in his arms, which, however, he did with a momentary reluctance, very unusual when youth interposes to prevent beauty from danger. It seemed as if her weight, slight as it was, proved too heavy for her young and athletic assistant, for, without feeling the temptation of detaining her in his arms even for a single instant, he again placed her on the stone from which she had risen, and retreating a few steps, repeated hastily, “Sir William Ashton is perfectly safe, and will be here instantly. Do not make yourself anxious on his account: Fate has singularly preserved him. You, madam, are exhausted, and must not think of rising until you have some assistance more suitable than mine.”

Lucy, whose senses were by this time more effectually collected, was naturally led to look at the stranger with attention. There was nothing in his appearance which should have rendered him unwilling to offer his arm to a young lady who required support, or which could have induced her to refuse his assistance; and she could not help thinking, even in that moment, that he seemed cold and reluctant to offer it. A shooting-dress of dark cloth intimated the rank of the wearer, though concealed in part by a large and loose cloak of a dark brown color. A montero cap and a black feather drooped over the wearer's brow, and partly concealed his features, which, so far as seen, were dark, regular, and full of majestic, though somewhat sullen, expression. Some secret sorrow, or the brooding spirit of some moody passion, had quenched the light and ingenuous vivacity of youth in a countenance singularly fitted to display both, and it was not easy to gaze on the stranger without a secret impression either of pity or awe, or at least of doubt and curiosity allied to both.

The impression which we have necessarily been long in describing, Lucy felt in the glance of a moment, and had no

sooner encountered the keen black eyes of the stranger than her own were bent on the ground with a mixture of bashful embarrassment and fear. Yet there was a necessity to speak, or at least she thought so, and in a fluttered accent she began to mention her wonderful escape, in which she was sure that the stranger must, under Heaven, have been her father's protector and her own.

He seemed to shrink from her expressions of gratitude, while he replied abruptly, "I leave you, madam," the deep melody of his voice rendered powerful, but not harsh, by something like a severity of tone—"I leave you to the protection of those to whom it is possible you may have this day been a guardian angel."

Lucy was surprised at the ambiguity of his language, and, with a feeling of artless and unaffected gratitude, began to deprecate the idea of having intended to give her deliverer any offence, as if such a thing had been possible. "I have been unfortunate," she said, "in endeavoring to express my thanks—I am sure it must be so, though I cannot recollect what I said; but would you but stay till my father—till the Lord Keeper comes; would you only permit him to pay you his thanks, and to inquire your name?"

"My name is unnecessary," answered the stranger; "your father—I would rather say Sir William Ashton—will learn it soon enough, for all the pleasure it is likely to afford him."

"You mistake him," said Lucy, earnestly; "he will be grateful for my sake and for his own. You do not know my father, or you are deceiving me with a story of his safety, when he has already fallen a victim to the fury of that animal."

When she had caught this idea, she started from the ground and endeavored to press towards the avenue in which the accident had taken place, while the stranger, though he seemed to hesitate between the desire to assist and the wish to leave her, was obliged, in common humanity, to oppose her both by entreaty and action.

"On the word of a gentleman, madam, I tell you the truth; your father is in perfect safety: you will expose yourself to injury if you venture back where the herd of wild cattle grazed. If you will go"—for, having once adopted the idea that her father was still in danger, she pressed forward in spite of him—"if you *will* go, accept my arm, though I am not perhaps the person who can with most propriety offer you support."

But, without heeding this intimation, Lucy took him at his word. "O, if you be a man," she said—"if you be a gentleman, assist me to find my father! You shall not leave me—you must go with me; he is dying perhaps while we are talking here!"

Then, without listening to excuse or apology, and holding fast by the stranger's arm, though unconscious of anything save the support which it gave, and without which she could not have moved, mixed with a vague feeling of preventing his escape from her, she was urging, and almost dragging, him forward when Sir William Ashton came up, followed by the female attendant of blind Alice, and by two wood-cutters, whom he had summoned from their occupation to his assistance. His joy at seeing his daughter safe overcame the surprise with which he would at another time have beheld her hanging as familiarly on the arm of a stranger as she might have done upon his own.

"Lucy, my dear Lucy, are you safe?—are you well?" were the only words that broke from him as he embraced her in ecstasy.

"I am well, sir, thank God! and still more that I see you so; but this gentleman," she said, quitting his arm and shrinking from him, "what must he think of me?" and her eloquent blood, flushing over neck and brow, spoke how much she was ashamed of the freedom with which she had craved, and even compelled, his assistance.

"This gentleman," said Sir William Ashton, "will, I trust, not regret the trouble we have given him, when I assure him of the gratitude of the Lord Keeper for the greatest service which one man ever rendered to another—for the life of my child—for my own life, which he has saved by his bravery and presence of mind. He will, I am sure, permit us to request——"

"Request nothing of ME, my lord," said the stranger, in a stern and peremptory tone; "I am the Master of Ravenswood."

There was a dead pause of surprise, not unmixed with less pleasant feelings. The Master wrapped himself in his cloak, made a haughty inclination towards Lucy, muttering a few words of courtesy, as indistinctly heard as they seemed to be reluctantly uttered, and, turning from them, was immediately lost in the thicket.

"The Master of Ravenswood!" said the Lord Keeper, when he had recovered his momentary astonishment. "Hasten after him—stop him—beg him to speak to me for a single moment."

The two foresters accordingly set off in pursuit of the stranger. They speedily reappeared, and, in an embarrassed and awkward manner, said the gentleman would not return.

The Lord Keeper took one of the fellows aside, and questioned him more closely what the Master of Ravenswood had said.

“He just said he wadna come back,” said the man, with the caution of a prudent Scotchman, who cared not to be the bearer of an unpleasant errand.

“He said something more, sir,” said the Lord Keeper, “and I insist on knowing what it was.”

“Why, then, my lord,” said the man, looking down, “he said—— But it wad be nae pleasure to your lordship to hear it, for I dare say the Master meant nae ill.”

“That’s none of your concern, sir ; I desire to hear the very words.”

“Weel, then,” replied the man, “he said, ‘Tell Sir William Ashton that the next time he and I forgather, he will not be half sae blithe of our meeting as of our parting.’”

“Very well, sir,” said the Lord Keeper, “I believe he alludes to a wager we have on our hawks ; it is a matter of no consequence.”

He turned to his daughter, who was by this time so much recovered as to be able to walk home. But the effect, which the various recollections connected with a scene so terrific made upon a mind which was susceptible in an extreme degree, was more permanent than the injury which her nerves had sustained. Visions of terror, both in sleep and in waking reveries, recalled to her the form of the furious animal, and the dreadful bellow with which he accompanied his career ; and it was always the image of the Master of Ravenswood, with his native nobleness of countenance and form, that seemed to interpose betwixt her and assured death. It is, perhaps, at all times dangerous for a young person to suffer recollection to dwell repeatedly, and with too much complacency, on the same individual ; but in Lucy’s situation it was almost unavoidable. She had never happened to see a young man of mien and features so romantic and so striking as young Ravenswood ; but had she seen a hundred his equals or his superiors in those particulars, no one else could have been linked to her heart by the strong associations of remembered danger and escape, of gratitude, wonder, and curiosity. I say curiosity, for it is likely that the singularly restrained and unaccommodating manners of the Master of

Ravenswood, so much at variance with the natural expression of his features and grace of his deportment, as they excited wonder by the contrast, had their effect in riveting her attention to the recollection. She knew little of Ravenswood, or the disputes which had existed betwixt her father and his, and perhaps could in her gentleness of mind hardly have comprehended the angry and bitter passions which they had engendered. But she knew that he was come of noble stem; was poor, though descended from the noble and the wealthy; and she felt that she could sympathize with the feelings of a proud mind, which urged him to recoil from the proffered gratitude of the new proprietors of his father's house and domains. Would he have equally shunned their acknowledgments and avoided their intimacy, had her father's request been urged more mildly, less abruptly, and softened with the grace which women so well know how to throw into their manner, when they mean to mediate betwixt the headlong passions of the ruder sex? This was a perilous question to ask her own mind—perilous both in the idea and in its consequences.

Lucy Ashton, in short, was involved in those mazes of the imagination which are most dangerous to the young and the sensitive. Time, it is true, absence, change of scene and new faces, might probably have destroyed the illusion in her instance, as it has done in many others; but her residence remained solitary, and her mind without those means of dissipating her pleasing visions. This solitude was chiefly owing to the absence of Lady Ashton, who was at this time in Edinburgh, watching the progress of some state-intrigue; the Lord Keeper only received society out of policy or ostentation, and was by nature rather reserved and unsociable; and thus no cavalier appeared to rival or to obscure the ideal picture of chivalrous excellence which Lucy had pictured to herself in the Master of Ravenswood.

While Lucy indulged in these dreams, she made frequent visits to old blind Alice, hoping it would be easy to lead her to talk on the subject which at present she had so imprudently admitted to occupy so large a portion of her thoughts. But Alice did not in this particular gratify her wishes and expectations. She spoke readily, and with pathetic feeling, concerning the family in general, but seemed to observe an especial and cautious silence on the subject of the present representative. The little she said of him was not altogether so favorable as Lucy had anticipated. She hinted that he was of a stern and unforgiving character, more ready to resent

than to pardon injuries; and Lucy combined, with great alarm, the hints which she now dropped of these dangerous qualities with Alice's advice to her father, so emphatically given, "to beware of Ravenswood."

But that very Ravenswood, of whom such unjust suspicions had been entertained, had, almost immediately after they had been uttered, confuted them by saving at once her father's life and her own. Had he nourished such black revenge as Alice's dark hints seemed to indicate, no deed of active guilt was necessary to the full gratification of that evil passion. He needed but to have withheld for an instant his indispensable and effective assistance, and the object of his resentment must have perished, without any direct aggression on his part, by a death equally fearful and certain. She conceived, therefore, that some secret prejudice, or the suspicions incident to age and misfortune, had led Alice to form conclusions injurious to the character, and irreconcilable both with the generous conduct and noble features, of the Master of Ravenswood. And in this belief Lucy reposed her hope, and went on weaving her enchanted web of fairy tissue, as beautiful and transient as the film of the gossamer when it is pearly with the morning dew and glimmering to the sun.

Her father, in the mean while, as well as the Master of Ravenswood, were making reflections, as frequent though more solid than those of Lucy, upon the singular event which had taken place. The Lord Keeper's first task, when he returned home, was to ascertain by medical advice that his daughter had sustained no injury from the dangerous and alarming situation in which she had been placed. Satisfied on this topic, he proceeded to revise the memoranda which he had taken down from the mouth of the person employed to interrupt the funeral service of the late Lord Ravenswood. Bred to casuistry, and well accustomed to practise the ambidexter ingenuity of the bar, it cost him little trouble to soften the features of the tumult which he had been at first so anxious to exaggerate. He preached to his colleagues of the privy council the necessity of using conciliatory measures with young men, whose blood and temper were hot, and their experience of life limited. He did not hesitate to attribute some censure to the conduct of the officer, as having been unnecessarily irritating.

These were the contents of his public dispatches. The letters which he wrote to those private friends into whose management the matter was likely to fall were of a yet more favorable tenor. He represented that lenity in this case would

be equally politic and popular, whereas, considering the high respect with which the rites of interment are regarded in Scotland, any severity exercised against the Master of Ravenswood for protecting those of his father from interruption, would be on all sides most unfavorably construed. And, finally, assuming the language of a generous and high-spirited man, he made it his particular request that this affair should be passed over without severe notice. He alluded with delicacy to the predicament in which he himself stood with young Ravenswood, as having succeeded in the long train of litigation by which the fortunes of that noble house had been so much reduced, and confessed it would be most peculiarly acceptable to his own feelings, could he find means in some sort to counterbalance the disadvantages which he had occasioned the family, though only in the prosecution of his just and lawful rights. He therefore made it his particular and personal request that the matter should have no farther consequences, and insinuated a desire that he himself should have the merit of having put a stop to it by his favorable report and intercession. It was particularly remarkable that, contrary to his uniform practice, he made no special communication to Lady Ashton upon the subject of the tumult; and although he mentioned the alarm which Lucy had received from one of the wild cattle, yet he gave no detailed account of an incident so interesting and terrible.

There was much surprise among Sir William Ashton's political friends and colleagues on receiving letters of a tenor so unexpected. On comparing notes together, one smiled, one put up his eyebrows, a third nodded acquiescence in the general wonder, and a fourth asked if they were sure these were *all* the letters the Lord Keeper had written on the subject. "It runs strangely in my mind, my lords, that none of these advices contain the root of the matter."

But no secret letters of a contrary nature had been received, although the question seemed to imply the possibility of their existence.

"Well," said an old gray-headed statesman, who had contrived, by shifting and trimming, to maintain his post at the steerage through all the changes of course which the vessel had held for thirty years, "I thought Sir William would hae verified the auld Scottish saying, 'As soon comes the lamb's skin to market as the auld tup's.'"

"We must please him after his own fashion," said another, "though it be an unlooked-for one."

"A wilful man maun hae his way," answered the old counsellor.

“The Keeper will rue this before year and day are out,” said a third; “the Master of Ravenswood is the lad to wind him a pirn.”

“Why, what would you do, my lords, with the poor young fellow?” said a noble Marquis present. “The Lord Keeper has got all his estates; he has not a cross to bless himself with.”

On which the ancient Lord Turntippet replied,

“If he hasna gear to fine,
He has shins to pine.

And that was our way before the Revolution: *Luitur cum persona, qui luere non potest cum crumena*. Hegh, my lords, that’s gude law Latin.”

“I can see no motive,” replied the Marquis, “that any noble lord can have for urging this matter farther; let the Lord Keeper have the power to deal in it as he pleases.”

“Agree, agree—remit to the Lord Keeper, with any other person for fashion’s sake—Lord Hirplehooly, who is bed-ridden—one to be a quorum. Make your entry in the minutes, Mr. Clerk. And now, my lords, there is that young scattergood the Laird of Bucklaw’s fine to be disposed upon. I suppose it goes to my Lord Treasurer?”

“Shame be in my meal-poke, then,” exclaimed Lord Turntippet, “and your hand aye in the nook of it! I had set that down for a bye-bit between meals for mysell.”

“To use one of your favorite saws, my lord,” replied the Marquis, “you are like the miller’s dog, that licks his lips before the bag is untied: the man is not fined yet.”

“But that costs but twa skurts of a pen,” said Lord Turntippet; “and surely there is nae noble lord that will presume to say that I, wha hae complied wi’ a’ compliances, taen all manner of tests, abjured all that was to be abjured, and sworn a’ that was to be sworn, for these thirty years bye-past, stieking fast by my duty to the state through good report and bad report, shouldna hae something now and then to synd my mouth wi’ after sie drouthy wark? Eh?”

“It would be very unreasonable indeed, my lord,” replied the Marquis, “had we either thought that your lordship’s drought was quenchable, or observed anything stieck in your throat that required washing down.”

And so we close the scene on the privy council of that period.

CHAPTER VI

For this are all these warriors come,
To hear an idle tale;
And o'er our death-accustom'd arms
Shall silly tears prevail?

HENRY MACKENZIE.

ON the evening of the day when the Lord Keeper and his daughter were saved from such imminent peril, two strangers were seated in the most private apartment of a small obscure inn, or rather alehouse, called the Tod's Den [Hole], about three or four [five or six] miles from the Castle of Ravenswood, and as far from the ruinous tower of Wolf's Crag, betwixt which two places it was situated.

One of these strangers was about forty years of age, tall, and thin in the flanks, with an aquiline nose, dark penetrating eyes, and a shrewd but sinister cast of countenance. The other was about fifteen years younger, short, stout, ruddy-faced, and red-haired, with an open, resolute, and cheerful eye, to which careless and fearless freedom and inward daring gave fire and expression, notwithstanding its light gray color. A stoup of wine (for in those days it was served out from the cask in pewter flagons) was placed on the table, and each had his quaigh or bicker before him. But there was little appearance of conviviality. With folded arms and looks of anxious expectation, they eyed each other in silence, each wrapped in his own thoughts, and holding no communication with his neighbor. At length the younger broke silence by exclaiming, "What the foul fiend can detain the Master so long? He must have miscarried in his enterprise. Why did you dissuade me from going with him?"

"One man is enough to right his own wrong," said the taller and older personage; "we venture our lives for him in coming thus far on such an errand."

"You are but a craven after all, Craigengelt," answered the younger, "and that's what many folk have thought you before now."

"But what none has dared to tell me," said Craigengelt, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword; "and, but that I

hold a hasty man no better than a fool, I would——” he paused for his companion’s answer.

“*Would* you?” said the other, coolly; “and why do you not then?”

Craigengelt drew his cutlass an inch or two, and then returned it with violence into the scabbard—“Because there is a deeper stake to be played for than the lives of twenty hare-brained gowks like you.”

“You are right there,” said his companion, “for if it were not that these forfeitures, and that last fine that the old driveller Turntippet is gaping for, and which, I dare say, is laid on by this time, have fairly driven me out of house and home, I were a coxcomb and a cuckoo to boot to trust your fair promises of getting me a commission in the Irish brigade. What have I to do with the Irish brigade? I am a plain Scotchman, as my father was before me; and my grandaunt, Lady Girmington, cannot live forever.”

“Ay, Bucklaw,” observed Craigengelt, “but she may live for many a long day; and for your father, he had land and living, kept himself close from wadsetters and money-lenders, paid each man his due, and lived on his own.”

“And whose fault is it that I have not done so too?” said Bucklaw—“whose but the devil’s and yours, and such-like as you, that have led me to the far end of a fair estate? And now I shall be obliged, I suppose, to shelter and shift about like yourself: live one week upon a line of secret intelligence from Saint Germain; another upon a report of a rising in the Highlands; get my breakfast and morning draught of sack from old Jacobite ladies, and give them locks of my old wig for the Chevalier’s hair; second my friend in his quarrel till he comes to the field, and then flinch from him lest so important a political agent should perish from the way. All this I must do for bread, besides calling myself a captain!”

“You think you are making a fine speech now,” said Craigengelt, “and showing much wit at my expense. Is starving or hanging better than the life I am obliged to lead, because the present fortunes of the king cannot sufficiently support his envoys?”

“Starving is honest, Craigengelt, and hanging is like to be the end on’t. But what you mean to make of this poor fellow Ravenswood, I know not. He has no money left, any more than I: his lands are all pawned and pledged, and the interest eats up the rents, and is not satisfied, and what do you hope to make by meddling in his affairs?”

“Content yourself, Bucklaw ; I know my business,” replied Craigenfelt. “Besides that his name, and his father’s services in 1689, will make such an acquisition sound well both at Versailles and Saint Germain, you will also please be informed that the Master of Ravenswood is a very different kind of a young fellow from you. He has parts and address, as well as courage and talents, and will present himself abroad like a young man of head as well as heart, who knows something more than the speed of a horse or the flight of a hawk. I have lost credit of late, by bringing over no one that had sense to know more than how to unharbor a stag, or take and reclaim an eyas. The Master has education, sense, and penetration.”

“And yet is not wise enough to escape the tricks of a kidnapper, Craigenfelt ?” replied the younger man. “But don’t be angry ; you know you will not fight, and so it is as well to leave your hilt in peace and quiet, and tell me in sober guise how you drew the Master into your confidence ?”

“By flattering his love of vengeance, Bucklaw,” answered Craigenfelt. “He has always distrusted me ; but I watched my time, and struck while his temper was red-hot with the sense of insult and of wrong. He goes now to expostulate, as he says, and perhaps thinks, with Sir William Ashton. I say, that if they meet, and the lawyer puts him to his defence, the Master will kill him ; for he had that sparkle in his eye which never deceives you when you would read a man’s purpose. At any rate, he will give him such a bullying as will be construed into an assault on a privy councillor ; so there will be a total breach betwixt him and government. Scotland will be too hot for him ; France will gain him ; and we will all set sail together in the French brig ‘L’Espoir,’ which is hovering for us off Eyemouth.”

“Content am I,” said Bucklaw ; “Scotland has little left that I care about ; and if carrying the Master with us will get us a better reception in France, why, so be it, a God’s name. I doubt our own merits will procure us slender preferment ; and I trust he will send a ball through the Keeper’s head before he joins us. One or two of these scoundrel statesmen should be shot once a year, just to keep the others on their good behavior.”

“That is very true,” replied Craigenfelt ; “and it reminds me that I must go and see that our horses have been fed, and are in readiness ; for, should such deed be done, it will be no time for grass to grow beneath their heels.” He proceeded

as far as the door, then turned back with a look of earnestness, and said to Bucklaw, "Whatever should come of this business, I am sure you will do me the justice to remember that I said nothing to the Master which could imply my accession to any act of violence which he may take it into his head to commit."

"No, no, not a single word like accession," replied Bucklaw; "you know too well the risk belonging to these two terrible words, 'art and part.'" Then, as if to himself, he recited the following lines:

"The dial spoke not, but it made shrewd signs,
And pointed full upon the stroke of murder."

"What is that you are talking to yourself?" said Craigenfelt, turning back with some anxiety.

"Nothing, only two lines I have heard upon the stage," replied his companion.

"Bucklaw," said Craigenfelt, "I sometimes think you should have been a stage-player yourself; all is fancy and frolic with you."

"I have often thought so myself," said Bucklaw. "I believe it would be safer than acting with you in the Fatal Conspiracy. But away, play your own part, and look after the horses like a groom as you are. A play-actor—a stage-player!" he repeated to himself; "that would have deserved a stab, but that Craigenfelt's a coward. And yet I should like the profession well enough. Stay, let me see; ay, I would come out in *Alexander*—

"Thus from the grave I rise to save my love,
Draw all your swords, and quick as lightning move.
When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;
'Tis love commands, and glory leads the way."

As with a voice of thunder, and his hand upon his sword, Bucklaw repeated the ranting couplets of poor Lee, Craigenfelt re-entered with a face of alarm.

"We are undone, Bucklaw! The Master's led horse has cast himself over his halter in the stable, and is dead lame. His hackney will be set up with the day's work, and now he has no fresh horse; he will never get off."

"Egad, there will be no moving with the speed of lightning this bout," said Bucklaw, dryly. "But stay, you can give him yours."

“What! and be taken myself? I thank you for the proposal,” said Craigenfelt.

“Why,” replied Bucklaw, “if the Lord Keeper should have met with a mischance, which for my part I cannot suppose, for the Master is not the lad to shoot an old and unarmed man—but *if* there should have been a fray at the Castle, you are neither art nor part in it, you know, so have nothing to fear.”

“True, true,” answered the other, with embarrassment; “but consider my commission from Saint Germain’s.”

“Which many men think is a commission of your own making, noble Captain. Well, if you will not give him your horse, why, d—n it, he must have mine.”

“Yours?” said Craigenfelt.

“Ay, mine,” repeated Bucklaw; “it shall never be said that I agreed to back a gentleman in a little affair of honor, and neither helped him on with it nor off from it.”

“You will give him your horse? and have you considered the loss?”

“Loss! why, Gray Gilbert cost me twenty Jacobuses, that’s true; but then his hackney is worth something, and his Black Moor is worth twice as much were he sound, and I know how to handle him. Take a fat sucking mastiff whelp, flay and bowel him, stuff the body full of black and gray snails, roast a reasonable time, and baste with oil of spikenard, saffron, cinnamon, and honey, anoint with the dripping, working it in——”

“Yes, Bucklaw; but in the mean while, before the sprain is cured, nay, before the whelp is roasted, you will be caught and hung. Depend on it, the chase will be hard after Ravenswood. I wish we had made our place of rendezvous nearer to the coast.”

“On my faith, then,” said Bucklaw, “I had best go off just now, and leave my horse for him. Stay—stay, he comes: I hear a horse’s feet.”

“Are you sure there is only one?” said Craigenfelt. “I fear there is a chase; I think I hear three or four galloping together. I am sure I hear more horses than one.”

“Pooh, pooh, it is the wench of the house clattering to the well in her pattens. By my faith, Captain, you should give up both your captainship and your secret service, for you are as easily scared as a wild goose. But here comes the Master alone, and looking as gloomy as a night in November.”

The Master of Ravenswood entered the room accordingly,

his cloak muffled around him, his arms folded, his looks stern, and at the same time dejected. He flung his cloak from him as he entered, threw himself upon a chair, and appeared sunk in a profound reverie.

“What has happened? What have you done?” was nastily demanded by Craigenfelt and Bucklaw in the same moment.

“Nothing,” was the short and sullen answer.

“Nothing! and left us, determined to call the old villain to account for all the injuries that you, we, and the country have received at his hand? Have you seen him?”

“I have,” replied the Master of Ravenswood.

“Seen him—and come away without settling scores which have been so long due?” said Bucklaw; “I would not have expected that at the hand of the Master of Ravenswood.”

“No matter what you expected,” replied Ravenswood; “it is not to you, sir, that I shall be disposed to render any reason for my conduct.”

“Patience, Bucklaw,” said Craigenfelt, interrupting his companion, who seemed about to make an angry reply. “The Master has been interrupted in his purpose by some accident; but he must excuse the anxious curiosity of friends who are devoted to his cause like you and me.”

“Friends, Captain Craigenfelt!” retorted Ravenswood, haughtily; “I am ignorant what familiarity has passed betwixt us to entitle you to use that expression. I think our friendship amounts to this, that we agreed to leave Scotland together so soon as I should have visited the alienated mansion of my fathers, and had an interview with its present possessor—I will not call him proprietor.”

“Very true, Master,” answered Bucklaw; “and as we thought you had a mind to do something to put your neck in jeopardy, Craigie and I very courteously agreed to tarry for you, although ours might run some risk in consequence. As to Craigie, indeed, it does not very much signify: he had gallows written on his brow in the hour of his birth; but I should not like to discredit my parentage by coming to such an end in another man’s cause.”

“Gentlemen,” said the Master of Ravenswood, “I am sorry if I have occasioned you any inconvenience, but I must claim the right of judging what is best for my own affairs, without rendering explanations to any one. I have altered my mind, and do not design to leave the country this season.”

“Not to leave the country, Master!” exclaimed Craigen-

gett. "Not to go over, after all the trouble and expense I have incurred—after all the risk of discovery, and the expense of freight and demurrage!"

"Sir," replied the Master of Ravenswood, "when I designed to leave this country in this haste, I made use of your obliging offer to procure me means of conveyance; but I do not recollect that I pledged myself to go off, if I found occasion to alter my mind. For your trouble on my account, I am sorry, and I thank you; your expense," he added, putting his hand into his pocket, "admits a more solid compensation: freight and demurrage are matters with which I am unacquainted, Captain Craigenfelt, but take my purse and pay yourself according to your own conscience." And accordingly he tendered a purse with some gold in it to the *soi-disant* captain.

But here Bucklaw interposed in his turn. "Your fingers, Craigie, seem to itch for that same piece of green network," said he; "but I make my vow to God, that if they offer to close upon it, I will chop them off with my whinger. Since the Master has changed his mind, I suppose we need stay here no longer; but in the first place I beg leave to tell him——"

"Tell him anything you will," said Craigenfelt, "if you will first allow me to state the inconveniences to which he will expose himself by quitting our society, to remind him of the obstacles to his remaining here, and of the difficulties attending his proper introduction at Versailles and Saint Germain without the countenance of those who have established useful connections."

"Besides forfeiting the friendship," said Bucklaw, "of at least one man of spirit and honor."

"Gentlemen," said Ravenswood, "permit me once more to assure you that you have been pleased to attach to our temporary connection more importance than I ever meant that it should have. When I repair to foreign courts, I shall not need the introduction of an intriguing adventurer, nor is it necessary for me to set value on the friendship of a hot-headed bully." With these words, and without waiting for an answer, he left the apartment, remounted his horse, and was heard to ride off.

"Mortbleu!" said Captain Craigenfelt, "my recruit is lost!"

"Ay, Captain," said Bucklaw, "the salmon is off with hook and all. But I will after him, for I have had more of his insolence than I can well digest."

Craigengelt offered to accompany him ; but Bucklaw replied, “ No, no, Captain, keep you the cheek of the chimney-nook till I come back ; it’s good sleeping in a haill skin.

“ ‘ Little kens the auld wife that sits by the fire,
How cauld the wind blaws in hurle-burle swire.’ ”

And singing as he went, he left the apartment.

CHAPTER VII

Now, Billy Bewick, keep good heart,
And of thy talking let me be ;
But if thou art a man, as I am sure thou art,
Come over the dike and fight with me.

Old Ballad.

THE Master of Ravenswood had mounted the ambling hackney which he before rode, on finding the accident which had happened to his led horse, and, for the animal's ease, was proceeding at a slow pace from the Tod's Den towards his old tower of Wolf's Crag,* when he heard the galloping of a horse behind him, and, looking back, perceived that he was pursued by young Bucklaw, who had been delayed a few minutes in the pursuit by the irresistible temptation of giving the hostler at the Tod's Den some recipe for treating the lame horse. This brief delay he had made up by hard galloping, and now overtook the Master where the road traversed a waste moor. "Halt, sir," cried Bucklaw; "I am no political agent—no Captain Craigengelt, whose life is too important to be hazarded in defence of his honor. I am Frank Hayston of Bucklaw, and no man injures me by word, deed, sign, or look, but he must render me an account of it."

"This is all very well, Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw," replied the Master of Ravenswood, in a tone the most calm and indifferent; "but I have no quarrel with you, and desire to have none. Our roads homeward, as well as our roads through life, lie in different directions; there is no occasion for us crossing each other."

"Is there not?" said Bucklaw, impetuously. "By Heaven! but I say that there is, though: you called us intriguing adventurers."

"Be correct in your recollection, Mr. Hayston; it was to your companion only I applied that epithet, and you know him to be no better."

"And what then? He was my companion for the time, and no man shall insult my companion, right or wrong, while he is in my company."

* See Introduction to *Chronicles of the Canongate (Laing)*.

“Then, Mr. Hayston,” replied Ravenswood, with the same composure. “you should choose your society better, or you are like to have much work in your capacity of their champion. Go home, sir; sleep, and have more reason in your wrath to-morrow.”

“Not so, Master, you have mistaken your man; high airs and wise saws shall not carry it off thus. Besides, you termed me bully, and you shall retract the word before we part.”

“Faith, scarcely,” said Ravenswood, “unless you show me better reason for thinking myself mistaken than you are now producing.”

“Then, Master,” said Bucklaw, “though I should be sorry to offer it to a man of your quality, if you will not justify your incivility, or retract it, or name a place of meeting, you must here undergo the hard word and the hard blow.”

“Neither will be necessary,” said Ravenswood; “I am satisfied with what I have done to avoid an affair with you. If you are serious, this place will serve as well as another.”

“Dismount then, and draw,” said Bucklaw, setting him an example. “I always thought and said you were a pretty man; I should be sorry to report you otherwise.”

“You shall have no reason, sir,” said Ravenswood, alighting, and putting himself into a posture of defence.

Their swords crossed, and the combat commenced with great spirit on the part of Bucklaw, who was well accustomed to affairs of the kind, and distinguished by address and dexterity at his weapon. In the present case, however, he did not use his skill to advantage; for, having lost temper at the cool and contemptuous manner in which the Master of Ravenswood had long refused, and at length granted, him satisfaction, and urged by his impatience, he adopted the part of an assailant with inconsiderate eagerness. The Master, with equal skill, and much greater composure, remained chiefly on the defensive, and even declined to avail himself of one or two advantages afforded him by the eagerness of his adversary. At length, in a desperate lunge, which he followed with an attempt to close, Bucklaw's foot slipped, and he fell on the short grassy turf on which they were fighting. “Take your life, sir,” said the Master of Ravenswood, “and mend it if you can.”

“It would be but a cobbled piece of work, I fear,” said Bucklaw, rising slowly and gathering up his sword, much less disconcerted with the issue of the combat than could have been expected from the impetuosity of his temper. “I thank you for my life, Master,” he pursued. “There is my hand;

I bear no ill-will to you, either for my bad luck or your better swordmanship."

The Master looked steadily at him for an instant, then extended his hand to him. "Bucklaw," he said, "you are a generous fellow, and I have done you wrong. I heartily ask your pardon for the expression which offended you; it was hastily and incautiously uttered, and I am convinced it is totally misapplied."

"Are you indeed, Master?" said Bucklaw, his face resuming at once its natural expression of light-hearted carelessness and audacity; "that is more than I expected of you; for, Master, men say you are not ready to retract your opinions and your language."

"Not when I have well considered them," said the Master.

"Then you are a little wiser than I am, for I always give my friend satisfaction first, and explanation afterwards. If one of us falls, all accounts are settled; if not, men are never so ready for peace as after war. But what does that bawling brat of a boy want?" said Bucklaw. "I wish to Heaven he had come a few minutes sooner! and yet it must have been ended some time, and perhaps this way is as well as any other."

As he spoke, the boy he mentioned came up, cudgelling an ass, on which he was mounted, to the top of its speed, and sending, like one of Ossian's heroes, his voice before him—"Gentlemen—gentlemen, save yourselves! for the gude-wife bade us tell ye there were folk in her house had taen Captain Craigenfelt, and were seeking for Bucklaw, and that ye behoved to ride for it."

"By my faith, and that's very true, my man," said Bucklaw; "and there's a silver sixpence for your news, and I would give any man twice as much would tell me which way I should ride."

"That will I, Bucklaw," said Ravenswood; "ride home to Wolf's Crag with me. There are places in the old tower where you might lie hid, were a thousand men to seek you."

"But that will bring you into trouble yourself, Master; and unless you be in the Jacobite scrape already, it is quite needless for me to drag you in."

"Not a whit; I have nothing to fear."

"Then I will ride with you blithely, for, to say the truth, I do not know the rendezvous that Craigie was to guide us to this night; and I am sure that, if he is taken, he will tell all the truth of me, and twenty lies of you, in order to save himself from the withie!"

They mounted and rode off in company accordingly, striking off the ordinary road, and holding their way by wild moorish infrequented paths, with which the gentlemen were well acquainted from the exercise of the chase, but through which others would have had much difficulty in tracing their course. They rode for some time in silence, making such haste as the condition of Ravenswood's horse permitted, until night having gradually closed around them, they discontinued their speed, both from the difficulty of discovering their path, and from the hope that they were beyond the reach of pursuit or observation.

"And now that we have drawn bridle a bit," said Bucklaw, "I would fain ask you a question, Master."

"Ask, and welcome," said Ravenswood, "but forgive my not answering it, unless I think proper."

"Well, it is simply this," answered his late antagonist: "What, in the name of old Sathan, could make you, who stand so highly on your reputation, think for a moment of drawing up with such a rogue as Craigenfelt, and such a scapegrace as folk call Bucklaw?"

"Simply because I was desperate, and sought desperate associates."

"And what made you break off from us at the nearest?" again demanded Bucklaw.

"Because I had changed my mind," said the Master, "and renounced my enterprise, at least for the present. And now that I have answered your questions fairly and frankly, tell me what makes you associate with Craigenfelt, so much beneath you both in birth and in spirit?"

"In plain terms," answered Bucklaw, "because I am a fool, who have gambled away my land in these times. My grandaunt, Lady Girnington, has taen a new tack of life. I think, and I could only hope to get something by a change of government. Craigie was a sort of gambling acquaintance; he saw my condition, and, as the devil is always at one's elbow, told me fifty lies about his credentials from Versailles, and his interest at Saint Germain's, promised me a captain's commission at Paris, and I have been ass enough to put my thumb under his belt. I dare say, by this time, he has told a dozen pretty stories of me to the government. And this is what I have got by wine, women, and dice, cocks, dogs, and horses."

"Yes, Bucklaw," said the Master, "you have indeed nourished in your bosom the snakes that are now stinging you."

“That’s home as well as true, Master,” replied his companion; “but, by your leave, you have nursed in your bosom one great goodly snake that has swallowed all the rest, and is as sure to devour you as my half-dozen are to make a meal on all that’s left of Bucklaw, which is but what lies between bonnet and boot-heel.”

“I must not,” answered the Master of Ravenswood, “challenge the freedom of speech in which I have set example. What, to speak without a metaphor, do you call this monstrous passion which you charge me with fostering?”

“Revenge, my good sir—revenge; which, if it be as gentlemanlike a sin as wine and wassail, with their *et ceteras*, is equally unchristian, and not so bloodless. It is better breaking a parkpale to watch a doe or damsel than to shoot an old man.”

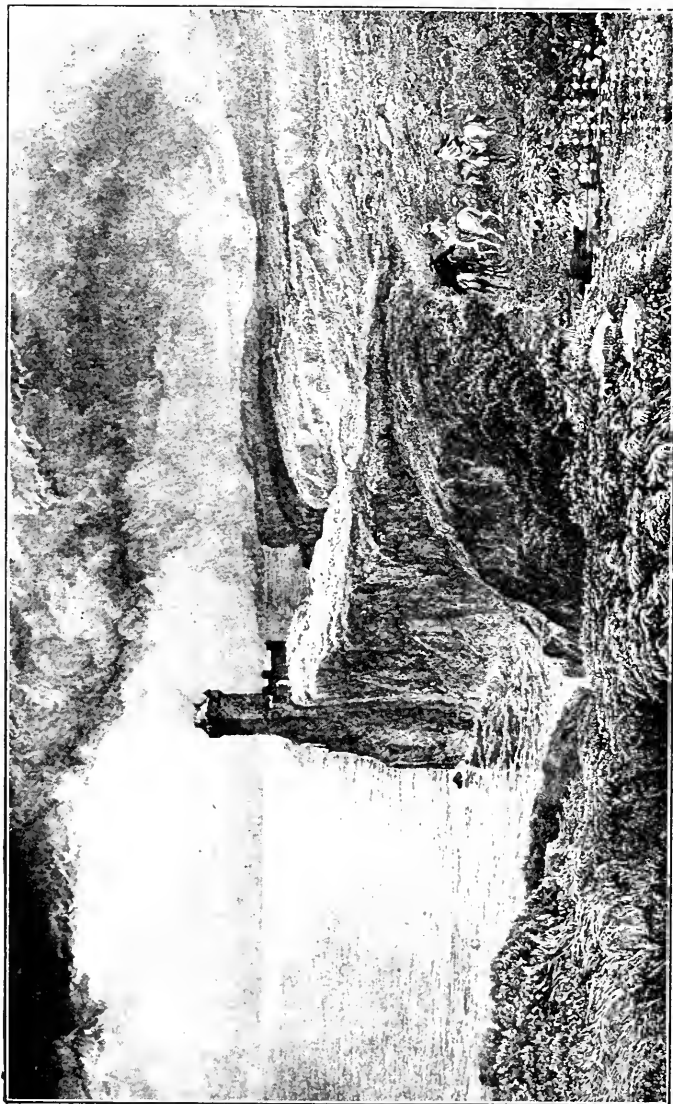
“I deny the purpose,” said the Master of Ravenswood. “On my soul, I had no such intention; I meant but to confront the oppressor ere I left my native land, and upbraid him with his tyranny and its consequences. I would have stated my wrongs so that they would have shaken his soul within him.”

“Yes,” answered Bucklaw, “and he would have collared you, and cried ‘help,’ and then you would have shaken the soul *out* of him. I suppose. Your very look and manner would have frightened the old man to death.”

“Consider the provocation,” answered Ravenswood—“consider the ruin and death procured and caused by his hard-hearted cruelty—an ancient house destroyed, an affectionate father murdered! Why, in our old Scottish days, he that sat quiet under such wrongs would have been held neither fit to back a friend nor face a foe.”

“Well, Master, I am glad to see that the devil deals as cunningly with other folk as he deals with me; for whenever I am about to commit any folly, he persuades me it is the most necessary, gallant, gentlemanlike thing on earth, and I am up to saddlegirths in the bog before I see that the ground is soft. And you, Master, might have turned out a murd—a homicide, just out of pure respect for your father’s memory.”

“There is more sense in your language, Bucklaw,” replied the Master, “than might have been expected from your conduct. It is too true, our vices steal upon us in forms outwardly as fair as those of the demons whom the superstitious represent as intriguing with the human race, and are not discovered in their native hideousness until we have clasped them in our arms.”



Wolfs Craig.

“But we may throw them from us, though,” said Bucklaw, “and that is what I shall think of doing one of these days—that is, when old Lady Girmington dies.”

“Did you ever hear the expression of the English divine?” said Ravenswood—“‘Hell is paved with good intentions,’—as much as to say, they are more often formed than executed.”

“Well,” replied Bucklaw, “but I will begin this blessed night, and have determined not to drink above one quart of wine, unless your claret be of extraordinary quality.”

“You will find little to tempt you at Wolf’s Crag,” said the Master. “I know not that I can promise you more than the shelter of my roof; all, and more than all, our stock of wine and provisions was exhausted at the late occasion.”

“Long may it be ere provision is needed for the like purpose,” answered Bucklaw; “but you should not drink up the last flask at a dirge; there is ill luck in that.”

“There is ill luck, I think, in whatever belongs to me,” said Ravenswood. “But yonder is Wolf’s Crag, and whatever it still contains is at your service.”

The roar of the sea had long announced their approach to the cliffs, on the summit of which, like the nest of some sea-eagle, the founder of the fortalice had perched his eyrie. The pale moon, which had hitherto been contending with flitting clouds, now shone out, and gave them a view of the solitary and naked tower, situated on a projecting cliff that beetled on the German Ocean. On three sides the rock was precipitous; on the fourth, which was that towards the land, it had been originally fenced by an artificial ditch and draw-bridge, but the latter was broken down and ruinous, and the former had been in part filled up, so as to allow passage for a horseman into the narrow courtyard, encircled on two sides with low offices and stables, partly ruinous, and closed on the landward front by a low embattled wall, while the remaining side of the quadrangle was occupied by the tower itself, which, tall and narrow, and built of a grayish stone, stood glimmering in the moonlight, like the sheeted spectre of some huge giant. A wilder or more disconsolate dwelling it was perhaps difficult to conceive. The sombrous and heavy sound of the billows, successively dashing against the rocky beach at a profound distance beneath, was to the ear what the landscape was to the eye—a symbol of unvaried and monotonous melancholy, not unmingled with horror.

Although the night was not far advanced, there was no sign of living inhabitant about this forlorn abode, excepting that one, and only one, of the narrow and stanchelled win-

dows which appeared at irregular heights and distances in the walls of the building showed a small glimmer of light.

“There,” said Ravenswood, “sits the only male domestic that remains to the house of Ravenswood; and it is well that he does remain there, since otherwise we had little hope to find either light or fire. But follow me cautiously; the road is narrow, and admits only one horse in front.”

In effect, the path led along a kind of isthmus, at the peninsular extremity of which the tower was situated, with that exclusive attention to strength and security, in preference to every circumstance of convenience, which dictated to the Scottish barons the choice of their situations, as well as their style of building.

By adopting the cautious mode of approach recommended by the proprietor of this wild hold, they entered the courtyard in safety. But it was long ere the efforts of Ravenswood, though loudly exerted by knocking at the low-browed entrance, and repeated shouts to Caleb to open the gate and admit them, received any answer.

“The old man must be departed,” he began to say, “or fallen into some fit; for the noise I have made would have waked the seven sleepers.”

At length a timid and hesitating voice replied, “Master—Master of Ravenswood, is it you?”

“Yes, it is I, Caleb; open the door quickly.”

“But is it you in very blood and body? For I would sooner face fifty devils as my master’s ghaist, or even his wraith; wherefore, aroint ye, if ye were ten times my master, unless ye come in bodily shape, lith and limb.”

“It is I, you old fool,” answered Ravenswood, “in bodily shape and alive, save that I am half dead with cold.”

The light at the upper window disappeared, and glancing from loophole to loophole in slow succession, gave intimation that the bearer was in the act of descending, with great deliberation, a winding staircase occupying one of the turrets which graced the angles of the old tower. The tardiness of his descent extracted some exclamations of impatience from Ravenswood, and several oaths from his less patient and more mercurial companion. Caleb again paused ere he unbolted the door, and once more asked if they were men of mould that demanded entrance at this time of night.

“Were I near you, you old fool,” said Bucklaw, “I would give you sufficient proofs of *my* bodily condition.”

“Open the gate, Caleb,” said his master, in a more soothing tone, partly from his regard to the ancient and faithful

seneschal, partly perhaps because he thought that angry words would be thrown away, so long as Caleb had a stout iron-clinched oaken door betwixt his person and the speakers.

At length Caleb, with a trembling hand, undid the bars, opened the heavy door, and stood before them, exhibiting his thin gray hairs, bald forehead, and sharp high features, illuminated by a quivering lamp which he held in one hand, while he shaded and protected its flame with the other. The timorous, courteous glance which he threw around him, the effect of the partial light upon his white hair and illumined features, might have made a good painting; but our travelers were too impatient for security against the rising storm to permit them to indulge themselves in studying the picturesque. "Is it you, my dear master?—is it you, yourself, indeed?" exclaimed the old domestic. "I am wae ye suld hae stude waiting at your ain gate; but wha wad hae thought o' seeing ye sae sune, and a strange gentleman with a— [Here he exclaimed apart, as it were, and to some inmate of the tower, in a voice not meant to be heard by those in the court] Mysie—Mysie, woman! stir for dear life, and get the fire mended; take the auld three-legged stool, or onything that's readiest that will make a lowe. I doubt we are but puirly provided, no expecting ye this some months, when doubtless ye wad hae been received conform till your rank, as gude right is; but natheless—"

"Natheless, Caleb," said the Master, "we must have our horses put up, and ourselves too, the best way we can. I hope you are not sorry to see me sooner than you expected?"

"Sorry, my lord! I am sure ye sall aye be my lord wi' honest folk, as your noble ancestors hae been these three hundred years, and never asked a Whig's leave. Sorry to see the Lord of Ravenswood at ane o' his ain castles! [Then again apart to his unseen associate behind the screen] Mysie, kill the brood-hen without thinking twice on it; let them care that come ahint. No to say it's our best dwelling," he added, turning to Bucklaw; "but just a strength for the Lord of Ravenswood to flee until—that is, no to *flee*, but to retreat until in troublous times, like the present, when it was ill convenient for him to live farther in the country in ony of his better and mair principal manors; but, for its antiquity, maist folk think that the outside of Wolf's Crag is worthy of a large perusal."

"And you are determined we shall have time to make it," said Ravenswood, somewhat amused with the shifts the old man used to detain them without doors until his confederate Mysie had made her preparations within.

“O, never mind the outside of the house, my good friend,” said Bucklaw; “let’s see the inside, and let our horses see the stable, that’s all.”

“O yes, sir—ay, sir—unquestionably, sir—my lord and ony of his honorable companions——”

“But our horses, my old friend—our horses; they will be dead-foundered by standing here in the cold after riding hard, and mine is too good to be spoiled; therefore, once more, our horses,” exclaimed Bucklaw.

“True—ay—your horses—yes—I will call the grooms;” and sturdily did Caleb roar till the old tower rang again—“John—William—Saunders! The lads are gane out, or sleeping,” he observed, after pausing for an answer, which he knew that he had no human chance of receiving. “A’ gaes wrang when the Master’s out-bye; but I’ll take care o’ your cattle mysell.”

“I think you had better,” said Ravenswood, “otherwise I see little chance of their being attended to at all.”

“Whisht, my lord—whisht, for God’s sake,” said Caleb, in an imploring tone, and apart to his master; “if ye dinna regard your ain credit, think on mine; we’ll hae hard enough wark to mak a decent night o’t, wi’ a’ the lees I can tell.”

“Well, well, never mind,” said his master; “go to the stable. There is hay and corn, I trust?”

“On ay, plenty of hay and corn;” this was uttered boldly and aloud, and, in a lower tone, “there was some half fous o’ aits, and some taitis o’ meadow-hay, left after the burial.”

“Very well,” said Ravenswood, taking the lamp from his domestic’s unwilling hand, “I will show the stranger upstairs myself.”

“I canna think o’ that, my lord; if ye wad but have five minutes’, or ten minutes’, or, at maist, a quarter of an hour’s patience, and look at the fine moonlight prospect of the Bass and North Berwick Law till I sort the horses, I would marshal ye up, as reason is ye suld be marshalled, your lordship and your honorable visitor. And I hae lockit up the siller candlesticks, and the lamp is not fit——”

“It will do very well in the mean time,” said Ravenswood, “and you will have no difficulty for want of light in the stable, for, if I recollect, half the roof is off.”

“Very true, my lord,” replied the trusty adherent, and with ready wit instantly added, “and the lazy sclater loons have never come to put it on a’ this while, your lordship.”

“If I were disposed to jest at the calamities of my house,” said Ravenswood, as he led the way upstairs, “poor old

Caleb would furnish me with ample means. His passion consists in representing things about our miserable menage, not as they are, but as, in his opinion, they ought to be; and, to say the truth, I have been often diverted with the poor wretch's expedients to supply what he thought was essential for the credit of the family, and his still more generous apologies for the want of those articles for which his ingenuity could discover no substitute. But though the tower is none of the largest, I shall have some trouble without him to find the apartment in which there is a fire."

As he spoke thus, he opened the door of the hall. "Here, at least," he said, "there is neither hearth nor harbor."

It was indeed a scene of desolation. A large vaulted room, the beams of which, combined like those of Westminster Hall, were rudely carved at the extremities, remained nearly in the situation in which it had been left after the entertainment at Allan Lord Ravenswood's funeral. Overturned pitchers, and black-jacks, and pewter stoups, and flagons still cumbered the large oaken table; glasses, those more perishable implements of conviviality, many of which had been voluntarily sacrificed by the guests in their enthusiastic pledges to favorite toasts, strewed the stone floor with their fragments. As for the articles of plate, lent for the purpose by friends and kinsfolk, those had been carefully withdrawn so soon as the ostentatious display of festivity, equally unnecessary and strangely timed, had been made and ended. Nothing, in short, remained that indicated wealth; all the signs were those of recent wastefulness and present desolation. The black cloth hangings, which, on the late mournful occasion, replaced the tattered moth-eaten tapestries, had been partly pulled down, and, dangling from the wall in irregular festoons, disclosed the rough stonework of the building, unsmoothed either by plaster or the chisel. The seats thrown down, or left in disorder, intimated the careless confusion which had concluded the mournful revel. "This room," said Ravenswood, holding up the lamp—"this room, Mr. Hayston, was riotous when it should have been sad; it is a just retribution that it should now be sad when it ought to be cheerful."

They left this disconsolate apartment, and went upstairs, where, after opening one or two doors in vain, Ravenswood led the way into a little matted anteroom, in which, to their great joy, they found a tolerably good fire, which Mysie, by some such expedient as Caleb had suggested, had supplied with a reasonable quantity of fuel. Glad at the heart to see

more of comfort than the castle had yet seemed to offer, Bucklaw rubbed his hands heartily over the fire, and now listened with more complacency to the apologies which the Master of Ravenswood offered. "Comfort," he said, "I cannot provide for you, for I have it not for myself; it is long since these walls have known it, if, indeed, they were ever acquainted with it. Shelter and safety, I think, I can promise you."

"Excellent matters, Master," replied Bucklaw, "and, with a mouthful of food and wine, positively all I can require to-night."

"I fear," said the Master, "your supper will be a poor one; I hear the matter in discussion betwixt Caleb and Mysie. Poor Balderstone is something deaf, among his other accomplishments, so that much of what he means should be spoken aside is overheard by the whole audience, and especially by those from whom he is most anxious to conceal his private manœuvres. Hark!"

They listened, and heard the old domestic's voice in conversation with Mysie to the following effect:

"Just mak the best o't—mak the best o't, woman; it's easy to put a fair face on onything."

"But the auld brood-hen? She'll be as teugh as bow-strings and bend-leather."

"Say ye made a mistake—say ye made a mistake, Mysie," replied the faithful seneschal, in a soothing and undertoned voice; "tak it a' on yoursell; never let the credit o' the house suffer."

"But the brood-hen," remonstrated Mysie—"ou, she's sitting some gate aneath the dais in the hall, and I am feared to gae in in the dark for the bogle; and if I didna see the bogle, I could as ill see the hen, for it's pit-mirk, and there's no another light in the house, save that very blessed lamp whilk the Master has in his ain hand. And if I had the hen, she's to pu', and to draw, and to dress; how can I do that, and them sitting by the only fire we have?"

"Weel, weel, Mysie," said the butler, "bide ye there a wee, and I'll try to get the lamp wiled away frae them."

Accordingly, Caleb Balderstone entered the apartment, little aware that so much of his by-play had been audible there. "Well, Caleb, my old friend, is there any chance of supper?" said the Master of Ravenswood.

"Chance of supper, your lordship?" said Caleb, with an emphasis of strong scorn at the implied doubt. "How should there be ony question of that, and us in your lord-

ship's house? Chance of supper, indeed! But ye'll no be for butcher-meat? There's walth o' fat poultry, ready either for spit or brander. The fat capon, Mysie!" he added, calling out as boldly as if such a thing had been in existence.

"Quite unnecessary," said Bucklaw, who deemed himself bound in courtesy to relieve some part of the anxious butler's perplexity, "if you have anything cold, or a morsel of bread."

"The best of bannocks!" exclaimed Caleb, much relieved; "and, for cauld meat, a' that we hae is cauld enough,—howbeit, maist of the cauld meat and pastry was gien to the poor folk after the ceremony of interment, as gude reason was; nevertheless——"

"Come, Caleb," said the Master of Ravenswood, "I must cut this matter short. This is the young Laird of Bucklaw; he is under hiding, and therefore, you know——"

"He'll be nae nicer than your lordship's honor. I'se warrant," answered Caleb, cheerfully, with a nod of intelligence; "I am sorry that the gentleman is under distress, but I am blithe that he canna say muckle agane our housekeeping, for I believe his ain pinches may match ours; no that we are pinched, thank God," he added, retracting the admission which he had made in his first burst of joy, "but nae doubt we are waur aff than we hae been, or suld be. And for eating—what signifies telling a lee? there's just the hinder end of the mutton-ham that has been but three times on the table, and the nearer the bane the sweeter, as your honors weel ken; and—there's the heel of the ewe-milk kebbuck, wi' a bit of nice butter, and—and—that's a' that's to trust to." And with great alacrity he produced his slender stock of provisions, and placed them with much formality upon a small round table betwixt the two gentlemen, who were not deterred either by the homely quality or limited quantity of the repast from doing it full justice. Caleb in the mean while waited on them with grave officiousness, as if anxious to make up, by his own respectful assiduity, for the want of all other attendance.

But, alas! how little on such occasions can form, however anxiously and scrupulously observed, supply the lack of substantial fare! Bucklaw, who had eagerly eaten a considerable portion of the thrice-sacked mutton-ham, now began to demand ale.

"I wadna just presume to recommend our ale," said Caleb; "the maut was ill made, and there was awfu' thunner last week; but siccan water as the Tower well has ye'll seldom see, Bucklaw, and that I'se engage for."

“But if your ale is bad, you can let us have some wine,” said Bucklaw, making a grimace at the mention of the pure element which Caleb so earnestly recommended.

“Wine!” answered Caleb, undauntedly, “enough of wine! It was but twa days syne—wae’s me for the cause—there was as much wine drank in this house as would have floated a pinnace. There never was lack of wine at Wolf’s Crag.”

“Do fetch us some then,” said his master, “instead of talking about it.” And Caleb boldly departed.

Every expended butt in the old cellar did he set a-tilt, and shake with the desperate expectation of collecting enough of the grounds of claret to fill the large pewter measure which he carried in his hand. Alas! each had been too devoutly drained; and, with all the squeezing and manœuvring which his craft as a butler suggested, he could only collect about half a quart that seemed presentable. Still, however, Caleb was too good a general to renounce the field without a stratagem to cover his retreat. He undauntedly threw down an empty flagon, as if he had stumbled at the entrance of the apartment, called upon Mysie to wipe up the wine that had never been spilled, and placing the other vessel on the table, hoped there was still enough left for their honors. There was indeed; for even Bucklaw, a sworn friend to the grape, found no encouragement to renew his first attack upon the vintage of Wolf’s Crag, but contented himself, however reluctantly, with a draught of fair water. Arrangements were now made for his repose; and as the secret chamber was assigned for this purpose, it furnished Caleb with a first-rate and most plausible apology for all deficiencies of furniture, bedding, etc.

“For wha,” said he, “would have thought of the secret chaumer being needed? It has not been used since the time of the Gowrie Conspiracy, and I durst never let a woman ken of the entrance to it, or your honor will allow that it wad not hae been a secret chaumer lang.”

CHAPTER VIII

The hearth in hall was black and dead,
No board was dight in bower within,
Nor merry bowl nor welcome bed ;
“ Here’s sorry cheer,” quoth the Heir of Linne.
Old Ballad.

THE feelings of the prodigal Heir of Linne, as expressed in that excellent old song, when, after dissipating his whole fortune, he found himself the deserted inhabitant of “ the lonely lodge,” might perhaps have some resemblance to those of the Master of Ravenswood in his deserted mansion of Wolf’s Crag. The Master, however, had this advantage over the spendthrift in the legend, that, if he was in similar distress, he could not impute it to his own imprudence. His misery had been bequeathed to him by his father, and, joined to his high blood, and to a title which the courteous might give or the churlish withhold at their pleasure, it was the whole inheritance he had derived from his ancestry.

Perhaps this melancholy yet consolatory reflection crossed the mind of the unfortunate young nobleman with a breathing of comfort. Favorable to calm reflection, as well as to the Muses, the morning, while it dispelled the shades of night, had a composing and sedative effect upon the stormy passions by which the Master of Ravenswood had been agitated on the preceding day. He now felt himself able to analyze the different feelings by which he was agitated, and much resolved to combat and to subdue them. The morning, which had arisen calm and bright, gave a pleasant effect even to the waste moorland view which was seen from the castle on looking to the landward ; and the glorious ocean, crisped with a thousand rippling waves of silver, extended on the other side, in awful yet complacent majesty, to the verge of the horizon. With such scenes of calm sublimity the human heart sympathizes even in its most disturbed moods, and deeds of honor and virtue are inspired by their majestic influence.

To seek out Bucklaw in the retreat which he had afforded him was the first occupation of the Master, after he had performed, with a scrutiny unusually severe, the important task

of self-examination. "How now, Bucklaw?" was his morning's salutation—"how like you the couch in which the exiled Earl of Angus once slept in security, when he was pursued by the full energy of a king's resentment?"

"Umph!" returned the sleeper awakened; "I have little to complain of where so great a man was quartered before me, only the mattress was of the hardest, the vault somewhat damp, the rats rather more mutinous than I would have expected from the state of Caleb's larder; and if there had been shutters to that grated window, or a curtain to the bed, I should think it, upon the whole, an improvement in your accommodations."

"It is, to be sure, forlorn enough," said the Master, looking around the small vault; "but if you will rise and leave it, Caleb will endeavor to find you a better breakfast than your supper of last night."

"Pray, let it be no better," said Bucklaw, getting up, and endeavoring to dress himself as well as the obscurity of the place would permit—"let it, I say, be no better, if you mean me to persevere in my proposed reformation. The very recollection of Caleb's beverage has done more to suppress my longing to open the day with a morning draught than twenty sermons would have done. And you, Master, have you been able to give battle valiantly to your bosom-snake? You see I am in the way of smothering my vipers one by one."

"I have commenced the battle, at least, Bucklaw, and I have had a fair vision of an angel who descended to my assistance," replied the Master.

"Woe's me!" said his guest, "no vision can I expect, unless my aunt, Lady Girnington, should betake herself to the tomb; and then it would be the substance of her heritage rather than the appearance of her phantom that I should consider as the support of my good resolutions. But this same breakfast, Master—does the deer that is to make the pasty run yet on foot, as the ballad has it?"

"I will inquire into that matter," said his entertainer; and, leaving the apartment, he went in search of Caleb, whom, after some difficulty, he found in an obscure sort of dungeon, which had been in former times the buttery of the castle. Here the old man was employed busily in the doubtful task of burnishing a pewter flagon until it should take the hue and semblance of silver-plate. "I think it may do—I think it might pass, if they winna bring it ower muckle in the light o' the window!" were the ejaculations which he muttered from time to time, as if to encourage himself in his

undertaking, when he was interrupted by the voice of his master.

“Take this,” said the Master of Ravenswood, “and get what is necessary for the family.” And with these words he gave to the old butler the purse which had on the preceding evening so narrowly escaped the fangs of Craigenfelt.

The old man shook his silvery and thin locks, and looked with an expression of the most heartfelt anguish at his master as he weighed in his hand the slender treasure, and said in a sorrowful voice, “And is this a’ that’s left?”

“All that is left at present,” said the Master, affecting more cheerfulness than perhaps he really felt, “is just the green purse and the wee pickle gowd, as the old song says; but we shall do better one day, Caleb.”

“Before that day comes,” said Caleb, “I doubt there will be an end of an auld sang, and an auld serving-man to boot. But it disna become me to speak that gate to your honor, and you looking sae pale. Tak back the purse, and keep it to be making a show before company; for if your honor would just tak a bidding, and be whiles taking it out afore folk and putting it up again, there’s naebody would refuse us trust, for a’ that’s come and gane yet.”

“But, Caleb,” said the Master, “I still intend to leave this country very soon, and desire to do so with the reputation of an honest man, leaving no debt behind me, at least of my own contracting.”

“And gude right ye suld gang away as a true man, and so ye shall; for auld Caleb can tak the wyte of whatever is taen on for the house, and then it will be a’ just ae man’s burden; and I will live just as weel in the tolbooth as out of it, and the credit of the family will be a’ safe and sound.”

The Master endeavored, in vain, to make Caleb comprehend that the butler’s incurring the responsibility of debts in his own person would rather add to than remove the objections which he had to their being contracted. He spoke to a premier too busy in devising ways and means to puzzle himself with refuting the arguments offered against their justice or expediency.

“There’s Eppie Sma’trash will trust us for ale,” said Caleb to himself—“she has lived a’ her life under the family—and maybe wi’ a sonp brandy; I canna say for wine—she is but a lone woman, and gets her claret by a runlet at a time; but I’ll work a wee drap out o’ her by fair means or foul. For doos, there’s the doocot; there will be poultry among the tenants, though Luckie Chirnside says she has paid the kain

twice ower. We'll mak shift, an it like your honor—we'll mak shift; keep your heart abune, for the house sall haud its credit as lang as auld Caleb is to the fore."

The entertainment which the old man's exertions of various kinds enabled him to present to the young gentlemen for three or four days was certainly of no splendid description, but it may readily be believed it was set before no critical guests; and even the distresses, excuses, evasions, and shifts of Caleb afforded amusement to the young men, and added a sort of interest to the scrambling and irregular style of their table. They had indeed occasion to seize on every circumstance that might serve to diversify or enliven time, which otherwise passed away so heavily.

Bucklaw, shut out from his usual field-sports and joyous carouses by the necessity of remaining concealed within the walls of the castle, became a joyless and uninteresting companion. When the Master of Ravenswood would no longer fence or play at shovel-board; when he himself had polished to the extremity the coat of his palfrey with brush, curry-comb, and hair-cloth; when he had seen him eat his provender, and gently lie down in his stall, he could hardly help envying the animal's apparent acquiescence in a life so monotonous. "The stupid brute," he said, "thinks neither of the race-ground or the hunting-field, or his green paddock at Bucklaw, but enjoys himself as comfortably when haltered to the rack in this ruinous vault, as if he had been foaled in it; and I, who have the freedom of a prisoner at large, to range through the dungeons of this wretched old tower, can hardly, betwixt whistling and sleeping, contrive to pass away the hour till dinner-time."

And with this disconsolate reflection, he wended his way to the bartizan or battlements of the tower, to watch what objects might appear on the distant moor, or to pelt, with pebbles and pieces of lime, the sea-mews and cormorants which established themselves incautiously within the reach of an idle young man.

Ravenswood, with a mind incalculably deeper and more powerful than that of his companion, had his own anxious subjects of reflection, which wrought for him the same unhappiness that sheer *ennui* and want of occupation inflicted on his companion. The first sight of Lucy Ashton had been less impressive than her image proved to be upon reflection. As the depth and violence of that revengeful passion by which he had been actuated in seeking an interview with the father began to abate by degrees, he looked back on his

conduct towards the daughter as harsh and unworthy towards a female of rank and beauty. Her looks of grateful acknowledgment, her words of affectionate courtesy, had been repelled with something which approached to disdain ; and if the Master of Ravenswood had sustained wrongs at the hand of Sir William Ashton, his conscience told him they had been unhandsofly resented towards his daughter. When his thoughts took this turn of self-reproach, the recollection of Lucy Ashton's beautiful features, rendered yet more interesting by the circumstances in which their meeting had taken place, made an impression upon his mind at once soothing and painful. The sweetness of her voice, the delicacy of her expressions, the vivid glow of her filial affection, embittered his regret at having repulsed her gratitude with rudeness, while, at the same time, they placed before his imagination a picture of the most seducing sweetness.

Even young Ravenswood's strength of moral feeling and rectitude of purpose at once increased the danger of cherishing these recollections, and the propensity to entertain them. Firmly resolved as he was to subdue, if possible, the predominating vice in his character, he admitted with willingness—nay, he summoned up in his imagination—the ideas by which it could be most powerfully counteracted ; and, while he did so, a sense of his own harsh conduct towards the daughter of his enemy naturally induced him, as if by way of recompense, to invest her with more of grace and beauty than perhaps she could actually claim.

Had any one at this period told the Master of Ravenswood that he had so lately vowed vengeance against the whole lineage of him whom he considered, not unjustly, as author of his father's ruin and death, he might at first have repelled the charge as a foul calumny ; yet, upon serious self-examination, he would have been compelled to admit that it had, at one period, some foundation in truth, though, according to the present tone of his sentiments, it was difficult to believe that this had really been the case.

There already existed in his bosom two contradictory passions—a desire to revenge the death of his father, strangely qualified by admiration of his enemy's daughter. Against the former feeling he had struggled, until it seemed to him upon the wane ; against the latter he used no means of resistance, for he did not suspect its existence. That this was actually the case was chiefly evinced by his resuming his resolution to leave Scotland. Yet, though such was his purpose, he remained day after day at Wolf's Crag, without taking measures

for carrying it into execution. It is true, that he had written to one or two kinsmen who resided in a distant quarter of Scotland, and particularly to the Marquis of A——, intimating his purpose ; and when pressed upon the subject by Bucklaw, he was wont to allege the necessity of waiting for their reply, especially that of the Marquis, before taking so decisive a measure.

The Marquis was rich and powerful ; and although he was suspected to entertain sentiments unfavorable to the government established at the Revolution, he had nevertheless address enough to head a party in the Scottish privy council, connected with the High Church faction in England, and powerful enough to menace those to whom the Lord Keeper adhered with a probable subversion of their power. The consulting with a personage of such importance was a plausible excuse, which Ravenswood used to Bucklaw, and probably to himself, for continuing his residence at Wolf's Crag ; and it was rendered yet more so by a general report which began to be current of a probable change of ministers and measures in the Scottish administration. These rumors, strongly asserted by some, and as resolutely denied by others, as their wishes or interest dictated, found their way even to the ruinous Tower of Wolf's Crag, chiefly through the medium of Caleb, the butler, who, among his other excellences, was an ardent politician, and seldom made an excursion from the old fortress to the neighboring village of Wolf's Hope without bringing back what tidings were current in the vicinity.

But if Bucklaw could not offer any satisfactory objections to the delay of the Master in leaving Scotland, he did not the less suffer with impatience the state of inaction to which it confined him ; and it was only the ascendancy which his new companion had acquired over him that induced him to submit to a course of life so alien to his habits and inclinations.

“ You were wont to be thought a stirring active young fellow, Master,” was his frequent remonstrance ; “ yet here you seem determined to live on and on like a rat in a hole, with this trifling difference, that the wiser vermin chooses a hermitage where he can find food at least ; but as for us, Caleb's excuses become longer as his diet turns more spare, and I fear we shall realize the stories they tell of the sloth : we have almost eat up the last green leaf on the plant, and have nothing left for it but to drop from the tree and break our necks.”

“ Do not fear it,” said Ravenswood ; “ there is a fate watches for us, and we too have a stake in the revolution that is now impending, and which already has alarmed many a bosom.”

“What fate—what revolution?” inquired his companion. “We have had one revolution too much already, I think.”

Ravenswood interrupted him by putting into his hands a letter.

“O,” answered Bucklaw, “my dream’s out. I thought I heard Caleb this morning pressing some unfortunate fellow to a drink of cold water, and assuring him it was better for his stomach in the morning than ale or brandy.”

“It was my Lord of A——’s courier,” said Ravenswood, “who was doomed to experience his ostentatious hospitality, which I believe ended in sour beer and herrings. Read, and you will see the news he has brought us.”

“I will as fast as I can,” said Bucklaw; “but I am no great clerk, nor does his lordship seem to be the first of scribes.”

The reader will peruse, in a few seconds, by the aid of our friend Ballantyne’s * types, what took Bucklaw a good half hour in perusal, though assisted by the Master of Ravenswood. The tenor was as follows :

“RIGHT HONORABLE OUR COUSIN,

“Our hearty commendations premised, these come to assure you of the interest which we take in your welfare, and in your purposes towards its augmentation. If we have been less active in showing forth our effective good-will towards you than, as a loving kinsman and blood-relative, we would willingly have desired, we request that you will impute it to lack of opportunity to show our good-liking, not to any coldness of our will. Touching your resolution to travel in foreign parts, as at this time we hold the same little advisable, in respect that your ill-willers may, according to the custom of such persons, impute motives for your journey, whereof, although we know and believe you to be as clear as ourselves, yet natheless their words may find credence in places where the belief in them may much prejudice you, and which we should see with more unwillingness and displeasure than with means of remedy.

“Having thus, as becometh our kindred, given you our poor mind on the subject of your journeying forth of Scotland, we would willingly add reasons of weight, which might materially advantage you and your father’s house, thereby to determine you to abide at Wolf’s Crag, until this harvest season shall be passed over. But what sayeth the proverb, *verbum sapienti*—a word is more to him that hath wisdom than a sermon to a fool. And albeit we have written this poor

scroll with our own hand, and are well assured of the fidelity of our messenger, as him that is many ways bounden to us, yet so it is, that sliddery ways crave wary walking, and that we may not peril upon paper matters which we would gladly impart to you by word of mouth. Wherefore, it was our purpose to have prayed you heartily to come to this our barren Highland country to kill a stag, and to treat of the matters which we are now more painfully inditing to you anent. But commodity does not serve at present for such our meeting, which, therefore, shall be deferred until sic time as we may in all mirth rehearse those things whereof we now keep silence. Meantime, we pray you to think that we are, and will still be, your good kinsman and well-wisher, waiting but for times of whilk we do, as it were, entertain a twilight prospect, and appear and hope to be also your effectual well-loer. And in which hope we heartily write ourself,

“Right Honorable,

“Your loving cousin,

“A——.

“Given from our poor house of B——,” etc.

Superscribed—“For the right honorable, and our honored kinsman, the Master of Ravenswood—These, with haste, haste, post haste—ride and run until these be delivered.”

“What think you of this epistle, Bucklaw?” said the Master, when his companion had hammered out all the sense, and almost all the words of which it consisted.

“Truly, that the Marquis’s meaning is as great a riddle as his manuscript. He is really in much need of *Wit’s Interpreter*, or the *Complete Letter-Writer*, and were I you, I would send him a copy by the bearer. He writes you very kindly to remain wasting your time and your money in this vile, stupid, oppressed country, without so much as offering you the countenance and shelter of his house. In my opinion, he has some scheme in view in which he supposes you can be useful, and he wishes to keep you at hand, to make use of you when it ripens, reserving the power of turning you adrift, should his plot fail in the concoction.”

“His plot! Then you suppose it is a treasonable business,” answered Ravenswood.

“What else can it be?” replied Bucklaw; “the Marquis has been long suspected to have an eye to Saint Germain’s.”

“He should not engage me rashly in such an adventure,” said Ravenswood; “when I recollect the times of the first and

second Charles, and of the last James, truly I see little reason that, as a man or a patriot, I should draw my sword for their descendants."

"Humph!" replied Bucklaw; "so you have set yourself down to mourn over the crop-eared dogs whom honest Claver'se treated as they deserved?"

"They first gave the dogs an ill name, and then hanged them," replied Ravenswood. "I hope to see the day when justice shall be open to Whig and Tory, and when these nicknames shall only be used among coffee-house politicians, as 'slut' and 'jade' are among apple-women, as cant terms of idle spite and rancor."

"That will not be in our days, Master: the iron has entered too deeply into our sides and our souls."

"It will be, however, one day," replied the Master; "men will not always start at these nicknames as at a trumpet-sound. As social life is better protected, its comforts will become too dear to be hazarded without some better reason than speculative politics."

"It is fine talking," answered Bucklaw; "but my heart is with the old song—

"To see good corn upon the rigs,
And a gallows built to hang the Whigs,
And the right restored where the right should be,
O, that is the thing that would wanton me."

"You may sing as loudly as you will, *cantabit vacuus*—," answered the Master; "but I believe the Marquis is too wise, at least too wary, to join you in such a burden. I suspect he alludes to a revolution in the Scottish privy council, rather than in the British kingdoms."

"O, confusion to your state tricks!" exclaimed Bucklaw—"your cold calculating manœuvres, which old gentlemen in wrought nightcaps and furred gowns execute like so many games at chess, and displace a treasurer or lord commissioner as they would take a rook or a pawn. Tennis for my sport, and battle for my earnest! My racket and my sword for my plaything and bread-winner! And you, Master, so deep and considerate as you would seem, you have that within you makes the blood boil faster than suits your present humor of moralizing on political truths. You are one of those wise men who see everything with great composure till their blood is up, and then—woe to any one who should put them in mind of their own prudential maxims!"

"Perhaps," said Ravenswood, "you read me more rightly than I can myself. But to think justly will certainly go some

length in helping me to act so. But hark! I hear Caleb tolling the dinner-bell."

"Which he always does with the more sonorous grace in proportion to the meagreness of the cheer which he has provided," said Bucklaw; "as if that infernal clang and jangle, which will one day bring the belfry down the cliff, could convert a starved hen into a fat capon, and a blade-bone of mutton into a haunch of venison."

"I wish we may be so well off as your worst conjectures surmise, Bucklaw, from the extreme solemnity and ceremony with which Caleb seems to place on the table that solitary covered dish."

"Uncover, Caleb! uncover, for Heaven's sake!" said Bucklaw; "let us have what you can give us without preface. Why, it stands well enough, man," he continued, addressing impatiently the ancient butler, who, without reply, kept shifting the dish, until he had at length placed it with mathematical precision in the very midst of the table.

"What have we got here, Caleb?" inquired the Master in his turn.

"Ahem! sir, ye suld have known before; but his honor the Laird of Bucklaw is so impatient," answered Caleb, still holding the dish with one hand and the cover with the other, with evident reluctance to disclose the contents.

"But what is it, a God's name—not a pair of clean spurs, I hope, in the Border fashion of old times?"

"Ahem! ahem!" reiterated Caleb, "your honor is pleased to be facetious; nathless, I might presume to say it was a convenient fashion, and used, as I have heard, in an honorable and thriving family. But touching your present dinner, I judged that this being St. Magdalen's [Margaret's] Eve, who was a worthy queen of Scotland in her day, your honors might judge it decorous, if not altogether to fast, yet only to sustain nature with some slight refection, as ane sauted herring or the like." And, uncovering the dish, he displayed four of the savory fishes which he mentioned, adding, in a subdued tone, "that they were no just common herring neither, being every ane melters, and sauted with uncommon care by the housekeeper [poor Mysie] for his honor's especial use."

"Out upon all apologies!" said the Master, "let us eat the herrings, since there is nothing better to be had; but I begin to think with you, Bucklaw, that we are consuming the last green leaf, and that, in spite of the Marquis's political machinations, we must positively shift camp for want of forage, without waiting the issue of them."

CHAPTER IX

Ay, and when huntsmen wind the merry horn,
And from its covert starts the fearful prey,
Who, warm'd with youth's blood in his swelling veins
Would, like a lifeless clod, outstretched lie,
Shut out from all the fair creation offers?

Ethwald, Act I., Scene 1.

LIGHT meals procure light slumbers; and therefore it is not surprising that, considering the fare which Caleb's conscience, or his necessity, assuming, as will sometimes happen, that disguise, had assigned to the guests of Wolf's Crag, their slumbers should have been short.

In the morning Bucklaw rushed into his host's apartment with a loud halloo, which might have awaked the dead.

"Up! up! in the name of Heaven! The hunters are out, the only piece of sport I have seen this month; and you lie here, Master, on a bed that has little to recommend it except that it may be something softer than the stone floor of your ancestor's vault."

"I wish," said Ravenswood, raising his head peevishly, "you had forborne so early a jest, Mr. Hayston: it is really no pleasure to lose the very short repose which I had just begun to enjoy, after a night spent in thoughts upon fortune far harder than my couch, Bucklaw."

"Pshaw, pshaw!" replied his guest; "get up—get up; the hounds are abroad. I have saddled the horses myself, for old Caleb was calling for grooms and lackeys, and would never have proceeded without two hours' apology for the absence of men that were a hundred miles off. Get up, Master; I say the hounds are out—get up, I say; the hunt is up." And off ran Bucklaw.

"And I say," said the Master, rising slowly, "that nothing can concern me less. Whose hounds come so near to us?"

"The Honorable Lord Bittlebrains's," answered Caleb, who had followed the impatient Laird of Bucklaw into his master's bedroom, "and truly I ken nae title they have to be

yowling and howling within the freedoms and immunities of your lordship's right of free forestry."

"Nor I, Caleb," replied Ravenswood, "excepting that they have bought both the lands and the right of forestry, and may think themselves entitled to exercise the rights they have paid their money for."

"It may be sae, my lord," replied Caleb; "but it's no gentleman's deed of them to come here and exercise such-like right, and your lordship living at your ain castle of Wolf's Crag. Lord Bittlebrams would do weel to remember what his folk have been."

"And we what we now are," said the Master, with suppressed bitterness of feeling. "But reach me my cloak, Caleb, and I will indulge Bucklaw with a sight of this chase. It is selfish to sacrifice my guest's pleasure to my own."

"Sacrifice!" echoed Caleb, in a tone which seemed to imply the total absurdity of his master making the least concession in deference to any one—"sacrifice, indeed!—but I crave your honor's pardon, and whilk doublet is it your pleasure to wear?"

"Any one you will, Caleb; my wardrobe, I suppose, is not very extensive."

"Not extensive!" echoed his assistant; "when there is the gray and silver that your lordship bestowed on Hew Hildebrand, your outrider; and the French velvet that went with my lord your father—be gracious to him!—my lord your father's auld wardrobe to the pair friends of the family; and the *drap-de-Berry*—"

"Which I gave to you, Caleb, and which, I suppose, is the only dress we have any chance to come at, except that I wore yesterday; pray, hand me that, and say no more about it."

"If your honor has a fancy," replied Caleb, "and doubtless it's a sad-colored suit, and you are in mourning; nevertheless, I have never tried on the *drap-de-Berry*—ill wad it become me—and your honor having no change of claiiths at this present—and it's weel brushed, and as there are leddies down yonder——"

"Ladies!" said Ravenswood; "and what ladies, pray?"

"What do I ken, your lordship? Looking down at them from the Warden's Tower, I could but see them glent by wi' their bridles ringing and their feathers fluttering, like the court of Elfland."

"Well, well, Caleb," replied the Master, "help me on with my cloak, and hand me my sword-belt. What clatter is that in the courtyard?"

“Just Bucklaw bringing out the horses,” said Caleb, after a glance through the window, “as if there werena men enough in the castle, or as if I couldna serve the turn of ony o’ them that are out o’ the gate.”

“Alas! Caleb, we should want little if your ability were equal to your will,” replied his master.

“And I hope your lordship disna want that muckle,” said Caleb; “for, considering a’ things, I trust we support the credit of the family as weel as things will permit of,—only Bucklaw is aye sae frank and sae forward. And there he has brought out your lordship’s palfrey, without the saddle being decorated wi’ the broidered sumpter-cloth! and I could have brushed it in a minute.”

“It is all very well,” said his master, escaping from him and descending the narrow and steep winding staircase which led to the courtyard.

“It *may* be a’ very weel,” said Caleb, somewhat peevishly; “but if your lordship wad tarry a bit, I will tell you what will *not* be very weel.”

“And what is that?” said Ravenswood, impatiently, but stopping at the same time.

“Why, just that ye suld speer ony gentleman hame to dinner; for I canna mak anither fast on a feast day, as when I cam ower Bucklaw wi’ Queen Margaret: and, to speak truth, if your lordship wad but please to cast yoursell in the way of dining wi’ Lord Bittlebrains, I’se warrand I wad cast about brawly for the morn; or if, stead o’ that, ye wad but dine wi’ them at the change-house, ye might mak your shift for the lawing: ye might say ye had forgot your purse, or that the carline awed ye rent, and that ye wad allow it in the settlement.”

“Or any other lie that came uppermost, I suppose?” said his master. “Good-by, Caleb; I commend your care for the honor of the family.” And, throwing himself on his horse, he followed Bucklaw, who, at the manifest risk of his neck, had begun to gallop down the steep path which led from the Tower as soon as he saw Ravenswood have his foot in the stirrup.

Caleb Balderstone looked anxiously after them, and shook his thin gray locks—“And I trust they will come to no evil; but they have reached the plain, and folk cannot say but that the horse are hearty and in spirits.”

Animated by the natural impetuosity and fire of his temper, young Bucklaw rushed on with the careless speed of a whirlwind. Ravenswood was scarce more moderate in his

pace, for his was a mind unwillingly roused from contemplative inactivity, but which, when once put into motion, acquired a spirit of forcible and violent progression. Neither was his eagerness proportioned in all cases to the motive of impulse, but might be compared to the speed of a stone, which rushes with like fury down the hill whether it was first put in motion by the arm of a giant or the hand of a boy. He felt, therefore, in no ordinary degree, the headlong impulse of the chase, a pastime so natural to youth of all ranks, that it seems rather to be an inherent passion in our animal nature, which levels all differences of rank and education, than an acquired habit of rapid exercise.

The repeated bursts of the French horn, which was then always used for the encouragement and direction of the hounds; the deep, though distant baying of the pack; the half-heard cries of the huntsmen; the half-seen forms which were discovered, now emerging from glens which crossed the moor, now sweeping over its surface, now picking their way where it was impeded by morasses; and, above all, the feeling of his own rapid motion, animated the Master of Ravenswood, at least for the moment, above the recollections of a more painful nature by which he was surrounded. The first thing which recalled him to those unpleasing circumstances was feeling that his horse, notwithstanding all the advantages which he received from his rider's knowledge of the country, was unable to keep up with the chase. As he drew his bridle up with the bitter feeling that his poverty excluded him from the favorite recreation of his forefathers, and indeed their sole employment when not engaged in military pursuits, he was accosted by a well-mounted stranger, who, unobserved, had kept near him during the earlier part of his career.

"Your horse is blown," said the man, with a complaisance seldom used in a hunting-field. "Might I crave your honor to make use of mine?"

"Sir," said Ravenswood, more surprised than pleased at such a proposal, "I really do not know how I have merited such a favor at a stranger's hands."

"Never ask a question about it, Master," said Bucklaw, who, with great unwillingness, had hitherto reined in his own gallant steed, not to outride his host and entertainer. "Take the goods the gods provide you, as the great John Dryden says; or stay—here, my friend, lend me that horse; I see you have been puzzled to rein him up this half-hour. I'll take the devil out of him for you. Now, Master, do you ride mine, which will carry you like an eagle."

And throwing the rein of his own horse to the Master of Ravenswood, he sprang upon that which the stranger resigned to him, and continued his career at full speed.

“Was ever so thoughtless a being!” said the Master; “and you, my friend, how could you trust him with your horse?”

“The horse,” said the man, “belongs to a person who will make your honor, or any of your honorable friends, most welcome to him, flesh and fell.”

“And the owner’s name is——?” asked Ravenswood.

“Your honor must excuse me, you will learn that from himself. If you please to take your friend’s horse, and leave me your galloway, I will meet you after the fall of the stag, for I hear they are blowing him at bay.”

“I believe, my friend, it will be the best way to recover your good horse for you,” answered Ravenswood; and mounting the nag of his friend Bucklaw, he made all the haste in his power to the spot where the blast of the horn announced that the stag’s career was nearly terminated.

These jovial sounds were intermixed with the huntsmen’s shouts of “Hyke a Talbot! Hyke a Teviot! now, boys, now!” and similar cheering halloos of the olden hunting-field, to which the impatient yelling of the hounds, now close on the object of their pursuit, gave a lively and unremitting chorus. The straggling riders began now to rally towards the scene of action, collecting from different points as to a common centre.

Bucklaw kept the start which he had gotten, and arrived first at the spot, where the stag, incapable of sustaining a more prolonged flight, had turned upon the hounds, and, in the hunter’s phrase, was at bay. With his stately head bent down, his sides white with foam, his eyes strained betwixt rage and terror, the hunted animal had now in his turn become an object of intimidation to his pursuers. The hunters came up one by one, and watched an opportunity to assail him with some advantage, which, in such circumstances, can only be done with caution. The dogs stood aloof and bayed loudly, intimating at once eagerness and fear, and each of the sportsmen seemed to expect that his comrade would take upon him the perilous task of assaulting and disabling the animal. The ground, which was a hollow in the common or moor, afforded little advantage for approaching the stag unobserved; and general was the shout of triumph when Bucklaw, with the dexterity proper to an accomplished cavalier of the day, sprang from his horse, and dashing suddenly and

swiftly at the stag, brought him to the ground by a cut on the hind leg with his short hunting-sword. The pack, rushing in upon their disabled enemy, soon ended his painful struggles, and solemnized his fall with their clamor; the hunters, with their horns and voices, whooping and blowing a *mort*, or death-note, which resounded far over the billows of the adjacent ocean.

The huntsman then withdrew the hounds from the throttled stag, and on his knee presented his knife to a fair female form, on a white palfrey, whose terror, or perhaps her compassion, had till then kept her at some distance. She wore a black silk riding-mask, which was then a common fashion, as well for preserving the complexion from sun and rain, as from an idea of decorum, which did not permit a lady to appear barefaced while engaged in a boisterous sport, and attended by a promiscuous company. The richness of her dress, however, as well as the mettle and form of her palfrey, together with the sylvan compliment paid to her by the huntsman, pointed her out to Bucklaw as the principal person in the field. It was not without a feeling of pity, approaching even to contempt, that this enthusiastic hunter observed her refuse the huntsman's knife, presented to her for the purpose of making the first incision in the stag's breast, and thereby discovering the quality of the venison. He felt more than half inclined to pay his compliments to her; but it had been Bucklaw's misfortune, that his habits of life had not rendered him familiarly acquainted with the higher and better classes of female society, so that, with all his natural audacity, he felt sheepish and bashful when it became necessary to address a lady of distinction.

Taking unto himself heart of grace (to use his own phrase), he did at length summon up resolution enough to give the fair huntress good time of the day, and trust that her sport had answered her expectation. Her answer was very courteously and modestly expressed, and testified some gratitude to the gallant cavalier, whose exploit had terminated the chase so adroitly, when the hounds and huntsmen seemed somewhat at a stand.

"Uds daggers and scabbard, madam," said Bucklaw, whom this observation brought at once upon his own ground, "there is no difficulty or merit in that matter at all, so that a fellow is not too much afraid of having a pair of antlers in his guts. I have hunted at force five hundred times, madam; and I never yet saw the stag at bay, by land or water, but I durst have gone roundly in on him. It is all use and wont.

madam ; and I'll tell you, madam, for all that, it must be done with good heed and caution ; and you will do well, madam, to have your hunting-sword both right sharp and double-edged, that you may strike either fore-handed or back-handed, as you see reason, for a hurt with a buck's horn is a perilous and somewhat venomous matter."

"I am afraid, sir," said the young lady, and her smile was scarce concealed by her vizard, "I shall have little use for such careful preparation."

"But the gentleman says very right for all that, my lady," said an old huntsman, who had listened to Bucklaw's harangue with no small edification ; "and I have heard my father say, who was a forester at the Cabraeh, that a wild boar's gannèh is more easily healed than a hurt from the deer's horn, for so says the old woodman's rhyme—

"If thou be hurt with horn of hart, it brings thee to thy bier ;
But tusk of boar shall leeches heal, thereof have lesser fear."

"An I might advise," continued Bucklaw, who was now in his element, and desirous of assuming the whole management, "as the hounds are surbated and weary, the head of the stag should be cabaged in order to reward them ; and if I may presume to speak, the huntsman, who is to break up the stag, ought to drink to your good ladyship's health a good lusty bicker of ale, or a tass of brandy ; for if he breaks him up without drinking, the venison will not keep well."

This very agreeable prescription received, as will be readily believed, all acception from the huntsman, who, in requital, offered to Bucklaw the compliment of his knife, which the young lady had declined.

This polite proffer was seconded by his mistress. "I believe, sir," she said, withdrawing herself from the circle, "that my father, for whose amusement Lord Bittlebrains's hounds have been out to-day, will readily surrender all care of these matters to a gentleman of your experience."

Then, bending gracefully from her horse, she wished him good-morning, and, attended by one or two domestics, who seemed immediately attached to her service, retired from the scene of action, to which Bucklaw, too much delighted with an opportunity of displaying his woodcraft to care about man or woman either, paid little attention ; but was soon stripped to his doublet, with tucked-up sleeves, and naked arms up to the elbows in blood and grease, slashing, cutting, hacking, and hewing, with the precision of Sir Tristrem himself, and wrangling and disputing with all around him concerning

nombres, briskets, flankards, and raven-bones, then usual terms of the art of hunting, or of butchery, whichever the reader chooses to call it, which are now probably antiquated.

When Ravenswood, who followed a short space behind his friend, saw that the stag had fallen, his temporary ardor for the chase gave way to that feeling of reluctance which he endured at encountering in his fallen fortunes the gaze whether of equals or inferiors. He reined up his horse on the top of a gentle eminence, from which he observed the busy and gay scene beneath him, and heard the whoops of the huntsmen, gayly mingled with the cry of the dogs, and the neighing and trampling of the horses. But these jovial sounds fell sadly on the ear of the ruined nobleman. The chase, with all its train of excitations, has ever since feudal times been accounted the almost exclusive privilege of the aristocracy, and was anciently their chief employment in times of peace. The sense that he was excluded by his situation from enjoying the sylvan sport, which his rank assigned to him as a special prerogative, and the feeling that new men were now exercising it over the downs which had been jealously reserved by his ancestors for their own amusement, while he, the heir of the domain, was fain to hold himself at a distance from their party, awakened reflections calculated to depress deeply a mind like Ravenswood's, which was naturally contemplative and melancholy. His pride, however, soon shook off this feeling of dejection, and it gave way to impatience upon finding that his volatile friend Bucklaw seemed in no hurry to return with his borrowed steed, which Ravenswood, before leaving the field, wished to see restored to the obliging owner. As he was about to move towards the group of assembled huntsmen, he was joined by a horseman, who, like himself, had kept aloof during the fall of the deer.

This personage seemed stricken in years. He wore a scarlet cloak, buttoning high upon his face, and his hat was unlooped and slouched, probably by way of defence against the weather. His horse, a strong and steady palfrey, was calculated for a rider who proposed to witness the sport of the day rather than to share it. An attendant waited at some distance, and the whole equipment was that of an elderly gentleman of rank and fashion. He accosted Ravenswood very politely, but not without some embarrassment.

"You seem a gallant young gentleman, sir," he said, "and yet appear as indifferent to this brave sport as if you had my load of years on your shoulders."

"I have followed the sport with more spirit on other occa-

sions," replied the Master; "at present, late events in my family must be my apology; and besides," he added, "I was but indifferently mounted at the beginning of the sport."

"I think," said the stranger, "one of my attendants had the sense to accommodate your friend with a horse."

"I was much indebted to his politeness and yours," replied Ravenswood. "My friend is Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw, whom I dare say you will be sure to find in the thick of the keenest sportsmen. He will return your servant's horse, and take my pony in exchange; and will add," he concluded, turning his horse's head from the stranger, "his best acknowledgments to mine for the accommodation."

The Master of Ravenswood, having thus expressed himself, began to move homeward, with the manner of one who has taken leave of his company. But the stranger was not so to be shaken off. He turned his horse at the same time, and rode in the same direction, so near to the Master that, without outriding him, which the formal civility of the time, and the respect due to the stranger's age and recent civility, would have rendered improper, he could not easily escape from his company.

The stranger did not long remain silent. "This, then," he said, "is the ancient Castle of Wolf's Crag, often mentioned in the Scottish records." looking to the old tower, then darkening under the influence of a stormy cloud, that formed its background; for at the distance of a short mile, the chase, having been circuitous, had brought the hunters nearly back to the point which they had attained when Ravenswood and Bucklaw had set forward to join them.

Ravenswood answered this observation with a cold and distant assent.

"It was, as I have heard," continued the stranger, unabashed by his coldness, "one of the most early possessions of the honorable family of Ravenswood."

"Their earliest possession," answered the Master, "and probably their latest."

"I—I—I should hope not, sir," answered the stranger, clearing his voice with more than one cough, and making an effort to overcome a certain degree of hesitation; "Scotland knows what she owes to this ancient family, and remembers their frequent and honorable achievements. I have little doubt that, were it properly represented to her Majesty that so ancient and noble a family were subjected to dilapidation—I mean to decay—means might be found, *ad re-ædificandum antiquam ædomum*—"

“I will save you the trouble, sir, of discussing this point farther,” interrupted the Master, haughtily. “I am the heir of that unfortunate house—I am the Master of Ravenswood. And you, sir, who seem to be a gentleman of fashion and education, must be sensible that the next mortification after being unhappy is the being loaded with undesired commiseration.”

“I beg your pardon, sir,” said the elder horseman; “I did not know—I am sensible I ought not to have mentioned—nothing could be farther from my thoughts than to suppose—”

“There are no apologies necessary, sir,” answered Ravenswood. “for here, I suppose, our roads separate, and I assure you that we part in perfect equanimity on my side.”

As speaking these words, he directed his horse’s head towards a narrow causeway, the ancient approach to Wolf’s Crag, of which it might be truly said, in the words of the Bard of Hope, that

Frequented by few was the grass-cover’d road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

But, ere he could disengage himself from his companion, the young lady we have already mentioned came up to join the stranger, followed by her servants.

“Daughter,” said the stranger to the masked damsel, “this is the Master of Ravenswood.”

It would have been natural that the gentleman should have replied to this introduction; but there was something in the graceful form and retiring modesty of the female to whom he was thus presented, which not only prevented him from inquiring to whom, and by whom, the annunciation had been made, but which even for the time struck him absolutely mute. At this moment the cloud which had long lowered above the height on which Wolf’s Craig is situated, and which now, as it advanced, spread itself in darker and denser folds both overland and sea, hiding the distant objects and obscuring those which were nearer, turning the sea to a leaden complexion and the heath to a darker brown, began now, by one or two distant peals, to announce the thunders with which it was fraught; while two flashes of lightning, following each other very closely, showed in the distance the gray turrets of Wolf’s Crag, and, more nearly, the rolling billows of the ocean, crested suddenly with red and dazzling light.

The horse of the fair huntress showed symptoms of impatience and restiveness, and it became impossible for Ravenswood, as a man or a gentleman, to leave her abruptly to the care of an aged father or her menial attendants. He was, or believed himself, obliged in courtesy to take hold of her bridle, and assist her in managing the unruly animal. While he was thus engaged, the old gentleman observed that the storm seemed to increase; that they were far from Lord Bittlebrains's, whose guests they were for the present; and that he would be obliged to the Master of Ravenswood to point him the way to the nearest place of refuge from the storm. At the same time he cast a wistful and embarrassed look towards the Tower of Wolf's Crag, which seemed to render it almost impossible for the owner to avoid offering an old man and a lady, in such an emergency, the temporary use of his house. Indeed, the condition of the young huntress made this courtesy indispensable; for, in the course of the services which he rendered, he could not but perceive that she trembled much, and was extremely agitated, from her apprehensions, doubtless, of the coming storm.

I know not if the Master of Ravenswood shared her terrors, but he was not entirely free from something like a similar disorder of nerves, as he observed, "The Tower of Wolf's Crag has nothing to offer beyond the shelter of its roof, but if that can be acceptable at such a moment——" he paused, as if the rest of the invitation stuck in his throat. But the old gentleman, his self-constituted companion, did not allow him to recede from the invitation which he had rather suffered to be implied than directly expressed.

"The storm," said the stranger, "must be an apology for waiving ceremony; his daughter's health was weak, she had suffered much from a recent alarm; he trusted their intrusion on the Master of Ravenswood's hospitality would not be altogether unpardonable in the circumstances of the case: his child's safety must be dearer to him than ceremony."

There was no room to retreat. The Master of Ravenswood led the way, continuing to keep hold of the lady's bridle to prevent her horse from starting at some unexpected explosion of thunder. He was not so bewildered in his own hurried reflections but that he remarked, that the deadly paleness which had occupied her neck and temples, and such of her features as the riding-mask left exposed, gave place to a deep and rosy suffusion; and he felt with embarrassment that a flush was by tacit sympathy excited in his own cheeks. The stranger, with watchfulness which he disguised under

apprehensions for the safety of his daughter, continued to observe the expression of the Master's countenance as they ascended the hill to Wolf's Crag. When they stood in front of that ancient fortress, Ravenswood's emotions were of a very complicated description; and as he led the way into the rude courtyard, and hallooed to Caleb to give attendance, there was a tone of sternness, almost of fierceness, which seemed somewhat alien from the courtesies of one who is receiving honored guests.

Caleb came; and not the paleness of the fair stranger at the first approach of the thunder, nor the paleness of any other person, in any other circumstances whatever, equalled that which overcame the thin cheeks of the disconsolate senechal when he beheld this accession of guests to the castle, and reflected that the dinner hour was fast approaching. "Is he daft?" he muttered to himself—"is he clean daft a'thegither, to bring lords and leddies, and a host of folk be-hint them, and twal o'clock chappit?" Then approaching the Master, he craved pardon for having permitted the rest of his people to go out to see the hunt, observing, that "They wad never think of his lordship coming back till mirk night, and that he dreaded they might play the truant."

"Silence, Balderstone!" said Ravenswood, sternly; "your folly is unseasonable. Sir and madam," he said, turning to his guests, "this old man, and a yet older and more imbecile female domestic, form my whole retinue. Our means of refreshing you are more scanty than even so miserable a retinue, and a dwelling so dilapidated, might seem to promise you; but, such as they may chance to be, you may command them."

The elder stranger, struck with the ruined and even savage appearance of the Tower, rendered still more disconsolate by the lowering and gloomy sky, and perhaps not altogether unmoved by the grave and determined voice in which their host addressed them, looked round him anxiously, as if he half repented the readiness with which he had accepted the offered hospitality. But there was now no opportunity of receding from the situation in which he had placed himself.

As for Caleb, he was so utterly stunned by his master's public and unqualified acknowledgment of the nakedness of the land, that for two minutes he could only mutter within his hebdomadal beard, which had not felt the razor for six days, "He's daft—clean daft—red wud, and awa' wi't! But deil hae Caleb Balderstone," said he, collecting his powers of invention and resource, "if the family shall lose credit, if he

were as mad as the seven wise masters!" He then boldly advanced, and in spite of his master's frowns and impatience, gravely asked, "If he should not serve up some slight refec-tion for the young leddy, and a glass of tokay, or old sack—or——"

"Truce to this ill-timed foolery," said the Master, sternly; "put the horses into the stable, and interrupt us no more with your absurdities."

"Your honor's pleasure is to be obeyed aboon a' things," said Caleb; "nevertheless, as for the sack and tokay which it is not your noble guests' pleasure to accept——"

But here the voice of Bucklaw, heard even above the clat-tering of hoofs and braying of horns with which it mingled, announced that he was scaling the pathway to the Tower at the head of the greater part of the gallant hunting train.

"The deil be in me," said Caleb, taking heart in spite of this new invasion of Philistines, "if they shall beat me yet! The hellicat ne'er-do-weel! to bring such a crew here, that will expect to find brandy as plenty as ditch-water, and he kenning sae absolutely the case in whilk we stand for the present! But I trow, could I get rid of thae gaping gowks of flunkies that hae won into the courtyard at the back of their betters, as mony a man gets preferment, I could make a' right yet."

The measures which he took to execute this dauntless res-olution, the reader shall learn in the next chapter.

CHAPTER X

With throat unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard him call;
Gramercy they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they had been drinking all!
COLERIDGE'S *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

HAYSTON of Bucklaw was one of the thoughtless class who never hesitate between their friend and their jest. When it was announced that the principal persons of the chase had taken their route towards Wolf's Crag, the huntsmen, as a point of civility, offered to transfer the venison to that mansion: a proffer which was readily accepted by Bucklaw, who thought much of the astonishment which their arrival in full body would occasion poor old Caleb Balderstone, and very little of the dilemma to which he was about to expose his friend the Master, so ill circumstanced to receive such a party. But in old Caleb he had to do with a crafty and alert antagonist, prompt at supplying, upon all emergencies, evasions and excuses suitable, as he thought, to the dignity of the family.

"Praise be blest!" said Caleb to himself, "a leaf of the muckle gate has been swung to wi' yestreen's wind, and I think I can manage to shut the ither."

But he was desirous, like a prudent governor, at the same time to get rid, if possible, of the internal enemy, in which light he considered almost every one who eat and drank, ere he took measures to exclude those whom their jocund noise now pronounced to be near at hand. He waited, therefore, with impatience until his master had shown his two principal guests into the Tower, and then commenced his operations.

"I think," he said to the stranger menials, "that, as they are bringing the stag's head to the castle in all honor, we, who are indwellers, should receive them at the gate."

The unwary grooms had no sooner hurried out, in compliance with this insidious hint, than, one folding-door of the ancient gate being already closed by the wind, as has been already intimated, honest Caleb lost no time in shutting the

other with a clang, which resounded from donjon-vault to battlement. Having thus secured the pass, he forthwith indulged the excluded huntsmen in brief parley, from a small projecting window, or shot-hole, through which, in former days, the warders were wont to reconnoitre those who presented themselves before the gates. He gave them to understand, in a short and pithy speech, that the gate of the castle was never on any account opened during meal-times; * that his honor, the Master of Ravenswood, and some guests of quality, had just sat down to dinner; that there was excellent brandy at the hostler-wife's at Wolf's Hope down below; and he held out some obscure hint that the reckoning would be discharged by the Master; but this was uttered in a very dubious and oracular strain, for, like Louis XIV., Caleb Balderstone hesitated to carry *finesse* so far as direct falsehood, and was content to deceive, if possible, without directly lying.

This annunciation was received with surprise by some, with laughter by others, and with dismay by the expelled lackeys, who endeavored to demonstrate that their right of readmission, for the purpose of waiting upon their master and mistress, was at least indisputable. But Caleb was not in a humor to understand or admit any distinctions. He stuck to his original proposition with that dogged but convenient pertinacity which is armed against all conviction, and deaf to all reasoning. Bucklaw now came from the rear of the party, and demanded admittance in a very angry tone. But the resolution of Caleb was immovable.

“If the king on the throne were at the gate,” he declared, “his ten fingers should never open it contrair to the established use and wont of the family of Ravenswood, and his duty as their head-servant.”

Bucklaw was now extremely incensed, and with more oaths and curses than we care to repeat, declared himself most unworthily treated, and demanded peremptorily to speak with the Master of Ravenswood himself.

But to this also Caleb turned a deaf ear. “He's as soon a-bleeze asa tap of tow, the lad Bucklaw,” he said; “but the deil of ony master's face he shall see till he has sleepit and wakened on't. He'll ken himsell better the morn's morning. It sets the like o' him, to be bringing a crew of drunken hunters here, when he kens there is but little preparation to sloken his ain drought.” And he disappeared from the window, leaving them all to digest their exclusion as they best might.

* See *Old Scottish Songs*, vol. 1, p. 100.

But another person, of whose presence Caleb, in the animation of the debate, was not aware, had listened in silence to its progress. This was the principal domestic of the stranger—a man of trust and consequence—the same who, in the hunting-field, had accommodated Bucklaw with the use of his horse. He was in the stable when Caleb had contrived the expulsion of his fellow-servants, and thus avoided sharing the same fate, from which his personal importance would certainly not have otherwise saved him.

This personage perceived the manœuvre of Caleb, easily appreciated the motive of his conduct, and knowing his master's intentions towards the family of Ravenswood, had no difficulty as to the line of conduct he ought to adopt. He took the place of Caleb (unperceived by the latter) at the post of audience which he had just left, and announced to the assembled domestics, "That it was his master's pleasure that Lord Bittlebrains's retinue and his own should go down to the adjacent change-house and call for what refreshments they might have occasion for, and he should take care to discharge the lawing."

The jolly troop of huntsmen retired from the inhospitable gate of Wolf's Crag, execrating, as they descended the steep pathway, the niggard and unworthy disposition of the proprietor, and damning, with more than sylvan license, both the castle and its inhabitants. Bucklaw, with many qualities which would have made him a man of worth and judgment in more favorable circumstances, had been so utterly neglected in point of education, that he was apt to think and feel according to the ideas of the companions of his pleasures. The praises which had recently been heaped upon himself he contrasted with the general abuse now levelled against Ravenswood; he recalled to his mind the dull and monotonous days he had spent in the Tower of Wolf's Crag, compared with the joviality of his usual life; he felt with great indignation his exclusion from the castle, which he considered as a gross affront, and every mingled feeling led him to break off the union which he had formed with the Master of Ravenswood.

On arriving at the change-house of the village of Wolf's Hope, he unexpectedly met with an old acquaintance just alighting from his horse. This was no other than the very respectable Captain Craigenfelt, who immediately came up to him, and, without appearing to retain any recollection of the indifferent terms on which they had parted, shook him by the hand in the warmest manner possible. A warm grasp of the hand was what Bucklaw could never help returning with

cordiality, and no sooner had Craigenfelt felt the pressure of his fingers than he knew the terms on which he stood with him.

“Long life to you, Bucklaw!” he exclaimed; “there’s life for honest folk in this bad world yet!”

The Jacobites at this period, with what propriety I know not, used, it must be noticed, the term of *honest men* as peculiarly descriptive of their own party.

“Ay, and for others besides, it seems,” answered Bucklaw; “otherways, how came you to venture hither, noble Captain?”

“Who—I? I am as free as the wind at Martinmas, that pays neither land-rent nor annual; all is explained—all settled with the honest old drivellers yonder of Auld Reekie. Pooh! pooh! they dared not keep me a week of days in durance. A certain person has better friends among them than you wot of, and can serve a friend when it is least likely.”

“Pshaw!” answered Hayston, who perfectly knew and thoroughly despised the character of this man. “none of your cogging gibberish; tell me truly, are you at liberty and in safety?”

“Free and safe as a Whig bailie on the causeway of his own borough, or a canting Presbyterian minister in his own pulpit; and I came to tell you that you need not remain in hiding any longer.”

“Then I suppose you call yourself my friend, Captain Craigenfelt?” said Bucklaw.

“Friend!” replied Craigenfelt, “my cock of the pit! why, I am thy very Achates, man, as I have heard scholars say—hand and glove—bark and tree—thine to life and death!”

“I’ll try that in a moment,” answered Bucklaw. “Thou art never without money, however thou comest by it. Lend me two pieces to wash the dust out of these honest fellows’ throats in the first place, and then——”

“Two pieces! Twenty are at thy service, my lad, and twenty to back them.”

“Ay, say you so?” said Bucklaw, pausing, for his natural penetration led him to suspect some extraordinary motive lay couched under such an excess of generosity. “Craigenfelt, you are either an honest fellow in right good earnest, and I scarce know how to believe that; or you are cleverer than I took you for, and I scarce know how to believe that either.”

“*L’un n’empêche pas l’autre.*” said Craigenfelt. “Touch and try; the gold is good as ever was weighed.”

He put a quantity of gold pieces into Bucklaw's hand, which he thrust into his pocket without either counting or looking at them, only observing, "That he was so circumstanced that he must enlist, though the devil offered the press-money;" and then turning to the huntsmen, he called out, "Come along, my lads; all is at my cost."

"Long life to Bucklaw!" shouted the men of the chase.

"And confusion to him that takes his share of the sport, and leaves the hunters as dry as a drumhead," added another, by way of corollary.

"The house of Ravenswood was ance a gude and an honorable house in this land," said an old man; "but it's lost its credit this day, and the Master has shown himself no better than a greedy cullion."

And with this conclusion, which was unanimously agreed to by all who heard it, they rushed tumultuously into the house of entertainment, where they revelled till a late hour. The jovial temper of Bucklaw seldom permitted him to be nice in the choice of his associates; and on the present occasion, when his joyous debauch received additional zest from the intervention of an unusual space of sobriety, and almost abstinence, he was as happy in leading the revels as if his comrades had been sons of princes. Craigenfelt had his own purposes in fooling him up to the top of his bent; and having some low humor, much impudence, and the power of singing a good song, understanding besides thoroughly the disposition of his regained associate, he readily succeeded in involving him bumper-deep in the festivity of the meeting.

A very different scene was in the mean time passing in the Tower of Wolf's Crag. When the Master of Ravenswood left the courtyard, too much busied with his own perplexed reflections to pay attention to the manœuvre of Caleb, he ushered his guests into the great hall of the castle.

The indefatigable Balderstone, who, from choice or habit, worked on from morning to night, had by degrees cleared this desolate apartment of the confused relics of the funeral banquet, and restored it to some order. But not all his skill and labor, in disposing to advantage the little furniture which remained, could remove the dark and disconsolate appearance of those ancient and disfurnished walls. The narrow windows, flanked by deep indentures into the wall, seemed formed rather to exclude than to admit the cheerful light; and the heavy and gloomy appearance of the thunder-sky added still farther to the obscurity.

As Ravenswood, with the grace of a gallant of that period, but not without a certain stiffness and embarrassment of manner, handed the young lady to the upper end of the apartment, her father remained standing more near to the door, as if about to disengage himself from his hat and cloak. At this moment the clang of the portal was heard, a sound at which the stranger started, stepped hastily to the window, and looked with an air of alarm at Ravenswood, when he saw that the gate of the court was shut, and his domestics excluded.

“You have nothing to fear, sir,” said Ravenswood, gravely; “this roof retains the means of giving protection, though not welcome. Methinks,” he added, “it is time that I should know who they are that have thus highly honored my ruined dwelling!”

The young lady remained silent and motionless, and the father, to whom the question was more directly addressed, seemed in the situation of a performer who has ventured to take upon himself a part which he finds himself unable to present, and who comes to a pause when it is most to be expected that he should speak. While he endeavored to cover his embarrassment with the exterior ceremonials of a well-bred demeanor, it was obvious that, in making his bow, one foot shuffled forward, as if to advance, the other backward, as if with the purpose of escape; and as he undid the cape of his coat, and raised his beaver from his face, his fingers fumbled as if the one had been linked with rusted iron or the other had weighed equal with a stone of lead. The darkness of the sky seemed to increase, as if to supply the want of those mufflings which he laid aside with such evident reluctance. The impatience of Ravenswood increased also in proportion to the delay of the stranger, and he appeared to struggle under agitation, though probably from a very different cause. He labored to restrain his desire to speak, while the stranger, to all appearance, was at a loss for words to express what he felt it necessary to say.

At length Ravenswood's impatience broke the bounds he had imposed upon it. “I perceive,” he said, “that Sir William Ashton is unwilling to announce himself in the Castle of Wolf's Crag.”

“I had hoped it was unnecessary,” said the Lord Keeper, relieved from his silence, as a spectre by the voice of the exorcist; “and I am obliged to you, Master of Ravenswood, for breaking the ice at once, where circumstances—unhappy circumstances, let me call them—rendered self-introduction peculiarly awkward.”

“And I am not then,” said the Master of Ravenswood, gravely, “to consider the honor of this visit as purely accidental?”

“Let us distinguish a little,” said the Keeper, assuming an appearance of ease which perhaps his heart was a stranger to; “this is an honor which I have eagerly desired for some time, but which I might never have obtained, save for the accident of the storm. My daughter and I are alike grateful for this opportunity of thanking the brave man to whom she owes her life and I mine.”

The hatred which divided the great families in the feudal times had lost little of its bitterness, though it no longer expressed itself in deeds of open violence. Not the feelings which Ravenswood had begun to entertain towards Lucy Ashton, not the hospitality due to his guests, were able entirely to subdue, though they warmly combated, the deep passions which arose within him at beholding his father’s foe standing in the hall of the family of which he had in a great measure accelerated the ruin. His looks glanced from the father to the daughter with an irresolution of which Sir William Ashton did not think it proper to await the conclusion. He had now disembarassed himself of his riding-dress, and walking up to his daughter, he undid the fastening of her mask.

“Lucy, my love,” he said, raising her and leading her towards Ravenswood, “lay aside your mask, and let us express our gratitude to the Master openly and barefaced.”

“If he will condescend to accept it,” was all that Lucy uttered; but in a tone so sweetly modulated, and which seemed to imply at once a feeling and a forgiving of the cold reception to which they were exposed, that, coming from a creature so innocent and so beautiful, her words cut Ravenswood to the very heart for his harshness. He muttered something of surprise, something of confusion, and, ending with a warm and eager expression of his happiness at being able to afford her shelter under his roof, he saluted her, as the ceremonial of the time enjoined upon such occasions. Their cheeks had touched and were withdrawn from each other; Ravenswood had not quitted the hand which he had taken in kindly courtesy; a blush, which attached more consequence by far than was usual to such ceremony, still mantled on Lucy Ashton’s beautiful cheek, when the apartment was suddenly illuminated by a flash of lightning, which seemed absolutely to swallow the darkness of the hall. Every object might have been for an instant seen distinctly. The

slight and half-sinking form of Lucy Ashton ; the well-proportioned and stately figure of Ravenswood, his dark features, and the fiery yet irresolute expression of his eyes ; the old arms and scutcheons which hung on the walls of the apartment, were for an instant distinctly visible to the Keeper by a strong red brilliant glare of light. Its disappearance was almost instantly followed by a burst of thunder, for the storm-cloud was very near the castle ; and the peal was so sudden and dreadful, that the old tower rocked to its foundation, and every inmate concluded it was falling upon them. The soot, which had not been disturbed for centuries, showered down the huge tunnelled chimneys ; lime and dust flew in clouds from the wall ; and, whether the lightning had actually struck the castle or whether through the violent concussion of the air, several heavy stones were hurled from the mouldering battlements into the roaring sea beneath. It might seem as if the ancient founder of the castle were bestriding the thunderstorm, and proclaiming his displeasure at the reconciliation of his descendant with the enemy of his house.

The consternation was general, and it required the efforts of both the Lord Keeper and Ravenswood to keep Lucy from fainting. Thus was the Master a second time engaged in the most delicate and dangerous of all tasks, that of affording support and assistance to a beautiful and helpless being, who, as seen before in a similar situation, had already become a favorite of his imagination, both when awake and when slumbering. If the genius of the house really condemned a union betwixt the Master and his fair guest, the means by which he expressed his sentiments were as unhappily chosen as if he had been a mere mortal. The train of little attentions, absolutely necessary to soothe the young lady's mind, and aid her in composing her spirits, necessarily threw the Master of Ravenswood into such an intercourse with her father as was calculated, for the moment at least, to break down the barrier of feudal enmity which divided them. To express himself churlishly, or even coldly, towards an old man whose daughter (and *such* a daughter) lay before them, overpowered with natural terror—and all this under his own roof—the thing was impossible ; and by the time that Lucy, extending a hand to each, was able to thank them for their kindness, the Master felt that his sentiments of hostility towards the Lord Keeper were by no means those most predominant in his bosom.

The weather, her state of health, the absence of her at-

tendants, all prevented the possibility of Lucy Ashton renewing her journey to Bittlebrains House, which was full five miles distant; and the Master of Ravenswood could not but, in common courtesy, offer the shelter of his roof for the rest of the day and for the night. But a flush of less soft expression, a look much more habitual to his features, resumed predominance when he mentioned how meanly he was provided for the entertainment of his guests.

“Do not mention deficiencies,” said the Lord Keeper, eager to interrupt him and prevent his resuming an alarming topic; “you are preparing to set out for the Continent, and your house is probably for the present unfurnished. All this we understand; but if you mention inconvenience, you will oblige us to seek accommodations in the hamlet.”

As the Master of Ravenswood was about to reply, the door of the hall opened, and Caleb Balderstone rushed in.

CHAPTER XI

Let them have meat enough, woman—half a hen ;
There be old rotten pilchards—put them off too ;
'Tis but a little new anointing of them,
And a strong onion, that confounds the savor.

Love's Pilgrimage.

THE thunderbolt, which had stunned all who were within hearing of it, had only served to awaken the bold and inventive genius of the flower of majors-domo. Almost before the clatter had ceased, and while there was yet scarce an assurance whether the castle was standing or falling, Caleb exclaimed, "Heavens be praised ! this comes to hand like the boul of a pint-stoup." He then barred the kitchen door in the face of the Lord Keeper's servant, whom he perceived returning from the party at the gate, and muttering, "How the deil cam he in ?—but deil may care. Mysie, what are ye sitting shaking and greeting in the chimney-neuk for ? Come here—or stay where ye are, and skirl as loud as ye can ; it's a' ye're gude for. I say, ye auld deevil, skirl—skirl—louder—louder, woman ; gar the gentles hear ye in the ha'. I have heard ye as far off as the Bass for a less matter. And stay—down wi' that crockery——"

And with a sweeping blow, he threw down from a shelf some articles of pewter and earthenware. He exalted his voice amid the clatter, shouting and roaring in a manner which changed Mysie's hysterical terrors of the thunder into fears that her old fellow-servant was gone distracted. "He has dung down a' the bits o' pigs, too—the only thing we had left to hand a soup milk—and he has spilled the hatted kit that was for the Master's dinner. Mercy save us, the auld man's gaen clean and clear wud wi' the thunner !"

"Haud your tongue, ye b—— !" said Caleb, in the impetuous and overbearing triumph of successful invention, "a's provided now—dinner and a' thing ; the thunner's done a' in a clap of a hand !"

"Puir man, he's muckle astray," said Mysie, looking at him with a mixture of pity and alarm ; "I wish he may ever come hame to himsell again."

“Here, ye auld doited deevil,” said Caleb, still exulting in his extrication from a dilemma which had seemed insurmountable; “keep the strange man out of the kitchen; swear the thunner came down the chimney and spoiled the best dinner ye ever dressed—beef—bacon—kid—lark—leveret—wild-fowl—venison, and what-not. Lay it on thick, and never mind expenses. I’ll awa’ up to the ha’. Make a’ the confusion ye can; but be sure ye keep out the strange servant.”

With these charges to his ally, Caleb posted up to the hall, but stopping to reconnoitre through an aperture, which time, for the convenience of many a domestic in succession, had made in the door, and perceiving the situation of Miss Ashton, he had prudence enough to make a pause, both to avoid adding to her alarm and in order to secure attention to his account of the disastrous effects of the thunder.

But when he perceived that the lady was recovered, and heard the conversation turn upon the accommodation and refreshment which the castle afforded, he thought it time to burst into the room in the manner announced in the last chapter.

“Willawins!—willawins! Such a misfortune to befa’ the house of Ravenswood, and I to live to see it.”

“What is the matter, Caleb?” said his master, somewhat alarmed in his turn; “has any part of the castle fallen?”

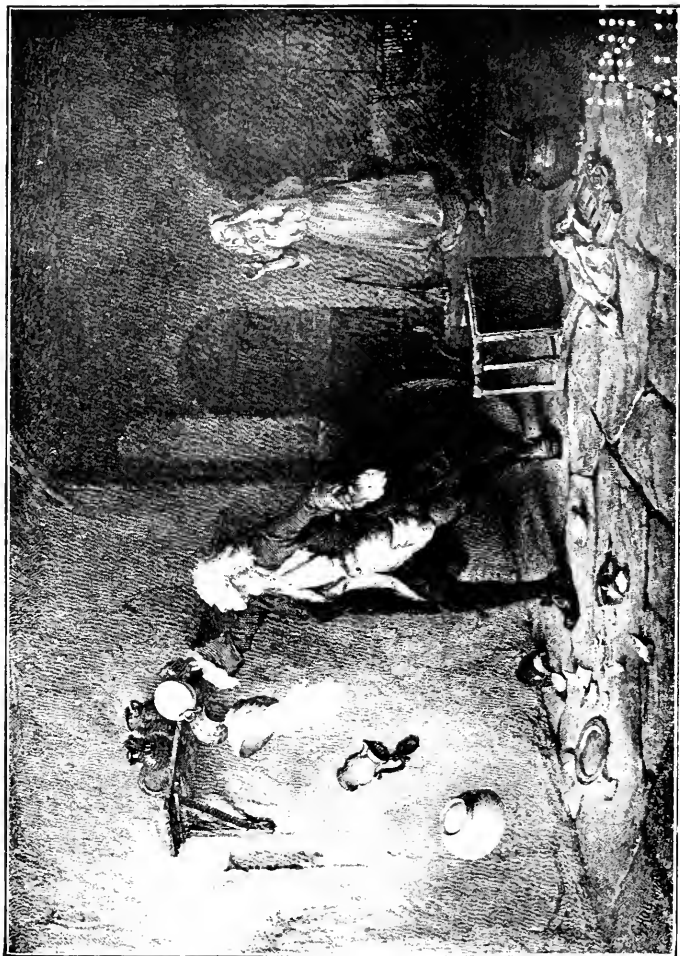
“Castle fa’an! na, but the sute’s fa’an, and the thunner’s come right down the kitchen-lum, and the things are a’ lying here awa’, there awa’, like the Laird o’ Hotchpotch’s lands; and wi’ brave guests of honor and quality to entertain [a low bow here to Sir William Ashton and his daughter], and naething left in the house fit to present for dinner, or for supper either, for aught that I can see!”

“I verily believe you, Caleb,” said Ravenswood, dryly.

Balderstone here turned to his master a half-upbraiding, half-imploing countenance, and edged towards him as he repeated, “It was nae great matter of preparation; but just something added to your honor’s ordinary course of fare—*petty cover*, as they say at the Louvre—three courses and the fruit.”

“Keep your intolerable nonsense to yourself, you old fool!” said Ravenswood, mortified at his officiousness, yet not knowing how to contradict him, without the risk of giving rise to scenes yet more ridiculous.

Caleb saw his advantage, and resolved to improve it. But first, observing that the Lord Keeper’s servant entered the apartment and spoke apart with his master, he took the same



Caleb Balderston's Ruse.

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opportunity to whisper a few words into Ravenswood's ear—"Hand your tongue, for heaven's sake, sir; if it's my pleasure to hazard my soul in telling lees for the honor of the family, it's nae business o' yours; and if ye let me gang on quietly, I'll be moderate in my banquet; but if ye contradict me, deil but I dress ye a dinner fit for a duke!"

Ravenswood, in fact, thought it would be best to let his officious butler run on, who proceeded to enumerate upon his fingers—"No muckle provision—might hae served four persons of honor,—first course, capons in white broth—roast kid—bacon with reverence; second course, roasted leveret—butter crabs—a veal florentine; third course, blackcock—it's black enough now wi' the sute—plumdamas—a tart—a flam—and some nonsense sweet things, and comfits—and that's a'," he said, seeing the impatience of his master—"that's just a' was o't—forbye the apples and pears."

Miss Ashton had by degrees gathered her spirits, so far as to pay some attention to what was going on; and observing the strained impatience of Ravenswood, contrasted with the peculiar determination of manner with which Caleb detailed his imaginary banquet, the whole struck her as so ridiculous that, despite every effort to the contrary, she burst into a fit of incontrollable laughter, in which she was joined by her father, though with more moderation, and finally by the Master of Ravenswood himself, though conscious that the jest was at his own expense. Their mirth—for a scene which we read with little emotion often appears extremely ludicrous to the spectators—made the old vault ring again. They ceased—they renewed—they ceased—they renewed again their shouts of laughter! Caleb, in the mean time, stood his ground with a grave, angry, and scornful dignity, which greatly enhanced the ridicule of the scene and the mirth of the spectators.

At length, when the voices, and nearly the strength, of the laughers were exhausted, he exclaimed, with very little ceremony, "The deil's in the gentles! they breakfast sae lordly, that the loss of the best dinner ever cook pat fingers to makes them as merry as if it were the best jeest in a' George Buchanan.* If there was as little in your honors' wames as there is in Caleb Balderstone's, less caickling wad serve ye on sic a gravaminous subject."

Caleb's blunt expression of resentment again awakened the mirth of the company, which, by the way, he regarded not only as an aggression upon the dignity of the family, but a

* See George Buchanan's Jests. Note 4.

special contempt of the eloquence with which he himself had summed up the extent of their supposed losses. "A description of a dinner," as he said afterwards to Mysie, "that wad hae made a fu' man hungry, and them to sit there laughing at it!"

"But," said Miss Ashton, composing her countenance as well as she could, "are all these delicacies so totally destroyed that no scrap can be collected?"

"Collected, my leddy! what wad ye collect out of the sute and the ass? Ye may gang down yoursell, and look into our kitchen—the cookmaid in the trembling exies—the gude vivers lying a' about—beef, capons, and white broth—florentine and flams—bacon wi' reverence—and a' the sweet confections and whim-whams—ye'll see them a', my leddy—that is," said he, correcting himself, "ye'll no see ony of them now, for the cook has soopit them up, as was weel her part; but ye'll see the white broth where it was spilt. I pat my fingers in it, and it tastes as like sour milk as onything else; if that isna the effect of thunner, I kenna what is. This gentleman here couldna but hear the clash of our hail dishes, china and silver thegither?"

The Lord Keeper's domestic, though a statesman's attendant, and of course trained to command his countenance upon all occasions, was somewhat discomposed by this appeal, to which he only answered by a bow.

"I think, Mr. Butler," said the Lord Keeper, who began to be afraid lest the prolongation of this scene should at length displease Ravenswood—"I think that, were you to retire with my servant Lockhard—he has travelled, and is quite accustomed to accidents and contingencies of every kind, and I hope betwixt you, you may find out some mode of supply at this emergency."

"His honor kens," said Caleb, who, however hopeless of himself of accomplishing what was desirable, would, like the high-spirited elephant, rather have died in the effort than brooked the aid of a brother in commission—"his honor kens weel I need nae counsellor, when the honor of the house is concerned."

"I should be unjust if I denied it, Caleb," said his master; "but your art lies chiefly in making apologies, upon which we can no more dine than upon the bill of fare of our thunder-blasted dinner. Now, possibly Mr. Lockhard's talent may consist in finding some substitute for that which certainly is not, and has in all probability never been."

"Your honor is pleased to be facetious," said Caleb, "but

I am sure that, for the warst, for a walk as far as Wolf's Hope, I could dine forty men—no that the folk there deserve your honor's custom. They hae been ill advised in the matter of the duty eggs and butter, I winna deny that."

"Do go consult together," said the Master; "go down to the village, and do the best you can. We must not let our guests remain without refreshment, to save the honor of a ruined family. And here, Caleb, take my purse; I believe that will prove your best ally."

"Purse! purse, indeed!" quoth Caleb, indignantly flinging out of the room; "what suld I do wi' your honor's purse, on your ain grund? I trust we are no to pay for our ain?"

The servants left the hall; and the door was no sooner shut than the Lord Keeper began to apologize for the rudeness of his mirth; and Lucy to hope she had given no pain or offence to the kind-hearted faithful old man.

"Caleb and I must both learn, madam, to undergo with good humor, or at least with patience, the ridicule which everywhere attaches itself to poverty."

"You do yourself injustice, Master of Ravenswood, on my word of honor," answered his elder guest. "I believe I know more of your affairs than you do yourself, and I hope to show you that I am interested in them; and that—in short, that your prospects are better than you apprehend. In the mean time, I can conceive nothing so respectable as the spirit which rises above misfortune, and prefers honorable privations to debt or dependence."

Whether from fear of offending the delicacy or awakening the pride of the Master, the Lord Keeper made these allusions with an appearance of fearful and hesitating reserve, and seemed to be afraid that he was intruding too far, in venturing to touch, however lightly, upon such a topic, even when the Master had led to it. In short, he appeared at once pushed on by his desire of appearing friendly, and held back by the fear of intrusion. It was no wonder that the Master of Ravenswood, little acquainted as he then was with life, should have given this consummate courtier credit for more sincerity than was probably to be found in a score of his cast. He answered, however, with reserve, that he was indebted to all who might think well of him; and, apologizing to his guests, he left the hall, in order to make such arrangements for their entertainment as circumstances admitted.

Upon consulting with old Mysie, the accommodations for the night were easily completed, as indeed they admitted of little choice. The Master surrendered his apartment for the

use of Miss Ashton, and Mysie, once a person of consequence, dressed in a black satin gown which had belonged of yore to the Master's grandmother, and had figured in the court-balls of Henrietta Maria, went to attend her as lady's-maid. He next inquired after Bucklaw, and understanding he was at the change-house with the huntsmen and some companions, he desired Caleb to call there, and acquaint him how he was circumstanced at Wolf's Crag; to intimate to him that it would be most convenient if he could find a bed in the hamlet, as the elder guest must necessarily be quartered in the secret chamber, the only spare bedroom which could be made fit to receive him. The Master saw no hardship in passing the night by the hall fire, wrapped in his campaign-cloak; and to Scottish domestics of the day, even of the highest rank, nay, to young men of family or fashion, on any pinch, clean straw, or a dry hay-loft, was always held good night-quarters.

For the rest, Lockhard had his master's orders to bring some venison from the inn, and Caleb was to trust to his wits for the honor of his family. The Master, indeed, a second time held out his purse; but, as it was in sight of the strange servant, the butler thought himself obliged to decline what his fingers itched to clutch. "Couldna he hae slippit it gently into my hand?" said Caleb; "but his honor will never learn how to bear himsell in siccan cases."

Mysie, in the mean time, according to a uniform custom in remote places in Scotland, offered the strangers the produce of her little dairy, "while better meat was getting ready." And according to another custom, not yet wholly in desuetude, as the storm was now drifting off to leeward, the Master carried the Keeper to the top of his highest tower to admire a wide and waste extent of view, and to "weary for his dinner."

CHAPTER XII

Now dame,' quoth he, " Je vous dis sans doute,
Had I nought of a capon but the liver,
And of your white bread nought but a shiver,
And after that a roasted pigge's head
(But I ne wold for me no beast were dead),
Then had I with you homely sufferance."

CHAUCER, *Sumner's Tale*.

It was not without some secret misgivings that Caleb set out upon his exploratory expedition. In fact, it was attended with a treble difficulty. He dared not tell his master the offence which he had that morning given to Bucklaw, just for the honor of the family; he dared not acknowledge he had been too hasty in refusing the purse; and, thirdly, he was somewhat apprehensive of unpleasant consequences upon his meeting Hayston under the impression of an affront, and probably by this time under the influence also of no small quantity of brandy.

Caleb, to do him justice, was as bold as any lion where the honor of the family of Ravenswood was concerned; but his was that considerate valor which does not delight in unnecessary risks. This, however, was a secondary consideration; the main point was to veil the indigence of the housekeeping at the castle, and to make good his vaunt of the cheer which his resources could procure, without Lockhard's assistance, and without supplies from his master. This was as prime a point of honor with him as with the generous elephant with whom we have already compared him, who, being overtaken, broke his skull through the desperate exertions which he made to discharge his duty, when he perceived they were bringing up another to his assistance.

The village which they now approached had frequently afforded the distressed butler resources upon similar emergencies; but his relations with it had been of late much altered.

It was a little hamlet which straggled along the side of a creek formed by the discharge of a small brook into the sea, and was hidden from the castle, to which it had been in former times an appendage, by the intervention of the shoulder of

a hill forming a projecting headland. It was called Wolf's Hope (*i.e.* Wolf's Haven), and the few inhabitants gained a precarious subsistence by manning two or three fishing-boats in the herring season, and smuggling gin and brandy during the winter months. They paid a kind of hereditary respect to the Lords of Ravenswood; but, in the difficulties of the family, most of the inhabitants of Wolf's Hope had contrived to get feu-rights to their little possessions, their huts, kail-yards, and rights of common, so that they were emancipated from the chains of feudal dependence, and free from the various exactions with which, under every possible pretext, or without any pretext at all, the Scottish landlords of the period, themselves in great poverty, were wont to harass their still poorer tenants at will. They might be, on the whole, termed independent, a circumstance peculiarly galling to Caleb, who had been wont to exercise over them the same sweeping authority in levying contributions which was exercised in former times in England, when "the royal purveyors, sallying forth from under the Gothic portcullis to purchase provisions with power and prerogative, instead of money, brought home the plunder of an hundred markets, and all that could be seized from a flying and hiding country, and deposited their spoil in an hundred caverns."*

Caleb loved the memory and resented the downfall of that authority, which mimicked, on a petty scale, the grand contributions exacted by the feudal sovereigns. And as he fondly flattered himself that the awful rule and right supremacy, which assigned to the Barons of Ravenswood the first and most effective interest in all productions of nature within five miles of their castle, only slumbered, and was not departed forever, he used every now and then to give the recollection of the inhabitants a little jog by some petty exaction. These were at first submitted to, with more or less readiness, by the inhabitants of the hamlet; for they had been so long used to consider the wants of the Baron and his family as having a title to be preferred to their own, that their actual independence did not convey to them an immediate sense of freedom. They resembled a man that has been long fettered, who, even at liberty, feels in imagination the grasp of the handcuffs still binding his wrists. But the exercise of freedom is quickly followed with the natural consciousness of its immunities, as the enlarged prisoner, by the free use of his limbs, soon dispels the cramped feeling they had acquired when bound.

* *Burke's Speech on Economical Reform: Works*, vol. iii., p. 250.

The inhabitants of Wolf's Hope began to grumble, to resist, and at length positively to refuse compliance with the exactions of Caleb Balderstone. It was in vain he reminded them, that when the eleventh Lord Ravenswood, called the Skipper, from his delight in naval matters, had encouraged the trade of their port by building the pier (a bulwark of stones rudely piled together), which protected the fishing-boats from the weather, it had been matter of understanding that he was to have the first stone of butter after the calving of every cow within the barony, and the first egg, thence called the Monday's egg, laid by every hen on every Monday in the year.

The feuars heard and scratched their heads, coughed, sneezed, and being pressed for answer, rejoined with one voice, "They could not say"—the universal refuge of a Scottish peasant when pressed to admit a claim which his conscience owns, or perhaps his feelings, and his interest inclines him to deny.

Caleb, however, furnished the notables of Wolf's Hope with a note of the requisition of butter and eggs, which he claimed as arrears of the aforesaid subsidy, or kindly aid, payable as above mentioned; and having intimated that he would not be averse to compound the same for goods or money, if it was inconvenient to them to pay in kind, left them, as he hoped, to debate the mode of assessing themselves for that purpose. On the contrary, they met with a determined purpose of resisting the exaction, and were only undecided as to the mode of grounding their opposition, when the cooper, a very important person on a fishing-station, and one of the conscript fathers of the village, observed, "That their hens had caickled mouny a day for the Lords of Ravenswood, and it was time they suld caickle for those that gave them roosts and barley." A unanimous grin intimated the assent of the assembly. "And," continued the orator, "if it's your wull, I'll just tak a step as far as Dunse for Davie Dingwall, the writer, that's come frae the North to settle amang us, and he'll pit this job to rights, I'se warrant him."

A day was accordingly fixed for holding a grand palaver at Wolf's Hope on the subject of Caleb's requisitions, and he was invited to attend at the hamlet for that purpose.

He went with open hands and empty stomach, trusting to fill the one on his master's account and the other on his own score, at the expense of the feuars of Wolf's Hope. But, death to his hopes! as he entered the eastern end of the straggling village, the awful form of Davie Dingwall, a sly, dry, hard-

fisted, shrewd country attorney, who had already acted against the family of Ravenswood, and was a principal agent of Sir William Ashton, trotted in at the western extremity, bestriding a leathern portmanteau stuffed with the feu-charters of the hamlet, and hoping he had not kept Mr. Balderstone waiting, "as he was instructed and fully empowered to pay or receive, compound or compensate, and, in fine, to agé as accords, respecting all mutual and unsettled claims whatsoever, belonging or competent to the Honorable Edgar Ravenswood, commonly called the Master of Ravenswood——"

"The *Right* Honorable Edgar *Lord Ravenswood*," said Caleb, with great emphasis; for, though conscious he had little chance of advantage in the conflict to ensue, he was resolved not to sacrifice one jot of honor.

"Lord Ravenswood, then," said the man of business—"we shall not quarrel with you about titles of courtesy—commonly called Lord Ravenswood, or Master of Ravenswood, heritable proprietor of the lands and barony of Wolf's Crag, on the one part, and to John Whitefish and others, feuars in the town of Wolf's Hope, within the barony aforesaid, on the other part."

Caleb was conscious, from sad experience, that he would wage a very different strife with this mercenary champion than with the individual feuars themselves, upon whose old recollections, predilections, and habits of thinking he might have wrought by a hundred indirect arguments, to which their deputy-representative was totally insensible. The issue of the debate proved the reality of his apprehensions. It was in vain he strained his eloquence and ingenuity, and collected into one mass all arguments arising from antique custom and hereditary respect, from the good deeds done by the Lords of Ravenswood to the community of Wolf's Hope in former days, and from what might be expected from them in future. The writer stuck to the contents of his feu-charters; he could not see it: 'twas not in the bond. And when Caleb, determined to try what a little spirit would do, deprecated the consequences of Lord Ravenswood's withdrawing his protection from the burgh, and even hinted at his using active measures of resentment, the man of law sneered in his face.

"His clients," he said, "had determined to do the best they could for their own town, and he thought Lord Ravenswood, since he was a lord, might have enough to do to look after his own castle. As to any threats of stouthrief oppression, by rule of thumb, or *via facti*, as the law termed it,

he would have Mr. Balderstone recollect, that new times were not as old times; that they lived on the south of the Forth, and far from the Highlands; that his clients thought they were able to protect themselves; but should they find themselves mistaken, they would apply to the government for the protection of a corporal and four red-coats, who," said Mr. Dingwall, with a grin, "would be perfectly able to secure them against Lord Ravenswood, and all that he or his followers could do by the strong hand."

If Caleb could have concentrated all the lightnings of aristocracy in his eye, to have struck dead this contemner of allegiance and privilege, he would have launched them at his head, without respect to the consequences. As it was, he was compelled to turn his course backward to the castle; and there he remained for full half a day invisible and inaccessible even to Mysie, sequestered in his own peculiar dungeon, where he sat burnishing a single pewter plate and whistling "Maggie Lauder" six hours without intermission.

The issue of this unfortunate requisition had shut against Caleb all resources which could be derived from Wolf's Hope and its purlieus, the El Dorado, or Peru, from which, in all former cases of exigence, he had been able to extract some assistance. He had, indeed, in a manner vowed that the devil should have him, if ever he put the print of his foot within its causeway again. He had hitherto kept his word; and, strange to tell, this secession had, as he intended, in some degree, the effect of a punishment upon the refractory feuars. Mr. Balderstone had been a person in their eyes connected with a superior order of things, whose presence used to grace their little festivities, whose advice they found useful on many occasions, and whose communications gave a sort of credit to their village. The place, they acknowledged, "didna look as it used to do, and should do, since Mr. Caleb keepit the castle sac closely; but doubtless, touching the eggs and butter, it was a most unreasonable demand, as Mr. Dingwall had justly made manifest."

Thus stood matters betwixt the parties, when the old butler, though it was gall and wormwood to him, found himself obliged either to acknowledge before a strange man of quality, and, what was much worse, before that stranger's servant, the total inability of Wolf's Crag to produce a dinner, or he must trust to the compassion of the feuars of Wolf's Hope. It was a dreadful degradation; but necessity was equally imperious and lawless. With these feelings he entered the street of the village.

Willing to shake himself from his companion as soon as

possible, he directed Mr. Lockhard to Luckie Sma'trash's change-house, where a din, proceeding from the revels of Bucklaw, Craigenfelt, and their party, sounded half-way down the street, while the red glare from the window overpowered the gray twilight which was now settling down, and glimmered against a parcel of old tubs, kegs, and barrels, piled up in the cooper's yard, on the other side of the way.

"If you, Mr. Lockhard," said the old butler to his companion, "will be pleased to step to the change-house where that light comes from, and where, as I judge, they are now singing 'Cauld Kail in Aberdeen,' ye may do your master's errand about the venison, and I will do mine about Bucklaw's bed, as I return frae getting the rest of the vivers. It's no that the venison is actually needfu'," he added, detaining his colleague by the button, "to make up the dinner; but as a compliment to the hunters, ye ken; and, Mr. Lockhard, if they offer ye a drink o' yill, or a cup o' wine, or a glass o' brandy, ye'll be a wise man to take it, in case the thunner should hae soured ours at the castle, whilk is ower muckle to be dreaded."

He then permitted Lockhard to depart; and with foot heavy as lead, and yet far lighter than his heart, stepped on through the unequal street of the straggling village, meditating on whom he ought to make his first attack. It was necessary he should find some one with whom old acknowledged greatness should weigh more than recent independence, and to whom his application might appear an act of high dignity, relenting at once and soothing. But he could not recollect an inhabitant of a mind so constructed. "Our kail is like to be cauld enough too," he reflected, as the chorus of "Cauld Kail in Aberdeen" again reached his ears. The minister—he had got his presentation from the late lord, but they had quarrelled about teinds; the brewster's wife—she had trusted long, and the bill was aye scored up, and unless the dignity of the family should actually require it, it would be a sin to distress a widow woman. None was so able—but, on the other hand, none was likely to be less willing—to stand his friend upon the present occasion, than Gibbie Girder, the man of tubs and barrels already mentioned, who had headed the insurrection in the matter of the egg and butter subsidy. "But a' comes o' taking folk on the right side, I trow," quoth Caleb to himself; "and I had ance the ill hap to say he was but a Johny New-come in our town, and the carle bore the family an ill-will ever since. But he married a bonny young queen, Jean Lightbody, auld Lightbody's daughter, him that was in the

steading of Loup-the-Dyke; and auld Lightbody was married himsell to Marion, that was about my lady in the family forty years syne. I hae had mony a day's daffing wi' Jean's mither, and they say she bides on wi' them. The earle has Jacobuses and Georgiuses baith, an ane could get at them; and sure I am, it's doing him an honor him or his never deserved at our hand, the ungracious sumph; and if he loses by us a'the-gither, he is e'en cheap o't: he can spare it brawly."

Shaking off irresolution, therefore, and turning at once upon his heel, Caleb walked hastily back to the cooper's house, lifted the latch without ceremony, and, in a moment, found himself behind the "hallan," or partition, from which position he could, himself unseen, reconnoitre the interior of the "but," or kitchen apartment, of the mansion.

Reverse of the sad menage at the Castle of Wolf's Crag, a bickering fire roared up the cooper's chimney. His wife, on the one side, in her pearlings and pudding-sleeves, put the last finishing touch to her holiday's apparel, while she contemplated a very handsome and good-humored face in a broken mirror, raised upon the "bink" (the shelves on which the plates are disposed) for her special accommodation. Her mother, old Luckie Loup-the-Dyke, "a canty carline" as was within twenty miles of her, according to the unanimous report of the "cummers," or gossips, sat by the fire in the full glory of a program gown, lammer beads, and a clean cocker-nony, whiffing a snug pipe of tobaceo, and superintending the affairs of the kitchen; for—sight more interesting to the anxious heart and craving entrails of the desponding seneschal than either buxom dame or canty cummer—there bubbled on the aforesaid bickering fire a huge pot, or rather caldron, steaming with beef and brewis; while before it revolved two spits, turned each by one of the cooper's apprentices, seated in the opposite corners of the chimney, the one loaded with a quarter of mutton, while the other was graced with a fat goose and a brace of wild ducks. The sight and scent of such a land of plenty almost wholly overcame the drooping spirits of Caleb. He turned, for a moment's space, to reconnoitre the "ben," or parlor end of the house, and there saw a sight scarce less affecting to his feelings—a large round table, covered for ten or twelve persons, decored (according to his own favorite term) with napery as white as snow, grand flagons of pewter, intermixed with one or two silver cups, containing, as was probable, something worthy the brilliancy of their outward appearance, clean trenchers, cutty spoons, knives and forks, sharp, burnished, and prompt for action, which lay all displayed as for an especial festival.

“The devil’s in the peddling tub-coopering carle!” muttered Caleb, in all the envy of astonishment; “it’s a shame to see the like o’ them gusting their gabs at sic a rate. But if some o’ that gude cheer does not find its way to Wolf’s Crag this night, my name is not Caleb Balderstone.”

So resolving, he entered the apartment, and, in all courteous greeting, saluted both the mother and the daughter. Wolf’s Crag was the court of the barony, Caleb prime minister at Wolf’s Crag; and it has ever been remarked that, though the masculine subject who pays the taxes sometimes growls at the courtiers by whom they are imposed, the said courtiers continue, nevertheless, welcome to the fair sex, to whom they furnish the newest small-talk and the earliest fashions. Both the dames were, therefore, at once about old Caleb’s neck, setting up their throats together by way of welcome.

“Ay, sirs, Mr. Balderstone, and is this you? A sight of you is gude for sair een. Sit down—sit down; the gudeman will be blithe to see you—ye nar saw him sae cadgy in your life; but we are to christen our bit wean the night, as ye will hae heard, and doubtless ye will stay and see the ordinance. We hae killed a wether, and ane o’ our lads has been out wi’ his gun at the moss; ye used to like wild-fowl.”

“Na, na, gudewife,” said Caleb; “I just keekit in to wish ye joy, and I wad be glad to hae spoken wi’ the gudeman, but——” moving, as if to go away.

“The ne’er a fit ye’s gang,” said the elder dame, laughing and holding him fast, with a freedom which belonged to their old acquaintance; “wha kens what ill it may bring to the bairn, if ye owerlook it in that gate?”

“But I’m in a preceese hurry, gudewife,” said the butler, suffering himself to be dragged to a seat without much resistance; “and as to eating,” for he observed the mistress of the dwelling bustling about to place a trencher for him—“as for eating—lack-a-day, we are just killed up yonder wi’ eating frae morning to night! It’s shamefu’ epicurism; but that’s what we hae gotten frae the English pock-puddings.”

“Hout, never mind the English pock-puddings,” said Luckie Lightbody; “try our puddings, Mr. Balderstone; there is black pudding and white-hass; try whilk ye like best.”

“Baith gude—baith excellent—canna be better; but the very smell is enough for me that hae dined sae lately [the faithful wretch had fasted since daybreak]. But I wadna affront your housewifeskep, gudewife; and, with your per-

mission, I'se e'en pit them in my napkin, and eat them to my supper at e'en, for I am wearied of Mysie's pastry and nonsense; ye ken landward dainties aye pleased me best, Marion, and landward lasses too [looking at the cooper's wife]. Ne'er a bit but she looks far better than when she married Gilbert, and then she was the bonniest lass in our parochine and the neist till't. But gawsie cow, goodly calf."

The women smiled at the compliment each to herself, and they smiled again to each other as Caleb wrapped up the puddings in a towel which he had brought with him, as a dragoon carries his foraging bag to receive what may fall in his way.

"And what news at the castle?" quoth the gudewife.

"News! the bravest news ye ever heard—the Lord Keeper's up yonder wi' his fair daughter, just ready to fling her at my lord's head, if he winna tak her out o' his arms; and I'se warrant he'll stitch our auld lands of Ravenswood to her petticoat tail."

"Eh! sirs—ay!—and will he hae her? and is she weel-favored? and what's the color o' her hair? and does she wear a habit or a raily?" were the questions which the females showered upon the butler.

"Hout tout! it wad tak a man a day to answer a' your questions, and I hae hardly a minute. Where's the gudeman?"

"Awa' to fetch the minister," said Mrs. Girder, "precious Mr. Peter Bide-the-Bent, frae the Mosshead; the honest man has the rheumatism wi' lying in the hills in the persecution."

"Ay! a Whig and a mountain man, nae less!" said Caleb, with a peevishness he could not suppress. "I hae seen the day, Luckie, when worthy Mr. Cuffcushion and the service-book would hae served your turn [to the elder dame], or any honest woman in like circumstances."

"And that's true too," said Mrs. Lightbody, "but what can a body do? Jean maun baith sing her psalms and busk her cockernony the gate the gudeman likes, and nae ither gate; for he's maister and mair at hame, I can tell ye, Mr. Balderstone."

"Ay, ay, and does he guide the gear too?" said Caleb, to whose projects masculine rule boded little good.

"Ilka penny on't; but he'll dress her as dink as a daisy, as ye see; sae she has little reason to complain: where there's ane better aff there's ten waur."

"Aweel, gudewife," said Caleb, crestfallen, but not beaten off, "that wasna the way ye guided your gudeman; but ilka land has its ain lauch. I maun be ganging. I just wanted

to round in the gudeman's lug, that I heard them say up-bye yonder that Peter Puncheon, that was cooper to the Queen's stores at the Timmer Burse at Leith, is dead ; sae I thought that maybe a word frae my lord to the Lord Keeper might hae served Gilbert ; but since he's frae hame——"

"O, but ye maun stay his hame-coming," said the dame.

"I aye telled the gudeman ye meant weel to him ; but he taks the tout at every bit lippening word."

"Aweel. I'll stay the last minute I can."

"And so," said the handsome young spouse of Mr. Girder. "ye think this Miss Ashton is weel-favored ? Troth, and sae should she, to set up for our young lord, with a face and a hand, and a seat on his horse, that might become a king's son. D'ye ken that he aye glowers up at my window, Mr. Balderstone, when he chaunces to ride thro' the town ? Sae I hae a right to ken what like he is, as weel as onybody."

"I ken that brawly," said Caleb, "for I hae heard his lordship say the cooper's wife had the blackest ee in the barony and I said, 'Weel may that be, my lord, for it was her mither's afore her, as I ken to my cost.' Eh, Marion ? Ha, ha, ha ! Ah ! these were merry days !"

"Hout awa', auld carle," said the old dame, "to speak sic daffing to young folk. But, Jean—fie, woman, dinna ye hear the bairn greet ? I'se warrant it's that dreary weid has come ower't again."

Up got mother and grandmother, and scoured away, jostling each other as they ran, into some remote corner of the tenement, where the young hero of the evening was deposited. When Caleb saw the coast fairly clear, he took an invigorating pinch of snuff, to sharpen and confirm his resolution.

"Cauld be my cast," thought he, "if either Bide-the-Bent or Girder taste that broche of wild-fowl this evening ;" and then addressing the eldest turnspit, a boy of about eleven years old, and putting a penny into his hand, he said, "Here is twal pennies, my man ; carry that ower to Mrs. Sma'trash, and bid her fill my mill wi' snishing, and I'll turn the broche for ye in the mean time ; and she will gie ye a ginger-bread snap for your pains."

No sooner was the elder boy departed on this mission than Caleb, looking the remaining turnspit gravely and steadily in the face, removed from the fire the spit bearing the wild-fowl of which he had undertaken the charge, clapped his hat on his head, and fairly marched off with it. He stopped at the door of the change-house only to say, in a few brief words, that Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw was not to expect a bed that evening in the castle.

If this message was too briefly delivered by Caleb, it became absolute rudeness when conveyed through the medium of a suburb landlady; and Bucklaw was, as a more calm and temperate man might have been, highly incensed. Captain Crainengelt proposed, with the unanimous applause of all present, that they should course the old fox (meaning Caleb) ere he got to cover, and toss him in a blanket. But Lockhard intimated to his master's servants and those of Lord Bittlebrains, in a tone of authority, that the slightest impertinence to the Master of Ravenswood's domestic would give Sir William Ashton the highest offence. And having so said, in a manner sufficient to prevent any aggression on their part, he left the public-house, taking along with him two servants loaded with such provisions as he had been able to procure, and overtook Caleb just when he had cleared the village.

CHAPTER XIII

Should I take aught of you ? 'Tis true I begged now ,
And what is worse than that, I stole a kindness ;
And, what is worst of all, I lost my way in't.

Wit without Money.

THE face of the little boy, sole witness of Caleb's infringement upon the laws at once of property and hospitality, would have made a good picture. He sat motionless, as if he had witnessed some of the spectral appearances which he had heard told of in a winter's evening ; and as he forgot his own duty, and allowed his spit to stand still, he added to the misfortunes of the evening by suffering the mutton to burn as black as a coal. He was first recalled from his trance of astonishment by a hearty cuff administered by Dame Lightbody, who, in whatever other respects she might conform to her name, was a woman strong of person, and expert in the use of her hands, as some say her deceased husband had known to his cost.

“ What garr'd ye let the roast burn, ye ill-cleckit gude-for-naught ? ”

“ I dinna ken,” said the boy.

“ And where's that ill-deedy gett, Giles ? ”

“ I dinna ken,” blubbered the astonished declarant.

“ And where's Mr. Balderstone ?—and abune a', and in the name of council and kirk-session, that I suld say sae, where's the broche wi' the wild-fowl ? ”

As Mrs. Girder here entered, and joined her mother's exclamations, screaming into one ear while the old lady deafened the other, they succeeded in so utterly confounding the unhappy urchin that he could not for some time tell his story at all, and it was only when the elder boy returned that the truth began to dawn on their minds.

“ Weel, sirs,” said Mrs. Lightbody, “ wha wad hae thought o' Caleb Balderstone playing an auld acquaintance sic a pliskie ! ”

“ O, weary on him ! ” said the spouse of Mr. Girder ; “ and what am I to say to the gudeman ? He'll brain me, if there wasna anither woman in a' Wolf's Hope.”

“Hout tout, silly queen,” said the mother; “na, na, it’s come to muckle, but it’s no come to that neither; for an he brain you he maun brain me, and I have garr’d his betters stand back. Hands aff is fair play; we maunna heed a bit flyting.”

The tramp of horses now announced the arrival of the cooper, with the minister. They had no sooner dismounted than they made for the kitchen fire, for the evening was cool after the thunderstorm, and the woods wet and dirty. The young gudwife, strong in the charms of her Sunday gown and biggonets, threw herself in the way of receiving the first attack, while her mother, like the veteran division of the Roman legion, remained in the rear, ready to support her in case of necessity. Both hoped to protract the discovery of what had happened—the mother, by interposing her bustling person betwixt Mr. Girder and the fire, and the daughter, by the extreme cordiality with which she received the minister and her husband, and the anxious fears which she expressed lest they should have “gotten cauld.”

“Cauld!” quoth the husband, surlily, for he was not of that class of lords and masters whose wives are viceroys over them, “we’ll be cauld enough, I think, if ye dinna let us in to the fire.”

And so saying, he burst his way through both lines of defence; and, as he had a careful eye over his property of every kind, he perceived at one glance the absence of the spit with its savory burden. “What the deil, woman——”

“Fie for shame!” exclaimed both the women; “and before Mr. Bide-the-Bent!”

“I stand reproved,” said the cooper; “but——”

“The taking in our mouths the name of the great enemy of our souls,” said Mr. Bide-the-Bent——

“I stand reproved,” said the cooper.

“—Is an exposing ourselves to his temptations,” continued the reverend monitor, “and an inviting, or, in some sort, a compelling, of him to lay aside his other trafficking with unhappy persons, and wait upon those in whose speech his name is frequent.”

“Weel, weel, Mr. Bide-the-Bent, can a man do mair than stand reproved?” said the cooper; “but just let me ask the women what for they hae dished the wild-fowl before we came.”

“They arena dished, Gilbert,” said his wife; “but—but an accident——”

“What accident?” said Girder, with flashing eyes. “Nae ill come ower them, I trust? Uh?”

His wife, who stood much in awe of him, durst not reply, but her mother bustled up to her support, with arms disposed as if they were about to be a-kimbo at the next reply. "I gied them to an acquaintance of mine, Gibbie Girder; and what about it now?"

Her excess of assurance struck Girder mute for an instant. "And *ye* gied the wild-fowl, the best end of our christening dinner, to a friend of yours, ye auld rudas! And what might *his* name be, I pray ye?"

"Just worthy Mr. Caleb Balderstone—frae Wolf's Crag," answered Marion, prompt and prepared for battle.

Girder's wrath foamed over all restraint. If there was a circumstance which could have added to the resentment he felt, it was that this extravagant donation had been made in favor of our friend Caleb, towards whom, for reasons to which the reader is no stranger, he nourished a decided resentment. He raised his riding-wand against the elder matron, but she stood firm, collected in herself, and undauntedly brandished the iron ladle with which she had just been "flaming" (*Anglicè*, basting) the roast of mutton. Her weapon was certainly the better, and her arm not the weakest of the two; so that Gilbert thought it safest to turn short off upon his wife, who had by this time hatched a sort of hysterical whine, which greatly moved the minister, who was in fact as simple and kind-hearted a creature as ever breathed. "And you, ye thowless jade, to sit still and see my substance disposed upon to an idle, drunken, reprobate, worm-eaten serving-man, just because he kittles the lugs o' a silly auld wife wi' useless clavers, and every twa words a lee? I'll gar you as gude——"

Here the minister interposed, both by voice and action, while Dame Lightbody threw herself in front of her daughter, and flourished her ladle.

"Am I no to chastise my ain wife?" exclaimed the cooper, very indignantly.

"Ye may chastise your ain wife if ye like," answered Dame Lightbody; "but ye shall never lay finger on my daughter, and that ye may found upon."

"For shame, Mr. Girder!" said the clergyman; "this is what I little expected to have seen of you, that you suld give rein to your sinful passions against your nearest and your dearest, and this night too, when ye are called to the most solemn duty of a Christian parent; and a' for what? For a redundancy of creature-comforts, as worthless as they are unneedful."

"Worthless!" exclaimed the cooper. "A better *guse*

never walkit on stubble ; two finer, dentier wild ducks never wat a feather."

"Be it sae, neighbor," rejoined the minister ; "but see what superfluties are yet revolving before your fire. I have seen the day when ten of the bannocks which stand upon that board would have been an acceptable dainty to as many men, that were starving on hills and bogs, and in caves of the earth, for the Gospel's sake."

"And that's what vexes me maist of a'," said the cooper, anxious to get some one to sympathize with his not altogether causeless anger ; "an the queen had gien it to ony suffering sant, or to onybody ava but that reaving, lying, oppressing Tory villain, that rade in the wicked troop of militia when it was commanded ont against the sants at Bothwell Brig by the auld tyrant Allan Ravenswood, that is gane to his place, I wad the less hae minded it. But to gie the principal part o' the feast to the like o' him——!"

"Aweel, Gilbert," said the minister, "and dinna ye see a high judgment in this ? The seed of the righteous are not seen begging their bread: think of the son of a powerful oppressor being brought to the pass of supporting his household from your fulness."

"And, besides," said the wife, "it wasna for Lord Ravenswood neither, an he wad hear but a body speak : it was to help to entertain the Lord Keeper, as they ca' him, that's up yonder at Wolf's Crag."

"Sir William Ashton at Wolf's Crag !" ejaculated the astonished man of hoops and staves.

"And hand and glove wi' Lord Ravenswood," added Dame Lightbody.

"Doited idiot ! that auld, clavering sneckdrawer wad gar ye trow the moon is made of green cheese. The Lord Keeper and Ravenswood ! they are cat and dog, hare and hound."

"I tell ye they are man and wife, and gree better than some others that are sae," retorted the mother-in-law ; "forbye, Peter Puncheon, that's cooper to the Queen's stores, is dead, and the place is to fill, and——"

"Od guide us, wull ye haud your skirling tongues !" said Girder,—for we are to remark, that this explanation was given like a catch for two voices, the younger dame, much encouraged by the turn of the debate, taking up and repeating in a higher tone the words as fast as they were uttered by her mother.

"The gudewife says naething but what's true, maister," said Girder's foreman, who had come in during the fray. "I

saw the Lord Keeper's servants drinking and driving ower at Luckie Sma'trash's, ower-bye yonder."

"And is their maister up at Wolf's Crag?" said Girder.

"Ay, troth is he," replied his man of confidence.

"And friends wi' Ravenswood?"

"It's like sae," answered the foreman, "since he is putting up wi' him."

"And Peter Puncheon's dead?"

"Ay, ay, Puncheon has leaked out at last, the auld carle," said the foreman; "mony a dribble o' brandy has gaen through him in his day. But as for the broche and the wild-fowl, the saddle's no aff your mare yet, maister, and I could follow and bring it back, for Mr. Balderstone's no far aff the town yet."

"Do say, Will; and come here, I'll tell ye what to do when ye overtake him."

He relieved the females of his presence, and gave Will his private instructions.

"A bonny-like thing," said the mother-in-law, as the cooper re-entered the apartment. "to send the innocent lad after an armed man, when ye ken Mr. Balderstone aye wears a rapier, and whiles a dirk into the bargain."

"I trust," said the minister, "ye have reflected weel on what ye have done, lest you should minister cause of strife, of which it is my duty to say, he who afforleth matter, albeit he himself striketh not, is in no manner guiltless."

"Never fash your beard, Mr. Bide-the-Bent," replied Girder; "ane canna get their breath out here between wives and ministers. I ken best how to turn my ain cake. Jean, serve up the dinner, and nae mair about it."

Nor did he again allude to the deficiency in the course of the evening.

Meantime, the foreman, mounted on his master's steed, and charged with his special orders, pricked swiftly forth in pursuit of the marauder Caleb. That personage, it may be imagined, did not linger by the way. He intermitted even his dearly-beloved chatter, for the purpose of making more haste, only assuring Mr. Lockhard that he had made the purveyor's wife give the wild-fowl a few turns before the fire, in case that Mysie, who had been so much alarmed by the thunder, should not have her kitchen-grate in full splendor. Meanwhile, alleging the necessity of being at Wolf's Crag as soon as possible, he pushed on so fast that his companions could scarce keep up with him. He began already to think he was safe from pursuit, having gained the summit of the

swelling eminence which divides Wolf's Crag from the village, when he heard the distant tread of a horse, and a voice which shouted at intervals, "Mr. Caleb—Mr. Balderstone—Mr. Caleb Balderstone—hollo—bide a wee!"

Caleb, it may be well believed, was in no hurry to acknowledge the summons. First, he would not hear it, and faced his companions down, that it was the echo of the wind; then he said it was not worth stopping for; and, at length, halting reluctantly, as the figure of the horseman appeared through the shades of the evening, he bent up his whole soul to the task of defending his prey, threw himself into an attitude of dignity, advanced the spit, which in his grasp might with its burden seem both spear and shield, and firmly resolved to die rather than surrender it.

What was his astonishment, when the cooper's foreman, riding up and addressing him with respect, told him, "His master was very sorry he was absent when he came to his dwelling, and grieved that he could not tarry the ebristening dinner; and that he had taen the freedom to send a sma' runlet of sack, and ane anker of brandy, as he understood there were guests at the castle, and that they were short of preparation."

I have heard somewhere a story of an elderly gentleman who was pursued by a bear that had gotten loose from its muzzle, until completely exhausted. In a fit of desperation, he faced round upon Bruin and lifted his cane; at the sight of which the instinct of discipline prevailed, and the animal, instead of tearing him to pieces, rose up upon his hind-legs and instantly began to shuffle a saraband. Not less than the joyful surprise of the senior, who had supposed himself in the extremity of peril from which he was thus unexpectedly relieved, was that of our excellent friend Caleb, when he found the pursuer intended to add to his prize, instead of bereaving him of it. He recovered his latitude, however, instantly, so soon as the foreman, stooping from his nag, where he sat perched betwixt the two barrels, whispered in his ear—"If onything about Peter Punccheon's place could be airted their way, John [Gibbie] Girder wad mak it better to the Master of Ravenswood than a pair of new gloves; and that he wad be blithe to speak wi' Maister Balderstone on that head, and he wad find him as pliant as a hoop-willow in a' that he could wish of him."

Caleb heard all this without rendering any answer, except that of all great men from Louis XIV. downwards, namely, "We will see about it;" and then added aloud, for the edifi-

cation of Mr. Lockhard—"Your master has acted with becoming civility and attention in forwarding the liquors, and I will not fail to represent it properly to my Lord Ravenswood. And, my lad," he said, "you may ride on to the castle, and if none of the servants are returned, whilk is to be dreaded, as they make day and night of it when they are out of sight, ye may put them into the porter's lodge, whilk is on the right hand of the great entry: the porter has got leave to go to see his friends, sae ye will meet no ane to steer ye."

The foreman, having received his orders, rode on; and having deposited the casks in the deserted and ruinous porter's lodge, he returned unquestioned by any one. Having thus executed his master's commission, and doffed his bonnet to Caleb and his company as he repassed them in his way to the village, he returned to have his share of the christening festivity.*

* See *Raid of Caleb Balderstone*. Note 5.

CHAPTER XIV

As, to the Autumn breeze's bugle sound,
Various and vague the dry leaves dance their round ;
Or, from the garner-door, on ether borne,
The chaff flies devious from the winnow'd corn ;
So vague, so devious, at the breath of heaven,
From their fix'd aim are mortal counsels driv'n.

Anonymous.

WE left Caleb Balderstone in the extremity of triumph at the success of his various achievements for the honor of the house of Ravenswood. When he had mustered and marshalled his dishes of divers kinds, a more royal provision had not been seen in Wolf's Crag since the funeral feast of its deceased lord. Great was the glory of the serving-man, as he "decored" the old oaken table with a clean cloth, and arranged upon it carbonaded venison and roasted wild-fowl, with a glance, every now and then, as if to upbraid the incredulity of his master and his guests ; and with many a story, more or less true, was Lockhard that evening regaled concerning the ancient grandeur of Wolf's Crag, and the sway of its barons over the country in their neighborhood.

"A vassal scarce held a calf or a lamb his ain, till he had first asked if the Lord of Ravenswood was pleased to accept it ; and they were obliged to ask the lord's consent before they married in these days, and mony a merry tale they tell about that right as weel as others. And although," said Caleb, "these times are not like the gude old times, when authority had its right, yet true it is, Mr. Lockhard, and you yourself may partly have remarked, that we of the house of Ravenswood do our endeavor in keeping up, by all just and lawful exertion of our baronial authority, that due and fitting connection betwixt superior and vassal, whilk is in some danger of falling into desuetude, owing to the general license and misrule of these present unhappy times."

"Umph !" said Mr. Lockhard ; "and if I may inquire, Mr. Balderstone, pray do you find your people at the village yonder amenable ? for I must needs say, that at Ravenswood Castle, now pertaining to my master, the Lord Keeper, ye have not left behind ye the most compliant set of tenantry."

“ Ah ! but Mr. Lockhard,” replied Caleb, “ ye must consider that there has been a change of hands, and the auld lord might expect twa turns frae them, when the new-comer canna get ane. A dour and fractious set they were, thae tenants of Ravenswood, and ill to live wi’ when they dinna ken their master ; and if your master put them mad ance, the whole country will not put them down.”

“ Troth,” said Mr. Lockhard, “ an such be the case, I think the wisest thing for us a’ wad be to hammer up a match between your young lord and our winsome young leddy up-bye there ; and Sir William might just stitch your auld barony to her gown-sleeve, and he wad sune cutle another out o’ somebody else, sic a lang head as he has.”

Caleb shook his head. “ I wish,” he said—“ I wish that may answer, Mr. Lockhard. There are auld prophecies about this house I wad like ill to see fulfilled wi’ my auld een, that has seen evil enough already.”

“ Pshaw ! never mind freits,” said his brother butler ; “ if the young folk liked ane anither, they wad make a winsome couple. But, to say truth, there is a leddy sits in our hall-neuk, maun have her hand in that as weel as in every other job. But there’s no harm in drinking to their healths, and I will fill Mrs. Mysie a enp of Mr. Girder’s canary.”

While they thus enjoyed themselves in the kitchen, the company in the hall were not less pleasantly engaged. So soon as Ravenswood had determined upon giving the Lord Keeper such hospitality as he had to offer, he deemed it incumbent on him to assume the open and courteous brow of a well-pleased host. It has been often remarked, that when a man commences by acting a character, he frequently ends by adopting it in good earnest. In the course of an hour or two, Ravenswood, to his own surprise, found himself in the situation of one who frankly does his best to entertain welcome and honored guests. How much of this change in his disposition was to be ascribed to the beauty and simplicity of Miss Ashton, to the readiness with which she accommodated herself to the inconveniences of her situation ; how much to the smooth and plausible conversation of the Lord Keeper, remarkably gifted with those words which win the ear, must be left to the reader’s ingenuity to conjecture. But Ravenswood was insensible to neither.

The Lord Keeper was a veteran statesman, well acquainted with courts and cabinets, and intimate with all the various turns of public affairs during the last eventful years of the

17th century. He could talk, from his own knowledge, of men and events, in a way which failed not to win attention, and had the peculiar art, while he never said a word which committed himself, at the same time to persuade the hearer that he was speaking without the least shadow of scrupulous caution or reserve. Ravenswood, in spite of his prejudices and real grounds of resentment, felt himself at once amused and instructed in listening to him, while the statesman, whose inward feelings had at first so much impeded his efforts to make himself known, had now regained all the ease and fluency of a silver-tongued lawyer of the very highest order.

His daughter did not speak much, but she smiled ; and what she did say argued a submissive gentleness, and a desire to give pleasure, which, to a proud man like Ravenswood, was more fascinating than the most brilliant wit. Above all, he could not but observe that, whether from gratitude or from some other motive, he himself, in his deserted and unprovided hall, was as much the object of respectful attention to his guests as he would have been when surrounded by all the appliances and means of hospitality proper to his high birth. All deficiencies passed unobserved, or, if they did not escape notice, it was to praise the substitutes which Caleb had contrived to supply the want of the usual accommodations. Where a smile was unavoidable, it was a very good-humored one, and often coupled with some well-turned compliment, to show how much the guests esteemed the merits of their noble host, how little they thought of the inconveniences with which they were surrounded. I am not sure whether the pride of being found to outbalance, in virtue of his own personal merit, all the disadvantages of fortune, did not make as favorable an impression upon the haughty heart of the Master of Ravenswood as the conversation of the father and the beauty of Lucy Ashton.

The hour of repose arrived. The Keeper and his daughter retired to their apartments, which were "decored" more properly than could have been anticipated. In making the necessary arrangements, Mysie had indeed enjoyed the assistance of a gossip who had arrived from the village upon an exploratory expedition, but had been arrested by Caleb, and impressed into the domestic drudgery of the evening ; so that, instead of returning home to describe the dress and person of the grand young lady, she found herself compelled to be active in the domestic economy of Wolf's Crag.

According to the custom of the time, the Master of Ravens-

wood attended the Lord Keeper to his apartment, followed by Caleb, who placed on the table, with all the ceremonials due to torches of wax, two rudely-framed tallow-candles, such as in those days were only used by the peasantry, hooped in paltry clasps of wire, which served for candlesticks. He then disappeared, and presently entered with two earthen flagons (the china, he said, had been little used since my lady's time), one filled with canary wine, the other with brandy.* The canary sack, unheeding all probabilities of detection, he declared had been twenty years in the cellars of Wolf's Crag, "though it was not for him to speak before their honors; the brandy—it was weel-kenned liquor, as mild as mead and as strong as Sampson; it had been in the house ever since the memorable revel, in which auld Micklestob had been slain at the head of the stair by Jamie of Jenklebrae, on account of the honor of the worshipful Lady Muirend, wha was in some sort an ally of the family; natheless——"

"But to cut that matter short, Mr. Caleb," said the Keeper, "perhaps you will favor me with a ewer of water."

"God forbid your lordship should drink water in this family," replied Caleb, "to the disgrace of so honorable a house!"

"Nevertheless, if his lordship have a fancy," said the Master, smiling, "I think you might indulge him; for, if I mistake not, there has been water drunk here at no distant date, and with good relish too."

"To be sure, if his lordship has a fancy," said Caleb; and re-entering with a jug of pure element—"He will scarce find such water onywhere as is drawn frae the well at Wolf's Crag; nevertheless——"

"Nevertheless, we must leave the Lord Keeper to his repose in this poor chamber of ours," said the Master of Ravenswood, interrupting his talkative domestic, who immediately turning to the doorway, with a profound reverence, prepared to usher his master from the secret chamber.

But the Lord Keeper prevented his host's departure. "I have but one word to say to the Master of Ravenswood, Mr. Caleb, and I fancy he will excuse your waiting."

With a second reverence, lower than the former, Caleb withdrew; and his master stood motionless, expecting, with considerable embarrassment, what was to close the events of a day fraught with unexpected incidents.

"Master of Ravenswood," said Sir William Ashton, with

* See Ancient Hospitality. Note 6.

some embarrassment, "I hope you understand the Christian law too well to suffer the sun to set upon your anger."

The Master blushed and replied, "He had no occasion that evening to exercise the duty enjoined upon him by his Christian faith."

"I should have thought otherwise," said his guest, "considering the various subjects of dispute and litigation which have unhappily occurred more frequently than was desirable or necessary betwixt the late honorable lord, your father, and myself."

"I could wish, my lord," said Ravenswood, agitated by suppressed emotion, "that reference to these circumstances should be made anywhere rather than under my father's roof."

"I should have felt the delicacy of this appeal at another time," said Sir William Ashton, "but now I must proceed with what I mean to say. I have suffered too much in my own mind, from the false delicacy which prevented my soliciting with earnestness, what indeed I frequently requested, a personal communing with your father: much distress of mind to him and to me might have been prevented."

"It is true," said Ravenswood, after a moment's reflection, "I have heard my father say your lordship had proposed a personal interview."

"Proposed, my dear Master? I did indeed propose it; but I ought to have begged, entreated, beseeched it. I ought to have torn away the veil which interested persons had stretched betwixt us, and shown myself as I was, willing to sacrifice a considerable part even of my legal rights, in order to conciliate feelings so natural as his must be allowed to have been. Let me say for myself, my young friend, for so I will call you, that had your father and I spent the same time together which my good fortune has allowed me to-day to pass in your company, it is possible the land might yet have enjoyed one of the most respectable of its ancient nobility, and I should have been spared the pain of parting in enmity from a person whose general character I so much admired and honored."

He put his handkerchief to his eyes. Ravenswood also was moved, but awaited in silence the progress of this extraordinary communication.

"It is necessary," continued the Lord Keeper, "and proper that you should understand, that there have been many points betwixt us, in which, although I judged it proper that there should be an exact ascertainment of my

legal rights by the decree of a court of justice, yet it was never my intention to press them beyond the verge of equity."

"My lord," said the Master of Ravenswood, "it is unnecessary to pursue this topic farther. What the law will give you, or has given you, you enjoy—or you shall enjoy; neither my father nor I myself would have received anything on the footing of favor."

"Favor! No, you misunderstand me," resumed the Keeper; "or rather you are no lawyer. A right may be good in law, and ascertained to be so, which yet a man of honor may not in every case care to avail himself of."

"I am sorry for it, my lord," said the Master.

"Nay, nay," retorted his guest, "you speak like a young counsellor; your spirit goes before your wit. There are many things still open for decision betwixt us. Can you blame me, an old man desirous of peace, and in the castle of a young nobleman who has saved my daughter's life and my own, that I am desirous, anxiously desirous, that these should be settled on the most liberal principles?"

The old man kept fast hold of the Master's passive hand as he spoke, and made it impossible for him, be his predetermination what it would, to return any other than an acquiescent reply; and wishing his guest good-night, he postponed farther conference until the next morning.

Ravenswood hurried into the hall, where he was to spend the night, and for a time traversed its pavement with a disordered and rapid pace. His mortal foe was under his roof, yet his sentiments towards him were neither those of a feudal enemy nor of a true Christian. He felt as if he could neither forgive him in the one character, nor follow forth his vengeance in the other, but that he was making a base and dishonorable composition betwixt his resentment against the father and his affection for his daughter. He cursed himself, as he hurried to and fro in the pale moonlight, and more ruddy gleams of the expiring wood-fire. He threw open and shut the latticed windows with violence, as if alike impatient of the admission and exclusion of free air. At length, however, the torrent of passion foamed off its madness, and he flung himself into the chair which he proposed as his place of repose for the night.

"If, in reality," such were the calmer thoughts that followed the first tempest of his passion—"if, in reality, this man desires no more than the law allows him—if he is willing to adjust even his acknowledged rights upon an equitable

footing, what could be my father's cause of complaint?—what is mine? Those from whom we won our ancient possessions fell under the sword of my ancestors, and left lands and livings to the conquerors; we sink under the force of the law, now too powerful for the Scottish chivalry. Let us parley with the victors of the day, as if we had been besieged in our fortress, and without hope of relief. This man may be other than I have thought him; and his daughter—but I have resolved not to think of her.”

He wrapped his cloak around him, fell asleep, and dreamed of Lucy Ashton till daylight gleamed through the lattices

CHAPTER XV

We worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand
To lift them up, but rather set our feet
Upon their heads to press them to the bottom,
As I must yield with you I practised it ;
But now I see you in a way to rise,
I can and will assist you.

New Way to pay Old Debts.

THE Lord Keeper carried with him, to a couch harder than he was accustomed to stretch himself upon, the same ambitious thoughts and political perplexities which drive sleep from the softest down that ever spread a bed of state. He had sailed long enough amid the contending tides and currents of the time to be sensible of their peril, and of the necessity of trimming his vessel to the prevailing wind, if he would have her escape shipwreck in the storm. The nature of his talents, and the timorousness of disposition connected with them, had made him assume the pliability of the versatile old Earl of Northampton, who explained the art by which he kept his ground during all the changes of state, from the reign of Henry VIII. to that of Elizabeth, by the frank avowal, that he was born of the willow, not of the oak. It had accordingly been Sir William Ashton's policy, on all occasions, to watch the changes in the political horizon, and, ere yet the conflict was decided, to negotiate some interest for himself with the party most likely to prove victorious. His time-serving disposition was well known, and excited the contempt of the more daring leaders of both factions in the state. But his talents were of a useful and practical kind, and his legal knowledge held in high estimation ; and they so far counter-balanced other deficiencies that those in power were glad to use and to reward, though without absolutely trusting or greatly respecting, him.

The Marquis of A—— had used his utmost influence to effect a change in the Scottish cabinet, and his schemes had been of late so well laid and so ably supported, that there appeared a very great chance of his proving ultimately suc-

cessful. He did not, however, feel so strong or so confident as to neglect any means of drawing recruits to his standard. The acquisition of the Lord Keeper was deemed of some importance, and a friend, perfectly acquainted with his circumstances and character, became responsible for his political conversion.

When this gentleman arrived at Ravenswood Castle upon a visit, the real purpose of which was disguised under general courtesy, he found the prevailing fear which at present beset the Lord Keeper was that of danger to his own person from the Master of Ravenswood. The language which the blind sibyl, Old Alice, had used; the sudden appearance of the Master, armed, and within his precincts, immediately after he had been warned against danger from him; the cold and haughty return received in exchange for the acknowledgments with which he loaded him for his timely protection, had all made a strong impression on his imagination.

So soon as the Marquis's political agent found how the wind sat, he began to insinuate fears and doubts of another kind, scarce less calculated to affect the Lord Keeper. He inquired with seeming interest, whether the proceedings in Sir William's complicated litigation with the Ravenswood family were out of court, and settled without the possibility of appeal. The Lord Keeper answered in the affirmative; but his interrogator was too well informed to be imposed upon. He pointed out to him, by unanswerable arguments, that some of the most important points which had been decided in his favor against the house of Ravenswood were liable, under the Treaty of Union, to be reviewed by the British House of Peers, a court of equity of which the Lord Keeper felt an instinctive dread. This course came instead of an appeal to the old Scottish Parliament, or, as it was technically termed, "a protestation for remeid in law."

The Lord Keeper, after he had for some time disputed the legality of such a proceeding, was compelled, at length, to comfort himself with the improbability of the young Master of Ravenswood's finding friends in parliament capable of stirring in so weighty an affair.

"Do not comfort yourself with that false hope," said his wily friend; "it is possible that, in the next session of Parliament, young Ravenswood may find more friends and favor even than your lordship."

"That would be a sight worth seeing," said the Keeper, scornfully.

"And yet," said his friend, "such things have been seen

ere now, and in our own time. There are many at the head of affairs even now that a few years ago were under hiding for their lives ; and many a man now dines on plate of silver that was fain to eat his crowdy without a bicker ; and many a high head has been brought full low among us in as short a space. Scott of Scotstarvet's *Staggering State of Scots Statesmen*, of which curious memoir you showed me a manuscript, has been outstaggered in our time."

The Lord Keeper answered with a deep sigh, "That these mutations were no new sights in Scotland, and had been witnessed long before the time of the satirical author he had quoted. It was many a long year," he said, "since Fordun had quoted as an ancient proverb, '*Neque dives, neque fortis, sed nec sapiens Scotus, predominante invidia, diu durabit in terra.*'"

"And be assured, my esteemed friend," was the answer, "that even your long services to the state, or deep legal knowledge, will not save you, or render your estate stable, if the Marquis of A—— comes in with a party in the British Parliament. You know that the deceased Lord Ravenswood was his near ally, his lady being fifth in descent from the Knight of Tillibardine ; and I am well assured that he will take young Ravenswood by the hand, and be his very good lord and kinsman. Why should he not ? The Master is an active and stirring young fellow, able to help himself with tongue and hands ; and it is such as he that finds friends among their kindred, and not those unarmed and unable Mephibosheths that are sure to be a burden to every one that takes them up. And so, if these Ravenswood cases be called over the coals in the House of Peers, you will find that the Marquis will have a crow to pluck with you."

"That would be an evil requital," said the Lord Keeper, "for my long services to the state, and the ancient respect in which I have held his lordship's honorable family and person."

"Ay, but," rejoined the agent of the Marquis, "it is in vain to look back on past service and auld respect, my lord ; it will be present service and immediate proofs of regard which, in these sliddery times, will be expected by a man like the Marquis."

The Lord Keeper now saw the full drift of his friend's argument, but he was too cautious to return any positive answer.

"He knew not," he said, "the service which the Lord Marquis could expect from one of his limited abilities, that

had not always stood at his command, still saving and reserving his duty to his king and country."

Having thus said nothing, while he seemed to say everything, for the exception was calculated to cover whatever he might afterwards think proper to bring under it, Sir William Ashton changed the conversation, nor did he again permit the same topic to be introduced. His guest departed, without having brought the wily old statesman the length of committing himself, or of pledging himself to any future line of conduct, but with the certainty that he had alarmed his fears in a most sensible point, and laid a foundation for future and farther treaty.

When he rendered an account of his negotiation to the Marquis, they both agreed that the Keeper ought not to be permitted to relapse into security, and that he should be plied with new subjects of alarm, especially during the absence of his lady. They were well aware that her proud, vindictive, and predominating spirit would be likely to supply him with the courage in which he was deficient; that she was immovably attached to the party now in power, with whom she maintained a close correspondence and alliance; and that she hated, without fearing, the Ravenswood family (whose more ancient dignity threw discredit on the newly-acquired grandeur of her husband) to such a degree, that she would have perilled the interest of her own house to have the prospect of altogether crushing that of her enemy.

But Lady Ashton was now absent. The business which had long detained her in Edinburgh had afterwards induced her to travel to London, not without the hope that she might contribute her share to disconcert the intrigues of the Marquis at court; for she stood high in favor with the celebrated Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, to whom, in point of character, she bore considerable resemblance. It was necessary to press her husband hard before her return; and, as a preparatory step, the Marquis wrote to the Master of Ravenswood the letter which we rehearsed in a former chapter. It was cautiously worded, so as to leave it in the power of the writer hereafter to take as deep or as slight an interest in the fortunes of his kinsman as the progress of his own schemes might require. But however unwilling, as a statesman, the Marquis might be to commit himself, or assume the character of a patron, while he had nothing to give away, it must be said to his honor that he felt a strong inclination effectually to befriend the Master of Ravenswood, as well as to use his name as a means of alarming the terrors of the Lord Keeper.

As the messenger who carried this letter was to pass near the house of the Lord Keeper, he had it in direction that, in the village adjoining to the park-gate of the castle, his horse should lose a shoe, and that, while it was replaced by the smith of the place, he should express the utmost regret for the necessary loss of time, and in the vehemence of his impatience give it to be understood that he was bearing a message from the Marquis of A—— to the Master of Ravenswood upon a matter of life and death.

This news, with exaggerations, was speedily carried from various quarters to the ears of the Lord Keeper, and each reporter dwelt upon the extreme impatience of the courier, and the surprising short time in which he had executed his journey. The anxious statesman heard in silence; but in private Lockhard received orders to watch the courier on his return, to waylay him in the village, to ply him with liquor, if possible, and to use all means, fair or foul, to learn the contents of the letter of which he was the bearer. But as this plot had been foreseen, the messenger returned by a different and distant road, and thus escaped the snare that was laid for him.

After he had been in vain expected for some time, Mr. Dingwall had orders to make especial inquiry among his clients of Wolf's Hope, whether such a domestic belonging to the Marquis of A—— had actually arrived at the neighboring castle. This was easily ascertained; for Caleb had been in the village one morning by five o'clock, to borrow "twachappins of ale and a kipper" for the messenger's refreshment, and the poor fellow had been ill for twenty-four hours at Luckie Sma'trash's, in consequence of dining upon "saut saumon and sour drink." So that the existence of a correspondence betwixt the Marquis and his distressed kinsman, which Sir William Ashton had sometimes treated as a bugbear, was proved beyond the possibility of farther doubt.

The alarm of the Lord Keeper became very serious; since the Claim of Right, the power of appealing from the decisions of the civil court to the Estates of Parliament, which had formerly been held incompetent, had in many instances been claimed, and in some allowed, and he had no small reason to apprehend the issue, if the English House of Lords should be disposed to act upon an appeal from the Master of Ravenswood "for remeid in law." It would resolve into an equitable claim, and be decided, perhaps, upon the broad principles of justice, which were not quite so favorable to the Lord Keeper as those of strict law. Besides, judging, though most inac-

curately, from courts which he had himself known in the unhappy times preceding the Scottish Union, the Keeper might have too much right to think that, in the House to which his lawsuits were to be transferred, the old maxim might prevail which was too well recognized in Scotland in former times—"Show me the man, and I'll show you the law." The high and unbiassed character of English judicial proceedings was then little known in Scotland, and the extension of them to that country was one of the most valuable advantages which it gained by the Union. But this was a blessing which the Lord Keeper, who had lived under another system, could not have the means of foreseeing. In the loss of his political consequence, he anticipated the loss of his lawsuit. Meanwhile, every report which reached him served to render the success of the Marquis's intrigues the more probable, and the Lord Keeper began to think it indispensable that he should look round for some kind of protection against the coming storm. The timidity of his temper induced him to adopt measures of compromise and conciliation. The affair of the wild bull, properly managed, might, he thought, be made to facilitate a personal communication and reconciliation betwixt the Master and himself. He would then learn, if possible, what his own ideas were of the extent of his rights, and the means of enforcing them; and perhaps matters might be brought to a compromise, where one party was wealthy and the other so very poor. A reconciliation with Ravenswood was likely to give him an opportunity to play his own game with the Marquis of A——. "And besides," said he to himself, "it will be an act of generosity to raise up the heir of this distressed family; and if he is to be warmly and effectually befriended by the new government, who knows but my virtue may prove its own reward?"

Thus thought Sir William Ashton, covering with no unusual self-delusion his interested views with a hue of virtue; and having attained this point, his fancy strayed still farther. He began to bethink himself, "That if Ravenswood was to have a distinguished place of power and trust, and if such a union would sopite the heavier part of his unadjusted claims, there might be worse matches for his daughter Lucy: the Master might be reponed against the attainder. Lord Ravenswood was an ancient title, and the alliance would, in some measure, legitimate his own possession of the greater part of the Master's spoils, and make the surrender of the rest a subject of less bitter regret."

With these mingled and multifarious plans occupying his

head, the Lord Keeper availed himself of my Lord Bittle-brains's repeated invitation to his residence, and thus came within a very few miles of Wolf's Crag. Here he found the lord of the mansion absent, but was courteously received by the lady, who expected her husband's immediate return. She expressed her particular delight at seeing Miss Ashton, and appointed the hounds to be taken out for the Lord Keeper's special amusement. He readily entered into the proposal, as giving him an opportunity to reconnoitre Wolf's Crag, and perhaps to make some acquaintance with the owner, if he should be tempted from his desolate mansion by the chase. Lockhard had his orders to endeavor on his part to make some acquaintance with the inmates of the castle, and we have seen how he played his part.

The accidental storm did more to further the Lord Keeper's plan of forming a personal acquaintance with young Ravenswood than his most sanguine expectations could have anticipated. His fear of the young nobleman's personal resentment had greatly decreased since he considered him as formidable from his legal claims and the means he might have of enforcing them. But although he thought, not unreasonably, that only desperate circumstances drove men on desperate measures, it was not without a secret terror, which shook his heart within him, that he first felt himself inclosed within the desolate Tower of Wolf's Crag; a place so well fitted, from solitude and strength, to be a scene of violence and vengeance. The stern reception at first given to them by the Master of Ravenswood, and the difficulty he felt in explaining to that injured nobleman what guests were under the shelter of his roof, did not soothe these alarms; so that, when Sir William Ashton heard the door of the courtyard shut behind him with violence, the words of Alice rung in his ears, "That he had drawn on matters too hardly with so fierce a race as those of Ravenswood, and that they would bide their time to be avenged."

The subsequent frankness of the Master's hospitality, as their acquaintance increased, abated the apprehensions these recollections were calculated to excite; and it did not escape Sir William Ashton, that it was to Luey's grace and beauty he owed the change in their host's behavior.

All these thoughts thronged upon him when he took possession of the secret chamber. The iron lamp, the unfurnished apartment, more resembling a prison than a place of ordinary repose, the hoarse and ceaseless sound of the waves rushing against the base of the rock on which the castle was

founded, saddened and perplexed his mind. To his own successful machinations, the ruin of the family had been in a great measure owing, but his disposition was crafty, and not cruel; so that actually to witness the desolation and distress he had himself occasioned was as painful to him as it would be to the humane mistress of a family to superintend in person the execution of the lambs and poultry which are killed by her own directions. At the same time, when he thought of the alternative of restoring to Ravenswood a large proportion of his spoils, or of adopting, as an ally and member of his own family, the heir of this impoverished house, he felt as the spider may be supposed to do when his whole web, the intricacies of which had been planned with so much art, is destroyed by the chance sweep of a broom. And then, if he should commit himself too far in this matter, it gave rise to a perilous question, which many a good husband, when under temptation to act as a free agent, has asked himself without being able to return a satisfactory answer—"What will my wife—what will Lady Ashton say?" On the whole, he came at length to the resolution in which minds of a weaker cast so often take refuge. He resolved to watch events, to take advantage of circumstances as they occurred, and regulate his conduct accordingly. In this spirit of temporizing policy, he at length composed his mind to rest.

CHAPTER XVI

A slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me. It is an offer that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, since I desire nothing but right upon both sides.

King and no King.

WHEN Ravenswood and his guest met in the morning, the gloom of the Master's spirit had in part returned. He, also, had passed a night rather of reflection than of slumber; and the feelings which he could not but entertain towards Lucy Ashton had to support a severe conflict against those which he had so long nourished against her father. To clasp in friendship the hand of the enemy of his house, to entertain him under his roof, to exchange with him the courtesies and the kindness of domestic familiarity, was a degradation which his proud spirit could not be bent to without a struggle.

But the ice being once broken, the Lord Keeper was resolved it should not have time again to freeze. It had been part of his plan to stun and confuse Ravenswood's ideas, by a complicated and technical statement of the matters which had been in debate betwixt their families, justly thinking that it would be difficult for a youth of his age to follow the expositions of a practical lawyer, concerning actions of compt and reckoning, and of multiplepointings, and adjudications and wadsets, proper and improper, and pointings of the ground, and declarations of the expiry of the legal. "Thus," thought Sir William, "I shall have all the grace of appearing perfectly communicative, while my party will derive very little advantage from anything I may tell him." He therefore took Ravenswood aside into the deep recess of a window in the hall, and resuming the discourse of the preceding evening, expressed a hope that his young friend would assume some patience, in order to hear him enter into a minute and explanatory detail of those unfortunate circumstances in which his late honorable father had stood at variance with the Lord Keeper. The Master of Ravenswood colored highly, but was silent; and the Lord Keeper, though not greatly approving the sudden heightening of his auditor's complexion, com-

menced the history of a bond for twenty thousand merks, advanced by his father to the father of Allan Lord Ravenswood, and was proceeding to detail the executorial proceedings by which this large sum had been rendered a *debitum fundi*, when he was interrupted by the Master.

“It is not in this place,” he said, “that I can hear Sir William Ashton’s explanation of the matters in question between us. It is not here, where my father died of a broken heart, that I can with decency or temper investigate the cause of his distress. I might remember that I was a son, and forget the duties of a host. A time, however, there must come, when these things shall be discussed in a place and in a presence where both of us will have equal freedom to speak and to hear.”

“Any time,” the Lord Keeper said, “any place, was alike to those who sought nothing but justice. Yet it would seem he was, in fairness, entitled to some premonition respecting the grounds upon which the Master proposed to impugn the whole train of legal proceedings, which had been so well and ripely advised in the only courts competent.”

“Sir William Ashton,” answered the Master, with warmth, “the lands which you now occupy were granted to my remote ancestor for services done with his sword against the English invaders. How they have glided from us by a train of proceedings that seem to be neither sale, nor mortgage, nor adjudication for debt, but a nondescript and entangled mixture of all these rights; how annual rent has been accumulated upon principal, and no nook or coign of legal advantage left unoccupied, until our interest in our hereditary property seems to have melted away like an icicle in thaw—all this you understand better than I do. I am willing, however, to suppose, from the frankness of your conduct towards me, that I may in a great measure have mistaken your personal character, and that things may have appeared right and fitting to you, a skilful and practiced lawyer, which to my ignorant understanding seem very little short of injustice and gross oppression.”

“And you, my dear Master,” answered Sir William—“you, permit me to say, have been equally misrepresented to me. I was taught to believe you a fierce, imperious, hot-headed youth, ready, at the slightest provocation, to throw your sword into the scales of justice, and to appeal to those rude and forcible measures from which civil polity has long protected the people of Scotland. Then, since we were mutually mistaken in each other, why should not the young

nobleman be willing to listen to the old lawyer, while, at least, he explains the points of difference betwixt them ? ”

“ No, my lord,” answered Ravenswood ; “ it is in the House of British Peers,* whose honor must be equal to their rank—it is in the court of last resort that we must parley together. The belted lords of Britain, her ancient peers, must decide, if it is their will that a house, not the least noble of their members, shall be stripped of their possessions, the reward of the patriotism of generations, as the pawn of a wretched mechanic becomes forfeit to the usurer the instant the hour of redemption has passed away. If they yield to the grasping severity of the creditor, and to the gnawing usury that eats into our lands as moths into a raiment, it will be of more evil consequence to them and their posterity than to Edgar Ravenswood. I shall still have my sword and my cloak, and can follow the profession of arms wherever a trumpet shall sound.”

As he pronounced these words, in a firm yet melancholy tone, he raised his eyes, and suddenly encountered those of Lucy Ashton, who had stolen unawares on their interview, and observed her looks fastened on them with an expression of enthusiastic interest and admiration, which had wrapped her for the moment beyond the fear of discovery. The noble form and fine features of Ravenswood, fired with the pride of birth and sense of internal dignity, the mellow and expressive tones of his voice, the desolate state of his fortunes, and the indifference with which he seemed to endure and to dare the worst that might befall, rendered him a dangerous object of contemplation for a maiden already too much disposed to dwell upon recollections connected with him. When their eyes encountered each other, both blushed deeply, conscious of some strong internal emotion, and shunned again to meet each other's look.

Sir William Ashton had, of course, closely watched the expression of their countenances. “ I need fear,” said he internally, “ neither Parliament nor protestation ; I have an effectual mode of reconciling myself with this hot-tempered young fellow, in case he shall become formidable. The present object is, at all events, to avoid committing ourselves. The hook is fixed ; we will not strain the line too soon : it is as well to reserve the privilege of slipping it loose, if we do not find the fish worth landing.”

In this selfish and cruel calculation upon the supposed attachment of Ravenswood to Lucy, he was so far from consid-

* See Appeal to Parliament. Note 7.

ering the pain he might give to the former, by thus dallying with his affections, that he even did not think upon the risk of involving his own daughter in the perils of an unfortunate passion; as if her predilection, which could not escape his attention, were like the flame of a taper, which might be lighted or extinguished at pleasure. But Providence had prepared a dreadful requital for this keen observer of human passions, who had spent his life in securing advantages to himself by artfully working upon the passions of others.

Caleb Balderstone now came to announce that breakfast was prepared; for in those days of substantial feeding, the relics of the supper amply furnished forth the morning meal. Neither did he forget to present to the Lord Keeper, with great reverence, a morning draught in a large pewter cup, garnished with leaves of parsley and scurvy-grass. He craved pardon, of course, for having omitted to serve it in the great silver standing-cup as behoved, being that it was at present in a silversmith's in Edinburgh, for the purpose of being overlaid with gilt.

"In Edinburgh like enough," said Ravenswood; "but in what place, or for what purpose, I am afraid neither you nor I know."

"Aweel!" said Caleb, peevishly, "there's a man standing at the gate already this morning—that's ae thing that I ken. Does your honor ken whether ye will speak wi' him or no?"

"Does he wish to speak with me, Caleb?"

"Less will no serve him," said Caleb; "but ye had best take a visie of him through the wicket before opening the gate; it's no every ane we suld let into this castle."

"What! do you suppose him to be a messenger come to arrest me for debt?" said Ravenswood.

"A messenger arrest your honor for debt, and in your Castle of Wolf's Crag! Your honor is jesting wi' auld Caleb this morning." However, he whispered in his ear, as he followed him out, "I would be loth to do ony decent man a prejudice in your honor's gude opinion; but I would tak twa looks o' that chield before I let him within these walls."

He was not an officer of the law, however; being no less a person than Captain Craigenfelt, with his nose as red as a comfortable cup of brandy could make it, his laced cocked hat set a little aside upon the top of his black riding periwig, a sword by his side and pistols at his holsters, and his person arrayed in a riding suit, laid over with tarnished lace—the very moral of one who would say, "Stand to a true man."

When the Master had recognized him, he ordered the gates

to be opened. "I suppose," he said, "Captain Craigenfelt, there are no such weighty matters betwixt you and me, but may be discussed in this place. I have company in the castle at present, and the terms upon which we last parted must excuse my asking you to make part of them."

Craigenfelt, although possessing the very perfection of impudence, was somewhat abashed by this unfavorable reception. "He had no intention," he said, "to force himself upon the Master of Ravenswood's hospitality; he was in the honorable service of bearing a message to him from a friend, otherwise the Master of Ravenswood should not have had reason to complain of this intrusion."

"Let it be short, sir," said the Master, "for that will be the best apology. Who is the gentleman who is so fortunate as to have your services as a messenger?"

"My friend, Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw," answered Craigenfelt, with conscious importance, and that confidence which the acknowledged courage of his principal inspired, "who conceives himself to have been treated by you with something much short of the respect which he had reason to demand, and therefore is resolved to exact satisfaction. I bring with me," said he, taking a piece of paper out of his pocket, "the precise length of his sword; and he requests you will meet him, accompanied by a friend, and equally armed, at any place within a mile of the castle, when I shall give attendance as umpire, or second, on his behoof."

"Satisfaction! and equal arms!" repeated Ravenswood, who, the reader will recollect, had no reason to suppose he had given the slightest offence to his late inmate; "upon my word, Captain Craigenfelt, either you have invented the most improbable falsehood that ever came into the mind of such a person, or your morning draught has been somewhat of the strongest. What could persuade Bucklaw to send me such a message?"

"For that, sir," replied Craigenfelt, "I am desired to refer you to what, in duty to my friend, I am to term your inhospitality in excluding him from your house, without reasons assigned."

"It is impossible," replied the Master; "he cannot be such a fool as to interpret actual necessity as an insult. Nor do I believe that, knowing my opinion of you, Captain, he would have employed the services of so slight and inconsiderable a person as yourself upon such an errand, as I certainly could expect no man of honor to act with you in the office of umpire."

“I slight and inconsiderable!” said Craigenfelt, raising his voice, and laying his hand on his cutlass; “if it were not that the quarrel of my friend craves the precedence, and is in dependence before my own, I would give you to understand——”

“I can understand nothing upon your explanation, Captain Craigenfelt. Be satisfied of that, and oblige me with your departure.”

“D——n!” muttered the bully; “and is this the answer which I am to carry back to an honorable message?”

“Tell the Laird of Bucklaw,” answered Ravenswood, “if you are really sent by him, that, when he sends me his cause of grievance by a person fitting to carry such an errand betwixt him and me, I will either explain it or maintain it.”

“Then, Master, you will at least cause to be returned to Hayston, by my hands, his property which is remaining in your possession.”

“Whatever property Bucklaw may have left behind him, sir,” replied the Master, “shall be returned to him by my servant, as you do not show me any credentials from him which entitle you to receive it.”

“Well, Master,” said Captain Craigenfelt, with malice which even his fear of the consequences could not suppress, “you have this morning done me an egregious wrong and dishonor, but far more to yourself. A castle indeed!” he continued, looking around him; “why, this is worse than a *coupe-gorge* house, where they receive travellers to plunder them of their property.”

“You insolent rascal,” said the Master, raising his cane, and making a grasp at the Captain’s bridle, “if you do not depart without uttering another syllable, I will baton you to death!”

At the motion of the Master towards him, the bully turned so rapidly round, that with some difficulty he escaped throwing down his horse, whose hoofs struck fire from the rocky pavement in every direction. Recovering him, however, with the bridle, he pushed for the gate, and rode sharply back again in the direction of the village.

As Ravenswood turned round to leave the courtyard after this dialogue, he found that the Lord Keeper had descended from the hall, and witnessed, though at the distance prescribed by politeness, his interview with Craigenfelt.

“I have seen,” said the Lord Keeper, “that gentleman’s face, and at no great distance of time; his name is Craig—Craig—something, is it not?”

“Craigengelt is the fellow’s name,” said the Master, “at least that by which he passes at present.”

“Craig-in-guilt,” said Caleb, punning upon the word “craig,” which in Scotch signifies throat; “if he is Craig-in-guilt just now, he is likely to be Craig-in-peril as ony chield I ever saw; the loon has woodie written on his very visnomy, and I wad wager twa and a plack that hemp plaits his cravat yet.”

“You understand physiognomy, good Mr. Caleb,” said the Keeper, smiling; “I assure you the gentleman has been near such a consummation before now; for I most distinctly recollect that, upon occasion of a journey which I made about a fortnight ago to Edinburgh, I saw Mr. Craigengelt, or whatever is his name, undergo a severe examination before the privy council.”

“Upon what account?” said the Master of Ravenswood, with some interest.

The question led immediately to a tale which the Lord Keeper had been very anxious to introduce, when he could find a graceful and fitting opportunity. He took hold of the Master’s arm, and led him back towards the hall. “The answer to your question,” he said, “though it is a ridiculous business, is only fit for your own ear.”

As they entered the hall, he again took the Master apart into one of the recesses of the window, where it will be easily believed that Miss Ashton did not venture again to intrude upon their conference.

CHAPTER XVII

Here is a father now,
Will truck his daughter for a foreign venture,
Make her the stop-gap to some canker'd feud,
Or fling her o'er, like Jonah, to the fishes,
To appease the sea at highest.

Anonymous.

THE Lord Keeper opened his discourse with an appearance of unconcern, marking, however, very carefully, the effect of his communication upon young Ravenswood.

“You are aware,” he said, “my young friend, that suspicion is the natural vice of our unsettled times, and exposes the best and wisest of us to the imposition of artful rascals. If I had been disposed to listen to such the other day, or even if I had been the wily politician which you have been taught to believe me, you, Master of Ravenswood, instead of being at freedom, and with full liberty to solicit and act against me as you please, in defence of what you suppose to be your rights, would have been in the Castle of Edinburgh, or some other state prison; or, if you had escaped that destiny, it must have been by flight to a foreign country, and at the risk of a sentence of fugitation.”

“My Lord Keeper,” said the Master, “I think you would not jest on such a subject; yet it seems impossible you can be in earnest.”

“Innocence,” said the Lord Keeper, “is also confident, and sometimes, though very excusably, presumptuously so.”

“I do not understand,” said Ravenswood, “how a consciousness of innocence can be, in any case, accounted presumptuous.”

“Imprudent, at least, it may be called,” said Sir William Ashton, “since it is apt to lead us into the mistake of supposing that sufficiently evident to others of which, in fact, we are only conscious ourselves. I have known a rogue, for this very reason, make a better defence than an innocent man could have done in the same circumstances of suspicion. Having no consciousness of innocence to support him, such a fellow applies himself to all the advantages which the law

will afford him, and sometimes—if his counsel be men of talent—succeeds in compelling his judges to receive him as innocent. I remember the celebrated case of Sir Coolie Condiddle of Condiddle, who was tried for theft under trust, of which all the world knew him guilty, and yet was not only acquitted, but lived to sit in judgment on honest folk.”

“Allow me to beg you will return to the point,” said the Master; “you seemed to say that I had suffered under some suspicion.”

“Suspicion, Master! Ay, truly, and I can show you the proofs of it; if I happen only to have them with me. “Here, Lockhard.” His attendant came. “Fetch me the little private mail with the padlocks, that I recommended to your particular charge, d’ye hear?”

“Yes, my lord.” Lockhard vanished; and the Keeper continued, as if half speaking to himself.

“I think the papers are with me—I think so, for, as I was to be in this country, it was natural for me to bring them with me. I have them, however, at Ravenswood Castle, that I am sure of; so perhaps you might condescend——”

Here Lockhard entered and put the leathern scrutoire, or mail-box, into his hands. The Keeper produced one or two papers, respecting the information laid before the privy council concerning the riot, as it was termed, at the funeral of Allan Lord Ravenswood, and the active share he had himself taken in quashing the proceedings against the Master. These documents had been selected with care, so as to irritate the natural curiosity of Ravenswood upon such a subject, without gratifying it, yet to show that Sir William Ashton had acted upon that trying occasion the part of an advocate and peacemaker betwixt him and the jealous authorities of the day. Having furnished his host with such subjects for examination, the Lord Keeper went to the breakfast-table, and entered into light conversation, addressed partly to old Caleb, whose resentment against the usurper of the Castle of Ravenswood began to be softened by his familiarity, and partly to his daughter.

After perusing these papers, the Master of Ravenswood remained for a minute or two with his hand pressed against his brow, in deep and profound meditation. He then again ran his eye hastily over the papers, as if desirous of discovering in them some deep purpose, or some mark of fabrication, which had escaped him at first perusal. Apparently the second reading confirmed the opinion which had pressed upon

him at the first, for he started from the stone bench on which he was sitting, and, going to the Lord Keeper, took his hand, and, strongly pressing it, asked his pardon repeatedly for the injustice he had done him, when it appeared he was experiencing, at his hands, the benefit of protection to his person and vindication to his character.

The statesman received these acknowledgments at first with well-feigned surprise, and then with an affectation of frank cordiality. The tears began already to start from Lucy's blue eyes at viewing this unexpected and moving scene. To see the Master, late so haughty and reserved, and whom she had always supposed the injured person, supplicating her father for forgiveness, was a change at once surprising, flattering, and affecting.

"Dry your eyes, Lucy," said her father: "why should you weep, because your father, though a lawyer, is discovered to be a fair and honorable man? What have you to thank me for, my dear Master," he continued, addressing Ravenswood, "that you would not have done in my case? '*Suum cuique tribuito*,' was the Roman justice, and I learned it when I studied Justinian. Besides, have you not overpaid me a thousand times, in saving the life of this dear child?"

"Yes," answered the Master, in all the remorse of self-accusation; "but the little service *I* did was an act of mere brutal instinct; *your* defence of my cause, when you knew how ill I thought of you, and how much I was disposed to be your enemy, was an act of generous, manly, and considerate wisdom."

"Pshaw!" said the Lord Keeper, "each of us acted in his own way; you as a gallant soldier, I as an upright judge and privy-councillor. We could not, perhaps, have changed parts; at least I should have made a very sorry tauridor, and you, my good Master, though your cause is so excellent, might have pleaded it perhaps worse yourself than I who acted for you before the council."

"My generous friend!" said Ravenswood; and with that brief word, which the Keeper had often lavished upon him, but which he himself now pronounced for the first time, he gave to his feudal enemy the full confidence of a haughty but honorable heart. The Master had been remarked among his contemporaries for sense and acuteness, as well as for his reserved, pertinacious, and irascible character. His prepossessions accordingly, however obstinate, were of a nature to give way before love and gratitude; and the real charms of the daughter, joined to the supposed services of the father,

cancelled in his memory the vows of vengeance which he had taken so deeply on the eve of his father's funeral. But they had been heard and registered in the book of fate.

Caleb was present at this extraordinary scene, and he could conceive no other reason for a proceeding so extraordinary than an alliance betwixt the houses, and Ravenswood Castle assigned for the young lady's dowry. As for Lucy, when Ravenswood uttered the most passionate excuses for his ungrateful negligence, she could but smile through her tears, and, as she abandoned her hand to him, assure him, in broken accents, of the delight with which she beheld the complete reconciliation between her father and her deliverer. Even the statesman was moved and affected by the fiery, unreserved, and generous self-abandonment with which the Master of Ravenswood renounced his feudal enmity and threw himself without hesitation upon his forgiveness. His eyes glistened as he looked upon a couple who were obviously becoming attached, and who seemed made for each other. He thought how high the proud and chivalrous character of Ravenswood might rise under many circumstances in which *he* found himself "overcrowded," to use a phrase of Spenser, and kept under, by his brief pedigree, and timidity of disposition. Then his daughter—his favorite child—his constant playmate—seemed formed to live happy in a union with such a commanding spirit as Ravenswood; and even the fine, delicate, fragile form of Lucy Ashton seemed to require the support of the Master's muscular strength and masculine character. And it was not merely during a few minutes that Sir William Ashton looked upon their marriage as a probable and even desirable event, for a full hour intervened ere his imagination was crossed by recollection of the Master's poverty, and the sure displeasure of Lady Ashton. It is certain, that the very unusual flow of kindly feeling with which the Lord Keeper had been thus surprised, was one of the circumstances which gave much tacit encouragement to the attachment between the Master and his daughter, and led both the lovers distinctly to believe that it was a connection which would be most agreeable to him. He himself was supposed to have admitted this in effect, when, long after the catastrophe of their love, he used to warn his hearers against permitting their feelings to obtain an ascendancy over their judgment, and affirm, that the greatest misfortune of his life was owing to a very temporary predominance of sensibility over self-interest. It must be owned, if such was the case, he was long and severely punished for an offence of very brief duration.

After some pause, the Lord Keeper resumed the conversation. "In your surprise at finding me an honest man than you expected, you have lost your curiosity about this Craigengelt, my good Master; and yet your name was brought in, in the course of that matter too."

"The scoundrel!" said Ravenswood. "My connection with him was of the most temporary nature possible; and yet I was very foolish to hold any communication with him at all. What did he say of me?"

"Enough," said the Keeper, "to excite the very loyal terrors of some of our sages, who are for proceeding against men on the mere grounds of suspicion or mercenary information. Some nonsense about your proposing to enter into the service of France, or of the Pretender, I don't recollect which, but which the Marquis of A——, one of your best friends, and another person, whom some call one of your worst and most interested enemies, could not, somehow, be brought to listen to."

"I am obliged to my honorable friend; and yet," shaking the Lord Keeper's hand—"and yet I am still more obliged to my honorable enemy."

"*Inimicus amicissimus*," said the Lord Keeper, returning the pressure; "but this gentleman—this Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw—I am afraid the poor young man—I heard the fellow mention his name—is under very bad guidance."

"He is old enough to govern himself," answered the Master.

"Old enough, perhaps, but scarce wise enough, if he has chosen this fellow for his *fidus Achates*. Why, he lodged an information against him—that is, such a consequence might have ensued from his examination, had we not looked rather at the character of the witness than the tenor of his evidence."

"Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw," said the Master, "is, I believe, a most honorable man, and capable of nothing that is mean or disgraceful."

"Capable of much that is unreasonable, though; that you must needs allow, Master. Death will soon put him in possession of a fair estate, if he hath it not already; old Lady Girnington—an excellent person, excepting that her inveterate ill-nature rendered her intolerable to the whole world—is probably dead by this time. Six heirs portioners have successively died to make her wealthy. I know the estates well; they march with my own—a noble property."

"I am glad of it," said Ravenswood, "and should be more

so, were I confident that Bucklaw would change his company and habits with his fortune. This appearance of Craigen-gelt, acting in the capacity of his friend, is a most vile augury for his future respectability."

"He is a bird of evil omen, to be sure," said the Keeper, "and croaks of jail and gallows-tree. But I see Mr. Caleb grows impatient for our return to breakfast."

CHAPTER XVIII

Sir, stay at home and take an old man's counsel ;
Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth ;
Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire.
Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely,
And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.

The French Courtesan.

THE Master of Ravenswood took an opportunity to leave his guests to prepare for their departure, while he himself made the brief arrangements necessary previous to his absence from Wolf's Crag for a day or two. It was necessary to communicate with Caleb on this occasion, and he found that faithful servitor in his sooty and ruinous den, greatly delighted with the departure of their visitors, and computing how long, with good management, the provisions which had been unexpended might furnish forth the Master's table. "He's nae belly god, that's ae blessing ; and Bucklaw's gane, that could have eaten a horse behind the saddle. Cresses or water-purpie, and a bit ait-cake, can serve the Master for breakfast as well as Caleb. Then for dinner—there's no muckle left on the spule-bane ; it will brander, though—it will brander very weel."

His triumphant calculations were interrupted by the Master, who communicated to him, not without some hesitation, his purpose to ride with the Lord Keeper as far as Ravenswood Castle, and to remain there for a day or two.

"The mercy of Heaven forbid !" said the old serving-man turning as pale as the table-cloth which he was folding up.

"And why, Caleb ?" said his master—"why should the mercy of Heaven forbid my returning the Lord Keeper's visit ?"

"Oh, sir !" replied Caleb—"O, Mr. Edgar ! I am your servant, and it ill becomes me to speak ; but I am an auld servant—have served baith your father and gudesire, and mind to have seen Lord Randal, your great-grandfather, but that was when I was a bairn."

"And what of all this, Balderstone ?" said the Master ; "what can it possibly have to do with my paying some ordinary civility to a neighbor ?"

“O, Mr. Edgar,—that is, my lord!” answered the butler, “your ain conscience tells you it isna for your father’s son to be neighboring wi’ the like o’ him; it is na for the credit of the family. An he were ance come to terms, and to gie ye back your ain, e’en though ye suld honor his house wi’ your alliance, I suldna say na; for the young leddy is a winsome sweet creature. But keep your ain state wi’ them—I ken the race o’ them weel—they will think the mair o’ ye.”

“Why, now, you go farther than I do, Caleb,” said the Master, drowning a certain degree of consciousness in a forced laugh; “you are for marrying me into a family that you will not allow me to visit, how’s this? and you look as pale as death besides.”

“O, sir,” repeated Caleb again, “you would but laugh if I tauld it; but Thomas the Rhymer, whose tongue couldna be fause, spoke the word of your house that will e’en prove ower true if you go to Ravenswood this day. O, that it should e’er have been fulfilled in my time!”

“And what is it, Caleb?” said Ravenswood, wishing to soothe the fears of his old servant.

Caleb replied, “He had never repeated the lines to living mortal; they were told to him by an auld priest that had been confessor to Lord Allan’s father when the family were Catholic. But mony a time,” he said, “I hae sougheed thae dark words ower to mysell, and, well-a-day! little did I think of their coming round this day.”

“Truce with your nonsense, and let me hear the doggerel which has put it into your head,” said the Master, impatiently.

With a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with apprehension, Caleb faltered out the following lines:

“When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravenswood shall ride
And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie’s flow,
And his name shall be lost forevermoe!”

“I know the Kelpie’s flow well enough,” said the Master; “I suppose, at least, you mean the quicksand betwixt this tower and Wolf’s Hope; but why any man in his senses should stable a steed there—”

“O, never speer onything about that, sir—God forbid we should ken what the prophecy means—but just bide you at hame, and let the strangers ride to Ravenswood by themselves. We have done enough for them; and to do mair would be mair against the credit of the family than in its favor.”

“Well, Caleb,” said the Master, “I give you the best possible credit for your good advice on this occasion; but as I do not go to Ravenswood to seek a bride, dead or alive, I hope I shall choose a better stable for my horse than the Kelpie’s quicksand, and especially as I have always had a particular dread of it since the patrol of dragoons were lost there ten years since. My father and I saw them from the tower struggling against the advancing tide, and they were lost long before any help could reach them.”

“And they deserved it weel, the southern loons!” said Caleb: “what had they ado capering on our sands, and hindering a wheen honest folk frae bringing on shore a drap brandy? I hae seen them that busy, that I wad hae fired the auld culverin or the demi-saker that’s on the south bartizan at them, only I was feared they might burst in the ganging aff.”

Caleb’s brain was now fully engaged with abuse of the English soldiery and excisemen, so that his master found no great difficulty in escaping from him and rejoining his guests. All was now ready for their departure; and one of the Lord Keeper’s grooms having saddled the Master’s steed, they mounted in the courtyard.

Caleb had, with much toil, opened the double doors of the outward gate, and thereat stationed himself, endeavoring, by the reverential, and at the same time consequential, air which he assumed, to supply, by his own gaunt, wasted, and thin person, the absence of a whole baronial establishment of porters, warders, and liveried menials.

The Keeper returned his deep reverence with a cordial farewell, stooping at the same time from his horse, and sliding into the butler’s hand the remuneration which in those days was always given by a departing guest to the domestics of the family where he had been entertained. Lucy smiled on the old man with her usual sweetness, bade him adieu, and deposited her guerdon with a grace of action and a gentleness of accent which could not have failed to have won the faithful retainer’s heart, but for Thomas the Rhymer, and the successful lawsuit against his master. As it was, he might have adopted the language of the Duke in *As You Like It*—

Thou wouldst have better pleased me with this deed,
If thou hadst told me of another father.

Ravenswood was at the lady’s bridle-rein, encouraging her timidity, and guiding her horse carefully down the rocky path which led to the moor, when one of the servants announced

from the rear that Caleb was calling loudly after them, desiring to speak with his master. Ravenswood felt it would look singular to neglect this summons, although inwardly cursing Caleb for his impertinent officiousness; therefore he was compelled to relinquish to Mr. Lockhard the agreeable duty in which he was engaged, and to ride back to the gate of the courtyard. Here he was beginning, somewhat peevishly, to ask Caleb the cause of his clamor, when the good old man exclaimed, "Whisht, sir!—whisht, and let me speak just ae word that I couldna say afore folk; there [putting into his lord's hand the money he had just received]—there's three gowd pieces; and ye'll want siller up-bye yonder. But stay, whisht now!" for the Master was beginning to exclaim against this transference, "never say a word, but just see to get them changed in the first town ye ride through, for they are bran new frae the mint, and kenspeckle a wee bit."

"You forget, Caleb," said his master, striving to force back the money on his servant, and extricate the bridle from his hold—"you forget that I have some gold pieces left of my own. Keep these to yourself, my old friend; and, once more, good-day to you. I assure you, I have plenty. You know you have managed that our living should cost us little or nothing."

"A' eel," said Caleb, "these will serve for you another time; but see ye hae enough, for, doubtless, for the credit of the family, there maun be some civility to the servants, and ye maun hae something to mak a show with when they say, 'Master, will you bet a broad piece?' Then ye maun tak out your purse, and say, 'I carena if I do;' and tak care no to agree on the articles of the wager, and just put up your purse again, and——"

"This is intolerable, Caleb; I really must be gone."

"And you will go, then?" said Caleb, loosening his hold upon the Master's cloak, and changing his didactics into a pathetic and mournful tone—"and you *will* go, for a' I have told you about the prophecy, and the dead bride, and the Kelpie's quicksand? Aweel! a wilful man maun hae his way: he that will to Cupar maun to Cupar. But pity of your life, sir, if ye be fowling or shooting in the Park, beware of drinking at the Mermaiden's Well—— He's gane! he's down the path arrow-flight after her! The head is as clean taen aff the Ravenswood family this day as I wad chap the head aff a sybo!"

The old butler looked long after his master, often clearing away the dew as it rose to his eyes, that he might, as long as

possible, distinguish his stately form from those of the other horsemen. "Close to her bridle-rein—ay, close to her bridle-rein! Wisely saith the holy man, 'By this also you may know that woman hath dominion over all men;' and without this lass would not our ruin have been a'thegither fulfilled."

With a heart fraught with such sad auguries did Caleb return to his necessary duties at Wolf's Crag, as soon as he could no longer distinguish the object of his anxiety among the group of riders, which diminished in the distance.

In the mean time the party pursued their route joyfully. Having once taken his resolution, the Master of Ravenswood was not of a character to hesitate or pause upon it. He abandoned himself to the pleasure he felt in Miss Ashton's company, and displayed an assiduous gallantry which approached as nearly to gayety as the temper of his mind and state of his family permitted. The Lord Keeper was much struck with his depth of observation, and the unusual improvement which he had derived from his studies. Of these accomplishments Sir William Ashton's profession and habits of society rendered him an excellent judge; and he well knew how to appreciate a quality to which he himself was a total stranger—the brief and decided dauntlessness of the Master of Ravenswood's disposition, who seemed equally a stranger to doubt and to fear. In his heart the Lord Keeper rejoiced at having conciliated an adversary so formidable, while, with a mixture of pleasure and anxiety, he anticipated the great things his young companion might achieve, were the breath of court-favor to fill his sails.

"What could she desire," he thought, his mind always conjuring up opposition in the person of Lady Ashton to his now prevailing wish—"what could a woman desire in a match more than the sopiting of a very dangerous claim, and the alliance of a son-in-law, noble, brave, well-gifted, and highly connected; sure to float whenever the tide sets his way; strong, exactly where we are weak, in pedigree and in the temper of a swordsman? Sure, no reasonable woman would hesitate. But, alas——!" Here his argument was stopped by the consciousness that Lady Ashton was not always reasonable, in his sense of the word. "To prefer some clownish Merse laird to the gallant young nobleman, and to the secure possession of Ravenswood upon terms of easy compromise—it would be the act of a madwoman!"

Thus pondered the veteran politician, until they reached Bittlebrains House, where it had been previously settled they

were to dine and repose themselves, and prosecute their journey in the afternoon.

They were received with an excess of hospitality ; and the most marked attention was offered to the Master of Ravenswood, in particular, by their noble entertainers. The truth was, that Lord Bittlebrains had obtained his peerage by a good deal of plausibility, an art of building up a character for wisdom upon a very trite style of commonplace eloquence, a steady observation of the changes of the times, and the power of rendering certain political services to those who could best reward them. His lady and he, not feeling quite easy under their new honors, to which use had not adapted their feelings, were very desirous to procure the fraternal countenance of those who were born denizens of the regions into which they had been exalted from a lower sphere. The extreme attention which they paid to the Master of Ravenswood had its usual effect in exalting his importance in the eyes of the Lord Keeper, who, although he had a reasonable degree of contempt for Lord Bittlebrains's general parts, entertained a high opinion of the acuteness of his judgment in all matters of self-interest.

“I wish Lady Ashton had seen this,” was his internal reflection ; “no man knows so well as Bittlebrains on which side his bread is buttered ; and he fawns on the Master like a beggar's messan on a cook. And my lady, too, bringing forward her beetle-browed misses to skirl and play upon the virginals, as if she said, ‘Pick and choose.’ They are no more comparable to Lucy than an owl is to a cygnet, and so they may carry their black brows to a farther market.”

The entertainment being ended, our travellers, who had still to measure the longest part of their journey, resumed their horses ; and after the Lord Keeper, the Master, and the domestics had drunk *doch-an-dorroch*, or the stirrup-cup, in the liquors adapted to their various ranks, the cavalcade resumed its progress.

It was dark by the time they entered the avenue of Ravenswood Castle, a long straight line leading directly to the front of the house, flanked with huge elm-trees, which sighed to the night-wind, as if they compassionated the heir of their ancient proprietors, who now returned to their shades in the society, and almost in the retinue, of their new master. Some feelings of the same kind oppressed the mind of the Master himself. He gradually became silent, and dropped a little behind the lady, at whose bridle-rein he had hitherto waited with such devotion. He well recollected the period when,

at the same hour in the evening, he had accompanied his father, as that nobleman left, never again to return to it, the mansion from which he derived his name and title. The extensive front of the old castle, on which he remembered having often looked back, was then "as black as mourning weed." The same front now glanced with many lights, some throwing far forward into the night a fixed and stationary blaze, and others hurrying from one window to another, intimating the bustle and busy preparation preceding their arrival, which had been intimated by an *avant-courier*. The contrast pressed so strongly upon the Master's heart as to awaken some of the sterner feelings with which he had been accustomed to regard the new lord of his paternal domain, and to impress his countenance with an air of severe gravity, when, alighted from his horse, he stood in the hall no longer his own, surrounded by the numerous menials of its present owner.

The Lord Keeper, when about to welcome him with the cordiality which their late intercourse seemed to render proper, became aware of the change, refrained from his purpose, and only intimated the ceremony of reception by a deep reverence to his guest, seeming thus delicately to share the feelings which predominated on his brow.

Two upper domestics, bearing each a huge pair of silver candlesticks, now marshalled the company into a large saloon, or withdrawing-room, where new alterations impressed upon Ravenswood the superior wealth of the present inhabitants of the castle. The mouldering tapestry, which, in his father's time, had half covered the walls of this stately apartment, and half streamed from them in tatters, had given place to a complete finishing of wainscot, the cornice of which, as well as the frames of the various compartments, were ornamented with festoons of flowers and with birds, which, though carved in oak, seemed, such was the art of the chisel, actually to swell their throats and flutter their wings. Several old family portraits of armed heroes of the house of Ravenswood, together with a suit or two of oid armor and some military weapons, had given place to those of King William and Queen Mary, of Sir Thomas Hope and Lord Stair, two distinguished Scottish lawyers. The pictures of the Lord Keeper's father and mother were also to be seen; the latter, sour, shrewish, and solemn, in her black hood and close pinnars, with a book of devotion in her hand; the former, exhibiting beneath a black silk Geneva cowl, or skull-cap, which sat as close to the head as if it had been shaven, a pinched, peevish, Puritanical set of features, terminating in a hungry, reddish, peaked beard,

forming on the whole a countenance in the expression of which the hypocrite seemed to contend with the miser and the knave. "And it is to make room for such scarecrows as these," thought Ravenswood, "that my ancestors have been torn down from the walls which they erected!" He looked at them again, and, as he looked, the recollection of Lucy Ashton, for she had not entered the apartment with them, seemed less lively in his imagination. There were also two or three Dutch drolleries, as the pictures of Ostade and Teniers were then termed, with one good painting of the Italian school. There was, besides, a noble full-length of the Lord Keeper in his robes of office, placed beside his lady in silk and ermine, a haughty beauty, bearing in her looks all the pride of the house of Douglas, from which she was descended. The painter, notwithstanding his skill, overcome by the reality, or, perhaps, from a suppressed sense of humor, had not been able to give the husband on the canvas that air of awful rule and right supremacy which indicates the full possession of domestic authority. It was obvious at the first glance, that, despite mace and gold frogs, the Lord Keeper was somewhat henpecked. The floor of this fine saloon was laid with rich carpets, huge fires blazed in the double chimneys, and ten silver sconces, reflecting with their bright plates the lights which they supported, made the whole seem as brilliant as day.

"Would you choose any refreshment, Master?" said Sir William Ashton, not unwilling to break the awkward silence.

He received no answer, the Master being so busily engaged in marking the various changes which had taken place in the apartment, that he hardly heard the Lord Keeper address him. A repetition of the offer of refreshment, with the addition, that the family meal would be presently ready, compelled his attention, and reminded him that he acted a weak, perhaps even a ridiculous, part in suffering himself to be overcome by the circumstances in which he found himself. He compelled himself, therefore, to enter into conversation with Sir William Ashton, with as much appearance of indifference as he could well command.

"You will not be surprised, Sir William, that I am interested in the changes you have made for the better in this apartment. In my father's time, after our misfortunes compelled him to live in retirement, it was little used, except by me as a play-room, when the weather would not permit me to go abroad. In that recess was my little workshop, where I treasured the few carpenters' tools which old Caleb procured

for me, and taught me how to use; there, in yonder corner, under that handsome silver sconce, I kept my fishing-rods and hunting poles, bows and arrows."

"I have a young birkie," said the Lord Keeper, willing to change the tone of the conversation, "of much the same turn. He is never happy save when he is in the field. I wonder he is not here. Here, Lockhard; send William Shaw for Mr. Henry. I suppose he is, as usual, tied to Lucy's apron-string; that foolish girl, Master, draws the whole family after her at her pleasure."

Even this allusion to his daughter, though artfully thrown out, did not recall Ravenswood from his own topic.

"We were obliged to leave," he said, "some armor and portraits in this apartment; may I ask where they have been removed to?"

"Why," answered the Keeper, with some hesitation, "the room was fitted up in our absence, and *cedant arma togæ* is the maxim of lawyers, you know: I am afraid it has been here somewhat too literally complied with. I hope—I believe they are safe, I am sure I gave orders; may I hope that when they are recovered, and put in proper order, you will do me the honor to accept them at my hand, as an atonement for their accidental derangement?"

The Master of Ravenswood bowed stiffly, and, with folded arms, again resumed his survey of the room.

Henry, a spoiled boy of fifteen, burst into the room, and ran up to his father. "Think of Lucy, papa; she has come home so cross and so fractious, that she will not go down to the stable to see my new pony, that Bob Wilson brought from the Mull of Galloway."

"I think you were very unreasonable to ask her," said the Keeper.

"Then you are as cross as she is," answered the boy; "but when mamma comes home, she'll claw up both your mittens."

"Hush your impertinence, you little forward imp!" said his father; "where is your tutor?"

"Gone to a wedding at Dunbar; I hope he'll get a haggis to his dinner;" and he began to sing the old Scottish song—

"There was a haggis in Dunbar,
Fal de ral, etc.
Mony better and few waur,
Fal de ral, etc."

"I am much obliged to Mr. Cordery for his attentions," said the Lord Keeper; "and pray who has had the charge of you while I was away. Mr. Henry?"

“Norman and Bob Wilson, forbye my own self.”

“A groom and a gamekeeper, and your own silly self—proper guardians for a young advocate! Why, you will never know any statutes but those against shooting red-deer, killing salmon, and——”

“And speaking of red-game,” said the young scapegrace, interrupting his father without scruple or hesitation, “Norman has shot a buck, and I showed the branches to Lucy, and she says they have but eight tines; and she says that you killed a deer with Lord Bittlebrains’s hounds, when you were west away, and, do you know, she says it had ten tines. is it true?”

“It may have had twenty, Henry, for what I know; but if you go to that gentleman, he can tell you all about it. Go speak to him, Henry; it is the Master of Ravenswood.”

While they conversed thus, the father and son were standing by the fire; and the Master, having walked towards the upper end of the apartment, stood with his back towards them, apparently engaged in examining one of the paintings. The boy ran up to him, and pulled him by the skirt of the coat with the freedom of a spoiled child, saying, “I say, sir, if you please to tell me——” but when the Master turned round, and Henry saw his face, he became suddenly and totally disconcerted; walked two or three steps backward, and still gazed on Ravenswood with an air of fear and wonder, which had totally banished from his features their usual expression of pert vivacity.

“Come to me, young gentleman,” said the Master, “and I will tell you all I know about the hunt.”

“Go to the gentleman, Henry,” said his father; “you are not used to be so shy.”

But neither invitation nor exhortation had any effect on the boy. On the contrary, he turned round as soon as he had completed his survey of the Master, and walking as cautiously as if he had been treading upon eggs, he glided back to his father, and pressed as close to him as possible. Ravenswood, to avoid hearing the dispute betwixt the father and the over-indulged boy, thought it most polite to turn his face once more towards the pictures, and pay no attention to what they said.

“Why do you not speak to the Master, you little fool?” said the Lord Keeper.

“I am afraid,” said Henry, in a very low tone of voice.

“Afraid, you goose!” said his father, giving him a slight shake by the collar. “What makes you afraid?”

“What makes him so like the picture of Sir Malise Ravenswood, then?” said the boy, whispering.

“What picture, you natural?” said his father. “I used to think you only a scapegrace, but I believe you will turn out a born idiot.”

“I tell you, it is the picture of old Malise of Ravenswood, and he is as like it as if he had loupén out of the canvas; and it is up in the old baron’s hall that the maids launder the clothes in; and it has armor, and not a coat like the gentleman; and he has not a beard and whiskers like the picture; and it has another kind of thing about the throat, and no band-strings as he has; and——”

“And why should not the gentleman be like his ancestor, you silly boy?” said the Lord Keeper.

“Ay; but if he is come to chase us all out of the castle,” said the boy, “and has twenty men at his back in disguise; and is come to say, with a hollow voice, ‘I bide my time;’ and is to kill you on the hearth as Malise did the other man, and whose blood is still to be seen!”

“Hush! nonsense!” said the Lord Keeper, not himself much pleased to hear these disagreeable coincidences forced on his notice. “Master, here comes Lockhard to say supper is served.”

And, at the same instant, Lucy entered at another door, having changed her dress since her return. The exquisite feminine beauty of her countenance, now shaded only by a profusion of sunny tresses; the sylph-like form, disencumbered of her heavy riding-skirt and mantled in azure silk: the grace of her manner and of her smile, cleared, with a celerity which surprised the Master himself, all the gloomy and unfavorable thoughts which had for some time overclouded his fancy. In those features, so simply sweet, he could trace no alliance with the pinched visage of the peak-bearded, black-capped Puritan, or his starched, withered spouse, with the craft expressed in the Lord Keeper’s countenance, or the haughtiness which predominated in that of his lady; and, while he gazed on Lucy Ashton, she seemed to be an angel descended on earth, unallied to the coarser mortals among whom she deigned to dwell for a season. Such is the power of beauty over a youthful and enthusiastic fancy.

CHAPTER XIX

I do too ill in this,
And must not think but that a parent's plaint
Will move the heavens to pour forth misery
Upon the head of disobedieney.
Yet reason tells us, parents are o'erseen,
When with too strict a rein they do hold in
Their child's affection, and control that love,
Which the high powers divine inspire them with.
The Hog hath lost his Pearl.

THE feast of Ravenswood Castle was as remarkable for its profusion as that of Wolf's Crag had been for its ill-veiled penury. The Lord Keeper might feel internal pride at the contrast, but he had too much tact to suffer it to appear. On the contrary, he seemed to remember with pleasure what he called Mr. Balderstone's bachelor's meal, and to be rather disgusted than pleased with the display upon his own groaning board.

"We do these things," he said, "because others do them; but I was bred a plain man at my father's frugal table, and I should like well would my wife and family permit me to return to my sowens and my poor-man-of-mutton."*

This was a little overstretched. The Master only answered, "That different ranks—I mean," said he, correcting himself, "different degrees of wealth require a different style of housekeeping."

This dry remark put a stop to farther conversation on the subject, nor is it necessary to record that which was substituted in its place. The evening was spent with freedom, and even cordiality; and Henry had so far overcome his first apprehensions, that he had settled a party for coursing a stag with the representative and living resemblance of grim Sir Malise of Ravenswood, called the Revenger. The next morning was the appointed time. It rose upon active sportsmen and successful sport. The banquet came in course; and a pressing invitation to tarry yet another day was given and accepted. This Ravenswood had resolved should be the last of his stay; but he recollected he had not yet visited the

* See Note 2.

ancient and devoted servant of his house, Old Alice, and it was but kind to dedicate one morning to the gratification of so ancient an adherent.

To visit Alice, therefore, a day was devoted, and Lucy was the Master's guide upon the way. Henry, it is true, accompanied them, and took from their walk the air of a *tête-à-tête*, while, in reality, it was little else, considering the variety of circumstances which occurred to prevent the boy from giving the least attention to what passed between his companions. Now a rook settled on a branch within shot; anon a hare crossed their path, and Henry and his greyhound went astray in pursuit of it; then he had to hold a long conversation with the forester, which detained him a while behind his companions; and again he went to examine the earth of a badger, which carried him on a good way before them.

The conversation betwixt the Master and his sister, meanwhile, took an interesting, and almost a confidential, turn. She could not help mentioning her sense of the pain he must feel in visiting scenes so well known to him, bearing now an aspect so different; and so gently was her sympathy expressed, that Ravenswood felt it for a moment as a full requital of all his misfortunes. Some such sentiment escaped him, which Lucy heard with more of confusion than displeasure; and she may be forgiven the imprudence of listening to such language, considering that the situation in which she was placed by her father seemed to authorize Ravenswood to use it. Yet she made an effort to turn the conversation, and she succeeded; for the Master also had advanced farther than he intended, and his conscience had instantly checked him when he found himself on the verge of speaking of love to the daughter of Sir William Ashton.

They now approached the hut of Old Alice, which had of late been rendered more comfortable, and presented an appearance less picturesque, perhaps, but far neater than before. The old woman was on her accustomed seat beneath the weeping birch, basking, with the listless enjoyment of age and infirmity, in the beams of the autumn sun. At the arrival of her visitors she turned her head towards them. "I hear your step, Miss Ashton," she said, "but the gentleman who attends you is not my lord, your father."

"And why should you think so, Alice?" said Lucy; "or how is it possible for you to judge so accurately by the sound of a step, on this firm earth, and in the open air?"

"My hearing, my child, has been sharpened by my blind-

ness, and I can now draw conclusions from the slightest sounds, which formerly reached my ears as unheeded as they now approach yours. Necessity is a stern but an excellent school-mistress, and she that has lost her sight must collect her information from other sources."

"Well, you hear a man's step, I grant it," said Lucy; "but why, Alice, may it not be my father's?"

"The pace of age, my love, is timid and cautious: the foot takes leave of the earth slowly, and is planted down upon it with hesitation; it is the hasty and determined step of youth that I now hear, and—could I give credit to so strange a thought—I should say it was the step of a Ravenswood."

"This is indeed," said Ravenswood, "an acuteness of organ which I could not have credited had I not witnessed it. I am indeed the Master of Ravenswood, Alice—the son of your old master."

"You!" said the old woman, with almost a scream of surprise—"you the Master of Ravenswood—here—in this place, and thus accompanied! I cannot believe it. Let me pass my old hand over your face, that my touch may bear witness to my ears."

The Master sat down beside her on the earthen bank, and permitted her to touch his features with her trembling hand.

"It is indeed!" she said—"it is the features as well as the voice of Ravenswood—the high lines of pride, as well as the bold and haughty tone. But what do you here, Master of Ravenswood?—what do you in your enemy's domain, and in company with his child?"

As Old Alice spoke, her face kindled, as probably that of an ancient feudal vassal might have done in whose presence his youthful liege-lord had showed some symptom of degenerating from the spirit of his ancestors.

"The Master of Ravenswood," said Lucy, who liked not the tone of this expostulation, and was desirous to abridge it, "is upon a visit to my father."

"Indeed!" said the old blind woman, in an accent of surprise.

"I knew," continued Lucy, "I should do him a pleasure by conducting him to your cottage."

"Where, to say the truth, Alice," said Ravenswood, "I expected a more cordial reception."

"It is most wonderful!" said the old woman, muttering to herself; "but the ways of Heaven are not like our ways, and its judgments are brought about by means far beyond our fathoming. Harken, young man," she said; "your

fathers were implacable, but they were honorable, foes; they sought not to ruin their enemies under the mask of hospitality. What have you to do with Lucy Ashton? why should your steps move in the same footpath with hers? why should your voice sound in the same chord and time with those of Sir William Ashton's daughter? Young man, he who aims at revenge by dishonorable means——"

"Be silent, woman!" said Ravenswood, sternly; "is it the devil that prompts your voice? Know that this young lady has not on earth a friend who would venture farther to save her from injury or from insult."

"And is it even so?" said the old woman, in an altered but melancholy tone, "then God help you both!"

"Amen! Alice," said Lucy, who had not comprehended the import of what the blind woman had hinted, "and send you your senses, Alice, and your good-humor. If you hold this mysterious language, instead of welcoming your friends, they will think of you as other people do."

"And how do other people think?" said Ravenswood, for he also began to believe the old woman spoke with incoherence.

"They think," said Henry Ashton, who came up at that moment, and whispered into Ravenswood's ear, "that she is a witch, that should have been burned with them that suffered at Haddington."

"What is that you say?" said Alice, turning towards the boy, her sightless visage inflamed with passion; "that I am a witch, and ought to have suffered with the helpless old wretches who were murdered at Haddington?"

"Hear to that now," again whispered Henry, "and me whispering lower than a wren cheeps!"

"If the usurer, and the oppressor, and the grinder of the poor man's face, and the remover of ancient landmarks, and the subverter of ancient houses, were at the same stake with me, I could say, 'Light the fire, in God's name!'"

"This is dreadful," said Lucy; "I have never seen the poor deserted woman in this state of mind; but age and poverty can ill bear reproach. Come, Henry, we will leave her for the present; she wishes to speak with the Master alone. We will walk homeward, and rest us," she added, looking at Ravenswood, "by the Mermaid's Well."

"And Alice," said the boy, "if you know of any hare that comes through among the deer, and makes them drop their calves out of season, you may tell her, with my compliments to command, that if Norman has not got a silver bullet

ready for her, I'll lend him one of my doublet-buttons on purpose."

Alice made no answer till she was aware that the sister and brother were out of hearing. She then said to Ravenswood, "And you, too, are angry with me for my love? It is just that strangers should be offended, but you, too, are angry!"

"I am not angry, Alice," said the Master, "only surprised that you, whose good sense I have heard so often praised, should give way to offensive and unfounded suspicions."

"Offensive!" said Alice. "Ay, truth is ever offensive; but, surely, not unfounded."

"I tell you, dame, most groundless," replied Ravenswood.

"Then the world has changed its wont, and the Ravenswoods their hereditary temper, and the eyes of Old Alice's understanding are yet more blind than those of her countenance. When did a Ravenswood seek the house of his enemy but with the purpose of revenge? and hither are you come, Edgar Ravenswood, either in fatal anger or in still more fatal love."

"In neither," said Ravenswood, "I give you mine honor—I mean, I assure you."

Alice could not see his blushing cheek, but she noticed his hesitation, and that he retracted the pledge which he seemed at first disposed to attach to his denial.

"It is so, then," she said, "and therefore she is to tarry by the Mermaiden's Well! Often has it been called a place fatal to the race of Ravenswood—often has it proved so; but never was it likely to verify old sayings as much as on this day."

"You drive me to madness, Alice," said Ravenswood; "you are more silly and more superstitious than old Balderstone. Are you such a wretched Christian as to suppose I would in the present day levy war against the Ashton family, as was the sanguinary custom in elder times? or do you suppose me so foolish, that I cannot walk by a young lady's side without plunging headlong in love with her?"

"My thoughts," replied Alice, "are my own; and if my mortal sight is closed to objects present with me, it may be I can look with more steadfastness into future events. Are you prepared to sit lowest at the board which was once your father's own, unwillingly, as a connection and ally of his proud successor? Are you ready to live on his bounty; to follow him in the by-paths of intrigue and chicane, which none can better point out to you; to gnaw the bones of his prey when he has devoured the substance? Can you say as

Sir William Ashton says, think as he thinks, vote as he votes, and call your father's murderer your worshipful father-in-law and reverend patron? Master of Ravenswood, I am the eldest servant of your house, and I would rather see you shrouded and coffined!"

The tumult in Ravenswood's mind was uncommonly great; she struck upon and awakened a chord which he had for some time successfully silenced. He strode backwards and forwards through the little garden with a hasty pace; and at length checking himself, and stopping right opposite to Alice, he exclaimed, "Woman! on the verge of the grave, dare you urge the son of your master to blood and to revenge?"

"God forbid!" said Alice, solemnly; "and therefore I would have you depart these fatal bounds, where your love, as well as your hatred, threatens sure mischief, or at least disgrace, both to yourself and others. I would shield, were it in the power of this withered hand, the Ashtons from you, and you from them, and both from their own passions. You can have nothing—ought to have nothing, in common with them. Begone from among them; and if God has destined vengeance on the oppressor's house, do not you be the instrument."

"I will think on what you have said, Alice," said Ravenswood, more composedly. "I believe you mean truly and faithfully by me, but you urge the freedom of an ancient domestic somewhat too far. But farewell; and if Heaven afford me better means, I will not fail to contribute to your comfort."

He attempted to put a piece of gold into her hand, which she refused to receive; and, in the slight struggle attending his wish to force it upon her, it dropped to the earth.

"Let it remain an instant on the ground," said Alice, as the Master stooped to raise it; "and believe me, that piece of gold is an emblem of her whom you love; she is as precious, I grant, but you must stoop even to abasement before you can win her. For me, I have as little to do with gold as with earthly passions; and the best news that the world has in store for me is, that Edgar Ravenswood is a hundred miles distant from the seat of his ancestors, with the determination never again to behold it."

"Alice," said the Master, who began to think this earnestness had some more secret cause than arose from anything that the blind woman could have gathered from this casual visit, "I have heard you praised by my mother for your

sense, acuteness, and fidelity; you are no fool to start at shadows, or to dread old superstitious saws, like Caleb Balderstone; tell me distinctly where my danger lies, if you are aware of any which is tending towards me. If I know myself, I am free from all such views respecting Miss Ashton as you impute to me. I have necessary business to settle with Sir William; that arranged, I shall depart, and with as little wish, as you may easily believe, to return to a place full of melancholy subjects of reflection, as you have to see me here."

Alice bent her sightless eyes on the ground, and was for some time plunged in deep meditation. "I will speak the truth," she said at length, raising up her head—"I will tell you the source of my apprehensions, whether my candor be for good or for evil. Lucy Ashton loves you, Lord of Ravenswood!"

"It is impossible," said the Master.

"A thousand circumstances have proved it to me," replied the blind woman. "Her thoughts have turned on no one else since you saved her from death, and that my experienced judgment has won from her own conversation. Having told you this—if you are indeed a gentleman and your father's son—you will make it a motive for flying from her presence. Her passion will die like a lamp for want of that the flame should feed upon; but, if you remain here, her destruction, or yours, or that of both, will be the inevitable consequence of her misplaced attachment. I tell you this secret unwillingly, but it could not have been hid long from your own observation, and it is better you learn it from mine. Depart, Master of Ravenswood; you have my secret. If you remain an hour under Sir William Ashton's roof without the resolution to marry his daughter, you are a villain; if with the purpose of allying yourself with him, you are an infatuated and predestined fool."

So saying, the old blind woman arose, assumed her staff, and, tottering to her hut, entered it and closed the door, leaving Ravenswood to his own reflections.

CHAPTER XX

Lovelier in her own retired abode
 than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook—or Lady of the Mere
Lone sitting by the shores of old romance.

WORDSWORTH.

THE meditations of Ravenswood were of a very mixed complexion. He saw himself at once in the very dilemma which he had for some time felt apprehensive he might be placed in. The pleasure he felt in Lucy's company had indeed approached to fascination, yet it had never altogether surmounted his internal reluctance to wed with the daughter of his father's foe; and even in forgiving Sir William Ashton the injuries which his family had received, and giving him credit for the kind intentions he professed to entertain, he could not bring himself to contemplate as possible an alliance betwixt their houses. Still, he felt that Alice spoke truth, and that his honor now required he should take an instant leave of Ravenswood Castle, or become a suitor of Lucy Ashton. The possibility of being rejected, too, should he make advances to her wealthy and powerful father—to sue for the hand of an Ashton and be refused—this were a consummation too disgraceful. "I wish her well," he said to himself, "and for her sake I forgive the injuries her father has done to my house; but I will never—no, never see her more!"

With one bitter pang he adopted this resolution, just as he came to where two paths parted: the one to the Mermaid's Fountain, where he knew Lucy waited him, the other leading to the castle by another and more circuitous road. He paused an instant when about to take the latter path, thinking what apology he should make for conduct which must needs seem extraordinary, and had just muttered to himself, "Sudden news from Edinburgh—any pretext will serve; only let me dally no longer here," when young Henry came flying up to him, half out of breath—"Master, Master, you must give Lucy your arm back to the castle, for I cannot give her mine; for Norman is waiting for me, and I am to go with him to make his ring-walk, and I would not stay away for a gold

Jacobus; and Lucy is afraid to walk home alone, though all the wild nowt have been shot, and so you must come away directly."

Betwixt two scales equally loaded, a feather's weight will turn the scale. "It is impossible for me to leave the young lady in the wood alone," said Ravenswood; "to see her once more can be of little consequence, after the frequent meetings we have had. I ought, too, in courtesy, to apprise her of my intention to quit the castle."

And having thus satisfied himself that he was taking not only a wise, but an absolutely necessary, step, he took the path to the fatal fountain. Henry no sooner saw him on the way to join his sister than he was off like lightning in another direction, to enjoy the society of the forester in their congenial pursuits. Ravenswood, not allowing himself to give a second thought to the propriety of his own conduct, walked with a quick step towards the stream, where he found Lucy seated alone by the ruin.

She sat upon one of the disjointed stones of the ancient fountain, and seemed to watch the progress of its current, as it bubbled forth to daylight, in gay and sparkling profusion, from under the shadow of the ribbed and darksome vault, with which veneration, or perhaps remorse, had canopied its source. To a superstitious eye, Lucy Ashton, folded in her plaided mantle, with her long hair, escaping partly from the snood and falling upon her silver neck, might have suggested the idea of the murdered Nymph of the Fountain. But Ravenswood only saw a female exquisitely beautiful, and rendered yet more so in his eyes—how could it be otherwise?—by the consciousness that she had placed her affections on him. As he gazed on her, he felt his fixed resolution melting like wax in the sun, and hastened, therefore, from his concealment in the neighboring thicket. She saluted him, but did not arise from the stone on which she was seated.

"My madcap brother," she said, "has left me, but I expect him back in a few minutes; for, fortunately, as anything pleases him for a minute, nothing has charms for him much longer."

Ravenswood did not feel the power of informing Lucy that her brother meditated a distant excursion, and would not return in haste. He sat himself down on the grass, at some little distance from Miss Ashton, and both were silent for a short space.

"I like this spot," said Lucy at length, as if she had found the silence embarrassing; "the bubbling murmur of the

clear fountain, the waving of the trees, the profusion of grass and wild-flowers that rise among the ruins, make it like a scene in romance. I think, too, I have heard it is a spot connected with the legendary lore which I love so well."

"It has been thought," answered Ravenswood, "a fatal spot to my family; and I have some reason to term it so, for it was here I first saw Miss Ashton; and it is here I must take my leave of her forever."

The blood, which the first part of this speech called into Lucy's cheeks, was speedily expelled by its conclusion.

"To take leave of us, Master!" she exclaimed; "what can have happened to hurry you away? I know Alice hates—I mean dislikes my father; and I hardly understood her humor to-day, it was so mysterious. But I am certain my father is sincerely grateful for the high service you rendered us. Let me hope that, having won your friendship hardly, we shall not lose it lightly."

"Lose it, Miss Ashton!" said the Master of Ravenswood. "No; wherever my fortune calls me—whatever she inflicts upon me—it is your friend—your sincere friend, who acts or suffers. But there is a fate on me, and I must go, or I shall add the ruin of others to my own."

"Yet do not go from us, Master," said Lucy; and she laid her hand, in all simplicity and kindness, upon the skirt of his cloak, as if to detain him. "You shall not part from us. My father is powerful, he has friends that are more so than himself; do not go till you see what his gratitude will do for you. Believe me, he is already laboring in your behalf with the council."

"It may be so," said the Master, proudly; "yet it is not to your father, Miss Ashton, but to my own exertions, that I ought to owe success in the career on which I am about to enter. My preparations are already made—a sword and a cloak, and a bold heart and a determined hand."

Lucy covered her face with her hands, and the tears, in spite of her, forced their way between her fingers.

"Forgive me," said Ravenswood, taking her right hand, which, after slight resistance, she yielded to him, still continuing to shade her face with the left—"I am too rude—too rough—too intractable to deal with any being so soft and gentle as you are. Forget that so stern a vision has crossed your path of life; and let me pursue mine, sure that I can meet with no worse misfortune after the moment it divides me from your side."

Lucy wept on, but her tears were less bitter. Each

attempt which the Master made to explain his purpose of departure only proved a new evidence of his desire to stay ; until, at length, instead of bidding her farewell, he gave his faith to her forever, and received her troth in return. The whole passed so suddenly, and arose so much out of the immediate impulse of the moment, that ere the Master of Ravenswood could reflect upon the consequences of the step which he had taken, their lips, as well as their hands, had pledged the sincerity of their affection.

“And now,” he said, after a moment’s consideration, “it is fit I should speak to Sir William Ashton ; he must know of our engagement. Ravenswood must not seem to dwell under his roof to solicit clandestinely the affections of his daughter.”

“You would not speak to my father on the subject ?” said Lucy, doubtingly ; and then added more warmly, “O do not—do not ! Let your lot in life be determined—your station and purpose ascertained, before you address my father. I am sure he loves you—I think he will consent ; but then my mother——!”

She paused, ashamed to express the doubt she felt how far her father dared to form any positive resolution on this most important subject without the consent of his lady.

“Your mother, my Lucy !” replied Ravenswood. “She is of the house of Douglas, a house that has intermarried with mine even when its glory and power were at the highest ; what could your mother object to my alliance ?”

“I did not say object,” said Lucy ; “but she is jealous of her rights, and may claim a mother’s title to be consulted in the first instance.”

“Be it so,” replied Ravenswood. “London is distant, but a letter will reach it and receive an answer within a fortnight ; I will not press on the Lord Keeper for an instant reply to my proposal.”

“But,” hesitated Lucy, “were it not better to wait—to wait a few weeks ? Were my mother to see you—to know you, I am sure she would approve ; but you are unacquainted personally, and the ancient feud between the families——”

Ravenswood fixed upon her his keen dark eyes, as if he was desirous of penetrating into her very soul.

“Lucy,” he said, “I have sacrificed to you projects of vengeance long nursed, and sworn to with ceremonies little better than heathen—I sacrificed them to your image, ere I knew the worth which it represented. In the evening which succeeded my poor father’s funeral, I cut a lock from my hair,

and, as it consumed in the fire, swore that my rage and revenge should pursue his enemies, until they shrivelled before me like that scorched-up symbol of annihilation."

"It was a deadly sin," said Lucy, turning pale, "to make a vow so fatal."

"I acknowledge it," said Ravenswood, "and it had been a worse crime to keep it. It was for your sake that I abjured these purposes of vengeance, though I scarce knew that such was the argument by which I was conquered, until I saw you once more, and became conscious of the influence you possessed over me."

"And why do you now," said Lucy, "recall sentiments so terrible—sentiments so inconsistent with those you profess for me—with those your importunity has prevailed on me to acknowledge?"

"Because," said her lover, "I would impress on you the price at which I have bought your love—the right I have to expect your constancy. I say not that I have bartered for it the honor of my house, its last remaining possession; but though I say it not, and think it not, I cannot conceal from myself that the world may do both."

"If such are your sentiments," said Lucy, "you have played a cruel game with me. But it is not too late to give it over: take back the faith and truth which you could not plight to me without suffering abatement of honor—let what is passed be as if it had not been—forget me; I will endeavor to forget myself."

"You do me injustice," said the Master of Ravenswood—"by all I hold true and honorable, you do me the extremity of injustice; if I mentioned the price at which I have bought your love, it is only to show how much I prize it, to bind our engagement by a still firmer tie, and to show, by what I have done to attain this station in your regard, how much I must suffer should you ever break your faith."

"And why, Ravenswood," answered Lucy, "should you think that possible? Why should you urge me with even the mention of infidelity? Is it because I ask you to delay applying to my father for a little space of time? Bind me by what vows you please; if vows are unnecessary to secure constancy, they may yet prevent suspicion."

Ravenswood pleaded, apologized, and even kneeled, to appease her displeasure; and Lucy, as placable as she was single-hearted, readily forgave the offence which his doubts had implied. The dispute thus agitated, however, ended by the lovers going through an emblematic ceremony of their

troth-pledge, of which the vulgar still preserve some traces. They broke betwixt them the thin broad-piece of gold which Alice had refused to receive from Ravenswood.

“And never shall this leave my bosom,” said Lucy, as she hung the piece of gold round her neck, and concealed it with her handkerchief, “until you, Edgar Ravenswood, ask me to resign it to you; and, while I wear it, never shall that heart acknowledge another love than yours.”

With like protestations, Ravenswood placed his portion of the coin opposite to his heart. And now, at length, it struck them that time had hurried fast on during this interview, and their absence at the castle would be subject of remark, if not of alarm. As they arose to leave the fountain which had been witness of their mutual engagement, an arrow whistled through the air, and struck a raven perched on the sere branch of an old oak, near to where they had been seated. The bird fluttered a few yards and dropped at the feet of Lucy, whose dress was stained with some spots of its blood.

Miss Ashton was much alarmed, and Ravenswood, surprised and angry, looked everywhere for the marksman, who had given them a proof of his skill as little expected as desired. He was not long of discovering himself, being no other than Henry Ashton, who came running up with a crossbow in his hand.

“I knew I should startle you,” he said; “and do you know, you looked so busy that I hoped it would have fallen souse on your heads before you were aware of it. What was the Master saying to you, Lucy?”

“I was telling your sister what an idle lad you were, keeping us waiting here for you so long,” said Ravenswood, to save Lucy’s confusion.

“Waiting for me! Why, I told you to see Lucy home, and that I was to go to make the ring-walk with old Norman in the Hayberry thicket, and you may be sure that would take a good hour, and we have all the deer’s marks and furnishes got, while you were sitting here with Lucy, like a lazy loon.”

“Well, well, Mr. Henry,” said Ravenswood; “but let us see how you will answer to me for killing the raven. Do you know, the ravens are all under the protection of the Lords of Ravenswood, and to kill one in their presence is such bad luck that it deserves the stab?”

“And that’s what Norman said,” replied the boy; “he came as far with me as within a flight-shot of you, and he said he never saw a raven sit still so near living folk, and

he wished it might be for good luck, for the raven is one of the wildest birds that flies, unless it be a tame one ; and so I crept on and on, till I was within threescore yards of him, and then whiz went the bolt, and there he lies, faith ! Was it not well shot ? and, I dare say, I have not shot in a cross-bow—not ten times, maybe.”

“Admirably shot, indeed,” said Ravenswood ; “and you will be a fine marksman if you practise hard.”

“And that’s what Norman says,” answered the boy ; “but I am sure it is not my fault if I do not practise enough ; for, of free will, I would do little else, only my father and tutor are angry sometimes, and only Miss Lucy there gives herself airs about my being busy, for all she can sit idle by a well-side the whole day, when she has a handsome young gentleman to prate with. I have known her do so twenty times, if you will believe me.”

The boy looked at his sister as he spoke, and, in the midst of his mischievous chatter, had the sense to see that he was really inflicting pain upon her, though without being able to comprehend the cause or the amount.

“Come now, Lucy,” he said, “don’t grieve ; and if I have said anything beside the mark, I’ll deny it again ; and what does the Master of Ravenswood care if you had a hundred sweethearts ? so ne’er put finger in your eye about it.”

The Master of Ravenswood was, for the moment, scarce satisfied with what he heard ; yet his good sense naturally regarded it as the chatter of a spoiled boy, who strove to mortify his sister in the point which seemed most accessible for the time. But, although of a temper equally slow in receiving impressions and obstinate in retaining them, the prattle of Henry served to nourish in his mind some vague suspicion that his present engagement might only end in his being exposed, like a conquered enemy in a Roman triumph, a captive attendant on the car of a victor who meditated only the satiating his pride at the expense of the vanquished. There was, we repeat it, no real ground whatever for such an apprehension, nor could he be said seriously to entertain such for a moment. Indeed, it was impossible to look at the clear blue eye of Lucy Ashton, and entertain the slightest permanent doubt concerning the sincerity of her disposition. Still however, conscious pride and conscious poverty combined to render a mind suspicious which, in more fortunate circumstances, would have been a stranger to that as well as to every other meanness.

They reached the castle, where Sir William Ashton, who

had been alarmed by the length of their stay, met them in the hall.

“Had Lucy,” he said, “been in any other company than that of one who had shown he had so complete power of protecting her, he confessed he should have been very uneasy, and would have dispatched persons in quest of them. But, in the company of the Master of Ravenswood, he knew his daughter had nothing to dread.”

Lucy commenced some apology for their long delay, but, conscience-struck, became confused as she proceeded; and when Ravenswood, coming to her assistance, endeavored to render the explanation complete and satisfactory, he only involved himself in the same disorder, like one who, endeavoring to extricate his companion from a slough, entangles himself in the same tenacious swamp. It cannot be supposed that the confusion of the two youthful lovers escaped the observation of the subtle lawyer, accustomed, by habit and profession, to trace human nature through all her windings. But it was not his present policy to take any notice of what he observed. He desired to hold the Master of Ravenswood bound, but wished that he himself should remain free; and it did not occur to him that his plan might be defeated by Lucy's returning the passion which he hoped she might inspire. If she should adopt some romantic feelings towards Ravenswood, in which circumstances, or the positive and absolute opposition of Lady Ashton, might render it unadvisable to indulge her, the Lord Keeper conceived they might be easily superseded and annulled by a journey to Edinburgh, or even to London, a new set of Brussels lace, and the soft whispers of half a dozen lovers, anxious to replace him whom it was convenient she should renounce. This was his provision for the worst view of the case. But, according to its more probable issue, any passing favor she might entertain for the Master of Ravenswood might require encouragement rather than repression.

This seemed the more likely, as he had that very morning, since their departure from the castle, received a letter, the contents of which he hastened to communicate to Ravenswood. A foot-post had arrived with a packet to the Lord Keeper from that friend whom we have already mentioned, who was laboring hard underhand to consolidate a band of patriots, at the head of whom stood Sir William's greatest terror, the active and ambitious Marquis of A——. The success of this convenient friend had been such, that he had obtained from Sir William, not indeed a directly favorable

answer, but certainly a most patient hearing. This he had reported to his principal, who had replied by the ancient French adage, "*Château qui parle, et femme qui écoute, l'un et l'autre va se rendre.*" A statesman who hears you propose a change of measures without reply was, according to the Marquis's opinion, in the situation of the fortress which parleys and the lady who listens, and he resolved to press the siege of the Lord Keeper.

The packet, therefore, contained a letter from his friend and ally, and another from himself, to the Lord Keeper, frankly offering an unceremonious visit. They were crossing the country to go to the southward; the roads were indifferent; the accommodation of the inns as execrable as possible; the Lord Keeper had been long acquainted intimately with one of his correspondents, and, though more slightly known to the Marquis, had yet enough of his lordship's acquaintance to render the visit sufficiently natural, and to shut the mouths of those who might be disposed to impute it to a political intrigue. He instantly accepted the offered visit, determined, however, that he would not pledge himself an inch farther for the furtherance of their views than *reason* (by which he meant his own self-interest) should plainly point out to him as proper.

Two circumstances particularly delighted him—the presence of Ravenswood, and the absence of his own lady. By having the former under his roof, he conceived he might be able to quash all such hazardous and hostile proceedings as he might otherwise have been engaged in, under the patronage of the Marquis; and Lucy, he foresaw, would make, for his immediate purpose of delay and procrastination, a much better mistress of his family than her mother, who would, he was sure, in some shape or other, contrive to disconcert his political schemes by her proud and implacable temper.

His anxious solicitations that the Master would stay to receive his kinsman, were, of course, readily complied with, since the *éclaircissement* which had taken place at the Mermaid's Fountain had removed all wish for sudden departure. Lucy and Lockhard had, therefore, orders to provide all things necessary in their different departments, for receiving the expected guests with a pomp and display of luxury very uncommon in Scotland at that remote period.

CHAPTER XXI

Marall. Sir, the man of honor's come,
Newly alighted—

Overreach. In without reply,
And do as I command. . . .
Is the loud music I gave order for
Ready to receive him?

New Way to pay Old Debts.

SIR WILLIAM ASHTON, although a man of sense, legal information, and great practical knowledge of the world, had yet some points of character which corresponded better with the timidity of his disposition and the supple arts by which he had risen in the world, than to the degree of eminence which he had attained; as they tended to show an original mediocrity of understanding, however highly it had been cultivated, and a native meanness of disposition, however carefully veiled. He loved the ostentatious display of his wealth, less as a man to whom habit has made it necessary, than as one to whom it is still delightful from its novelty. The most trivial details did not escape him; and Lucy soon learned to watch the flush of scorn which crossed Ravenswood's cheek, when he heard her father gravely arguing with Lockhard, nay, even with the old housekeeper, upon circumstances which, in families of rank, are left uncared for, because it is supposed impossible they can be neglected.

"I could pardon Sir William," said Ravenswood, one evening after he had left the room. "some general anxiety upon this occasion, for the Marquis's visit is an honor, and should be received as such; but I am worn out by these miserable minutiae of the buttery, and the larder, and the very hen-coop—they drive me beyond my patience; I would rather endure the poverty of Wolf's Crag than be pestered with the wealth of Ravenswood Castle."

"And yet," said Lucy, "it was by attention to these minutiae that my father acquired the property——"

"Which my ancestors sold for lack of it," replied Ravenswood. "Be it so; a porter still bears but a burden, though the burden be of gold."

Lucy sighed ; she perceived too plainly that her lover held in scorn the manners and habits of a father to whom she had long looked up as her best and most partial friend, whose fondness had often consoled her for her mother's contemptuous harshness.

The lovers soon discovered that they differed upon other and no less important topics. Religion, the mother of peace, was, in those days of discord, so much misconstrued and mistaken, that her rules and forms were the subject of the most opposite opinions and the most hostile animosities. The Lord Keeper, being a Whig, was, of course, a Presbyterian, and had found it convenient, at different periods, to express greater zeal for the kirk than perhaps he really felt. His family, equally of course, were trained under the same institution. Ravenswood, as we know, was a High Churchman, or Episcopalian, and frequently objected to Lucy the fanaticism of some of her own communion, while she intimated, rather than expressed, horror at the latitudinarian principles which she had been taught to think connected with the prelatical form of church government.

Thus, although their mutual affection seemed to increase rather than to be diminished as their characters opened more fully on each other, the feelings of each were mingled with some less agreeable ingredients. Lucy felt a secret awe, amid all her affection for Ravenswood. His soul was of a higher, prouder character than those with whom she had hitherto mixed in intercourse ; his ideas were more fierce and free ; and he contemned many of the opinions which had been inculcated upon her as chiefly demanding her veneration. On the other hand, Ravenswood saw in Lucy a soft and flexible character, which, in his eyes at least, seemed too susceptible of being moulded to any form by those with whom she lived. He felt that his own temper required a partner of a more independent spirit, who could set sail with him on his course of life, resolved as himself to dare indifferently the storm and the favoring breeze. But Lucy was so beautiful, so devoutly attached to him, of a temper so exquisitely soft and kind, that, while he could have wished it were possible to inspire her with a greater degree of firmness and resolution, and while he sometimes became impatient of the extreme fear which she expressed of their attachment being prematurely discovered, he felt that the softness of a mind, amounting almost to feebleness, rendered her even dearer to him, as a being who had voluntarily clung to him for protection, and made him the arbiter of her fate for weal or woe. His feel-

ings towards her at such moments were those which have been since so beautifully expressed by our immortal Joanna Baillie :

Thou sweetest thing,
 That e'er did fix its lightly-fibred sprays
 To the rude rock, ah ! wouldst thou cling to me ?
 Rough and storm-worn I am ; yet love me as
 Thou truly dost, I will love thee again
 With true and honest heart, though all unmeet
 To be the mate of such sweet gentleness.

Thus the very points in which they differed seemed, in some measure, to insure the continuance of their mutual affection. If, indeed, they had so fully appreciated each other's character before the burst of passion in which they hastily pledged their faith to each other, Lucy might have feared Ravenswood too much ever to have loved him, and he might have construed her softness and docile temper as imbecility, rendering her unworthy of his regard. But they stood pledged to each other : and Lucy only feared that her lover's pride might one day teach him to regret his attachment ; Ravenswood, that a mind so ductile as Lucy's might, in absence or difficulties, be induced, by the entreaties or influence of those around her, to renounce the engagement she had formed.

“Do not fear it,” said Lucy, when upon one occasion a hint of such suspicion escaped her lover ; “the mirrors which receive the reflection of all successive objects are framed of hard materials like glass or steel ; the softer substances, when they receive an impression, retain it undefaced.”

“This is poetry, Lucy,” said Ravenswood ; “and in poetry there is always fallacy, and sometimes fiction.”

“Believe me, then, once more, in honest prose,” said Lucy, “that, though I will never wed man without the consent of my parents, yet neither force nor persuasion shall dispose of my hand till you renounce the right I have given you to it.”

The lovers had ample time for such explanations. Henry was now more seldom their companion, being either a most unwilling attendant upon the lessons of his tutor, or a forward volunteer under the instructions of the foresters or grooms. As for the Keeper, his mornings were spent in his study, maintaining correspondences of all kinds, and balancing in his anxious mind the various intelligence which he collected from every quarter concerning the expected change of Scottish politics, and the probable strength of the parties who were about to struggle for power. At other times he

busied himself about arranging, and countermanding, and then again arranging, the preparations which he judged necessary for the reception of the Marquis of A——, whose arrival had been twice delayed by some necessary cause of detention.

In the midst of all these various avocations, political and domestic, he seemed not to observe how much his daughter and his guest were thrown into each other's society, and was censured by many of his neighbors, according to the fashion of neighbors in all countries, for suffering such an intimate connection to take place betwixt two young persons. The only natural explanation was, that he designed them for each other; while, in truth, his only motive was to temporize and procrastinate until he should discover the real extent of the interest which the Marquis took in Ravenswood's affairs, and the power which he was likely to possess of advancing them. Until these points should be made both clear and manifest, the Lord Keeper resolved that he would do nothing to commit himself, either in one shape or other; and, like many cunning persons, he over-reached himself deplorably.

Among those who had been disposed to censure, with the greatest severity, the conduct of Sir William Ashton, in permitting the prolonged residence of Ravenswood under his roof, and his constant attendance on Miss Ashton, was the new Laird of Girnington, and his faithful squire and bottleholder, personages formerly well known to us by the names of Hayston and Bucklaw, and his companion Captain Craigenfelt. The former had at length succeeded to the extensive property of his long-lived grandaunt, and to considerable wealth besides, which he had employed in redeeming his paternal acres (by the title appertaining to which he still chose to be designated), notwithstanding Captain Craigenfelt had proposed to him a most advantageous mode of vesting the money in Law's scheme, which was just then broached, and offered his services to travel express to Paris for the purpose. But Bucklaw had so far derived wisdom from adversity, that he would listen to no proposal which Craigenfelt could invent, which had the slightest tendency to risk his newly-acquired independence. He that had once eat pea-bannocks, drunk sour wine, and slept in the secret chamber at Wolf's Crag, would, he said, prize good cheer and a soft bed as long as he lived, and take special care never to need such hospitality again.

Craigenfelt, therefore, found himself disappointed in the first hopes he had entertained of making a good hand of the

Laird of Bucklaw. Still, however, he reaped many advantages from his friend's good fortune. Bucklaw, who had never been at all scrupulous in choosing his companions, was accustomed to, and entertained by, a fellow whom he could either laugh with or laugh at as he had a mind, who would take, according to Scottish phrase, "the bit and the buffet," understood all sports, whether within or without doors, and, when the laird had a mind for a bottle of wine (no infrequent circumstance), was always ready to save him from the scandal of getting drunk by himself. Upon these terms, Craigenfelt was the frequent, almost the constant, inmate of the house of Girlington.

In no time, and under no possibility of circumstances, could good have been derived from such an intimacy, however its bad consequences might be qualified by the thorough knowledge which Bucklaw possessed of his dependant's character, and the high contempt in which he held it. But, as circumstances stood, this evil communication was particularly liable to corrupt what good principles nature had implanted in the patron.

Craigenfelt had never forgiven the scorn with which Ravenswood had torn the mask of courage and honesty from his countenance; and to exasperate Bucklaw's resentment against him was the safest mode of revenge which occurred to his cowardly, yet cunning and malignant, disposition.

He brought up on all occasions the story of the challenge which Ravenswood had declined to accept, and endeavored, by every possible insinuation, to make his patron believe that his honor was concerned in bringing that matter to an issue by a present discussion with Ravenswood. But respecting this subject Bucklaw imposed on him, at length, a peremptory command of silence.

"I think," he said, "the Master has treated me unlike a gentleman, and I see no right he had to send me back a cavalier answer when I demanded the satisfaction of one. But he gave me my life once; and, in looking the matter over at present, I put myself but on equal terms with him. Should he cross me again, I shall consider the old account as balanced, and his Mastership will do well to look to himself."

"That he should," re-echoed Craigenfelt; "for when you are in practice, Bucklaw, I would bet a magnum you are through him before the third pass."

"Then you know nothing of the matter," said Bucklaw, "and you never saw him fence."

"And I know nothing of the matter?" said the depend-

ant—"A good jest, I promise you! And though I never saw Ravenswood fence, have I not been at Monsieur Sagoon's school, who was the first *maitre d'armes* at Paris; and have I not been at Signor Poco's at Florence, and Meinherr Durchstossen's at Vienna, and have I not seen all their play?"

"I don't know whether you have or not," said Bucklaw; "but what about it, though you had?"

"Only that I will be d—d if ever I saw French, Italian, or High-Dutchman ever make foot, hand, and eye keep time half so well as you, Bucklaw."

"I believe you lie, Craigie," said Bucklaw; "however, I can hold my own, both with single rapier, backsword, sword and dagger, broadsword, or case of falchions—and that's as much as any gentleman need know of the matter."

"And the double of what ninety-nine out of a hundred know," said Craigengelt; "they learn to change a few thrusts with the small sword, and then, forsooth, they understand the noble art of defence! Now, when I was at Rouen in the year 1695, there was a Chevalier de Chapon and I went to the opera, where we found three bits of English birkies——"

"Is it a long story you are going to tell?" said Bucklaw, interrupting him without ceremony.

"Just as you like," answered the parasite, "for we made short work of it."

"Then I like it short," said Bucklaw. "Is it serious or merry?"

"Devilish serious, I assure you, and so they found it; for the Chevalier and I——"

"Then I don't like it at all," said Bucklaw; "so fill a brimmer of my auld auntie's claret, rest her heart! And, as the Hielandman says, *Skioch doch na skiaill*."

"That was what tough old Sir Evan Dhu used to say to me when I was out with the metalled lads in 1689. 'Craigengelt,' he used to say, 'you are as pretty a fellow as ever held steel in his grip, but you have one fault.'"

"If he had known you as long as I have done," said Bucklaw, "he would have found out some twenty more; but hang long stories, give us your toast, man."

Craigengelt rose, went a-tiptoe to the door, peeped out, shut it carefully, came back again, clapped his tarnished gold-laced hat on one side of his head, took his glass in one hand, and touching the hilt of his hanger with the other, named, "The King over the water."

"I tell you what it is, Captain Craigengelt," said Bucklaw; "I shall keep my mind to myself on these subjects."

having too much respect for the memory of my venerable Gिरnington to put her lands and tenements in the way of committing treason against established authority. Bring me King James to Edinburgh, Captain, with thirty thousand men at his back, and I'll tell you what I think about his title; but as for running my neck into a noose, and my good broad lands into the statutory penalties, 'in that case made and provided,' rely upon it, you will find me no such fool. So when you mean to vapor with your hanger and your dram-cup in support of treasonable toasts, you must find your liquor and company elsewhere."

"Well, then," said Craigenfelt, "name the toast yourself, and be it what it like, I'll pledge you, were it a mile to the bottom."

"And I'll give you a toast that deserves it, my boy," said Bucklaw; "what say you to Miss Lucy Ashton?"

"Up with it," said the Captain, as he tossed off his brimmer, "the bonniest lass in Lothian! What a pity the old sneckdrawing Whigamore, her father, is about to throw her away upon that rag of pride and beggary, the Master of Ravenswood!"

"That's not quite so clear," said Bucklaw, in a tone which, though it seemed indifferent, excited his companion's eager curiosity; and not that only, but also his hope of working himself into some sort of confidence, which might make him necessary to his patron, being by no means satisfied to rest on mere sufferance, if he could form by art or industry a more permanent title to his favor.

"I thought," said he, after a moment's pause, "that was a settled matter; they are continually together, and nothing else is spoken of betwixt Lammer Law and Traprain."

"They may say what they please," replied his patron, "but I know better; and I'll give you Miss Lucy Ashton's health again, my boy."

"And I would drink it on my knee," said Craigenfelt, "if I thought the girl had the spirit to jilt that d—d son of a Spaniard."

"I am to request you will not use the word 'jilt' and Miss Ashton's name together," said Bucklaw, gravely.

"Jilt, did I say? Discard, my lad of acres—by Jove, I meant to say discard," replied Craigenfelt; "and I hope she'll discard him like a small card at piquet, and take in the king of hearts, my boy! But yet——"

"But what?" said his patron.

"But yet I know for certain they are hours together alone, and in the woods and the fields."

“That’s her foolish father’s dotage ; that will be soon put out of the lass’s head, if it ever gets into it,” answered Bucklaw. “And now fill your glass again, Captain ; I am going to make you happy ; I am going to let you into a secret—a plot—a noosing plot—only the noose is but typical.”

“A marrying matter ?” said Craigenfelt, and his jaw fell as he asked the question ; for he suspected that matrimony would render his situation at Girnington much more precarious than during the jolly days of his patron’s bachelorhood.

“Ay, a marriage, man,” said Bucklaw ; “but wherefore droops thy mighty spirit, and why grow the rubies on thy cheek so pale ? The board will have a corner, and the corner will have a trencher, and the trencher will have a glass beside it ; and the board-end shall be filled, and the trencher and the glass shall be replenished for thee, if all the petticoats in Lothian had sworn the contrary. What, man ! I am not the boy to put myself into leading-strings.”

“So says many an honest fellow,” said Craigenfelt, “and some of my special friends ; but, curse me if I know the reason, the women could never bear me, and always contrived to trundle me out of favor before the honeymoon was over.”

“If you could have kept your ground till that was over, you might have made a good year’s pension,” said Bucklaw.

“But I never could,” answered the dejected parasite. “There was my Lord Castle-Cuddy—we were hand and glove : I rode his horses, borrowed money both for him and from him, trained his hawks, and taught him how to lay his bets ; and when he took a fancy of marrying, I married him to Katie Glegg, whom I thought myself as sure of as man could be of woman. Egad, she had me out of the house, as if I had run on wheels, within the first fortnight !”

“Well !” replied Bucklaw, “I think I have nothing of Castle-Cuddy about me, or Lucy of Katie Glegg. But you see the thing will go on whether you like it or no ; the only question is, will you be useful ?”

“Useful !” exclaimed the Captain, “and to thee, my lad of lands, my darling boy, whom I would tramp barefooted through the world for ! Name time, place, mode, and circumstances, and see if I will not be useful in all uses that can be devised.”

“Why, then, you must ride two hundred miles for me,” said the patron.

“A thousand, and call them a flea’s leap,” answered the dependant ; “I’ll cause saddle my horse directly.”

“Better stay till you know where you are to go, and what

you are to do," quoth Bucklaw. "You know I have a kinswoman in Northumberland, Lady Blenkinsop by name, whose old acquaintance I had the misfortune to lose in the period of my poverty, but the light of whose countenance shone forth upon me when the sun of my prosperity began to arise."

"D—n all such double-faced jades!" exclaimed Craigen-gelt, heroically; "this I will say for John Craigen-gelt, that he is his friend's friend through good report and bad report, poverty and riches; and you know something of that yourself, Bucklaw."

"I have not forgot your merits," said his patron; "I do remember that, in my extremities, you had a mind to *crimp* me for the service of the French king, or of the Pretender; and, moreover, that you afterwards lent me a score of pieces, when, as I firmly believe, you had heard the news that old Lady Girnington had a touch of the dead palsy. But don't be downcast, John; I believe, after all, you like me very well in your way, and it is my misfortune to have no better counsellor at present. To return to this Lady Blenkinsop, you must know, she is a close confederate of Duchess Sarah."

"What! of Sall Jennings?" exclaimed Craigen-gelt; "then she must be a good one."

"Hold your tongue, and keep your Tory rants to yourself, if it be possible," said Bucklaw. "I tell you, that through the Duchess of Marlborough has this Northumbrian cousin of mine become a crony of Lady Ashton, the Keeper's wife, or, I may say, the Lord Keeper's Lady Keeper, and she has favored Lady Blenkinsop with a visit on her return from London, and is just now at her old mansion-house on the banks of the Wansbeck. Now, sir, as it has been the use and wont of these ladies to consider their husbands as of no importance in the management of their own families, it has been their present pleasure, without consulting Sir William Ashton, to put on the tapis a matrimonial alliance, to be concluded between Lucy Ashton and my own right honorable self, Lady Ashton acting as self-constituted plenipotentiary on the part of her daughter and husband, and Mother Blenkinsop, equally unaccredited, doing me the honor to be my representative. You may suppose I was a little astonished when I found that a treaty, in which I was so considerably interested, had advanced a good way before I was even consulted."

"Capot me! if I think that was according to the rules of the game," said his confidant; "and pray, what answer did you return?"

"Why, my first thought was to send the treaty to the

devil, and the negotiators along with it, for a couple of meddling old women; my next was to laugh very heartily; and my third and last was a settled opinion that the thing was reasonable, and would suit me well enough."

"Why, I thought you had never seen the wench but once, and then she had her riding-mask on; I am sure you told me so."

"Ay, but I liked her very well then. And Ravenswood's dirty usage of me—shutting me out of doors to dine with the lackeys, because he had the Lord Keeper, forsooth, and his daughter, to be guests in his beggarly castle of starvation,—d—n me, Craigenfelt, if I ever forgive him till I play him as good a trick!"

"No more you should, if you are a lad of mettle," said Craigenfelt, the matter now taking a turn in which he could sympathize; "and if you carry this wench from him, it will break his heart."

"That it will not," said Bucklaw; "his heart is all steeled over with reason and philosophy, things that you, Craigie, know nothing about more than myself, God help me. But it will break his pride, though, and that's what I'm driving at."

"Distance me!" said Craigenfelt, "but I know the reason now of his unmannerly behavior at his old tumble-down tower yonder. Ashamed of your company?—no, no! Gad, he was afraid you would cut in and carry off the girl."

"Eh! Craigenfelt?" said Bucklaw, "do you really think so? but no, no! he is a devilish deal prettier man than I am."

"Who—he?" exclaimed the parasite. "He's as black as the crook; and for his size—he's a tall fellow, to be sure, but give me a light, stout, middle-sized——"

"Plague on thee!" said Bucklaw, interrupting him, "and on me for listening to you! You would say as much if I were hunch-backed. But as to Ravenswood—he has kept no terms with me, I'll keep none with him; if I *can* win this girl from him, I *will* win her."

"Win her! 'sblood, you *shall* win her, point, quint, and quatorze, my king of trumps; you shall pique, repique, and capot him."

"Prithee, stop thy gambling cant for one instant," said Bucklaw. "Things have come thus far, that I have entertained the proposal of my kinswoman, agreed to the terms of jointure, amount of fortune, and so forth, and that the affair is to go forward when Lady Ashton comes down, for she

takes her daughter and her son in her own hand. Now they want me to send up a confidential person with some writings."

"By this good wine, I'll ride to the end of the world—the very gates of Jericho, and the judgment-seat of Prester John, for thee!" ejaculated the Captain.

"Why, I believe you would do something for me, and a great deal for yourself. Now, any one could carry the writings; but you will have a little more to do. You must contrive to drop out before my Lady Ashton, just as if it were a matter of little consequence, the residence of Ravenswood at her husband's house, and his close intercourse with Miss Ashton; and you may tell her that all the country talks of a visit from the Marquis of A——, as it is supposed, to make up the match betwixt Ravenswood and her daughter. I should like to hear what she says to all this; for, rat me! if I have any idea of starting for the plate at all if Ravenswood is to win the race, and he has odds against me already."

"Never a bit; the wench has too much sense, and in that belief I drink her health a third time; and, were time and place fitting, I would drink it on bended knees, and he that would not pledge me, I would make his guts garter his stockings."

"Hark ye, Craigengelt; as you are going into the society of women of rank," said Bucklaw, "I'll thank you to forget your strange blackguard oaths and 'damme's.' I'll write to them, though, that you are a blunt, untaught fellow."

"Ay, ay," replied Craigengelt—"a plain, blunt, honest, downright soldier."

"Not too honest, nor too much of the soldier neither; but such as thou art, it is my luck to need thee, for I must have spurs put to Lady Ashton's motions."

"I'll dash them up to the rowel-heads," said Craigengelt; "she shall come here at the gallop, like a cow chased by a whole nest of hornets, and her tail twisted over her rump like a corkscrew."

"And hear ye, Craigie," said Bucklaw; "your boots and doublets are good enough to drink in, as the man says in the play, but they are somewhat too greasy for tea-table service; prithee, get thyself a little better rigged out, and here is to pay all charges."

"Nay, Bucklaw; on my soul, man, you use me ill. However," added Craigengelt, pocketing the money, "if you will have me so far indebted to you, I must be conforming."

"Well, horse and away!" said the patron, "so soon as you have got your riding livery in trim. You may ride the

black crop-ear ; and, hark ye, I'll make you a present of him to boot."

"I drink to the good luck of my mission," answered the ambassador, "in a half-pint bumper."

"I thank ye, Craigie, and pledge you ; I see nothing against it but the father or the girl taking a tantrum, and I am told the mother can wind them both round her little finger. Take care not to affront her with any of your Jacobite jargon."

"O ay, true—she is a Whig, and a friend of old Sall of Marlborough ; thank my stars, I can hoist any colors at a pinch ! I have fought as hard under John Churchill as ever I did under Dundee or the Duke of Berwick."

"I verily believe you, Craigie," said the lord of the mansion ; "but, Craigie, do you, pray, step down to the cellar, and fetch us up a bottle of the Burgundy, 1678 ; it is in the fourth bin from the right-hand turn. And I say, Craigie, you may fetch up half a dozen while you are about it. Egad, we'll make a night on't !"

CHAPTER XXII

**And soon they spied the merry-men green,
And eke the coach and four.**

Duke upon Duke.

CRAIGENGELT set forth on his mission so soon as his equipage was complete, prosecuted his journey with all diligence, and accomplished his commission with all the dexterity for which Bucklaw had given him credit. As he arrived with credentials from Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw, he was extremely welcome to both ladies; and those who are prejudiced in favor of a new acquaintance can, for a time at least, discover excellences in his very faults and perfections in his deficiencies. Although both ladies were accustomed to good society, yet, being predetermined to find out an agreeable and well-behaved gentleman in Mr. Hayston's friend, they succeeded wonderfully in imposing on themselves. It is true that Craigengelt was now handsomely dressed, and that was a point of no small consequence. But, independent of outward show, his blackguard impudence of address was construed into honorable bluntness, becoming his supposed military profession; his hectoring passed for courage, and his sauciness for wit. Lest, however, any one should think this a violation of probability, we must add, in fairness to the two ladies, that their discernment was greatly blinded, and their favor propitiated, by the opportune arrival of Captain Craigengelt in the moment when they were longing for a third hand to make a party at tredrille, in which, as in all games, whether of chance or skill, that worthy person was a great proficient.

When he found himself established in favor, his next point was how best to use it for the furtherance of his patron's views. He found Lady Ashton prepossessed strongly in favor of the motion which Lady Blenkinsop, partly from regard to her kinsman, partly from the spirit of match-making, had not hesitated to propose to her; so that his task was an easy one. Bucklaw, reformed from his prodigality, was just the sort of husband which she desired to have for her Shepherdess of

Lammermoor; and while the marriage gave her an easy fortune, and a respectable country gentleman for her husband, Lady Ashton was of opinion that her destinies would be fully and most favorably accomplished. It so chanced, also, that Bucklaw, among his new acquisitions, had gained the management of a little political interest in a neighboring county, where the Douglas family originally held large possessions. It was one of the bosom-hopes of Lady Ashton that her eldest son, Sholto, should represent this county in the British Parliament, and she saw this alliance with Bucklaw as a circumstance which might be highly favorable to her wishes.

Craigengelt, who, in his way, by no means wanted sagacity, no sooner discovered in what quarter the wind of Lady Ashton's wishes sat, than he trimmed his course accordingly. "There was little to prevent Bucklaw himself from sitting for the county; he must carry the heat—must walk the course. Two consins-german, six more distant kinsmen, his factor and his chamberlain, were all hollow votes; and the Girnington interest had always carried, betwixt love and fear, about as many more. But Bucklaw cared no more about riding the first horse, and that sort of thing, than he, Craigengelt, did about a game at birkie: it was a pity his interest was not in good guidance."

All this Lady Ashton drank in with willing and attentive ears, resolving internally to be herself the person who should take the management of the political influence of her destined son-in-law, for the benefit of her eldest-born, Sholto, and all other parties concerned.

When he found her ladyship thus favorably disposed, the Captain proceeded, to use his employer's phrase, to set spurs to her resolution, by hinting at the situation of matters at Ravenswood Castle, the long residence which the heir of that family had made with the Lord Keeper, and the reports which—though he would be d—d ere he gave credit to either of them—had been idly circulated in the neighborhood. It was not the Captain's cue to appear himself to be uneasy on the subject of these rumors; but he easily saw from Lady Ashton's flushed cheek, hesitating voice, and flashing eye, that she had caught the alarm which he intended to communicate. She had not heard from her husband so often or so regularly as she thought him bound in duty to have written, and of this very interesting intelligence concerning his visit to the Tower of Wolf's Crag, and the guest whom, with such cordiality, he had received at Ravenswood Castle, he had suffered his lady

to remain altogether ignorant, until she now learned it by the chance information of a stranger. Such concealment approached, in her apprehension, to a misprision, at least, of treason, if not to actual rebellion against her matrimonial authority; and in her inward soul did she vow to take vengeance on the Lord Keeper, as on a subject detected in meditating revolt. Her indignation burned the more fiercely as she found herself obliged to suppress it in presence of Lady Blenkinsop, the kinswoman, and of Craigenfelt, the confidential friend, of Bucklaw, of whose alliance she now became trebly desirous, since it occurred to her alarmed imagination that her husband might, in his policy or timidity, prefer that of Ravenswood.

The Captain was engineer enough to discover that the train was fired; and therefore heard, in the course of the same day, without the least surprise, that Lady Ashton had resolved to abridge her visit to Lady Blenkinsop, and set forth with the peep of morning on her return to Scotland, using all the dispatch which the state of the roads and the mode of travelling would possibly permit.

Unhappy Lord Keeper! little was he aware what a storm was travelling towards him in all the speed with which an old-fashioned coach and six could possibly achieve its journey. He, like Don Gayferos, "forgot his lady fair and true," and was only anxious about the expected visit of the Marquis of A—. Soothfast tidings had assured him that this nobleman was at length, and without fail, to honor his castle at one in the afternoon, being a late dinner-hour; and much was the bustle in consequence of the annunciation. The Lord Keeper traversed the chambers, held consultation with the butler in the cellars, and even ventured, at the risk of a *démêlé* with a cook of a spirit lofty enough to scorn the admonitions of Lady Ashton herself, to peep into the kitchen. Satisfied, at length, that everything was in as active a train of preparation as was possible, he summoned Ravenswood and his daughter to walk upon the terrace, for the purpose of watching, from that commanding position, the earliest symptoms of his lordship's approach. For this purpose, with slow and idle step, he paraded the terrace, which, flanked with a heavy stone battlement, stretched in front of the castle upon a level with the first story; while visitors found access to the court by a projecting gateway, the bartizan or flat-leaded roof of which was accessible from the terrace by an easy flight of low and broad steps. The whole bore a resemblance partly to a castle, partly to a nobleman's seat; and though calcu-

lated, in some respects, for defence, evinced that it had been constructed under a sense of the power and security of the ancient Lords of Ravenswood.

This pleasant walk commanded a beautiful and extensive view. But what was most to our present purpose, there were seen from the terrace two roads, one leading from the east, and one from the westward, which, crossing a ridge opposed to the eminence on which the castle stood, at different angles, gradually approached each other, until they joined not far from the gate of the avenue. It was to the westward approach that the Lord Keeper, from a sort of fidgeting anxiety, his daughter, from complaisance to him, and Ravenswood, though feeling some symptoms of internal impatience, out of complaisance to his daughter, directed their eyes to see the precursors of the Marquis's approach.

They were not long of presenting themselves. Two running footmen, dressed in white, with black jockey-caps, and long staffs in their hands, headed the train; and such was their agility, that they found no difficulty in keeping the necessary advance, which the etiquette of their station required, before the carriage and horsemen. Onward they came at a long swinging trot, arguing unwearied speed in their long-breathed calling. Such running footmen are often alluded to in old plays (I would particularly instance Middleton's *Mad World, my Masters*),* and perhaps may be still remembered by some old persons in Scotland, as part of the retinue of the ancient nobility when travelling in full ceremony. Behind these glancing meteors, who footed it as if the Avenger of Blood had been behind them, came a cloud of dust, raised by riders who preceded, attended, or followed the state-carriage of the Marquis.

The privilege of nobility, in those days, had something in it impressive on the imagination. The dresses and liveries and number of their attendants, their style of travelling, the imposing, and almost warlike, air of the armed men who surrounded them, placed them far above the laird, who travelled with his brace of footmen; and as to rivalry from the mercantile part of the community, these would as soon have thought of imitating the state equipage of the Sovereign. At present it is different; and I myself, Peter Pattieson, in a late journey to Edinburgh, had the honor, in the mail-coach phrase, to "change a leg" with a peer of the realm. It was not so in the days of which I write; and the Marquis's approach, so long expected in vain, now took place in the full

* See Note 9.

pomp of ancient aristocracy. Sir William Ashton was so much interested in what he beheld, and in considering the ceremonial of reception, in case any circumstance had been omitted, that he scarce heard his son Henry exclaim, "There is another coach and six coming down the east road, papa; can they both belong to the Marquis of A——?"

At length, when the youngster had fairly compelled his attention by pulling his sleeve,

He turned his eyes, and, as he turn'd, survey'd
An awful vision.

Sure enough, another coach and six, with four servants or outriders in attendance, was descending the hill from the eastward, at such a pace as made it doubtful which of the carriages thus approaching from different quarters would first reach the gate at the extremity of the avenue. The one coach was green, the other blue; and not the green and blue chariots in the circens of Rome or Constantinople excited more turmoil among the citizens than the double apparition occasioned in the mind of the Lord Keeper.

We all remember the terrible exclamation of the dying profligate, when a friend, to destroy what he supposed the hypochondriac idea of a spectre appearing in a certain shape at a given hour, placed before him a person dressed up in the manner he described. "*Mon Dieu!*" said the expiring sinner, who, it seems, saw both the real and polygraphic apparition, "*il y en a deux!*" The surprise of the Lord Keeper was scarcely less unpleasing at the duplication of the expected arrival; his mind misgave him strangely. There was no neighbor who would have approached so unceremoniously, at a time when ceremony was held in such respect. It must be Lady Ashton, said his conscience, and followed up the hint with an anxious anticipation of the purpose of her sudden and unannounced return. He felt that he was caught "in the manner." That the company in which she had so unluckily surprised him was likely to be highly distasteful to her, there was no question; and the only hope which remained for him was her high sense of dignified propriety, which, he trusted, might prevent a public explosion. But so active were his doubts and fears as altogether to derange his purposed ceremonial for the reception of the Marquis.

These feelings of apprehension were not confined to Sir William Ashton. "It is my mother—it is my mother!" said Lucy, turning as pale as ashes, and clasping her hands together as she looked at Ravenswood.

“And if it be Lady Ashton,” said her lover to her in a low tone, “what can be the occasion of such alarm? Surely the return of a lady to the family from which she has been so long absent should excite other sensations than those of fear and dismay.”

“You do not know my mother,” said Miss Ashton, in a tone almost breathless with terror; “what will she say when she sees you in this place!”

“My stay has been too long,” said Ravenswood, somewhat haughtily, “if her displeasure at my presence is likely to be so formidable. My dear Lucy,” he resumed, in a tone of soothing encouragement, “you are too childishly afraid of Lady Ashton; she is a woman of family—a lady of fashion—a person who must know the world, and what is due to her husband and her husband’s guests.”

Lucy shook her head; and, as if her mother, still at the distance of half a mile, could have seen and scrutinized her deportment, she withdrew herself from beside Ravenswood, and, taking her brother Henry’s arm, led him to a different part of the terrace. The Keeper also shuffled down towards the portal of the great gate, without inviting Ravenswood to accompany him; and thus he remained standing alone on the terrace, deserted and shunned, as it were, by the inhabitants of the mansion.

This suited not the mood of one who was proud in proportion to his poverty, and who thought that, in sacrificing his deep-rooted resentments so far as to become Sir William Ashton’s guest, he conferred a favor, and received none. “I can forgive Lucy,” he said to himself; “she is young, timid, and conscious of an important engagement assumed without her mother’s sanction; yet she should remember with whom it has been assumed, and leave me no reason to suspect that she is ashamed of her choice. For the Keeper, sense, spirit, and expression seem to have left his face and manner since he had the first glimpse of Lady Ashton’s carriage. I must watch how this is to end; and, if they give me reason to think myself an unwelcome guest, my visit is soon abridged.”

With these suspicions floating on his mind, he left the terrace, and, walking towards the stables of the castle, gave directions that his horse should be kept in readiness, in case he should have occasion to ride abroad.

In the mean while, the drivers of the two carriages, the approach of which had occasioned so much dismay at the castle, had become aware of each other’s presence, as they approached upon different lines to the head of the avenue, as a common

centre. Lady Ashton's driver and postilions instantly received orders to get foremost, if possible, her ladyship being desirous of dispatching her first interview with her husband before the arrival of these guests, whoever they might happen to be. On the other hand, the coachman of the Marquis, conscious of his own dignity and that of his master, and observing the rival charioteer was mending his pace, resolved, like a true brother of the whip, whether ancient or modern, to vindicate his right of precedence. So that, to increase the confusion of the Lord Keeper's understanding, he saw the short time which remained for consideration abridged by the haste of the contending coachmen, who, fixing their eyes sternly on each other, and applying the lash smartly to their horses, began to thunder down the descent with emulous rapidity, while the horsemen who attended them were forced to put on to a hand-gallop.

Sir William's only chance now remaining was the possibility of an overturn, and that his lady or visitor might break their necks. I am not aware that he formed any distinct wish on the subject, but I have no reason to think that his grief in either case would have been altogether inconsolable. This chance, however, also disappeared; for Lady Ashton, though insensible to fear, began to see the ridicule of running a race with a visitor of distinction, the goal being the portal of her own castle, and commanded her coachman, as they approached the avenue, to slacken his pace, and allow precedence to the stranger's equipage; a command which he gladly obeyed, as coming in time to save his honor, the horses of the Marquis's carriage being better, or, at least, fresher than his own. He restrained his pace, therefore, and suffered the green coach to enter the avenue, with all its retinue, which pass it occupied with the speed of a whirlwind. The Marquis's laced charioteer no sooner found the *pass d'avance* was granted to him than he resumed a more deliberate pace, at which he advanced under the embowering shade of the lofty elms, surrounded by all the attendants; while the carriage of Lady Ashton followed, still more slowly, at some distance.

In the front of the castle, and beneath the portal which admitted guests into the inner court, stood Sir William Ashton, much perplexed in mind, his younger son and daughter beside him, and in their rear a train of attendants of various ranks, in and out of livery. The nobility and gentry of Scotland, at this period, were remarkable even to extravagance for the number of their servants, whose services were easily purchased in a country where men were numerous beyond proportion to the means of employing them.

The manners of a man trained like Sir William Ashton are too much at his command to remain long disconcerted with the most adverse concurrence of circumstances. He received the Marquis, as he alighted from his equipage, with the usual compliments of welcome; and, as he ushered him into the great hall, expressed his hope that his journey had been pleasant. The Marquis was a tall, well-made man, with a thoughtful and intelligent countenance, and an eye in which the fire of ambition had for some years replaced the vivacity of youth; a bold, proud, expression of countenance, yet chastened by habitual caution, and the desire which, as the head of a party, he necessarily entertained of acquiring popularity. He answered with courtesy the courteous inquiries of the Lord Keeper, and was formally presented to Miss Ashton, in the course of which ceremony the Lord Keeper gave the first symptom of what was chiefly occupying his mind, by introducing his daughter as "his wife, Lady Ashton."

Lucy blushed; the Marquis looked surprised at the extremely juvenile appearance of his hostess, and the Lord Keeper with difficulty rallied himself so far as to explain. "I should have said my daughter, my lord; but the truth is, that I saw Lady Ashton's carriage enter the avenue shortly after your lordship's, and——"

"Make no apology, my lord," replied his noble guest; "let me entreat you will wait on your lady, and leave me to cultivate Miss Ashton's acquaintance. I am shocked my people should have taken precedence of our hostess at her own gate; but your lordship is aware that I supposed Lady Ashton was still in the south. Permit me to beseech you will waive ceremony, and hasten to welcome her."

This was precisely what the Lord Keeper longed to do; and he instantly profited by his lordship's obliging permission. To see Lady Ashton, and encounter the first burst of her displeasure in private, might prepare her, in some degree, to receive her unwelcome guests with due decorum. As her carriage, therefore, stopped, the arm of the attentive husband was ready to assist Lady Ashton in dismounting. Looking as if she saw him not, she put his arm aside, and requested that of Captain Craigengelt, who stood by the coach with his laced hat under his arm, having acted as *cavaliere servente*, or squire in attendance, during the journey. Taking hold of this respectable person's arm as if to support her, Lady Ashton traversed the court, uttering a word or two by way of direction to the servants, but not one to Sir William, who in vain endeavored to attract her attention, as he rather fol-

lowed than accompanied her into the hall, in which they found the Marquis in close conversation with the Master of Ravenswood. Lucy had taken the first opportunity of escaping. There was embarrassment on every countenance except that of the Marquis of A——; for even Craigenfelt's impudence was hardly able to veil his fear of Ravenswood, and the rest felt the awkwardness of the position in which they were thus unexpectedly placed.

After waiting a moment to be presented by Sir William Ashton, the Marquis resolved to introduce himself. "The Lord Keeper," he said, bowing to Lady Ashton, "has just introduced to me his daughter as his wife; he might very easily present Lady Ashton as his daughter, so little does she differ from what I remember her some years since. Will she permit an old acquaintance the privilege of a guest?"

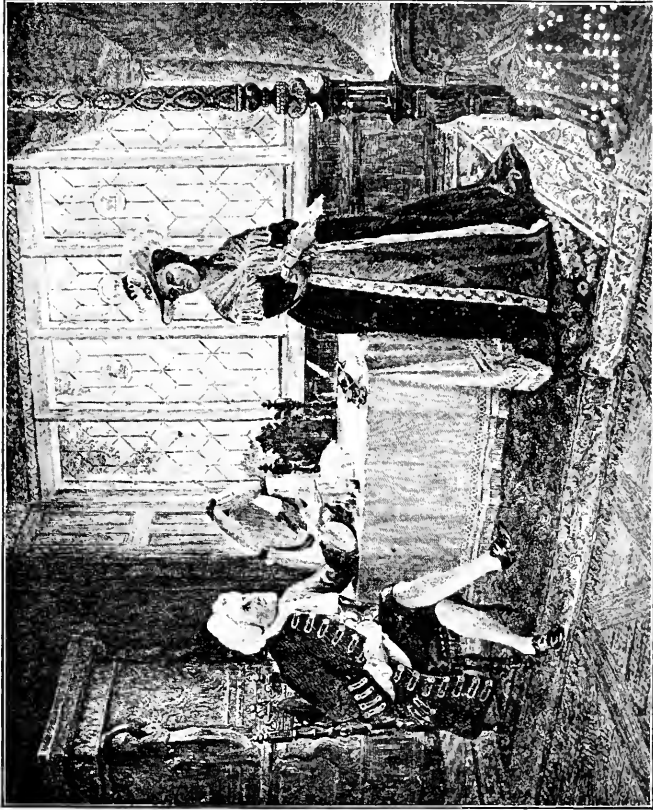
He saluted the lady with too good a grace to apprehend a repulse, and then proceeded—"This, Lady Ashton, is a peace-making visit, and therefore I presume to introduce my cousin, the young Master of Ravenswood, to your favorable notice."

Lady Ashton could not choose but courtesy; but there was in her obeisance an air of haughtiness approaching to contemptuous repulse. Ravenswood could not choose but bow; but his manner returned the scorn with which he had been greeted.

"Allow me," she said, "to present to your lordship *my* friend." Craigenfelt, with the forward impudence which men of his cast mistake for ease, made a sliding bow to the Marquis, which he graced by a flourish of his gold-laced hat. The lady turned to her husband. "You and I, Sir William," she said, and these were the first words she had addressed to him, "have acquired new acquaintances since we parted; let me introduce the acquisition I have made to mine—Captain Craigenfelt."

Another bow, and another flourish of the gold-laced hat, which was returned by the Lord Keeper without intimation of former recognition, and with that sort of anxious readiness which intimated his wish that peace and amnesty should take place betwixt the contending parties, including the auxiliaries on both sides. "Let me introduce you to the Master of Ravenswood," said he to Captain Craigenfelt, following up the same amicable system.

But the Master drew up his tall form to the full extent of his height, and without so much as looking towards the person thus introduced to him, he said, in a marked tone, "Captain Craigenfelt and I are already perfectly well acquainted with each other."



Lady Ashton's interview with her husband relative to Ravenswood's quitting the mansion.

“Perfectly—perfectly,” replied the Captain, in a mumbling tone, like that of a double echo, and with a flourish of his hat, the circumference of which was greatly abridged, compared with those which had so cordially graced his introduction to the Marquis and the Lord Keeper.

Lockhard, followed by three menials, now entered with wine and refreshments, which it was the fashion to offer as a whet before dinner; and when they were placed before the guests, Lady Ashton made an apology for withdrawing her husband from them for some minutes upon business of special import. The Marquis, of course, requested her ladyship would lay herself under no restraint; and Craigenfelt, bolting with speed a second glass of racy canary, hastened to leave the room, feeling no great pleasure in the prospect of being left alone with the Marquis of A—— and the Master of Ravenswood; the presence of the former holding him in awe, and that of the latter in bodily terror.

Some arrangements about his horse and baggage formed the pretext for his sudden retreat, in which he persevered, although Lady Ashton gave Lockhard orders to be careful most particularly to accommodate Captain Craigenfelt with all the attendance which he could possibly require. The Marquis and the Master of Ravenswood were thus left to communicate to each other their remarks upon the reception which they had met with, while Lady Ashton led the way, and her lord followed somewhat like a condemned criminal, to her ladyship's dressing-room.

So soon as the spouses had both entered, her ladyship gave way to that fierce audacity of temper which she had with difficulty suppressed, out of respect to appearances. She shut the door behind the alarmed Lord Keeper, took the key out of the spring-lock, and with a countenance which years had not bereft of its haughty charms, and eyes which spoke at once resolution and resentment, she addressed her astounded husband in these words: “My lord, I am not greatly surprised at the connections you have been pleased to form during my absence, they are entirely in conformity with your birth and breeding; and if I did expect anything else, I heartily own my error, and that I merit, by having done so, the disappointment you had prepared for me.”

“My dear Lady Ashton—my dear Eleanor [Margaret],” said the Lord Keeper, “listen to reason for a moment, and I will convince you I have acted with all the regard due to the dignity, as well as the interest, of my family.”

“To the interest of *your* family I conceive you perfectly

capable of attending," returned the indignant lady, "and even to the dignity of your own family also, as far as it requires any looking after. But as mine happens to be inextricably involved with it, you will excuse me if I choose to give my own attention so far as that is concerned."

"What would you have, Lady Ashton?" said the husband. "What is it that displeases you? Why is it that, on your return after so long an absence, I am arraigned in this manner?"

"Ask your own conscience, Sir William, what has prompted you to become a renegade to your political party and opinions, and led you, for what I know, to be on the point of marrying your only daughter to a beggarly Jacobite bankrupt, the inveterate enemy of your family to the boot."

"Why, what, in the name of common sense and common civility, would you have me do, madam?" answered her husband. "Is it possible for me, with ordinary decency, to turn a young gentleman out of my house, who saved my daughter's life and my own, but the other morning, as it were?"

"Saved your life! I have heard of that story," said the lady. "The Lord Keeper was scared by a dun cow, and he takes the young fellow who killed her for Guy of Warwick: any butcher from Haddington may soon have an equal claim on your hospitality."

"Lady Ashton," stammered the Keeper, "this is intolerable; and when I am desirous, too, to make you easy by any sacrifice, if you would but tell me what you would be at."

"Go down to your guests," said the imperious dame, "and make your apology to Ravenswood, that the arrival of Captain Craigengelt and some other friends renders it impossible for you to offer him lodgings at the castle. I expect young Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw."

"Good heavens, madam!" ejaculated her husband. "Ravenswood to give place to Craigengelt, a common gambler and an informer! It was all I could do to forbear desiring the fellow to get out of my house, and I was much surprised to see him in your ladyship's train."

"Since you saw him there, you might be well assured," answered this meek helpmate, "that he was proper society. As to this Ravenswood, he only meets with the treatment which, to my certain knowledge, he gave to a much-valued friend of mine, who had the misfortune to be his guest some time since. But take your resolution; for, if Ravenswood does not quit the house, I will."

Sir William Ashton paced up and down the apartment in

the most distressing agitation; fear, and shame, and anger contending against the habitual deference he was in the use of rendering to his lady. At length it ended, as is usual with timid minds placed in such circumstances, in his adopting a *mezzo termine*—a middle measure.

“I tell you frankly, madam, I neither can nor will be guilty of the incivility you propose to the Master of Ravenswood; he has not deserved it at my hand. If you will be so unreasonable as to insult a man of quality under your own roof, I cannot prevent you; but I will not at least be the agent in such a preposterous proceeding.”

“You will not?” asked the lady.

“No, by heavens, madam!” her husband replied: “ask me anything congruent with common decency, as to drop his acquaintance by degrees, or the like; but to bid him leave my house is what I will not and cannot consent to.”

“Then the task of supporting the honor of the family will fall on me, as it has often done before,” said the lady.

She sat down, and hastily wrote a few lines. The Lord Keeper made another effort to prevent her taking a step so decisive, just as she opened the door to call her female attendant from the anteroom. “Think what you are doing, Lady Ashton: you are making a mortal enemy of a young man who is like to have the means of harming us——”

“Did you ever know a Douglas who feared an enemy?” answered the lady, contemptuously.

“Ay, but he is as proud and vindictive as a hundred Douglasses, and a hundred devils to boot. Think of it for a night only.”

“Not for another moment,” answered the lady. “Here, Mrs. Patullo, give this billet to young Ravenswood.”

“To the Master, madam?” said Mrs. Patullo.

“Ay, to the Master, if you call him so.”

“I wash my hands of it entirely,” said the Keeper; “and I shall go down into the garden and see that Jardine gathers the winter fruit for the dessert.”

“Do so,” said the lady, looking after him with glances of infinite contempt; “and thank God that you leave one behind you as fit to protect the honor of the family as you are to look after pippins and pears.”

The Lord Keeper remained long enough in the garden to give her ladyship’s mind time to explode, and to let, as he thought, at least the first violence of Ravenswood’s displeasure blow over. When he entered the hall, he found the Marquis of A—— giving orders to some of his attendants. He seemed

in high displeasure, and interrupted an apology which Sir William had commenced for having left his lordship alone.

“I presume, Sir William, you are no stranger to this singular billet with which *my* kinsman of Ravenswood [an emphasis on the word “my”] has been favored by your lady; and, of course, that you are prepared to receive my adieus. My kinsman is already gone, having thought it unnecessary to offer any on his part, since all former civilities had been cancelled by this singular insult.”

“I protest, my lord,” said Sir William, holding the billet in his hand, “I am not privy to the contents of this letter. I know Lady Ashton is a warm-tempered and prejudiced woman, and I am sincerely sorry for any offence that has been given or taken; but I hope your lordship will consider that a lady——”

“Should bear herself towards persons of a certain rank with the breeding of one,” said the Marquis, completing the half-uttered sentence.

“True, my lord,” said the unfortunate Keeper; “but Lady Ashton is still a woman——”

“And as such, methinks,” said the Marquis, again interrupting him, “should be taught the duties which correspond to her station. But here she comes, and I will learn from her own mouth the reason of this extraordinary and unexpected affront offered to my near relation, while both he and I were her ladyship’s guests.”

Lady Ashton accordingly entered the apartment at this moment. Her dispute with Sir William, and a subsequent interview with her daughter, had not prevented her from attending to the duties of her toilette. She appeared in full dress; and, from the character of her countenance and manner, well became the splendor with which ladies of quality then appeared on such occasions.

The Marquis of A—— bowed haughtily, and she returned the salute with equal pride and distance of demeanor. He then took from the passive hand of Sir William Ashton the billet he had given him the moment before he approached the lady, and was about to speak, when she interrupted him. “I perceive, my lord, you are about to enter upon an unpleasant subject. I am sorry any such should have occurred at this time, to interrupt in the slightest degree the respectful reception due to your lordship; but so it is. Mr. Edgar Ravenswood, for whom I have addressed the billet in your lordship’s hand, has abused the hospitality of this family, and Sir William Ashton’s softness of temper, in order to seduce a

young person into engagements without her parents' consent, and of which they never can approve."

Both gentlemen answered at once. "My kinsman is incapable——" said the Lord Marquis.

"I am confident that my daughter Lucy is still more incapable——" said the Lord Keeper.

Lady Ashton at once interrupted and replied to them both. "My Lord Marquis, your kinsman, if Mr. Ravenswood has the honor to be so, has made the attempt privately to secure the affections of this young and inexperienced girl. Sir William Ashton, your daughter has been simple enough to give more encouragement than she ought to have done to so very improper a suitor."

"And I think, madam," said the Lord Keeper, losing his accustomed temper and patience, "that if you had nothing better to tell us, you had better have kept this family secret to yourself also."

"You will pardon me, Sir William," said the lady, calmly; "the noble Marquis has a right to know the cause of the treatment I have found it necessary to use to a gentleman whom he calls his blood-relation."

"It is a cause," muttered the Lord Keeper, "which has emerged since the effect has taken place; for, if it exists at all, I am sure she knew nothing of it when her letter to Ravenswood was written."

"It is the first time that I have heard of this," said the Marquis; "but, since your ladyship has tabled a subject so delicate, permit me to say, that my kinsman's birth and connections entitled him to a patient hearing, and at least a civil refusal, even in case of his being so ambitious as to raise his eyes to the daughter of Sir William Ashton."

"You will recollect, my lord, of what blood Miss Lucy Ashton is come by the mother's side," said the lady.

"I do remember your descent—from a younger branch of the house of Angus," said the Marquis; "and your ladyship—forgive me, lady—ought not to forget that the Ravenswoods have thrice intermarried with the main stem. Come, madam, I know how matters stand—old and long-fostered prejudices are difficult to get over, I make every allowance for them; I ought not, and I would not, otherwise have suffered my kinsman to depart alone, expelled, in a manner, from this house, but I had hopes of being a mediator. I am still unwilling to leave you in anger, and shall not set forward till after noon, as I rejoin the Master of Ravenswood upon the road a few miles from hence. Let us talk over this matter more coolly."

“It is what I anxiously desire, my lord,” said Sir William Ashton, eagerly. “Lady Ashton, we will not permit my Lord of A—— to leave us in displeasure. We must compel him to tarry dinner at the castle.”

“The castle,” said the lady, “and all that it contains, are at the command of the Marquis, so long as he chooses to honor it with his residence; but touching the farther discussion of this disagreeable topic——”

“Pardon me, good madam,” said the Marquis; “but I cannot allow you to express any hasty resolution on a subject so important. I see that more company is arriving; and, since I have the good fortune to renew my former acquaintance with Lady Ashton, I hope she will give me leave to avoid perilling what I prize so highly upon any disagreeable subject of discussion—at least till we have talked over more pleasant topics.”

The lady smiled, courtesied, and gave her hand to the Marquis, by whom, with all the formal gallantry of the time, which did not permit the guest to tuck the lady of the house under the arm, as a rustic does his sweetheart at a wake, she was ushered to the eating-room.

Here they were joined by Bucklaw, Craigenfelt, and other neighbors, whom the Lord Keeper had previously invited to meet the Marquis of A——. An apology, founded upon a slight indisposition, was alleged as an excuse for the absence of Miss Ashton, whose seat appeared unoccupied. The entertainment was splendid to profusion, and was protracted till a late hour.

CHAPTER XXIII

Such was our fallen father's fate,
Yet better than mine own ;
He shared his exile with his mate,
I'm banish'd forth alone.

WALLER.

I WILL not attempt to describe the mixture of indignation and regret with which Ravenswood left the seat which had belonged to his ancestors. The terms in which Lady Ashton's billet was couched rendered it impossible for him, without being deficient in that spirit of which he perhaps had too much, to remain an instant longer within its walls. The Marquis, who had his share in the affront, was, nevertheless, still willing to make some efforts at conciliation. He therefore suffered his kinsman to depart alone, making him promise, however, that he would wait for him at the small inn called the Tod's Hole, situated, as our readers may be pleased to recollect, half-way betwixt Ravenswood Castle and Wolf's Crag, and about five Scottish miles distant from each. Here the Marquis proposed to join the Master of Ravenswood, either that night or the next morning. His own feelings would have induced him to have left the castle directly, but he was loth to forfeit, without at least one effort, the advantages which he had proposed from his visit to the Lord Keeper; and the Master of Ravenswood was, even in the very heat of his resentment, unwilling to foreclose any chance of reconciliation which might arise out of the partiality which Sir William Ashton had shown towards him, as well as the intercessory arguments of his noble kinsman. He himself departed without a moment's delay, farther than was necessary to make this arrangement.

At first he spurred his horse at a quick pace through an avenue of the park, as if, by rapidity of motion, he could stupefy the confusion of feelings with which he was assailed. But as the road grew wilder and more sequestered, and when the trees had hidden the turrets of the castle, he gradually slackened his pace, as if to indulge the painful reflections which he had in vain endeavored to repress. The path in which he found himself led him to the Mermaiden's Fountain,

and to the cottage of Alice; and the fatal influence which superstitious belief attached to the former spot, as well as the admonitions which had been in vain offered to him by the inhabitant of the latter, forced themselves upon his memory. "Old saws speak truth," he said to himself, "and the Mermaid's Well has indeed witnessed the last act of rashness of the heir of Ravenswood. Alice spoke well," he continued, "and I am in the situation which she foretold; or rather, I am more deeply dishonored—not the dependant and ally of the destroyer of my father's house, as the old sibyl presaged, but the degraded wretch who has aspired to hold that subordinate character, and has been rejected with disdain."

We are bound to tell the tale as we have received it; and, considering the distance of the time, and propensity of those through whose mouths it has passed to the marvellous, this could not be called a Scottish story unless it manifested a tinge of Scottish superstition. As Ravenswood approached the solitary fountain, he is said to have met with the following singular adventure: His horse, which was moving slowly forward, suddenly interrupted its steady and composed pace, snorted, reared, and, though urged by the spur, refused to proceed, as if some object of terror had suddenly presented itself. On looking to the fountain, Ravenswood discerned a female figure, dressed in a white, or rather grayish, mantle, placed on the very spot on which Lucy Ashton had reclined while listening to the fatal tale of love. His immediate impression was that she had conjectured by which path he would traverse the park on his departure, and placed herself at this well-known and sequestered place of rendezvous, to indulge her own sorrow and his in a parting interview. In this belief he jumped from his horse, and, making its bridle fast to a tree, walked hastily towards the fountain, pronouncing eagerly, yet under his breath, the words, "Miss Ashton!—Lucy!"

The figure turned as he addressed it, and displayed to his wondering eyes the features, not of Lucy Ashton, but of old blind Alice. The singularity of her dress, which rather resembled a shroud than the garment of a living woman; the appearance of her person, larger, as it struck him, than it usually seemed to be; above all, the strange circumstance of a blind, infirm, and decrepit person being found alone and at a distance from her habitation (considerable, if her infirmities be taken into account), combined to impress him with a feeling of wonder approaching to fear. As he approached, she arose slowly from her seat, held her shrivelled hand up as if to prevent his coming more near, and her withered lips moved fast-

although no sound issued from them. Ravenswood stopped ; and as, after a moment's pause, he again advanced towards her, Aliee, or her apparition, moved or glided backwards towards the thicket, still keeping her face turned towards him. The trees soon hid the form from his sight, and, yielding to the strong and terrific impression that the being which he had seen was not of this world, the Master of Ravenswood remained rooted to the ground whereon he had stood when he caught his last view of her. At length, summoning up his courage, he advanced to the spot on which the figure had seemed to be seated ; but neither was there pressure of the grass nor any other circumstance to induce him to believe that what he had seen was real and substantial.

Full of those strange thoughts and confused apprehensions which awake in the bosom of one who conceives he has witnessed some preternatural appearance, the Master of Ravenswood walked back towards his horse, frequently, however, looking behind him, not without apprehension, as if expecting that the vision would reappear. But the apparition, whether it was real or whether it was the creation of a heated and agitated imagination, returned not again ; and he found his horse sweating and terrified, as if experiencing that agony of fear with which the presence of a supernatural being is supposed to agitate the brute creation. The Master mounted, and rode slowly forward, soothing his steed from time to time, while the animal seemed internally to shrink and shudder, as if expecting some new object of fear at the opening of every glade. The rider, after a moment's consideration, resolved to investigate the matter farther. " Can my eyes have deceived me," he said, " and deceived me for such a space of time ? Or are this woman's infirmities but feigned, in order to excite compassion ? And even then, her motion resembled not that of a living and existing person. Must I adopt the popular creed, and think that the unhappy being has formed a league with the powers of darkness ? I am determined to be resolved ; I will not brook imposition even from my own eyes."

In this uncertainty he rode up to the little wicket of Alice's garden. Her seat beneath the birch-tree was vacant, though the day was pleasant and the sun was high. He approached the hut, and heard from within the sobs and wailing of a female. No answer was returned when he knocked, so that, after a moment's pause, he lifted the latch and entered. It was indeed a house of solitude and sorrow. Stretched upon her miserable pallet lay the corpse of the last

retainer of the house of Ravenswood who still abode on their paternal domains ! Life had but shortly departed ; and the little girl by whom she had been attended in her last moments was wringing her hands and sobbing, betwixt childish fear and sorrow, over the body of her mistress.

The Master of Ravenswood had some difficulty to compose the terrors of the poor child, whom his unexpected appearance had at first rather appalled than comforted ; and when he succeeded, the first expression which the girl used intimated that “ he had come too late.” Upon inquiring the meaning of this expression, he learned that the deceased, upon the first attack of the mortal agony, had sent a peasant to the castle to beseech an interview of the Master of Ravenswood, and had expressed the utmost impatience for his return. But the messengers of the poor are tardy and negligent : the fellow had not reached the castle, as was afterwards learned, until Ravenswood had left it, and had then found too much amusement among the retinue of the strangers to return in any haste to the cottage of Alice. Meantime her anxiety of mind seemed to increase with the agony of her body ; and, to use the phrase of Babie, her only attendant, “ she prayed powerfully that she might see her master’s son once more, and renew her warning.” She died just as the clock in the distant village tolled one ; and Ravenswood remembered, with internal shuddering, that he had heard the chime sound through the wood just before he had seen what he was now much disposed to consider as the spectre of the deceased.

It was necessary, as well from his respect to the departed as in common humanity to her terrified attendant, that he should take some measures to relieve the girl from her distressing situation. The deceased, he understood, had expressed a desire to be buried in a solitary churchyard, near the little inn of the Tod’s Hole, called the Hermitage, or more commonly Armitage, in which lay interred some of the Ravenswood family, and many of their followers. Ravenswood conceived it his duty to gratify this predilection, so commonly found to exist among the Scottish peasantry, and dispatched Babie to the neighboring village to procure the assistance of some females, assuring her that, in the mean while, he would himself remain with the dead body, which, as in Thessaly of old, it is accounted highly unfit to leave without a watch.

Thus, in the course of a quarter of an hour or little more, he found himself sitting a solitary guard over the inanimate corpse of her whose dismissed spirit, unless his eyes had

strangely deceived him, had so recently manifested itself before him. Notwithstanding his natural courage, the Master was considerably affected by a concurrence of circumstances so extraordinary. "She died expressing her eager desire to see me. Can it be, then," was his natural course of reflection—"can strong and earnest wishes, formed during the last agony of nature, survive its catastrophe, surmount the awful bounds of the spiritual world, and place before us its inhabitants in the hues and coloring of life? And why was that manifested to the eye which could not unfold its tale to the ear? and wherefore should a breach be made in the laws of nature, yet its purpose remain unknown? Vain questions, which only death, when it shall make me like the pale and withered form before me, can ever resolve."

He laid a cloth, as he spoke, over the lifeless face, upon whose features he felt unwilling any longer to dwell. He then took his place in an old carved oaken chair, ornamented with his own armorial bearings, which Alice had contrived to appropriate to her own use in the pillage which took place among creditors, officers, domestics, and messengers of the law when his father left Ravenswood Castle for the last time. Thus seated, he banished, as much as he could, the superstitious feelings which the late incident inspired. His own were sad enough, without the exaggeration of supernatural terror, since he found himself transferred from the situation of a successful lover of Lucy Ashton, and an honored and respected friend of her father, into the melancholy and solitary guardian of the abandoned and forsaken corpse of a common pauper.

He was relieved, however, from his sad office sooner than he could reasonably have expected, considering the distance betwixt the hut of the deceased and the village, and the age and infirmities of three old women who came from thence, in military phrase, to relieve guard upon the body of the defunct. On any other occasion the speed of these reverend sibyls would have been much more moderate, for the first was eighty years of age and upwards, the second was paralytic, and the third lame of a leg from some accident. But the burial duties rendered to the deceased are, to the Scottish peasant of either sex, a labor of love. I know not whether it is from the temper of the people, grave and enthusiastic as it certainly is, or from the recollection of the ancient Catholic opinions, when the funeral rites were always considered as a period of festival to the living; but feasting, good cheer, and even inebriety, were, and are, the frequent accompaniments of a Scottish old-fashioned burial. What the funeral

feast, or "dirgie," as it is called, was to the men, the gloomy preparations of the dead body for the coffin were to the women. To straighten the contorted limbs upon a board used for that melancholy purpose, to array the corpse in clean linen, and over that in its woollen shroud, were operations committed always to the old matrons of the village, and in which they found a singular and gloomy delight.

The old women paid the Master their salutations with a ghastly smile, which reminded him of the meeting betwixt Macbeth and the witches on the blasted heath of Forres. He gave them some money, and recommended to them the charge of the dead body of their contemporary, an office which they willingly undertook; intimating to him at the same time that he must leave the hut, in order that they might begin their mournful duties. Ravenswood readily agreed to depart, only tarrying to recommend to them due attention to the body, and to receive information where he was to find the sexton, or beadle, who had in charge the deserted churchyard of the Armitage, in order to prepare matters for the reception of Old Alice in the place of repose which she had selected for herself.

"Ye'll no be pinched to find out Johnie Mortsheugh," said the elder sibyl, and still her withered cheek bore a grisly smile; "he dwells near the Tod's Hole, a house of entertainment where there has been mony a blithe birling, for death and drink-draining are near neighbors to ane anither."

"Ay! and that's e'en true, cummer," said the lame hag, propping herself with a crutch which supported the shortness of her left leg, "for I mind when the father of this Master of Ravenswood that is now standing before us sticked young Blackhall with his whinger, for a wrang word said ower their wine, or brandy, or what-not: he gaed in as light as a lark, and he came out wi' his feet foremost. I was at the winding of the corpse; and when the bluid was washed off, he was a bonny bouk of man's body."

It may be easily believed that this ill-timed anecdote hastened the Master's purpose of quitting a company so evil-omened and so odious. Yet, while walking to the tree to which his horse was tied, and busying himself with adjusting the girths of the saddle, he could not avoid hearing, through the hedge of the little garden, a conversation respecting himself, betwixt the lame woman and the octogenarian sibyl. The pair had hobbled into the garden to gather rosemary, southern-wood, rue, and other plants proper to be strewed upon the body, and burned by way of fumigation in the chimney of the

cottage. The paralytic wretch, almost exhausted by the journey, was left guard upon the corpse, lest witches or fiends might play their sport with it.

The following low, croaking dialogue was necessarily overheard by the Master of Ravenswood :

“ That’s a fresh and fall-grown hemlock. Annie Winnie ; mony a cummer lang syne wad hae sought nae better horse to flee over hill and how, through mist and moonlight, and light down in the King of France’s cellar.”

“ Ay, cummer ! but the very deil has turned as hard-hearted now as the Lord Keeper and the grit folk, that hae breasts like whinstane. They priek us and they pine us, and they pit us on the pinnywinkles for witches ; and, if I say my prayers backwards ten times ower, Satan will never gie me amends o’ them.”

“ Did ye ever see the foul thief ? ” asked her neighbor.

“ Na ! ” replied the other spokeswoman ; “ but I trow I hae dreamed of him mony a time, and I think the day will come they will burn me for’t. Bat ne’er mind, cummer ! we hae this dollar of the Master’s, and we’ll send down for bread and for yill, and tobacco, and a drap brandy to burn, and a wee pickle saft sugar ; and be there deil, or nae deil, lass, we’ll hae a merry night o’t.”

Here her leathern chops uttered a sort of cackling, ghastly laugh, resembling, to a certain degree, the cry of the screech-owl.

“ He’s a frank man, and a free-handed man, the Master,” said Annie Winnie, “ and a comely personage—broad in the shouthers, and narrow around the lunyies. He wad mak a bonny corpse ; I wad like to hae the streiking and winding o’ him.”

“ It is written on his brow, Annie Winnie,” returned the octogenarian, her companion, “ that hand of woman, or of man either, will never straught him : dead-deal will never be laid on his back, make you your market of that, for I hae it frae a sure hand.”

“ Will it be his lot to die on the battle-ground then, Ailsie Gourlay ? Will he die by the sword or the ball, as his forbears hae done before him, mony ane o’ them ? ”

“ Ask nae mair questions about it—he’ll no be graced sae far,” replied the sage.

“ I ken ye are wiser than ither folk, Ailsie Gourlay. But wha telled ye this ? ”

“ Fashna your thumb about that, Annie Winnie,” answered the sibyl, “ I hae it frae a hand sure enough.”

“But ye said ye never saw the foul thief,” reiterated her inquisitive companion.

“I hae it frae as sure a hand,” said Ailsie, “and frae them that spaed his fortune before the sark gaed ower his head.”

“Hark ! I hear his horse’s feet riding aff,” said the other ; “they dinna sound as if good luck was wi’ them.”

“Mak haste, sirs,” cried the paralytic hag from the cottage, “and let us do what is needfu’, and say what is fitting ; for, if the dead corpse binna straughted, it will girn and thraw, and that will fear the best o’ us.”

Ravenswood was now out of hearing. He despised most of the ordinary prejndices about witchcraft, omens, and vaticination, to which his age and country still gave such implicit credit that to express a doubt of them was accounted a crime equal to the unbelief of Jews or Saracens ; he knew also that the prevailing belief concerning witches, operating upon the hypochondriac habits of those whom age, infirmity, and poverty rendered liable to suspicion, and enforced by the fear of death and the pangs of the most cruel tortures, often extorted those confessions which encumber and disgrace the criminal records of Scotland during the 17th century. But the vision of that morning, whether real or imaginary, had impressed his mind with a superstitious feeling which he in vain endeavored to shake off. The nature of the business which awaited him at the little inn, called Tod’s Hole, where he soon after arrived, was not of a kind to restore his spirits.

It was necessary he should see Mortsheugh, the sexton of the old burial-ground at Armitage, to arrange matters for the funeral of Alice ; and, as the man dwelt near the place of her late residence, the Master, after a slight refreshment, walked towards the place where the body of Alice was to be deposited. It was situated in the nook formed by the eddying sweep of a stream, which issued from the adjoining hills. A rude cavern in an adjacent rock, which, in the interior, was cut into the shape of a cross, formed the hermitage, where some Saxon saint had in ancient times done penance, and given name to the place. The rich Abbey of Coldinghame had, in latter days, established a chapel in the neighborhood, of which no vestige was now visible, though the churchyard which surrounded it was still, as upon the present occasion, used for the interment of particular persons. One or two shattered yew-trees still grew within the precincts of that which had once been holy ground. Warriors and barons had been buried there of old, but their names were forgotten, and their monuments de-

molished. The only sepulchral memorials which remained were the upright headstones which mark the graves of persons of inferior rank. The abode of the sexton was a solitary cottage adjacent to the ruined wall of the cemetery, but so low that, with its thatch, which nearly reached the ground, covered with a thick crop of grass, fog, and house-leeks, it resembled an overgrown grave. On inquiry, however, Ravenswood found that the man of the last mattock was absent at a bridal, being fiddler as well as grave-digger to the vicinity. He therefore retired to the little inn, leaving a message that early next morning he would again call for the person whose double occupation connected him at once with the house of mourning and the house of feasting.

An outrider of the Marquis arrived at Tod's Hole shortly after with a message, intimating that his master would join Ravenswood at that place on the following morning; and the Master, who would otherwise have proceeded to his old retreat at Wolf's Crag, remained there accordingly to give meeting to his noble kinsman.

CHAPTER XXIV

Hamlet. Has this fellow no feeling of his business? he sings at grave-making.

Horatio. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Hamlet. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

Hamlet, Act V., Scene 1

THE sleep of Ravenswood was broken by ghastly and agitating visions, and his waking intervals disturbed by melancholy reflections of the past and painful anticipations of the future. He was perhaps the only traveller who ever slept in that miserable kennel without complaining of his lodgings, or feeling inconvenience from their deficiencies. It is when "the mind is free the body's delicate." Morning, however, found the Master an early riser, in hopes that the fresh air of the dawn might afford the refreshment which night had refused him. He took his way toward the solitary burial-ground, which lay about half a mile from the inn.

The thin blue smoke, which already began to curl upward, and to distinguish the cottage of the living from the habitation of the dead, apprised him that its inmate had returned and was stirring. Accordingly, on entering the little churchyard, he saw the old man laboring in a half-made grave. "My destiny," thought Ravenswood, "seems to lead me to scenes of fate and of death; but these are childish thoughts, and they shall not master me. I will not again suffer my imagination to beguile my senses." The old man rested on his spade as the Master approached him, as if to receive his commands; and as he did not immediately speak, the sexton opened the discourse in his own way.

"Ye will be a wedding customer, sir, I'se warrant?"

"What makes you think so, friend?" replied the Master.

"I live by twa trades, sir," replied the blithe old man—"fiddle, sir, and spade; filling the world, and emptying of it; and I sudd ken baith cast of customers by head-mark in thirty years' practice."

"You are mistaken, however, this morning," replied Ravenswood.

"Am I?" said the old man, looking keenly at him,

“troth and it may be ; since, for as brent as your brow is, there is something sitting upon it this day that is as near akin to death as to wedlock. Weel—weel ; the pick and shovel are as ready to your order as bow and fiddle.”

“I wish you,” said Ravenswood, “to look after the decent interment of an old woman, Alice Gray, who lived at the Craigfoot in Ravenswood Park.”

“Alice Gray!—blind Alice!” said the sexton ; “and is she gane at last? that’s another jow of the bell to bid me be ready. I mind when Habbie Gray brought her down to this land : a likely lass she was then, and looked ower her southland nose at us a’. I trow her pride got a downcome. And is she e’en gane?”

“She died yesterday,” said Ravenswood : “and desired to be buried here beside her husband ; you know where he lies, no doubt?”

“Kenw here he lies!” answered the sexton, with national indirection of response. “I ken whar a’body lies, that lies here. But ye were speaking o’ her grave? Lord help us, it’s no an ordinar grave that will hand her in, if a’s true that folk said of Alice in her auld days ; and if I gae to six feet deep—and a warlock’s grave shouldna be an inch mair ebb, or her ain witch enmmers would soon whirl her out of her shroud for a’ their auld acquaintanee—and be’t six feet, or be’t three, wha’s to pay the making o’t, I pray ye?”

“I will pay that, my friend, and all other reasonable charges.”

“Reasonable charges!” said the sexton ; “ou, there’s grund-mail—and bell-siller, though the bell’s broken, nae doubt—and the kist—and my day’s wark—and my bit fee—and some brandy and yill to the dirgie ; I am no thinking that you can inter her, to ca’ decently, under sixteen pund Scots.”

“There is the money, my friend,” said Ravenswood, “and something over. Be sure you know the grave.”

“Ye’ll be ane o’ her English relations, I se warrant,” said the hoary man of skulls ; “I hae heard she married far below her station. It was very right to let her bite on the bridle when she was living, and it’s very right to gie her a decent burial now she’s dead, for that’s a matter o’ credit to yoursell rather than to her. Folk may let their kindred shift for themsells when they are alive, and can bear the burden of their ain misdoings ; but it’s an unnatural thing to let them be buried like dogs, when a’ the discredit gangs to the kindred. What kens the dead corpse about it?”

“You would not have people neglect their relations on a bridal occasion neither?” said Ravenswood, who was amused with the professional limitation of the grave-digger’s philanthropy.

The old man cast up his sharp gray eyes with a shrewd smile, as if he understood the jest, but instantly continued, with his former gravity, “Bridals—wha wad neglect bridals that had ony regard for plenishing the earth? To be sure, they suld be celebrated with all manner of good cheer, and meeting of friends, and musical instruments—harp, sackbut, and psaltery; or gude fiddle and pipes, when these auld-warld instruments of melody are hard to be compassed.”

“The presence of the fiddle, I dare say,” replied Ravenswood, “would atone for the absence of all the others.”

The sexton again looked sharply up at him, as he answered, “Nae doubt—nae doubt, if it were weel played; but yonder,” he said, as if to change the discourse, “is Halbert Gray’s lang hame, that ye were speering after, just the third bourock beyond the muckle through-stane that stands on sax legs yonder, abune some ane of the Ravenswoods; for there is mony of their kin and followers here, deil lift them! though it isna just their main burial-place.”

“They are no favorites, then, of yours, these Ravenswoods?” said the Master, not much pleased with the passing benediction which was thus bestowed on his family and name.

“I kenna wha should favor them,” said the grave-digger; “when they had lands and power, they were ill guides of them baith, and now their head’s down, there’s few care how lang they may be of lifting it again.”

“Indeed!” said Ravenswood; “I never heard that this unhappy family deserved ill-will at the hands of their country. I grant their poverty, if that renders them contemptible.”

“It will gang a far way till’t,” said the sexton of Hermitage, “ye may tak my word for that; at least, I ken naething else that suld mak myself contemptible, and folk are far frae respecting me as they wad do if I lived in a twa-lofted sclated house. But as for the Ravenswoods, I hae seen three generations of them, and deil ane to mend other.”

“I thought they had enjoyed a fair character in the country,” said their descendant.

“Character! Ou, ye see, sir,” said the sexton, “as for the auld gudesire body of a lord, I lived on his land when I was a swanking young chield, and could hae blawn the trumpet wi’ onybody, for I had wind enough then; and touching

this trumpeter Marine * that I had heard play afore the lords of the circuit, I wad hae made nae mair o' him than of a bairn and a bawbee whistle. I defy him to hae played 'Boot and saddle,' or 'Horse and away,' or 'Gallants, come trot,' with me; he hadna the tones."

"But what is all this to old Lord Ravenswood, my friend?" said the Master, who, with an anxiety not unnatural in his circumstances, was desirous of prosecuting the musician's first topic—"what had his memory to do with the degeneracy of the trumpet music?"

"Just this, sir," answered the sexton, "that I lost my wind in his service. Ye see I was trumpeter at the castle, and had allowance for blawing at break of day, and at dinner time, and other whiles when there was company about, and it pleased my lord; and when he raised his militia to eaper awa' to Bothwell Brig against the wrang-headed wastland Whigs, I behoved, reason or nane, to munt a horse and eaper awa' wi' them."

"And very reasonable," said Ravenswood; "you were his servant and vassal."

"Servitor, say ye?" replied the sexton, "and so I was; but it was to blaw folk to their warm dinner, or at the warst to a decent kirkyard, and no to skirl them awa' to a bluidy braeside, where there was deil a bedral but the hooded crew. But bide ye, ye shall hear what cam o't, and how far I am bund to be bedesman to the Ravenswoods. Till't, ye see, we gaed on a braw simmer morning, twenty-fourth of June, saxteen hundred and se'enty-nine, of a' the days of the month and year—drums beat, guns rattled, horses kicked and trampled. Hackstoun of Rathillet keepit the brig wi' musket and carabine and pike, sword and seythe for what I ken, and we horsemen were ordered down to cross at the ford.—I hate fords at a' times, let abee when there's thousands of armed men on the other side. There was auld Ravenswood brandishing his Andrew Ferrara at the head, and crying to us to come and buckle to, as if we had been gaun to a fair; there was Caleb Balderstone, that is living yet, flourishing in the rear, and swearing Gog and Magog, he would put steel through the guts of ony man that turned bridle: there was young Allan Ravenswood, that was then Master, wi' a bended pistol in his hand—it was a meroy it gaed na aff!—crying to me, that had scarce as much wind left as serve the necessary purpose of my ain lungs, 'Sound, you poltroon!—sound, you damned cowardly villain, or I will blow your brains out!'

* See Note 10.

and, to be sure, I blew sic points of war that the scraugh of a clockin-hen was music to them."

"Well, sir, cut all this short," said Ravenswood.

"Short! I had like to hae been cut short mysell, in the flower of my youth, as Scripture says; and that's the very thing that I compleen o'. Weel! into the water we behoved a' to splash, heels ower head, sit or fa'—ae horse driving on anither, as is the way of brute beasts, and riders that hae as little sense; the very bushes on the ither side were ableeze wi' the flashes of the Whig guns; and my horse had just taen the grund, when a blackavised westland carle—I wad mind the face o' him a hundred years yet—an ee like a wild falcon's, and a beard as broad as my shovel—clapped the end o' his lang black gun within a quarter's length of my lug! By the grace o' Mercy, the horse swarved round, and I fell aff at the tae side as the ball whistled by at the tither, and the fell auld lord took the Whig such a swauk wi' his broadsword that he made twa pieces o' his head, and down fell the lurdane wi' a' his bouk abune me."

"You were rather obliged to the old lord, I think," said Ravenswood.

"Was I? my sartie! first for bringing me into jeopardy, would I nould I, and then for whomling a chield on the tap o' me that dang the very wind out of my body? I hae been short-breathed ever since, and canna gang twenty yards without pegging like a miller's aiver."

"You lost, then, your place as trumpeter?" said Ravenswood.

"Lost it! to be sure I lost it," replied the sexton, "for I couldna hae played pew upon a dry humlock; but I might hae dune weel enough, for I keipit the wage and the free house, and little to do but play on the fiddle to them, but for Allan, last Lord Ravenswood, that was far waur than ever his father was."

"What," said the Master, "did my father—I mean, did his father's son—this last Lord Ravenswood, deprive you of what the bounty of his father allowed you?"

"Ay, troth did he," answered the old man; "for he loot his affairs gang to the dogs, and let in this Sir William Ashton on us, that will gie naething for naething, and just removed me and a' the puir creatures that had bite and soup at the castle, and a hole to put our heads in, when things were in the auld way."

"If Lord Ravenswood protected his people, my friend, while he had the means of doing so, I think they might spare his memory," replied the Master.

“Ye are welcome to your ain opinion, sir,” said the sexton; “but ye winna persuade me that he did his duty, either to himsell or to huz puir dependent creatures, in guiding us the gate he has done; he might hae gien us life-rent tacks of our bits o’ houses and yards; and me, that’s an auld man, living in yon miserable cabin, that’s fitter for the dead than the quick, and killed wi’ rheumatise, and John Smith in my dainty bit mailing, and his window glazen, and a’ because Ravenswood guided his gear like a fule!”

“It is but too true,” said Ravenswood, conscience-struck; “the penalties of extravagance extend far beyond the prodigal’s own sufferings.”

“However,” said the sexton, “this young man Edgar is like to avenge my wrangs on the hail of his kindred.”

“Indeed?” said Ravenswood; “why should you suppose so?”

“They say he is about to marry the daughter of Leddy Ashton; and let her leddyship get his head ance under her oxter, and see you if she winna gie his neck a thraw. Sorra a bit, if I were him! Let her alane for hauding a’thing in het water that draws near her. Sae the warst wish I shall wish the lad is, that he may take his ain creditable gate o’t, and ally himsell wi’ his father’s enemies, that have taken his broad lands and my bonny kail-yard from the lawful owners thereof.”

Cervantes acutely remarks, that flattery is pleasing even from the mouth of a madman; and censure, as well as praise, often affects us, while we despise the opinions and motives on which it is founded and expressed. Ravenswood, abruptly reiterating his command that Alice’s funeral should be attended to, flung away from the sexton, under the painful impression that the great as well as the small vulgar would think of his engagement with Lucy like this ignorant and selfish peasant.

“And I have stooped to subject myself to these calumnies, and am rejected notwithstanding! Lucy, your faith must be true and perfect as the diamond to compensate for the dishonor which men’s opinions, and the conduct of your mother, attach to the heir of Ravenswood!”

As he raised his eyes, he beheld the Marquis of A——, who, having arrived at the Tod’s Hole, had walked forth to look for his kinsman.

After mutual greetings, he made some apology to the Master for not coming forward on the preceding evening.

It was his wish,” he said, “to have done so, but he had

come to the knowledge of some matters which induced him to delay his purpose. I find," he proceeded, "there has been a love affair here, kinsman; and though I might blame you for not having communicated with me, as being in some degree the chief of your family——"

"With your lordship's permission," said Ravenswood, "I am deeply grateful for the interest you are pleased to take in me, but I am the chief and head of my family."

"I know it—I know it," said the Marquis; "in a strict heraldic and genealogical sense, you certainly are so; what I mean is, that being in some measure under my guardianship——"

"I must take the liberty to say, my lord——" answered Ravenswood, and the tone in which he interrupted the Marquis boded no long duration to the friendship of the noble relatives, when he himself was interrupted by the little sexton, who came puffing after them, to ask if their honors would choose music at the change-house to make up for short cheer.

"We want no music," said the Master, abruptly.

"Your honor disna ken what ye're refusing, then," said the fiddler, with the impertinent freedom of his profession. "I can play 'Wilt thou do't again,' and 'The Auld Man's Mear's Dead,' sax times better than ever Patie Birnie.* I'll get my fiddle in the turning of a coffin-screw."

"Take yourself away, sir," said the Marquis.

"And if your honor be a north-country gentleman," said the persevering minstrel, "whilk I wad judge from your tongue, I can play 'Liggeram Cosh,' and 'Mullin Dhu,' and 'The Cummers of Athole.'"

"Take yourself away, friend; you interrupt our conversation."

"Or if, under your honor's favor, ye should happen to be a thought honest, I can play [this in a low and confidential tone] 'Killiecrankie,' and 'The King shall hae his ain,' and 'The Auld Stuarts back again;' and the wife at the change-house is a decent, discreet body, neither kens nor cares what toasts are drucken, and what tunes are played, in her house: she's deaf to a' thing but the clink o' the siller."

The Marquis, who was sometimes suspected of Jacobitism, could not help laughing as he threw the fellow a dollar, and bid him go play to the servants if he had a mind, and leave them at peace.

* A celebrated fiddler and songster of Kinghorn. See Allan Ramsay's *Collected Poems*, ed. 1721 (*Lairg*).

“Aweel, gentlemen,” said he, “I am wishing your honors gude day. I’ll be a’ the better of the dollar, and ye’ll be the waur of wanting the music, I’se tell ye. But I’se gang hame, and finish the grave in the tuning o’ a fiddle-string, lay by my spade, and then get my tether bread-winner, and awa’ to your folk, and see if they hae better lugs than their masters.”

CHAPTER XXV

True love, an thou be true,
Thou has ane kittle part to play ;
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou,
Maun strive for many a day.

I've kend by mony a friend's tale,
Far better by this heart of mine,
What time and change of fancy avail
A true-love knot to untwine.

HENDERSOUN.

“ I WISHED to tell you, my good kinsman,” said the Marquis, “ now that we are quit of that impertinent fiddler, that I had tried to discuss this love affair of yours with Sir William Ashton's daughter. I never saw the young lady but for a few minutes to-day ; so, being a stranger to her personal merits, I pay a compliment to you, and offer her no offence, in saying you might do better.”

“ My lord, I am much indebted for the interest you have taken in my affairs,” said Ravenswood. “ I did not intend to have troubled you in any matter concerning Miss Ashton. As my engagement with that young lady has reached your lordship, I can only say, that you must necessarily suppose that I was aware of the objections to my marrying into her father's family, and of course must have been completely satisfied with the reasons by which these objections are overbalanced, since I have proceeded so far in the matter.”

“ Nay, Master, if you had heard me out,” said his noble relation, “ you might have spared that observation ; for, without questioning that you had reasons which seemed to you to counterbalance every other obstacle, I set myself, by every means that it became me to use towards the Ashtons, to persuade them to meet your views.”

“ I am obliged to your lordship for your unsolicited intercession,” said Ravenswood ; “ especially as I am sure your lordship would never carry it beyond the bounds which it became me to use.”

“ Of that,” said the Marquis, “ you may be confident ; I myself felt the delicacy of the matter too much to place a gen-

tleman nearly connected with my house in a degrading or dubious situation with these Ashtons. But I pointed out all the advantages of their marrying their daughter into a house so honorable, and so nearly related with the first in Scotland; I explained the exact degree of relationship in which the Ravenswoods stand to ourselves; and I even hinted how political matters were like to turn, and what cards would be trumps next Parliament. I said I regarded you as a son—or a nephew, or so—rather than as a more distant relation; and that I made your affair entirely my own.”

“And what was the issue of your lordship’s explanation?” said Ravenswood, in some doubt whether he should resent or express gratitude for his interference.

“Why, the Lord Keeper would have listened to reason,” said the Marquis; “he is rather unwilling to leave his place, which, in the present view of a change, must be vacated; and, to say truth, he seemed to have a liking for you, and to be sensible of the general advantages to be attained by such a match. But his lady, who is tongue of the trump, Master——”

“What of Lady Ashton, my lord?” said Ravenswood; “let me know the issue of this extraordinary conference: I can bear it.”

“I am glad of that, kinsman,” said the Marquis, “for I am ashamed to tell you half what she said. It is enough—her mind is made up, and the mistress of a first-rate boarding-school could not have rejected with more haughty indifference the suit of a half-pay Irish officer, beseeching permission to wait upon the heiress of a West India planter, than Lady Ashton spurned every proposal of mediation which it could at all become me to offer in behalf of you, my good kinsman. I cannot guess what she means. A more honorable connection she could not form, that’s certain. As for money and land, that used to be her husband’s business rather than hers; I really think she hates you for having the rank which her husband has not, and perhaps for not having the lands that her goodman has. But I should only vex you to say more about it—here we are at the change-house.”

The Master of Ravenswood paused as he entered the cottage, which reeked through all its crevices, and they were not few, from the exertions of the Marquis’s travelling-cooks to supply good cheer, and spread, as it were, a table in the wilderness.

“My Lord Marquis,” said Ravenswood, “I already mentioned that accident has put your lordship in possession of a

secret which, with my consent, should have remained one even to you, my kinsman, for some time. Since the secret was to part from my own custody, and that of the only person besides who was interested in it, I am not sorry it should have reached your lordship's ears, as being fully aware that you are my noble kinsman and friend."

"You may believe it is safely lodged with me, Master of Ravenswood," said the Marquis; "but I should like well to hear you say that you renounced the idea of an alliance which you can hardly pursue without a certain degree of degradation."

"Of that, my lord, I shall judge," answered Ravenswood, "and I hope with delicacy as sensitive as any of my friends. But I have no engagement with Sir William and Lady Ashton. It is with Miss Ashton alone that I have entered upon the subject, and my conduct in the matter shall be entirely ruled by hers. If she continues to prefer me in my poverty to the wealthier suitors whom her friends recommend, I may well make some sacrifice to her sincere affection: I may well surrender to her the less tangible and less palpable advantages of birth, and the deep-rooted prejudices of family hatred. If Miss Lucy Ashton should change her mind on a subject of such delicacy, I trust my friends will be silent on my disappointment, and I shall know how to make my enemies so."

"Spoke like a gallant young nobleman," said the Marquis; "for my part, I have that regard for you, that I should be sorry the thing went on. This Sir William Ashton was a pretty enough pettifogging kind of a lawyer twenty years ago, and betwixt battling at the bar and leading in committees of Parliament he has got well on; the Darien matter lent him a lift, for he had good intelligence and sound views, and sold out in time; but the best work is had out of him. No government will take him at his own, or rather his wife's extravagant, valuation; and betwixt his indecision and her insolence, from all I can guess, he will outsit his market, and be had cheap when no one will bid for him. I say nothing of Miss Ashton; but I assure you, a connection with her father will be neither useful nor ornamental, beyond that part of your father's spoils which he may be prevailed upon to disgorge by way of tocher-good; and take my word for it, you will get more if you have spirit to bell the cat with him in the House of Peers. And I will be the man, cousin," continued his lordship, "will course the fox for you, and make him rue the day that ever he refused a composition too honorable for him, and proposed by me on the behalf of a kinsman."

There was something in all this that, as it were, overshot the mark. Ravenswood could not disguise from himself that his noble kinsman had more reasons for taking offence at the reception of his suit than regarded his interest and honor, yet he could neither complain nor be surprised that it should be so. He contented himself, therefore, with repeating that his attachment was to Miss Ashton personally; that he desired neither wealth nor aggrandizement from her father's means and influence; and that nothing should prevent his keeping his engagement, excepting her own express desire that it should be relinquished; and he requested as a favor that the matter might be no more mentioned betwixt them at present, assuring the Marquis of A—— that he should be his confidant in its progress or its interruption.

The Marquis soon had more agreeable, as well as more interesting, subjects on which to converse. A foot-post, who had followed him from Edinburgh to Ravenswood Castle, and had traced his steps to the Tod's Hole, brought him a packet laden with good news. The political calculations of the Marquis had proved just, both in London and at Edinburgh, and he saw almost within his grasp the pre-eminence for which he had panted. The refreshments which the servants had prepared were now put on the table, and an epicure would perhaps have enjoyed them with additional zest from the contrast which such fare afforded to the miserable cabin in which it was served up.

The turn of conversation corresponded with and added to the social feelings of the company. The Marquis expanded with pleasure on the power which probable incidents were likely to assign to him, and on the use which he hoped to make of it in serving his kinsman Ravenswood. Ravenswood could but repeat the gratitude which he really felt, even when he considered the topic as too long dwelt upon. The wine was excellent, notwithstanding its having been brought in a runlet from Edinburgh; and the habits of the Marquis, when engaged with such good cheer, were somewhat sedentary. And so it fell out that they delayed their journey two hours later than was their original purpose.

“But what of that, my good young friend?” said the Marquis. “Your Castle of Wolf's Crag is but at five or six miles' distance, and will afford the same hospitality to your kinsman of A—— that it gave to this same Sir William Ashton.”

“Sir William took the castle by storm,” said Ravenswood, “and, like many a victor, had little reason to congratulate himself on his conquest.”

“ Well—well !” said Lord A——, whose dignity was something relaxed by the wine he had drunk, “ I see I must bribe you to harbor me. Come, pledge me in a bumper health to the last young lady that slept at Wolf’s Crag, and liked her quarters. My bones are not so tender as hers, and I am resolved to occupy her apartment to-night, that I may judge how hard the couch is that love can soften.”

“ Your lordship may choose what penance you please,” said Ravenswood ; “ but I assure you, I should expect my old servant to hang himself, or throw himself from the battlements, should your lordship visit him so unexpectedly. I do assure you, we are totally and literally unprovided.”

But his declaration only brought from his noble patron an assurance of his own total indifference as to every species of accommodation, and his determination to see the Tower of Wolf’s Crag. His ancestor, he said, had been feasted there, when he went forward with the then Lord Ravenswood to the fatal battle of Flodden, in which they both fell. Thus hard pressed, the Master offered to ride forward to get matters put in such preparation as time and circumstances admitted ; but the Marquis protested his kinsman must afford him his company, and would only consent that an avant-courier should carry to the destined seneschal, Caleb Balderstone, the unexpected news of this invasion.

The Master of Ravenswood soon after accompanied the Marquis in his carriage, as the latter had proposed ; and when they became better acquainted in the progress of the journey, his noble relation explained the very liberal views which he entertained for his relation’s preferment, in case of the success of his own political schemes. They related to a secret and highly important commission beyond sea, which could only be intrusted to a person of rank, talent, and perfect confidence, and which, as it required great trust and reliance on the envoy employed, could not but prove both honorable and advantageous to him. We need not enter into the nature and purpose of this commission, farther than to acquaint our readers that the charge was in prospect highly acceptable to the Master of Ravenswood, who hailed with pleasure the hope of emerging from his present state of indigence and inaction into independence and honorable exertion.

While he listened thus eagerly to the details with which the Marquis now thought it necessary to intrust him, the messenger who had been dispatched to the Tower of Wolf’s Crag returned with Caleb Balderstone’s humble duty, and an assurance that “a” should be in seemly order, sic as the

hurry of time permitted, to receive their lordships as it behoved."

Ravenswood was too well accustomed to his seneschal's mode of acting and speaking to hope much from this confident assurance. He knew that Caleb acted upon the principle of the Spanish generals, in the campaign of —, who, much to the perplexity of the Prince of Orange, their commander-in-chief, used to report their troops as full in number, and possessed of all necessary points of equipment, not considering it consistent with their dignity, or the honor of Spain, to confess any deficiency either in men or munition, until the want of both was unavoidably discovered in the day of battle. Accordingly, Ravenswood thought it necessary to give the Marquis some hint that the fair assurance which they had just received from Caleb did not by any means insure them against a very indifferent reception.

"You do yourself injustice, Master," said the Marquis, "or you wish to surprise me agreeably. From this window I see a great light in the direction where, if I remember aright, Wolf's Crag lies; and, to judge from the splendor which the old Tower sheds around it, the preparations for our reception must be of no ordinary description. I remember your father putting the same deception on me, when we went to the Tower for a few days' hawking, about twenty years since, and yet we spent our time as jollily at Wolf's Crag as we could have done at my own hunting seat at B—."

"Your lordship, I fear, will experience that the faculty of the present proprietor to entertain his friends is greatly abridged," said Ravenswood; "the will, I need hardly say, remains the same. But I am as much at a loss as your lordship to account for so strong and brilliant a light as is now above Wolf's Crag; the windows of the Tower are few and narrow, and those of the lower story are hidden from us by the walls of the court. I cannot conceive that any illumination of an ordinary nature could afford such a blaze of light."

The mystery was soon explained; for the cavalcade almost instantly halted, and the voice of Caleb Balderstone was heard at the coach window, exclaiming, in accents broken by grief and fear, "Och, gentlemen! Och, my gude lords! Och, haud to the right! Wolf's Crag is burning, bower and ha'—a' the rich plenishing outside and inside—a' the fine graith, pictures, tapestries, needle-wark, hangings, and other decorements—a' in a bleeze, as if they were nae mair than sae mony peats, or as muckle pea-strae! Haud to the right,

gentlemen, I implore ye ; there is some sma' provision making at Luckie Sma' trash's ; but O, wae for this night, and wae for me that lives to see it !”

Ravenswood was at first stunned by this new and unexpected calamity ; but after a moment's recollection he sprang from the carriage, and hastily bidding his noble kinsman good-night, was about to ascend the hill towards the castle, the broad and full conflagration of which now flung forth a high column of red light, that flickered far to seaward upon the dashing waves of the ocean.

“Take a horse, Master,” exclaimed the Marquis, greatly affected by this additional misfortune, so unexpectedly heaped upon his young *protégé* ; “and give me my ambling palfrey ; and haste forward, you knaves, to see what can be done to save the furniture, or to extinguish the fire—ride, you knaves, for your lives !”

The attendants bustled together, and began to strike their horses with the spur, and call upon Caleb to show them the road. But the voice of that careful seneschal was heard above the tumult, “O, stop—sirs, stop—turn bridle, for the love of Merey ; add not loss of lives to the loss of world's gear ! Thirty barrels of powther, landed out of a Dunkirk dogger in the auld lord's time—a' in the vau'ts of the auld tower,—the fire canna be far aff it, I trow. Lord's sake, to the right, lads—to the right ; let's pit the hill atween us and peril,—a wap wi' a corner-stane o' Wolf's Crag wad defy the doctor !”

It will readily be supposed that this annunciation hurried the Marquis and his attendants into the route which Caleb prescribed, dragging Ravenswood along with them, although there was much in the matter which he could not possibly comprehend. “Gunpowder !” he exclaimed, laying hold of Caleb, who in vain endeavored to escape from him, “what gunpowder ? How any quantity of powder could be in Wolf's Crag without my knowledge, I cannot possibly comprehend.”

“But I can,” interrupted the Marquis, whispering him. “I can comprehend it thoroughly ; for God's sake, ask him no more questions at present.”

“There it is, now,” said Caleb, extricating himself from his master, and adjusting his dress, “your honor will believe his lordship's honorable testimony. His lordship minds weel how, in the year that him they ca'd King Willie died——”

“Hush ! hush, my good friend !” said the Marquis ; “I shall satisfy your master upon that subject.”

“And the people at Wolf’s Hope,” said Ravenswood, “did none of them come to your assistance before the flame got so high?”

“Ay did they, mony ane of them, the rapsceallions!” said Caleb; “but truly I was in nae hurry to let them into the Tower, where there were so much plate and valuables.”

“Confound you for an impudent liar!” said Ravenswood, in uncontrollable ire, “there was not a single ounce of——”

“Forbye,” said the butler, most irreverently raising his voice to a pitch which drowned his master’s, “the fire made fast on us, owing to the store of tapestry and carved timmer in the banqueting-ha’, and the loons ran like scauded rats sae sune as they heard of the gunpouter.”

“I do entreat,” said the Marquis to Ravenswood, “you will ask him no more questions.”

“Only one, my lord. What has become of poor Mysie?”

“Mysie!” said Caleb, “I had nae time to look about ony Mysie; she’s in the Tower, I’se warrant, biding her awful doom.”

“By heaven,” said Ravenswood, “I do not understand all this! The life of a faithful old creature is at stake; my lord, I will be withheld no longer; I will at least ride up, and see whether the danger is as imminent as this old fool pretends.”

“Weel, then, as I live by bread,” said Caleb, “Mysie is weel and safe. I saw her out of the castle before I left it mysell. Was I ganging to forget an auld fellow-servant?”

“What made you tell me the contrary this moment?” said his master.

“Did I tell you the contrary?” said Caleb; “then I maun hae been dreaming surely, or this awsome night has turned my judgment; but safe she is, and ne’er a living soul in the castle, a’ the better for them: they wad have gotten an unco heezy.”

The Master of Ravenswood, upon this assurance being solemnly reiterated, and notwithstanding his extreme wish to witness the last explosion, which was to ruin to the ground the mansion of his fathers, suffered himself to be dragged onward towards the village of Wolf’s Hope, where not only the change-house, but that of our well-known friend the cooper, were all prepared for reception of himself and his noble guest, with a liberality of provision which requires some explanation.

We omitted to mention in its place, that Lockhard having fished out the truth concerning the mode by which Caleb

had obtained the supplies for his banquet, the Lord Keeper, amused with the incident, and desirous at the time to gratify Ravenswood, had recommended the cooper of Wolf's Hope to the official situation under government, the prospect of which had reconciled him to the loss of his wild-fowl. Mr. Girder's preferment had occasioned a pleasing surprise to old Caleb; for when, some days after his master's departure, he found himself absolutely compelled, by some necessary business, to visit the fishing hamlet, and was gliding like a ghost past the door of the cooper, for fear of being summoned to give some account of the progress of the solicitation in his favor, or, more probably, that the inmates might upbraid him with the false hope he had held out upon the subject, he heard himself, not without some apprehension, summoned at once in treble, tenor, and bass—a trio performed by the voices of Mrs. Girder, old Dame Loup-the-Dyke, and the goodman of the dwelling—"Mr. Caleb!—Mr. Caleb!—Mr. Caleb Balderstone! I hope ye arena ganging dry-lipped by our door, and we sae muckle indebted to you?"

This might be said ironically as well as in earnest. Caleb augured the worst, turned a deaf ear to the trio aforesaid, and was moving doggedly on, his ancient castor pulled over his brows, and his eyes bent on the ground, as if to count the flinty pebbles with which the rude pathway was causewayed. But on a sudden he found himself surrounded in his progress, like a stately merchantman in the Gut of Gibraltar (I hope the ladies will excuse the tarpaulin phrase) by three Algerine galleys.

"Gude guide us, Mr. Balderstone!" said Mrs. Girder.

"Wha wad hae thought it of an auld and kened friend!" said the mother.

"And no sae muckle as stay to receive our thanks," said the cooper himself, "and frae the like o' me that seldom offers them! I am sure I hope there's nae ill seed sawn between us, Mr. Balderstone. Ony man that has said to ye I am no gratefu' for the situation of Queen's cooper, let me hae a whample at him wi' mine eatche, that's a'."

"My good friends—my dear friends," said Caleb, still doubting how the certainty of the matter might stand, "what needs a' this ceremony? Ane tries to serve their friends, and sometimes they may happen to prosper, and sometimes to misgie. Naething I care to be fashed wi' less than thanks; I never could bide them."

"Faith, Mr. Balderstone, ye suld hae been fashed wi' few o' mine," said the downright man of staves and hoops, "if

I had only your gude-will to thank ye for : I suld e'en hae set the guse, and the wild deukes, and the runlet of sack to balance that account. Gude-will, man, is a geizened tub, that hands in nae liquor ; but gude deed's like the cask, tight, round, and sound, that will hand liquor for the king."

"Have ye no heard of our letter," said the mother-in-law, "making our John [Gibbie] the Queen's cooper for certain ? and scarce a chield that had ever hammered gird upon tub but was applying for it ?"

"Have I heard ! ! !" said Caleb, who now found how the wind set, with an accent of exceeding contempt at the doubt expressed—"have I heard, quoth she ! ! !" and as he spoke he changed his shambling, skulking, dodging pace into a manly and authoritative step, readjusted his cocked hat, and suffered his brow to emerge from under it in all the pride of aristocracy, like the sun from behind a cloud.

"To be sure, he canna but hae heard," said the good woman.

"Ay, to be sure, it's impossible but I should," said Caleb ; "and sae I'll be the first to kiss ye, joe, and wish you, cooper, much joy of your preferment, naething doubting but ye ken wha are your friends, and *have* helped ye, and *can* help ye. I thought it right to look a wee strange upon it at first," added Caleb, "just to see if ye were made of the right mettle ; but ye ring true, lad—ye ring true !"

So saying, with a most lordly air he kissed the women, and abandoned his hand, with an air of serene patronage, to the hearty shake of Mr. Girder's horn-hard palm. Upon this complete, and to Caleb most satisfactory, information he did not, it may readily be believed, hesitate to accept an invitation to a solemn feast, to which were invited, not only all the *notables* of the village, but even his ancient antagonist, Mr. Dingwall, himself. At this festivity he was, of course, the most welcome and most honored guest ; and so well did he ply the company with stories of what he could do with his master, his master with the Lord Keeper, the Lord Keeper with the council, and the council with the king [queen], that before the company dismissed (which was, indeed, rather at an early hour than a late one), every man of note in the village was ascending to the top-gallant of some ideal preferment by the ladder of ropes which Caleb had presented to their imagination. Nay, the cunning butler regained in that moment not only all the influence he possessed formerly over the villagers, when the baronial family which he served were at the proudest, but acquired even an accession of importance. The

writer—the very attorney himself, such is the thirst of preferment—felt the force of the attraction, and taking an opportunity to draw Caleb into a corner, spoke, with affectionate regret, of the declining health of the sheriff-clerk of the county.

“An excellent man—a most valuable man, Mr. Caleb; but fat sall I say! we are peer feckless bodies, here the day and awa’ by cock-screech the morn; and if he failyies, there maun be somebody in his place; and gif that ye could airt it my way, I sall be thankful, man—a gluve stuffed wi’ gowd nobles; an’ hark ye, man, something canny till yoursell, and the Wolf’s Hope earles to settle kindly wi’ the Master of Ravenswood—that is, Lord Ravenswood—God bless his lordship!”

A smile, and a hearty squeeze by the hand, was the suitable answer to this overture; and Caleb made his escape from the jovial party, in order to avoid committing himself by any special promises.

“The Lord be gude to me,” said Caleb, when he found himself in the open air, and at liberty to give vent to the self-exultation with which he was, as it were, distended; “did ever ony man see sic a set of green-gaislings? The very pick-maws and solan-geese out-bye yonder at the Bass hae ten times their sense! God, an I had been the Lord High Commissioner to the Estates o’ Parliament, they couldna hae beflummed me mair; and, to speak Heaven’s truth, I could hardly hae beflummed them better neither! But the writer—ha! ha! ha!—ah, ha! ha! ha! mercy on me, that I suld live in my auld days to gie the gang-bye to the very writer! Sheriff-clerk!!! But I hae an auld account to settle wi’ the carle; and to make amends for bye-ganes, the office shall just cost him as much time-serving and tide-serving as if he were to get it in gude earnest, of whilk there is sma’ appearance, unless the Master learns mair the ways of this world, whilk it is muckle to be doubted that he never will do.”

CHAPTER XXVI

Why flames yon far summit—why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From thine eyrie, that beacons the darkness of Heaven.

CAMPBELL.

THE circumstances announced in the conclusion of the last chapter will account for the ready and cheerful reception of the Marquis of A—— and the Master of Ravenswood in the village of Wolf's Hope. In fact, Caleb had no sooner announced the conflagration of the tower than the whole hamlet were upon foot to hasten to extinguish the flames. And although that zealous adherent diverted their zeal by intimating the formidable contents of the subterranean apartments, yet the check only turned their assiduity into another direction. Never had there been such slaughtering of capons, and fat geese, and barr-door fowls; never such boiling of "reested" hams; never such making of car-cakes and sweet scones, Selkirk bannocks, cookies, and petticoat-tails—delicacies little known to the present generation. Never had there been such a tapping of barrels, and such uncorking of graybeards, in the village of Wolf's Hope. All the inferior houses were thrown open for the reception of the Marquis's dependants, who came; it was thought, as precursors of the shower of preferment which hereafter was to leave the rest of Scotland dry, in order to distil its rich dews on the village of Wolf's Hope under Lammermoor. The minister put in his claim to have the guests of distinction lodged at the manse, having his eye, it was thought, upon a neighboring preferment, where the incumbent was sickly; but Mr. Balderstone destined that honor to the cooper, his wife, and wife's mother, who danced for joy at the preference thus assigned them.

Many a beck and many a bow welcomed these noble guests to as good entertainment as persons of such rank could set before such visitors; and the old dame, who had formerly lived in Ravenswood Castle, and knew, as she said, the ways

of the nobility, was in no whit wanting in arranging matters, as well as circumstances permitted, according to the etiquette of the times. The cooper's house was so roomy that each guest had his separate retiring-room, to which they were ushered with all due ceremony, while the plentiful supper was in the act of being placed upon the table.

Ravenswood no sooner found himself alone than, impelled by a thousand feelings, he left the apartment, the house, and the village, and hastily retraced his steps to the brow of the hill, which rose betwixt the village and screened it from the tower, in order to view the final fall of the house of his fathers. Some idle boys from the hamlet had taken the same direction out of curiosity, having first witnessed the arrival of the coach and six and its attendants. As they ran one by one past the Master, calling to each other to "Come and see the auld tower blaw up in the lift like the peelings of an ingan," he could not but feel himself moved with indignation. "And these are the sons of my father's vassals," he said—"of men bound, both by law and gratitude, to follow our steps through battle, and fire, and flood; and now the destruction of their liege lord's house is but a holiday's sight to them!"

These exasperating reflections were partly expressed in the acrimony with which he exclaimed, on feeling himself pulled by the cloak—"What do you want, you dog?"

"I am a dog, and an auld dog too," answered Caleb, for it was he who had taken the freedom, "and I am like to get a dog's wages; but it does not signification a pinch of sneeshing, for I am ower auld a dog to learn new tricks, or to follow a new master."

As he spoke, Ravenswood attained the ridge of the hill from which Wolf's Crag was visible; the flames had entirely sunk down, and, to his great surprise, there was only a dusky reddening upon the clouds immediately over the castle, which seemed the reflection of the embers of the sunken fire.

"The place cannot have blown up," said the Master; "we must have heard the report: if a quarter of the gunpowder was there you tell me of, it would have been heard twenty miles off."

"It's very like it wad," said Balderstone, composedly.

"Then the fire cannot have reached the vaults?"

"It's like no," answered Caleb, with the same impenetrable gravity.

"Hark ye, Caleb," said his master, "this grows a little too much for my patience. I must go and examine how matters stand at Wolf's Crag myself."

“Your honor is ganging to gang nae sic gate,” said Caleb, firmly.

“And why not?” said Ravenswood, sharply; “who or what shall prevent me?”

“Even I mysell,” said Caleb, with the same determination.

“You, Balderstone!” replied the Master; “you are forgetting yourself, I think.”

“But I think no,” said Balderstone; “for I can just tell ye a’ about the castle on this knowe-head as weel as if ye were at it. Only dinna pit yoursell into a kippage, and expose yoursell before the weans, or before the Marquis, when ye gang down-bye.”

“Speak out, you old fool,” replied his master, “and let me know the best and the worst at once.”

“Ou, the best and the warst is, just that the tower is standing hull and feir, as safe and as empty as when ye left it.”

“Indeed! and the fire?” said Ravenswood.

“Not a glead of fire, then, except the bit kindling peat, and maybe a spunk in Mysie’s cutty-pipe,” replied Caleb.

“But the flame?” demanded Ravenswood—“the broad blaze which might have been seen ten miles off—what occasioned that?”

“Hout awa’! it’s an auld saying and a true—

“ ‘Little’s the light
Will be seen far in a mirk night.’ ”

A when fern and horse litter that I fired in the courtyard, after sending back the loon of a footman; and, to speak Heaven’s truth, the next time that ye send or bring onybody here, let them be gentles allenarly, without ony freind servants, like that chield Lockhard, to be gledging and gleeing about, and looking upon the wrang side of ane’s housekeeping, to the discredit of the family, and forcing ane to damn their souls wi’ telling ae lee after another faster than I can count them: I wad rather set fire to the tower in gude earnest, and burn it ower my ain head into the bargain, or I see the family dishonored in the sort.”

“Upon my word, I am infinitely obliged by the proposal, Caleb,” said his master, scarce able to restrain his laughter, though rather angry at the same time. “But the gunpowder—is there such a thing in the tower? The Marquis seemed to know of it.”

“The pouthier, ha! ha! ha!—the Marquis, ha! ha! ha!”

replied Caleb,—“if your honor were to brain me, I behooved to laugh,—the Marquis—the pouter! Was it there? Ay, it was there. Did he ken o’t? My certie! the Marquis kenned o’t, and it was the best o’ the game; for, when I couldna pacify your honor wi’ a’ that I could say, I aye threw out a word mair about the gunpouter, and garred the Marquis tak the job in his ain hand.”

“But you have not answered my question,” said the Master, impatiently; “how came the powder there, and where is it now?”

“Ou, it came there, an ye mann needs ken,” said Caleb, looking mysteriously, and whispering, “when there was like to be a wee bit rising here; and the Marquis, and a’ the great lords of the north, were a’ in it, and mony a gudely gun and broadsword were ferried ower frae Dunkirk forbye the pouter. Awfu’ wark we had getting them into the tower under cloud o’ night, for ye maun think it wasna everybody could be trusted wi’ sic kittle jobs. But if ye will gae hame to your supper, I will tell you a’ about it as ye gang down.”

“And these wretched boys,” said Ravenswood, “is it your pleasure they are to sit there all night, to wait for the blowing up of a tower that is not even on fire?”

“Surely not, if it is your honor’s pleasure that they suld gang hame; although,” added Caleb, “it wadna do them a grain’s damage: they wad screigh less the next day, and sleep the sounder at e’en. But just as your honor likes.”

Stepping accordingly towards the urchins who manned the knolls near which they stood, Caleb informed them, in an authoritative tone, that their honors Lord Ravenswood and the Marquis of A—— had given orders that the tower was not to blow up till next day at noon. The boys dispersed upon this comfortable assurance. One or two, however, followed Caleb for more information, particularly the urchin whom he had cheated while officiating as turnspit, who screamed, “Mr. Balderstone!—Mr. Balderstone! then the castle’s gane out like an auld wife’s spunk?”

“To be sure it is, callant,” said the butler; “do ye think the castle of as great a lord as Lord Ravenswood wad continue in a bleeze, and him standing looking on wi’ his ain very een? It’s aye right,” continued Caleb, shaking off his ragged page, and closing in to his master, “to train up weans, as the wise man says, in the way they should go, and, aboon a’, to teach them respect to their superiors.”

“But all this while, Caleb, you have never told me what became of the arms and powder,” said Ravenswood.

“Why, as for the arms,” said Caleb, “it was just like the bairns’ rhyme—

“Some gaed east and some gaed west,
And some gaed to the craw’s nest.”

And for the pouthier, I e’en changed it, as occasion served, with the skippers o’ Dutch luggers and French vessels, for gin and brandy, and it served the house mony a year—a gude swap too, between what cheereth the soul of man and that which dingeth it clean out of his body; forbye, I keepit a wheen pounds of it for yoursell when ye wanted to take the pleasure o’ shooting: whiles, in these latter days, I wad hardly hae kenned else whar to get pouthier for your pleasure. And now that your anger is ower, sir, wasna that weel managed o’ me, and arena ye far better sorted down yonder than ye could hae been in your ain auld ruins up-bye yonder, as the case stands wi’ us now? the mair’s the pity!”

“I believe you may be right, Caleb; but, before burning down my castle, either in jest or in earnest,” said Ravenswood, “I think I had a right to be in the secret.”

“Fie for shame, your honor!” replied Caleb; “it fits an auld carle like me weel enough to tell lees for the credit of the family, but it wadna beseem the like o’ your honor’s sell; besides, young folk are no judicious: they cannot make the maist of a bit figment. Now this fire—for a fire it sall be, if I suld burn the auld stable to make it mair feasible—this fire, besides that it will be an excuse for asking onything we want through the country, or down at the haven—this fire will settle mony things on an honorable footing for the family’s credit, that cost me telling twenty daily lees to a wheen idle chaps and queens, and, what’s waur, without gaining credence.”

“That was hard indeed, Caleb; but I do not see how this fire should help your veracity or your credit.”

“There it is now!” said Caleb: “wasna I saying that young folk had a green judgment? How suld it help me, quotha? It will be a creditable apology for the honor of the family for this score of years to come, if it is weel guided. ‘Where’s the family pictures?’ says ae meddling body. ‘The great fire at Wolf’s Crag,’ answers I. ‘Where’s the family plate?’ says another. ‘The great fire,’ says I; ‘wha was to think of plate, when life and limb were in danger?’ ‘Where’s the wardrobe and the linens?—where’s the tapestries and the decorements?—beds of state, twilts, pands and testors, napery and broidered wark?’ ‘The fire—the

fire—the fire.’ Guide the fire weel, and it will serve ye for a’ that ye suld have and have not; and, in some sort, a gude excuse is better than the things themselves; for they maun crack and wear out, and be consumed by time, whereas a gude offcome, prudently and creditably handled, may serve a nobleman and his family. Lord kens how lang!”

Ravenswood was too well acquainted with his butler’s pertinacity and self-opinion to dispute the point with him any further. Leaving Caleb, therefore, to the enjoyment of his own successful ingenuity, he returned to the hamlet, where he found the Marquis and the good women of the mansion under some anxiety—the former on account of his absence, the others for the discredit their cookery might sustain by the delay of the supper. All were now at ease, and heard with pleasure that the fire at the castle had burned out of itself without reaching the vaults, which was the only information that Ravenswood thought it proper to give in public concerning the event of his butler’s stratagem.

They sat down to an excellent supper. No invitation could prevail on Mr. and Mrs. Girder, even in their own house, to sit down at table with guests of such high quality. They remained standing in the apartment, and acted the part of respectful and careful attendants on the company. Such were the manners of the time. The elder dame, confident through her age and connection with the Ravenswood family, was less scrupulously ceremonious. She played a mixed part betwixt that of the hostess of an inn and the mistress of a private house, who receives guests above her own degree. She recommended, and even pressed, what she thought best, and was herself easily entreated to take a moderate share of the good cheer, in order to encourage her guests by her own example. Often she interrupted herself, to express her regret that “my lord did not eat; that the Master was pyking a bare bane; that, to be sure, there was naething there fit to set before their honors; that Lord Allan, rest his saul, used to like a pouthered guse, and said it was Latin for a tass o’ brandy; that the brandy came frae France direct; for, for a’ the English laws and gaugers, the Wolf’s Hope brigs hadna forgotten the gate to Dunkirk.”

Here the cooper admonished his mother-in-law with his elbow, which procured him the following special notice in the progress of her speech:

“Ye needna be dunshin that gate, John [Gibbie],” continued the old lady; “naebody says that *ye* ken whar the brandy comes frae; and it wadna be fitting ye should, and you

the Queen's cooper; and what signifies't," continued she, addressing Lord Ravenswood, "to king, queen, or kaiser whar an auld wife like me buys her pickle sneeshin, or her drap brandy-wine, to haud her heart up?"

Having thus extricated herself from her supposed false step, Dame Loup-the-Dyke proceeded, during the rest of the evening, to supply, with great animation, and very little assistance from her guests, the funds necessary for the support of the conversation, until, declining any farther circulation of their glass, her guests requested her permission to retire to their apartments.

The Marquis occupied the chamber of dais, which, in every house above the rank of a mere cottage, was kept sacred for such high occasions as the present. The modern finishing with plaster was then unknown, and tapestry was confined to the houses of the nobility and superior gentry. The cooper, therefore, who was a man of some vanity, as well as some wealth, had imitated the fashion observed by the inferior landholders and clergy, who usually ornamented their state apartments with hangings of a sort of stamped leather, manufactured in the Netherlands, garnished with trees and animals executed in copper foil, and with many a pithy sentence of morality, which, although couched in Low Dutch, were perhaps as much attended to in practice as if written in broad Scotch. The whole had somewhat of a gloomy aspect; but the fire, composed of old pitch-barrel staves, blazed mercifully up the chimney; the bed was decorated with linen of most fresh and dazzling whiteness, which had never before been used, and might, perhaps, have never been used at all, but for this high occasion. On the toilette beside, stood an old-fashioned mirror, in a fillagree frame, part of the dispersed finery of the neighboring castle. It was flanked by a long-necked bottle of Florence wine, by which stood a glass nearly as tall, resembling in shape that which Teniers usually places in the hands of his own portrait, when he paints himself as mingling in the revels of a country village. To counterbalance those foreign sentinels, there mounted guard on the other side of the mirror two stout warders of Scottish lineage; a jug, namely, of double ale, which held a Scotch pint, and a quaigh, or bicker, of ivory and ebony, hooped with silver, the work of John Girder's own hands, and the pride of his heart. Besides these preparations against thirst, there was a goodly diet-loaf, or sweet cake; so that, with such auxiliaries, the apartment seemed victualled against a siege of two or three days.

It only remains to say, that the Marquis's valet was in attendance, displaying his master's brocaded nightgown, and richly embroidered velvet cap, lined and faced with Brussels lace, upon a huge leathern easy-chair, wheeled round so as to have the full advantage of the comfortable fire which we have already mentioned. We therefore commit that eminent person to his night's repose, trusting he profited by the ample preparations made for his accommodation—preparations which we have mentioned in detail, as illustrative of ancient Scottish manners.

It is not necessary we should be equally minute in describing the sleeping apartment of the Master of Ravenswood, which was that usually occupied by the goodman and goodwife themselves. It was comfortably hung with a sort of warm-colored worsted, manufactured in Scotland, approaching in texture to what is now called shalloon. A staring picture of John [Gibbie] Girder himself ornamented this dormitory, painted by a starving Frenchman, who had, God knows how or why, strolled over from Flushing or Dunkirk to Wolf's Hope in a smuggling dogger. The features were, indeed, those of the stubborn, opinionative, yet sensible artisan, but Monsieur had contrived to throw a French grace into the look and manner, so utterly inconsistent with the dogged gravity of the original, that it was impossible to look at it without laughing. John and his family, however, piqued themselves not a little upon this picture, and were proportionably censured by the neighborhood, who pronounced that the cooper, in sitting for the same, and yet more in presuming to hang it up in his bedchamber, had exceeded his privilege as the richest man of the village; at once stepped beyond the bounds of his own rank, and encroached upon those of the superior orders; and, in fine, had been guilty of a very overweening act of vanity and presumption. Respect for the memory of my deceased friend, Mr. Richard Tinto, has obliged me to treat this matter at some length; but I spare the reader his prolix though curious observations, as well upon the character of the French school as upon the state of painting in Scotland at the beginning of the 18th century.

The other preparations of the Master's sleeping apartment were similar to those in the chamber of dais.

At the usual early hour of that period, the Marquis of A—— and his kinsman prepared to resume their journey. This could not be done without an ample breakfast, in which cold meat and hot meat, and oatmeal flummery, wine and spirits, and milk varied by every possible mode of preparation,

evinced the same desire to do honor to their guests which had been shown by the hospitable owners of the mansion upon the evening before. All the bustle of preparation for departure now resounded through Wolf's Hope. There was paying of bills and shaking of hands, and saddling of horses, and harnessing of carriages, and distributing of drink-money. The Marquis left a broad piece for the gratification of John Girder's household, which he, the said John, was for some time disposed to convert to his own use; Dingwall, the writer, assuring him he was justified in so doing, seeing he was the disbursing of those expenses which were the occasion of the gratification. But, notwithstanding this legal authority, John could not find in his heart to dim the splendor of his late hospitality by pocketing anything in the nature of a gratuity. He only assured his menials he would consider them as a damned ungrateful pack if they bought a gill of brandy elsewhere than out of his own stores; and as the drink-money was likely to go to its legitimate use, he comforted himself that, in this manner, the Marquis's donative would, without any impeachment of credit and character, come ultimately into his own exclusive possession.

While arrangements were making for departure, Ravenswood made blithe the heart of his ancient butler by informing him, cautiously however (for he knew Caleb's warmth of imagination), of the probable change which was about to take place in his fortunes. He deposited with Balderstone, at the same time, the greater part of his slender funds, with an assurance, which he was obliged to reiterate more than once, that he himself had sufficient supplies in certain prospect. He therefore enjoined Caleb, as he valued his favor, to desist from all farther manœuvres against the inhabitants of Wolf's Hope, their cellars, poultry-yards, and substance whatsoever. In this prohibition, the old domestic acquiesced more readily than his master expected.

"It was doubtless," he said, "a shame, a discredit, and a sin to harry the poor creatures, when the family were in circumstances to live honorably on their ain means; and there might be wisdom," he added, "in giving them a while's breathing-time at any rate, that they might be the more readily brought forward upon his honor's future occasions."

This matter being settled, and having taken an affectionate farewell of his old domestic, the Master rejoined his noble relative, who was now ready to enter his carriage. The two landladies, old and young, having received in all kindly greeting a kiss from each of their noble guests, stood simper-

ing at the door of their house, as the coach and six, followed by its train of clattering horsemen, thundered out of the village. John Girder also stood upon his threshold, now looking at his honored right hand, which had been so lately shaken by a marquis and a lord, and now giving a glance into the interior of his mansion, which manifested all the disarray of the late revel, as if balancing the distinction which he had attained with the expenses of the entertainment.

At length he opened his oracular jaws. "Let every man and woman here set about their ain business, as if there was nae sic thing as marquis or master, duke or drake, laird or lord, in this world. Let the house be redd up, the broken meat set by, and if there is onything totally uneatable, let it be gien to the puir folk; and, gudemother and wife, I hae just ae thing to entreat ye, that ye will never speak to me a single word, good or bad, anent a' this nonsense wark, but keep a' your cracks about it to yoursells and your kimmers, for my head is weel-nigh dung donnart wi' it already."

As John's authority was tolerably absolute, all departed to their usual occupations, leaving him to build castles in the air, if he had a mind, upon the court favor which he had acquired by the expenditure of his worldly substance.

CHAPTER XXVII

Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the forelock,
And if she escapes my grasp, the fault is mine ;
He that hath buffeted with stern adversity
Best knows to shape his course to favoring breezes.

Old Play.

OUR travellers reached Edinburgh without any farther adventure, and the Master of Ravenswood, as had been previously settled, took up his abode with his noble friend.

In the mean time, the political crisis which had been expected took place, and the Tory party obtained in the Scottish, as in the English, councils of Queen Anne a short-lived ascendancy, of which it is not our business to trace either the cause or consequences. Suffice it to say, that it affected the different political parties according to the nature of their principles. In England, many of the High Church party, with Harley, afterwards Earl of Oxford, at their head, affected to separate their principles from those of the Jacobites, and, on that account, obtained the denomination of Whimsicals. The Scottish High Church party, on the contrary, or, as they termed themselves, the Cavaliers, were more consistent, if not so prudent, in their politics, and viewed all the changes now made as preparatory to calling to the throne, upon the queen's demise, her brother, the Chevalier de St. George. Those who had suffered in his service now entertained the most unreasonable hopes, not only of indemnification, but of vengeance upon their political adversaries ; while families attached to the Whig interest saw nothing before them but a renewal of the hardships they had undergone during the reigns of Charles the Second and his brother, and a retaliation of the confiscation which had been inflicted upon the Jacobites during that of King William.

But the most alarmed at the change of system was that prudential set of persons, some of whom are found in all governments, but who abound in a provisional administration like that of Scotland during the period, and who are what Cromwell called waiters upon Providence, or, in other words, uniform adherents to the party who are uppermost. Many of

these hastened to read their recantation to the Marquis of A——; and, as it was easily seen that he took a deep interest in the affairs of his kinsman, the Master of Ravenswood, they were the first to suggest measures for retrieving at least a part of his property, and for restoring him in blood against his father's attainder.

Old Lord Turntippet professed to be one of the most anxious for the success of these measures; for "it grieved him to the very saul," he said, "to see so brave a young gentleman, of sic auld and undoubted nobility, and, what was mair than a' that, a bluid relation of the Marquis of A——, the man whom," he swore, "he honored most upon the face of the yearth, brought to so severe a pass. For his ain pair peculiar," as he said, "and to contribute something to the rehabilitation of sae auld ane house," the said Turntippet sent in three family pictures lacking the frames, and six high-backed chairs, with worked Turkey cushions, having the crest of Ravenswood broidered thereon, without charging a penny either of the principal or interest they had cost him, when he bought them, sixteen years before, at a roup of the furniture of Lord Ravenswood's lodgings in the Canongate.

Much more to Lord Turntippet's dismay than to his surprise, although he affected to feel more of the latter than the former, the Marquis received his gift very dryly, and observed, that his lordship's restitution, if he expected it to be received by the Master of Ravenswood and his friends, must comprehend a pretty large farm, which, having been mortgaged to Turntippet for a very inadequate sum, he had contrived, during the confusion of the family affairs, and by means well understood by the lawyers of that period, to acquire to himself in absolute property.

The old time-serving lord winced excessively under this requisition, protesting to God, that he saw no occasion the lad could have for the instant possession of the land, seeing he would doubtless now recover the bulk of his estate from Sir William Ashton, to which he was ready to contribute by every means in his power, as was just and reasonable; and finally declaring, that he was willing to settle the land on the young gentleman after his own natural demise.

But all these excuses availed nothing, and he was compelled to disgorge the property, on receiving back the sum for which it had been mortgaged. Having no other means of making peace with the higher powers, he returned home sorrowful and malcontent, complaining to his confidants, "That every mutation or change in the estate had hitherto been pro-

ductive of some sma' advantage to him in his ain quiet affairs , but that the present had—pize upon it !—cost him one of the best pen-feathers o' his wing."

Similar measures were threatened against others who had profited by the wreck of the fortune of Ravenswood ; and Sir William Ashton, in particular, was menaced with an appeal to the House of Peers, a court of equity, against the judicial sentences, proceeding upon a strict and severe construction of the letter of the law, under which he held the castle and barony of Ravenswood. With him, however, the Master, as well for Lucy's sake as on account of the hospitality he had received from him, felt himself under the necessity of proceeding with great candor. He wrote to the late Lord Keeper, for he no longer held that office, stating frankly the engagement which existed between him and Miss Ashton, requesting his permission for their union, and assuring him of his willingness to put the settlement of all matters between them upon such a footing as Sir William himself should think favorable.

The same messenger was charged with a letter to Lady Ashton, deprecating any cause of displeasure which the Master might unintentionally have given her, enlarging upon his attachment to Miss Ashton, and the length to which it had proceeded, and conjuring the lady, as a Douglas in nature as well as in name, generously to forget ancient prejudices and misunderstandings, and to believe that the family had acquired a friend, and she herself a respectful and attached humble servant, in him who subscribed himself "Edgar, Master of Ravenswood."

A third letter Ravenswood addressed to Lucy, and the messenger was instructed to find some secret and secure means of delivering it into her own hands. It contained the strongest protestations of continued affection, and dwelt upon the approaching change of the writer's fortunes, as chiefly valuable by tending to remove the impediments to their union. He related the steps he had taken to overcome the prejudices of her parents, and especially of her mother, and expressed his hope they might prove effectual. If not, he still trusted that his absence from Scotland upon an important and honorable mission might give time for prejudices to die away ; while he hoped and trusted Miss Ashton's constancy, on which he had the most implicit reliance, would baffle any effort that might be used to divert her attachment. Much more there was, which, however interesting to the lovers themselves, would afford the reader neither interest

nor information. To each of these three letters the Master of Ravenswood received an answer, but by different means of conveyance, and certainly couched in very different styles.

Lady Ashton answered his letter by his own messenger, who was not allowed to remain at Ravenswood a moment longer than she was engaged in penning these lines. "For the hand of Mr. Ravenswood of Wolf's Crag—These ·

"SIR, UNKNOWN,

"I have received a letter, signed 'Edgar, Master of Ravenswood,' concerning the writer whereof I am uncertain, seeing that the honors of such a family were forfeited for high treason in the person of Allan, late Lord Ravenswood. Sir, if you shall happen to be the person so subscribing yourself, you will please to know, that I claim the full interest of a parent in Miss Lucy Ashton, which I have disposed of irrevocably in behalf of a worthy person. And, sir, were this otherwise, I would not listen to a proposal from you, or any of your house, seeing their hand has been uniformly held up against the freedom of the subject and the immunities of God's kirk. Sir, it is not a flighting blink of prosperity which can change my constant opinion in this regard, seeing it has been my lot before now, like holy David, to see the wicked great in power and flourishing like a green bay-tree; nevertheless I passed, and they were not, and the place thereof knew them no more. Wishing you to lay these things to your heart for your own sake, so far as they may concern you, I pray you to take no farther notice of her who desires to remain your unknown servant,

"MARGARET DOUGLAS,

"otherwise ASHTON."

About two days after he had received this very unsatisfactory epistle, the Master of Ravenswood, while walking up the High Street of Edinburgh, was jostled by a person, in whom, as the man pulled off his hat to make an apology, he recognized Lockhard, the confidential domestic of Sir William Ashton. The man bowed, slipped a letter into his hand, and disappeared. The packet contained four close-written folios, from which, however, as is sometimes incident to the compositions of great lawyers, little could be extracted, excepting that the writer felt himself in a very puzzling predicament.

Sir William spoke at length of his high value and regard for his dear young friend, the Master of Ravenswood, and of

his very extreme high value and regard for the Marquis of A——, his very dear old friend ; he trusted that any measures that they might adopt, in which he was concerned, would be carried on with due regard to the sanctity of decreets and judgments obtained *in foro contentioso*; protesting, before men and angels, that if the law of Scotland, as declared in her supreme courts, were to undergo a reversal in the English House of Lords, the evils which would thence arise to the public would inflict a greater wound upon his heart than any loss he might himself sustain by such irregular proceedings. He flourished much on generosity and forgiveness of mutual injuries, and hinted at the mutability of human affairs, always favorite topics with the weaker party in politics. He pathetically lamented, and gently censured, the haste which had been used in depriving him of his situation of Lord Keeper,* which his experience had enabled him to fill with some advantage to the public, without so much as giving him an opportunity of explaining how far his own views of general politics might essentially differ from those now in power. He was convinced the Marquis of A—— had as sincere intentions towards the public as himself or any man ; and if, upon a conference, they could have agreed upon the measures by which it was to be pursued, his experience and his interest should have gone to support the present administration. Upon the engagement betwixt Ravenswood and his daughter, he spoke in a dry and confused manner. He regretted so premature a step as the engagement of the young people should have been taken, and conjured the Master to remember he had never given any encouragement thereunto ; and observed that, as a transaction *inter minores*, and without concurrence of his daughter's natural curators, the engagement was inept, and void in law. This precipitate measure, he added, had produced a very bad effect upon Lady Ashton's mind, which it was impossible at present to remove. Her son, Colonel Douglas Ashton, had embraced her prejudices in the fullest extent, and it was impossible for Sir William to adopt a course disagreeable to them without a fatal and irreconcilable breach in his family ; which was not at present to be thought of. Time, the great physician, he hoped, would mend all.

In a postscript, Sir William said something more explicitly, which seemed to intimate that, rather than the law of Scotland should sustain a severe wound through his sides, by

* This obviously cannot apply to Sir James Dalrymple, Lord Stair, who was then dead, and had never been deprived of any such office (*Laing*).

a reversal of the judgment of her supreme courts, in the case of the barony of Ravenswood, through the intervention of what, with all submission, he must term a foreign court of appeal, he himself would extrajudicially consent to considerable sacrifices.

From Lucy Ashton, by some unknown conveyance, the Master received the following lines: "I received yours, but it was at the utmost risk; do not attempt to write again till better times. I am sore beset, but I will be true to my word, while the exercise of my reason is vouchsafed to me. That you are happy and prosperous is some consolation, and my situation requires it all." The note was signed "L. A."

This letter filled Ravenswood with the most lively alarm. He made many attempts, notwithstanding her prohibition, to convey letters to Miss Ashton, and even to obtain an interview; but his plans were frustrated, and he had only the mortification to learn that anxious and effectual precautions had been taken to prevent the possibility of their correspondence. The Master was the more distressed by these circumstances, as it became impossible to delay his departure from Scotland, upon the important mission which had been confided to him. Before his departure, he put Sir William Ashton's letter into the hands of the Marquis of A——, who observed with a smile, that Sir William's day of grace was past, and that he had now to learn which side of the hedge the sun had got to. It was with the greatest difficulty that Ravenswood extorted from the Marquis a promise that he would compromise the proceedings in Parliament, providing Sir William should be disposed to acquiesce in a union between him and Lucy Ashton.

"I would hardly," said the Marquis, "consent to your throwing away your birthright in this manner, were I not perfectly confident that Lady Ashton, or Lady Douglas, or whatever she calls herself, will, as Scotchmen say, keep her threep; and that her husband dares not contradict her."

"But yet," said the Master, "I trust your lordship will consider my engagement as sacred."

"Believe my word of honor," said the Marquis, "I would be a friend even to your follies; and having thus told you *my* opinion, I will endeavor, as occasion offers, to serve you according to your own."

The Master of Ravenswood could but thank his generous kinsman and patron, and leave him full power to act in all his affairs. He departed from Scotland upon his mission, which, it was supposed, might detain him upon the continent for some months.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?
I'll have her.

Richard III.

TWELVE months had passed away since the Master of Ravenswood's departure for the continent, and, although his return to Scotland had been expected in a much shorter space, yet the affairs of his mission, or, according to a prevailing report, others of a nature personal to himself, still detained him abroad. In the mean time, the altered state of affairs in Sir William Ashton's family may be gathered from the following conversation which took place betwixt Bucklaw and his confidential bottle companion and dependent, the noted Captain Craigengelt.

They were seated on either side of the huge sepulchral-looking freestone chimney in the low hall at Girnington. A wood fire blazed merrily in the grate; a round oaken table, placed between them, supported a stoup of excellent claret, two rummer glasses, and other good cheer; and yet, with all these appliances and means to boot, the countenance of the patron was dubious, doubtful, and unsatisfied, while the invention of his dependant was taxed to the utmost to parry what he most dreaded, a fit, as he called it, of the sullens, on the part of his protector. After a long pause, only interrupted by the devil's tattoo, which Bucklaw kept beating against the hearth with the toe of his boot, Craigengelt at last ventured to break silence. "May I be double distanced," said he, "if ever I saw a man in my life have less the air of a bridegroom! Cut me out of feather, if you have not more the look of a man condemned to be hanged!"

"My kind thanks for the compliment," replied Bucklaw; "but I suppose you think upon the predicament in which you yourself are most likely to be placed; and pray, Captain Craigengelt, if it please your worship, why should I look merry, when I'm sad, and devilish sad too?"

"And that's what vexes me," said Craigengelt. "Here is this match, the best in the whole country, and which you

were so anxious about. is on the point of being concluded, and you are as sulky as a bear that has lost its whelps."

"I do not know," answered the Laird, doggedly, "whether I should conclude it or not, if it was not that I am too far forwards to leap back."

"Leap back!" exclaimed Craigenfelt, with a well-assumed air of astonishment, "that would be playing the back-game with a witness! Leap back! Why, is not the girl's fortune——"

"The young lady's, if you please," said Hayston, interrupting him.

"Well—well, no disrespect meant. Will Miss Ashton's tocher not weigh against any in Lothian?"

"Granted," answered Bucklaw; "but I care not a penny for her tocher; I have enough of my own."

"And the mother, that loves you like her own child?"

"Better than some of her children, I believe," said Bucklaw, "or there would be little love wared on the matter."

"And Colonel Sholto Douglas Ashton, who desires the marriage above all earthly things?"

"Because," said Bucklaw, "he expects to carry the county of —— through my interest."

"And the father, who is as keen to see the match concluded as ever I have been to win a main?"

"Ay," said Bucklaw, in the same disparaging manner, "it lies with Sir William's policy to secure the next best match, since he cannot barter his child to save the great Ravenswood estate, which the English House of Lords are about to wrench out of his clutches."

"What say you to the young lady herself?" said Craigenfelt; "the finest young woman in all Scotland, one that you used to be so fond of when she was cross, and now she consents to have you, and gives up her engagement with Ravenswood, you are for jibbing. I must say, the devil's in ye, when ye neither know what you would have nor what you would want."

"I'll tell you my meaning in a word," answered Bucklaw, getting up and walking through the room; "I want to know what the devil is the cause of Miss Ashton's changing her mind so suddenly?"

"And what need you care," said Craigenfelt, "since the change is in your favor?"

"I'll tell you what it is," returned his patron, "I never knew much of that sort of fine ladies, and I believe they may be as capricious as the devil; but there is something in Miss

Ashton's change a devilish deal too sudden and too serious for a mere flisk of her own. I'll be bound, Lady Ashton understands every machine for breaking in the human mind, and there are as many as there are cannon-bits, martingales, and cavessons for young colts."

"And if that were not the case," said Craigenfelt, "how the devil should we ever get them into training at all?"

"And that's true too," said Bucklaw, suspending his march through the dining-room, and leaning upon the back of a chair. "And besides, here's Ravenswood in the way still; do you think he'll give up Lucy's engagement?"

"To be sure he will," answered Craigenfelt; "what good can it do him to refuse, since he wishes to marry another woman, and she another man?"

"And you believe seriously," said Bucklaw, "that he is going to marry the foreign lady we heard of?"

"You heard yourself," answered Craigenfelt, "what Captain Westenho said about it, and the great preparation made for their blithesome bridal."

"Captain Westenho," replied Bucklaw, "has rather too much of your own cast about him, Craigie, to make what Sir William would call a 'famous witness.' He drinks deep, plays deep, swears deep, and I suspect can lie and cheat a little into the bargain; useful qualities Craigie, if kept in their proper sphere, but which have a little too much of the freebooter to make a figure in a court of evidence."

"Well, then," said Craigenfelt, "will you believe Colonel Douglas Ashton, who heard the Marquis of A—— say in a public circle, but not aware that he was within ear-shot, that his kinsman had made a better arrangement for himself than to give his father's land for the pale-checked daughter of a broken-down fanatic, and that Bucklaw was welcome to the wearing of Ravenswood's shaughled shoes?"

"Did he say so, by heavens!" cried Bucklaw, breaking out into one of those uncontrollable fits of passion to which he was constitutionally subject; "if I had heard him, I would have torn the tongue out of his throat before all his peats and minion, and Highland bullies into the bargain. Why did not Ashton run him through the body?"

"Capot me if I know," said the Captain. "He deserved it sure enough; but he is an old man, and a minister of state, and there would be more risk than credit in meddling with him. You had more need to think of making up to Miss Lucy Ashton the disgrace that's like to fall upon her than of interfering with a man too old to fight, and on too high a stool for your hand to reach him."

“It *shall* reach him, though, one day,” said Bucklaw, “and his kinsman Ravenswood to boot. In the mean time, I’ll take care Miss Ashton receives no discredit for the slight they have put upon her. It’s an awkward job, however, and I wish it were ended; I scarce know how to talk to her,—but fill a bumper, Craigie, and we’ll drink her health. It grows late, and a night-cowl of good claret is worth all the considering-caps in Europe.”

CHAPTER XXIX

It was the copy of our conference.
In bed she slept not, for my urging it ;
At board she fed not, for my urging it ;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;
In company I often glanced at it.

Comedy of Errors.

THE next morning saw Bucklaw and his faithful Achates, Craigéngelt, at Ravenswood Castle. They were most courteously received by the knight and his lady, as well as by their son and heir, Colonel Ashton. After a good deal of stammering and blushing—for Bucklaw, notwithstanding his audacity in other matters, had all the sheepish bashfulness common to those who have lived in respectable society—he contrived at length to explain his wish to be admitted to a conference with Miss Ashton upon the subject of their approaching union. Sir William and his son looked at Lady Ashton, who replied with the greatest composure, “That Lucy would wait upon Mr. Hayston directly. I hope,” she added with a smile, “that as Lucy is very young, and has been lately trepanned into an engagement of which she is now heartily ashamed, our dear Bucklaw will excuse her wish that I should be present at their interview ?”

“In truth, my dear lady,” said Bucklaw, “it is the very thing that I would have desired on my own account ; for I have been so little accustomed to what is called gallantry, that I shall certainly fall into some cursed mistake unless I have the advantage of your ladyship as an interpreter.”

It was thus that Bucklaw, in the perturbation of his embarrassment upon this critical occasion, forgot the just apprehensions he had entertained of Lady Ashton’s overbearing ascendancy over her daughter’s mind, and lost an opportunity of ascertaining, by his own investigation, the real state of Lucy’s feelings.

The other gentlemen left the room, and in a short time Lady Ashton, followed by her daughter, entered the apartment. She appeared, as he had seen her on former occasions, rather composed than agitated ; but a nicer judge than he could scarce have determined whether her calmness was that of despair or of indifference. Bucklaw was too much

agitated by his own feelings minutely to scrutinize those of the lady. He stammered out an unconnected address, confounding together the two or three topics to which it related, and stopped short before he brought it to any regular conclusion. Miss Ashton listened, or looked as if she listened, but returned not a single word in answer, continuing to fix her eyes on a small piece of embroidery on which, as if by instinct or habit, her fingers were busily employed. Lady Ashton sat at some distance, almost screened from notice by the deep embrasure of the window in which she had placed her chair. From this she whispered, in a tone of voice which, though soft and sweet, had something in it of admonition, if not command—"Lucy, my dear, remember—have you heard what Bucklaw has been saying?"

The idea of her mother's presence seemed to have slipped from the unhappy girl's recollection. She started, dropped her needle, and repeated hastily, and almost in the same breath, the contradictory answers, "Yes, madam—no, my lady—I beg pardon, I did not hear."

"You need not blush, my love, and still less need you look so pale and frightened," said Lady Ashton, coming forward; "we know that maiden's ears must be slow in receiving a gentleman's language; but you must remember Mr. Hayston speaks on a subject on which you have long since agreed to give him a favorable hearing. You know how much your father and I have our hearts set upon an event so extremely desirable."

In Lady Ashton's voice, a tone of impressive, and even stern, innuendo was sedulously and skilfully concealed under an appearance of the most affectionate maternal tenderness. The manner was for Bucklaw, who was easily enough imposed upon; the matter of the exhortation was for the terrified Lucy, who well knew how to interpret her mother's hints, however skilfully their real purport might be veiled from general observation.

Miss Ashton sat upright in her chair, cast round her a glance in which fear was mingled with a still wilder expression, but remained perfectly silent. Bucklaw, who had in the meantime paced the room to and fro, until he had recovered his composure, now stopped within two or three yards of her chair, and broke out as follow: "I believe I have been a d—d fool, Miss Ashton; I have tried to speak to you as people tell me young ladies like to be talked to, and I don't think you comprehend what I have been saying; and no wonder, for d—n me if I understand it myself! But, however, once

for all, and in broad Scotch, your father and mother like what is proposed, and if you can take a plain young fellow for your husband, who will never cross you in anything you have a mind to, I will place you at the head of the best establishment in the three Lothians; you shall have Lady Girnington's lodging in the Canongate of Edinburgh, go where you please, do what you please, and see what you please—and that's fair. Only I must have a corner at the board-end for a worthless old playfellow of mine, whose company I would rather want than have, if it were not that the d—d fellow has persuaded me that I can't do without him; and so I hope you won't except against Craigie, although it might be easy to find much better company."

"Now, out upon you, Bucklaw," said Lady Ashton, again interposing; "how can you think Lucy can have any objection to that blunt, honest, good-natured creature, Captain Craigengelt?"

"Why, madam," replied Bucklaw, "as to Craigie's sincerity, honesty, and good-nature, they are, I believe, pretty much upon a par; but that's neither here nor there—the fellow knows my ways, and has got useful to me, and I cannot well do without him, as I said before. But all this is nothing to the purpose; for, since I have mustered up courage to make a plain proposal, I would fain hear Miss Ashton, from her own lips, give me a plain answer."

"My dear Bucklaw," said Lady Ashton, "let me spare Lucy's bashfulness. I tell you, in her presence, that she has already consented to be guided by her father and me in this matter. Lucy, my love," she added, with that singular combination of suavity of tone and pointed energy which we have already noticed—"Lucy, my dearest love! speak for yourself, is it not as I say?"

Her victim answered in a tremulous and hollow voice, "I *have* promised to obey you—but upon one condition!"

"She means," said Lady Ashton, turning to Bucklaw, "she expects an answer to the demand which she has made upon the man at Vienna, or Ratisbon, or Paris—or where is he?—for restitution of the engagement in which he had the art to involve her. You will not, I am sure, my dear friend, think it is wrong that she should feel much delicacy upon this head; indeed, it concerns us all."

"Perfectly right—quite fair," said Bucklaw, half humming, half speaking the end of the old song—

"It is best to be off wi' the old love
Before you be on wi' the new.'

But I thought," said he, pausing, "you might have had an answer six times told from Ravenswood. D—n me, if I have not a mind to go and fetch one myself, if Miss Ashton will honor me with the commission."

"By no means," said Lady Ashton; "we have had the utmost difficulty of preventing Douglas, for whom it would be more proper, from taking so rash a step; and do you think we could permit you, my good friend, almost equally dear to us, to go to a desperate man upon an errand so desperate? In fact, all the friends of the family are of opinion, and my dear Lucy herself ought so to think, that, as this unworthy person has returned no answer to her letter, silence must on this, as in other cases, be held to give consent, and a contract must be supposed to be given up, when the party waives insisting upon it. Sir William, who should know best, is clear upon this subject; and therefore, my dear Lucy——"

"Madam," said Lucy, with unwonted energy, "urge me no farther; if this unhappy engagement be restored, I have already said you shall dispose of me as you will; till then I should commit a heavy sin in the sight of God and man in doing what you require."

"But, my love, if this man remains obstinately silent——"

"He will *not* be silent," answered Lucy; "it is six weeks since I sent him a double of my former letter by a sure hand."

"You have not—you could not—you durst not," said Lady Ashton, with violence inconsistent with the tone she had intended to assume; but instantly correcting herself, "My dearest Lucy," said she, in her sweetest tone of expostulation, "how could you think of such a thing?"

"No matter," said Bucklaw; "I respect Miss Ashton for her sentiments, and I only wish I had been her messenger myself."

"And pray how long, Miss Ashton," said her mother, ironically, "are we to wait the return of your Pacolet—your fairy messenger—since our humble couriers of flesh and blood could not be trusted in this matter?"

"I have numbered weeks, days, hours, and minutes," said Miss Ashton; "within another week I shall have an answer, unless he is dead. Till that time, sir," she said, addressing Bucklaw, "let me be thus far beholden to you, that you will beg my mother to forbear me upon this subject."

"I will make it my particular entreaty to Lady Ashton," said Bucklaw. "By my honor, madam, I respect your feelings; and, although the prosecution of this affair be rendered

dearer to me than ever, yet, as I am a gentleman, I would renounce it, were it so urged as to give you a moment's pain."

"Mr. Hayston, I think, cannot apprehend that," said Lady Ashton, looking pale with anger, "when the daughter's happiness lies in the bosom of the mother. Let me ask you, Miss Ashton, in what terms your last letter was couched?"

"Exactly in the same, madam," answered Lucy, "which you dictated on a former occasion."

"When eight days have elapsed, then," said her mother, resuming her tone of tenderness, "we shall hope, my dearest love, that you will end this suspense."

"Miss Ashton must not be hurried, madam," said Bucklaw, whose bluntness of feeling did not by any means arise from want of good-nature; "messengers may be stopped or delayed. I have known a day's journey broke by the casting of a fore-shoe. Stay, let me see my calendar: the twentieth day from this is St. Jude's, and the day before I must be at Caverton Edge, to see the match between the Laird of Kitlegirth's black mare and Johnston the meal-monger's four-year-old colt; but I can ride all night, or Craigie can bring me word how the match goes; and I hope, in the mean time, as I shall not myself distress Miss Ashton with any farther importunity, that your ladyship yourself, and Sir William, and Colonel Douglas will have the goodness to allow her uninterrupted time for making up her mind."

"Sir," said Miss Ashton, "you are generous."

"As for that, madam," answered Bucklaw, "I only pretend to be a plain, good-humored young fellow, as I said before, who will willingly make you happy if you will permit him, and show him how to do so."

Having said this, he saluted her with more emotion than was consistent with his usual train of feeling, and took his leave; Lady Ashton, as she accompanied him out of the apartment, assuring him that her daughter did full justice to the sincerity of his attachment, and requesting him to see Sir William before his departure, "since," as she said, with a keen glance reverting towards Lucy, "against St. Jude's day, we must all be ready to *sign and seal*."

"To sign and seal!" echoed Lucy in a muttering tone, as the door of the apartment closed—"to sign and seal—to do and die!" and, clasping her extenuated hands together, she sank back on the easy-chair she occupied, in a state resembling stupor.

From this she was shortly after awakened by the boisterous entry of her brother Henry, who clamorously reminded her

of a promise to give him two yards of carnation ribbon to make knots to his new garters. With the most patient composure Lucy arose, and opening a little ivory cabinet, sought out the ribbon the lad wanted, measured it accurately, cut it off into proper lengths, and knotted it into the fashion his boyish whim required.

“Dinna shut the cabinet yet,” said Henry, “for I must have some of your silver wire to fasten the bells to my hawk’s jesses.—and yet the new falcon’s not worth them neither; for do you know, after all the plague we had to get her from an eyrie, all the way at Posso, in Mannor Water, she’s going to prove, after all, nothing better than a rifier: she just wets her singles in the blood of the partridge, and then breaks away, and lets her fly; and what good can the poor bird do after that, you know, except pine and die in the first heather-cow or whin-bush she can crawl into?”

“Right, Henry—right—very right,” said Lucy, mournfully, holding the boy fast by the hand, after she had given him the wire he wanted; “but there are more rifiers in the world than your falcon, and more wounded birds that seek but to die in quiet, that can find neither brake nor whin-bush to hide their heads in.”

“Ah! that’s some speech out of your romance,” said the boy; “and Sholto says they have turned your head. But I hear Norman whistling to the hawk; I must go fasten on the jesses.”

And he scampered away with the thoughtless gayety of boyhood, leaving his sister to the bitterness of her own reflections.

“It is decreed,” she said, “that every living creature, even those who owe me most kindness, are to shun me, and leave me to those by whom I am beset. It is just it should be thus. Alone and uncounselled, I involved myself in these perils; alone and uncounselled, I must extricate myself or die.”

CHAPTER XXX

What doth ensue
But moody and dull melancholy,
Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life?

Comedy of Errors.

As some vindication of the ease with which Bucklaw (who otherwise, as he termed himself, was really a very good-humored fellow) resigned his judgment to the management of Lady Ashton, while paying his addresses to her daughter, the reader must call to mind the strict domestic discipline which, at this period, was exercised over the females of a Scottish family.

The manners of the country in this, as in many other respects, coincided with those of France before the Revolution. Young women of the higher ranks seldom mingled in society until after marriage, and, both in law and fact, were held to be under the strict tutelage of their parents, who were too apt to enforce the views for their settlement in life without paying any regard to the inclination of the parties chiefly interested. On such occasions, the suitor expected little more from his bride than a silent acquiescence in the will of her parents; and as few opportunities of acquaintance, far less of intimacy, occurred, he made his choice by the outside, as the lovers in the *Merchant of Venice* select the casket, contented to trust to chance the issue of the lottery in which he had hazarded a venture.

It was not therefore suprising, such being the general manners of the age, that Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw, whom dissipated habits had detached in some degree from the best society, should not attend particularly to those feelings in his elected bride to which many men of more sentiment, experience, and reflection would, in all probability, have been equally indifferent. He knew what all accounted the principal point, that her parents and friends, namely, were decidedly in his favor, and that there existed most powerful reasons for their predilection.

In truth, the conduct of the Marquis of A—, since Ravenswood's departure, had been such as almost to bar the possibility of his kinsman's union with Lucy Ashton. The Marquis was Ravenswood's sincere but misjudging friend; or rather, like many friends and patrons, he consulted what he considered to be his relation's true interest, although he knew that in doing so he run counter to his inclinations.

The Marquis drove on, therefore, with the plenitude of ministerial authority, an appeal to the British House of Peers against those judgments of the courts of law by which Sir William became possessed of Ravenswood's hereditary property. As this measure, enforced with all the authority of power, was new in Scottish judicial proceedings, though now so frequently resorted to, it was exclaimed against by the lawyers on the opposite side of politics, as an interference with the civil judicature of the country, equally new, arbitrary, and tyrannical. And if it thus affected even strangers connected with them only by political party, it may be guessed what the Ashton family themselves said and thought under so gross a dispensation. Sir William, still more worldly-minded than he was timid, was reduced to despair by the loss by which he was threatened. His son's haughtier spirit was exalted into rage at the idea of being deprived of his expected patrimony. But to Lady Ashton's yet more vindictive temper the conduct of Ravenswood, or rather of his patron, appeared to be an offence challenging the deepest and most immortal revenge. Even the quiet and confiding temper of Lucy herself, swayed by the opinions expressed by all around her, could not but consider the conduct of Ravenswood as precipitate, and even unkind. "It was my father," she repeated with a sigh, "who welcomed him to this place, and encouraged, or at least allowed, the intimacy between us. Should he not have remembered this, and requited it with at least some moderate degree of procrastination in the assertion of his own alleged rights? I would have forfeited for him double the value of these lands, which he pursues with an ardor that shows he has forgotten how much I am implicated in the matter."

Lucy, however, could only murmur these things to herself, unwilling to increase the prejudices against her lover entertained by all around her, who exclaimed against the steps pursued on his account as illegal, vexatious, and tyrannical, resembling the worst measures in the worst times of the worst Stuarts, and a degradation of Scotland, the decisions of whose learned judges were thus subjected to the re-

view of a court composed indeed of men of the highest rank, but who were not trained to the study of any municipal law, and might be supposed specially to hold in contempt that of Scotland. As a natural consequence of the alleged injustice meditated towards her father, every means was resorted to, and every argument urged, to induce Miss Ashton to break off her engagement with Ravenswood, as being scandalous, shameful, and sinful, formed with the mortal enemy of her family, and calculated to add bitterness to the distress of her parents.

Lucy's spirit, however, was high, and, although unaided and alone, she could have borne much : she could have endured the repinings of her father ; his murmurs against what he called the tyrannical usage of the ruling party ; his ceaseless charges of ingratitude against Ravenswood ; his endless lectures on the various means by which contracts may be voided and annulled ; his quotations from the civil, the municipal, and the canon law ; and his prelections upon the *patria potestas*.

She might have borne also in patience, or repelled with scorn, the bitter taunts and occasional violence of her brother, Colonel Douglas Ashton, and the impertinent and intrusive interference of other friends and relations. But it was beyond her power effectually to withstand or elude the constant and unceasing persecution of Lady Ashton, who, laying every other wish aside, had bent the whole efforts of her powerful mind to break her daughter's contract with Ravenswood, and to place a perpetual bar between the lovers, by effecting Lucy's union with Bucklaw. Far more deeply skilled than her husband in the recesses of the human heart, she was aware that in this way she might strike a blow of deep and decisive vengeance upon one whom she esteemed as her mortal enemy ; nor did she hesitate at raising her arm, although she knew that the wound must be dealt through the bosom of her daughter. With this stern and fixed purpose, she sounded every deep and shallow of her daughter's soul, assumed alternately every disguise of manner which could serve her object, and prepared at leisure every species of dire machinery by which the human mind can be wrenched from its settled determination. Some of these were of an obvious description, and require only to be cursorily mentioned ; others were characteristic of the time, the country, and the persons engaged in this singular drama.

It was of the last consequence that all intercourse betwixt the lovers should be stopped, and, by dint of gold and

authority, Lady Ashton contrived to possess herself of such a complete command of all who were placed around her daughter, that, in fact, no leaguered fortress was ever more completely blockaded; while, at the same time, to all outward appearance Miss Ashton lay under no restriction. The verge of her parents' domains became, in respect to her, like the viewless and enchanted line drawn around a fairy castle, where nothing unpermitted can either enter from without or escape from within. Thus every letter, in which Ravenswood conveyed to Lucy Ashton the indispensable reasons which detained him abroad, and more than one note which poor Lucy had addressed to him through what she thought a secure channel, fell into the hands of her mother. It could not be but that the tenor of these intercepted letters, especially those of Ravenswood, should contain something to irritate the passions and fortify the obstinacy of her into whose hands they fell; but Lady Ashton's passions were too deep-rooted to require this fresh food. She burnt the papers as regularly as she perused them; and as they consumed into vapor and tinder, regarded them with a smile upon her compressed lips, and an exultation in her steady eye, which showed her confidence that the hopes of the writers should soon be rendered equally unsubstantial.

It usually happens that fortune aids the machinations of those who are prompt to avail themselves of every chance that offers. A report was wafted from the continent, founded, like others of the same sort, upon many plausible circumstances, but without any real basis, stating the Master of Ravenswood to be on the eve of marriage with a foreign lady of fortune and distinction. This was greedily caught up by both the political parties, who were at once struggling for power and for popular favor, and who seized, as usual, upon the most private circumstances in the lives of each other's partisans to convert them into subjects of political discussion.

The Marquis of A—— gave his opinion aloud and publicly, not indeed in the coarse terms ascribed to him by Captain Craigenfelt, but in a manner sufficiently offensive to the Ashtons. "He thought the report," he said, "highly probable, and heartily wished it might be true. Such a match was fitter and far more creditable for a spirited young fellow than a marriage with the daughter of an old Whig lawyer, whose chicanery had so nearly ruined his father."

The other party, of course, laying out of view the opposition which the Master of Ravenswood received from Miss Ashton's family, cried shame upon his fickleness and perfidy,

as if he had seduced the young lady into an engagement, and wilfully and causelessly abandoned her for another.

Sufficient care was taken that this report should find its way to Ravenswood Castle through every various channel, Lady Ashton being well aware that the very reiteration of the same rumor, from so many quarters, could not but give it a semblance of truth. By some it was told as a piece of ordinary news, by some communicated as serious intelligence; now it was whispered to Lucy Ashton's ear in the tone of malignant pleasantry, and now transmitted to her as a matter of grave and serious warning.

Even the boy Henry was made the instrument of adding to his sister's torments. One morning he rushed into the room with a willow branch in his hand, which he told her had arrived that instant from Germany for her special wearing. Lucy, as we have seen, was remarkably fond of her younger brother, and at that moment his wanton and thoughtless unkindness seemed more keenly injurious than even the studied insults of her elder brother. Her grief, however, had no shade of resentment; she folded her arms about the boy's neck, and saying faintly, "Poor Henry! you speak but what they tell you," she burst into a flood of unrestrained tears. The boy was moved, notwithstanding the thoughtlessness of his age and character. "The devil take me," said he, "Lucy, if I fetch you any more of these tormenting messages again; for I like you better," said he, kissing away the tears, "than the whole pack of them; and you shall have my gray pony to ride on, and you shall canter him if you like,—ay, and ride beyond the village too, if you have a mind."

"Who told you," said Lucy, "that I am not permitted to ride where I please?"

"That's a secret," said the boy; "but you will find you can never ride beyond the village but your horse will cast a shoe, or fall lame, or the castle bell will ring, or something will happen to bring you back. But if I tell you more of these things, Douglas will not get me the pair of colors they have promised me, and so good-morrow to you."

This dialogue plunged Lucy in still deeper dejection, as it tended to show her plainly what she had for some time suspected, that she was little better than a prisoner at large in her father's house. We have described her in the outset of our story as of a romantic disposition, delighting in tales of love and wonder, and really identifying herself with the situation of those legendary heroines with those adventures, for want of better reading her memory had become stocked.

The fairy wand, with which in her solitude she had delighted to raise visions of enchantment, became now the rod of a magician, the bond slave of evil genii, serving only to invoke spectres at which the exorcist trembled. She felt herself the object of suspicion, of scorn, of dislike at least, if not of hatred, to her own family; and it seemed to her that she was abandoned by the very person on whose account she was exposed to the enmity of all around her. Indeed, the evidence of Ravenswood's infidelity began to assume every day a more determined character.

A soldier of fortune, of the name of Westenho, an old familiar of Craigenfelt's, chanced to arrive from abroad about this time. The worthy Captain, though without any precise communication with Lady Ashton, always acted most regularly and sedulously in support of her plans, and easily prevailed upon his friend, by dint of exaggeration of real circumstances and coining of others, to give explicit testimony to the truth of Ravenswood's approaching marriage.

Thus beset on all hands, and in a manner reduced to despair, Lucy's temper gave way under the pressure of constant affliction and persecution. She became gloomy and abstracted, and, contrary to her natural and ordinary habit of mind, sometimes turned with spirit, and even fierceness, on those by whom she was long and closely annoyed. Her health also began to be shaken, and her hectic cheek and wandering eye gave symptoms of what is called a fever upon the spirits. In most mothers this would have moved compassion; but Lady Ashton, compact and firm of purpose, saw these waverings of health and intellect with no greater sympathy than that with which the hostile engineer regards the towers of a beleagured city as they reel under the discharge of his artillery; or rather, she considered these starts and inequalities of temper as symptoms of Lucy's expiring resolution; as the angler, by the throes and convulsive exertions of the fish which he has hooked, becomes aware that he soon will be able to land him. To accelerate the catastrophe in the present case, Lady Ashton had recourse to an expedient very consistent with the temper and credulity of those times, but which the reader will probably pronounce truly detestable and diabolical.

CHAPTER XXXI

In which a witch did dwell, in loathly weeds,
And wilful want, all careless of her needs ;
So choosing solitary to abide,
Far from all neighbors, that her devilish deeds
And hellish arts from people she might hide,
And hurt far off, unknown, whome'er she envied.
Faërie Queene.

THE health of Lucy Ashton soon required the assistance of a person more skilful in the office of a sick-nurse than the female domestics of the family. Ailsie Gourlay, sometimes called the Wise Woman of Bowden, was the person whom, for her own strong reasons, Lady Ashton selected as an attendant upon her daughter.

This woman had acquired a considerable reputation among the ignorant by the pretended cures which she performed, especially in "oncomes," as the Scotch call them, or mysterious diseases, which baffle the regular physician. Her pharmacopœia consisted partly of herbs selected in planetary hours, partly of words, signs, and charms, which sometimes, perhaps, produced a favorable influence upon the imagination of her patients. Such was the avowed profession of Luckie Gourlay, which, as may well be supposed, was looked upon with a suspicious eye, not only by her neighbors, but even by the clergy of the district. In private, however, she traded more deeply in the occult sciences ; for, notwithstanding the dreadful punishments inflicted upon the supposed crime of witchcraft, there wanted not those who, steeled by want and bitterness of spirit, were willing to adopt the hateful and dangerous character, for the sake of the influence which its terrors enabled them to exercise in the vicinity, and the wretched emolument which they could extract by the practice of their supposed art.

Ailsie Gourlay was not indeed fool enough to acknowledge a compact with the Evil One, which would have been a swift and ready road to the stake and tar-barrel. Her fairy, she said, like Caliban's, was a harmless fairy. Nevertheless, she "spæd fortunes," read dreams, composed philters, discovered

stolen goods, and made and dissolved matches as successfully as if, according to the belief of the whole neighborhood, she had been aided in those arts by Beelzebub himself. The worst of the pretenders to these sciences was, that they were generally persons who, feeling themselves odious to humanity, were careless of what they did to deserve the public hatred. Real crimes were often committed under pretence of magical imposture ; and it somewhat relieves the disgust with which we read, in the criminal records, the conviction of these wretches, to be aware that many of them merited, as poisoners, suborners, and diabolical agents in secret domestic crimes, the severe fate to which they were condemned for the imaginary guilt of witchcraft.

Such was Ailsie Gourlay, whom, in order to attain the absolute subjugation of Lucy Ashton's mind, her mother thought it fitting to place near her person. A woman of less consequence than Lady Ashton had not dared to take such a step ; but her high rank and strength of character set her above the censure of the world, and she was allowed to have selected for her daughter's attendant the best and most experienced sick-nurse and "mediciner" in the neighborhood, where an inferior person would have fallen under the reproach of calling in the assistance of a partner and ally of the great Enemy of mankind.

The beldam caught her cue readily and by innuendo, without giving Lady Ashton the pain of distinct explanation. She was in many respects qualified for the part she played, which indeed could not be efficiently assumed without some knowledge of the human heart and passions. Dame Gourlay perceived that Lucy shuddered at her external appearance, which we have already described when we found her in the death-chamber of blind Alice ; and while internally she hated the poor girl for the involuntary horror with which she saw she was regarded, she commenced her operations by endeavoring to efface or overcome those prejudices which, in her heart, she resented as mortal offences. This was easily done, for the hag's external ugliness was soon balanced by a show of kindness and interest, to which Lucy had of late been little accustomed ; her attentive services and real skill gained her the ear, if not the confidence, of her patient ; and under pretence of diverting the solitude of a sick-room, she soon led her attention captive by the legends in which she was well skilled, and to which Lucy's habits of reading and reflection induced her to "lend an attentive ear." Dame Gourlay's tales were at first of a mild and interesting character—

Of fays that nightly dance upon the wold,
And lovers doom'd to wander and to weep,
And castles high, where wicked wizards keep
Their captive thralls.

Gradually, however they assumed a darker and more mysterious character, and became such as, told by the midnight lamp, and enforced by the tremulous tone, the quivering and livid lip, the uplifted skinny forefinger, and the shaking head of the blue-eyed hag, might have appalled a less credulous imagination in an age more hard of belief. The old Sycorax saw her advantage, and gradually narrowed her magic circle around the devoted victim on whose spirit she practised. Her legends began to relate to the fortunes of the Ravenswood family, whose ancient grandeur and portentous authority credulity had graced with so many superstitious attributes. The story of the fatal fountain was narrated at full length, and with formidable additions, by the ancient sibyl. The prophecy, quoted by Caleb, concerning the dead bride who was to be won by the last of the Ravenswoods, had its own mysterious commentary; and the singular circumstance of the apparition seen by the Master of Ravenswood in the forest, having partly transpired through his hasty inquiries in the cottage of Old Alice, formed a theme for many exaggerations.

Lucy might have despised these tales if they had been related concerning another family, or if her own situation had been less despondent. But circumstanced as she was, the idea that an evil fate hung over her attachment became predominant over her other feelings; and the gloom of superstition darkened a mind already sufficiently weakened by sorrow, distress, uncertainty, and an oppressive sense of desertion and desolation. Stories were told by her attendant so closely resembling her own in their circumstances, that she was gradually led to converse upon such tragic and mystical subjects with the beldam, and to repose a sort of confidence in the sibyl, whom she still regarded with involuntary shuddering. Dame Gourlay knew how to avail herself of this imperfect confidence. She directed Lucy's thoughts to the means of inquiring into futurity—the surest mode, perhaps, of shaking the understanding and destroying the spirits. Omens were expounded, dreams were interpreted, and other tricks of jugglery perhaps resorted to, by which the pretended adepts of the period deceived and fascinated their deluded followers. I find it mentioned in the articles of dittay against Ailsie Gourlay—for it is some comfort to

know that the old hag was tried, condemned, and burned on the top of North Berwick Law, by sentence of a commission from the privy council—I find, I say, it was charged against her, among other offences, that she had, by the aid and delusions of Satan, shown to a young person of quality, in a mirror glass, a gentleman then abroad, to whom the said young person was betrothed, and who appeared in the vision to be in the act of bestowing his hand upon another lady. But this and some other parts of the record appear to have been studiously left imperfect in names and dates, probably out of regard to the honor of the families concerned. If Dame Gourlay was able actually to play off such a piece of jugglery, it is clear she must have had better assistance to practise the deception than her own skill or funds could supply. Meanwhile, this mysterious visionary traffic had its usual effect in unsettling Miss Ashton's mind. Her temper became unequal, her health decayed daily, her manners grew moping, melancholy, and uncertain. Her father, guessing partly at the cause of these appearances, and exerting a degree of authority unusual with him, made a point of banishing Dame Gourlay from the castle; but the arrow was shot, and was rankling barb-deep in the side of the wounded deer.

It was shortly after the departure of this woman, that Lucy Ashton, urged by her parents, announced to them, with a vivacity by which they were startled, "That she was conscious heaven and earth and hell had set themselves against her union with Ravenswood; still her contract," she said, "was a binding contract, and she neither would nor could resign it without the consent of Ravenswood. Let me be assured," she concluded, "that he will free me from my engagement, and dispose of me as you please, I care not how. When the diamonds are gone, what signifies the casket?"

The tone of obstinacy with which this was said, her eyes flashing with unnatural light, and her hands firmly clinched, precluded the possibility of dispute; and the utmost length which Lady Ashton's art could attain, only got her the privilege of dictating the letter, by which her daughter required to know of Ravenswood whether he intended to abide by or to surrender what she termed "their unfortunate engagement." Of this advantage Lady Ashton so far and so ingeniously availed herself that, according to the wording of the letter, the reader would have supposed Lucy was calling upon her lover to renounce a contract which was contrary to the interests and inclinations of both. Not trusting even to this point of de-

ception, Lady Ashton finally determined to suppress the letter altogether, in hopes that Lucy's impatience would induce her to condemn Ravenswood unheard and in absence. In this she was disappointed. The time, indeed, had long elapsed when an answer should have been received from the continent. The faint ray of hope which still glimmered in Lucy's mind was well-nigh extinguished. But the idea never forsook her that her letter might not have been duly forwarded. One of her mother's new machinations unexpectedly furnished her with the means of ascertaining what she most desired to know.

The female agent of hell having been dismissed from the castle, Lady Ashton, who wrought by all variety of means, resolved to employ, for working the same end on Lucy's mind, an agent of a very different character. This was no other than the Reverend Mr. Bide-the-Bent, a Presbyterian clergyman, formerly mentioned, of the strictest order and the most rigid orthodoxy, whose aid she called in, upon the principle of the tyrant in the tragedy :

I'll have a priest shall preach her from her faith,
And make it sin not to renounce that vow
Which I'd have broken.

But Lady Ashton was mistaken in the agent she had selected. His prejudices, indeed, were easily enlisted on her side, and it was no difficult matter to make him regard with horror the prospect of a union betwixt the daughter of a God-fearing, professing, and Presbyterian family of distinction and the heir of a bloodthirsty prelatist and persecutor, the hands of whose fathers had been dyed to the wrists in the blood of God's saints. This resembled, in the divine's opinion, the union of a Moabitish stranger with a daughter of Zion. But with all the more severe prejudices and principles of his sect, Bide-the-Bent possessed a sound judgment, and had learned sympathy even in that very school of persecution where the heart is so frequently hardened. In a private interview with Miss Ashton, he was deeply moved by her distress, and could not but admit the justice of her request to be permitted a direct communication with Ravenswood upon the subject of their solemn contract. When she urged to him the great uncertainty under which she labored whether her letter had been ever forwarded, the old man paced the room with long steps, shook his gray head, rested repeatedly for a space on his ivory-headed staff, and, after much hesitation, confessed that he thought her doubts so reasonable that he would himself aid in the removal of them.

“I cannot but opine, Miss Lucy,” he said, “that your worshipful lady mother hath in this matter an eagerness whilk, although it ariseth doubtless from love to your best interests here and hereafter, for the man is of persecuting blood, and himself a persecutor, a Cavalier or Malignant, and a scoffer, who hath no inheritance in Jesse; nevertheless, we are commanded to do justice unto all, and to fulfil our bond and covenant, as well to the stranger as to him who is in brotherhood with us. Wherefore myself, even I myself, will be aiding unto the delivery of your letter to the man Edgar Ravenswood, trusting that the issue thereof may be your deliverance from the nets in which he hath sinfully engaged you. And that I may do in this neither more nor less than hath been warranted by your honorable parents, I pray you to transcribe, without increment or subtraction, the letter formerly expeded under the dictation of your right honorable mother; and I shall put it into such sure course of being delivered, that if, honored young madam, you shall receive no answer, it will be necessary that you conclude that the man meaneth in silence to abandon that naughty contract, which, peradventure, he may be unwilling directly to restore.”

Lucy eagerly embraced the expedient of the worthy divine. A new letter was written in the precise terms of the former, and consigned by Mr. Bide-the-Bent to the charge of Saunders Moonshine, a zealous elder of the church when on shore, and when on board his brig as bold a smuggler as ever ran out a sliding bowsprit to the winds that blow betwixt Campvere and the east coast of Scotland. At the recommendation of his pastor, Saunders readily undertook that the letter should be securely conveyed to the Master of Ravenswood at the court where he now resided.

This retrospect became necessary to explain the conference betwixt Miss Ashton, her mother, and Bucklaw which we have detailed in a preceding chapter.

Lucy was now like the sailor who, while drifting through a tempestuous ocean, clings for safety to a single plank, his powers of grasping it becoming every moment more feeble, and the deep darkness of the night only checkered by the flashes of lightning, hissing as they show the white tops of the billow, in which he is soon to be engulfed.

Week crept away after week, and day after day. St. Jude's day arrived, the last and protracted term to which Lucy had limited herself, and there was neither letter nor news of Ravenswood.

CHAPTER XXXII

How fair these names, how much unlike they look
To all the blurr'd subscriptions in my book !
The bridegroom's letters stand in row above,
Tapering, yet straight, like pine trees in his grove ;
While free and fine the bride's appear below,
As light and slender as her jessamines grow.

CRABBE.

ST. JUDGE'S day came, the term assigned by Lucy herself as the farthest date of expectation, and, as we have already said, there were neither letters from nor news of Ravenswood. But there were news of Bucklaw, and of his trusty associate Craigenfelt, who arrived early in the morning for the completion of the proposed espousals, and for signing the necessary deeds.

These had been carefully prepared under the revision of Sir William Ashton himself, it having been resolved, on account of the state of Miss Ashton's health, as it was said, that none save the parties immediately interested should be present when the parchments were subscribed. It was farther determined that the marriage should be solemnized upon the fourth day after signing the articles, a measure adopted by Lady Ashton, in order that Lucy might have as little time as possible to recede or relapse into intractability. There was no appearance, however, of her doing either. She heard the proposed arrangement with the calm indifference of despair, or rather with an apathy arising from the oppressed and stupefied state of her feelings. To an eye so unobserving as that of Bucklaw, her demeanor had little more of reluctance than might suit the character of a bashful young lady, who, however, he could not disguise from himself, was complying with the choice of her friends rather than exercising any personal predilection in his favor.

When the morning compliments of the bridegroom had been paid, Miss Ashton was left for some time to herself; her mother remarking, that the deeds must be signed before the hour of noon, in order that the marriage might be happy.

Lucy suffered herself to be attired for the occasion as the taste of her attendants suggested, and was of course splendidly arrayed. Her dress was composed of white satin and Brussels

lace, and her hair arranged with a profusion of jewels, whose lustre made a strange contrast to the deadly paleness of her complexion, and to the trouble which dwelt in her unsettled eye.

Her toilette was hardly finished ere Henry appeared, to conduct the passive bride to the state apartment, where all was prepared for signing the contract. "Do you know, sister," he said, "I am glad you are to have Bucklaw after all, instead of Ravenswood, who looked like a Spanish grandee come to cut our throats and trample our bodies under foot. And I am glad the broad seas are between us this day, for I shall never forget how frightened I was when I took him for the picture of old Sir Malise walked out of the canvas. Tell me true, are you not glad to be fairly shot of him?"

"Ask me no questions, dear Henry," said his unfortunate sister; "there is little more can happen to make me either glad or sorry in this world."

"And that's what all young brides say," said Henry; "and so do not be cast down, Lucy, for you'll tell another tale a twelvemonth hence; and I am to be bride's-man, and ride before you to the kirk; and all our kith, kin, and allies, and all Bucklaw's, are to be mounted and in order; and I am to have a scarlet laced coat, and a feathered hat, and a sword-belt, double bordered with gold, and *point d'Espagne*, and a dagger instead of a sword; and I should like a sword much better, but my father won't hear of it. All my things, and a hundred besides, are to come out from Edinburgh to-night with old Gilbert and the sumpter mules; and I will bring them and show them to you the instant they come."

The boy's chatter was here interrupted by the arrival of Lady Ashton, somewhat alarmed at her daughter's stay. With one of her sweetest smiles, she took Lucy's arm under her own, and led her to the apartment where her presence was expected.

There were only present, Sir William Ashton and Colonel Douglas Ashton, the last in full regimentals; Bucklaw, in bridegroom trim; Craigengelt, freshly equipped from top to toe by the bounty of his patron, and bedizened with as much lace as might have become the dress of the Copper Captain; together with the Rev. Mr. Bide-the-Bent; the presence of a minister being, in strict Presbyterian families, an indispensable requisite upon all occasions of unusual solemnity.

Wines and refreshments were placed on a table, on which the writings were displayed, ready for signature.

But before proceeding either to business or refreshment,

Mr. Bide-the-Bent, at a signal from Sir William Ashton, invited the company to join him in a short extemporary prayer, in which he implored a blessing upon the contract now to be solemnized between the honorable parties then present. With the simplicity of his times and profession, which permitted strong personal allusions, he petitioned that the wounded mind of one of these noble parties might be healed, in reward of her compliance with the advice of her right honorable parents; and that, as she had proved herself a child after God's commandment, by honoring her father and mother, she and hers might enjoy the promised blessing—length of days in the land here, and a happy portion hereafter in a better country. He prayed farther, that the bridegroom might be weaned from those follies which seduce youth from the path of knowledge; that he might cease to take delight in vain and unprofitable company, scoffers, rioters, and those who sit late at the wine (here Bucklaw winked to Craigengelt), and cease from the society that causeth to err. A suitable supplication in behalf of Sir William and Lady Ashton and their family concluded this religious address, which thus embraced every individual present excepting Craigengelt, whom the worthy divine probably considered as past all hopes of grace.

The business of the day now went forward: Sir William Ashton signed the contract with legal solemnity and precision; his son, with military nonchalance; and Bucklaw, having subscribed as rapidly as Craigengelt could manage to turn the leaves, concluded by wiping his pen on that worthy's new laced cravat.

It was now Miss Ashton's turn to sign the writings, and she was guided by her watchful mother to the table for that purpose. At her first attempt, she began to write with a dry pen, and when the circumstance was pointed out, seemed unable, after several attempts, to dip it in the massive silver ink-standish, which stood full before her. Lady Ashton's vigilance hastened to supply the deficiency. I have myself seen the fatal deed, and in the distinct characters in which the name of Lucy Ashton is traced on each page there is only a very slight tremulous irregularity, indicative of her state of mind at the time of the subscription. But the last signature is incomplete, defaced, and blotted; for, while her hand was employed in tracing it, the hasty tramp of a horse was heard at the gate, succeeded by a step in the outer gallery, and a voice which, in a commanding tone, bore down the opposition of the menials. The pen dropped from Lucy's fingers, as she exclaimed with a faint shriek—"He is come—he is come!"

CHAPTER XXXIII

This by his tongue should be a Montague !
Fetch me my rapier, boy ;
Now, by the faith and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Romeo and Juliet.

HARDLY had Miss Ashton dropped the pen, when the door of the apartment flew open, and the Master of Ravenswood entered the apartment.

Lockhard and another domestic, who had in vain attempted to oppose his passage through the gallery or antechamber, were seen standing on the threshold transfixed with surprise, which was instantly communicated to the whole party in the state-room. That of Colonel Douglas Ashton was mingled with resentment ; that of Bucklaw with naughty and affected indifference ; the rest, even Lady Ashton herself, showed signs of fear ; and Lucy seemed stiffened to stone by this unexpected apparition. Apparition it might well be termed, for Ravenswood had more the appearance of one returned from the dead than of a living visitor.

He planted himself full in the middle of the apartment, opposite to the table at which Lucy was seated, on whom, as if she had been alone in the chamber, he bent his eyes with a mingled expression of deep grief and deliberate indignation. His dark-colored riding cloak, displaced from one shoulder, hung around one side of his person in the ample folds of the Spanish mantle. The rest of his rich dress was travel-soiled, and deranged by hard riding. He had a sword by his side, and pistols in his belt. His slouched hat, which he had not removed at entrance, gave an additional gloom to his dark features, which, wasted by sorrow and marked by the ghastly look communicated by long illness, added to a countenance naturally somewhat stern and wild a fierce and even savage expression. The matted and dishevelled locks of hair which escaped from under his hat, together with his fixed and unmoved posture, made his head more resemble that of a marble bust than that of a living man. He said not a single word, and there was a deep silence in the company for more than two minutes.

It was broken by Lady Ashton, who in that space partly recovered her natural audacity. She demanded to know the cause of this unauthorized intrusion.

"That is a question, madam," said her son, "which I have the best right to ask; and I must request of the Master of Ravenswood to follow me where he can answer it at leisure."

Bucklaw interposed, saying, "No man on earth should usurp his previous right in demanding an explanation from the Master. Craiengelt," he added, in an undertone, "d—n ye, why do you stand staring as if you saw a ghost? fetch me my sword from the gallery."

"I will relinquish to none," said Colonel Ashton, "my right of calling to account the man who has offered this unparalleled affront to my family."

"Be patient, gentlemen," said Ravenswood, turning sternly towards them, and waving his hand as if to impose silence on their altercation. "If you are as weary of your lives as I am, I will find time and place to pledge mine against one or both; at present, I have no leisure for the disputes of triflers."

"Triflers!" echoed Colonel Ashton, half unsheathing his sword, while Bucklaw laid his hand on the hilt of that which Craiengelt had just reached him.

Sir William Ashton, alarmed for his son's safety, rushed between the young men and Ravenswood, exclaiming, "My son, I command you—Bucklaw, I entreat you—keep the peace, in the name of the Queen and of the law!"

"In the name of the law of God," said Bide-the-Bent, advancing also with uplifted hands between Bucklaw, the Colonel, and the object of their resentment—"in the name of Him who brought peace on earth and good-will to mankind, I implore—I beseech—I command you to forbear violence towards each other! God hateth the bloodthirsty man; he who striketh with the sword shall perish with the sword."

"Do you take me for a dog, sir," said Colonel Ashton, turning fiercely upon him, "or something more brutally stupid, to endure this insult in my father's house? Let me go, Bucklaw! He shall account to me, or, by Heaven, I will stab him where he stands!"

"You shall not touch him here," said Bucklaw; "he once gave me my life, and were he the devil come to fly away with the whole house and generation, he shall have nothing but fair play."

The passions of the two young men thus counteracting each other gave Ravenswood leisure to exclaim, in a stern and steady voice, "Silence!—let him who really seeks danger take

the fitting time when it is to be found ; my mission here will be shortly accomplished. Is *that* your handwriting, madam ?” he added in a softer tone, extending towards Miss Ashton her last letter.

A faltering “ Yes ” seemed rather to escape from her lips than to be uttered as a voluntary answer.

“ And is *this* also your handwriting ? ” extending towards her the mutual engagement.

Lucy remained silent. Terror, and a yet stronger and more confused feeling, so utterly disturbed her understanding that she probably scarcely comprehended the question that was put to her.

“ If you design,” said Sir William Ashton, “ to found any legal claim on that paper, sir, do not expect to receive any answer to an extrajudicial question.”

“ Sir William Ashton,” said Ravenswood, “ I pray you, and all who hear me, that you will not mistake my purpose. If this young lady, of her own free will, desires the restoration of this contract, as her letter would seem to imply, there is not a withered leaf which this autumn wind strews on the heath that is more valueless in my eyes. But I must and will hear the truth from her own mouth ; without this satisfaction I will not leave this spot. Murder me by numbers you possibly may ; but I am an armed man—I am a desperate man, and I will not die without ample vengeance. This is my resolution, take it as you may. I WILL hear her determination from her own mouth ; from her own mouth, alone, and without witnesses, will I hear it. Now, choose,” he said, drawing his sword with the right hand, and, with the left, by the same motion taking a pistol from his belt and cocking it, but turning the point of one weapon and the muzzle of the other to the ground—“ choose if you will have this hall floated with blood, or if you will grant me the decisive interview with my affianced bride which the laws of God and the country alike entitle me to demand.”

All recoiled at the sound of his voice and the determined action by which it was accompanied ; for the ecstasy of real desperation seldom fails to overpower the less energetic passions by which it may be opposed. The clergyman was the first to speak. “ In the name of God,” he said, “ receive an overture of peace from the meanest of His servants. What this honorable person demands, albeit it is urged with over violence, hath yet in it something of reason. Let him hear from Miss Lucy’s own lips that she hath dutifully acceded to the will of her parents, and repenteth her of her

covenant with him ; and when he is assured of this he will depart in peace unto his own dwelling, and cumber us no more. Alas ! the workings of the ancient Adam are strong even in the regenerate ; surely we should have long-suffering with those who, being yet in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity, are swept forward by the uncontrollable current of worldly passion. Let, then, the Master of Ravenswood have the interview on which he insisteth ; it can but be as a passing pang to this honorable maiden, since her faith is now irrevocably pledged to the choice of her parents. Let it, I say, be thus : it belongeth to my functions to entreat your honors' compliance with this healing overture."

"Never !" answered Lady Ashton, whose rage had now overcome her first surprise and horror—"never shall this man speak in private with my daughter, the affianced bride of another ! Pass from this room who will, I remain here. I fear neither his violence nor his weapons, though some," she said, glancing a look towards Colonel Ashton, "who bear my name appear more moved by them."

"For God's sake, madam," answered the worthy divine, "add not fuel to firebrands. The Master of Ravenswood cannot, I am sure, object to your presence, the young lady's state of health being considered, and your maternal duty. I myself will also tarry ; peradventure my gray hairs may turn away wrath."

"You are welcome to do so, sir," said Ravenswood ; "and Lady Ashton is also welcome to remain, if she shall think proper ; but let all others depart."

"Ravenswood," said Colonel Ashton, crossing him as he went out, "you shall account for this ere long."

"When you please," replied Ravenswood.

"But I," said Bucklaw with a half smile, "have a prior demand on your leisure, a claim of some standing."

"Arrange it as you will," said Ravenswood ; "leave me but this day in peace, and I will have no dearer employment on earth to-morrow than to give you all the satisfaction you can desire."

The other gentlemen left the apartment ; but Sir William Ashton lingered.

"Master of Ravenswood," he said, in a conciliating tone, "I think I have not deserved that you should make this scandal and outrage in my family. If you will sheathe your sword, and retire with me into my study, I will prove to you, by the most satisfactory arguments, the inutility of your present irregular procedure——"

“To-morrow, sir—to-morrow—to-morrow, I will hear you at length,” reiterated Ravenswood, interrupting him; “this day hath its own sacred and indispensable business.”

He pointed to the door, and Sir William left the apartment.

Ravenswood sheathed his sword, uncocked and returned his pistol to his belt; walked deliberately to the door of the apartment, which he bolted; returned, raised his hat from his forehead, and, gazing upon Lucy with eyes in which an expression of sorrow overcame their late fierceness, spread his dishevelled locks back from his face, and said, “Do you know me, Miss Ashton? I am still Edgar Ravenswood.” She was silent, and he went on with increasing vehemence—“I am still that Edgar Ravenswood who, for your affection, renounced the dear ties by which injured honor bound him to seek vengeance. I am that Ravenswood who, for your sake, forgave, nay, clasped hands in friendship with, the oppressor and pillager of his house, the traducer and murderer of his father.”

“My daughter,” answered Lady Ashton, interrupting him, “has no occasion to dispute the identity of your person; the venom of your present language is sufficient to remind her that she speaks with the mortal enemy of her father.”

“I pray you to be patient, madam,” answered Ravenswood; “my answer must come from her own lips. Once more, Miss Lucy Ashton, I am that Ravenswood to whom you granted the solemn engagement which you now desire to retract and cancel.”

Lucy’s bloodless lips could only falter out the words, “It was my mother.”

“She speaks truly,” said Lady Ashton, “it *was* I who, authorized alike by the laws of God and man, advised her, and concurred with her, to set aside an unhappy and precipitate engagement, and to annul it by the authority of Scripture itself.”

“Scripture!” said Ravenswood, scornfully.

“Let him hear the text,” said Lady Ashton, appealing to the divine, “on which you yourself, with cautious reluctance, declared the nullity of the pretended engagement insisted upon by this violent man.”

The clergyman took his clasped Bible from his pocket, and read the following words: “If a woman vow a vow unto the Lord, and bind herself by a bond, being in her father’s house in her youth, and her father hear her vow, and her bond wherewith she hath bound her soul, and her father shall hold

his peace at her ; then all her vows shall stand, and every vow wherewith she hath bound her soul shall stand."

"And was it not even so with us ?" interrupted Ravenswood.

"Control thy impatience, young man," answered the divine, "and hear what follows in the sacred text : 'But if her father disallow her in the day that he heareth, not any of her vows, or of her bonds wherewith she hath bound her soul, shall stand ; and the Lord shall forgive her, because her father disallowed her.'"

"And was not," said Lady Ashton, fiercely and triumphantly breaking in—"was not ours the case stated in the Holy Writ ? Will this person deny, that the instant her parents heard of the vow, or bond, by which our daughter had bound her soul, we disallowed the same in the most express terms, and informed him by writing of our determination ?"

"And is this all ?" said Ravenswood, looking at Lucy. "Are you willing to barter sworn faith, the exercise of free will, and the feelings of mutual affection to this wretched hypocritical sophistry ?"

"Hear him !" said Lady Ashton, looking to the clergyman—"hear the blasphemer !"

"May God forgive him," said Bide-the-Bent, "and enlighten his ignorance !"

"Hear what I have sacrificed for you," said Ravenswood, still addressing Lucy, "ere you sanction what has been done in your name. The honor of an ancient family, the urgent advice of my best friends, have been in vain used to sway my resolution ; neither the arguments of reason nor the portents of superstition have shaken my fidelity. The very dead have arisen to warn me, and their warning has been despised. Are you prepared to pierce my heart for its fidelity with the very weapon which my rash confidence intrusted to your grasp ?"

"Master of Ravenswood," said Lady Ashton, "you have asked what questions you thought fit. You see the total incapacity of my daughter to answer you. But I will reply for her, and in a manner which you cannot dispute. You desire to know whether Lucy Ashton, of her own free will, desires to annul the engagement into which she has been trepanned. You have her letter under her own hand, demanding the surrender of it ; and, in yet more full evidence of her purpose, here is the contract which she has this morning subscribed, in presence of this reverend gentleman, with Mr. Hayston of Bucklaw."

Ravenswood gazed upon the deed as if petrified. "And

it was without fraud or compulsion," said he, looking towards the clergyman, "that Miss Ashton subscribed this parchment?"

"I vouch it upon my sacred character."

"This is indeed, madam, an undeniable piece of evidence," said Ravenswood, sternly; "and it will be equally unnecessary and dishonorable to waste another word in useless remonstrance or reproach. There, madam," he said, laying down before Lucy the signed paper and the broken piece of gold—"there are the evidences of your first engagement; may you be more faithful to that which you have just formed. I will trouble you to return the corresponding tokens of my ill-placed confidence; I ought rather to say, of my egregious folly."

Lucy returned the scornful glance of her lover with a gaze from which perception seemed to have been banished; yet she seemed partly to have understood his meaning, for she raised her hands as if to undo a blue ribbon which she wore around her neck. She was unable to accomplish her purpose, but Lady Ashton cut the ribbon asunder, and detached the broken piece of gold, which Miss Ashton had till then worn concealed in her bosom; the written counterpart of the lovers' engagement she for some time had had in her own possession. With a haughty courtesy, she delivered both to Ravenswood, who was much softened when he took the piece of gold.

"And she could wear it thus," he said, speaking to himself—"could wear it in her very bosom—could wear it next to her heart—even when—— But complaint avails not," he said, dashing from his eye the tear which had gathered in it, and resuming the stern composure of his manner. He strode to the chimney, and threw into the fire the paper and piece of gold, stamping upon the coals, with the heel of his boot, as if to insure their destruction. "I will be no longer," he then said, "an intruder here. Your evil wishes, and your worse offices, Lady Ashton, I will only return by hoping these will be your last machinations against your daughter's honor and happiness. And to you, madam," he said, addressing Lucy, "I have nothing farther to say, except to pray to God that you may not become a world's wonder for this act of wilful and deliberate perjury." Having uttered these words, he turned on his heel and left the apartment.

Sir William Ashton, by entreaty and authority, had detained his son and Bucklaw in a distant part of the castle, in order to prevent their again meeting with Ravenswood; but

as the Master descended the great staircase, Lockhard delivered him a billet, signed "Sholto Douglas Ashton," requesting to know where the Master of Ravenswood would be heard of four or five days from hence, as the writer had business of weight to settle with him, so soon as an important family event had taken place.

"Tell Colonel Ashton," said Ravenswood, composedly, "I shall be found at Wolf's Crag when his leisure serves him."

As he descended the outward stair which led from the terrace, he was a second time interrupted by Craigenfelt, who, on the part of his principal, the Laird of Bucklaw, expressed a hope that Ravenswood would not leave Scotland within ten days at least, as he had both former and recent civilities for which to express his gratitude.

"Tell your master," said Ravenswood, fiercely, "to choose his own time. He will find me at Wolf's Crag, if his purpose is not forestalled."

"My master!" replied Craigenfelt, encouraged by seeing Colonel Ashton and Bucklaw at the bottom of the terrace. "Give me leave to say I know of no such person upon earth, nor will I permit such language to be used to me!"

"Seek your master, then, in hell!" exclaimed Ravenswood, giving way to the passion he had hitherto restrained, and throwing Craigenfelt from him with such violence that he rolled down the steps and lay senseless at the foot of them. "I am a fool," he instantly added, "to vent my passion upon a caitiff so worthless."

He then mounted his horse, which at his arrival he had secured to a balustrade in front of the castle, rode very slowly past Bucklaw and Colonel Ashton, raising his hat as he passed each, and looking in their faces steadily while he offered this mute salutation, which was returned by both with the same stern gravity. Ravenswood walked on with equal deliberation until he reached the head of the avenue, as if to show that he rather courted than avoided interruption. When he had passed the upper gate, he turned his horse, and looked at the castle with a fixed eye; then set spurs to his good steed, and departed with the speed of a demon dismissed by the exorcist.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Who comes from the bridal chamber?
It is Azrael, the angel of death.

Thalaba.

AFTER the dreadful scene that had taken place at the castle, Lucy was transported to her own chamber, where she remained for some time in a state of absolute stupor. Yet afterwards, in the course of the ensuing day, she seemed to have recovered, not merely her spirits and resolution, but a sort of flighty levity, that was foreign to her character and situation, and which was at times checkered by fits of deep silence and melancholy, and of capricious pettishness. Lady Ashton became much alarmed, and consulted the family physicians. But as her pulse indicated no change, they could only say that the disease was on the spirits, and recommended gentle exercise and amusement. Miss Ashton never alluded to what had passed in the state-room. It seemed doubtful even if she was conscious of it, for she was often observed to raise her hands to her neck, as if in search of the ribbon that had been taken from it, and mutter, in surprise and discontent, when she could not find it, "It was the link that bound me to life."

Notwithstanding all these remarkable symptoms, Lady Ashton was too deeply pledged to delay her daughter's marriage even in her present state of health. It cost her much trouble to keep up the fair side of appearances towards Bucklaw. She was well aware, that if he once saw any reluctance on her daughter's part, he would break off the treaty, to her great personal shame and dishonor. She therefore resolved that, if Lucy continued passive, the marriage should take place upon the day that had been previously fixed, trusting that a change of place, of situation, and of character would operate a more speedy and effectual cure upon the unsettled spirits of her daughter than could be attained by the slow measures which the medical men recommended. Sir William Ashton's views of family aggrandizement, and his desire to strengthen himself against the measures of the Marquis of A——, readily induced him to acquiesce in what he could not have perhaps

resisted if willing to do so. As for the young men, Bucklaw and Colonel Ashton, they protested that, after what had happened, it would be most dishonorable to postpone for a single hour the time appointed for the marriage, as it would be generally ascribed to their being intimidated by the intrusive visit and threats of Ravenswood.

Bucklaw would indeed have been incapable of such precipitation, had he been aware of the state of Miss Ashton's health, or rather of her mind. But custom, upon these occasions, permitted only brief and sparing intercourse between the bridegroom and the betrothed, a circumstance so well improved by Lady Ashton, that Bucklaw neither saw nor suspected the real state of the health and feelings of his unhappy bride.

On the eve of the bridal day, Lucy appeared to have one of her fits of levity, and surveyed with a degree of girlish interest the various preparations of dress, etc., etc., which the different members of the family had prepared for the occasion.

The morning dawned bright and cheerily. The bridal guests assembled in gallant troops from distant quarters. Not only the relations of Sir William Ashton, and the still more dignified connections of his lady, together with the numerous kinsmen and allies of the bridegroom, were present upon this joyful ceremony, gallantly mounted, arrayed, and caparisoned, but almost every Presbyterian family of distinction within fifty miles made a point of attendance upon an occasion which was considered as giving a sort of triumph over the Marquis of A——, in the person of his kinsman. Splendid refreshments awaited the guests on their arrival, and after these were finished, the cry was "To horse." The bride was led forth betwixt her brother Henry and her mother. Her gayety of the preceding day had given rise [place] to a deep shade of melancholy, which, however, did not misbecome an occasion so momentous. There was a light in her eyes and a color in her cheek which had not been kindled for many a day, and which, joined to her great beauty, and the splendor of her dress, occasioned her entrance to be greeted with a universal murmur of applause, in which even the ladies could not refrain from joining. While the cavalcade were getting to horse, Sir William Ashton, a man of peace and of form, censured his son Henry for having begirt himself with a military sword of preposterous length, belonging to his brother, Colonel Ashton.

"If you must have a weapon," he said, "upon such a

peaceful occasion, why did you not use the short poniard sent from Edinburgh on purpose ?”

The boy vindicated himself by saying it was lost.

“ You put it out of the way yourself, I suppose,” said his father, “ out of ambition to wear that preposterous thing, which might have served Sir William Wallace. But never mind, get to horse now, and take care of your sister.”

The boy did so, and was placed in the centre of the gallant train. At the time, he was too full of his own appearance, his sword, his laced cloak, his feathered hat, and his managed horse, to pay much regard to anything else ; but he afterwards remembered to the hour of his death, that when the hand of his sister, by which she supported herself on the pillion behind him, touched his own, it felt as wet and cold as sepulchral marble.

Glancing wide over hill and dale, the fair bridal procession at last reached the parish church, which they nearly filled ; for, besides domestics, above a hundred gentlemen and ladies were present upon the occasion. The marriage ceremony was performed according to the rites of the Presbyterian persuasion, to which Bucklaw of late had judged it proper to conform.

On the outside of the church, a liberal dole was distributed to the poor of the neighboring parishes, under the direction of Johnie Morthuech [Mortsheugh], who had lately been promoted from his desolate quarters at the Hermitage to fill the more eligible situation of sexton at the parish church of Ravenswood. Dame Gourlay, with two of her contemporaries, the same who assisted at Alice’s late-wake, seated apart upon a flat monument, or “ through-stane,” sat enviously comparing the shares which had been allotted to them in dividing the dole.

“ Johnie Morthuech,” said Annie Winnie, “ might hae minded auld lang syne, and thought of his auld kimmers, for as braw as he is with his new black coat. I hae gotten but five herring instead o’ sax, and this disna look like a gude saxpennys, and I dare say this bit morsel o’ beef is an unce lighter than ony that’s been dealt round ; and it’s a bit o’ the tenony hough, mair by token that yours, Maggie, is out o’ the back-sey.”

“ Mine, quoth she !” mumbled the paralytic hag—“ mine is half banes, I trow. If grit folk gie poor bodies onything for coming to their weddings and burials, it suld be something that wad do them gude, I think.”

“ Their gifts,” said Ailsie Gourlay, “ are dealt for nae

love of us, nor out of respect for whether we feed or starve. They wad gie us whinstanes for loaves, if it would serve their ain vanity, and yet they expect us to be as gratefu', as they ca' it, as if they served us for true love and liking."

"And that's truly said," answered her companion.

"But, Ailsie Gourlay, ye're the auldest o' us three—did ye ever see a mair grand bridal."

"I winna say that I have," answered the hag; "but I think soon to see as braw a burial."

"And that wad please me as weel," said Annie Winnie; "for there's as large a dole, and folk are no obliged to grin and laugh, and mak murgeons, and wish joy to these hellicat quality, that lord it ower us like brute beasts. I like to pack the dead-dole in my lap, and rin ower my auld rhyme—

"My loaf in my lap, my penny in my purse,
Thou art ne'er the better, and I'm ne'er the worse."*

"That's right, Annie," said the paralytic woman; "God send us a green Yule and a fat kirkyard!"

"But I wad like to ken, Luckie Gourlay, for ye're the auldest and wisest amang us, whilk o' these revellers' turn it will be to be streikit first?"

"D'ye see yon dandilly maiden," said Dame Gourlay, "a' glistenin' wi' gowd and jewels, that they are lifting up on the white horse behind that hare-brained eallant in scarlet, wi' the lang sword at his side?"

"But that's the bride!" said her companion, her cold heart touched with some sort of compassion—"that's the very bride hersell! Eh, whow! sae young, sae braw, and sae bonny—and is her time sae short?"

"I tell ye," said the sibyl, "her winding sheet is up as high as her throat already, believe it wha list. Her sand has but few grains to rin out; and nae wonder—they've been weel shaken. The leaves are withering fast on the trees, but she'll never see the Martinmas wind gar them dance in swirls like the fairy rings."

"Ye waited on her for a quarter," said the paralytic woman, "and got twa red pieces, or I am far beguiled?"

"Ay, ay," answered Ailsie, with a bitter grin; "and Sir William Ashton promised me a bonny red gown to the boot o' that—a stake, and a chain, and a tar-barrel, lass! what think ye o' that for a propine?—for being up early and down late for fourscore nights and mair wi' his dwinning daughter. But he may keep it for his ain leddy, cummers."

* See *Curing by Charms*. Note 11.

“I hae heard a sough,” said Annie Winnie, “as if Leddy Ashton was nae canny body.”

“D’ye see her yonder,” said Dame Gourlay, as she prances on her gray gelding out at the kirkyard? There’s mair o’ utter deevilry in that woman, as brave and fair-fashioned as she rides yonder, than in a’ the Scotch witches that ever flew by moonlight ower North Berwick Law.”

“What’s that ye say about witches, ye damned hags?” said Johnie Morthench [Mortsheugh]; “are ye casting yer cantrips in the very kirkyard, to mischief the bride and bridegroom? Get awa’ hame, for if I tak my souple t’ye, I’ll gar ye find the road faster than ye wad like.”

“Hegh, sirs!” answered Ailsie Gourlay; “how bra’ are we wi’ our new black coat and our weel-pouthered head, as if we had never kenned hunger nor thirst ourselfs! and we’ll be screwing up our bit fiddle, doubtless, in the ha’ the night, amang a’ the other elbow-jiggers for miles round. Let’s see if the pins haud, Johnie—that’s a’, lad.”

“I take ye a’ to witness, gude people,” said Morthench, “that she threatens me wi’ mischief, and forespeaks me. If onything but gude happens to me or my fiddle this night, I’ll make it the blackest night’s job she ever stirred in. I’ll hae her before presbytery and synod: I’m half a minister mysell, now that I’m a bedral in an inhabited parish.”

Although the mutual hatred betwixt these hags and the rest of mankind had steeled their hearts against all impressions of festivity, this was by no means the case with the multitude at large. The splendor of the bridal retinue, the gay dresses, the spirited horses, the blithesome appearance of the handsome women and gallant gentlemen assembled upon the occasion, had the usual effect upon the minds of the populace. The repeated shouts of “Ashton and Bucklaw forever!” the discharge of pistols, guns, and musketoons, to give what was called the bridal shot, evinced the interest the people took in the occasion of the cavalcade, as they accompanied it upon their return to the castle. If there was here and there an elder peasant or his wife who sneered at the pomp of the upstart family, and remembered the days of the long-descended Ravenswoods, even they, attracted by the plentiful cheer which the castle that day afforded to rich and poor, held their way thither, and acknowledged, notwithstanding their prejudices, the influence of *l’Amphitryon où l’on dîne*.

Thus accompanied with the attendance both of rich and poor, Lucy returned to her father’s house. Bucklaw used

his privilege of riding next to the bride, but, new to such a situation, rather endeavored to attract attention by the display of his person and horsemanship, than by any attempt to address her in private. They reached the castle in safety, amid a thousand joyous acclamations.

It is well known that the weddings of ancient days were celebrated with a festive publicity rejected by the delicacy of modern times. The marriage guests, on the present occasion, were regaled with a banquet of unbounded profusion, the relics of which, after the domestics had feasted in their turn, were distributed among the shouting crowd, with as many barrels of ale as made the hilarity without correspond to that within the castle. The gentlemen, according to the fashion of the times, indulged, for the most part, in deep draughts of the richest wines, while the ladies, prepared for the ball which always closed a bridal entertainment, impatiently expected their arrival in the state gallery. At length the social party broke up at a late hour, and the gentlemen crowded into the saloon, where, enlivened by wine and the joyful occasion, they laid aside their swords and handed their impatient partners to the floor. The music already rang from the gallery, along the fretted roof of the ancient state apartment. According to strict etiquette, the bride ought to have opened the ball; but Lady Ashton, making an apology on account of her daughter's health, offered her own hand to Bucklaw as substitute for her daughter's.

But as Lady Ashton raised her head gracefully, expecting the strain at which she was to begin the dance, she was so much struck by an unexpected alteration in the ornaments of the apartment that she was surprised into an exclamation—"Who has dared to change the pictures?"

All looked up, and those who knew the usual state of the apartment observed, with surprise, that the picture of Sir William Ashton's father was removed from its place, and in its stead that of old Sir Malise Ravenswood seemed to frown wrath and vengeance upon the party assembled below. The exchange must have been made while the apartments were empty, but had not been observed until the torches and lights in the sconces were kindled for the ball. The haughty and heated spirits of the gentlemen led them to demand an immediate inquiry into the cause of what they deemed an affront to their host and to themselves; but Lady Ashton, recovering herself, passed it over as the freak of a crazy wench who was maintained about the castle, and whose susceptible imagination had been observed to be much affected

by the stories which Dame Gourlay delighted to tell concerning "the former family," so Lady Ashton named the Ravenswoods. The obnoxious picture was immediately removed, and the ball was opened by Lady Ashton, with a grace and dignity which supplied the charms of youth, and almost verified the extravagant encomiums of the elder part of the company, who extolled her performance as far exceeding the dancing of the rising generation.

When Lady Ashton sat down, she was not surprised to find that her daughter had left the apartment, and she herself followed, eager to obviate any impression which might have been made upon her nerves by an incident so likely to affect them as the mysterious transposition of the portraits. Apparently she found her apprehensions groundless, for she returned in about an hour, and whispered the bridegroom, who extricated himself from the dancers, and vanished from the apartment. The instruments now played their loudest strains; the dancers pursued their exercise with all the enthusiasm inspired by youth, mirth, and high spirits, when a cry was heard so shrill and piercing as at once to arrest the dance and the music. All stood motionless; but when the yell was again repeated, Colonel Ashton snatched a torch from the sconce, and demanding the key of the bridal-chamber from Henry, to whom, as bride's-man, it had been intrusted, rushed thither, followed by Sir William and Lady Ashton, and one or two others, near relations of the family. The bridal guests waited their return in stupefied amazement.

Arrived at the door of the apartment, Colonel Ashton knocked and called, but received no answer except stifled groans. He hesitated no longer to open the door of the apartment, in which he found opposition from something which lay against it. When he had succeeded in opening it, the body of the bridegroom was found lying on the threshold of the bridal chamber, and all around was flooded with blood. A cry of surprise and horror was raised by all present; and the company, excited by this new alarm, began to rush tumultuously towards the sleeping apartment. Colonel Ashton, first whispering to his mother—"Search for her; she has murdered him!" drew his sword, planted himself in the passage, and declared he would suffer no man to pass excepting the clergyman and a medical person present. By their assistance, Bucklaw, who still breathed, was raised from the ground, and transported to another apartment, where his friends, full of suspicion and murmuring, assembled round him to learn the opinion of the surgeon.



Scene in the bridal chamber—Colonel Ashton finding the body of Bucklaw.

In the mean while, Lady Ashton, her husband, and their assistants in vain sought Lucy in the bridal bed and in the chamber. There was no private passage from the room, and they began to think that she must have thrown herself from the window, when one of the company, holding his torch lower than the rest, discovered something white in the corner of the great old-fashioned chimney of the apartment. Here they found the unfortunate girl seated, or rather couched like a hare upon its form—her head-gear dishevelled, her night-clothes torn and dabbled with blood, her eyes glazed, and her features convulsed into a wild paroxysm of insanity. When she saw herself discovered, she gibbered, made mouths, and pointed at them with her bloody fingers, with the frantic gestures of an exulting demoniac.

Female assistance was now hastily summoned ; the unhappy bride was overpowered, not without the use of some force. As they carried her over the threshold, she looked down, and uttered the only articulate words that she had yet spoken, saying, with a sort of grinning exultation—“ So, you have ta'en up your bonny bridegroom ? ” She was, by the shuddering assistants, conveyed to another and more retired apartment, where she was secured as her situation required, and closely watched. The unutterable agony of the parents, the horror and confusion of all who were in the castle, the fury of contending passions between the friends of the different parties—passions augmented by previous intemperance—surpass description.

The surgeon was the first who obtained something like a patient hearing ; he pronounced that the wound of Bucklaw, though severe and dangerous, was by no means fatal, but might readily be rendered so by disturbance and hasty removal. This silenced the numerous party of Bucklaw's friends, who had previously insisted that he should, at all rates, be transported from the castle to the nearest of their houses. They still demanded, however, that, in consideration of what had happened, four of their number should remain to watch over the sick-bed of their friend, and that a suitable number of their domestics, well armed, should also remain in the castle. This condition being acceded to on the part of Colonel Ashton and his father, the rest of the bridegroom's friends left the castle, notwithstanding the hour and the darkness of the night. The cares of the medical man were next employed in behalf of Miss Ashton, whom he pronounced to be in a very dangerous state. Farther medical assistance was immediately summoned. All night she remained delirious.

On the morning, she fell into a state of absolute insensibility. The next evening, the physicians said, would be the crisis of her malady. It proved so; for although she awoke from her trance with some appearance of calmness, and suffered her night-clothes to be changed, or put in order, yet so soon as she put her hand to her neck, as if to search for the fatal blue ribbon, a tide of recollection seemed to rush upon her, which her mind and body were alike incapable of bearing. Convulsion followed convulsion, till they closed in death, without her being able to utter a word explanatory of the fatal scene.

The provincial judge of the district arrived the day after the young lady had expired, and executed, though with all possible delicacy to the afflicted family, the painful duty of inquiring into this fatal transaction. But there occurred nothing to explain the general hypothesis that the bride, in a sudden fit of insanity, had stabbed the bridegroom at the threshold of the apartment. The fatal weapon was found in the chamber smeared with blood. It was the same poniard which Henry should have worn on the wedding-day, and which his unhappy sister had probably contrived to secrete on the preceding evening, when it had been shown to her among other articles of preparation for the wedding.

The friends of Bucklaw expected that on his recovery he would throw some light upon this dark story, and eagerly pressed him with inquiries, which for some time he evaded under pretext of weakness. When, however, he had been transported to his own house, and was considered as in a state of convalescence, he assembled those persons, both male and female, who had considered themselves as entitled to press him on this subject, and returned them thanks for the interest they had exhibited in his behalf, and their offers of adherence and support. "I wish you all," he said, "my friends, to understand, however, that I have neither story to tell nor injuries to avenge. If a lady shall question me henceforward upon the incidents of that unhappy night, I shall remain silent, and in future consider her as one who has shown herself desirous to break off her friendship with me; in a word, I will never speak to her again. But if a gentleman shall ask me the same question, I shall regard the incivility as equivalent to an invitation to meet him in the Duke's Walk,* and I expect that he will rule himself accordingly."

A declaration so decisive admitted no commentary; and it was soon after seen that Bucklaw had arisen from the bed of sickness a sadder and a wiser man than he had hitherto

* See Note 12.

shown himself. He dismissed Craigenfelt from his society, but not without such a provision as, if well employed, might secure him against indigence and against temptation.

Bucklaw afterwards went abroad, and never returned to Scotland ; nor was he known ever to hint at the circumstances attending his fatal marriage. By many readers this may be deemed overstrained, romantic, and composed by the wild imagination of an author desirous of gratifying the popular appetite for the horrible ; but those who are read in the private family history of Scotland during the period in which the scene is laid, will readily discover, through the disguise of borrowed names and added incidents, the leading particulars of AN OWER TRUE TALE.

CHAPTER XXXV

Whose mind's so marbled, and his heart so **hard**,
That would not, when this huge mishap was **heard**,
To th' utmost note of sorrow set their song,
To see a gallant, with so great a grace,
So suddenly unthought on, so o'erthrown,
And so to perish, in so poor a place,
By too rash riding in a ground unknown!

POEM, IN NISBET'S *Heraldry*, vol. ii.

WE have anticipated the course of time to mention Bucklaw's recovery and fate, that we might not interrupt the detail of events which succeeded the funeral of the unfortunate Lucy Ashton. This melancholy ceremony was performed in the misty dawn of an autumnal morning, with such moderate attendance and ceremony as could not possibly be dispensed with. A very few of the nearest relations attended her body to the same churchyard to which she had so lately been led as a bride, with as little free will, perhaps, as could be now testified by her lifeless and passive remains. An aisle adjacent to the church had been fitted up by Sir William Ashton as a family cemetery; and here, in a coffin bearing neither name nor date, were consigned to dust the remains of what was once lovely, beautiful, and innocent, though exasperated to frenzy by a long tract of unremitting persecution.

While the mourners were busy in the vault, the three village hags, who, notwithstanding the unwonted earliness of the hour, had snuffed the carrion like vultures, were seated on the "through-stane," and engaged in their wonted unhallowed conference.

"Did not I say," said Dame Gourlay, "that the braw bridal would be followed by as braw a funeral?"

"I think," answered Dame Winnie, "there's little bravery at it: neither meat nor drink, and just a wheen silver tip-pences to the poor folk; it was little worth while to come sae far road for sae sma' profit, and us sae frail."

"Out, wretch!" replied Dame Gourlay, "can a' the dainties they could gie us be half sae sweet as this hour's vengeance? There they are that were capering on their prancing

nags four days since, and they are now ganging as dreigh and sober as oursells the day. They were a' glistening wi' gowd and silver; they're now as black as the crook. And Miss Lucy Ashton, that grudged when an honest woman came near her—a taid may sit on her coffin the day, and she can never seunner when he croaks. And Lady Ashton has hell-fire burning in her breast by this time; and Sir William, wi' his gibbets, and his faggots, and his chains, how likes he the witcheries of his ain dwelling-house?"

"And is it true, then," mumbled the paralytic wretch, "that the bride was trailed out of her bed and up the chimbley by evil spirits, and that the bridegroom's face was wrung round ahint him?"

"Ye needna care wha did it, or how it was done," said Ailsie Gourlay; "but I'll uphauld it for nae stickit job, and that the lairds and leddies ken weel this day."

"And was it true," said Annie Winnie, "sin ye ken sae muckle about it, that the picture of auld Sir Malise Ravenswood came down on the ha' floor, and led out the brawl before them a'?"

"Na," said Ailsie; "but into the ha' came the picture—and I ken weel how it came there—to gie them a warning that pride wad get a fa'. But there's as queer a ploy, cummers, as ony o' thae, that's gaun on even now in the burial vault yonder: ye saw twall mourners, wi' crape and cloak, gang down the steps pair and pair?"

"What should ail us to see them?" said the one old woman.

"I counted them," said the other, with the eagerness of a person to whom the spectacle had afforded too much interest to be viewed with indifference.

"But ye did not see," said Ailsie, exulting in her superior observation, "that there's a thirteenth among them that they ken naething about; and, if auld freits say true, there's ane o' that company that'll no be lang for this world. But come awa', cummers; if we bide here, I'se warrant we get the wyte o' whatever ill comes of it, and that gude will come of it nane o' them need ever think to see."

And thus, croaking like the ravens when they anticipate pestilence, the ill-boding sibyls withdrew from the churchyard.

In fact, the mourners, when the service of interment was ended, discovered that there was among them one more than the invited number, and the remark was communicated in whispers to each other. The suspicion fell upon a figure

which, muffled in the same deep mourning with the others, was reclined, almost in a state of insensibility, against one of the pillars of the sepulchral vault. The relatives of the Ashton family were expressing in whispers their surprise and displeasure at the intrusion, when they were interrupted by Colonel Ashton, who, in his father's absence, acted as principal mourner. "I know," he said in a whisper, "who this person is; he has, or shall soon have, as deep cause of mourning as ourselves; leave me to deal with him, and do not disturb the ceremony by unnecessary exposure." So saying, he separated himself from the group of his relations, and taking the unknown mourner by the cloak, he said to him, in a tone of suppressed emotion, "Follow me."

The stranger, as if starting from a trance at the sound of his voice, mechanically obeyed, and they ascended the broken ruinous stair which led from the sepulchre into the churchyard. The other mourners followed, but remained grouped together at the door of the vault, watching with anxiety the motions of Colonel Ashton and the stranger, who now appeared to be in close conference beneath the shade of a yew-tree, in the most remote part of the burial-ground.

To this sequestered spot Colonel Ashton had guided the stranger, and then turning round, addressed him in a stern and composed tone. "I cannot doubt that I speak to the Master of Ravenswood?" No answer was returned. "I cannot doubt," resumed the Colonel, trembling with rising passion, "that I speak to the murderer of my sister?"

"You have named me but too truly," said Ravenswood, in a hollow and tremulous voice.

"If you repent what you have done," said the Colonel, "may your penitence avail you before God; with me it shall serve you nothing. Here," he said, giving a paper, "is the measure of my sword, and a memorandum of the time and place of meeting. Sunrise to-morrow morning, on the links to the east of Wolf's Hope."

The Master of Ravenswood held the paper in his hand, and seemed irresolute. At length he spoke—"Do not," he said, "urge to farther desperation a wretch who is already desperate. Enjoy your life while you can, and let me seek my death from another."

"That you never, never shall!" said Douglas Ashton. "You shall die by my hand, or you shall complete the ruin of my family by taking my life. If you refuse my open challenge, there is no advantage I will not take of you, no indignity with which I will not load you, until the very name

of Ravenswood shall be the sign of everything that is dishonorable, as it is already of all that is villanous."

"That it shall never be," said Ravenswood, fiercely; "if I am the last who must bear it, I owe it to those who once owned it that the name shall be extinguished without infamy. I accept your challenge, time, and place of meeting. We meet, I presume, alone?"

"Alone we meet," said Colonel Ashton, "and alone will the survivor of us return from that place of rendezvous."

"Then God have mercy on the soul of him who falls!" said Ravenswood.

"So be it!" said Colonel Ashton; "so far can my charity reach even for the man I hate most deadly, and with the deepest reason. Now, break off, for we shall be interrupted. The links by the sea-shore to the east of Wolf's Hope; the hour, sunrise; our swords our only weapons."

"Enough," said the Master, "I will not fail you."

They separated; Colonel Ashton joining the rest of the mourners, and the Master of Ravenswood taking his horse, which was tied to a tree behind the church. Colonel Ashton returned to the castle with the funeral guests, but found a pretext for detaching himself from them in the evening, when, changing his dress to a riding-habit, he rode to Wolf's Hope that night, and took up his abode in the little inn, in order that he might be ready for his rendezvous in the morning.

It is not known how the Master of Ravenswood disposed of the rest of that unhappy day. Late at night, however, he arrived at Wolf's Crag, and aroused his old domestic, Caleb Balderstone, who had ceased to expect his return. Confused and flying rumors of the late tragical death of Miss Ashton, and of its mysterious cause, had already reached the old man, who was filled with the utmost anxiety, on account of the probable effect these events might produce upon the mind of his master.

The conduct of Ravenswood did not alleviate his apprehensions. To the butler's trembling entreaties that he would take some refreshment, he at first returned no answer, and then suddenly and fiercely demanding wine, he drank, contrary to his habits, a very large draught. Seeing that his master would eat nothing, the old man affectionately entreated that he would permit him to light him to his chamber. It was not until the request was three or four times repeated that Ravenswood made a mute sign of compliance. But when Balderstone conducted him to an apartment

which had been comfortably fitted up, and which, since his return, he had usually occupied, Ravenswood stopped short on the threshold.

“Not here,” said he, sternly; “show me the room in which my father died; the room in which SHE slept the night they were at the castle.”

“Who, sir?” said Caleb, too terrified to preserve his presence of mind.

“*She*, Lucy Ashton! Would you kill me, old man, by forcing me to repeat her name?”

Caleb would have said something of the disrepair of the chamber, but was silenced by the irritable impatience which was expressed in his master’s countenance; he lighted the way trembling and in silence, placed the lamp on the table of the deserted room, and was about to attempt some arrangement of the bed, when his master bid him begone in a tone that admitted of no delay. The old man retired, not to rest, but to prayer; and from time to time crept to the door of the apartment, in order to find out whether Ravenswood had gone to repose. His measured heavy step upon the floor was only interrupted by deep groans; and the repeated stamps of the heel of his heavy boot intimated too clearly that the wretched inmate was abandoning himself at such moments to paroxysms of uncontrolled agony. The old man thought that the morning, for which he longed, would never have dawned; but time, whose course rolls on with equal current, however it may seem more rapid or more slow to mortal apprehension, brought the dawn at last, and spread a ruddy light on the broad verge of the glistening ocean. It was early in November, and the weather was serene for the season of the year. But an easterly wind had prevailed during the night, and the advancing tide rolled nearer than usual to the foot of the crags on which the castle was founded.

With the first peep of light, Balderstone again resorted to the door of Ravenswood’s sleeping apartment, through a chink of which he observed him engaged in measuring the length of two or three swords which lay in a closet adjoining to the apartment. He muttered to himself, as he selected one of these weapons—“It is shorter: let him have this advantage, as he has every other.”

Caleb Balderstone knew too well, from what he witnessed, upon what enterprise his master was bound, and how vain all interference on his part must necessarily prove. He had but time to retreat from the door, so nearly was he surprised by his master suddenly coming out and descending to the

stables. The faithful domestic followed ; and, from the dishevelled appearance of his master's dress, and his ghastly looks, was confirmed in his conjecture that he had passed the night without sleep or repose. He found him busily engaged in saddling his horse, a service from which Caleb, though with faltering voice and trembling hands, offered to relieve him. Ravenswood rejected his assistance by a mute sign, and having led the animal into the court, was just about to mount him, when the old domestic's fear giving way to the strong attachment which was the principal passion of his mind, he flung himself suddenly at Ravenswood's feet, and clasped his knees, while he exclaimed, "Oh, sir ! oh, master ! kill me if you will, but do not go out on this dreadful errand ! Oh ! my dear master, wait but this day ; the Marquis of A—— comes to-morrow, and a' will be remedied."

"You have no longer a master, Caleb," said Ravenswood, endeavoring to extricate himself ; "why, old man, would you cling to a falling tower ?"

"But I *have* a master," cried Caleb, still holding him fast, "while the heir of Ravenswood breathes. I am but a servant ; but I was born your father's—your grandfather's servant. I was born for the family—I have lived for them—I would die for them ! Stay but at home, and all will be well !"

"Well, fool ! well ?" said Ravenswood. "Vain old man, nothing hereafter in life will be well with me, and happiest is the hour that shall soonest close it !"

So saying, he extricated himself from the old man's hold, threw himself on his horse, and rode out at the gate ; but instantly turning back, he threw towards Caleb, who hastened to meet him, a heavy purse of gold.

"Caleb !" he said, with a ghastly smile, "I make you my executor ;" and again turning his bridle, he resumed his course down the hill.

The gold fell unheeded on the pavement, for the old man ran to observe the course which was taken by his master, who turned to the left down a small and broken path, which gained the sea-shore through a cleft in the rock, and led to a sort of cove where, in former times, the boats of the castle were wont to be moored. Observing him take this course, Caleb hastened to the eastern battlement, which commanded the prospect of the whole sands, very near as far as Wolf's Hope. He could easily see his master riding in that direction, as fast as the horse could carry him. The prophecy at

once rushed on Balderstone's mind, that the Lord of Ravenswood should perish on the Kelpie's flow, which lay half-way betwixt the Tower and the links, or sand knolls, to the northward of Wolf's Hope. He saw him accordingly reach the fatal spot ; but he never saw him pass farther.

Colonel Ashton, frantic for revenge, was already in the field, pacing the turf with eagerness, and looking with impatience towards the Tower for the arrival of his antagonist. The sun had now risen, and showed its broad disc above the eastern sea, so that he could easily discern the horseman who rode towards him with speed which argued impatience equal to his own. At once the figure became invisible, as if it had melted into the air. He rubbed his eyes, as if he had witnessed an apparition, and then hastened to the spot, near which he was met by Balderstone, who came from the opposite direction. No trace whatever of horse or rider could be discerned ; it only appeared that the late winds and high tides had greatly extended the usual bounds of the quicksand, and that the unfortunate horseman, as appeared from the hoof-tracks, in his precipitate haste, had not attended to keep on the firm sands on the foot of the rock, but had taken the shortest and most dangerous course. One only vestige of his fate appeared. A large sable feather had been detached from his hat, and the rippling waves of the rising tide wafted it to Caleb's feet. The old man took it up, dried it, and placed it in his bosom.

The inhabitants of Wolf's Hope were now alarmed, and crowded to the place, some on shore, and some in boats, but their search availed nothing. The tenacious depths of the quicksand, as is usual in such cases, retained its prey.

Our tale draws to a conclusion. The Marquis of A——, alarmed at the frightful reports that were current, and anxious for his kinsman's safety, arrived on the subsequent day to mourn his loss ; and, after renewing in vain a search for the body, returned, to forget what had happened amid the bustle of politics and state affairs.

Not so Caleb Balderstone. If worldly profit could have consoled the old man, his age was better provided for than his earlier years had ever been ; but life had lost to him its salt and its savor. His whole course of ideas, his feelings, whether of pride or of apprehension, of pleasure or of pain, had all arisen from his close connection with the family which was now extinguished. He held up his head no longer, for

sook all his usual haunts and occupations, and seemed only to find pleasure in moping about those apartments in the old castle which the Master of Ravenswood had last inhabited. He ate without refreshment, and slumbered without repose ; and, with a fidelity sometimes displayed by the canine race, but seldom by human beings, he pined and died within a year after the catastrophe which we have narrated.

The family of Ashton did not long survive that of Ravenswood. Sir William Ashton outlived his eldest son, the Colonel, who was slain in a duel in Flanders ; and Henry, by whom he was succeeded, died unmarried. Lady Ashton lived to the verge of extreme old age, the only survivor of the group of unhappy persons whose misfortunes were owing to her implacability. That she might internally feel compunction, and reconcile herself with Heaven, whom she had offended, we will not, and we dare not, deny ; but to those around her she did not evince the slightest symptom either of repentance or remorse. In all external appearance she bore the same bold, haughty, unbending character which she had displayed before these unhappy events. A splendid marble monument records her name, titles, and virtues, while her victims remain undistinguished by tomb or epitaph.

NOTES TO THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR

NOTE 1.—THE FAMILY OF STAIR, p. ix

[It may be regretted that the Author had not adhered to his original purpose as here stated. In his Introduction to the Chronicles of the Canongate, when referring to the sources or materials of his novels, he says, "I may mention, for example's sake, that the terrible catastrophe of the Bride of Lammermoor actually occurred in a Scottish family of rank. . . . It is unnecessary farther to withdraw the real veil from this scene of family distress, nor, although it occurred more than a hundred years since, might it be altogether agreeable to the representatives of the families concerned in the narrative. It may be proper to say, that the events are imitated; but I had neither the means nor intention of copying the manners, or tracing the characters, of the persons concerned in the real story."

The regret, however, is not in his stating that the tragical event said to have happened in the family of Dalrymple of Stair in 1669 had suggested the catastrophe, but in seemingly connecting the story itself with the history of that family, by quoting so fully the scandal and satirical verses of a later period.—Laing.]

NOTE 2.—SIR G. LOCKHART, p. 37

President of the Court of Session. He was pistolled in the High Street of Edinburgh, by John Criesley of Dalry, in the year 1689. The revenge of this desperate man was stimulated by an opinion that he had sustained injustice in a decret-arbitral pronounced by the President, assigning an alimentary provision of about £93 in favor of his wife and children. He is said at first to have designed to shoot the judge while attending upon divine worship, but was diverted by some feeling concerning the sanctity of the place. After the congregation was dismissed, he clogged his victim as far as the head of the close, on the south side of the Lawnmarket, in which the President's house was situated, and shot him dead as he was about to enter it. This act was done in the presence of numerous spectators. The assassin made no attempt to fly, but boasted of the deed, saying, "I have taught the President how to do justice." He had at least given him fair warning, as Jack Cade says on a similar occasion. The murderer, after undergoing the torture, by a special act of the Estates of Parliament, was tried before the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as high sheriff, and condemned to be dragged on a hurdle to the place of execution, to have his right hand struck off while he yet lived, and, finally, to be hung on the gallows with the pistol where-with he shot the President tied around his neck. This execution took place on the 3d of April, 1689; and the incident was long remembered as a dreadful instance of what the law books call the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*.

NOTE 3.—THE BALLANTYNES, p. 79

James Ballantyne, the eminent printer, was the eldest of three sons of a small merchant in Kelso. He was born in 1772, and became acquainted with Sir Walter Scott so early as 1784, when attending the grammar school. Having established a printing office, he started a local newspaper, called the Kelso Mail; and in 1799 there issued from his press Scott's Apology for Tales of Terror, of which only twelve copies were thrown off. This was followed by the first edition of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border in 1802, a work that was considered such an admirable specimen of typography that Ballantyne was induced to remove to Edinburgh, where for thirty years he carried on a printing establishment with great success, leaving his younger brother Alexander at Kelso to look after the newspaper.

John Ballantyne, the second son, was born in 1774. He commenced his career at Kelso, in September, 1813, by the sale of that portion of the celebrated library of John Duke of Roxburghe which remained at Fleurs Castle. On coming to Edinburgh, he was for a time connected with the printing office; but afterwards turned auctioneer and bookseller, and became the publisher of several of Scott's Poems and Novels. "Jocund Johnny," as Scott sometimes called him, was a person of volatile and joyous disposition, a most amusing companion, having the credit of being the best story-teller of his time. The state of his health, however, obliged him to relinquish business, and he died 16th June, 1821.

James, who devoted much of his time to theatrical criticism and journalism, died within four months of Sir Walter Scott, in January, 1833. He assisted the Author of these novels in revising the proof sheets and suggested minute corrections (Laing).

NOTE 4.—GEORGE BUCHANAN'S JESTS, p. 107

Referring probably to a popular chap-book, entitled *The Witty and Entertaining Exploits of George Buchanan*, who was commonly called the King's Fool; the whole six parts complete, 1781. This character was jester to Charles I., and must not be mistaken for his learned namesake (Laing).

NOTE 5.—RAID OF CALEB BALDERSTONE, p. 123

The raid of Caleb Balderstone on the cooper's kitchen has been universally considered on the southern side of the Tweed as grotesquely and absurdly extravagant. The Author can only say that a similar anecdote was communicated to him, with date and names of the parties, by a noble earl lately deceased, whose remembrances of former days, both in Scotland and England, while they were given with a felicity and power of humor never to be forgotten by those who had the happiness of meeting his lordship in familiar society, were especially invaluable from their extreme accuracy.

Speaking after my kind and lamented informer, with the omission of names only, the anecdote ran thus: There was a certain bachelor gentleman in one of the midland counties of Scotland, second son of an ancient family, who lived on the fortune of a second son, videlicet, upon some miserably small annuity, which yet was so managed and stretched out by the expedients of his man John that his master kept the front rank with all the young men of quality in the county, and hunted, dined, dined and drank with them upon apparently equal terms.

It is true that, as the master's society was extremely amusing, his friends contrived to reconcile his man John to accept assistance of various kinds "under the rose," which they dared not to have directly offered to his master. Yet, very consistently with all this good inclination to John and John's master, it was thought among the young fox-hunters that 't would be an excellent jest, if possible, to take John at fault.

With this intention, and, I think, in consequence of a bet, a party of four or five of these youngsters arrived at the bachelor's little

mansion, which was adjacent to a considerable village. Here they alighted a short while before the dinner hour—for it was judged regular to give John's ingenuity a fair start—and, rushing past the astonished domestic, entered the little parlor; and, telling some concerted story of the cause of their invasion, the self-invited guests asked their landlord if he could let them have some dinner. Their friend gave them a hearty and unembarrassed reception, and, for the matter of dinner, referred them to John. He was summoned accordingly; received his master's orders to get dinner ready for the party who had thus unexpectedly arrived, and, without changing a muscle of his countenance, promised prompt obedience. Great was the speculation of the visitors, and probably of the landlord also, what was to be the issue of John's fair promises. Some of the more curious had taken a peep into the kitchen, and could see nothing there to realize the prospect held out by the major-domo. But, punctual as the dinner-hour struck on the village clock, John placed before them a stately rump of boiled beef, with a proper accompaniment of greens, amply sufficient to dine the whole party and to decide the bet against those among the visitors who expected to take John napping. The explanation was the same as in the case of Caleb Balderstone. John had used the freedom to carry off the kale-pot of a rich old chuff in the village and brought it to his master's house, leaving the proprietor and his friends to dine on bread and cheese; and as John said, "good enough for them." The fear of giving offense to so many persons of distinction kept the poor man sufficiently quiet, and he was afterward remunerated by some indirect patronage, so that the jest was admitted a good one on all sides. In England, at any period, or in some parts of Scotland at the present day, it might not have passed off so well.

NOTE 6.—ANCIENT HOSPITALITY, p. 132

It was once the universal custom to place ale, wine or some strong liquor in the chamber of an honored guest to assuage his thirst should he feel any on awaking in the night, which, considering that the hospitality of that period often reaches excess, was by no means unlikely. The author has met some instances of it in former days and in old-fashioned families. It was, perhaps, no poetic fiction that records how

My cummer and I lay down to sleep
 With two pint-stoups at our bed-feet;
 And aye when we waken'd we drank them dry
 What think you o' my cummer and I?

It is a current story in Teviotdale that in the house of an ancient family of distinction, much addicted to the Presbyterian cause a Bible was always put into the sleeping apartment of the guests, along with a bottle of strong ale. On some occasion there was a meeting of clergymen in the vicinity of the castle, all of whom were invited to dinner by the worthy baronet, and several abode all night. According to the fashion of the times, seven of the reverend guests were allotted to one large barrack-room, which was used on such occasions of extended hospitality. The butler took care that the divines were presented, according to custom, each with a Bible and a bottle of ale. But after a little consultation among themselves they are said to have recalled the domestic as he was leaving the apartment. "My friend," said one of the venerable guests, "you must know when we meet together as brethren the youngest minister reads aloud a portion of Scripture to the rest; only one Bible, therefore, is necessary; take away the other six and in their place bring six more bottles of ale."

This synod would have suited the "hermit sage" of Johnson, who answered a pupil who inquired for the real road to happiness with the celebrated line,

Come, my lad, and drink some beer!

NOTE 7.—APPEAL TO PARLIAMENT, p. 146

The power of appeal from the Court of Sessions, the supreme Judges of Scotland, to the Scottish Parliament, in case of civil right,

was fiercely debated before the Union. It was a privilege highly desirable for the subject, as the examination and occasional reversal of their sentences in Parliament might serve as a check upon the judges, which they greatly required at a time when they were much more distinguished for legal knowledge than for uprightness and integrity.

The members of the Faculty of Advocates (so the Scottish barristers are termed), in the year 1674, incurred the violent displeasure of the Court of Sessions, on account of their refusal to renounce the right of appeal to Parliament; and, by a very arbitrary procedure, the majority of the number were banished from Edinburgh, and consequently deprived of their professional practice, for several sessions or terms. But, by the articles of the Union, an appeal to the British House of Peers has been secured to the Scottish subject, and that right has, no doubt, had its influence in forming the impartial and independent character which, much contrary to the practice of their predecessors, the Judges of the Court of Session have since displayed.

It is easy to conceive that an old lawyer like the Lord Keeper in the text should feel alarm at the judgments given in his favor, upon grounds of strict penal law, being brought to appeal under a new and dreaded procedure in a court eminently impartial, and peculiarly moved by considerations of equity.

In earlier editions of this work [before 1829-33] this legal distinction was not sufficiently explained..

NOTE 8.—POOR-MAN-OF-MUTTON, p. 168

The blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton is called in Scotland "a poor man," as in some parts of England it is termed "a poor knight of Windsor;" in contrast, it must be presumed, to the baronial Sir Loin. It is said that, in the last age, an old Scottish peer, whose conditions (none of the most gentle) were marked by a a strange and fierce-looking exaggeration of the Highland countenance, chanced to be indisposed while he was in London attending Parliament. The master of the hotel where he lodged, anxious to show attention to his noble guest, waited on him to enumerate the contents of his well-stocked larder, so as to endeavor to hit on something which might suit his appetite. "I think, landlord," said his lordship, rising up from his couch, and throwing back the tartan plaid with which he had screened his grim and ferocious visage—"I think I could eat a morsel of a poor man." The landlord fled in terror, having no doubt that his guest was a cannibal, who might be in the habit of eating a slice of a tenant as light food when he was under regimen.

NOTE 9.—MIDDLETON'S "MAD WORLD," p. 199

Hereupon I, Jedediah Cleishbotham, crave leave to remark primo, which signifies, in the first place that, having in vain inquired at the circulating library in Gandercleugh, albeit it aboundeth in similar vanities, for this samyn Middleton and his "Mad World," it was at length shown unto me amongst other ancient fooleries carefully compiled by one Dodsley,* who, doubtless, hath his reward for neglect of precious time; and having misused so much of mine as was necessary for the purpose, I therein found that a play-man is brought in as a footman, whom a knight is made to greet facetiously with the epithet of "linen stocking, and threescore miles a-day."

Secundo, which is secondly in the vernacular, under Mr. Pattieson's favour, some men not altogether so old as he would represent them, do remember this species of menial, or forerunner. In evidence of which I, Jedediah Cleishbotham, though mine eyes yet do me good service, remember me to have seen one of this tribe clothed in white, and bearing a staff, who ran daily before the stage-coach of the umquhile John Earl of Hopeton, father of this earl, Charles, that now is; unto whom, it may be justly said, that renowned playeth the part of a running footman, or precursor; and, as the poet singeth—

Mars standing by asserts his quarrel,
And Fame flies after with a laurel.

*See Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays, vol. v., p. 307 (Laing).

NOTE 10.—TRUMPETER MARINE AT SHERIFFMUIR, p. 233

The battle of Sheriffmuir, which took place in November, 1715, was claimed as a victory by both sides. This gave rise to a clever popular song printed at the time as a broadside, under the title of *A Race at Sheriffmuir*, fairly run on the 15th November, 1715, to the tune of "The Horseman's Sport."

There's some say that we wan, some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a', man:
 But one thing I'm sure, that at Sheriffmuir
 A battle there was, which I saw, man.
 And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
 And we ran, and they ran awa', man.

In these satirical verses Trumpeter Marine is introduced, and in proof of Sir Walter's accuracy as to the name, the following note may be added, as recent editors of this ballad have altered it to Maclean:

In the *Present State of Great Britain*, London, 1710, Francis Marine is second on the list of Queen Anne's Trumpeters for Scotland, while in the volume for 1716 his name occurs among the officers of the king's household, as "Francis Marine, Sen.," and there is added as fifth trumpeter, "Francis Marine, Jun." These household trumpeters were employed, as they are to this day in the Lyon Office, for announcing royal proclamations, and attending the Circuit Courts of Justiciary. Another son or grandson, named James Marine, continues to appear as trumpeter down to 1785.

The words referred to, in the original ballad of Sheriffmuir, are as follow:

And Trumpet Marine too, whose breeks were not clean, through
 Misfortune he happen'd to fa', man:
 By saving his neck, his trumpet did break,
 Came off without musick at a', man.
 And we ran, and they ran, etc.

No doubt there was a John Maclean, trumpeter, sent on a message from the rebels to the Duke of Argyle before the battle, but the modern improvers have spoiled the verses both as to rhyme and accuracy; while they have overlooked the description of the trumpeter's dress, which would evidently indicate his not being a Highlander (Laing).

NOTE 11.—CURING BY CHARMS, p. 291

Reginald Scott tells of an old woman who performed so many cures by means of a charm that she was suspected of witchcraft. Her mode of practice being inquired into, it was found that the only fee which she would accept of was a loaf of bread and a silver penny; and that the potent charm with which she wrought so many cures was the doggerel couplet in the text.

NOTE 12.—DUKE'S WALK, p. 296

A walk in the vicinity of Holyrood House, so-called because often frequented by the Duke of York, afterwards James II., during his residence in Scotland. It was for a long time the usual place of rendezvous for settling affairs of honor.

GLOSSARY

OF

WORDS, PHRASES AND ALLUSIONS

- ABEE**, alone
- ABOON, ABUNE**, above,
- ABLUEZE**, in a blaze up
- ABOU HASSAN**. See *The Arabian Nights*: "The Sleeper Awakened"
- ADJUDICATION**, an action for seizing upon a heritable estate as security for a debt—a Scots law term
- AD RE - AEDIFICANDAM** (p. 91), to set up an ancient house again
- AE**, one
- AGE**, to act as may be necessary and legal—a Scots law term
- ALL**, to interfere with, prevent
- AIN**, own
- AIRT**, to direct, turn; a point
- AITs**, oats; **AIT-CAKE**, oat-cake
- AIVER**, or **AVER**, an old broken-winded horse
- ALEXANDER**, a tragedy by Nathaniel Lee, very popular in the early part of the 18th century
- ALLENARLY**, solely, alone
- ANCE**, once
- ANDREW FERRARA**, a Highland broadsword
- ANGUS, EARL OF**, presumably Archibald, sixth earl, exiled by James V. in 1528
- AROINT**, avaunt
- ASS**, ash
- AULD REEKIE**, Edinburgh
- AVA**, at all
- AWE**, to owe
- AVANT-COURIER**, a fore-runner, messenger sent on in advance
- BACK-SEY**, the srloln
- BACKSWORD**, a sword with only one cutting edge
- BARD OF HOPE**, Thomas Campbell, author of *Pleasures of Hope*
- BASS**, a conspicuous mass of rock in the Firth of Forth, not far from North Berwick
- BAWBEE**, a halfpenny
- BEDESMAN**, an almsman, one that prays for another
- BEDRAL**, a beadle, sexton
- BEFLUMM**, to befool, cajole
- BELL THE CAT**, synonymous with "Beard the lion in his den." The phrase originated among the Scottish nobles who conspired to ruin James III.'s favorite, Cochran. See *Scott's Tales of a Grandfather*, chap. xxii.
- BENDEED**, cocked
- BEND-LEATHER**, thick leather for boot soles
- BERWICK, DUKE OF**, James Fitz-James, the natural son King James II. of England, was made a marshal of France
- BICKER**, a wooden drinking-cup
- BICKERING (FIRE)** flickering, quivering
- BIDE**, to wait, stay
- BIGGONET**, a linen cap, coif
- BIRKIE**, a lively little fellow; the game of beggar-my-neighbor
- BIRLING**, drinking in company
- BIT AND THE BUFFET**, sustenance with hard usage
- BLACKAISED**, black-vised
- BLACK-JACK**, a large-waxed pitcher for holding ale
- BLACKNESS**, a castle, and formerly a state prison, situated on the Firth of Forth, Linlithgowshire
- BLITHE**, cheerful, happy, pleased
- BOGGLE**, a bogle, ghost
- BOTHWELL BRIG**. See *Old Mortality*, chaps. xxxi. and xxxii.
- BOUK**, a body, carcass, bulk of body
- BOUL**, a handle
- BOUROCK**, a mound, barrow, heap of earth; a miserable hut
- BRACH**, a hunting-hound
- BRAE**, a hill; **BRAESIDE**, a hillside
- BRANDER**, to broil, grill
- BRAW**, brave, fine
- BRAWL**, a French dance, cotillon
- BRENT**, straight and smooth
- BREWIS**, the scum caused by boiling
- BREWSTER**, a brewer
- BRIDE IN**, taken to the bridal chamber
- BROCHE**, a roasting-spl
- BRUOE TO KILL A SPIDER**, an allusion to the story of Robert Bruce and the spider
- BUSK**, to deck, blind up
- CABAGE**, to cut off a deer's head behind the horns
- CABRACH**, or **BUCK OF CABRACH**, a mountain near the western boundary of Aberdeenshire
- CADGY**, cheerful, sportive
- CAICKLING**, cackling, laughing

- CALLANT, a young lad
 CAMPAIGN OF—, See Spanish generals
 CAMPVERE, or CAMP-HIRE, a small Dutch town on the island of Walcheren, where from 1444 to 1795 the Scots had a privileged trading factory
 CANNON-BIT, a smooth round bit for horses
 CANNY, careful, shrewd, useful; (in the negative) peculiar, possessed
 CANTABIT VACUUS, he may sing before thieves who has empty pockets—Juvenal xi., 22
 CANTRIPS, tricks, spells, incantations
 CANTY, cheerful, merry
 CAPOT, to win all the tricks in piquet, a form of exclamation
 CARBONADE, to broil, grill
 CARCAKE, a small cake eaten on Shrove Tuesday
 CARLE, a fellow
 CARLINE, an old woman, jade
 CAST O', kind of
 CASTOR, a fur hat
 CAUGHT IN THE MANNER, caught in a criminal act
 CAULD BE MY CAST, could be my fate or lot
 CAVESSON, a horse's noseband
 CEDANT ARMA TOGAE, let arms give place to the insignia of peace
 CHAMBER OF DAIS, the best bedroom, kept for guests of consideration
 CHANGE A LEG, In the old coaching days inside passengers changed legs with the consent of their opposite neighbour
 CHANGE-HOUSE, an inn
 CHAPPIN, a liquid measure—1 quart
 CHAPPIT, struck (of a clock)
 CHATEAU QUI PARLE, etc. (p. 183), when a fortress parleys and a lady listens, both are on the point of surrendering
 CHAUMER, a chamber
 CHEEK OF THE CHIMNEY NOOK, the fire-side, chimney-corner
 CHIELD, a fellow
 CIRCUS OF ROME. See Green and blue chariots
 CLAVERING, chattering, talkative
 CLAVERS, idle talk, gossip
- CLAVER'SE, John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee
 CLAW UP YOUR MITTENS, to finish you, give you the coup de grace
 CLOCKIN HEN, a sitting hen
 COCKERNONY, a top-knot
 COG, to empty or pour out
 COGGING, quibbling, deceiving, cheating
 COLDINGHAME ABBEY, or rather Priory, founded by King Edgar in the last years of the 11th century, a few miles from Eyemouth, on the coast of Berwickshire
 COMMONTY, right of pasture on the commons
 COMPT AND RECKONING, a Scots law process enforcing settlement of accounts
 CONDUCTIO INDEBITI, a claim for recovering a sum that has been paid when it was not due
 CONSCRIPT FATHERS, the title given to the senators of ancient Rome
 COOKIE, a Scotch bun
 COPPER CAPTAIN, a counterfeit captain. See Beaumont and Fletcher's Rule a wife and have a wife
 CORDERY, MR., a name suggested by Corderius, the teacher of Calvin, and author of a book of Latin dialogues once extensively used in schools
 COUPE-GORGE, cut-throat
 COUTEAU, a hunting-knife
 CRACKS, gossip, boasting
 CRIMP, to kidnap
 CRITIC, a play by Sheridan
 CROOK, a chain for suspending a pot in old fireplaces
 CROWDY, a thick pottage made of oatmeal
 CUITLE, to diddle, get by cheating
 CUL DE LAMPE, a pictorial ornament, tail-piece
 CULLION, a poltroon
 CUMBERNAULD, the seat of the ancient family of Fleming (Lord Elphinstone), situated 15 miles north-east of Glasgow
- CUMMER, a gossip or friend
 CUTTY, short
- DAFFING, frolicking, larking, fun
 DAFT, crazy
 DAIS, See Chamber of dais
 DANDILLY, noted for beauty
 DANG, drove, knocked
 DEAD-DEAL, the board on which a dead body is stretched
 DEBITUM FUNDI, a real burden on the estate
 DECORE, to decorate;
 DECOREMENTS, decorations
 DEMELE, an encounter, altercation
 DEMI-SAKER, a light fieldpiece, small cannon
 DENTIER, more dainty
 DIET-LOAF, sweet cake
 DIGITO MONSTRARI, to be pointed at with the finger
 DING, to knock, drive, beat
 DINK, trim, neat
 DIRGIE, a funeral entertainment
 DIRK, a dagger
 DISNA, does not
 DISPONE UPON, bestow upon
 DITTAY, an indictment, accusation
 DOITED, dotard, stupid
 DON GAYFEROS, a nephew of the chivalric Roland, and one of the Twelve Peers of Charlemagne
 DONNART, stupid
 DOO, a dove, pigeon
 DOUR, stubborn
 D R A P - DE-BERRY, a cloth made at Berri in France
 DREIGH, slow, lingering
 DRIBBLE, a drop
 DROUTHY, dry
 DRUCKEN, drunk
 DRULANRIG, the ancient seat of the Queensberry family (now belongs to that of Buccleuch), on the Nith, Parish of Durisdeer, Dumfriesshire
 DUNDEE, John Grahame of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, a supporter of the Stuarts
 DUNG, knocked, driven
 DUNSH, to nudge
 D W I N I N G, declining, pining away
- EARTH (of a badger), a hole
 EAST LOTHIAN, another name for Haddingtonshire

- EATCHE, adze
 EBB, shallow
 ECLAIRCISSEMENT, explanation
 EE, an eye; EEN, eyes
 EGERIA, the nymph who used to meet King Numa Pompilius in a grove near Rome
 ELBOW-JIGGER, a fiddler
 ELFLAND, fairyland
 ENEUCH, enough
 EXIES, hysterics
 EXPIRY OF THE LEGAL, the expiration of the period in which an estate seized by adjudication (q. v) may be redeemed
 EYAS, a hawk brought up from the nest
 FACTOR, a steward
 FAILYIE, to fail
 FASH, to trouble
 FECKLESS, feeble, silly
 FELL, terrible; a hide, skin
 FEUAR, a Scotch leaseholder; FEU-RIGHTS, absolute rights of property, in return for the payment of a trifling sum annually
 FIDUS ACHATES, faithful companion
 FIT, the foot
 FLAM, FLAN, or FLAWN, a kind of custard
 FLANKARD, the side of the lower part of the abdomen
 FLIGHTERING, transient
 FLISK, a caper, whim
 FLORENTINE, a kind of pie
 FLYTE, to scold, storm in anger
 FOG, moss
 FORBYE, besides
 FORDUN, JOHN OF, an early Scottish chronicler of the 14th century
 FORESPEAK, to bewitch, presage evil of
 FORGATHER, to come together, meet one another
 FOU, a bushel
 FOUL THIEF, the devil
 FOUND, to go, depend
 FOY, an entertainment given by friends to one who is about to leave them for good
 FRACTIOUS, rebellious, difficult to deal with
 FREIT, an omen
 FRENK, strange
 FROGS, an ornamental fastening of a coat or mantle, generally a long button and a loop
 FUGITATION, a criminal's fleeing from justice—a Scots law term
 FURNISHES (DEER'S), presumably droppings; hence track
 GABERLUNZIE, a beggar, mendicant
 GAE, to go
 GAILING, a gosling
 GALLOWAY, a Scotch cob, named from the district of Galloway, where originally bred
 GANG, to go; GANE, gone
 GAR, to make, oblige
 GATE, direction, place, way
 GAUGER, an exciseman
 GAUNCH, a snatch with the open mouth, bite
 GAWSIE, plump, jolly
 GEAR, property
 GEIZENED, leaky, as a barrel kept too long dry
 GEORGIUS, a gold George-noble (equals 6s. 8d.), time of Henry VIII., St. George being the device on the obverse
 GIF, if
 GINES DE PASSAMONTE. See Don Quixote, pt. ii., chap. xxviii., and pt. i., chap. xxii.
 GIRN, a hoop
 GIRN, to grin
 GLAZEN, furnished with glass
 GLEDGING, looking askance
 GLEED, a spark, flame
 GLEENG, squinting
 GLENT, to whisk, flash
 GLOWER, to gaze, stare
 GOB-BOX, the mouth
 GOWD, gold
 GOWK, a fool; a cuckoo
 GOWRIE CONSPIRACY, a mysterious attempt to assassinate James VI. of Scotland by Lord Ruthven and his brother, the Earl of Gowrie, in 1600
 GRAHAME TO WEAR GREEN. The Marquis of Montrose, a Grahame, was driven to execution in a cart of green alder; fulfilling an old prophecy—"Visa la fin [Montrose's motto], On an ouler [alder] tree green, Shall by many be seen"
 GRAITH, furniture
 GRAVAMINOUS, serious, important
 GRAYBEARD, a stone jar for holding ale or liquor
 GREEN AND BLUE CHARIOTS. In the reign of Justinian, emperor of the Eastern Empire, the rivalries of the blue and green charioteers, who raced in the circus at Byzantium, developed into political factions powerful enough to seriously disturb the state
 GREET, to weep
 GROGRAM, a coarse textile fabric
 GRUND-MAIL, rent for the ground
 GUDEMAN, the head of the house, the husband
 GUDESIRE, a grandfather
 GUDEWIFE, a wife, as head of her house, landlady
 GUIDES, managers, guides; GUIDING, treating, behaving to
 GUSTING THEIR GABS, tickling their palates
 GUY OF WARWICK, the hero of an Early English romance, one of whose feats was to overcome a famous Dun Cow on Dunsmore Heath, near Warwick
 HACKSTOUN OF RATHILLET, a fanatical Cameronian, one of the murderers of Archbishop Sharp of St. Andrews in 1679
 HAGGIS, a Scotch pudding of minced meat, mixed with oat-meal, suet, onions, etc., boiled in a skin bag
 HAILL AND PEIR, whole and sound, complete and entire
 HALE, HAILL, whole
 HALF-FOU, half-bushel
 HAMILTON, on the Clyde, Lanarkshire, the principal seat of the ducal family of Hamilton. The wild cattle still roam through the extensive parks
 HARLED, dragged
 HATTED KIT, a bowl of sour or curdled cream
 HAUD, to hold; HAUD OUT, to present a firearm
 HEATHER-COW, a twig or tuft of heath
 HEEZY, a tholst, swing up
 HEIR OF LINNE, this old ballad is printed in Percy's Reliques
 HELLICAT, devil-may-care
 HELL IS PAVED, etc., the phrase is due to Dr. Johnson; the idea is common to several writers; cf. George Herbert's Jacula Prudentium
 HENRIETTA MARIA, queen-consort of Charles I., and daughter of Henry IV. of France

HERMIT SAGE OF JOHNSON, Dr. Johnson's parody on a poem by T. Warton. See Boswell's Life, under year 1777
 HOPE, BARD OF, Thomas Campbell, author of Pleasures of Hope
 HOUGH, a thigh, ham
 HOUSEWIFESKEP, housewifery
 HOW, a hollow
 HUMLOCK, a hemlock
 HYKE A TALBOT, etc. (p. 87), hunting terms and names borrowed from Dame Juliana Berner's Treatise of Hawking, Hunting, etc. (1486)—Book of St. Alban's

ILKA, each, every
 ILKA LAND ITS AIN LAUCH, every place its own (law) customs
 ILL-CLECKET, ill-hatched
 ILL-DEEDY GETT, mischievous urchin
 IN FORO CONTENTIOSO, in the law courts
 INGAN, an onion
 INMICUS AMICISSIMUS, an enemy is (sometimes) the best of friends
 ENLAKE, a breach, loss, death
 INTER MINORES, between minors
 IN TERROREM, as a warning to others
 IRISH BRIGADE, a body of troops in the pay of the French King
 IOTHER, other

JACOBUS, a gold coin—2s., first issued by James I. of England
 JESS, a leathern strap fixed round a hawk's leg
 JOE, a sweetheart, darling
 JOHN CHURCHILL, the great soldier, the Duke of Marlborough of Anne's reign
 JOHNNY NEW-COME, a newcomer, upstart
 JOW, a toll
 KAIL, broth; KAIL-YARD, a cabbage garden
 KAIN, a tribute in kind, as of poultry, eggs, cheese, etc., from tenant to landlord
 KAISER, the Emperor of Germany
 KEBBUCK, a cheese
 KBEKIT, peeped
 KEEP HER THREEP, keep her resolution
 KELPLE, a water-spirit
 KEN, to know
 KENSPECKLE, conspicuous, easily recognized
 KIMMER, a gossip, friend

KINDLY AID, a contribution in kind payable to the landlord by the tenant
 KIPPAGE, a rage, dilemma
 KIPPER, a dried salmon
 KIST, a chest, coffin
 KITTLE, to tickle; ticklish
 KNOWE, a knoll, eminence

LAMMER, amber
 LAMMER LAW, one of the Lammermoor hills, eight miles south of Haddington
 L'AMPHITRION OU L'ON DINE, the man who really pays for the dinner. See Plautus, Amphitruo
 LANDWARD, in the country, rural
 LATE-WAKE, the watch over a dead body
 LAUCH, law, customs
 LAUNDER, to do laundry work
 LAUWING, a bill, reckoning
 LAW'S SCHEME, a company formed in 1717 by John Law (of Lauriston, near Edinburgh) for developing the resources of Louisiana and the Mississippi valley, which at that time belonged to France

LEE, NATHANIEL, dramatist, went insane through drink, wrote The Rival Queens; or, Alexander the Great (1667), and other plays
 LEG, CHANGE A. See Change a leg
 LIFT, the sky; to carry off
 LINKS, sandy flat ground on sea-coast, dunes
 LIPPEN, to trust
 LIPPENING WORD, occasional, thoughtless word
 LITH, a joint
 LOON, a fellow
 LOOT, allowed, permitted
 LOUPEN, leaped
 LOWE, a flame, fire
 LUCKIE, mother, a title given to old dames
 LUITER CUM PERSONA, etc. (p. 51), he pays with his person who cannot pay with his purse
 LUM, a chimney
 L'UN N'EMPECHE, etc. (p. 99), the one is no hindrance to the other
 LUNYIES, loins
 LURDANE, a blockhead
 MAIL, tax, rent
 MAILING, a small farm
 MAIN, a hand at dice, match at cock-fighting
 MAIR, MAIST, more, most

MAITRE D'ARMES, swordsmen, fencing-master
 MALLEUS MALIFICARUM (nine editions before 1496), by Kramer and Sprenger, describing the processes against witches
 MANSE, a parsonage
 MAUN, must
 MAUT, malt
 MEAL-POKE, a meal-bag
 MELTER, a herring full of mill
 MEMPHIBOSHETH, a character in Dryden's Absalom and Achitophel
 MERK—ls. 1-1-3d.
 MERSE, Berwickshire
 MESSAN, a cur
 METALLED (LADS), metalled, full of spirit
 MILE, SCOTTISH, nearly nine furlongs
 MULL or MULL, a snuff-box
 MIRANDA, the heroine of Shakespeare's Tempest
 MIRK, dark
 MISGIE, to go wrong, fall
 MITTENS. See Claw up your mittens
 MON DIEU! IL Y EN A DEUX, Good Heavens! there are two of them
 MONTERO CAP, a horseman's or huntsman's cap with ear-flaps
 MORLAND, GEORGE, a clever English painter, but a man of dissipated habits, who died in 1804
 MOSS, a morass, marsh
 MOUNTAIN-MAN, a Cameronian, strictest sect of Covenanters
 MR. PUFF, a character in Sheridan's Critic
 MUCKLE, much
 MULL, a snuff-horn
 MULTIPLEPOENDING, a Scots law process, the English interpleader, for settling competing claims to one and the same fund
 MURGEONS, mouths, grimaces

NAE, NAEBOODY, NAETH-ING, no, nobody, nothing
 NAR, never
 NEQUE DIVES, NEQUE, etc. (p. 133), No Scotchman of merit, be he rich, brave, or even wise, will be able to remain long in his country. Envy will drive him out
 NEUK, nook, corner
 NOMBLES, or NUMBLES, the entrails of a deer
 NORTHAMPTON, EARL OF. Henry Howard, younger brother of Thomas, fourth Duke of Norfolk, born 1540, was

- prominent during the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.
- NORTH BERWICK LAW**, a conical hill near North Berwick
- NOURICESHIP**, the office of nurse
- NOWT**, black cattle
- NUMA**, the second of the legendary kings of ancient Rome
- NUPTA; DOMUM DUCTA; OBITT; SEPULT**; wedded; taken home; died; buried
- OFFCOME**, an apology, excuse
- ORANGE, PRINCE OF**. See Spanish generals
- OUT-BYE**, from home
- OVERCROW**, to overpower, triumph over
- OWERLOOK**, to ignore
- OXTER**, the armpit
- PACOLET**, a dwarf, owner of a winged horse, in the legend of Valentine and Orson
- PAINTING**. See Serene and silent art
- PAND**, a pledge; a bed-curtain
- PAROCHINE**, a parish
- PARVE, NEC INVIDEO**, etc. (p. 2), Thou art about to go, but alone, into the busy city, my little book—I grudge thee not thy lot
- PAS D'AVANCE**, the lead, precedence
- PATRIA POTESTAS**, paternal authority
- PEARLINGS**, lace
- PEAT**, a person of insufferable pride
- PEGH**, to pant, breathe hard
- PETTICOAT-TAIL**, a kind of cake baked with butter
- PETTY COVER**, for petit couvert, a meal not eaten in ceremonious state
- PEW**, the plaintive cry of certain birds; **COULD-NÄ HÄE PLAYED PEW**, could not have drawn a note from
- PICKLE**, a small quantity
- PICK-MAW**, a species of gull
- PIG**, a stoneware vessel, pitcher
- PINE**, to pain, punish
- PINNYWINKLES**, an instrument of torture consisting of a board with holes, into which the fingers were thrust and pressed with screw-pegs
- PINT, SCOTCH**—3 English pints
- PIQUE, REPIQUE**, and **CAPOT**, terms used in the game of picquet
- PIRN**, a reel
- PIT-MIRK**, as dark as pitch
- PIZE**, a term of mild excretion
- PLACEBO**, a sop
- PLACK**, a small copper coin—1-3 penny
- PLISKIE**, a prank, trick
- PLOY**, a merry-making
- PLUMDAMAS**, for prune de damas, a damask plum, i. e. a damson (tart)
- POCK-PUDDING** a Scotchman's contemptuous name for an Englishman
- POINT, QUINT, and QUATORZE**, terms used in the game of picquet
- POINT D'APPUI**, a support
- POINT D'ESPAGNE**, a sort of French lace esteemed in Spain in the 17th century
- POKE**, a bag
- POSSO, IN MANNOR WATER**, in Peebles-shire
- POUTHERED, corned**, slightly salted
- PRESTER, JOHN**, legendary King of Abyssinia
- PRETTY MAN**, a brave man, athletic and skilled in the use of his weapons
- PROPINE**, a gift
- PUND SCOTS**—1s. 8d sterling
- PYKE**, a pick
- QUAIGH**, a drinking-cup of hooped staves, ornamented with silver. It held about a pint, and was chiefly used for wine and brandy
- QUARTER'S LENGTH**, a quarter of a yard
- QUEEN**, a sprightly young woman, flirt
- RAE**, roe-deer
- RAILLY. or RAIL**, a kind of cloak or kerchief for the neck and head
- RAVEN-BONE**, the spoon-bone of the brisket, thrown by hunters to the ravens, in cutting up the stag
- REAVING**, thieving
- REDD**, to clear, tidy
- RED WUD**, downright mad
- REEK**, smoke
- REESTED**, smoke-dried
- REMIGIUS, NICOLAUS**, or **NICHOLAS OF REMY**, author of a work on witchcraft (1595)
- REPONED**, used as a reply
- REVERENCE, BACON WITH**, bacon with its garnishings or belongings
- RIFLER**, a hawk that does not return to the lure
- RING-WALK**, the track of a stag
- ROAR YOU AN 'TWERE A NY NIGHTINGALE**. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 1., Sc. 2
- ROUND**, to whisper
- ROUP**, an auction
- RUDAS**, a scolding jade
- RUNLET**, a barrel, holding 18½ gallons
- SAE**, so
- ST. CLAIR TO CROSS THE ORD ON A MONDAY**. The Earl of Orkney, chief of the Sinclairs or St. Clairs, led his men on a Monday over Ord Hill on the way to Flodden, where they all perished to a man
- SAINT GERMAINS**, near Paris, where James II. held court during his exile
- ST. MARGARET**, niece of Edward the Confessor and wife of Malcolm Canmore; her day is June 10th
- SAIR**, sore
- SAMYN**, same
- SANT**, a saint
- SARABAND**, a Spanish dance
- SARK**, a shirt
- SAUL**, a soul
- SAUMON**, a salmon
- SAUT**, salt
- SCART**, a scratch
- SCAUD**, to scald
- SLATE**, a slate; **SCIATER**, a slater
- SCOTCH PINT**—3 English pints
- SCOTTISH MILE**, nearly nine furlongs
- SCRAUGH**, a screech, loud, discordant cry
- SCREIGH**, to shriek, scream
- SCUNNER**, to loathe, shudder with aversion
- SERENE AND SILENT ART** (painting). See *Campbell's Stanzas to Painting*
- SETS**, becomes, suits
- SEVEN SLEEPERS**, martyrs of Ephesus, who, according to the legend, slept in a cave from the reign of the Emperor Decius to that of Theodosius II., a period of 196 years

SEVEN WISE MASTERS, the seven sages of ancient Greece

SHAUGLE, to wear down, shuffle

SHINS TO PINE (punish), e. g. the torture of the boot

SHOT OF, TO BE, to get quit of

SHOVEL-BOARD, a game in which the players strive to shove or drive coins or counters on to certain marks, lines, or squares on the table

SIC, SICCAN, such

SINGLES, the talons of a hawk

SIR EVAN DHU, Sir Even Cameron of Lochiel, a famous Highland chief, and supporter of the Stuarts, fought at Killcrankie in 1689

SIR JOSHUA, i. e. Sir Joshua Reynolds, the painter

SKIOCH NOCH NA SKIALL, cut a drink with a tale, i. e. Don't preach over your liquor

SKIEL, to scream

SLIDDERY, slippery

SLOREN, to slake, quench

SNAP, a small gingerbread

SNECKDRAWING, cunning; **SNECKDRAWER**, an artful, cunning person

SNISHING, SNEESHIN, SNEESHING, snuff

SOOPIT, swept

SOOTHFAST, trusty, honest

SOPITE, to settle, set at rest

SORT, to supply, suit; to give a drubbing

SOUGH, a rumor, whisper; **SOUGHED**, softly breathed, whispered

SOUP, a sup; mouthful

SOUPLE, a cudgel

SOWENS, a kind of gruel made from the soured sittings of oatmeal

SPAE, to foretell

SPANISH GENERALS AND PRINCE OF ORANGE, William of Orange commanded 20,000 Spaniards in the campaign against France 1554-57

SPEER, to ask, invite, inquire

SPRENGERUS, Jacob Sprenger, joint author of *Malleus Maleficarum*

SPULE-BANE, the shoulder-blade

SPUNK, a spark, match

SPURS, DISH OF, Scott's ancestress, the Flower of Yarrow, is said to

have reminded her lord, Auld Wat of Harden, a celebrated Border raider, that the larder was empty, by placing on the table a pair of clean spurs—a hint to ride into England. See Lockhart's *Life*, vol. i., p. 93

STEADING, a farm, farm; yard

STEER, to disturb

STICKIT, imperfect, broken down

STOUP, a liquid measure

STOUTHRIEF, robbery with violence

STRAE, straw

STRAUGHT, to stretch, make straight

STREIK, to stretch, lay out

SUB JOVE FRIGIDO, in the open air

SUBURB, outlying (district, place)

SUMPH, a blockhead, dunce

SUNE, soon

SURBATED, foot-sore

SUUM CUIQUE TRIBUITO, give to each his own

SWANKING, active, agile

SWAP, a barter, exchange; to strike soundly

SWAUK, a swack, thwack violent blow

SWIRE, a mountain pass

SYBO, a young onlon

SYCORAX, a witch, the mother of Caliban, in Shakespeare's *Tempest*

SYND, to rinse

SYNE, since, ago

TACK, a lease, possession

TAID, a toad

TAIT, a bunch, handful

TAKE ONE'S GAIT, to go one's own way

TAP OF TOW, bunch of tow on the distaff, that readily catches fire

TASS, a glass

TAURIDOR, a bull-fighter

TEIND, a tithe

TENONY, stringy, sinewy

TEUGH, tough

THICKSET, a kind of fustian, resembling velvet in appearance

THOMAS THE RHYMER, of Erleldoune (Earlston) in Berwickshire, an ancient Scottish poet and prophet, and a favorite legendary hero

"THOU SWEETEST THING," etc. (p. 186), from Joanna Baillie's *Constantine Palæologus*, Act II., Sc. 2

THOWLESS, inactive, remiss

THRAW, to twist itself, distort itself; a twist

THREEP, KEEP HER. See *Keep her threep*

THROUGH - STANE, a flat gravestone

TIMMER, timber; **TIMMER BURSE**, the exchange of the timber-merchants

TIPPENCE, twopence

TOCHER-GOOD, dowry

TOD, a fox

TOD'S DEN, also called in other passages *Tod's Hole*, and stated to be 5 to 6 miles from *Wolf's Crag**

*A few other irregularities of a similar kind occur in this novel; as *Lady Ashton* is called *Margaret and Eleanor*; *Gruer*, *John and Gibbie*; the sexton, *Mortsheugh and Morteuch*

TOKAY, a fiery Hungarian wine

TOLBOOTH, a jail

TONGUE OF THE TRUMP, the part of a jew's-harp that makes the sound; hence the essential or principal person concerned

TOUT, the pet; a fit of ill-temper

TRAPRAIN, or **TRAPRAIN LAW**, a conspicuous conical hill 4 miles east of Haddington

TREDRILLE, a game of cards played by three persons

TRISTEM, SIR, a knight of the Round Table, famous in the chase

TWA, two

TWAL, twelve; **TWAL PENNIES SCOTCH**—one penny of English money

TWILT, a quilted bed-cover

UMQUHILE, deceased, late

UNA, the heroine of *Spenser's Faerie Queene*

UNCO, uncommon

VAIK, to be vacant

VERSAILLES, the court of Louis XIV. of France

VIA FACTI, by force

VIRGINALS, an old sort of piano

VISIE, an inspection

VISNOMY, physiognomy, face, features

VIVERS, victuals

WADSET, a mortgage, pledge; **WADSETTER**, a usurer, mortgagor
WAE, woe; woful, sorry
WAME, belly
WAP, a smart stroke
WARE, to spend, bestow
WARLOCK, a witch
WASTLAND, west country
WAT, to wet
WATER - PURPIE, the brook lime or horse-well grass
WAUR, worse
WEAN, an infant, small child

WEID, a feverish cold
WHAMPLE, a blow
WHEEN, a few
WHIGMALEERIES, fancy toys
WHILES, now and agin
WHIM-WHAM, fancy pastry
WHIN - BUSH, a furze bush
WHINSTANE, greenstone, ragstone
WHITE-HASS, a meat pudding
WHOMBLING, turning upside down

WILLAWINS, woe's me, well-a-day
WILL TO CUPAR MAUN, TO CUPAR, a wilful man must have his way
WIN, to make way, get
WIND HIM A PIRN, to cause him trouble, annoyance
WITHIE, the gallows, balter
WON INTO, made way into
YESTREEN, yesternight
YILL, ale
YOWL, to give tongue

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