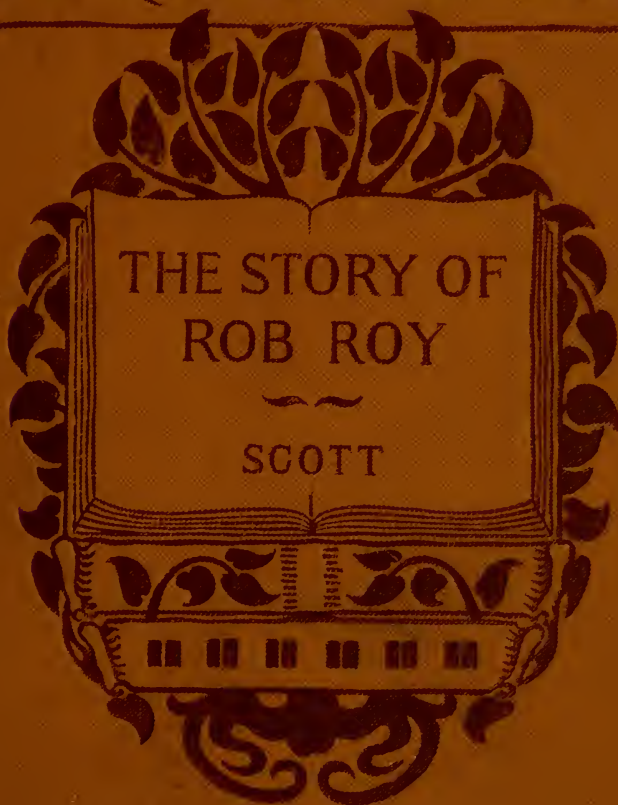
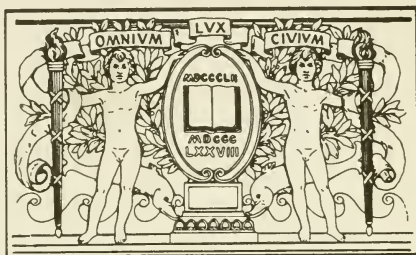


APPLETONS' HOME
A READING BOOKS





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EDITED BY

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UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION

DIVISION IV

LITERATURE



APPLETONS' HOME READING BOOKS

THE STORY OF ROB ROY

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

CONDENSED FOR HOME
AND SCHOOL READING

BY
EDITH D. HARRIS

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
1898

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EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE Waverley novels since their first publication have held the highest rank in the entire field of prose fiction. It is of interest to inquire into the cause of this pre-eminence. Walter Scott's knowledge of human nature, his great sense of humor, his broad sympathies not only with the people of all sections of Great Britain but with the people of all nations; the possession of a poetic ability to present his theme in such a way as to show all sides and phases of it in a dramatic manner; more than this, his manifest superiority over all other writers in the construction of his plots—these and similar considerations are advanced to explain the power of the Waverley novels. But it is possible to bring forward another essential ground for the wide influence of these novels and for their permanent place in the world's literature.

A writer or an artist shows his greatness by his ability to portray greatness. Plutarch, in his *Parallel Lives*, has shown us a gallery full of great men, and in reading his pages we see indubitable evidence of the greatness of these men in will power and in intellect. We do not depend on the verdict of Plutarch; he does not have to write under any one of his characters,

"This was a great man." He merely describes the deeds and reports to us the words of his great men, and the evidence is incontestable. So Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, and Goethe hold their eminence in the world of letters because they have portrayed the characters of great men and shown them not only in their manifold relations to their lesser fellow-men, but to the great movements of their time.

Walter Scott stands next to Plutarch in ability to conceive and describe human greatness. The concentration of the whole life upon a single purpose, namely, the formation of that stern character necessary to a military leader in the times of border warfare; his training in the use of arms and in the etiquette of the royal court; his bravery and steadiness in sudden emergencies and in the presence of great dangers; above all, the cultivation of a sense of honor which despises the love of life as a controlling purpose; a spirit of nobleness and generosity which prefers the creature comfort of others to its own—these are some of the elements of the education of the men whose full portraits are drawn by Walter Scott.

The Southern boundary of Scotland is a border land settled on the south side by the fiercest population of England, and on the northern by a still fiercer population of Scotch. The most restless part of a nation's people drifts to the frontier. There they find it possible to cross the boundary and escape into another jurisdiction when they become embarrassed by a conflict with the home government. Over the border they find a similar restless population with whom they are commonly in a relation of bitter hostility. But when prosecuted

by their home government they cross the marches and become allies to their former hostile neighbors. It naturally happens that intermarriages occur between the fierce borderers of the two nations—cases like that of young Lochinvar. A life on the frontier, then, is full of adventure, arising from dangers to person and property.

Scotland is a country of many border lands. Besides its southern boundary held against a fierce and aggressive nation, the English, it has within itself a lowland region and a highland region peopled by persons of diverse races, the Anglo-Saxon against the Celtic. They speak different languages, not different dialects of the same language. They vary in national manners and instincts of civilization. The Celt has the patriarchal civilization, while that of the Saxon is founded on productive industry. The loosely federated highland tribes confront the compact lowland nation. But besides the mountain frontier on the south toward England and the mountain frontier on the north there is another border land which exercises a great influence upon the Scottish character, and that is the seashore. The arms of the ocean, called firths and lochs, and the deep navigable rivers penetrate the land, nearly cutting Scotland into islands. The shore border land thus penetrates so far into the interior that a night's march from some cove or bay may bring one very near to any strong place in Scotland. Besides there are upwards of two hundred mountainous islands peopled by Celtic tribes. The climate increases the importance of this oceanic border land; fierce storms, dense fogs, and winter's cold enter as elements.

Again, besides the threefold border land separating England from Scotland, Scottish lowlands from Scottish highlands, and Scottish mainland from the inlets of the ocean, there are two very serious spiritual border lands. First, that between the English form of government and the form of government fitted to the semi-patriarchal people of old Scotland. Since the union of Scotland with England in the time of James I, the process of adjusting these two irreconcilable views of government has gone on—the love of the Stuart royal family and of its principle of the divine right of the monarch to rule according to his pleasure, opposed to the English ideas of a constitutional monarchy and the supremacy of Parliament. One of these governmental ideas was vanquished first by Cromwell, then again by the English Revolution of 1689. Constitutional monarchy was in the ascendant thenceforward. But the love of the Stuart family and its ideal of government was stubborn, and cherished with the intensity of a religion. It would not rest content, but in various periods, as in 1713 and 1745, brought itself into an open rebellion. This spiritual border land between constitutional and absolute monarchical forms separates not only broad sections of the country, but also isolates families here and there all over England as well as Scotland. It sunders, too, the older and younger branches of many noble families (as in the story of Rob Roy, the two brothers Osbaldistone).

There is still another spiritual border land, namely, that between different forms of religion. The Highlanders mostly professed the Catholic religion, and to this religion adhered the majority of English families

who remained true to the cause of the Stuarts. Religion appertains to the deepest movement in the soul. It takes hold on eternity, and its effects in the education of a people last from generation to generation.

The Scotch character therefore abounds in surfaces hardened by exposure to the power of great resistance. In making castings, if the melted iron comes against a surface of iron in the mold it is suddenly chilled and becomes harder than the other portions of the casting. This produces what is called a chilled surface, or a surface that is "case-hardened." The Scotch character is full of "case-hardened" facets brought about by the special resistance necessary from youth to old age in order to protect the individual on some one of the five border lands here described. The Scotch people who grew up on the English frontier had to be alert day and night to prevent sudden surprise and capture. In his Lay of the Last Minstrel Walter Scott gives a thrilling description of a border castle which guarded itself from sudden seizure only by constant readiness for the fray. Its knights "carved at the meal with gloves of steel, and they drank the red wine through the helmet barred," and the steeds champ'd their corn all saddled and bridled and clad in full armor. So the individual in the midst of intolerant people holding a hostile religion preserved his faith intact by a constant effort.

What with "case-hardened" surfaces directed toward foreign nations, pirates, and sea robbers, hostile religions, Highland ravagers, the Scotch people have become the most interesting of all national characters when placed in situations of adventure. They exhibit more

resources and give more glimpses of the depths of human character than may be found in any other nation.

A knowledge of Walter Scott's novels is essential to a good education. In fact, such a knowledge alone by itself may be called a liberal education. The motives of human action come nearer to the surface of consciousness in Scotland than anywhere else in the world. Hence, threads of character may be discovered and interpreted in the writings of Walter Scott which in other nations are subconscious, or more of the nature of instinct than open purpose.

It has been found possible to condense the Waverley novels by omitting all lengthy descriptions of scenery, historical disquisitions on the times, and a few passages of dialogue and monologue that do not contribute directly to the progress of the story, or throw light upon the character of the persons who enter upon the scene. It is believed that by this method the interest is preserved intact, and that after a year's interval the story in its unabridged form may be read with as lively an interest as the youth will feel in reading this version.

W. T. HARRIS.

WASHINGTON, D. C., *May 16, 1898.*

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London from Highgate.

ROB ROY.

CHAPTER I.

How have I sinned that this affliction
Should light so heavy on me? I have no more sons,
And this no more mine own. My grand curse
Hang o'er his head that thus transformed thee!—Travel?
I'll send my horse to travel next.

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

MR. OSBALDISTONE, a wealthy merchantman of London, had an only son, Francis, familiarly called Frank, whom he desired should succeed him as head of the mercantile house of the firm of Osbaldistone and Tresham. Accordingly, when Frank was about sixteen he sent him to a favored French correspondent of the mercantile house, by name Monsieur Dubourg, of Bordeaux, in the south of France. Here the young man was to pursue a course of commercial studies under the direction of M. Dubourg. Frank remained in Bordeaux some four years, giving a fair portion of his time to those commercial subjects which his father had so much desired he should thoroughly acquaint himself with. But during this period he also developed a great fondness for literature and classical studies, spending many hours in scribbling verses, even filling his journal of commercial notes, which his father had desired him to keep, with scribbled poems or translations of

classical bits that particularly appealed to the fancy of the youthful poet. Thus he spent the time, devoting himself to the studies requisite for preparation for an ambitious and successful mercantile career less than his businesslike parent would have desired.

As he approached his twentieth year he received a letter from Mr. Osbaldistone informing him of his proposal to now give him a position in the London house, preparing him to take the lead of the business when he should be able to do so no longer. To this letter his son replied that he had strong objections to adopting a mercantile life as a profession. Soon after this displeasing answer had been forwarded to his father he received a message from him requesting his immediate return to London. Thus his four years' residence in France came to an abrupt end.

Upon Frank's arrival in London he was greeted kindly by his father, and with a timid and suppressed affection by Mr. Owen, the head clerk of the great house of Osbaldistone and Tresham. At dinner Mr. Osbaldistone carefully questioned his son as to the condition of commerce in France, thinking in this way to discover how much commercial knowledge and aptitude he had acquired from his four years' study with M. Dubourg. Frank, disclosing by his answers his lack of interest and observation in matters of business, increased his father's displeasure until it reached its culmination, when, upon examining his son's journal of commercial notes, he came upon a poem To the Memory of Edward the Black Prince. A few more words passed on the point of Frank's refusal to adopt the mercantile profession, with the result that in one

month Frank was to give his final answer on this important subject.

The time of probation passed slowly. Frank devoted himself to his favorite verse-writing, while Mr. Owen vainly endeavored to dissuade his young friend from a line of conduct so displeasing to Mr. Osbaldistone and certain to result in the son's disinherittance. Frank, however, having a goodly share of his father's resolute and more or less obstinate disposition, at the end of the month firmly declined the proposal his father had made to him. Thereupon Mr. Osbaldistone dismissed him, with the following directions:

"You will instantly set out for the north of England to pay your uncle a visit and see the state of his family. I have chosen from among his sons (he has six, I believe) one who, I understand, is most worthy to fill the place I intended for you in the counting-house. But some further arrangements may be necessary, and for these your presence may be requisite. You shall have further instructions at Osbaldistone Hall, where you will please to remain until you hear from me. Everything will be ready for your departure to-morrow morning."

Accordingly, on the next day, at five o'clock in the morning, Frank was on his way to York. His journey was uneventful and uninteresting until he was joined by a fellow-traveler, who continued with him a day and a half. This tourist carried with him a portmanteau, very small, but apparently very heavy, which he guarded with such solicitous care that it afforded Frank much amusement to alternately excite and soothe the suspicions of his more timorous companion. It was

in such a mood that Frank started a conversation on the comparative strength and activity of their horses, which took a turn little calculated to allay the fears of his nervous friend.

“O sir,” said his companion, “for the gallop I grant you; but allow me to say, your horse (although he is a very handsome gelding—that must be owned) has too little bone to be a good roadster. The trot, sir” (striking his *Bucéphalus* with his spurs)—“the trot is the true pace for a hackney, and were we near a town I should like to try that daisy-cutter of yours upon a piece of level road (barring canter) for a quart of claret at the next inn.”

“Content, sir,” replied Frank, “and here is a stretch of ground very favorable.”

“Hem, ahem!” answered his friend with hesitation; “I make it a rule of traveling never to blow my horse between stages; one never knows what occasion he may have to put him to his mettle; and besides, sir, when I said I would match you, I meant with even weight; you ride four stone lighter than I.”

“Very well; but I am content to carry weight. Pray, what may that portmanteau of yours weigh?”

“My p—p—portmanteau?” replied he, hesitating—“O very little—a feather—just a few shirts and stockings.”

“I should think it heavier from its appearance. I’ll hold you to the quart of claret it makes the odds betwixt our weights.”

“You’re mistaken, sir, I assure you—quite mistaken,” replied his friend, edging off to the side of the road, as was his wont on these alarming occasions.

“Well, I am willing to venture the wine; or I will bet you ten pieces to five that I carry your portmanteau on my croup and out-trot you into the bargain.”

This proposal raised his friend's alarm to the uttermost. His nose changed from the natural copper hue which it had acquired from many a comfortable cup of claret or sack, into a palish brassy tint, and his teeth chattered with apprehension at the unveiled audacity of the proposal, which seemed to place the barefaced plunderer before him in full atrocity. As he faltered for an answer, Frank relieved him in some degree by a question concerning a steeple, which now became visible, and an observation that they were now so near the village as to run no risk from interruption on the road. At this his countenance cleared up, but it was long ere he forgot a proposal which seemed to him so fraught with suspicion.

CHAPTER II.

The Scots are poor, cries surly English pride.
True is the charge; nor by themselves denied.
Are they not, then, in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here?

CHURCHILL.

IN the early part of the eighteenth century most long journeys were made on horseback, which necessitated frequent stops at those wayside inns that lay along one's route. It was usual to make a halt on the Sunday in some town where the traveler might attend church, and also give his horse the benefit of a day's rest. On this day the landlord of the principal inn of the village laid aside his rôle of publican and invited the guests who happened to be within his walls to partake of his dinner, and very often such of the village cronies as the apothecary, the attorney, and sometimes so great a person as the curate, were asked to assist at this weekly feast.

It was on such a day and such an occasion that Frank and his timorous acquaintance were about to grace the board of the ruddy-faced host of the Black Bear in the town of Darlington,* and Bishopric of Durham, when their landlord informed the assembled

* See map at end of volume.

company, with a sort of apologetic tone, that there was a Scotch gentleman to dine with them.

When Mr. Osbaldistone was a young man a quarrel had occurred betwixt him and his family of such a nature that he scarcely ever mentioned the race from which he sprang, and held in great contempt that vanity which is commonly termed family pride. He desired to be known only as the first, or at least as one of the first merchants on the 'Change. The old Northumberland estate, which in the natural order of things would have fallen to him, as the eldest son, was instead bequeathed to his younger brother, now Sir Hildebrand. Owing to Mr. Osbaldistone's reticence on all subjects pertaining to his family, Frank knew little or nothing of either the relatives to whom he was going or the country which he was approaching. What little he did know he had gathered from his old Northumbrian nurse, who could not easily forget her native province. In his childhood she had often regaled him with wild and thrilling legends of her beloved north.

Thus it was with peculiar interest that Frank examined the appearance of this new addition to the company, finding him to have the hard features and athletic form said to be peculiar to his country, and dressed in a garb as coarse as it could be, being still decent.

"A gentleman!—what sort of a gentleman?" said the timorous gentleman somewhat hastily—his mind running on gentlemen of the pad, as they were then termed.

"Why, a Scotch sort of a gentleman, as I said before," returned mine host; "they are all gentle, ye mun know, though they ha' narra shirt to back; but

this is a decentish hallion—a canny North Briton as e'er cross'd Bérwick Bridge—I trow he's a dealer in cattle."

"Let us have his company by all means," answered the timorous gentleman; and then, turning to Frank, he gave vent to the tenor of his own reflections. "I respect the Scotch, sir; I love and honor the nation for their sense of morality. Men talk of their filth and their poverty; but commend me to sterling honesty, though clad in rags, as the poet saith. I have been credibly assured, sir, by men on whom I can depend, that there was never known such a thing in Scotland as a highway robbery."

"That's because they have nothing to lose," said mine host, with the chuckle of a self-applauding wit.

"No, no, landlord," answered a strong, deep voice behind him, "it's e'en because your English gaugers and supervisors,* that you have sent down benorth the Tweed, have ta'en up the trade of thievery over the heads of the native professors."

"Well said, Mr. Campbell," answered the landlord; "I did not think thou'dst been sae near us, mon. But thou kens I'm an outspoken Yorkshire tyke. And how go markets in the south?"

"Even in the ordinar," replied Mr. Campbell; "wise folks buy and sell, and fools are bought and sold."

"But wise men and fools both eat their dinner," answered the jolly entertainer; "and here a comes—"

* The introduction of gaugers, supervisors, and examiners was one of the great complaints of the Scottish nation, though a natural consequence of the Union.

as prime a buttock of beef as e'er hungry mon stuck fork in."

So saying, he eagerly whetted his knife, assumed his seat of empire at the head of the board, and loaded the plates of his sundry guests with his good cheer.

At the end of the meal, when the wine was circulating and good cheer was thoroughly established, the conversation turned on the bravery, strength, and boldness of Mr. Campbell by mine host saying, "that, for as peaceable a gentleman as Mr. Campbell was, he was, moreover, as bold as a lion—seven highwaymen had he defeated with his single arm, that beset him as he came from Whitson-Tryste."

"Thou art deceived, friend Jonathan," said Campbell, interrupting him; "they were but barely two, and two cowardly loons as man could wish to meet withal."

"And did you, sir, really," said Frank's fellow-traveler, edging his chair (or rather his portmanteau) nearer to Mr. Campbell, "really and actually beat two highwaymen yourself alone?"

"In troth I did, sir," replied Campbell; "and I think it nae great thing to make a sang about."

"Upon my word, sir," replied the timorous gentleman, "I should be happy to have the pleasure of your company on my journey—I go northward, sir."

This piece of gratuitous information concerning the route he proposed to himself failed to excite the corresponding confidence of the Scotchman.

"We can scarce travel together," he replied dryly. "You, sir, doubtless, are well mounted, and I for the present travel on foot, or on a Highland shelly, that does not help me much faster forward."

So saying, he called for a reckoning for the wine, and throwing down the price of the additional bottle which he had himself introduced, rose as if to take leave. The timorous gentleman made up to him, and taking him by the button, drew him aside into one of the windows. Frank could not help overhearing him pressing something—which he supposed to be his company upon the journey, which Mr. Campbell seemed to decline.

“I will pay your charges, sir,” said the traveler, in a tone as if he thought the argument should bear down all opposition.

“It is quite impossible,” said Campbell, somewhat contemptuously; “I have business at Rothbury.”

“But I am in no great hurry; I can ride out of the way and never miss a day or so for good company.”

“Upon my faith, sir,” said Campbell, “I can not render you the service you seem to desiderate. I am,” he added, drawing himself up haughtily, “traveling on my own private affairs, and if ye will act by my advisement, sir, ye will neither unite yourself with an absolute stranger on the road, nor communicate your line of journey to those who are asking ye no questions about it.” He then extricated his button, not very ceremoniously, from the hold which detained him, and coming up to Frank, as the company were dispersing, observed, “Your friend, sir, is too communicative, considering the nature of his trust.”

“That gentleman,” Frank replied, looking toward the traveler, “is no friend of mine, but an acquaintance whom I picked up on the road. I know neither

his name nor business, and you seem to be deeper in his confidence than I am."

"I only meant," he replied hastily, "that he seems a thought rash in conferring the honor of his company on those who desire it not."

"The gentleman," replied Frank, "knows his own affairs best, and I should be sorry to constitute myself a judge of them in any respect."

Mr. Campbell made no further observation, but merely wished Frank a good journey, and the party dispersed for the evening.

Next day Frank parted company with his timid companion, and leaving the great northern road, took a more westerly course toward Osbaldistone Manor.

CHAPTER III.

How melts my beating heart as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the generous steed that sweeps along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in the extended vale below !

THE CHASE.

OUR hero now speedily approached his destination, and as he proceeded the scenery about him became more wild and rugged. He paused a moment on the summit of a hill, whence he could see the majestic Cheviot Mountains rising before him, while from out a narrow glen, just at the foot of the hills, Osbaldistone Hall, a large and antiquated building, presented itself to view for the first time. He urged his horse forward in the direction of the manor as fast as the very indifferent road would permit. Suddenly the notes of a pack of hounds in full cry were heard. Frank immediately formed the conjecture that these were his uncle's hounds, and accordingly drew up to the side of the road that the hunters might pass unnoticed, while he pursued his way to the hall to await the return of the party from the chase, when the time would be more suitable for an introduction to his uncle. Although his mind had been occupied with far different and more serious thoughts, it was not without some excitement that he

awaited the appearance of the sportsmen, and, perchance, their prey. It was not long before the fox, hard run and nearly spent, made his appearance. He sped past, crossed the stream which divided a little valley, and was wearily dragging himself up a ravine on the other side when the hounds rushed by in full cry after poor Reynard. Following the dogs came the hunters, riding in reckless haste. The party was composed of an elderly personage—doubtless Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone—three or four tall, stout young men, and a young lady of unusual beauty. As she neared the spot where Frank had halted to permit the passing of the huntsmen her horse made a misstep, thereby furnishing Frank an opportunity to offer the fair huntress his assistance. The horse quickly recovering himself, however, she thanked him by a smile, and was passing on, when the cries of “Whoop! dead! dead!” and the flourish of the French horn announced that the chase was at an end. One of the young men now approached waving the brush of the fox in triumph, as if to upbraid the young lady.

“I see,” she replied, “I see; but make no noise about it; if Phœbe,” she said, patting the neck of the beautiful animal on which she rode, “had not got among the cliffs you would have had little cause for boasting.”

They met as she spoke, both looked at Frank, and conversed a moment in an undertone, the young lady apparently pressing the sportsman to do something which he declined shyly, and with a sort of sheepish sullenness. She instantly turned her horse’s head towards Frank, saying: “Well, well, Thornie, if you

won't, I must, that's all. Sir," she continued, addressing Frank, "I have been endeavoring to persuade this cultivated young gentleman to make inquiry of you whether, in the course of your travels in these parts, you have heard anything of a friend of ours, one Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, who has been for some days expected at Osbaldistone Hall?"

Frank was only too happy to acknowledge himself to be the party inquired after, and to express his thanks for the obliging inquiries of the young lady.

"In that case, sir," she rejoined, "as my kinsman's politeness seems to be still slumbering, you will permit me (though I suppose it is highly improper) to stand mistress of ceremonies and to present to you young Squire Thorncliff Osbaldistone, your cousin, and Die Vernon, who has also the honor to be your accomplished cousin's poor kinswoman."

Under this necessity Thorncliff shook hands with Frank, and, murmuring some excuse about having to help couple up the hounds, made his escape.

"There he goes," said the young lady, following him with eyes in which disdain was admirably painted, "the prince of grooms and cock-fighters, and black-guard horse-coursers. But there is not one of them to mend another.—Have you read Markham?" said Miss Vernon.

"Read whom, ma'am?—I do not even remember the author's name."

"O lud! on what a strand are you wrecked!" replied the young lady. "A poor forlorn and ignorant stranger, unacquainted with the very Alcoran of the savage tribe whom you are coming to reside with—

never to have heard of Markham, the most celebrated author on farriery! then I fear you are equally a stranger to the more modern names of Gibson and Bartlett?"

"I am, indeed, Miss Vernon."

"And do you not blush to own it?" said Miss Vernon. "Why, we must forswear your alliance. Then, I suppose, you can neither give a ball, nor a mash, nor a horn!"

"I confess I trust all these matters to an ostler, or to my groom."

"Incredible carelessness!—And you can not shoe a horse, or cut his mane and tail; or worm a dog, or crop his ears, or cut his dew-claws; or reclaim a hawk, or give him his casting-stones, or direct his diet when he is sealed; or——"

"To sum up my insignificance in one word," replied Frank, "I am profoundly ignorant in all these rural accomplishments."

"Then, in the name of Heaven, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, what *can* you do?"

"Very little to the purpose, Miss Vernon; something, however, I can pretend to—when my groom has dressed my horse I can ride him, and when my hawk is in the field I can fly him."

"Can you do this?" said the young lady, putting her horse to a canter.

There was a sort of rude overgrown fence crossed the path before them, with a gate composed of pieces of wood rough from the forest; Frank was about to move forward to open it, when Miss Vernon cleared the obstruction at a flying leap. He was bound in point of

honor to follow, and was in a moment again at her side. "There are hopes of you yet," she said. "I was afraid you had been a very degenerate Osbaldistone. But what on earth brings you to Cub-Castle? for so the neighbors have christened this hunting hall of ours. You might have stayed away, I suppose, if you would?"

Frank felt by this time that he was on a very intimate footing with the beautiful apparition, and therefore replied, in a confidential undertone, "Indeed, my dear Miss Vernon, I might have considered it as a sacrifice to be a temporary resident in Osbaldistone Hall, the inmates being such as you describe them, but I am convinced there is one exception that will make amends for all deficiencies."

"Oh, you mean Rashleigh?" said Miss Vernon.

"Indeed I do not; I was thinking—forgive me—of some person much nearer me."

"I suppose it would be proper not to understand your civility? But that is not my way. I don't make a courtesy for it because I am sitting on horseback. But, seriously, I deserve your exception, for I am the only conversable being about the Hall, except the old priest and Rashleigh."

"And who is Rashleigh, for Heaven's sake?"

"Rashleigh is one who would fain have everyone like him for his own sake. He is Sir Hildebrand's youngest son—about your own age, but not so—not well-looking, in short. But Nature has given him a mouthful of common sense, and the priest has added a bushelful of learning; he is what we call a very clever man in this country, where clever men are scarce. Bred to the Church, but in no hurry to take orders. You

will think him the pleasantest man you ever saw in your life, Mr. Osbaldistone—that is, for a week, at least. If he could find out a blind mistress, never man would be so secure of conquest; but the eye breaks the spell that enchants the ear. But here we are in the court of the old hall, which looks as wild and old-fashioned as any of its inmates. There is no great toilette kept at Osbaldistone Hall, you must know; but I must take off these things, they are so unpleasantly warm, and the hat hurts my forehead, too,” continued the lively girl, taking it off, and shaking down a profusion of sable ringlets, which, half laughing, half blushing, she separated with her white slender fingers, in order to clear them away from her beautiful face and piercing hazel eyes. If there was any coquetry in the action, it was well disguised by the careless indifference of her manner. Frank could not help saying “that, judging of the family from what he saw, he should suppose the toilette a very unnecessary care.”

“That’s very politely said—though, perhaps, I ought not to understand in what sense it was meant,” replied Miss Vernon; “but you will see a better apology for a little negligence when you meet the Orsons you are to live among, whose forms no toilette could improve. But, as I said before, the old dinner-bell will clang, or rather clank, in a few minutes—it cracked of its own accord on the day of the landing of King Willie, and my uncle, respecting its prophetic talent, would never permit it to be mended. So do you hold my palfrey, like a duteous knight, until I send some more humble squire to relieve you of the charge.”

Diana Vernon threw the rein to her newly-ac-

quainted cousin, jumped from her saddle, and tripped across the courtyard, entering the house at a side door. For some time Frank was left in this awkward position, mounted on one horse and holding another, vainly endeavoring to summon some domestic to relieve him of his charges. At length his patience—or impatience—was rewarded, and with some difficulty he persuaded one servant to take the horses and another to conduct him to Sir Hildebrand.

CHAPTER IV.

The rude hall rocks—they come, they come!—
The din of voices shakes the dome;
In stalk the various forms, and, drest
In varying morion, varying vest,
All march with haughty step—all proudly shake the crest.

PENROSE.

HE was ushered into a large vaulted room, floored with stone, where a range of oaken tables were already covered for dinner. After waiting some few moments, the doors were thrown open and in rushed curs and men—eight dogs, the domestic chaplain, the village doctor, the six young men, and Sir Hildebrand. The latter came forward and greeted his new kinsman:

“Had seen thee sooner, lad,” he exclaimed, after a rough shake of the hand, and a hearty welcome to Osbaldistone Hall, “but had to see the hounds kenneled first. Thou art welcome to the Hall, lad—here is thy cousin Percie, thy cousin Thornie, and thy cousin John—your cousin Dick, your cousin Wilfred, and—stay, where’s Rashleigh?—ay, here’s Rashleigh—take thy long body aside, Thornie, and let’s see thy brother a bit—your cousin Rashleigh. So thy father has thought on the old Hall and old Sir Hildebrand at last—better late than never. Thou art welcome, lad, and there’s enough. Where’s my little Die?—ay, here she comes

—this is my niece, Die, my wife's brother's daughter—the prettiest girl in our dales, be the other who she may—and so now let's to the sirloin.”

Miss Vernon had so arranged the seats that Frank should sit next to her at the table, and during dinner she entertained him with a sketch of the inmates of Osbaldistone Hall.

“I want to speak with you,” she said, “and I have placed honest Thornie betwixt Rashleigh and you on purpose. He will be like

Feather-bed 'twixt castle wall
And heavy brunt of cannon ball,

while I, your earliest acquaintance in this intellectual family, ask of you how you like us all?”

“A very comprehensive question, Miss Vernon, considering how short while I have been at Osbaldistone Hall.”

“Oh, the philosophy of our family lies on the surface—there are minute shades distinguishing the individuals, which require the eye of an intelligent observer; but the species, as naturalists, I believe, call it, may be distinguished and characterized at once.”

“My five elder cousins, then, are, I presume, of pretty nearly the same character.”

“Yes, they form a happy compound of sot, game-keeper, bully, horse-jockey, and fool; but as they say there can not be found two leaves on the same tree exactly alike, so these happy ingredients, being mingled in somewhat various proportions in each individual, make an agreeable variety for those who like to study character.”

"Give me a sketch, if you please, Miss Vernon."

"You shall have them all in a family-piece, at full length—the favor is too easily granted to be refused. Percie, the son and heir, has more of the sot than of the gamekeeper, bully, horse-jockey, or fool. My precious Thornie is more of the bully than the sot, gamekeeper, jockey, or fool. John, who sleeps whole weeks among the hills, has most of the gamekeeper. The jockey is powerful with Dickon, who rides two hundred miles by day and night to be bought and sold at a horse-race. And the fool predominates so much over Wilfred's other qualities that he may be termed a fool positive."

"A goodly collection, Miss Vernon, and the individual varieties belong to a most interesting species. But is there no room on the canvas for Sir Hildebrand?"

"I love my uncle," was her reply; "I owe him some kindness (such it was meant for, at least), and I will leave you to draw his picture yourself, when you know him better."

"Come," thought Frank to himself, "I am glad there is some forbearance. After all, who would have looked for such bitter satire from a creature so young, and so exquisitely beautiful?"

"You are thinking of me," she said, bending her dark eyes on him.

"I certainly was," Frank replied, with some embarrassment at the determined suddenness of the question, and then, endeavoring to give a complimentary turn to his frank avowal, "How is it possible I should think of anything else, seated as I have the happiness to be?"

She smiled with such an expression of concentrated haughtiness as she alone could have thrown into her countenance. "I must inform you at once, Mr. Osbaldistone, that compliments are entirely lost upon me; do not, therefore, throw away your pretty sayings—they serve fine gentlemen who travel in the country, instead of the toys, beads, and bracelets which navigators carry to propitiate the savage inhabitants of newly-discovered lands. Do not exhaust your stock in trade; you will find natives in Northumberland to whom your fine things will recommend you; on me they would be utterly thrown away, for I happen to know their real value."

"You remind me at this moment," said the young lady, resuming her lively and indifferent manner, "of the fairy tale, where the man finds all the money which he had carried to market suddenly changed into pieces of slate. I have cried down and ruined your whole stock of complimentary discourse by one unlucky observation. But come, never mind it. You are belied, Mr. Osbaldistone, unless you have much better conversation than these *fadeurs*, which every gentleman with a toupet thinks himself obliged to recite to an unfortunate girl, merely because she is dressed in silk and gauze, while he wears superfine cloth with embroidery. Your natural paces, as any of my five cousins might say, are far preferable to your complimentary amble. Endeavor to forget my unlucky sex; call me Tom Vernon, if you have a mind, but speak to me as you would to a friend and companion; you have no idea how much I shall like you."

"That would be a bribe, indeed," returned Frank.

"Again!" replied Miss Vernon, holding up her finger; "I told you I would not bear the shadow of a compliment. And now, when you have pledged my uncle, who threatens you with what he calls a brimmer, I will tell you what you think of me."

The bumper was pledged by Frank, as a dutiful nephew. "And now," he said, "give me leave to ask you frankly, Miss Vernon, what you suppose I am thinking of you. I could tell you what I really *do* think, but you have interdicted praise."

"I do not want your assistance. I am conjurer enough to tell your thoughts without it. You need not open the casement of your bosom; I see through it. You think me a strange, bold girl, half coquette, half romp, desirous of attracting attention by the freedom of her manners and loudness of her conversation, because she is ignorant of what the Spectator calls the softer graces of the sex, and perhaps you think I have some particular plan of storming you into admiration. I should be sorry to shock your self-opinion, but you were never more mistaken. All the confidence I have reposed in you I would have given as readily to your father if I thought he could have understood me. I am in this happy family as much secluded from intelligent listeners as Sancho in the Sierra Morena, and when opportunity offers I must speak or die. I assure you I would not have told you a word of all this curious intelligence had I cared a pin who knew it or knew it not."

"It is very cruel in you, Miss Vernon, to take away all particular marks of favor from your communications, but I must receive them on your own terms. You

have not included Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldistone in your domestic sketches."

She hastily answered, in a much lower tone: "Not a word of Rashleigh! His ears are so acute when his selfishness is interested that the sounds would reach him even through the mass of Thorncliff's person, stuffed as it is with beef, venison-pasty, and pudding."

"Yes," Frank replied; "but peeping past the living screen which divides us, before I put the question, I perceived that Mr. Rashleigh's chair was empty—he has left the table."

"I would not have you be too sure of that," Miss Vernon replied. "Take my advice, and when you speak of Rashleigh get up to the top of Otterscope Hill, where you can see for twenty miles round you in every direction—stand on the very peak, and speak in whispers; and, after all, don't be too sure that the bird of the air will not carry the matter. Rashleigh has been my tutor for four years; we are mutually tired of each other, and we shall heartily rejoice at our approaching separation."

"Mr. Rashleigh leaves Osbaldistone Hall, then?"

"Yes, in a few days—did you not know that? Your father must keep his resolutions much more secret than Sir Hildebrand. Why, when my uncle was informed that you were to be his guest for some time, and that your father desired to have one of his hopeful sons to fill up the lucrative situation in his counting-house which was vacant by your obstinacy, Mr. Francis, the good knight held a *cour plénière* of all his family, including the butler, housekeeper, and gamekeeper. This reverend assembly of the peers and household offi-

cers of Osbaldistone Hall was not convoked, as you may suppose, to elect your substitute, because, as Rashleigh alone possessed more arithmetic than was necessary to calculate the odds on a fighting cock, none but he could be supposed qualified for the situation. But some solemn sanction was necessary for transforming Rashleigh's destination from starving as a Catholic priest to thriving as a wealthy banker, and it was not without some reluctance that the acquiescence of the assembly was obtained to such an act of degradation."

"I can conceive the scruples—but how were they got over?"

"By the general wish, I believe, to get Rashleigh out of the house," replied Miss Vernon. "Although youngest of the family, he has somehow or other got the entire management of all the others; and everyone is sensible of the subjection, though they can not shake it off. If anyone opposes him, he is sure to rue having done so before the year goes about, and if you do him a very important service, you may rue it still more."

"At that rate," answered Frank, smiling, "I should look about me, for I have been the cause, however unintentionally, of his change of situation."

"Yes; and whether he regards it as an advantage or disadvantage, he will owe you a grudge for it. But here come cheese, radishes, and a bumper to church and king, the hint for chaplains and ladies to disappear, and I, sole representative of womanhood at Osbaldistone Hall, retreat, as in duty bound."

With this Miss Vernon left the apartment, and then the bottle began to circulate, or rather to fly around the table in unceasing revolution. To Frank, who was

wholly unaccustomed to so intemperate a use of wine, the scene became more and more displeasing, so that at the first opportunity he made his escape through a side door, leading he knew not whither. He was wildly pursued by his cousins, but hastily descending a winding stair, he jumped from a low window to the garden below. Wandering hither and thither among the garden paths, he suddenly came upon Andrew Fairservice, the old Scotch gardener, who was hard at work at his evening employment. Here he spent some time in conversation with Andrew, listening to his version of the characteristics of the Osbaldistone family. When a sufficient length of time had elapsed to cool the ardor of his pursuers, Frank returned to the house, and with some difficulty found the apartment which was destined for his accommodation.

CHAPTER V.

Bardolph.—The sheriff, with a monstrous watch, is at the door.

HENRY IV. *First Part.*

EARLY the next morning, when the first streaks of light were breaking upon the horizon, Frank Osbaldistone was awakened from his first night's slumber in his new abode by the cheerful notes of the hunting-horn. Hurriedly completing his toilette and directing his horse to be saddled, he made his way to the courtyard, where his uncle and cousins were already finishing preparations for the morning's hunt. Miss Vernon joined them and they soon set forth, Frank riding by Miss Vernon's side. After beating in vain for the greater part of the morning, a fox was at length found, who led them a chase of two hours, but proved too wily for them in the end; the hounds lost the scent, and the hunt was at an end for a time.

"Come, Mr. Frank," said Miss Vernon, "the scent's cold; they won't recover it there this while; follow me, I have a view to show you."

And, in fact, she cantered up to the top of a gentle hill, commanding an extensive prospect. Casting her eyes around, to see that no one was near them, she drew up her horse beneath a few birch-trees, which screened them from the rest of the hunting field. "Do

you see yon peaked, brown, heathy hill, having something like a whitish speck upon the side? ”

“Terminating that long ridge of broken moorish uplands? I see it distinctly,” replied Frank.

“That whitish speck is a rock called Hawkesmore-crag, and Hawkesmore-crag is in Scotland.”

“Indeed! I did not think we had been so near Scotland.”

“It is so, I assure you, and your horse will carry you there in two hours.”

“I shall hardly give him the trouble; why, the distance must be eighteen miles as the crow flies.”

“You may have my mare, if you think her less blown. I say that in two hours you may be in Scotland.”

“And I say, that I have so little desire to be there, that if my horse’s head were over the Border I would not give his tail the trouble of following. What should I do in Scotland?”

“Provide for your safety, if I must speak plainly. Do you understand me now, Mr. Frank?”

“Not a whit; you are more and more oracular.”

“Then, on my word, you either mistrust me most unjustly, and are a better dissembler than Rashleigh Osbaldistone himself, or you know nothing of what is imputed to you; and then no wonder you stare at me in that grave manner, which I can scarce see without laughing.”

“Upon my word of honor, Miss Vernon,” said Frank, with an impatient feeling of her childish disposition to mirth, “I have not the most distant conception of what you mean. I am happy to afford you

any subject of amusement, but I am quite ignorant in what it consists."

"Nay, there's no sound jest after all," said the young lady, composing herself, "only one looks so very ridiculous when he is fairly perplexed. But the matter is serious enough. Do you know one Moray, or Morris, or some such name?"

"Not that I can at present recollect."

"Think a moment. Did you not lately travel with somebody of such a name?"

"The only man with whom I traveled for any length of time was a fellow whose soul seemed to lie in his portmanteau."

"Then it was like the soul of the licentiate Pedro Garcias, which lay among the ducats in his leathern purse. That man has been robbed, and he has lodged an information against you, as connected with the violence done to him."

"You jest, Miss Vernon!"

"I do not, I assure you—the thing is an absolute fact."

"And do you," said Frank, with strong indignation, "do you suppose me capable of meriting such a charge?"

"You would call me out for it, I suppose, had I the advantage of being a man. You may do so as it is, if you like it—I can shoot flying, as well as leap a five-barred gate."

"And are colonel of a regiment of horse besides," replied Frank, reflecting how idle it was to be angry with her. "But do explain the present jest to me."

"There's no jest whatever," said Diana; "you are

accused of robbing this man, and my uncle believes it as well as I did."

"Upon my honor, I am greatly obliged to my friends for their good opinion!"

"Now do not, if you can help it, snort, and stare, and snuff the wind, and look so exceedingly like a startled horse. There's no such offence as you suppose—you are not charged with any petty larceny or vulgar felony—by no means. This fellow was carrying money from Government, both specie and bills, to pay the troops in the north, and it is said he has been also robbed of some despatches of great consequence."

"And so it is high treason, then, and not simple robbery of which I am accused!"

"Certainly—which, you know, has been in all ages accounted the crime of a gentleman. You will find plenty in this country, and one not far from your elbow, who think it a merit to distress the Hanoverian government by every means possible."

"Neither my politics nor my morals, Miss Vernon, are of a description so accommodating."

"I really begin to believe that you are a Presbyterian and Hanoverian in good earnest. But what do you propose to do?"

"Instantly to refute this atrocious calumny. Before whom," he asked, "was this extraordinary accusation laid?"

"Before old Squire Inglewood, who had sufficient unwillingness to receive it. He sent tidings to my uncle, I suppose, that he might smuggle you away into Scotland, out of reach of the warrant. But my uncle is sensible that his religion and old predilections render

him obnoxious to Government, and that were he caught playing booty he would be disarmed, and probably dismounted (which would be the worse evil of the two), as a Jacobite, papist, and suspected person.” *

“I can conceive that, sooner than lose his hunters, he would give up his nephew.”

“His nephew, nieces, sons—daughters, if he had them, and whole generation,” said Diana; “therefore trust not to him, even for a single moment, but make the best of your way before they can serve the warrant.”

“That I shall certainly do; but it shall be to the house of this Squire Inglewood. Which way does it lie?”

“About five miles off, in the low ground, behind yonder plantations—you may see the tower of the clock-house.”

“I will be there in a few minutes,” said Frank, putting his horse in motion.

“And I will go with you and show you the way,” said Diana, putting her palfrey also to the trot.

“Do not think of it, Miss Vernon,” Frank replied. “It is not—permit me the freedom of a friend—it is not proper, scarcely even delicate, in you to go with me on such an errand as I am now upon.”

“I understand your meaning,” said Miss Vernon, a slight blush crossing her haughty brow; “it is plainly spoken,” and after a moment’s pause she added, “and I believe kindly meant.”

* On occasions of public alarm, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the horses of the Catholics were often seized upon, as they were always supposed to be on the eve of rising in rebellion.

“It is indeed, Miss Vernon. Can you think me insensible of the interest you show me, or ungrateful for it?” said Frank, with even more earnestness than he could have wished to express. “Yours is meant for true kindness, shown best at the hour of need. But I must not, for your own sake—for the chance of misconstruction—suffer you to pursue the dictates of your generosity; this is so public an occasion—it is almost like venturing into an open court of justice.”

“And if it were not almost, but altogether entering into an open court of justice, do you think I would not go there if I thought it right, and wished to protect a friend? You have no one to stand by you—you are a stranger; and here, in the outskirts of the kingdom, country justices do odd things. My uncle has no desire to embroil himself in your affair; Rashleigh is absent, and were he here there is no knowing which side he might take; the rest are all more stupid and brutal one than another. I will go with you, and I do not fear being able to serve you. I am no fine lady, to be terrified to death with law-books, hard words, or big wigs.”

“But my dear Miss Vernon——”

“But my dear Mr. Francis, be patient and quiet, and let me take my own way, for when I take the bit between my teeth there is no bridle will stop me.”

CHAPTER VI.

"Sir," quoth the lawyer, "not to flatter ye,
You have as good and fair a battery
As heart could wish, and need not shame
The proudest man alive to claim."

BUTLER.

ARRIVED at Inglewood Place, their horses were taken by a servant in Sir Hildebrand's livery, whom they found in the courtyard. In the entrance-hall Frank was somewhat surprised, and his fair companion still more so, when they met Rashleigh Osbaldistone, who could not help showing equal wonder at the rencontre.

"Rashleigh," said Miss Vernon, without giving him time to ask any question, "you have heard of Mr. Francis Osbaldistone's affair, and you have been talking to the Justice about it?"

"Certainly," said Rashleigh composedly; "it has been my business here. I have been endeavoring," he said, "to render my cousin what service I can. But I am sorry to meet him here."

"As a friend and relation, Mr. Osbaldistone, you ought to have been sorry to have met me anywhere else, at a time when the charge of my reputation required me to be on this spot as soon as possible."

"True; but judging from what my father said, I

should have supposed a short retreat into Scotland—just till matters should be smoothed over in a quiet way——”

Frank answered with warmth, “I have no prudential measures to observe, and desire to have nothing smoothed over; on the contrary, I come to inquire into a rascally calumny, which I am determined to probe to the bottom.”

“Mr. Francis Osbaldistone is an innocent man, Rashleigh,” said Miss Vernon, “and he demands an investigation of the charges against him, and I intend to support him in it.”

“You do, my pretty cousin? I should think, now, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone was likely to be as effectually, and rather more delicately, supported by my presence than by yours.”

“Oh, certainly; but two heads are better than one, you know.”

“Especially such a head as yours, my pretty Die,” he answered, advancing and taking her hand with a familiar fondness. She led him a few steps aside; they conversed in an under voice, and she appeared to insist upon some request which he was unwilling or unable to comply with. Miss Vernon’s face, from being earnest, became angry; her eyes and cheeks became more animated, her color mounted, she clinched her little hand, and stamping on the ground with her tiny foot, seemed to listen with a mixture of contempt and indignation to the apologies which Rashleigh seemed to be pouring at her feet. At length she flung away from him, with “*I will have it so.*”

“It is not in my power—there is no possibility of

it. Would you think it, Mr. Osbaldistone?" said he, addressing Frank.

"You are not mad?" said she, interrupting him.

"Would you think it?" said he, without attending to her hint; "Miss Vernon insists, not only that I know your innocence (of which, indeed, it is impossible for any one to be more convinced), but that I must also be acquainted with the real perpetrators of the outrage on this fellow—if, indeed, such an outrage has been committed. Is this reasonable, Mr. Osbaldistone?"

"I will not allow any appeal to Mr. Osbaldistone, Rashleigh," said the young lady; "he does not know, as I do, the incredible extent and accuracy of your information on all points."

"As I am a gentleman, you do me more honor than I deserve."

"Justice, Rashleigh—only justice—and it is only justice which I expect at your hands."

"You are a tyrant, Diana," he answered, with a sort of sigh, "a capricious tyrant, and rule your friends with a rod of iron. Still, however, it shall be as you desire. But you ought not to be here—you know you ought not—you must return with me."

Then turning from Diana, who seemed to stand undecided, he came up to Frank in the most friendly manner, and said: "Do not doubt my interest in what regards you, Mr. Osbaldistone. If I leave you just at this moment, it is only to act for your advantage. But you must use your influence with your cousin to return; her presence can not serve you, and must prejudice herself."

"I assure you, sir," Frank replied, "you can not be

more convinced of this than I; I have urged Miss Vernon's return as anxiously as she would permit me to do."

"I have thought on it," said Miss Vernon after a pause, "and I will not go till I see you safe out of the hands of the Philistines. Cousin Rashleigh, I dare say, means well; but he and I know each other well. Rashleigh, I will NOT go; I know," she added, in a more soothing tone, "my being here will give you more motive for speed and exertion."

"Stay then, rash, obstinate girl," said Rashleigh; "you know but too well to whom you trust," and hastening out of the hall, they heard his horse's feet a minute afterward in rapid motion.

"Thank Heaven, he is gone!" said Diana. "And now let us seek out the Justice."

"Had we not better call a servant?"

"Oh, by no means; I know the way to his den—we must burst on him suddenly—follow me."

Frank followed her, accordingly, as she tripped up a few gloomy steps, traversed a twilight passage, and entered a sort of ante-room hung round with old maps, architectural elevations, and genealogical trees. A pair of folding-doors opened from this into Mr. Inglewood's sitting apartment, from which was heard the fag-end of an old ditty, chanted by a voice which had been in its day fit for a jolly bottle song:

"O, in Skipton-in-Craven
Is never a haven,
But many a day foul weather;
And he that would say
A pretty girl nay,
I wish for his cravat a tether."

“Heyday!” said Miss Vernon, “the genial Justice must have dined already—I did not think it had been so late.”

It was even so. Mr. Inglewood’s appetite having been sharpened by his official investigations, he had antedated his meridian repast, having dined at twelve instead of one o’clock, then the general dining hour in England.

“Stay you here,” said Diana. “I know the house, and I will call a servant; your sudden appearance might startle the old gentleman even to choking,” and she escaped, leaving Frank uncertain whether he ought to advance or retreat. It was impossible for him not to hear some part of what passed within the dinner apartment, and particularly several apologies for declining to sing, expressed in a dejected croaking voice, the tones of which were not entirely new to him.

“Not sing, sir? by our Lady! but you must. What! you have cracked my silver-mounted cocoa-nut of sack, and tell me that you can not sing! Sir, sack will make a cat sing, and speak, too; so up with a merry stave, or trundle yourself out of my doors! Do you think you are to take up all of my valuable time with your d——d declarations, and then tell me you can not sing?”

“Your worship is perfectly in rule,” said another voice, which, from its pert, conceited accent, might be that of the clerk, “and the party must be conformable; he hath *canet* written on his face in court hand.”

“Up with it then,” said the Justice, “or by St. Christopher, you shall crack the cocoa-nut full of salt-and-water, according to the statute for such effect made and provided.”

Thus exhorted and threatened, Frank's quondam fellow-traveler, for he could no longer doubt that he was the recusant in question, uplifted, with a voice similar to that of a criminal singing his last psalm on the scaffold, a most doleful stave to the following effect:

“ Good people all, I pray give ear,
A woful story you shall hear,
’Tis of a robber as stout as ever
Bade a true man stand and deliver.
With his foodle doo fa loodle loo.

“ This knave, most worthy of a cord,
Being armed with pistol and with sword,
’Twixt Kensington and Brentford then
Did boldly stop six honest men.
With his foodle doo, etc.

“ These honest men did at Brentford dine,
Having drank each man his pint of wine,
When this bold thief, with many curses,
Did say, You dogs, your lives or purses.
With his foodle doo,” etc.

It is a question if the honest men, whose misfortune is commemorated in this pathetic ditty, were more startled at the appearance of the bold thief than the songster was at Frank's; for, tired of waiting for some one to announce him, he presented himself to the company just as his friend Mr. Morris, for such, it seems, was his name, was uplifting the fifth stave of his doleful ballad. The high tone with which the tune started died away in a quaver of consternation on finding himself so near one whose character he supposed to be little less suspicious than that of the hero of his madrigal, and he remained silent, with a mouth gaping.

The Justice, whose eyes had closed under the influence of the somniferous lullaby of the song, started up in his chair as it suddenly ceased, and stared with wonder at the unexpected addition which the company had received while his organs of sight were in abeyance. The clerk was also commoved, for, sitting opposite to Mr. Morris, that honest gentleman's terror communicated itself to him, though he wotted not why.

Frank broke the silence of surprise occasioned by his abrupt entrance. "My name, Mr. Inglewood, is Francis Osbaldistone; I understand that some scoundrel has brought a complaint before you, charging me with being concerned in a loss which he says he has sustained."

"Sir," said the Justice, somewhat peevishly, "these are matters I never enter upon after dinner; there is a time for everything, and a justice of peace must eat as well as other folks."

The goodly person of Mr. Inglewood, by the way, seemed by no means to have suffered by any fasts, whether in the service of the law or of religion.

"I beg pardon for an ill-timed visit, sir; but as my reputation is concerned, and as the dinner appears to be concluded——"

"It is not concluded, sir," replied the magistrate; "a man requires digestion as well as food, and I protest I can not have benefit from my victuals unless I am allowed two hours of quiet leisure, intermixed with harmless mirth and a moderate circulation of the bottle."

"If your Honor will forgive me," said Mr. Jobson, who had produced and arranged his writing imple-

ments in the brief space that the conversation afforded, "as this is a case of felony, and the gentleman seems something impatient, the charge is *contra pacem domini regis*——"

"D—n *dominie regis*!" said the impatient Justice; "I hope it's no treason to say so, but it's enough to make one mad to be worried in this way. Have I a moment of my life quiet for warrants, orders, directions, acts, bails, bonds, and recognizances? I pronounce to you, Mr. Jobson, that I shall send you and the justice-ship to the devil one of these days."

"Your Honor will consider the dignity of the office—one of the quorum and custos rotulorum, an office of which Sir Edward Coke wisely saith, The whole Christian world hath not the like of it, so it be duly executed."

"Well," said the Justice, partly reconciled by this eulogium on the dignity of his situation, and gulping down the rest of his dissatisfaction in a huge bumper of claret, "let us to this gear then, and get rid of it as fast as we can. Here you, sir—you, Morris—you, knight of the sorrowful countenance—is this Mr. Francis Osbaldistone the gentleman whom you charge with being art and part of felony?"

"I, sir?" replied Morris, whose scattered wits had hardly yet reassembled themselves; "I charge nothing—I say nothing against the gentleman."

"Then we dismiss your complaint, sir, that's all, and a good riddance. Push about the bottle. Mr. Osbaldistone, help yourself."

Jobson, however, was determined that Morris should not back out of the scrape so easily. "What do you

mean, Mr. Morris? Here is your own declaration—the ink scarce dried—and you would retract it in this scandalous manner!”

“How do I know,” whispered the other in a tremulous tone, “how many rogues are in the house to back him? I have read of such things in Johnson’s *Lives of the Highwaymen*. I protest the door opens——”

And it did open, and Diana Vernon entered. “You keep fine order here, Justice—not a servant to be seen or heard of.”

“Ah!” said the Justice, starting up with an alacrity which showed that he was not so engrossed by his devotions to Themis or Comus as to forget what was due to beauty; “ah, ha! Die Vernon, the heath-bell of Cheviot, and the Blossom of the Border, come to see how the old bachelor keeps house? Art welcome, girl, as flowers in May.”

“A fine, open, hospitable house you do keep, Justice, that must be allowed—not a soul to answer a visitor.”

“Ah, the knaves! they reckoned themselves secure of me for a couple of hours. But why did you not come earlier? Your cousin Rashleigh dined here, and ran away like a poltroon after the first bottle was out. But you have not dined—we’ll have something nice and ladylike—sweet and pretty like yourself, tossed up in a trice.”

“I may eat a crust in the ante-room before I set out,” answered Miss Vernon; “I have had a long ride this morning; but I can’t stay long, Justice—I came with my cousin, Frank Osbaldistone, there, and I must show him the way back again to the Hall, or he’ll lose himself in the wolds.”

"Whew! sits the wind in that quarter?" inquired the Justice.

"She showed him the way, she showed him the way,
She showed him the way to woo.

What! no luck for old fellows, then, my sweet bud of the wilderness?"

"None whatever, Squire Inglewood; but if you will be a good, kind Justice, and despatch young Frank's business, and let us canter home again, I'll bring my uncle to dine with you next week, and we'll expect merry doings."

"And you shall find them, my pearl of the Tyne—Zookers, lass, I never envy these young fellows their rides and scampers, unless when you come across me. But I must not keep you just now, I suppose. I am quite satisfied with Mr. Frank Osbaldistone's explanation—there has been some mistake, which can be cleared at greater leisure."

"Pardon me, sir," said Frank, "but I have not heard the nature of the accusation yet."

"Yes, sir," said the clerk, who at the appearance of Miss Vernon had given up the matter in despair, but who picked up courage to press farther investigation on finding himself supported from a quarter whence assuredly he expected no backing—"yes, sir, and Dalton saith, That he who is apprehended as a felon shall not be discharged upon any man's discretion, but shall be held either to bail or commitment, paying to the clerk of the peace the usual fees for recognizance or commitment."

The Justice, thus goaded on, gave Frank at length a few words of explanation.

It seems the tricks which he had played to this man Morris on his journey had made a strong impression on his imagination; they had been arrayed against Frank in his evidence, with all the exaggerations which a timorous and heated imagination could suggest. It appeared, also, that on the day they parted Morris had been stopped on a solitary spot and eased of his beloved traveling companion, the portmanteau, by two men, well mounted and armed, having their faces covered with vizards.

One of them, he conceived, had much of Frank's shape and air, and in a whispering conversation which took place betwixt the freebooters he heard the other apply to him the name of Osbaldistone. The declaration farther set forth that upon inquiring into the principles of the family so named, he, the said declarant, was informed that they were of the worst description, the family, in all its members, having been Papists and Jacobites, as he was given to understand by the dissenting clergyman at whose house he stopped after his rencontre, since the days of William the Conqueror.

Upon all and each of these weighty reasons he charged Frank with being accessory to the felony committed upon his person; he, the said declarant, then traveling in the special employment of Government, and having charge of certain important papers, and also a large sum in specie, to be paid over, according to his instructions, to certain persons of official trust and importance in Scotland.

Having heard this extraordinary accusation, Frank replied to it, that the circumstances on which it was founded were such as could warrant no justice or magis-

trate in any attempt on his personal liberty. He admitted that he had practised a little upon the terrors of Mr. Morris, while they traveled together, but in such trifling particulars as could have excited apprehension in no one who was one whit less timorous and jealous than himself. But he added that he had never seen him since they parted, and if that which Morris feared had really come upon him, he was in no wise accessory to an action so unworthy of his character and station in life. That one of the robbers was called Osbaldistone, or that such a name was mentioned in the course of the conversation betwixt them, was a trifling circumstance, to which no weight was due. And concerning the disaffection alleged against him, he was willing to prove, to the satisfaction of the Justice, the clerk, and even the witness himself, that he was of the same persuasion as his friend the dissenting clergyman; had been educated as a good subject in the principles of the Revolution, and as such now demanded the personal protection of the laws which had been assured by that great event.

The Justice fidgeted, took snuff, and seemed considerably embarrassed, while Mr. Attorney Jobson, with all the volubility of his profession, ran over the statute of the 34 Edward III, by which justices of the peace are allowed to arrest all those whom they find by indictment or suspicion, and to put them into prison. The rogue even turned Frank's own admissions against him, alleging "that since he had confessedly, upon his own showing, assumed the bearing or deportment of a robber or malefactor, he had voluntarily subjected himself to the suspicions of which he complained, and

brought himself within the compass of the act, having willfully clothed his conduct with all the color and livery of guilt."

Frank combated both his arguments and his jargon with much indignation and scorn, and observed, "That he should, if necessary, produce the bail of his relations, which he conceived could not be refused, without subjecting the magistrate in a misdemeanor."

"Pardon me, my good sir—pardon me," said the insatiable clerk; "this is a case in which neither bail nor mainprize can be received, the felon who is liable to be committed on heavy grounds of suspicion not being replevisable under the statute of the 3d of King Edward, there being in that act an express exception of such as be charged of commandment, of force, and aid of felony done," and he hinted that his worship would do well to remember that such were in no way replevisable by common writ, nor without writ.

At this period of the conversation a servant entered and delivered a letter to Mr. Jobson. He had no sooner run it hastily over than he exclaimed, with the air of one who wished to appear much vexed at the interruption, and felt the consequence attached to a man of multifarious avocations: "Good God! why, at this rate, I shall have neither time to attend to the public concerns nor my own—no rest—no quiet—I wish to Heaven another gentleman in our line would settle here!"

"God forbid!" said the Justice in a tone of *sotto-voce* deprecation; "some of us have enough of one of the tribe."

"This is a matter of life and death, if your worship pleases."

"In God's name! no more justice business, I hope," said the alarmed magistrate.

"No—no," replied Mr. Jobson, very consequentially; "old Gaffer Rutledge of Grimes's-hill is subpoena'd for the next world; he has sent an express for Dr. Kill-down to put in bail—another for me to arrange his worldly affairs."

"Away with you, then," said Mr. Inglewood hastily; "his may not be a replevisable case under the statute, you know, or Mr. Justice's Death may not like the doctor for a *main pernor*, or bailman."

"And yet," said Jobson, lingering as he moved towards the door, "if my presence here be necessary—I could make out the warrant for committal in a moment, and the constable is below. And you have heard," he said, lowering his voice, "Mr. Rashleigh's opinion——" the rest was lost in a whisper.

The Justice replied aloud: "I tell thee no, man, no—we'll do naught till thou return, man; 'tis but a four-mile ride. Come, push the bottle, Mr. Morris—don't be cast down, Mr. Osbaldistone. And you, my rose of the wilderness, one cup of claret to refresh the bloom of your cheeks."

Diana started, as if from a reverie, in which she appeared to have been plunged during this discussion. "No, Justice—I should be afraid of transferring the bloom to a part of my face where it would show to little advantage, but I will pledge you in a cooler beverage," and filling a glass with water she drank it has-

tily, while her hurried manner belied her assumed gayety.

At this moment a servant, opening the door, announced "a strange gentleman to wait upon his Honor," and the party whom he thus described entered the room without further ceremony.

CHAPTER VII.

One of the thieves come back again ! I'll stand close.
He dares not wrong me now, so near the house,
And call in vain 'tis, till I see him offer it.

THE WIDOW.

"A STRANGER!" echoed the Justice; "not upon business, I trust, for I'll be——"

His protestation was cut short by the answer of the man himself. "My business is of a nature somewhat onerous and particular," said Frank's acquaintance, Mr. Campbell—for it was he, the very Scotchman whom he had seen at Northallerton—"and I must solicit your Honor to give instant and heedful consideration to it. I believe, Mr. Morris," he added, fixing his eye on that person with a look of peculiar firmness and almost ferocity, "I believe ye ken brawly what I am—I believe ye can not have forgotten what passed at our last meeting on the road?" Morris's jaw dropped, his countenance became the color of tallow, his teeth chattered, and he gave visible signs of the utmost consternation. "Take heart of grace, man," said Campbell, "and dinna sit clattering your jaws there like a pair of castanets! I think there can be nae difficulty in your telling Mr. Justice that ye have seen me of yore, and ken me to be a cavalier of fortune and a man of honor. Ye ken fu' weel ye will be some time resident in my vicinity,

when I may have the power, as I will possess the inclination, to do you as good a turn."

"Sir—sir—I believe you to be a man of honor, and, as you say, a man of fortune. Yes, Mr. Inglewood," he added, clearing his voice, "I really believe this gentleman to be so."

"And what are this gentleman's commands with me?" said the Justice, somewhat peevishly. "One man introduces another, like the rhymes in the 'house that Jack built,' and I get company without either peace or conversation!"

"Both shall be yours, sir," answered Campbell, "in a brief period of time. I come to release your mind from a piece of troublesome duty, not to make increment to it."

"Body o' me! then you are welcome as ever Scot was to England, and that's not saying much. But get on, man—let's hear what you have got to say at once."

"I presume this gentleman," continued the North Briton, "told you there was a person of the name of Campbell with him when he had the mischance to lose his valise?"

"He has not mentioned such a name, from beginning to end of the matter," said the Justice.

"Ah, I conceive—I conceive," replied Mr. Campbell; "Mr. Morris was kindly afeared of committing a stranger into collision wi' the judicial forms of the country; but as I understand my evidence is necessary to the compurgation of one honest gentleman here, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, wha has been most unjustly suspected, I will dispense with the precaution. Ye will therefore" (he added, addressing Morris with the same

determined look and accent) "please tell Mr. Justice Inglewood whether we did not travel several miles together on the road, in consequence of your own anxious request and suggestion, reiterated ance and again, baith on the evening that we were at Northallerton, and there declined by me, but afterwards accepted, when I overtook ye on the road near Cloberry Allers, and was prevailed on by you to resign my ain intention of proceeding to Rothbury; and, for my misfortune, to accompany you on your proposed route."

"It's a melancholy truth," answered Morris, holding down his head as he gave this general assent to the long and leading question which Campbell put to him, and seemed to acquiesce in the statement it contained with rueful docility.

"And I presume you also asseverate to his Worship that no man is better qualified than I am to bear testimony in this case, seeing that I was by you, and near you constantly during the whole occurrence."

"No man better qualified, certainly," said Morris, with a deep and embarrassed sigh.

"And why the devil did you not assist him, then," said the Justice, since, by Mr. Morris's account, there were but two robbers; so you were two to two, and you are both stout, likely men?"

"Sir, if it please your Worship," said Campbell, "I have been all my life a man of peace and quietness, noways given to broils or batteries. Mr. Morris, who belongs, as I understand, or hath belonged, to his Majesty's army, might have used his pleasure in resistance, he traveling, as I also understand, with a great charge of treasure; but for me, who had but my own small

peculiar to defend, and who am, moreover, a man of a pacific occupation, I was unwilling to commit myself to hazard in the matter."

As he uttered these words there was a singular contrast between the strong, daring sternness expressed in his harsh features, and the air of composed meekness and simplicity which his language assumed. There was even a slight ironical smile lurking about the corners of his mouth, which seemed, involuntarily as it were, to intimate his disdain of the quiet and peaceful character which he thought proper to assume, and which led Frank to entertain strange suspicions that his concern in the violence done to Morris had been something very different from that of a fellow-sufferer, or even of a mere spectator.

Perhaps some suspicions crossed the Justice's mind at the moment, for he exclaimed, as if by way of ejaculation, "Body o' me! but this is a strange story."

The North Briton seemed to guess at what was passing in his mind, for he went on, with a change of manner and tone, dismissing from his countenance some part of ~~the~~ hypocritical affectation of humility which had made him obnoxious to suspicion, and saying, with a more frank and unconstrained air: "To say the truth, I am just ane o' those canny folks wha care not to fight but when they hae gotten something to fight for, which did not chance to be my predicament when I fell in wi' these loons. But that your Worship may know that I am a person of good fame and character, please to cast your eye over that billet."

Mr. Inglewood took the paper from his hand, and read half aloud: "These are to certify that the bearer,

Robert Campbell of—of some place which I can not pronounce,” interjected the Justice—“is a person of good lineage and peaceable demeanor, traveling towards England on his own proper affairs, etc. Given under our hand, at our Castle of Inver—Invera—rara—ARGYLE.”

“A slight testimonial, sir, which I thought fit to impetrate from that worthy nobleman” (here he raised his hand to his head, as if to touch his hat), “MacCallum More.”

“MacCallum who, sir?” said the Justice.

“Whom the Southern call the Duke of Argyle.”

“I know the Duke of Argyle very well to be a nobleman of great worth and distinction, and a true lover of his country. I was one of those who stood by him in 1714, when he unhorsed the Duke of Marlborough out of his command. I wish we had more noblemen like him. He was an honest Tory in those days, and hand and glove with Ormond. And he has acceded to the present Government, as I have done myself, for the peace and quiet of his country, for I can not presume that great man to have been actuated, as violent folks pretend, with the fear of losing his places and regiment. His testimonial, as you call it, Mr. Campbell, is perfectly satisfactory; and now what have you got to say to this matter of the robbery?”

“Briefly this, if it please your Worship: that Mr. Morris might as weel charge it against the babe yet to be born, or against myself even, as against this young gentleman, Mr. Osbaldistone, for I am not only free to depone that the person whom we took for him was a shorter man, and a thicker man, but also, for I chanced

to obtain a glisk of his visage, as his fause-face slipped aside, that he was a man of other features and complexion than those of this young gentleman, Mr. Osbaldistone. And I believe," he added, turning round with a natural yet somewhat sterner air to Mr. Morris, "that the gentleman will allow I had better opportunity to take cognizance wha were present on that occasion than he, being, I believe, much the cooler o' the twa."

"I agree to it, sir—I agree to it perfectly," said Morris, shrinking back as Campbell moved his chair towards him to fortify his appeal, "and I incline, sir," he added, addressing Mr. Inglewood, "to retract my information as to Mr. Osbaldistone; and I request, sir, you will permit him, sir, to go about his business, and me to go about mine also; your Worship may have business to settle with Mr. Campbell, and I am rather in haste to be gone."

"Then, there go the declarations," said the Justice, throwing them into the fire. "And now you are at perfect liberty, Mr. Osbaldistone. And you, Mr. Morris, are set quite at your ease."

"Ay," said Campbell, eying Morris as he assented with a rueful grin to the Justice's observations, "much like the ease of a tod under a pair of harrows. But fear nothing, Mr. Morris, you and I maun leave the house thegither. I will see you safe—I hope you will not doubt my honor, when I say sae—to the next highway, and then we part company, and if we do not meet as friends in Scotland it will be your ain fault."

With such a lingering look of terror as the condemned criminal throws when he is informed that the cart awaits him, Morris arose, but when on his legs ap-

peared to hesitate. "I tell thee, man, fear nothing," reiterated Campbell; "I will keep my word with you. Why, thou sheep's heart, how do ye ken but we may pick up some speerings of your valise, if ye will be amenable to gude counsel? Our horses are ready. Bid the Justice fareweel, man, and show your Southern breeding."

Morris, thus exhorted and encouraged, took his leave, under the escort of Mr. Campbell; but, apparently, new scruples and terrors had struck him before they left the house, for Campbell could be heard reiterating assurances of safety and protection as they left the ante-room. "By the soul of my body, man, thou'rt as safe as in thy father's kailyard. Zounds! that a chield wi' sic a black beard should nae hae mair heart than a hen-partridge! Come on wi' ye, like a frank fallow, anes and for aye."

The voices died away, and the subsequent trampling of their horses announced that they had left the mansion of Justice Inglewood.

Miss Vernon and Frank soon took their leave also, after having partaken of a slight repast prepared for them in the ante-room. This was supplemented after their ride back to Osbaldistone Hall by dinner, which Miss Vernon ordered served in the library. Observing Frank's eyes wandering about the room, over the dusty book-shelves, tattered tapestry, the huge and clumsy yet tottering tables, desks, and chairs, Diana said:

"You think this place somewhat disconsolate, I suppose? but to me it seems like a little paradise, for I call it my own and fear no intrusion. Rashleigh was joint proprietor with me, while we were friends."

“And are you no longer so?” was Frank’s natural question.

“We are still *allies*,” she continued, “bound, like other confederate powers, by circumstances of mutual interest; but I am afraid, as will happen in other cases, the treaty of alliance has survived the amicable dispositions in which it had its origin. At any rate, we live less together, and when he comes through that door there I vanish through this door here; and so, having made the discovery that we two were one too many for this apartment, as large as it seems, Rashleigh, whose occasions frequently call him elsewhere, has generously made a cession of his rights in my favor, so that I now endeavor to prosecute alone the studies in which he used formerly to be my guide.”

“And what are those studies, if I may presume to ask?”

“Indeed you may, without the least fear of seeing my forefinger raised to my chin as a sign of prohibition. Science and history are my principal favorites, but I also study poetry and the classics.”

“And the classics? Do you read them in the original?”

“Unquestionably. Rashleigh, who is no contemptible scholar, taught me Greek and Latin, as well as most of the languages of modern Europe. I assure you there has been some pains taken in my education, although I can neither sew a tucker, nor work cross-stitch, nor make a pudding, nor—as the vicar’s fat wife, with as much truth as elegance, good-will, and politeness, was pleased to say in my behalf—do any other useful thing in the varsal world.”

“And was this selection of studies Rashleigh’s choice, or your own, Miss Vernon?”

“Um!” said she, as if hesitating to answer the question, “it’s not worth while lifting my finger about, after all. Why, partly his and partly mine. As I learned out of doors to ride a horse, and bridle and saddle him in case of necessity, and to clear a five-barred gate, and fire a gun without winking, and all other of those masculine accomplishments that my brute cousins run mad after, I wanted, like my rational cousin, to read Greek and Latin within doors, and make my complete approach to the tree of knowledge, which you men scholars would engross to yourselves, in revenge, I suppose, for our common mother’s share in the great original transgression.”

“And Rashleigh indulged your propensity to learning?”

“Why, he wished to have me for his scholar, and he could but teach me that which he knew himself—he was not likely to instruct me in the mysteries of washing lace-ruffles, or hemming cambric handkerchiefs, I suppose.”

“I admit the temptation of getting such a scholar, and have no doubt that it made a weighty consideration on the tutor’s part.”

“Oh, if you begin to investigate Rashleigh’s motives, my finger touches my chin once more. I can only be frank where my own are inquired into. But to resume, he has resigned the library in my favor, and never enters without leave had and obtained; and so I have taken the liberty to make it the place of deposit for some of my own goods and chattels, as you may see by looking round you.”

“I beg pardon, Miss Vernon, but I really see nothing around these walls which I can distinguish as likely to claim you as mistress.”

“That is, I suppose, because you neither see a shepherd or shepherdess wrought in worsted and handsomely framed in black ebony, or a stuffed parrot, or a breeding-cage full of canary birds, or a housewife-case broidered with tarnished silver, or a toilet-table with a nest of japanned boxes, with as many angles as Christmas minced-pies, or a broken-backed spinet, or a lute with three strings, or rock-work, or shell-work, or needle-work, or work of any kind, or a lap-dog with a litter of blind puppies—none of these treasures do I possess,” she continued, after a pause in order to recover the breath she had lost in enumerating them. “But there stands the sword of my ancestor Sir Richard Vernon, slain at Shrewsbury, and sorely slandered by a sad fellow called Will Shakspeare, whose Lancastrian partialities, and a certain knack at embodying them, has turned history upside down, or rather inside out, and by that redoubted weapon hangs the mail of the still older Vernon, squire to the Black Prince, whose fate is the reverse of his descendant’s, since he is more indebted to the bard who took the trouble to celebrate him for good will than for talents:

Amiddes the route you may discern one
Brave knight, with pipes on shield, yceleped Vernon;
Like a borne fiend along the plain he thundered,
Prest to be carving throtes, while others plundered.

Then there is a model of a new martingale, which I invented myself—a great improvement on the Duke of Newcastle’s—and there are the hood and bells of my

falcon Cheviot, who spitted himself on a heron's bill at Horsely-moss—poor Cheviot, there is not a bird on the perches below, but are kites and rifiers compared to him; and there is my own light fowling-piece, with an improved firelock; with twenty other treasures, each more valuable than another. And there, that speaks for itself.”

She pointed to the carved oak frame of a full-length portrait by Vandyke, on which were inscribed, in Gothic letters, the words *Vernon semper viret*. Frank looked at her for explanation. “Do you not know,” said she, with some surprise, “our motto—the Vernon motto, where,

Like the solemn vice iniquity,
We moralize two meanings in one word?

And do you not know our cognizance, the pipes?” pointing to the armorial bearings sculptured on the oaken scutcheon, around which the legend was displayed.

“Pipes! they look more like penny whistles. But pray do not be angry with my ignorance,” he continued, observing the color mount to her cheeks. “I can mean no affront to your armorial bearings, for I do not even know my own.”

“You an Osbaldistone, and confess so much!” she exclaimed. “Why, Percie, Thornie, John, Dickon, —Wilfred himself, might be your instructor. Even ignorance itself is a plummet over you.”

“With shame I confess it, my dear Miss Vernon, the mysteries couched under the grim hieroglyphics of heraldry are to me as unintelligible as those of the pyramids of Egypt.”

“What! is it possible? Why, even my uncle reads Gwillym sometimes of a winter night. Not know the figures of heraldry!—of what could your father be thinking?”

“Of the figures of arithmetic,” Frank answered; “the most insignificant unit of which he holds more highly than all the blazonry of chivalry. But though I am ignorant to this inexpressible degree, I have knowledge and taste enough to admire that splendid picture, in which I think I can discover a family likeness to you. What ease and dignity in the attitude!—what richness of coloring—what breadth and depth of shade!”

“Is it really a fine painting?” she asked.

“I have seen many works of the renowned artist,” he replied, “but never beheld one more to my liking.”

“Well, I know as little of pictures as you do of heraldry,” replied Miss Vernon; “yet I have the advantage of you, because I have always admired the painting without understanding its value.”

“While I have neglected pipes and tabors, and all the whimsical combinations of chivalry, still I am informed that they floated in the fields of ancient fame. But you will allow their exterior appearance is not so peculiarly interesting to the uninformed spectator as that fine painting. Who is the person here represented?”

“My grandfather. He shared the misfortunes of Charles I, and, I am sorry to add, the excesses of his son. Our patrimonial estate was greatly impaired by his prodigality, and was altogether lost by his successor,

my unfortunate father. But peace be with them who have got it!—it was lost in the cause of loyalty.”

“Your father, I presume, suffered in the political dissensions of the period?”

“He did, indeed; he lost his all. And hence is his child a dependent orphan—eating the bread of others—subjected to their caprices, and compelled to study their inclinations; yet prouder of having had such a father than if, playing a more prudent but less upright part, he had left me possessor of all the rich and fair baronies which his family once possessed.”

As she thus spoke the entrance of the servants with dinner cut off all conversation but that of a general nature.

When the hasty meal was concluded, and the wine placed on the table, the domestic informed them “that Mr. Rashleigh had desired to be told when our dinner was removed.”

“Tell him,” said Miss Vernon, “we shall be happy to see him if he will step this way—place another wine-glass and chair, and leave the room. You must retire with him when he goes away,” she continued, addressing herself to Frank; “even *my* liberality cannot spare a gentleman above eight hours out of the twenty-four, and I think we have been together for at least that length of time.”

“The old scythe-man has moved so rapidly,” he answered, “that I could not count his strides.”

“Hush!” said Miss Vernon, “here comes Rashleigh.”

CHAPTER VIII.

A MODEST tap at the door—a gentle manner of opening when invited to enter—a studied softness and humility of step and deportment, announced the approach of Rashleigh Osbaldistone. “Why should you use the ceremony of knocking,” said Miss Vernon, “when you knew that I was not alone?”

This was spoken with a burst of impatience, as if she had felt that Rashleigh’s air of caution and reserve covered some insinuation of impertinent suspicion. “You have taught me the form of knocking at this door so perfectly, my fair cousin,” answered Rashleigh, without change of voice or manner, “that habit has become a second nature.”

“I prize sincerity more than courtesy, sir, and you know I do,” was Miss Vernon’s reply.

“Courtesy is a gallant gay, a courtier by name and by profession,” replied Rashleigh, “and therefore most fit for a lady’s bower.”

“But Sincerity is the true knight,” retorted Miss Vernon, “and therefore much more welcome, cousin. But to end a debate not over-amusing to your stranger kinsman, sit down, Rashleigh, and give Mr. Francis Osbaldistone your countenance to his glass of wine. I

have done the honors of the dinner, for the credit of Osbaldistone Hall."

Rashleigh sat down, and filled his glass, glancing his eye from Diana to Frank, with an embarrassment which his utmost efforts could not entirely disguise. He appeared to be uncertain concerning the extent of confidence she might have reposed in Frank, who hastened to lead the conversation into a channel which should sweep away any suspicion that Diana might have betrayed any secrets which rested between them. "Mr. Rashleigh," he said, "Miss Vernon has recommended me to return my thanks to you for my speedy disengagement from the ridiculous accusation of Morris; and, unjustly fearing my gratitude might not be warm enough to remind me of this duty, she has put my curiosity on its side, by referring me to you for an account, or rather explanation, of the events of the day."

"Indeed," answered Rashleigh; "I should have thought" (looking keenly at Miss Vernon) "that the lady herself might have stood interpreter"; and his eye, reverting from her face, sought Frank's, as if to search, from the expression of his features, whether Diana's communication had been as narrowly limited as his words had intimated. Miss Vernon retorted his inquisitorial glance with one of decided scorn; while Frank, uncertain whether to deprecate or resent his obvious suspicion, replied: "If it is your pleasure, Mr. Rashleigh, as it has been Miss Vernon's, to leave me in ignorance, I must necessarily submit; but, pray, do not withhold your information from me on the ground of imagining that I have already obtained any on the subject. For I tell you, as a man of honor, I am as ignorant as that pic-

ture of anything relating to the events I have witnessed to-day, excepting that I understand from Miss Vernon that you have been kindly active in my favor."

"Miss Vernon has overrated my humble efforts," said Rashleigh, "though I claim full credit for my zeal. The truth is, that as I galloped back to get some one of our family to join me in becoming your bail, which was the most obvious, or, indeed, I may say, the only way of serving you which occurred to my stupidity, I met the man Cawmil—Colville—Campbell, or whatsoever they call him. I had understood from Morris that he was present when the robbery took place, and had the good fortune to prevail on him (with some difficulty, I confess) to tender his evidence in your exculpation—which I presume was the means of your being released from an unpleasant situation."

"Indeed? I am much your debtor for procuring such a seasonable evidence in my behalf. But I can not see why (having been, as he said, a fellow-sufferer with Morris) it should have required much trouble to persuade him to step forth and bear evidence, whether to convict the actual robber, or free an innocent person."

"You do not know the genius of that man's country," answered Rashleigh—"discretion, prudence, and foresight, are their leading qualities; these are only modified by a narrow-spirited but yet ardent patriotism, which forms as it were the outmost of the concentric bulwarks with which a Scotchman fortifies himself against all the attacks of a generous philanthropical principle. Surmount this mound, you find an inner and still dearer barrier—the love of his province, his village,

or, most probably, his clan; storm this second obstacle, you have a third—his attachment to his own family—his father, mother, sons, daughters, uncles, aunts, and cousins, to the ninth generation. It is within these limits that a Scotchman's social affection expands itself, never reaching those which are outermost, till all means of discharging itself in the interior circles have been exhausted. It is within these circles that his heart throbs, each pulsation being fainter and fainter, till, beyond the widest boundary, it is almost unfelt. And what is worst of all, could you surmount all these concentric outworks, you have an inner citadel, deeper, higher, and more efficient than them all—a Scotchman's love for himself."

"All this is extremely eloquent and metaphorical, Rashleigh," said Miss Vernon, who listened with unexpressed impatience; "there are only two objections to it: first, it is *not* true; secondly, if true, it is nothing to the purpose."

"It *is* true, my fairest Diana," returned Rashleigh; "and, moreover, it is most instantly to the purpose. It is true, because you can not deny that I know the country and people intimately, and the character is drawn from deep and accurate considerations; and it is to the purpose, because it answers Mr. Francis Osbaldistone's question, and shows why this same wary Scotchman, considering our kinsman to be neither his countryman, nor a Campbell, nor his cousin in any of the inextricable combinations by which they extend their pedigree; and, above all, seeing no prospect of personal advantage, but, on the contrary, much hazard of loss of time and delay of business——"

“With other inconveniences, perhaps, of a nature yet more formidable,” interrupted Miss Vernon.

“Of which, doubtless, there might be many,” said Rashleigh, continuing in the same tone—“In short, my theory shows why this man, hoping for no advantage, and afraid of some inconvenience, might require a degree of persuasion ere he could be prevailed on to give his testimony in favor of Mr. Osbaldistone.”

“It seems surprising to me,” Frank observed, “that during the glance I cast over the declaration, or whatever it is termed, of Mr. Morris, he should never have mentioned that Campbell was in his company when he met the marauders.”

“I understood from Campbell that he had taken his solemn promise not to mention that circumstance,” replied Rashleigh; “his reason for exacting such an engagement you may guess from what I have hinted—he wished to get back to his own country, undelayed and unembarrassed by any of the judicial inquiries which he would have been under the necessity of attending, had the fact of his being present at the robbery taken air while he was on this side of the Border. But let him once be as distant as the Forth, Morris will, I warrant you, come forth with all he knows about him, and, it may be, a good deal more. Besides, Campbell is a very extensive dealer in cattle, and has often the occasion to send great droves into Northumberland; and, when driving such a trade, he would be a great fool to embroil himself with our Northumbrian thieves, than whom no men who live are more vindictive.”

“I dare be sworn of that,” said Miss Vernon, with

a tone which implied something more than a simple acquiescence in the proposition.

"Still," said Frank, resuming the subject, "allowing the force of the reasons which Campbell might have for desiring that Morris should be silent with regard to his promise when the robbery was committed, I can not yet see how he could attain such an influence over the man as to make him suppress his evidence in that particular, at the manifest risk of subjecting his story to discredit."

Rashleigh agreed with him that it was very extraordinary, and seemed to regret that he had not questioned the Scotchman more closely on that subject, which he allowed looked extremely mysterious. "But," he asked, immediately after this acquiescence, "are you very sure the circumstance of Morris's being accompanied by Campbell is really not alluded to in his examination?"

"I read the paper over hastily," said Frank; "but it is my strong impression that no such circumstance is mentioned; at least, it must have been touched on very slightly, since it failed to catch my attention."

"True, true," answered Rashleigh, "I incline to think, with you, that the circumstance must in reality have been mentioned, but so slightly that it failed to attract your attention. And then, as to Campbell's interest with Morris, I incline to suppose that it must have been gained by playing upon his fears. This chicken-hearted fellow, Morris, is bound, I understand, for Scotland, destined for some little employment under Government; and, possessing the courage of the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse, he may have been afraid to encounter the ill-will of such a kill-cow as Campbell, whose very appearance would be enough to

frighten him out of his little wits. You observed that Mr. Campbell has at times a keen and animated manner—something of a martial cast in his tone and bearing.”

“I own,” Frank replied, “that his expression struck me as being occasionally fierce and sinister, and little adapted to his peaceable professions. Has he served in the army?”

“Yes—no—not, strictly speaking, *served*; but he has been, I believe, like most of his countrymen, trained to arms. Indeed, among the hills, they carry them from boyhood to the grave. So, if you know anything of your fellow-traveler, you will easily judge that, going to such a country, he will take care to avoid a quarrel, if he can help it, with any of the natives. But, come, I see you decline your wine—and I too am a degenerate Osbaldistone, so far as respects the circulation of the bottle. If you will go to my room, I will hold you a hand at piquet.”

They rose to take leave of Miss Vernon, who had from time to time suppressed, apparently with difficulty, a strong temptation to break in upon Rashleigh’s details. As they were about to leave the room, the smothered fire broke forth.

“Mr. Osbaldistone,” she said, “your own observation will enable you to verify the justice, or injustice, of Rashleigh’s suggestions concerning such individuals as Mr. Campbell and Mr. Morris. But, in slandering Scotland, he has borne false witness against a whole country; and I request you will allow no weight to his evidence.”

“Perhaps,” Frank answered, “I may find it somewhat difficult to obey your injunction, Miss Vernon;

for I must own I was brought up with no favorable idea of our northern neighbors.”

“Distrust that part of your education, sir,” she replied, “and let the daughter of a Scotchwoman pray you to respect the land which gave her parent birth, until your own observation has proved them to be unworthy of your good opinion. Preserve your hatred and contempt for dissimulation, baseness, and falsehood, wheresoever they are to be met with. You will find enough of all without leaving England.—Adieu, gentlemen, I wish you good-evening.”

And she signed to the door, with the manner of a princess dismissing her train.

They retired to Rashleigh’s apartment, where the remainder of the evening was spent in the fascinations of the game of piquet.

CHAPTER IX.

What gars ye gaunt, my merry men a'?

What gars ye look sae dreary?

What gars ye hing your head sae sair,

In the castle of Balwearie?

OLD SCOTCH BALLAD.

THE next morning was Sunday, and after the formal religious service, which all the family regularly attended, Rashleigh and Frank were left alone in the old dining-hall. The conversation was upon Rashleigh's approaching change of residence from Osbaldistone Hall to London, where he was to assume the position in the mercantile house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, which Frank by his obstinacy had forfeited. To Rashleigh, desiring to know something of his uncle, whom he was to meet so soon, Frank described his father in the following words:

“Well, then, you will find in my father a man who has followed the paths of thriving more for the exercise they afforded to his talents than for the love of the gold with which they are strewed. His active mind would have been happy in any situation which gave it scope for exertion, though that exertion had been its sole reward. But his wealth has accumulated, because, moderate and frugal in his habits, no new sources of expense have occurred to dispose of his increasing income. He is a

man who hates dissimulation in others, never practices it himself; and is peculiarly alert in discovering motives through the coloring of language. Himself silent by habit, he is readily disgusted by great talkers; the rather, that the circumstances by which he is most interested afford no great scope for conversation. He is severely strict in the duties of religion; but you have no reason to fear his interference with yours, for he regards toleration as a sacred principle of political economy. But if you have any Jacobitical partialities, as is naturally to be supposed, you will do well to suppress them in his presence, as well as the least tendency to the highflying or Tory principles; for he holds both in utter detestation. For the rest, his word is his own bond, and must be the law of all who act under him. He will fail in his duty to no one, and will permit no one to fail toward him; to cultivate his favor you must execute his commands, instead of echoing his sentiments. His greatest failings arise out of prejudices connected with his own profession, or rather his exclusive devotion to it, which makes him see little worthy of praise or attention, unless it be in some measure connected with commerce."

"O rare-painted portrait!" exclaimed Rashleigh, when Frank was silent—"Vandyke was a dauber to you, Frank. I see thy sire before me in all his strength and weakness; loving and honoring the King as a sort of lord mayor of the empire, or chief of the board of trade—venerating the Commons, for the acts regulating the export trade—and respecting the Peers, because the Lord Chancellor sits on a woolsack."

"Mine was a likeness, Rashleigh; yours is a caricature. But in return for the *carte du pays* which I have

unfolded to you, give me some lights on the geography of the unknown lands——”

“On which you are wrecked,” said Rashleigh. “It is not worth while; it is no Isle of Calypso, umbrageous with shade and intricate with sylvan labyrinth—but a bare, ragged Northumbrian moor, with as little to interest curiosity as to delight the eye; you may descry it in all its nakedness in half an hour’s survey, as well as if I were to lay it down before you by line and compass.”

“Oh, but something there is, worthy a more attentive survey. What say you to Miss Vernon? Does not she form an interesting object in the landscape, were all round as rude as Iceland’s coast?”

“I have known less of Miss Vernon,” he said, “for some time, than I was wont to do formerly. In early age I was her tutor; but as she advanced toward womanhood, my various avocations—the gravity of the profession to which I was destined—the peculiar nature of her engagements—our mutual situation, in short, rendered a close and constant intimacy dangerous and improper. I believe Miss Vernon might consider my reserve as unkindness, but it was my duty; I felt as much as she seemed to do, when compelled to give way to prudence. But where was the safety in cultivating an intimacy with a beautiful and susceptible girl, whose heart you are aware must be given either to the cloister or to a betrothed husband?”

“The cloister or a betrothed husband?” Frank echoed—“is that the alternative destined for Miss Vernon?”

“It is indeed,” said Rashleigh, with a sigh. “I need not, I suppose, caution you against the danger of

cultivating too closely the friendship of Miss Vernon—you are a man of the world, and know how far you can indulge yourself in her society with safety to yourself and justice to her. But I warn you, that, considering her ardent temper, you must let your experience keep guard over her as well as yourself, for the specimen of yesterday may serve to show her extreme thoughtlessness and the neglect of decorum.”

“The deuce take his insolence!” was Frank’s internal meditation. “Would he wish me to infer that Miss Vernon has fallen in love with that hatchet-face of his, and become degraded so low as to require his shyness to cure her of an imprudent passion? I will have his meaning from him if I should drag it out with cart-ropes.”

For this purpose he placed his temper under as accurate a guard as he could, and observed, “That, for a lady of her good sense and acquired accomplishments, it was to be regretted that Miss Vernon’s manners were rather blunt and rustic.”

“Frank and unreserved, at least, to the extreme,” replied Rashleigh; “yet, trust me, she has an excellent heart. To tell you the truth, should she continue her extreme aversion to the cloister, and to her destined husband, and should my own labors in the mine of Plutus promise to secure me a decent independence, I shall think of renewing our acquaintance and sharing it with Miss Vernon. But,” continued he, as if thinking aloud, “I should not like to supplant Thorncliff.”

“Supplant Thorncliff! Is your brother Thornciff,” Frank inquired, with great surprise, “the destined husband of Diana Vernon?”

“Why, ay, her father’s commands, and a certain family contract, destined her to marry one of Sir Hildebrand’s sons. A dispensation has been obtained from Rome to Diana Vernon to marry *Blank* Osbaldistone, Esq., son of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, of Osbaldistone Hall, Bart., and so forth; and it only remains to pitch upon the happy man whose name shall fill the gap in the manuscript. Now, as Percie is seldom sober, my father pitched on Thorncliff, as the second prop of the family, and therefore most proper to carry on the line of the Osbaldistones.”

“The young lady,” said Frank, forcing himself to assume an air of pleasantry, “would perhaps have been inclined to look a little lower on the family-tree for the branch to which she was desirous of clinging.”

“I can not say,” he replied. “There is room for little choice in our family: Dick is a gambler, John a boor, and Wilfred an ass. I believe my father really made the best selection for poor Die after all.”

“The present company,” said Frank, “being always excepted.”

“Oh, my destination to the church placed me out of the question; otherwise I will not affect to say that, qualified by my education both to instruct and guide Miss Vernon, I might not have been a more creditable choice than any of my elders.”

“And so thought the young lady, doubtless?”

“You are not to suppose so,” answered Rashleigh, with an affectation of denial which was contrived to convey the strongest affirmation the case admitted of; “friendship—only friendship—formed the tie betwixt us, and the tender affection of an opening mind to its

only instructor—Love came not near us—I told you I was wise in time.”

Frank felt little inclination to pursue this conversation any further, and shaking himself clear of Rashleigh, withdrew to his own apartment, which he traversed with much vehemence of agitation, repeating aloud the expressions which had most offended him—“Susceptible—ardent—tender affection—Love—Diana Vernon, the most beautiful creature I ever beheld, in love with him, the bandy-legged, bull-necked, limping scoundrel! Richard the Third in all but his hump-back!—And yet the opportunities he must have had during his cursed course of lectures; and the fellow’s flowing and easy strain of sentiment; and her extreme seclusion from every one who spoke and acted with common sense; ay, and her obvious pique at him, mixed with admiration of his talents, which looked as like the result of neglected attachment as anything else— Well, and what is it to me, that I should storm and rage at it? Is Diana Vernon the first pretty girl that has loved and married an ugly fellow? And if she were free of every Osbaldistone of them, what concern is it of mine?—a Catholic—a Jacobite—termagant into the boot—for me to look that way were utter madness.”

By throwing such reflections on the flame of his displeasure, he subdued it into a sort of smoldering heart-burning, and appeared at the dinner-table in as sulky a humor as could well be imagined.

Miss Vernon heard him, with surprise, return ungracious answers to one or two playful strokes of satire which she threw out with her usual freedom of speech; but, having no suspicion that offense was meant, she only

replied to his rude repartees with jests somewhat similar, but polished by her good temper, though pointed by her wit. At length she perceived he was really out of humor, and answered one of his rude speeches thus:

“They say, Mr. Frank, that one may gather sense from fools.—I heard Cousin Wilfred refuse to play any longer at cudgels the other day with Cousin Thornie, because Cousin Thornie got angry, and struck harder than the rules of amicable combat, it seems, permitted. ‘Were I to break your head in good earnest,’ quoth honest Wilfred, ‘I care not how angry you are, for I should do it so much the more easily—but it’s hard I should get raps over the costard, and only pay you back in make-believes.’ Do you understand the moral of this, Frank?”

“I have never felt myself under the necessity, madam, of studying how to extract the slender portion of sense with which this family season their conversation.”

“‘Necessity’! and ‘madam’! You surprise me, Mr. Osbaldistone.”

“I am unfortunate in doing so.”

“Am I to suppose that this capricious tone is serious; or is it only assumed, to make your good humor more valuable?”

“You have a right to the attention of so many gentlemen in this family, Miss Vernon, that it can not be worth your while to inquire into the cause of my stupidity and bad spirits.”

“What!” she said, “am I to understand, then, that you have deserted my faction, and gone over to the enemy?”

Then, looking across the table, and observing that Rashleigh, who was seated opposite, was watching them with a singular expression of interest on his harsh features, she continued:

“ ‘Horrible thought!—Ay, now I see ’tis true,
For the grim-visaged Rashleigh smiles on me,
And points at thee for his!’——

Well, thank Heaven, and the unprotected state which has taught me endurance, I do not take offense easily; and that I may not be forced to quarrel, whether I like it or not, I have the honor, earlier than usual, to wish you a happy digestion of your dinner and your bad humor.”

And she left the table accordingly.

Thoroughly dissatisfied with his previous conduct, Frank, to drown his discomfiture, applied himself more frequently than was his wont to the wine which circulated around the table. The agitated state of his feelings combined with his usual habits of temperance to give rapid effect to the liquor. His spirits once aroused became extravagant; he talked a great deal, argued on what he knew nothing of; accepted several bets without the least judgment; challenged the giant John to wrestle with him, although he knew nothing of the art; and, at length, frantic at some real or supposed injurious insinuation, he struck Rashleigh with his fist, who received the insult with the highest degree of scorn. But what Rashleigh did not think worth while to resent, his brother Thorncliff resented for him. Swords were drawn, and Frank and he exchanged one or two passes before the other brothers separated them by main force,

and unceremoniously carried the former to his apartment, where they secured him by locking the door. At length he threw himself on the bed, where he fell asleep, amid vows of dire revenge to be taken on the ensuing day.

CHAPTER X.

Dire was his thought, who first in poison steeped
The weapon formed for slaughter—direr his,
And worthier of damnation, who instilled
The mortal venom in the social cup,
To fill the veins with death instead of life.

ANONYMOUS.

BUT with the morning came cool repentance, and Frank felt in the keenest manner the violence and absurdity of his behavior of the night before. The rudeness and unkindness of his conduct to Miss Vernon added not a little to his disagreeable reflections, and for this he could not even plead the miserable excuse of intoxication.

Under all these aggravated feelings of shame and degradation he descended to the dining-hall for breakfast. His cousins were in a high state of glee as he entered, and were disposed to regard, what to him was a cause of serious pain, as an excellent jest, and his uncle attempted to console him in his rough and hearty manner.

Frank had already settled in his own mind how he was to behave on this occasion and had schooled himself to believe that true honor consisted, not in defending, but in apologizing for an injury so much disproportioned to any provocation he might have to allege. According-

ly, when Rashleigh entered the room he hastened to meet him and expressed his great sorrow at the violence with which he had acted on the previous evening. His apology was accepted with good grace, and it now only remained for him to seek an interview with Miss Vernon and win her forgiveness for his pettishness. Such a chance was afforded him when Diana addressed him as follows:

“Cousin Francis,” she said, “I have encountered this morning a difficult passage in the *Divina Commedia* of Dante; will you have the goodness to step to the library and give me your assistance? and when you have unearthed for me the meaning of the obscure Florentine, we will join the rest at Birkenwood-bank, and see their luck at unearthing the badger.”

He signified, of course, his readiness to wait upon her. Rashleigh made an offer to accompany them. “I am something better skilled,” he said, “at tracking the sense of Dante through the metaphors and elisions of his wild and gloomy poem, than at hunting the poor, in-offensive hermit yonder out of his cave.”

“Pardon me, Rashleigh,” said Miss Vernon, “but as you are to occupy Mr. Francis’s place in the counting-house, you must surrender to him the charge of your pupil’s education at Osbaldistone Hall. We shall call you in, however, if there is any occasion; so pray do not look so grave upon it. Besides, it is a shame to you not to understand field sports. What will you do should our uncle in Crane-Alley ask you the signs by which you track a badger?”

“Ay, true, Die—true,” said Sir Hildebrand, with a sigh, “I misdoubt Rashleigh will be found short at the

leap when he is put to the trial. An' he would ha' learned useful knowledge like his brothers; he was bred up where it grew, I wuss; but French antics, and book-learning, with the new turnips, and the rats, and the Hanoverians, ha' changed the world that I ha' known in Old England. But come along with us, Rashie, and carry my hunting-staff, man; thy cousin lacks none of thy company as now, and I wonna ha' Die crossed. It's ne'er be said there was but one woman in Osbaldistone Hall, and she died for lack of her will."

So Rashleigh followed the hunters, while Miss Vernon led the way to the library, accompanied by Frank. There she seated herself majestically in a huge elbow-chair, like a judge about to hear a cause of importance, signed to Frank to take a chair opposite to her, and entered upon conversation in a tone of bitter irony. In this strain she continued for some minutes, reproaching Frank without mercy for his breach of good conduct. Then, suddenly changing the subject, she demanded to know what Rashleigh had said concerning her that caused Frank to so change his manner toward her. At first Frank endeavored to evade the request, but was compelled at last to detail the story Rashleigh had told him, on the preceding day, of his association with Miss Vernon. Diana was much agitated by the report of their conversation; as Frank proceeded she grew more excited, and when he finished, broke forth into a vehement speech, disclosing fully Rashleigh's villainous character. But she forced herself to calmness, when Frank, catching some of her excitement, laid his hand on the hilt of his sword and was about to leave the

apartment in search of his cousin. Throwing herself between him and the door—

“Stay!” she said—“stay!—however just your resentment, you do not know half the secrets of this fearful prison-house.” She then glanced her eyes anxiously round the room, and sunk her voice almost to a whisper: “He bears a charmed life; you can not assail him without endangering other lives, and wider destruction. Had it been otherwise, in some hour of justice he had hardly been safe, even from this weak hand. I have already said that there is a mystery connected with Rashleigh, of a dangerous and fatal nature. Villain as he is, and as he knows he stands convicted in my eyes, I can not, I dare not, openly break with or defy him. You, also, Mr. Osbaldistone, must bear with him with patience, foil his artifices by opposing to them prudence, not violence; and, above all, you must avoid such scenes as that of last night, which can not but give him perilous advantages over you. This caution I designed to give you, and it was the object with which I desired this interview; but I have extended my confidence further than I proposed.”

Frank assured her that it was not misplaced.

“I do not believe that it is,” she replied. “You have that in your face and manners which authorizes trust. Let us continue to be friends. And now that the passage in Dante is made so clear, pray go and see what has become of the badger-baiters. My head aches so much that I can not join the party.”

Frank left the library, but not to join the hunters. He felt that a solitary walk was necessary to compose his spirits before he again trusted himself in Rashleigh’s company. It was absolutely necessary that he

should treat his cousin with courtesy, not only on account of the mysterious charge which Diana had given him, but because he had, in reality, no ostensible ground for quarreling with him.

He therefore resolved, as far as possible, to meet Rashleigh's dissimulation with equal caution on his part during their residence in the same family; and when Rashleigh should depart for London, he resolved to give Owen at least such a hint of his character as might keep him on his guard. The energy of Rashleigh's character, and his power of assuming all seeming good qualities, were likely to procure him a high degree of confidence, and it was not to be hoped that either good faith or gratitude would prevent him from abusing it. Frank therefore indited a letter to Owen, leaving it to him, who in his own line was wary, prudent, and circumspect, to make the necessary use of his knowledge of Rashleigh's true character. This he dispatched to the post-house by the first opportunity.

At the next meeting of Frank and Rashleigh, each seemed to have resolved to adopt a distant and formal manner toward the other, and to be disposed to avoid all pretext for collision. Their intercourse was reserved on both sides and on subjects of little interest. Indeed, Rashleigh remained at Osbaldistone Hall only a few days after this period.

The day came for Rashleigh's departure, to the ill-concealed delight of the entire family at Osbaldistone Hall. Frank sent a letter to his father by Rashleigh, and also a few lines to Owen, besides the confidential letter, already mentioned, which he thought more proper and prudent to dispatch by another conveyance.

CHAPTER XI.

Yon lamp its line of quivering light
Shoots from my lady's bower ;
But why should beauty's lamp be bright
At midnight's lonely hour ?

OLD BALLAD.

LIFE went on much as usual at Osbaldistone Hall. Frank endeavored to make himself, at least, a not unwelcome member of the household, and assisted his uncle with his pen and arithmetic when necessary. He also made some efforts to overcome the ill-will which his cousins entertained toward him, and succeeded to a greater or less extent with all, save Thorncliff, who persisted in his sullen and quarrelsome temper, regarding Frank's residence at Osbaldistone Hall as an intrusion. But between Diana Vernon and Frank there existed the best understanding, and much of their time was spent over their mutual studies.

There was another person who should not be forgotten, for he may be counted as one of Frank's adherents at the manor, and this was Andrew Fairservice, the gardener. Since making the discovery that Frank was a Protestant, Andrew rarely suffered him to pass without proffering his Scotch mull for a social pinch. Andrew obtained the greatest pleasure from these interviews, in the opportunity it gave him of communicating the news

he had collected, or the satirical remarks which his shrewd northern humor suggested.

“I am saying, sir,” he said to him one evening, with a face obviously charged with intelligence, “I hae been down at the Trinlay-knowe.”

“Well, Andrew, and I suppose you heard some news at the alehouse?”

“Na, sir; I never gang to the yillhouse—that is unless ony neighbor was to gie me a pint, or the like o’ that; but to gang there on ane’s ain coat-tail, is a waste o’ precious time and hard-won siller.—But I was down at the Trinlay-knowe, as I was saying, about a wee bit business o’ my ain wi’ Mattie Simpson, that wants a for-pit or twa o’ peers that will never be missed in the Ha’-house—and when we were at the thrangest o’ our bargain, wha suld come in but Pate Macready the traveling merchant?”

“Peddler, I suppose you mean?”

“E’en as your honor like to ca’ him; but it’s a creditable calling, and a gainfu’, and has been lang in use wi’ our folk. Pate’s a far-awa’ cousin o’ mine, and we were blythe to meet wi’ ane anither.”

“And you went and had a jug of ale together, I suppose, Andrew? For Heaven’s sake, cut short your story.”

“Bide a wee—bide a wee; you southrons are aye in sic a hurry, and this is something concerns yoursell, and ye wad tak’ patience to hear’t.—Yill?—deil a drapo’ yill did Pate offer me; but Mattie gae us baith a drap skimmed milk, and ane o’ her thick ait jannocks, that was as wat and raw as a divot. O for the bonnie girdle cakes o’ the north!—and sae we sat down and took out our clavers.”

"I wish you would take them out just now. Pray, tell me the news, if you have got any worth telling, for I can't stop here all night."

"Than, if ye maun hae't, the folk in Lunnon are a' clean wud about this bit job in the north here."

"Clean wood! what's that?"

"Ou, just real daft—neither to haud nor to bind—a' hirdy-girdy—clean through ither—the deil's ower Jock Wabster."

"But what does all this mean? or what business have I with the devil or Jack Webster?"

"Umph!" said Andrew, looking extremely knowing, "it's just because—just that the dirdum's a' about yon man's pokmanty."

"Whose portmanteau? or what do you mean?"

"Ou, just the man Morris's, that he said he lost yonder; but if it's no your honor's affair, as little is it mine; and I mauna lose this gracious evening."

And, as if suddenly seized with a violent fit of industry, Andrew began to labor most diligently.

Frank's attention, as the crafty knave had foreseen, was now arrested, but he was unwilling to acknowledge any particular interest in that affair, by asking direct questions, and stood waiting till the spirit of voluntary communication should again prompt the gardener to resume his story. Andrew dug on manfully and spoke at intervals, but nothing to the purpose of Mr. Macready's news; and Frank stood and listened, cursing him in his heart, and desirous at the same time to see how long his humor of contradiction would prevail over his desire of speaking upon the subject which was obviously uppermost in his mind.

“Am trenching up the sparry-grass, and am gaun to saw some Misegun beans; they winna want them to their swine’s flesh, I’s e warrant—muckle gude may it do them. And siclike dung as the grieve has gien me!—it should be wheat-strae, or aiten at the warst o’t, and it’s pease dirt, as fizenless as chuckie-stanes. But the huntsman guides a’ as he likes about the stable-yard, and he’s selled the best o’ the litter, I’s e warrant. But, howsoever, we mauna lose a turn o’ this Saturday at e’en, for the wather’s sair broken, and if there’s a fair day in seven, Sunday’s sure to come and lick it up. Howsomever, I’m no denying that it may settle, if it be Heaven’s will, till Monday morning—and what’s the use o’ my breaking my back at this rate?—I think, I’ll e’en awa’ hame, for yon’s the curfew, as they ca’ their jowing-in bell.”

Accordingly, applying both his hands to his spade, he pitched it upright in the trench which he had been digging, and looking at Frank with the air of superiority of one who knows himself possessed of important information, which he may communicate or refuse at his pleasure, pulled down the sleeves of his shirt, and walked slowly toward his coat, which lay carefully folded up upon a neighboring garden-seat.

“I must pay the penalty of having interrupted the tiresome rascal,” thought Frank to himself, “and even gratify Mr. Fairservice by taking his communication on his own terms. Then, addressing him: “And after all, Andrew, what are these London news you had from your kinsman, the traveling merchant?”

“The peddler, your honor means?” retorted Andrew—“but ca’ him what ye wull, they’re a great convenience in a country-side that’s scant o’ borough-towns like this

Northumberland. That's no the case, now, in Scotland; there's the kingdom of Fife, frae Culross to the East Nuik, it's just like a great combined city—sae many royal boroughs yoked on end to end, like ropes of ingans, with their hie-streets and their booths, nae doubt, and their kræmes, and houses of stane and lime and fore-stairs—Kirkcaldy, the sell o't, is langer than ony town in England."

"I dare say it's all very splendid and very fine—but you were talking of the London news a little while ago, Andrew."

"Ay," replied Andrew; "but I dinna think your honor cared to hear about them.—Howsoever" (he continued, grinning a ghastly smile), "Pate Macready does say, that they are sair mistrysted yonder in their Parliament House about this rubbery o' Mr. Morris, or whatever they ca' the chiel."

"In the House of Parliament, Andrew!—how came they to mention it there?"

"Ou, that's just what I said to Pate; if it like your honor, I'll tell you the very words; it's no worth making a lie for the matter. 'Pate,' said I, 'what ado hath the lords and lairds and gentles at Lunnon wi' the earle and his walise?—When we had a Scotch Parliament, Pate,' says I (and deil rax their thrapples that reft us o't!) 'they sate dousely down and made laws for a hail country and kinrick, and never fashed their beards about things that were competent to the judge ordinar o' the bounds; but I think,' said I, 'that if ae kailwife pou'd aff her neighbor's mutch they wad hae the twasome o' them into the Parliament House o' Lunnon. It's just,' said I, 'amaist as silly as our auld daft laird here and his

gomerils o' sons, wi' his huntsmen and his hounds, and his hunting cattle and horns, riding haill days after a bit beast that winna weigh sax pund when they hae caught it.' "

" You argued most admirably, Andrew," said Frank, willing to encourage him to get into the marrow of his intelligence; " and what said Pate? "

" Ou," he said, " what better could be expected of a wheen pock-pudding English folk?—But as to the robbery, it's like that when they're a' at the thrang o' their Whig and Tory wark, and ca'ing ane anither, like unhanged blackguards—up gets ae lang-tongued chield and he says, that a' the north of England were rank Jacobites (and, quietly, he wasna far wrang maybe), and that they had levied amaist open war, and a king's messenger had been stoppit and rubbit on the highway, and that the best bluid o' Northumberland had been at the doing o't—and mickle gowd ta'en aff him, and mony valuable papers; and that there was nae redress to be gotten by remeed o' law, for the first justice o' the peace that the rubbit man gaed to, he had fund the twa loons that did the deed birling and drinking wi' him, wha but they; and the justice took the word o' the tane for the compearance o' the tither; and that they e'en gae him leg-bail, and the honest man that had lost his siller was fain to leave the country for fear that waur had come of it."

" Can this be really true? " said Frank.

" Pate swears it's as true as that his ellwand is a yard lang—(and so it is, just bating an inch, that it may meet the English measure).—And when the chield had said his warst, there was a terrible cry for names, and out

comes he wi' this man Morris's name, and your uncle's, and Squire Inglewood's, and other folk's beside. And then another dragon o' a chield got up on the other side, and said, wad they accuse the best gentleman in the land on the oath of a broken coward?—for it's like that Morris had been drummed out o' the army for rinnin' awa' in Flanders, and he said, it was like the story had been made up between the minister and him or ever he had left Lunnun; and that, if there was to be a search-warrant granted, he thought the siller wad be fund some gate near to St. James's Palace. Aweel, they trailed up Morris to their bar, as they ca't, to see what he could say to the job; but the folk that were again him, gae him sic an awfu' throughgaun about his rinnin' awa', and about a' the ill he had ever dune or said for a' the forepart o' his life, that Patie says he looked mair like ane dead than living; and they couldna get a word o' sense out o' him, for downright fright at their growling and routing. He maun be a saft sap, wi' a head nae better than a fozy frosted turnip—it wad hae ta'en a hantle o' them to scaur Andrew Fairservice out o' his tale."

"And how did it all end, Andrew? did your friend happen to learn?"

"Ou, ay; for as his walk is in this country, Pate put aff his journey for the space of a week or thereby, because it wad be acceptable to his customers to bring down the news. It's just a' gaed aff like moonshine in water. The fellow that began it drew in his horns, and said, that though he believed the man had been robbit, yet he acknowledged that he might hae been mista'en about the particulars. And then the other chield got up, and said, he caredna whether Morris was rubbed or no, provided

it wasna to become a stain on ony gentleman's honor and reputation, especially in the north of England; for, said he before them, I come frae the north, mysell, and I carena a boddle wha kens it. And this is what they ca' explaining—the tane gies up a bit, and the tither gies up a bit, and a' friends again. Aweel, after the Commons' Parliament had tuggit, and rived, and rugged at Morris and his rubbery till they were tired o't, the Lords' Parliament they behoved to hae their spell o't. In puir auld Scotland's Parliament they a' sate thegither, cheek by choul, and then they didna need to hae the same blethers twice ower again. But till't their lordships went wi' as muckle teeth and gude-will, as if the matter had been a' speck and span new. Forbye, there was something said about ane Campbell, that suld hae been concerned in the rubbery, mair or less, and that he suld hae had a warrant frae the Duke of Argyle, as a testimonial o' his character. And this put MacCallum More's beard in a bleize, as gude reason there was; and he gat up wi' an unco bang, and garr'd them a' look about them, and wad ram it even down their throats, there was never ane o' the Campbells but what was as wight, wise, warlike, and worthy trust, as auld Sir John the Græme. Now, if your honor's sure ye arena a drap's bluid a-kin to a Campbell, as I am nane mysell, sae far as I can count my kin, or hae had it counted to me, I'll gie ye my mind on that matter."

"You may be assured I have no connection whatever with any gentleman of the name."

"Ou, than we may speak it quietly amang oursells. There's baith gude and bad o' the Campbells, like other names. But this MacCullum More has an unco sway

and say baith, amang the grit folk at Lunnun even now; for he canna preceesely be said to belang to ony o' the twa sides o' them, sae deil any o' them likes to quarrel wi' him; sae they e'en voted Morris's tale a fause calumnious libel, as they ca't, and if he hadna gien them leg-bail, he was likely to hae ta'en the air on the pillory for leasing-making."

So speaking, honest Andrew collected his dibbles, spades, and hoes, and threw them into a wheel-barrow—leisurely, however, and allowing Frank full time to put any further questions which might occur to him before he trundled them off to the tool-house, there to repose during the ensuing day. Frank thought it best to speak out at once, lest this meddling fellow should suppose there were more weighty reasons for his silence than actually existed.

"I should like to see this countryman of yours, Andrew, and to hear his news from himself directly. You have probably heard that I had some trouble from the impertinent folly of this man Morris" (Andrew grinned a most significant grin), "and I should wish to see your cousin the merchant, to ask him the particulars of what he heard in London, if it could be done without much trouble."

"Naething mair easy," Andrew observed; "I hae but to hint to my cousin that your honor wants a pair or twa o' hose, and he wad be wi' ye as fast as he could lay leg to the grund."

"Oh, yes, assure him I shall be a customer; and as the night is, as you say, settled and fair, I shall walk in the garden until he comes; the moon will soon rise over the fells. You may bring him to the little back-gate; and

I shall have pleasure, in the meanwhile, in looking on the bushes and evergreens by the bright frosty moonlight."

"Vara right, vara right—that's what I hae often said; a kail-blade, or a colliflour, glances sae glegly by moonlight, it's like a ledly in her diamonds."

So saying, off went Andrew Fairservice with great glee. He had to walk about two miles, a labor he undertook with the greatest pleasure, in order to secure to his kinsman the sale of some articles of his trade, though it is probable he would not have given him sixpence to treat him to a quart of ale.

As Frank paced along the garden walks, it was natural that he should lift up his eyes to the windows of the old library, which, small in size, but several in number, stretched along the second story of that side of the house which now faced him. Light glanced from their casements. He was not surprised at this, for Miss Vernon often sat there of an evening, but he was a little startled when he distinctly perceived the shadows of two persons pass along and intercept the light from the first of the windows, throwing the casement for a moment into shade. "It must be old Martha," thought he, "whom Diana has engaged to be her companion for the evening; or I must have been mistaken, and taken Diana's shadow for a second person. No, by Heaven! it appears on the second window—two figures distinctly traced; and now it is lost again—it is seen on the third—on the fourth—the darkened forms of two persons distinctly seen in each window as they pass along the room, betwixt the windows and the lights. Whom can Diana have got for a companion?" The passage of the shad-

ows between the lights and the casements was twice repeated, after which the lights were extinguished, and the shades, of course, were seen no more.

Trifling as the circumstance was, it occupied his mind for a considerable time. But he had not long speculated on this disagreeable subject, in reality, however, when the back garden-door opened, and the figures of Andrew and his countryman—bending under his pack—crossed the moonlit alley.

Mr. Macready was a tough, sagacious, long-headed Scotchman; and a collector of news, both from choice and profession. He was able to give a distinct account of what had passed in the House of Commons and House of Lords on the affair of Morris. He was even able to supply Frank with a copy of a printed journal or News-Letter, in which the substance of the debate was mentioned; and also with a copy of the Duke of Argyle's speech. These, however, failed to give much—if any—additional information, so that Frank could not learn whether his own reputation had been directly implicated, although he perceived that the honor of his uncle's family had been impeached, and that this person Campbell, stated by Morris to have been the most active robber of the two by whom he was assailed, was also said by him to have appeared in the behalf of a Mr. Osbaldistone, and by the connivance of the Justice procured his liberation. Vexed upon the whole, as well as perplexed, with this extraordinary story, Frank dismissed the two Scotchmen, after making some purchases from Macready, and a small compliment to Fairservice, and retired to his own apartment to consider what he ought to do in defense of his character thus publicly attacked.

CHAPTER XII.

Whence, and what art thou ?

MILTON.

AFTER exhausting a sleepless night in meditating on the intelligence he had received, Frank was at first inclined to think that he ought as speedily as possible to return to London, and by open appearance repel the calumny which had been spread against him. But on second thought he decided that it would be best to state the whole story in the shape of a narrative addressed to his father; and as the ordinary communications between the Hall and the post-town were rare, he determined to convey his letter to the post in person.

Indeed, he began to think it strange that, though several weeks had elapsed since his departure from home, he had received no word from either his father or Mr. Owen. By going to the post-office himself he might secure somewhat earlier his letters—should there be any for him—than if they were sent by regular course to the Hall.

He was not wholly disappointed, for, though he received nothing from his father, he found the following note from Mr. Owen:

“DEAR MR. FRANCIS: Yours received per favor of Mr. R. Osbaldistone, and note the contents. Shall do

Mr. R. O. such civilities as are in my power, and have taken him to see the Bank and Custom-House. He seems a sober, steady young gentleman, and takes to business; so will be of service to the firm. Could have wished another person had turned his mind that way; but God's will be done. As cash may be scarce in those parts, have to trust you will excuse my inclosing a goldsmith's bill at six days' sight, on Messrs. Hooper and Girder, of Newcastle, for £100, which I doubt not will be duly honored.—I remain, as in duty bound, dear Mr. Frank, your very respectful and obedient servant,

“JOSEPH OWEN.

“*Postscriptum*.—Hope you will advise the above coming safe to hand. Am sorry we have so few of yours. Your father says he is as usual, but looks poorly.”

From this epistle, written in old Owen's formal style, Frank was rather surprised to observe that he made no acknowledgment of that private letter which he had written to him, with a view to possess him of Rashleigh's real character, although, from the course of post, it seemed certain that he ought to have received it. As it comprised matters of great importance both to his father and to himself, he sat down in the post-office and again wrote to Owen, recapitulating the heads of his former letter, and requesting to know, in course of post, if it had reached him in safety.

Without difficulty Frank obtained gold for the bill on Messrs. Hooper and Girder. This addition to his funds was not unwelcome, for the amount left from his traveling expenses had almost come to an end.

On his arrival at the Hall he found Sir Hildebrand and all his offspring had gone down to the little hamlet called Trinlay-knowes, "to see," as Andrew Fairservice expressed it, "a wheen midden cocks pike ilk ither's barns out."

"It is indeed a brutal amusement, Andrew; I suppose you have none such in Scotland?"

"Na, na," answered Andrew boldly; then shaded away his negative with, "unless it be on Fastern's-e'en, or the like o' that. But indeed it's no muckle matter what the folk do to the midden pootry, for they had siccan a skarting and scraping in the yard, that there's nae getting a bean or pea keepit for them. But I am wondering what it is that leaves that turret-door open—now that Mr. Rashleigh's away, it canna be him, I trow."

The turret-door to which he alluded opened to the garden at the bottom of a winding stair, leading down from Mr. Rashleigh's apartment. This was situated in a sequestered part of the house, communicating with the library by a private entrance, and by another intricate and dark vaulted passage with the rest of the house. A long, narrow turf walk led, between two high holly hedges, from the turret-door to a little postern in the wall of the garden. By means of these communications Rashleigh, whose movements were very independent of those of the rest of his family, could leave the Hall or return to it at pleasure, without his absence or presence attracting any observation. But during his absence the stair and the turret-door were entirely disused, and this made Andrew's observation somewhat remarkable.

"Have you often observed that door open?" was Frank's question.

“No just that often neither; but I hae noticed it ance or twice. I’m thinking it maun hae been the priest, Father Vaughan, as they ca’ him. Ye’ll no catch ane o’ the servants ganging up that stair, puir frightened heathens that they are, for fear of bogles and brownies, and lang-nebbit things frae the neist warld. But Father Vaughan thinks himself a privileged person—set him up and lay him down!—I’s e be caution the warst stibbler that ever stickit a sermon out ower the Tweed yonder, wad lay a ghaist twice as fast as him, wi’ his holy water and his idolatrous trinkets. I dinna believe he speaks gude Latin neither; at least he disna take me up when I tell him the learned names o’ the plants.”

Father Vaughan was about sixty years of age, of a striking and imposing presence, grave in his exterior, and much respected among the Catholics of Northumberland, as a worthy and upright man. He divided his time and ghostly care between Osbaldistone Hall and half-a-dozen mansions of Catholic gentlemen in the neighborhood. He was a particular acquaintance of Rashleigh, and this circumstance led Frank to conjecture that the Father might occupy Rashleigh’s apartment during his visits to the Hall; and it was probable that it might have been his candle that had excited Frank’s attention on the preceding evening.

An air of mystery also marked the intercourse between Miss Vernon and the priest. His arrival at the Hall never failed to impress her with an anxious and fluttering tremor, which lasted until they had exchanged one or two significant glances. Whatever the mystery might be which overclouded the destinies of this beautiful and interesting female, it was clear that Father

Vaughan was implicated in it; unless, indeed, he was the agent employed to procure her settlement in the cloister, in the event of her rejecting a union with either of her cousins—an office which would sufficiently account for her obvious emotion at his appearance. As to the rest, they did not seem to converse much together, or even to seek each other's society. Their league, if any subsisted between them, was of a tacit and understood nature, operating on their actions without any necessity of speech. Signs passed betwixt them, which might bear reference to some hint concerning Miss Vernon's religious observances, for the Catholic clergy maintain, at all times and seasons, their influence over the minds of their followers. But there were more reasons to suppose that these communications had a deeper and more serious import.

CHAPTER XIII.

It happened one day about noon, going to my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen on the sand.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

FRANK'S thoughts were much occupied with vain endeavors to solve the mystery surrounding Diana Vernon. And it must be admitted that jealousy aided to pique his interest in the secret which established a bond of confidence between Miss Vernon, Rashleigh, and Father Vaughan. By this time he candidly admitted to himself that he was in love with Diana Vernon, but he could not but look upon his passion as hopeless, for, aside from other obstacles, Miss Vernon was of a character too formed and determined to permit her love for him to overpower either her sense of duty or of prudence, and of this she gave proof in a conversation which they had together about this time.

They were sitting together in the library. Miss Vernon, in turning over a copy of the *Orlando Furioso*, which belonged to Frank, shook a piece of writing paper from between the leaves. He hastened to lift it, but she prevented him. "It is verse," she said, on glancing at the paper; and then unfolding it: "May I take the liberty?—Nay, nay, if you blush and stammer, I must do

violence to your modesty, and suppose that permission is granted."

"It is not worthy your perusal—a scrap of a translation— My dear Miss Vernon, it would be too severe a trial, that you, who understand the original so well, should sit in judgment."

"Mine honest friend," replied Diana, "do not, if you will be guided by my advice, bait your hook with too much humilify; for, ten to one, it will not catch a single compliment. You know I belong to the unpopular family of Tell-truths, and would not flatter Apollo for his lyre."

She proceeded to read the first stanza, which was nearly to the following purpose:

"Ladies, and knights, and arms, and love's fair flame,
Deeds of emprise and courtesy I sing;
What time the Moors from sultry Africk came,
Led on by Agramant, their youthful king—
He whom revenge and hasty ire did bring
O'er the broad wave, in France to waste and war;
Such ills from old Trojano's death did spring,
Which to avenge he came from realms afar,
And menaced Christian Charles, the Roman Emperor.
Of dauntless Roland, too, my strain shall sound,
In import never known in prose or rhyme,
How he, the chief, of judgment deemed profound,
For luckless love was crazed upon a time—"

"There is a great deal of it," said she, glancing along the paper, and interrupting the sweetest sounds which mortal ears can drink in—those of a youthful poet's verses, namely, read by the lips which are dearest to him.

"Much more than ought to engage your attention, Miss Vernon," Frank replied, something mortified;

and he took the verses from her unreluctant hand; "and yet," he continued, "shut up as I am in this retired situation, I have felt sometimes I could not amuse myself better than by carrying on—merely for my own amusement, you will of course understand—the version of this fascinating author, which I began some months since when I was on the banks of the Garonne."

"The question would only be," said Diana, gravely, "whether you could not spend your time to better purpose?"

"You mean in original composition?" said Frank, greatly flattered; "but, to say truth, my genius rather lies in finding words and rhymes than ideas; and therefore I am happy to use those which Ariosto has prepared to my hand. However, Miss Vernon, with the encouragement you give——"

"Pardon me, Frank—it is encouragement not of my giving, but of your taking. I meant neither original composition nor translation, since I think you might employ your time to far better purpose than in either. You are mortified," she continued, "and I am sorry to be the cause."

"Not mortified—certainly not mortified," said he, with the best grace he could muster, and it was but indifferently assumed; "I am too much obliged by the interest you take in me."

"Nay, but," resumed the relentless Diana, "there are both mortification and a little grain of anger in that constrained tone of voice; do not be angry if I probe your feelings to the bottom—perhaps what I am about to say will affect them still more."

Frank felt the childishness of his own conduct, and the superior manliness of Miss Vernon's, and assured her that she need not fear his wincing under criticism which he knew to be kindly meant.

"That was honestly meant and said," she replied; "I knew full well that the fiend of poetical irritability flew away with the little preluding cough which ushered in the declaration. And now I must be serious. Have you heard from your father lately?"

"Not a word," he replied; "he has not honored me with a single line during the several months of my residence here."

"That is strange!—you are a singular race, you bold Osbaldistones. Then you are not aware that he has gone to Holland, to arrange some pressing affairs which required his own immediate presence?"

"I never heard a word of it until this moment."

"And further, it must be news to you, and I presume scarcely the most agreeable, that he has left Rashleigh in the almost uncontrolled management of his affairs until his return."

Frank started, and could not suppress his surprise and apprehension.

"You have reason for alarm," said Miss Vernon, very gravely; "and were I you, I would endeavor to meet and obviate the dangers which arise from so undesirable an arrangement."

"And how is it possible for me to do so?"

"Everything is possible for him who possesses courage and activity," she said, with a look resembling one of those heroines of the age of chivalry whose encouragement was wont to give champions double valor at the

hour of need; "and to the timid and hesitating everything is impossible, because it seems so."

"And what would you advise, Miss Vernon?" he replied, wishing, yet dreading, to hear her answer.

She paused a moment, then answered firmly: "That you instantly leave Osbaldistone Hall, and return to London. You have perhaps already," she continued, in a softer tone, "been here too long; that fault was not yours. Every succeeding moment you waste here will be a crime. Yes, a crime: for I tell you plainly, that if Rashleigh long manages your father's affairs, you may consider his ruin as consummated."

"How is this possible?"

"Ask no questions," she said; "but believe me, Rashleigh's views extend far beyond the possession or increase of commercial wealth: he will only make the command of Mr. Osbaldistone's revenues and property the means of putting in motion his own ambitious and extensive schemes. While your father was in Britain this was impossible; during his absence, Rashleigh will possess many opportunities, and he will not neglect to use them."

"But how can I, in disgrace with my father, and divested of all control over his affairs, prevent this danger by my mere presence in London?"

"That presence alone will do much. Your claim to interfere is a part of your birthright, and it is inalienable. You will have the countenance, doubtless, of your father's head-clerk, and confidential friends and partners. Above all, Rashleigh's schemes are of a nature that"—(she stopped abruptly, as if fearful of saying too much)—"are, in short," she resumed, "of the nature of all

selfish and unconscientious plans, which are speedily abandoned as soon as those who frame them perceive their arts are discovered and watched. Therefore, in the language of your favorite poet—

“‘To horse! to horse! Urge doubts to those that fear.’”

A feeling irresistible in its impulse induced Frank to reply: “Ah, Diana, can *you* give me advice to leave Osbaldistone Hall!—then indeed I have already been a resident here too long!”

Miss Vernon colored, but proceeded with great firmness: “Indeed, I do give you this advice—not only to quit Osbaldistone Hall, but never to return to it more. You have only one friend to regret here,” she continued, forcing a smile, “and she has been long accustomed to sacrifice her friendships and her comforts to the welfare of others. In the world you will meet a hundred whose friendship will be as disinterested—more useful—less encumbered by untoward circumstances—less influenced by evil tongues and evil times.”

“Never!” he exclaimed, “never!—the world can afford me nothing to repay what I must leave behind me.” Here he took her hand, and pressed it to his lips.

“This is folly!” she exclaimed—“this is madness!” and she struggled to withdraw her hand from his grasp, but not so stubbornly as actually to succeed until he had held it for nearly a minute. “Hear me, sir!” she said, “and curb this unmanly burst of passion. I am, by a solemn contract, the bride of Heaven, unless I could prefer being wedded to villainy in the person of Rashleigh Osbaldistone, or brutality in that of his brother. I am, therefore, the bride of Heaven—betrothed to the con-

vent from the cradle. To me, therefore, these raptures are misapplied—they only serve to prove a further necessity for your departure, and that without delay.” At these words she broke suddenly off, and said, but in a suppressed tone of voice, “Leave me instantly—we will meet here again, but it must be for the last time.”

Frank’s eyes followed the direction of hers as she spoke, and he thought he saw the tapestry shake, which covered the door of the secret passage from Rashleigh’s room to the library. He conceived they were observed, and turned an inquiring glance on Miss Vernon.

“It is nothing,” said she, faintly; “a rat behind the arras.”

Obedying Diana’s reiterated command of “Leave me! leave me!” Frank left the apartment in a wild whirl and giddiness of mind, which he in vain attempted to compose.

A chaos of thoughts intruded themselves on him, at once passing hastily through his brain. The dark and undefined idea of danger arising to his father from the machinations of such a man as Rashleigh Osbaldistone, the half declaration of love that he had offered to Miss Vernon’s acceptance, the acknowledged difficulties of her situation bound by a previous contract to sacrifice herself to a cloister or to an ill-assorted marriage—all pressed themselves at once to his recollection, while his judgment was unable to consider any of them in their just light and bearings.

This incident excited Frank’s further interest in the mysteries which enveloped Miss Vernon, and he resolved, ere he left Osbaldistone Hall, to determine in what light

he must in future regard this fascinating being; what the mysterious secret was that spread a misty influence over all her actions; whether his love was entirely hopeless. The pursuance of this resolution we detail in another chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

I hear a voice you can not hear,
Which says, I must not stay ;
I see a hand you can not see,
Which beckons me away.

TICKELL.

FRANK had rarely visited the library in the evening except by appointment with Miss Vernon and under the sanction of the old housekeeper—Dame Martha's presence. The apartment, however, was always open to any member of the family, at all hours of the day or night, so that Frank's sudden appearance in it on any evening could not be called an intrusion. Frank had formed the conclusion that here Miss Vernon occasionally, when there was least likelihood of interruption, received Father Vaughan or some other person equally near to her confidence. The lights that gleamed from the library at unusual hours, the passing shadows which he had himself remarked, the sounds and sights which some of the servants, and Andrew Fairservice in particular, had observed, all tended to show that the place was visited by some one different from the ordinary inmates of the Hall. Therefore Frank determined to wander into the library, on some evening when his appearance would be wholly unexpected, hoping that he might detect such a rival, should there be one, as he doubted not. Accord-

ingly, one July evening, he stationed himself in the garden to watch the library windows, although in his impatience he had come out a full hour before the daylight disappeared, and no signs could be visible until darkness.

While he paced the green alleys he suddenly alighted upon Andrew Fairservice, perched up like a statue by a range of beehives, in an attitude of devout contemplation—one eye, however, watching the motions of the little irritable citizens, who were settling in their straw-thatched mansion for the evening, and the other fixed on a book of devotion, which much attrition had deprived of its corners, and worn into an oval shape; a circumstance which, with the close print and dingy color of the volume in question, gave it an air of most respectable antiquity.

“I was e’en taking a spell o’ worthy Mess John Quackleben’s Flower of a Sweet Savour sawn on the Middenstead of this World,” said Andrew, closing his book at Frank’s appearance, and putting his horn spectacles, by way of mark, at the place where he had been reading.

“And the bees, I observe, were dividing your attention, Andrew, with the learned author?”

“They are a contumacious generation,” replied the gardener; “they hae sax days in the week to hive on, and yet it’s a common observe that they will aye swarm on the Sabbath-day, and keep falk at hame frae hearing the Word—but there’s nae preaching at Graneagain chapel the e’en—that’s aye ae mercy.”

“You might have gone to the parish church as I did, Andrew, and heard an excellent discourse.”

“Clauts o’ could parritch—clauts o’ could parritch,”

replied Andrew with a most supercilious sneer—"gude aneuch for dogs, begging your honor's pardon—ay! I might nae doubt hae heard the curate linking awa' at it in his white sark yonder, and the musicians playing on whistles, mair like a penny-wedding than a sermon—and to the boot of that, I might hae gaen to even-song, and heard Daddie Docharty mumbling his mass—muckle the better I wad hae been o' that!"

"Docharty!" said Frank (this was the name of an old priest, an Irishman, who sometimes officiated at Osbaldistone Hall), "I thought Father Vaughan had been at the Hall. He was here yesterday."

"Ay," replied Andrew; "but he left it yestreen, to gang to Greystock, or some o' thae west-country haulds. There's an unco stir among them a' e'enow. They are as busy as my bees are—God sain them! that I suld even the puir things to the like o' papists. Ye see this is the second swarm, and whiles they will swarm off in the afternoon. The first swarm set off sune in the morning. But I am thinking they are settled in their skeps for the night; sae I wuss your honor good-night, and grace, and muckle o't."

So saying, Andrew retreated, but often cast a parting glance upon the *skeps*, as he called the beehives.

Frank had indirectly gained from him an important piece of information, that Father Vaughan, namely, was not supposed to be at the Hall. If, therefore, there appeared light in the windows of the library this evening, it either could not be his, or he was observing a very secret and suspicious line of conduct. Frank waited with impatience the time of sunset and of twilight. It had hardly arrived ere a gleam from the windows of

the library was seen, dimly distinguishable amid the still enduring light of the evening. He marked its first glimpse, however, as speedily as the benighted sailor describes the first distant twinkle of the lighthouse which marks his course. The feelings of doubt and propriety, which had hitherto contended with his curiosity and jealousy, vanished when an opportunity of gratifying the former was presented to him. He re-entered the house, and avoiding the more frequented apartments with the consciousness of one who wishes to keep his purpose secret, he reached the door of the library—hesitated for a moment as his hand was upon the latch—heard a suppressed step within—opened the door—and found Miss Vernon alone.

Diana appeared surprised—whether at his sudden appearance, or from some other cause, Frank could not guess; but there was in her appearance a degree of flutter which he had never before remarked, and which he knew could only be produced by unusual emotion. Yet she was calm in a moment; and such is the force of conscience, that he, who studied to surprise her, seemed himself the surprised, and was certainly the embarrassed person.

“Has anything happened?” said Miss Vernon—“has any one arrived at the Hall?”

“No one that I know of,” Frank answered, in some confusion; “I only sought the Orlando.”

“It lies there,” said Miss Vernon, pointing to the table.

In removing one or two books to get at that which he pretended to seek, he perceived a man’s glove lying upon the table. His eyes encountered those of Miss Vernon, who blushed deeply.

“It is one of my relics,” she said with hesitation; “it is one of the gloves of my grandfather, the original of the superb Vandyke which you admire.”

As if she thought something more than her bare assertion was necessary to prove her statement true, she opened a drawer of the large oaken table, and taking out another glove, threw it toward him. When a temper naturally ingenuous stoops to equivocate, or to dissemble, the anxious pain with which the unwonted task is labored often induces the hearer to doubt the authenticity of the tale. Frank cast a hasty glance on both gloves, and then replied gravely: “The gloves resemble each other doubtless, in form and embroidery; but they can not form a pair, since they both belong to the right hand.”

She bit her lip with anger, and again colored deeply.

“You do right to expose me,” she replied with bitterness; “some friends would have only judged, from what I said, that I chose to give no particular explanation of a circumstance which calls for none—at least to a stranger. You have judged better, and have made me feel, not only the meanness of duplicity, but my own inadequacy to sustain the task of a dissembler. I now tell you distinctly that that glove is not the fellow, as you have acutely discerned, to the one which I just now produced; it belongs to a friend yet dearer to me than the original of Vandyke’s picture—a friend by whose counsels I have been, and will be, guided—whom I honor—whom I——” she paused.

Frank was irritated at her manner, and filled up the blank in his own way: “Whom she *loves*, Miss Vernon would say.”

“And if I do say so,” she replied haughtily, “by whom shall my affection be called to account?”

“Not by me, Miss Vernon, assuredly—I entreat you to hold me acquitted of such presumption— *But,*” he continued, with some emphasis, for he was now piqued in return, “I hope Miss Vernon will pardon a friend, from whom she seems disposed to withdraw the title, for observing——”

“Observe nothing, sir,” she interrupted with some vehemence, “except that I will neither be doubted nor questioned. There does not exist one by whom I will be either interrogated or judged; and if you sought this unusual time of presenting yourself in order to spy upon my privacy, the friendship or interest with which you pretend to regard me is a poor excuse for your uncivil curiosity.”

“I relieve you of my presence,” said Frank with pride equal to her own; “I relieve you of my presence. I awake from a pleasant but a most delusive dream; and—but we understand each other.”

He had reached the door of the apartment, when Miss Vernon, whose movements were sometimes so rapid as to seem almost instinctive, overtook him, and, catching hold of his arm, stopped him with that air of authority which she could so whimsically assume, and which, from the *naïveté* and simplicity of her manner, had an effect so peculiarly interesting.

“Stop, Mr. Frank,” she said, “you are not to leave me in that way neither; I am not so amply provided with friends that I can afford to throw away even the ungrateful and the selfish. Mark what I say, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone. You shall know nothing of this mysteri-

ous glove," and she held it up as she spoke—"nothing—no, not a single iota more than you know already; and yet I will not permit it to be a gauntlet of strife and defiance betwixt us. My time here," she said, sinking into a tone somewhat softer, "must necessarily be very short; yours must be still shorter: we are soon to part, never to meet again; do not let us quarrel, or make any mysterious miseries the pretext for further embittering the few hours we shall ever pass together on this side of eternity."

"What does this avail?" said Frank. "What can this avail, Miss Vernon? Why should I witness embarrassments which I can not relieve, and mysteries which I offend you even by attempting to penetrate? Inexperienced as you are in the world, you must still be aware that a beautiful young woman can have but one male friend. Even in a male friend I will be jealous of a confidence shared with a third party unknown and concealed; but with *you*, Miss Vernon——"

"You are, of course, jealous, in all the tenses and moods of that amiable passion? But, my good friend, you have all this time spoken nothing but the paltry gossip which simpletons repeat from play-books and romances, till they give mere cant a real and powerful influence over their minds. Boys and girls prate themselves into love; and when their love is like to fall asleep, they prate and tease themselves into jealousy. But you and I, Frank, are rational beings, and neither silly nor idle enough to talk ourselves into any other relation than that of plain, honest, disinterested friendship. Any other union is as far out of our reach as if I were man, or you woman. To speak truth," she added, after a moment's

hesitation, "even though I am so complaisant to the decorum of my sex as to blush a little at my own plain dealing, we can not marry if we would; and we ought not if we could."

She blushed as she made this cruel declaration. Frank was about to attack both her positions, entirely forgetting those very suspicions which had been confirmed in the course of the evening, but she proceeded with a cold firmness which approached to severity: "what I say is sober and indisputable truth, on which I will neither hear question nor explanation. We are therefore friends, Mr. Osbaldistone—are we not?" She held out her hand, and taking his, added—"and nothing to each other now, or henceforward, except as friends."

She let go his hand. He sunk it and his head at once, fairly *overcrowded*, as Spenser would have termed it, by the mingled kindness and firmness of her manner. She hastened to change the subject.

"Here is a letter," she said, "directed for you, Mr. Osbaldistone, very duly and distinctly; but which, notwithstanding the caution of the person who wrote and addressed it, might perhaps never have reached your hands, had it not fallen into the possession of a certain Pacolet, or enchanted dwarf of mine, whom, like all distressed damsels of romance, I retain in my secret service."

Frank opened the letter and glanced over the contents. The unfolded sheet of paper dropped from his hands, with the involuntary exclamation of "Gracious Heaven! my folly and disobedience have ruined my father!"

Miss Vernon rose with looks of real and affectionate alarm. "You grow pale—you are ill—shall I bring you a glass of water? Be a man, Mr. Osbaldistone, and a firm one. Is your father—is he no more?"

"He lives," said Frank, "thank God! but to what distress and difficulty——"

"If that be all, despair not. May I read this letter?" she said, taking it up.

He assented. She read it with great attention.

"Who is this Mr. Tresham, who signs the letter?"

"My father's partner; but he is little in the habit of acting personally in the business of the house."

"He writes here," said Miss Vernon, "of various letters sent to you previously."

"I have received none of them," Frank replied.

"And it appears," she continued, "that Rashleigh, who has taken the full management of affairs during your father's absence in Holland, has some time since left London for Scotland, with effects and remittances to take up large bills granted by your father to persons in that country, and that he has not since been heard of."

"It 'is but too true."

"And here has been," she added, looking at the letter, "a head-clerk, or some such person—Owenson—Owen—dispatched to Glasgow, to find out Rashleigh, if possible, and you are entreated to repair to the same place, and assist him in his researches."

"It is even so, and I must depart instantly."

"Stay but one moment," said Miss Vernon. "It seems to me that the worst which can come of this matter will be the loss of a certain sum of money—and can

that bring tears into your eyes? For shame, Mr. Osbaldistone! ”

“ You do me injustice, Miss Vernon,” Frank answered. “ I grieve not for the loss of the money, but for the effect which I know it will produce on the spirits and health of my father, to whom mercantile credit is as honor; and who, if declared insolvent, would sink into the grave, oppressed by a sense of grief, remorse, and despair, like that of a soldier convicted of cowardice or a man of honor who had lost his rank and character in society. All this I might have prevented by a trifling sacrifice of the foolish pride and indolence which recoiled from sharing the labors of his honorable and useful profession. Good Heaven! how shall I redeem the consequences of my error? ”

“ By instantly repairing to Glasgow, as you are conjured to do by the friend who writes this letter.”

“ But if Rashleigh,” said he, “ has really formed this base and unconscious scheme of plundering his benefactor, what prospect is there that I can find means of frustrating a plan so deeply laid? ”

“ The prospect,” she replied, “ indeed, may be uncertain; but, on the other hand, there is no possibility of your doing any service to your father by remaining here. Remember, had you been on the post destined for you, this disaster could not have happened: hasten to that which is now pointed out, and it may possibly be retrieved.—Yet stay—do not leave this room until I return.”

She left him in confusion and amazement; amid which, however, he could find a lucid interval to admire the firmness, composure, and presence of mind which

Miss Vernon seemed to possess on every crisis, however sudden.

In a few minutes she returned with a sheet of paper in her hand, folded and sealed like a letter, but without address. "I trust you," she said, "with this proof of my friendship because I have the most perfect confidence in your honor. If I understand the nature of your distress rightly, the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a certain day—the 12th of September, I think is named—in order that they may be applied to pay the bills in question; and, consequently, that if adequate funds be provided before that period, your father's credit is safe from the apprehended calamity."

"Certainly—I so understand Mr. Tresham." He looked at the letter again, and added, "There can not be a doubt of it."

"Well," said Diana, "in that case my little Pacolet may be of use to you. You have heard of a spell contained in a letter. Take this packet; do not open it until other and ordinary means have failed. If you succeed by your own exertions, I trust to your honor for destroying it without opening or suffering it to be opened; but if not, you may break the seal within ten days of the fated day, and you will find directions which may possibly be of service to you. Adieu, Frank; we never meet more—but sometimes think of your friend Die Vernon."

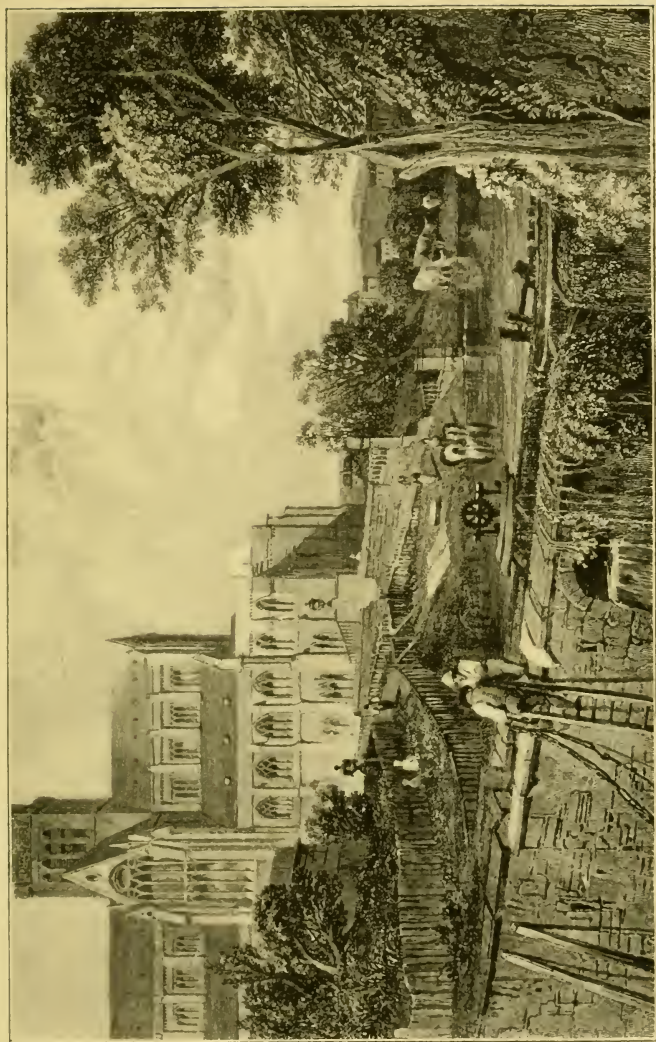
She extended her hand, but he clasped her to his bosom. She sighed as she extricated herself from the embrace which she permitted—escaped to the door which led to her own apartment—and Frank saw her no more.

CHAPTER XV.

And hurry, hurry, off they rode,
As fast as fast might be ;
Hurra ! hurra ! the dead can ride,
Dost fear to ride with me ?

BÜRGER.

ON reaching his own apartment, Frank again perused the letter of Mr. Tresham, finding the substance of it to be an entreaty to him to go to Glasgow to Messrs. MacVittie, MacFin and Company, as soon as possible, to meet with Owen, who would give him the particulars of the evil done by Rashleigh. After consideration, Frank resolved to depart from Osbaldistone Hall the next day and wend his way without loss of time to Glasgow. But there was one drawback to the speed which would be necessary on his journey—namely, his lack of knowledge as to the nearest route—or indeed any route—to Scotland. As it was of the greatest importance that he should reach Glasgow with the least delay possible, he decided to consult Andrew Fairservice on this important point. Late as it was, he set off for the dwelling of the gardener, which was situated at no great distance from the Hall. He had no difficulty in finding Andrew, who was occupied in reading aloud to himself a weighty volume of the “worthy Doctor Lightfoot.” Frank interrupted this devotional occupation by enter-



Cathedral of Glasgow.

ing the cottage and requesting of Andrew information as to the road he should pursue to Glasgow. After some parleying, during which Frank restrained his impatience with difficulty, Andrew confessed his desire—and intention—to serve as Frank's guide to Scotland. Finding Andrew well acquainted with all the short cuts through the district which he must traverse to reach Glasgow, Frank accepted the proposal without much hesitation. Setting the hour for departure at three o'clock in the morning, he had just time to return to the Hall, pack the few articles that would be necessary on his journey, write a note to his uncle—expressing his thanks for his hospitality, and assuring him that sudden and important business only prevented his offering them in person—and snatch a brief sleep before setting forth.

At the appointed hour he found Andrew Fairservice waiting for him at the gate of the avenue. They traveled at a swift pace until dawn, when they had reached the top of a high, bleak ridge. Andrew cast a look behind him, and not seeing the appearance of a living thing on the moors which he had traveled, his hard features gradually unbent, as he first whistled, then sung, with much glee, the end of one of his native songs:

Jenny lass ! I think I hae her,
Ower the muir amang the heather ;
All their clan shall never get her.

He patted at the same time the neck of the horse which he rode, which action directed Frank's attention to the animal, and he instantly recognized a favorite mare of Thorncliff Osbaldistone's. He proceeded to expostulate with Andrew, but to little avail, for the

latter protested that it was no theft, since Thorncliff had borrowed ten pounds of him which he had not repaid, and therefore he was but taking the mare as his rightful payment. Frank was obliged to be content with this reasoning, but inwardly resolved to buy the mare at the end of the journey and from there send it back to his cousin at Osbaldistone Hall.

Having entered Scotland, they turned to the north-westward, and pursued their way over one chain of barren and uninteresting hills after another, until they came into the open and more fertile valley of the Clyde. They now speedily gained the town or city of Glasgow. It was on a Saturday evening that they arrived, too late to do business of any kind, so they repaired to a quiet inn kept by a "jolly hostler-wife," as Andrew called her.

On the following morning, though it was the Sabbath, Frank's first desire was to seek out Owen, but on inquiry he found this attempt would be vain until after kirk-time. The urging of Andrew Fairservice, together with the assurance that Mr. Ephraim MacVittie and his guest—should he chance to have one within his gates—would, without doubt, be at the Barony Kirk, persuaded Frank to accompany Andrew to the morning service. Accordingly, they set forth in the direction of the Cathedral of Glasgow. On attaining the summit of a hill, they turned to the left and passed through a large pair of folding doors into the burial ground surrounding the church. Andrew led the way; they passed through a small, low-arched door, secured by a wicket, which a grave-looking person seemed on the point of closing, and descended several steps as if into the funeral vaults beneath the church. It was even so, for in these

subterranean precincts was established a very singular place of worship.

There was an extensive range of low, dark, twilight vaults divided into parts by huge pillars which served to support the cathedral proper. A portion of the vaults was seated with pews and used as a church by those of the Presbyterian faith.

It must be admitted that Frank found it difficult to fix his attention on the service, and often his eyes wandered over the congregation, searching for Owen's face among the multitude; or strained themselves to penetrate into the dark and further recesses of the vaults. He was at length just endeavoring to confine his eyes to the face of the preacher and his mind to the words of the sermon, when his attention was again distracted by a voice from behind, which whispered distinctly in his ear, "You are in danger in this city." Frank turned, but too late, to catch a glimpse of the person who had uttered this mysterious caution. All those around wore a look of stolid attention to the sermon; it was impossible one of them could have addressed him. A massive round pillar close behind him might have concealed the speaker. Frank resolved to again fix his attention on the preacher, thinking that probably the communication would be repeated, on the conjecture that the first had not been heard. This plan succeeded, and he had not resumed his appearance of attention for five minutes ere the same voice whispered:

"Listen, but do not look back. You are in danger in this place, so am I—meet me to-night on the Brigg, at twelve preceesely—keep at home till the gloaming, and avoid observation."

Here the voice ceased, and Frank instantly turned his head. But the speaker had, with still greater promptitude, glided behind the pillar, and escaped his observation. He was determined to catch sight of him, if possible, and extricating himself from the outer circle of hearers, he also stepped behind the column. All there was empty; and he could only see a figure wrapped in a mantle, a Lowland cloak, or Highland plaid, which traversed, like a phantom, the dreary vacuity of vaults.

Pursuit was useless, for the mysterious form glided swiftly away and vanished in the darkness. Frank was compelled to resign himself with the best grace he could, to wait until the service should be ended. As the congregation dispersed, Andrew exclaimed: "See yonder is worthy Mr. MacVittie and Mrs. MacVittie and Miss Alison MacVittie and Mr. Thamas MacFin, that they say is to marry Miss Alison, if a' bowls right—she'll hae a hantle siller if she's no that bonny."

Mr. MacVittie was a tall, thin, elderly man, with hard features, thick gray eyebrows, light eyes, and, as Frank imagined, a sinister expression of countenance. Frank decided not to address himself directly to this gentleman, as he had first intended, but to send Andrew to inquire at Mr. MacVittie's house the address of Mr. Owen, charging him not to mention the person from whom he received the commission.

In the afternoon Frank shut himself up in his apartment at the inn, and having dismissed Andrew to go to St. Enoch's Kirk, set himself earnestly to consider what was best to be done, and to while away the hours until the time when he should keep the appointment with his strange friend—or foe. But, having once seriously de-

terminated to keep this engagement, his impatience got the better of him and he sallied forth, several hours before the appointed time. At length, as he paced the bridge across the Clyde, the city clock tolled the hour of midnight, and the echo of the last stroke had scarce ceased to sound, when a figure beneath the middle size, strong, thick-set and muscular, wrapped in a horseman's cloak, passed along the bridge from the southern side of the river. Frank advanced, slackened his pace as he came near to the man, in expectation that he would address him; but to his disappointment the figure passed on, without speaking, to the northern end of the bridge. He then paused, looked back, turned around and again advanced toward Frank, who resolved to address him this time.

"You walk late, sir," said he.

"I bide tryste," was the reply; "and so I think do you, Mr. Osbaldistone."

"You are then the person who requested to meet me here at this unusual hour?"

"I am," he replied. "Follow me and you shall know my reasons."

"Before following you, I must know your name and purpose," Frank answered.

"I am a man," was the reply; "and my purpose is friendly to you."

"A man!" Frank repeated; "that is a very brief description."

"It will serve for one who has no other to give," said the stranger. "He that is without name, without friends, without coin, without country, is still at least a man; and he that hath all these is no more."

"Yet this is still too general an account of yourself, to say the least of it, to establish your credit with a stranger."

"It is all I mean to give, howsoe'er; you may choose to follow me, or to remain without the information I desire to afford you."

"Can you not give me that information here?" Frank demanded.

"You must receive it from your eyes, not from my tongue—you must follow me, or remain in ignorance of the information which I have to give you."

There was something short, determined, and even stern, in the man's manner, not certainly well calculated to conciliate undoubting confidence.

"What is it you fear?" he said impatiently. "To whom, think ye, is your life of such consequence, that they should seek to bereave ye of it?"

"I fear nothing," Frank replied firmly, though somewhat hastily. "Walk on—I attend you."

They proceeded to re-enter the town, and glided like mute spectres, side by side, up its empty and silent streets. The high and gloomy stone fronts, with the variegated ornaments and pediments of the windows, looked yet taller and more sable by the imperfect moonshine. Their walk was for some minutes in perfect silence. At length Frank's conductor spoke.

"Are you afraid?"

"I retort your own words," Frank replied; "wherefore should I fear?"

"Because you are with a stranger—perhaps an enemy, in a place where you have no friends and many enemies."

"I neither fear you nor them; I am young, active, and armed."

"I am not armed," replied the conductor; "but no matter, a willing hand never lacked weapon. You say you fear nothing; but if you knew who was by your side, perhaps you might underlie a tremor."

"And why should I?" replied Frank. "I again repeat, I fear naught that you can do."

"Naught that I can do?—Be it so. But do you not fear the consequences of being found with one whose very name whispered in this lonely street would make the stones themselves rise up to apprehend him—on whose head half the men in Glasgow would build their fortune as on a found treasure, had they the luck to grip him by the collar—the sound of whose apprehension were as welcome at the Cross of Edinburgh as ever the news of a field stricken and won in Flanders?"

"And who then are you, whose name should create so deep a feeling of terror?" Frank replied.

"No enemy of yours, since I am conveying you to a place where, were I myself recognized and identified, iron to the heels and hemp to the craig would be my brief dooming."

Frank paused and stood still on the pavement, drawing back so as to have the most perfect view of his companion which the light afforded, and which was sufficient to guard against any sudden motion of assault.

"You have said," Frank answered, "either too much or too little—too much to induce me to confide in you as a mere stranger, since you avow yourself a person amenable to the laws of the country in which we are—

and too little, unless you could show that you are unjustly subjected to their rigor."

As he ceased to speak, the man made a step toward him. Frank drew back instinctively, and laid his hand on the hilt of his sword.

"What?" said the stranger, "on an unarmed man, and your friend?"

"I am yet ignorant if you are either the one or the other," Frank replied; "and to say the truth, your language and manner might well entitle me to doubt both."

"It is manfully spoken," replied his conductor; "and I respect him whose hand can keep his head. I will be frank and free with you—I am conveying you to prison."

"To prison!" Frank exclaimed; "by what warrant or for what offense? You shall have my life sooner than my liberty—I defy you, and I will not follow you a step farther."

"I do not," he said, "carry you there as a prisoner; I am," he added, drawing himself haughtily up, "neither a messenger nor sheriff's officer. I carry you to see a prisoner from whose lips you will learn the risk in which you presently stand. *Your* liberty is little risked by the visit; mine is in some peril; but that I readily encounter on your account, for I care not for risk, and I love a free young blood, that kens no protector but the cross o' the sword."

While he spoke thus, they had reached the principal street, and were pausing before a large building of hewn stone, garnished with gratings of iron before the windows.

"Muckle," said the stranger, whose language became

more broadly national as he assumed a tone of colloquial freedom—"muckle wad the provost and bailies o' Glasgow gie to hae him sitting within iron garters to his hose within their tolbooth that now stands wi' his legs as free as the red-deer's on the outside on't. And little wad it avail them; for an if they had me there wi' a stan's weight o' iron at every ankle, I would show them a toom room and a lost lodger before to-morrow. But come on, what stint ye for?"

As he spoke thus, he tapped a low wicket, and was answered by a sharp voice, as of one awakened from a dream or reverie—"Fa's tat?—Wha's that, I wad say?—and fat a deil want ye at this hour at e'en?—Clean again rules—clean again rules, as they ca' them."

The protracted tone in which the last words were uttered betokened that the speaker was again composing himself to slumber. But Frank's guide spoke in a loud whisper: "Dougal, man! hae ye forgotten Ha nun Gre-garach?"

"Deil a bit, deil a bit," was the ready and lively response, and the internal guardian of the prison-gate bustled up with great alacrity. A few words were exchanged between the conductor and the turnkey in a language of which Frank was an absolute stranger. The bolts revolved, but with a caution which marked the apprehension that the noise might be overheard, and they stood within the vestibule of the prison of Glasgow.

CHAPTER XVI.

Look round thee, young Astolpho: Here's the place
Which men (for being poor) are sent to starve in;
Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease.
Within these walls, stifled by damp and stench,
Doth Hope's fair torch expire; and at the snuff,
Ere yet 'tis quite extinct, rude, wild, and wayward,
The desperate revelries of wild despair,
Kindling their hell-born cressets, light to deeds
That the poor captive would have died ere practiced,
Till bondage sunk his soul to his condition.

THE PRISON, *Scene III, Act I.*

FRANK turned an eager glance toward his conductor; but the lamp in the vestibule was too low in flame to give his curiosity any satisfaction by affording a distinct perusal of his features. As the turnkey held the light in his hand, the beams fell more full on his own scarce less interesting figure. He was a wild, shock-headed looking animal, whose profusion of red hair covered and obscured his features, which were otherwise only characterized by the extravagant joy that affected him at the sight of Frank's guide. He grinned, he shivered, he laughed, he was near crying, if he did not actually cry. He had a "Where shall I go?—What can I do for you?" expression of face. The fellow's voice seemed choking in his ecstasy, and only could express itself in such interjections as "Oigh! oigh!—Ay!

ay!—it's lang since she's seen ye!" and other exclamations equally brief, expressed in the same unknown tongue. Frank's guide received all this excess of joyful gratulation much like a prince too early accustomed to the homage of those around him to be much moved by it, yet willing to requite it by the usual form of royal courtesy. He extended his hand graciously toward the turnkey, with civil inquiry of "How's a' wi' you, Dougal?"

"Oigh! oigh!" exclaimed Dougal, softening the sharp exclamation of his surprise as he looked around with an eye of watchful alarm—"oigh! to see you here—to see you here!—oigh!—what will come o' ye gin the bailies suld come to get witting—ta filthy, gutty hal-lions, tat they are?"

The guide placed his finger on his lip, and said: "Fear nothing, Dougal; your hands shall never draw a bolt on me."

"Tat sall they no," said Dougal; "she suld—she wad—that is, she wishes them hacked aff by the elbows first. But when are ye gaun yonder again? and ye'll no forget to let her ken—she's your puir cousin, God kens, only seven times removed."

"I will let you ken, Dougal, as soon as my plans are settled."

"And, by her sooth, when you do, an it were twal o' the Sunday at e'en, she'll fling her keys at the provost's head or she gie them anither turn, and that or ever Monday morning begins—see if she winna."

The mysterious stranger cut his acquaintance's ecstasies short by again addressing him, explaining the services which he required at his hand. The answer,

“Wi’ a’ her heart—wi’ a’ her soul,” with a good deal of indistinct muttering in a similar tone, intimated the turnkey’s acquiescence in what he proposed. The fellow trimmed his dying lamp, and made a sign to Frank to follow him.

“Do you not go with us?” said Frank, looking to his conductor.

“It is unnecessary,” he replied; “my company may be inconvenient for you, and I had better remain to secure our retreat.”

“I do not suppose you mean to betray me to danger,” said Frank.

“To none but what I partake in doubly,” answered the stranger, with a voice of assurance which it was impossible to mistrust.

Frank followed the turnkey, who led him up a *turnpike* (so the Scotch call a winding stair), then along a narrow gallery—then opening one of several doors which led into the passage, he ushered him into a small apartment, and casting his eye on the pallet-bed which occupied one corner, said with an under voice, as he placed the lamp on a little table, “She’s sleeping.”

“She!—who?—can it be Diana Vernon in this abode of misery?”

Frank turned his eye to the bed, and it was with a mixture of disappointment, oddly mingled with pleasure, that he saw his first suspicion had deceived him. He saw a head neither young nor beautiful, garnished with a gray beard of two days’ growth, and accommodated with a red nightcap. As the slumberer awoke from a heavy sleep, yawned, and rubbed his eyes, Frank recognized the features of his poor friend Owen.

The unfortunate formalist, raising himself from the pallet-bed with the assistance of one hand, and scratching his cap with the other, exclaimed in a voice in which as much peevishness as he was capable of feeling, contended with drowsiness, "I'll tell you what, Mr. Dugwell, or whatever your name may be, the sum-total of the matter is, that if my natural rest is to be broken in this manner, I must complain to the lord mayor."

"Shentlemans to speak wi' her," replied Dougal, resuming the true dogged sullen tone of a turnkey, in exchange for the shrill clang of Highland congratulation with which he had welcomed the mysterious guide; and, turning on his heel, he left the apartment.

It was some time before Frank could prevail upon the unfortunate sleeper awakening to recognize him; and when he did so, the distress of the worthy creature was extreme, at supposing, which he naturally did, that Frank had been sent thither as a partner of his captivity.

"O Mr. Frank, what have you brought yourself and the house to? I think nothing of myself, that am a mere cipher, so to speak; but you, that was your father's sum-total—his omnium—you that might have been the first man in the first house in the first city, to be shut up in a nasty Scotch jail, where one can not even get the dirt brushed off his clothes!"

He rubbed, with an air of peevish irritation, the once stainless brown coat, which had now shared some of the impurities of the floor of his prison-house—his habits of extreme punctilious neatness acting mechanically to increase his distress. "O Heaven, be gracious to us!" he continued. "What news this will be on 'Change!

There has not the like come there since the battle of Almanza, where the total of the British loss was summed up to five thousand men killed and wounded, besides a floating balance of missing—but what will that be to the news that Osbaldistone and Tresham have stopped! ”

Frank broke in on his lamentations to tell him that he was no prisoner, and at length succeeded in quieting him sufficiently to obtain such information concerning his father's affairs as he was able to give. It was to the effect that of the two correspondents of the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, in Glasgow, both Mr. Osbaldistone and Owen had found the house of MacVittie, MacFin and Company more obliging than Mr. Nicol Jarvie, the other correspondent, who disliked the English as much as Mr. Osbaldistone did the Scotch; was extremely tenacious of his own opinions, and was totally indifferent, though the authority of all Lombard Street had stood against his own private opinion. Therefore, Mr. Owen, upon his arrival in Glasgow, had not hesitated to go directly to MacVittie, MacFin and Company and to them state his difficulties. The partners immediately examined their ledger, and on finding that the financial scale depressed considerably against the English firm, grew cold in their treatment of Owen and refused directly any assistance, demanding instead, instant security against imminent hazard of eventual loss.

Owen, having a small share in the house to which he acted as head clerk, was personally liable for all its obligations. Messrs. MacVittie and MacFin, knowing this, caused Owen to be arrested and imprisoned, under a Scottish law providing for such arrest when the creditor makes oath that the debtor meditates departing from

the realm. As a last recourse Owen had that morning sent a letter to Mr. Nicol Jarvie, but without hope of help; for if the smooth-tongued and civil house of Mac-Vittie, MacFin and Company had treated him so hardly, what could be expected from the cross-grained Mr. Jarvie?

In the midst of Frank's interview with his poor friend Owen, a loud knocking at the outer door of the prison was heard. Presently Frank's mysterious guide bounded into the apartment, looked hastily about for some place of concealment, but finding none he stripped off his coat, and, assuming an attitude of defense, boldly stationed himself in front of the door. Within a short space of time a good-looking young woman ushered into the apartment a more important personage—stout, short, and somewhat corpulent, and by dignity, as it soon appeared, a magistrate. At his appearance Frank's conductor drew back as if to escape observation.

The magistrate hastily reconnoitered the apartment, and then proceeded to chide the jailer for his negligence in the following terms:

“A bonny thing it is, and a beseeming, that I should be kept at the door half an hour, Captain Stanchells,” said he, addressing the principal jailer, who now showed himself at the door as if in attendance on the great man, “knocking as hard to get into the tolbooth as onybody else wad to get out of it, could that avail them, poor fallen creatures! And how's this? how's this? strangers in jail after lock-up hours, and on the Sabbath evening. I shall look after this, Stanchells, you may depend on't. Keep the door locked, and I'll speak to these gentlemen in a gliffing. But first I maun hae a crack wi'

an auld acquaintance here.—Mr. Owen, Mr. Owen, how's a' wi' ye, man?"

"Pretty well in body, I thank you, Mr. Jarvie," drawled out poor Owen, "but sore afflicted in spirit."

"Nae doubt, nae doubt—ay, ay—it's an awfu' whummle—and for ane that held his head sae high too—human nature, human nature. Ay, ay, we're a' subject to a downcome. Mr. Osbaldistone is a gude honest gentleman; but I aye said he was ane o' them wad make a spune or spoil a horn, as my father the worthy deacon used to say. The deacon used to say to me, 'Nick—young Nick' (his name was Nicol as weel as mine; sae folk ca'd us in their daffin', Young Nick and Auld Nick)—'Nick,' said he 'never put out your arm farther than ye can draw it easily back again.' I hae said sae to Mr. Osbaldistone, and he didna seem to take it a'thegither sae kind as I wished; but it was weel meant—weel meant. But cheer up a gliff! D'ye think I wad hae comed out at twal o'clock at night, and amaiest broken the Lord's day, just to tell a fa'en man o' his backslidings? Na, na, that's no Bailie Jarvie's gate, nor was't his worthy father's the deacon afore him. Why, man! it's my rule never to think on warldly business on the Sabbath, and though I did a' I could to keep your note that I gat this morning out o' my head, yet I thought mair on it a' day than on the preaching. And it's my rule to gang to my bed wi' the yellow curtains preceesely at ten o'clock—unless I were eating a haddock wi' a neighbor, or a neighbor wi' me—ask the lass-quean there if it isna a fundamental rule in my household; and here I hae sit-ten up reading gude books, and gaping as if I wad swallow St. Enox Kirk, till it chappit twal, whilk was a lawfu'

hour to gie a look at my ledger, just to see how things stood between us; and then, as time and tide wait for no man, I made the lass get the lantern, and came slipping my ways here to see what can be done anent your affairs. Bailie Jarvie can command entrance into the tolbooth at ony hour, day or night; sae could my father the deacon in his time, honest man, praise to his memory."

Mr. Jarvie, sitting on the edge of the bed, carefully examined some papers which he had asked for, and which Owen had fortunately been able to supply. When the magistrate had mastered the contents of the papers, he addressed himself to Mr. Owen as follows:

"Weel, Mr. Owen, weel—your house are awin' certain sums to Messrs. MacVittie and MacFin (shame fa' their souple snouts! they made that and mair out o' a bargain about the aik-woods at Glen-Cailziechat, that they took out atween my teeth—wi' help o' your gude word, I maun needs say, Mr. Owen—but that makes nae odds now). Weel, sir, your house awes them this siller; and for this, and relief of other engagements they stand in for you, they hae putten a double turn o' Stanchells' muckle-key on ye. Weel, sir, ye awe this siller—and maybe ye awe some mair to some other body too—maybe ye awe some to myself, Bailie Nicol Jarvie."

"I can not deny, sir, but the balance may of this date be brought out against us, Mr. Jarvie," said Owen; "but you'll please to consider——"

"I hae nae time to consider e'enow, Mr. Owen—sae near Sabbath at e'en and out o' ane's warm bed at this time o' night, and a sort o' drow in the air besides—there's nae time for considering. But, sir, as I was say-

ing, ye awe me money—it winna deny—ye awe me money, less or mair, I’ll stand by it. But then, Mr. Owen, I canna see how you, an active man that understands business, can redd out the business ye’re come down about, and clear us a’ aff—as I have gritt hope ye will—if ye’re keepit lying here in the tolbooth of Glasgow. Now, sir, if you can find caution *judicio sisti*—that is, that ye winna flee the country, but appear and relieve your caution when ca’d for in our legal courts, ye may be set at liberty this very morning.”

“Mr. Jarvie,” said Owen, “if any friend would become surety for me to that effect, my liberty might be usefully employed doubtless, both for the house and all connected with it.”

“Aweel, sir,” continued Jarvie, “and doubtless such a friend wad expect ye to appear when ca’d on, and relieve him o’ his engagement.”

“And I should do so as certainly, bating sickness or death, as that two and two make four.”

“Aweel, Mr. Owen,” resumed the citizen of Glasgow, “I dinna misdoubt ye, and I’ll prove it, sir—I’ll prove it. I am a carefu’ man, as is weel ken’d, and industrious, as the hale town can testify; and I can win my crowns, and keep my crowns, and count my crowns, wi’ onybody in the Saut Market, or it may be in the Gallowgate. And I’m a prudent man, as my father the deacon was before me; but rather than an honest civil gentleman, that understands business, and is willing to do justice to all men, should lie by the heels this gate, unable to help himself or onybody else, why, conscience, man! I’ll be your bail myself—but ye’ll mind it’s a bail *judicio sisti*,

as our town clerk says, not *judicatum solvi*; ye'll mind that, for there's muckle difference."

Mr. Owen assured him that, as matters then stood, he could not expect any one to become surety for the actual payment of a debt, but that there was not the most distant cause for apprehending loss from his failing to present himself when lawfully called upon.

"I believe ye—I believe ye. Eneugh said—eneugh said. We'se hae your legs loose by breakfast-time. And now let's hear what thir chamber chieles o' yours hae to say for themselves, or how, in the name of unrule, they got here at this time o' night."

CHAPTER XVII.

Hame came our gudeman at e'en,
And hame came he,
And there he saw a man
Where a man suldna be.
“How's this now, kimmer?
How's this?” quo he—
“How came this carle here
Without the leave o' me?”

OLD SONG.

THE magistrate took the light out of the servant-maid's hand, and advanced to his scrutiny, like Diogenes in the street of Athens, lantern in hand, and probably with as little expectation as that of the cynic that he was likely to encounter any especial treasure in the course of his researches. The first whom he approached was the mysterious guide, who, seated on a table with his eyes firmly fixed on the wall, his features arranged into the utmost inflexibility of expression, his hands folded on his breast with an air betwixt carelessness and defiance, his heel patting against the foot of the table, to keep time with the tune which he continued to whistle, submitted to Mr. Jarvie's investigation with an air of absolute confidence and assurance, which for a moment placed at fault the memory and sagacity of the acute investigator.

“Ah! Eh! Oh!” exclaimed the Bailie. “My



Loch Lomond and Ben Lomond.

conscience!—it's impossible!—and yet—no! Conscience!—it canna be!—and yet again—Deil hae me, that I suld say sae! Ye robber—ye cateran—ye born deevil that ye are, to a' bad ends and nae gude ane!—can this be you? ”

“E'en as ye see, Bailie,” was the laconic answer.

“Conscience! if I am na clean bumbaized—*you*, ye cheat-the-wuddy rogue—*you* here on your venture in the tolbooth o' Glasgow? What d'ye think's the value o' your head? ”

“Umph! why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight, it might weigh down one provost's, four bailies', a town-clerk's, six deacons', besides stent-masters'——”

“Ah, ye reiving villian!” interrupted Mr. Jarvie. “But tell ower your sins, and prepare ye, for if I say the word——”

“True, Bailie,” said he who was thus addressed, folding his hands behind him with the utmost *non-chalance*, “but ye will never say that word.”

“And why suld I not, sir?” exclaimed the magistrate—“why suld I not? Answer me that—why suld I not? ”

“For three sufficient reasons, Bailie Jarvie. First, for auld langsyne; second, for the sake of the auld wife ayont the fire at Stuckavrallachan, that made some mixture of our bluids, to my own proper shame be it spoken! that has a cousin wi' accounts, and yarn winnles, and looms and shuttles, like a mere mechanical person; and lastly, Bailie, because if I saw a sign o' your betraying me, I would plaster that wa' with your harns ere the hand of man could rescue you! ”

“Ye're a bauld, desperate villain, sir,” retorted the

undaunted Bailie; "and ye ken that I ken ye to be sae, and that I wadna stand a moment for my ain risk."

"I ken weel," said the other, "ye hae gentle bluid in your veins, and I wad be laith to hurt my ain kinsman. But I'll gang out here as free as I came in, or the very wa's o' Glasgow tolbooth shall tell o't these ten years to come."

"Weel, weel," said Mr. Jarvie, "bluid's thicker than water; and it liesna in kith, kin, and ally to see motes in ilka other's een if other een see them no. It wad be sair news to the auld wife below the Ben of Stuckavrallachan, that you, ye Hieland limmer, had knockit out my harns, or that I had kilted you up in a tow. But ye'll own, ye dour deevil, that were it no your very sell, I wad hae grippit the best man in the Hielands."

"Ye wad hae tried, cousin," answered my guide, "that I wot weel; but I doubt ye wad hae come aff wi' the short measure; for we gang-there-out Hieland bodies are an unchancy generation when you speak to us o' bondage. We downa bide the coercion of gude braid-claith about our hinderlans, let a be breeks o' free-stone and garters o' iron."

"Ye'll find the stane breeks and the airn garters—ay, and the hemp cravat, for a' that, neighbor," replied the Bailie. "Nae man in a civilized country ever played the pliskies ye hae done—but e'en pickle in your ain pock-neuk. I hae gi'en ye warning."

"Well, cousin," said the other, "ye'll wear black at my burial."

"Deil a black cloak will be there, Robin, but the corbies and the hoodie-craws, I'se gie ye my hand on

that. But whar's the gude thousand pund Scots that I lent ye, man, and when am I to see it again?"

"Where it is," replied the guide, after the affectation of considering for a moment, "I can not justly tell—probably where last year's snaw is."

"And that's on the tap of Schehallion, ye Hieland dog," said Mr. Jarvie; "and I look for payment frae you where ye stand."

"Ay," replied the Highlander, "but I keep neither snaw nor dollars in my sporran. And as to when you'll see it—why, just when the king enjoys his ain again, as the auld sang says."

"Warst of a', Robin," retorted the Glaswegian—"I mean, ye disloyal traitor—warst of a'! wad ye bring popery in on us, and arbitrary power, and a foist and a warming-pan, and the set forms, and the curates, and the auld enormities o' surplices and cerements? Ye had better stick to your auld trade o' theft-boot, blackmail, spreaghs, and gillravaging—better stealing nowte than ruining nations."

"Hout, man—whisht wi' your whiggery," answered the Celt; "we hae ken'd ane anither mony a lang day. I'se take care your counting-room is no cleaned out when the Gillon-a-naillie* come to redd up the Glasgow buiths, and clear them o' their auld shop wares. And, unless it just fa' in the preceese way o' your duty, ye maunna see me oftener, Nicol, than I am disposed to be seen."

"Ye are a dauring villain, Rob," answered the Bailie; "and ye will be hanged, that will be seen and heard tell

* The lads with the kilts or petticoats.

o'; but I'se ne'er be the ill bird and foul my nest, set apart strong necessity and the skreigh of duty, which no man should hear and be inobedient.—And wha the deevil's this?" he continued, turning to Frank. "Some gillravager that ye hae listed, I daur say. He looks as if he had a bauld heart to the highway, and a lang craig for the gibbet."

"This, good Mr. Jarvie," said Owen, who had been struck dumb during this strange recognition, and no less strange dialogue, which took place betwixt these extraordinary kinsmen—"this, good Mr. Jarvie, is young Mr. Frank Osbaldistone, only child of the head of our house, who should have been taken into our firm at the time Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldistone, his cousin, had the luck to be taken into it"—(here Owen could not suppress a groan)—"but howsoever——"

"Oh, I have heard of that smaik," said the Scotch merchant, interrupting him; "it is he whom your principal, like an obstinate auld fule, wad make a merchant o', wad he or wad he no—and the lad turned a strolling stage-player, in pure dislike to the labor an honest man should live by. Weel, sir, what say you to your handiwork? Will Hamlet the Dane, or Hamlet's ghost, be good security for Mr. Owen, sir?"

"I don't deserve your taunt," Frank replied, "though I respect your motive, and am too grateful for the assistance you have afforded Mr. Owen to resent it. My only business here was to do what I could (it is perhaps very little) to aid Mr. Owen in the management of my father's affairs. My dislike of the commercial profession is a feeling of which I am the best and sole judge."

“I protest,” said the Highlander, “I had some respect for this callant even before I ken’d what was in him; but now I honor him for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and sic like mechanical persons and their pursuits.”

“Ye’re mad, Rob,” said the Bailie—“mad as a March hare—though wherefore a hare suld be mad at March mair than at Martinmas is mair than I can weel say. Weavers! Deil shake ye out o’ the web the weaver craft made. Spinners! ye’ll spin and wind yoursel a bonny pirn. And this young birkie here, that ye’re hooing and hounding on the shortest road to the gallows and the deevil, will his stage-plays and his poetries help him here, d’ye think, ony mair than your deep oaths and drawn dirks, ye reprobate that ye are? Will *Tityre tu patulæ*, as they ca’ it, tell him where Rashleigh Osbaldistone is? or Macbeth, and all his kernes and galla-glasses, and your awn to boot, Rob, procure him five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due ten days hence, were they a’ roup’d at the Cross—basket-hilts, Andra-Ferraras, leather targets, brogues, brochan, and sporrans?”

“Ten days,” Frank answered, and instinctively drew out Diana Vernon’s packet; and the time being elapsed during which he was to keep the seal sacred, he hastily broke it open. A sealed letter fell from a blank inclosure. A slight current of wind, which found its way through a broken pane of the window, wafted the letter to Mr. Jarvie’s feet, who lifted it, examined the address with unceremonious curiosity, and handed it to his Highland kinsman, saying, “Here’s a wind has blown a letter to its right owner, though there

were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand."

The Highlander, having examined the address, broke the letter open without the least ceremony. Frank endeavored to interrupt his proceeding.

"You must satisfy me, sir," said he, "that the letter is intended for you before I can permit you to peruse it."

"Make yourself quite easy, Mr. Osbaldistone," replied the mountaineer with great composure; "remember Justice Inglewood, Clerk Jobson, Mr. Morris—above all, remember your vera humble servant, Robert Cawmil, and the beautiful Diana Vernon. Remember all this, and doubt no longer that the letter is for me."

Presently he said: "It's a kittle cast she has gien me to play; but yet it's fair play, and I winna baulk her. Mr. Osbaldistone, I dwell not very far from hence—my kinsman can show you the way. Leave Mr. Owen to do the best he can in Glasgow; do you come and see me in the glens, and it's like I may pleasure you, and stead your father in his extremity. I am but a poor man; but wit's better than wealth.—And cousin" (turning to Mr. Jarvie), "if ye daur venture sae muckle as to eat a dish of Scotch collops, and a leg o' red-deer venison wi' me, come ye wi' this Sassenach gentleman as far as Drymen or Bucklivie—or the Clachan of Aberfoil will be better than ony o' them—and I'll hae somebody waiting to weise ye the gate to the place where I may be for the time. What say ye, man? There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile thee."

"Na, na, Robin," said the cautious burgher, "I sel-

dom like to leave the Gorbals; * I have nae freedom to gang among your wild hills, Robin, and your kilted red-shanks; it disna become my place, man."

"The devil damn your place and you baith!" reiterated Campbell. "The only drap o' gentle bluid that's in your body was our great-granduncle's that was justified † at Dumbarton, and you set yourself up to say ye wad derogate frae your place to visit me! Hark thee, man—I owe thee a day in harst; I'll pay up your thousand pund Scots, plack and bawbee, gin ye'll be an honest fallow for anes, and just daiker up the gate wi' this Sassenach."

"Hout awa' wi' your gentility," replied the Bailie; "carry your gentle bluid to the Cross, and see what ye'll buy wi't. But, if I *were* to come, wad ye really and soothfastly pay me the siller?"

"I swear to ye," said the Highlander, "upon the halidome of him that sleeps beneath the gray stane at Inch-Cailleach." ‡

"Say nae mair, Robin—say nae mair; we'll see what may be dune. But ye maunna expect me to gang ower the Highland line. I'll gae beyond the line at no rate. Ye maun meet me about Bucklivie or the Clachan of Aberfoil—and dinna forget the needful."

"Nae fear—nae fear," said Campbell; "I'll be as

* The *Gorbals*, or "suburbs," are situate on the south side of the river.

† Executed for treason.

‡ Inch-Cailleach is an island in Loch Lomond, where the clan of MacGregor were wont to be interred, and where their sepulchres may still be seen. It formerly contained a nunnery; hence the name of Inch-Cailleach, or the island of Old Women.

true as the steel blade that never failed its master. But I must be budging, cousin, for the air o' Glasgow tol-booth is no that ower salutary to a Highlander's constitution."

"Troth," replied the merchant, "and if my duty were to be dune, ye couldna change your atmosphere, as the minister ca's it, this ae wee while. Ochon, that I suld ever be concerned in aiding and abetting an escape frae justice! It will be a shame and disgrace to me and mine, and my very father's memory forever."

"Hout tout, man! let that flee stick in the wa'," answered his kinsman; "when the dirt's dry it will rub out. Your father, honest man, could look ower a friend's fault as weel as anither."

"Ye may be right, Robin," replied the bailie, after a moment's reflection; "he was a considerate man, the deacon; he ken'd we had a' our frailties, and he lo'ed his friends. Ye'll no hae forgotten him, Robin?" This question he put in a softened tone, conveying as much at least of the ludicrous as the pathetic.

"Forgotten him!" replied his kinsman—"what suld ail me to forget him?—a wapping weaver he was, and wrought my first pair o' hose. But come awa', kinsman—

'Come, fill up my cap, come, fill up my cann,
Come, saddle my horses, and call up my man;
Come, open your gates, and let me gae free:
I daurna stay langer in bonny Dundee.'

"Whisht, sir!" said the magistrate, in an authoritative tone—"lilting and singing sae near the latter end o' the Sabbath! This house may hear ye sing anither

tune yet. Aweel, we hae a' backslidings to answer for—Stanchells, open the door."

The jailer obeyed, and they all sallied forth. Stanchells looked with some surprise at the two strangers, wondering, doubtless, how they came into these premises without his knowledge; but Mr. Jarvie's "Friends o' mine, Stanchells—friends o' mine," silenced all disposition to inquiries. They now descended into the lower vestibule, and halloed more than once for Dougal, to which summons no answer was returned; when Campbell observed with a sardonic smile, "That if Dougal was the lad he kent him, he would scarce wait to get thanks for his ain share of the night's wark, but was in all probability on the full trot to the pass of Ballamaha——"

"And left us—and, abune a', me, mysel, locked up in the tolbooth a' night!" exclaimed the Bailie, in ire and perturbation. "Ca' for forehammers, sledge-hammers, pinches, and coulter; send for Deacon Yettlin, the smith, an' let him ken that Bailie Jarvie's shut up in the tolbooth by a Highland blackguard, whom he'll hang up as high as Haman——"

"When ye catch him," said Campbell gravely; "but stay—the door is surely not locked."

Indeed, on examination, they found that the door was not only left open, but that Dougal in his retreat had, by carrying off the keys along with him, taken care that no one should exercise his office of porter in a hurry.

"He has glimmerings o' common sense now, that creature Dougal," said Campbell; "he ken'd an open door might hae served me at a pinch."

They were by this time in the street.

"I tell you, Robin," said the magistrate, "in my puir mind, if ye live the life ye do, ye suld hae ane o' your gillies doorkeeper in every jail in Scotland, in case o' the warst."

"Ane o' my kinsmen a bailie in ilka burgh will just do as weel, cousin Nicol. So, gude-night or good morning to ye; and forget not the Clachan of Aberfoil."

And without waiting for an answer, he sprang to the other side of the street, and was lost in darkness. Immediately on his disappearance he gave a low whistle of peculiar modulation, which was instantly replied to.

"Hear to the Highland deevils!" said Mr. Jarvie; "they think themselves on the skirts of Benlomond already, where they may gang whewing and whistling about without minding Sunday or Saturday." Here he was interrupted by something which fell with a heavy clash on the street before them. "Gude guide us! what's this, mair o't? Mattie, haud up the lantern. Conscience; if it isna the keys! Weel, that's just as weel—they cost the burgh siller, and there might hae been some clavers about the loss o' them. Oh, an Bailie Grahame were to get a word o' this night's job, it would be a sair hair in my neck!"

As they were still but a few steps from the tolbooth door, they carried back these implements of office and consigned them to the head jailer, who, in lieu of the usual mode of making good his post by turning the keys, was keeping sentry in the vestibule till the arrival of some assistant.

Frank accompanied the honest magistrate to his door, and on parting received an urgent invitation to breakfast

with the Bailie, and his friend Owen, the next morning, when the latter would have been set at liberty. Frank now pursued his way to his inn, where after repeated knocking he was admitted by Andrew Fair-service.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“Will it please your Worship to accept of my poor service? I beseech that I may feed upon your bread, though it be the brownest, and drink of your drink, though it be of the smallest; for I will do your Worship as much service for forty shillings as another man shall for three pounds.”

GREENE’S *Tu Quoque*.

ANDREW FAIRSERVICE had become much worried at Frank’s continued absence on the preceding evening, and conceived it his duty to go to the magistrate to procure an order to send the crier through the town after his young master. And he, the town-crier, and a worthy Mr. Hammorgaw were planning, over a cog of ale, the form of the proclamation to be made through the city, when Frank’s loud knocking interrupted them. Frank had already learned through Mr. Jarvie of Andrew’s officious act in his behalf, and feeling much displeased at his impertinent interference, had decided to dismiss him, but Andrew’s exclamations of joy at his return both softened and at the same time irritated him, so that he slammed the door in the face of his offending servant and decided to delay his dismissal until the following day. Accordingly, the next morning he paid Andrew for his services as guide from Osbaldistone Hall to Glasgow, and told him that he should no longer need him. But Andrew, partly from a real fondness for his

young master, and more, probably, because he was well aware that Frank was very generous in disposition, and that it would be hard to find a better position—or one as good, in fact—refused to be dismissed so suddenly. He begged so hard and persistently to be retained in his service that Frank at length relented, and with a lecture on his future behavior permitted Andrew to remain.

Having transacted this business, Frank wended his more at liberty, and refreshed by a clean toilet—and the appointed breakfast were awaiting him. In the course of the repast Frank took advantage of a pause to make some inquiries concerning his guide of the previous night:

“Pray, by the bye, Mr. Jarvie, who may this Mr. Robert Campbell be, whom we met with last night?”

The interrogatory seemed to strike the honest magistrate, to use the vulgar phrase, “all of a heap,” and instead of answering, he returned the question—“Whae’s Mr. Robert Campbell?—ahem! ahay! Whae’s Mr. Robert Campbell, quo’ he?”

“Yes,” said Frank, “I mean who and what is he?”

“Why, he’s—ahay!—he’s—ahem! Where did ye meet with Mr. Robert Campbell, as ye ca’ him?”

“I met him by chance,” Frank replied, “some months ago in the north of England.”

“Ou then; Mr. Osbaldistone,” said the Bailie doggedly, “ye’ll ken as muckle about him as I do.”

“I should suppose not, Mr. Jarvie,” he replied; “you are his relation, it seems, and his friend.”

“There is some cousin-red between us, doubtless,” said the Bailie reluctantly; “but we hae seen little o’ ilk other since Rob gae up the cattle-line o’ dealing, poor

fallow! he was hardly guided by them that might hae used him better—and they haena made their plack a baw-bee o't neither. 'There's mony ane this day wad rather they had never chased puir Robin frae the Cross o' Glasgow; there's mony ane wad rather see him again at the table o' three hundred kyloes, than at the head o' thirty waur cattle."

"All this explains nothing to me, Mr. Jarvie, of Mr. Campbell's rank, habits of life, and means of subsistence," Frank replied.

"Rank?" said Mr. Jarvie; "he's a Hieland gentleman, nae doubt—better rank need nane to be; and for habit, I judge he wears the Hieland habit amang the hills, though he has breeks on when he comes to Glasgow; and as for his subsistence, what need we care about his subsistence, sae lang as he asks naething from us, ye ken? But I hae nae time for clavering about him e'en now, because we maun look into your father's concerns wi' all speed."

So saying, he put on his spectacles, and sat down to examine Mr. Owen's states, which the other thought it most prudent to communicate to him without reserve. Nothing could be more acute and sagacious than the views which Mr. Jarvie entertained of the matters submitted to his examination; and, to do him justice, it was marked by much fairness, and even liberality. He scratched his ear indeed repeatedly on observing the balance which stood at the debit of Osbaldistone and Tresham in account with himself personally.

"It may be a dead loss," he observed; "and, conscience! whate'er ane o' your Lombard Street goldsmiths may sae to it, it's snell ane in the Saut-Market o' Glas-

gow. It will be a heavy deficit—a staff out o’ my bicker, I trow. But what then? I trust the house wunna coup the crans for a’ that’s come and gane yet; and if it does, I’ll never bear sae base a mind as thae corbies in the Gallowgate—an I am to lose by ye, I’s e ne’er deny I hae won by ye mony a fair pund sterling. Sae, and it come to the warst, I’s e’en lay the head o’ the sow to the tail o’ the grice.”

Frank left Mr. Owen and Mr. Jarvie deep in the business affairs of Osbaldistone and Tresham, which would probably occupy them all the morning, and, promising to return for dinner at one o’clock precisely, sallied forth to see the town. He took the route toward the college, that he might there be quiet and consider his own affairs and arrange on a future line of conduct. He wandered from one quadrangle of old-fashioned buildings to another, and from thence to the college yards, where, pleased with the solitude of the place, he paced to and fro. But presently his meditations were disturbed by three persons who appeared at the upper end of the walk. The central figure of the three he recognized as Rashleigh Osbaldistone. To address him then and there was Frank’s first impulse; his second, to watch and wait until he was alone. He therefore, the party being still at some distance, stepped unobserved behind a small hedge which imperfectly screened him from the road. Muffling his face in his cloak he was able to meet his cousin without observation, or, at least recognition from him. As the company approached, Frank was startled to recognize in its other two members the Mr. Morris, on whose account he had been summoned before Justice Inglewood, and Mr. MacVittie; for a combina-

tion foreboding more evil to his father's affairs and his own could scarce have been formed. At the end of the walk Rashleigh and his companions separated, the former returning alone along the walk. Frank now presented himself in front of his cousin and addressed him:

"You are well met, sir; I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in quest of you."

"You know little of him you sought, then," replied Rashleigh, with his usual undaunted composure. "I am easily found by my friends—still more easily by my foes; your manner compels me to ask in which class I must rank Mr. Francis Osbaldistone?"

"In that of your foes, sir," he answered—"in that of your mortal foes, unless you instantly do justice to your benefactor, my father, by accounting for his property."

"And to whom, Mr. Osbaldistone," answered Rashleigh, "am I, a member of your father's commercial establishment, to be compelled to give any account of my proceedings in those concerns, which are in every respect identified with my own? Surely not to a young gentleman whose exquisite taste for literature would render such discussions disgusting and unintelligible."

"Your sneer, sir, is no answer. I will not part with you until I have full satisfaction concerning the fraud you meditate—you shall go with me before a magistrate."

"Be it so," said Rashleigh, and made a step or two as if to accompany him; then pausing, proceeded: "Were I inclined to do as you would have me, you should soon feel which of us had most reason to dread the presence of a magistrate. But I have no wish to ac-

celerate your fate. Go, young man! amuse yourself in your world of poetical imaginations, and leave the business of life to those who understand and can conduct it."

His intention was to provoke Frank, and he succeeded. "Mr. Osbaldistone," he said, "this tone of calm insolence shall not avail you. You ought to be aware that the name we both bear never submitted to insult, and shall not in my person be exposed to it."

"You remind me," said Rashleigh, with one of his blackest looks, "that it was dishonored in my person!—and you remind me also by whom! Do you think I have forgotten the evening at Osbaldistone Hall when you cheaply and with impunity played the bully at my expense? For that insult—never to be washed out but by blood—for the various times you have crossed my path, and always to my prejudice—for the persevering folly with which you seek to traverse schemes, the importance of which you neither know nor are capable of estimating—for all these, sir, you owe me a long account, for which there shall come an early day of reckoning."

"Let it come when it will," Frank replied, "I shall be willing and ready to meet it. Yet you seem to have forgotten the heaviest article—that I had the pleasure to aid Miss Vernon's good sense and virtuous feeling in extricating her from your infamous toils."

Rashleigh's dark eyes flashed actual fire at this home-taunt, and yet his voice retained the same calm, expressive tone with which he had hitherto conducted the conversation.

"I had other views with respect to you, young man," was his answer; "less hazardous for you, and more

suitable to my present character and former education. But I see you will draw on yourself the personal chastisement your boyish insolence so well merits. Follow me to a more remote spot, where we are less likely to be interrupted."

They passed to an open spot, but remote and in a sort of wilderness. They fought several minutes, more or less indifferently; for Frank, in the two or three minutes' walk, had time to reflect, and kinder sentiments had taken the place of the more violent passions, and he now acted more on the defensive, and endeavored to disarm his antagonist rather than to actually wound him. But the combat became fiercer, as Rashleigh with persistency and hatred sought to take the life of his cousin. They had just seized each other in what promised to be the death-grapple, when they were interrupted by a man who forcibly threw himself between them, and pushing them separate from each other exclaimed in a loud and commanding voice:

"What! the sons of those fathers who sucked the same breast shedding each other's bluid as it were strangers'! By the hand of my father, I will cleave to the brisket the first man that mints another stroke!"

The speaker was no other than Campbell. "Do you, Maister Francis, opine that you will re-establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's thrapple, or getting your ain sneekit instead thereof in the College yards of Glasgow?—Or do you, Mr. Rashleigh, think men will trust their lives and fortunes wi' ane that, when in point of trust and in point of confidence wi' a great political interest, gangs about brawling like a drunken gillie? Nay, never look gash or grim at me, man. If

ye're angry, ye ken how to turn the buckle o' your belt behind you."

"You presume on my present situation," replied Rashleigh, "or you would hardly dare to interfere where my honor is concerned."

"Hout! tout! tout! Presume? And what for should it be presuming? Ye may be the richer man, Mr. Osbaldistone, as is maist likely; and ye may be the mair learned man, whilk I dispute not: but I reckon ye are neither a prettier man nor a better gentleman than mysell—and it will be news to me when I hear ye are as gude. And *dare*, too? Muckle daring there's about it, I trow. Here I stand, that hae slashed as het a haggis as ony o' the twa o' ye, and thought nae muckle o' my morning's wark when it was dune. If my foot were on the heather as it's on the causeway, or this pickle gravel, that's little better, I hae been waur mistrysted than if I were set to gie ye baith your ser'ing o't."

Rashleigh had by this time recovered his temper completely. "My kinsman," he said, "will acknowledge he forced this quarrel on me. It was none of my seeking. I am glad we are interrupted before I chastised his forwardness more severely."

"Are ye hurt, lad?" inquired Campbell of Frank, with some appearance of interest.

"A very slight scratch," he answered, "which my kind cousin would not long have boasted of had not you come between us."

"In troth, and that's true, Maister Rashleigh," said Campbell; "for the cauld iron and your best bluid were like to hae become acquaint when I mastered Mr. Frank's right hand. But never look like a sow laying upon a

trump for the luvè of that. Come and walk wi' me. I hae news to tell ye, and ye'll cool and come to yoursell, like MacGibbon's crowdie, when he set it out at the window-bole."

"Pardon me, sir," said Frank. "Your intentions have seemed friendly to me on more occasions than one; but I must not, and will not, quit sight of this person until he yields up to me those means of doing justice to my father's engagements, of which he has treacherously possessed himself."

"Ye're daft, man," replied Campbell; "it will serve ye naething to follow us e'enow. Ye hae just enow o' ae man; wad ye bring twa on your head, and might bide quiet?"

"Twenty," Frank replied, "if it be necessary."

He laid his hand on Rashleigh's collar, who made no resistance, but said, with a sort of scornful smile: "You hear him MacGregor! he rushes on his fate—will it be my fault if he falls into it? The warrants are by this time ready, and all is prepared."

The Scotchman was obviously embarrassed. He looked around, and before and behind him, and then said: "The ne'er a bit will I yield my consent to his being ill-guided for standing up for the father that got him; and I gie God's malison and mine to a' sort o' magistrates, justices, bailies, sheriffs, sheriff officers, constables, and sic-like black cattle, that hae been the plagues o' puir auld Scotland this hunder year. It was a merry world when every man held his ain gear wi' his ain grip, and when the country side wasna fashed wi' warrants and poindings and apprizings, and a' that cheatry craft. And ance mair I say it, my conscience winna see this

puir thoughtless lad ill-guided, and especially wi' that sort o' trade. I wad rather ye fell till't again, and fought it out like douce honest men."

"Your conscience, MacGregor!" said Rashleigh. "You forget how long you and I have known each other."

"Yes, my conscience," reiterated Campbell, or MacGregor, or whatever was his name; "I hae such a thing about me, Maister Osbaldistone; and therein it may weel chance that I hae the better o' you. As to our knowledge of each other—if ye ken what I am, ye ken what usage it was made me what I am; and, whatever you may think, I would not change states with the proudest of the oppressors that hae driven me to tak the heather-bush for a beild. What *you* are, Maister Rashleigh, and what excuse ye hae for being *what* you are, is between your ain heart and the lang day.—And now, Maister Francis, let go his collar; for he says truly, that ye are in mair danger from a magistrate than he is, and were your cause as straight as an arrow, he wad find a way to put you wrang. So let go his craig, as I was saying."

He seconded his words with an effort so sudden and unexpected that he freed Rashleigh from Frank's hold, and securing him, notwithstanding his struggles, in his own Herculean grip, he called out: "Take the bent, Mr. Rashleigh; make ae pair o' legs worth twa pair o' hands; ye hae dune that before now."

"You may thank this gentleman, kinsman," said Rashleigh, "if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid; and if I quit you now, it is only in the hope we shall soon meet again without the possibility of interruption."

He took up his sword, wiped it, sheathed it, and was lost among the bushes.

The Scotchman, partly by force, partly by remonstrance, prevented Frank's following him.

"As I live by bread," said Campbell, after one or two struggles in which he used much forbearance, "I never saw sae daft a callant! I wad hae gien the best man in the country the breadth o' his back gin he had gien me sic a kemping as ye hae dune. What wad ye do? wad ye follow the wolf to his den? I tell ye, man, he has the auld trap set for ye. He has got the collector-creature Morris to bring up a' the auld story again, and ye maun look for nae help frae me here, as ye got at Justice Inglewood's; it isna good for my health to come in the gate o' the whigamore bailie bodies. Now gang your ways hame, like a gude bairn; jouk and let the jaw gae by. Keep out o' sight o' Rashleigh, and Morris, and that MacVittie animal. Mind the Clachan of Aberfoil, as I said before, and by the word of a gentleman I wunna see ye wrangled. But keep a calm sough till we meet again. I maun gae and get Rashleigh out o' town afore waur comes o't, for the neb o' him's never out o' mischief. Mind the Clachan of Aberfoil."

Mr. Campbell turned upon his heel and walked away, leaving Frank to meditate upon the singular events which had befallen him. After adjusting his dress and reassuming his cloak, he betook himself to Bailie Jarvie's, stopping at a surgeon's, who dressed the slight wound that he had received from Rashleigh. It was after one o'clock when Frank reached the dining-parlor of the honest Bailie.

CHAPTER XIX.

An iron race the mountain cliffs maintain,
Foes to the gentler genius of the plain ;

Who while their rocky ramparts round they see,
The rough abode of want and liberty,
As lawless force from confidence will grow,
Insult the plenty of the vales below.

GRAY.

“WHAT made ye sae late?” said Mr. Jarvie as Frank entered; “it is chappit ane the best feck o’ five minutes by-gane. Mattie has been twice at the door wi’ the dinner, and weel for you it was a tup’s head, for that canna suffer by delay. A sheep’s head ower muckle boiled is rank poison, as my worthy father used to say—he likit the lug o’ ane weel, honest man.”

Frank made a suitable apology for his breach of punctuality, and was soon seated at table, where Mr. Jarvie presided with great glee and hospitality, compelling, however, Owen and Frank to do rather more justice to the Scottish dainties with which his board was charged than was quite agreeable to their southern palates.

When the cloth was removed, Mr. Jarvie compounded with his own hands a very small bowl of brandy punch.

“The limes,” he assured them, “were from his own

little farm yonder-away'” (indicating the West Indies with a knowing shrug of his shoulders), “and he learned the art of composing the liquor from auld Captain Coffinkey, who acquired it,” he added in a whisper, “as maist folk thought, among the buccaneers. “But it's excellent liquor,” said he, helping them round, “and good ware has often come frae a wicked market. And as for Captain Coffinkey, he was a decent man when I kent him, only he used to swear awfully. But he's dead, and gaen to his account, and I trust he's accepted—I trust he's accepted.”

At length an opportunity offered itself to Frank in which to tell his story of the morning's experiences, and ask Mr. Jarvie's advice thereon. When he mentioned the appearance of Mr. Campbell, Jarvie arose in great surprise, and paced the room, exclaiming, “Robin again! Robert's mad—clean wud, and waur. Rob will be hanged, and disgrace a' his kindred, and that will be seen and heard tell o'. My father the deacon wrought him his first hose. Od, I am thinking Deacon Threeplye, the rape-spinner, will be twisting his last cravat. Ay, ay, puir Robin is in a fair way o' being hanged. But come awa', come awa'—let's hear the lave o't.”

Frank told the whole story as pointedly as he could; but Mr. Jarvie still found something lacking to make it clear, until Frank went back, though with considerable reluctance, on the whole story of Morris, and of his meeting with Campbell at the house of Justice Inglewood. Mr. Jarvie inclined a serious ear to all this, and remained silent for some time after the finishing of the narrative.

“Upon all these matters I am now to ask your advice, Mr. Jarvie, which, I have no doubt, will point out the

best way to act for my father's advantage and my own honor," said Frank.

"Ye're right, young man, ye're right," said the bailie. "Aye take the counsel of those who are aulder and wiser than yoursell, and binna like the godless Rehoboam, who took the advice o' a' when beardless callants, neglecting the auld counsellors who had sate at the feet o' his father Solomon, and as it was weel put by Mr. Meiklejohn, in his lecture on the chapter, were doubtless partakers of his sapience. But I maun hear naething about honor; we ken naething here but about credit. Honor is a homicide and a bloodspiller, that gangs about making frays in the street; but Credit is a decent honest man, that sits at hame and makes the pat play."

"Assuredly, Mr. Jarvie," said Owen, "credit is the sum total; and if we can but save that, at whatever discount——"

"Ye are right, Mr. Owen—ye are right; ye speak weel and wisely; and I trust bowls will row right, though they are a wee ajee e'enow. But touching Robin, I am of opinion he will befriend this young man if it is in his power. He has a gude heart, puir Robin; and though I lost a matter of twa hundred pund's wi' his former engagements, and haena muckle expectation ever to see back my thousand pund's Scots that he promises me e'enow, yet I will never say but what Robin means fair by a' men."

"I am then to consider him," Frank replied, "as an honest man?"

"Umph!" replied Jarvie, with a precautionary sort of cough. "Ay, he has a kind o' Hieland honesty—he's

honest after a sort, as they say. My father the deacon used aye to laugh when he tauld me how that byword came up. Ane Captain Costlett was cracking crouse about his loyalty to King Charles, and Clerk Pettigrew—ye'll hae heard mony a tale about him—asked him after what manner he served the king, when he was fighting again him at Wor'ster in Cromwell's army; and Captain Costlett was a ready body, and said that he served him *after a sort*. My honest father used to laugh weel at that sport—and sae the byword came up."

"But do you think that this man will be able to serve me after a sort, or should I trust myself to this place of rendezvous which he has given me?"

"Frankly and fairly, it's worth trying. Ye see yourself there's some risk in your staying here. This bit body Morris has gotten a custom-house place down at Greenock—that's a port on the Firth down by here; and tho' a' the world kens him to be but a twa-leggit creature wi' a goose's head and a hen's heart, that goes about on the quay plaguing folk about permits and cockits, and dockits, and a' that vexatious trade, yet if he lodge an information—ou' nae doubt a man in magisterial duty maun attend to it, and ye might come to be clapped up between four wa's, whilk wad be ill-convenient to your father's affairs."

"True," observed Frank; "yet what service am I likely to render him by leaving Glasgow, which, it is probable, will be the principal scene of Rashleigh's machinations, and committing myself to the doubtful faith of a man of whom I know little but that he fears justice, and has doubtless good reasons for doing so; and that, for some secret, and probably dangerous pur-

pose, he is in close league and alliance with the very person who is like to be the author of our ruin?"

"Ah, but ye judge Rob hardly," said the Bailie, "ye judge him hardly, puir chield; and the truth is, that ye ken naething about our hill country, or Hielands, as we ca' them. They are clean anither set frae the like o' huz; there's nae bailie-courts amang them—nae magistrates that dinna bear the sword in vain, like the worthy deacon that's awa', and, I may say't, like mysell and other present magistrates in this city. But it's just the laird's command, and the loon maun loup; and the never another law hae they but the length o' their dirks—the broadsword's pursuer, or plaintiff, as you Englishers ca' it, and the target is defender; the stoutest head bears laugest out; and there's a Hieland plea for ye. Now, sir, we speak little o' thae things, because they are familiar to oursells; and where's the use o' vilifying ane's country, and bringing a discredit on ane's kin, before southrons and strangers? It's an ill bird that files its ain nest."

"Well, sir, but as it is no impertinent curiosity of mine, but real necessity, that obliges me to make these inquiries, I hope you will not be offended at my pressing for a little further information. I have to deal, on my father's account, with several gentlemen of these wild countries, and I must trust your good sense and experience for the requisite light upon the subject."

This little morsel of flattery was not thrown out in vain.

"Experience!" said the bailie—"I hae had experience, nae doubt, and I hae made some calculations—ay, and to speak quietly amang oursells, I hae made some

perquisitions through Andrew Wylie, my auld clerk; he's wi' MacVittie and Company now—but he whiles drinks a gill on the Saturday afternoons wi' his auld master. And since ye say ye are willing to be guided by the Glasgow weaver-body's advice, I am no the man that will refuse it to the son of an auld correspondent, and my father the deacon was nane sic afore me."

And here Mr. Jarvie wandered off into a long discourse on the Highlands, from which Frank diverted him by desiring to know more of his kinsman Mr. Robert Campbell.

"Robin was ance a weel-doing, painstaking drover," said Mr. Jarvie, "as ye wad see amang ten thousand. It was a pleasure to see him in his belted plaid and brogues, wi' his target at his back, and claymore and dirk at his belt, following a hundred Highland stots, and a dozen o' the gillies, as rough and ragged as the beasts they drave. And he was baith civil and just in his dealings; and if he thought his chapman had made a hard bargain, he wad gie him a lucky-penny to the mends. I hae ken'd him gie back five shillings out o' the pund sterling."

"Twenty-five per cent," said Owen—"a heavy discount."

"He wad gie it, though, sir, as I tell ye; mair especially if he thought the buyer was a puir man, and couldna stand by a loss. But the times cam hard, and Rob was venturesome. It wasna my faut—it wasna my faut; he canna wyte me—I aye tauld him o't. And the creditors, mair especially some grit neighbors o' his, gripped to his living and land; and they say his wife was turned out o' the house to the hillside, and sair misguided

to the boot. Shamefu'! shamefu'! I am a peacefu' man and a magistrate, but if ony ane had guided sae muckle as my servant quean, Mattie, as it's like they guided Rob's wife, I think it suld hae set the shable* that my father the deacon had at Bothwell brig a-walking again. Weel, Rob cam hame, and fand desolation, God pity us! where he left plenty. He looked east, west, south, north, and saw neither hauld nor hope—neither beild nor shelter; sae he e'en pu'd the bonnet ower his brow, belted the broadsword to his side, took to the braeside, and became a broken man.” †

The voice of the good citizen was broken by his contending feelings. He obviously, while he professed to condemn the pedigree of his Highland kinsman, attached a secret feeling of consequence to the connection, and he spoke of his friend in his prosperity with an overflow of affection, which deepened his sympathy for his misfortunes and his regret for their consequences.

“Thus tempted and urged by despair,” said Frank, seeing Mr. Jarvie did not proceed in his narrative, “I suppose your kinsman became one of those depredators you have described to us?”

“No sae bad as that,” said the Glaswegian—“no a'thegither and outright sae bad as that; but he became a levier of blackmail, wider and farther than ever it was raised in our day, a' through the Lennox and Menteith, and up to the gates o' Stirling Castle.”

“Blackmail? I do not understand the phrase.”

“Ou, ye see, Rob soon gathered an unco band o' blue-bonnets at his back, for he comes o' a rough name

* Cutlass.

† An outlaw.

when he's kent by his ain, and a name that's held its ain for mony a lang year, baith again king and parliament, and kirk too, for aught I ken—an auld and honorable name, for as sair as it has been worried and hadden down and oppressed. My mother was a MacGregor—I carena wha kens it—and Rob had soon a gallant band; and as it grieved him (he said) to see sic *hership* and waste and depredation to the south o' the Hieland line, why, if only heritor or farmer wad pay him four pund Scots out of each hunder pund of valued rent, whilk was doubtless a moderate consideration, Rob engaged to keep them scaithless; let them send to him if they lost sae muckle as a single cloot by thieving, and Rob engaged to get them again, or pay the value—and he aye keepit his word—I canna deny but he keepit his word—a' men allow Rob keeps his word."

"This is a very singular contract of assurance," said Mr. Owen.

"It's clean again our statute law, that must be owned," said Jarvie, "clean again law; the levying and the paying blackmail are baith punishable: but if the law canna protect my barn and byre, whatfor suld I no engage wi' a Hieland gentleman that can?—answer me that."

"But, Mr. Jarvie," said Frank, "is this contract of blackmail, as you call it, completely voluntary on the part of the landlord or farmer who pays the insurance? or what usually happens in case any one refuses payment of this tribute?"

"Aha, lad," said the Bailie, laughing, and putting his finger to his nose, "ye think ye hae me there. Troth, I wad advise ony friends o' mine to gree wi' Rob; for,

watch as they like, and do what they like, they are sair apt to be harried * when the lang nights come on. Some o' the Grahame and Cohoon gentry stood out; but what then—they lost their haill stock the first winter; sae maist folks now think it best to come into Rob's terms. He's easy wi' a' body that will be easy wi' him; but if ye thraw him, ye had better thraw the deevil."

"And by his exploits in these vocations," Frank continued, "I suppose he has rendered himself amenable to the laws of the country?"

"Amenable?—ye may say that; his craig wad ken the weight o' his hurdies if they could get haud o' Rob. But he has gude friends amang the grit folks; and I could tell ye o' ae grit family that keeps him up as far as they decently can, to be a thorn in the side of another. And then he's sic an auld-farran lang-headed chield as never took up the trade o' cateran in our time; mony a daft reik he has played—mair than wad fill a book, and a queer ane it wad be—as gude as Robin Hood, or William Wallace—a' fu' o' venturesome deeds and escapes, sic as folk tell ower at a winter ingle in the daft days. It's a queer thing o' me, gentlemen, that am a man o' peace mysell, and a peaceful man's son—for the deacon my father quarreled wi' nane out of the town-council—it's a queer thing, I say, but I think the Hieland bluid o' me warms at thae daft tales, and whiles I like better to hear them than a word o' profit, Gude forgie me! But they are vanities—sinfu' vanities—and, moreover, again the statute law—again the statute and gospel law."

* Plundered.

Frank now followed up his investigation, by inquiring what means of influence this Mr. Robert Campbell could possibly possess over his affairs or those of his father.

“But to your father’s affairs,” replied Mr. Jarvie. “Ye maun think that in thae twenty years bygane, some o’ the Hieland lairds and chiefs hae come to some sma’ sense o’ their ain interest. Your father and others hae bought the woods of Glen-Disseries, Glen-Kissoch, Tober-na-Kippoch, and mony mair besides, and your father’s house has granted large bills in payment; and as the credit o’ Osbaldistone and Tresham was gude—for I’ll say before Mr. Owen’s face, as I wad behind his back, that, baiting misfortunes o’ the Lord’s sending, nae men could be mair honorable in business—the Hieland gentlemen, holders of thae bills, hae found credit in Glasgow and Edinburgh—(I might amaist say in Glasgow wholly, for it’s little the pridefu’ Edinburgh folk do in real business)—for all, or the greater part, of the contents o’ thae bills. So that—aha! d’ye see me now?”

Frank confessed he could not quite follow his drift.

“Why,” said he, “if these bills are not paid, the Glasgow merchant comes on the Hieland lairds, whae hae deil a boddle o’ siller, and will like ill to spew up what is item a’ spent. They will turn desperate—five hundred will rise that might hae sitten at hame—the deil will gae ower Jock Wabster—and the stopping of your father’s house will hasten the outbreak of the Hielands that’s been sae lang biding us.”

“You think, then,” said Frank, surprised at this singular view of the case, “that Rashleigh Osbalidistone

has done this injury to my father merely to accelerate a rising in the Highlands, by distressing the gentlemen to whom these bills were originally granted?"

"Doubtless—doubtless—it has been one main reason, Mr. Osbaldistone. I doubtna but what the ready money he carried off wi' him might be another. But that makes comparatively but a sma' part o' your father's loss, though it might make the maist part o' Rashleigh's direct gain. The assets he carried off are of nae mair use to him than if he were to light his pipe wi' them. He tried if Mac Vittie and Company would gie him siller on them—that I ken by Andrew Wylie—but they were ower auld cats to draw that strae afore them; they keepit aff, and gae fair words. Rashleigh Osbaldistone is better ken'd than trusted in Glasgow, for he was here about some Jacobitical papistical troking in seventeen hundred and seven, and left debt ahint him. Na, na, he canna pit aff the paper here; folk will misdoubt him how he came by it. Na, na, he'll hae the stuff safe at some o' their haulds in the Hielands, and I daur say my cousin Rob could get at it gin he liked."

"But would he be disposed to serve us in this pinch, Mr. Jarvie?" said Frank. "You have described him as an agent of the Jacobite party, and deeply connected in their intrigues: will he be disposed for my sake, or, if you please, for the sake of justice, to make an act of restitution, which, supposing it in his power, would, according to your view of the case, materially interfere with their plans?"

"I canna preceesely speak to that: the grandees among them are doubtfu' o' Rob, and he's doubtfu' o' them. And he's been weel friended wi' the Argyle

family, wha stand for the present model of government. If he was freed o' his hornings and captions, he would rather be on Argyle's side than he wad be on Breadalbane's, for there's auld ill-will between the Breadalbane family and his kin and name. The truth is, that Rob is for his ain hand, as Henry Wynd feught *—he'll take the side that suits him best. If the deil was laird, Rob wad be for being tenant; and ye canna blame him, puir fallow, considering his circumstances. But there's ae thing sair again ye—Rob has a gray mear in his stable at hame."

"A gray mare?" said Frank. "What is that to the purpose?"

"The wife, man—the wife—an awfu' wife she is. She downa bide the sight o' a kindly Scot, if he come frae the Lowlands, far less of an Inglisher, and she'll be keen for a' that can set up King James, and ding down King George."

"It is very singular," Frank replied, "that the mercantile transactions of London citizens should become involved with revolutions and rebellions."

"Not at a', man—not at a'," returned Mr. Jarvie; "that's a' your silly prejudications. I read whiles in the

* Two great clans fought out a quarrel with thirty men of a side, in presence of the king, on the north Inch of Perth, on or about the year 1392. A man was amissing on one side, whose room was filled by a little bandy-legged citizen of Perth. This substitute, Henry Wynd—or, as the Highlanders called him, *Gow Chrom*, that is, the bandy-legged smith—fought well, and contributed greatly to the fate of the battle, without knowing which side he fought on. So, "To fight for your own hand, like Henry Wynd," passed into a proverb. See Walter Scott's "Fair Maid of Perth."

lang dark nights, and I hae read in Baker's Chronicle that the merchants o' London could gar the Bank of Genoa break their promise to advance a mighty sum to the King o' Spain, whereby the sailing of the Grand Spanish Armada was put aff for a hail year. What think you o' that, sir?"

"That the merchants did their country golden service, which ought to be honorably remembered in our histories."

"I think sae too; and they wad do weel, and deserve weel baith o' the state and o' humanity, that wad save three or four honest Hieland gentlemen frae louping heads ower heels into destruction, wi' a' their puir sackless * followers, just because they canna pay back the siller they had reason to count upon as their ain—and save your father's credit—and my ain gude siller that Osbaldistone and Tresham awes me into the bargain. I say, if ane could manage a' this, I think it suld be done, and said unto him, even if he were a puir ca'-the-shuttle body, as unto one whom the king delighteth to honor."

"I can not pretend to estimate the extent of public gratitude," Frank replied; "but our own thankfulness, Mr. Jarvie, would be commensurate with the extent of the obligation."

"Which," added Mr. Owen, "we would endeavor to balance with a *per contra*, the instant our Mr. Osbaldistone returns from Holland."

"I doubtna—I doubtna—he is a very worthy gentleman, and a sponsible, and wi' some o' my lights might do muckle business in Scotland. Well, sir, if these assets

* Sackless, that is, innocent.

could be redeemed out o' the hands o' the Philistines, they are gude paper—they are the right stuff when they are in the right hands, and that's yours, Mr. Owen. And I'se find ye three men in Glasgow—for as little as ye may think o' us, Mr. Owen—that's Sandie Steenson in the Trade's-Land and John Pirie in Candleriggs, and another that sall be nameless at this present—sall advance what souns are sufficient to secure the credit of your house, and seek nae better security."

Owen's eyes sparkled at this prospect of extrication; but his countenance instantly fell on recollecting how improbable it was that the recovery of the assets, as he technically called them, should be successfully achieved.

"Dinna despair, sir—dinna despair," said Mr. Jarvie; "I hae taen sae muckle concern wi' your affairs already, that it maun een be ower shoon ower boots wi' me now. I am just like my father the deacon (praise be wi' him!) I canna meddle wi' a friend's business, but I aye end wi' making it my ain. Sae, I'll e'en pit on my boots the morn, and be jogging ower Drymen Muir wi' Mr. Frank here; and if I canna mak Rob hear reason, and his wife too, I dinna ken wha can. I hae been a kind freend to them afore now, to say naething o' ower-looking him last night, when naming his name wad hae cost him his life. I'll be hearing o' this in the council, maybe, frae Bailie Grahame, and MacVittie, and some o' them. They hae coost up my kindred to Rob to me already—set up their nashgabs! I tauld them I wad vindicate nae man's faults; but set apart what he had done again the law o' the country, and the hership o' the Lennox, and the misfortune o' some folk losing life by him, he was

an honestest man than stood on ony o' their shanks. And whatfor suld I mind their clavers? If Rob is an outlaw, to himsell be it said; there is nae laws now about the reset of intercommuned persons, as there was in the ill times o' the last Stuarts. I trow I hae a Scotch tongue in my head; if they speak, I'se answer."

So the Bailie decide to accompany Frank to the place of meeting with Mr. Campbell. An early hour the next morning was the time set for departure, and Frank, having installed Mr. Owen in an apartment in his lodgings close to his own, retired to rest, with better hopes than it had lately been his fortune to entertain.

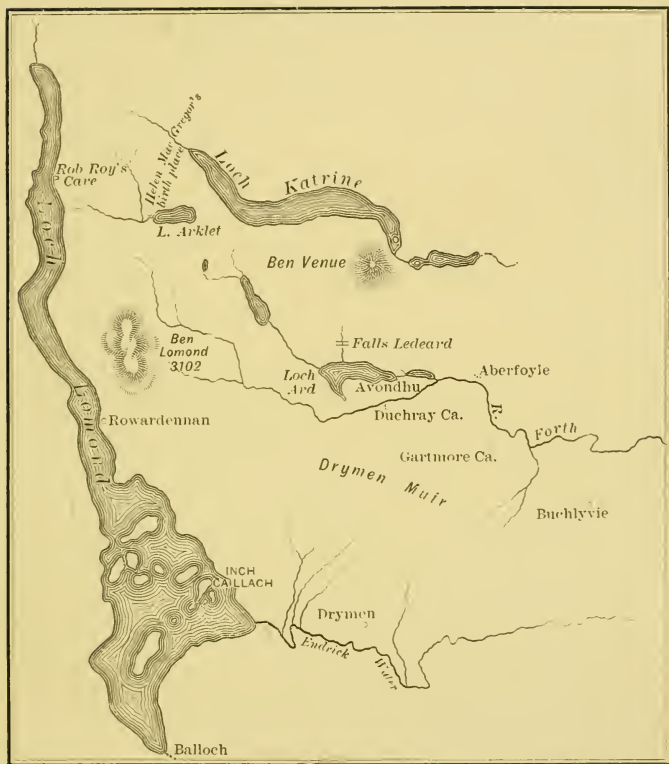
CHAPTER XX.

Far as the eye could reach no tree was seen ;
Earth, clad in russet, scorned the lively green ;
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew ;
No bee was heard to hum, no dove to coo ;
No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide or heard to warble here.

PROPHECY OF FAMINE.

EARLY the next morning Frank met, by appointment, Andrew with the horses, at the door of Mr. Jarvie's house. Presently this gentleman appeared, and after considerable bustle and many parting directions from Mattie, Mr. Jarvie's housekeeper, they at last set forth on their journey into the Highlands.

The travel of the forenoon was of little interest, and it was not till after dinner that the road became less monotonous. A range of dark-blue mountains, with wildly varied and distinguished peaks, now rose in front of them. These, Mr. Jarvie informed Frank, were "the Hieland hills—the Hieland hills. Ye'll see and hear enough about them before ye see Glasgow Cross again. I downa look at them; I never see them but they gar me grew. It's no for fear—no for fear, but just for grief, for the puir blinded, half-starved creatures that inhabit them. But say nae mair about it; it's ill speaking o' Hielandmen sae near the line. I hae ken'd mony an



honest man wadna hae ventured this length without he had made his last will and testament. Mattie had ill-will to see me set awa' on this ride, and grat awee, the silly tawpie; but it's nae mair ferlie to see a woman greet than to see a goose gang barefit."

It grew dark, the moon came out, and still they traveled on, over open heaths, down into steep ravines; till at length they came to a narrow, deep, and silent stream, which the Bailie announced to be the Forth. They crossed this by a stone bridge, very high and very narrow, and after about half a mile of further riding arrived at the door of the public house, where they were to pass the evening. It was a hovel rather worse than better than that in which the travelers had dined; but its little windows were lighted up, voices were heard from within, and all intimated a prospect of food and shelter, to which they were by no means indifferent. Andrew was the first to observe that there was a peeled willow-wand placed across the half-open door of the little inn. He hung back and advised them not to enter. "For," said he, "some of their chiefs and grit men are birling at the usquebaugh in by there, and dinna want to be disturbed; and the least we'll get, if we gang ramstam in on them, will be a broken head, to learn us better havings, if we dinna come by the length of a cauld dirk in our wame, whilk is just as likely."

Meantime a staring half-clad wench or two came out of the inn and the neighboring cottages, on hearing the sound of the horses' feet. No one bade them welcome, nor did any one offer to take their horses; and to their various inquiries, the hopeless response of "Ha niel Sas-senach" was the only answer. The Bailie, however,

found (in his experience) a way to make them speak English. "If I gie ye a bawbee," said he to an urchin of about ten years old, with a fragment of a tattered plaid about him, "will you understand Sassenach?"

"Ay, ay, that will I," replied the brat in very decent English.

"Then gang and tell your mammy, my man, there's twa Sassenach gentlemen come to speak wi' her."

The landlady presently appeared, with a lighted piece of split fir blazing in her hand. The turpentine in this species of torch (which is generally dug from out the turf-bogs) makes it blaze and sparkle readily, so that it is often used in the Highlands in lieu of candles. On this occasion such a torch illuminated the wild and anxious features of a female, pale, thin, and rather above the usual size, whose soiled and ragged dress, though aided by a plaid or tartan screen, barely served the purposes of decency, and certainly not those of comfort. Her black hair, which escaped in uncombed elf-locks from under her coif, as well as the strange and embarrassed look with which she regarded them, gave them the idea of a witch disturbed in the midst of her unlawful rites. She plainly refused to admit them into the house. They remonstrated anxiously, and pleaded the length of their journey, the state of their horses, and the certainty that there was not another place where they could be received nearer than Callander, which the Bailie stated to be seven Scots miles distant. The obdurate hostess treated their expostulation with contempt. "Better gang farther than fare waur," she said, speaking the Scottish Lowland dialect, and being indeed a native of the Lennox district. "Her house was taen up wi'

them wadna like to be intruded on wi' strangers. She didna ken wha mair might be there—red-coats, it might be, frae the garrison." (These last words she spoke under her breath, and with very strong emphasis.) "The night," she said, "was fair abune head—a night amang the heather wad caller their bloods—they might sleep in their claes, as mony a gude blade does in the scabbard—there wasna muckle flowmoss in the shaw, if they took up their quarters right, and they might pit up their horses to the hill, naebody wad say naething against it."

"But, my good woman," said Frank, while the Bailie groaned and remained undecided, "it is six hours since we dined, and we have not taken a morsel since. I am positively dying with hunger, and I have no taste for taking up my abode supperless among these mountains of yours. I positively must enter; and make the best apology you can to your guests for adding a stranger or two to their number—Andrew, you will see the horses put up."

The Hecate looked at him with surprise, and then ejaculated: "A willfu' man will hae his way—them that will to Cupar maun to Cupar! To see thae English belly-gods! he has had a fu' meal the day already, and he'll venture life and liberty, rather than he'll want a het supper! Set roasted beef and pudding on the opposite side o' the pit o' Tophet, and an Englishman will mak a spank at it, but I wash my hands o't. Follow me, sir" (to Andrew), "and I'll show ye where to pit the beasts."

In spite of the landlady's grumbling cautions, our travelers persisted in entering the tavern—or shed, rath-

er. A fire blazed merrily in the center of the room, near to which an old oaken table was drawn. At this table sat three men, guests apparently, whom it was impossible to regard with indifference. Two were in the Highland dress; the one, a little, dark-complexioned man, with a lively, quick, and irritable expression of features, wore the trews, or close pantaloons wove out of a sort of checkered stocking stuff.

The other mountaineer was a very tall, strong man, with a quantity of reddish hair, freckled face, high cheek bones, and long chin—a sort of caricature of the national features of Scotland. The tartan which he wore differed from that of his companion, as it had much more scarlet in it, whereas the shades of black and dark-green predominated in the checkers of the other. The third, who sat at the same table, was in the Lowland dress—a bold, stout-looking man, with a cast of military daring in his eye and manner, his riding-dress showily and profusely laced, and his cocked hat of formidable dimensions. His hanger and a pair of pistols lay on the table before him. Each of the Highlanders had their naked dirks stuck upright in the board beside him—an emblem, but surely a strange one, that their compotation was not to be interrupted by any brawl. A mighty pewter measure, containing about an English quart of usquebaugh, liquor nearly as strong as brandy, which the Highlanders distill from malt, and drink undiluted in excessive quantities, was placed before these worthies. A broken glass, with a wooden foot, served as a drinking cup to the whole party, and circulated with a rapidity which, considering the potency of the liquor, seemed absolutely marvelous. These men spoke loudly and

eagerly together, sometimes in Gaelic, at other times in English. Another Highlander, wrapped in his plaid, reclined on the floor, his head resting on a stone, from which it was only separated by a wisp of straw, and slept or seemed to sleep, without attending to what was going on around him. He also was probably a stranger, for he lay in full dress, and accoutered with the sword and target, the usual arms of his countrymen when on a journey. Cribs there were of different dimensions beside the walls, formed some of fractured boards, some of shattered wickerwork or plaited boughs, in which slumbered the family of the house, men, women, and children, their places of repose only concealed by the dusky wreaths of vapor which arose above, below, and around them.

The entrance of the new guests was made so quietly, and the carousers were so eagerly engaged in their discussions, that the Bailie and Frank escaped their notice for a minute or two. But the Highlander who lay beside the fire raised himself on his elbow as they entered, and, drawing his plaid over the lower part of his face, fixed his look on them for a few seconds, after which he resumed his recumbent posture, and seemed again to betake himself to the repose which their entrance had interrupted.

Mr. Jarvie and Frank advanced to the fire, which was an agreeable spectacle after their late ride during the chilliness of an autumn evening among the mountains, and first attracted the attention of the guests who had preceded them by calling for the landlady. She approached, looking doubtfully and timidly now at them, now at the other party, and returned a hesitating and

doubtful answer to their request to have something to eat.

"She didna ken," she said, "she wasna sure there was onything in the house," and then modified her refusal with the qualification—"that is, onything fit for the like of ye."

Frank assured her that they were indifferent to the quality of the supper; and looking round for the means of accommodation, which were not easily to be found, he arranged an old hen-coop as a seat for Mr. Jarvie, and turned down a broken tub to serve for his own. Andrew Fairservice entered presently afterward, and took a place in silence behind their backs. The natives continued staring at them with an air as if confounded by their assurance.

At length the lesser Highlander, addressing himself to Frank, said, in very good English, and in a tone of great haughtiness, "Ye make yourself at home, sir, I see."

"I usually do so," Frank replied, "when I come into a house of public entertainment."

"And did she na see," said the taller man, "by the white wand at the door, that gentlemans had taken up the public house on their ain business?"

"I do not pretend to understand the customs of this country; but I am yet to learn," Frank replied, "how three persons should be entitled to exclude all other travelers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles around."

"There's nae reason for't, gentlemen," said the Bailie; "we mean nae offense; but there's neither law nor reason for't; but as far as a stoup o' gude brandy

wad make up the quarrel, we, being peaceable folk, wad be willing."

"Damn your brandy, sir!" said the Lowlander, adjusting his cocked hat fiercely upon his head; "we desire neither your brandy nor your company," and up he rose from his seat. His companions also arose, muttering to each other, drawing up their plaids, and snorting and snuffing the air after the manner of their countrymen when working themselves into a passion.

"I tauld ye what wad come, gentlemen," said the landlady, "and ye wad hae been tauld. Get awa' wi' ye out o' my house, and make nae disturbance here; there's nae gentleman be disturbed at Jeanie MacAlpine's an she can hinder. A when idle English loons, gaun about the country under clouds o' night, and disturbing honest, peaceable gentlemen that are drinking their drap drink at the fireside!"

A fray was obviously about to ensue.

"We are three to three," said the lesser Highlander, glancing his eyes at the party: "if ye be pretty men, draw!" and, unsheathing his broadsword, he advanced on Frank, who put himself in a posture of defense, and, aware of the superiority of his weapon, a rapier or small-sword, was little afraid of the issue of the contest. The Bailie behaved with unexpected mettle. As he saw the gigantic Highlander confront him with his weapon drawn, he tugged for a second or two at the hilt of his *shabblie*, as he called it; but finding it loath to quit the sheath, to which it had long been secured by rust and disuse, he seized, as a substitute, on the red-hot coulter of a plow which had been employed in arranging the fire by way of a poker, and brandished it with such effect

that at the first pass he set the Highlander's plaid on fire, and compelled him to keep a respectful distance till he could get it extinguished. Andrew, on the contrary, who ought to have faced the Lowland champion, had vanished at the very commencement of the fray. But his antagonist, crying, "Fair play! fair play!" seemed courteously disposed to take no share in the scuffle. Thus the rencontre commenced on fair terms as to numbers. Frank endeavored to possess himself of his antagonist's weapon, but was deterred from closing with him for fear of the dirk which his combatant held in his left hand. Meantime the Bailie, notwithstanding the success of his first onset, was sorely bested. The weight of his weapon, the corpulence of his person, the very effervescence of his own passions, were rapidly exhausting both his strength and his breath, and he was almost at the mercy of his antagonist, when up started the sleeping Highlander from the floor on which he reclined, with both his naked sword and target in his hand, and threw himself between the discomfited magistrate and his assailant, exclaiming, "Her nainsell has eaten the town pread at the Cross o' Glasgow, and py her troth she'll fight for Bailie Sharvie at the Clachan of Aberfoil—tat will she e'en!" And seconding his words with deeds, this unexpected auxiliary made his sword whistle about the ears of his tall countryman, who, nothing abashed, returned his blows with interest. But being both accoutered with round targets made of wood, studded with brass and covered with leather, with which they readily parried each other's strokes, their combat was attended with much more noise and clatter than serious risk of damage. It appeared, indeed, that there was

more of bravado than of serious attempt to do our friends any injury; for the Lowland gentleman, who had stood aside for want of an antagonist when the brawl commenced, was now pleased to act the part of moderator and peacemaker.

“Haud your hands! haud your hands!—eneugh done!—eneugh done! the quarrel’s no mortal. The strange gentlemen have shown themselves men of honor, and gien reasonable satisfaction. I’ll stand on mine honor as kittle as ony man, but I hate unnecessary bloodshed.”

Frank, of course, did not wish to protract the fray; his adversary seemed equally disposed to sheathe his sword; the Bailie, gasping for breath, might be considered as *hors de combat*, and the two sword-and-buckler men gave up their contest with as much indifference as they had entered into it.

“And now,” said the worthy gentleman who acted as umpire, “let us drink and gree like honest fellows. The house will haud us a’. I propose that this good little gentleman, that seems sair forfoughen, as I may say, in this tuilzie, shall send for a tass o’ brandy, and I’ll pay for another by way of archilowe,* and then we’ll birl our bawbees a’ round about the brethren.”

“And fa’s to pay my new ponnie plaid,” said the larger Highlander, “wi’ a hole burnt in’t ane might put a kail-pat through? Saw ever onybody a decent gentleman fight wi’ a firebrand before?”

“Let that be nae hinderance,” said the Bailie, who had now recovered his breath, and was at once disposed

* Archilowe, of unknown derivation, signifies a peace-offering.

to enjoy the triumph of having behaved with spirit, and avoid the necessity of again resorting to such hard and doubtful arbitrament. "Gin I hae broken the head," he said, "I sall find the plaister. A new plaid sall ye hae, and o' the best—your ain clan colors, man—an ye will tell me where it can be sent t'ye frae Glasco."

"I needna name my clan—I am of a king's clan, as is weel ken'd," said the Highlander; "but ye may tak a bit o' the plaid—figh! she smells like a singit sheep's head!—and that'll learn ye the sett—and a gentleman, that's a cousin o' my ain, that carries eggs doun frae Glencroe, will ca' for't about Martimas, and ye will tell her where ye bide. But, honest gentleman, neist time ye fight, and ye hae ony respect for your athversary, let it be wi' your sword, man, since ye wear ane, and no wi' thae het culters and fireprands, like a wild Indian."

"Conscience!" replied the Bailie, "every man maun do as he dow. My sword hasna seen the light since Bothwell Brigg, when my father, that's dead and gane, ware it; and I kenna weel if it was forthcoming then either, for the battle was o' the briefest. At ony rate, it's glued to the scabbard now beyond my power to part them; and, finding that, I e'en grippit at the first thing I could make a fend wi'. I trow my fighting days is done, though I like ill to take the scorn, for a' that. But where's the honest lad that tuik my quarrel on himself sae frankly? I'se bestow a gill o' aquavitæ on him, as I suld never ca' for anither."

The champion for whom he looked around was, however, no longer to be seen. He had escaped unobserved by the Bailie, immediately when the brawl was ended, yet not before Frank had recognized, in his wild features

and shaggy red hair, Dougal, the fugitive turnkey of the Glasgow jail. He communicated this observation in a whisper to the Bailie, who answered in the same tone: "Weel, weel—I see that him that ye ken o' said very right; there *is* some glimmering o' common sense about that creature Dougal; I maun see and think o' something will do him some gude."

Thus saying, he sat down, and fetching one or two deep inspirations, by way of recovering his breath, called to the landlady: "I think, Luckie, now that I find that there's nae hole in my wame, whilk I had muckle reason to doubt frae the doings o' your house, I wad be the better o' something to pit intill't."

The dame, who was all officiousness so soon as the storm had blown over, immediately undertook to broil something comfortable for the Bailie's and Frank's supper. She now made a great bustle, and very soon began to prepare in the frying-pan a savory mess of venison collops, which she dressed in a manner that might well satisfy hungry men, if not epicures. In the meantime the brandy was placed on the table, to which the Highlanders, however partial to their native strong waters, showed no objection, but much the contrary; and the Lowland gentleman, after the first cup had passed round, became desirous to know the profession of their recent antagonists, and the object of their journey.

"We are bits o' Glasgow bodies, if it please your honor," said the Bailie, with an affectation of great humility, "traveling to Stirling to get in some siller that is awing us."

The spokesman of the other party, snuffing up his breath through his nose, repeated the words with a sort

of sneer: "You Glasgow tradesfolk hae naething to do but to gang frae the tae end o' the west o' Scotland to the ither, to plague honest folks that may chance to be awee ahint the hand, like me."

"If our debtors were a' sic honest gentlemen as I believe you to be, Garschattachin," replied the Bailie, "conscience! we might save ourselves a labor, for they wad come and seek us."

"Eh! what! how!" exclaimed the person whom he had addressed. As I shall live by bread (not forgetting beef and brandy), it's my auld friend Nicol Jarvie, the best man that ever counted down merks on a band till a distressed gentleman. Were ye na coming up my way? were ye na coming up the Endrick to Garschattachin?"

"Troth no, Maister Galbraith," replied the Bailie, "I had other eggs on the spit; and I thought ye wad be saying I cam to look about the annual rent that's due on the bit heritable band that's between us."

"Damn the annual rent!" said the laird, with an appearance of great heartiness. "Deil a word o' business will you or I speak, now ye're so near my country. To see how a trot-cosey and a joseph can disguise a man—that I suldna ken my auld feal friend the deacon!"

"The Bailie, if you please," resumed Mr. Jarvie; "but I ken what gars ye mistak—the band was granted to my father that's happy, and he was deacon; but his name was Nicol as weel as mine. I dinna mind that there's been a payment of principal sum or annual rent on it in my day, and doubtless that has made the mistake."

"Weel, the devil take the mistake and all that occasioned it!" replied Mr. Galbraith. "But I am glad ye

are a bailie.—Gentlemen, fill a brimmer—this is my excellent friend, Bailie Nicol Jarvie's health; I ken'd him and his father these twenty years. Are ye a' cleared kelly aff? Fill anither. Here's to his being sune provost—I say provost—Lord Provost Nicol Jarvie!—and them that affirms there's a man walks the Hie-street o' Glasgow that's fitter for the office, they will do weel not to let me, Duncan Galbraith of Garschattachin, hear them say sae—that's all.” And therewith Duncan Galbraith martially cocked his hat, and placed it on one side of his head with an air of defiance.

Supper being now nearly ready, Frank looked around for Andrew Fairservice, who was nowhere to be seen. The hostess said she believed he had gone to the stable, and offered to light Frank to the place. As soon as they were outside, she slipped a piece of paper into his hands, gave him the pine torch, and returned into the house.

CHAPTER XXI.

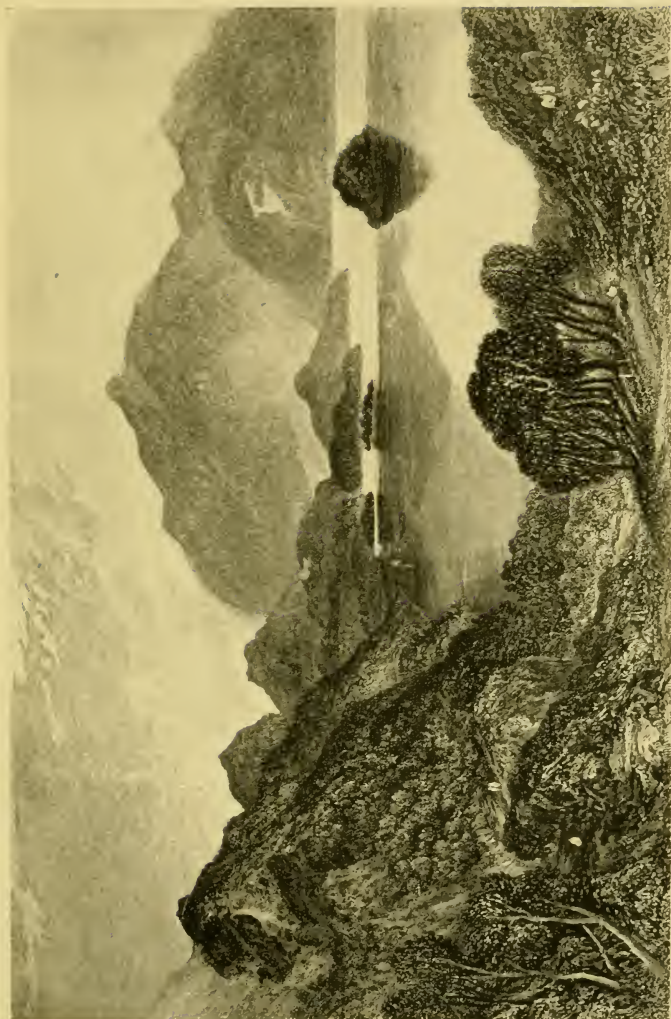
Bagpipes, not lyres, the Highland hills adorn,
MacLean's loud hollo, and MacGregor's horn.

JOHN COOPER'S REPLY TO ALLAN RAMSAY.

FRANK stopped in the entrance of the stable, and by the light of his torch deciphered the following note, addressed: "For the honored hands of Mr. F. O., a Saxon young gentleman—These." The contents were as follows:

SIR: There are night-hawks abroad, so that I can not give you and my respected kinsman, B. N. J., the meeting at the Clachan of Aberfoil, whilk was my purpose. I pray you to avoid unnecessary communication with those you may find there, as it may give future trouble. The person who gives you this is faithful and may be trusted, and will guide you to a place where, God willing, I may safely give you the meeting, when I trust my kinsman and you will visit my poor house, where, in despite of my enemies, I can still promise sic cheer as ane Hielandman may gie his friends, and where we will drink a solemn health to a certain D. V., and look to certain affairs whilk I hope to be your aidance in; and I rest, as is wont among gentlemen, your servant to command,

R. M. C."



Loch Katrine.

Frank was a good deal disappointed to find that his meeting with Campbell was put off to a still further distant place and time. He resolved to obey the instructions of the note, and observe all caution before the guests of the inn, and at the first opportunity to obtain directions from his landlady as to how he could meet the bearer of the note.

Next he sought out Andrew Fairservice, whom he at last found huddled up in a corner behind a barrel of feathers.

Upon his return to the house, Mr. Galbraith and the Bailie were high in dispute. Mr. Galbraith, rather the worse for the amount of liquor which he had taken, was inclined to be more or less disputatious during the remainder of the evening. From his harangues it became evident that he and his two companions, with their followers, were to join forces with a company of English soldiers at this rendezvous, and in the early morning sally forth to capture the famed outlaw Rob Roy, who was no other than our friend Campbell. Galbraith had hardly become silent when the measured footsteps of a body of infantry on the march were heard, and an officer, followed by two or three files of soldiers, entered the apartment.

The officer approached the Lowlander and addressed him as follows:

“ You are, I suppose, Major Galbraith, of the squadron of Lennox Militia, and these are the two Highland gentlemen with whom I was appointed to meet in this place? ”

They assented, and invited the officer to take some refreshments, which he declined. “ I have been too

late, gentlemen, and am desirous to make up time. I have orders to search for and arrest two persons guilty of treasonable practices. "Do these gentlemen belong to your party?" he said to Major Galbraith, looking at the Bailie and Frank, who, engaged in eating their supper, had paid little attention to the officer on his entrance.

"Travelers, sir," said Galbraith—"lawful travelers by sea and land, as the Prayer-Book hath it."

"My instructions," said the Captain, taking a light to survey them closer, "are to place under arrest an elderly and a young person; and I think these gentlemen answer nearly the description."

"Take care what you say, sir," said Mr. Jarvie; "it shall not be your red coat nor your laced hat shall protect you, if you put any affront on me. I'se convene ye baith in an action of scandal and false imprisonment. I am a free burgess and a magistrate o' Glasgow; Nicol Jarvie is my name, sae was my father's afore me. I am a bailie, be praised for the honor, and my father was a deacon."

"He was a prick-eared cur," said Major Galbraith, "and fought agane the King at Bothwell Brigg."

"He paid what he ought and what he bought, Mr. Galbraith," said the Bailie, "and was an honest man than ever stude on your shanks."

"I have no time to attend to all this," said the officer; "I must positively detain you, gentlemen, unless you can produce some respectable security that you are loyal subjects."

"I desire to be carried before some civil magistrate," said the Bailie—"the sherra, or the judge of the bounds.

I am not obliged to answer every red-coat that speers questions at me."

"Well, sir, I shall know how to manage you if you are silent.—And you, sir" (to Frank), "what may your name be?"

"Francis Osbaldistone, sir."

"What, a son of Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone of Northumberland?"

"No, sir," interrupted the Bailie; "a son of the great William Osbaldistone of the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham, Crane-Alley, London."

"I am afraid, sir," said the officer, "your name only increases the suspicions against you, and lays me under the necessity of requesting that you will give up what papers you have in charge."

"I have none," Frank replied, "to surrender."

The officer commanded him to be disarmed and searched. To have resisted would have been madness. He accordingly gave up his arms and submitted to a search, which was conducted as civilly as an operation of the kind well could. They found nothing except the note which he had received that night through the hand of the landlady.

"This is different from what I expected," said the officer, "but it affords us good grounds for detaining you. Here I find you in written communication with the outlawed robber, Robert MacGregor Campbell, who has been so long the plague of this district. How do you account for that?"

"Spies of Rob!" said Inverashalloch. "We wad serve them right to strap them up till the neist tree."

"We are gaun to see after some gear o' our ain,

gentlemen," said the Bailie, "that's fa'en into his hands by accident. There's nae law agane a man looking after his ain, I hope."

"How did you come by this letter?" said the officer, addressing himself to Frank.

Not liking to betray the poor woman who had given it to him, he remained silent.

"Do you know anything of it, fellow?" said the officer, looking at Andrew, whose jaws were chattering like a pair of castanets at the threats thrown out by the Highlander.

"O ay, I ken a' about it—it was a Hieland loon gied the letter to that lang-tongued jaud the gudewife there; I'll be sworn my master ken'd naething about it. But he's willfu' to gang up the hills and speak wi' Rob; and oh, sir, it wad be a charity just to send a wheen o' your red-coats to see him safe back to Glasgow again whether he will or no. And ye can keep Mr. Jarvie as lang as ye like; he's responsible eneugh for ony fine ye may lay on him; and so's my master, for that matter. For me, I'm just a puir gardener lad, and no worth your steering."

"I believe," said the officer, "the best thing I can do is to send these persons to the garrison under an escort. They seem to be in immediate correspondence with the enemy, and I shall be in no respect answerable for suffering them to be at liberty.—Gentlemen, you will consider yourselves as my prisoners. So soon as dawn approaches I will send you to a place of security. If you be the persons you describe yourselves, it will soon appear, and you will sustain no great inconvenience from being detained a day or two. I can hear no remon-

strances," he continued, turning away from the Bailie, whose mouth was open to address him; "the service I am on gives me no time for idle discussions."

"Aweel, aweel, sir," said the Bailie, "you're welcome to a tune on your ain fiddle; but see if I dinna gar ye dance till't afore a's dune."

CHAPTER XXII.

General

Hear me, and mark me well, and look upon me
Directly in my face—my woman's face :
See if one fear, one shadow of a terror,
One paleness dare appear, but from my anger,
To lay hold on your mercies.

BONDUCA.

THE travelers, now prisoners, were permitted to sleep during the remainder of the night in the best manner that the miserable accommodations of the ale-house permitted. The morning had broken when a corporal and two men rushed into the hut, dragging after them in a sort of triumph a Highlander, whom Frank immediately recognized as his acquaintance the ex-turn-key. The Bailie, who started up at the noise with which they entered, immediately made the same discovery, and exclaimed: "Mercy on us! they hae grippit the puir creature Dougal.—Captain, I will put in bail—sufficient bail—for the Dougal creature."

To this offer, dictated undoubtedly by a grateful recollection of the late interference of the Highlander in his behalf, the Captain only answered by requesting Mr. Jarvie to "mind his own affairs, and remember that he was himself for the present a prisoner."

“I take you to witness, Mr. Osbaldistone,” said the Bailie, who was probably better acquainted with the process in civil than in military cases, “that he has refused sufficient bail. It’s my opinion that the creature Dougal will have a good action of wrongous imprisonment and damages agane him, under the Act seventeen hundred and one, and I’ll see the creature righted.”

The officer, Captain Thornton, paying no attention to the Bailie’s threats or expostulations, instituted a very close inquiry into Dougal’s life and conversation, and compelled him to admit, though with apparent reluctance, the successive facts—that he knew Rob Roy MacGregor—that he had seen him within these twelve months—within these six months—within this month—within this week; in fine, that he had parted from him only an hour ago. All this detail came like drops of blood from the prisoner, and was, to all appearance, only extorted by the threat of a halter and the next tree, which Captain Thornton assured him should be his doom if he did not give direct and special information.

“And now, my friend,” said the officer, “you will please inform me how many men your master has with him at present.”

Dougal looked in every direction except at the querist, and began to answer, “She canna just be sure about that.”

“Look at me, you Highland dog,” said the officer, “and remember your life depends on your answer. How many rogues had that outlawed scoundrel with him when you left him?”

“Ou, no aboon sax rogues when I was gane.”

“And where are the rest of his banditti?”

“Gane wi’ the Lieutenant agane ta westland carles.”

“Against the westland clans?” said the Captain. “Umph! that is likely enough. And what rogue’s errand were you dispatched upon?”

“Just to see what your honor and ta gentlemen red-coats were doing down here at ta Clachan.”

“The creature will prove fause-hearted, after a’,” said the Bailie, who by this time had planted himself close behind Frank; “it’s lucky I didna pit mysell to expenses anent him.”

“And now, my friend,” said the Captain, “let us understand each other. You have confessed yourself a spy, and should string up to the next tree. But come, if you will do me one good turn, I will do you another. You, Dougal—you shall, just in the way of kindness, carry me and a small party to the place where you left your master, as I wish to speak a few words with him on serious affairs, and I’ll let you go about your business, and give you five guineas to boot.”

“Oigh! oigh!” exclaimed Dougal, in the extremity of distress and perplexity; “she canna do that—she canna do that; she’ll rather be hanged.”

“Hanged, then, you shall be, my friend,” said the officer; “and your blood be upon your own head.—Corporal Cramp, do you play provost-marshal. Away with him!”

The corporal had confronted poor Dougal for some time, ostentatiously twisting a piece of cord which he had found in the house into the form of a halter. He now threw it about the culprit’s neck, and, with the assistance of two soldiers, had dragged Dougal as far as the door, when, overcome with the terror of immediate



View near the Trosachs.

death, he exclaimed: "Shentiemens, stops! stops! She'll do his Honor's bidding—stops!"

"Awa' wi' the creature!" said the Bailie, "he deserves hanging mair now than ever. Awa' wi' him, corporal! Why dinna ye tak him awa'?"

"It's my belief and opinion, honest gentleman," said the corporal, "that if you were going to be hanged yourself you would be in no such d——d hurry."

A few words passed between Captain Thornton and the prisoner, and Dougal sniveled out in a very subdued tone: "And ye'll ask her to gang nae farther than just to show ye where the MacGregor is?—Ohon! ohon!"

"Silence your howling, you rascal! No; I give you my word I will ask you to go no farther.—Corporal, make the men fall in, in front of the houses. Get out these gentlemen's horses; we must carry them with us. I can not spare any men to guard them here. Come, my lads, get under arms."

The soldiers bustled about, and were ready to move. Frank and the Bailie were led out, along with Dougal, in the capacity of prisoners.

The fresh morning air, after the dark, smoky, smothering atmosphere of the hut, was a great relief to our friends, even though they breathed it as prisoners. Only a short distance from the spot where they had passed the night lay the village of Aberfoyle, and as they passed through the small hamlet many an old woman thrust forth her gray head from the half-opened door of her hut, and showed her long, skinny arms, with various gestures, shrugs, and muttered expressions in Gaelic, addressed to her neighbor, indicating her hatred and

loathing of the English soldiers. Andrew, with a face as pale as death, whispered to Frank the meaning of these weird imprecations.

“The Highland wives are cursing and banning the red-coats,” said he, “and wishing ill-luck to them, and ilka ane that ever spoke the Saxon tongue. I have heard wives flyte in England and Scotland—it’s nae a marvel to hear them flyte ony gate; but sic ill-scrapit tongues as thae Highland carlines—and sic grewsome wishes, that men should be slaughtered like sheep—and that they may lapper their hands to the elbows in their heart’s blude—and that they suld dee the death of Walter Cuming o’ Guiyock,* wha hadna as muckle o’ him left thegither as would supper a messan-dog—sic awsome language as that I ne’er heard out o’ a human thrapple; and, unless the deil wad rise amang them to gie them a lesson, I thinkna that their talent at cursing could be amended. The warst o’t is, they bid us aye gang up the loch, and see what we’ll land in.”

The road now winded through marshy meadow ground, now through dark and close thickets where an ambuscade might easily be sheltered. From these and other circumstances it seemed that an attack might be meditated upon the party despite Dougal’s apparent confessions. Bailie Jarvie’s good sense and shrewd observation led him to the same conclusion, and he offered words of caution to the Captain as follows:

* A great feudal oppressor, who, riding on some cruel purpose through the forest of Guiyock, was thrown from his horse, and, his foot being caught in the stirrup, was dragged along by the frightened animal till he was torn to pieces. The expression, “Walter of Guiyock’s curse,” is proverbial.

“Captain, it’s no to fleech ony favor out o’ ye, for I scorn it—and it’s under protest that I reserve my action and pleas of oppression and wrongous imprisonment; but, being a friend to King George and his army, I take the liberty to speer—Dinna ye think ye might tak a better time to gang up this glen? If ye are seeking Rob Roy, he’s ken’d to be better than half a hundred men strong when he’s at the fewest; an if he brings in the Glengyle folk, and the Glenfinlas and Balquhiddier lads, he may come to gie you your kail through the reek; and it’s my sincere advice, as a king’s friend, ye had better tak back again to the Clachan, for thae women at Aberfoil are like the scarts and seamaws at the Cumries—there’s aye foul weather follows their skirling.”

“Make yourself easy, sir,” replied Captain Thornton; “I am in the execution of my orders. And as you say you are a friend to King George, you will be glad to learn that it is impossible that this gang of ruffians, whose license has disturbed the country so long, can escape the measures now taken to suppress them. The horse squadron of militia, commanded by Major Galbraith, is already joined by two or more troops of cavalry, which will occupy all the lower passes of this wild country; three hundred Highlanders, under the two gentlemen you saw at the inn, are in possession of the upper part, and various strong parties from the garrison are securing the hills and glens in different directions. Our last accounts of Rob Roy correspond with what this fellow has confessed, that, finding himself surrounded on all sides, he had dismissed the greater part of his followers, with the purpose either of lying concealed, or of

making his escape through his superior knowledge of the passes."

"I dinna ken," said the Bailie; "there's mair brandy than brains in Garschattachin's head this morning; and I wadna, an I were you, Captain, rest my main dependence on the Hielandmen; hawks winna pike out hawks' een. They may quarrel among themsells, and gie ilk ither ill names, and maybe a slash wi' a claymore; but they are sure to join, in the lang run, against a' civilized folk, that wear breeks on their hinder ends, and hae purses in their pouches."

Apparently these admonitions were not altogether thrown away on Captain Thornton. He reformed his line of march, commanded his soldiers to unsling their firelocks and fix their bayonets, and formed an advance and rear guard, each consisting of a non-commissioned officer and two soldiers, who received strict orders to keep an alert lookout. Dougal underwent another and very close examination, in which he steadfastly asserted the truth of what he had before affirmed; and being rebuked on account of the suspicious and dangerous appearance of the route by which he was guiding them, he answered with a sort of testiness that seemed very natural: "Her nainsel didna mak ta road; an shentlemans likit grand roads, she suld hae pided at Glasco."

The way grew more precarious, the road rounding every promontory and bay which indented the lake whose banks they were now skirting so that it was impossible to see a hundred yards before them. It was at this juncture that a soldier of the advance file was sent back to inform the captain that the path in front was occupied by Highlanders. Almost at the same instant a soldier

from the rear came to say that the sound of a bagpipe was heard in the woods through which they had just passed.

Captain Thornton, a man of conduct as well as of courage, instantly resolved to force the pass in front, without waiting until he was assailed from the rear. He therefore ordered the rear guard to join the center, and both to close up to the advance, doubling his files so as to occupy with his column the whole practicable part of the road, and to present such a front as its breadth admitted.

They approached within about twenty yards of the spot where the advance guard had seen some appearance of an enemy. It was one of those promontories which run into the lake, and round the base of which the road had hitherto winded in the manner I have described. In the present case, however, the path, instead of keeping the water's edge, scaled the promontory by one or two rapid zigzags, carried in a broken track along the precipitous face of a slaty gray rock, which would otherwise have been absolutely inaccessible. On the top of this rock, only to be approached by a road so broken, so narrow, and so precarious, the corporal declared he had seen the bonnets and long-barreled guns of several mountaineers apparently couched among the long heath and brushwood which crested the eminence. Captain Thornton ordered him to move forward with three files, to dislodge the supposed ambuscade, while at a more slow but steady pace he advanced to his support with the rest of his party.

The attack which he meditated was prevented by the unexpected apparition of a female upon the summit of

the rock. "Stand!" she said, with a commanding tone, "and tell me what ye seek in MacGregor's country?"

This woman was tall and of commanding form—a worthy mate of Rob Roy. She might be between the term of forty and fifty years, and had a countenance which must once have been of a masculine cast of beauty; though now, imprinted with deep lines by exposure to rough weather, and perhaps by the wasting influence of grief and passion, its features were only strong, harsh, and expressive. She wore her plaid, not drawn around her head and shoulders as is the fashion of the women in Scotland, but disposed around her body as the Highland soldiers wear theirs. She had a man's bonnet, with a feather in it, an unsheathed sword in her hand, and a pair of pistols at her girdle.

"It's Helen Campbell, Rob's wife," said the Bailie, in a whisper of considerable alarm; "and there will be broken heads amang us or it's lang."

"What seek ye here?" she asked again of Captain Thornton, who had himself advanced to reconnoiter.

"We seek the outlaw, Rob Roy MacGregor Campbell," answered the officer, "and make no war on women; therefore offer no vain opposition to the king's troops, and assure yourself of civil treatment."

"Ay," retorted the Amazon, "I am no stranger to your tender mercies. Ye have left me neither name nor fame; my mother's bones will shrink aside in their grave when mine are laid beside them. Ye have left me neither house nor hold, blanket nor bedding, cattle to feed us, or flocks to clothe us. You have taken from us

all—all! The very name of our ancestors have ye taken away, and now ye come for our lives.”

“I seek no man’s life,” replied the captain; “I only execute my orders. If you are alone, good woman, you have naught to fear. If there are any with you so rash as to offer useless resistance, their blood be on their own heads.—Move forward, sergeant!”

“Forward! march!” said the non-commissioned officer. “Huzza, my boys, for Rob Roy’s head and a purse of gold!”

He quickened his pace into a run, followed by the six soldiers; but as they attained the first traverse of the ascent, the flash of a dozen firelocks from various parts of the pass parted in quick succession and deliberate aim. The sergeant, shot through the body, still struggled to gain the ascent, raised himself by his hands to clamber up the face of the rock, but relaxed his grasp after a desperate effort, and falling, rolled from the face of the cliff into the deep lake, where he perished. Of the soldiers, three fell, slain or disabled; the others retreated on the main body, all more or less wounded.

“Grenadiers, to the front!” said Captain Thornton. The four grenadiers moved to the front accordingly. The officer commanded the rest of the party to be ready to support them, and, only saying to the Bailie and Frank, “Look to your safety, gentlemen,” gave in rapid succession the word to the grenadiers: “Open your pouches—handle your grenades—blow your matches—fall on!”

The whole advanced with a shout, headed by Captain Thornton—the grenadiers preparing to throw their grenades among the bushes where the ambuscade lay, and

the musketeers to support them by an instant and close assault. Dougal, forgotten in the scuffle, wisely crept into the thicket which overhung that part of the road where they had first halted, which he ascended with the activity of a wild cat. Frank followed his example, instinctively recollecting that the fire of the Highlanders would sweep the open track. He clambered until out of breath; for a continued spattering fire, in which every shot was multiplied by a thousand echoes, the hissing of the kindled fuses of the grenades, and the successive explosion of those missiles, mingled with the huzzas of the soldiers and the yells and cries of their Highland antagonists formed a contrast which added wings to his desire to reach a place of safety. The difficulties of the ascent soon increased so much that Frank despaired of reaching Dougal, who seemed to swing himself from rock to rock and stump to stump with the facility of a squirrel, and he turned down his eyes to see what had become of his other companions. Both were brought to a very awkward stand-still.

The Bailie, to whom fear had given a temporary share of agility, had descended about twenty feet from the path, when, his foot slipping as he straddled from one huge fragment of rock to another, he would have slumbered with his father the deacon, whose acts and words he was so fond of quoting, but for a projecting branch of a ragged thorn, which, catching hold of the skirts of his riding-coat, supported him in mid-air, where he dangled not unlike to the sign of the Golden Fleece over the door of a mercer in the Trongate of his native city.

As for Andrew Fairservice, he had advanced with better success until he had attained the top of a bare cliff,

which, rising above the wood, exposed him, at least in his own opinion, to all the dangers of the neighboring skirmish, while at the same time it was of such a precipitous and impracticable nature that he dared neither to advance nor retreat. Footing it up and down upon the narrow space which the top of the cliff afforded—very like a fellow at a country-fair dancing upon a trencher—he roared for mercy in Gaelic and English alternately, according to the side on which the scale of victory seemed to predominate, while his exclamations were only answered by the groans of the Bailie, who suffered much not only from apprehension, but from the pendulous posture in which he hung suspended by the loins.

In a few minutes the firing, at first so well sustained, ceased—a sure sign that the conflict was concluded. It had ended in the defeat of Captain Thornton, who was surrounded by a party of Highlanders in the act of disarming him and his few remaining men—only twelve, most of whom had been wounded.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“Woe to the vanquished!” was stern Brenno’s word,
When sunk proud Rome beneath the Gallic sword—
“Woe to the vanquished!” when his massive blade
Bore down the scale against her ransom weighed;
And on the field of foughten battle still,
Woe knows no limits save the victor’s will.

THE GAULLIAD.

FRANK, now feeling a certain degree of safety, looked about to see what assistance he could render his friend the Bailie, but to his great joy found him already released; and though very black in the face, and much deranged in the garments, safely seated beneath the rock in front of which he had been so lately suspended. Frank hastened to join him and offer his congratulations, which he was at first far from receiving in the spirit of cordiality with which they were offered. A heavy fit of coughing scarce permitted him breath enough to express the broken hints which he threw out against Frank’s sincerity.

“Uh! uh! uh! uh!—they say a friend—uh! uh! —a friend sticketh closer than a brither—uh! uh! uh! When I came up here, Maister Osbaldistone, to this country, cursed of God and man—uh! uh!—Heaven forgie me for swearing—on nae man’s errand but yours, d’ye think it was fair—uh! uh! uh!—to leave me first to

be shot or drowned atween red-wud Highlanders and redcoats, and next to be hung up between heaven and earth like an auld potato-bogle, without sae muckle as trying—uh! uh!—sae muckle as trying to relieve me? ”

Frank made a thousand apologies, and labored so hard to represent the impossibility of his affording him relief, that at length he succeeded, and the Bailie, who was as placable as hasty in his temper, extended his favor to him once more. Frank next took the liberty of asking how he had contrived to extricate himself.

“ Me extricate! I might hae hung there till the day of judgment or I could hae helped mysell, wi’ my head hinging down on the tae side, and my heels on the tother, like the yarn-scales in the weigh-house. It was the creature Dougal that extricated me, as he did yes-treen; he cuttit aff the tails o’ my coat wi’ his durk, and another gillie and him set me on my legs as cleverly as if I had never been aff them. But to see what a thing gude braid claith is! Had I been in ony o’ your rotten French camlets now, or your drab-de-berries, it would hae screeded like an auld rag wi’ sic a weight as mine. But fair fa’ the weaver that wrought the weft o’t. I swung and bobbit yonder as safe as a gabbart * that’s moored by a three-ply cable at the Broomielaw.”

Frank now inquired what had become of the Bailie’s preserver.

“ The creature,” so he continued to call the Highlandman, “ contrived to let me ken there wad be danger in gaun near the led dy till he came back, and bade me

* A kind of lighter used in the river Clyde—probably from the French *abare*.

stay here. I am o' the mind," he continued, "that he's seeking after you—it's a considerate creature—and troth, I would swear he was right about the ledly, as he ca's her, too. Helen Campbell was nane o' the maist douce maidens, nor meekest wives neither, and folk say that Rob himsell stands in awe o' her. I doubt she winna ken me, for it's mony years since we met. I am clear for waiting for the Dougal creature or we gang near her."

Andrew Fairservice, though he had ceased to caper on the pinnacle upon the cessation of the firing which had given occasion for his whimsical exercise, continued, as perched on the top of an exposed cliff, too conspicuous an object to escape the sharp eyes of the Highlanders when they had time to look a little around them. When he was discovered, a wild and loud halloo was set up among the assembled victors, three or four of whom instantly plunged into the copsewood and ascended the rocky sides of the hill in different directions toward the place where they had discovered this whimsical apparition.

Those who arrived first within gunshot of poor Andrew did not trouble themselves to offer him any assistance in the ticklish posture of his affairs, but, leveling their long Spanish-barreled guns, gave him to understand by signs which admitted of no misconstruction that he must contrive to come down and submit himself to their mercy, or to be marked at from beneath like a regimental target set up for ball practice. With such a formidable hint for venturous exertion Andrew Fairservice could no longer hesitate; the more imminent peril overcame his sense of that which seemed less inevitable,

and he began to descend the cliff at all risks, clutching to the ivy and oak stumps and projecting fragments of rock with an almost feverish anxiety, and never failing, as circumstances left him a hand at liberty, to extend it to the plaided gentry below in an attitude of supplication, as if to deprecate the discharge of their leveled firearms. In a word, the fellow, under the influence of a counteracting motive for terror, achieved a safe descent from his perilous eminence which nothing but the fear of instant death could have moved him to attempt. The awkward mode of Andrew's descent greatly amused the Highlanders below, who fired a shot or two while he was engaged in it, without the purpose of injuring him, but merely to enhance the amusement they derived from his extreme terror, and the superlative exertions of agility to which it excited him.

At length he attained firm and comparatively level ground—or rather, to speak more correctly, his foot slipping at the last point of descent, he fell on the earth at his full length and was raised by the assistance of the Highlanders who stood to receive him, and who, ere he gained his legs, stripped him not only of the whole contents of his pockets, but of periwig, hat, coat, doublet, stockings, and shoes, performing the feat with such admirably celerity that, although he fell on his back a well-clothed and decent burgher-seeming serving-man, he arose a forked, uncased, bald-pated, beggarly-looking scarecrow. Without respect to the pain which his undefended toes experienced from the sharp encounter of the rocks over which they hurried him, those who had detected Andrew proceeded to drag him downward toward the road through all the intervening obstacles.

In the course of their descent the Highlanders discovered Mr. Jarvie and Frank; instantly several of their number surrounded them and were about to treat them in the same manner as they had poor Andrew, when Dougal entered upon the scene. By a high tone of expostulation, mixed with oaths and threats, he compelled the plunderers to desist from further trespass, and under his protection led the Bailie and Frank to the presence of Helen MacGregor. Frank was hesitating in what terms to accost this personage, when Mr. Jarvie, breaking the ice with a preparatory cough (for the speed with which he had been brought into her presence had again impeded his respiration), addressed her as follows: "Uh! uh! etc., etc.—I am very happy to have this joyful opportunity"—a quaver in his voice strongly belied the emphasis which he studiously laid on the word joyful—"this *joyful* occasion," he resumed, trying to give the adjective a more suitable accentuation, "to wish my kinsman Robin's wife a very good-morning—uh! uh! How's a' wi' ye?"—by this time he had talked himself into his usual jog-trot manner, which exhibited a mixture of familiarity and self-importance—"how's a' wi' ye this lang time? Ye'll hae forgotten me, Mrs. MacGregor Campbell, as your cousin—uh! uh!—but ye'll mind my father, Deacon Nicol Jarvie, in the Saut Market o' Glasgow?—an honest man he was, and a sponisible, and respectit you and yours. Sae, as I said before, I am right glad to see you, Mrs. Macgregor Campbell, as my kinsman's wife. I wad crave the liberty of a kinsman to salute you, but that your gillies keep such a dolefu' fast haud o' my arms, and, to speak Heaven's truth and a magistrate's, ye wadna be the

waur of a cogfu' o' water before ye welcome your friends."

There was something in the familiarity of this introduction which ill suited the exalted state of temper of the person to whom it was addressed, then busied with distributing dooms of death, and warm from conquest in a perilous encounter.

"What fellow are you," she said, "that dare to claim kindred with the MacGregor, and neither wear his dress nor speak the language? What are you, that have the tongue and the habit of the hound, and yet seek to lie down with the deer?"

"I dinna ken," said the undaunted Bailie, "if the kindred has ever been weel redd out to you yet, cousin—but it's ken'd, and can be prov'd. My mother, Elspeth MacFarlane, was the wife of my father, Deacon Nicol Jarvie—peace be wi' them baith!—and Elspeth was the daughter of Parlane MacFarlane, at the Sheeling o' Loch Sloy. Now, this Parlane MacFarlane, as his surviving daughter Maggy MacFarlane, *alias* MacNab, wha married Duncan MacNab o' Stuckavrallachan, can testify, stood as near to your gudeman, Robert MacGregor, as in the fourth degree of kindred, for——"

The virago lopped the genealogical tree by demanding haughtily "if a stream of rushing water acknowledged any relation with the portion withdrawn from it for the mean domestic uses of those who dwelt on its banks?"

"Vera true, kinswoman," said the Bailie; "but for a' that, the burn wad be glad to hae the mildam back again in simmer, when the chuckie-stanes are white in the sun. I ken weel enough you Hieland folk haud us

Glasgow people light and cheap for our language and our claes; but everybody speaks their native tongue that they learned in infancy; and it would be a daftlike thing to see me wi' my fat wame in a short Hieland coat, and my puir short houghs gartered below the knee, like ane o' your lang-legged gillies. Mair by token, kinswoman," he continued, in defiance of various intimations by which Dougal seemed to recommend silence, as well as of the marks of impatience which the Amazon evinced at his loquacity, "I wad hae ye to mind that the king's errand whiles comes in the cadger's gate, and that, for as high as ye may think o' the gudeman, as it's right every wife should honor her husband—there's Scripture warrant for that—yet as high as ye haud him, as I was saying, I hae been serviceable to Rob ere now; foreby a set o' pearlins I sent yourself when ye was gaun to be married, and when Rob was an honest weel-doing drover, and nane o' this unlawfu' wark, wi' fighting, and flashes, and fluff-gibs, disturbing the king's peace and disarming his soldiers."

He had apparently touched on a key which his kinswoman could not brook. She drew herself to her full height and betrayed the acuteness of feelings by a laugh of mingled scorn and bitterness.

"Yes," she said, "you, and such as you, might claim a relation to us when we stooped to be the paltry wretches fit to exist under your dominion as your hewers of wood and drawers of water—to find cattle for your banquets, and subjects for your laws to oppress and trample on. But now we are free—free by the very act which left us neither house nor hearth, food nor covering—which bereaved me of all—of all—and makes me

groan when I think that I must still cumber the earth for other purposes than those of vengeance. And I will carry on the work this day so well commenced by a deed that shall break all bands between MacGregor and the Lowland churls. Here, Allan—Dougal—bind these Sassenachs neck and heel together, and throw them into the Highland Loch to seek for their Highland kinsfolk.”

The Bailie, alarmed at this mandate, was commencing an expostulation which probably would have only inflamed the violent passions of the person whom he addressed, when Dougal threw himself between them, and in his own language, which he spoke with a fluency and rapidity strongly contrasted by the slow, imperfect, and idiotlike manner in which he expressed himself in English, poured forth a very animated pleading in behalf of the Sassenach gentlemen.

His mistress replied to him, or rather cut short his harangue, by exclaiming in English: “Base dog, and son of a dog, do you dispute my command? Should I tell ye to cut out their tongues and put them into each other’s throats to try which would there best knap Southron, or to tear out their hearts and put them into each other’s breasts, to see which would there best plot treason against the MacGregor—and such things have been done of old in the day of revenge, when our fathers had wrongs to redress—should I command you to do this, would it be your part to dispute my orders?”

“To be sure, to be sure,” Dougal replied with accents of profound submission, “her pleasure suld be done—tat’s but reason; but an it were—tat is, an it could be thought the same to her to coup the ill-faured loon of ta red-coat Captain, and hims Corporal Cramp,

and twa three o' the red-coats, into the loch, hersell wad do't wi' muckle mair great satisfaction than to hurt sa honest civil shentlemans as were friends to the Gregarach, and came up on the Chief's assurance, and not to do no treason, as hersell could testify."

The lady was about to reply, when a few wild strains of a pibroch were heard advancing up the road from Aberfoil, the same, probably, which had reached the ears of Captain Thornton's rear guard and determined him to force his way onward rather than return to the village, on finding the pass occupied. The skirmish being of very short duration, the armed men who followed this martial melody had not, although quickening their march when they heard the firing, been able to arrive in time sufficient to take any share in the rencounter. The victory, therefore, was complete without them, and they now arrived only to share in the triumph of their countrymen.

But it was easy to see that this band had not arrived from a victory such as they found their companions here possessed of. The pibroch sent forth occasionally a few wailing notes expressive of a very different sentiment from triumph; and when they appeared before the wife of their chieftain it was in silence, and with downcast and melancholy looks. They paused when they approached her, and the pipes again sent forth the same wild and melancholy strain.

Helen rushed toward them with a countenance in which anger was mingled with apprehension. "What means this, Alaster?" she said to the minstrel—"why a lament in the moment of victory?—Robert—Hamish—where's the Macgregor? where's your father?"

Her sons, who led the band, advanced with slow and irresolute steps toward her and murmured a few words in Gaelic, at hearing which she set up a shriek that made the rocks ring again, in which all the women and boys joined, clapping their hands and yelling as if their lives had been expiring in the sound.

“Taken!” repeated Helen, when the clamor had subsided—“taken! captive! and you live to say so? Coward dogs! did I nurse you for this, that you should spare your blood on your father’s enemies? or see him prisoner, and come back to tell it?”

The sons of MacGregor, to whom this expostulation was addressed, were youths, of whom the eldest had hardly attained his twentieth year. *Hamish*, or James, the elder of these youths, was the tallest by a head, and much handsomer than his brother; his light-blue eyes, with a profusion of fair hair, which streamed from under his smart blue bonnet, made his whole appearance a most favorable specimen of the Highland youth. The younger was called Robert; but, to distinguish him from his father, the Highlanders added the epithet *Oig*, or the young. Dark hair and dark features, with a ruddy glow of health and animation, and a form strong and well-set beyond his years, completed the sketch of the young mountaineer.

Both now stood before their mother with countenances clouded with grief and shame, and listened with the most respectful submission to the reproaches with which she loaded them. At length when her resentment appeared in some degree to subside, the eldest, speaking in English, probably that he might not be understood by their followers, endeavored respectfully

to vindicate himself and his brother from his mother's reproaches.

"The MacGregor," his son stated, "had been called out upon a trysting with a Lowland hallion who came with a token from"—he muttered the name very low, but Frank thought it sounded like his own. "The MacGregor," he said, "accepted the invitation, but commanded the Saxon who brought the message to be detained as a hostage, that good faith should be observed to him. Accordingly he went to the place of appointment attended only by Angus Breck and Little Rory, commanding no one to follow him. Within half an hour Angus Breck came back with the doleful tidings that the MacGregor had been surprised and made prisoner by a party of Lennox militia under Galbraith of Garschattachin." He added, "that Galbraith, on being threatened by MacGregor, who upon his capture menaced him with retaliation on the person of the hostage, had treated the threat with great contempt, replying: 'Let each side hang his man; we'll hang the thief, and your caterans may hang the gauger Rob, and the country will be rid of two damned things at once, a wild Highlander and a revenue officer.' Angus Breck, less carefully looked to than his master, contrived to escape from the hands of his captors, after having been in their custody long enough to hear this discussion and to bring off the news."

"And did you learn this, you false-hearted traitor," said the wife of MacGregor, "and not instantly rush to your father's rescue to bring him off, or leave your body on the place?"

The young MacGregor modestly replied by repre-

senting the very superior force of the enemy, and stated that, as they made no preparation for leaving the country, he had fallen back up the glen with the purpose of collecting a band sufficient to attempt a rescue with some tolerable chance of success. At length he said "the militiamen would quarter, he understood, in the neighboring house of Gartartan, or the old castle in the port of Monteith, or some other stronghold which, although strong and defensible, was nevertheless capable of being surprised could they but get enough men assembled for the purpose."

The wife of MacGregor commanded that the hostage exchanged for his safety should be brought into her presence. They dragged forward at her summons a wretch already half dead with terror, in whose agonized features Frank recognized, to his horror and astonishment, his old acquaintance Morris.

He fell prostrate before the female chief; entreated, begged, and pleaded—becoming, in the ecstasy of fear, even eloquent—for his life; but all his efforts failed to move the wife of MacGregor. With scorn, loathing, and contempt she addressed him:

"I could have bid ye live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind. But you—wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow: you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed—while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and the long-descended; you could enjoy yourself like a butcher's dog in the shambles,

battening on garbage, while the slaughter of the oldest and best went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake of! You shall die, base dog! and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun."

She gave a brief command in Gaelic to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half naked, and thus manacled, they hurled him into the lake, there about twelve feet deep, with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph—above which, however, his last death-shriek, the yell of mortal agony, was distinctly heard. The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters, and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant to guard, lest, extricating himself from the load to which he was attached, the victim might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound—the wretched man sank without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him, and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.



Loch Ard, Perthshire.

CHAPTER XXIV.

And be he safe restored ere evening set,
Or if there's vengeance in an injured heart,
And power to wreak it in an armèd hand,
Your land shall ache for't !

OLD PLAY.

FRANK and Mr. Jarvie were horrified at this deed of violence; and the latter gave vent to his feelings in the following words:

“ I take up my protest against this deed as a bloody and cruel murder. It is a cursed deed, and God will avenge it in his due way and time.”

“ Then you do not fear to follow ? ” said the virago, bending on him a look of death, such as that with which a hawk looks at his prey ere he pounces.

“ Kinswoman,” said the Bailie, “ nae man willingly wad cut short his thread of life before the end o’ his pirn was fairly measured off on the yarn-winles ; and I hae muckle to do, an I be spared, in this warld—public and private business, as weel that belanging to the magistracy as to my ain particular ; and nae doubt I hae some to depend on me, as puir Mattie wha is an orphan—she’s a far-awa’ cousin o’ the Laird o’ Limmerfield. Sae that, laying a’ this thegither—skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life.”

“ And were I to set you at liberty,” said the imperi-

ous dame, "what name could you give to the drowning of that Saxon dog?"

"Uh! uh!—hem! hem!" said the Bailie, clearing his throat as well as he could, "I suld study to say as little on that score as might be: least said is sunest mended."

"But if you were called on by the courts, as you term them, of justice," she again demanded, "what then would be your answer?"

The Bailie looked this way and that way, like a person who meditates an escape, and then answered in the tone of one who, seeing no means of accomplishing a retreat, determines to stand the brunt of battle: "I see what you are driving me to the wa' about. But I'll tell you't plain, kinswoman, I behoved just to speak according to my ain conscience; and though your ain gudeman, that I wish had been here for his ain sake and mine, as weel as the puir Hieland creature Dougal, can tell ye that Nicol Jarvie can wink as hard at a friend's failings as onybody, yet I'se tell ye, kinswoman, mine's ne'er be the tongue to belie my thought; and sooner than say that yonder puir wretch was lawfully slaughtered, I wad consent to be laid beside him—though I think ye are the first Hieland woman wad mint sic a doom to her husband's kinsman but four times removed."

It is probable that the tone and firmness assumed by the Bailie in his last speech was better suited to make an impression on the hard heart of his kinswoman than the tone of supplication he had hitherto assumed, as gems can be cut with steel, though they resist softer metals. She commanded the Bailie and Frank both to be placed before her. "Your name," she said to the

latter, "is Osbaldistone?—the dead dog, whose death you have witnessed, called you so."

"My name is Osbaldistone," was Frank's answer.

"Rashleigh, then, I suppose, is your Christian name?" she pursued.

"No; my name is Francis."

"But you know Rashleigh Osbaldistone," she continued. "He is your brother, if I mistake not—at least your kinsman and near friend."

"He is my kinsman," replied Frank, "but not my friend. We were lately engaged together in a rencounter, when we were separated by a person whom I understand to be your husband. My blood is hardly yet dried on his sword, and the wound on my side is yet green. I have little reason to acknowledge him as a friend."

"Then," she replied, "if a stranger to his intrigues, you can go in safety to Garschattachin and his party without fear of being detained, and carry them a message from the wife of the MacGregor?"

Frank answered that he knew no reasonable cause why the militia gentlemen should detain him; that he had no reason to fear being in their hands; and that if his going on her embassy would act as a protection to his friend and servant, who were her prisoners, he was ready to set out directly. He also took the opportunity to say, "I have come into this country on your husband's invitation, and his assurance that he would aid me in some important matters in which I am interested. My companion, Mr. Jarvie, has accompanied me on the same errand."

"And I wish Mr. Jarvie's boots had been fu' o' boil-

ing water when he drew them on for sic a purpose," interrupted the Bailie.

"You may read your father," said Helen MacGregor, turning to her sons, "in what this young Saxon tells us—wise only when the bonnet is on his head and the sword is in his hand, he never exchanges the tartan for the broadcloth, but he runs himself into the miserable intrigues of the Lowlanders, and becomes again, after all he has suffered, their agent, their tool, their slave."

"Add, madam," said Frank, "and their benefactor."

"Be it so," she said; "for it is the most empty title of them all, since he has uniformly sown benefits to reap a harvest of the most foul ingratitude. But enough of this. I shall cause you to be guided to the enemy's outposts. Ask for their commander, and deliver him this message from me, Helen MacGregor: that if they injure a hair of MacGregor's head, and if they do not set him at liberty within the space of twelve hours, there is not a lady in the Lennox but shall before Christmas cry the coronach for them she will be loath to lose; there is not a farmer but shall sing well-a-wa over a burnt barnyard and an empty byre; there is not a laird nor heritor shall lay his head on the pillow at night with the assurance of being a live man in the morning; and, to begin as we are to end, so soon as the term is expired, I will send them this Glasgow Bailie, and this Saxon captain, and all the rest of my prisoners, each bundled in a plaid, and chopped into as many pieces as there are checks in the tartan!"

As she paused in her denunciation, Captain Thornton, who was within hearing, added with great coolness;

“Present my compliments—Captain Thornton’s, of the Royals, compliments—to the commanding officer, and tell him to do his duty and secure his prisoner, and not waste a thought upon me. If I have been fool enough to have been led into an ambuscade by these artful savages, I am wise enough to know how to die for it without disgracing the service. I am only sorry for my poor fellows,” he said, “that have fallen into such butcherly hands.”

“Whist! whist!” exclaimed the Bailie; “are ye weary o’ your life? Ye’ll gie *my* service to the commanding officer, Mr. Osbaldistone—Bailie Nicol Jarvie’s service, a magistrate o’ Glasgow, as his father the deacon was before him—and tell him, here are a wheen honest men in great trouble, and like to come to mair; and the best thing he can do for the common good will be just to let Rob come his wa’s up the glen, and nae mair about it. There’s been some ill dune here already; but as it has lighted chief on the gauger, it winna be muckle worth making a stir about.”

With these very opposite injunctions from the parties chiefly interested in the success of his embassy, Frank, under the guidance and escort of Hamish MacGregor, the elder of the brothers, set forth on foot for the camp of Galbraith, or, in other words, Garschattachin. In about an hour’s time they approached the outposts of the enemy’s camp. Young MacGregor intimated to Frank that he was to descend to the station of the militia and execute his errand to the commander, enjoining him at the same time, with a menacing gesture, neither to inform them who had guided him to that place, nor where he had parted from his escort. Thus tutored, Frank de-

scended toward the military post, followed by Andrew, who, only retaining his breeches and stockings of the English costume, without a hat, bare-legged, with brogues on his feet, which Dougal had given him out of compassion, and having a tattered plaid to supply the want of all upper garments, looked as if he had been playing the part of a Highland Tom-of-Bedlam. They had not proceeded far before they became visible to one of the videttes, who, riding toward them, presented his carbine and commanded Frank to stand. He obeyed, and when the soldier came up, desired to be conducted to his commanding officer. He was immediately brought where the circle of officers, sitting upon the grass, seemed in attendance upon one of superior rank. He wore a cuirass of polished steel, over which was drawn the insignia of the ancient Order of the Thistle. Garschattachin and many other gentlemen, some in uniform, others in their ordinary dress, but all armed and well attended, seemed to receive their orders from this person of distinction. Many servants in rich liveries, apparently a part of his household, were also waiting.

Having paid to this nobleman the respect which his rank appeared to demand, Frank acquainted him that he had been an involuntary witness to the king's soldiers having suffered a defeat from the Highlanders at the pass of Loch-Ard, and that the victors threatened every species of extremity to those who had fallen into their power as well as to the Low Country in general, unless their chief, who had that morning been made prisoner, were returned to them uninjured. The Duke (for he was of no lower rank) listened to Frank with great composure, and then replied that he should be extremely

sorry to expose the unfortunate gentlemen who had been made prisoners to the cruelty of the barbarians into whose hands they had fallen, but that it was folly to suppose that he would deliver up the very author of all these disorders and offenses, and so encourage his followers in their license. "You may return to those who sent you," he proceeded, "and inform them that I shall certainly cause Rob Roy Campbell, whom they call Mac-Gregor, to be executed by break of day, as an outlaw taken in arms, and deserving death by a thousand acts of violence; that I should be most justly held unworthy of my situation and commission did I act otherwise; that I shall know how to protect the country against their insolent threats of violence; and that if they injure a hair of the head of any of the unfortunate gentlemen whom an unlucky accident has thrown into their power, I will take such ample vengeance that the very stones of their glens shall sing woe for it this hundred years to come!"

Frank humbly begged leave to remonstrate respecting the honorable mission imposed on him, and touched upon the obvious danger attending it, when the noble commander replied "that, such being the case, he might send his servant."

"The deil be in my feet," said Andrew, without either having respect to the presence in which he stood, or waiting till Frank replied, "the deil be in my feet if I gang my tae's length. Do the folk think I hae another thrapple in my pouch after John Highlandman's sneaked this ane wi' his joctaleg? or that I can dive down at the tae side of a Highland loch and rise at the tother, like a sheldrake? Na, na; ilk ane for himsell,

and God for us a'. Folk may just make a page o' their ain age, and serve themsells till their bairns grow up, and gang their ain errands for Andrew. Rob Roy never came near the parish of Dreepdaily to steal either pippin or pear frae me or mine."

Silencing his follower with some difficulty, Frank represented to the Duke the great danger Captain Thornton and Mr. Jarvie would certainly be exposed to, and entreated he would make him the bearer of such modified terms as might be the means of saving their lives. He assured him he should decline no danger if he could be of service; but from what he had heard and seen, he had little doubt they would be instantly murdered should the chief of the outlaws suffer death.

The Duke was obviously much affected. "It was a hard case," he said, "and he felt it as such; but he had a paramount duty to perform to the country. Rob Roy must die!"

It was not without emotion that Frank heard this threat of instant death to his acquaintance Campbell, who had so often testified his good will toward him. Nor was he singular in the feeling, for many of those around the Duke ventured to express themselves in favor of the outlaw. "It would be more advisable," they said, "to send him to Stirling Castle and there detain him a close prisoner, as a pledge for the submission and dispersion of his gang. It were a great pity to expose the country to be plundered, which, now that the long nights approached, it would be found very difficult to prevent, since it was impossible to guard every point, and the Highlanders were sure to select those that were left exposed." They added that there was great hard-

ship in leaving the unfortunate prisoners to the almost certain doom of massacre denounced against them, which no one doubted would be executed in the first burst of revenge.

Garschattachin ventured yet further, confiding in the honor of the nobleman whom he addressed, although he knew he had particular reasons for disliking their prisoner. "Rob Roy," he said, "though a kittle neighbor to the Low Country, and particularly obnoxious to his Grace, and though he maybe carried the cateran trade farther than ony man o' his day, was an auld-far-rand carle, and there might be some means of making him hear reason; whereas his wife and sons were reckless fiends, without either fear or mercy about them, and, at the head of a' his limmer loons, would be a worse plague to the country than ever he had been."

"Pooh! pooh!" replied his Grace, "it is the very sense and cunning of this fellow which has so long maintained his reign; a mere Highland robber would have been put down in as many weeks as he has flourished years. His gang without him is no more to be dreaded as a permanent annoyance—it will no longer exist—than a wasp without its head, which may sting once perhaps, but is instantly crushed into annihilation."

Garschattachin was not so easily silenced. "I am sure, my Lord Duke," he replied, "I have no favor for Rob, and he has as little for me, seeing he has twice cleaned out my ain byres, beside skaith amang my tenants; but, however——"

"But, however, Garschattachin," said the Duke, with a smile of peculiar expression, "I fancy you think such a freedom may be pardoned in a friend's

friend, and Rob's supposed to be no enemy to Major Galbraith's friends over the water."

"If it be so, my Lord," said Garschattachin in the same tone of jocularitv, "it's no the warst thing I have heard of him. But I wish we heard some news from the clans that we have waited for sae lang. I vow to God they'll keep a Hielandman's word wi' us. I never ken'd them better. It's ill drawing boots upon trews."

"I can not believe it," said the Duke. "These gentlemen are known to be men of honor, and I must necessarily suppose they are to keep their appointment. Send out two more horsemen to look for our friends. We can not, till their arrival, pretend to attack the pass where Captain Thornton has suffered himself to be surprised, and which, to my knowledge, ten men on foot might make good against a regiment of the best horse in Europe. Meanwhile let refreshments be given to the men."

Frank had the benefit of this last order, the more necessary and acceptable as he had tasted nothing since the hasty meal at Aberfoil the evening before. The videttes who had been dispatched returned without tidings of the expected auxiliaries, and sunset was approaching when a Highlander, belonging to the clans whose co-operation was expected, appeared as the bearer of a letter, which he delivered to the Duke with a most profound *congé*.

"Now will I wad a hogshead of claret," said Garschattachin, "that this is a message to tell us that these cursed Highlandmen, whom we have fetched here at the expense of so much plague and vexation, are going to draw off, and leave us to do our own business if we can."

"It is even so, gentlemen," said the Duke, reddening with indignation after having perused the letter, which was written upon a very dirty scrap of paper, but most punctiliously addressed, "For the much-honored hands of Ane High and Mighty Prince, the Duke," etc., etc. "Our allies," continued the Duke, "have deserted us, gentlemen, and have made a separate peace with the enemy."

"It's just the fate of all alliances," said Garschattachin; "the Dutch were gaun to serve us the same gate, if we had not got the start of them at Utrecht."

"You are facetious, sir," said the Duke, with a frown which showed how little he liked the pleasantry; "but our business is rather of a grave cast just now. I suppose no gentleman would advise our attempting to penetrate farther into the country unsupported either by friendly Highlanders or by infantry from Inversnaid?"

A general answer announced that the attempt would be perfect madness.

"Nor would there be great wisdom," the Duke added, "in remaining exposed to a night-attack in this place. I therefore propose that we should retreat to the house of Duchray and that of Gartartan, and keep safe and sure watch and ward until morning. But before we separate, I will examine Rob Roy before you all, and make you sensible by your own eyes and ears, of the extreme unfitness of leaving him space for further outrage." He gave orders accordingly, and the prisoner was brought before him, his arms belted down above the elbow, and secured to his body by a horse-girth buckled tight behind him. Two non-commissioned officers had hold of him, one on each side, and two file of men with

carbines and fixed bayonets attended for additional security.

His manner was bold, unconstrained unless by the actual bonds, haughty, and even dignified. He bowed to the Duke, nodded to Garschattachin and others, and showed some surprise at seeing Frank among the party.

"It is long since we have met, Mr. Campbell," said the Duke.

"It is so, my Lord Duke; I could have wished it had been" (looking at the fastening on his arms) "when I could have better paid the compliments I owe to your Grace; but there's a gude time coming."

"No time like the time present, Mr. Campbell," answered the Duke, "for the hours are fast flying that must settle your last accounts with all mortal affairs. I do not say this to insult your distress; but you must be aware yourself that you draw near the end of your career. I do not deny that you may sometimes have done less harm than others of your unhappy trade, and that you may occasionally have exhibited marks of talent, and even of a disposition which promised better things. But you are aware how long you have been the terror and the oppressor of a peaceful neighborhood, and by what acts of violence you have maintained and extended your usurped authority. You know, in short, that you have deserved death, and that you must prepare for it."

"My Lord," said Rob Roy, "although I may well lay my misfortunes at your Grace's door, yet I will never say that you yourself have been the willful and witting author of them. My Lord, if I had thought sae, your Grace would not this day have been sitting in judgment on me; for you have been three times within good rifle

distance of me when you were thinking but of the red deer, and few people have ken'd me miss my aim. But as for them that have abused your Grace's ear, and set you up against a man that was ance as peacefu' a man as ony in the land, and made your name the warrant for driving me to utter extremity, I have had some amends of them, and, for a' that your Grace now says, I expect to live to hae mair."

"I know," said the Duke, in rising anger, "that you are a determined and impudent villain, who will keep his oath if he swears to mischief; but it shall be my care to prevent you. You have no enemies but your own wicked actions."

"Had I called myself Grahame, instead of Campbell, I might have heard less about them," answered Rob Roy with dogged resolution.

"You will do well, sir," said the Duke, "to warn your wife and family and followers to beware how they use the gentlemen now in their hands, as I will requite tenfold on them, and their kin and allies, the slightest injury done to any of his Majesty's liege subjects."

"My Lord," said Roy in answer, "none of my enemies will allege that I have been a bloodthirsty man, and were I now wi' my folk I could rule four or five hundred wild Hielanders as easy as your Grace those eight or ten lackeys and foot-boys. But if your Grace is bent to take the head away from a house, ye may lay your account there will be misrule amang the members. However, come o't what like, there's an honest man, a kinsman o' my ain, maun come by nae skaith. Is there one body here wad do a gude deed for MacGregor? he may repay it, though his hands be now tied."

The Highlander who had delivered the letter to the Duke replied: "I'll do your will for you, MacGregor, and I'll gang back up the glen on purpose."

He advanced, and received from the prisoner a message in Gaelic to his wife, which probably related to some measures to be taken for the safety of Mr. Jarvie.

"Do you hear the fellow's impudence?" said the Duke; "he confides in his character of a messenger. His conduct is of a piece with his master's, who invited us to make common cause against these freebooters, and have deserted us so soon as the MacGregors have agreed to surrender the Balquhiddier lands they were squabbling about.

'No truth in plaids, no faith in tartan trews!
Chameleon-like, they change a thousand hues.'

"Your great ancestor never said so, my Lord," answered Major Galbraith; "and, with submission, neither would your Grace have occasion to say it, wad ye but be for beginning justice at the well-head. Gie the honest man his mear again. Let every head wear it's ane bannet, and the distractions o' the Lennox wad be mended wi' them o' the land."

"Hush! hush! Garschattachin," said the Duke; "this is language dangerous for you to talk to any one, and especially to me; but I presume you reckon yourself a privileged person. Please to draw off your party toward Gartartan. I shall myself see the prisoner escorted to Duchray, and send you orders to-morrow. You will please grant no leave of absence to any of your troopers."

"Here's auld ordering and counter-ordering," muttered Garschattachin between his teeth. "But patience!

patience! we may ae day play at change seats, the king's coming."

The two troops of cavalry now formed and prepared to march off the ground, that they might avail themselves of the remainder of daylight to get to their evening quarters. Frank received an intimation, rather than an invitation, to attend the party; and he perceived that, though no longer considered as a prisoner, he was yet under some sort of suspicion.

CHAPTER XXV.

And when he came to broken brigg,
He bent his bow and swam ;
And when he came to grass growing,
Set down his feet and ran.

GIL MORRICE.

To insure the safe custody of the prisoner, the Duke had caused him to be placed on horseback behind one of his retainers, called Ewan of Brigglands, one of the largest and strongest men who were present. A horse-belt passed round the bodies of both, and buckled before the yeoman's breast, rendered it impossible for Rob Roy to free himself from his keeper. Frank was directed to keep close beside them, and accommodated for the purpose with a troop-horse. They were as closely surrounded by the soldiers as the width of the road would permit, and had always at least one, if not two, on each side with pistol in hand. Andrew Fairservice, furnished with a Highland pony, of which they had made prey somewhere or other, was permitted to ride among the other domestics, of whom a great number attended the line of march, though without falling into the ranks of the more regularly trained troopers.

In this manner the company traveled for a certain distance, until they arrived at a place where they were to cross the river. The Forth, as being the outlet of a lake,

is of considerable depth, even where less important in point of width, and the descent to the ford was by a broken precipitous ravine which only permitted one horsemen to descend at once. The rear and center of the small body halting on the bank while the front files passed down in succession, produced a considerable delay, as is usual on such occasions, and even some confusion; for a number of those riders who made no proper part of the squadron crowded to the ford without regularity, and made the militia cavalry, although tolerably well drilled, partake in some degree of their own disorder.

It was while they were thus huddled together on the bank that Rob Roy whispered to the man behind whom he was placed on horseback, "Your father, Ewan, wadna hae carried an auld friend to the shambles, like a calf, for a' the dukes in Christendom."

Ewan returned no answer, but shrugged, as one who would express by that sign that what he was doing was none of his own choice.

"And when the MacGregors come down the glen, and ye see toom faulds, a bluidy hearthstone, and the fire flashing out between the rafters o' your house, ye may be thinking then, Ewan, that were your friend Rob to the fore you would have had that safe which it will make your heart sair to lose."

Ewan of Brigglands again shrugged and groaned, but remained silent.

"It's a sair thing," continued Rob, sliding his insinuations so gently into Ewan's ear that they reached no other but Frank's, who certainly saw himself in no shape called upon to destroy MacGregor's prospects of escape—

“it’s a sair thing that Ewan of Brigglands, whom Roy MacGregor has helped with hands, sword, and purse, suld mind a gloom from a great man mair than a friend’s life.”

Ewan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent. The Duke’s voice from the opposite bank called, “Bring over the prisoner.”

Ewan put his horse in motion, and just as Roy said, “Never weigh a MacGregor’s blude against a broken whang o’ leather, for there will be another accounting to gie for it baith here and hereafter,” they dashed forward rather precipitately and entered the water.

“Not yet, sir—not yet,” said some of the troopers to Frank, as he was about to follow, while others pressed forward into the stream.

The Duke, on the other side, was engaged in commanding his people to get into order, as they landed dispersedly, some higher, some lower. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow, when a sudden splash announced that MacGregor’s eloquence had prevailed on Ewan to give him freedom and a chance for life. The Duke also heard the sound, and instantly guessed its meaning. “Dog!” he exclaimed to Ewan as he landed, “where is your prisoner?” and, without waiting to hear the apology which the terrified vassal began to falter forth, he fired a pistol at his head, and exclaimed: “Gentlemen, disperse, and pursue the villain! A hundred guineas for him that secures Rob Roy!”

All became an instant scene of the most lively confusion. Rob Roy, disengaged from his bonds, doubtless by Ewan’s slipping the buckle of his belt, had dropped

off at the horse's tail, and instantly dived, passing under the belly of the troop-horse which was on his left hand. But as he was obliged to come to the surface an instant for air, the glimpse of his tartan plaid drew the attention of the troopers, some of whom plunged into the river with a total disregard to their own safety, rushing, according to the expression of their country, through pool and stream, sometimes swimming their horses, sometimes losing them and struggling for their own lives. Others, less zealous or more prudent, broke off in different directions and galloped up and down the banks, to watch the place at which the fugitive might possibly land. The hallooing, the whooping, the calls for aid at different points where they saw, or conceived they saw, some vestige of him they were seeking; the frequent report of pistols and carbines fired at every object which excited the least suspicion; the sight of so many horsemen riding about, in and out of the river, and striking with their long broadswords at whatever excited their attention, joined to the vain exertions used by their officers to restore order and regularity—and all this in so wild a scene, and visible only by the imperfect twilight of an autumn evening, made the most extraordinary hubbub. Many of those who seemed most active in their attempts to waylay and recover the fugitive, were, in actual truth, least desirous that he should be taken, and only joined in the cry to increase the general confusion, and to give Rob Roy a better opportunity of escaping.

Escape, indeed, was not difficult for a swimmer so expert as the freebooter as soon as he had eluded the first burst of pursuit. At one time he was closely

pressed and several blows were made which flashed in the water around him. MacGregor, however, contrived, when very closely pursued, to disengage himself unobserved from his plaid, and suffer it to float down the stream, where in its progress it quickly attracted general attention; many of the horsemen were thus put upon a false scent, and several shots or stabs were averted from the party for whom they were designed.

Once fairly out of view, the recovery of the prisoner became almost impossible, since in so many places the river was rendered inaccessible by the steepness of its banks or the thickets of alders, poplars, and birch which, overhanging its banks, prevented the approach of horsemen. Errors and accidents had also happened among the pursuers, whose task the approaching night rendered every moment more hopeless. Some got themselves involved in the eddies of the stream, and required the assistance of their companions to save them from drowning. Others, hurt by shots or blows in the confused *melée*, implored help or threatened vengeance, and in one or two instances such accidents led to actual strife. The trumpets, therefore, sounded the retreat, announcing that the commanding officer, with whatsoever unwillingness, had for the present relinquished hopes of the important prize which had thus unexpectedly escaped his grasp, and the troopers began slowly, reluctantly, and brawling with each other as they returned, again to assume their ranks.

Hitherto Frank had been as it were a mere spectator, though far from an uninterested one, of the singular scene which had passed. But now a voice suddenly ex-

claimed: "Where is the English stranger? It was he gave Rob Roy the knife to cut the belt."

"Cleeve the pock-pudding to the chafts!" cried one voice.

"Weize a brace of balls through his harn-pan!" said a second.

"Drive three inches of cauld airn into his brisket!" shouted a third.

And Frank heard several horses galloping to and fro, with the kind purpose, doubtless, of executing these denunciations. He was immediately awakened to a sense of his situation and to the certainty that armed men, having no restraint whatever on their irritated and inflamed passions, would undoubtedly begin by shooting or cutting him down, and afterward investigate the justice of the action. Impressed by this belief, he leaped from his horse, and, turning him loose, plunged into a bush of alder trees, where, considering the advancing obscurity of the night, he thought there was little chance of his being discovered.

After a time Frank crept forth from his hiding-place, with the purpose of seeking out the Duke's quarters and giving himself up to him as a liege subject. It was nearly dark, only the distant trample of horses' feet and the wailing and prolonged sound of the trumpets to recall the straggling soldiers could be heard. Frank realized that he was left in a position of considerable difficulty. He had no horse; the river before him was too deep to be waded, and he could hope for no pleasing shelter if he remained on this side of the river. But after some consideration, and in want of a better alternative, he decided to retrace his steps to the little inn

where he had spent the night before. He had nothing to apprehend from Rob Roy; he might be able to render Mr. Jarvie some assistance—at least it would show that he had not intentionally deserted him; and in this quarter only could he hope to hear of his father's papers. These considerations urged him to abandon all idea of crossing the Forth that evening. Accordingly, he turned away, and was well on his road to the little inn, whistling as merrily as he could a favorite tune, when two horsemen came up behind him without his hearing their approach until one was on each side of him, when the left-hand rider, pulling up his horse, spoke in the English tongue: "So ho, friend! whither so late?"

"To my supper and bed at Aberfoil," Frank replied.

"Are the passes open?" he inquired with the same commanding tone of voice.

"I do not know," replied Frank; "I shall learn when I get there. "But," he added, the fate of Morris recurring to his recollection, "if you are an English stranger, I advise you to turn back till daylight; there has been some disturbance in this neighborhood, and I should hesitate to say it is perfectly safe for strangers."

"The soldiers had the worst—had they not?" was the reply.

"They had indeed; and an officer's party were destroyed or made prisoners."

"Are you sure of that?" replied the horseman.

"As sure as that I hear you speak," Frank replied. "I was an unwilling spectator of the skirmish."

"Unwilling!" continued the interrogator. "Were you not engaged in it, then?"

"Certainly no; I was detained by the king's officer."

“On what suspicion? and who are you? or what is your name?” he continued.

“I really do not know, sir,” said Frank, “why I should answer so many questions to an unknown stranger. I have told you enough to convince you that you are going into a dangerous and distracted country. If you choose to proceed, it is your own affair; but as I ask you no questions respecting your name and business, you will oblige me by making no inquiries after mine.”

“Mr. Francis Osbaldistone,” said the other rider, in a voice every tone of which thrilled Frank, “should not whistle his favorite airs when he wishes to remain undiscovered.”

And Diana Vernon—for she, wrapped in a horseman’s cloak, was the last speaker—whistled in playful mimicry the second part of the tune which was on Frank’s lips when they came up.

“Good God!” he exclaimed like one thunderstruck, “can it be you, Miss Vernon, on such a spot—at such an hour—in such a lawless country—in such——”

“In such a masculine dress, you would say. But what would you have? The philosophy of the excellent Corporal Nym is the best, after all; things must be as they may—*pauca verba.*”

While she was thus speaking, Frank eagerly took advantage of an unusually bright gleam of moonshine to study the appearance of her companion; for it may be easily supposed that, finding Miss Vernon in a place so solitary, engaged in a journey so dangerous, and under the protection of one gentleman only, were circumstances to excite every feeling of jealousy as well as surprise. The rider did not speak with the deep melody of

Rashleigh's voice; his tones were more high and commanding; and he was taller, moreover, as he sat on horseback. Neither did the stranger's address resemble that of any of the other cousins; it had that indescribable tone and manner by which is recognized a man of sense and breeding even in the first few sentences he speaks.

The object of Frank's anxiety seemed desirous to get rid of the investigation.

"Diana," he said, in a tone of mingled kindness and authority, "give your cousin his property, and let us not spend time here."

Miss Vernon had in the meantime taken out a small case, and leaning down from her horse toward Frank, she said, in a tone in which an effort at her usual quaint lightness of expression contended with a deeper and more grave tone of sentiment: "You see, my dear coz, I was born to be your better angel. Rashleigh has been compelled to yield up his spoil, and had we reached this same village of Aberfoil last night, as we purposed, I should have found some Highland sylph to have wafted to you all these representatives of commercial wealth. But there were giants and dragons in the way; and errant knights and damsels of modern times, bold though they may be, must not, as of yore, run into useless danger. Do you not do so either, my dear coz."

"Diana," said her companion, "let me once more warn you that the evening waxes late, and we are still distant from our home."

"I am coming, sir, I am coming. Consider," she added with a sigh, "how lately I have been subjected to control; besides, I have not yet given my cousin the

packet and bade him farewell—forever.—Yes, Frank,” she said, “*forever!* There is a gulf between us—a gulf of absolute perdition. Where we go you must not follow; what we do you must not share in. Farewell—be happy!”

In the attitude in which she bent from her horse, which was a Highland pony, her face, not perhaps altogether unwillingly, touched Frank’s. She pressed his hand, while the tear that trembled in her eye found its way to his cheek instead of her own. Instantly recovering from the feeling to which she had involuntarily given way, she intimated to her companion she was ready to attend him, and, putting their horses to a brisk pace, they were soon far distant from the place where Frank stood.

Frank, from the surprise of the sudden meeting with Diana Vernon and the sorrow of the almost instant parting, was left stupefied. He continued to look after the retreating figures of Diana and her companion until they were no longer visible, and the last distant hoof-beats of their horses had died away.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Dangle.—Egad, I think the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two.

CRITIC.

FRANK now resumed his journey toward the inn that might give him shelter for the night. As he pursued his way wrapped in thoughts of Diana Vernon, he was suddenly hailed by a touch on the shoulder, and the deep voice of a Highlander accosted him with, “A braw night, Maister Osbaldistone; we have met at the mirk hour before now.”

There was no mistaking the tone of MacGregor; he had escaped the pursuit of his enemies, and was in full retreat to his own wilds and to his adherents. He had also contrived to arm himself, probably at the house of some secret adherent, for he had a musket on his shoulder and the usual Highland weapons by his side.

Frank answered his greeting by congratulating him on his escape from a situation where escape seemed impossible.

“Ay,” he replied, “there is as much between the craig and the woodie * as there is between the cup and

* I. e., The throat and the withy. Twigs of willow, such as bind fagots, were often used for halters in Scotland and Ireland, being a sage economy of hemp.

the lip. But my peril was less than you may think, being a stranger to this country. Of those that were summoned to take me, and to keep me, and to retake me again, there was a moiety, as cousin Nicol Jarvie calls it, that had nae will that I suld be either taen, or keepit fast, or retaeen; and of tother moiety, there was ae half was feared to stir me; and so I had only like the fourth part of fifty or sixty men to deal withal."

"And enough, too, I should think," replied Frank.

"I dinna ken that," said he; "but I ken that, turn every ill-willer that I had amang them out upon the green before the Clachan of Aberfoil, I wad find them play with broadsword and target, one down and another come on."

He now inquired into Frank's adventures since he entered his country, and laughed heartily at the account of the battle in the inn, and at the exploits of the Bailie with the red-hot poker.

"Let Glasgow flourish!" he exclaimed. "The curse of Cromwell on me, if I wad hae wished better sport than to see cousin Nicol Jarvie singe Iverach's plaid, like a sheep's head between a pair of tongs. But my cousin Jarvie," he added more gravely, "has some gentleman's bluid in his veins, although he has been unhappily bred up to a peaceful and mechanical craft which could not but blunt any pretty man's spirit. Ye may estimate the reason why I could not receive you at the Clachan of Aberfoil, as I purposed. They had made a fine hosenet for me when I was absent twa or three days at Glasgow upon the king's business. But I think I broke up the league about their lugs; they'll no be able to hound one clan against another as they hae dune. I

hope soon to see the day when a' Hielandmen will stand shouther to shouther. But what chanced next?"

Frank gave him an account of the arrival of Captain Thornton and his party, and the arrest of the Bailie and himself under pretext of their being suspicious persons; and upon his more special inquiry, Frank recollected the officer had mentioned that, besides his name sounding suspicious in his ears, he had orders to secure an old and young person. This again moved the outlaw's risibility.

"As man lives by bread," he said, "the buzzards have mistaen my friend the Bailie for his Excellency, and you for Diana Vernon. Oh, the most egregious night-howlets!"

"Miss Vernon?" said Frank with hesitation, and trembling for the answer. "Does she still bear that name? She passed but now, along with a gentleman who seemed to use a style of authority."

"Ay, ay," answered Rob, "she's under lawfu' authority now; and full time, for she was a daft hempie. But she's a mettle quean. It's a pity his Excellency is a thought eldern. The like o' yoursell, or my son Hamish, wad be mair sortable in point of years."

Here, then, was a complete downfall of those castles of cards which Frank's fancy had, in spite of his reason, so often amused herself with building. Although in truth he had scarcely anything else to expect, since he could not suppose that Diana could be traveling in such a country, at such an hour, with any but one who had a legal title to protect her, Frank did not feel the blow less severely when it came; and MacGregor's voice urging him to pursue his story

sounded in his ears without conveying any exact import to his mind.

“You are ill,” he said at length, after he had spoken twice without receiving any answer; “this day’s wark has been ower muckle for ane doubtless unused to sic things.”

The tone of kindness in which this was spoken recalling Frank to himself and to the necessities of his situation, he continued his narrative as well as he could. Rob Roy expressed great exultation at the successful skirmish in the pass.

“They say,” he observed, “that king’s chaff is better than other folks’ corn; but I think that canna be said o’ king’s soldiers if they let themselves be beaten wi’ a wheen auld carles that are past fighting, and bairns that are no come till’t, and wives wi’ their rocks and distaffs, the very wally-draigles o’ the country-side. And Dougal Gregor, too—wha wad hae thought there had been as muckle sense in his tatty-pow that ne’er had a better covering than his ain shaggy hassock of hair! But say away, though I dread what’s to come neist; for my Helen’s an incarnate devil when her bluid’s up. Puir thing, she has ower muckle reason.”

The account of the reception which Mr. Jarvie and Frank had received at the hands of Helen MacGregor gave Rob Roy great pain.

“I wad rather than a thousand merks,” he said, “that I had been at hame. To misguide strangers, and forbye a’, my ain natural cousin, that had showed me sic kindness—I wad rather they had burned half the Lennox in their folly. But this comes o’ trusting women and their bairns, that have neither measure nor reason

in their dealings. However, it's owing to that dog of a gauger, wha betrayed me by pretending a message from your cousin Rashleigh, to meet him on the king's affairs, whilk I thought was very like to be anent Garschattachin and a party of the Lennox declaring themselves for King James. Faith! but I ken'd I was clean beguiled when I heard the Duke was there; and when they strapped the horse-girth ower my arms, I might hae judged what was biding me; for I ken'd your kinsman, being, wi' pardon, a slippery loon himsell, is prone to employ those of his ain kidney. I wish he mayna hae been at the bottom o' the ploy himsell. I thought the chield Morris looked devilish queer when I determined he should remain a wad, or hostage, for my safe back-coming. But I *am* come back, nae thanks to him or them that employed him; and the question is, how the collector loon is to win back himsell. I promise him it will not be without a ransom."

"Morris," said Frank, "has already paid the last ransom which mortal man can owe."

"Eh! What?" exclaimed his companion hastily; "what d'ye say? I trust it was in the skirmish he was killed?"

"He was slain in cold blood after the fight was over, Mr. Campbell."

"Cold blood? Damnation!" he said, muttering betwixt his teeth. How fell that, sir? Speak out, sir, and do not Maister or Campbell me; my foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor!"

His passions were obviously irritated; but without noticing the rudeness of his tone Frank gave him a short and distinct account of the death of Morris. He struck

the butt of his gun with great vehemence against the ground, and broke out: "I vow to God, such a deed might make one forswear kin, clan, country, wife, and bairns! And yet the villain wrought long for it. And what is the difference between warsling below the water wi' a stane about your neck, and wavering in the wind wi' a tether round it? It's but choking after a', and he drees the doom he ettled for me. I could have wished, though, they had rather putten a ball through him, or a dirk; for the fashion of removing him will give rise to mony idle clavers. But every wight has his weird, and we maun a' dee when our day comes. And naebody will deny that Helen MacGregor has deep wrongs to avenge."

So saying, he seemed to dismiss the theme altogether from his mind and proceeded to inquire how Frank got free from the party in whose hands he had seen him.

Frank's story was soon told, and he added the episode of his having recovered the papers of his father, though he dared not trust his voice to name the name of Diana.

"I was sure ye wad get them," said MacGregor; "the letter ye brought me contained his Excellency's pleasure to that effect; and nae doubt it was my will to have aided in it. And I asked ye up into this glen on the very errand. But it's like his Excellency has foregathered wi' Rashleigh sooner than I expected."

"Was the letter I brought you, then, from this person you call his Excellency?" asked Frank. "Who is he? and what is his rank and proper name?"

"I'm thinking," said MacGregor, "that since ye dinna ken them already they canna be o' muckle consequence to you, and sae I shall say naething on that score.

But weel I wot the letter was frae his ain hand, or, having a sort of business of my ain on my hands, being, as ye weel may see, just as much as I can fairly manage, I canna say I would hae fashed mysell sae muckle about the matter."

"I conclude, then," Frank said to MacGregor, after about five minutes' silence on both sides, "that his Excellency, since you give me no other name for him, was residing in Osbaldistone Hall at the same time with myself?"

"To be sure—to be sure—and in the young lady's apartment, as best reason was." This gratuitous information was adding gall to bitterness. "But few," added MacGregor, "ken'd he was derved there, save Rashleigh and Sir Hildebrand; for we were out o' the question; and the young lads haena wit enough to ca' the cat frae the cream. But it's a bra' auld-fashioned house; and what I specially admire is the abundance o' holes and bores and concealments; ye could put twenty or thirty men in ae corner, and a family might live a week without finding them out—whilk, nae doubt, may on occasion be a special convenience. I wish we had the like o' Osbaldistone Hall on the braes o' Craig-Royston. But we maun gar woods and caves serve the like o' us puir Hieland bodies."

"I suppose his Excellency," said Frank, "was privy to the first accident which befell——"

He could not help hesitating a moment.

"Ye were going to say Morris," said Rob Roy coolly, for he was too much accustomed to deeds of violence for the agitation he had at first expressed to be of long continuance. "I used to laugh heartily at that reik;

but I'll hardly hae the heart to do't again, since the ill-far'd accident at the Loch. Na, na, his Excellency ken'd naught o' that ploy; it was a' managed atween Rashleigh and mysell. But the sport that came after—and Rashleigh's shift o' turning the suspicion aff himsell upon you, that he had nae grit favor to frae the beginning—and then Miss Die, she maun hae us sweep up a' our spiders' webs again, and set you out o' the justice's claws—and then the frightened craven Morris, that was scared out o' his seven senses by seeing the real man when he was charging the innocent stranger—and the gowk of a clerk—and the drunken carle of a justice. Ohon! ohon! mony a laugh that job's given me; and now a' that I can do for the puir devil is to get some messes said for his soul."

"May I ask," said Frank, "how Miss Vernon came to have so much influence over Rashleigh and his accomplices as to derange your projected plan?"

"Mine! It was none of mine. No man can say I ever laid my burden on other folk's shoulders. It was a' Rashleigh's doings. But, undoubtedly, she had great influence wi' us baith on account of his Excellency's affection, as weel as that she ken'd far ower mony secrets to be lightlied in a matter o' that kind. Deil tak him," he ejaculated, by way of summing up, "that gies woman either secret to keep or power to abuse. Fules shouldna hae chapping-sticks."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THEY were now within a quarter of a mile of the village, when three Highlanders, springing upon them, presented arms, and commanded them to stand and tell their business. The single word Gregaragh, uttered in the deep, commanding voice of Rob Roy, was answered by a shout of joyful recognition. Two of the Highlanders ran forward to give to the village, now occupied by a strong party of the MacGregors, the joyful news of Rob Roy's escape and return, while the third remained to escort them in triumph to the town. On arrival at the door of the inn, Rob Roy was obliged to relate the story of his escape at least a dozen times over to the village throng before he could enter the house where he might obtain rest and refreshment. The exultant reception given to Rob Roy extended itself to Frank as his friend, who found the overwhelming and unrestrained affection of the Highlanders almost as inconvenient as their rudeness had been on the previous day.

When they at last made their way into the interior of the hut, they found Bailie Nicol Jarvie seated by the fireside. To the welcomes and apologies of MacGregor the Bailie replied with a sort of reserved dignity:

"I am pretty weel, kinsman, indifferent weel, I thank ye; and for accommodations, ane canna expect to carry

about the Saut Market at his tail, as a snail does his caup; and I am blythe that ye hae gotten out o' the hands o' your unfreends."

"Weel, weel, then," answered Roy, "what is't ails ye, man? a's weel that ends weel! the world will last our day. Come, take a cup o' brandy; your father the deacon could take ane at an orra time."

"It might be he might do sae, Robin, after fatigue—whilk has been my lot mair ways than ane this day. But," he continued, slowly filling up a little wooden stoup which might hold about three glasses, "he was a moderate man of his bicker, as I am mysell. Here's wussing health to ye, Robin" (a sip), "and your weelfare here and hereafter" (another taste), "and also to my cousin Helen, and to your twa hopefu' lads, of whom mair anon."

So saying, the Bailie drank up the contents of the cup with great gravity and deliberation. As he set down his cup he recognized Frank, and giving him a cordial welcome he waived further communication with him for the present. "I will speak to your matters anon; I maun begin, as in reason, wi' those of my kinsman.—I presume, Robin, there's naebody here will carry aught o' what I am gaun to say to the town-council or elsewhere to my prejudice or to yours?"

"Make yourself easy on that head, cousin Nicol," answered MacGregor; "the tae half o' the gillies winna ken what ye say, and the other winna care; besides that, I wad stow the tongue out o' the head o' any o' them that suld presume to say ower again ony speech held wi' me in their presence."

"Aweel, cousin, sic being the case, and Mr. Osbaldi-

stone here being a prudent youth, and a safe friend, I'se plainly tell ye, ye are breeding up your family to gang an ill gate." Then clearing his voice with a preliminary hem, he addressed his kinsman, checking, as Malvolio proposed to do when seated in his state, his familiar smile with an austere regard of control. "Ye ken yoursell ye haud light by the law; and for my cousin Helen, forbye that her reception o' me this blessed day—whilk I excuse on account of perturbation of mind, was muckle on the north side o' *friendly*, I say, outputting this personal reason of complaint, I hae that to say o' your wife——"

"Say *nothing* of her, kinsman," said Rob, in a grave and stern tone, "but what is befitting a friend to say and her husband to hear. Of me you are welcome to say your full pleasure."

"Aweel, aweel," said the Bailie, somewhat disconcerted, "we'se let that be a pass-over; I dinna approve of making mischief in families. But here are your twa sons, Hamish and Robin, whilk signifies, as I'm gien to understand, James and Robert—I trust ye will call them sae in future; there comes nae gude o' Hamishes, and Eachines, and Angusses, except that they're the names ane aye chances to see in the indictments at the Western Circuits of cow-lifting, at the instance of his Majesty's advocate for his Majesty's interest. Aweel, but the twa lads, as I was saying, they haena sae muckle as the ordinar grounds, man, of liberal education; they dinna ken the very multiplication table itself, whilk is the root of a' useful knowledge, and they did naething but laugh and fleer at me when I tauld them my mind on their ignorance. It's my belief they can neither read,

write, nor cipher, if sic a thing could be believed o' ane's ain connections in a Christian land."

"If they could, kinsman," said MacGregor with great indifference, "their learning must have come o' free will, for whar the deil was I to get them a teacher? Wad ye hae had me put on the gate o' your Divinity Hall at Glasgow College, 'Wanted, a tutor for Rob Roy's bairns'?"

"Na, kinsman," replied Mr. Jarvie, "but ye might hae sent the lads whar they could hae learned the fear o' God and the usages of civilized creatures. They are as ignorant as the kyloes ye used to drive to market, or the very English churls that ye sauld them to, and can do naething whatever to purpose."

"Umph!" answered Rob; "Hamish can bring down a blackcock when he's on the wing wi' a single bullet, and Rob can drive a dirk through a twa-inch board."

"Sae muckle the waur for them, cousin! sae muckle the waur for them baith!" answered the Glasgow merchant in a tone of great decision; "an they ken naething better than that, they had better no ken that neither. Tell me yoursell, Rob, what has a' this cutting, and stabbing, and shooting, and driving of dirks, whether through human flesh or fir deals, dune for yoursell? and werena ye a happier man at the tail o' your nowte-bestial, when ye were in an honest calling, than ever ye hae been since, at the head o' your Hieland kerns and gally-glasses? And sae," added the Bailie, "I hae been thinking, Rob, that as it may be ye are ower deep in the black book to win a pardon, and ower auld to mend yoursell, that it wad be a pity to bring up twa hopefu' lads

to sic a godless trade as your ain, and I wad blythely tak them for 'prentices at the loom, as I began mysell, and my father the deacon afore me, though, praise to the Giver, I only trade now as wholesale dealer. And—and——”

He saw a storm gathering on Rob's brow, which probably induced him to throw in, as a sweetener of an obnoxious proposition, what he had reserved to crown his own generosity, had it been embraced as an acceptable one—“ And Robin, lad, ye needna look sae glum, for I'll pay the 'prentice-fee, and never plague ye for the thousand merks neither.”

“ *Ceade millia diaoul*, hundred thousand devils!” exclaimed Rob, rising and striding through the hut. “ My sons weavers? *Millia molligheart!* but I wad see every loom in Glasgow, beams, traddles, and shuttles, burnt in hell-fire sooner!”

In a minute he recovered, or reassumed his serenity of temper.

“ But ye mean weel—ye mean weel,” said he; “ so gie me your hand, Nicol, and if ever I put my sons apprentice I will gie you the refusal o' them. And, as you say, there's the thousand merks to be settled between us.—Here, Eachin MacAnaleister, bring me my sporran.”

The person he addressed, a tall, strong mountaineer, who seemed to act as MacGregor's lieutenant, brought from some place of safety a large leathern pouch, such as Highlanders of rank wear before them when in full dress, made of the skin of the sea-otter, richly garnished with silver ornaments and studs.

“ I advise no man to attempt opening this sporran till he has my secret,” said Rob Roy; and then twisting

one button in one direction and another in another, pulling one stud upward and pressing another downward, the mouth of the purse, which was bound with massive silver plate, opened and gave admittance to his hand. He made Frank remark, as if to break short the subject on which Bailie Jarvie had spoken, that a small steel pistol was concealed within the purse, the trigger of which was connected with the mounting and made part of the machinery, so that the weapon would certainly be discharged, and in all probability its contents lodged in the person of any one who, being unacquainted with the secret, should tamper with the lock which secured his treasure. "This," said he, touching the pistol, "this is the keeper of my privy purse."

The Bailie put on his spectacles to examine the mechanism, and when he had done returned it with a smile and a sigh, observing: "Ah, Rob, had ither folk's purses been as weel guarded, I doubt if your sporran wad hae been as weel filled as it kythes to be by the weight."

"Never mind, kinsman," said Rob, laughing; "it will aye open for a friend's necessity, or to pay a just due; and here," he added, pulling out a rouleau of gold, "here is your ten hundred merks: count them, and see that you are full and justly paid."

Mr. Jarvie took the money in silence, and weighing it in his hand for an instant, laid it on the table and replied: "Rob, I canna tak it—I downa intromit with it—there can nae gude come o't. I hae seen ower weel the day what sort of a gate your gowd is made in. Ill got gear ne'er prospered; and, to be plain wi' you, I winna meddle wi't—it looks as there might be bluid on't."

"Troutsho!" said the outlaw, affecting an indifference which perhaps he did not altogether feel; "it's gude French gowd, and ne'er was in Scotchman's pouch before mine. Look at them, man! they are a' louis-d'ors, bright and bonnie as the day they were coined."

"The waur, the waur—just sae muckle the waur, Robin," replied the Bailie, averting his eyes from the money, though, like Cæsar on the Lupercal, his fingers seemed to itch for it. "Rebellion is waur than witchcraft, or robbery either; there's gospel warrant for't."

"Never mind the warrant, kinsman," said the freebooter; "you come by the gowd honestly, and in payment of a just debt. It came from the one king, you may gie it to the other, if ye like; and it will just serve for a weakening of the enemy, and in the point where puir King James is weakest too, for, God knows, he has hands and hearts eneugh, but I doubt he wants the siller."

"He'll no get mony Hielanders then, Robin," said Mr. Jarvie, as, again replacing his spectacles on his nose, he undid the rouleau and began to count its contents.

"Nor Lowlanders either," said MacGregor, arching his eyebrow, and, as he looked at Frank, directing a glance toward Mr. Jarvie, who, all unconscious of the ridicule, weighed each piece with habitual scrupulosity; and having told twice over the sum, which amounted to the discharge of his debt, principal and interest, he returned three pieces to buy his kinswoman a gown, as he expressed himself, and a brace more for the twa bairns, as he called them, requesting they might buy anything they liked with them except gunpowder. The Highlander stared at his kinsman's unexpected generosity,

but courteously accepted his gift, which he deposited for the time in his well-secured pouch.

The Bailie next produced the original bond for the debt, on the back of which he had written a formal discharge, which, having subscribed himself, he requested Frank to sign as a witness. He did so, and Bailie Jarvie was looking anxiously around for another, the Scottish law requiring the subscription of two witnesses to validate either a bond or acquittance. "You will hardly find a man that can write save ourselves within these three miles," said Rob, "but I'll settle the matter as easily"; and, taking the paper from before his kinsman, he threw it in the fire. Bailie Jarvie stared in his turn, but his kinsman continued: "That's a Hieland settlement of accounts. The time might come, cousin, were I to keep a' these charges and discharges, that friends might be brought into trouble for having dealt with me."

The Bailie attempted no reply to this argument, and the supper now appeared in a style of abundance, and even delicacy, which, for the place, might be considered as extraordinary. The greater part of the provisions were cold, intimating they had been prepared at some distance; and there were some bottles of good French wine to relish pasties of various sorts of game, as well as other dishes. MacGregor, while doing the honors of the table with great and anxious hospitality, prayed his guests to excuse the circumstance that some particular dish or pasty had been infringed on before it was presented to them. "You must know," said he to Mr. Jarvie, but without looking toward Frank, "you are not the only guests this night in the MacGregor country, whilk, doubtless, ye will believe, since my wife

and the twa lads would otherwise have been maist ready to attend you, as weel beseems them."

When the meal was finished the Bailie betook himself to rest on a fresh bed of heather in one corner of the hut, while Frank and Rob Roy determined to keep each other company a while longer, as neither felt inclined to sleep.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A hopeless darkness settles o'er my fate ;
I've seen the last look of her heavenly eyes,
I've heard the last sound of her blessed voice,
I've seen her fair form from my sight depart ;
My doom is closed.

COUNT BASIL.

"I KEN not what to make of you, Mr. Osbaldistone," said MacGregor, as he pushed the flask toward Frank. "You eat not, you show no wish for rest; and yet you drink not, though that flask of Bordeaux might have come out of Sir Hildebrand's ain cellar. Had you been always as abstinent, you would have escaped the deadly hatred of your cousin Rashleigh."

"Had I been always prudent," said Frank, blushing at the scene he recalled to his recollection, "I should have escaped a worse evil—the reproach of my own conscience." Neither spoke for a few moments.

MacGregor first broke silence, in the tone of one who takes up his determination to enter on a painful subject. "My cousin Nicol Jarvie means well," he said, "but he presses ower hard on the temper and situation of a man like me, considering what I have been—what I have been forced to become—and, above all, that which has forced me to become what I am."

"I should be happy to learn," Frank said, "that

there is an honorable chance of your escaping from it."

"You speak like a boy," returned MacGregor, in a low tone that growled like distant thunder—"like a boy who thinks the auld gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw—stigmatized as a traitor—a price set on my head as if I had been a wolf—my family treated as the dam and cubs of the hill-fox, whom all may torment, vilify, degrade, and insult—the very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with?"

As he went on in this manner, he was plainly lashing himself up into a rage by the enumeration of his wrongs, in order to justify in his own eyes the errors they had led him into. In this he perfectly succeeded; his light gray eyes contracting alternately and dilating their pupils, until they seemed actually to flash with flame, while he thrust forward and drew back his foot, grasped the hilt of his dirk, extended his arm, clinched his fist, and finally rose from his seat.

"And they *shall* find," he said, in the same muttered but deep tone of stifled passion, "that the name they have dared to proscribe—that the name of MacGregor—is a spell to raise the wild devil withal. *They* shall hear of my vengeance that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs. The miserable Highland drover—bankrupt, barefooted, stripped of all, dishonored and hunted down, because the avarice of others grasped at more than that poor all could pay—shall burst on them in an awful change. They that scoffed at

the groveling worm, and trod upon him, may cry and howl when they see the stoop of the flying and fiery-mouthed dragon. But why do I speak of all this?" he said, sitting down again, and in a calmer tone—"only ye may opine it frets my patience, Mr. Osbaldistone, to be hunted like an otter, or a sealgh, or a salmon upon the shallows, and that by my very friends and neighbors; and to have as many sword-cuts made, and pistols flashed at me, as I had this day in the ford of Avondow, would try a saint's temper, much more a Highlander's, who are not famous for that gude gift, as ye may hae heard, Mr. Osbaldistone. But ae thing bides wi' me o' what Nicol said: I'm vexed for the bairns—I'm vexed when I think o' Hamish and Robert living their father's life." And yielding to despondence on account of his sons, which he felt not upon his own, the father rested his head upon his hand.

The desire of aiding him rushed strongly on Frank's mind, notwithstanding the apparent difficulty and even impossibility of the task.

"We have extensive connections abroad," said he; "might not your sons, with some assistance—and they are well entitled to what my father's house can give—find an honorable resource in foreign service?"

MacGregor, taking him by the hand as Frank was going to speak further, said: "I thank—I thank ye! but let us say nae mair o' this. I did not think the eye of man would again have seen a tear on MacGregor's eyelash." He dashed the moisture from his long gray eyelash and shaggy red brow with the back of his hand. "To-morrow morning," he said, "we'll talk of this, and we will talk, too, of your affairs; for we are early start-

ers in the dawn, even when we have the luck to have good beds to sleep in. Will ye not pledge me in a grace cup?" Frank declined the invitation.

"Then, by the soul of St. Maronoch, I must pledge myself!" and he poured out and swallowed at least half a quart of wine.

Frank now laid himself down to repose, and, overpowered by fatigue, soon sank into a deep slumber, from which he did not awaken until the next morning. His first act on arising was to arouse the Bailie, and tell him of the safe recovery of the papers carried off by Rashleigh. As soon as Mr. Jarvie comprehended this fact he began a careful comparison of the packet which Frank put into his hands with the memorandum of Mr. Owen. He was finishing this examination when Rob Roy entered the hut.

"I am sorry, cousin," said MacGregor, "I have not been altogether in the circumstances to make your reception sic as I could have desired; naththeless, if you would condescend to visit my puir dwelling——"

"Muckle obliged, muckle obliged," answered Mr. Jarvie very hastily, "but we maun be ganging—we maun be jogging, Mr. Osbaldistone and me; business canna wait."

"Aweel, kinsman," replied the Highlander, "ye ken our fashion—foster the guest that comes—further him that maun gang. But ye can not return by Drymen. I must set you on Loch Lomond, and boat ye down to the Ferry o' Balloch, and send your nags round to meet ye there. It's a maxim of a wise man never to return by the same road he came, providing another's free to him."

“Ay, ay, Rob,” said the Bailie, “that’s ane o’ the maxims ye learned when ye were a drover; ye caredna to face the tenants where your beasts had been taking a rug of their moorland grass in the by-ganging, and I doubt your road’s waur marked now than it was then.”

“The mair need not to travel it ower often, kinsman,” replied Rob; “but I’se send round your nags to the ferry wi’ Dougal Gregor, wha is converted for that purpose into the Bailie’s man, coming, not, as ye may believe, from Aberfoil or Rob Roy’s country, but on a quiet jaunt from Stirling. See, here he is.”

“I wadna hae ken’d the creature,” said Mr. Jarvie; nor indeed was it easy to recognize the wild Highlander when he appeared before the door of the cottage, attired in a hat, periwig, and riding coat which had once called Andrew Fairservice master, and mounted on the Bailie’s horse, and leading Frank’s. He received his last orders from his master to avoid certain places where he might be exposed to suspicion—to collect what intelligence he could in the course of his journey, and to await the coming of Mr. Jarvie and Frank at an appointed place near the Ferry of Balloch.

At the same time MacGregor invited them to accompany him upon their own road, assuring them that they must necessarily march a few miles before breakfast, and recommending a dram of brandy as a proper introduction to the journey, in which he was pledged by the Bailie, who pronounced it “an unlawful and perilous habit to begin the day wi’ spirituous liquors, except to defend the stomach (whilk was a tender part) against the morning mist; in whilk case his father the deacon had recommended a dram, by precept and example.”

“Very true, kinsman,” replied Rob, “for which reason we, who are Children of the Mist, have a right to drink brandy from morning till night.”

The Bailie, thus refreshed, was mounted on a small Highland pony; and they resumed under very different guidance and auspices their journey of the preceding day.

The escort consisted of MacGregor and five or six of the handsomest, best armed and most athletic mountaineers of his band, and whom he had generally in immediate attendance upon his own person.

A portion of their way lay over the route they had traced the day before. They skirted the margin of the lake * for some distance, and then wound upward from the shores for about two hundred yards, pausing on the summit of a steep hill where Rob Roy's wife and followers had prepared breakfast for them in a spot of rare beauty. Helen MacGregor came forward to meet them. After folding the Bailie in an embrace of welcome which seemed to discomfort that gentleman, she turned to Frank:

“You, too, are welcome, stranger,” she said, releasing the alarmed Bailie, who instinctively drew back and settled his wig. “You came,” she added, “to our unhappy country when our bloods were chafed and our hands were red. Excuse the rudeness that gave you a rough welcome, and lay it upon the evil times, and not upon us.” All this was said with the manners of a princess, and in the tone and style of a court.

She then courteously invited them to a refreshment

* Loch Ard.

spread out on the grass, which abounded with all the good things their mountains could offer, but was clouded by the dark and undisturbed gravity which sat on the brow of the hostess. It was in vain that the leader exerted himself to excite mirth; a chill hung over the minds of the guests as if the feast had been funereal; and every bosom felt light when it was ended.

“Adieu, cousin,” she said to Mr. Jarvie as the company arose from the entertainment; “the best wish Helen MacGregor can give to a friend is, that he may see her no more.”

The Bailie struggled to answer, probably with some commonplace maxim of morality; but the calm and melancholy sternness of her countenance bore down and disconcerted the mechanical and formal importance of the magistrate. He coughed—hemmed—bowed—and was silent.

“For you, stranger,” she said, “I have a token, from one whom you can never——”

“Helen,” interrupted MacGregor, in a loud and stern voice, “what means this?—have you forgotten the charge?”

“MacGregor,” she replied, “I have forgotten naught that is fitting for me to remember. It is not such hands as these,” and she stretched forth her long, sinewy, and bare arm, “that are fitting to convey love-tokens, were the gift connected with aught but misery.—Young man,” she said, presenting Frank with a ring which he well remembered as one of the few ornaments that Miss Vernon sometimes wore, “this comes from one whom you will never see more. If it is a joyless token, it is well fitted to pass through the hands of one to whom joy can

never be known. Her last words were, ‘Let him forget me forever.’ ”

“And can she,” said Frank, almost without being conscious that he spoke, “suppose that is possible?”

“All may be forgotten,” said the extraordinary female who addressed him, “all—but the sense of dishonor and the desire for vengeance.”

“*Seid suas!*” * cried the MacGregor, stamping with impatience. The bagpipes sounded, and with their thrilling and jarring tones cut short the conference. They took leave of their hostess by silent gestures.

* “Strike up!”



Rob Roy here took leave of them with great kindness.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Farewell to the land where the clouds love to rest,
Like the shroud of the dead, on the mountain's cold breast ;
To the cataract's roar where the eagles reply,
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky.

THEY now pursued their way to Loch Lomond, where a boat waited for them in a creek beneath a huge rock. Rob Roy here took leave of them with great kindness and even affection, and for some time stood watching their progress over the lake.

On the other side the Bailie and Frank found Dougal waiting with the horses. They mounted, and leaving Dougal and the rowers happy in the possession of the gold pieces with which they rewarded them, they proceeded on their way to Glasgow. By dint of hard traveling they reached that town early the next morning.

Having seen Mr. Jarvie to his home and under the care of the trustworthy Mattie, Frank proceeded onward to his inn, where he was admitted by Andrew Fairservice. Andrew for a time had been a sort of prisoner with the troops of the Duke, but, after examination, had been dismissed and furnished with the means to return to Glasgow. He set up a loud shout of joy upon recognizing his young master, and, without uttering a syllable,

ran upstairs toward a parlor on the second floor. Justly conceiving that he went to announce his return to the anxious Owen, Frank followed him upon the foot. Owen was not alone; there was another in the apartment—it was his father.

The first impulse was to preserve the dignity of his usual equanimity—"Francis, I am glad to see you." The next was to embrace his son tenderly—"My dear—dear son!" Owen secured one of his hands and wetted it with his tears, while he joined in gratulating his return.

Leaving Mr. Osbaldistone and his son to enjoy the first moments of their reunion, we shall briefly outline the former's opportune appearance in Glasgow. Mr. Osbaldistone had returned to London from Holland shortly after Owen had set forth for Scotland. By his extensive resources, with funds enlarged and credit fortified, by eminent success in his continental speculation, he discharged all obligations incumbent on his house, and set forth without delay for Scotland, to extract justice from Rashleigh Osbaldistone, and put to order his affairs in that country. He had immediately closed accounts with MacVittie and Company, and, in spite of profuse apologies on their part, refused to carry on further business with them. But his triumphs were outweighed by his anxiety on Frank's account, for he well knew the danger of a trip into the Highlands. Andrew's arrival at this point added to rather than detracted from his fears, for Andrew spared no details that would give a sensational tinge to the telling of his story of their journey. Mr. Osbaldistone was himself preparing to set out in search of Mr. Jarvie and Frank,

when the latter's arrival relieved him from all necessity for so doing.

It was late ere father, son, and the faithful Owen separated to rest; and too impatient to endure repose long, it was early the next morning when Frank arose. Immediately after breakfast he and his father visited Mr. Jarvie. Mr. Osbaldistone, after thanking the Bailie for his kindness, offered him that business which had hitherto been managed by MacVittie and Company. The Bailie frankly accepted it with thanks. "Had MacVittie's folk behaved like honest men," he said, "he wad hae liked ill to hae come in ahint them, and out afore them this gate. But it's otherwise, and they maun e'en stand the loss."

The Bailie then pulled Frank by the sleeve into a corner, and, after again cordially wishing him joy, proceeded, in rather an embarrassed tone: "I wad heartily wish, Maister Francis, there suld be as little said as possible about the queer things we saw up yonder awa. There's nae gude, unless ane were judicially examine, to say onything about that awfu' job o' Morris; and the members o' the council wadna think it creditable in ane of their body to be fighting wi' a wheen Hielandmen, and singeing their plaidens. And abune a', though I am a decent sponsible man when I am on my right end, I canna but think I maun hae made a queer figure without my hat and my periwig, hinging by the middle like bawdrons, or a cloak flung ower a cloak-pin. Bailie Grahame wad hae an unco hair in my neck an he got that tale by the end."

Frank promised as the Bailie wished, and he seemed to be much relieved when Frank told him that it was

his father's intention to leave Glasgow almost immediately.

They spent, accordingly, one hospitable day with the Bailie, and took leave of him, as this narrative now does. He continued to grow in wealth, honor, and credit, and actually rose to the highest civic honors in his native city. About two years after the period mentioned, he tired of his bachelor life, and promoted Mattie from her wheel by the kitchen fire to the upper end of his table, in the character of Mrs. Jarvie. Bailie Grahame, the Mac-Vitties, and others (for all men have their enemies, especially in the council of a royal burgh) ridiculed this transformation. "But," said Mr. Jarvie, "let them say their say. I'll ne'er fash mysell, nor lose my liking for sae feckless a matter as a nine days' clash. My honest father the deacon had a byword:

Brent brow and lily skin,
A loving heart, and leal within,
Is better than gowd or gentle kin.

Besides," as he always concluded, "Mattie was nae ordinary lassock-quean; she was akin to the Laird o' Limmerfield."

CHAPTER XXX.

"Come ye hither my 'six' good sons,
Gallant men I trow ye be,
How many of you, my children dear,
Will stand by that good Earl and me?"

"Five" of them did answer make—
"Five" of them spoke hastily,
"O father, till the day we die
We'll stand by that good Earl and thee."
THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

ON the morning when they were to depart from Glasgow Andrew Fairservice bounced into Frank's apartment like a madman, jumping up and down, and singing with more vehemence than tune:

The kiln's on fire—the kiln's on fire—
The kiln's on fire—she's a' in a lowe.

With some difficulty he was prevailed on to cease his confounded clamor and explain what the matter was. He was pleased to inform Frank, as if he had been bringing the finest news imaginable, "that the Hielands were clean broken out, every man o' them, and that Rob Roy and a' his breekless bands wad be down upon Glasgow or twenty-four hours o' the clock gaed round."

"Hold your tongue, you rascal!" said his master.

“ You must be drunk or mad ; and if there is any truth in your news, is it a singing matter, you scoundrel ? ”

“ Drunk or mad ! nae doubt,” replied Andrew dauntlessly ; “ ane’s aye drunk or mad if he tells what grit folks dinna like to hear. Sing ? Od, the clans will make us sing on the wrang side o’ our mouth, if we are sae drunk or mad as to bide their coming.”

Frank rose in great haste, and found his father and Owen also on foot and in considerable alarm.

Andrew’s news proved but too true in the main. The great rebellion which agitated Britain in the year 1715 had already broken out by the unfortunate Earl of Mar’s setting up the standard of the Stuart family in an ill-omened hour, to the ruin of many honorable families both in England and Scotland. The treachery of some of the Jacobite agents (Rashleigh among the rest), and the arrest of others, had made George the First’s Government acquainted with the extensive ramifications of a conspiracy long prepared, and which at last exploded prematurely, and in a part of the kingdom too distant to have any vital effect upon the country, which, however, was plunged into much confusion.

After some consultation it was decided that Mr. Osbaldistone and his party (consisting of Mr. Owen, Frank, and Andrew Fairservice) should instantly get the necessary passports and make the best of their way to London.

On reaching the metropolis, Frank, with his father’s full approval, joined General Carpenter’s army, for the rebellion had by this time extended itself to England.

Sir Hildebrand joined the standard of the Earl of Derwentwater, but before doing so he made his will, leaving Osbaldistone Hall in turn to his sons successively

until he came to Rashleigh, whom, on account of the turn he had taken in politics, he cut off with a shilling. In place of Rashleigh's name he substituted that of Francis Osbaldistone. So Frank, by the sudden and unexpected deaths of the five cousins mentioned in Sir Hildebrand's will, found himself sole owner of Osbaldistone Hall. Thorneliff was killed in a duel. Percival, the sot, died as the result of a wager with another gentleman as to which should drink the most brandy. Dickon broke his neck in forcing a horse to leap a five-barred gate. Wilfred met the most honorable death of the lot, dying fighting bravely at the battle of Proud Preston in Lancashire. Sir Hildebrand was taken prisoner with his wounded son John, and lodged in Newgate, where John died of his wounds.

Frank, when released from military duty, did what he could to alleviate the distress of his uncle, but little could be done, for poor old Sir Hildebrand was completely broken down by the death of his sons in such speedy succession. He died before his trial, though in all probability Mr. Osbaldistone's influence with the Government, and the general compassion excited by a parent who had lost so many sons within so short a time, would have prevented his ever being brought to trial for high treason.

Frank therefore came into possession of Osbaldistone Hall, but not without a struggle, for Rashleigh threatened loudly to contest his father's will. Affairs had reached this juncture when it was decided that Frank should go down to Osbaldistone Hall and take possession of it as the heir and representative of the family. Accordingly, he and the faithful Andrew journeyed down to Northumberland. Their first visit was

to Justice Inglewood's, who received Frank cordially, and readily showed Sir Hildebrand's will, which seemed to be without a flaw.

Frank and the justice were *tête-à-tête*, and several bumpers had been quaffed by the justice's special desire, when, on a sudden, he requested Frank to fill a *bona fide* brimmer "to the health of poor dear Die Vernon, the rose of the wilderness, the heath-bell of Cheviot, and the blossom that's transplanted to an infernal convent."

"Is not Miss Vernon married, then?" Frank exclaimed in great astonishment. "I thought his Excellency——"

"Pooh! pooh! his Excellency and his Lordship's all a humbug now, you know—mere St. Germain's titles—Earl of Beauchamp, and ambassador plenipotentiary from France, when the Duke Regent of Orleans scarce knew that he lived, I dare say. But you must have seen old Sir Frederick Vernon at the Hall, when he played the part of Father Vaughan?"

"Good heavens! then Vaughan was Miss Vernon's father?"

"To be sure he was," said the justice coolly; "there's no use in keeping the secret now, for he must be out of the country by this time—otherwise, no doubt, it would be my duty to apprehend him. Come, off with your bumper to my dear lost Die!

And let her health go round, around, around,
And let her health go round;
For though your stocking be of silk,
Your knees near kiss the ground, aground, aground." *

* This pithy verse occurs, it is believed, in Shadwell's play of *Bury Fair*.

Frank was unable, as the reader may easily conceive, to join in the justice's jollity. His head swam with the shock he had received. "I never heard," he said, "that Miss Vernon's father was living."

"It was not our Government's fault that he is," replied Inglewood, "for the devil a man there is whose head would have brought more money. He was condemned to death for Fenwick's plot, and was thought to have had some hand in the Knightsbridge affair, in King William's time; and as he had married in Scotland a relation of the house of Breadalbane, he possessed great influence with all their chiefs. There was a talk of his being demanded to be given up at the Peace of Ryswick, but he shammed ill, and his death was given publicly out in the French papers. But when he came back here on the old score, we old cavaliers knew him well—that is to say, I knew him, not as being a cavalier myself, but no information being lodged against the poor gentleman, and my memory being shortened by frequent attacks of the gout, I could not have sworn to him, you know."

"Was he, then, not known at Osbaldistone Hall?" Frank inquired.

"To none but to his daughter, the old knight, and Rashleigh, who had got at that secret as he did at every one else, and held it like a twisted cord about poor Die's neck. I have seen her one hundred times she would have spit at him, if it had not been fear for her father, whose life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase if he had been discovered to the Government. But don't mistake me, Mr. Osbaldistone; I say the Government is a good, a gracious, and a just Govern-

ment; and if it has hanged one half of the rebels, poor things, all will acknowledge they would not have been touched had they stayed peaceably at home."

It seemed to Frank that, in the knowledge that Miss Vernon was eternally divided from him, not by marriage with another, but by seclusion in a convent, in order to fulfill an absurd bargain of this kind, his regret for her loss was aggravated rather than diminished. He became dull, low-spirited, absent, and unable to support the task of conversing with Justice Inglewood, who in his turn yawned, and proposed to retire early. Frank took leave of him overnight, determining the next day, before breakfast, to ride over to Osbaldistone Hall.

Mr. Inglewood acquiesced in his proposal. "It would be well," he said, "that he made his appearance there before he was known to be in the country, the more especially as Sir Rashleigh Osbaldistone was now, he understood, at Mr. Jobson's house, hatching some mischief, doubtless. They were fit company," he added, "for each other, Sir Rashleigh having lost all right to mingle in the society of men of honor; but it was hardly possible two such d—d rascals should colloque together without mischief to honest people."



The officious Andrew was heard: "A'm bringin' in the caunles."

CHAPTER XXXI.

His master's gone, and no one now
Dwells in the halls of Ivor;
Men, dogs, and horses, are all dead,
He is the sole survivor.

WORDSWORTH.

TRUE to his purpose, Frank the next morning, attended by the ever-present Andrew, rode to Osbaldistone Hall. The closed doors and windows, the grass-grown pavement, the silent courts, presented a strong contrast to the time when he first approached the Hall. An air of desolation and loneliness breathed about the place, so different from the time when the courtyard rang with the merry shouts of the strong young hunters preparing for the chase. Frank fell into a reverie of both bitter and sweet recollections, from which Andrew aroused him by loudly calling for admittance, in a tone of authority that showed that he realized, if his master did not, his newly acquired importance.

At length, timidly and reluctantly, Anthony Syddall, the aged butler and major-domo, presented himself at the lower window, well fenced with iron bars, and inquired their business.

“ We are come to tak your charge aff your hand, my

auld friend," said Andrew Fairservice; "ye may gie up your keys as sune as ye like; ilka dog has his day. I'll tak the plate and napery aff your hand. Ye hae had your ain time o't, Mr. Syddall; but ilka bean has its black, and ilka path has its puddle; and it will just set you henceforth to sit at the board-end, as weel as it did Andrew lang syne."

Checking with some difficulty the forwardness of his follower, Frank explained to Syddall the nature of his right, and the title he had to demand admittance into the Hall as into his own property. The old man seemed much agitated and distressed, and testified manifest reluctance to give him entrance, although it was couched in a humble and submissive tone. Frank allowed for the agitation of natural feelings which really did the old man honor, but continued peremptory in his demand of admittance, explaining to him that his refusal would oblige him to apply for Mr. Inglewood's warrant and a constable.

"We are come from Mr. Justice Inglewood's this morning," said Andrew, to enforce the menace; "and I saw Archie Rutledge, the constable, as I came up by. The country's no to be lawless as it has been, Mr, Syddall, letting rebels and papists gang on as they best listed."

The threat of the law sounded dreadful in the old man's ears, conscious as he was of the suspicion under which he himself lay, from his religion and his devotion to Sir Hildebrand and his sons. He undid, with fear and trembling, one of the postern entrances, which was secured with many a bolt and bar, and humbly hoped that Frank would excuse him for fidelity in the discharge

of his duty. Frank reassured him, and told him he had the better opinion of him for his caution.

"Sae have not I," said Andrew; "Syddall is an auld sneck-drawer; he wadna be looking as white as a sheet, and his knees knocking thegither, unless it were for something mair than he's like to tell us."

"Lord forgive you, Mr. Fairservice," replied the butler, "to say such things of an old friend and fellow-servant! Where"—following Frank humbly along the passage—"where would it be your honor's pleasure to have a fire lighted? I fear me you will find the house very dull and dreary. But perhaps you mean to ride back to Inglewood Place to dinner?"

"Light a fire in the library," Frank replied.

"In the library!" answered the old man; "nobody has sat there this many a day, and the room smokes, for the daws have built in the chimney this spring, and there were no young men about the Hall to pull them down."

"Our ain reek's better than other folk's fire," said Andrew. "His honor likes the library; he's nane o' your Papishers, that delight in blinded ignorance, Mr. Syddall."

Very reluctantly the butler led the way to the library, where, contrary to Syddall's previous assertions, a fire was burning clearly in the grate. He, in way of excuse, observed "it was burning clear now, but had smoked woundily in the morning."

Frank, desiring to be alone, sent Syddall to call the land steward, who lived about a quarter of a mile from the Hall. He also sent Andrew to procure the attend-

ance of two stout men upon whom he could rely, to spend the night at the manor.

Shortly Wardlaw, the land steward, appeared. Frank transacted much necessary business with him and detained him to dinner. They dined in the library, and during the meal Andrew made his appearance with his two recruits, whom he recommended in the highest terms. As they left the room old Syddall shook his head, and, upon being questioned, said:

“I maybe can not expect that your honor should put confidence in what I say, but it is Heaven’s truth for all that—Ambrose Wingfield is as honest a man as lives, but if there is a false knave in the country, it is his brother Lancie; the whole country knows him to be a spy for Clerk Jobson on the poor gentlemen that have been in trouble. But he’s a Dissenter, and I suppose that’s enough nowadays.”

Having thus far given vent to his feelings—to which, however, Frank was little disposed to pay attention—and having placed the wine on the table, the old butler left the apartment.

Mr. Wardlaw remained until late in the afternoon, when he bundled up his papers and returned to his home, leaving Frank alone with his melancholy reflections.

At twilight Andrew came up to suggest that he had better have some lights brought as a precaution against the bogles, which still haunted his imagination. Frank rejected his proffer, trimmed the fire, and settled himself in an old leathern chair on one side of the chimney. Suddenly a deep sigh from the opposite side of the room interrupted his meditations. He started up in amaze-

ment. Diana Vernon stood before him, resting on the arm of a figure so strongly resembling that of the portrait so often mentioned, that Frank looked hastily at the frame, expecting to see it empty. His first idea was either that he had gone suddenly distracted, or that the spirits of the dead had arisen and been placed before him. A second glance convinced him of his being in his senses, and that the forms which stood before him were real and substantial. It was Diana herself, though paler and thinner than her former self; and it was no tenant of the grave who stood beside her, but Vaughan, or rather Sir Frederick Vernon, in a dress made to imitate that of his ancestor, to whose picture his countenance possessed a family resemblance. He was the first to speak, for Diana kept her eyes fast fixed on the ground.

“We are your suppliants, Mr. Osbaldistone,” he said, “and we claim the refuge and protection of your roof till we can pursue a journey where dungeons and death gape for me at every step.”

“Surely,” Frank articulated with great difficulty, “Miss Vernon can not suppose—you, sir, can not believe—that I have forgot your interference in my difficulties, or that I am capable of betraying any one, much less you?”

“I know it,” said Sir Frederick; “yet it is with the most inexpressible reluctance that I impose on you a confidence disagreeable, perhaps—certainly dangerous—and which I would have specially wished to have conferred on some one else. But my fate, which has chased me through a life of perils and escapes, is now pressing me hard, and I have no alternative.”

At this moment the door opened, and the voice of

the officious Andrew was heard: "A'm bringin' in the caunles; ye can light them gin ye like—can do is easy carried about wi' ane."

Frank ran to the door, which, as he hoped, he reached in time to prevent his observing who were in the apartment. He turned Andrew out with hasty violence, shut the door after him, and locked it; then, instantly remembering his two companions below, knowing his talkative humor, and recollecting Syddall's remark, that one of them was supposed to be a spy, he followed him as fast as he could to the servants' hall in which they were assembled. Andrew's tongue was loud as Frank opened the door, but his unexpected appearance silenced him.

"What is the matter with you, you fool?" said Frank; "you stare and look wild, as if you had seen a ghost."

"N-n-no-nothing," said Andrew; "but your worship was pleased to be hasty."

"Because you disturbed me out of a sound sleep, you fool! Syddall tells me he can not find beds for these good fellows to-night, and Mr. Wardlaw thinks there will be no occasion to detain them. Here is a crown-piece for them to drink my health, and thanks for their good will.—You will leave the Hall immediately, my good lads."

The men thanked him for his bounty, took the silver, and withdrew, apparently unsuspecting and contented. Frank watched their departure until he was sure they could have no further intercourse that night with honest Andrew. And so instantly had he followed Andrew, that he thought he could not have had time to speak

two words with them before he interrupted him. But it is wonderful what mischief may be done by only two words. On this occasion they cost two lives.

Having made these arrangements, the best which occurred to Frank upon the pressure of the moment, to secure privacy for his guests, he returned to report his proceedings, and added that he had desired Syddall to answer every summons, concluding that it was by his connivance they had been secreted in the Hall. Diana raised her eyes to thank him for the caution.

“You now understand my mystery,” she said; “you know, doubtless, how near and dear that relative is who has so often found shelter here; and will not be longer surprised that Rashleigh, having such a secret at his command, should rule me with a rod of iron.”

Her father added that “it was their intention to trouble him with their presence as short a time as was possible.”

Frank entreated the fugitives to waive every consideration but what affected their safety, and to rely on his utmost exertions to promote it. This led to an explanation of the circumstances under which they stood.

They had, it seemed, after various vicissitudes and as a last recourse, expected to meet a well-tried friend in this neighborhood, who would guide them to a seaport on the Solway, where a sloop was prepared to carry Sir Frederick Vernon away from his native land to a place of greater safety. As Osbaldistone Hall was for the present uninhabited, and under the charge of old Syddall, who had been their confidant on former occasions, they had come hither to wait until the time for Sir Frederick's escape should be ripe. Frank's sudden ar-

rival at the Hall had compelled them to acknowledge their presence in the house and submit to his mercy.

"We will now," said Sir Frederick to his daughter, "intrude no further on Mr. Osbaldistone's time, since we have acquainted him with the circumstances of the miserable guests who claim his protection."

Frank requested them to stay, and offered himself to leave the apartment. Sir Frederick observed that his doing so could not but excite suspicion, and that the place of their retreat was in every respect commodious, and furnished by Syddall with all they could possibly want. "We might perhaps have even contrived to remain there concealed from your observation; but it would have been unjust to decline the most absolute reliance upon your honor."

"You have done me but justice," Frank replied. "To you, Sir Frederick, I am but little known; but Miss Vernon, I am sure, will bear me witness that——"

"I do not want my daughter's evidence," he said politely, but yet with an air calculated to prevent Frank's addressing himself to Diana, "since I am prepared to believe all that is worthy of Mr. Francis Osbaldistone. Permit us now to retire; we must take repose when we can, since we are absolutely uncertain when we may be called upon to renew our perilous journey."

He drew his daughter's arm within his, and with a profound reverence disappeared with her behind the tapestry.

CHAPTER XXXII.

But now the hand of Fate is on the curtain,
And gives the scene to light.

DON SEBASTIAN.

FRANK'S thoughts, when left to himself, were of Diana Vernon. Disappointed at his inability to speak with her during the previous interview, her seeming coldness and passiveness of manner, he succeeded in working himself into a fit of offended dignity, if not of jealousy.

"I am contemned, then," he said, when left to run over the tenor of Sir Frederick's communications—"I am contemned, and thought unworthy even to exchange words with her. Be it so; they shall not at least prevent me from watching over her safety. Here will I remain as an outpost, and, while under my roof at least, no danger shall threaten her, if it be such as the arm of one determined man can avert."

He summoned Syddall, who came, but accompanied by the eternal Andrew, so that Frank was unable to speak freely to the butler, and was therefore obliged to turn the subject to trivial affairs. "I shall sleep here, sir," he said, giving them directions to wheel nearer to the fire an old-fashioned day-bed, or settee. "I have much to do, and shall go late to bed."

The domestics retired, leaving Frank to his painful and ill-arranged reflections, until nature, worn out, should require some repose.

Vainly did he endeavor to sleep, and when at last he did sink into a light slumber it was haunted by many phantoms. He was awakened from one of these dreams by a violent knocking at the gate. He leaped from his couch in great apprehension, took his sword under his arm, and hastened to forbid the admission of any one. But his route was necessarily circuitous, because the library looked not upon the quadrangle but into the gardens. When he had reached the staircase, the windows of which opened upon the entrance court, he heard the feeble and intimidated tones of Syddall expostulating with rough voices which demanded admittance, by the warrant of Justice Standish and in the King's name, and threatened the old domestic with the heaviest penal consequences if he refused instant obedience. Ere they had ceased, Frank heard, to his unspeakable provocation, the voice of Andrew bidding Syddall stand aside and let him open the door.

“If they come in King George's name we have naething to fear; we have spent baith bluid and gowd for him. We dinna need to darn ourselves like some folks, Mr. Syddall; we are neither Papists nor Jacobites, I trow.”

It was in vain Frank accelerated his pace downstairs; he heard bolt after bolt withdrawn by the officious scoundrel, while all the time he was boasting his own and his master's loyalty to King George; and Frank could easily calculate that the party must enter before he could arrive at the door to replace the bars. Devoting the back of

Andrew Fairservice to the cudgel so soon as he should have time to pay him his deserts, he ran back to the library, barricaded the door as he best could, and hastened to that by which Diana and her father entered, and begged for instant admittance. Diana herself undid the door. She was ready dressed, and betrayed neither perturbation nor fear.

"Danger is so familiar to us," she said, "that we are always prepared to meet it. My father is already up; he is in Rashleigh's apartment. We will escape into the garden, and thence by the postern gate (I have the key from Syddall in case of need) into the wood. I know its dingles better than any one now alive. Keep them a few minutes in play. And dear, dear Frank, once more fare thee well!"

She vanished like a meteor to join her father, and the intruders were rapping violently, and attempting to force the library door by the time Frank had returned into it.

"You robber dogs!" he exclaimed, willfully mistaking the purpose of their disturbance, "if you do not instantly quit the house I will fire my blunderbuss through the door."

"Fire a fule's bauble!" said Andrew Fairservice. "It's Mr. Clerk Jobson, with a legal warrant——"

"To search for, take, and apprehend," said the voice of that execrable pettifogger, "the bodies of certain persons in my warrant named, charged of high treason under the 13th of King William, chapter third."

And the violence on the door was renewed. "I am rising, gentlemen," said Frank, desirous to gain as much time as possible. "Commit no violence. Give me leave

to look at your warrant, and if it is formal and legal I shall not oppose it."

"God save great George our King!" ejaculated Andrew. "I tauld ye that ye would find nae Jacobites here."

Spinning out the time as much as possible, Frank was at length compelled to open the door, which they would otherwise have forced.

Mr. Jobson entered with several assistants, and exhibited his warrant, directed not only against Frederick Vernon, an attainted traitor, but also against Diana Vernon, spinster, and Francis Osbaldistone, gentleman, accused of misprision and treason. It was a case in which resistance would have been madness; Frank, therefore, after stipulating for a few minutes' delay, surrendered himself a prisoner.

Jobson next went straight to the chamber of Miss Vernon, and from thence, without hesitation or difficulty, he went to the room where Sir Frederick had slept. "The hare has stolen away," said the brute, "but her form is warm; the greyhounds will have her by the haunches yet."

A scream from the garden announced that he prophesied truly. In the course of five minutes Rashleigh entered the library with Sir Frederick Vernon and his daughter as prisoners. "The fox," he said, "knew his old earth, but he forgot it could be stopped by a careful huntsman. I had not forgotten the garden gate, Sir Frederick—or, if that title suits you better, most noble Lord Beauchamp."

"Rashleigh," said Sir Frederick, "thou art a detestable villain!"

"I better deserved the name, Sir Knight, or my Lord, when, under the direction of an able tutor, I sought to introduce civil war into the bosom of a peaceful country. But I have done my best," said he, looking upward, "to atone for my errors."

Frank could hold no longer. He had designed to watch their proceedings in silence, but now felt that he must speak or die. "If hell," he said, "has one complexion more hideous than another, it is where villainy is masked by hypocrisy."

"Ha! my gentle cousin," said Rashleigh, holding a candle toward Frank and surveying him from head to foot, "right welcome to Osbaldistone Hall! I can forgive your spleen. It is hard to lose an estate and a mistress in one night; for we shall take possession of this poor manor-house in the name of the lawful heir, Sir Rashleigh Osbaldistone."

While Rashleigh braved it out in this manner, he put a strong force upon his feelings both of anger and shame. But his state of mind was more obvious when Diana Vernon addressed him. "Rashleigh," she said, "I pity you; for, deep as the evil is which you have labored to do me, and the evil which you have actually done, I can not hate you so much as I scorn and pity you. What you have now done may be the work of an hour, but will furnish you with reflection for your life—of what nature I leave to your own conscience, which will not slumber forever."

Rashleigh strode once or twice through the room, came up to the side-table, on which wine was still standing, and poured out a large glass with a trembling hand; but when he saw that his tremor was observed,

he suppressed it by a strong effort, and, looking at them with a fixed and daring composure, carried the bumper to his head without spilling a drop. "It is my father's old Burgundy," he said, looking to Jobson; "I am glad there is some of it left. You will get proper persons to take care of the house and property in my name, and turn out the doting old butler, and that foolish Scotch rascal. Meanwhile we will convey these persons to a more proper place of custody. I have provided the old family coach for your convenience," he said, "though I am not ignorant that even the lady could brave the night-air on foot or on horseback, were the errand more to her mind."

Andrew wrung his hands. "I only said that my master was surely speaking to a ghaist in the library—and the villain Lencie to betray an auld friend, that sang aff the same Psalm-book wi' him every Sabbath for twenty years!"

He was turned out of the house, together with Syddall, without being allowed to conclude his lamentation. His expulsion, however, led to some singular consequences. Resolving, according to his own story, to go down for the night where Mother Simpson would give him a lodging for old acquaintance' sake, he had just got clear of the avenue, and into the old wood, as it was called, though it was now used as a pasture-ground rather than woodland, when he suddenly lighted on a drove of Scotch cattle, which were lying there to repose themselves after the day's journey. At this Andrew was in no way surprised, it being the well-known custom of his countrymen, who take care of those droves, to quarter themselves after night upon the best unin-

closed grass-ground they can find, and depart before day-break to escape paying for their night's lodgings. But he was both surprised and startled when a Highlander, springing up, accused him of disturbing the cattle, and refused him to pass forward till he had spoken to his master. The mountaineer conducted Andrew into a thicket, where he found three or four more of his countrymen. "And," said Andrew, "I saw sune they were ower mony men for the drove; and from the questions they put to me, I judged they had other tow on their rock."

They questioned him closely about all that had passed at Osbaldistone Hall, and seemed surprised and concerned at the report he made to them.

"And troth," said Andrew, "I tauld them a' I ken'd; for dirks and pistols were what I could never refuse information to in a' my life."

They talked in whispers among themselves, and at length collected their cattle together and drove them close up to the entrance of the avenue, which might be half a mile distant from the house. They proceeded to drag together some felled trees which lay in the vicinity, so as to make a temporary barricade across the road, about fifteen yards beyond the avenue. It was now near daybreak, and there was a pale eastern gleam mingled with the fading moonlight, so that objects could be discovered with some distinctness. The lumbering sound of a coach drawn by four horses, and escorted by six men on horseback, was heard coming up the avenue. The Highlanders listened attentively. The carriage contained Mr. Jobson and his unfortunate prisoners. The escort consisted of Rashleigh, and of

several horsemen, peace officers and their assistants. So soon as they had passed the gate at the head of the avenue it was shut behind the cavalcade by a Highlandman stationed there for that purpose. At the same time the carriage was impeded in its further progress by the cattle, and by the barricade in front. Two of the escort dismounted to remove the felled trees, which they might think were left there by accident or carelessness. The others began with their whips to drive the cattle from the road.

"Who dare abuse our cattle?" said a rough voice. "Shoot him, Angus!"

Rashleigh instantly called out: "A rescue! a rescue!" and, firing a pistol, wounded the man who spoke.

"*Claymore!*" cried the leader of the Highlanders, and a scuffle instantly commenced. The officers of the law, surprised at so sudden an attack, and not usually possessing the most desperate bravery, made but an imperfect defense, considering the superiority of their numbers. Some attempted to ride back to the Hall, but on a pistol being fired from behind the gate they conceived themselves surrounded, and at length galloped off in different directions. Rashleigh, meanwhile, had dismounted, and on foot had maintained a desperate and single-handed conflict with the leader of the band. At length Rashleigh dropped.

"Will you ask forgiveness for the sake of God, King James, and auld friendship?" said a voice.

"No, never!" said Rashleigh firmly.

"Then, traitor, die in treason!" retorted MacGregor, and plunged his sword in his prostrate antagonist.

In the next moment he was at the carriage door, handed out Miss Vernon, assisted her father and Frank to alight, and dragging out the attorney head foremost, threw him under the wheel.

“Mr. Osbaldistone,” he said in a whisper to Frank, “you have nothing to fear. I must look after those who have. Your friends will soon be in safety. Farewell, and forget not the MacGregor.”

He whistled—his band gathered round him, and, hurrying Diana and her father along with him, they were almost instantly lost in the glades of the forest. The coachman and postilion had abandoned their horses, and fled at the first discharge of firearms; but the animals, stopped by the barricade, remained perfectly still; and well for Jobson that they did so, for the slightest motion would have dragged the wheel over his body. Frank’s first object was to relieve him, for such was the rascal’s terror that he never could have risen by his own exertions. Frank next commanded him to observe that he had neither taken part in the rescue nor availed himself of it to make his escape, and enjoined him to go down to the Hall and call some of the party, who had been left there, to assist the wounded. But Jobson’s fears had so mastered and controlled every faculty of his mind that he was totally incapable of moving. Frank now resolved to go himself, but in his way stumbled over the body of a man, as he thought, dead or dying. It was, however, Andrew Fairservice, as well and whole as ever he was in his life, who had only taken this recumbent posture to avoid the slashes, stabs, and pistol balls which for a moment or two were flying in various directions. Frank was so glad to find him that he did

not inquire how he came thither, but instantly commanded his assistance.

Rashleigh was their first object. He groaned when Frank approached him, as much through spite as through pain, and shut his eyes, as if determined, like Iago, to speak no word more. They lifted him into the carriage, and performed the same good office to another wounded man of his party, who had been left on the field. With difficulty Jobson was made to understand that he must enter the coach also and support Sir Rashleigh upon the seat. He obeyed, but with an air as if he but half comprehended. Andrew and Frank turned the horses' heads round, and, opening the gate of the avenue, led them slowly back to Osbaldistone Hall. Rashleigh was still alive when they reached the Hall, but expired a few moments afterward.

After the death of the last one of Sir Hildebrand's sons Frank now came into his rights of inheritance without further challenge. Jobson was compelled to admit that the charge of high treason was got up on an affidavit which he made with the sole purpose of favoring Rashleigh's views and removing Frank from Osbaldistone Hall. The rascal's name was struck from the list of attorneys, and he was reduced to poverty and contempt.

As soon as Frank had settled his affairs at Osbaldistone Hall he returned to London. His anxiety was now acute to learn the fate of Diana and her father. A French gentleman who came to London on commercial business was intrusted with a letter from Miss Vernon to Frank which put his mind at rest respecting their safety. Rob Roy had assisted them to escape, and notwithstanding their plans had almost failed by the unex-

pected appearance of Rashleigh, they reached France without further mishap. Diana was placed in a convent, and although it was her father's desire that she should take the veil, he was understood to refer the matter entirely to her own inclinations.

When these news reached Frank, he told the state of his affections to his father, who was not a little startled at the idea of his son's marrying a Roman Catholic. But he was very desirous to see him "settled in life," as he called it; and he was sensible that, in joining him with heart and hand in his commercial labors, Frank had sacrificed his own inclinations. After a brief hesitation, and several questions asked and answered to his satisfaction, he broke out with—"I little thought a son of mine should have been Lord of Osbaldistone Manor, and far less that he should go to a French convent for a spouse. But so dutiful a daughter can not but prove a good wife. You have worked at the desk to please me, Frank; it is but fair you should wive to please yourself."

Within a short time Diana Vernon and Francis Osbaldistone were married, and had many long years of happiness together. Frank many times in his after-life revisited Scotland, but he never again saw the bold Highlander who had exerted so much influence on his earlier years. He heard of him occasionally, however, and felt a sincere sorrow when the news of Rob Roy's death reached him, though the pang was softened by the knowledge that the Highland chieftain, in contrast to his wild and violent life, had died peacefully at a good old age.

GLOSSARY OF CERTAIN SCOTCH WORDS AND PHRASES AS APPLIED IN ROB ROY.

AIBLINS, perhaps.	BIRKIE, lively fellow.
AIK, oak.	BIRL, toss.
AIRN, iron.	BITTOCK, more than a bit.
AI TS, oats.	BLE THER, rattling nonsense.
AN, if.	BLE THER, to spout nonsense.
ANDREA FERRARA, Highland broadsword.	BLYTHE, happy.
AULDFARRAN, sagacious.	BODDLE, a farthing.
	BOGLE, ghost, scarecrow.
BAILIE, a Scotch magistrate.	BOLE, an aperture.
BAIRN, a child.	BONNIE, pretty.
BAN, curse.	BRAW, fine, brave.
BARKIT, tanned.	BREEKS, breeches.
BARKIT AIK SNAG, barked oak stick.	BRIG, bridge.
BARM, yeast.	BROCHAN, <i>Gaelic</i> for porridge.
BAUDRON, a cat.	BROGUE, Highland shoe.
BAWBEE, halfpenny.	BROSE, a sort of pottage.
BENT, the moor or hillside.	BROWNIE, ghost.
BICKER, a wooden vessel.	
BICKER, to throw stones, to quar- rel.	CALLANT, a lad.
BIDE, wait.	CALLER, fresh.
BIELD, shelter.	CALM SOUGH, a quiet mind or tongue.
BIGGING, building.	CANNELMAS, Scotch term, 2d Feb- ruary.
BIKE, nest.	CANNY, quiet, sensible.
	CATERAN, a robber.

- CAUNLE, candle.
 CAUP, a shell.
 CHACK, sneck.
 CHAP, strike.
 CHAPPIN, CHOPPIN, a liquid measure.
 CHIEL, a fellow.
 CHIMLEY, chimney.
 CHUCKIE-STANES, small pebbles.
 CLACHAN, *Gaelic*, village.
 CLASH, scandal.
 CLAUT, clot.
 CLAVERS, gossip, scandal.
 CLERKIT, written.
 CLOOT, a rag, cloth.
 CODLINGS, baking apples.
 COGUE, wooden vessel.
 COOST, cast.
 CORBIE, crow.
 COUP, upset.
 COWE, stalk.
 CRACK, to gossip, jaw.
 CRAIG, the neck.
 CREAGH, *Gaelic*, pillage.
 CREEL, basket.
 CROUSE, confident, cheery.
 CROWDY, a sort of pottage made of oatmeal.
 CUITLE UP, tickle up, to do for.
 CURLE, a fellow.
 CURLIE-WURLIE, twisting.

 DAFFIN', frolicking.
 DAFT, crazy.
 DAIKER, (toil) up the gate (way).
 DARN (dern), conceal.
 DEIL'S OWER JOCK WABSTER, all to the devil.

 DING, pull down.
 DIRDUM, an ado.
 DIVOT, a turf.
 DOUR, stubborn.
 DOURLACH, *Gaelic*, satchel.
 DOUSE, quiet.
 DOW, can.
 DOWNA, do not like.
 DREE, to suffer.
 DUINHEWASSEL, *Gaelic*, gentleman.

 EEN, eyes.
 E'EN, evening.
 ETTLE, intend.

 FA', *Highland*, who.
 FASHIOUS, troublesome.
 FA'ARD, favored.
 FEAL, faithful.
 FECK, part.
 FERLIE, wonderful.
 FIZZINLESS, tasteless, useless.
 FLAE, flea.
 FLEECH, wheedle.
 FLEG, fright.
 FLEY, frighten.
 FLIT, remove.
 FLOW-MOSS, wet moss.
 FLYTE, scold.
 FORBYE, besides.
 FORFOUGHEN, blown, breathless.
 FORGATHER, make friends with, take up with.
 FORFIT, fourth part of a peck.
 FOZY, soft.
 FUSHIONLESS, tasteless, useless.

GABBLE, absurd talk.

GALLA GLASS, an armed retainer—

“ — The merciless Macdonald
— From the Western Isles
Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is
supplied.”

MACBETH, *Act I, Scene 2.*

GANG-THERE-OUT, wandering.

GAR, make, oblige.

GASH, sour-looking.

GATE, way, manner.

GAUGER, exciseman.

GAUN, going.

GILLIE, Highland foot-boy.

GILRAVAGING, devouring.

GLEED, twisted.

GLEG, quick, active.

GLIFF, an instant.

GLISK, a spark.

GLOAMIN, twilight.

GLOOM, a frown.

GLOWER, gaze.

GLUM, sour-looking.

GOMERIL, fool, lout.

GOWD, gold.

GOWK, fool.

GREE, agree.

GREET, cry, weep.

GREW, shiver.

GREWSOME, ill-omened, bitter.

GRIEVE, a bailiff, or steward.

GUDEMAN, husband, head of the house.

GUIDE, use, employ.

HA NIEL SASSENACH (corrupt Gaelic), I have no English.

HA NUN GREGARACH (corrupt Gaelic), It is a MacGregor.

HAGGIS, a Scotch pudding of minced meat, oatmeal, etc.

HAIL, whole.

HALLION, rascal.

HANTLE, a number of.

HARNS, brains.

HARST, harvest.

HAUD, hold.

HER, *Highland*, my.

HER-NAINSEL, *Highland*, myself.

HERSHIP, plunder.

HET, hot.

HINDERLANS, buttocks.

HOSINET, a small net used for rivulet fishing; also an entanglement or confusion.

HOUGH, thigh, ham.

HOWE, hollow.

HOWLET, owl.

HURDIES, buttocks.

HUSSY, jade.

ILK, each.

INGAN, onion.

IVY-TOD, ivy-bush.

JALOUSE, suspect.

JANNOCK, bannock.

JOCTALEG, clasp-knife.

JOSEPH, a riding cloak.

JOUK (dive) and let the jaw (wave) go by.

KAIL THROUGH THE REEK, the soup through the smoke; to suffer reproof, blame, or retribution.

KAIL-YARD, cabbage-garden.

KAIM, comb.

KALE, greens, sometimes broth.
 KEMP, strive and fight.
 KEN, know.
 KERNE, a retainer or gillie.
 KRAEM, a stall or shop.
 KYLOES, Highland cattle.
 KYTHE, seem.

LASSOCK, girl.
 LAVE, the remainder.
 LAWING, reckoning.
 LIMMER, jade.
 LOON, fellow.
 LOUP, leap.
 LUCKIE, goodie! addressed to a woman.
 LUG, the ear.

MALISON, curse.
 MANSE, house, parsonage.
 MAUN, must.
 MAW, to mow.
 MENSE, sense.
 MINT, aim, intend.
 MISTRYST, disappoint, deceive.
 MOUL, the sod.
 MUCKLE, much.
 MUTCH, cap.

NAPERY, table-linen.
 NATHELESS, nevertheless.
 NOWTE, black cattle.

OPENSTEEK, open stitch.
 OPINE, suppose, presume.
 ORRA, odd.
 OWER, over.
 OWSEN, oxen.

PAIKS, chastisement, a kicking.
 PAROCHINE, parish.
 PARRITCH, porridge.
 PAT, pot.
 PEERS, pears.
 PIRN, a reel.
 PLACK, third of a penny.
 PLISKIE, trick.
 POCK, a poke, bag.
 POCK-NEUK, one's own means or exertions.
 POOTRY, poultry.
 POW, head.
 PRETTY, *Highland*, brave, smart.
 PROVOST, a Scotch Mayor.

QUEAN, flirt.
 QUEEZ MADAN, a French pear.

RATHE, ready, quick.
 RAX, stretch.
 REDD, clear up.
 REEK, smoke.
 REFT, seized.
 REISTED, roasted, smoked.
 REIVE, to break, pillage.
 ROOSE, praise.
 ROUP, auction.

SARK, a shirt.
 SAU, sow.
 SCART, a cormorant.
 SEA-MAW, a gull.
 SEARCHER, a town officer.
 SELL o'T, itself.
 SER'ING, serving.
 SHANKS, legs.
 SHAW, a green blade.

SHE, *Highland*, I or he.
 SHEAR, slip, cut, reap.
 SIC, such.
 SILLER, money.
 SKART, scratch.
 SKIRL, scream.
 SKREIGH, scream.
 SKYTE, a wretched fellow.
 SLABBER, froth.
 SLINK, worthless.
 SMAIK, a fool, or spoon.
 SNAG, a stick, branch.
 SNECKDRAWER, a sly, cunning person.
 SNELL, sharp, severe, terrible.
 SOOTHFAST, honest.
 SOUGH, sigh.
 SPANG, to spring.
 SPARRY-GRASS, asparagus.
 SPEER, inquire.
 SPLORE, a row.
 SPORRAN, *Gaelic*, purse.
 SPREAGH, cattle-lifting.
 SPUNE, a spoon.
 STEEK, shut.
 STEER, molest.
 STIBBLER, a poor preacher.
 STINT, stop.
 STOT, a bullock.
 STOUP, a liquid measure.
 STRAE, straw.
 SYBO, a kind of onion, or radish.
 SYNE, since, ago.

 TAE, the one.
 TASS, a glass, cup.
 TATTY, potato.

THRANG, thronged, busy.
 THRAPPLE, throat.
 THRAW, thwart, twist.
 THROUGH-GAUN, a down-setting.
 THRUM, a story.
 TOOM, empty.
 TOW, a rope.
 TROKE, transact, dabble with.
 TROTOSIE, riding-hood.
 TROTH, truth! sure!
 TROW, trust.
 TUILZIE, scuffle.
 TUP, a ram.
 TWAL, twelve.

 UNCO, very particularly.
 UNCO THING, a sad thing.
 USQUEBAUGH, *Gaelic*, whisky.

 VIVERS, victuals.

 WABSTER, a weaver.
 WALLY DRAIGH, a feeble person.
 WAME, belly, hollow.
 WAPPIN, stout, clever.
 WARSTLE, wrestle.
 WAUR, worse.
 WEAN, an infant.
 WEE, little.
 WEIRD, destiny.
 WEISE, guide.
 WHEEN, a few.
 WHIGMALEERIE, gimcrack.
 WHILK, which.
 WHIN, gorse.
 WHUMMLE, turn over.

WILL TO CUPAR MAUN TO CUPAR, a willful man must have his way.	WUDDIE, gallows-rope. WUSS, wish. WYTE, blame.
WINNLE, turning frame.	
WUD, mad.	YILL, ale.

THE END.

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