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# HILL-SIDE

AND

## BORDER SKETCHES:

WITH

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LEGENDS OF THE CHEVIOTS AND THE LAMMERMUIR.

BY

W. H. MAXWELL,

AUTHOR OF "HECTOR O'HALLORAN," "WILD SPORTS OF THE WEST," "STORIES OF  
WATERLOO," ETC.

"Lord, who would live turmoiled in the court,  
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?"

HENRY VI.

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MASSACHUSETTS

PROBATE COURT

IN SENATE

1847

MASSACHUSETTS

1847

TO  
ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, ESQ.,  
OF  
GLENFINNART.

MY DEAR SIR,

Many a happy hour in a chequered life I passed on the romantic shores of Loch Long—and among the happiest, recall to memory those spent under the hospitable roof-tree of Glenfinnart. As a slight memorial that “Auld lang syne” is not forgotten, accept the inscription of this Volume, from

Yours most faithfully,

W. H. MAXWELL.

LONDON, March 30, 1847.





## HILL-SIDE AND BORDER SKETCHES.

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### INTRODUCTION.

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I AM one of those persons who hold the exploded opinion that Great Britain—Ireland, of course, excepted—is the only country in Europe for a gentleman to reside in permanently. With all its faults I love it—and never waste a thought on the eternal encroachments upon English liberty, as “said and sung” over half-and-half by the tailors of Tooley Street. I disbelieve that patriotism and a begging-box can be things co-existent—I have the gift of sleep, *à discrétion*—, and, if in my transits to Brighton or Harrowgate, I should be unhappily cooped up in a railway carriage with a radical, on the first emission of a Jeremiade against military punishment and the abuses of the State, I recline my head comfortably in the corner, and for the remainder of the journey “take mine ease.”

I have been through life a wanderer—and inns have been my abiding places. With West-end hostelries I am familiar as the house-cat—and had I the vulgar ambition of inscribing my name on glass, there is not a window ten years old in any house of entertainment from the Seine to the Neva, that would not bear my patronymic and Christian appellatives. I have smoked the night away in a Persian caravanserai—been martyred in a Spanish Venta—lived a week in an Irish sheebieene-house—and survived the insolence and extortion of a Yankee Colonel in Kentucky. On every hotel variety—from the palace to the pest-house—I could discourse eloquently; but of all that I have honoured with my presence, give me the little roadside inn to be found nowhere on the surface of the earth, but in “Merrie England” and “the land of cakes.”

In such an hostelry, gentle reader, have I commenced these rambling sketches which I design, and thou shalt confess, to be a right pleasant and instructive portraiture of the adventures which attend, and the scenes that are presented to one, who, like myself, may with more truth than compliment be designated a sporting vagabond. My *locale*, at present, is Northumberland. “Mine inn,” overhung by an enormous ash tree, looks upon a mountain-lake with a high broken ridge of

heath and rock beyond it. Evening is setting in—all that harmonizes with repose is around me—and Byron's sweet picture of soothing influences seems here to have reality. There is a mastiff chained beneath my window, and when I approached to nib my pen, he welcomed me with a flourish of the tail, and a friendly bark of "deep diapason." The hum of wearied bees—the tinkle of a sheep-bell—the distant low of cattle—all these are heard occasionally—while on the unruffled surface of the tarn\* the coot is diving—the trout springing merrily at the passing fly—and, issuing from the reeds which fringe the banks, a wild duck sails proudly out with a brood of flappers,† which in a few days more will be able to take wing.

I have closed the leaden lattice, and resumed my arm-chair. Did he of Auburn write his "Deserted Village" in this chamber? The floor is unfortunately carpeted, not "sanded," but there stands identically, "The varnished clock that clicked behind the door," and in the corner opposite, a porcelain deformity in the shape of tea-pot, with cup and saucers in strict conformity, of no use whatsoever, and therefore "wisely kept for show."

The mantelpiece is crowded with spar and pebbles collected among the neighbouring hills—preserved hawks and owls ornament the walls—and while Flora Mac Donald looks me full in the face, I am flanked right and left by 'The Prodigal Son' and 'The Young Pretender.'

My dormitory is inside my chamber of state. All appertaining to it—sheets, counterpane, and curtains, snow-white as when they left the bleaching-field. A creeper, bearing berries of gorgeous scarlet, intermingled with a blue clematis, festoons the casement, which looks upon a little flower-garden and a row of bee-hives. Here, every thing but murder might sleep sweetly—and Saul himself find "soft repose" without a harp accompaniment.

There is a gentle tap at the door—and the sweetest girl in Westmoreland comes in to lay the supper cloth. Susan is just eighteen, exchanging girlish prettiness for beautiful maturity. "I wish I were as I have been," when at Waterloo I crossed swords with the Imperial Guard, and, by every thing matrimonial, I would—

"Rein up, Colonel!" methinks I hear a snappish admirer of mine remark. "The event you alluded to occurred when 'George the Third was King.' 'Tis, if my computation be correct, some thirty-one years ago—and if you tilted with a French curiassier, why, you could not exactly have been a chicken at the time. What the devil business have elderly gentlemen, with bald heads and 'spectacles on nose,' to think, speak, or write of youth and beauty? 'Setting your knighthood aside,' as Dame Quickly says to a brother of your order—fat Sir John—'I write you down a—'"

"I pray you, Mr. Reader, for personal considerations, withhold the intended epithet. I confess that my *cranium* is beyond the range of Macassar—that I am extensively crow-footed—a little exuberant where the nether garments and the vest unite; and I also freely admit that the

\* The name given to mountain loughs in the North of England.

† The sporting title for young wild ducks, before their wing-feathers are fully grown.

hirsute honours on my lips are the true *vieille moustache*, and equally removed from being re-established by dye or unguent. But I can still bag a couple of snipes out of three; and when my hand is steady after dinner, remove the bonnet from the knave of spades, four shots out of seven, at twelve paces—tolerably good pistol-practice for a quintagenarian you will admit. And why should I not admire in age, her whom in youth I worshipped? Can I forget that, when sun-struck on the Peninsula, as consciousness returned, I saw the jet-black eye that watched my fevered slumbers brighten, as she squeezed the orange into my parched lips?—Shall I not remember, when wounded and a prisoner, that on the night before the convoy was to march, which was to bear me to captivity in France—God knows how lasting!—the keeper's wife whispered that she could not lock the side door, and expressed a hope that I would not take advantage of her husband's absence, and make my way to an outlying picket of our own, posted in a place she pointed out, and scarcely a mile beyond the cork wood? Oh no! While life exists I will own the superiority of nature's masterpiece; and when the last hour comes, may the hand of innocence and beauty smooth the pillow of him who, in the sweet form that hangs over him, will fancy he has an angelic assurance that another and a better existence is about to open.

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## CHAPTER I.

MEN have different gifts, and to some, Dame Nature is more bountiful than to others. That I was originally designed by that beneficent lady for a traveller, is a truth indisputable; and whether by sea or land it mattereth not, my qualities for locomotion are so extensive. I have a small but ready appetite, can drink as becometh a Christian man, sleep, *ad libitum*, "by day, or night, or any light;" and in philosophy I am an optimist. If benighted on the mountain side, obliged to "lie with the larks," and adopt a heathy pillow, at daybreak, I return thanks to the prophet for prompting the wise resolution of bivouacking in proper time, thereby escaping a practical lesson in the art of sinking in some neighbouring morass, or broken bones over the adjacent gully. At sea, if a spar be sprung, or the engine go amiss, I remain as much at ease as Diogenes at Sinope, leaving the reparation of damages to those most concerned in the same, and calling to memory the judicious remark of my excellent countryman, when informed that the vessel was sinking, "Well, blessed be God! I am only a passenger."

I have often thought had the "Wandering Jew" been a gentleman of my disposition, he would not have had a bad life of it after all. "From Captain Noah down to Captain Cook," of ancient and modern travellers, this gentleman is, by universal consent, admitted to be the most celebrated; and touching "his life and conversation"—as old biographers express it—every account agrees that this child of promise, wherever he turned his footsteps, kept good company and paid his way like a

brick. Now, if fashionable society, and a purse sufficiently enduring to stand the drainage of a West-end hotel, could make a tourist comfortable, the perennial migrations of this Israelite should have been felicitous as a week out of town after hymenials by consent, or the return of a brace of fugitives from "fair Tweed-side," with "a cursed specimen of crabbed penmanship" in their pocket, executed at Lamberton Bar by a reverend gentleman the worse for liquor, declaring the levanters man and wife, and setting guardians and parents at defiance.

When in a hurry—and sometimes, idler that I am, I labour under the delusion that I have business which calls for expedition—I prefer the railroad—but with ordinary circumstances to influence my outings, give me such means of locomotion as the Leith and Clyde steamers afford the wanderer. To him who is both snob-proof and sea-hardy, these vessels are luxurious. The latter I am—the former I am not. I fancy that the art of war, like the art of poetry, renders men irritable; and unhappily for myself, I cannot take in vulgar puppyism at any price. In voyaging either to the city of shuttles, yecept Glasgow, or that remnant of royalty—and what an interesting one Auld Reekie is!—vulgarity assails you in every shape; but, blessed be Allah! I have an unprepossessing countenance and most repulsive manners; up goes my battle-flag when I cross the gang-board that connects the vessel with the pier; with one broad stare I have annihilated a cockney who contemplated familiarity; and at table, when I choose to be disagreeable, the most audacious scoundrel who ever concocted a bubble rail line, would not venture to ask me to pass the salt.

And yet he who voyageth by long steam will rarely find the transit barren—and out of the herd on board, an adept like myself well acquainted with the species, will seldom fail in picking from the "*profanum vulgus*" a gentleman, or, what will suit his purpose quite as well, some personage of no pretension and much intelligence, as companionable to the full, and unpresuming as if he had been better born.

In Leith and Glasgow steamers, "an ye be a man"—which in its nautical acceptation meaneth a person who can eat, drink, and sleep at discretion—and the weather be moderate, you can command, and on very reasonable terms, every creature comifort procurable in a well-appointed hotel. Even in a gale these splendid ships would be very tolerable, if those who are not sea-hardy would have the decency to ensconce themselves and their sufferings in their berths. I was once cured of a fit of love contracted on the pier of Howth, by a fit of sickness perpetrated before we reached Holyhead; and assuredly, if woman cannot ensure deep sympathy from man, what chance of pity has a coarse he-fellow sprawling on a sofa, and instead of concealing his stomachic infirmities, disgusting, even unto loathing, those who would have otherwise escaped the visitation. Any of these offending Jonahs are utterly beyond the pale of pardon; and I very believe, I would aid and assist in committing the man and his afflictions to the deep.

If a person were anxious to study human character, the best book he can resort to will be opened to him in a steamer. I have the talent for detecting the peculiarities of my kind, and between "the egg and

the apple"—which rendered into Scotch, means cock-a-leeky and the cheese—I can analyze a dinner table pretty accurately.

It is marvellous what varieties in human character will occasionally be found encircling the same board, and how easily their classification can be determined, when the steward strikes upon "the tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell." The gentleman quietly takes his seat, predetermined to receive thankfully whatever has been provided for him. The ex-militaire, before he deposits his person on the camp-stool, sweeps the cloth over to ascertain whether fork and spoon are correctly paraded—the contracted eye, before which for a quarter of a century mess-waiters have quailed, "dreading the deep damnation of his Bah!" concentrating its optic powers to detect, if it be possible, a delinquency. The bagman, or in more modern parlance, "the traveller," cares not a brass button for tabular arrangements, his care being confined to a rapid investigation of the viands, accompanied by a mental calculation touching the respective dishes from which the best return for two shillings will be obtained. Of snobs—and what a comprehensive addition to our language that expressive word makes!—you may naturally calculate on an extensive assortment, urban and rustic. In rural delinquencies, they being chiefly confined to dress, you feel disposed to pity and pardon the offender; but your city snob being gifted with detestable presumption, you find yourself irresistibly impelled to offer him sixpence a day for life to keep out of your sight for ever.

I have suffered from such persons as the latter, until I attained a mental temperament that I became dangerous to approach. I have undergone the severest visitations, writhed under the afflicting vulgarity of "the folks and bodies" who infest the Clyde, and the more intolerable audacity of those cockney scoundrels who take liberties with the vowels, consider Margate fashionable, and labour under a delusion, that the fry they get at Blackwall are fish in actual reality. Heaven knows! these afflictions are enough to mortify the flesh sufficiently; and, as I foolishly imagined, they would be booked in the per-contra side against my sins, and save me from undergoing an annealing process in purgatory when this mortal coil had been shuffled off. But I had yet to learn that a still heavier visitation was in store; and that, through the malignant influence of evil planets, it was ordained that I should undergo the pains and penalties attendant on a voyage in the Hull steamer.

My destination was Berwick-upon-Tweed—the best *point d'appui* in Britain for an angler—and no mistake. The day of sailing of the steamer thither bound, was duly announced; and I, having put my house in order, like a prudent tourist migrated eastward over-night, to be within pistol-shot of my packet in the morning. I reached my destination—and the leathern conveniency which "carried Cæsar and his saddle-bags," pulled up at an hotel opposite the docks.

"Where's yer honour goin'?" inquired a red-headed rascal, who, had he held the gold stick in the Court of Timbuctoo, I should have identified at sight as a loving countryman.

"To Berwick," was the reply.

"Ah! then," responded red-head, "yer honour's a trifle of time after the ship, for she sailed at eight o'clock this mornin'."

"Impossible! The hour of sailing is advertised for to-morrow in 'The Times.'"

"Feaks! and that same's likely enough," and the scoundrel scratched his head. "But you see they're so very punctual, that they sail the day before they say they will, to prevent disappointment, I suppose."

"Is that what you call punctuality?" I exclaimed, in a towering passion. "My malison on you and punctuality both. What the devil are you doing with my luggage?"

"What am I doin'? Jist puttin' ye up for the night, where ye'll sleep snug and comfortable."

"And why should I sleep here, you vagabond?"

"Arrah! how asy it is to know a gentleman from the ould country, by the plisant way they talk to one! Feaks! and I'll tell ye why ye'll sleep here. Arn't ye opposite the Hull packet that sails to-morrow?"

"And what is the Hull packet to me?" I responded.

"Why, jist because I know from the guns and fishin'-rods, that yer only goin' on the *ran-tan*; and is it anything to the like of you, whether ye head to Hull or Berwick?"

And, before I could exert free agency or enter a protest, the villain had every article appertaining to me abstracted from the cab, and regularly shouldered up-stairs by the porters.

"Hav'n't I, in less than no time, made yer honour snug for the night?" exclaimed the "hereditary bondsman," grinning with evident satisfaction at his own address, and holding out his hand for the consideration which he calculated was to follow. He saw a shilling in my hand; and, as if the monetary transfer had been already legally effected, he lauded me for my liberality.

"It's asy knowin' the raal gentleman," said red-head. "Arrah! bad luck to me! though maybe, you wouldn't believe it, but there's divils wid dacent coats upon them, that would put one off with a tanner, or a fourpenny—may Cromwell's heavy curse attend the inventors of the last! From the moment I twigged yer honour, says I quietly to myself, 'Stick to him, Peter Clancy, like wax, for he wouldn't condescend to reach an obligin' lad of your kind anything below a bob.'"

Now, although part of Peter Clancy's remarks were conveyed in terms with which I was not familiar, I comprehended that gentility consisted in giving shillings, and that sixpence was a vulgar coin.

"Mr. Clancy, will you permit me, before we part, to ask you a simple question?"

"Arrah! to be sure I will," returned red-head. "But, ye didn't mane we were to part. Troth! it's myself that would scorn to lave a respectable elderly gentleman like yerself, friendless and unperected in the streets of London. I'll see your property safe aboard the boat, and take better care of ye than many a bad step-father would in the mornin'."

"Mr. Clancy," I replied, "will you favour me with the full particulars of the murder, which procured for the British capital the honour of your residence?"

"Upon my sowl!" returned my loving countryman, "it is not for

committin' murder I am here. But, if yer honour must know the cause—why, it's jist for not committin' matrimony."

"Explain yourself, you scoundrel!"

"Well, when a man's spoken civilly to, he can refuse nothing,—and, feaks! I'll out with the whole to ye," returned this specimen of the finest peasantry upon earth (*authoritate*, Daniel). "I was goin' fair and asy along the road, about a month ago, when, from a *boreyeen*,\* who falls upon me like a soot-droop at the corner of the hedge, but Father Denis Grady. 'Peter!' says he, drawin' up.—'Arrah! plase yer rev'rence,' says I, 'but yer lookin' fresh and well,—the Lord be praised for the same!'—'Peter!' said the priest, eyeing me mighty quare, 'I'm of opinion there's a rod in pickle for ye. *Tiggum*?† and he laid his finger on his nose.—'Arrah! what have I done, yer rev'rence?' says I.—'Peter,' says he, 'where were ye last Tuesday night?'—'Ah! the divil a one of the had anything to say to the scrimmage that evening, good or bad,' says I.—'Who's talkin' about scrimmages?' says the priest. 'Peter, ye'r a patent rascal, and a most accomplished malefactor, I'm afraid. What brought ye across the bog wid Honor Donovan?'—'To convoy her from the dance, plase yer rev'rence, as ye know she's a neighbour's child.'—'Peter,' says he, 'ye'll be hanged, as sure as the divil's in Galway.'—'Oh! may the Lord forbid!' says I.—'Troth! ye may make yer mind asy on it,' says he: 'ye'r certain to spoil a market. But, to cut a long story short, af ye don't make Biddy Donovan an honest woman betune this and Garlick Sunday, and that's the Sunday after nixt—be this book,' and he kissed the handle of his whip, 'I'll give ye such a blast from the altar, that after it yer own dog wouldn't keep ye company.'—'Oh! murder! murder!' says I. 'Doesn't yer rev'rence know well that Judy was off for a week with a recruitin'-party?'—'Why, ye hard-hearted Samaritan,' says he, 'would you venture to give back an answer to your clargy? Be off! an' if ye don't behave dacent to the little girl, I'll make a world's wonder of ye!'—'Wasn't I in a beautiful quandary? Divil a choice left but to marry a wife without a rag of character, or be cursed on Garlick Sunday. 'What's to be done,' says I to myself. 'Divil a thing but cut your stick, Peter Clancy,' says I, answerin' my own question. Feaks! accordingly, I brushes next morning at daylight; and, after a week on the treadmill at Liverpool for an assault, I reached London in good health, and without a *scultogne* in my pocket. Well, I goes for news to the Seven Dials, and, sure enough, Bridget Lanigan had a letter from her brother the day before. It was all over wid me. Father Denis, when he heard I had bolted, put the candles out on me, and my sister into convulsions—and here I am, yer honour, durin' life—for the divil a toe I dar turn to the ould country, ye know."

"It is quite certain," I replied, "that London has got a valuable and a permanent addition to her population. Be off!" and flinging another shilling to the gay deceiver who had drawn down upon himself the ire of mother church, he vanished like a sharp-shooter, and I proceeded to my apartments for the night.

\* A horse-path across a bog.

† Do you understand me?

By times next morning I was a-foot; and on descending the stairs I found Mr. Clancy in attendance. We proceeded to London Bridge—the false one, in addition to my personal property, having a bundle secured in a pocket-handkerchief on the truck, and an oak sapling under his arm. My luggage was committed to the hold; my guns and fishing-rods carried to the cabin; the porter fully satisfied; and Mr. Clancy accommodated with half-a-crown—in return for which the excommunicated rascal had the impudence to favour me with his blessing.

I hate greetings in the market-place; and cockney *adieux* I carefully eschew. The bell sounded its three alarms; and, to avoid the bustle attendant on departure, I ensconced myself below. Through the cabin-skylight, I heard “the monarch of her peopled deck,” a personage whose countenance bore “tokens true” of heavy wet and heavy weather, order the mooring-ropes to be hauled aboard. A preparatory grunt was given from the engine-room; the wheels revolved slowly. “Remember me affectionately to my Aunt Deborah,” from the gangway, was returned by “Give my love to Cousin Francis” from the shore. “Turn a-heed!” screamed the attendant imp, who, like the repeating-frigate of a fleet, gave language to the waved hand of the commander on the paddle-box—and off we went.

A cursory glance at the company on deck had been unfavourable; and, consequently, during the voyage, I had secretly determined to preserve an isolated dignity; and, when breakfast was announced, and, one after another, my fellow-passengers descended the companion-ladder, a personal inspection confirmed my previous resolution.

The oldest “*refugium peccatorum*” I believe, on record, was the Cave of Abdullum, where all in danger and in debt resorted, as fashionable levanters repair in the present day to Boulogne. The Hull steamer on this morning, I fancy, would have set the *table d’hôte* of the Hôtel du Nord at defiance; and even the cavern itself could put forward no pretence to rival “The Rapid.” A bubble railroad had been kicked out of committee the preceding day—and all concerned in the same—to wit, the flats and sharps—the victimized and the victimizers—were returning to the North,—all wiser men, and the larger proportion much sadder ones than when they visited the great metropolis.

Never did a more dolorous company congregate round a breakfast-table. The scrip-holders were demolished; the director-general had already been favoured with six-and-forty notices of action; half-a-dozen proprietors of theodolites and iron chains looked upon them with despairing eyes, and, like Othello, recollected that in surveying as in war, it is not pleasant for a gentleman to ascertain that “his occupation’s gone.” One thing struck me as remarkable,—however infelicitous their Stag Alley operations had proved, the digestive powers of the company were unimpaired by these monetary misfortunes, for such a collection of human cormorants I never before consorted with; and I came to the conclusion that, as necessity sharpens invention, scrip-holding improves the appetite.

Even with a polished gambler I never could encourage intimacy; and lower black-legs are not endurable at all. I hurried over break-



fast—mounted the cabin ladder,—and found on deck two persons, with whom I subsequently formed an acquaintance. Never were the circumstances which excited interest for strangers more dissimilar.

One was a ruined dupe ; the other a sweet and artless girl of nineteen. Every thing about the fair one was calculated to enlist my sympathy. She was young, pretty, innocent, alone, and unprotected—in a foreign land, and unable to speak one syllable of its language.

The delight she evinced when she found I could converse with her in French, was probably enhanced by finding that in her new protector, she had a man whose years warranted her to look fearlessly to him as a father. Without the least hesitation, she accepted my tender of attention ; and when she found that my profession had been that of arms—that I held a similar rank to her late father, Colonel St. Aubyn—that we had opposed each other in the same fields—and expended the best years of mutual life in honourable conflict on the Peninsula,—I verily believe that, without a particle of distrust, she would have accompanied me to Kamschatka, had our destinations thither pointed.

I spread a military cloak on one of the side-benches, and we sat down to enjoy a pleasant sea-breeze, and observe the hundred passing vessels which each succeeding tide hurries from all the corners of the earth, to bring fresh additions to the enormous wealth of the mighty capital of Britain. Before an hour passed, Ninette—as my sweet *protégée* was named—with all the confidence of youth, spoke to me unreservedly as if we had been the acquaintances of years ; while, encouraged by the undisguised intimacy her manner seemed to court, I expressed surprise that one so young, so pretty, and so helpless, had ventured into a stranger land, without some female friend to bear her company, or a male protector, like myself.

She smiled.

“ I would freely, my dear friend, tell you the causes of this apparent impropriety ; but you would laugh at me—” and she looked archly in my face.

“ And why should I, pretty one ! laugh at—”

She playfully interrupted the sentence, and added,

“ What all but those concerned think ridiculous—a love story !”

“ And fancy you, my sweet friend,” I responded warmly, “ that because Dan Cupid and I parted company before you saw the light, that my heart is so gnarled by time, and my feelings so deadened, that I cannot sympathize with youthful affections ?”

“ Ah, then, *mon colonel*, I will tax your patience,” she replied, laughing. “ No matter ; the safest *confidant* the soldier’s orphan could repose in, is in him who possibly crossed sabres with her father on the battle-field. In the *vicile moustache*,” and she touched my grizzled lip, “ St. Aubyn’s child has nought to dread.”

“ And were it coal-black, as it once was,” I passionately rejoined, “ she might equally place reliance in its faith. He who wears the soldier’s livery, and could imagine aught against thee, Ninette, but what was generous and kind, may heart fail him in his hour of trial, and every thing brave and noble recoil from him as a recreant.”

She took my hand—pressed it in hers—and, while tears and smiles

contended for the mastery, Ninette St. Aubyn communicated the simple story of a young life.

Could I but narrate the tale in her own *naïve* and artless language, while by turns, a smile brightened the countenance radiant with expression, or a tear stole down her cheek, as some unhappy passage in her varying fortunes was recalled to memory—the reader would admit that the coldest listener could not refuse his sympathy to so fair and so interesting a *raconteuse*.

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## CHAPTER II.

NINETTE ST. AUBYN.

THE amount of human suffering which was produced by the French Revolution, it would be impossible even to conjecture—but great as the evil and misery that resulted might have been, this terrible convulsion produced in time an improved order of new things and new men. Rotten institutions were demolished; and the wretched noblesse, with their favourites and dependents, who had sprang into mischievous elevation by court intrigue, gave way to humbler-born and better citizens. The public departments were purified—a crowd of worthless *attachés*, who had evaded the guillotine, were driven into exile—a profligate priesthood totally suppressed—and profiting by the removal of these nuisances, which so long had impoverished and disgraced a land afflicted by corrupt government, national prosperity revived—while, *pari passu*, arts and sciences advanced. The reign of terror, as the thunder-storm removes the noxious influences of an unhealthy atmosphere, by a fearful but efficient action, renovated a demoralized people; and, as a long-neglected malady can only be remedied by desperate means, France could not have attained the mighty position she had lost, and which she afterwards recovered, excepting by sweeping, root and branch, away, a bad monarchy, a worse aristocracy, and a still more abominable priesthood.

Many were the changes which the existing order of things were fated to sustain at this eventful period—but the most extraordinary of the whole, was the total revolution which, in all matters connected with it, the art of war underwent. Military systems, based on erroneous principles, but to which continental commanders adhered with a devotion that can now be regarded only as ridiculous, were gradually absorbed in the scientific simplicity which rendered the armies of the Republic invincible. The pernicious principle which opened only to the high-born a chance of military preferment, was exploded. To the reach of the humblest in the social scale, fame, and honour, and distinction were extended—and, consequently, those magnificent soldiers, who made France the mistress of the continent, and annihilated the stupid pedantry of the imbecile old men to whom armies had been hitherto intrusted, won and maintained that glorious celebrity, which, while history lasts, will attach itself to the Generals of Napoleon.

When the reign of terror was devastating France, and the high-born and the humblest were indiscriminately sacrificed to the fury of the times, in a remote valley in the lower range of the Pyrenees, two families were residing. One, was that of a small proprietor called St. Aubyn—the other, belonged to a person who had held a situation under the late government, named Harrispe. St. Aubyn was by descent a gentleman, and in rank superior to his neighbour; but Harrispe, who had risen from obscurity, was the wealthier. Both were fathers, and each the parent of an only child.

When the revolution broke out, Pierre St. Aubyn was nineteen—a bold and handsome mountaineer; while Lucille Harrispe, two years younger, was unquestionably the finest girl in the department. Circumstances appeared to have designed them for each other—they loved, or thought they loved—and their parents sanctioned a union, which was fixed for the approaching birthday of the bride elect.

While the centre of the kingdom was fearfully convulsed, and blood flowed in torrents in the capital, the remote situation of the valley of San Roque, as yet had screened it from the fury of the times. The distant muttering of the thunder-cloud was heard—and the wild reports which reached the mountains, of scenes of atrocity transacting elsewhere, were received distrustfully by the Basque peasants, as being too horrible for belief—while from their isolated locality, the inhabitants of San Roque expected they would escape the notice, and thus evade the reckless vengeance with which the republicans visited alike the guilty and the innocent. That hope was vain; for no spot in France was so remote, but human blood-hounds scented out the victim. Agents arrived from Paris; they brought plenary power from the Directory to slaughter all suspected as they pleased—and, from having held an appointment under the ancient *regime*, in the proscribed list the name of Harrispe stood prominently. Nothing but instant flight could have saved him from destruction—and his friend, St. Aubyn, reckless of personal considerations, enabled him to leave the kingdom with his wife and daughter, and also assisted him in carrying off the larger portion of his property. Alas! the secret speedily transpired that the escape of one so obnoxious as Harrispe had been effected by the agency of St. Aubyn—and his own death was not considered a sufficient atonement for the crime of saving a devoted man. The family of the offender were included in the fatal list. St. Aubyn and his innocent wife were guillotined—and Pierre alone, from his intimate acquaintance with the passes of the mountains, escaped the knife, and crossed the Spanish frontier.

Until they were secure from the reach of their enemies, the younger St. Aubyn had accompanied the fugitives, and never left them while a chance of their being overtaken existed. Deep were the expressions of eternal gratitude from the parents; but more ardent the protestations of eternal love reiterated by the beautiful Lucille, as she hung upon the bosom of young Pierre, and swore eternal fidelity. Their union was to take place in England—whither St. Aubyn was to follow the refugees as soon as circumstances should permit.

Months passed. No letter from the fugitives reached their deliv-

erer save one, and that told him that the family of HARRISPE were safe in the British capital. Pierre was a homeless man—one without kindred or country—his parents murdered—his property confiscated—his life proscribed—and in a strange land, without money or a friend, he felt bitterly this reverse of fortune. But hope pointed in his darkest hour to that land of freedom, where love and Lucille would yet repay all that he had suffered and sustained; until at last, through the generous sympathy of an English Captain, he obtained a passage, and found himself in the streets of London in safety, and without a sixpence.

By an inquiry at the Alien Office, he found out the residence of the emigrants, and thither he hurried. In HARRISPE, he would find a father in place of him whom he had lost—in Lucille, the sublimated happiness which the smiles of beauty confer on man, after he has endured the double test of absence and adversity. Alas! poor youth! little did he anticipate the intelligence and the reception that awaited him. Lucille was false and wedded to another; and HARRISPE's cold manner proved, that, even life preserved, will not command a scoundrel's gratitude.

How Pierre St. Aubyn regained the continent, it would be unnecessary to detail; but, with a deadly hatred to every thing connected with the cause of royalty, he hastened to the Low Countries, and joined the ranks of the Republicans. One without a feeling or a tie to bind him to existence, holds life at lowly estimate. Where danger was, there St. Aubyn was found to court it—death claimed others and spared him—and within a twelvemonth, the young soldier was a captain.

The opening of his career was the brightest passage in his military history. Brave, intelligent, and enthusiastic, with every ability to seize an opportunity should it have presented itself, fortune refused her favours afterwards, and many outstripped him in the race of fame, to whom, in every thing which constitutes a soldier, he felt himself immeasurably superior. By tedious steps, at last he reached the rank of colonel; and then, piqued at the promotion of another, which he considered should have been given in right of long service to himself, he petitioned the Emperor to be placed *en retraite*, and received as civil a *congé* as Blucher did from Frederick, viz., a royal consent to go to the devil as he pleased.

Not many weeks elapsed before the retired Colonel regretted the step he had taken, but it was now irremediable. At fifty, Paris has not the charms it possessed when men were twenty-five; and wearying of the metropolis, he set out for the south of France, to revisit the valley where he was born. Finding a part of his paternal property which had been confiscated at the Revolution, for sale, he purchased a farm—and turning his sword into a ploughshare, determined to end his days, where "life's fitful fever" had commenced.

St. Aubyn married, humbly but happily—but unfortunately, his wife died within a few years, leaving him the orphan girl who sat beside me on the steamer's deck.

"And now, Colonel, promise me that you will not laugh, for my narrative will soon become a love tale."

I smiled, and assured her that my gravity should equal my attention.

“It is about a twelvemonth ago,” continued Ninette, “since my father’s health gave evidence of decline; and a hardy constitution, which had borne thirty years’ campaigning in different climates, and sustained an Eastern sun and Russian winter, began to break. I remarked the rapid change, and trembled when I recollected, that when he should be called away, I had not a near relative in the world. While my dear father lived, his pension was sufficient for our very moderate demands. That would of course terminate with his life; and his property was very trifling, save the little farm he had purchased and improved. One evening I observed a decided alteration in the invalid, my mind foreboded the worst, and my dear father found me in tears. He strove to cheer me. ‘Ninette,’ he said, ‘fear not that Heaven will leave innocence without friends—and when thou shalt, in the ordinary course of human existence, be called on to close thy father’s eyes, the hand that shielded this head in thirty battles, can stay the orphan when she needs support; and rest assured that when I am gone, God will find for thee, girl, another protector. Ah!’ he exclaimed, ‘what means this?’ and he pointed to four or five mountain shepherds, who bore a heavy burden down an Alpine path that opened on our valley.

“When they approached nearer to the cottage, it was ascertained that they were carrying a dead or disabled man—and my father hastened across the vineyard to meet them, and offer any assistance in his power, if the sufferer were not already beyond the reach of human aid.

“He proved to be a stranger—an English gentleman who had been travelling in the upper range of the Pyrenees, sketching mountain scenery, and collecting Alpine plants. In returning to the lower country, he had unfortunately separated from the guides who had attended him during his wanderings—and taking an unsafe path, the rock crumbled away, and the mule and his rider were precipitated down the cliff. The animal was killed by the fall—the traveller miraculously escaped with numerous and severe bruises.

“To remove the stranger to the nearest town, in the dangerous condition he then was in, was declared unsafe—and my father’s urgent request that he should await recovery in the cottage, was gratefully acknowledged, and the offer accepted. A surgeon was procured from the next market-town,—and it being ascertained that no bones were broken, the leech assured his patient that his recovery would be certain, although probably it might be tedious.

“Time proved that this opinion was correct; for two months elapsed before Edward Trevellian had regained sufficient strength to resume his journey.

“From the hour when the stranger was carried to my father’s cottage, his misfortune created an interest in my breast, and that sympathetic feeling soon ripened into ardent love. He was young, handsome, and engaging, with a highly cultivated mind and polished manners. Compared with the rude peasantry, and the illiterate proprietors I had been accustomed to associate with from infancy, whenever I returned home from the convent where I had been educated, the youthful Englishman appeared a being of a different order. ‘To see him was to

love him,'—and his extensive knowledge of the world left him at no loss to detect the secret of my heart.

“Were any thing required to elevate Trevellian in my estimation, it was the studied delicacy he preserved towards me throughout the close intimacy which his indisposition had given rise to. When I entered his apartment in the morning, he welcomed me with smiles; when I bade him a ‘good night,’ he blessed me as my father did. The slightest attention elicited ardent expressions of his gratitude—while his bearing was marked by a respectful solicitude, which led me to believe that his feelings towards me were but a brother’s. He never by a glance or an expression called a blush to my cheek; and long before he left us, I would have confided to him every secret thought, save one—and that he had guessed already.

“For weeks he had named different periods for his departure; but they were always postponed—and yet the plea of ill health remained no longer, for he had resumed his mountain rambles, and made me his constant companion. Once or twice in the week, he rode to the next town to seek for letters he expected; and on these occasions, a carrier invariably brought to the cottage all the pretty trifles which please our sex, and every thing that an invalid, like the old colonel, could take a fancy to.

“One evening he returned from Tarbes earlier than usual—and instead of stopping, as was his custom, to tell my father the passing news, he retired to his chamber and continued writing for several hours. When I tapped at his door to tell him that supper was ready, I saw at a glance that he was thoughtful and disturbed; he took my hand in his, pressed it more ardently than usual, told me that he wished to speak with me for half an hour—and, as the moon was at the full, proposed a favourite walk, which, in day-light we often resorted to. I afterwards thought I had acted wrong in leaving the cottage when my father had retired to his chamber—but in Trevellian I had unbounded confidence; and, as the result proved, I found my reliance in his honour was not misplaced.

“‘Ninette,’ he said, as he seated me beside him on a fallen tree, ‘the time of leaving thee—so often named, and as oft adjourned, has come at last—and letters I received to-day summon me to England.’

“He paused—that single sentence, however, was sufficient—my dream of love was ended.

“‘And when *do* you leave us?’ I managed with difficulty to inquire.

“‘To-morrow, dear—*dear* Ninette.’

“I could no longer command feelings which seemed to smother me while attempting to suppress them, but burst into an agony of sorrow, and wept upon a bosom which, for the first time he pressed me to. Close as our intimacy had been, I never had addressed him without that usual addition with which gentlemen are formally designated; but now I passionately exclaimed,

“‘*Dear Edward!* do not depart so hastily. Stay—were it only for a week.’

“‘Would that I could stay with thee, sweet one!’ he replied, ‘not

for a stated period, but for ever. Alas! my fate is influenced by the will of others, and, as your Emperor expressed it, 'my destinies must be fulfilled.' Ninette, I read long since thy secret; I felt assured thou didst love me—I burned with an impulse almost beyond control to clasp thee to my heart, and tell thee that thy love was fondly, ardently returned; but a stern principle of honour forbade me to disclose the secret that often was bursting from my lips; and till the parting hour came, I determined to hide my feelings from thee. Wilt thou, dear Ninette, for my sake—for thine own—grant me three requests?"

"I could only, amid sobs, and tears, and kisses, in broken accents, give him the assurance he required.

"'Were I master of my own acts,' he continued, 'ere that bright moon rose to-morrow evening, by every sacred tie I would make thee mine, Ninette. But I am singularly, painfully circumstanced; and I dare not promise what accident may prevent. Dare I prove your love; and will you remain unwedded for a year?"

"'Oh! yes—yes! a life, if thou but require it, Edward.'

"'Take this sealed paper, Ninette; and give me thy assurance that, while thy father lives the seal shall not be broken; or, that should you wed another, the morning you repair to the altar with him who shall supplant me in thy love, this little billet shall be committed unopened to the flames.'

"I took the packet from his hand, and murmured an assent.

"'And now, last, and simplest request of all,—should letters come from an unknown hand, make no inquiry; use them as they are designed to be employed; and, under all circumstances, whether friend, adviser, protector, husband—rest thy faith in me, Ninette, strong as in holy writ; and place implicit reliance in Edward Trevellian.'

\* \* \* \* \*

"Morning came; and he who was no longer a stranger, departed. With great regret my father bade farewell to one who had first excited his interest, and latterly had commanded his respect. Ask not my feelings: my heart felt broken!

"Scarcely a month had passed since the English visitor left our cottage, until a letter from a banker in Paris informed my father, that five thousand francs had been placed to his credit by a foreigner, who declined to give his name; and by the same post a *billet* reached me in the well-remembered hand-writing of him I loved. It contained a diamond-ring."

She removed her glove—and on the bridal-finger showed me a valuable brilliant; and then added, with enthusiastic ardour, as she placed a letter in my hand:

"That paper which encased the diamond was dearer far to me than all Golconda!"

I read it; and it ran thus:—

"'Preserve, Ninette, this memorial of the absent one. The gem is not purer than his love; and the golden circle is the symbol of its endurance.

"'EDWARD.'"

She kissed the *billet*, replaced it in her bosom, and then continued :

“ My narrative now, Colonel, has nought but tragic interest. One morning, my father was later than was his custom in coming to the breakfast-table ; and, at last, when half an hour beyond his regulated time had passed, I repaired to his chamber. Alas ! the last friend, save one, I had on earth had slipped quietly from existence, and there lay the soldier, ‘ taking his rest,’—his features in such beautiful repose, as if he had smiled when the order of the Great Being came which commanded him to change time for eternity ! Death, no doubt, had visited him gently ; but, oh God ! had but his brave spirit passed, and I beside his bed,—had my name been only murmured as he departed—I could have stood the trial better.”

The recollection of him she lost brought more painful associations with it than orphanage, and bursting into tears, Ninette’s grief was far too poignant to be controlled. I called for water. Excepting a one-eyed navigator at the wheel, and save ourselves, none were on the deck, and although, in parade voice, I lustily enunciated ‘ Steward ! ’ like the gentleman of old, who ‘ loudly did call, but none did answer him,’ my summons was unheeded. What was to be done ? I dared not desert my pretty charge. But my difficulty was removed, when a protruded hand, armed with a glass of water, was pushed across my shoulder. Who was the ministering angel ? I looked up.

Blessed Mary ! could it be ? There stood the “ accomplished malefactor,” who had deserted his Irish Ariadne, and been declared an *enfant perdu* by Father Grady ! I placed my hand across my eyes—not a doubt touching his identity existed—and that arch-deceiver, Peter Clancy, stood before me !

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### CHAPTER III.

I NEVER saw a ghost, although I have laid upon a battle-field for a night, in close communion with some hundred defunct gentlemen, who, from the turbulence of their former lives, might have been expected to be a little restless after this mortal coil had been shuffled off. I know not, therefore, what effect the re-appearance of the dead produces ; but I can bear evidence touching the astonishment that Mr. Clancy occasioned, although still in the flesh, when he handed me a glass of water.

“ Why, you excommunicated scoundrel—”

“ Arrah ! don’t be talking about excommunication, but attend to the lady,” said Master Peter.

“ Where the devil have you come from ?”

“ Come from ?” he repeated, “ I came from before the funnel,” returned the scoundrel with surpassing indifference ; “ they’ll not let us take a draw of the pipe nearer to the quarter-deck on account of the quality, who can’t stand the smell of a *dudheene*.”

“ Where are you going to ? And what thieves’ errand are you bound upon ?”

“ As to the exact place I’m going, I can’t just say for certainty



until I have a word or two with yer honour; and I hope a gentleman's service is no disgrace," returned Mr. Clancy.

"A gentleman's service!" I exclaimed.

"Your honour's surprised, I see, to think I would condescind to it," returned red-head; "and feaks! I was in doubts about it myself, and had half made up my mind to accept the loan of a shilling yesterday evening, from a sheep-skin fiddler\* I had a drink with on Tower-hill. But when I remembered the dog's life I had of it in the Welsh Fusileers, I got scared from taking to sojering again—"

"Were you drummed out, or did they discharge you?"

"Neither," replied red-head with a grin, "for feaks! I discharged myself."

"Then, you scoundrel, you deserted?"

"Why I didn't exactly desert, returned Mr. Clancy; "but one evening I lost the regiment on the march, and never could hear what became of it afterwards. Troth! to tell God's truth, I made but few inquiries; for the sameness of treatment I got from Monday morning till Saturday night, had tired me out. Devil a day rose upon me, but I was blown up by the colonel; cursed by the adjutant; and caned by the sergeant-major."

"Any scratches on the back? The drummer's sign-manual between the shoulders? Eh?"

"None, blessed be God!" exclaimed Mr. Clancy, "though I was tolerably near it for joining a dozen of my friends in pulling down a public-house one evening. But the young lady's better. Jist let me throw a sketch of brandy into the tumbler, merely to take the colour of death off the water, and in less than no time the crater will be merry as a cricket."

"Be off, you scoundrel—"

"Of coorse, anything my master bids me do must be done," observed the deceiver of Judy Donovan.

"Your master, fellow?"

"Ay; and that's yerself," continued red-head with all the coolness imaginable. "Call for me when your honour wants anything; and remember, ye'r not dependin' upon strangers now, but have a valet-de-cham of your own, and one too that any nobleman might be proud of."

I looked after Mr. Clancy with astonishment. I had known a man who went drunk to bed a civilian, rather surprised on waking the next morning, to find himself a soldier; but to be made a master with open day-light and in due sobriety, was an accident I never heard of happening to a private gentleman before.

"Are you better, dear Ninette?" I inquired of my fair companion.

"Oh, yes! quite well now. Alas! when I recall to mind that sad and sudden calamity, which left me almost friendless upon the world, my heart sinks, and tears will come although I strive to conquer woman's weakness. But I will not detain you, Colonel—but close my melancholy narrative.

\* A drummer.

"I followed my father to his last resting-place, wept over the hallowed earth that covered him, and placed a garland of laurels above the soldier's grave. For a month, I lived in deep retirement—and my sorrow was respected, for none intruded on me. The *curé* and doctor were my only visitors; and through their consolation and advice, I was enabled gradually to regain a sufficient calmness of mind, to consider what was the most prudent course for me to adopt; and also the manner in which I should best dispose of the little farm and effects my dear father had left behind him. Need I say, Colonel, my thoughts were sadly wandering. I was in the lonely valley of the Pyrenees. Where was my heart?—In England.

"One evening I was sitting at my needlework, when Claudine, my only attendant and companion, told me that two strangers had inquired if I were at home, and desired permission to wait upon me. They were ushered in; and in the elder I recognized the proprietor from whom my late father had purchased the farm and cottage; but the other person was totally unknown to me. Monsieur Fouchard I only knew by appearance—for my father had declined all intimacy with him, from some deceit he had practised towards himself, and indeed, from his general bad character. After a formal condolence for the loss I had sustained, and a few common-place remarks, M. Fouchard stopped suddenly, as it at a loss to proceed with the grave business which, no doubt, had brought him to the cottage. I wished to abridge an interview that was both unsought for and disagreeable—and inquired to what cause M. Fouchard's visit was to be ascribed?

"'Had Mademoiselle made any decision yet, as to whether she should continue in the cottage?' was the reply.

"I stared at the man—for the question appeared impertinent.

"'Really, M. Fouchard, your inquiry strikes me as being one that a stranger is not entitled to make. Whether I shall retain or dispose of this property can be of no consequence to you.'

"'Excuse me, Madame. The owner of a property naturally inquires, when he has lost one tenant, who may be the person that is likely to become successor.'

"'The owner of a property!' I repeated, 'I am the owner of this cottage; and who will tenant it, I shall decide upon when necessary.'

"'Excuse me,' returned M. Fouchard, 'Mademoiselle is under a mistake; my friend here will have the pleasure to explain it.'

"And rising from his chair, he quitted the chamber, and left me alone with a very unprepossessing man, whom I discovered afterwards to be his lawyer.

"I shall hasten over the details of this interview. It appeared that my unsuspecting parent had been completely overreached by M. Fouchard; and that while he had, as he believed, made himself master of this little property, he was by some legal roguery merely a tenant for life; and, consequently, that I was now at the mercy of a knave. The lawyer made use of much circumlocution before he reached the end, for truth to say, it was rather a delicate task which he had undertaken; as in effecting it, he was obliged to prove that his patron was a scoundrel.

“ ‘ Well, Sir,’ I said, when he had wound up his tedious statement, ‘ I comprehend my position perfectly ; and the same protecting power by whom I was enabled to sustain a father’s loss, will support me under a reverse of fortune. I shall seek another home, and quit this cottage incontinently.’ ”

“ ‘ That home, Mademoiselle, is already at your command—’ and the lawyer made a pause.

“ ‘ What mean you, Sir ?’ I inquired.

“ ‘ That M. Fouchard has determined to marry, and tenders his heart and fortunes to Mademoiselle St. Aubyn,’ returned the advocate.

“ ‘ His heart !’ I exclaimed indignantly ; ‘ he has no heart—he, who would cheat the man who confided in him, and rob the orphan of her small inheritance ! Retire, Sir ; and say to your employer, that the daughter of St. Aubyn would prefer menial service to an alliance with a scoundrel.’ ”

“ I rose and left the room, and the lawyer rejoined his patron, and departed.

“ I suppose that he, whom I learned afterwards was the infamous agent through whom my poor father had been cheated, delivered my contemptuous rejection of M. Fouchard’s hand in the language it had been conveyed, for an immediate system of annoyance commenced, and formal steps were taken to eject me from my humble home. One evening, after a notary had served me with some vexatious process, I was sitting in deep melancholy, and wondering when I was turned out upon the world, where I should find a home. Claudine, faithful to the last, endeavoured to console me.

“ ‘ Ah ! Mademoiselle, why despond thus ? I had a dream last night, and fancied that Monsieur Trevellian had come back, and the notary was sent for to draw the marriage contract. I see you look daily at the letter he left you, and yet you will not venture to break the seal. *Courage !* who knows what good news that little billet may bring yet.’ ”

“ I took the letter from my bosom. I looked at the superscription as I had a thousand times before. I read the sentence anew—‘ To be opened in the hour of need !’—‘ And,’ exclaimed Claudine, ‘ is not that hour come ? An orphan girl beset by rogues and lawyers. Come, Mademoiselle ! are you a soldier’s daughter, and afraid ? Ah me ! had the poor Colonel had a little prudence, instead of the courage he could have spared, we should not be persecuted by that bad man, Fouchard, and his villanous *employés*.’ ”

“ I still held the letter in my hand. Dare I break wax which possibly contained the fatal information that an insuperable barrier between Edward and myself existed, and that Trevellian was lost to me ? Claudine snatched the letter from my hand, and in the attempt I made to retain it, the seal was broken !

“ With a desperate effort I unclosed the well-remembered handwriting of the master of my heart ; and thus ran the contents of the billet :

“ ‘Ninette,

“ ‘Repair instantly to England. Fearlessly entrust your destinies to me ; although a husband may not be waiting to receive the exile, she will find a brother in  
EDWARD TREVILLIAN.’

“ There were directions added as to the means by which I should apprise him that I was leaving France ; and a house in London was referred to, which, on my arrival, I was instantly to communicate with.

“ Claudine accompanied me to Paris. There I received the money placed for me in the banker’s ; then parting with my humble but faithful companion, she returned to the south of France, and I proceeded to the capital of Britain.

“ I found a sealed packet waiting for me at the appointed place. It simply directed me to repair to Hull ; and assured me that there I should find one in waiting who would take charge of the wanderer. Who, save one, can that protector be ? My heart whispers that it is Edward. But, ah ! *mon cher Colonel*, in what character will he present himself ? The husband, or the brother ? Alas ! I dread that in Trevellian I shall only find the latter.”

I endeavoured to remove her fears, and succeeded in restoring her confidence. Dinner was announced, and we obeyed the summons.

I confess that the peculiar position in which this young and unfriended foreigner was placed, was to me a source of much inquietude. Who was this man who wrapped himself in mystery, and on whom her happiness—her hopes—ay ! her very honour were dependent ? Some circumstances induced me to think favourably of him, while others led me to distrust his designs. “ I will protect the orphan ! ” I mentally determined. “ Others may offer brotherly attention, Ninette ; but I shall be a father to thee, if it be required ! ”

The evening was remarkably fine, and we returned immediately after dinner upon deck, whither I had directed the steward to bring wine and fruit. While we had been in the cabin, the steamer had rounded a low point of land, and a coast, whose navigation was particularly dangerous—were one to judge from the numerous lighthouses and beacons, which were erected for the direction of the mariner—was now fully displayed. A man whom I had noticed in the morning, and who appeared to keep apart from the rest of the passengers, had hurried from the dinner-table like Ninette and me, and observing that we regarded the coast we passed with much attention, he came forward, touched his hat respectfully, and explained the uses of the buildings, and the positions of the shoals and channels.

“ You seem to know this coast most intimately ? ”

“ Ay,” said the mariner, “ and that too at midnight as well as in noon-day. Mark you, Sir, yon sandy cove ? See, it trends inland on the north of the white beacon.”

“ Yes,” I replied, “ I can trace it distinctly.”

“ There, five years ago, was I found lifeless to all appearance, when day dawned on the morning of the sixth of January. They carried me to the Parson’s house, and after an hour or two restored animation.

Would to God they had left me where they found me, or come a little later."

I looked at the unhappy man. He was past the noon of life, and exhibited a frame and face which had been exposed from youth to storm and sun, and had endured every severity of climate—

"From Egypt's fires to Zembla's frost."

His figure was middle-sized, square, and muscular; and his face, notwithstanding its expression of despondency, showed all the lines which indicate endurance of purpose, and contempt of danger. I never saw dejection and determination so strangely blended upon the human countenance; but still the union of such characteristics is not uncommon; and I remember among my acquaintance—alas! how few of the earlier ones remain!—men with nerve to crown a breach, or head a boarding party, who would sink under some paltry disappointment that a school-girl would smile at.

"My friend," I said, handing him a glass of wine, "you look every inch a man. The bold and brave meet the storm when it comes, and rise superior to misfortune. You have before you twenty years of vigorous life, if there be reliance in thews and sinews; and during that space, what may not prudence and good luck accomplish?"

"It is true, Sir," returned the mariner; "and I admit that fortune has smiled upon me frequently; but, curse the jade! after a gleam of sunshine she always took me a back, and at a time when I least expected it. Well, I bore misfortune like a man; buckled with the world anew; pulled up lee-way gallantly; but d—n me! I never could come to anchor in the long run. I have been laid lifeless on the beach; passed thirteen burning days floating on the wide Atlantic, without one drop of water to moisten my parching lips. I have been cut down upon a Frenchman's deck; dragged out three weary years in prison. One while, have been master of a thousand pounds; another, not worth this button on my jacket. I have served on board a man-o'-war; sailed a privateer's-man; sealed on the islands of New Zealand, and whaled on the coast of Greenland. Ten times, I was master of a little fortune; and ten times, accident left me on the world without a guinea. Well, I struggled up the hill anew—but even iron will not last for ever; and though it may seem an idle vaunt to say it, as stout a heart as ever manned a gun in action, or reefed a topsail in a gale of wind, is now broken—ay, broken—fairly broken!"

"Nay, never despond, my friend. Remember the Scottish adage, 'Tyne heart tyne a'. Before morning breaks, the night is darkest; and though that slippery baggage has frowned of late, Dame Fortune may yet make the *amende honorable*."

"Were I," returned the mariner, "alone to pay the penalty of my madness in placing rash reliance in the statements of specious knaves, by Heaven! I could muster courage to still seek out an honest independence, although I had to commence life at fifty, and that too before the mast. But, and in a few sentences, you shall know all that is necessary to be known of one of the greatest fools who, even in these days of folly, allowed himself to be robbed by a gang of swindlers."

"I shall listen with attention," I replied, and the unhappy dupe thus continued :

"Seven years ago, I married ; and never did man wed one more deserving of his love and confidence, than the woman who is now mourning over the folly of her husband. I had saved a little money ; but children came fast—the coasting-trade was bad—and I began to feel uneasy at the prospect of a large family and declining means, when an offer was made me to command a whaler going to the South Seas. Four years is a large spell of human life ; and it is hard to part with those we love for so long a term of one's existence. But tempting advantages were connected with the offer ; and I sacrificed my own feelings to the interest of those dependent on me, and accepted the appointment.

"I returned at the end of the usual time, after a safe and prosperous voyage, richer by twelve hundred pounds ; and when considering in what manner I could best invest my little capital, those two ruffians who you see drinking their wine below, and laughing in their sleeves at those they have plundered so successfully, marked me for a victim. It would only madden me to tell, and pain you to listen to the means by which the scoundrels fooled me. It is enough to say, that their scheme was a mere bubble, and concocted for the sole purpose of spoliating unwary individuals like myself. Their bill was scouted ; their swindling company dissolved : and *I am ruined*. When a man has four helpless beings looking to him for daily bread—ah, Sir ! it is a bitter thought, that their natural protector had flung the means of supporting them away !"

He turned round. I saw a tear stealing down his sun-burnt cheek ; and explained to my fair companion the cause of the sorrow that she witnessed.

"Ah ! then, *mon Colonel !*" observed the artless girl, with a sigh ; "there are more Fouchards in the world than one !"

"Alas ! dear Ninette," I replied, "there are Fouchards to be found in every clime and country."

\* \* \* \* \*

Early the next morning, the steamer entered the Humber—and the pier, where our voyage was to terminate, became visible from the deck, and an acquaintance singularly formed, and one whose remembrance will cause deep interest when I recall it, must end. As we neared the city, my fair companion became more nervous and unhappy ; and now and again, though she strove to overcome her grief, tears would start to the eye, and betray the painful struggle between hope and fear which was passing in her bosom.

"Courage, my dear Ninette," I whispered, as I marked the agitation of my fair companion.

"Ah ! my dear friend !" she replied, "it is fearful to think that the crisis of my fate is at hand ; and that half an hour will determine the future colour of a life."

The vessel reached the pier. Many were there expecting the arrival of their friends ; but poor Ninette looked earnestly at the crowd upon the wharf, and no face save that of the stranger met her anxious eye. I conducted her on shore, saw her luggage safely landed, and brought

her to the hotel named in the instructions written for her guidance, by the mysterious personage who had apparently assumed the control of her future fortunes. At her desire, I inquired from the waiter whether a young lady had been expected to arrive by the steamer, and were any person in attendance to receive her ?

"Yes ; there was a lady in the drawing-room," and he showed us the way to the apartment.

The appearance of the stranger was prepossessing. A woman probably past fifty, and one whose beauty in earlier life must have been remarkable. She politely welcomed the fair traveller ; and, as I thought, examined her with marked attention. In tolerable French, she proceeded to inform Mademoiselle St. Aubyn, that Sir Edward Trevellian had confided her for the present to her care.

"Sir Edward Trevellian !" burst from Ninette's lips.

"Yes ; on the death of his uncle a few months ago, Edward had succeeded to the baronetcy and estates."

I observed the colour totally desert the fair one's cheeks, as with an evident exertion and in trembling accents, she muttered a hope that "Sir Edward was well."

"Oh, yes !" was the reply ; "and busy preparing for his marriage, which is intended to be solemnized almost immediately."

Poor Ninette ! That fatal communication was too much. She uttered a wild scream—and had I not caught her in my arms, would have fallen on the carpet. The task of supporting the fainting girl was not long left to me ; for, from a screen behind, a man sprang forward, pressed her to his bosom, and as he covered her lips with kisses, exclaimed :

"Ay, dearest one ! circumstances have changed, and I can now follow the dictates of my heart. Before to-morrow's sun sinks in ocean, Edward Trevellian will indeed be wedded ; and thou, my sweet Ninette, may name the bride. There—I confide thee to a mother's embrace ; and if truth in love be good warranty for filial duty, in thee, my loved one, she will find a daughter she may pride in. And, Sir," he continued, turning to me, "as I suspect I am under much obligation to you for protecting a lady, whom singular circumstances prevented me from protecting myself, may I inquire the name of him to whom I am so deeply debtor ?"

I handed him my card, and added—

"One, Sir Edward, who, had you not decided on making Ninette a wife, had resolved on making her a daughter. But to older and stronger rights I must defer, and I fear continue childless."

"Not so, my dear Colonel. Lady Trevellian will require a father to-morrow at the altar ; and where will she find a kinder or a braver one ?"

I returned a willing consent—and next morning gave my parental benediction to Ninette Trevellian : and, may I add, pressed the lips of the most interesting and artless girl, whose "course of love" had been pure as constant, and ended as it should do—smoothly.

## CHAPTER IV.

SUNDAY has dawned again ; and although Callum Beg declares in Waverley, that it never comes abune a Highland pass with an unpronounceable name, I dissent from the young reprobate altogether ; and I hereby avow, that I never saw a Sabbath kept more religiously than yesterday's was in the Lammermuir. Accident gave it a deeper interest—for the young man killed by lightning on Friday, was on that day to be interred in the ancient burial-ground attached to the Abbey of Saint Bathans.

If funeral ceremonies, as some assert, portray the character of a nation, both England and Ireland should reform theirs altogether. The former is marked by heartless parade—the latter by more disgusting brutality. The troop of idle blackguards who escort an English funeral through the streets on foot, will be seen grouped on the top of the hearse when returning, indulging in the Virginian weed, and, frequently, in uproarious laughter ;—whilst in Ireland, a procession to the grave is followed by an endless banditti with cudgels and cota-mores,\* and a tribe of women *kinnaying*,† or courting, according to age, circumstance, or inclination. Of the abomination of an Irish wake, it is enough to say that it commences with drunken revelry, and ends not unfrequently in murder ;—while the wail of death, in one end of the cabin, is answered by hilarious mirth from the room where the corpse is laid out, accompanied too often by songs not remarkable for their delicacy. I remember going once to the house of death, where a fine young man had been struck dead by accident ; and avoiding the revelry in the room where the deceased was confined, I sought out the widowed girl—for a girl she was, scarcely nineteen ;—and what added melancholy interest to the visitation, hourly expecting to become a mother. In her, poor soul ! there was no mockery of grief—no parade of sorrow. “ Ah ! Colonel,” she said, as I offered consolation as I best could, “ I never thought I loved Pat half so well until I lost him !” At the moment a burst of merriment broke from the chamber where the dead man lay. I saw every feature of her face convulse—every limb shudder, as she wildly grasped my hand in hers. “ Oh, God ! I could bear all but that laughter !” she exclaimed. “ It kills me, Colonel !”

\* \* \* \* \*

In England, the wretched tenement of clay is occasionally kept over ground until it becomes offensive ; while in Ireland, an indecent haste too frequently marks the hurried funeral. In Scotland they manage matters better,—the house of death exhibits a religious quiet ; not a whisper disturbs the mourner's sorrows ; save when the minister turns the occasion to account, pointing out that the grave is the goal which prince and peasant must reach alike—the end of his hopes, his pursuits, his toil, and his ambition. The same decency with which the bed of death has been respected, distinguishes the conduct of the

\* A frieze great-coat.

† The *kinneagh* is the wild lament performed by the women who are paid for their trouble, and who care as much for the departed, as they do for a dead horse.



funeral ; and the transit of the departed to his narrow house, is solemn as regards the dead—imposing, as a lesson to the living.

I was apprized that the body was to be lifted at eleven in the forenoon ; and as four miles of moorland must be traversed, it would require a couple of hours to reach the Abbey, where one cut off so suddenly in youth and health was to take his rest. I clomb the wooded height which domineers Mrs. Pringle's caravanserai—and from its summit, obtained a charming and extensive view over one of the sweetest districts of the border country. When I say that—as Tippoo Sultaun used to conclude his letters—“ Need I say more ?”

The beauty of the Lammermuir is only equalled by its loneliness ; miles occasionally intervene between the farm-steadings ; and I have fished the Whitadder from Auld Martha's to the Elmford, without meeting an angler on the stream. As I looked from the hill over a vast expanse of swelling knolls and cultivated valleys, the silent repose which reigned over all was most imposing ; for here, the Sabbath is so rigidly respected, that no act that could infringe on its solemnity would be attempted. I felt how perfect the seclusion was—and repeated Byron's words involuntarily,

“ This—this is solitude !”

Still the picture was imperfect ; but the calm and holy silence of all I surveyed wanted but one thing to render its melancholy quietude complete, and that was the appearance of the distant funeral. From my elevation I commanded a view of at least two miles of the mainland it must pass over, and presently several dark figures rounded a green knoll, and told me that the procession to the narrow house was now approaching.

The funeral attendants who followed the hearse, whose white-craped mort-cloth told that the occupant was unmarried, did not exceed twenty ; but as they approached the Abbey, from different farm-steadings, the owners and their servants joined the funeral, until the number that followed the corpse might have reached to fifty. All were habited in decent mourning, and walked two and two. When the hearse reached the entrance of the burial-ground, the body was removed on hand-spikes—the father and elder brother at the head, and two younger kinsmen at the feet. No formula for the departed was read ; no prayer was offered up ; not a whisper passed the lips of the lookers-on ; but a throstle whistled in the ash-tree that overhung the Abbey, and a red-breast sang merrily from a white-thorn bush. The grave was filled, the sods replaced and flattened with the spade—and the ceremony being complete, every head was uncovered for a minute, and then the mourners left the grave-yard with the same solemn silence with which they had entered it. In my mind, nothing can equal the imposing simplicity of a Scottish funeral. With the obsequies of him whose trade was war, the wailing dead-march, the unbraiced drum, the roll of musketry, happily assimilate—the pealing organ, the torch-lit cloister, the stoled priest, the surpliced choristers, become the noble well. But for him, who through humble life, had “ held the noiseless tenor of his way,” a silent ceremonial and a solitude like Saint Bathans should be all that told that the quiet of existence was exchanged for the

“ Sleep that knows not breaking.”

As I lay on the hill-side in the morning, and saw the quiet procession issue from the glen, I could not but contrast its reverend decency, with the brutal indifference to the feelings of the living which mark an Irish funeral. The hundreds of lawless blackguards which accompany the latter are trooped after by as many women; and the semblance of sorrow is not even assumed. The laugh, and joke, and “coortin,” continues till the grave is reached—and afterwards, the public-house succeeds the cemetery. The orgies there are bloody or brutal, just as the state of factious feeling may exist; and the next Petty Sessions probably discloses a death or delinquency, at which a well-regulated mind will shudder. I know that I risk much from telling the simple truth; and that on every one who describes Ireland as it is, was, and will be (ehé !), unwashed patriots pour out their phials. The discharge is not destructive; and as the “gutter” commissioner of ‘the Times’—by the way, I never could see the point of Dan’s epithet—survived his audacity in asserting that—barring the dung-hill that blocked it up—there was marvellous good air on the Derrinane estate conveyed through the unglazed windows—an interesting association between pigs and children—and stepping-stones to assist the visitor to reach the hearth without the necessity of wading the floor—I have but little to apprehend. Well, I assert fearlessly, that among the “finest pisantry” will be found the most superlative ruffians—*voilà l'exemple*.

Is there a man who has ever been cursed with a temporary residence in an Irish caravanseraï, and who, if his hapless lot fell out on the day or evening of a funeral, who will ever forget the same? The opening of the visit, after dust has been committed to dust, commences with loud demands for whiskey; the noise increases; the uproar becomes louder still; oath and argument succeed; all speak and swear together: and then a difference arises among “the merrie throng” touching a disputed noggin. The hostess—for generally the presiding divinity over these temples dedicated to “the feast of reason and the flow of soul” is feminine—conducts her establishment on the principle that “the word is pitch and pay,”—and “she honest woman won’t stand no gammon whatsoever,” as the denizens of Cockayne express it. Pat declares that Peter called the last subsidy, and refuses to fork out three-pence. Peter demurs; the landlady insists; the lie direct is followed by a blow; a row commences; the landlady endeavours to eject the company with a hot poker or scalding water into the street, as in the West they call the Queen’s high road; and what in the meanwhile becomes of you? Your apartment is invaded by the non-belligerent requesting shelter, while a broth of a boy dashes in to demand which of the contending houses you patronize, Montague or Capulet, in order that if you have made a wrong choice, you may catch the condign upon the spot. In ten minutes the affair is happily arranged. Patrick Casey goes to the county infirmary with a fractured skull, and Peter Morraghan agrees to pay the controverted three-pence. Such is the rise, progress, and decline of *an Irish row*.

I reached old Martha’s hostelry before any of the attendants on the funeral arrived. The day was painfully hot; and over four miles of

bare unsheltered heather, a funeral procession would be exhausting. I believe consequently, that, with half a dozen exceptions, all who had followed the departed, repaired, after they saw him consigned to kindred clay, to Mattie's for refreshment. The decorum that was observed I shall never forget; and though separated but two or three yards from the kitchen, I could not have guessed whether two or twenty were regaling there. Orders for what they wanted were delivered in a whisper; and within an hour, when the lassie came to lay the dinner-cloth, I was the only occupant of Mrs. Pringle's hotel.

A very different scene, on the last Sabbath evening, was presented in this quiet change-house. A dozen Irish vagabonds penetrated this secluded glen from the Edinburgh railway, where they have been for a year or two employed. After two hours' noise and drinking, they fell out among themselves; and a one-armed pensioner and old Mattie, who strove to pacify these savages, were both brutally knocked down and trampled on. After this valorous feat, these splendid specimens of "the finest pisantry on earth" levanted in double quick, and as old Mattie added with a sigh, "forgot to pay the lawing." Indeed, the character given of the Irish in the district between Ayton and Dunbar is deplorable. Earning at least double the wages they could obtain at home, and even in some cases treble the amount, their conduct throughout a term of two years has been infamous. The Sabbath, observed so religiously in Scotland, was desecrated by their drunken debauchery; and for a week after their monthly pay-day, no traveller dare venture to pass the road, as troops of these intoxicated savages would fall on the solitary stranger, and, without the semblance of provocation, maltreat a man they had never seen before. At last, these barbarians became so intolerable, that it was necessary to obtain a military force from Edinburgh to restrain their violence. 'Tis said by schoolmen that people earn golden opinions by their virtues. Now what the metallic character may be of the reminiscences which the Irish navigators—a queer term, by the way, for men whose operations are exclusively confined to *terra firma*—will leave behind, would be rather difficult to determine.

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## CHAPTER V.

MUCH difference in taste is evinced in estimating the virtues of a country. Now, if the opinion of the traveller who blessed God he was in Christendom again were correct, in Scotland you might fancy you were in heathen land, as from one end to the other of "the land of cakes," a solitary gallows could not be found. Here and there you will find a pair of stocks—but like the cuttie-stool, their "occupation's gone." I was, from the door of Mrs. Agnes Dodds—to whose hospitable care I can safely recommend the traveller who visits Norham—looking up the street at a Herculean sort of pepper-box in granite which has replaced the ancient cross, and carelessly observed to my ancient companion, in what excellent order the stocks which stand beside it were—

“ Ah, these jougs are na ower auld, for they were mad new aboot twenty years ago, and I’ll tell ye, Colonel, why. A tinker stole a guse fra the minister, and the constable set him in the stocks. It was a fine simmer nicht, and they thought they would leave him to cool his taes, and meditate on his transgressions until morning. The jougs were auld and ricketty, and when the bedrel rose next day to let the deevil loose, hegh, mon! stocks and tinker were gone, for he had gane aff after dark, an’ carried the jougs along wi’ him.”

“ Another Samson with the gates of Gaza, George; and are the present jougs, as you call them, often tenanted?”

“ Na, na. It’s full ten year syne I mind that ony one was cockit in them, an’ that was an Irishman an’ his wife, for smashin’ a’ the chiney-ware in auld Rob Donaldson’s crockery shop. Weel, the funniest part was when they were lockit in, an’ their legs safe in the woodie, and they could na get ony one to fight wi’, they differed themselfs, and hegh, faith! the woman lickit the mon. I mind her weel—the quean was unco’ strang, and offered af they would free her fra the jougs, to box ony man in Norham.”

“ Ah!” I exclaimed, “ Hurra, for ould Ireland!” for even the Norham stocks brought with its history a pleasing and a flattering reminiscence of ‘the gem of the sea.’ There was indeed, a herione; another Penthisilia—a regular out-and-outer—a spirit not to be subdued—one that even with her legs in limbo, scorned to give in, and offered to come to the scratch with any gentleman willing to set-to—the best he or she to win, and no mistake. It is melancholy to think that in the stream of time this lady’s name has perished. But there’s no justice for Ireland, or this forgotten fair would have formed a prominent feature in the statistical account of the parish. During a Peninsular siege, a soldier’s wife received the brevet rank of “heroine of Matagorda,” for carrying a pitcher of water from a well that lay directly under the fire of the enemy—Grace Darling was immortalized for saving the crew and passengers of a wrecked steamer—but would either of them, with “their taes cockit in the woodie,” as old George termed it, have made the sporting offer which the fair daughter of Erin did? Well may we exclaim in Byron’s words—

“ Strike thy bold harp, green isle—the lady is thine own!”

\* \* \* \* \*

Confound thunder showers. The Tweed was clearing beautifully, when in some of the Cheviots a water-spout appears to have burst—for although we have not had a drop of rain here, the stream is drummelled\* and without any apparent cause, the river has waxed,† and down it rolls, in colour more like XXX than water. Shade of Walton! thou, patient as thou wert, would have execrated the elements, and will sympathize with thy disciple. I had procured a bowl-full of lively minnows, screwed my rod together, wound, not the willow, but half-a-dozen casting lines round my hat, and expected at least a creel-full, when in comes old George to announce that “she’s sair drummelled, and winna answer at a’.” I submit. It is the will of Allah!

\* Muddied.

† Wax, means to swell or increase.

I was sitting and almost, as it may be imagined, inconsolable, when a newly-discovered cannon-ball was brought me, and I have added an invaluable specimen to my collection. Every man on some point or other is insane. I admit on this subject I am generally supposed to be a little *distract*, not that I harbour any design against human life by a fancy for these agents of destruction, and take this preliminary step towards evading justice by pleading monomania. All men have peculiar tastes. Some collect antiquated books, others delight in congregating halts, and why may not I indulge in cannon-balls?

After dinner I strolled down the Tweed to the village of Horncliff, where a beautiful bend in the stream forms one of the best salmon pools which the river offers to the angler. We passed through the court-yard of the castle, and took the pathway which leads through the *Mains*, a scope of rich land, in old times used for pasturing the cattle which supplied rations to the garrison.\* From this side the site of the breaching battery on a hill beyond the Tweed, at a distance of six or seven hundred yards, and from which the Scottish armies battered the fortress, is best seen; and the rebuilding of the eastern *revêtement* is evidently the last repairs the castle received, and proves that the fire of the besiegers, notwithstanding the defective artillery of the time, was impressive.

The masonry of the keep gives evidence of being frequently injured and restored; and I should say that one part of the donjon was at least three centuries older than the other. The exterior is mere patchwork—large sections of the walls being built indifferently of granite and red freestone. The extensive vaults, of which a part of the arches have fallen in, were no doubt thickly tenanted with prisoners. The castellan was his own chief-justice, and to effect a general jail delivery he had every convenience, for within a bow-shot of the huge tower stand “the hanging hill,” and close beside it “the gibbet field.” What a pleasant prospect the windows of a feudal castle would present, when half-a-dozen malefactors had been justified that morning! No wonder that my Lady Ford levanted, and took up her headquarters in Edinburgh—for Norham, if Scott’s description is not ultra-poetical, was at best but a rough establishment; even the conduct of the clergy, including the domestic chaplain himself, being at times such as might have been considered a little irregular.†

\* There is, in the British Museum, Cal. B. 6. 216, a curious Memoir of the Dacres on the state of Norham Castle, in 1522, not long after the battle of Flodden. The inner ward, or keep, is represented as impregnable:—“The provisions are three great vats of salt eels, forty-four kine, three hogsheads of salted salmon, forty quarters of grain, besides many cows, and four hundred sheep, lying under the castle-wall nightly; but a number of the arrows wanted feathers, and a good fletcher (*i. e.* maker of arrows) was required.”—*History of Scotland*, vol. II. p. 201.

† “Our Norham vicar, woe betide,  
Is all too well in case to ride.  
The priest of Shoreswood—he could reir  
The wildest war-horse in your train;  
But then, no spearmen in the hall  
Will sooner swear, or stab, or brawl.  
Friar John of Tillmouth were the man;

\* \* \* \*

Amid the mass of grass-grown ruins which cover the extensive area which lies within the *enceinte* of this once important fortress, but one part of the remnant of the external defences can be traced distinctly, and that is the *fosse* which insulated the keep. I presume it was a wet ditch, although whence supplied with water is hard to ascertain. About half a century since, the well that afforded water to the castle was accidentally discovered; but it was perfectly filled up with the rubbish and the *débris* of the donjon. It was excavated by order of Sir Francis Blake, until, at the depth of ninety feet, the water rose. The masonry was excellent, and proved that the art of well-sinking was perfectly understood in auld lang sync. Over the orifice, a huge flag is placed, to keep, as old George says, "the sheep an' callants frae tumlin' in." The loss of valuable quadrupeds would be certainly inconvenient to the proprietors, but I do think that Norham might well spare a dozen or two "callants"—for the alarming spread of population in an Irish fishing village, in my opinion, falls infinitely short of this prolific place. Let Harriet Martineau avoid it.

About the time that the well was discovered, permission was given the persons who tenanted the adjacent farm, to clear out the ditch, and manure the land with the earthy matter it contained, probably the deposit of many centuries. In the course of this operation, the remains of many ancient weapons were discovered, and a human skeleton was found in excellent preservation. What a train of fanciful conjecture arises from this resurrection of decayed mortality! Was that death the effect of accident, or midnight murder? Did the poor wretch, staggering hilariously from a drunken revel, find this ignoble grave? Or did the considerate castellan, in compliment to some fair one's feelings, substitute water for hemp, as the casement of my lady's boudoir looked out upon the hanging hill? What strange and fearful recollections are associated with the secret history of every feudal fortress!

In the process of clearing the choked-up ditch, more valuable reliques of antiquity than "cold iron," were discovered, and tradition says, that a chest of treasure was dug up by the fortunate excavators. "I dinna tak on me," remarked old George, "to say hoo far the story may be true—but this I know weel fra my ain feyther, that the men unyoked their carts in the middle o' the day, and never were seen at a plough-tail afterwards, but lived and died like gentlemen."

Several of the cannon-balls in my possession were found in the clearing of this *fosse*. The most remarkable is a stone shot of enormous

But that good man, as ill befalls,  
 Hath seldom left our castle walls,  
 Since on the vigil of St. Bede,  
 In evil hour he crossed the Tweed,  
 To teach Dame Alison her creed.  
 Old Bughtrig found him with his wife;  
 And John, an enemy to strife,  
 Sans frock and hood fled for his life.  
 The jealous churl hath deeply sworn,  
 That, if again he ventures o'er,  
 He shall shrieve penitent no more." MARMION.

size, and most excellent workmanship. It is a perfect sphere, and would require a ten-inch Paixhan to discharge it. Its discovery goes to prove what tradition has asserted, namely, that at one of the earlier sieges of Norham Castle, the celebrated "Mons Meg" was employed; save that gun, there was no piece of ordnance extant at the time which had calibre for such a bullet.

The variety of the balls, and the difference in their material, is strongly illustrative of the rude construction of old artillery, and all the appurtenances attached to field and siege ordnance; and the confusion which of necessity would arise from the number of bores of the cannon in those days, must have sadly embarrassed the men employed in working them. In the collection I have made, I have balls used at the sieges of Norham, Tantallon, Berwick, and Dunbar; and out of twenty-one, there are seventeen of different calibres, ranging from what in metal, would weigh seventy or eighty pounds, to one of four ounces and a half. Some are stone, others cast-iron, two are malleable metal, roughly rounded on the anvil; one is granite covered with a coating of lead, and several are lead entirely. The largest of the latter metal, weighs five pounds and a half, and was discharged from the Castle of Norham at an advancing enemy—as it was found this present spring, in a field at the distance of a quarter of a mile from the keep, by men occupied in draining.

The balls of hammered iron were discovered in the ruins of Tantallon, and bear evident appearance of being rudely fabricated by the sledge, as every portion of the surface carries on it marks of the forge-hammer. The larger is a nine-pound shot, the smaller a six-pounder—and both, I apprehend, had been projected from "Thrawn-mouth'd Mow or her Marrow," and one of the "two great botcards."\* The casting of the metal balls—three, four, and five pounds, is spherically correct, but the surface so rough, that they seem to have been moulded in coarse sand.

The spiral stair-case, by which the upper floors and battlements of the castle could be reached, was demolished a century ago, from the Norham callants in their search for jackdaws and young pigeons, having occasionally met with serious accidents in climbing these lofty walls. "At last," continued old George, "a bit body of a sweep had a tumble fra the top, and hurt himself a wee thing."

"Egad, he must have been rather the worse of such a tumble, George. Did he break any bones?"

"I dinna ken that precesely; but I know that he broke his neck," was the cool reply.

"That was quite sufficient, George."

"So to prevent mair damage, the whole of the stones were pued awa."

\* James V. laid siege to Tantallon in 1527, "and for its reduction, borrowed from the Castle of Dunbar, then belonging to the Duke of Albany, two great cannons, whose names, as Pitscottie informs us with laudable minuteness, were 'Thrawn-mouth'd Mow and her Marrow;' also, 'two great botcards, and two moyan, two double falcons, and four quarter falcons; for the safe-guiding and re-delivery of which, three lords were laid in pawn at Dunbar.'"—*Marmion*.

“And,” I said to myself, “was all this trouble taken because this sooty gentleman dislocated his vertebræ? Ah! blessings on you, Tipperary! If a corporation of sweeps cracked their necks in thee, thou land of Goshen, the devil a man from one end of the county to the other would step over the threshold, if a recurrence of the accident could be prevented by the removal of a chimney-pot!”

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## CHAPTER VI.

ONE of the most striking entrances from the English border into the Land of Cakes, is by the beautiful stone bridge which crosses the Tweed at Coldstream. The scenery is quiet—nothing that an artist would value at a pin’s fee—above, a fine, broad expanse of shining river—while immediately below, a dam-head drawn from bank to bank, forms an enormous pool where salmon, fresh from sea, delight to rest in, after their first run from salt-water has been successfully but laboriously accomplished. But though the artist would pass it unregarded by, and certainly,

“Tweed’s fair river, broad and deep,”

affords so many splendid and romantic combinations, on which the pencil may be gloriously employed, that tamer subjects will not arrest attention, there is another class of peripatetic philosophers who swear by Coldstream Bridge. To the worshipper of Walton there is fascination in the pool—while above the bridge, the bright unruffled sheet of water which the eye meets for a quarter of a mile, in the repose of a still spring evening, literally appears animated—every yard of the brilliant surface being broken by a thousand circles—and each announcing that an ephemeral history has been completed, and an insect is no more.

But though this long smooth expanse of bright water is tenanted by a myriad of the fish an angler loves, he rarely hopes to fill a basket there, until sky, wind, and water favourably unite to assist him. Where the stream elbows off, and becomes invisible from the bridge, there lies the El Dorado. For a bow-shot, the Tweed falls gradually over a rocky bottom, affording such a constant succession of sharp runs and broken water, that if the eidoleon of Isaac the “quaint and cruel”—as Byron most irreverently terms that father of the faithful—be ever permitted to revisit this pale orb, can it be doubted but many a midnight hour is passed there quietly by the old gentleman? Indeed the quantity of trouts which frequent these shallows is immense. On the preceding evening, being unfortunately alone in mine inn, and not being inclined to resort to the Irish expedient of drinking the right hand against the left, I made a late sally to the river. To this—not an hundred yards of water, I confined myself—and in an hour and a half—all the space that light permitted—I had basketed five dozen and a half of scaly victims, ranging in weight from an ounce to a pound.

\* \* \* \* \*



A spaight had brought up a number of clean fish early in the week, and although the water had cleared, the wind and sky appeared by mutual consent to have entered into an unholy alliance against the angler. As even approached, however, a few clouds and a fitful breeze induced me to make an attempt upon the salmon-pool below the bridge, and I despatched my *fidus Achates*—Mr. Claney—to put my rod together and launch the cobble. My head-quarters were at Cornfield—an ugly village with a most comfortable inn—and ten minutes' walk brought me to the scene of action, where boat and rod were waiting my arrival.

The weather proved unfavourable after all. The clouds were "few and far between"—the breeze came in what sailors term "cats'-paws."—and when you had secured the assistance of the one, the other was certain to be absent. I stirred a salmon twice, close to an opening in the weir left purposely for his accommodation; but the third time, he ruffled water and merely looked at the fly—a contemptuous indolence marking the lazy effort, as if he meant to insinuate that he repudiated one of the most artistic flies in my collection, as if it had been a Pennsylvanian bond. It was idle to tempt him longer: the ordinary imitation of a butterfly was scornfully rejected; triple gut was offensive to his eye; and, as a last resource, I substituted a delicate trout-line, with a couple of diminutive beauties attached thereto, which even a plethoric salmon might fancy on the same principle, that an overgorged alderman, to whom deer and turtle have become abominations, when he can't manage a woodcock, contents himself with a snipe.

I had hardly effected the exchange, and wetted and stretched my casting-line, when a cloud passed across the sun, and a breeze eddied through the arch, and rippled the pool delightfully. Away went the flies—and as the cast was happily executed, they dropped like thistle-down upon the surface. A salmon, like a lady, sometimes takes strange fancies. Up rose the indolent one—made a dash at the tail-fly—swallowed it—discovered his mistake—and then rushing along the barrier that formed the weir, he carried out, fast as the reel could deliver it, some seventy yards of line. Great delicacy was necessary; our reliance being in single gut—and a saltation by which, when pricked, he had I suppose intended to effect an instant emancipation, showing him a twelve-pounder, while his arched back and silvery scales\* announced him to be in the full vigour of a direct arrival from the ocean, and a fish that had not as yet experienced the sickening influence of fresh water. \*

After one or two rapid runs, he sulked and settled himself at the bottom. My ground-gear was too delicate to warrant me in teasing him into action—and my only chance was to play a cautious game. I had a fine clean pool in which to operate, could I but persuade the silver-scaled gentleman to let that remain the field of battle. But the pool had its *Scylla* and *Charybdis*. The arches of the bridge were

\* The change which a salmon undergoes on leaving the sea, and exchanging salt for fresh water, is rapid and remarkable. His silver becomes a dingy red, and the *Lerna Salmonæ* which adhered to his skin drop off. An experienced angler will, from the look of the fish, tell almost by what tide he entered the river.

open to him, should he fancy to rush up the river; and if he rubbed my slight tackle against a buttress, to a dead moral, he would be "the spoil of me;" while if the devil put it into his head to make a rush through "the King's gap,"\* then, indeed, to continue Jack Falstaff's parlance, I should be regulary "past praying for." To prevent this dreadful calamity, Clancy kept the cobble as near the opening in the dam-head as prudence would permit—and as the evening was fine, the bridge was crowded with spectators, who looked over the parapet to see how the *set-to* between Mr. Briddawn\* and myself would terminate; and, indeed, they were not long delayed before they witnessed the *finale* of the contest.

Suddenly, my active adversary recommenced hostilities. After a spring above water of three feet, he rushed to the northern arch of the bridge; but a stone or two thrown judiciously by an amateur alarmed him, and he turned. As the fancy say, he "had, however, made himself up for mischief," and finding obstructions presented to his intention of removing up the river—*suadente diabolo*—he resolved at all hazards to run down it. Straight as an arrow, he made directly for the royal gap—and in vain Clancy interposed the cobble to alarm him. At this unhappy moment, a thowel-pin broke short—the punt became unmanageable—and the reel could not take up the line fast enough to obtain command of a fish who seemed determined to run a muck. Down he went over the fall, and, as his Satanic Majesty would have it, the punt and my valet followed him. With better fortune, and just as Mr. Clancy entered the King's gap, I made a spring and lighted in safety on the dam-head. As the fall is not more than six feet high, and the water not very deep, Peter's disaster was followed by no worse consequences than a complete drenching, and a roar of laughter from the bridge. The fellow managed to gain the bank, picked up the broken fishing-rod, and joined me on the bridge, whither I had repaired after a marvellous escape from anabaptism.

On the Borders, the sovereignest thing on earth for all misfortunes, mental or physical, lies in the whiskey-bottle; and as there was a public-house close by, a supply of alcohol was to be obtained, and, consequently, for Mr. Clancy there was balm in Gilead. It being on the Scottish side, Hymen and Bacchus had entered into co-partnership, and made it a temple for the joint-occupancy of their respective votaries; and as two matrimonial artists were resident in Coldstream, Mrs. MacCleverty could obtain either at a call; and, as she averred, it very rarely happened that one or other of these invaluable gentlemen was not sufficiently sober to rivet the hymeneal fetter.

While the ill-starred attendant and I had been trying conclusions with the salmon, a carriage and four drove up to the Dun Cow, and a gentleman and lady dismounted—the object of their journey being avowedly to commit matrimony. Forthwith a message was despatched for one of the high priests, with especial directions to select the soberer of the twain; and when I and my Hibernian aide-de-camp repaired to

\* *King's gaps*, are often spaces proscribed by Act of Parliament to be left in weirs and dam-heads, to allow the salmon room to run up and spawn.

† The Irish name for a salmon.

the Dun Cow, we learned that the artist had just arrived, and that the love-sick couple were most impatient for the performance of the ceremony. I looked, and with some attention at the personage who was about to tie the indissoluble knot. He bore no external appearance of ascetic severity that I could discover, but, on the contrary, his nose exhibited a rich mulberry tinge, and his dress struck me as not being rigidly canonical. Moreover, the venerable man appeared to me in that comfortable state which, as Mahomet's coffin is said to hang between heaven and earth, balanced so critically between drunkenness and sobriety, that no man, on corporal oath, if he hesitated to declare that the reverend gentleman was "fou," would venture to assert that he was "fasting."

I had paid the small reckoning at the counter to "the lassie," and was preparing to evacuate the kitchen of this Border caravanserai, when Mrs. MacCleverty issued from an inner chamber, which seemed to be that of state, and beckoned to him with the rubicund nose to enter this sanctum, where the lovers were, with proper delicacy, shrouded from vulgar gaze. The reverend personage obeyed the summons; and as I was turning to depart, the hostess of the Dun Cow requested me to "stop a whee." She was the bearer of a message from the bridegroom elect, to request that I would do him the honour of giving the bride away. "Hughey Tamsan"—which, in common English meaneth Hugh Thompson—the wright next door, was unfortunately frae hame; but if I would oblige the Captain, the wedding would go off more genteelly. The gentleman was an Irishman, for there was an O before his name. He had given it to her with his compliments—but troth! she had jist managed to forget it.

The proposition was embarrassing. I, of the despised order called old bachelors—one, whom no pledge of mutual love had ever blessed—one, whose heart infantine prattle had never delectated, as the smiling cherub in its first short clothes,

"Lisped from its father's knee,"

those delightful nothings, which glad the parent's soul,—here was I required to accept *instantly* an adult daughter of whose birth, parentage, and education I was profoundly ignorant. Egad! no. I would be next required I suppose to provide for the issue of the marriage, and therefore determined to decline.

"Would I oblige the Captain?"

That question was put happily by the hostess. There is freemasonry among gentlemen of the sword. We were of the same order; and would I see a brother of the blade inconvenienced? Blood is thicker than water; there was an O before his name; we were both Emeralders of course; and, by the Lord! were it only for the honour of "the ould country," I could not, for the life of me, say no. I assented; and Mrs. MacCleverty conducted me to the shrine of Hymen—the same shrine having a small window, an old-fashioned clock, a bed in one corner, and a cag of whiskey in the other.

As I entered, the proprietor of the fair fugitive politely advanced

to meet me ; but, when in the centre of the room, he came to a dead halt, and shading his eyes with his hand looked at me with fixed attention.

“ Arrah ! Hector, jewel, is that yourself ? ” drawled out a voice, in which surprise and uncertainty were united. In return, I took advantage of the better light the stranger stood in, to reconnoitre his outward man ; and, by everything hymeneal ! in the candidate for the holy estate, I recognized my old fellow subaltern in the gallant 88th—Fitzgerald O’Boyle !

“ It is myself, my dear Fitz—your friend in auld lang syne, and, if I understand the landlady, your father-in-law at present. ”

“ Oh, murder ! was there ever such luck ! My darling girl, let me introduce you to an old acquaintance, and one for whom I have the tenderest regard. This is my bosom friend, and an *ould* Peninsular—glory to the name ! though they’re out of fashion now-a days. God be with the time when we slept under the same tree—ay ! and marched afterward eight and forty hours, on a ration that would scarce have satisfied a snipe.

I saluted the lady. She was, indeed, a very pretty girl, and Friz was flattered at my approbation. The man with the rubicund nose hinted that the sooner matters were made safe the better. Witnesses were accordingly brought in—and in five minutes, Captain Ignacius Fitzgerald O’Boyle, and Maria Alexandrina Figgins were declared to be lawfully united.

Evening was shutting in, when we took our departure from the Dun Cow for the hotel at Cornhill, whither I had despatched my faithful follower to order supper, and apartments for the happy pair. On reaching the inn, all was in full preparation ; and while the travellers are repairing the toilet damages incident to a hurried journey, and the waiter is laying the cloth, I’ll tell the reader, and in a few words, who were this amorous couple.

The gallant captain was a younger scion of the O’Boyles of Cloona-muddagh. Theirs was an ancient lineage—and they once possessed extensive estates. From time to time, the property had been gradually disposed of ; and the lands now attached to the lordship of Cloona-muddagh were much broader than productive. For four generations, a pack of fox-hounds and an open house had kept the owner, for the time being, in constant trouble—and a contested election, in which the present proprietor had nearly proved successful, relieved the aspirant after parliamentary honours from the trouble of receiving his rents—the Lord Chancellor having very kindly obliged him with a deputy. Fitz, the third son of this last gentleman, was a stout soldier and a steady friend—rather inclined to quarrel in his own person, but a man who delighted to accommodate the differences of others—a task in which he had been eminently successful. His face was truly Milesian—his figure unobjectionable for a flanker—his address easy and assured—his age verging upon twenty-seven. Wherever he went, the women hailed his advent—while the men read with undisguised satisfaction the name of Captain Fitzgerald O’Boyle, in the list of fashionable departures. It was said that the gallant Captain was rather successful with the softer

sex—indeed, that he was a sort of Hibernian Cæsar who conquered when he came—at sight.

“And now, my dear Fitz,” I said, as he returned to the supper-room, “will you let me know who my pretty daughter is?”

“Faith! and that’s the least I can do for your civility in adopting her,” replied Captain O’Boyle.

“I need not tell you, my dear Hector,” he continued, “that so long as I can remember anything, we were always tight up at Cloonamud-dagh—and the worst was, we had no means of pulling in. To break up the kennel, would have broken my father’s heart; and the *ceade fealteagha*\* that for three centuries opened the house to every devil from the corners of the earth, who chose to drop in with a ‘God save all here,’ was not, as you know, in Ireland to be interrupted. That infernal election, however, was a regular wind-up. Only for it, we might have gone on ‘cooling and supping’ as they say, and by robbing Peter to pay Paul, kept the hall-door open; but down came a Chancery decree—the estates were put under a receiver—and the consequence was, that we were ruined teetotally.

“I was going down to Greenwood and Cox’s to draw a trifle I had there, when who should I meet in the Strand but Matt Fortescue. Being both of us in trouble, we dropped naturally enough into the Ship for mutual consolation.”

“You heard, Matt,” said I, ‘of the receiver?’

“And you heard, Naty,” said he in return, ‘of my affliction?’

“I read it in the Times,” says I. Now Matt’s wife, a draper’s widow, whom he had picked up ten years before in Brighton, had slipped her cable suddenly; and as her jointure went along with her, she was very sincerely lamented.

“I moved,” said Matt, ‘from private lodgings in Margate into a boarding-house to drown sorrow in society—and faith! I think I could have replaced my irreparable loss, only that poor, dear, lamented Mrs. F—, is only sodded a week yesterday.’

“And who may be the lady?” I inquired.

“Oh! a widow,” says he, ‘they’re the safest by far, as ye can before you come to house-keeping, know all about them for a shilling at Doctor’s Commons.’

“Well, Matt, you must only lie by until a decent period to indulge in sorrow has elapsed.”

“Arrah, my dear fellow!” returned the afflicted widower, ‘Mrs. Boothby, as they call her, will never hold out another month. Why she’s only there a couple of days, and she is already making eyes at a swell-mob-looking fellow across the table. But is it not a melancholy thing to see a middle-aged gentlewoman, with eight hundred a year, going to throw herself away upon a lispng cockney, who, as they tell me, manufactures marking ink?’

“Very sad, indeed,” I replied. ‘I suppose that a long period of bereavement has at last subdued her sorrow for the dear departed. Who was he, Matt?’

“The devil—Christ pardon us for calling a dead man out of his

\* Hundred welcomes.

name!—kept a cake shop in the Minories, and he was planted a couple of months ago. Would you be inclined to put your *comether*\* on the widow?’

“‘And become successor to a pastry-cook, and serve tarts, I suppose, across the counter! No, no, my dear Matt. Bad as matters are at Cloonmuddagh, they never could stand lollypops and spiced gingerbread.’

“‘Oh, murder!’ exclaimed Fortescue. ‘She’ll drop into the hands of one of the most superlative snobs that ever set foot in a Margate steamer. But, come down. What between cliff walks, and St. Peter’s Gardens, we’ll get over a week or two. Meet me in the morning at London Bridge; and who knows what luck’s before us? And may be, after all, the devil would stand our friend.’

“‘In this pious reliance Mr. Fortescue took his leave, and I promised to be punctual and meet him at the wharf. True to my appointment, I was at the bridge in good time—and forthwith embarked my person among a crowd of snobbish men and noisy women.

“‘While Matt was carefully inspecting every female passenger on whose garments he could detect an inch of crape, I had discovered an interesting girl seated near the wheel, engaged in netting a silk purse, and apart from all the company. Struck with her appearance, I took a vacant seat beside her, and an accidental civility in picking up her reticule afforded an opportunity of entering into conversation. As I had suspected, she was voyaging alone to join her aunt at Ramsgate; a cousin who had promised to escort her down the river, having been suddenly obliged by urgent business to forego the anticipated pleasure.

“‘I found her artless and conversable; and I flatter myself that she felt that she had a gentleman beside her, and accordingly availed herself of my protection. I conducted her to the saloon when dinner was announced; and, as young men in want of a situation express it in the ‘Times,’ made myself ‘generally useful.’ Nor was honest Matt, to do him justice, throwing time away—for he had commenced the sentimental with a stout gentlewoman in second mourning, whom, Heaven knows how, he had discovered to be the relict of a West End boot-maker who had kicked the bucket a twelvemonth back, leaving to the fair and fat one an easy independence, the stock in trade, and a house at Putney.

“‘But this was not the only information that Mr. Fortescue had managed to pick up; for after dinner, when we had resumed our seats on deck, Matt whispered in my ear,

“‘By the powers of pewter! Hector, jewel, you have the biggest heiress between this and Ramsgate at your side. Don’t spare soft solder for the love of God! The Lord be praised!—I’m doing pretty well myself, and with the assistance of the Blessed Virgin, I’ll change Mother Gilbert’s name to Fortescue within a fortnight.’

“‘When we ranged along the pier at Ramsgate, upon my soul! I was over head and ears in love, and I had a shrewd suspicion that my little civilities had not failed in making a favourable impression. As the evening was fine, Ramsgate had poured forth its cockney popula-

\* An Irish expression, meaning to gain the affections of a lady.

tion—and conspicuous above the crowd, appeared a portly gentlewoman with a brace of cocked-hatted attendants at her side, whom the pretty companion of my voyage apprized me was her honoured aunt—to wit, the Lady Mayoress.

“I won’t detain you, my dear Hector, with my course of love; but harp-lessons, libraries, and donkey-riding gave me the necessary opportunities of pressing my suit in secret. From some unknown cause, my lady-aunt took alarm. Maria was the *fiancée* of her only son, and by a union of the cousins, the wealth of both families would be concentrated. Hitherto, the fair orphan had heard that such an alliance was contemplated with indifference; but now, to make assurance doubly sure, preparations in the shape of settlements were commenced, and an early day was named for the celebration of the marriage. But another spirit had come over the young lady’s dream—and for the first time she demurred to the arrangements, and steadily objected to immediate matrimony. The Lady Mayoress pressed her wishes with more zeal than discretion, while I urged disobedience with better taste and more effect. Love eventually came off triumphant—and here we are, my dear father and quondam comrade, securely riveted, after leaving Ramsgate in an uproar, and as I suppose, placing the Mansion House in a state of mourning.”

As he ended his narrative, the fair fugitive appeared, supper was served; and as wayfarers require rest, we retired at an early hour. In an hour, the inn was silent as La Trappe; the travellers no doubt were sleeping, or, at least they ought to have been so. My dreams were piscatorial—and, in fancy, I was again engaged with my successful antagonist, who had left me lamenting at the bridge. I slept soundly, and was in the very act of landing the exhausted salmon, when the opening of my chamber door, and the flash of candles through the curtains dispelled my dreams, and in marvellous surprise, I started bolt upright in the bed—for the room was filled with company.

“I demand my disobedient niece,” exclaimed a stout gentlewoman, in a purple pelisse and a towering passion.

“Give up my misguided ward,” continued a very apoplectic-looking personage with a pury voice.

“And I insist upon having my affianced wife, instanter,” screamed a lean young man, who seemed tolerably well advanced in a galloping consumption.

“And where the devil am I to find misguided wards and disobedient nieces?” I furiously returned.

“Oh! you wicked middle-aged man,” roared the stout gentlewoman; “to run away with—”

“I deny the charge, Madam, I was the person *ran away with*. A malicious-minded salmon carried my casting line over a dam-head, and took a vagabond called Clancy, through the King’s gap, I suppose to keep it company.”

“And are you not married?” continued the lady in the purple pelisse.

“I am not, Madam; and if you have any thing matrimonial to pro-

pose, I would hint that the drawing-room would be the discreeter place wherein to make your hymeneal overtures."

Now, profiting by the delay which the waiter had dexterously occasioned, by misdirecting the midnight intruders, and sending them into an apartment that was not the right one, Captain O'Boyle had time to make a hurried toilet, and finding that his citadel would be immediately assailed, like an able General, he determined to anticipate the attack. Arrayed in dressing-gown and slippers, and with a bed-room candle in his hand, with matchless effrontery he glided into my chamber, and innocently inquired the reason: "Why his bride should be alarmed, and his own repose interrupted at this unseasonable hour?" In a moment, the lady recognized him as the real Simon Pure, and a desperate *mêlée* of "question fierce, and proud reply," followed. The lady stormed: the younger gentleman swore he would dissolve the marriage; and the older inquired, whether Captain O'Boyle would ever venture to appear in London after insulting its authorities in his person, and also begged to know in what way he, the said Captain, intended to satisfy the Lord Chancellor? Captain O'Boyle, in return, passed the lady by in silence, called Mr. Theodore Figgins a snob, consigned the Corporation, root and branch, to Pandemonium, and expressed his readiness to give satisfaction to the Keeper of the Great Seal, wherever and whenever the occupant of the woolsack should demand it. I took advantage of a lull—and being altogether innocent in all matters touching the abduction of the heiress, requested and obtained an audience.

"My good people, as a person altogether disinterested, will you favour me for a few minutes with a hearing? Without discussing the indiscretion of the young lady, or the impudence of that bashful gentleman with the bed-room candlestick in his hand, I must state, as an eye-witness, that the ceremony has been legally performed—that the parties are living under this roof as man and wife—that death alone can sever the existing union, and, in a word, the mischief is completed. I have reason to believe that, between the fair fugitive and her husband, in point of wealth, there is a marked disparity upon his side. As a gentleman, none can moot Captain O'Boyle's claims to that title, if an ancient lineage, and an honourable career in arms, are held sufficient. Nay, permit me to go farther—the proudest lady in the land need not blush to rest upon the arm of a man who crowned the breach at Rodrigo, and tried the temper of Irish steel with the Imperial Guard at Fuentes. Let me act, on this occasion, the part of a mediator. In that sweet face," and I looked at Mrs. Figgins, who had once been a city belle, "I see beauty and beneficence combined. She would pardon, rather than upbraid; and would she but retire to the bridal-chamber, I am sure the crime of love would have only to be confessed and forgiven."

After a little demur, the Lady Mayoress assented, and even accepted the escort of the abductor of her niece.

"And now, gentlemen," I continued, addressing myself to the worthy Alderman and his heir apparent, "no doubt a long and rapid journey, such as you have just performed, has been attended with personal inconvenience—"



"Inconvenience!" exclaimed the ruler of the modern Babylon, "nothing for six and thirty hours but hurry-skurry. Not a regular meal—not one moment allowed to promote digestion, since we quitted the stones! What I ate, where I ate, and when I ate, I could not pretend to guess."

And the Alderman sighed bitterly.

"*Rem acu*," I observed, "the very butt I aimed at. In this house—I declare it on the word of a Christian man, and also a Companion of the Bath—they are unrivalled at salmon-cutlets and branded chickens. They have a fish at present in the larder, that at twilight was disporting in the Tweed; and if you will allow me the honour of presiding for this night, I will forfeit a quarter's half-pay, if I do not parade a supper worthy even of a Lord Mayor himself."

My invitation was gratefully accepted. I made a hasty toilet, and reached the eating-room in time to receive Mrs. Figgins, who confessed that Maria's tears had conquered, and that the fugitives were forgiven.

After breakfast next morning—at which the happy couple appeared, and where their pardon was duly ratified—while the carriage was being brought round, the Alderman called the gallant Captain to the window:

"You gentlemen of the sword," he said, addressing my bashful camarado, "are generally warmer in the heart than in the pocket. This," and he placed a cheque for £500 in the Captain's hand, "is a trifle for a tour. Don't return to town until this nine days' wonder has blown over. I shall be laughed at, I expect, for letting £80,000 slip from my family. But no matter—Theodore will have enough without it. And as the prize was fated to pass to a stranger, I rejoice that a stout soldier was the winner."

The carriage came round: the Figgins family departed. As the day was dark and breezy, Mr. Clancy was in attendance. Leaving the happy fugitives to bill and coo, I headed, with my swarthy companion, to "silver Tweed," marvelling at the singular luck by which an Irish gentleman, *quocunque jeceris*, manages to drop upon his legs!

On my return with a fresh-run salmon, and a creel of trouts, a note from my loving countryman intimated that he had started to visit "fair Melease" with his blooming bride.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### LEGEND OF NORHAM KIRK-YARD.

WITHIN the range of the antiquated artillery which had once armed the mouldering walls of Norham Castle, the remains of a large mansion-house may yet be traced—for being built chiefly of the ashlers taken from the dismantled fortress from their size and the solidity of the building, they have partially resisted the hand of time. The appearance of the house has been forgotten—but tradition says that it was erected on a scale much too extensive for the resources of the founder; and with

profuse hospitality and a fancy for dabbling with politics—at that time a matter more unsafe and expensive than at present—the ruin of Ralph Fenwick had been effected. Certain it is, that being out in “the forty-five” added to his activity in “the fifteen,” drew down such fines and forfeitures, that the last remnant of his lands, and the very roof that sheltered him, passed consequently, into the hands of a stranger,—and no one at the time knew whom.

Fenwick had an only child—a daughter named Helen—as remarkable for her personal beauty, as for a bold and masculine spirit. She had unfortunately lost her mother when an infant, and a temper that required maternal control to have checked its violence in early youth, through the ill-judging indulgence of a fond father, was suffered to run riot, and become at last irreclaimable. At the time that her father’s ruin was consummated, Helen Fenwick was only twenty-two,—but handsome as she was, she still remained unwedded. It was said that none had sought her hand save one—he was a cadet of a noble house—a title since attained; and having been out with the young Chevalier, he was obliged to quit the kingdom, and enter a foreign service, where rumour asserted he had perished on the field. Helen Fenwick loved young Morton with an ardour that might be well imagined in one afflicted with a wild and impetuous spirit like her own; and when tidings of her lover’s death reached the Border, she put on mourning, and swore secretly that her heart should never be transferred to another.

It was late in the evening, and snow was falling fast, when the ruined laird, and her who might be termed a widowed daughter, were seated at either side of a blazing wood fire, on which both gazed in listless but melancholy silence. News had arrived that day, in the slow course with which intelligence then reached the Tweed-side from London, that the purchaser of Fenwick’s property would speedily arrive to claim and take possession. The old Borderer poured the remainder of a flask of red wine into his goblet—drained it to the bottom—and with a heavy sigh expressed curiosity to know to whom his property had passed.

“That you’ll know over soon, I fancy,” replied his daughter, as she raised her eyes from the blazing logs, and cast a mingled look of pity and reproach upon him, whose improvidence and folly had entailed poverty upon both.

At that moment, the tramp of horses’ feet was heard without—and presently, the only male attendant of a once large establishment entered the chamber to announce that a stranger had arrived, and required a night’s lodging.

“It is the last which Ralph Fenwick will have it in his power to bestow, and say that he is welcome.”

“He is not welcome!” exclaimed his fiery daughter. “Say that the family are not inclined to receive company at present. There is a change-house at Norham—and the ride is but half a mile.”

While these contradictory orders were being delivered, the stranger, who seemed to stand on scanty ceremony, had followed the domestic, and was standing in the doorway; and now advancing with assurance to the fire, he exclaimed, as he coolly shook the snow from his riding cloak,

"Gramercy! fair lady, for your kind advice, which I pray your excuse for not following, notwithstanding. A man who finds himself in his own hall on a snowy night, methinks, would show but little wit to leave it in the dark to seek a strange hostelrie."

The eyes of the father and daughter were instantly turned on the intruder; and while Fenwick gazed on the new proprietor with a subdued look, Helen's darkened glance ran over the stranger from head to foot with haughty indifference. All unabashed with his cold reception, the wayfarer removed his slouched hat, hung his cloak quietly on a peg, drew a chair before the fire, and having seated himself, he stretched his heavy riding boots towards the hearth, like a man determined not only to make himself perfectly at home, but also to afford ample opportunity to any one who felt inclined to make a personal investigation of his outer man.

The appearance of the stranger was not particularly favourable. He was a stout, clumsy, vulgar style of man, with a common-place face, bronzed by exposure to a tropic sun, and pitted deeply with pock-marks. His age might be sixty, or probably a year or two beyond it. His manners were coarse, his bearing rude, and his ease unlike that of a man of gentle birth.

"Helen," said the ruined laird, "get supper and a flask of wine—and see that a chamber be prepared for this gentleman."

"We *must* do so, I presume," was the lady's uncourteous answer. "It shall be done, father, but with a sorry welcome."

"Nay," said the stranger, as he laid his hand upon the fair one's arm, when she rose to execute her parent's order. "By the mass! a strapping wench. Muster thy good humour, lassie. A house, you know, will need a mistress—and who can say but I might wive thee as well as another."

"Wife!" she repeated with a laugh of scorn, as she flung his arm aside. "An thou wert better-favoured, and I lacked a grandsire, I might choose thee, possibly. But, God's mercy! a wife! Ha! ha! ha! I cannot forbear a laugh when I hear an old man speak such folly!" and so saying she hurried from the room.

The purchaser of Fenwick's forfeited estate called himself Hugh Robson. His extraction was the humblest. His father had been a tailor, and he himself saw the light first in the garret of a mean house in one of the overcrowded alleys of ancient London. He was a wild and profligate youth—and before he reached sixteen, had several times been in the hands of justice. The probability is strong, that his career would have been briefly and disgracefully closed, had not accident interposed between him and the gallows. He was kidnapped—then a common-place occurrence—and sent to the plantations. There he became a slave-driver, buccaneered a little, and at last managed to induce a planter's widow to marry him, and through her became a man of property. On her decease, he sold the slaves and plantation, and returned with the money he had thus realized to England. Such was the personage who had claimed the hospitality of the unthrifty Borderer, and received such welcome as we have described.

A few days passed. Ralph Fenwick's affairs were wound up; and

it was ascertained that he was reduced to abject poverty. The springs of human action are at times incomprehensible. From the moment that Robson had seen the haughty beauty, he determined that she should become his wife; and, strange as it may appear, her scorn and contempt served but to confirm his resolution. In his own rude manner, he urged his suit—the inducement being a liberal settlement. The offer was disdainfully rejected. He spoke to Helen's father—proposed to place him in his alienated property for life; and, to a ruined man, held out such powerful considerations to enlist his mediation, that with Fenwick he perfectly succeeded. What could have been his object in obtaining the hand of a woman who evidently despised him, remains a mystery. Could it be that he was ambitious of mingling the puddle in his own veins with the red blood of the Border; or, from a mere perversity of will, overcome an opposition to wishes which he had secretly determined should be gratified? Whatever was the influencing motive, Hugh Robson persevered—and he succeeded.

The night before Helen gave a reluctant consent, old Mabel, her nurse, was closeted with her young mistress.

"Tak him, my bonny child. Your lover's in a bluidy grave, and a' will come round again wi' yer feyther. The ill-faced carl canna ootlast twa or three years at maist. His heart's burned up in the Indies; and when he dees, ye'll be but a youthfu' widda; and wi' broad lands and muckle siller, ye may ha' the brawest lad upon the Border."

Whether parental affection, or the prospect of an early widowhood and jointured lands prevailed, Helen Fenwick consented to accept a man she not only despised, but hated.

On the morning her assent was formally given to this infelicitous union, Robson and her father waited her decision in the hall. With a haughty step she entered the apartment, and advancing towards the bridegroom in expectancy, she thus addressed him:

"I am come," she said, "to signify my consent, but I will at the same time deal candidly with you. My heart is sleeping in the grave with the only man I loved; but had it never warmed for another, to you it should be dead. Now, thus forewarned, are you desirous to obtain this hand?"

The infatuated man muttered an assent.

"Then in the devil's name be it yours!" and flinging it to him, she continued: "The bargain is complete, and the sooner the lawyer and priest enact their parts, the better."

So saying, she hurried from the room.

Never was a union more ominously contracted—for an impending storm burst at the very moment she named the enemy of man, and a thunderbolt struck a chimney from the mansion. The settlements were drawn up, the ceremonial was performed, and Helen, nominally, became a wife. Instead of responding to the ritual, in which love and obedience were demanded of her, she answered with a haughty bow; and ere the first week had passed over, she insisted on occupying a separate apartment.

Calamity followed fast upon this unholy marriage. The moon, surnamed the honey one, "had not yet filled her horns," when in at-

tempting to cross the Tweed when flooded, her father and the horse he rode, were swept down the angry stream and perished in her sight. Had her hand been sacrificed on his account, it now was unavailing. Possibly she thought so, and felt her association with Robson more intolerable than before. She wedded—a union it could not be called—for save when they met at table, they lived as much apart as before the mockery of marriage had been undergone.

Two circumstances were mortifying to Hugh Robson. Like most men who spring into unexpected wealth, he was desirous to found a family, and leave a male heir behind him; but the unnatural terms on which he and his wayward lady lived, forbade that hope entirely. The other cause of annoyance was wounded pride. He was richer than any of the neighbouring gentlemen by far, and solicitous to display his wealth, and exhibit his hospitality; but under one plea or other, his entertainments were but thinly attended—while several of the old Border families declined visiting him altogether. These matters added fuel to the fire at home; his wife in name, grew daily more intractable—his caresses were repulsed with loathing—his entreaties were heard with a cold ear—until at last, a naturally bad temper, brutalized afterwards by a long familiarity with the heartless cruelty he had resorted to when a negro-driver, led him in a fit of passion to threaten his wayward wife with personal chastisement. But little did he yet know the indomitable spirit he had to deal with, for ere the words had passed his lips, Helen sprang from the chair she sat on, and fearlessly crossed the apartment to the place he stood.

“Villain!” she cried, “that threat alone was wanting to place thy character in its true light. What! and thou wouldst flog me, God sooth! as thou erstwhile flayed thy blacks. See ye that hand?” and she extended her finely-rounded arm, until her fingers had nearly met his. “Touch but that hand, and by every hope I hold of Heaven, I’ll sheath this dagger in your heart.”

Robson was brutal, cruel, and daring, but not brave; and the glittering poniard she had plucked from her bosom, but still more her excited attitude and flashing eyes, terrified the quondam slave-driver. The challenged pressure of her hand was not accepted—and after standing a minute with an arm extended in the fixed attitude of a statue, she coolly replaced the dagger in her breast, and turning away in contemptuous silence, left the hall.

A week elapsed, and to every request to join the board at dinner-hour, a contemptuous refusal had been returned—but on the eighth evening, an incident occurred which brought on a domestic tragedy. At night-fall, a stranger and his groom stopped at the hall, and knocking at the door, requested hospitality. Right willingly Hugh Robson proceeded to welcome the unknown guest, while he despatched a female servant to his refractory wife, to announce the unexpected arrival, and for that night only, he implored her to grace the supper-table with her presence.

“Tell him,” said she, “that we never sit at the same board; that—but hold! a sudden impulse urges me. I will accept the invitation, ay,

were it to be the last one. Tell Janet to come here—I must needs, God sooth! to mend my dress a little.”

In five minutes the tire-woman appeared, and with the liberty which a favourite domestic will occasionally assume, she insisted on a total alteration in the toilet.

“May I never be married—and Heaven knows, unless it were a happier one than thine, lady, I would pray that I should die unwedded—the noblest stranger I have looked on for many a day is standing at the hall fire.”

“What looks he, Janet?”

“A soldier, and a bold one,” was the maid’s reply.

“His age, girl?”

“Thirty, in appearance; but, as I think, in reality five years younger,” said the attendant.

“Is he tall or short?”

“He stands a full head over Mr. Robson.”

“Pish! name him not; describe the stranger.”

“Tall, slight, sinewy; eyes and hair jet black, an arching brow, a thin moustache, teeth white as pearl, and the deepest voice I ever listened to, and, yet the while, a sweet one,” returned the tire-woman.

“Could the grave give up its dead, I would say that it was Reginald himself. Oh, no, no! death’s harvest is always safely gathered in, and he whom I only loved, or ever could love, is sleeping in unbroken rest. Were it only to recall the memory of the dead by the similitude of the living, I will to the hall—ay, and tire me bravely; I would look well even to him who bore the slightest semblance to Reginald Morton.”

Arrayed in a rich deep mourning-dress, which best becomes a fine woman as men say, the lady descended to the hall. The door was open, and the stranger was standing before the fire with his back turned to the entrance. He seemed buried in deep thought, for the rustling of the lady’s silken robe did not attract his notice until, when within a yard or two, she pronounced the customary words of welcome. The stranger started, and turned round. Saints and devils! it was not a mere semblance of the long lost lover—but Reginald Morton himself!

Wonder and shame struck the proud lady dumb, and the stranger preserved a contemptuous silence. At this embarrassing moment, Robson suddenly returned.

“I pray thee, fair sir,” he said, hurriedly, “to excuse me for some ten minutes. A messenger from Edinburgh has brought me an important paper, which must be signed and delivered in the court there before noon to-morrow. I leave thee to the care of my lady wife. Helen, the gentleman will find yon flask of Burgundy indifferent good. Pledge his good health till I return.”

He said, and was hastily leaving the chamber, when in passing a huge deer-hound of uncommon beauty that belonged to the stranger, Robson placed his hand on the dog’s head. A sudden snap betrayed the hound’s displeasure.

“Confound thee!” exclaimed the host; “thy teeth are sharp ones,” and he hastened from the hall.

"And art thou living, Reginald?" were the first words the humbled beauty uttered.

"As certainly alive, as thou art a lady wife," and the reply was ironically delivered.

"Reginald!" returned the dame in a subdued voice, "they said that thou hadst fallen on the battle-field, and I mourned for thee."

"Until another came to comfort thee. Gad's life! I cannot compliment thee honestly on thy selection, Helen. I marvel no more that woman's fancies have been ever held unaccountable. Why thou hast mated with one whom poor Kilbuck there," and he pointed to the deer-hound, "disdained to make acquaintance with."

On hearing his own name pronounced, the dog approached his master, and laid his wiry muzzle on his hand.

"Ay, honest Kilbuck, were I away a century, and thou couldst live so long, did I return, I would find *thee* faithful."

"Reginald!" exclaimed the lady, as tears rolled down her cheeks, "if thou wouldst kill me, use daggers, but don't speak them!" and she took the stranger's hand, who passively allowed it to remain in the grasp of her whom he had once loved so faithfully, and muttered thus:

"And was it for this that Reginald Morton's steed was foremost in the charge? Ay, he wanted fame, to share it with her from whom fortune for a time had parted him. Was it for this he crowned the breach at Breda? He wanted wealth, and the heavy purse of gold that rewarded the boldest adventurer was given him. Was it for this, when fame was won and name had been acquired, he overcame his dislike to the reigning dynasty, and accepted a command from the house of Hanover? Helen, I am master of five hundred golden coins. Not one of them was earned but with the red blood of these veins. I have won a name, and thou shouldst have shared it. Had I found thee destitute, I would have clasped thee closer to my heart; ay, even hadst thou been honestly widowed, former love might have pleaded in thy favour, and even in that case, I might have made thee mine. But wedding as thou didst—mating with yon churl, for dross, mere dross—oh! 'tis disgusting! But no more, my say is said; I came only to tell thee, that whilst thou wert false, that I was faithful. Fare thee well, Helen, mayst thou be happier than I."

"Thou wouldst not go!" exclaimed the lady, passionately. "What, depart without rest or food?"

"Food!" said the stranger, and his dark moustache curled in contempt. "Sit at the same board, and eat the bread of Helen Fenwick's lord. By the true Lord, the first morsel would choke me dead! But, lady, I will not leave thee uncourteously," he said, and approached the table, filled a goblet to the brim with Burgundy, pledged health and happiness to the dame, and drained it to the bottom.

"And now, honest Kilbuck, we will wend our way, as we have done for years, together. I would not touch thy lips, Helen—the carl's mayhap had pressed them ere I entered. I'll wring the hand that once was pledged to me—and now God sain thee!"

Fixed in the attitude of mute despair—incapable of motion as the marble effigy which decks some royal tomb—Helen saw him whom she

only loved depart, and made no effort to detain him. She listened as the hall-door closed—she heard horse-tramps pass the window. “He is gone!” was her only remark, and taking a taper from the side-board she left the hall.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

GREAT was Mr. Robson’s astonishment and dismay, when on despatching the courier and his despatches, he found a deserted chamber, and stranger, dog, and mistress gone. Besides a lost guest and a levanted lady, he had, however, other causes for uneasiness. The hound’s teeth had penetrated his finger till they met—and in the vulgar belief of the day, he dreaded should the dog at any future time be rabid, that, as a matter of course, he too, would madden. He sought to learn the cause of this sudden departure, but the anxious inquiries he addressed through her tire-woman, were answered very unsatisfactorily; and were, at last, concluded by an imperious order, that no farther messages should be sent her—she waved her hand—desired to be left alone till morning—the attendant obeyed the order—the chamber door was locked—and the proud and wretched dame was left to commune with herself.

“And is he, indeed, living?” she said, as she paced the chamber. “Ay! living as certain as I am wedded. And he won gold for me—gold, with his own red blood. He won glory on the battle-field, and he would have shared it with me. Were I in poverty, he would have sheltered me in his bosom, and I believe him. Had I been widowed—honestly, he added—early love would have pleaded in extenuation for—”

She stopped suddenly—the devil suggested the thought—her brows contracted till they met.

“Ha! Reginald! thou shalt yet be wedded to the widow!”

\* \* \* \* \*

The age of superstition was not yet over, and many a trace of old and contemptible fancies still remained among the Borderers. One prevalent belief was, that certain diseases might be remedied or averted by spells and planetary influence. The terrible effects which too frequently follow the bite of a rabid dog, were among those that were considered thus curable; and while the only means which reason and experience point out were neglected, namely, excision with the knife or cauterly immediately applied, charms were foolishly resorted to; and, of course, if the poison had been communicated, the patient fell a sacrifice to popular fallacy. Mr. Robson’s accident was bruited over the country—and a mysterious colouring was thrown over the unfortunate transaction by the sudden disappearance of the dog who had inflicted the bite, and the personage who owned him.

In the application of supernatural agencies to remedy human diseases, a beldame, named Meg Gormly, was reputed to be eminently skilful, and Robson was easily prevailed upon to send for and consult



her. Ruined as the Fenwick family had been, they still were held in honourable recollection; and when wealth, acquired by her unhappy alliance, had enabled her to accomplish it, a number of retainers whom the altered fortunes of her father had thrown on the world to shift as they best could, were again taken into service by the daughter of the deceased Jacobite. The whole of the establishment were the fosterers and followers of the old house—and among them, Robson was looked upon as an intruder—while a whispered wish of his haughty lady would have commanded their devoted obedience.

That Meg Gormly had been summoned was instantly communicated to Robson's lady—and an order was issued that the old woman on her arrival, should be first introduced to herself, before she saw the patient. It was done; and in the haze of an autumnal evening, the wise-woman was conducted to the lady's private chambers. The figures, but not the faces of the sorceress and Robson's wife were visible.

"Is the door closed?" was the opening question.

"It is, noble dame," was the reply.

"Then step forward, and stand between me and the oriel."

Meg Gormly obeyed an order she felt to be imperious, and placed herself between the lady and the window.

"Is thy memory good?"

"Thank God, sight and sense fail me not," said the person thus addressed.

"Then thou canst possibly remember, some ten years syne, when the stupid villagers had set thee to swim within a horsepond for a witch, and when thou wert half-drowned—couldst thou recall to memory the name of him who saved thee from the rabble, and had thee restored to life?"

"Right weel, lady; quiet to his ashes! It was thine honoured father."

"And wouldst thou repay life preserved?"

"Ay, marry, would I; and that right willingly."

"My Lord—pish!—he, I mean, to whom I am wedded, is bitten by a dog. They fear the beast was rabid."

"Oh, then, honoured lady, can I not give thee comfort! I am here the messenger of blessed news. But yesterday, when returning from the moors, on a lonely hill-path which leads amongst the Cheviots, and is never ridden but by sportsmen, and in auld lang syne by better men, I mean the moss-troopers, I encountered a young gallant. His presence was right noble; his horse would cost a hundred crowns; but the noblest beast I ever looked upon, was the deer-hound that trotted by his side. As he rode up I asked a charity; he reined his courser up, flung me a tester; but the best news is to come—his was the hound that bit your noble lord, and while he searched his pouch for the piece o' siller, the gallant hound walked into the pool, lapped the water plentifully, and then rowed himself in the burnie until his vara ears were wetted. No fear o' him, I trow: the dog's as sound a dog as ony in wide Britain. Is na' that blythe news, leddy?"

"No; by the God of Heaven! the worst I have heard since ru-

mour brought to the Border the death of Reginald Morton. Hark ye, woman, these rooms are quiet, but this closet is still more secure. Follow me," she said; and led the way.

The room was small and dark; evening had totally closed in; and the time, the place, the light, were in good keeping with the interview that followed. The door was scarcely closed, until the fiery descendant of a fiery race, rushed to the all-engrossing object that occupied her mind.

"Meg Gormly," she commenced.

"Good, my lady; I listen with attention."

"My father saved thee from—"

"Drooning in a horse-pond," said the sybil.

"His daughter can guerdon thee with what will make thy old age comfortable. What would'st thou do to pay the father's debt, and win the daughter's gratitude?"

"Ony gude service I could render," was the reply.

"Short then be it. The hound thou met yesterday was mad—remember that!—rabid mad. The knight called out to thee—to avoid him—remember that! His eyes flashed fire—his tongue was foaming; and when he saw the stream, he would not cross the water, until the knight, his master, rode a mile further to the bridge—all these remember! Drop them out by turns to thy patient; and visit me here returning from him. Thou knowest thy course of leech-craft now—enough, at least, to guide thee for the present—and more hereafter."

The old pretender to "arts that none may name," bowed, and was departing.

"Back!" cried the lady, suddenly, "one word before we separate. Meg Gormly, my father saved thee from the horse-pond;—play but the daughter false, and may a heavy curse light on the name of Fenwick, if Tweed will drown, or faggot burn—thou knowest my meaning; and thy weal or woe rests with thyself. And now to thy patient."

Whether the murderous task thus unexpectedly confided to her jumped with her own truculent disposition, gratitude for a rescued life, or the prospect of a comfortable provision for old age now fast drawing on, whatever the cause was which influenced the foul beldame, Gormly entered into the affair left to her sole management with zeal and devilish ability. With the semblance of quieting her patient's apprehensions, she confirmed him in the belief that he had been bitten by a rabid animal; and instead of administering sedatives, she stimulated the doomed man to partial insanity, by dispensing irritating drugs in ardent spirits. On the third morning after she had commenced her leechcraft, Mr. Robson was decidedly attacked with the mania attendant upon drunkenness, called by mediceins, *delirium tremens*; and it was duly announced by Gormly to her employer. Was the hour come for this desperate, bad woman to carry out her infernal purpose? To invade the house of life, coolly and advisedly, requires more determination than usually is given to individuals, and bold as Helen Fenwick was, she hesitated; but accident removed her scruples, and sealed her husband's fate.

Gormly, from time to time, visited her patroness, and communicated the successful progress of his disease.

“He is mad—down-right mad—honoured dame; and might I be so forward as to advise one so much abler than mysel’, a visit would be weel, an’ a little show o’ grief along wi’ it. He winna ken ye, or any body, for he’s ravin sair.”

“Ha! by’r lady, well counselled. Come, lead the way, and I will follow—forward!”

When the hag and her infamous employer, entered a chamber predetermined to be that of death, Robson, as his villanous nurse had already apprized his wife, was frightfully excited. His mind was wandering over the past and present; and to all the confused ideas which racked his burning brain, he gave free utterance. He talked ramblingly of slaves, and whips, and irons; then, breaking into a wild exclamation, he dared any one to prove that his first wife’s death was caused by strangulation.

“It’s false as hell!” he roared. “Did not the slave doctor attend her? And he said that the marks upon her throat were accidental. And I am wived again, it seems. The first wife brought me that with which I purchased the second one. Ay, and she looks forward to succeed to all—ha! ha! ha!—and mate her with a younger husband!—and buy him, as I bought her. I kept the cards in hand, however—and when I can travel to Edinburgh, I’ll play a play she little wots of, that will leave her the same beggar that I found her. Ha! ha! That will be glorious revenge:—I won’t delay it. Ere a week passes—”

“Thy place will be with the dead,” whispered the now determined murderess, as she stooped her head over the delirious wretch, and then glided from the chamber.

Of the Fenwicks who had returned to the mansion of the head of their house, when his daughter’s marriage with Robson had unexpectedly restored the alienated property to its former owner, a natural brother, named Francis, was the most remarkable. He was a man who, in early life, was distinguished by the *soubriquet* of Black Frank—a title he had acquired from the darkness of his hair, or, as others averred, from the ferocity of his disposition. Towards his own family he preserved a savage affection; and bold, ignorant, and unscrupulous, a better tool to work an evil purpose could not be found in Britain. Him, the lady of Fenwick Hall, summoned to a private interview. He hated Robson, whom he considered a usurper of the estates of a name to which he clung with devoted fidelity. During the late laird’s life, Black Frank had discharged an agent’s duties, an office he still retained under Robson; but though, from circumstances, he was obliged to eat his bread, from his soul he detested his new patron.

“Frank,” said the lady, “sit thee down. But first make fast the door: we want no eaves-droppers.”

Fenwick obeyed the order, drew the bolt, and placed himself on a stool beside a table, on which a silver cup, filled with claret, was standing.

“I drink to thee,” said the lady, as she touched the tankard with her lips.

"And in return, receive my faithful duty, fair dame," and the Borderer dipped heavily into the red wine, with which he solemnized the pledge.

"Frank," said the lady, "I have but sorry news for thee. He who calls himself my lord, hates thee for some secret reason. The night this singular occurrence happened in the hall, he told me he had written by the messenger to some false knave, his lawyer, to find him another steward. I remonstrated—and his reply was short, but intelligent enough: 'There be too many Fenwicks in the Hall. Its owner must root the vermin out—or gads sooth! they'll multiply:—rats breed amain, you know.'"

The dark Borderer leapt from his chair, and thrust his hand beneath his vest. From the action, it was evident he clutched a dagger; for though weapons, openly displayed upon the person, were discouraged by the authorities of the day, few went abroad without carrying some dirk or pistol, to which they might have recourse if violence were offered.

"Dog! exclaimed the dark Fenwick, "by Heaven! an it cost me half an hour's hanging at Carlisle, had I heard the upstart call aught that bore our ancient name vermin, I would have repaid the insult with six inches of cold steel."

"Nay, chafe thee not, dear Frank. Oft have I had my feelings wounded to the quick; and quean and beggar, and every epithet of disgrace have been heaped upon me. I bore the insult—not on my own account—for I would rather seek charity alone in the world than eat that maligner's bread. But then how many of my poor kinsmen are dependent upon me; and if I parted from my brutal lord, they would be turned out to starve, or beg, or steal; and on their account I strive to bear his contumelious treatment. But to-night, and in his ravings, out came a secret he had managed to conceal even when giving loose to drunken fury, and loading me with gross abuse. Like thyself, I too am to be discarded."

"Thou?" shouted the Borderer.

"Patience, dear kinsman. Fret not thyself. I shall bear reverse of fortune like a Fenwick, and when I am turned from this Hall—"

"Turned from this Hall! Never, lady. Ere that day come, the steel I feel pressing on my heart shall have found a sheath in Robson's. But what means this tale I hear? Was the hound's tooth poisoned? Is he raving? Is he mad?"

"He is delirious—knows none around him. But Gormly still thinks her art will work a cure—and then, thou and I must shift as we best can."

The Borderer's brows united in a scowl.

"What means," exclaimed the lady suddenly, as if the thought struck her for the first time, "the strange stories I have heard in girlhood, that men demented by a dog-bite were smothered to prevent them infecting others with their rabies?"

Black Frank started; and a dark, triumphant smile crossed a countenance already flushed with rage.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, "that hint will do. Rest thee at ease, fair

kinswoman. Thy tenure of Fenwick Hall is firm as its own foundation, and that was formed of the best ashlers that Norham Castle could supply the builder with."

He rose, unlocked the door, and was hurrying out, when the lady exclaimed:

"Stop, Frank! What means this sudden haste?"

"I'll tell thee within an hour, lady," was the hasty reply; "a Fenwick acts first, and explains his reasons afterwards," and he rushed along the passage until the sound of his footsteps died away in the distant corridor.

It will be necessary to observe here, that the barbarous practice of smothering patients suffering from hydrophobia, had, a century or two ago, been one of common occurrence in both Scotland and Ireland—and that, I believe, within the memory of aged men, these unfortunate victims were thus summarily disposed of. That this brutal custom extensively prevailed at no distant period is certain. It is said that not fifty years ago, a lad of nervous temperament, whose hand was merely pinched by a playful spaniel, had his feelings sufficiently excited to betray some alarm and uneasiness which could have been readily removed; and that the noble estates attached to an Irish earldom, reached a former possessor by a foul murder, safely effected under the plea of hydrophobia.

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## CHAPTER IX.

"HA!" said the dame, after she had secured the door, and as she paced the apartment, "the hint was taken promptly. 'Tis true, Gormly might have worked the matter out; but, like the Red Kilpatrick, Black Frank will 'make it sicker.' I wish the hour were over. Well, 'tis but self-preservation after all. Still I feel nervous, and I can't remain here alone." And opening the door, she stepped a few paces down the corridor, and sounded a silver hand-bell. The summons was promptly answered, and her tire-woman—a foster-sister—came into the closet of her mistress.

"Janet," said the lady, "my spirits are depressed; sit thee down and talk to me. Hast thou heard aught aught of my lord's malady?"

"As I came hither, dame, I met Meg Gormly in the passage. She says that she would not wonder he died ere midnight; and that, the death were marvellously sudden at last."

The lady, fierce and determined as she was, felt a shuddering sensation creep over her.

"Meg," continued the attendant, "is not only a skilful but a considerate body. She says that Master Robson is so violent that it requires strong power to hold him on the bed, 'and as he is ravin' about matters gane by, which it would na be fit for stranger ears to listen to, she brought Black Frank, wi' his brither and twa kinsmen, jist for to help her to keep the laird quiet. I met them mounting the turnpike,\* the back way till his chamber."

\* Winding staircase.

"Wine, girl, quick! fill me a glass of Burgundy," and she pointed to a scaled flask upon the table.

The cork was drawn by the tire-woman, the glass filled and offered to the lady; she raised it to her lips, and as the wine was drunk, the last groan of Hugh Robson was faintly heard from beneath a huge bed of feathers by Black Frank and his confederates, who held the mattress over the doomed wretch with grasp of iron, while Gormly flung herself upon the top, and by her weight produced a speedier suffocation. 'Twas said he struggled fearfully; but in five minutes the foul quean announced to the assistant murderers that all was quiet below. The bed was removed, and there lay the departed slave-driver; his bloodshot eyes, slaving lips, and purpled countenance telling too plainly how fierce the struggle was before life had parted.

"Strake the body, and in wi' the bed into the closet yonder. Wipe his mouth dry, and close his een, if possible," said Gormly, with surpassing coolness. "There—stick his head noo abune the pilla, straught his right leg a bit; an' doon wi' ye by the back stair, and leave me till I gi' the alarm that he's parted in a fit."

\* \* \* \* \*

Never was murder more skilfully and unscrupulously effected. Not a suspicion was created—not an inquiry was made. On the morning succeeding the assassination, Helen Fenwick, now a widow, departed for Edinburgh, deputing to Black Frank the office of committing to the tomb him whom he had consigned to it. The death revelry then common on the Borders was kept up for three successive nights,—and early on the fourth day, the corpse of the murdered man was interred with all the pompous parade which marked a burial of the wealthy in the kirk-yard. "An'," continued George, "auld Robson's leein' under the vera stane yer honour's cockit an."

"Egad, George, I'll take a new position. I doubt my rear might be invaded from below, and—as the fancy say—an unruly ghost might prove an ugly customer, you know."

"Ugly or na," returned the antiquated game-keeper, "my feyther settled him, an sae ye may stick whar ye are, for Mr. Robson will na langer trouble ony body. An' noo that ye ken a' about the murder, Colonel, I'll tell ye as mickle anent the ghaist."

"The murder's capital, George. None of your fabricated ones could touch it."

"An' ye'll admit, after ye'll ha' heard the tale," returned the old man, "that the ghaist is jist as gude;" and he thus continued a story, which, as I have done already with the opening of the tale, I shall take the liberty of communicating in ordinary English.

"The fishery of the Tweed at Norham, was then the most valuable on the upper waters and remarkably productive, although it might not have been sufficient, as it did in Bishop Pudsey's time, to feed a whole garrison

"On Fridays, when they fasted,"

with salmon fresh or salt, according to the season of the year. The draughting, as it is done at present, was effected sometimes in the night.

Robson, in life, had been a man remarkable in face, air, and figure, as well as from a peculiar mannerism in dress, from which he never had made a departure.

The evening he was interred was, for the month of July, one of that wild and threatening character, which in December would have been supposed to harbinger a tempest, but still it was not the less favourable for the operations of the salmon fishers—and as a “spaight” had brought a run of clean fish from the sea, the boatmen prepared for their customary work, as they always did at nightfall.

I have already mentioned that the pathway ran through the kirkyard, which connected the cottages of the fishers with the sheeleen they occupied on the river bank. Nine men were required to work the salmon nets, and eight of them had arrived. It was the Sabbath-night; and with the reverend observance so generally paid in this country to that sacred day, the fishermen were waiting until—

“Long, loud, and deep, the bell had toll’d,”

which announced that another week had opened. The chimes were heard, and the clock in the church-tower beside them struck the midnight hour.

“We’re all here,” said one of them, “but Jock Armstrong.”

“Jock will na be lang ahint his time, I’se warrant,” returned another; and ere the words had passed his lips, the absent fisherman staggered into the sheeleen, and sank upon the first settle he could reach. The expression of his face was ghastly; his hair stood on end, and his eyes seemed bursting from their sockets, as by the blazing wood-fire his astonished companions examined his pallid features.

“He’s fay,”\* said an old man; “he has met wi’ the gentle people.”†

“Or crassed the enemy o’ man,” observed a second.

“Pish!” cried a dare-devil, who in early youth had led a Border life, and was considered the most reckless spirit in the neighbourhood. “He’s ainly frightened wi’ a worricow in the gloamin’. Jock Armstrong’s a stoot chiel wi’ livin’ folk; but he disna fancy to meet the dead. I ken he wonna crass the kirkyard after nightfa’ alane, when he can avoid it. Gie him some whuskey, Rob.”

Slowly the frightened fisherman recovered speech, and a third glass of undiluted alcohol enabled him to communicate the fearful adventure that had befallen him.

While the chimes of midnight beat, he had entered the kirkyard wicket, and as the hammer fell for the twelfth time on the church bell, he was passing the grave of him who had owned the Hall of the Fenwicks. There lay the last tenant of the tomb—and the frightful accident which had ended his existence so unexpectedly, was not remembered without making the passer-by shudder at the recollection.

“Thy last hours,” thought the Borderer, “were sairly troubled; but naethin’ noo will brak thy rest!”

He turned his eyes from the grave. A stranger stood beside him. He was attired in a brown coat with glittering buttons of cut steel;

\* Mad.

† The fairies.

his nether garments were silk stockings, united to what are now-a-days called "short tights." A voluminous waistcoat, black wig, and slouched hat completed the covering of his outer man—while shoe, knee, and stock buckles, of paste and silver, finished the costume and established the identity. The stranger was Hugh Robson.

Jock Armstrong had not been acquainted with the laird when in the flesh—and after death, men are not solicitous about an introduction to the departed. Awfully alarmed, the fisher hurried along the kirkyard pathway; but the ghost could also "go the pace," and on reaching the broad avenue, he was "cheek by jowl" with the terror-stricken fisherman. If Armstrong turned his head aside, Mr. Robson was close beside the opposite elbow. To use a fancy phrase, he "would not be denied"—and until they reached the kirkyard gate, the ghost stuck to the salmon-fisher "like a brick."

"Bah! man," exclaimed Will Foster; "'tis fancy after a'. When I was out in the forty-five, and when others left him, I stuck by Prince Charlie frae Gladsmuir to Culloden, where I gat a whap o' a musket ba' that brack my leg. I lay the night upon the battle-field, an' the dead thick enough aroon me. Ne'er a ghaist did I see, and I dinna b'lieve sic thrasharie."

"I do," said the oldest fisherman; "an' I wouldna pass Robson's grave, my lane, na, nat for a year's free draftin o' the sawmon here."

Foster, when he recommended whisky for his friend's recovery, had not neglected to refresh himself; and stout of heart—as assuredly he was—and also strong in liquor, he swore he would step into the kirkyard, and see whether Mr. Robson had retired to rest, "as decent folk, ye ken, should do at midnight."

He did; while some treated his expressed intention as idle vaunt, and more endeavoured to dissuade him from attempting it. But he persevered; and after an absence of five minutes, returned to the shecleen a more terrified salmon-fisher even than Jock Armstrong. Mr. Robson, it appeared, was indeed a-foot; and he had honoured the hero of Culloden with an escort to the gate of the churchyard. Whether his perambulations were restricted to holy ground, or that he considered it *infra dignitatem* to go further than his own premises, it is certain that the spectre never put a toe beyond the gate of the kirkyard; but, however, he never let an opportunity pass of showing civility to any gentleman who passed his present residence after the witching hour.

"Use lessens marvel," and in time the salmon-fishers and the spectre became intimate. Whenever two or three of them would pass the kirkyard after midnight, the ghost regularly joined the party. The La Trappe system on both sides was rigidly observed. Mr. Robson would not condescend, it seemed, to speak first; and it might be considered impertinence in jack-booted gentry, like the salmon-draughters, to make advances to a personage who sported silver buckles in addition to a brigadier wig. Accordingly, though they walked the kirkyard, and in company; although a ministry had gone out and a dissolution was expected; Mr. Robson made no political inquiries on sublunary



matters, nor did the fishermen think themselves authorized to ask how matters went on below.

In Fenwick Hall there was "wild revelry," for Black Frank ordered all as seemed good to him—the lady remaining in Edinburgh. Rumour flew over the country that Robson "visited this pale orb" as regularly as Norham Church struck the midnight hour;—and suddenly Meg Gornly was summoned to her account, after making a most unholy end to an ill-spent life, as all present bore testimony. In her wanderings, she spoke wildly about Robson's death,—said, that "his spirit haunted her"—muttered that "the bonny widow had her wish, and that na a drap o' blud was spilt, but what cam frae the dead man's nostrils. Heh, cummers!" exclaimed the beldame in her ravings; "talk na to me o' leed and iron. Gie me, for speedin' a chiel cleverly awa, the feather-bed; that is, ye ken, an' ye hae as gude help as Black Frank, an' three ither o' the Fenwick lads."

The conjecture we offered that Mr. Robson's movements were restricted was extremely erroneous; for after sporting his figure in the kirkyard, he retired to Fenwick Hall to amuse himself for the remainder of the night, and then and there, to use the parlance of a noble peer, he "played Hell and Tommy." Had he confined himself to the room he died in, or even appropriated a suite of apartments, the thing might have been tolerated—he would have been "left alone in his glory"—and the servants permitted to go about there businesses as of old. But being of the Newcastle school, he very properly considered that he had "a right to do what he pleased with his own," and after dark, not a spider-brusher dare venture into the lobbies, without encountering a stout gentleman in a brown coat with silk "continuations." Mr. Robson, like bad fortune, was anywhere and everywhere, "up stairs, and down stairs, and in my lady's chamber." In the flesh, he had been a bad style of man—and in the spirit, his manners had not altered for the better. His system was what is called the "free and easy," and he had the indelicacy of intruding on the dormitories of the female portion of the establishment, without even knocking at the door. In short, he was a most uneasy ghost, who, as it would appear, had received a roving commission from his Satanic Majesty.

Much as fortune had frowned upon the house of —, whose only crime was unflinching loyalty, she made an exception in favour of Reginald Morton, who had fought his way to the command of the regiment, which then garrisoned the Castle of Edinburgh. Though eighty or ninety years ago intelligence travelled slowly, the news of Robson's death reached Morton in a week or two—and the strangest rumours were circulated respecting an affair at once tragical and mysterious. That himself or his hound had been in any way connected with it, was totally unknown excepting to another. Kilbuck was in glorious health; and whatever might have caused the calamitous end of the laird of Fenwick Hall, Morton felt assured that neither his hound or himself were accessories in the remotest degree. Still Reginald was far from happy; his heart was in the possession of a woman, whose conduct towards himself could not be justified; and touching whom, and on more serious charges, rumour being to circulate strange tales. The fiery

temper of Helen Fenwick ; the unhappy circumstances under which her ill-advised union had been contracted and continued ; the neglect, which in her, appeared unpardonable, in committing an ailment so fatal as her lord's to the management of an ignorant spawwife ; the haste with which Robson was interred ; the knowledge that the deceased had actually taken preliminary steps to prevent her inheriting his property ; the dying confessions which escaped Meg Gormly ; and lastly, the re-appearance of the departed one—an occurrence in that age to which much importance was attached—ay, and considered gravely as more striking evidence than all besides to prove that foul play had been resorted to—all these circumstances united, gave a moral, although not a legal colour to the belief, that Robson had been removed by other than natural causes, and that his wife was cognizant of the act.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seated in his lonely apartment in the Castle, to which he had retired from "the merrie ha'," where his military companions were drinking pottle-deep, Colonel Morton was buried in gloomy reveries. Helen Fenwick had broken faith with one to whom her hand was plighted ; she had contracted a heartless marriage, but she never, never could have been a fiend enough to be either a promoting or consenting party to the murder of her husband, wild as her temper was, and rooted as her hatred to him might have been. The stream of popular opinion ran strongly against her ; but though wronged himself, Helen would not wrong another. A knock disturbed this current of uneasy thoughts—and an under-warder presented a letter to the Commandant of the Castle, which had been handed to the sentry at the gate.

"Who brought it?"

The warder could not tell.

He broke the seal. The contents were brief:—merely a request that Colonel Morton would meet the writer at a house duly described, situated in one of the wynds leading from the High-street, and immediately adjacent to the Palace. He fancied the writing was not a stranger's ; and although disguised, suspected the invitation was a woman's.

"I am in no mood for foolery," he muttered, as he read the *billet* for the third time. "I'll go, however—'twill kill a heavy hour. In this world I have little to hope, and less by far to fear." Waiting till the trysted hour came, Reginald threw his cloak round him, and descended the long street that leads from the Castle towards the Palace.

At the entrance of the wynd—as they call a court in Auld Reekie—a female was waiting for him, for she demanded his name first, and then desired him to follow her. Leading the way to a chamber on the upper story, she opened the door and ushered Morton in. There, by a lamp whose light was partly shrouded, a female was seated. She was habited in black ; and although the room was wrapped in gloom, and the face of the lady obscured by crape-weepers—as women's mourning was termed at the time—Reginald Morton at a glance recognized his former love.

"Art thou here, Helen?" he muttered.

"Yes! Thou hast heard that I am widowed."

"The sorry news indeed has reached me. Would that event had not occurred;" and Morton sighed deeply.

"How mean you?" she said, as she sprang passionately from her chair.

"I am, Helen, one of those who never blanched in the presence of a foe; and whose speech is ready as his blade. I would not willingly wound thy feelings, could I hold back the truth; and wild stories are rumored touching Robson's end. The tale of madness is absurd—Kilbuck this night shared my humble supper; and on my return home will stretch himself, as he has for many a year, beside his master."

"Pshaw! Reginald Morton, I blush for thee! Thou need'st, I wot, an excuse for breaking early promise; and the vulgar babblings of idle rumour are held sufficient. Were thy fair fame impugned, I would have stood up for thee to the death; and thou, who swore you loved me—*me*, the only one on earth—you hearken to the whisperings of the rabble. Is this worthy of thee, Reginald? I looked to thee for protection. I put faith in thy expressed words—'Were I honestly widowed, thou would'st marry me.' Alas! it seems I built my house on sand."

"Helen, is *thy* widowhood indeed honest? The tale of what caused Robson's death I know to be fallacious. I adjure thee to say, by every hope of happiness here and hereafter, was that unhappy man's a natural decease, or wert thou, as the world will have it—" He paused.

"Speak out thy words boldly," said the lady; but the words were whispered.

"*A murderess?*" said Morton, and his searching eye was turned on hers.

At the moment when this fearful question was delivered, the Abbey clock chimed, and its ponderous bell told the hour of midnight.

"How did thy husband pass, Helen? Foully or fairly?"

"*Fairly* as Heaven is true!" was the reply.

"*Foully* as hell is false!" was returned quick as an echo; and as Morton and the lady turned round, startled at the intrusion of a gentleman, who seemed in no ways backward in offering an opinion—there stood, *in propria personâ*, wigged, breeched, and buckled—Mr. Robson!

The lady fainted on the spot. The Colonel, we suppose, demanded whether the ghost was on leave of absence between returns, or had retired to Pandemonium on half-pay. Mr. Robson, however, was too ungentlemanly to return a civil answer; and the meeting ended in "most admired disorder."

"And how did the whole affair wind up?" I asked the old man.

"Why it's easy tauld. The leddy retired to a convent over seas, for Reginald Morton would na ha her. The Colonel, pur man, was sticket unfairly in a duel, after he had let the gentleman who had fallen get on his legs again—and that was unco foolish in him. An my ain honest feyther was the last sufferer of a', except Black Frank, who was justified at Carlisle for fire-raising in the Lothians, an a wee-bit murder that happened accidentally, in pitting the steading in a low."

"But why should your father have been a sufferer? He had no hand in the affair," I observed.

"That's a' true, Colonel, but I'll explain it to ye. He was a bauld

man, and had been oot wi' the young Prince in the forty-five, and had a narra escape frae the woodie, on which mony an honest mon had his craigie stretchit at Carlisle. Weel, he was one of the fishers here; and one unchancy night he got a wee thing fu, an naething would do thro' fule hardiness, but he would ha a crack wi the ghaist. Now, tho' Mr. Robson wakit every night wi any body that passed thro' the kirk-yard, he never opened his lips to ony one; and feth! the folk had nae desire to begin a chat wi' him. It's held to be unlucky, ye ken, and sae it proved to the puir Colonel, for he was rin thro' the carcass, within a twalmonth, after he ceevily askit what business a ghaist had in a led-dy's chamber. Weel, my feyther kept his word, an mair to his ain sorra. He spoke wi' the spectre—and what passed between them never was made known—but when he returned to the sheelen, there was na mair bluid in his face than in a turnip."

"'Weel, James, what news frae—' and the fisher pointed his finger towards the bad place.

"'Speer me nae questions,' said my feyther, 'Mr. Robson will trouble ye no mair.'

"'Hae ye spoken 'till him, James?'

"'I hae,' returned my feyther, 'and I wish the tip had been taken off my tongue afore it wagged; it's na to be mended noo.'

"Weel, Colonel, my feyther was a hale mon, for he was no forty. He never did a han's turn's gude, but dwammelled away—and before the yule-log was laid in the hearth, he was lyin in the kirk-yard. He's buried in yan corner."

"Faith, George, you seem to have taken care to separate him from Mr. Robson," and I smiled.

"Dinna fancy, Colonel, that this story is idle clavers. Mr. Robson ne'er appeared again; my feyther deed within thra months, an a' the auld people ken it to be true. Noo, Colonel, sodgers are rash and fearless—but an ye iver meet a ghaist, jist keep ye'er distance, and enter into na conversation, gude nor bad; for once a mon is sodded, he's nae fit company for the living."

"Upon my conscience, George! I fully agree with you, and should I meet your fat friend, notwithstanding his silver buckles and general respectability, I'll cut him dead, *et nullus error*, as the Duke of Wellington pithily expresses it."

We rose, quitted the kirk-yard, and in five minutes were across the Tweed, and again in "Merrie England."

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## CHAPTER X.

A FRIEND of mine, the host of the King's Arms, in whom I have as much faith as Hamlet had in the ghost, and whose word *anent* all piscatorial matters I would take "for a thousand," frequently spoke of the upper part of the Whitadder, where that beautiful stream receives the Dy, with ardent praise; while another, albeit not a disciple of "the quaint and cruel" Isaac, dwelt with enthusiastic ardour upon the pasto-

ral beauty and romantic character of the wild and secluded district called the Lammermuir. To both I listened with deep interest, and either report would have been to me a sufficient inducement to undertake a brief pilgrimage to these lonely glens, even had they not been associated with the name of Scott, and converted by his inimitable legend into classic ground. I put myself accordingly into light marching order, and set out to visit a scene I had heard so much about, and which certainly more than realized my expectations. Roofing "the Magnet" at Berwick, I took the road to Edinburgh, being apprized that at a place called "Tommy Grant's" I could diverge from the high road and strike through the Moors to Abbey Saint Buthans, where, as I was assured I should receive, according to poetic authority, "the warmest welcome in an inn."

Who ever travelled twenty miles upon a coach without gleaning some information? Beside me sat a lady's-maid, the family she appertained to occupying the interior of "the leather conveniency." They were fresh from a continental excursion, had steamed up the Rhine, and visited, on their return, the far-famed plains of Waterloo. The *soubrette*, who was extremely communicative, gave me a full, true, and particular account, not only of the field but of the fight; and although I had been there myself, I suppose in the general confusion, some interesting particulars had escaped me. One of her most graphic descriptions was that of a personal encounter between old Blucher and Marshal Ney, until "both fell from sheer fatigue from the horses." Of this "terrific combat"—as this sort of set-to is described in Astley's play-bills—I had never heard before, and touching its truth I ventured to express some suspicion. But as the man who *ciceroned* the visitors had been himself an eye-witness, I bowed to his authority. I always reciprocate information; and as we passed Lamberton-Bar—a turnpike which separates the kingdoms, and unites lovers by the dozen—I pointed out to my pretty companion the treacherous "Coothouse" on the English side of the gate, where woman has been tricked into invalid matrimony by villanous man; and implored her when she came matrimonially to the Border, to be sure the knot indissoluble should be tied in the kitchen. She listened like another Desdemona; and, as she was a native of Auld Reekie, and consequently a canny Scot, I fancy after my warning, there would be some difficulty to persuade her to stand hymeneals in the cow-house.

My visit to Lammermuir was to be unfortunately marked *nigro lapide*, and indeed, will ever be one of painful recollection. The whole of the preceding day it had thundered but the peals were distant, and the rain fell but slightly. To-day the sky was heavily overcast, and an oppressive heat and woolpacked clouds, told that they were surcharged with lightning; and soon after leaving Berwick the storm burst awfully. It rolled away, however, towards the left; and, as it appeared, its fury had been reserved for and discharged upon the hills of Lammermuir.

I heard the thunder-storm that harbingered the field of Salamanca; and I watched the lightning flashing across "red Waterloo," as we couched in the tall rye the night before the battle. I suppose these

elemental uproars were forgotten in the bloody morrow which they preluded—for I feel convinced that neither will leave the lasting impression on the memory, like that which I witnessed yesterday.

The coach had been delayed an hour beyond its time, as the oppressive heat prevented the horses keeping their usual regularity. A momentary stoppage landed me and my personals at the hostelry of Tommy Grant, and on inquiry, I found what Pangloss calls a "vehicular conveyance" was unattainable, excepting I would embark person and property in a common cart, which as "needs must," I willingly accepted. While waiting for the horse being "yoked," they told me that a melancholy accident had just occurred—a man, and the two horses he was ploughing with, being struck with lightning and killed.

Humble as my carriage was, I was too happy in having obtained any mode of transit save my own legs, for the sun had burst out with an intensity of heat which I had never felt, even in the Peninsular. We took a by-road that branched towards the Lammermuir, and passed the field where the accident had happened. The horses were lying harnessed on the ground as they had been struck down, but the body of the young man had been carried to his father's house, which, with half-a-dozen others occupied by the grieves, was attached to the farmstead, and stood on the road-side which we passed. As we drove along we heard "the cry of women." Well, grief that finds expression is soonest remedied. But a scene awaited me that, to the last hour of my life, I shall painfully call to memory.

A short distance from the house where the corpse after death had been conveyed to, I observed an elderly man seated beneath a stone dyke, and a young girl of uncommon beauty, endeavouring, as I supposed, to console him.

"That," said the driver, as we passed, "is the puir lad's feyther and sister."

I could not proceed without offering a stranger's sympathy—and jumping from the cart, returned to the spot the mourners occupied.

The sun shone out with all the intensity peculiar to the pauses which intervene between the disruption of rain-clouds on a thundering day. Bare-headed, the old man appeared insensible to heat, to me almost intolerable. I approached and took his hand—and to my silent pressure the grasp of a horny palm was returned.

"The sun, my poor old friend, will sicken you. Come, change to the other side, where you will get some shelter."

"I dinna feel it," he said. "My brain is burnin,' and when the heed's afire within, what recks it aboot sun or shooer wi' out?"

He looked slowly up and scanned me over. Not a tear was visible in his clear blue eye, and its glassy glaze was turned upon mine, which I am not ashamed to say was moistened.

"Ye are gentle o' birth," he continued, "for kindness always comes fra gentle breeding. Ye are a sodger, too. That slash across the cheek, and the proud bearing o' yer walk, tell me the trade ye followed. Many a man ye ha' seen stretched in yer time, and yet yer heart is soft. I was a sodger myself lang syne—an saw a bluidy field at

Corunna. My heart ne'er quailed—but noo, Archie, Archie, my youngest an' my best-loved!"

Tears burst in a torrent from his eyes. Up sprang the fair young girl, and clasped him in her arms.

"He'll live! he'll live!" she cried in an agony of joy. "Tears rin doon his face. The heart winna brake, the heart winna brake, after a'."

"God comfort you!" I said, as I wrung his hand.

"Amen!" replied the fair-haired girl, and flinging her arms around him, she led him to the house, as I mounted my humble vehicle, and seated myself on the bag of hay which had been especially prepared for my accommodation.

\* \* \* \* \*

The outline of the Lammermuir is wild, but beautifully pastoral. There are an eternity of hills extending over the whole surface, but not one Alpine enough to refuse approach to a London common councilman. Many of these swelling knolls are richly-wooded, while sylvan scenery and mountain rivulets diversify a surface of brown heath and green pasture. The Whitadder winds through a line of valleys, until, in Scott's words, it

"Hurries its waters to the Tweed,"

and holds a central course through the most picturesque valleys of the Lammermuir, after having received a pretty tributary called the Dy, a mile above Elmford.

Such is a rough sketch of the face and character of a broad district, which, but a hundred years ago,

"Echoed to the robber's horn,"

but which for half a century has been unstained with a crime, save one.

Lammermuir—as his Grace of Wellington would happily express it—is not Tipperary—and here you will not get a man shot for love or money; and even an attempt at assassination would set the district in an uproar. To-day, as in the course of my wanderings, I passed close to a plantation,

Heigh! sir, look yonder," observed my conductor. "Fra behine you hedge an attempt was made to commit murther!"

And the intonation of his voice, rising as the sentence proceeded, had nearly reached a scream at the awful word that closed it.

"Only an attempt, my friend," I replied coolly. "Pish! An Irish guide would not waste his own words or the traveller's time, with recording a bungling effort at sending a gentleman to eternity."

"May the Laird preserve us!" exclaimed my companion, proceeding to give a round-about detail of a transaction which, in my opinion, is not worth record, only to point the inadequacy of punishment to crime.

A widow, the wrong side of thirty-five, had a brace of lovers ten years younger than herself; and considering that she could be happy with either, she did not send "the other dear charmer away," as she should have done, but flirted with the twain. At last she was obliged to make an election—and owing *à la* Mrs. Malaprop, "the soft

impeachment," consented to accompany the fortunate youth in a few days to the hymeneal altar. The rejected one took his "throw over" in deep dudgeon, and determined to put in a caveat to the projected union. He borrowed a gun, bought some lead at Dunse, fabricated a handful of slugs, and waited patiently in the plantation to put the gentleman

" Who took his stand,  
Upon the widow's jointured land,"

past leech-craft and the prayers of the kirk.

Three evenings he kept a bright look out, but in the haze he could not securely mark his victim—and not wishing to throw a chance away, he waited patiently for the fourth one. It came—the morning

" Which promised rapture in its close,"

was settled for the next one, and the gay bridegroom and his "best man" were proceeding to pay the last visit that the lady, "in widowed loneliness," expected to receive. The rejected lover, who had decided on interrupting the hymeneal rites by a more effective process than forbidding the bans, fired deliberately from behind the hedge as his rival passed it, and lodged some fifty slugs in the body of the bridegroom, and half-a-dozen in the arm of his friend, which happened, unluckily for the owner, to be rather in the way.

Now, in his anxiety to make the job complete, the ruffian had so over-loaded the gun with slugs, that the powder had not sufficient power to drive them beyond the depth of a flesh-wound. The intended victim consequently recovered—the murderer, in intention, was convicted on the clearest evidence, and the Law Lord who tried him, sent him for seven years beyond the seas! Was that punishment adequate to the crime? The scoundrel had gone twenty miles to obtain the gun—had travelled half that distance to procure the lead—had waited four long days to effect his murderous purpose, and he got off with less punishment than would have been inflicted on a respectable sheep-stealer fifty years ago.

Before I detail my evening angling, I must introduce the reader to the hostelry I am cantoned in. It comprises two rooms—the chamber of dais I occupy in the lonely stateliness of another Robinson Crusoe; while Mrs. Martha Pringle, with the whole of her establishment, sojourn in the opposite one. This latter is an apartment of surpassing utility—for it is kitchen, dormitory, and general reception room for passing travellers. Lest a way-farer should pass in ignorance, a board is affixed to the gable of the mansion, intimating that Mrs. Pringle is engaged in the sale of foreign spirits, and also carries on an extensive wine trade. Now by this platitude in description, the sale of Highland whiskey is typified; for during a residence of thirty years, with the exception of one half anker of smuggled brandy, no liquor save Scottish alcohol ever crossed the threshold. When the Duke Aranza complimented the rural retreat he had selected wherein to pass his honeymoon, he described it as "a low, snug dwelling, and in good repair." I cannot extend this praise to the Highland caravanserai where I am located at this present writing: the roof is sadly in want of thatch—



and the back wall of the building is only prevented from falling outwards bodily, by half-a-dozen young fir-trees which shore it up.

“Meg,” I said, addressing a young lady, who I am informed will inherit the virtues and personal effects of “auld Mattie,” as the neighbours call mine hostess—“in heaven’s name, why don’t ye rebuild that tottering wall?”

“Heigh! we ha been thinkin o’ it these five years,” returned Miss Pringle, “but it’s unco fasheous, and sae we’ll jist stick anither tree again it after harvest, and knock anither winter oot.”

But justice for Lammermuir obliges me to say that my chamber is clean and comfortable. Though there is no “butcher meat,” the ham and eggs, and chuckies are commendable—while the Whitadder trouts, are remarkably fat and well-flavoured, and young Meg fries them to perfection.

\* \* \* \* \*

I strolled out after an early dinner, and proceeded up the river to a favourite hole called “the Black well.” While putting my rod together, I fell into conversation with a herd who was skinning a dead sheep, and was informed by him, that the animal had been killed by an adder-bite; and that the Lammermuir was as much afflicted with these reptiles, as the Cheviots had formerly been by foxes. This was the fourth wedder his master had lost during the season—and every sheep-owner in these hills had suffered more or less.

The adder which seems peculiar to the Lammermuir, far exceeds in size any I had met with in the Highlands, and but for the unity in description which all I spoke with preserved, I would have fancied that the venomous, little, dirty, ash-coloured reptile, scarcely ranging above a finger’s length or two, had been confounded by the herds with the harmless whipsnake I had so often found in English forests, and frequently in the Argyleshire muirs. But ere many minutes passed, I had an opportunity of convincing myself that the herdsmen were correct. His sheep-dog pointed at a bank—a low hissing, like that of a young kitten, was heard;—the shepherd called his dog in, and moved a bunch of ferns with his stick, and out glided a reptile which measured two-and-twenty inches, after the herd had dispatched it at a blow.

I killed a dozen and half of fine large trouts with minnows, as I descended the stream, and on arriving at mine inn, found the kitchen thickly tenanted. The herd, who had finished the adder, was waiting by special appointment for his “mutchin of whooskey.” A travelling merchant from Dunse, with a pack-load of coarse haberdashery wares, was also refreshing himself. A gipsy tinker was uniting a broken sugar-basin, while his wife, at the gable of the house, was telling the miller’s lassie her fortune; who, though detached for a supply of sugar in double quick, had determined to ascertain the trade and complexion of her future husband, before the minister, who had dropped in upon the man of grain, should receive the saccharine ingredient, wherewith to compound his toddy. I stepped into the kitchen to light a cigar, and found the company busy in discussing certain peculiarities connected with adder bites, and their remedies. On this subject they seemed quite *au fait*—and agreed unanimously that “the sovereignest thing on earth,” parma-

cettie not excepted—was a sort of hell-broth, prepared from an adder skinned, cut into steaks, and boiled on a slow fire, care being taken to skim this infernal *potage* from time to time, to remove the venomous portions of the composition, which would be sure to rise to the surface.

I ventured to express my infidelity touching this nostrum, proving in every case a specific; but my skepticism was reproved by Miss Pringle, who pointing to an ancient turnspit reposing underneath a chair, at once triumphantly established the virtue of hell-broth over Holloway's ointment or Morrison's pills.

"Look at the wee doggie under my mither there. He's, puir thing, a foondling, and I got him at Dunse whare he went astray. When he cam here, ten years ago, the folk I got him fra, ca'ed him "Juno," but for shortness we christened him "Jack," and he seemed to tak kindly wi the name."

I here ventured to remark, that the poetic license was extensive, by which a male turnspit was named after the Queen of Heaven. I certainly recollected a case in the "gem of the sea," where the canine species was ingeniously altered, but still the generic appellative was respected. An Irish gentleman, who wanted a house-dog, was presented with a greyhound called 'Spring.' "Faith! I made him answer well enough," said the new proprietor, "for I docked his ears and tail, turned him into a mastiff, and called him 'Lion.'"

"Weel, weel, Colonel!" continued Miss Pringle, "I dinna ken much difference between Juno and Jack, after a'—but that's nae matter. The wee beastie under the chair, had na been here mair than a few days, when in he cam happin on three legs, wi' the fourth yun as thick as a' the ither three pit together. I kenned at a glance he had been bit by a sarpent, and expected he would die, when who should come in but the schoolmaister's eldest bairn. 'Meg, woman,' says he, 'rin oot. The biggest adder ye ever laid eye on, I have kilt ben the hoose, wi a stane.' Well, oot I dashed, picked the beast up, skinn'd and boiled him, and washed Jack wi the licker weel and aften; and there he is, puir beastie. What div ye say to that, Colonel?"

It would have been useless to have entered the lists with Miss Pringle, for the tinker and travelling merchant—men of extensive experience—came forward with conclusive proofs of what had been done with hell-broth, and as that too was under their own inspection, argument would have been useless. I, accordingly, sat down upon the table, fabricated a glass of toddy, listened to an account from the tinker, of his wife having been assaulted in good daylight and upon the open moor by a truculent adder, who bit her through her two woollen petticoats with other clothes which it would be incorrect to name—and but for prompt administration of the hell-broth, there was not a doubt but the lady at present telling the fortunes of the miller's maid, would have been gathered to her fathers. The travelling merchant sang into the same strain; Mrs. Pringle also added her valuable testimony; and to all these testimonials respecting living adders, I dare not play deaf one. I retired for supper to mine own great chamber, to decide afterwards if I could, whether the vulpine fallacies of the Cheviots, or the adder heresies of Lammermuir, were more unconquerable.

It is said that in "auld lang syne," the audacity of the foxes which infested the Cheviot range of hills, actually surpassed belief; and the ingenuity of man was consequently hard taxed to counteract their enormities. Necessity produces invention, and, at last, balm was found in Gilead; for an ingenious gentleman by the following simple formula abated the nuisance:

"Foxes do much mischief in all steads," quoth the author of a valuable treatise,\* "chiefly in the mountains heer, where they bee hardly hunted. Howbeit art hath devised a meane to prevent their malice and to preserve the poultry in some part, and especially in Glenmoores. Every house nourisheth a younge foxe, and then killing the same, they mixe the flesh thereof among such meate as they give unto the fowle, and other little bestialle; and by this means, so many fowles or cattell as eate thereof are safely preserved from the danger of the foxes, by the space of almost two monthes after, so that they may wander whither they will, for the foxes smelling the flesh of their fellowes yet in their crops, will in no wayes meddle with them, but eschew and know such a one, although it were among a hundred others."

Now, not having practically tried this remedy against robbery, I still hold some doubts whether the addition of "a younge foxe" to the dietary of the poultry yard would improve the general flavour of "the little bestialle" therein contained; and I entertain still stronger suspicions, that the "red rascal" would not respect the charm, even though his own father had formed the principal article in this valuable admixture. I am going in a few days into the Cheviots—and I sincerely pray that Luckie Macsneish, to whose hotel and hospitality I am specially recommended, neither entrusts the fattening of the chuckies to the formula detailed above, nor even depends upon it for their security. If she do, I shall have a chance of dining with Duke Humphrey on my arrival in the glens; and she may sit down under the dyke, and troll the burden of Dominie Sampson's song—"a good fat hen, and away she goes!"

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## CHAPTER XI.

I HAVE not pinned my faith on the opinions of others, nor would the *dicta* of Isaac Walton himself, did he honour me with an evening visit while moth-fishing in twilight on Till or Teviot, induce me to jump to a hasty conclusion; but I do believe and avow, on the veracity of a Christian man, that there is not within the four seas of Britain, a river fit to hold a candle to the Tweed. Whether its beauty, its romance, or its angling advantages be considered, this classic stream, with its splendid tributaries, is unrivalled; and whether the visit be poetic or piscatorial, it will repay the wayfarer for a pilgrimage.

There are men who have asserted that angling is effected by the agency of a stick and string, whose opposite extremities are provided

\* "Of the greate plentie of hares, red deere, and other wild beastes of Scotland. Of the strange properties of sundry Scottish dogges; and of the nature of salmond."

with a fool and worm. There are others who fancy that dabbling in the New River, or the Tower Ditch—before it was filled in—came under the name of fishing.\* In Cockayne, the delusion is not to be removed that a fish-dinner is procurable at Blackwall—and that the same comprehendeth Dutch eels, filthy perch, London salmon, and water-zouchy. With persons holding such heretical opinions, I would not condescend to hold converse or keep company; but let them go to their account, “with all their imperfections on their heads.” But to the enthusiast in the gentle art—he whose keen eye can detect the rock beside which the fresh-run salmon is reposing, and whose true arm can project the fly, light as thistle-down itself, to the broken water that eddies over “the silvered visitor” from the sea; or to the poetic spirit, who loves to wander by moorland tarn or glittering streamlet, meditate in the mouldering abbey, or dream of border frays and “foughten fields” amid the ruins of some demolished fortalice—these I invite to classic Tweed—ay, even should it be necessary to beg, borrow, or even steal the *viaticum* for the journey. Should the latter be resorted to—were I upon their jury, I would consider that the end justified the means—and return a verdict of “not guilty.”

But to a far different class, and these generally hardened offenders, who annually endanger soul and body at the Crown and Sceptre, by a surfeit of white bait, I would also extend my invitation. Let them make their wills, cherish their wives, whip the children, and throw themselves on board the first steamer bound to Berwick. Let them pass such a day as I did yesterday on “silver Tweed,” and if they ever revisit their families, or return to Pudding Lane or Amen Corner during their natural lives, I’ll write myself “a soused gurnet.”

I was invited by a gentleman of the town to join a rustic party—and partake of an *al fresco* entertainment, in this corner of the earth termed “a kettle”—and while the ladies proceeded to the scene of action by land, we rowed up the Tweed in one of the flat cobbles used in salmon-fishing. The day was fine; and the varied scenery which the bendings of the river occasionally presented, was extremely picturesque. At any time of the year this row up the Tweed would have been interesting; but from the active draughting for salmon, and the numerous groups of fishermen we passed, the stream had acquired additional animation; and, as the sun shone brilliantly, nothing could be more sparkling than the silver scales of the beautiful captives, as they were dragged by dozens to the shore.

There is a peculiar method employed by the salmon-fishers on the lower Tweed, which I have not remarked in use at other waters. Beside several of the fords, lofty observatories framed with wood and mounted by an attached ladder, are erected, having a box on the summit, like the judges’ stand upon a race-course. Here a man is posted—and his practised eye detects the back-fin of the salmon as he hurries up the stream: an alarm is given from the look-out; the net is shot—and generally, the victim is enclosed and captured.

As much wading is unavoidable, the fishermen are provided with water-proof boots. They are made of strong leather, coarsely soled, and studded with enormous nails. They roll up when required, to the

waist ; and the jack-boots used by the household cavalry, are as opera ones to these by comparison. From day-break on Monday morning, until midnight on Saturday, the ford-fishers remain booted, ready to launch the cobble at a moment's notice when\* the look-out descries a passing fish. I used to imagine that the "watch and ward" at Branksome Castle was severe,\* but as these brave Borderers who

"Carved at the meal,  
With gloves of steel,  
And drank the red wine thro' the helmet barr'd,"

had three reliefs, † compared to a Tweed salmon-fisher, their *tour-de-service* was about as oppressive as that of the gallant gentleman in blue or scarlet, who may be seen daily—ay, and even in the wet weather—comfortably niched, carbine in hand, at either side of the Horse-Guards.

The place chosen for our *fête champêtre* was happily selected. It was a ruined mansion, enclosed in an acre or two of ground, once comprising a goodly orchard,

"And still where many a garden flower grows wild."

There were old stone piers, and grotesque figures, and broken urns : all were memorials of the past, and pointed an imposing lesson of mutability and decay. But one object, more striking than all together, appeared at the bottom of the garden. There stood the family vault : its close vicinity to the ruined building, harmonizing well with the general picture of decay. I gazed a few minutes on "the narrow house" —and the Scriptural admonition struck me forcibly : "That is the end of all men, and the living should lay it to his heart."

Dilapidated as the exterior of the mansion was, the interior was still more ruinous. Some of the sashes were only here and there supplied with broken glass ; but the greater number were boarded up, or their shutters nailed together. The huge chimney in the hall, bore evidence to the antiquity of the building ; and here many a petitioner, or delinquent, had awaited, with trembling anxiety, the appearance of the great man, on whose breath hung the possession of the cottage, or not unfrequently, a committal to the stocks. I turned into the dining-room : half its panelling was gone, and the rough plaster of the walls, which the oak wainscot had once covered, was exposed. In the corner stood a large press, or as it might better be described, a closet. One of its folding doors had fallen from the hinges, and the empty shelves within were visible. Were they always empty ?—Ah ! no. Many a flask of wine had been extracted from that well-stored crypt, when the yule-log sparkled in the chimney, and the crowded board "groaned with the

\* "Ten of them were sheathed in steel,  
With belted sword, and spur at heel ;  
They quitted not their harness bright,  
Neither by day, nor yet by night."

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

† "Nine and twenty knights of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome hall."

*Ibid.*

weight of the feast," the misletoe overhead announcing that "merrie Christmas" had come round again. How often had this fretted ceiling—now mouldering piecemeal away—echoed back the gibe and jest? But where were they that uttered them?—those who "set the table in a roar." I raised my eyes—through the shattered casement I saw the little building across the garden. There, he who had filled the seat of honour was reposing: and the banquet-room had been exchanged for the charnel-house.

I left the once "merrie ha," and mounted a staircase, whose clumsy ballusters bespoke its solidity, and seemed determined to withstand the touch of time. The peasant girl, who had chaperoned us through the gardens, halted here, and declined a pressing invitation to accompany my further researches. "Was she afraid to trust herself with me?"

"Na, nat a whit," was the naïve reply. "A gentleman wi' a white pow had given up daffin wi' the lassies."

"Well, why would she not pilot me, when my gray head offered such ample security against flirtation?" She hesitated, and after some demur, acknowledged that she "was greatly afeard of ghaists."

"Ghosts! who ever heard of a ghost taking exercise in daylight?"

A heavy tramp was heard, the salmon-fisher, who had rowed me up the Tweed appeared, with a basket containing a fish taken five minutes before, and crimped *secundum artem*. "Why, Jeanie, woman!" he exclaimed, "what the deil are you scared about? Here, tak' this sawmon ben the hoose, and I'll gang through the buildin' wi' his honour."

This substitution of service was highly agreeable: Jeanie seized the basket and disappeared. While the boatman tramped up the staircase, the heavy foot-falls of his iron-shod boots, contrasting strikingly with the melancholy silence, which seemed to reign paramount through the desolate mansion.

He pointed to a built-up doorway, and informed me that this—the communication between the inhabited wing, and the deserted portion of the building—had been thus interrupted, for the double purpose of "keepin' aff the ghaists, and savin' the winda-tax," and I admitted in return, that either of these considerations was quite a sufficient apology for retrenching the ruin. A large and gloomy lobby opened on the stair-head, and on went the salmon-fisher, making as loud an alarum down the corridor, as William of Deloraine did on the night he turned resurrectionist at Melrose Abbey, when—

"The arched cloisters, far and wide,  
Rung to the warrior's clanking stride."

At the termination of this passage, a folding-door, of which one moiety was unhinged, gave us admission to the drawing-room. Like the apartment underneath, it also was panelled with brown oak; and as its casements were less sheltered from the storm, but little of the glass remained, and the nailed-up shutters threw an additional gloom over its desolation; while the broken carving of a chimney-piece of black walnut, exhibited a few spots of tarnished gilding, and gave the room a more melancholy air. Inside, there was a wainscoted chamber,

gloomier and more ruinous even than the drawing-room; and a third chamber completed the suit. This—possibly the dressing-room—was in a different style: for a few tattered shreds of paper, which described an antiquated hunting scene, were dangling from the walls.

My conductor permitted me to contemplate these forlorn relics of pristine gentility for a minute—and then intimated that these were the haunted apartments.

“And, upon my conscience!” I ejaculated, “a better beat for a walking gentleman\* could not be found. Why a ghost in the commission of the peace, or worth three hundred a year, might be proud to select these quarters.”

“Your honour laughs,” returned the salmon-fisher, “I never saw him, but I heard him.”

“Heard who?”

“The ghost.”

“Nonsense!”

“Ay, I heard him, as surely as I hear you,” was the reply.

“Was it a ‘spirit of peace, or goblin damned?’”

“I don’t exactly understand you; but I’ll tell you the story. I was sweet-hearting at the time, wi’ the woman I’m married on syne, and as is common in the kintry here, I used to come to clash wi’ her, when the folks here were quiet and asleep. To sae the truth, I was oftener a-foot by night than day at the time: for, if the truth is told, I was then a wee thought in the smugglin’ line, ye ken. As Jeanie and I could na’ jist the while manage to come together, wa did na’ wish a’ the world to claver about our keepin’ company—and sa when a’ the family were at rest, I used to come to the back yet, and creep in through a windy the lass left open. The servants slept below—the gentlefolk on the floor abune us—for these chamers had sic an awfu’ character, that deil a yun would venter in after night-fa’ on ony errand. Smugglers are daring chiels,—and in my day, they said I was a bould yun,—so for fear the lads below would catch us at the coortin’, I persuaded Jeanie—and sair agen her wool—to come up to this room, where yer honour stands at present.

“It was a Friday night, gude Lord! I’ll niver forget it, nor Jenny ather—I had run a horse-load of brandy into Berwick—got it a’ safe, and made mysel’ a wee thought fu’, when I cam ower the water to keep tryst with my Jo here. We cam up stairs as usual; and after a while’s coortin’, I began daffin’ Janet about the ghaist. ‘Jeanie,’ says I, ‘if the auld lad cam and cotched us.’ ‘Lord sake! man!’ says she, ‘dinna name him, or I’ll drap.’ ‘Hoogh! woman—dinna fash yoursel’ about sic folly; there’s na sic things as spirits.’ Noo—mind what I’m goin’ to say, Colonel—the words were scarce oot o’ my mouth, when tramp, tramp, tramp,—a heavy fut cam doon the lobby yonder—Jeanie clung to me half-faintin’. We heard the ooter door opened, and then the second after it. Wasn’t it a mercy we had mad our coortin’ in this one? For, as I suppose, the ghaist was ashamed to come into the room where he had murdered his beautiful leddy.”

\* In Ireland, a person who revisits “this round orb,” after having been decently interred, is said “to walk.”

“Murdered a beautiful lady!”

“Ay—ay; patience, Colonel, and I’ll tell ye a’ about it as we row doon the river in the evening. Weel, Colonel, we waited there a’ night, and did na dare venture oot till the sun was beamin’ in; an’ the de’il a fut iver Jeanie or mysel’ set inside the ghaist’s rooms after it. But I hear them callin’ for ye—so come up stairs—though ye’ll see naethin’ there but ruins.”

I found, as the salmon-fisher had apprized me, that the upper department of the building was still more ruinous than the rooms below. The roof was sadly defective, and the water it admitted was sapping the floors, and doing the work of demolition silently, but more securely than the storm. One chamber at the extremity of the corridor had more interest for me even than the haunted room below it. That room, Horne Tooke had occupied; and a few years since, among a heap of rubbish and the *débris* of a deserted house, several notes and scraps of his writing were discovered. I looked around me with respectful admiration. This decayed and desolate apartment had once tenanted a high and gifted spirit; and probably, on the spot I stood, some philippic was indited, before which corruption trembled! A voice behind me broke the reflective chain. It was the lassie; and Jeanie, encouraged by the presence of a second protector and broad daylight, had gallantly ventured up the stairs, to tell me “the kettle was a’ ready,” thereby intimating the contents of the same.

I followed the salmon-fisher, who strode down the stairs in advance, Jeanie prudently keeping in the centre, and thus having her front and rear secured.

“Jeanie, lass,” said the descendant of a moss-trooper, as we passed the door that led to the ghost’s apartments, “will ye keep tryst wi’ me here the night?”

“Na, Rob,” replied the girl, “I would na venture that, were ye as young, and twice as weel-favoured as when ye near drove Janet Armstrong mad, by bringing her to sic a place to coort in.”

And so saying, she bounded down half-a-dozen stairs and vanished.

I found on issuing from the haunted house, that, while all the company besides had been actively employed, like Diogenes at Sinope, I had been an idler. In a corner of the garden, a fire had been lighted; and over it, and supported from three stakes united at the top, “the kettle” was suspended. Around the fire, a dozen salmon-cutlets, each fixed upon a wooden skewer, were roasting; and to the gardener’s wife, the task of boiling the potatoes had been confided. It was what in the land of Cockayne they call a “a refreshing sight,” to see that honest kettle bubbling, and listen to the gentle hissing of cutlets severed from the person of a salmon, which one brief hour before could have thrown a clean summerset over the bright surface of the Tweed. My eye wandered up the alley—for there, was “metal more attractive.” Under an ash that had seen two centuries, the table was being spread; and three prettier women than those that were garnishing the same, could not have been found over the wide Border. It is true that the men have degenerated—taken to trade and agriculture—without courage “to cry stand! to a true man,” or stop the royal mail;—but as far as



beauty goes, there is abundance on the "debatable land;" and "by the simplicity of Venus' doves!" Tweed, as well as Yarrow, has its flowers.

I have dined with Duke Humphrey, which meaneth I have not dined at all. I have gone through the same operation upon nine ounces—the commissary called it a pound—of a bullock, which had been on his legs an hour before, after travelling three hundred miles by forced marches. I was once feasted in the Guildhall, on Lord Mayor's day—and have had the honour of slipping my legs under the mahogany of an Archbishop; but the dinner I shall ever recall to memory with greatest pleasure, was that beneath the old ash tree! my old Peninsular companion, M—— on my right flank; and Mary—I dare not name her—beside me. Oh! were I younger by thirty years! But it is unavailing to complain—for all left to a man of sixty, is "rum and true religion."

"Time and the hour run through the longest day," and even a kettle must terminate. We parted with a *doch-an-durris*,—and while the Border maids and matrons, with their admirers and liege lords, proceeded to Berwick by land, I placed my destinies at the disposal of Rob Armstrong, and returned to the place from whence I came, as Ophelia in the old ballad is said to have gone to Heaven—by water. In this I considered I was not doing the adventurous, inasmuch as a man who would perpetrate a flirtation at "moonless midnight" in a chamber, well known to be in the occupancy of a ghost, might be safely intrusted with my person on the Tweed. But there was no danger in the navigation—it was a sweet evening; though the lamp of Cynthia struggled fitfully through the trees which overhang the stream. But when we cleared the wooded banks,

"I would you had been there to see,  
How the light broke forth so gloriously,"

dancing on the bright surface of the smiling river, and displaying, in the distance, the dark outline of the works of Berwick, which once had held the array of a kingdom in check, but now could be entered in as many points by a single battalion, as there were companies in the regiment.

After I had parted with him in the morning, I heard some interesting particulars of my friend in the heavy boots, who was now rowing me down the Tweed. He and his family were the lineal descendants of the last Borderers who signalized themselves after the Union of the Crowns. Old Fuller thus quaintly describes these "worthies:"—"They are like to Job, not in piety and patience, but in suddain plenty and poverty; sometimes having flocks and herds in the morning, and none at night, and perchance many next day. They may give for their motto, '*vivitur ex rapto*'—stealing from their honest neighbours what they sometimes require. They are a nest of hornets; strike one, and stir all of them about your ears. Indeed, if they promise safely to conduct a traveller, they will perform it with the fidelity of a Turkish Janissary; otherwise woe be to him who falleth into their quarters.

\* \* \* \* \*

“They wear a wolf’s head,” proceedeth the old gentleman, “so that they may be lawfully destroyed without any judicial inquisition, as who carry their own condemnation about them, and deservedly die without the law, because they refused to live according to law.”

Now Fuller’s legal deductions may be very correct; but had the old chronicler propounded his forensic opinions on the Border, “a Lockerby lick” from an Armstrong or an Elliot, would probably have closed his literary labours, and left his worthies *minus* their historian.\*

The last grand movement of the moss-troopers occurred on the death of Elizabeth—and while “gentle Jamie” was progressing to London, receiving here “a purse of gold,” and there “a learned oration,” at one town “a peale of ordinance with bone-fyres,” and at another “a sermon from Tobie Mathew, Bishop of Durham,” with “a fair Barbarie horse, in rich furniture suitable,” and “deep-mouthed hounds and swift haulkes of excellent wings.” While these proceedings were going on, the Borderers, disliking idleness, “when the Queen’s death was knowne,” commenced operations on both sides, “the which was called the busie week.” Lord Hume received instructions to repress them, and he seems to have made an excellent selection in appointing “Lord Cranston to bee captayne of the guard; who did so much by his care and vigilance that a number of outlawes were brought to the place of execution, where, after lawful assize they had a reward for their past follies. Their names and surnames,” quoth John Monipennie, “for brevity wee omit. Some of them, who might have lived upon their rente, if so, they could bee content; but so prone were they to imbred vyce, received from their forefathers, and drunken in their adolescence, they never leaft off their first footsteps until they runne headlong to their owne destruction.”†

Now when gentle Jamie was making a general jail delivery of all malefactors, excepting papists and the swell-mob,‡ he surely might have permitted the honest Borderers to amuse themselves for a week, without resorting to the use of “St. Johnstone’s tippet.”

Of such a stock was my Tweed Palinurus, and, if report could be credited, he was a true descendant of a family who generally made a last visit to Carlisle, “that place where the officer always doth his work by daylight,” to wit—the hangman.

It was a singular fact that in this man’s family, the Border blood appeared unchanged and unchangeable—and of his numerous kinsmen the same character was given. They were grateful for a kindness, and revengeful if an injury or a slight were offered—none of them ever pursued a quiet calling—they were smugglers, privateersmen, poachers, or salmon-fishers; but to handicraft pursuits, they had as deep

\* The Worthies of England.

† Summarie, &c., printed at Brittaines Bursse, by John Bridge, 1612.

‡ “On the 19th day of April, at York, after dinner, his Majestie commanded all prisoners to be set at libertie, (wilful murtherers, traytors, and papists being excepted).

\* \* \* \* \*

“On the 22nd, at New Warke upon Trent, a cutpurse heere was taken in the act, who having great store of gold about him, confessed that hee had convoyed his Majestie from Barwicke; there was a warrand given to hang him, releasing all prisoners beside.”—*The Royale progress of his Sacred Majestie.*

aversion as Rob Roy had to article his son Hamish to Baillie Nicol Jarvie. Touching the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, their opinions were held by persons learned in the law to be very erroneous—several of the family having from time to time been dispatched to Australasia—and my companion, for stabbing a man in an affray, had been accommodated with a free passage to Van Diemen's Land, whence, after a residence of seven years, he had returned home the preceding autumn. I love to occasionally consort with an intelligent malefactor. The first grouse I ever shot was under the tutelage of Shemus Rhua, a rebel captain, then an outlaw; and in latter years, the man who shared my bothy in the Irish Highlands, had been thrice convicted of homicide before he had counted thirty summers. These admissions may compromise my character; and in self-defence, I here solemnly declare my innocence of manslaughter and mail-coach robbery. And lest the gentle reader should lug in the old saw of *noscitur e sociis*, I beg to assure him that I am not of a truculent disposition, and that my walk of life has been decidedly anti-felonious.

With these necessary explanations, I shall give the Borderer's legend—and although in a Court of Justice, the evidence of a returned convict might be questioned, I see no reason to impugn the ghost story of Rob Armstrong, a personage who had heard the chimes at midnight, with the creaking of a spectre's boots as a fit accompaniment to the same.

As the *patois* in which the tale was narrated, to a southern reader would be unintelligible and require a glossary, I shall render it into the vulgar tongue. This liberty I take with Mr. Armstrong, as, like his friend William of Deloraine,

“ Letter or line knows he never a one,  
Were it his neck-verse at Harribee,”

and, therefore, I shall be pretty safe from being detected in paraphrasing his “legend wild.”

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## CHAPTER XII.

### THE LEGEND OF ELMFORD.

THE lawless character which the Border districts had obtained from the predatory habits of those who lived upon “the debatable land” about two centuries ago—about as pleasant and safe a locality as Tipperary is at present—altered after the union of the kingdoms; and it is rather questionable, whether the change was much for the better. The “*vivitur rapina*” was exchanged for “*dum vivimus vivamus*.” It was, in truth, a drunken and debauched era; and an Irish squire, a Highland laird, and a Border proprietor might have been started even, and all safely backed to win in the race of ruin. In Ireland “the dirty acres” gradually disappeared, until the heir, like Sir Lucius O'Trigger, had nothing to succeed to but his honour and the family pictures. In the

Highlands, muir and mountain passed into the hands of "folk and bodies," who, as the Gael would indignantly observe, had "driven shuttles, and pined yarn, Cot tam them!" But on the Celtic race—Irish and Highland—rapidly as they decayed, still ruin did not come so sweepingly and fast, as that which visited the Borderers. An Irish gentleman might grind the tenant for a while; a Highland chieftain now and then receive a subsidy from abroad, or levy a trifle of black-mail from the Lowlands. But compared with both, the Borderer had formerly an El Dorado to resort to; and as Falstaff reconciled himself to his ragamuffins, by recollecting that there was "plenty of linen to be found on every hedge," so, when the commissariat in a house upon the marshes began to exhibit a reduction in its rations, the honest owner blessed God that there were grazing farms in Northumberland, and a moonlight ride would set matters right again.

But, after the Union, a distinctive system of *meum* and *tuum* was introduced, that might be very proper, but found extremely inconvenient. In "lang syne" it was marvellous how far two or three bullocks and a score or two of sheep, obtained Heaven only knew how and where, went in simplifying house-keeping; and the new order of "pitch and pay" was found generally objectionable. In the good old times, half a dozen industrious lads could maintain a Border family most respectably; but now, a midnight ride across the Tweed, would most probably end in an *exit* at Carlisle; and as Border hospitality survived the means which erstwhile had supported it, among many of the oldest and the proudest families, acre after acre disappeared, until the broad lands were alienated wholly—and even the name, in too many cases, after a few years vanished from recollection.

The ruined house I have described, had passed within a century through the possession of four proprietors; and the last purchaser of the estate had risen from humble life by honourable industry, and retired from the bustle of the Gallowgate to the quiet of the Border. Mr. Anderson was a widower, and the father of an only child—a daughter.

Neither in face or figure was May Anderson anything remarkable. The latter was under-sized, the former rather plain. But a purer mind, or gentler temper never gifted woman—while her talents were of the highest order—and considering how imperfect the educational system of the time was, her acquirements most respectable. When her father purchased and took up his residence at Ashford, May was in her twentieth year; and a woman better calculated to gladden the fire-side of any man who loved a quiet and a happy home, could not have been discovered on the Borders.

Six months had elapsed since Mr. Anderson had taken possession of his acquired property, and Ashford exhibited a very different appearance to what it did when he first made it his residence. Passing as the estate had done through the hands of persons whose embarrassed circumstances had forbidden the large outlay which the long-neglected mansion and its grounds required, the restoration of the place was reserved for the opulent tradesman. The house was now substantially repaired, the plantations pruned and fenced in anew, the garden smiled again, and all bore striking evidence that opulence and good order had

succeeded to riot, poverty, and their consequences—dilapidation and decay.

To one of the branches of the Musgraves, Ashford had for centuries belonged. The suppression of Border violence which followed the succession of James, and the union of the kingdoms, however, had concluded their history, as it did that of many of the more important Border proprietors. Probably, for a century before, had the laird of Ashford, for the time being, “come to book,” to use a sporting phrase, the fee-simple of the property would not have met its liabilities. But, like Connemara of old, when Dick Martin thanked God that the King’s writ was not worth the paper it was printed on, it would have been a difficult matter to collect debts upon the banks of Tweed, for the *métallique* was not always obtainable. To make a man do anything “upon compulsion,” Jack Falstaff rejects altogether—and to call in principal and interest from personages who considered it far more correct,

“Instead of broad pieces, to pay with broad swords,”

would have been both a dangerous and problematical undertaking. A threatened lattitat would have had little effect on gentlemen who were annually outlawed—and had any of the tribe of Levi showed themselves in their vocation upon the Border, their place in the synagogue would have been vacant—for the old Borderers had a heart-hatred to Judaism, sheriffs’ officers, and the discharge of old debts, considering the payment of any, save that of nature, as utterly unworthy of a man of spirit.

The line of the Ashford Musgraves—a family which a century before, could have sent fourscore horsemen across the Tweed of a moonlight night—had gradually dwindled away in numbers, until William Musgrave was the only representative of that branch of an ancient name. Report spoke of him unfavourably. He was described as wild and dissipated; and rumour whispered, that all he had inherited from his turbulent ancestors, was a reckless disregard of every principle which is necessary for the security of life and property. To a youth of such disposition, an *émeute*, like that of the forty-five, would be congenial; and Musgrave had been out with the young Chevalier. Whatever evil qualities he might have had, his loyalty to Prince Charlie was devoted. He followed his fortunes after the field of Culloden had sealed their ruin; and for four years, had been an exile with many other of the adherents of the house of Stuart. Gradually the jealousy and apprehensions of the House of Hanover died away—the cause of the Pretender became hopeless—many who had been in arms were permitted to return; and rather in the hope than the expectation, of glean- ing something from the ruined property which had passed into the hands of strangers, William Musgrave received liberty to come home, and had arrived on the Borders at the period this story opens.

Few misfortunes befall men from which, like medicine extracted from poisonous flowers, advantage cannot be obtained. Musgrave, the *attaché* to what was in reality but the semblance of a Court, had still managed to profit by his exile. He was remarkably handsome. At twenty-one he followed the disastrous fortunes of the young Pretender, a wild, daring, reckless desperado—at twenty-five he returned to his

native Border, looser in moral principle, but more dangerous to society from polished manners, and the power of masking a vicious disposition under a most prepossessing appearance and address.

William Musgrave did obtain from the *débris* of his dismembered estate a small sum of money, just sufficient to enable him to re-appear on the Borders as a gentleman: and one sweet summer evening, while May Anderson was engaged in her flower garden, and her father was smoking before the hall-door, "his custom i' the afternoon," a visitor was announced, and Musgrave was ushered to the presence of the new possessor of Ashford.

To both, this unexpected meeting was embarrassing, but both determined to overcome it: Anderson by kindness—Musgrave by hauteur.

"You are welcome to this house," said the retired tradesman, courteously.

"There was a time I should have been so," was the reply.

"This is my daughter, Sir."

Musgrave, with the ease he had acquired at St. Germain's, and which the familiarity of the manners of the times permitted, advanced and kissed the blushing girl. Poor May! That ceremonious salute proved the opening of a fatal attachment.

Most hospitably, and with every deference to his feelings, Anderson entertained the ruined laird. He was a man of shrewd character and sound understanding, and far too wise to act the *parvenu* proprietor at a time, when property still lingered with the aristocracy. In point of fact, the most of the Border families were desperately embarrassed, if not altogether ruined; but still they nominally possessed estates from which their creditors now, that the order of things had changed and right no longer was synonymous with might, were enabled to obtain the greater proportion of the income. Still the broken gentlemen looked down upon wealth obtained by honourable industry with contempt; and the least assumption of equality, or an attempt to place riches against red blood as a set-off, would have elicited as strong an outburst from a Borderer, as honest Bailie Nicol Jarvie evoked from his kinsman, the Highland cateran, when in return for offering handsomely to take his son apprentice without a fee, Rob Roy consigned the worthy magistrate, with his looms, treddles and all, to a warmer locality even than the West Indies. Mr. Anderson with great tact avoided all appearance of display and pretence—kept on the noiseless tenor of his way—offered no offence to his fiery neighbours—and in return, escaped those slights and insults to which others similarly circumstanced as himself, but without his prudence, were continually exposed.

Musgrave's errand, or pretended errand to Ashford, was to make inquiries after two or three family portraits, which he understood had been accidentally discovered in a garret. Mr. Anderson told him that his information was correct; and leading him to another apartment, he pointed to the portraits, cleaned and framed anew, and assured young Musgrave that he had only taken possession of these family memorials, until he should have an opportunity of restoring them to the lineal descendant, and now they were heartily at his disposal. This delicate

mark of respect to the fallen family was not lost upon the Borderer—and the unpretending hospitality of the host, and the gentle attention of his daughter, propitiated one who had never heard the name before—mentioned without a burst of anger; and, late in the evening, he rode from the home of his fathers, in a different mood to that in which he had approached it in the afternoon.

An hour's ride brought him to a little inn, where a companion was waiting his return over a stoup of Bordeaux wine. He was a Highlander; a short, stout, square-built man of thirty, with fiery-red hair, a slight obliquity of vision, and a face whose *ensemble* was decidedly repulsive. MacDougal, like his friend Musgrave, had followed the fortunes of the exiled family—had starved at St. Germain—obtained permission to return to Scotland—and visited the “land of brown heath,” with as little hope, and much less good luck than his friend, the Borderer. Small as the harvest reaped on the Border was by Musgrave, that gleaned in the Highlands by MacDougal was much less. The family property had been demolished, root and branch, and not a wreck remained. In a word, the fortune and influence of his name had been annihilated.

Muttering a Celtic curse, he finished the stoup before him, called loudly for another, and then demanded what had detained his companion so long.

“Long!” returned the Borderer; “I should have accepted my host's invitation, and remained there for the night, only I knew that thou wouldst be growling like a maimed bear.”

“And did the churl ask thee in?”

“Ay, that he did; and entertained me right hospitably. I rode to my father's door with every feeling of hatred for its possessors. I left it, half-reconciled to him, and half-inclined to make love to his daughter.”

“And what may she be like?”

“A woman without a single pretension to beauty—and yet one that a man might love.”

“How looked the auld place? Not like my ancient home—a place without a roof—a hearth without a fire.” And springing from his chair the red MacDougal strode through the chamber, uttering Gaelic imprecations.

“I should have scarcely known it, Angus; house, garden, grounds, all renovated—all cultured well. Every room bears the mark of opulence—the sideboard is loaded with silver; the servants are neat and orderly; and the stall my horse was led to, thou and I might sleep in. I never saw such nowt as the maids were milking in the close; and the very yard-dog shows that he has neither Lent nor maigre-day. In a word, all in and about the house betokens quiet, wealth, and comfort.”

“And did the carl bid thee welcome; was the wench civil; and in their hearts did they not devoutly wish thee at the devil?”

“No, Angus; there seems not a particle of jealousy towards myself; and my sire, my grandsire, and Black Richard are hanging from the walls of the drawing-room, with more gold about their canvass than I conscientiously believe the united purses of the three would have pro-

duced at any period of their lives. Damnation ! would that I had been warned by thee, Angus, I could—nay, deem it not vanity—have been master of my own again.”

“How ?” exclaimed the impatient Highlander.

“By enacting the same mummery with May Anderson, that I went through with Claudine Dubreton !”

“Thou would’st rival royalty, forsooth !” returned the Highlander, “and have thy plaything at her own price. She turned thy folly to account ; and thou wert dolt enough, to wed beauty and beggary. Well, you found out and proved the proverb—‘When poverty came in, love took its departure ;’ and the close of the honeymoon was the signal for a separation.”

“Too true—too true, Angus.”

“But think ye, you could win the wench ?”

“She’s half won already, if I know aught of woman.”

“Win her all out then,” exclaimed the red MacDougal. “None know, save three or four beside myself, aught of your marriage with Claudine. She is in France, and thou in Scotland ; and even did she discover that thou had’st comforted thyself with another wife, why, God’s mercy ! she will console herself with another lover.”

It would be a very doubtful question to decide, whether Musgrave or his adviser were the greater profligate. Both were ruined men—and May Anderson and her fortune appeared to be thrown as a god-send in the way. The Highlander’s sporran did not contain a solitary coin ; the Borderer’s pocket would not stand a month’s demands. Want of principle and poverty went hand in hand ; and Anderson and his innocent child were marked unscrupulously by “the ruffians twain,” for ruin.

The progress of this unhallowed suit it will not be necessary to detail ; and Musgrave won a heart, than which a warmer and a purer never throbbed in woman’s breast. No man exists without some weak point, and Mr. Anderson’s was pardonable. To make a fortune is generally followed by a wish to found a name. His daughter’s union with the heir of Ashford would countervail the obscurity of May’s birth, and give her that position in Border society, that even wealth could not command. Musgrave played a cautious game—May would listen to no tale to his disadvantage—and her father succeeded in persuading himself that if his youth were wild and dissipated, his manhood had become reformed. Musgrave’s addresses were therefore favourably received ; and May Anderson was united in form to a man, who was already married to another.

Too soon Anderson found reason to repent the selection he had made in choosing a son-in-law ; and poor May had cause to suspect, that she had listened to protestations of love which were “false as dicer’s oaths.” Ashford was “disturbed from its propriety ;” and a house where quiet and comfort had reigned before, became the haunt of the drunken and the dissolute. Remonstrance from Mr. Anderson was met by indifference or insult, according to the mood in which Musgrave chanced to be ; and his mild and patient wife had her gentle reasonings coarsely repelled by the savage to whom she fancied she was wedded, and heard the bru-



tal declaration from her husband, that his heart was in another land. Heart! the ruffian had none.

One morning the wretched girl was summoned to her father's closet, and there found the old man booted and ready for a journey. "Close the door, May, although we have no reason to dread listeners—for 'tis scarce two hours, as they tell me, since the beastly revelry of Musgrave and his blackguard comrades terminated; and, for half the day to come, their drunken slumbers will continue. I am bound for Edinburgh, bent thither on important business; but it were an idle waste of time, unless I received thy assurance, that thou wilt carry out the object I go there to execute."

"Alas! my father, my misplaced love has embittered thy declining years. Ask anything of me; breathe but thy wishes; and as I hope for patience in affliction here, and mercy in a better world hereafter, thy commands shall be regarded by thy daughter as second only to those issued for her guidance by the great Author of us all."

"Enough;—I go to make an alteration in my will. I possess the power of leaving thyself absolute mistress of all I have earned by honest industry. Ay, from that park which Jock Ploughman is turning over, even to yonder pigeon which is cooing on the dove-cot. All, May, shall be bequeathed to thee; and all I ask from thee is a promise, that that thou wilt retain them in thy power—full, unchallengeable, absolute power. Dole to that bad and wretched man what may seem good to thee; but mind the last wishes of a father—the injunction thou promised sacredly to obey. Let neither threat, promise, or persuasion, induce thee to give thy husband authority to slay a chicken, or even cut a berry-bush."

"All this—and by all my hopes of mercy! I undertake to do," replied the daughter.

"Then God bless and protect thee! I wanted this assurance, for I go to do an act that prudence demands, and which some whispering at my heart tells, will nevertheless prove unfortunate! Once more, God bless thee!"

He said—strained his weeping daughter to his bosom—and in a minute or two the clatter of a horse's foot upon the paved court-yard, announced that the Lord of Ashford had departed.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

"ANGUS," said Musgrave, when a brandered fowl had been removed, and which was rather calculated to produce thirst than abate hunger, from the hot condiments the cook had introduced, to stimulate unduly stomachs of men whom debauchery and excess had rendered insensate to healthier and simpler viands, "pass the claret. What think ye of this sudden movement of the old carl? It bodes us little good, I trow."

“On that point you may rest certain, Musgrave. How feels the girl?”

“Intractable as the devil himself. Her very nature appears to have undergone a change,” was the reply. “When I rose this evening, I saw an empty purse upon the table; and remembering that the Jedburgh race and the Kelso cock-fights come off next week, and supposing that we must be there—”

“Supposing!” exclaimed the Highlander. “Cot dam—I would’na lose either for the old weaver’s neck.”

“Nor I,” returned Musgrave, “were that the choice between them. Well, attend to me. I sent for May; her tire-woman answered, that her mistress was busily engaged. As I had an object to obtain, I smothered pride, and condescended to go to her own apartment. What was my reception, guess ye?”

“Oh! tears and reproaches of course; and an entreaty that you would give up bad compay—thereby meaning me—and avoid late hours—and that means going to bed as we did at nine o’clock this morning; and a—”

“No—no—by Heaven!” exclaimed Musgrave, passionately. “Neither remonstrance was made nor advice offered me. She was writing, and scarcely deigned to raise her eyes. In man, and less in woman, I can scarcely brook indifference; and as I wanted a favour from her, I thought it would choke me as I expressed it. I did, however, muster words to ask her to get me twenty pieces from the old fellow. Wot ye what her answer was? Listen. She, who formerly smiled did I but notice her—and when I played truant never reproached me but with a tear—who would listen at her open casement, and out-watch the moon, expecting my return—and when my horse-tramp fell upon her ear, bless Heaven that she was once more happy—”

“Pshaw!—a truce with her former folly, and keep thee to what concerns us more than the idle fantasies of a love-struck wench. To the point, my friend. When thou asked the money, what was the answer?” said the red Highlander, impatiently.

“I’ll give it thee in her own words: ‘Were I inclined to comply with the request you have made of me, it would not be possible, inasmuch as about the hour you retired to bed this forenoon, my father set off for Edinburgh. But—I scorn to conceal my thoughts—were he here, I might comply, as, in a wife’s duty, I should feel bounden to obey my husband’s mandate; but at the same time, I would, as a daughter, counsel him not to waste his substance, humbly but honestly earned as it was, to maintain discreditable outlaws, and support profligate companions.’”

“That was a lunge direct at me,” exclaimed MacDougal.

“Patience, friend Angus, the worst is yet to come. I blazed up, while she remained cool as an icicle. I threatened to go to the German wars, and she replied, that ‘any change in my course of life would probably be for the better.’ What think ye of that?”

“Why, I think that we are as nearly done up as we can be. What next?”

“I got *enragé*, became silly, I admit—swore that I would deeply

recollect the slight she had passed upon me ; and that when her weaver-father died, the next Yule afterwards, I would have at my Christmas table a goose that had grazed upon his grave."

"By our Lady! a sillier boast never passed the lips of a sane man! What next?"

"'Indeed!' she said; 'it was well you chose the kirkyard on which to feed your poultry: for after to-morrow evening—were it but the pasturage of a kid—rest convinced you will have no right to that in Ashford. My father will make that secure enough: and before the next week passes—'

"And shall I not succeed to what was my father's?"

"'I know nothing you are certain to succeed to, except the clothes you wear: and those same, my poor deluded parent paid for. Excuse me, Sir, I'm busied writing. *This is my father's house*: these rooms are *mine*. The cellar remains unlocked; use the privilege for the time. Drink, Sir, and deeply as you please: you may, ere long, find wine not readily procurable.'"

"By Heaven, you amaze me!" exclaimed the red MacDougal. "I should have just as soon expected to have seen a canary bird assail a cat, as that milk-and-water wench turn upon thee. What did ye?"

"What could I do—but sneak from the room, scarcely crediting the evidence of my own senses. The change of being was so sudden and so marvellous! What devil is in the wind, Angus?"

"The devil, indeed!" returned Musgrave's companion. "I think there are not a couple of private gentlemen from the Pentland to the Tweed, more regularly ruined. D—n that piece of folly! When you have half-a-dozen drappies in, as a wet night requires a man should have to steady himself next morning, you have no more brains than a woodcock. 'Rest assured, that self-same Christmas goose you spoke of, will cost you many a gold Jacobus.\* But what the devil is to be done?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Three hours elapsed; and what was to be done became a very puzzling question, and one very difficult to be decided. After much deliberation, a course was resolved upon, and MacDougal departed at midnight, attended by two Musgraves of low caste and evil reputation. The irregular movements of the red Highlander and his associates occasioned no surprise. MacDougal had gone, as it was supposed, to attend some cock-fight, or blackguard meeting—and the only wonder was, that his friend Musgrave had remained behind.

At this extraordinary era, duration of life was in as blessed uncertainty, as it is at present in Tipperary. In the English capital, men were nightly "stabbed i' th' dark:" in the Irish, they were sped in mid-day; and no inquiry was instituted regarding the demise of a gentleman,† after the nearest apothecary had pronounced him to be

\* This singular phrase was used by an Irish spendthrift to an aged uncle, who declined his repeated applications for money; and the old gentleman married at eighty-two, had a male heir, and cut the *roué* off from succession.

† The state of society in the Irish capital, and the value at which human life was estimated "sixty years ago," may be correctly ascertained from the following anecdote.

“past praying for;” while old Auld Reekie, in its wynds and closes, afforded an immense conveniency to the assassin, and a gentleman might, as quacks remedy diseases, “be removed with secrecy and dispatch.”

Four days had elapsed since MacDougal had departed, none knew and none cared whither; and in two more, May expected her father from Edinburgh. She and her putative husband now lived totally apart; and it would appear that neither had the slightest wish or intention to return to more amicable relations. The fifth and sixth day passed, and Mr. Anderson had named the evening of the latter, as that

dote, which was told the author by a gentleman still living, who actually witnessed the transaction. It will be necessary to acquaint the reader that Dublin was then infested with gangs of well-born, well-dressed, idle blackguards, members of the Hell-fire and Cherokee Clubs, who were a disgrace to their own order, and a terror to every other. These vagabonds rendered the streets insecure—and a peaceable citizen or country gentleman could scarcely venture into a coffee-house, without being exposed to insult or assault from these lawless bullies, whom the defective police arrangements of that time, allowed to run riot with impunity. I forget the name of the coffee-house—one probably extinguished a quarter of a century since—but it was then a fashionable house, and one to which these disorderly personages resorted.

“I was sitting,” said Mr. Beresford, “after dinner, in the public room, discussing my bottle of claret—and at the different tables, at least a score of persons were collected, when a fellow of the order then termed ‘Bucks,’ threw open the folding-doors of the coffee-room. His name was Fenton. He was showily dressed, wore an embroidered waistcoat, point ruffles, cocked hat, and a small rapier. He flung his hat and cane upon the table, looked superciliously around him at the company, and called for claret, which was brought him.

“‘Waiter,’ he said affectedly, ‘was that d—d scoundred, Dick Daly, here this evening?’

“‘No, Sir.’

“‘Cursed sorry I did not find him, as I wish to cane the blackguard incontinently.’

“The words had scarcely passed his lips, when the folding-doors were opened, and a personage, dressed in the most extravagant style of fashion, swaggered in. His costume was similar to Mr. Fenton’s—but instead of a small sword, the weapon at his side had a crooked blade, then considered more fashionable among the bloods of the day, and termed a *couteau de chasse*. The new comer was Mr. Daly—and it appeared that his errand was to operate on the person of Mr. Fenton. ‘Scoundrel’ and ‘liar’ were instantly interchanged. Out flew both blades from their scabbards; a fight commenced, and not a man of twenty present, attempted to interfere. Daly was the stronger, Fenton the better armed—and evading the rush of his opponent, he retreated to an inner door. Just as he entered the passage, he of the *couteau de chasse* struck furiously at his antagonist—the point of the sabre cutting the architrave of the door, an inch above Fenton’s head. The civility, at the same instant, was returned with a home *stoccata* from the small sword, which passed clean through Daly’s body, and he dropped, a dead man, upon the floor. Mr. Fenton quietly withdrew the reeking blade, wiped it across the coat of his fallen opponent, returned it to the scabbard, stepped coolly across the bleeding corpse, bowed politely to the company, and departed, none present either asking a question, or offering to bar his egress. The whole affair was transacted within a minute, for

“Few were the words, and stern and high,”

which precluded an encounter, that like a fox-chase, proved ‘short, sharp, and decisive.’

“At the next table to that where I was drinking my claret, a respectable country gentleman was busy with his soup. He never put down his spoon—but turning his eyes from the dead man on the floor, to the deep sabre-cut over the doorway, he quietly observed, ‘Lord! what a pity that Dick Daly struck an inch or two too high, or, by Saint Patrick! the world would have been delivered of two of the most troublesome scoundrels in existence. Waiter, you may remove the soup!’”

on which his daughter might expect him. The window of her private chamber commanded the Edinburgh road for a mile—and there May sat, watching for a distant view of the parent she loved so fondly, as his well-known figure would top the distant height. Presently, a horse-man showed himself upon the hill :—was he the expected one? Oh, no. His pace was too hurried for the sober amble which her father seldom exceeded in his journeyings. Right for Ashford rode the horse-man—plunged into the river, although the bridge was within half a mile—he clattered into the court-yard, and sprang hastily from his reeking horse. He spoke rapidly, and but one sentence; and a man who had gone forward to take his horse started back in horror; while a female domestic who was accidentally within hearing, gave a scream. He was, indeed, the bearer of sorry news—the evening before, Mr. Anderson, in returning to his lodgings at the Gallowgate, had been stabbed, on the second landing of the house, to the heart.\* Robbery was not the motive—for his watch and money had not been abstracted by the murderers, and the cause of the assassination remained a mystery. The perpetrators were unknown; and all that could even induce a suspicion was, that “a wee-bit lassie” had seen three strangers on the turnpike a while before, and she could only tell, that one of them was red-headed.

Two days after the sad intelligence reached Ashford, the body of the murdered man was brought home, “and it was laid in the little vault at the bottom of the garden, which I showed you, Colonel, this morning.”

The shock which this terrible and unexpected calamity occasioned to his attached daughter may be well imagined; but no noisy ebullitions of sorrow escaped her—for hers

“Was the composure of settled distress.”

Musgrave assumed ‘the inky cloak,’ that mockery of mourning; but many circumstances in his bearing, indicated too plainly that his pretended sorrow was put on. His nights, as usual, were spent in drunken revelry—and poor May’s silent and unobtrusive grief was too frequently disturbed by the distant uproar of the drunken orgies, which occasionally reached her solitary chamber from the hall below. Musgrave now assumed the master; and, as such, he found no difficulty in raising supplies for the extravagance of himself and his dissolute companions, by selling cattle, and borrowing money from the tenants, who looked upon him as their lord; while poor May was too deeply immersed in sorrow, to either hear or heed the wasteful means, by which her profligate husband recruited his exhausted treasury.

It was on the seventh evening after Mr. Anderson had been consigned to a bloody tomb, that two strangers arrived at Ashford. Their routes, their errands, their appearance, were particularly dissimilar. One came from the south, and his visit was to the laird. The other arrived by the northern road, and his business was with the lady. The

\* It is, I believe, not more than twenty years since, that a bank-porter was murdered and robbed at mid-day in one of the Edinburgh closes, and neither the assassin nor the property have ever been discovered.

southern stranger was but a lad, extremely handsome, and showy in his dress and appointments. The northern visitor, on the contrary, was a gray-headed man, soberly attired, and apparently the member of some learned profession. Both, on their arrival, were conducted to the apartments of those whom they inquired for. When the graver visitor was introduced to the lady's closet—an apartment thus designated at the time, but which is now more fashionably called "a boudoir," right gladly was he received, for the mourner flung herself upon his neck, and wept upon his bosom.

"Friend of my father!" and sobs interrupted the words of welcome that hung upon her lips.

"Not a friend of thy father now, May! but, thy father—" said the old man, as he folded her in his arms. "I would have been with thee sooner, but this desperate transaction for days unmanned me; and then I thought it better not to intrude too hastily upon thy grief. In sooth, another week should have most likely passed, before I made this mournful visit; but accounts reached me of certain unwarranted acts upon thy husband's part, which, as thy sole and absolute guardian, it is my bounden duty to restrain."

"I know not aught of what of late has passed, or even of what may now be passing. My thoughts are yonder," and she pointed to the vault before the window.

"I can well fancy your indifference, my child, to worldly matters;" said the old man; "but rumour flies—and I hear that the unhappy man you wedded, assumes rights, and wastes property, idly supposing that in right of his marriage with you, he has some power over your late father's property; and I have come hither specially to undeceive him. The morning of that sad evening, when your lamented father met his death—I look back upon it yet as but a dream—I witnessed the final disposition of his property. All, May, is left absolutely in your own power—and Musgrave's marital influence is utterly extinguished. There is a copy of the deed—the last document that your murdered parent ever laid a pen to."

"Would he had never left home upon the fatal errand. But thy will be done!" and the mourner meekly raised her eyes to heaven.

"May," said Mr. Cameron, as the guardian of the orphaned girl was called, "I must away to-morrow by times, to speed some business of mine own in Northumberland—and it would be prudent before I go, to warn thy prodigal and profligate lord, that he has no more power than the meanest hind upon thy property, and that for the food he eats and the clothing he may require, he must be indebted to thy charity. Hark! to that noisy burst of drunken revelry, and in the house that death has visited so awfully! 'Tis incredible in a Christian land, and it must be repressed. Send Janet, to that monster in the shape of man, and say that one desires to speak with him on important business."

The little bell upon the table was sounded, and a female attendant answered its summons from the ante-room.

"Go, Janet, tell Mr. Musgrave that my guardian would speak with him instantly. It is matter that will not brook delay."

The lady's tire-woman bowed and left the room.

I mentioned that a south-country stranger had arrived—a young and handsome gentleman; and when he alighted in the court-yard, Musgrave and his red friend, the Highlander, were in deep conclave over a stoup of Burgundy.

“The old carl had an indifferent good taste for wine,” said Musgrave, as he sipped the liquor. “You say, Angus, that the job was troublesome?”

“Troublesome! Call it by the right name—desperate,” returned MacDougal. “Think ye that it was still daylight—a crowded wynd—on every flat a family—and yet to strike him to the heart, and pass into the street unchallenged and unnoticed—”

“Here’s to thee, my stout friend. D—n me, we’ll make the world wag merrily, so long as we can muster the broad pieces and retain the broad lands. How now, wench, what brings ye here?”

“I come,” said the tire-woman, “to say that my mistress requests your presence instantly, and that her guardian has arrived.”

“Part of thy message is bootless, and the other false,” replied Musgrave, as he turned down a glass of Burgundy. “I am engaged, and therefore cannot come. I am thy lady’s guardian, and *ergo*—as they said at school—she can have none save one. I would not intrude upon her grief at present; it would only awake mine own afresh. Go!”

Ere the attendant had closed the door, both scoundrels burst into a fit of laughter; when a second servant interrupted their merriment, by announcing that a young gentleman desired an instant audience.

“Who, or what is he?”

“That he will tell himself,” returned the voice of the person, as he entered the apartment and closed the door behind him. Advancing to the table, he coolly removed his hat.

“By heaven!” exclaimed Musgrave and his companion together, “it is Claudine Dubreton!”

#### CHAPTER XIV.

“CLAUDINE, what brought thee hither?” exclaimed Musgrave, as he gazed in astonishment on the pseudo gallant, who sported rapier and spur, and in bearing was insolent enough for a modern valet.

“What brings me! Dost thou ask it? Why I come to claim a loving husband. What brought me—was a smuggling lugger to Eymouth—and a post-horse from Berwick-upon-Tweed. Gad’s mercy! I started from France in good time, too—for I hear that some kind friend nicked a throat that stood a little in the way, Will; and that a pint or two of blood has made thee lord paramount over all here.”

“Claudine, be cautious: these words are dangerous. Thou must preserve a strict incognita—leave this house to-morrow, and—”

“Leave thee in quiet possession of thy new love and new estate. Not I; by heaven!” and the stranger struck the table. “No, Musgrave, I shared thy poverty until sheer starvation made me throw my-

self upon my kindred, for that support which thou couldst not supply me with. I passed a stormy ordeal, and now I'll bask me in the sunshine. Here am I—and here I shall remain.”

“Leave us a while, MacDougal, I will explain to Claudine the uncertainty of my position. Then let her inquire of thee, and thy corroboration shall satisfy her that all I shall have stated is correct.”

The red Highlander rose and quitted the apartment, and left the husband and wife together. Mutual recriminations passed—for the conduct of both had been censurable. Neither were burthened with a particle of principle. Musgrave urged necessity in plea of his transgression, and Claudine was ready to receive it in apology. Between the guilty, a moral lapse is easily reconciled—the wine passed freely—and ere half an hour had passed away, Claudine was seated on her husband's knee.

“And thou dost not, in honest truth, then, love her, Musgrave?”

“Not I, by all the saints! I hated her from the first; her very smiles were sickening, and her kisses worse than poison.”

“'Tis well,” returned the lady; “I would not tamely have brooked a rival. I can hate as well as love; and had I found that thou had'st flung me off, and that passion and not poverty had caused it, this small phial would have avenged the insult.”

“In the devil's name, what is it?” And Musgrave took a diminutive bottle in his hand, which Claudine had drawn from her bosom.

“The deadliest poison that ever the laboratory of an alchemist produced,” was the reply. “Three drops are sufficient to destroy the strongest—and the victim will not carry life to the ground.”

“By heaven! I hate drugs—not that I matter knife or pistolet were an enemy or a rival in the road. I'll put it aside. We'll only talk of love, Claudine, to-night; to-morrow we'll talk of business.”

If ever Musgrave felt more strongly for one woman than another, it was for Claudine Dubreton. She was as beautiful as bad; and as she had opened the fastenings of her doublet, and the removal of her hat had allowed her profuse black hair to stream down her shoulders to the waist, the finely-formed throat and bosom appeared additionally white, from the contrast of the dark tresses which but partially concealed them. Her arm was round Musgrave's neck—her lips were pressed to his—when silently the door unclosed, and May Anderson and her guardian were standing at their side, before the guilty pair were apprized that the bolt of the lock had turned.

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When the insolent answer to her message was communicated to the lady of the mansion and her father's friend by the indignant tire-woman, a long deliberation ensued as to the course which appeared most prudential to pursue. Whether to quit the house herself, and repairing to the Scottish capital, there place herself under protection of the Courts—or expel Musgrave from Ashford, and employ legal force, if necessity required it, were points that were cautiously debated.

“On one point, May,” continued the old gentleman, “my opinion is formed. The sooner this wretched profligate knows his true position the better; and I would counsel that, as he lacks courtesy to attend



you, we repair at once together to the hall, and in the presence of his ruffian associate, of whom, touching your father's death, I harbour dark suspicions—at once apprize him that the imaginary rights of a husband must be exchanged for such eleemosynary bounty as, in thy charity, thou may'st be pleased to confer upon the outcast."

"I bow to thy judgment, Sir—and we will at once get over this painful, but prudent interview."

May Anderson imagined that she knew the full extent of her husband's worthlessness. She felt that her affections had been misplaced, her confidence abused, and she attributed the death of her father indirectly to the criminal career of the *roué* who had first won her love, and afterwards disdainfully rejected it. But that he would insult her by the introduction of a courtesan—mock the memory of her father, ere the grave had scarcely closed upon him—outrage every ordinance, human and divine—this thought never crossed her mind. When she descended the stairs, she was prepared to find him employed at the wine-cup with his profligate companion; but when she saw him with a rival in his arms, without an attempt at concealment, in broad day, and in her own hall—that discovery was indeed astounding.

When a mild, enduring disposition is roused by repeated injury to resentment, indignation may not be so violently expressed, but it will be more permanent than that of a fiery temper, easily excited, and as easily appeased.

"Good God! can I credit the evidence of my own senses?" exclaimed Mr. Cameron, recoiling back from the centre of the room; "and can human profligacy reach thus far?"

Claudine sprang from her lover's knee, and hurrying to the window, hastily closed the doublet round her throat, and endeavoured to gather up her dishevelled tresses, and hide them beneath her riding cap—while Musgrave, astounded at the presence of her he had so fearfully deceived, was speechless. But, strange as it might appear, May Anderson retained her firmness through the scene.

"And was this needed," she said, in calm, deliberate accents, addressing the guilty man; "was this needed to complete the measure of your villany? Would it not content you, under the false pretence of love, to win a too-confiding heart, and then lacerate it by unmerited neglect? Would it not suffice to destroy the peaceful happiness that reigned in this quiet dwelling—sadden the declining years of a loved parent with unavailing sorrow—and may Heaven pardon me if I wrong thee by the thought, cause by thy profligate proceedings a journey that proved fatal, if indeed thou didst not abet his murder. Thou would'st add insult too—and that under a roof where thy wretched dupe rules paramount. Ay, stare not, but mark the word well, paramount—absolute—sole mistress. Thou hast dared to introduce a thing unchaste, a wanton; one who feeling she has become a disgrace to woman, has, with woman's purity, abandoned the very garb a woman wears. And this, too, in the presence of a wife! Infamous villain! thy wife knows, despises, and abandons thee!"

She turned, and was about to leave the room, when Claudine, whose excitable temper had been stimulated by the wine with which Musgrave

and she had sealed their reconciliation, and irritated by the presence of one who had nominally usurped her place, and expressed opinions which her guilty conscience would have admitted true, but which a proud, bad woman like herself found, for that very cause, intolerable, sprang forwards from the window, and laid her hand upon the shoulder of the retiring lady. Starting, as if in contact with some reptile, May Anderson indignantly exclaimed :

“ Off, thou impure thing—thy touch is poisonous. Go—press these arms around that heart-struck felon—my honorable and respected husband will duly estimate thy chaste embrace. *I am but a wife.*”

“ Woman—thou art no wife, and *thou*, not I, art Musgrave’s *mistress*,” exclaimed Claudine with flashing eyes.

“ Ah! what say’st thou ?” exclaimed Mr. Cameron.

“ The truth ! look there. He will not dare gainsay it. *I am his wife, and thou*,” and she looked contemptuously on poor May, “ *thou*, pattern of purity ! art but his leman !”

Musgrave’s was guilty courage. In a quarrel his blade was ready ; to cooler blood-shedding he had slight compunction, but the sudden discovery of his ruffian conduct, the consequences, penal and pecuniary, which he knew must attend it—all struck home to his guilty soul ;—and a man, generally remarkable for *hardiesse* and effrontery, seemed as if he had been paralyzed.

May Anderson, like one who questioned the evidence of her senses, leaned for support against a high-backed chair ; while her guardian addressed the stranger.

“ Let me understand thee correctly,” he said, “ art thou in truth married to him ? When did that ceremony take place ! Where—”

Claudine impatiently interrupted him, and plucking a paper from her bosom, she put it into Mr. Cameron’s hand.

“ There, read that document carefully, and in it all the information you require will be found.”

Musgrave, for the first time, appeared to recover self-possession ; he sprang from the chair and ejaculating “ Claudine, thou hast ruined me !” hurried from the chamber.

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There is an extent to which human resolution reaches which cannot be exceeded. The tension of the nerves, when overwrought, gives way ; reaction succeeds, and hope and heart yield together. May Anderson bore up bravely while the full measure of Musgrave’s villany was detected and confirmed. But, when she reached her private apartments, the woman returned—and the indignant feeling of outraged confidence, sank into the distress that one would feel, who had within so brief a space been called upon to lament the loss of a dead father, and worse still, a living husband. Mr. Cameron had instantly departed, to take prompt means to eject Musgrave from a place to which he had now no claim whatever ; and while the ill-used lady gave way to grief that admitted no consolation in her own chamber—the ruffian who had foully dishonoured her of a maiden’s fame, and invaded her father’s “ house of life,” in the hall below, held secret conclave with his guilty companions. In this his hour of difficulty, and frame of mind, two

better emissaries of the arch-enemy of mankind could not have been found, for what Claudine would unscrupulously advise, MacDougal would as unscrupulously execute.

"Claudine," said Musgrave, as he filled a bumper to the brim, "I drink to thee—nevertheless thou hast ruined us beyond redemption."

"Ay," said the red MacDougal, "touching that there can be little question. The thread we relied upon, thou hast severed. There was a noble stake to be won or lost, and fortunately and desperately the first throw came off. A little patience, a little management—these were only needed, and the ball would have rolled right. Damnation! thy cursed jealousy flung down the towering edifice, and the winning card passed directly into hands that won't throw away the advantage." He filled his glass. "Where shall we have a stoup this time to-morrow evening? Heaven knows where!"

"Why—why act so suddenly?" inquired Claudine. "There may be time to remedy a mistake."

"To remedy the devil!" returned the irritated Highlander. "Whatever chances we might have had of playing on that soft girl's feelings, or, at the worst, of carrying off property—it is over. Thou hast made him a felon"—he pointed to Musgrave—"a bigamist; 'twas all the old carl wanted. Musgrave, thanks to thy folly, must off ere morning, or else he will be in Carlisle within the week—ay, and forwarded to the plantations, after the next judge comes round."

"What means bigamy?" said Claudine sharply.

"It means," replied the Highlander, "the crime a man commits, who has already a loving wife like thee, and intermarries with another. All necessary to establish his guilt, is the evidence which thou hast effectually supplied. Well, where will lie the profit of this feat? Thou hast, certes, for the present, the honour of a pauper husband—and May Anderson will soon replace the loss—for fifteen thousand English pounds do not go long a begging on the Border; and May is as free as air."

"Must both wives be alive?" asked Claudine.

"Yes. How else could a man have two?"

"And would the removal of one of them avert the penal consequences?" inquired the lady.

"Undoubtedly," returned the Highlander. "Evidence were in that case wanted. Art thou sleeping, Musgrave? By Heaven! I think all thy energies are gone. The business might yet be remedied."

"No, no," returned the wretched man; "it is too late—too late. The sheriff and his followers will be here no doubt, to-morrow, and then—"

"What then?" asked MacDougal.

"Just what you predicted a minute since."

"To convict for bigamy it seems, both wives must be alive. Might not one die suddenly? Ha!"

"No—no—no. The father—the father—that was enough. But—but—self-preservation—yes! that is a safe argument. Angus, my friend, wilt thou?" and he paused.

"Will I do what?" replied the Highlander.

"There is a room at the end of the gallery up stairs—and once within it; and—and—"

"You would murder again by proxy," said MacDougal with a sneer. "Not I, by the living Lord! I struck for thee the boldest stroke that ever Auld Reekie witnessed. I'll no more of it. No!—An thou can'st not save thyself, why—"

"Musgrave!" exclaimed Claudine passionately, "When I knew thee first, thou used to brave it with the best. Thou crossed blades with Melmonte and d'Aubigny; and two more noble swordsmen France could not produce. Art thou *distract*—impotent of mind? In the devil's name, what has bewitched thee?"

'Tis said that the enemy of man is ever in attendance when evoked by the wicked, and ready to confirm the guilty purpose of the desperate wretch who hesitates. The contemptuous remarks of his guilty friend and mistress roused the latent demon which only slumbered in the felon breast of Musgrave, and springing from his chair he exclaimed:

"'Tis necessity—that knows no law, and I obey!"

His evil genius lent his aid, and hurried the consummation of the foul deed. May, whose firmness had been so remarkable in the hall, altogether gave way when she found herself in her chamber. She wept—became hysterical—and at last swooned away.

"Run!" cried the tire-woman to a young attendant, "bring wine here instantly."

The girl flew down the stairs—rushed into the hall—told that her mistress had fainted—and demanded a glass of wine.

"Ah!" said Claudine in a whisper, "now hast thou a safe opportunity. Half-a-dozen drops. Thou hast the phial; and I will amuse the girl for a moment. 'Tis but a moment's work! Courage! an a spark of manhood rests with thee!"

'Twas said—'twas done. The trembling criminal poured into the wine-glass more of the lethal drug than would have robbed twenty of their lives. The unconscious girl rushed from the room with the fatal draught. A minute after a scream was heard—May Anderson was dead!

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What advantages the guilty party hoped to reap by the commission of this diabolic act is not known, nor had they time allowed to turn the murder to account. Ere the corpse of her whose life had been so ruthlessly taken was cold, and while the criminals were still carousing in the hall, the house was surrounded by the *posse committatus* of the county; and Mr. Cameron, attended by the sheriff and his officers, entered, and arrested Musgrave and his companions. Dreadful was the shock, when her guardian heard that May Anderson was already dead.

"Great God! more murder!" exclaimed the old man. "Seize that fiend in human form;" and he pointed to the trembling wretch, who was instantly secured.

In the agitation of mind which attended the commission of the dreadful deed, the felon had lost all self-possession, and instead of destroying what would prove an evidence of guilt, he incautiously replaced the phial in his pocket. There it was discovered—and no

doubt it would have led to a criminal conviction, had not circumstances prevented the intervention of the law.

It was too late to remove the offenders to Berwick jail, and they were placed for the night in separate apartments, and under a sufficient guard. Early next morning the guilty wretches were demanded by the sheriff. Claudine and MacDougal were instantly produced—but on entering the room where Musgrave had been confined, the body of the wretch was found stiff and cold, suspended by his point-lace cravat from a spike, which had been driven into the wall to support a mirror. They buried him in a hillock within sight of the house, which is still called “the Murderer’s know.”

The ways of Providence are inscrutable; for although no human eye witnessed the death of Mr. Anderson, a chain of circumstances brought the foul deed home to the wretch who had committed it, and he was hanged in the Grass-market of Edinburgh. Claudine was turned upon the world in abject poverty, and, as tradition goes, she died miserably of disease and hunger.

“Noo, Colonel,” pursued the salmon-fisher, “do ye think yon hoose can be ony thing but unchancy? As sure as you are sittin’ there, an’ as I am puing this cobble,—the night I was daffin’ with my Jo—she that’s my wify noo—Will Musgrave came to the door.”

A fact so incontrovertible, even Sir Robert Bramble would scarcely controvert; and I agreed with honest Jock in opinion, that a room where a murderer has hanged himself is not the most suitable locality for an amatory interview; and that if lovers wish that their *têtes-à-tête* should escape interruption, they had better choose another apartment to keep tryste in.

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## CHAPTER XV.

I HAVE neither right reason, or authority to curse rail-roads. Idle as I am, and a man in worldly affairs “of no estimation,” still I have found their advantage. I never smarted from speculation—I was too poor to play the director, and too principled—thank Heaven—to enter into Stag Alley operations. My withers are, consequently, unwrung; but yet I must take a liberty to inquire, whether there was any particular clause in the Act of Parliament of the Newcastle and Edinburgh line, that authorized the said company to let a bridge fall twice, and spoil the whole trout fishing in the Ey? Never, indeed, was destruction more complete. This beautiful little stream where, but three years since, I filled my pannier frequently, is now tortured from its course, and half its best pools left waterless—while the falling of the bridge introduced such a quantity of fresh lime into the stream, that for miles down the river, dead and dying trouts were taken up by hundreds. I suppose by this time the railroad mania has reached Pandemonium, as in two or three years the London fashions reach Spittal, where polkas—those exploded enormities—are now considered quite “the go” by the Border beauties, who annually ornament that

salubrious watering-place. Well, if there be infernal committees, and a projected line across the Styx—and should Isaac Walton be a member, and not like that great patriot Smith O'Brien, be contumacious and in the cellar, I would recommend the said Isaac, if he values subterranean angling, to look sharp to bridge-masonry, or Styx may be made another Ey.

At the Reston station, I quitted the train to embark myself and personal effects in the Dunse "patent safety coach;" albeit, I could discover no particular security in a couple of kicking wheelers, and a leader—unicorn—who, by the coachman's admission, was regularly down once a week. But although we had now and then a horse's leg or two over a trace, the leader—glory to the Prophet!—kept upon his pins; and, as Pan very pleasantly sings in Midas—

"Luck's the best tune in life's tol-de-rol-lol!"

we had luck upon our side, and reached Dunse, our destination, in safety.

I never saw, during a drive of a dozen miles, a country that bore such marked indications of a healthy state of society as that between the town and the railroad. The outline is expansive, and from the coach box the eye ranged over twenty square miles of surface. The tillage lands were beautifully cultivated, the plantations clean and flourishing, and where the champaign changed to hill, the brown surface of the heath was thickly spotted with white fleeces, and told that every acre was turned to advantage. I never passed through a denser population than the village where we changed horses presented. The children came to the doors by dozens; but not a ragged urchin could be seen—nor a sickly face was discoverable. There was not a cottage in the drive that did not bear unequivocal marks of comfort—and I can safely assert that I did not see an individual to whom I should have found myself warranted in offering a sixpence. It was a Saint's day, and I thought upon ould Ireland. What there, were the finest pisantry on earth about? Some drinking in a potheecine-house, and more of them "stritchin' on the bed;" while here, the heretical population estimated the Saint's festival no more than it had been a sweep's holiday. The men were at the plough; the women plied the hoe; the larger children were weeding, and all this upon the birthday of a gentleman who had been canonized some centuries ago. Yet Heaven withheld its thunderbolts—and I uttered, with Dominie Sampson, "Prodigious!"

Dunse is a quiet, sleepy, prosperous-looking place, without manufactures, and dependent on an agricultural population. All that can induce a man to take his ease in his inn was there—supper, sleeping-room, breakfast—cheap and excellent. At nine next morning I started for the upper district of the Lammermuir—and at ten, my Phaeton, who drove the gig, pulled up at a lone caravanserai, occasionally resorted to by anglers, gentlemen who are called geologists—from carrying leather bags and hammers—and persons in the botanical line, generally supplied with spectacles, I suppose expecting by mechanical assistance to find strange weeds, as Diogenes looked for an honest man by candle-light.

He who remains at home sees nothing, hears nothing, and enters the grave as he entered the world—knowing nothing. Now here is an hostelry among the hills, and yet its inmates are not without interest. The host—a retired soldier, and on the fullest scale of pension—commenced life in the regiment he left at forty-six; he was in fact, born in it—and never being size or shape for the musket, he commenced his career upon the fife, and ended it a bassoon-player. Jack was in seventeen actions, and never got a scratch—for regiments never carry their musicians into fire; but he nevertheless looks respectable, for he wants his left eye—that being removed in Edinburgh, by a blackguard boy flinging a broken brick at another. His helpmate is a sturdy Highland woman, of active habits and unintelligible dialect; his daughter, or rather step-daughter—for the old lady has been three or four times at the hymeneal altar—is cultivated and poetical. She repeats passages from the *Elegant Extracts*, and denounces Burns as incorrect, and Byron *monotonious*. She has constructed a hymn, two sonnets, and an acrostic; they have been much admired, and I presume with justice. But, like the fair Imogen, “I swear by the Virgin,” that if Miss MacFie ever obtrudes a stanza upon me, whether the hour be—

“Moonless midnight, or matin prime,”

I’ll cut her and her house incontinently.

My arrival has dispelled the poetic reveries of this modern Sappho; and Miss MacFie is off to Dunse on a Highland sheltie and at full gallop, on the unromantic errand of bringing out a joint of “butcher meat” for my dinner. Fancy yourself encountering a young lady who had recently penned a sonnet and perpetrated a hymn, charging along the Queen’s high-road at a Waterloo pace, with a leg of mutton in the same hand, which had just now left the crow-quill!

There is an unhappy-looking man hoeing cabbages “ben the hoose:”—that is the ex-bassoon player, who, it is evident, holds his life merely by his lady’s sufferance. Mrs. MacFie, like a bull in a china shop, has decidedly every thing her own way; and in Gaelic and English—or rather what I presume to be one of the unknown tongues—is engaged indoctrinating a red-haired lassie with bare legs, in domestic duties, her own hands resting upon hips whose amplitude affords them full accommodation. Well, I’ll toddle up the water and if I don’t kill trouts, kill time; and, as I have a score of letters to answer, that task will consume the evening.

As the Cheviots are celebrated for the flavour of its mutton, the Lammermuir is famed for that of its honey. There scarcely a cottage meets the eye which has not a large stock of bees; and, in a garden before a shepherd’s house I passed *en route* to the Muckle-hole, I reckoned six-and-thirty skeps,\* whose little tenants were in fine health, and full activity.

The rules of art in angling, as in war, are frequently found to be mere fallacies. On a former visit to the Lammermuir, I went a mile up the river one evening to the valley where the Dy joins the Whitadder, and in two pools, and within a few hundred yards of the junction of the streams, killed ten pounds’ weight of healthy trouts—I name the

\* A hive.

weight, for generally the fish taken here, average but a small figure;—indeed a herring-size may be set down as among the largest. But occasionally much larger trouts are taken; ay, even ranging to four pounds—certainly few and far between—but those of one, two, and even three pounds are not unfrequent. On that occasion, I remember that at the Muckle-hole,\* I had at one time three trouts upon my casting-line, and landed the whole three; but this evening they reject me and my flies altogether, and my most indefatigable attempts to please are returned with a slap of the tail. A herd-boy has just come down the river, and, with a worm, has killed seventeen!—"Think of that Master Brooke!"

But here comes my friend, the gauger, the best practical fisherman on Teviot, Till, or Tweed. He is working with the minnow; and all he has basketed in a six miles' walk, is some half dozen,—most of them certainly well-sized: but what of that? Their united weight would not turn three pounds: and I have seen his forty pound pannier of an evening, when the lid would not close upon it!

After a two hours' walk, I returned to mine inn. Evening gray came on—"The feast was over," not in Branhholm Tower, but in the hostelry of Mrs. Martha MacFie—a glass of whiskey-toddy smoking at my elbow; my *portefeuille* unlocked—the paper ready to "speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul;" if, like the fair poetess below, I did anything in the sentimental line—the pen—I eschew steel ones—nibbed critically—and, like a ready writer, I was about to commence epistolary operations. All was in quiet and repose—the rivulet murmured its way down the glen, to offer its tribute to the Whitadder; and there was a hum of bees, and a tapping of the bassoon-player's hoe. But these were soothing sounds, and in fit keeping with the loneliness of a dwelling remote from noise and mankind. Here, a Bishop might have composed a homily, or the member for —shire arranged his maiden speech. I felt the dreamy influence of solitude—and ceased to marvel that, in a locality so favourable to poesy and romance, the mantle of Sappho had descended on the shoulders of Miss Anna Maria MacFie. I never in my life was in the mood sentimental, that the devil did not take especial care to interrupt it; and manifold as the devices of the evil one are reputed to be, never did he out of malice aforethought, select such demoniac means for demolishing the peace of mind of an elderly gentleman—for ere the gray goose-quill had affixed the final K to "My dear Jack," one blast of an accordion annihilated my mental serenity. Only imagine Anna Maria, whose musical acquirements are still in the bud, and separated from me only by a boarded partition, groping out the first part of "Will you come to the bower!" Heaven pardon me if I sinned—but I altered the line to "Will you go to the devil?" But what was to be done? Was I to submit to martyrdom, and have the sheriff-substitute of Berwickshire announce to the world, that I had been shuffled out of it by the visitation of an accordion? If I must die, I would die like a man—and throwing the window open, I summoned the landlord, who laid down his hoe and promptly obeyed the call. I appealed to him as a bassoon-player, and on the score of all that was human and musical—implored him to save me. There were many deadly inventions which I pointed

\* Large.



out ; Shrapnell shells, prussic acid, Fulton's torpedo, and Warner's long range ; but what were any or all, in effect to be compared to the slow, but certain death produced by an accordion ? He has vanished ; that infernal nuisance is abated ; but I have preserved life at the expense of Miss MacFie's "wreathed smiles," as a contemptuous toss of the head, with a renewed glass of toddy too plainly indicated. Well, glory to the Prophet ! I am safe from a second invitation "to the bower," or even the infliction of a sonnet.

The day promised to be cloudy, and tempted by skyeey appearances, though the water was far "too fine," I put faith in the clouds and ventured forth. Had I been a railroad dupe, I could not have been more effectually humbugged ; for, before I had made a half hour's march to the Black Pool, and put my rod together, out came the sun gloriously, scattering from his presence every cloud that had presumed to occupy the heavens. The Waltonian alternative was only left me—patience, to wit—so I unjoined my rod, wound my flies around my hat, and then sat down to muse upon the vanity of an angler's hopes and expectations, beside as bright a run of water as flows through the Lammermuir.

The stream elbowed at my side, and formed a circling hole ; and though in places it might be six feet deep, it was so pellucid, that there was not a pebble whose colours I could not tell distinctly. I amused myself for a time in looking at the rushing of the small trouts—for the larger and more respectable members of that community were reposing under bank and stone—when suddenly the pool was filled with minnows, varying in size from a quarter-inch to half a finger's length. As to their numbers, that set computation at defiance altogether—for I am certain that, big and little, at one time, ten thousand were clearly visible. No wonder with such a commissariat, that the Whitadder and Dy trouts are so superior to those generally taken in mountain streams. Every angler knows, that a generous soil is as necessary to turn out a well-conditioned trout, as to fatten a beeve or finish a wedder. Hence, at the mouth of a drain, or the tail of a mill-race, you find invariably the best-fed fish. I saw this more thoroughly marked some years ago in Ireland—and it would appear that artificial, as well as natural feeding agrees with trouts, as well as oil-cake does with oxen. A friend of mine had a fishing cottage literally on the lake's verge, and as the kitchen abutted on the water, the *débris* of his *cuisine* were piped into the water. At its *débouché*, if you could throw a fly that had temptation—for as the fish reposing there were above the necessity of taking insects, and indeed of taking exercise—it was most difficult to induce them to get up—but could you coax one of the indolent ruffians to rise, his figure was generally a curiosity. Like a Glasgow baillie, he was broad as he was long,—and in gastronomical comparison as far above his lean and dandy-shaped companions in the opposite reeds, as a civic counsellor to a Highland gilly. This excellent fall-back, therefore, upon the devoted minnows, will readily account for the excellence of condition which the Whitadder and Dy trouts possess over the finny inhabitants of the ordinary mountain streams.

Even though this may be considered as "the low country," still in winter these muirs are most difficult to traverse ; for after a fall of rain,

nothing can be more tiresome than the yielding soil which meets your shoe at every step. I would freely undertake to walk twenty miles of sound heather, rather than five of the nondescript character of the Lammermuir. You cannot call it road, for with every second furlong you get into a gated field. In these wastes you are honourably expected and bound to "sneek the yet,"\* and considering the mischief that the sheep and cattle might inflict, no man of good feeling should or would on this point be careless. Here, wilful damage is never committed—and crime is almost unknown. At times there is a little poaching with the gun and leister; † but life and property are perfectly secure—and nothing may be dreaded but "winter and bad weather."

But, at these sad seasons, on the Lammermuir the proprietors of cattle have severe visitations. From a know ‡ which commanded an expansive prospect, the herdsman pointed out four farms, on each of which in the severe snow-storms of the years 1837 and 1838, from twenty to thirty scores of sheep had perished—making in round numbers, a total loss of twelve hundred, and that within the range of sight. "I dinna name the sma loss," said the shepherd, "but were they taken ower the muir in twas, an threes, an twantys, they would have reached muckle mair than the big yuns."

Heavy as these losses are to which the farmers in this hill country are exposed, it is too frequently accompanied by loss of human life. In the upper Lammermuir, the houses are in some places four miles apart—the connecting road a pathway, or a mere beaten track, undefined by fence or hedge. Hence, the first shower of snow obliterates any wheel-marks which could guide the stranger—and even the herdsman's practised eye is sometimes hardly taxed to enable him to find his route. I asked Sandy had many of these accidents happened within his memory?

"Oh, yes!" he replied, "I lost my ain feyther when a bairn. It was in the great storm of the fourteen (1814), § and his body was na found for nine weeks after, an then it was his ain doggie that hokit it oot fra underneath the sna."

"You met, my friend, with a severe loss," I said in reply.

"I did, Sir; but mair was tynt than him. The finest lad that ever laid brogue on heather perished the same evening. Mony a strapping youth these glens ha sent till the wars; but naer did sae fine a laddie quit his mither's sheeleen, as puir Wolly Forster was."

My curiosity was excited, and I sat down upon a rock, pulled out my flask, warmed the shepherd with a drappie, the said drappie occupying the tin drinking-cup attached to the canteen, and which contains

\* Close the gate.

† A fish spear.

‡ Hillock.

§ The duration of the successive snow-storms of this remarkable winter and spring, will be best illustrated by an electioneering anecdote. On the the 24th of December, the writ to elect a knight of the shire, arrived at Castlebar; and on the 26th, the celebrated Mayo contest commenced, which lasted, I think, ninety days! During this protracted scene of riot, only six or eight of the Montagues and Capulets were absolutely killed; the "kilt," *i. e.* the maimed, of course were a legion; and the cause assigned for the coroner having so little employment, was, that as the snow lay the whole time of the contest, the mobs, not being able to obtain stones, were obliged to pelt each other with snow-balls!

three wine-glasses of honest calibre. Sandy's narrative had interest for me. The tale was told where it had occurred, and it also carried with it other associations—for Willy Forster's regiment had been in my own Brigade, in the glorious wind-up of the Peninsular campaigns—and, as the Highlanders say, we had probably fought "shoulder to shoulder." Even in that thought there is a communion of feeling—a military freemasonry—that none but a soldier can feel or appreciate.

I shall merely give a sketch, rather than a detail of the Shepherd's Story.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE SHEPHERD'S STORY.

IN yonder glen that opens at the bending of the river, you can still trace the ruined walls of a cottage and cattle-steading, and perceive, from the furrowed surface of the land beside them, that it once had been cultivated, and formed a herdsman's croft. For more than thirty years, however, the valley has been deserted—some say because better-sheltered folds and sheeleens were elsewhere found, while others attribute its abandonment to the superstition of the mountain hinds, who objected to occupy a place, which they looked upon as being unlucky.

It was war-time—and every corner of the British island furnished their supplies to those who bled freely in foreign lands, and kept the battle at a distance. The militia ballot was then in operation—and many a youth whom softer ties and family affections would have retained at home, was unexpectedly called away. The herdsman who occupied the ruined cottage which you see had two sons. Reuben was twenty-two, a strong, well-formed, low-sized mountaineer. Donald was three years younger—and was admitted by universal consent, to be the finest lad within the wide scope of the Lammermuir.

Reuben loved happily, for he won the woman whom he loved—and she was the only daughter of a wealthy herdsman. Wealth must be considered by comparison; and Alice Johnson was a wealthy bride, for she brought him fifty sheep and bedding and napery\* to furnish out a cottage. Jealousy will even find its way into a moorland glen—and many a young mountaineer envied the good fortune of Reuben Johnstone.

Alas! how soon worldly prosperity may be alloyed by some unexpected visitation!—Ere the bridal moon had waned, news reached the glen that Reuben Johnstone was drawn in the militia.

Donald was absent in the hills, when the sad intelligence reached yon ruined cottage. He had left a happy family that morning—the old couple were comfortable and contented—Reuben had wooed and won his Jo—and Alice had obtained the youth of her affections. Great, therefore, was the surprise of the young herdsman, on returning to his evening meal, to find a family he had left in smiles, now overwhelmed with sorrow.

\* House-linen.

“What means this grief?” exclaimed the mountaineer.

“Alas! Donald,” replied the old dame, “puir Reuben’s drawn for a sodger, and he maun gang across the saas, an leave his bonny bride.”

The young shepherd looked for a moment at Alice, who had hidden her face in her apron to conceal grief she could not conquer.

“No!” exclaimed the youth passionately, “Reuben shall bide at hame, gin they will but tak me in his stead.”

\* \* \* \* \*

It is unnecessary to say, that when Donald presented himself at the head-quarters of the regiment, and offered himself as a substitute for his brother, that he was gladly accepted. His was not a spirit to remain at home, when the Highland tartans were waving on a battle-field. He volunteered the first turn-out; and ere a twelvemonth had elapsed, he who had been herding sheep upon the Lammermuir, had won a corporal’s stripes upon the red field of Albuera.

And yet it was with an aching heart that Donald bade a long farewell to his native valley. If “love rules the court, the camp, the grove,” he is as despotic in the Highland strath. Donald loved—but hopeless was his passion—for wealth and position united, told him he must love in vain.

Mary Hay was the minister’s only child, and the minister was reputed richer than Scottish churchmen generally are—while Mary was the sweetest girl on the Borders. She was just sixteen when Donald left his native glen. With him it had been secret and distant adoration—he “never told his love”—but many a wreath of wild flowers Mary had found on the holly-bush before her window, and yet she never knew the hand that placed them there. But when young Donald went to be a soldier, these faery favours ceased.

Three years had rolled away—a second child occupied the care of Alice Johnstone—and both at the cottage and the manse, all was well and prosperous. It was a fine Sabbath-day, and at Abbey Saint Bathans,

“Long, loud, and deep, the bell had toll’d,  
Which summoned sinful man to pray.”

In the beautiful simplicity of Scottish worship, the mountain congregation were engaged, when the kirk-door opened—and a young man, who might have sat to a painter as the very impersonation of a Highland soldier advanced up the aisle. Although his air and bearing were altogether changed by military setting-up, still there were two present who recognized him at a glance—his fond mother, and one who had loved him, although she did not know it herself—and she was Mary Hay.

Donald’s was a short furlough. He had come back humbly but honourably distinguished—for three chevrons on his arm told that he had risen to a sergeant’s rank. Warm was his welcome among the young herdsmen with whom he had always been a favourite; and many a female heart fluttered when the waving tartans of the handsome Highlander were seen, as he joined her in a muirland stroll, or sat beside her on broomy bank or heathery knoll. Short as his leave of absence was, it was still further abridged—for Donald was suddenly called off to join a large reinforcement which was about to sail for the

Peninsula to recruit the Highland regiments. The evening before his departure, he walked down to the manse to bid the minister farewell—such was the errand he announced—but had the secret of his heart been known, it was to look his last upon one whom the chances of war might probably never allow him to look upon again.

Mr. Hay was absent, and Mary was alone. What passed can only be conjectured. Both hearts were full, and accident disclosed the mutual secret—their troth was interchanged, and moonlight was streaming over hill and streamlet ere Donald could tear himself away.

A year passed—news came of “foughten fields,” and the Pyrenees no longer set bounds to British gallantry. Victory followed Wellington, and the tide of success which commenced on the Agueda, only terminated on the banks of the Garonne. Donald had “escaped the slaughter,” and nobly distinguished himself, for he had now attained that honourable rank—which professional ability and exemplary conduct only can command—of sergeant-major. Hitherto fortune had befriended him; and, in the sanguinary conflicts which had occurred from Vittoria to Toulouse, the lover of Mary Hay had been unscathed. At the last battle—and oh! what a wanton expenditure of human blood it was—he had, however, been severely wounded, and his recovery was doubtful at first, and afterwards most tedious.

In the interval which elapsed from the night when Donald parted from his mistress, several suitors had sought the hand of Mary Hay, and been modestly but decidedly refused. All of them were favoured with her father’s approbation—and the continued rejections of their addresses, led to suspicions and subsequent inquiry, which elicited a candid avowal of her engagement with the absent soldier. Mary’s happiness was a superior consideration to worldly ones. Donald bore an unblemished reputation, and had won by his gallantry and good-conduct an honourable name. Mr. Hay yielded to his daughter’s request—and Donald was apprized that a parent’s approval had been obtained, and that his course of love would now run smooth.

The reduction of the military establishment of Britain, which followed the abdication of Napoleon, allowed all who were not perfectly serviceable to be pensioned and discharged. In that number, Donald was included; and in the middle of December, he quitted the colours under which he had fought and bled, and set out for his native valley,

“With war’s red honours on his crest,  
To clasp his Mary to his breast.”

His voyage across the channel was prosperous, and on the 28th of December, he quitted the mail-coach road, and sought “the Moorland wild,” where love was waiting to welcome him with open arms.

Before he had proceeded a mile, the snow, which had for a while treacherously abated only to come on with additional fury, fell thickly—and the wind increasing to a storm, sent it drifting furiously across the moors. Donald, weakened by his wounds, was ill-prepared to stand against the tempest. Night and darkness came; every trace which could indicate the road, had long since disappeared, and the feeble soldier lost the track, and wandered in a wrong direction. Strength failed—sleep probably overcame him—and the next morning the finest youth

the Lammermuir had produced for a century, was found lifeless beneath the stone-dyke of a pen-fold.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

They laid him in the church-yard of Saint Bathans. The wailing bag-pipes, the roll of musketry, did not announce that a gallant soldier, now

“Slept that sleep that knows not breaking,”

but the tears of every mountain maid for miles around, moistened poor Donald's grave.

Mary Hay never raised her head. They brought her to Edinburgh, in the vain hope that leechcraft and change of scene might cure a broken heart. As the first spring flowers peeped through the heather, a hearse, attended by a crowd of mourners, was seen wending through the glen that leads to the ancient Abbey. Resting upon it, a coffin, exhibiting the white crape which typified the virgin purity of her whose remains were hastening to the narrow house, was seen. It bore a short but touching inscription—

“MARY HAY, ANNO ÆTATIS, NINETEEN.”

They laid her beside him whom she loved in life—and the flower of Lammermuir reposes close to as brave a soldier, as ever pressed Highland brogue upon a battle-field.

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## CHAPTER XVII.

SOMEBODY says that misfortune introduces men to strange bed-fellows. Without one particle of bad luck, the Lammermuir will do the same for any gentleman, who has no objection to be boxed up with a fellow traveller for the night. We Irish consider such arrangements as appertaining to the barbarities of a century gone by; but in these wild districts, men who never had seen each other in their lives, are stuck into the same berth;—for in the mountain country, the sleeping-places are berths, not beds.

Desirous of working my way to the upper district of these sweet and romantic hills, I found upon inquiry, that I had reached the last house that professed to entertain a traveller. Up the glens, few and far between—I should occasionally meet a shepherd's sheeleen—but they were too limited to afford accommodation to an humbler wayfarer than I appeared to be. Indeed, nothing can be on a ruder, or more limited scale than these abiding-places. They approximate the Irish cabin closely, only that they are lighted with glass windows, furnished with chimneys, doors, and a roof impervious to the weather—while the cattle have sod-walled huts, and not “the run of the kitchen,” as in the land of saints. Were his house more comfortable, the Highland herdsman would have little time to enjoy it; for a person who has not rambled through the Lammermuir and Cheviots, can little imagine the severe and never-ending business of a pastoral life in Highland regions like these.

Excepting to obtain shelter during a few hours of hasty sleep, the shepherd seldom sees his home from sunrise to sunset. He must be afoot before his flock, and he never leaves them till they have settled and laid down for the night. His meals are generally brought him in the hills—and the more severe the weather, the more imperative he finds it to be out of doors, to keep his flock together. In a word, a shepherd's life may be very pretty and poetical in Arcadia, but a Cheviot Tytyrus has other fish to fry, than piping like a bull-finch, or playing "love among the roses" with some Daphne or Amaryllidis, in full costume as Fentum turns out his shepherdesses for Julien's *bal masqué*, with a straw-hat, ribbons that would supply a recruiting party, crook in hand, and every thing complete, barring the lamb.

I ascertained, however, that there was a farm-house of more extensive dimensions, in a glen some eight miles up the hills; that the owner was kind and hospitable; and that I might manage to put in a day or two well enough, as there were some fine pools in the river, and a tarn in the muir in which the dark-mountain trouts were abundant. It would be necessary, however, to look to the commissariate before I commenced my pilgrimage—for the larder at Crag-More could not always be depended on. Miss MacFie prepared accordingly a basket of viands, and Sandy bawn\* has literally loaded himself with whisky—that pleasant fluid being, as he averred, the best letter of introduction to a Highlander.

There had been a sharp spaight two days before:—we found the pools in fine order,—and beside the numerous bottles Sandy carried in a hand-basket, I filled the creel upon his back with trouts—and a little fuller I suspect, than he found quite agreeable.

We reached our destination before sunset—and found the house already occupied by three cattle-jobbers returning from a lamb-fair in the upper moor, and pleasantly engaged at our entrance, in discussing a frying-pan-full of savoury bacon and poached eggs. They were of the Dandy Dinmont order, but of far inferior grade in appearance—thin, hardy, whisky-drinking men—each provided with a heavy-handed thonged whip, and accompanied by a terrier or sheep-dog.

I was warmly welcomed, and Sandy took care most pompously to announce my rank; for it is marvellous how far a name goes in obtaining respect even in these wild hills. I looked around the kitchen; it was a large unceiled room, with three bulkheads or bedsteads, built up against the back wall; tables, and chairs, and milk vessels, and churns; pots, pans, and kettles; the whole in chaotic confusion.

There were hanging from the rafters, a goodly store of bacon, sundry dried salmon, who no doubt had felt the leister; † huge balls of spun worsted for making clothing for the family; and a hundred articles beside, indigenous only to a shepherd's kitchen.

The master of the house was a hale, stout, sexagenarian; his wife, some ten years younger, a stout, but comely gentlewoman; and his daughters, the pledges of married love, "twa bonnie lassies," some year each, over and under twenty. There is a grandchild too, an early orphan; it is the sole issue of an unhappy marriage, contracted

\* Fair Sandy.

† Been poached.

by their eldest daughter, widowed at twenty-three and now obliged to seek a service.

Nothing can be simpler than the arrangement of this dwelling. It is partitioned into two rooms, a parlour, and the kitchen just described. A huge peat-fire was on my advent, immediately placed in the chimney of the grand chamber; which to judge by its vaulty smell, is a ceremony that is but annually performed. I feasted, drank, partitioned a bottle of whisky among the family and guests, who had now, that night had rendered their services unnecessary, received an addition of five sheep-dogs. Sundry yawns—but not till after the last drop of alcohol had vanished—were interchanged among the drovers—and I rose and walked into the state apartment, intimating that I too was ready to retire.

In half an hour, one of the lassies came in, and told me that my bed was “aw right.” In what undiscovered crypt was my person to be, *scottice*, disposed? I followed Jessie into the kitchen; and there the company had made brief toilets. The host, his lady, and the two-year-old, were ensconced in the crib next the fire—in that next the door, three heads, a red, a black, and a gray, were laid upon the pillow—but the centre box was untenanted.

“That bed’s for you, Colonel,” said the lady of the mansion, raising herself bolt upright, and perfectly oblivious that her night garment would be greatly improved by a button or two. “I chose it for ye. It’s na too near the fire, nor yet ahint the door, ye ken. Ye’ll find it unco snug.”

“And, Madam,” I said, horrified, at the idea of suffocation, are these two young ladies to be my companions—or only one of them?”

“Na, na, na,” returned the the matron. “Ye’ll hae it a to yeersel—the lassies sleep ben the hoose.”

I entered a gentle protest against disturbing them; and it was finally settled that the fire in the great chamber should be heaped anew, a shakedown made upon the floor, and all and every, sleeping or waking, should have a *doch an durris*—and, while the lassies were arranging my bed, a fresh cork was extracted, and from crib to crib I passed along and administered the alcohol.

It was marvellous to see with what facility the company despatched the whisky. In return for fried bacon and general hospitality, each of the drovers had come provided with flasks which held a quart, and every drop of their contents had been duly expended. But still they were quite delighted with the evening offering I had made—while to my horror and surprise, his grandmama, turned half a wine glass full of undiluted whisky down the throat of the two-year-old, and the imp never winced. Presently, my room was announced ready, and I retired for the night.

I am morally convinced that every member of the kitchen company, from the time the drovers arrived until the landlord finally reposed his red kilmarnock on the pillow, had an honest flask of pure undiluted whisky under their respective belts—and yet they are all up, merry as crickets, and off this morning at cock-crow.

The quantity of raw alcohol these Borderers can drink is marvellous.



In their cups they are noisy and argumentative ; fond of song-singing and shaking hands ; and though they will shatter your nerves without compunction by halloing " Auld lang syne," the only injury they will advisedly inflict, will be an attempt to force you to swallow whisky whether you will or not.

I must be off ;—I never knew until now that there was half the misery in the world that there is. In the reproduction of the animal and human race, this seems to be the weaning district. That cherub, who swallowed the whiskey last night, is being weaned, and he continually doth cry. The theme of every man that stops, whether to light his pipe or feed his horse, is the risk and trouble of severing the lambs from the ewes :—and this moment, a weanling foal popped his head through the only pane of glass in my window, which had not a previous crack or a bull's-eye in it !—Wind sharp at east—no joke ! I'll back to Mr. MacFie's, for I think I have gotten his womankind in tolerable order. He, " good, easy man," was no assistance ; for although he might have been first bassoon upon the Peninsula, he plays but second fiddle on the Lammermuir. His lady is white-sergeant. " God help the wake !" as they say in Ireland : he has nothing left for him, but to hoe his cabbages, receive his daily bread, and bend to the will of Allah : or rather—to that of Mistress MacFie.

\* \* \* \* \*

A gentleman, " rather the worse of liquor," with a bridle in his hand, disturbed the tranquillity of the MacFies, and interrupted my repose this morning, at the unreasonable hour of four, A. M. Like Commodore Trunnion, when conveying his dying instructions to Jack Hatchway, this unknown guest had " a ripple in his speech," and the account he gave of himself was consequently, by no means as plain, and much less satisfactory than young Norval's. He had arrived, it appeared, on horseback the night before, and departed " *à cheval*" after an early breakfast attended by a muirland gilly, in search of the picturesque, and to collect mountain plants to form a *hortus siccus*. Would that he had kept his thrapple like his *hortus*—dry ; but here he is ere cock-crow, complaining, as Timothy Weazle does in the play, of a faithless guide and a horse that has proved a levanter.\* He is, however, better off than the unfortunate attorney, for he has brought back the bridle. His narrative is confused—for the gilly to whose guidance he committed himself, seduced him into Meg Pringle's hostelrie, and divers mutchins were finished, and, unhappily, the mutchins finished him. Touching his travels homewards he preserves a dignified silence, and is, as I suspect, oblivious of the same. I fancy that he steered a circuitous course, he having, according to his own report, crossed sundry times the river, both mounted, and dismounted, whereas the beaten path does not impose the trouble of " taking soil " upon the tourist. He, the *hortus siccus* man, is obliged to be back at Falkirk in two days—and the bassoon-player has given him the pleasant intelligence that from the extent of the Lammermuir, two weeks may probably be con-

\* " I have lost my guide, my guide has lost himself, and my horse has absconded with saddle, bridle, and shoes, save one he left behind him in a slough."—*The Wheel of Fortune*.

sumed ere the erratic quadruped can be recovered. This afflicting communication produced a burst of sorrow, in which it transpired that the ill-starred traveller was married—a man under authority—and his wife, what they call in America, “a *genuine commander*.” How will he venture into her presence, and stand “the fury of her eyes,” when she sees a personage who left home as well-mounted as John Gilpin when he started on his Edmonton expedition, return to Falkirk with a bridle in his hand, and an apocryphal apology for a lost charger? He is off “over bank, bush, and scaur,” on the chance, rather than in the hope of recovering his lost Rosinante—leaving behind him sundry weeds, a bunch of heather, an ill-constructed fishing-rod, and a book which he brought with him no doubt for a double purpose—namely, to indoctrinate him in “the gentle art,” and also render him an adept in the stable and field management of horse-flesh—for on both these subjects, the book in question, produced by Nicholas Cox, 1680, gives ample information.

Somebody says—no matter who—but a person whose word might be taken for a thousand, that he never met a book in his life from which he could not extract some useful information—*probatum est*—and, although an old dragoon, I have learned from honest Nicholas more than I ever knew in my life before. Nick sayeth, “I have imparted to the public what my own experience hath taught me,” and, as in honour bound, I will oblige the said public with some valuable information.

Of course it is necessary, on Mrs. Glass’s principle for making hare soup, as a preliminary step to provide yourself with what the Irish term, “a daisy cutter.” In purchasing the prad, be sure he has plenty of white through him, whether he be black, bay, or sorrel. If he has not, old Nick passeth “his word” that he’ll be sulky as a bear, particularly if he have “a small pink eye, a narrow face, with a nose bending like a hawk’s bill.”

Touching dietary, Mr. Cox is very particular, and differs with a great authority, a Mr. Morgan. Nick does not object to “oats washt in strong ale,” but he won’t stand “bay salt and aniseeds” in the hay, nor “incourage his water with white wine to qualifie the cold quality thereof,” this being in equine management a mere copy of the Irish gentleman’s reason for throwing a glass of cognac into a tumbler of the simple element, not to improve the flavour, but only to “take the colour of death” off the innocuous fluid.

In stable management, the groom is desired to take the currycomb in his right hand, and if the horse let fly when under the operation, to “correct him gently for his waggishness.” Devilish queer definition of waggery! The jerk direct of a horse’s hind leg into your stomach is, in my mind, anything but a joke.

When preparing for the hunting season, which must be opened by running a trail of “a dead cat or a salt herring,” at four o’clock in the morning you must give your “bone setter” a quarter of a peck of oats and a quart of good strong ale,” and on your return, “to disperse watry humours which might annoy his head,” and also “to comfort his stomach” the malt must be administered again in a preparation called

“horse caudle,” and his legs bathed over from the knees with “warm beef broth.” After his second appearance in the field you must change your caudle and beef broth for an electuary of “butter, grommel-broom, parsley, jallap, aniseeds, liquorish, and cream of tartar, three handfuls of rye-bread, hay, provinder, mash, &c., and so leave him till morning.” At the early visit next day, should he have what Nick calls “a pose in the head—” as there’s nothing like leather, you must comfort his stomach anew, and administer strong ale with oats and mustard-seed.

This is all plain sailing, merely confined to ordinary field operations, but “the ordering the hunter for a match of plate” is a different job altogether, and the groom has other fish to fry.

After he takes an exact view of the state of his body, “both outwardly and inwardly—” the latter rather troublesome to accomplish—if the horse appear sluggish and melancholy, he must get “half an ounce of diapente in a pint of good old Malaga sack.” Now were we ourselves melancholy, barring the diapente, we would not object to the sack-posset. Then he must be fed on bread, *vide* in the note the recipe for preparing it.\* The dead cat next comes into operation—and when he is tired of cantering after the deceased grimalkin, “find out a dead jog.” At first I took it for a misprint, and opined it was “a dead dog,” as forming a pleasing variety to cat hunting; but the context put me right—“or sandy way, though but of half a mile’s length, and there breath your horse.” At eight o’clock give him “a julep—” not a *mint one*, as Jonathan concocts it—but barley water, lemon juice, and violets. For the last fortnight wash his oats in whites of eggs, and on the morning that he runs give him “a toast or two steeped in sack;” lead him to the scratch—and you’re safe to win—“*et nullus error*”—as the Duke says.

Nicholas, though wide awake in all the arcana of foul play, such as “crossing, yoking, &c.,” desireth not to instruct any one in the same; but there is one artful dodge which he drops out—and that, Sam Chiffney, old as he is, should attend to.

“If there be any high wind stirring when you ride, observe, if it be in your face, to let your adversary lead, and to hold hard behind him, till you see your opportunity of giving a loose; yet you must observe to ride so close to him that his horse may break the wind from yours, and that you, by stooping low in your seat, may shelter yourself under him, which will assist the strength of your horse. But if the wind be in your back, ride exactly behind him, that your horse may alone enjoy the benefit of the wind, by being as it were blown forward, and by breaking it from him as much as possible.”

*Finis coronat.* The race is over, and of course you have won to a dead moral. Well, lead your horse home and give him “this drink to

\* “Take wheat-meal one peck, rye-meal, beans and oat-meal, all ground very small, of each half a peck, aniseeds, and licorish, of each one ounce, white sugar-candy four ounces, all in fine powder, the yolks and whites of twenty eggs, well beaten, and so much white wine as will knead it into a paste; make this into two great loaves, bake them well, and after they be two or three days old, let him eat of this bread, but chip away the outside.

comfort"—a pint and a half of sweet milk, three yolks of eggs, a handful of rosemary, three pennyworth of saffron, and three spoonsful of salad oil. Wash his back "with warm sack," the spurring-places with the same admixture that Xantippe applied to Socrates, his legs with ditto and saltpetre; and with the assistance of a mash, rye-bread, hay, corn, and an electuary, next morning you'll find him as fresh as a four-year-old.

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## CHAPTER XVIII.

To any one who, in the language of Cockayne, can stand "the cheap and nasty," a voyage from Leith to Berwick will be particularly interesting. It is effected in six hours—and time and space are annihilated for the moderate consideration of four shillings. As it is happily observed of the army, that "economy is the order of the day," if the voyager will content himself with that moiety of the deck which is placed before the funnel, and consort with sheep and navigators—not thereby meaning sailors, but "unkempt" Irishmen, who labour upon the railroads—he will effect the passage from Auld Reekie to the Border fortress at half price. From a former and cursory inspection of the Frith of Forth, I was anxious to view its lions at more leisure, and embarked myself and carpet-bag at 8 o'clock A. M., at Granton Pier, having stipulated that I was to be landed, wind and weather permitting, at North Berwick. This latter stipulation on the part of the canny Scot who commanded the Border Maid, and who, by the way, looked more like a moss-trooper than a mariner—was altogether unnecessary, for there was not a cap-full of wind, and the water was as smooth as a mill-dam.

Of the succession of interesting objects which the Firth presents to the passing tourists, a summary given by an old chronicler,\* will convey a correct estimate.

"In the middle of Forth, upon a rock is the fortresse and decayed castle of Inchgarvy. By east lies, in the same water, St. Colm's Inch, with a demolished Abbey, abundant with conies, and good pasturing for sheep. Next in the mid Firth, lyes Inchkeith, with a demolished fortresse, fertile of conies, and gud for pasturing sheep. East from Inchkeith, within Forth, lyes a verie high and big rock, invironed with the sea called the Basse, invincible, having upon the top a fresh spring; where the Solayne geese repayre much, and are verie profitable to the owner of the said strength. Next the Basse, in the mouth of the Forth, lyes the Isle of May, a mile long and three quarters of a mile in breadth. There was a religious house, with many fresh water springs, with a fresh loch, abundant with eeles. This isle is a goodly refuge for saylers in time of tempest." The last of the lions is the Inchcape in "the Germaine seas," with the usual account of the "Sea Pyrate, who stole the Abbot of Aberbrothick's bell or clocke," and the moral

\* A True Description of the Whol Realme of Scotland, &c., &c.

appended, that "a yeare after he perisht on the same rocke with shippe and goods, in the righteous judgment of God," and the chronicles might have added in the words of the Irish juryman, who accompanied his verdict of manslaughter with the brief but expressive remark, "and sarve him right, too."

To the antiquary there is no part of Scotland more extensive in memorials of "lang syne," than the coast we skirted. The imposing appearance of North Berwick Law, springing to a conical height of eight hundred feet from a circumjacent country perfectly level, is most remarkable. As we approached it, we passed close to several rocky islets. On one of them there were a few rabbits, and another is stocked with a less valuable quadruped, and, as the fishermen assert, is almost alive with rats.

The signal from the steamer for a boat was promptly answered—and having duly covenanted that on his next transit down the Firth, I should re-embark in the *Border Maid*, I bade the commander a good passage, and was safely landed at the Royal Burgh.

For "learned fools," I would conscientiously recommend North Berwick as head-quarters. They will be in reach of whole acres of ramparts and ditches—tumuli and encampments. They will see a hollow spot, where "a medal of Trajan, a fibula, a patera, and a horn of a moose deer," were discovered. In short, there is no place in the land of cakes, where they can puzzle themselves with more ease, and bore the remainder of mankind afterwards with the result of their conjectures.

To me, the castle of Tantallon has a military, and Scott has conferred upon it a poetic interest. Even in its ruins, one can well imagine its primitive importance. Encompassed on three sides by the sea, the land-face, in former days, could have been its only vulnerable point, and the traces of a double ditch, and a high ground, on which field defences may still be traced, shows that it was, as far as the engineering knowledge of the times went, fortified with care and skill. After a stormy history, during which it stood out for a long time against the fifth James, it was fated to falsify the proverb; for in 1639, it was regularly "ding-down'd"\* by the Covenanters, and left the ruin that it now remains.

I am occasionally one of those dreamy individuals who wander back to "auld lang syne," and as I sat on a fallen buttress, I looked at the *fosse* before the gateway which the draw-bridge had once spanned, and fancied that I saw Marmion "cutting his stick," and old "Bell-the-Cat" shouting "stop thief," after him. But the feeling of the ridiculous passed away—a chirping at my elbow caused me to turn round—a red-pole was my companion, and probably the sole tenant of Tantallon—occupant of walls which had once held the power of a king in check, and the "place of pride" of one of the most daring and unscrupulous nobles of his day, the fierce Lord Archibald. I looked at the little representative of the Douglas, and muttered a "*sic transit!*"

Of monastic ruins there are in the neighbourhood an exuberant sup-

\* "Ding-down Tantallon—mak a brig to the Bass," meaning that one event was as possible as the other.

ply—and west of North Berwick are the remains of the church of Gullane. The ruins, though extensive, would not probably interest the traveller, but for the fate of the last Vicar. Did the same authority exist now, how many bishops, priests, and deacons would be placed in jeopardy. This ill-used churchman was deposed by James the Sixth, his only crime an alleged partiality for tobacco!

Another ruin nearer the town, exhibits some broken walls and spacious vaults, and was formerly a nunnery—and a better fed community could not have been found in Britain. In 1562, their rental and rations comprised £556 17s. 8d. in hard cash, with nine chalders of wheat, nineteen of bear, fourteen of oats, three chalders of peas and beans, two of malt, eighteen oxen, two cows; and for Lent and fast days, one last, and nine barrels of salmon! Had I been living then, and permitted right of election touching residence between old Bell-the-Cat and my Lady Abbess, I would have declared for her reverence—and no mistake!

Having made arrangements with the tacksman of the Bass, who rents the rock from the proprietor, one of the Dalrymple family I believe\*—I started before daylight for the islet. Its general description is easily given. It is about a mile from the shore, and only accessible by the land-side; this passage being formerly well defended, and at present secured from intrusion by a door, which after his daily visit, the tenant secures by turning a key, and literally locking up the island. Near the top of the rock there is good fresh water, and pasturage for a score of sheep. The qualities of the Bass are not only fattening, but as it is asserted, it gives the mutton a wild and most delicate flavour. It is rented by a butcher in Edinburgh, and as my informant deposed, “tho’ it’s no large enough to graze thirty, it’s excuse enough to sell three hundred!” meaning thereby, that this iniquitous flesher palms upon the credulous, sheep which had led an innocent and retired existence among the Cheviots, and never had seen what old Drummond calls the “*Solan-goosifera Bassa*” in their lives. Indeed, the longer one sojourns in the world, he finds that to the artifice of “villainous man” there is no bounds.

The rock originally belonged to the Lauder family, who, as it is stated, refused divers sporting offers for it from the Scottish Kings. Charles the Second, as George Robins would say, at last became the “fortunate possessor,” and he kept it as a place of strength; his brother James afterwards converting it into a prison for State offenders. Judging from the extent of the existing ruins, the unfortunate *détenu* had but limited accommodation; although, like Justice Shallow’s estate, there was there no scarcity of good air. In 1702, King William issued his “*delenda*,” and, as a stronghold, the Bass was demolished.

It is marvellous what mutations in this world men and things have undergone. On the Bass, originally, there was a monastic establishment, which migrated across the Frith to May Island, either for the sake of more room, or fresh eels—a valuable article in Lent. Then it became a place of strength, next a prison, and last, strange scene in its eventful history, a robber-haunt.

\* In 1706, Sir Hugh Dalrymple got the island at a bargain—price, a penny Scotch!

“After the Revolution, a desperate banditti got possession of it, and by means of a large boat, which they hoisted up and down the rock at pleasure, committed several robberies on shore, and took a number of vessels at sea. They held it, the last place in Scotland, for James; but having at last lost their boat, and not receiving their usual supply of provisions from France, they were obliged to surrender.”\*

As the season when the Solan geese are fit for taking had commenced, and the tenant of the Bass had an extensive order to execute for the Edinburgh market, I had an opportunity of seeing the short and simple process by which the birds are killed. Some men ascended the rock, while the boat, in which I remained, pulled round, and lay upon its oars at the base of the tremendous precipices which beetle over the sea. Presently, a man was lowered by a rope over the ridge above, and with a short stick, commenced knocking on the head such young gannets as he considered sufficiently grown. The devoted birds fell from the rock by dozens, and it was our business, as they flopped heavily on the water, to pick them up. It was a strange and exciting scene. The frowning cliff which overhung us, was studded with innumerable snowy specks; for though a myriad of geese were wheeling round and round upon the wing, as many more remained upon the eggs, or, as if they wished to afford protection to their young ones—while a figure, that bore no very distant similitude to the black doll which dangles over the door of a London rag-shop, was seen hanging between sky and sea, his whole dependence a few strands of hemp, which, if chafed by the face of the rock, would instantaneously consign this wholesale murderer to Pandemonium.

After a sufficient supply of young Solans had been obtained, and I had visited the summit of the Bass, we rowed round the rock before we returned ashore. It appears to be a divided kingdom—for one face of the Bass is occupied by Solan geese, and the other exclusively tenanted with gulls, here termed kittiwakes. At a point below, which seemed to bound the feathery empire, the boat lay to, and a swivel was discharged. None save those who have witnessed, could have imagined the effect. By hundreds—thousands—birds flew screaming from the precipice, until more were on the wing than human computation could amount to. For a mile round, the sky was half-obscured, and a shower of thick, flaky snow, would convey the best idea of the dense masses and white plumage of the startled occupants of the Bass.

The Solan goose produces a triple revenue. The first operation he undergoes, like a raw youth upon town, is plucking. Next, he suffers the penalty of high treason, and is disembowelled. A quantity of unctuous matter, varying from the size of a pigeon's egg to a man's hand, is thus procured; and when melted, it is available for all the coarser purposes for which tallow is used, such as the greasing of carriage wheels and machinery. The last process consists in preparing the bird for market; and there, as it would appear, the Solan goose meets with a steady demand, the North Berwick price being on an average about nine-pence.

I was once obtested and implored by a brother officer, with whom I

\* History of North Berwick.

had spent the autumn in garrison at Athlone,\* never to sit in the dark with a man who could eat an eel; as, according to his opinion, he, the eel-eater, was capable of committing any crime. Now in my sober judgment, and reckless of what any baillie or town-counsellor in Auld Reekie may say: I hold the cannibal who devours a Solan goose to be doubly dangerous. On my return in the steamer, one of these monsters was on board, and he assured me that he infinitely preferred a gannet to a stubble-goose! From his own admission, the Solan has a most potent and offensive smell, both in culinary preparation, and when brought to table. In the second place, he informed me, that though enough of unctuous matter to grease a cart-wheel, had been previously extracted, it was necessary, when roasting, to puncture the bird's carcass to allow the interior supply of oil to exude. In the last place, he mentioned as a gastronomic recommendation, the fact, that a roasted Solan had the flavour of a fresh herring. This assertion was a settler, and I registered a vow in heaven never to hold communion with man or woman, to whom a solitary slice of a gannet could be traced.

Of all the gull tribe, the Solan goose is the most beautiful; and nothing can be more elegant than their gyrations in the air, before they make their arrowy dart to seize the prey, which, in the most turbulent sea, their unerring power of vision enables them to discover. I am told that in the Western Isles, this rare property of the bird is made subservient to its own destruction. A small fish or two are fastened to a flat board, which is left floating on the sea where the Solan geese are busy fishing. The gannet sees his prey, and makes his headlong stoop, and by a collision he does not calculate upon, he commits a sort of *felo de se*; or rather, is murdered under false pretences.

At the appointed time, and faithful to his engagement, the skipper of the Border Maid picked me up, and we returned to Berwick. The day was fine, and as the only literary resources on board were confined to an obsolete newspaper, I employed my time in taking a practical lesson in the culinary art, by watching the progress of the cabin dinner. The style of cooking pursued by the youth who presided over the steamer's galley was truly primitive, and was also in happy keeping with his *batterie de cuisine*, which consisted of a frying-pan and a tin saucepan. Forks or forceps he had none, save those that nature had supplied him with.

The dinner, whose preparation I viewed with so much interest, was simple but nutritious, and consisted of fried codlings and mutton chops. When the potatoes were boiled, on went the frying-pan, and the fish were popped into it, and when they were satisfactorily prepared, the mutton followed; and while it hissed upon the pan, the youth, who seemed to unite considerable taste with cleanliness and comfort, turned the codlings up and down with his fingers, to ascertain in what position on the dish they would present the most insinuating attitude to the cabin

\* The quantity of eels taken in the Shannon is incredible. They are said to be the finest in Europe. The lower classes in the town live upon them during the time the fishery lasts, and at the dinner hour of the working people, the smell of broiling eels which pervades the dirty suburbs, conveys any sensation to the nose excepting that of Araby the blest.



passengers. All being prepared, he proceeded to spread the festive board. "The fish and praties," as they say in Ireland, reached their destination safely; but the chops were not so fortunate. In their transit to the cabin, the *artiste* who had cooked them stumbled over a dog, and the cutlets kissed the deck. But he seemed a lad of happy temper, and replaced them on the dish without murmur or delay; while, as I presume, they had lost nothing by the fall. I being a man of vulgar prejudice, disliking "flesh fishified," almost as much as I abhorred a Solan goose, declined the captain's invitation, and waited patiently my arrival in Berwick for a salmon cutlet at the King's Arms.

I believe no traveller of pretension can commence a tour now without his *batterie* and cook—and, as I have been informed, the one is very heavy, and the other devilish troublesome. Before any Duke, Marquis, or Viscount sets out to effect a voyage by steam or canvass, and afterwards determines to adorn the literature of the age with a full, true, and particular narrative of the same, were the noble lord counselled by me, he would make one transit in the Border Maid from Leith to Berwick. There will he learn what may be effected with one tin saucepan and a frying-pan, and be practically convinced that there is truth in the old adage, that "fingers are before forks."

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## CHAPTER XIX.

THE best day's fishing I have had yet, was in walking from Elmford to Matty Pringle's. I have often caught more in weight, and more in number twice-told; but the sprats which generally torment you seem to have been otherwise engaged, and nothing looked at the fly but a trout of some respectability. I wonder am I singular in taste; for barring the trash cooked for cocknies at Greenwich, and whose flavour is entirely factitious—there is not in my opinion a more tasteless thing on earth than a plainly-dressed burn-trout. Meg has brought me a couple, but I repudiated them for her rashers and new laid eggs—and two tumblers of toddy discussed, I am ready for the road. Five miles' walking will bring me to Grant's house—and a beautiful walk it is on a beautiful evening like the present one. At six I reached the railroad station—and in forty or fifty minutes arrived at Berwick, a distance, that would have consumed the best part of a morning a few years since.

\*             \*             \*             \*             \*

Bound for Northumberland! and after a few days' sojourn here, I have bade a temporary farewell to the ancient and loyal town of Berwick, and crossed the "debatable land," *en route* to that sweet range of hills, which the proud Percy hunted in "lang syne," and where Widdrington—could faith be put in ballads—fought upon his stumps. My destination is the little quiet town of Wooler, which lies at the bottom of the Cheviots—and I have reached it at noon, after a drive that would half unsettle the understanding of any Border antiquary who visited it for

the first time. The memorials of the past are frequent and well preserved, and seem left like so many landmarks, to direct the traveller's attention to the romance of days gone by.

One of the largest ruins of a Border tower is passed at Duddo. These ancient buildings are becoming rare—for most of the ancient peel-houses have been razed to the foundations to furnish materials for more peaceful and profitable erections, and their "coins of vantage" will now be found in neighbouring farm-steadings. The peel house of Duddo stands on a rocky know—and ere it became roofless and half-dismantled, commanded a bold view of the country for miles around. From its position being in advance of the more important castles of Etal and Ford, it might have been designed as well for a look-out tower, as a house of defence, in order to give notice to the garrisons of these places, that the unruly Borderers on the Scottish side were once more in the saddle; and telegraph by the signal-fires then in use, whether the invasion were but a predatory foray, or, on the more extended scale of operations termed "a warden raid."

Etal is the Northumbrian Auburn, and no sweeter village was ever resorted to wherein to pass a honeymoon. The ruined castle is very picturesque, and from its close proximity to the village, one can imagine what was at those times generally the case, that the humbler of the body politic, three or four centuries ago, sheltered themselves beneath its walls for security. Etal looks now with its trellised cottages and blooming flower-knots, the very impersonation of quiet and repose; and if the banks of the river are not delighted with the melody of "the shepherd's reed"—an instrument I never heard, or any body else, I fancy—they certainly are not "startled by the bugle-horn;" and Scott's line might be equally applied to Till as Teviot—

"All, all is peaceful—all is still."

In August, 1513, when James IV. invaded England, he reduced Wark and Etal, and then occupied Ford Castle, which he made headquarters. Here he played Marc Antony with Lady Heron—and instead of pushing his opening success, allowed the English to cross the Till without opposition—about as great a military blunder as Marmont committed at Salamanca by extending his left; and Wellington, in investing Burgos without artillery.

Ford Castle has completely changed its character from a place of strength, and is now a mere baronial residence. It is, however, a fine relic of days gone by; and from past associations, with a little imagination, a dreamer like myself may people it with "lords of high emprise," and high-born beauties—fancy that in this room of state he sees the amorous monarch enjoying a sober *tête-à-tête* with the "witching dame"—while in the next lobby, the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, according to Hollingshed, "a youth of promise," is romping with her daughter.\*

Ford Castle is one of the oldest strongholds in the debatable land. It was built in 1287, by Sir William Heron, but totally reconstructed

\* The Archbishop, a natural son of the fourth James, is said to have been as much fascinated with Miss Ford, as the King was with her mother.

in 1761, by Sir John Delaval, with the exception of the old flanking towers, on the east and west. Besides the very beautiful scenery of the valley of Wooler, Ford commands to the westward, and at the distance of a mile and a half, a fine view of Flodden.

This memorable field of battle is a hill near the village of Branxton, and one of the lowest of those swelling grounds, which gradually decline from the higher ranges of the Cheviots in a north-easterly direction to the Tweed. As we do not intend to describe a battle so frequently detailed before, and so well preserved in historic recollection, it is sufficient to say that the position the Scottish King had chosen possessed great military advantages, which, unfortunately for himself and his country, were stupidly neglected. If the sad tissue of mistakes he committed did not originate in mistaken judgment, and not advisedly, as has been imputed to him, James should have exchanged his iron belt for a strait-waistcoat. Never did a Scottish army join battle with greater prospect of success; and had the amorous monarch been a General, as Scott sings,

"Flodden had been Bannockburn."

It is hard to find apology for the royal folly which plunged a kingdom into mourning;—and to his dallying time away at Ford and making false movements as he did at Flodden, no term of contempt can be strong enough. The manliness of his death, however, half redeems his previous offendings—and had he been half so energetic in his efforts to ensure victory, as he was desperate in the vain hope of restoring "a lost battle," the wail that every lowland valley and highland strath echoed, would have been heard from Tweed to Thames.

"When the field turned decidedly against him," says McKenzie, "James, whose bravery kindled to an extravagance of courage at the perils which seemed now to surround him; deaf to every advice and remonstrance pressed forward, and exposed his royal person to all the dangers of the field. Being sustained by Bothwell and the reserve, he charged on foot, at the head of the best of his troops, whose armour had resisted the arrows of the English; pressing forward to the standard of the Earl of Surrey, and with such ardour and valour, that they were nearly gained by the heroic phalanx. But, at length, the wings of the Scottish army being totally routed, all the English forces were directed against the centre, which was now totally surrounded by the coming in of Lord Dacre in the rear."\*

We stopped at Wooler. The inn excellent, and standing a short distance below the town, through which the coaches do not pass. There is a wedding party in the house, and they have gone out to breathe a little air after dinner, and passed our window. The bride is very pretty, and seems to be in excellent spirits; the bridegroom might be the lady's father, and seems dolorous, as if he had been Provisional Director, in the Great Swindlesex Grand Junction. Has the unhappy man, too late, seen the error of his choice, and discovered that a man of fifty-five, in marrying a girl rising twenty, proves himself an ass? Well, go thy way! I have no sympathy for old fools, whatever I may feel for young ones!

\* History of Northumberland.

When that agreeable practitioner, Dr. Ollapod, is philandering to Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, and pointing out the beauties of the country and its local distinctions, to a question put to the lady as to what might particularly distinguish "sweet Surrey," he modestly observes that the principal lion of the neighbourhood was his "Cousin Crushjaw," of Caseherton, who lugged out a tooth without the slightest inconvenience to the patient; but I have neither heard or seen ought to distinguish Wooler from other market towns, not even a dentist—and we left next morning, *en route* to even a duller place, but with a population more active and enterprising, as is the case invariably, when sea-coast villages are compared with inland towns. A successful night's herring-fishery had put the little town of North Sunderland in a bustle; men, women, and children were actively engaged, and

"Louder still the clamour grew,"

as several boats landed from the French vessels anchored off the pier to traffic as they do annually with the inhabitants, who are exclusively employed in the varied fisheries this coast affords. My companion pointed out at the entrance of the village what appeared to me a singular object,—a new house, and that in ruins.

"That," he said, "was the residence of the notorious Belany."

The *morale* of Northumberland is respectable; crime rarely occurs, I mean offences of the graver character, such as involve capital or transportable penalties; and with the exception of paltry assaults, and other drunken delinquencies—which may always be expected to occur among a population engaged in fishing—few cases are brought before the local authorities. One personage, however—it might be libellous to call a man criminal, whom a London jury pronounced guiltless—recently conferred upon this place a felonious notoriety; but in common justice to this retired sea-port, we must remark that the gentleman was not a native—and as old Ireland presented Auld Reekie with Mr. Hare—Scotland, as a mark of gratitude for the compliment, favoured North Sunderland with Mr. Belany.

After having been tried and acquitted—in the pride of his innocence, he sought the "*domus*," although the "*placens uxor*" was wanting. No ovation awaited him; for most perversely and irreverently differing from a learned Judge, and an enlightened jury, the North Sunderland fishermen heretically dissenting, on the evening of his arrival, hanged their distinguished townsman in effigy before his own door. Boys who play much at soldiers, generally at manhood enlist. If the suspension of a scarecrow, topped with a likeness of a celebrated individual cut in turnip, had been so much admired, surely the strapping up of the real Simon Pure, would be infinitely more imposing. To hang Mr. Belany in person, was therefore unanimously resolved upon; and the next evening, the whole "*posse commitatus*" of the town, with a regular apparatus, repaired to the abiding place of the doomed one.

Mr. Belany, however, declined the intended honour; and levanting through the back-door, escaped strangulation for "the nonce." Irritated at losing time in rigging a gallows, for which a tenant was not procurable, the Northumbrians turned their fury on the house, and left it the ruin that it stands.

I have been indoctrinated in Conservative principles, and hold Britain to be the land of justice, but still, on legal points, the climate is not more influenced by locality. In one county, poor John Tawell was hanged—a man whose calamitous case drew tears from an Ex-Attorney-General—in the metropolis, Mr. Belany was acquitted. Now as every tale has, or should have its moral, I would recommend any gentleman who gets into trouble *honourably*, to appeal to a Galway jury, and he will be acquitted without a retirement from the box. If a tender husband administers a narcotic over strong, let him pin his faith on an English judge, and cockney panel. Go a step farther, and shoot a man in the public street—phoo! there's balm in Gilead for you still—call in a couple of mad-doctors, and off you come clean as a whistle.

Touching Mr. Belany's subsequent history and adventures, nothing, I believe, is known correctly. Some say that he has been gathered to his fathers, and others that he has migrated to the continent. I am a traveller by land and by water, and all I shall add will be a word of friendly advice. Should the gentleman ever by accident be my fellow-passenger, and a capfull of wind afford a decent apology for an expiatory sacrifice—by Saint Patrick! I shall not be slow in finding a Jonas for “the nonce”—and overboard he goes!

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## CHAPTER XX.

Nothing opens up a more curious and interesting subject for inquiry, than the manners and mode of life, which, from the time of the first William, distinguished that wild and warlike people, whether Scottish or English by birth or descent, but known by one general appellation as Borderers.

Sprung from a union of different bloods, it would be hard to decide whether Celtic, Saxon, Danish, or Norman was the predominant; for the unscrupulous severity of the Conqueror was exercised alike on any of these former races, who barred the rapid increase and permanent settlement of his bold followers—while feuds and jealousy among themselves, produced a number of discontented men, who, fancying past services had not been adequately rewarded, either willingly exiled themselves from the Norman court, or, for having named their grievances more plainly than a tyrant's ear will brook, were obliged to seek safety in a wilder locality, and evade the vengeance of that haughty usurper.

From Malcolm, Alexander, and David I., kings of Scotland, these Anglo-Saxon and Norman exiles and fugitives received marked encouragement, with grants of land: and from this varied stock, the proudest of the border families are descended.

The difference in the lineage of these border chiefs—the undefined nature of their possessions—the fierce and warlike blood that filled their veins—all these tended to produce among themselves feudal jealousies, invasion of property, and mutual violence. In one thing only

did they seem heartily united, and that was an implacable hostility to the Norman oppressors—a feeling, which the lapse of centuries could not abate or even mitigate.

The wild system of the ancient Celtic laws, which inculcated an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and the system of clanship which was maintained even until after the union of the crowns, were eminently calculated to preserve the military spirit of a wild people in its pristine ferocity, and exclude from these martial septs, the wish to imitate in arts or industry those who had begun to cultivate more peaceful avocations. The spade and plough were rejected by the Borderer with contempt. while he boasted that his true inheritance was “spear and snaffle.” As he shared liberally in the rude hospitality of his chief, and his family lived under the powerful protection of the head of the sept (generally of the same name), he did feudal duty in return, by warding his castle, and following him to the raid or battle-field. To him his fidelity was incorruptible, and his devotion knew no limits. What he desired was executed. To hear and to obey were synonymes; and by men who held lifting (cattle robbery) to be an honourable calling, and were perfectly reckless of shedding blood, the motive for harrying a district, or the object for which an obnoxious neighbour was removed, would not be considered worthy of inquiry. The remark most likely to be made by the Borderer would be, that “the chief had directed it to be done, and why the de’il should they fash themselves by asking why?”

It has been said that scenery, like locality, goes some length in the formation of human character; and that men resident in wild solitudes, and among barren and rugged hills, acquire always a wildness of moral temperament, from the savage scenes which the eye continually rests upon. The borders, now so beautifully cultivated, were then dreary wastes and impassable morasses. Life and property were equally insecure. He who was harried over night, made slight inquiry next morning whether the cattle he lost were reclaimable; the question to be solved was, where was the nearest and best flock—English or Scotch, Tyrian or Trojan—that would indemnify him for those that had been abstracted. If their own side of the Tweed promised a better or an easier raid, the borderer gave it the preference—but the moss-troopers in Tynedale and Redesdale were unscrupulous, and did not hesitate to take liberties with the sacred property of mother Church, bundling off the beeves of Hugh Pudsy, bishop of Durham—one of the most pugnacious priests in Britain; and a prelate, according to general consent, reputed to be second to none in his day at anathematizing a sinner.

These mountaineers appear to have been regularly bred to the profession; and under parental instruction, they made their dales the envy of the border. “They come down,” says old Grey (A. D. 1549), “into the low countries, and carry away horses and cattell so cunningly, that it will be hard for any to get them or their cattell, except they be acquainted with some master theife, who for some money (which they call saufey-money), may help them to their stolln goods agen.”

The utter disregard to “meum and tuum,” in these amusing times, at present appears almost incredible. The father brought the son up

systematically to the gallows;\* and his tender mother was not backward in inculcating the easiest maxims to the youth, touching the way that he should go. When the spence exhibited diminished supplies, the old lady insinuated to the loved pledge of her affections, that it was full time he once more took the saddle; the hint being delicately conveyed by dishing up a pair of spurs; and greatly would maternal joy be increased, if, in the gray of the next morning, she caught a distant prospect of the heir-apparent winding up the path—the early sunbeam glinting from his lance-head, and a strong advanced guard in his front—a flock of sheep—a score of beeves—and half a dozen horses to complete the thing.

That a community so destitute of all moral principle could possess a shadow of religious feeling would be an absurdity to imagine, although the border was studded with monastic establishments, which, from the magnificent scale on which they had been erected and endowed, had swallowed up many a goodly manor, and crippled the revenues of the crown itself; the drones, who enjoyed luxuries which the barons could not aspire to, indulged in the most criminal excesses, and left their spiritualities utterly unattended to. Now and then, some priest of the Tuck standard, or him of Shoreswood, whom Scott describes as ready “to swear, and stab, and brawl,” might visit the dwellings of the Borderers; and by the pernicious influence of their bad example, establish a thorough contempt for every thing religious in men who seemed not to comprehend that any distinction existed between right and wrong. Possibly a year would elapse between the visits of these straggling monks; some book-bosom, as he was termed by the wild riders from the breviary he carried in his breast, might occasionally drop in; but for his holy offices and advice the hot-blooded and ignorant moss-troopers would not tarry: and for the sacrament of matrimony, they introduced the immoral substitution of a ceremony which they named “handfasting;” one in which the man and woman lived together until the priest arrived, and then were at perfect liberty to declare “on or off without forfeit,” if they had wearied of each other’s society in the interim, or discovered that their tempers did not assimilate.

Indeed, the general example of every grade of churchmen at this time (A. D. 1500, *et ante*) was far from being instructive. Fox, bishop of Durham (1495), complains that dissolute and uncanonical priests administered the rites and sacraments of the holy church to the Tyne and Redesdale moss-troopers and murderers. One Cressingham, a monk, never wore any coat but one of mail, and, in his armour, his reverence was fairly sped at last. Nor was the bench without unruly ornaments. The bishop of Carlisle was nearly as troublesome as any repeal bishop at present in “the land of saints.” The example of the clergy was not thrown away upon their flocks; and he of Durham appears to have been obliged to excommunicate largely both priests and laymen. The former were suspended *ex officio*—while the penance imposed upon the latter, indicates the wild habits of the times. The

\* “There is many every yeare brought in of them into the gaale of Newcastle, and at the assizes are condemned and hanged, sometimes to (the number of) twenty or thirty.”—*Survey of Newcastle*, 1549.

offending moss-troopers were interdicted *from entering and conversing in a church, riding any horse above the value of six shillings and eight-pence, or wearing a jack and head-piece for a twelvemonth.*

Even as late as the reign of Elizabeth, the border clergy, as well as the borderers themselves, were lax on religious subjects beyond belief. Bishop Pilkington complains, that these rude churchmen went always armed with swords and daggers, and dressed in garments whose cut and colour were desperately uncanonical: and whenever James VI. had a row with the Kirk, he invariably employed the Scottish Borderers as "thirdsmen." An anecdote is recorded by the founder of the Cameronians, which proves that Annandale, in the time of that fanatic, was considered as nearly "past praying for." Having been ordered to attack the lady of Babylon in that favourite stronghold of her who sitteth on seven hills, poor Dick remonstrated—and indeed Annandale was an unpromising vineyard in which to commence his labours of love. But Mr. Welch said, "Go your way, Ritchie, and set the fire of hell to their tails!"\* If he did not actually give them a "scorcher," Cameron, it would appear, in his opening discourse, declared them every thing but honest. Some men may be persuaded, others are best managed when dragooned. The rougher alternative agreed best with the Annandale sinners, for, quoth Mr. Cameron's biographer, "some of them had a merciful cast that day."

A more successful and Christian missionary was found afterwards, however, in Mr. Gilpin, a nephew of Tunstal, bishop of Durham. Coquetdale, in Northumberland, was at this time infested with outlaws, moss-troopers, and gipsies; and the wild townsmen of Rothbury, among the lawless community which inhabited a district of infamous reputation, were held pre-eminently barbarous. This was the favourite scene selected by Mr. Gilpin for his spiritual exertions, and the savage character of those he exercised his ministry upon may be readily conjectured from the following occurrence:—

On Sunday, when preaching in the church of Rothbury, two parties of armed men met accidentally in the aisle, and being at feud, they instantly prepared to decide their differences on the spot, and desecrate the house of God, by making it the theatre of a bloody contest. Mr. Gilpin rushed from the pulpit, and fearlessly interposed his own person between the infuriated combatants, who were advancing upon each other sword in hand; and, by a burst of holy eloquence, arrested the con-

\* The use of infernal agency in reclaiming sinners, I thought, was altogether an Irish contrivance, before I met with the valedictory order given to Mr. Cameron by his commanding officer. I recollect going with a military party to attend an execution in the kingdom of Connaught, and, as is always the case in that peaceful and pleasant corner of the earth, a large concourse of spectators had collected. When the criminal appeared on the scaffold, a volley of prayers were poured out for the repose of his soul; and when the drop fell, after "a cry of women," deep silence followed. Suddenly it was interrupted by a very pretty girl, exclaiming, "Holy Saint Antony! Isn't it surpris'n that the devil himself won't knock the fear of God into the hearts of the people!"

"What's wrong wid ye, Biddy, jewel?" said an old gentlewoman to the fair complainant.

"Wrong wid me?" returned the young lady; "Havn't they taken fourpence half-penny in brass, and the *dhudieene* out of my brother Mick's breeches pocket, before the dead man gave the third kick?"



flict, and obtained a promise from the leaders on both sides, that they would not only respect his presence and the church, but also would sit out the sermon. This admirable man then remounted the pulpit—and such was the fervour of his impassioned address, that, though he failed to heal the feud entirely, he received an assurance—and it was faithfully kept—that while he remained in Rothbury, not a blow should be stricken, nor an angry word be interchanged.

On a subsequent visit, through the neglect of his servant, his horses were stolen, and when the robbery was bruited about, the greatest indignation was expressed by his wild and lawless congregation. The thief, who, like a true Borderer, neither knew nor cared to whom the horses belonged, accidentally heard that they were the property of Mr. Gilpin. Instantly he led them safely back, restored them with a humble request to be forgiven, which he accompanied by a declaration, that he believed the devil would have seized him on the spot, had he knowingly dared to intermeddle with aught that belonged to so good a man. Such was the moral character of the border, even in the time of good Queen Bess.

As a military people the Borderers were most formidable; war was their delight and occupation; and every passion which is supposed to sway the human heart was, in their estimate, held but in secondary consideration. Scott's beautiful impersonation of a thorough borderer in his celebrated namesake, Wat of Harden, is the perfect picture of a lawless baron.

“Marauding chief! his whole delight  
The moonlight raid, the midnight fight;  
Not e'en the flower of Yarrow's charms,  
In youth, could tame his rage for arms.”

A community always takes its character from a chief; and the retainers of honest Wat were of that order which in Ireland is termed “loose lads.” In military exercises, the chase, and the foray, the Borderer passed his youth. No alarm, however sudden or unexpected, could find him unprepared, and “Ready, aye ready,” was his motto. Nothing with the Borderer was designed for show, save the finery of his wife or mistress. His own clothes were plainly made, and showy colours were studiously avoided. His arms were generally a jack, or leather coat, and steel cap; his horse was small, active, and enduring; and his arms, a long, light lance, a trusty sword, and a bow of tremendous power—a weapon, in his hands, wielded with admirable dexterity.

It is a singular fact, that although almost every defeat which the Scotch sustained in their border wars, was justly attributed to the marked superiority of English archery, they never took any effective means to raise themselves, in this powerful arm of ancient warfare, to an equality with their more skilful opponents. Military men are sometimes as crotchety as ex-lord chancellors, and within the last few years it has been gravely asserted, that the long bow is preferable to the musket, “that queen of weapons.” Although learned Thebans have consumed much paper in maintaining and refuting this question, it will be enough to observe, that the bow to the musket, is, in ratio, about what a blunderbuss is to Warner's long range. You can make a re-

cruit—if you only will take the trouble, and expend the necessary ammunition—a good hit-and-miss shot in a week, while half a life would be required to turn out an archer. Even the preliminary arrangements to introduce the long bow would be troublesome; you should have, *imprimis*, to re-enact the conqueror's game laws, restore Sherwood forest, import a million of deer, outlaw your archers as soon as you enlist them—and yet after a seven years' run, and a venison diet during the apprenticeship, I should decline, with the best regiment the forest had then produced, to come to conclusions with a battalion of the rifle brigade.

As the severity of the first William's forest laws induced desperate men to band together who had incurred the poaching penalties which the usurper had introduced, so also, the feverish state of the borders, half sylvan and half warlike, rendered their wild occupants as expert with the gray-goose-shaft, as those noted marksmen who walked Watling-street by moonlight; and as merrie Sherwood had its Robin Hood, Will Scarlet, and Little John, so did the border boast her Adam Bell, Wat Tinlin, and Clym of the Cleugh, and a host of artists still celebrated in half-forgotten ballads.

The bow in general favour with the English and border archers, varied in length from five feet eight inches to six feet—with a bend, when strung, of nine or ten inches. Its power was proportionate to the archer's arm, its length regulated by his height, and the weapon generally adapted to the physical strength of him who used it. The best bows were made of the boll of yew tree, of which, part only were of native growth, many of them being imported from foreign countries; the string was silk or hempen, twisted and plaited, but always rounded in the middle to receive the arrow's notch; and the shaft itself was constructed of hard and soft woods, and ash, oak, and birch were used by the fletcher according to the purpose for which the arrow was intended. It was feathered from a goose wing, and in length ranged from thirty inches to three feet. The military arrow was thirty-two inches, and pointed with plain iron. At short range, the shaft was drawn to the ear; at long flight or shooting, in archery parlance, "at rovers," the notch and string were brought to the breast, the archer fixing his look upon the object aimed at with both eyes open, until he delivered his arrow.

Light, daring, and desultory warfare, was that which was best suited to the Borderer. He neither understood, nor attempted to understand, the pedantic fooleries enacted in those days by antiquated commanders. For siege service he was unfitted, and to camp duties he would not conform. In Somerset's expedition, a sad complaint is made of "the northern prickers," who, "with great enormitie, and not unlyke unto a masterless hounde howyleing in a hie way when he hath lost him he wayted upon, sum goe hoopying, sum whistelying, and most crying" their leaders' names, and "rendering the campe more lyke the outrage of a dissolute huntyng, than the quiet of a wel ordred army."

And yet, in the border character, wild and sanguinary as it might occasionally prove itself, many redeeming shades were discoverable.

Were a prisoner taken, his parole was only required, to pay at a fixed period, the amount of ransom that had been agreed upon—and when that was given, he was not retained another minute under durance. Border faith was also immaculate—and the pricklers that would harry the widow of her last clout, and fire the byers “to give her light to set her hood,” would not “bewray any that trusted them for a’ the gold in England and France.” They would also meet occasionally, in good faith, and hold friendly intercourse—and men who had forayed each other within a fortnight, would ride a chase side by side, or join in the favourite pastime of football.

Even, and until a late period, this manly game, like Irish hurling-matches, called into action the *elite* of adjacent parishes, and on the borders, the flower of the kingdoms. In 1790, after the sword had been sheathed for nearly a half century, the Liddesdale reivers, or rather their descendants, met those of the Tynedale snatchers,\* and a match of three games was played in the presence, as it is computed, of twenty thousand spectators, by twenty chosen dalesmen at either side. The skill, activity, and endurance displayed on that occasion, is still spoken of in the pride of former days, and it is a border boast that a father or an uncle was one of the selected champions. Four games were ardently contested, victory declared for none, for each won two. The fifth conferred the laurel upon Tynedale—“*Non sine pulvere palmam,*” might have been correctly applied to the contest. Most of the players were unable to leave the field—and not a few died subsequently from the effects of overtaxed exertion.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

BUT there was another point of view in which the Borderer’s character was estimable; he was an ardent lover and a faithful husband—he married purely from inclination—no sordid considerations influenced his choice—and the best booty he acquired by sweat and blood, was lavished upon his mistress.†

One point more of border character requires to be noticed. These wild and martial people were both bards and poets; many beautiful reliques of their music are remaining; and some of the sweetest ballads, which have been modernized, were originally composed by some outlaw lurking in a dell, or a lover when shut up in a peel-house.

The government of the borders was a strange anomaly. It was

\* “Full oft the Tynedale snatchers knock  
At his lone gate, and prove the lock.”

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

† “The Borderers were very particular in forming connexions. A stout man would not marry a little woman, were she ever so rich; and an Englishman was prohibited by the march laws, from marrying a Scotch woman, were she ever so honest.”  
—*Daizell’s Fragments.*

semi-military and half-civil. The marches were subdivided into three, and denominated east, west, and middle, and each division was held by a powerful noble. Ostensibly the business of these wardens was to maintain peaceable relations between the countries, but too frequently, a fiery baron would be "the first to pit the kiln in a low ;"\* and as his authority was despotic, he would conclude a truce or make an inroad according, as O'Connell said of the Iron Duke, to the state his biliary organs might have been in at the time. The English head-quarters were, for the east division, Alnwick or Berwick ; the castle of Harbottle was the central ; and, when wardens of the western marches, Lord Scroop resided at "Merrie Carlisle," and Belted Will (Lord Howard) in his own castle of Naworth.

Of course, the commissions of wardenship lay in the crown ; but the crown generally had, in both countries, about as much liberty of election, as the queen (God bless her ! ) has at present in the nomination of a bishop. On the English side, these appointments were always in the hands of the Percys, Howards, Cliffords, Dacres, &c. ; and on the Scottish marches, in those of some border chief. Were an alien appointment made by the minister of the crown, a very decided veto would be given by him who considered himself as better entitled to hold the office. During the minority of James V., when Albany named a favourite French knight to the wardenship of the east marches, Home of Wedderburn—to whose family this division had been generally intrusted—put in a caveat against the regent's nomination, and by a very simple process vacated the appointment.†

As in the wardens lay the military command, so also, they exercised the judicial functions, and all border differences were, in times nominally peaceful, submitted to their mutual decision. The complainants stated their cause of injury—the defendants pleaded in mitigation of damages, or "not guilty" altogether. After all the cases were heard, the wardens struck a balance, and the past was "wiped clean from off the slate,"—and the Borderers opened a running account immediately. In fact, a warden-court, if the judges did not fall out themselves and come to blows—a very common occurrence, produced a plenary pardon, and acted as a general judicial absolution. "Gie us a kiss, Mysie, woman," exclaimed a moss-trooper, on his return from one of these convenient assizes ; "tho' they brought thirteen robberies and twa murders agen me, I'm assoilzied from them a'. Was it na strange that they did na hit me in ane o' them—an that every charge trickled aff me, like water aff a dook ?"

In one instance, the border code agreed with that of the most independent and enlightened nation at present in existence ; and only that the name is decidedly Milesian, I should be inclined to believe that the American Lycurgus, had been a border emigrant. When the wardens held an assize, it never proved a maiden one. "At these courts," says a Northumbrian historian, "offenders were frequently

\* *Anglicè*—Raise the flame.

† Home killed the *Sieur de Bastie*—struck off the Frenchman's head—knitted it by the long locks to his saddle-bow—carried it off—and afterwards exposed it on a turret of Home Castle!

hanged without any process of law whatsoever. When marauders were once seized upon, their doom was short and sharp—the next tree, or the deepest pool of the nearest stream, were indifferently used on these occasions.” See here, the fine ethical effect of a system that has immortalized the name of Lynch. The wardens were men of business—they came to assert the majesty of the law; and how can the majesty of law be better asserted, than by strapping up a few offenders “to knock the fear of God” into the remainder of the rest? Would Belted Will, or Kerr of Cessford waste their valuable time in listening to a cock and bull story from a queen’s counsel, or stand the tears of an ex-solicitor-general? Not they, marry. Up went the accused—and at more leisure they entered into further particulars touching the crime for which they hanged him. The simplicity of this process also, while it made a clean and quick jail delivery, inculcated a fine lesson of resignation. An eel—if you can believe a cook—from sheer custom cares nothing about skinning; and Lynch law had a similar effect upon the Borderers—for, saith their historian quaintly, “they were thus accustomed to part with life with the utmost indifference.”

Another part of the criminal jurisprudence in practice on the border, was the appeal to single combat\*—a process, certainly, that obviated “the law’s delay;” and all, noble or humble, lay or ecclesiastic, save majesty itself, and some half dozen mitred dignitaries, were liable to undergo this challenge.† It saved all manner of forensic expense—admitted of neither demurrer nor replication—and the appeal was to a higher court, and even a higher authority than the lord chancellor. No writ of certiorari would be granted—no bill of exceptions would be allowed—and if the accused denied the charge, the complainant “must enter the lists either personally, or by a delegated champion.”

It cannot be denied that this system of settling monetary matters would be objected to in the present day by traders generally; and if a gentleman lost a horse or two, he would find but little satisfaction in being authorized to fight the thief. Now-a-days, a commercial traveller expects payment of account, and not “a reference to God in single combat,” when he hands in his bill of particulars. On the laity, this mode of settlement was occasionally oppressive; and it was any thing but equitable, to array a catch-weight gentleman who had been robbed, against some burly thief, who might, with perfect confidence, shy his castor into the ring even for the modern championship. But on holy church this border code was most oppressive. The Lord’s anointed were open to general challenge—and certainly nothing could be more unfair or more iniquitous. Fancy the case of a mitred abbot, when he

\* “A cross, made out of the wood which composed the table of St. Cuthbert, and on which he had been in the habit of eating his meals, was preserved at the decay or destruction of the Saxon church, and placed on the altar of St. Cuthbert in the Norham church. Before this relic persons accused of crimes used to declare their innocence, before they waged battle in proof of their assertion. Reginald has recorded an instance of a duel fought at *Midhop*, in the presence of Swain, priest of Fishwick, who was his contemporary.”—*Gilly’s Historic Sketch of Norham*.

† “To prevent measures of forcible retaliation, which would render the borders a constant scene of uproar and bloodshed, matters of difficult proof were referred to the judgment of God in single combat.”—*Mackenzie’s View, &c., &c.*

had lost his favourite mule, and the convent, probably, a score of oxen—the thief is known—denounced—denies the charge—and instead of making carnal restitution, insists that the injured dignitary shall tilt with him even to the death! Well, the abbot is a portly gentleman—as abbots ought to be—one on whom, like Father Philip in the play, the grace of Heaven has thriven marvellously. He, the worthy churchman, has “gone extensively to waistcoat”—and the balcony in front, plainly proves that other things beside water will “swell a man”—to wit, “fat capon” and treble X. Well, shall this holy personage,—who at scale will turn twenty stone, who leadeth a pacific life, filling the intervals which occur between the given periods when he slumbers in his stall or snores in his dormitory, in fortifying the citadel, namely, the stomach—shall he, who even to gain the saddle would be to occasion an exertion that would leave him panting for ten minutes—shall he be obliged to set-to with a Christie o’ the Clint hill, or Willie of Westburn-flat?—fellows who, barring skin, consist of nothing personally but bones and sinews?”\*

It is true that holy men—unless they were lions of the fold of Judah, like Priest Cressingham, Friar Tuck, and Doctor Machale—might fight by proxy; but a substitute for the militia could not have involved a heavier expense. The ill-used churchman was obliged to pay, mount, and arm his champion. Well, what was the result? If his reverence had luck, he made the borders shorter of a highwayman; but if his man was “polished off,” and such was the case generally, the poor priest was incarcerated in his den—one, that secular hands dare not violate—until he could satisfy the living man by an apology, and compromise for the dead one, by offering masses for his soul’s repose.

When peace nominally existed between the countries, and the wardens on both sides seriously desired to repress the exiles and outlaws, who could claim no country and owned no lord, the border laws were resorted to, and the bounds of the respective kingdoms, were not allowed to protect the moss-trooper when he lifted. The wardens, or their officers were permitted to exercise the “hot-trod”—as they termed it—and cross the opposite border not only unopposed, but assisted, if they required assistance. When the alarm was given, it was necessary to carry a lighted peat upon a spear-point, and raise hue-and-cry with bugle and bloodhound. All Scotch or English were bound to join in the pursuit, and to arrest the “posse,” or stop the sleuth-dog, was a capital offence.† The latter, however, was easily effected by foiling his scent with blood—and the former received as

\* In 1216 Ralph Gubium was Prior of Tynemouth, and was sadly tormented by a sinful layman, named Simon, who set up a vexatious claim to “two corrodies,” which Ralph would rather not part with. Now, the affair would have led to a chancery suit, but the disputants agreed to leave it to a fair stand-up fight, a clear stage, and no favour—and the best man and his owner to win. The Abbot of Saint Albans was appointed stakeholder and referee. Simon was wide awake, engaged the best fighting man to be found, and the holy champion was defeated. Honest Ralph felt so much mortified at his man being polished off, that in a pet, he resigned his priory.

† “Nullus perturbet, aut impediatur canem trassantem, aut homines trassantes cum ipso, ad sequendum latrones.”—*Regiam Magistatem*, lib. iv. cap. 32.

much aid and assistance from their brother Borderers, as an Irish gauger would from the "finest pisantry upon earth."\*

\* An eccentric countryman of mine, some years since gathered to his fathers, had a decided fancy for hunting, and the liveliest horror of a puppy. To describe his character would be useless—no Englishman could comprehend it. His house, his horse, his person were unique; and according to the trite adage—"None but himself could be his parallel."

The year before Waterloo, on "Saint Stephen's day, that blessed morn," as the old hunting ballad has it, we met at the cover side—and R. R. R. (his alliterative initials will be recognised by many who remember him) was there, as might be expected. His costume, that day, was more remarkable than usual: a threadbare scarlet jacket; a battered hunting-cap, ornamented with a branch of bog-myrtle; corduroy tights; the continuation of one, being a jockey-boot, and that of the other, a hussar one. He carried an enormous thonged whip, and through the three upper buttonholes of his seedy jacket, he had a stumped pipe (*Hibernicè*, a *dhudheine*) inserted.

I had scarcely paid R. R. R. the customary morning compliments, when a young Light Dragoon, whose regiment was quartered in a neighbouring garrison, rode up. He was the son of a London tradesman; and one of the most stupid and intolerable puppies in existence. Nothing could be more precise than his costume. His coat had emanated from Nugee's; his *fiè-for-shames* were delicately white; his boots were decidedly Gilberts; and his gloves were kid skin. In a word, he was as nice a young man as Cockayne and a cavalry regiment could turn out. He pulled up on the opposite side to R. R. R.—one look was interchanged between them—that look was perfectly conclusive.

"M—," observed the dragoon, "what a horrible person your friend with the odd boots is!"

"I must drive a nail, or I'll faint," exclaimed R. R. R., drawing out a pocket pistol that would hold a pint of whiskey, and taking a heavy slug; "Whisper, Mac! By the eternal frost! I have given that fellow at once my everlasting aversion. Tell him, I'll settle sixpence a-week upon him for life, if he will only keep out of my sight for ever." I need scarcely add, that neither of these flattering observations were communicated.

In Ireland, certain professions are supposed to be obnoxious alike to "men below and saints above." In subterranean statistics there is a place called Fiddler's Green, three miles and a half in the world's side of Pandemonium, where the downward career of a tithè-proctor might be stopped, or even an attorney arrested, if he died penitent and provided a fund for his soul's weal. But for a gauger there is no chance; down he goes, booked through direct—and the united prayers of the Propaganda could not arrest his progress.

In olden time, on St. Stephen's day, (26th December,) every master of hounds turned out in honour of his patron, and the peasantry came on by hundreds. There was, on this occasion, a false alarm of a find, and a couple of fences were crossed. The last was a rasper; and the dragoon—no better horseman than Cockneys are usually—was glad of an apology to turn over. R. R. R. who had fenced the double ditch cleverly, hearing the voice of the dismounted dragoon calling upon the mob to arrest the fugitive, bellowed from stentorian lungs—"Arrah! boys, jewel! what are ye about? *Won't ye stop the gauger's horse, for the love of Jasus!*"

"The gauger!" exclaimed a gentleman who had been regularly cleaned out the week before by a foray of the revenue. "Oh! the curse of Cromwell light heavily upon all of the name. May the horse go, where he'll go himself—the robber—and that's to the devil;" and he shied, what is called in Ireland a *caubecin*, and in English "a shocking bad hat," at an animal already predisposed to levant. "The gauger's horse!" responded the proprietor of a potecine-house, as he launched a *boul-teeine*\* at the flying quadruped. "Along the line the signal ran;" and while an independent fire of cudgels and *caubeecins* responded to it faithfully, the younger portion of the community aided and assisted by a pebble or a sod, as either came more readily to hand. It is enough to say, that Cornet F— met his horse at the barrack gate late in the afternoon; the animal having crossed eighteen miles of country, and the

\* *Anglicè*—a cudgel.

The savage mode of living maintained upon the border until the union of the crowns, may be easily accounted for, when one remembers that life and property were merely held, as if they were held from day to day. The moss-troopers were always on the alert; and they, acting as they did on the faith of the good old Highland adage, that the "ganging foot's ay getting," were always on the *qui vive*. A man went to bed at night in independent circumstances, and in the morning he rose in poverty that might have competed with Job's; although in patience, the latter would beat the Borderer hollow. These visitations were every day occurrences; but what were the moonlight operations of the prickers—for generally their captions could be redeemed by the payment of "saufey-money"—to the wholesale destruction perpetrated when a warden made a raid, or a king's lieutenant crossed the marches? The sword, heaven knows! is sharp enough; but when accompanied by the firebrand it is pitiable.\* As Burns would sing, my Lord Evers and Sir Brian on the following year "gat their fairins," and most deservedly. In surpassing cruelty this royal raid † was worthy of the monster who had ordered it (Henry VIII.), and Evers proved himself a proper instrument. Among other barbarities he burned the town of Broomhouse, and *the lady and her children perished in the flames*.

On his retreat, the English general was pursued by a hasty levy of Scottish horsemen, under Lord Angus, and some Fifeshire men, brought up by Norman Leslie. Finding his rear pressed, Lord Evers declined crossing the Tevio', and offered battle upon Ancram Moor. Angus hesitated to accept the challenge, until Scot of Buccleugh joined him with some chosen retainers. His arrival confirmed Angus's wavering resolution, and finesse enabled the Scottish leaders to inflict upon the marauders one of the deadliest defeats on border record. Under the mask of retreating, the Scots retired behind the high ground they had occupied, and formed on a level surface behind it called Panierheugh. Evers advanced; he crossed the abandoned height; sun and wind was in his eyes; and under the dip of the hill he found the Scotch, in position, and ready to receive troops blown with their previous exertions. Their

owner about nine—as the crow flies. Neither the cavalier or his charger were seen for a fortnight; and during the remainder of the season Mr. F—— never even looked at a hound.

\* The official return of the inroad made by Evers and Latoun, in 1544, will give a pretty accurate idea of the enormities committed at the time:—

" Towers, towns, barnakynes, parysh-churches, bastell-houses, burned and destroyed . . . . .	192
Scots slain . . . . .	403
Prisoners taken . . . . .	826
Nolt (cattle) carried away . . . . .	10,336
Shepe . . . . .	12,492
Nags and geldings . . . . .	1,296
Gayt (goats) . . . . .	200
Bolls of Corn . . . . .	850

Insight gear (household effects) beyond compute."—*Exploits don upon the Scotts, from the beginning of July to 17th November, 1544.*—Hayne's State Papers.

† The royal Bluebeard was rendered savage at the time, by a breach of marriage between his son Edward, and the infant Queen of Scotland.



assault was bloodily repelled. Of Evers's army (2500 men) 700 were broken clans and border refugees. They were termed "assured Scottishmen;" but theirs proved but *punica fides*. When the English recoiled, the Borderers tore the red crosses from their breast, joined their countrymen, and assailed their former allies; and a desperate and unrelenting slaughter ensued. "Remember Broomhouse!" was the fearful slogan; and in most cases, quarter was refused. The English leaders fell; and scarcely a hundred escaped from this fatal field.

The Scots retaliated English cruelty—indeed, to an extent that might equal Indian vengeance—and inroad after inroad was made on each side. The barbaric waste committed in these disgusting expeditions were worthy of Goth and Hun. Lord Hertford ruined the beautiful abbeys of Dryburgh, Melrose, Jedburgh, and Kelso; and in 1570, Lord Sussex destroyed, entirely or partially, fifty castles and houses of defence, and nearly three hundred towns, villages, and farmhouses.

The union of the crowns amalgamated the countries, and border hostilities nationally ceased. But as the proverb goes, "it is ill teaching an old dog tricks;" and it would be difficult to induce a hardened moss-trooper to exchange the lance for the spade. But the edict for their suppression had now gone forth; and it would appear that the statutory enactment which afterwards was found so efficacious in the Highlands, was at this period equally serviceable upon the border—that was, interdicting all but "gentlemen of rank and respect" from carrying weapons. Other circumstances assisted to quiet the district. A war in the Low Countries gave employment to part of its unruly population; and with the assistance of the hangman, the Earl of Dunbar proved that leather is not comparable to hemp. "He executed many without the formality of a trial," says Mackenzie, "and it is even said, that in mockery of justice, assizes were held upon them after they had suffered." Well, on the same admitted principle, that dead men tell no tales, his lordship considered that a dead man would not move for a new trial, and therefore that the assizes would pass pleasantly.

The snake was scotched, not killed; and the civil wars in the reign of the first Charles, gave the moss-troopers an opportunity of resuming their old occupations with pleasure and profit. But at the Restoration, they were done up as regularly as mail-coaches are now by railroads; and a tremendous statute was levelled by Charles II. against "a great number of lewd, disorderly, and lawless persons, being thieves and robbers, who are commonly called moss-troopers." But still the Borderers were true to their vocation—plundered with success—and escaped justice with impunity. "The fifteen," seems to have been the concluding epoch in their history; and with Forster's and Derwentwater's most impotent *émécute*—in which the Borderers joined heartily—the annals of the moss-troopers appear to close.

These rude and lawless people—warden raids apart—were generous, and even noble, in their warlike character. With them it was not "væ victis!" but when the fray was over, so ended animosity. "Englishmen on the one party, and Scotchmen on the other party," says old Froissart, "are good men of war, for when they meet there is a hard

fight without sparing." "Victory decided—such as be taken," quoth the old knight, "shall be ransomed ere they go out of the field; so that shortly each of them is so content with the other, that at their departing courteously, they will say, 'God thank you!' but in fighting one with another, there is no play nor sparing.

The union of the crowns, as we have mentioned, virtually destroyed the systematic moss-trooping; but half a century elapsed, before these wild people would accommodate themselves to the industrious habits and pursuits of those around them. They still clung to the savage amusements which recalled scenes of violence now suppressed. Cockfighting and football were favourite amusements; and drinking to excess, and riot and brawling, were charges the Borderer would not deny. Football, like Irish hurling, usually ended in a general row; and what commenced in good humour, too often terminated in maimed limbs and fractured heads. Poaching was carried on to an immense extent, and a spirit of gambling was inveterate. It was not unfrequent when harvesting the crops, for farmers to stop upon the highway, with their laden carts, and decide by a game at cards which farmyard should possess the double load, and the loser would assist in stacking the corn he had lost!

Such, and little more than half a century since, was the state of the borders. What is it now? We will not altogether assert that Tom Moore's beauty, with her wand and ring, would travel through the dales, night and day, without eliciting border gallantry. But we will say, that whether in the pastoral hills of Cheviot or Lammermuir, or on the classic banks of Tweed, "by day or night, or any light," the traveller may pass safely; and over the whole district which "law-contemning" pricklers rode, none will assail his person or effects. The two meteors of the day, Daniel the Liberator and Alderman Gibbs, would here elicit no sensation. The patriot would be allowed to traverse the banks of Tweed without an ovation, or even the presentation of a silver-spoon,—while none would stop the "great unaccountable," to inquire "how his audit stood;" leaving that mysterious question to heaven and Joe Hume.

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## CHAPTER XXII.

BEING engaged to visit the brother of a deceased friend resident at Bamborough, our drive thither was by the sea-side; and, as the day was particularly fine, the expanse of water the eye commanded was both extensive and most interesting. The surface was smooth as a mirror, and studded thickly with vessels and fishing boats; the white canvass of the former presenting an agreeable contrast to the barked sails of the humbler craft with which they were surrounded. Nearly abreast, the dark and shattered rocks which form the dangerous chain of islands called "The Farnes" rose irregularly above the water, giving marked evidence, from their rugged and irregular outline, that their origin had been volcanic. In full front, that noble remnant of an-

tiquity, Bamborough Castle, showed its "frowning keep"—while, in the distance, the castle of Holy Island towered boldly up, and formed an interesting feature in the scene.\* The abbey of Lindisfarn is not distinctly seen, although within gunshot of the castle. To a Romish devotee this corner of earth and sea would be considered holy, for Lindisfarn was the bishopric, and Farne the seclusion of Saint Cuthbert—one of the most redoubted gentlemen ever canonized; and indeed, if chronicles be true, the honour was properly conferred; for a gamer man never set-to with him poetically called "the morning star," but better known in the vernacular, as the devil.

Never had an honest Christian such tremendous trials as poor Cuthbert. The devil and he never could pull together for an hour; and Old Nick, whenever he could, never hesitated to take a dirty advantage. At three years old the children would not play with the juvenile saint, as, even at that early age, they discovered that "he was both a presbyter and a bishop." When grown up, an angel desired him to proceed to Melrose direct, and book himself for the next vacancy. Well, the devil waylaid him—a set-to ensued—and after a fair stand-up fight and no favour, Satan had the worst of it. Still, "the gentleman in black" seemed inveterate against the persecuted saint, and one blessed Sunday, to spoil the effect of his best sermon, the devil set fire to a cottage, broke the thread of his discourse, and scattered the congregation. With a spoonful of holy water, however, Cuthbert made all right again, extinguished the flames in double quick, and the audience returned after this false alarm, as people come back to a theatre, to enjoy with increased gusto the remainder of the entertainment.

When a church dignitary called Eata, was promoted from Melrose to Lindisfarn, Cuthbert accompanied him as second in command; and, as prior, by all accounts, he kept the monks in excellent order. Cuthbert, however, soon succeeded his insubordinate Prelate, at Holy Island; for Eata, for a breach of discipline, was tried, by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, before a sort of spiritual court martial assembled on the banks of the Aln. This troublesome churchman was sent to Hexham—and Cuthbert promoted to Lindisfarn, *vice* Eata, deposed for contumacy.

In this lonely isle Cuthbert continued twelve years, celebrated as an itinerant preacher, and the most determined woman-hater in the calendar. He would not permit one of the fair sex to enter his church, but built a chapel at the extreme point of the island for themselves. Indeed, a more ungallant gentleman never wore a mitre; for even a distant view of a petticoat put him in a fury. Cuthbert would not object to a fat beeve, or a well-fed wedder; but he would not stand a

\* The castle on Holy Island was a dependency on the fortress of Berwick, and until 1819, retained its artillery and a small garrison. Its site is inaccessible, except by a zigzag path cut along the southern face of the rock, and well defended by a flanking fire. Its offensive strength is a seven-gun battery, looking seaward, the rest of the small extent of the cone of the rock being taken up with a barrack for the men, and a house for the commanding officer. Before the introduction of siege artillery, this little fortress was, from its position, almost beyond insult; the rock it stands on was not to be escaladed, and its works were too much elevated to fear aggression from the culmny engines then in use.

milch-cow on any account. Nothing could be simpler than the reason for which he repudiated animals generally considered inoffensive,—“Where there is a cow,” said the saint of Lindisfarn, “there must be a woman; and where there is a woman, there must be mischief.” At last, weary of the comforts of his “proud abbaye,” he determined to emigrate to the rocky island which was the scene of Grace Darling’s exploits; and which, although the largest of the Farns, had no fresh water, and was known to have been especially selected by his Satanic Majesty as his marine residence. Cuthbert persevered, and there, with one short interval, he resided until his death; when, in a stone coffin, given him by some holy personage, and a sheet presented him by the Abbess of Tynemouth, he commenced a *post-mortem* course of navigation, which had not been previously attempted by any mariner upon record.

Cuthbert abominated the fair sex, and the devil. His antipathy to “the gentleman in black” was natural enough; for Clottie, like our modern Paul Pry, made it a point to “drop in” at the most affecting passages in the saint’s sermons—but for his heretical opinions touching milch-cows, and lovely woman, no apology can be pleaded. This drawback in Cuthbert’s character apart, as saints went, he was an obliging body on the whole.

Reginald, who lived towards the end of the 12th century, tells the tale of a man who, having been imprisoned by King Malcolm in Berwick Castle, and loaded with fetters of intolerable weight, implored the succour of St. Cuthbert. The saint came to his aid, conducted him out of his dungeon,—led him across the Tweed with all his irons hanging about him, and brought him in safety to the church at Norham, where his fetters were seen for many years afterwards suspended from one of the beams as a votive offering.

Well, that was backing a friend in trouble, and no mistake. He was also what, in theatrical parlance, is called “a useful man;” for, even after his beatitude, he would come down from heaven to recover a lost key.

“A boy named Haldene,” quoth the old chronicler, “attended the school, which was kept in Norham church (a custom very common, says Reginald). This boy having neglected his books, and dreading the punishment of his idleness, threw the key of the church into the Tweed (in Thenodam) at a place called *Padduel* (*hodie* Pedwel). The services of the church would have been interrupted, relates the historian, had not St. Cuthbert appeared to the priest, and told him to go to the fishermen at Pedwel. The priest went, and saw that they had just caught a salmon, in whose throat the key was found. The key was thenceforth held in great veneration, and kissed devoutly by the people.”\*

In sight of “the saint’s domain,” it would be heresy not to visit his favourite abode; and, D.V., I’ll be off to the Farn islands to-morrow morning.

The southern view of Bamborough Castle is particularly fine, and

\* Reginald does not mention whether the saint split upon the delinquent. But if he did, as birch is plenty in the neighbourhood, we would not have been in Master Haldene’s trousers for a trifle.

gives an admirable picture of the external appearance of a feudal castle. The immense square keep\* domineers over the whole of the other defences, and displays its dark battlements over the towers and connecting curtains which formed the *enceinte* of a place, whose extent may be fancied from the fact, that the area they encircled amounted to eight acres.

The military history of this ancient fortress would form a fine study for the reflective, while the order of its architecture is a sad puzzle to an antiquary. Like the travellers who could not agree in the colour of the chameleon, half-a-dozen learned Thebans, including Grose and Wallis, are at issue touching its origin. One swears that it is true Saxon, another has it Roman, while a third ascribes it to the Normans. Whether any portion of the original fortress is standing or not, there certainly was on this rock a place of arms in complete repair when the first William landed. Every thing considered, Wallis appears to be the most correct in his conclusions; and from natural strength and littoral advantages, Bamborough was, I am inclined to think, one of the *castella* fortified by Agricola, in his third British campaign.

As long back as 642, this castle was a place of consequence and strength, as it held out against Penda, King of Mercia, successfully. Failing in carrying Bamborough by assault, the Saxon monarch attempted to burn out the garrison, and, for that purpose, raised against

\* "The keep is a lofty square structure, of that kind of architecture which prevailed from the Conquest till about the time of Henry the Second. The stones with which it is built are remarkably small, and were taken from a quarry at North Sunderland, three miles distant. From their smallness it has been conjectured they were brought hither on the backs of men or horses. The walls to the front are eleven feet thick, but the other three sides are only nine. The original roof was placed no higher than the top of the second story. The reason for the side walls being carried so much higher than the roof, might be for the sake of defence, or to command a more extensive look-out, both towards the sea and land. The tower was, however, afterwards covered at the top. Here were no chimneys; the only fire-place in it was a grate in the middle of a large room, supposed to have been the guard-room, where some stones in the middle of the floor are burned red. This floor was all of stone, supported by arches. This room had a window in it, near the top, three feet square, intended to let out the smoke. All the other rooms were lighted by slits or clinks in the walls, six inches broad. The outworks are built of a very different stone from that of the keep, being a coarse freestone of an inferior quality, ill calculated to sustain the injuries of the weather, taken from the rock itself. In all the principal rooms in the outworks there are chimneys, particularly in the kitchen, which measures forty feet by thirty feet, where there are three very large ones, and four windows; over each window is a stone funnel, like a chimney, open at the top, intended, as it is supposed, to carry off the steam. In a narrow passage, near the top of the keep, was found upwards of fifty iron heads of arrows, rusted together in a mass; the longest of them about seven and a half inches. In December, 1770, in sinking the floor of the cellar, the draw-well was accidentally found; its depth is 145 feet, cut through the solid rock, of which seventy-five feet is of hard whinstone. In the summer of the year 1773, in throwing over the bank a prodigious quantity of sand, the remains of the chapel were discovered, in length 100 feet; the chancel, which is now quite cleared, is thirty-six feet long, and twenty feet broad; the east end, according to the Saxon fashion, semicircular. The altar, which has been likewise found, did not stand close to the east end, but in the centre of the semicircle, with a walk about it three feet broad, left for the priest to carry the host in procession. The font, richly carved, is also remaining, and is now preserved amongst the curiosities in the keep."—*View of Northumberland, by Mackenzie.*

the walls enormous piles of wood. But Penda little dreamed that he had not only strong defences, but the prayers of the church to contend against. The bishop of Lindisfarn was on one of the Farn Islands watching the progress of the seige, and wide awake to all that was passing. When Penda set fire to his wood-heaps, Bishop Aidan supplicated Heaven for a shift of wind. It chopped round instantly—blew a whole gale—carried the burning faggots among the besiegers' tents—and instead of obtaining possession of Bamborough, Penda was regularly "burned out," and obliged to raise the siege.

In 1332, Bamborough was honoured by a royal visit—for when Edward sat down before Berwick, he left his queen for safety in this castle.

During the expiring struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster, before the defeat at Hexham Levels gave a crushing blow to the hopes of the latter, Bamborough sustained its last siege. It held out obstinately, and suffered much damage before it surrendered from the cannon of the enemy. Neither the seventh or eighth Henry repaired it afterwards—it passed into the possession of Sir John Foster—and in 1715 was forfeited by his grandson, the member for Northumberland, who had taken arms for the old Pretender. On his attainder, the estates and castle were purchased by his brother-in-law, Lord Crewe.

The bishop, who appears to have been but an indifferent statesman, for while attached warmly to the Stuarts, he paid servile homage to the house of Hanover, was in private life a most amiable man; and, indeed, in every Christian quality might be held up as a model for the bench; but alas! his was an example not very likely to be followed by the shovel-hatted gentry of the present day. On his death, he bequeathed these fine estates, with ample authority to certain trustees, to be applied in charitable and useful purposes! In the choice he made, he was eminently successful—and in that philanthropic plan which Lord Crewe had nobly originated, the venerated Dr. Sharp had an ample field opened to exercise his own benevolence. For a period of forty-two years he (Dr. Sharp) expended large sums annually from his private purse on the repairs and reconstruction of the castle,\* and appropriated its revenues to the foundation of excellent schools, a valuable infirmary, shops where the poor are supplied with provisions at reduced rates, and a temporary asylum for shipwrecked seamen.

Before the Farn islands were lighted as they are now, and when navigation was but imperfect, these dangerous rocks were prolific in loss of life and property, and held, in maritime estimation, to be almost as perilous to seamen as the Goodwin Sands. To avert misfortune is the first care of the trustees—to relieve it the second. For the latter purpose, apartments are fitted up for shipwrecked sailors; and bedding is provided for thirty, should such a number happen to be cast on shore at the same time. "A constant patrol is kept every stormy night along

\* When the doctor commenced the work of restoration, this splendid relic of former days was rapidly declining into a mere ruin, and it was already half sanded-up. Its state may be estimated from the fact, that a fox unkenelled in one of the towers, made a circuit back, and was run into and killed in the present drawing-room of the keep.

this tempestuous coast for above eight miles, the length of the manor ; and whoever brings the first notice of any vessel being in distress, receives a premium proportioned to the distance from the castle and the darkness of the night. A person attends at daybreak during winter at the observatory on the east turret of the castle, to look out if any vessel be in distress. If it happens that ships strike in such a manner on the rocks as to be capable of relief, in case a number of people could be suddenly assembled, a gun is discharged to alarm the neighbourhood ; it is fired once if the accident happens in such a quarter, twice if in another, and thrice if in another direction. Machines of different kinds are always in readiness to heave ships out of a perilous situation. A bell is placed on the top of the tower, and rung as a warning to fishing-boats in foggy weather ; and a large swivel, fixed on the east turret, is fired every fifteen minutes as a signal to ships without the islands. Amongst other apparatus for assisting distressed vessels, the trustees have Captain Manby's. A life-boat also lies at Holy Island, where it can be readily manned with experienced hands, and where they have not at the commencement to contend with the breakers near the main land. Premiums are always given to the first boats that put off from the island upon a signal being made from the castle. Storehouses and cellars are always kept in readiness for the reception of wrecked goods, rigging, &c. ; and whenever any dead bodies are cast ashore, coffins, &c. are provided gratis, and also the funeral expenses are paid.\*

In no public institutions do abuses more abundantly prevail than in charitable ones—but those of Bamborough are an admirable exception. The trustees have invariably been upright and zealous men ; none of your accursed theorists, but persons who have directed their undivided attention to the best practical uses to which the estates confided to their management could be turned ; and while the sick, the needy, the young, and the unfortunate, were benevolently considered, to others, and of a different class, encouragement was liberally extended. The trustees are declared by their tenantry to be excellent landlords, men who, while anxious to increase the rental of the estates, that their usefulness might be made the more extensive, are solicitous at the same time, that those living under them should have a proper remuneration for their industrious exertions.

The time has gone by when the crosier was occasionally exchanged for the sword, and a division of an army in the field, or the command of a garrisoned place of arms, intrusted to some right reverend father in God.† Bamborough is, however, under as absolute spiritual control at present, as it was in the times of the first Richard ; only that instead of the commandant being the bishop, he is (I believe) the archdeacon of the diocese. I have every reason to know that all things fiscal and charitable connected with the castle and its trusts, are in excellent condition ; but I trust I may not be considered irreverent, in directing the

\* Mackenzie.

† In the time of Richard I. Hugh, bishop of Durham, held this castle, but his power was of short date ; for the king being offended at his insolence, disseized him of the fortress, together with the county of Northumberland, and imposed on him a fine of 2,000 marks.

attention of the holy castellan to the state of his sea battery, as well as the dangerous propinquity of the windmill to his outworks. As a married churchman, and one who, I entertain no doubt, would devote himself, were it necessary, like another Curtis, "pro aris et focis," I implore him to scale his guns and renew their platforms. As to the windmill, in an artist's eye it is an abomination, and in a military one still more offensive. It looks directly on the northern face of the keep, and were it occupied by an investing enemy, is there a fat prebendary dare shave himself at the window, or, for the stomach's sake, take a mouthful of air before dinner on the rampart, without the risk of being placed *hors de combat* with a lining of lead in "his weam," instead of "good capon."

Think me not, reverend sir, an alarmist. One of the greatest commanders, from the days of

"Captain Noah down to Captain Cook,"

has a hostile eye on England—and what were either of these navigators to Prince de Joinville? Noah left no sailing instructions behind him; Cook only kept professional journals, and wrote a paper or two for the Royal Society; but de Joinville has actually produced a pamphlet, invasion breathing in every page, and you could not pick out a paragraph that did not smell of saltpetre—"Absit," not the omen, but the event. How would you feel some blessed morning, at finding the rear-admiral with a spring upon his cable, and the Jemappe, with her broadside on under your dressing-room window? Why, you would, as the old ballad goes, be "tattered and torn," before one of your old rickety guns could be gotten into working order.

Still, good springs occasionally from evil, and even that fearful visitation might be advantageous in the end. The prince is a spirited young gentleman, and an able sailor—but to judge by his practice at Morocco, about as bad an artillerist as ever laid a gun. Now, if his erratic fire would only miss the keep—for the demolition of one stone of that noble and well-preserved tower would grieve me to the heart—and hit the windmill, upon my soul! the sooner his visit were paid the better.

A worthy comrade, long since gathered to his fathers, was sorely distressed to find the hill of Drumsnab unprovided with "a sconce," and still more, at his unavailing efforts to impress the necessity of erecting one upon the captain of the place; but what would Major Dalgetty say to your windmill? a building, at short range, "overerowing," as he would term it, the weakest face of your castle! Often and earnestly Dalgetty entreated Sir Archibald Campbell to erect an outwork; and as ardently do I implore you to pull down your windmill. Keep rear-admiral Prince de Joinville in constant remembrance, and recollect you do not live in the days of Penda, king of Mercia, when a bishop could raise a gale of wind, merely for the trouble of asking for it. I know you are orthodox to the backbone, eschew pope, popery, and Puseyism; and that you would scorn to look to a miraculous deliverance, after the manner in which poor Penda was burned out. Indeed, I do not think that that support could be relied upon; and I suspect you



might land upon the Farn islands frequently, without finding a straggling bishop praying among the rocks; and, for my part, I would rather expect to find one at Cheltenham or Harrowgate. *N'importe*—down with the mill—reform your battery altogether—and a fig for de Joinville! \* \* \* \* \*

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### CHAPTER XXIII.

I TAKE a melancholy pleasure in examining a country church-yard, and inspecting the simple memorials of those who have been. There are few rustic cemeteries which do not present some object to interest one; and having procured the keys of that of Bamborough, while my friend was occupied with some business, I repaired alone to the church-yard. The tombstones generally announce that those beneath them were of the “*turba sine nomine*,” men, whose quiet tenors were undisturbed by any save the humblest incidents of life. One of the oldest headstones, whose inscription time has entirely obliterated, by a hieroglyphic on its reverse face, announces the calling, although the name of the deceased has passed away. It is a crossed mattock and pickaxe—and he who had dug the graves of many, in turn required that last service for himself. I should say, that, apart from statistical returns which confirm it, the gravestones on the borders attest the great longevity of their inhabitants. One my eye glanced upon in passing through Wooler church-yard, states that the grandfather died at eighty-nine, and the father at ninety years and six months; an extended span of existence seldom reached by two generations in succession.

At the western extremity of the Bamborough burial-ground, two-and-twenty of the unfortunate passengers who perished in the *Forfarshire* and *Pegasus* are reposing. A few paces in the front, Grace Darling's humble grave is seen; and close to the wall behind the long line of sufferers, a plain tombstone, and a chaste and handsome monument, record the deaths of Messieurs Robb and Mackenzie, two Scottish clergymen, who were lost in these ill-fated, or more correctly speaking, ill-managed steamers.

With respect to the misfortune which occurred to the *Forfarshire*, different causes have been assigned; and to bad management and defective machinery her loss has been generally attributed. The gale was heavy—the sea ran high—and the probable failure of her boilers, at the moment when the working of her engines at their greatest power, could only have enabled her to weather the storm, was a calamity which might have set the ablest seamanship at defiance. But what excuse can be offered for the destruction of human life on board the *Pegasus*? The night was bright—the winds were sleeping—the vessel sped merrily along—

On the smooth surface of a summer sea—

her machinery was perfect; the captain and his crew were intimately acquainted with a course which every week was sailed. In the most

timid bosom not a fear was lurking ; and, with a few exceptions, all had retired to rest. Sunk in repose, the husband fancied himself locked in a wife's embrace ; the child's rosy lips were pressed to an expecting mother's ; the returning seaman in his dreams was hailed with a smiling welcome by the kindred he had been separated from, and the girl he had loved so long ; and never did a company seek "nature's sweet restorer," with brighter anticipations that the morrow's sun would usher in health and happiness. Alas ! the decree had gone forth ; no sun should rise for them !

The fatal 19th of July, 1843, to many will be a sad anniversary. The *Pegasus* sailed from Leith at half-past five, A. M., and passed the mouth of Berwick bay at dusk. On that fatal evening, Van Amburgh exhibited his menagerie ; and after the entertainment had concluded, many of those who had been present repaired to walk upon the pier and ramparts of the town—tempted, even at that late hour, by the calm loveliness of sea and sky. Little did they suppose that sixty fellow beings were hurrying to destruction.

The safe and proper course is between the Plough Seal and the Goldstone, but there is plenty of water inside the rock, and that course, though less safe, is frequently taken, to avoid some of the strong and numerous currents which run in various directions among the Farn islands. Whether the wretched man who had charge of the most precious cargo a ship is freighted with—human life—intended to run inside the Goldstone, or fancied that he had given it, in nautical parlance, a sufficiently "wide berth," can only be conjectured ; although it is most probable, that the inner channel was that which he had determined to take ; and one which, from the lightness of the night, and the smoothness of the water, he was perfectly justified in selecting. The steamer was running at full speed, and making eight knots an hour ; the bell was struck at twelve, the watch changed, the captain on the paddle-box ; Emanuel Head had been passed, and the lights upon the Farn distinctly seen. The engineer—who was one of the half dozen saved—at that moment came up the hatch of the engine-room, and remarked that, "the lights were in one" [line], instead of being open the breadth of a handspike, as they should have been ; but, before he had time to think or speak, the vessel struck the Goldstone with tremendous violence.

The shock gave terrible intimation to all below of the sad and unexpected calamity which had occurred ; and all, male and female, some dressed, and some but partially, hurried upon deck. The fore-castle was already filling fast with water ; and while, without order or design, the vessel was backed at one moment, and turned ahead the next, the boats were lowered on the larboard and starboard sides, crowded with passengers and sailors, but in so unseamanlike a manner, that the engine was set on before the stern-falls could be unhooked. In consequence, both boats swamped with the back-water from the paddle-wheels—and of thirty souls on board, but three recovered the deck of the sinking vessel.

"Great God protect us!" exclaimed a passenger ; "the boats are swamped—what shall we do?"

"The best you can," returned the brutal and besotted captain, mounting the bridge across the paddle-boxes with apparent indifference.

Of courage there are marked and varied qualities; the impulsive feeling which prompts the soldier to mount "the imminent deadly breach;" and that calm and holy self-possession, with which the Christian looks, all unmoved, death fully in the face; and shows, that if his rock-founded faith has taught him to live, it also can

"Teach him to die."

The conclusion of this tragic occurrence was painfully affecting. When hope was over, the vessel settling rapidly in a treacherous sea, whose surface was still unrippled, and the certainty was known that, ere another quarter of an hour had passed, the ill-starred wretches who, in health and youth and strength, now crowded the deck of the doomed vessel, would then be in eternity, Mackenzie,\* true to his vocation, collected those about to die around him, and as they knelt, obedient to his wishes, poured forth a parting prayer in words of such fervid eloquence, that the few survivors declared that his supplication for mercy to the throne of grace seemed rather the language of inspiration, than that which is breathed from mortal lips. His fervid prayer and exhortation to bow humbly to the Almighty's will being concluded, he extended his upraised arms above the kneeling group, pronounced his benediction—another minute—Oh! it is painful,—and we must omit the closing scene.

All accounts agree in describing the conduct of the unfortunate passengers under these desperate circumstances as being wonderfully firm and resigned; and, confirmed by the example of the admirable man who pointed out to them a glorious hereafter, they met their fate with decency and fortitude. One affecting incident formed a fearful contrast to the distressing picture which the deck of the sinking vessel generally presented. All were grouped around Mackenzie,—to that good man's entreaty that those about to enter the presence of the Omnipotent might be mercifully received, a deep *Amen* was piously returned—while woman's softer nature yielded, and smothered sobs attested the truth of Shakspeare's beautiful remark, "how hard it is to die." At that moment, two sweet children, who had been placed under the captain's care, unconscious altogether of impending danger, were playing merrily about the deck, and when the vessel suddenly went down, the joyous laugh of innocence changed to the gurgling noise of suffocation, and ere the smile faded from their lips, crimeless and pure, these sweet "field flowers" went to their account, and mortal misery was exchanged for an early communion with "their Father and their God." †

To describe the final scene, which closed the history of sixty per-

\* A sailor, called Bailey, who was saved, says,—“At that period, near to the cabin sky-light, I saw the Rev. J. M. Mackenzie, with his head raised towards heaven, his arm uplifted, and a closed book in his hand, surrounded by a number of passengers on their knees. Although all were engaged in prayer, I distinctly heard Mr. Mackenzie's voice above the rest. I was struck with his cool and collected manner.”

† They were a boy and a girl, the children of an English clergyman, the Rev. Field Flowers, of Tealby Grove, Lincolnshire.

sons, when the "Pegasus" went down, and all, from the cradle to the crutch, were entombed together in ocean, would be a harrowing detail ; and, in the poet's words, we may say when the vessel sank,

"Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell  
The fearful work that there befell."

But the last look in life taken by the rescued mariner at him who caused, and those whom his terrible misconduct had robbed of an existence so endeared to many a living relative, whose tenderest affections a drunken beast had withered, and for ever, is truly interesting, and we shall give it in Bailey's words:—

I saw the captain and mate together on the larboard paddle-box ; the captain having both his hands in his pockets, neither attempting to save himself, nor any one else. The water had now reached the quarter-deck, I got on the starboard gangway rail, which is the right side of the vessel, and was the one nearest to the shore ; the paddle-boxes were just disappearing with the captain and mate on.

"Before leaping into the sea, I gave a last farewell look, and perceived up the rigging of the main-mast a female and the engineer ; then on the Rev. J. M. Mackenzie, and those about him ; I saw the water just about touching them, but they all remained fixed to the spot, as if too deeply engaged with God to be disturbed by that element, which was to bring them nearer to their heavenly Father."

Probably about the half of the unfortunate sufferers found a grave in "ocean caves," or were carried by the under currents out to sea, and the remainder came to land, chiefly at Bamborough and Holy Island, while a few were taken up dispersedly by the fishing-boats. Nothing could be more distressing than the researches of their relatives, which for months continued with pious perseverance. It seemed a melancholy satisfaction to the survivors to place the mutilated remains of those who perished in consecrated earth. And yet, God knows, even when successful, the recovery of a body, whose head and hands were denuded of flesh even to the bones, must have presented a ghastly and disgusting sight ; for, after a few days, the eels and crabs had made such fearful ravages, that, excepting by clothes or private marks, identity was rendered impossible.

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The interior of the church of Bamborough is prettily and comfortably fitted up ; and there are some curious relics in the chancel : one is the figure of a knight recumbent, cut in red granite, and extended on the floor immediately before the altar rails. An ancient headpiece and iron corslet, with splint-gloves and a sword, are suspended over the side of the communion table. The rudeness of their workmanship, and the absence of any ornament or device, would infer that they were worn by some inferior soldier ; and one wonders that, in the hope of averting danger, men should render themselves so perfectly unserviceable as any person must be when encased in this ill-shaped mass of useless iron. Although the defensive armour used in the present day by the heavy cavalry is judiciously constructed, and as different from the ancient shirt of mail, as the percussion musket from

the match-lock, I feel convinced that the dragoon would be more formidable in the charge, or the *mêlée*, without the cuirass, than with it. The helmet of proof is necessary ; but I think that, in loading the horseman with defensive armour to protect his person, the incumbrance exceeds the advantages obtained.

I descended to a very curious crypt, which only a few years ago was opened and cleaned out. It was evidently in papal times used for a confessional, as the iron staple from which to suspend the lamp, and the niche in the wall for the font which held the holy water, prove that it was not originally designed for a burial vault. It was, however, subsequently used for that purpose ; for, when opened, the bodies of five of the Forsters—a Northumbrian family, which a mural monument in the church above announces to be extinct—were found laid in coffins, side by side, on a sort of rude bench of earth and stones. The coffins were placed in parallel graves beneath the flagging, precisely in the order they were found. The earth they had rested on was removed, and a brief notice, chiselled on the stones which covered them, merely detailing the name and age of him who reposed beneath.

Of these relics of a once proud and influential border family, four are unknown to fame, and the fifth's was but a melancholy history. This latter gentleman was member of parliament for Northumberland—and, although a Protestant, a strenuous adherent of the house of Stuart. When the old Pretender raised the insurrection in “the fifteen,” the Earl of Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, both of whom were suspected of disaffection to the reigning government, excited the suspicions of the authorities, and orders were issued for their arrest.

While the Elector of Hanover succeeded to the crown, by hereditary right and parliamentary settlement, the Earl of Mar, as lieutenant-general, had proclaimed the old Pretender at Kirk Michael, and, being joined by many persons of family and influence, he advanced to Perth, at the head of ten thousand men. Almost simultaneously, a rising took place in the north of England—but it was a hurried outbreak, and plans not matured, as might have been expected, proved abortive.

Lord Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, having narrowly escaped arrest, took the desperate resolution of declaring openly against the house of Hanover ; and, with sixty horse, took possession of the town of Warkworth. Here they were joined by Lord Widdrington with thirty men ; and Forster assumed the title—so pompously placed on his humble flag-stone in the crypt of Bamborough—lieutenant-general : his army consisting of *ninety men* ! In disguise, he proclaimed James III. ; and marching by Alnwick he was slightly reinforced, and entered Morpeth at the head of three hundred men. An abortive attempt was made on Newcastle by the insurgents ; and, in expectation of support from Cheshire and Lancashire, Forster, after that failure, moved to Hexham. On the 22d October, at Kelso, a union of a Scottish corps with the English malcontents raised their number to nearly two thousand ; but in their counsels there was no wisdom ; and while they wasted time in the Cheviots, General Carpenter's horsemen got close upon their rear. An invasion of Lancashire was at last resolved upon ; when five hundred Highlanders refused to cross the border, and left the field.

On the 2nd November, the *posse committatus* were drawn out to oppose them; but this rustic body ran bodily away. The rebel march to Lancaster was unopposed; they proclaimed the Pretender, and laid hold of the public money when they could discover it. They reached Preston, a town exclusively Jacobite; and there were joined by the Roman Catholic gentry and their tenants. Here "Forster began to assume the airs of a conqueror, in spite of the misgivings of the veteran Macintosh, who knew the value of such an undisciplined rabble."

In the mean time, Carpenter had united with General Wills by forced marches, at Durham; and an immediate and combined attack upon the rebels was decided on: Wills, by a direct march on Preston; Carpenter, by a flank movement. As the royalists approached, Mr., or General Forster, as he called himself, gave very satisfactory proof that he was but a sorry soldier: "He fell into a fright and confusion, and betook himself to bed." But Lord Kenmure roused him; and in a hurried council, where all the gentlemen had a voice, and "those spoke loudest who knew least of war," a plan of defending Preston was adopted. It was a miserable and mistaken attempt; for the bridge and passage of the Ribble, which a dozen men might have held against hundreds, were left undefended by a single musket. A simultaneous attack, by dismounted dragoons, was made upon the barriers; it was stoutly repulsed; and General Wills was obliged to retire the assailing parties, and wait until Carpenter should join him next morning. Forster, on learning that the expected junction had been effected, although he had scarcely lost a man, and with force which doubled that of the regular troops, "lost heart altogether, and, without consulting his friends, sent Colonel Oxburgh to propose a capitulation." All the terms the royalist generals would concede, was a promise that, on an immediate and unconditional surrender, the garrison should not be put to the sword, and that they should be protected until the further pleasure of the government was known. When the object of Oxburgh's mission transpired, the braver portion of the insurgents expressed their contempt and indignation at the conduct of their craven general—and the highlanders would have torn Forster piecemeal, had he ventured to expose himself to their fury. But the die was cast; the Lancashire boors slipped out of the town by hundreds; while the highland chiefs with difficulty dissuaded their clansmen from sallying sword in hand, and cutting their way through the enemy. The whole scene ended in a surrender at discretion, and, through the cowardice of a wretched poltroon, fourteen hundred men, in a town capable of defence, laid down their arms to a smaller number of cavalry.

It is only necessary to connect this hurried narrative, by observing that Mar was about as good a general as Forster; and, after a miserable campaign, he and his royal master slipped privately from the army at Dundee; got unobserved on board a ship; escaped to France; and left their enthusiastic and too faithful adherents to abide the vengeance which an alarmed government would be certain to exact.

In Scotland, the penalty incurred by treason, was rather levied by wasting property than taking life; but in England the arm of the law fell heavily, and Forster's cowardly surrender had left a sufficiency of

victims to glut the ministers of the law even to satiety. Indeed, the northern jails seemed types of the cave of Adullam: and strange were the varied professions of the prisoners which crowded these prison houses. There were high-church divines and non-juring Protestants; priests and Jesuits; jacobite squires and Irish adventurers; highland chiefs and lowland lairds; and of the *sine nomina turba*, an assemblage of men of every country and every calling. On these latter, the first fury of the angry executive descended. They were tried by military courts-martial, and shot by fifties. The superior order of the insurgents were sent forward to London; and there heading and hanging were unsparingly employed, until the most furious royalists were surfeited.

Two persons raised the standard of the Pretender in the north of England, or, probably, the insurgent spirit there might have smouldered without an *émeute*. I allude to Derwentwater and Mr. Forster. The latter was expelled the House of Commons; tried and convicted of high treason; broke out of jail; escaped to the continent, and there lived in great obscurity. But the young and gallant earl was attainted, with the Earl Nithsdale and Lord Kenmure—and all three were condemned to death on Tower Hill.

The romantic escape of the chief of the Maxwells, through the heroic conduct of his lady, the night before he was to suffer, is too well known to require anything beyond allusion to this noble act of conjugal devotion; but his less fortunate associates underwent the sentence of their peers. Both died with manly fortitude; and both evinced their misplaced loyalty to a mean-spirited sensualist, whom they considered rightful king, by praying on the scaffold for the Pretender. Derwentwater was decollated by a single stroke; and, as a coffin—through some inattention—had not been prepared, the head, after the axe fell, was picked up by a servant, and wrapped in a napkin; the body rolled up in a cloak; and both were carried to the Tower first, and finally, secretly conveyed to the north. His friends had some trouble in effecting it; but they did succeed,

“And laid him in his father’s grave.”

Such was the untimely fate of James Ratcliffe, third and last earl of Derwentwater. Great and incessant exertions had been made in vain to save him; and—even in that day an enormous sum—sixty thousand pounds was offered for a pardon.

Many wonderful and miraculous circumstances were popularly believed to have accompanied his death; and the aurora borealis, which appeared remarkably vivid on the night of his execution, is still known by the name of “Lord Derwentwater’s Lights.” When his lordship’s last request, to be buried with his ancestors at Dilston, was refused, either a sham-funeral took place, or the corpse was afterwards removed, for it was certainly conveyed secretly from London, and deposited in the family vault. From accident or design the coffin was broken open a few years ago, and the body found, after the lapse of near a century, in a high state of preservation. It was easily recognized by the suture round the neck, and by the regularity of the

features and openness of the countenance. The teeth were all perfect; but Mr. Surtees, in his history of Durham, says that "several of them were drawn by a blacksmith, and sold for half-a-crown a piece!" In a short time afterwards the vault was closed up. This unfortunate nobleman is described to have been rather under the middle size, slender, and active, with a fine, comely, and prepossessing aspect.

The ample estates of the Ratcliffe family were declared forfeited; and an act of parliament passed, to transfer the use of them to Greenwich Hospital.

Title and estates have passed away, and the family of Ratcliffe, like that of Forster, is extinct.

In the Cheviots I met a singular memorial of this unfortunate nobleman. In the house of a hill-farmer, a brand was shown me with the letters J. R. in antiquated characters. It had been found in Bilston Hall; and, probably, what may be the last true relic of a wealthy and powerful house at present in existence, is neither "jewel rare," nor warrior's weapon, but that humble implement—a sheep-brand! *sic transit!*

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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

MAN ordains and Heaven forbids. Bound for the Farn Islands this morning—every preparation made—all ready to start—the wind says "no!" and that, too, most emphatically. Summer as it is; it blows a regular north-wester, and so far from giving symptoms of abatement, I fancy that "a fresh hand has been put to the bellows," as sailors say, for the gale increases. The water between this shore and the Farns is literally boiling; and over those barren rocks the waves are breaking fearfully. Honest Cuthbert! with your leave, I'll postpone my morning call, until you have smoother water about your premises. Jack Falstaff very properly remarks, that "he'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom;" and I'll not be drowned for any saint in the calendar. I shall be off to the Cheviots, and will visit the old woman-hater on my return, *i. e.* wind and weather permitting. I hate drowning as much as "fat Jack" did—it's an ungentlemanly death, and "swells a man"—and as I should like to present a respectable appearance when lying in state, I'll stick to *terra firma*.

I am neither a geologist or botanist. With the flowers of the geranium and potato I am well acquainted; and also, know a rose from a carnation. In geology, I plead equal ignorance; and for a correct description of the grand feature of my present *locale*, I shall be indebted to the historian of Northumberland.

"Cheviot, from which the whole group of porphyritic hills is named, is a huge round-topped mountain, rising 2,642 feet above the level of the sea. The higher parts of the Cheviot range are covered with peat-moss, and their lower acclivities with alluvial soil, upon porphyry and sygenite of various modifications. The summit of Cheviot presents



large craggy rocks of whinstone and horn-blende. Hornsy Crag, which rises above the farm-house near Langley Ford in the valley between Hedgehope and Cheviot, is composed of a variety of this rock; and the perpendicular cliffs of Wellhole, on the opposite side of the Cheviot, consist also of the same rock."

Now after this scientific description of the surrounding hills, I shall merely remark that I am cantoned very snugly in a shepherd's house under Hornsy Crag; and, as I presume for their past offendings, a party of sappers and miners are encamped upon the top of Cheviot.—"Marry, good air"—and no fear either of duns, or morning visitors. 2,642 feet of altitude is excellent security against intrusion; and I question if even a Hebrew solicitor would undertake to serve a writ upon the apex of this range. The *sapeurs* must find their climate rather uncommon—for a few years since, the little lough upon the summit was so firmly iced over at midsummer, that a herdsman walked across it!

From Wooler, the entrance into the Cheviots, or I should rather say, that portion of the hill-district to which I was bound, is, from the time you leave the town, extremely disagreeable; indeed, almost impracticable to a horseman. The road—and it runs but a mile or two—is bad; and then sheep-paths succeed it, interspersed with rocks and rolling pebbles, which require a very discreet horse, and moreover one that is well upon his pins, to traverse safely; and yet, never was an elderly gentleman with an infirm knee, worse mounted than I. My charger travels low, so much so as to lead me to suspect that he is an Irish importation, and belonging to that peculiar breed, which, according to Hibernian grooms, will kick a shilling from one end of a ten-mile stage to the other. He has also, a sore mouth, and when the path became doubly dangerous, and I attempted to assist him with a tighter rein, he tossed his head towards the sky, as if appealing from man's cruelty to heaven. I can't walk, and I am afraid to ride—but the guide cheers me by pointing out my destination. We are also on the turf-sward now, and if the quadruped indulges in a somerset, we'll light upon broom or heather—and that is better than having one's person roughly deposited upon the hard stones.

I mentioned that the Lammermuir was celebrated for its honey, and the Cheviots are not inferior in reputation. A man in Wooler is a bee-fancier, and cultivates these industrious insects with great success. Although resident himself in the town, he cantons the bees among the mountains—and I passed a pen-fold to-day, a mile distant from the nearest shepherds, in which some twenty hives were placed. There is no one to look after them but the proprietor, and his visits are very irregular. But though exposed in a place, which, within a circuit of three miles, can only reckon one farm-house and a shepherd's, the bees remain undisturbed, and the honey intact—a most singular proof of the honesty of this pastoral and remote neighbourhood.

Within musquet-shot of my quarters two burns\* unite their waters, and form a small river. Here and there, are pools you could cover with a horse-cloth, connected by shallow streams. To look at it as a streamlet, it forms a pretty feature in the moorland; but the angler

\* The Scotch name for a rivulet.

would pass it, as the Jew of old in the picture—I forget the master—passed the man who had fallen among thieves. And yet there is not a day from March to November, that this scanty brook will not supply a dish of trouts.

The evening is still, there is not a cloud in the sky, the sun is shining gloriously, and the water is so pellucid, that every pebble might be counted. The streams would not wet your ancle—the pools are absolutely crystal. Would it be expected or believed, that under such circumstances, I have killed a dish of trouts, and two or three of them herring-size? The fact is, however, so.

A travelling tinker I overtook in the muir on my way up this morning, for the consideration of a mutchkin of whisky paid upon the spot, indoctrinated me in the way to angle here; and to the reader I shall give the same instruction, and “tell him the art, as it was told to me.”

It is simply to fish with a short line, the casting one to be of delicate fineness, and one fly is only to be used, the angler keeping himself well from the pool, and rather sinking the fly than working it on the surface. Every trout I took I saw distinctly in the water; and it was amusing at times, to see two or three following the fly cautiously, until one, of more dashing spirit than the others, made a sudden rush, and concluded his history. I was better prepared for angling, according to the tinker’s directions, than any fisherman who tries this water, for I had accidentally half a dozen beautiful horsehairs in my fly-book, each of them as long as my arm. These hairs are fifty years old; they were given to me a quarter of a century since, by the late Captain Burton of the 99th, and they had been thirty years in his possession at the time. He was an eccentric man, uncouth in his manner, and careless in his dress; but under an odd exterior lay a warm heart, and a generous and charitable disposition. After his own manner he was hospitable to excess; and to crown him with all the cardinal virtues, the best angler, and the most singular one I ever met with. He never was master of a link of gut in his life. He commenced angling with a single horsetail—and that tail was accessory to the death of thousands of trouts in every British water.

For elegant trout-fishing, no gut on earth is comparable to horsehair—when you can obtain it. I believe that not an artist on the Border, with gut, could have competed with my superior tackle this evening. But you must compare the different *materiel* to estimate the superior delicacy of the hair. I think I have ten dozen midges in my book—and many a page I turned over before I could find one tied on material fine enough to unite to the horsehair.

By the way, the best fly-tyers are scandalously careless in selecting suitable gut on which to dress their flies; and I have repudiated many a midge of beautiful construction, because it was affixed to a substance that looked very like a harp-string.

Last evening the sun set beautifully. Judge, then, my surprise this morning, to find myself enveloped in a fog; and from the cloudless sky in which the god of day took his final departure, I arise in impenetrable obscurity, and am converted literally into “a son the mist.” What can be done? An arrangement of disordered tackle might kill an hour or two; but I cannot distinguish colours, nor ascertain brown from black.

I am, alas! without a book, but a fly-book of Mr. Cheeks. We'll try the house; surely in the long, dull, winter nights, they must have something printed wherewith to while the hours away.

If I might form an opinion, by the literary supply brought for my edification and amusement, and if the Cheviot libraries contain the same materials as the pamphlets I have overlooked, I do not marvel that the imaginations of these aborigines are haunted with battle, murder, and sudden death; and that in ghosts, fairies, and hobgoblins they are true believers.

The first of the instructive and entertaining collection I perused, had a peculiar interest for me. It is intitulated "The Lambton Worm," and shows the danger of angling on a Sunday. Once, and once only, I was—and I blush to own it—guilty of killing a couple of grilises on the seventh day, having unhappily acted on the authority of Callum Beg, who assured a Mr. Waverly, sixty years ago, that "Sunday never came aboon the pass of Ballybrough;" and I, being far up in the Caithness highlands, was utterly beyond Callum's line of sabbatical demarcation. I certainly did not offend the feelings of better men—for I was in one of the wildest straths of the northern highlands, and my delinquency was committed in secret. The gilly had put the second grilse in the basket, and a fine, clean, new-run salmon sprang over the water with a splash, that in the silence of this solitude was actually startling. I marked him for a victim, and my arm was raised to project the favourite fly, which twice had proved so irresistible, when I felt the pressure of a hand, and turned rapidly. An auld, thin, weather-beaten carl was standing at my side, and turning his blue eyes on mine, he thus addressed me:—

"Hae ye nae dinner at hame the day, that thus ye violate the Sabbath? Come ahint the hillock yander. There's gay-gude broose and a sheep's-heed, I ken; an ye'll be kindly welcome."

I thanked him; and rather haughtily replied, that I was angling for amusement, and not for support.

"Aw the worse—aw the worse," returned the old man. "Ye admit there was na needcessity, and yet ye break the Sabbath. Was na sax days sufficient, laddie, for cleikin troots and ither beasties, but ye man tich upoo the Laird's?"

"And may I inquire why *you* are here? Have you no place to worship in?" I replied sharply.

"Yes," said the herdsman; "there is a kirk but thra mile off, and tho' I'm not in body among these that are blessed with gude ministry, in spirit I am wi' them. But I ha' five hundred lambs under care—an' should I leave them for a minute, they would straggle ten miles back across the muirs to where the ewes are. Mine is a wark of needcessity—yours altogether contrayry to God's command, and man's decent observance. I'll prove it to ye, if you like;" and raising his right hand, which hitherto had hung beneath his shepherd's plaid, he produced a pocket Bible, between the leaves of which his fore-finger was inserted.

"Yes," he said, "the claims of the earthly master war sairly against the spiritual, an' that I'll admit ye; but were I to go where my

heart yearns to be, when I cam' back, that flock confided to me would be miles awa'—and scarce would a week's work win them back again. Weel, as I canna reach the kirk, I mak' yonder broomy knowe my temple. I can there read my Bible, and watch the worldly charge committed to my care; ay, and wi' the assurance too, that tho' its 'gainst the leeteeral words, I can serve twa maisters. Did I neglect my duty to my employer, I should be guilty of a gross breach o' trust; and the prayer o' the penitent will reach the seat o' mercy, an' be favourably heard aff a gowany bank, ay, an' in my mind, suner sometimes, than many that were uttered between four kirk wa's. Dinna be flected at an auld man spakin' plainly. You are gangin only intil life, an' I'm—in coorse of nature at eighty-twa—about to slip oot o' it. Like a gude laddie, dinna for a' the fesh that ever carried fin or scale, rin counter to the command o' him wha made ye."

I felt the old man's admonition, and took his hand and thanked him. Off came the casting line, and the gilly was desired to unjoint and tie up the rod. At that moment another, and a finer fish, threw himself clean three feet over the water; and, to judge by the pure silver of his scaled sides, he was not six hours from the sea.

"That," said the old shepherd, "is the temptation o' the evil one;" and he pointed his finger at the spot where the salmon had just leaped, while the eddies his descent upon the surface caused, still went circling over the pool.

"And do you think, my good friend and counsellor, that his satanic majesty is at present impersonated in that salmon?"

"Mony is the shape, an' the device, which the prince o' darkness taks to lure pair sinners till destruction"—returned the herdsman.

I remembered that Cuthbert, of pious memory, had been sorely annoyed by the foul fiend taking the semblance of a pretty woman, and also, a seat in the church where he (Cuthbert) was abusing him. The men were lost in admiration at the beauty, and the women fascinated with the bonnet of the stranger. Not an eye was turned to the saint; for all were concentrated on the fair one; and "who is she?" went whispering round. Cuthbert, who seems to have been always wide awake, at once suspected that "the old gentleman" was at the bottom of it. When a dairymaid faints on hearing that her sweetheart has list-ed, burned feathers is a specific; when a lady swoons, try *eau de Cologne* and *sal volatile*; but when the devil's in the case, there's nothing like holy water—and so thought Cuthbert. Slyly taking a hornful from the font, the saint approached the last fashionable arrival, who, on her part, modestly turned her eyes upon the ground. Regardless of "the duck of a bonnet," town-made, that had cost "Clootie" a five-pound note, Cuthbert let fly his charge of holy water at the fair incognita. The blessed fluid hissed, as it would have hissed on a hot girdle before it was beatified; and to the horror of the former admirers of master Satan, up he rose like a rocket, and bounded through the roof. None had suspected the actual presence of the arch-enemy; and, but that it was forked upon the tip, the women, as the villain mounted, would have staked their reputation, that, from the length of it, the tail was but a tip-pet. Well, when I brought this piece of impudence on the part of the

old scoundrel to memory, I began to be of the same opinion with the shepherd; for if he could transmute himself into a beauty, surely he could "transmogrify" himself into a fish; and when he would venture to support his figure at church, with a saint blackguarding him from the pulpit, there could be but little doubt that in the semblance of a salmon, he would not scruple to assail a sinner like myself. From that day I registered a vow in heaven that neither grilse, whitling, or salmon, should tempt me to cast a fly upon a Sunday.

I looked at the next tale in the collection, and therein figure a beautiful princess, and a wicked stepmother, who is a witch into the bargain. Then comes "The Berkshire Lady's Garland," whose simple method of obliging a gentleman to declare whether his intentions were honourable, and come to the scratch at once, is worthy of admiration.\* A robber story is followed by a terrible tale, intitulated "The Bloody Gardener;" and then comes "Jemmy and Nancy," † in which a couple of lovers are, as Hamlet says, made ghosts of, and the boatswain is very properly hanged. A most "Pathetic History," called "The Factor's Garland," ‡ wound up this strange collection.

"They had mair o' these pleasant bukes," said the mountain lassie who attends me; "but Tam the miller had pit them in his pocket, to ha' a read o't. It wasna abune thra miles to the ford—an' they wad send ower for the bukes when the lambs got settled."

I declined the offer, my present supply is quite sufficient; for besides, "A True Relation of the Apparition of Mrs. Veal to Mrs. Bargrave," I have "A Dreadful Explosion in Wallsend Colliery," and "The Devil's Lamentation over Gateshead." Why, a man who would not be contented with such a collection of light, but instructive literature, would complain of short supplies in the Bodleian Library.

\* Part 1.—Showing Cupid's conquest over a lady of five thousand a year. 2. The lady's letter of challenge to fight him on refusing to wed her in a mask. 3. How they meet by appointment in a grove, where she obliged him to fight or wed her. 4. How they rode together in her gilded coach to her noble seat, or mansion, &c.

† Part 2.—Showing how beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth fell in love with young Jemmy the sailor. 2. How the father conveyed a letter to destroy young Jemmy, his daughter's sweetheart. 3. Showing how the ghost of young Jemmy the sailor appeared to beautiful Nancy of Yarmouth. 4. How the ghost of these two unfortunate lovers appeared to the boatswain, and he having his trial, was hanged at the yard-arm.

‡ Giving an account of an English factor being in Turkey, who sees the dead body of a Christian lying in the streets, and refused burial—causes the body to be interred. On going on a little further he finds a beautiful young woman, held as a slave, about to be strangled, he ransoms her, and brings her to England as his housekeeper. The young woman turns out to be

#### A FOREIGN PRINCESS!

The factor cast on a desolate island, from which he is afterwards rescued by the arrival of a supernatural-looking being in a boat, who is found out to be the ghost of the Christian whose burial he had obtained in Turkey. The factor and princess arrive at her father's court—their reception—marriage—re-appearance of the ghost, and other particulars.

## CHAPTER XXV.

It is, in truth, a comical climate,—I, but just now in Cimberian darkness, find myself in sudden sunshine. The mist has risen; the sky is almost without a cloud, and I find myself in the centre of a splendid hill country. The height I have mounted gives me an expanded prospect; for the extent of this debatable land may range, probably, to one hundred and forty or fifty square miles. The whole of this pastoral district is a succession of hills; some are irregularly shaped; most of them are pointed, and others are nearly conical. The sides are smooth and grassy, excepting the steeper acclivities, which generally are heath-clad to the summit, and commonly terminate in rock or shingle.

The Cheviots are much lonelier than the Lammermuir. From the high ground I occupy, and which commands the lower undulations of this mountain district, within an area of ten miles I can only discover three herdsmen's houses. From the solitary character of the country even at the present day, one can readily imagine, that these secluded hills in earlier times were the favourite retreat of outlaws and lawless men; while the immense extent of solitudes, covering 100,000 acres, and according to tradition largely stocked with deer, would hold out inducements to the hunters of the age, too powerful to be resisted.

A district such as this—partly under Scottish jurisdiction, partly under English, and the entire claimed by both—would form a field on which national hostility would occasionally display itself, and eternal collisions must take place. In auld lang syne, a border baron was jealous of his right of chase, as a country squire is now of his grouse and blackcocks. Men did not go upon the moors as they do at present. Personal security required that their followings should be large. Royal huntings were attended by a small army; and border nobles masked many an intended foray by collecting their allies and retainers, under pretext of chasing "the dun deer."

It may be readily imagined, that these extensive huntings brought on sanguinary affrays—for the deer stalking of a Percy and a Douglas, was not of the character of a "prince consort's." Their chase was not the type of war; but too frequently the chase ended in a border combat, and as the ballad goes—

"The child might rue that's still unborn,  
The hunting of that day."

The old legend of "Chevy Chace," is founded on one of these unfortunate collisions. That a severe encounter between the exasperated Borderers ensued is certain; but, *poeticâ licentiâ*, the bard has borrowed the more startling incidents of his ballad from the field of Otterburn. Neither Percy nor Douglas fell in this "sad hunting"—Lord Maxwell escaped intact—Widdrington was not "stumped out," as the poet will have it,—and Chevy Chace is very pleasant to read, and perfectly fictitious—for no historic notice corroborates the truth of the ballad—that,

"When his legs were cut away,  
He fought upon the stumps."

The Cheviot shepherds in the olden time were held in lowly estimation. They were reputed to be semi-savage and ignorant, superstitious and brutish in their habits and manners—and Hutchinson represents them as “a most wretched, indolent, and ferocious race of beings.” If such they were in his time, the schoolmaster has been abroad indeed, and a sweeping reformation has been effected among the Cheviots; for if I may judge from the inmates of my own head-quarters—and they are shepherds by descent, and, as a people, are indigenous to these hills—excepting a brusque mannerism which is inseparable from lives and pursuits apart from all the world, these Highlanders are totally the reverse of what they were formerly described to be. Wretched they are not—they are well clad, and lodged and fed. I see two fine cows milked morning and evening by the lassie. A supply of capital peat, sufficient for a twelvemonth’s consumption, is neatly built beside the house, and capped with sods to secure the fuel from the weather. A runlet of pure spring water is carried close to the gable by an artificial canal. There are bee-hives in the garden; and that garden is plentifully stocked with kale, carrots, and onions. I observed a cheese under the press, and there are half a score laid past within the spence. A hog is fattening for the winter, and sundry hams and pieces of bacon hang against the kitchen walls, and show that the commissariat is far from being exhausted. Of bread they bake two kinds—one is a half-inch-thick cake of fine flour, and a couple of feet in diameter—the other is thrice the size in solidity, and composed of a mixture of barley and pea-meal. I have paid particular attention to the dietary, and I may say that it is unvarying. When going to the hill, the men supply themselves *à discrétion*, with cake, number two, and cheese; at eight o’clock, the lassies generally take the breakfast to the muir, unless the sheep are so close to the house as will allow their keeper to take the meal indoors. Dinner usually consists of broose, *i. e.* bacon, kale, barley, and, I think, oatmeal; and supper, like breakfast, is always porridge and milk. I have been here a week, and have not observed a variation in the mode of living. Of the furniture and utensils requisite for domestic comfort, there seems to be almost a superfluity; nay more, there are articles of rather *recherché* character, namely,

“The varnished clock that clicks behind the door,”

and a weatherglass suspended beside it.

I think I have disproved the charge of wretchedness, and that of indolence is just as incorrect. I never saw any occupation which involves more anxiety and so much time, as a shepherd’s life. Summer or winter, daylight is the signal to rise—and until the sun dips in the ocean, the herdsman continues on the hill. In the first gray light of morning, I hear the men set out—and frequently night has fallen, before a whiff of tobacco wafted from the kitchen, announces their return.

In estimating the varied description of live and dead stock which indicate pastoral comfort, I omitted to notice a fine brood mare, with a thriving colt at her foot. Will the reader start when I make a clean breast, and avow that this brood mare has “borne the weight of Antony.” I had directed a horse and guide to be in waiting at the town

where the mail coach deposited me ; and, fancy my surprise, when on inquiring for my charger and orderly, a brood mare and a highland lassie answered the summons. The "ephippia," as Pangloss would say, was in keeping with the steed—and in place of the customary conveniency of pigskin, a broad pad, constructed on the plan of a howdah for an elephant, was placed upon the mare's back, with that useful but obsolete accessory—a crupper. I felt no ambition to witch the Wooler world with deeds of noble horsemanship ; and requested the lassie to precede me until we had cleared the town. In a moment she jumped upon a cart—vaulted to the howdah—off she trotted ; and clear of the town, I found her dismounted and in waiting. Jessie is seventeen—and Jessie is a very pretty specimen of mountain beauty. Could I allow her to walk six weary miles over bog and heather ? I, an Irishman by birth, and a soldier by profession ! Heaven forbid !

"Jessie," I said, "the mare will carry double."

"She'd carry ten if she had only back enough !" returned the lassie.

I drew up beside the stone dyke—Jessie hopped upon it like a lamp-lighter—the mare, with maternal solicitude to rejoin her offspring, started at a round trot—and away we bumped, my fair companion intimating "jist to giv' the beastie leeberty to gang her own gait." I followed Jessie's advice. Regardless of a double burden, we threaded our way over "bank, bush, and scaur" in perfect safety—and reached our destination with as much ease as if we had a turnpike road to traverse.

Only once did the sagacious quadruped exhibit the slightest indecision. A morass was on either side, and the narrow horse-path which twisted through, at one spot looked particularly suspicious. The mare stopped short, put her foot carefully forward, felt cautiously twice or thrice for a stone, and the moment she ascertained the solidity of her footing, she strided across, and trotted off with what appeared to be a neigh of triumph.

There are here, as I said before, a large collection of sheep dogs. They are all valuable, acute, obedient, and of gentle disposition, save one. He is a surly, ill-tempered brute, acknowledges but one master, and will neither receive or return a civility. As a mountain dog, they tell me that he is invaluable ; but even to his selected master, he gives but a discretionary obedience. If young Sandy corrects him, he will brood over it for an hour. He dares not venture to bite the shepherd ; but "he gaes unco' near it, for whiles he maks a gaunch\* at the plaid, and whiles at the breeks." This appears to satisfy his wounded honour—for after the gaunch, he recovers his mental serenity, and goes to sleep among the heather.

After wading through the ghost stories which Jessie had lent me, as the evening cleared, I proceeded down the burns and commenced angling at their junction. I had killed three or four dozen small, lean trouts, and was about to return home, when a voice from the bank above, observed that, "after the mist, it was a brow evenin'."

I looked up, and even the apparition of Mrs. Veal could not have

\* *Anglicè*—a snap.



startled me as much as the speaker did. He was a tall, gaunt, emaciated old man ; face, hands, clothes, and accoutrements, black as his satanic majesty is generally represented to be by those who have had the honour of being presented to him. A stubby beard and "unkempt locks," white as snow itself, contrasted with his swart exterior—while a bundle of sweeping apparatus under his arm announced his calling. He despised the appellation "sweep," but named himself a chimney-doctor. He was not alone, for presently a middle-aged person, with a tinker's budget on his back, joined the old man on the bank ; and in another minute, a very handsome gipsy girl topped the heath bank, and completed the group. On inquiry, I found they were bound to Alnwick for the fair—and that I had three generations in my presence. The old man was eighty-two, the son was fifty, and the girl was nineteen.

These singular people are numerous on the borders ; and, indeed, it would seem that the debatable land had become their adopted country. A village called Yetholm, forms a sort of head-quarters ; and there the royalty of Egypt generally is resident. Like the Jews, they dislike field labour ; but are extremely clever in all manual employments, from coarse tinker-work to mending china. They are awful poachers : the river, the preserve, and the hen-roost, are all unscrupulously plundered ; and the spoliation is so ably effected, that seldom a detection occurs. Of moral honesty they have no idea whatever ; and where all engagements are merely conventional, moral purity cannot be expected to exist. In many points of character, they closely assimilate with the Jews. They won't enlist, except with a premeditated intention of desertion—neither the Jew nor the gipsy will boldly take the highway ; but, no matter how infamously the money is acquired, both will pocket it, and their answer would be, "non olet."

The difference between these outcast races seems to lie in the one inhabiting towns, and the other in avoiding them. Were I condemned to consort with "villainous company," give me the gipsy. "I like to behold," quoth Washington Irving, "their clear olive complexions, their romantic black eyes, their raven locks, their lithe slender figures ; and to hear them, in low silver tones, dealing forth magnificent promises of honours and estates, of world's wealth, and ladies' love. Their mode of life, too, has something in it very fanciful and picturesque. They are the free denizens of nature, and maintain a primitive independence in spite of law and gospel ; of county jails and country magistrates. It is curious to see this obstinate adherence to the wild unsettled habits of savage life transmitted from generation to generation, and preserved in the midst of one of the most cultivated, populous and systematic countries in the world."

Of the two races, the gipsy is decidedly the preferable. The one lives in the open air ; follows neat and cleanly occupations ; steals a few poultry from the farmer ; and adds a snared hare or two to the mess ; on the same principle that Macheath requested a kiss, "to give his wine a flavour." The Jew lives in filth ; deals in filth ; and dies in filth. In person, he is unclean ; in religion, unclean ; and in moral feeling, utterly unclean. Gipsies are of a higher order. If one of them plights faith, the act covenanted to be done will be executed to

the letter; but were father Abraham to appear in the flesh, and visit Petticoat Lane or Bevis Marks, his adopted children would throw him over, and do the patriarch "to a turn."

The gipsy delights in what the old people called "wood-craft." He ties a killing fly; and, in a trummelled\* stream, none can beat him with worm or minnow. He nets hares and partridges to perfection; and as he can kill game, he can also kill vermin. The descendants of the patriarchs—and they are a dirty specimen of the old stock—hunt only after "miscellaneous property" which has been purloined, and garments which will stand a little touching up; but instances are not rare, where gipsy skill was as eminent in music as in wood-craft.

William Allan is celebrated in Border tradition. He was born at Bellingham in 1704, and was first married to a girl of gipsy stamp, and after her death to the daughter of a clergyman who resided on the borders of Scotland. He constantly kept a kennel, containing dogs of different sizes and breeds, each properly calculated and duly disciplined for the destruction of some particular species of animals. He was particularly attached to one dog among his valuable pack, called Peachem, and which he had trained to hunt otters. So confident was he of this animal's sagacity and perseverance, that he used to say, "If ever Peachem spoke, he could sell the otter's skin." A gentleman, whom he esteemed as his best friend, offered him, by way of experiment, fifty guineas for this animal, but which Allan resolutely refused. He was generally known throughout the country, being engaged to keep most of the gentlemen's fishponds free from all kinds of noxious vermin. He also excelled in the arts of fishing, basket-making and bagpipe-playing. Living on the banks of the Coquet, he drew great part of his subsistence from it; and despised the man who suffered want on the banks of that fine river. He accumulated the sum of 400*l.* by his various avocations; but lending it to a person who afterwards became insolvent, was reduced to a parish pittance in the evening of his days. So attached was he to the Coquet, that he composed two tunes, the one—"We'll a' to the Coquet and woo," and the other—"Salmon tails up the water." These favourite tunes he always played with enthusiastic animation. He was a perfect stranger to letters; vulgar in manners, and uncouth in conversation; but his conceptions were keen, and his answers and remarks wonderfully shrewd, and highly amusing. In the language of sportsmen, he died game; for when nature seemed exhausted, and his pious neighbours were kindly admonishing him of the awful consequences of dying unprepared, with all his sins upon his head, he exclaimed, with some degree of peevishness, "Pshaw! hand me the pipes, and we'll give you Dorrington Lads yet." Nor would he be pacified until they were brought—when he expended his last breath in attempting to sound his bagpipes!

James Allan was the youngest of six sons of the above William. He was born in 1729-30 at a gipsy camp or rendezvous in Rothbury Forest. From close application, assisted by a just and accurate ear for music, he became celebrated for his performances on the Northumberland small pipes; and the superior sweetness of his melodies, always

\* Discoloured.

procured him a welcome reception at fairs, weddings, and merry meetings. He was remarkably strong and athletic, and excelled in feats of running, jumping, climbing, wrestling, riding and swimming. His face expressed a disposition to sharpness and cunning—while his keen dark eyes, acute features, promptitude, and effrontery, imparted a look strongly indicative of roguery. He was extremely vain, and, like other fops of the gipsy tribe, fond of gaudy flaunting dress and ornaments. Though he enjoyed good living, his habitual caution saved him from habits of intoxication. He was hasty and revengeful; but wanting courage, he always effected his purposes by art and stratagem. Like his father, he had few competitors in field sports, and excelled so much in the art of training dogs, that he sometimes succeeded in teaching them to steal with nearly as much dexterity as himself. Theft he did not seem to consider as any crime; and when detected in any of his pilfering tricks, he stood before his accusers unabashed, as if he inherited the right of plundering his neighbours. He was eminently successful in his amours, and had a great many wives, two of whom are yet living;\* but he seldom evinced any concern for his offspring. He frequently enlisted as an eligible mode of raising supplies, and always deserted at the earliest opportunity. On one occasion, being pursued by a recruiting party in the neighbourhood of Hexham, on passing a stile, the drummer cut him with his sword upon his wrist. Allan viewed the wound with emotion, and, looking at the drummer with minstrel pride, exclaimed, "Ye hae spoiled the best pipe hand in England." This accident prevented the repetition of such swindling tricks. He was twice acquitted of charges of felony at the Assizes at Newcastle, but was at length convicted of horse-stealing, and received sentence of death. His punishment was afterwards mitigated to perpetual imprisonment; and after he had remained in confinement at Durham for nearly seven years, his pardon was signed by the Prince Regent, but before it arrived death had loosened his bonds. The long and chequered life of this famed piper was closed on the 13th of November, 1810.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had departed from the herdsman's house "alone in my glory" when repairing to the burn; but I came back with a tail—for the sweep, the tinker, and the gipsy girl formed my escort. They were hospitably received, and many questions were put to them, respecting the general appearance of the crops, and the probable price that wool would realize. These wanderers are always expected to repay mountain hospitality with intelligence; and from their erratic mode of life, they obtain a knowledge of the humbler occurrences in the circumjacent country, which to the highland hermits is fresh and interesting.

When they had discussed their evening meal, I issued from my "great chamber," and joined the company now fully assembled in the kitchen; for the lambs had settled for the night, and the herdsmen were relieved from duty until daylight. There was a cheerful peat fire, a home-made candle, and a clean-swept hearth. The ancient sweep and the master of the house were seated on either side of the fire, discussing the rise and fall, not of empires, but of gimmers. The lassie, the pret-

\* Some twenty years ago.

tiest and eldest of the daughters, was seated on a bed, and the gipsy girl telling her fortune. At my advent, every countenance brightened—and well they might—for I was bearer of a bottle of whiskey. Marvellous were its effects—and it seemed to Trojan and Tyrian to be equally acceptable. The dimmed blue eye of eighty lighted up, and as he tossed off the bumper, which the lady of the house presented, the old Egyptian exclaimed to his son, the tinker—“Rab, blow up the pipes, maun! and gie the gentleman a lilt.”

The order was obeyed, and out from his wallet came an instrument, which, notwithstanding the preaching of covenanters, and the edicts of churchwardens,\* still cheers the lonely homestead in the hills, and recalls to the memory of the Borderers frays and forays which otherwise would have perished in the stream of time.

Early next morning a tap at my door awoke me, and, to my surprise, the old sweep answered my order to come in.

“Well, old sootie, what do you want?”

“Why, Colonel, I hear yeer boun for the low country,” said the gipsy; “an as I’m na sae soople on my legs as I ance was, I’m jist thinkin I’ll nae gang to the fair, but keep ye company till they come back. There’s an unco deal of auld warld sights na five mile aff—an, if ye please, I’ll point them to ye.”

“Agreed;—tell the gudewife to get breakfast, and then we’ll start.”

The neighbourhood of Wooler, independently of its proximity to the field of Flodden, is within a few minutes’ walk of one of those encampments, touching whose uses and construction antiquaries are at issue. One of the finest of these singular works is the terraced mound which rises beside the little brook at Humbledon, and of which erections several are still perfect in Northumberland. Pennant describes them as “most exactly formed, a little raised in the middle, like a fine walk about twenty foot broad, and of very considerable length. In some places there were three, in others five flights, placed one above the other, terminating exactly in a line at each end, and most precisely finished.

I believe that antiquaries, taken as a body, are the greatest asses upon earth. That these terraced mounds were intended for any military purposes, is absurd—for the flanks are undefended. That they were designed, as Wallis will have it, for “the militia to arrange themselves on, that they might show themselves to more advantage,” is equally silly—for any hill side would answer the same purpose. Another learned Theban will have them to be theatres. But it is quite evident, whatever was the purpose they were constructed for, it was not a military one; and the design for which they were thrown up, must have been either a civil or religious one.

Immediately beneath this curious succession of green mounds, stands the battle-field of Humbledon; or, from the slaughter which

\* If one might draw conclusions from a record, dated May 21, 1681, the Bamboorough churchwardens had no partiality for music or dried haddocks.

“Presented Thomas Anderson of Swinehoe, for playing on a bagpipe before a bridegroom on a Sunday; Eliza Mills for scalding and drying fish on the Lord’s day; and William Younge, of Budle, a common swearer.”

Signed by four churchwardens.

marked the defeat of Douglas, familiarly called "Redriggs." The battle was fought on Holyrood day, 1402, and the Scottish army, which had invaded England, and ravaged the country as far as Newcastle, was signally defeated. The English forces which intercepted Douglas in his retreat, were ably commanded by Lords Percy and March, and the victory they achieved was decisive. Douglas was severely wounded, and lost an eye; five earls, two lords, and eight knights were among the prisoners; and five hundred Scots, besides those who died upon the battle-field, perished in crossing the Tweed. The defeats of Hallidon hill and Flodden were not more disastrous, and all three are attributable to the same causes; the superiority of the English archers, and the bad generalship of the Scottish commanders.

Hallidon hill was lost by Lord Douglas, as Waterloo was by Napoleon—both generals uselessly expending their cavalry. At Flodden, James allowed Surrey to pass the Till without opposition, and quietly select his own position. At Humbledon, Percy's dispositions obliged Douglas to quit the height, and fight upon the plain. The gray-goose shaft did the rest—for in English hands, the bow appears to have been as formidable then as the bayonet is now.

"Parents have flinty hearts," and a curious instance of inflexible displeasure towards an only child, occurred in this neighbourhood. In 1807, and at the advanced age of eighty-seven, Sir Patrick Ewins died near Wooler, where he had resided fifty-six years, in deep retirement. The baronet had married in early life a Neapolitan lady, by whom he had a son, and this son mortally offended him, by marrying without his consent. Sir Patrick sold his estates, invested the produce in the funds, cut his disobedient child off with forty pounds a year, devised forty thousand pounds in various legacies, and left *five hundred thousand* in remainder to a distant relation; who dying before the testator, this immense fortune in right of succession, devolved upon a perfumer, who kept a little shop in a Welsh country town.

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## CHAPTER XXVI.

Is there such a thing as the philosophy of hunting? If there be, the Border would best illustrate it. There, kings have had their *battues*, and mitred abbots, who never, like Jack Falstaff, imperilled their holy voices by "halloing psalms," greatly endangered them in bellowing all points of venery. There the sleuth-dog was kept by royal ordinance, to

"trace the stealthy pilferer;"

and there the follower of Nimrod may yet ride to his heart's content, after a pack of fox-hounds so correctly packed, that, *Hibernicè*, you might "cover them with a blanket."

There is a connecting link in the history of a Northumbrian squire, who was in the flesh some sixty years ago, which is extremely interesting. The last of an extinct family, a Mr. Bullock was then a master

of hounds; and as the doctrines of *meum et tuum* were but slowly acquired by the Borderers, even at this recent period cattle-stealing and other larcenies were frequent. Mr. Bullock's hounds were trained to run the human foot, and frequently the skulking culprit was found in some bosky glen or cavern, through the agency of the fine noses of his pack. None could dispute the utility of purpose his fox-hounds were often engaged in; but on one occasion, the old gentleman, I believe he was a bachelor, might have exclaimed with the royal huntsman,—

“Wo worth the chase—wo worth the day!”

The custom of the country then, and to a certain extent now, tolerates nocturnal visits between fair enslavers and love-sick swains\*—and it is asserted that, like Welsh *bundling*, the consequences are generally innocuous. In this, I am altogether skeptical—and I do not hesitate to say, that great immorality and miserable marriages are every-day results attendant on this indecent custom. Place every consideration apart, the solitary annoyance of midnight interviews disturbing a private dwelling, and rendering it, what in old time they called in Ireland “an open house,” would be sufficiently objectionable. So thought Mr. Bullock—and, sick of midnight wooings, he determined to ascertain the identity, and interdict the nocturnal addresses of a lover, whose visits had become as regular as they had proved troublesome. In an attempt to intercept him, the border Romeo escaped, and found, as he fancied, a safe shelter in a neighbouring coppice. But Mr. Bullock was not to be thrown out—and two couple of his hounds were laid upon the traces of the fugitive. Without a check they ran into the gay deceiver, and poor Mr. Bullock plumed himself no little on the exploit.

But his triumph was a brief one—up rose the whole spider-brushing sisterhood, *en masse*; and never did Daniel, surnamed the Liberator, roar more lustily for “justice for Ould Ireland,” than the Border spinsters, in deprecating invaded rights. They issued a solemn manifesto, in which it was declared that any gentleman who objected to *bundling* might become his own bed-maker; and that the unfortunate master of hounds was regularly *tabooed*, until he should have expressed contrition for his offence. Mr. Bullock was a good man and true; rode, as his enemies would acknowledge, sportingly, and never was known “to crane a fence;” but what chance had he against this fair and irritated community? and accordingly he cried *peccavi*.

Although bundle-huntings were inhibited in a land where even cardinals† had been plundered, Mr. Bullock had other game to follow,

\* “After the family are gone to bed, the fire darkened, and the candle extinguished, the lover cautiously enters the house. In this murky situation they remain for a few hours, adjusting their love concerns, and conversing on the common topics of the day, till the increasing cold of a winter's night, or the light of a summer's morning, announces the time of separation.”—*Surtees*.

† “There be ruins of a castel longynge to the Lord Borow, at Mydford, on the south side of the Wansbecke, IIII miles above Morpeth. It was beten down by the Kyng. For one Sir Gilbert Midelton robb'd a Cardinal coming out of Scotland, and fleyd to his castle of Mydford.”—*Leland*.

and now and then he ran into a gipsy, and more frequently into a fox.†

In the sporting annals of the Border, the gipsy tribe holds a prominent place; and in "lang syne," they were the most accomplished poachers in the north, and indeed, to this day sustain their former reputation. But one of the most original and intelligent personages, whose feats, musical and sporting, are still commemorated, was a blind man called Marshall, who died some twenty years ago. He could play tolerably well upon the violin, and was a favourite performer at fairs, feasts and merry meetings. He travelled regularly over the adjoining country, like the minstrels of old, collecting the annual gift of seed corn and wool at shearing time; and could pass safely through the most intricate and dangerous by-roads, either on foot or upon horseback. One very dark and rainy night he was employed as a guide, and safely conducted a stranger from Felton to Warkworth. The traveller gave him in mistake a bad half-crown, but Johnny instantly discovered that the coin was a counterfeit, and indignantly observed that it was "a shame to attempt to pass bad money on a blind man." The astonished stranger perceived, for the first time, that his careful guide was really blind, and immediately took back the base money, and rewarded him more liberally. Once, when Johnny was crossing a field, he heard

\* "Whenever a hen roost was robbed, geese killed, or any other depredation committed by Reynard in the neighbouring country, Mr. Bullock was always applied to, and seldom failed to exterminate the nocturnal robber. At one time, a most extraordinary instance occurred of the quality of two of his fox-hounds. He threw off his pack in a cover near his own place, when, on beating the bushes, a fox was unkenneled on the flank of the rear hounds. They doubled upon him with their usual eagerness, and after a spirited chase lost his track; but the two leading hounds were missing, and they neither came up at the voice of the huntsman, nor the sound of the bugle. The fox took towards Rothbury forest, where he was seen, followed by the hounds. Here, it appears, he was headed off—when he directed his course to a stronghold on Simon-side hill, from whence, being still pursued, he ran northward, and crossed the Coquet at Cragend, where he expected to find an asylum. Being again disappointed, he made towards Thornton Crag, where he was equally unsuccessful; he then stretched across the country towards Cheviot. A shepherd, on the skirts of that mountain, (in the evening,) heard the cry of hounds at a distance, and shortly after saw a fox coming towards him at a slow pace, and two hounds coming behind him running abreast, and alternately chanting in a feeble key. The man confined his cur, and stood stationary till they came up to the fox, which they tumbled down and fell upon, but were unable to worry. The spectator then sprang to the spot, took Reynard by the brush, and pulled him forward in order to dispatch him, but he was already at the point of expiring. As soon as the hounds were a little recovered he gave them some pieces of bread, and then conveying them to his cottage, entertained them with the best viands his cupboard could afford. He had them called at Wooler market and the neighbouring churches; but no person claiming them they continued under his hospitable roof until Mr. B. accidentally heard of their place of residence, when he immediately recovered his two favourites, and liberally rewarded their kind host. The zig-zag course they had run in the chase was computed at upwards of seventy miles! and what is remarkable, the fox seemed perfectly well acquainted with all the strongholds in his passage. This skilful sportman's matchless breed of hounds was kept untainted by his heir, the late Thomas Bullock, Esq. Since his death, they have been disposed of to the Northumberland Hunt, except a few aged favourites, that are allowed to range about their old haunts." The spot was pointed out by an old shepherd to the author, when he was recently rambling among the Cheviots.—*Mackenzie's View of Northumberland.*

some partridges rise near him ; and instantly threw his staff with such precision as to bring down a brace, which he picked up and brought home for dinner.

He was a true sportsman, and always listened with rapture to the cry of hounds and the halloo of the huntsmen. During many years, he kept what is called in the country "a leather-plater," to run at races in the neighbourhood ; and from the sound of his own horse's feet when passing, he could tell the exact place he held, judge of the probability of his winning, and back his nag accordingly. He excelled in social sports and games ; few could compete with him in playing cards or quoits ; and when he went nutting in the autumn, his wallet was always first filled, and he uniformly took, the nearest way home. He frequently wrought with his brother as a blacksmith, and was a good steady striker ; but indeed he was an adept in a number of mechanical operations.\* If he had the most casual acquaintance with a person, he could recognize his voice many years afterwards. In short, Johnny Marshall presented a most extraordinary example, how far the want of sight may be almost compensated, by the superior acuteness of the other senses.

It is remarkable that in the debatable land two interesting species—one, the bloodhound, almost extinct ; and the other, the wild cattle at Chillingham, still finely preserved—give an interest in its border zoology to the counties touching the Tweed, that none in Britain possesses. So late as 1616, the royal commissioners directed that every district in Cumberland should be supplied with a stated number of "sleuth-dogs," to be maintained at the county expense—and to interrupt them when laid on, was made a serious misdemeanour. There are still numerous overgrown and useless dogs to be met with, to which the title of bloodhound is extended ; but I am inclined to think that the pure original stock has passed away. Of the wild cattle, which Boethius describes, and tradition affirms to have been once plentiful in the Highlands, in Chillingham alone the last of the species will be found.†

To acknowledge that a man was on the border, and had not visited lord Tankerville's, would be held to be as gothic a confession, as having been in Rome and never entered St. Peter's. The castle is a heavy Elizabethan building, of rather disagreeable proportions ; but the park holds out attractions to the traveller, which consist in the singular breed of cattle, of which it boasts a solitary possession. "Their colour is invariably white ; muzzle black ; the whole of the inside of the ear,‡

\* Border History.

† Half a century ago these beautiful animals were more numerous. "The only breeds now remaining in the kingdom," says Bewick, "are in the park at Chillingham castle, in Northumberland ; at Wollaton, in Nottinghamshire ; the seat of Lord Middleton, at Gisburne in Craven, Yorkshire ; at Limehall, in Cheshire ; and at Chartley, in Staffordshire."

‡ "About twenty years since there were a few at Chillingham with black ears, but the present park-keeper destroyed them ; since which period there has not been one with black ears. The ears and noses of all those at Wollaton are black ; at Gisburne, there are some perfectly white, except the inside of their ears, which are brown. They are without horns ; very strong-boned, but not high ; they are said to have been origi-



and about one-third of the outside from the tip downwards, red ; horns white, with black tips, very fine, and bent upwards ; some of the bulls have a thin upright mane, about an inch and a half, or two inches long ; the weight of the oxen is from 35 to 45 stone, and the cows from 25 to 35 stone the four quarters, 14lb. to the stone. The beef is finely marked, and of excellent flavour. From the nature of their pasture, and the frequent agitation they are put into by the curiosity of strangers, it cannot be expected they should get very fat ; yet the six-years old oxen are generally very good beef, from whence it may be fairly supposed that in proper situations they would feed well.

“ At the first appearance of any person they set off at full speed, and gallop to a considerable distance, when they make a wheel round, and come boldly up again, tossing their heads in a menacing manner ; on a sudden they make a full stop, at the distance of forty or fifty yards, looking wildly at the object of their surprise ; but upon the least motion being made, they again turn round, and gallop off with equal speed, but forming a shorter circle, and returning with a bolder and more threatening aspect, they approach much nearer, when they make another stand, and again gallop off. This they do several times, shortening their distance, and advancing nearer, till they come within a few yards, when most people think it prudent to leave them.

“ The mode of killing them was, perhaps, the only modern remains of the grandeur of ancient hunting. On notice being given that a wild bull would be killed upon a certain day, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood came in great numbers, both horse and foot ; the horsemen rode off the bull from the rest of the herd until he stood at bay, when a marksman dismounted and shot him.

“ At some of these huntings, twenty or thirty shots have been fired before he was subdued ; on such occasions, the bleeding victim grew desperately furious from the smarting of his wounds, and the shouts of savage joy that were echoing from every side. From the number of accidents that happened, this dangerous mode has been seldom practised of late years, the park-keeper alone generally shooting them with a rifled gun at one shot.

“ When the cows calve, they hide their calves for a week or ten days in some sequestered situation, and go and suckle them two or three times a-day. If any person come near the calves, they clap their heads close to the ground, and lie like a hare in form to hide themselves. This is a proof of their native wildness, and is corroborated by the following circumstances that happened to the writer of this narrative, who found a hidden calf two days old, very lean, and very weak ; on stroking its head it got up, pawed two or three times like an old bull, bellowed very loud, retired a few steps, and bolted at his legs with all its force ; it then began to paw again, bellowed, stepped back, and bolted as before ; but knowing its intention, and stepping aside, it missed him, fell, and was so very weak that it could not rise, though it made several efforts ; but it had done enough, the whole herd

nally brought from Whalley abbey in Lancashire, upon its dissolution in the thirty-third of Henry VIII. Tradition says they were drawn to Gisburne by the power of music.”

—*Bewick.*

were alarmed, and coming to its rescue obliged him to retire; for the dams will suffer no person to touch their calves without attacking them with impetuous ferocity. When any one happens to be wounded, or grown weak and feeble through age or sickness, the rest of the herd set upon it and gore it to death.”\*

One remarkable fact connected with these animals, whose origin is lost in the stream of time, and whose continuation of species is confined to a solitary domain,† is, that as bees have their queen, so have those beautiful but dangerous cattle a dictator. One bull assumes an absolute sovereignty over the herd,—but he enjoys the dignity, like mob patriots, by a very uncertain tenure. Rivals aspire to supremacy, and might, not right, confers and maintains the distinction. The bull-king must defend crown and dignity with his horns—and as “fat Jack” remarked that he “could not last for ever,” so the monarch of Chillingham, in course of time, meets with some more youthful and vigorous competitor, and is defeated, deposed, and driven from the herd, to end his days in exile. These are termed by the keepers “banished bulls,” and they are generally selected for the *chasseur* to prove his rifle on; and he who was “but yesterday a king,” is not permitted to continue—

“So fallen, and still alive.”

Bad as the general temper of the herd is, deposition does not improve that of the “banished bull.” To every thing biped or quadruped, he conceives alike a mortal detestation. His dynasty has ended, his seraglio proved false, his children ungrateful. He chews his cud in bitterness of spirit; vengeance occupies his thoughts; and nothing would afford him more pleasure when in this unchristian state of mind, than to have a sly poke at some incautious stranger. Many narrow escapes from the fury of these splendid but savage animals have occurred—and probably, among the narrowest, might be instanced that of the son of the noble proprietor.‡

It is singular to find, that while in animals each peculiar species has its distinguishing characteristic—as speed in the greyhound, courage in the bull-dog, intelligence in the shepherd’s colley, and acuteness in the highland terrier; that there are now and again, strange aberrations met with in their tastes, and such as are totally opposed, also, to natural habits and dispositions. I had a French poodle who would drink grog until he got drunk, but in his latter days he became reformed; for a stupid scoundrel gave Philip a glass of undiluted whisky—scalded his mouth—and from that moment he turned a teetotaler. In 1799, at

\* Baillie.

† “Those at Burton Constable, in the county of York, were all destroyed by a distemper a few years since; they varied slightly from those at Chillingham, having black ears and muzzles, and the tips of their tails of the same colour; they were also much larger, many of them weighing sixty stone, probably owing to the richness of the pasturage in Wolderness, but generally attributed to the difference of kind between those with black and with red ears; the former of which they studiously endeavour to preserve. The breed which was at Drumlanrig, in Scotland, had also black ears.”—*Bewick*.

‡ Lord Ossulton.

the Angel Inn, at Felton, the landlord had domesticated a hedgehog so completely, that he came when he was called "Tom," and made a most excellent turnspit. Forty years ago, when Mr. Allgood hunted the Tindale country, a guinea hen, who had lost her partner, took to fox-hunting to kill grief. She regularly went a-field with the pack—kept a respectable place throughout the day, and always was in at the finish. It was believed that a conjugal bereavement, such as generally drives widows to the altar again, or to "rum and true religion," influenced this sporting bird. A cod-fish has been known to wear a gold watch, and a woodcock to sport a diamond.\*

In former ages, game of a high order were plentiful throughout all the border hills and covers, and modern discoveries have confirmed tradition in the asserted fact, that the red deer, now limited to highland forests, were once abundant on the banks of "silver Tweed." Not only have fossil remains been exhumed occasionally; but, some thirty years ago in the neighbourhood of Bamborough, a whole herd—or rather their remains—were found in ground never previously disturbed, but which then was being broken up in search of freestone. About four feet below the surface of the earth, an enormous quantity of horns were discovered, perfect in their ramifications, and generally about three feet in length. Excepting one pair, preserved now in Bamborough castle, the whole of these fossil relics of other days, on exposure to the air, crumbled into dust. The most curious circumstance attendant on the affair is, that the herd appeared to have been inhumed entire; for the skulls were attached to the antlers, and a very disagreeable smell of animal putridity, was felt sensibly by the labourers who opened the soil.

That venison must have been attainable in great abundance in "auld lang syne" within the border counties, may also be inferred from the immense following, with which a baron or an abbot always took the field. Their escort—for safety, as much as state, induced this strong demonstration—were entirely dependent on the sylvan spoil procured during the expedition; and we find by the old sporting returns of the *chasse*, that more stags and hinds were fairly and honourably brought down upon the hill-side, than a German slaughtering party can massacre now-a-days in a pen-fold. Hence, the quantity annually killed by abbots and outlaws was immense; and large indeed must have been the herds, which yielded sufficient supplies for holy churchmen and sinful moss-troopers.

The pastimes and amusements of a people are generally correspondent with the simplicity or refinement of their habits. In these luxurious days, one reads occasionally of deer stalking; and the desperate fatigue attendant on the same is always minutely set forth. Now, the fact is, that in two cases out of three, this fatigue is done by deputy; the deer-slayer being ensconced comfortably in a highland pass, until the gillies drive the stags within range of his rifle. You read of the daring exploit committed by some brewer or banker from the metropolis—and marvel that heart of brass and foot of speed could be produced

\* At Christmas, 1765, a woodcock was shot on Bate's island, near Seaton Delaval, in whose stomach a valuable diamond was discovered.

within sound of Bow bells. Now, the true picture and proceedings of a sporting snob are these. Dress him first in tartan, and as near the colour of heath as possible, give him next a breakfast that would do a dray-man, then place him in his *embuscade*, like Robinson Crusoe, with a couple of guns, a basket, and a miscellaneous cargo of cold chickens, tongue, potted game, and cherry brandy. If he be a banker, he will add "heavy-wet;" if a brewer, he will reject it as a beverage only fit for the *canaille*, and substitute sherry. With these slight assistants to support nature, and a Dolland's achromatic in his hands—by the way, a camp-stool or air-cushion is indispensable—there will he patiently keep watch for

"The antler'd monarch of the waste,"

from the matitudinal meal even unto the dinner hour.

War and hunting are alike, and the martial deer-stalker on the borders, in the chase was as little overloaded as in the foray.\* His eye was keen—his hand unerring—no distance would daunt him—no obstacle turn him from his purpose—no labour overcome a sinewy frame, inured from infancy to exercise—

"Right up Benlomond could he press,  
And not a sob his toil confess"—

and no matter in what wild ravine or distant waste the stag was harboured, the moss-trooper and his matchless hound would trace him. Whether it were arrow or bullet, it was delivered with fatal accuracy; and at nightfall he returned with his antlered prize, either to his bothey or his home, to present the spoils of the day to a smiling wife, or pretty mistress. Proudly his heart would swell, as he heard the tines numbered, and the condition of his venison marvelled at; for next to pricking to his wild valley, with stot and wedder lifted in a moonlight ride across the Tweed, the Borderer plumed himself on successful hunting on the hill-side.

Indeed, this era seems to have been a bustling and a sporting period. When not employed in adopting the cattle of their neighbours across the water, the Borderers were busy in chasing deer, while justices of the peace and portly parsons were also engaged in hunting—their game being moss-troopers and witches. A witch was worth a Jew's 'eye; but the market was so overstocked, that a freebooter was considerably under par.† In 1628, a learned clerk, called Cuthbert

\* "The English passed over to the deserted camp, and saw proofs of that simplicity and hardness of living that gave the Scots, under skilful leaders, a superiority over more numerous and regular, but, at the same time, more luxurious troops than themselves. Their horses found subsistence every where, and carried them with rapid and unexpected marches. Their whole equipage consisted of a bag of oatmeal, which, as a supply in case of necessity, each soldier carried behind him; together with a light plate of iron, on which he instantly baked the meal into a cake in the open fields. But his chief subsistence was the cattle which he seized; and his cookery was as expeditious as all his other operations. After flaying the animal, he placed the skin, loose and hanging in the form of a bag, upon some stakes; he poured water into it, kindled a fire below, and thus made it serve as a caldron for the boiling of his victuals."—*History of the Borderers*.

† "At this time, when the country was infested with those thieves called moss-troopers, one of the family (the Carnabys) had a commission to apprehend and try

Ridley, committed Jane Robson, for feloniously killing her sister-in-law, by "witchcraft and sorcery;" and one of "the king's poor esquires," a gentleman indubitably of the Shallow order, seems to have taken great trouble to bring a Mrs. Margaret Stothard to the tar-barrel; but he failed. In the first count, the lady was charged "on a Sabbath-day, at night," by John Mills, "who being lyeing in his bedd, did heare a great blaste of wind, as he thought, goe by the window, and immediately something fell on his harte with a greate weight, and gave a mightie cry like a catt." This somerset, as might have been expected, frightened John awfully; but when he could open his eyes, he saw that he was bed-ridden by Mrs. Stothard. These very indecorous visits were repeated, to John's terror and annoyance, until at a puff of wind, "the verie haire of his head would stand upright." Nor was she contented with persecuting Mr. Mills, for she murdered a child, and drove a calf distracted.\* Besides these iniquities, she soured milk, disturbed the cows, and, in fact, was a devil among the dairy-maids. No wonder that Mr. Ogle endeavoured to get her hanged; but a Belany jury allowed her to escape.

The old Borderers were very superstitious in their practice of pharmacy, and were strong believers in the efficacy of charms and philtres.† In old women they had profound faith, provided they united physic with planetary influence. Gentlemen, also, who had graduated in the Hygean University, were in repute; and certainly, if their treatment was ingenious as their tombstones, they must have been worthy of a Morisonian lectureship.

It is supposed and asserted that puffing has reached perfection; but, in my opinion, like steam power, it is still open to improvement. No doubt, of late years, great and glorious advances have been made in the art. Moses and Son deserve nobly of their country; every gateway is

them. Whilst he was engaged on the trial of some of them, a notorious and desperate villain was seized by his son, who asked his father what he should do with him? 'Do with him,' said the old gentleman, 'why hang him!' As soon as the trial then in progress was ended, he ordered the man to be brought before him, but was told that he had been hanged instantly, according to his order. On complaint being made to the crown, a fine of *four pounds per annum* was laid on the Halton estate, which is still paid."—*Ritson*.

\* "There was a little calfe tyed in a band in another little roome, and when she was gon (meaning Margaret), the calf went perfeedly madd."

† "She drew the splinter from the wound,  
 And with a charm she stanehed the blood;  
 She bade the gash be eleansed and bound;  
 No longer by his couch she stood;  
 But she has ta'en the broken lance,  
 And wash'd it from the clottèd gore;  
 And salv'd the splinter o'er and o'er.  
 William of Deloraine, in trance,  
 Whene'er she turned it round and round,  
 Twisted as if she gall'd his wound.  
 Then to her maidens she did say  
 That he should be whole man and sound,  
 Within the course of night and day.  
 Full long she toil'd; for she did rue  
 Mishap to friend so stout and true."

*Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

papered at the expense of Professor Holloway, with unsparing hand ; Parr's pills are posted up in Shetland ; and Morison and Moat have placarded their vegetable panaceas on the Temple of Isis. But which of these modest individuals ever thought of turning a tombstone to account ?

In the churchyard of Cornhill, there is an old headstone ornamented with a Latin inscription, which commemorates a quack blacksmith, and also ingeniously insinuates, that although Professor Purdy has hopped the twig, Master Samuel, his son, will continue to carry on the business, and men of good hearts and bad heads, from him shall meet with every attention. Being translated the old quack's epitaph runs thus :—

“ Alas ! who shall now retard the scythe of death ? James Purdy, at the Bridge of Twizell, was an excellent old man, although not exempt from diseases.

“ He died on the 4th day of December, A. D. 1752, aged 81 years, and, together with Jane his wife, and Eleanor his granddaughter, lies under this stone.

“ But, passenger, if thou hast a good heart, perhaps thou mayst live—Samuel, the son of James, survives, and is healthy, exercising the profession of his father, under his paternal roof. If thou seekest health, go thither.”

Now, is there a spot upon the surface of “ this fair round globe,” so pre-eminently adapted for a quack advertisement as a churchyard ? It may be difficult to fancy to what account Moses and Son may turn this important information—the article in principal demand not being exactly in their line, being what the Irish term, “ a wooden surtout.” Still, they are ingenious gentlemen ; and, as Newton founded his grand theory on the fall of a pippin, Heaven knows, to what advantages this hint may lead. I hold all concerned, however, my debtors to a sporting figure ; and will expect a winter supply for my outer man, from “ the Monster Mart ;” and the freedom of the College of Health, from Professors Moat and Morison, enclosed in a gilt pill-box. I know not how to shape my demands against Parr and Holloway, excepting that they shall give me an indemnity, against being put to death by any of their nostrums.

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## CHAPTER XXVII.

IN physical and moral qualities nations degenerate ; but to this general effect of time upon the character, mental and personal, of a people, I hold the Borderers an exception. As a race, the inhabitants of the northern English counties are particularly fine ; and though a total departure from the restless and unlawful pursuits, which, in civil utility, rendered their progenitors rather a nuisance than a benefit to the body politic, has been fortunately effected, like the aborigines of Chillingham, they have preserved, unimpaired, the external advantages

which nature had conferred upon their forefathers. On the English line of the Tweed, the peasantry are tall, active, and muscular. They have a military aptitude which is readily turned to account—in drill parlance, their “setting up” is easily effected: the finest troops in the world here find their best recruits; and the Blues and Life Guards from their splendid ranks can produce many a “bold Borderer.”

On the Scottish side, in physical appearance, there is a marked inferiority. Generally, they are a strong, healthy, coarse-looking community, with probably an average amount of thews and sinews with those of their southern neighbours; but a long and slounging step, a stooped carriage, and a villainous habit of sticking their hands into their breeches pockets, gives them an ungainly and loutish look not to be described. I carefully scrutinized the congregation as they issued from the church, and passed the inn window at Coldingham. There was not a square-shouldered man among the whole; and their walk was a sort of lengthened straddle, as if the object was to cross a space of ground with the fewest steps imaginable. Villainous example is the spoil of them. I met a handsome lad dawdling beside a cart; he had *physique* for a grenadier; but by a bent knee and stooped shoulder appeared scarce over medium height; and had I followed, and not met him, I should have guessed him at sixty rather than seventeen.

Every body who has visited a Connaught fair, will have been struck with the number of small, spare, ugly men that he encounters; but still, like a French voltigeur, there is a springiness and ease of movement about them, which proves that stunted growth may still be combined with physical efficiency. Like highlanders, their motive powers are astonishing—and on the most trifling errand, a Connaught mountaineer, will, as he calls it, “cut over” forty or fifty miles, and be back within the day. But go to a Tipperary gathering, and there you will meet a different race—handsome, tall, athletic. The skirts of the *cota more* are twisted in the bending of the left arm—the twig\* carried horizontally in the right hand—every movement is loose—the foot is firmly planted—the head well thrown back—the chest finely expanded—the eye is bright and wandering—anxious to detect in the crowd a sweetheart or an enemy. The *manière* of the Tipperary man is what in that land of Goshen is termed the “devil may care;” and his best motto would be “celer et audax.” Great is the competition for his person by rival recruiting parties. They make delicate advances; and, when he declines the line, a dragoon assails him. High inducements are held out on both sides: in the 118th they have nothing to do but clean their appointments, and the commanding officer, even to a drum-boy, is better than a bad stepfather: but the 47th Dragoon Guards has also much to recommend it; for in that favoured corps, men are spared the fatigue of walking, and mounted at the government expense. He of the 118th, whispers in confidence, that the colonel of the 47th is the devil, and requires the men to polish the horseshoes; while the trooper turns the attention of the Tipperary youth to the yellow facings of the 118th, and expresses his regret, that fever of the same colour is epidemic in that regiment, the deaths annually averaging 435. Be-

\* Cudgel.

tween the gentility of the dragoons, and the parental attention he is certain to receive in the gallant 118th, "young Ireland" hesitates, until one or other of the candidates slips the talismanic shilling into his hand; and, like Paddy Carey, "by the powers! he's listed!"

Some of the most extraordinary instances of longevity, with individual and family examples of supernatural strength, will be found in border annals. Cases of extreme duration of life are common on both banks of Tweed; but those of gigantic strength, seem rather indigenous to Northumberland. By statistical returns in 1821, so imperfectly made, that at least a third of the population were omitted, this county, with its dependency, Berwick-upon-Tweed, were found to have then living, 156 persons between the ages of 80 and 90 years, and seven who had passed 100. It is but three or four years since James Stuart, generally called "Jemmy Strang," died; and he had been at Prestonpans in the forty-five, and also at Culloden with the Pretender. His eventful life closed at 117 years; and James Robertson nearly rivalled him by dying at 111.

There is no county in the empire where fossil relics, occasionally discovered, indicate more frequently that a race, almost of Titan proportions, once existed; and modern instances would overturn skepticism on the subject. William Carr, of Blythe, born in 1756, was a singular specimen of gigantic strength. When only 17 years of age, he was 6 ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches in height, weighed sixteen stone, and could easily lift seven or eight cwt. While a youth he could throw a half-hundred weight, with a four-pound weight tied to it, the distance of twenty-four feet, either behind or before him. On one occasion he went to Chester-le-Street, to try this feat against the noted Michael Downey, but the latter shrunk from the contest. "The bridge of Chester-le-Street," said Carr, in speaking of himself, "was full of people to see 'the great blacksmith.' I might then be about twenty-two stone weight." At thirty years of age, he was 6 ft. 4 inches in height, and weighed twenty-four stone. He was often employed in repairing the steam engines at Hartley, Plessey, and Bedlington, and has sustained this labour 132 hours at a time; and, after twelve hours' rest, stood 120 hours longer. Five seamen being unable to carry an anchor weighing half a ton, and a piece of cable, Carr, unassisted, carried it over the sands to his father's shop. When a loaded coal waggon chanced to slip off the rail; he would sometimes creep underneath, and lift it on again. He was invited to Seaton Delaval, to fight Big Ben—but the fistic hero declined the combat, observing that he would rather receive a kick from a horse, than a blow from such a hand. On that occasion, Lord Delaval had his likeness taken in his working habit, which was afterwards removed to Gibside. The Lords Tyrconnel and Strathmore accompanied Mendoza, at his particular request, on a visit to this modern Hercules. Like all men of extraordinary strength, he was remarkably good-natured; but having knocked a Scotch lord off his horse for striking him with his whip at Morpeth races, he was long called by the name of that nobleman. He was an expert workman, and his harpoons, particularly, were much celebrated. Though not a man of dissipated habits, yet his bacchanalian powers were most wonderful. One day he



went to Shields on business, drank *eighty-four glasses of spirits*, and returned to Blythe *sober*.

It is generally believed, that a superiority in stature and strength, is almost invariably accompanied by a marked inferiority of mental powers; and that nature capriciously neutralizes the one gift, by withholding the more valuable. Giants, and the wretched beings who, for diminutive proportions, or brutal obesity, are annually exhibited, are found to possess no intellect whatever. They breathe, and move, and have their being, die prematurely of old age, and so concludeth their useless history. Occasionally, however, Dame Nature is not so freakish; and, as in the case of Bruce, to immense physical powers she unites the highest order of mental energy.

This may be observable in an individual; but that such an union of powers, generally so little germane, should seem almost hereditary to a family, I believe was reserved for a Northumbrian one.

In the village of Denwick, and the immediate vicinity to the baronial residence of the "proud Percys," a machinist was latterly resident. To the improvement of agricultural implements, his ingenuity was usefully directed, and several valuable medals and prizes have attested the value of his inventions. "The short and simple annals" of his family will be found interesting; for strength, stature, talent, and longevity appear to have been most extensively combined in John Common and his progenitors.

His great-grandfather attained the immense age of 110 years, and left seven sons. One of these Titans, named Andrew, measured twenty-seven inches across the shoulders, and would carry to market a boke of peas, suspended at the end of a stiek. Robert, another son, was a farm servant at Warkworth Barns; and, having witnessed two men assail his master, he flew to the rescue, caught up an offender under either arm, rushed with his double burden to the Coquet, and flung them into the water. At a sledge-throwing, the party threw the hammer towards the house, but Robert threw it over it. Matthew, a third of the family, to enormous strength united singular activity; and, in the market of Alnwick, he frequently jumped backwards and forwards over a yoke of oxen. The least of this herculean house, was John's grandfather; and he, though held in dwarfish estimation by the family, weighed fourteen stone. He left two sons. They were celebrated pugilists, and able machinists, and in erecting windmills, and steam and winnowing engines, they were held unrivalled. The younger performed skilfully on both the violin and bagpipes, the instruments being made by himself. One of them was flogged by his father for standing on his head upon the steeple of Shilbottle; while another of the family, enacted a similar feat on the highest tower of Warkworth.

Early in the reign of James I. Freestoneburn farm was in the occupation of one of this stalworth family; whose cattle, through personal fear, the moss-troopers respected, though his neighbours could scarcely keep a clout. John, the great-grandfather, died at 115; and another brother, named Peter, at the age of 132. Of the latter, an interesting anecdote is recorded. When casting flags on Hazon moor, a new proprietor rode up and demanded by what authority the old man took that

liberty. "I have cast flags here," returned the senior, "for 100 years, and no man asked me why I did so until to-day." "Then," replied the gentleman, "Heaven forbid that I should interrupt you—cast on while you live."

In a jest, while he lived a farm servant at Tittington, his master sent a recruiting party to arrest him while at work. But the joke had nearly ended tragically, for John attacked the assailants so furiously, that nothing but instant flight saved them. To the last, his faculties remained unimpaired; and a few days before he died, from his death-bed he read a paper that was brought in and pasted on the wall.

Instances of individual strength or longevity are numerous; but that both, combined with superior ingenuity, should descend like heirlooms through four generations, is, I believe, unknown in human history, excepting in the solitary case of this marvellously gifted family.

That the Borderers possessed, and still maintain, a decided physical superiority over their southern neighbours, may be correctly ascribed to their local position, their pursuits, and their pastimes. Up even to the commencement of the last century,

"War was the Borderer's game"—

robbery a genteel profession—and the best lifter was estimated to be the best man. The evil renown, then held in highest reputation, could only be attained by the commission of felony, with a reckless audacity that taxed animal powers to their uttermost. The head to plan were useless, without the heart to execute. In his forays, the moss-trooper must breast the flooded river, climb the Alpine height, tread the pathless waste—for fleet as his footsteps were, probably fleetier were behind him—and if flight failed, "the hand must keep the head." Were he of a rarer order in those felonious times, and instead of *reiving*\* sheep applied himself to rear them, his mountain pursuits encouraged a free development of strength, action, and endurance. Did he belong to another class, and was neither moss-trooper nor mountaineer, still his dangerous locality was open to incessant aggression, and feudal tenure required from him military service. He must arm at the appearance of an inroad; and hence the pastimes then in use were naturally martial in their character.

The ancient games, however, which the Borderers delighted in, with the progress of civilization sank rapidly into disuetude—still lingering much longer on the southern banks of Tweed than on the northern. It would be curious to fancy the effect which customs, generally prevalent within the memory of middle-aged persons, would now produce on "nerves polite." The decline of some of these we must regret; but we freely confess and opine, that others are more honoured in the breach than the observance.

Putting aside bundling,† which we utterly condemn, and the half-

\* Stealing.

† Until my recent sojourn on the borders, in the innocence of my heart I fancied that bundling was confined to Wales. A few years since, I was on a visit in Herefordshire, to an antiquated commander, who had selected that sweet county as the one in which to rest a wooden leg, and enjoy his "otium cum dignitate." He had occa-

yearly hirings,\* which must be acknowledged any thing but correct, an historian's description of a *soirée dansante* on the border, will be found, in many particulars, to differ in etiquette from that observed at Almack's.

"The youth," says Mackenzie, "usually sits with his arm around the girl's waist; and if the room be much crowded, the young women not unfrequently sit on the knees of their partners. Towards the close of the entertainment, the fiddler, at the end of every dance, gives a shrill skreak with his instrument." This is the signal for a general and audible oscultation; "and were a youth to neglect the performance of this established ceremony, his mistress would consider herself affronted, and he would be generally condemned for want of gallantry."

To a later period than in the counties south and north, here minstrelsy met encouragement; and Scott's beautiful poem faithfully describes its decline and fall. These wanderers were always welcome in hall and tower. "They exerted all the methods that fancy, frolic, and licentiousness had invented, to interest the feelings and stimulate the liberality of the different classes of society. Their topics being the most popular of the day, those who visited this country would sing of battle, war, and rapine, interspersed with legends, love songs, and bacchanalian airs. As the general mind improved, the minstrel became less valued and more degenerate, until at last he was proscribed as a useless and corrupting vagabond." †

An old puritan remarked, that "when a man strung a fiddle, the devil was indubitably at his elbow." The Northumbrians, it would appear, despise his Satanic majesty, for here the wandering *artiste* is fearlessly received. He is presented at the proper seasons with his bowl of seed corn and his shock of wool; plays, in return, while the company have a kick in them; and when the ball concludes, he winds up—for the musician is also a *raconteur*—with some desperate ballad, in length and subject akin to Chevy Chase; or a love story, in which

sion to replace a discharged servant, and on the day that I arrived, a very smart spider-brusher presented herself and her credentials.

"Humph!" growled old Hannibal, as he cast his eyes over the young lady's discharges. "The last place you lived in was Mrs. ——'s. I know her; she's a kind and proper person. Why did you leave her?"

"Indeed, sir," returned the Welsh *demoiselle*, dropping a courtesy, "she was, as you say, a very kind lady."

"Then why the devil did you leave her—eh?"

"I had no fault to find in the world, but one."

"And what was that—umph?"

"She put me to sleep in a back room."

"And could you not sleep as well in a back room as a front one?" inquired the general.

"Certainly, sir; but the height of the wall behind prevented my sweetheart from throwing sand against the window; and, of course, I could not hear and let him in!"

\* The market being over, the fiddlers take their seats close to the window in public houses; the girls begin to file off and gently pace the streets, with a view of gaining admirers; while the young men, with equally innocent designs, follow after, and having eyed the lasses, pick up each a sweetheart, whom they conduct to a dancing room, and treat with punch, ale, or hot ale mixed with brandy.—*View of Northumberland*.

† Ritson.

the lady dies of consumption, and the gentleman takes to soldiering in despair, and gets a quietus from a cannon ball.

The ceremonies which are incident to social society were equally marked, fifty years ago, with coarseness and hospitality. At a wedding there was a rush made at the bride—and her garters were pulled off in the church, *sans cérémonie*, by the first youth who could lay hold of her. A drink at the next public-house succeeded. Then there was a race home, to win “the kail”—feasting, dancing, and, as the *finale*, the throwing of the stocking.

At those interesting periods when ladies present pledges of affection, all who came to visit were accommodated with bread, cheese, and whiskey; and, if a popular tradition may be credited, at Newcastle, a ghost\* always accompanied the *sage-femme*. At christenings this useful functionary—not the ghost, but the midwife—leads the procession, bestows bread and cheese on the first person she meets, and receives a present for her late services from the sponsors.

The *cérémonial* attendant on a death-bed are, in many points, similar to those still observed in Ireland. Lighted candles and a plate of salt are used. The looking-glass is covered—the fire put out—and the coffin left unscrewed until the hour of interment. Should an unfortunate dog or cat cross the body, it is put to death; and the lyke-wake is attended by the old people during day, while the young people take the night duty. In Ireland, too, confiding woman frequently dates her “misfortune” to “returning from the corpse-house;” and offences, *contra bonos mores*, were so common in Northumberland in “lang-syne,” that in the list of crimes curseable with bell, book, and candle, this delinquency was included.

To the funeral, people are specially invited; † refreshments, spirits, and tobacco, are given liberally; and the intimate friends of the deceased are formally entertained at supper. In dress and demeanour the conduct of all present is most decorous. All who follow the body to the grave are attired in decent mourning. The funeral appointments of the married are sable altogether, but those of the unwedded are trimmed with white; and young females, or women who die in childbirth, are attended by girls dressed in white, some of whom precede the coffin, while others support the pall.

Nothing can be more imposing than a soldier’s funeral—but to see the virgin flower consigned to the earth it sprang from, even before its dawning beauty had reached the expansion of maturity: cold indeed must the heart be on which that spectacle will be exhibited in vain!

\* “This comical ghost, or, as they pronounce it, *guest*, in the *patois* of the country, appeared in the shape of a mastiff dog, with large saucer eyes. It generally accompanied the midwife when going at night to discharge her office. When they parted at the door, it uttered a loud laugh when the event was to terminate favourably; but when otherwise, it departed with the most horrid howlings.”—*Mackenzie*.

† Formerly this invitation was given by the bellman; and, in his Popular Antiquities, Brand gives the form—“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord! Joseph Dixon is departed,—son of Christopher Dixon that was. Company is expected tomorrow at five o’clock, and at six he is to be buried. For him, and for all faithful people, give God most hearty thanks!”

## A Legend of "the Fifteen."

It was sunset on the evening of the 5th of October, of the year of our Lord 1715, when two sportsmen, who had been shooting grouse upon the Cheviots, issued from one of the gorges which enter this fine pastoral range from the lowlands, and took the public road,—if that term could be applied to a rough and stony causeway, which lost itself every now and then in grass-land, and on whose surface deep wheel-tracks only indicated that this was the route over which wayfarers should pass. Two attendants, laden with game bags, and followed by half-a-dozen setting dogs, kept at a respectful distance behind their masters, who were apparently engaged in serious conversation; and although the dress of the latter was extremely plain, and merely such as is commonly adopted for sylvan sport, still the air and bearing of the strangers announced them to be men of superior caste.

"We are near the hostlerie, methinks," said the older of the two, "I see a smoke curling above the birch trees in yonder hollow. Go forward, Sandy, and while Angus secures the dogs, see that our supper be got ready,—and hark ye! if there be strangers in the change-house, observe them sharply, and apprise us ere we enter."

The order was instantly obeyed; and the attendants pushed forward along the sward-road at a quick pace, leaving their masters to follow them more leisurely.

Fashion produces alterations in every thing, and even to the costume of a grouse-shooter. The dress of both gentlemen was made from cloth roughly woven by some country loom, and dyed a russet brown—with chamois-skin leggings, and caps of plain colours and materials. No ornament distinguished them from their attendants, excepting that the latter wore a sprig of bog myrtle in the side of the cap, and their masters an eagle feather. Their field accoutrements at that period, however, would have at a glance told that they were no ordinary sportsmen: for each carried a long-barrelled Spanish fowling-piece, of beautiful workmanship, a moorsing-horn mounted richly in silver, and the short *couteau de chasse*, formerly an appurtenance for deer-stalking, but still retained through motives of personal security.

\* At Fourstones, and at a short distance from the village of Warden, on the estate of the Hospital of Greenwich, there is a township so named, from four hollowed stones marking its corner boundaries. One of these in "the Fifteen" was turned to curious account. From a superstitious belief that these relics of antiquity were a favourite haunt of the gentle folk, none of the peasantry would venture near them after dark, for fear of encountering the fairies. Profiting by this superstition, the Jacobite families used one of them as a safe and convenient post-office, at a time when the maintenance of a correspondence was precarious and dangerous. The stone had a square recess, and a rude cover in its centre; and in the twilight, a boy dressed in green came regularly there, removed the letters he found in waiting for him, and deposited such others as he wished to forward. By this means chiefly, the Earl of Derwentwater corresponded with the rebel leaders; and though these post-carrying sprites were frequently seen, none presumed to watch their movements, as they supposed them beings of another world.

From this tradition, and a legend connected with the house of Maxwell, this story has its origin.

“George Maxwell, thou art marvellously changed; a twelvemonth back, of all thy hot-blooded name, I reckoned thee the hottest; one might have fancied, had you been lukewarm to our exiled king, that thy recent visit to Saint Germain’s would have roused thee into action; and lo! you come back cold as an icicle to the good cause.”

“And have I not reason to lose heart, James Ratcliffe?” returned the person thus addressed. “What found I in France?—A court, beggarly in every thing but intrigue, but rich in that, as they say Potosi is in metals;—a prince, surrounded by outcasts and vagabonds; no master-spirit to direct his counsels, which every day fluctuated as the weathercock itself;—the rabble of pennyless adventurers who formed this precious cabinet recalling to memory the occupants of the cave in Scripture; to wit, all that were in debt and all that were in danger;—that false fugitive, Bolingbroke, at the political helm, aided and assisted by a dozen gentlewomen, of approved loyalty and easy virtue.”

“Nay, George, some private cause must have jaundiced you besides. Say, are not the means for a descent at last completed?”

“Yes,” returned Maxwell, with an ironical smile; “when arms are bought, and money borrowed, and a few other trifling matters of that kind are first arranged, and Mrs. Trant, with the rest of the female council, determine the place of landing, and the plan of the campaign—”

“Mark my words, George; the king will regain his crown or perish.”

“And mark mine, Derwentwater; the first he’ll not effect, and the last he’ll do by proxy—leaving to such fools as thou and I the payment of the penalty. But here comes Angus. What news?”

“The hostelrie, so please you, is quiet; supper is being prepared; the table spread in the private chamber; and ere I left the house, the grouse were hissing on the brander.”

“And are there no guests, Angus, already there before us?”

“None, my Lord, now; there have been two, but they had left the kitchen before I entered, and, as the hostess mentioned, were bridling in the stable, to resume their journey northward.”

“Well, we won’t attempt to interrupt their journey; the fewer acquaintances we make anew the better. Go, Angus; ere thy birds be brandered we will be with you, and I promise thee—an thou provide the cheer—I’ll undertake to do it justice. Egad! George, these stirring times appear to mend one’s appetite.”

A heavy sigh escaped young Maxwell.

“Why, in the foul thief’s name, have they bewitched ye when across the seas?” exclaimed his lighter-hearted companion. “An a body speaks to thee of ancient politics, you groan like a crop-ear in a conventicle; and even the sure prospect of a good supper and a cheerful cup cannot exhilarate thy sluggish spirits. Art thou really George Maxwell in the flesh, or some canting roundhead who has assumed his outer man? Rouse thee, George, or, by the mass, I’ll forswear thy gloomy company.”

“Would that I could, but—”

"Nay, I will save thee trouble, and tell the remainder of the tale. No prince of darkness has got thee in his clutches, but, of a verity, a sweet wench, and one of the faithful too, in the form of Rosalie Fairfax."

Maxwell started.

"Come, George, be open with thy friend. Does not yonder flickering light, which sparkles through the wood upon the hill, recall the lady who wastes youth and beauty there in drawling out tuneless psalms, or listening to what the old whig, her father, calls 'an exercise'—to wit, perverted Scripture, and heresy by wholesale?"

The youth remained silent for a minute; then, as if he had taken a sudden determination, he turned sharply round, seized his companion's hand, and exclaimed—

"Yes, James, thy arrow has reached the mark, and I will tell thee all. I dare not confide my story, even to my own brother—for Nithsdale would listen with impatience, and his proud dame, thy sister,—forgive me, for thou know'st her temper as well as I,—mayhap would turn from me in contempt, and tell me, as the highland chief said in lang syne, that 'Nithsdale blood would not mingle with Cameronian puddle in a basin.' But see! Angus comes on at speed; what devil's in the wind now?"

"My Lord," said the attendant, "the travellers I notified to your honour, have already suddenly changed their intention of proceeding, unbridled their horses, and swear they'll sup with ye."

"To which oath, I beg leave to put in a counter affidavit," replied young Maxwell, laughing. "What sort of persons may these condescending gentlemen look like?"

"Any but honest ones," was the reply. "They are better horsed, and dressed, and armed, than appearances would warrant."

"Highwaymen mayhap."

"No, good my Lord; I would take them for worse characters. They look, methinks, like officers of justice."

"*Par nobile*," returned Maxwell; "no matter to which of these honourable orders they appertain, they sup not with us. Here, place these pieces in our chamber," and he handed his gun to the attendant, an example followed by his friend. "On, Angus, and lay supper on the board. We'll after thee. Now, James, is not this a strange impertinence?"

"Under which, as I fancy, more lies concealed than we at present know," replied the earl.

"Well, the mystery shall soon be ended. We must be cautious; sink name and title; and, in proof of perfect equality, I'll thus take precedence of the peerage."

So saying, Maxwell stooped his head, and entered the kitchen of the hostelry, followed closely by his friend. Within there was evident confusion, for the host was protesting against invaded rights, which, however, the strangers seemed determined to maintain. Possession is said, in legal disputes, to be a very important advantage, and the intruders had secured it; for both were seated in the private chamber—while the

landlord urged his remonstrances through the open doorway, which communicated between that room and the kitchen.

"I pray ye, fair masters, to leave the chamber; it is bespoke, as I forewarned ye. The honourable gentlemen will be here anon."

"Nay, then," returned a voice from within, "you may just notify that there are honourable gentlemen here already."

"An they be hot Borderers, as I guess them, they will not brook it quietly," pursued the host.

"Brook it or not, they must bear it," said the second

"I warn ye in time," continued the alarmed landlord, as he noticed the flushed cheek of the younger guest, and the contracting brows of the attendants; who, during the conversation, had armed themselves with the birding-pieces. "I warn ye against the upshot."

"And I warn thee to lose no time in serving the muirfowl with all diligent speed and full decorum, as beseemeth an attentive host," returned the intruder. "I have not ate a heathcock, ay, marry, not for a twelvemonth."

"And if thou dost not dispute title for the bones with the collies at the ingle-fire, I have a shrewd guess thou wilt have the same tale to tell to-morrow," replied a voice from without; and the next moment George Maxwell stooped his tall person beneath the low doorway, and confronted the intruders. Lifting a riding-rod from the settle, the fiery youth exclaimed, as he struck the occupant of the next stool severely across the shoulders,

"Sittest thou, fellow, in my presence? Up, knave, or I'll lift thee by the ears!"

True had been the admonition of the host, when he warned the intruders against the consequences which would be attendant upon an invasion of the state chamber. Neither of the strangers abode a second order, but sprang upon their legs, and each produced a pistol, while two long Spanish barrels, levelled from the open doorway, gave mute, but certain information that fire-arms would be employed on both sides, were it found necessary. Maxwell was as prompt to continue the fray as to commence it; for, with the slight stick he had already applied to the back of one of the intruders, he struck the knuckles of his companion so sharply, that the weapon dropped from his grasp, and exploded in the fall. This seemed the signal for a general onslaught—and, in a few moments, the strangers were overpowered, disarmed, and pinioned.

The captors, for the first time, had leisure to examine the persons of the prisoners. One was a hale, square-built, vulgar style of man, bordering upon fifty. He might have been a catchpole, a butcher, or a bruiser, for his exterior was coarse enough for any of these professions. He was, of the twain, evidently the man of action—and had he not been deprived of his weapon by an unexpected blow, the chances were strong that he would not have been backward in using it promptly. The other was younger, slighter, and a person of easier carriage and address, attired with better discretion, and, if the expression of the features might be trusted, the reverse of his companion altogether. One had a bold, bull-dog look about him; the other, the sneaking cunning of a lurcher,



who will prick the prey out, but recoil from grappling with the quarry.

"Who are ye, fellows?" exclaimed Maxwell, as he scanned the prisoners' faces.

"Those," said the rougher of the two, "who will make you curse the day you meddled with or marred their errand."

"What thriftless devil are ye in pursuit of? What wretched debtor are ye engaged to drag from a happy home, to rot for usury to some Jew, or increase the claims of the informer against the state? In one brief word, what devil's errand drove ye hither?"

"An you call a royal commission by that name—against superior force, and under constraint, we cannot uphold the contrary," returned the slighter of the two.

The younger sportsman darted an intelligent glance at his companion.

"Royal commission, forsooth! By Heaven, James, 'twere well to set these vagabonds in the stocks till daylight. Royal com——"

"Ay," shouted the stout prisoner, as carried away by passion, he plucked a sealed packet from his breast. "Here is our authority," and he held the parchment with a look of triumph towards young Maxwell.

"Pish!" said the latter contemptuously, and snatching the document from the stranger's grasp—

"Break not one seal," exclaimed a second prisoner. "I warn you that the penalty will be high treason."

"Thou cogging knave!" continued the youth unalarmed; "impose thy cock-a-bull stories upon us! Wax, with your leave, as the playman saith;" and, ere the words had passed his lips, the silk and seals, by which the packet had been secured, were broken.

"By the true Lord!" exclaimed the stouter stranger, "an' this be not treason, I marvel what the word means."

"I'faith! treason—and that indubitably," returned Maxwell. "Listen, James: here come these false knaves forging the royal signature to arrest divers of the best and truest subjects a king could own. *Imprimis*—'James, earl of Derwentwater,' know you that trusty noble?"

"I have seen him. What! arrest him? No—no," said the earl with a smile.

"Read, and be satisfied;" and he flung a parchment scroll across the table, which his companion proceeded to detail aloud. "And lo ye! here," he exclaimed, "Wot ye who comes next? I'faith, none less than William, earl of Nithsdale!"

"Ay—by'r lady! and I would not marvel that the young *roué*, the Master, followed his noble brother," observed the younger shooter.

"Know you him?" inquired the stout stranger, eagerly.

"Know him? ay, full well; and upon my conscience, as a Christian man, I can say but little in his favour," replied the sportsman.

"Would that we could but meet him," was the reply.

"You must seek him, as I guess, in France. Report has it, that George Maxwell has gone thither."

"Ay—right enough: he did go there, but he is home again,—and that we have for certain."

“Indeed, I did not know that news before. Methinks if he were known to have been at the king’s—gramercy!—I mean the chevalier’s court, he risks some peril by returning.”

“More than he dreams of,” said the slighter stranger. “The hazel eyes of the prettiest puritan in wide Northumberland form, it is said, the loadstar of attraction. But he might have tarried at the Pretender’s court for all the advantage this journey will boot. Rosalie is affianced to another; and Hugh de Bolom will not stand woman’s folly. As to young Maxwell”——

“I should fancy him a troublesome rival,” observed the younger sportsman. “Bolom—let me see—ay—is he not the man who spent years upon the Spanish main; came back laden with ingots to the hatches; bought every estate which unthrift or attain in the north had rendered marketable; and now intends to found a family, and marry the fair Fairfax? Is it not also whispered, that, before politics separated them, the Nithsdale family and the old puritan were friends; ay, and that early passages of love took place with mutual consent, between George Maxwell and the sweet Rosalie? How will that proud house brook what they will assuredly esteem an insult?”

“Why, I should fancy with Christian patience.”

“But the young Maxwell is reputed hot of temper. Will he quietly permit the son of a Morpeth flesher to deprive him of his lady-love? Men say the Master of Nithsdale is quicker with rapier than with argument, and ready with dirk and pistol.”

“As thou, my friend—and confound thee for it!—art in breaking the knuckles of an honest man with his own riding wand. But are we to sit here all night, like chickens trussed for roasting?” and he nodded at the pinioned arms of himself and comrade.

“No, certainly. Here, Angus, remove these cords. ’Twas but a jest after all. Send our supper in; and, harkye, the brander’s on the coals, and there are a score of birdies in the game bag. Go, gentlemen, you’re welcome to the whole. My companion and I expect a friend on business, and need this chamber for our private uses.”

## PART II.

FULLY satisfied at the termination of an affair, which, commencing in an affray, bade fair to end in amicable relations, right joyfully the intrusionists resigned possession of a chamber, which had only produced bruised bones, no supper, and a temporary captivity; and in a minute or two, they were overheard in high delight without, making amends for recent disappointment, and aiding and assisting in culinary operations.

“So,” said the Master with a sigh, “the game is up, as far as concealment or delay were wanted. No French descent; no movement in the highlands; the government alarmed; warrants already out; in a word, the affair looks desperate. Before a flint in snapped, the conspiracy is strangled; and in detail, the Elector will annihilate the adherents of the exiled family—and on highland and lowland enemies his

vengeance will fall heavily alike. Had the plot not prematurely exploded; and succours arrived; the highlands armed; and we had risen in force upon the borders, we might have, at least, had the satisfaction of dying sword in hand, and not been tucked up like mangey hounds; but now there is"—

"But one chance of success, and one course to follow," exclaimed Lord Derwentwater, interrupting him.

"To put the sea between us, an angry monarch, and his alarmed minister? So far as I am concerned—never! By Heaven! though the block were before the door, and the headsman ready, I would not quit England again, or yield my claim to Rosalie Fairfax, but with life."

"Proclaim the king at once," cried the earl passionately.

"That may be done readily, and at the next market cross. But can we maintain his rights? Pshaw! the thing would be a mere farce."

"Issue at once a bold manifesto."

"Which," returned the Master with a smile, "will be burned by the common hangmen before the ink is dry. But, hark! heard ye not a gentle tap against the casement? Ere now, methinks, our fairy messenger should have appeared."

Both of the conspirators listened with deep attention, and, a second time, a finger gently struck the pane. The earl rose, unclosed the casement, and a slight figure, closely muffled in a shepherd's plaid, stepped into the apartment.

"Bolt the door, George; and now, my elfin courier, what tidings hast thou for me from fairy-land?"

"You, my lord, will esteem them unfortunate, while I would hold them the reverse; for the useless effusion of blood, and the horrors of civil war, may now be happily averted."

"I cannot hear thee distinctly, boy. Throw thy mantle off. What tidings bear ye? Where are the letters?"

"Letters I have none, my lord. When approaching the altar to deposite one for another, I heard the tramp of horses, and hid me in the brushwood. Presently three armed riders passed, and almost stirred the bushes which concealed me. One, on the holster cases before his saddle, held a boy dressed fancifully in green, who was weeping piteously.

"Nay, pretty sprite," exclaimed the man who rode beside the little captive; "God's mercy! thou hast not to fear, unless the ferule of the pedagogue; and ere the sun rise to-morrow, I promise that thy patrons shall be with thee. James Ratcliffe and young Maxwell are not a mile's distance at this moment, and though neither know the other, is it not marvellously comical, that a couple of blood-hounds laid upon their track, are lodged in the same hostelrie." Such were his words, my lord—and I came hither, at personal risk, to tell thee that thy plot is betrayed; an thou tak'st not to hiding without delay, ere cock-crow thou wilt be captive."

"Never will I skulk like a craven, and seek safety in concealment," exclaimed the rash nobleman, "were I to take the field attended by none but my family retainers, and every whig in Britain in arms to support the usurper; still, these are sorry tidings, George."

“James Ratcliffe, listen to me; and let me implore you also to listen patiently. From the hour I saw the wretched king, whose rights I would perish, worthless as he is, to establish—nay bear with me—time presses—and at least hear me calmly out—I knew that it were madness to expect, what nothing but a miracle could achieve; and therefore, the news this boy brings is only what I have long expected. To raise the fallen standard with a few scores of gentlemen, and as many hundred boors, would subject those who did so, and justly so, to the charge of lunacy. Thou art wedded, James,—thy course of love runs smooth,—when beauty and virtue are spoken of, men name the lady of Lord Derwentwater—thy marriage bed is blessed with issue;—thy estates, the noblest in the riding—all that makes life happy are thine already; rank, wealth, and love! and would you madly cast away such blessings?”

“And what wouldst thou have me do? inquired the earl, hastily.

“Bend to the storm, and let its fury pass. Commit no idle act of overt treason; and dream not to restore a doomed dynasty, or place a crown upon a head, which never was ordained by Heaven to bear the badge of royalty.”

“Do I dream? or are my ears cheating me? and art thou, in sooth, George Maxwell?”

“Him am I indeed, James—and the words you have heard are his.”

“Well, by mine honour, I wanted this confirmation,” observed the Earl scornfully, “and were I to follow his honourable advice, the master of Nithsdale would of course gladden my vagabond life in moor and mountain with his company, until the Elector had plundered my estates to his heart’s content, and then, might graciously permit the beggared outcast to skulk into daylight from his concealment.”

“No, James,” said the young sportsman, with a deep sigh, “my fates are different from thine, and so shall be my course of action. The hand of woman will never at God’s altar be pledged to me. The voice of lisping infancy shall never call me father. I am one without earthly fortune—that matters not—but I am one also, without earthly hope. I loved—let it pass; I worshipped, and as I thought, had won. Pshaw! ’twas a mere chimera. What am I? a heartless, hopeless man, in existence of no more value than the driftweed that idly passes the bark on ocean, floating on the surface, without an object, and without a use.”

“Nay, George, forgive me if I spoke rashly. There is not a particle but genuine metal in thee; and what course of action think ye of pursuing?”

“Raise the standard of the house of Stuart ere the sun touches the meridian to-morrow—and at the next cross, proclaim the rightful king!”

“A true Maxwell, by our lady! Yes, George, together we will!”—

“Not *together*, Derwentwater,” returned Maxwell, interrupting the earl, “not together, no—no—no—I want to find, what you should most avoid—the quiet of a”——

“Home! Is not Caerlavarock—is not Bilston open to thee, George? What want ye beyond these?”

“A grave, James. But let me but dream a little. Twelve years

ago—ay, just half a life—the property of a drunken laird was sold ; and one who had thriven by his own, and by a father's industry, became possessor. He was a widower, but not childless—he had a daughter”—

The Master paused—and a sigh too deep to be repressed escaped the boy, who appeared an attentive listener.

“Sit down, kind youth!” exclaimed the earl, “thou art weary. Ho! Angus, unclosethe door. Another stoup of wine, and fetch the boy a tankard.”

But the youth waved his arm, and declined it—“Well, rest thee, an thou art too young to drink, and we'll despatch thee presently. Go on, George—although I guess the sequel.”

“Rosalie Fairfax was two years younger than I, and my dear mother—Heaven rest her soul!—fancied and loved her as a daughter. The times were still unsettled—and though we were far from being countenanced by favour from the court, we were too powerful to be idly treated by the civil or military authorities of the house of Hanover ; and need I say, that over a considerable section, secretly attached to the family of Stuart, our influence was predominant? From the peculiar locality of Mr. Fairfax's new possessions—lying as they did immediately beside the border clans—he would have been necessarily exposed to continued annoyances ; nay, indeed, had not my father protected him, I doubt whether he could have resided on his own estate. But strange as it may appear, the rebel then could openly protect the royalist!

I need not tell thee what Rosalie Fairfax was when a child, for thou hast seen her beauty matured at womanhood. She was, I might almost say, the object of boyish love. My passion grew with my years—and never for a moment did that heart she reigned over, wander from the idol it had enshrined. Rosalie! thou wert my first love ; Rosalie, thou shalt be my last one!”

The words appeared choking him—and the concluding sentence, though audible, had dropped almost to a whisper. The boy's sobs were beyond control—and the convulsive heavings of his plaid betrayed feelings wrought up almost to agony.

“By heavens! George, this poor youth must have a kindly heart—I never saw one that bestowed more sympathy on a stranger. Boy, we talk of what thou know'st not yet—ay, marry, and if you would be advised by me, know as little hereafter of Dan Cupid as you can conveniently. Well, George, proceed.”

“My tale will be ended in a few words. Times gradually altered. The old Queen died, and that was the signal for fresh party intrigues—the forerunner of political convulsions. Gradually, as my family influence had become less potent and less necessary to him, the intimacy between Mr. Fairfax and the house of Caerlavarock abated ; for as he increased in wealth and lands, his puritan temper appeared to sour as his earthly estate improved. A wealthy neighbour can soon find allies if he need them ; and Mr. Fairfax did not seek such long in vain. Leagued with the covenanting gentry, who, fostered by the government, and sustained by their adherents in every part of Britain, had

now become, as you know, a party here more than able to support the footings which, from time to time, they had gained, a slight pretext was quite sufficient to end friendly relations between my brother, and the father of her who possessed my heart. Madly I heard the quarrel spoken of—flew in despair to Mr. Fairfax, and asked his daughter's hand—when, after a puritanic discourse on creeds, and callings, and backslidings, and Heaven knows what whiggery beside, I was told that disparity in fortune might have been overlooked, but difference in faith was insuperable. I strove to reason—but Mr. Fairfax would only bandy texts—I tried to touch his feelings, but the nether millstone was not harder."

"But why waste words upon a stiff-necked covenanter? Had I been in thy place, George, I would have essayed more malleable metal, and proved whether the fair Rosalie was not formed of softer materials than the crop-eared knave her father."

"Hast thou ever heard, James," returned young Maxwell, "that a castaway on ocean did not clutch even at a chip, had it happened to float past the floundering wretch? Yes—I asked an interview, and it was granted."

"The result, George?—I'm impatient."

"She owned that I held her love, but added that her father possessed her duty."

"And, in a word, George—she discarded you with a text or two."

"'Twere painful to detail what passed; and you may smile when I tell you, that when I tore myself from Rosalie Fairfax, and pressed a parting kiss on lips which did not decline it, I left her, convinced that earth did not hold her fellow. Mine she never can be—for, without one spark of superstition, I see my fate distinctly pencilled out, as I do thy features in yon small mirror. When I am gone—but something tells me, James Ratcliffe, that our destinies shall be the same—I would have asked thee to have told her—that, whether life parted on the scaffold, or, more happily, upon the battle-field, my last prayer implored mercy for myself—happiness for her."

"Hush! hark! What sounds are these?" exclaimed the earl.

"Horsemen, and at speed, my lord," exclaimed the alarmed boy.

"Betrayed!" roared the earl. "George, thou hast ever thy wits about thee, what's our best course?"

"Up with the casement—jump out, sword in hand—trust to fortune for escape, or die as men should."

Before the sentence was finished, Lord Derwentwater had flung the lattice open, and the blades of both the Jacobites glittered in the moonlight, which now had come out most brilliantly. The rush of horses over a road, half turf, half pebbles, grew louder; while the bolted door was violently struck against, and a voice without, in which the coarse tones of one of the intruders so recently expelled, were easily recognised, exclaimed—

"James, Earl of Derwentwater, George, Master of Nithsdale, I call upon ye, as true men, to surrender; I bear the king's warrant for your apprehension."

"Drive a bullet through that door, my lord; 'twill, mayhap, silence

that noisy rogue ; and the more confusion, the better chances of escape for us."

"Oh, no! for pity's sake, no blood!" exclaimed the boy, catching the master round the knees, and then sinking to the floor, as the snow-wreath slides from the precipice.

During this brief period, the leading file of horsemen had reined up before the door—while a loud voice directed the remainder to surround the house.

"What, ho! knave, rascal, host, unclose thy door, or I'll beat it in. Where be two noble gentlemen, thy guests, tracked hither by a brace of two-legged bloodhounds?"

"The noble gentlemen, my dear Foster, are here," exclaimed Derwentwater, with a laugh. "The quarry at bay for the present, and the bloodhounds at the door."

"Saints and angels! are ye safe, my Lord? We doubted, from report, whether we could have succoured you in time. Lights! We'll halt an hour or two to feed," he said to his attendants, and then continued, "I'll have thee, noble Ratcliffé, in a minute by the hand."

"Nay, pause, general; there are two loyal gentlemen with a royal warrant in the passage."

"For whose accommodation there is a most convenient ash-tree; and, no matter how low the larder may prove in this commodious hostlerie, I'll undertake the stable lacks not a spare halter, and hath more hemp than corn."

In another minute a torch, with which the party came provided, was lighted, the door opened, and the siege formally raised. Half-a-dozen armed gentlemen offered their congratulations to the *détenu*—while, for the second time, the intrusionists entered the chamber, and even under more infelicitous circumstances than those which had attended their former occupation. Then, they had anticipated a branded muir-fowl, with honourable attendance; now, speedy execution and a short shrift were broadly hinted at; and in those days, the summary disposition of minions of the law upon the Borders, would occasion no more surprise than drowning a bailiff excited in Connemara some thirty years ago.

From the crowded state of the apartment, and owing to the confusion incident to the hurried scene, for some minutes the boy escaped observation, until Lord Derwentwater inquired for his "elfin courier." All eyes followed the direction of the earl's, and the groom who held the torch, directed its red glare upon the remoter corner of the chamber. There, leaning against an oaken table, with his face averted from the company, the youth was standing; a drooping bonnet, such as shepherds wear, as effectually hiding his face, as the plaid concealed his figure.

"What, Pacelot!" exclaimed the earl, "art frightened, boy? Pshaw! thy fairy excellence has nought to fear, for all around thee are true friends. Come, let me introduce thee to them. Thou kindly elf, who left thy gambols by merry moonlight to warn two liege men of their peril. Nay, thou bashful thing." The boy recoiled when he felt the earl's hand upon his neck. "Thou must drink the king's

health, were it but in the shell of a hazel-nut." But still the boy modestly receded.

"Why, thou tiny traitor, darest thou refuse to pledge thy royal master?" A gentle struggle followed—the cap became displaced, and, in an unsuccessful attempt to prevent its falling, the plaid dropped also upon the ground. Lord Derwentwater started back a pace—for a profusion of rich brown hair fell in waving ringlets over a neck and bosom of marble whiteness.

"A woman, by Heaven!" exclaimed the startled nobleman.

"Oh! George, where are you? Will you not protect me?" cried the pseudo boy.

"That voice—gracious God! can it be possible?" exclaimed the earl's companion, springing forward, and next moment Rosalie Fairfax was folded in George Maxwell's arms, and sobbing on his breast.

### PART III.

GREAT was the astonishment of the Jacobite leaders on discovering that they had a concealed enemy in the room—and that the daughter of one of the most uncompromising upholders of the kirk, and consequently, a staunch supporter of the house of Hanover, had been listening to their deliberations. Derwentwater, whose gentle nature was proverbial, felt the painful position in which his friend was placed, and hastening to the recess, where the lovers stood apart from the conspirators, he said to him in a low voice—

"Go, George,—seek out a private chamber—and outside, the lady and I will await you."

Supported by her lover and the earl, with eyes downcast on the floor, Rosalie was led through the wondering crowd, who all respectfully made way for her; and after a few minutes' absence, Lord Derwentwater rejoined his companions.

"Well, gentlemen," he said with a smile, "What think ye of our opening adventure? I have seen such upon the stage, and read of them also, in romances, but, by the true lord! until to-night, I fancied these heart affairs were nothing but the mere coinage of crazy poets. But, love aside, now let us to weightier concerns. Ah! hang-dogs," he continued, as he turned an angry glance at the unfortunate admirers of brandered muir-fowl, "are ye not hanged yet? Why, Foster, you spoke of expedition, and hinted something about halters and an ash-tree, before I left the room."

"Indeed I did—but this amatory affair interrupted business: however, we can soon remedy lost time;" and turning to the doomed culprits, he coolly requested them to make up their minds to undergo an operation which circumstances required to be performed with immediate despatch. But it is marvellous how seldom men feel inclined to free themselves by hempen agency "from all the ills that flesh is heir to," and the grouse fanciers were no exception to a general rule. Loudly and earnestly they protested against strangulation—and finally, compromised for life, by betraying to the Jacobites every secret con-



nected with the royalists which they possessed. With border latitude, the horses and arms of the delinquents were at once confiscated to the uses of the state; and divers well-affected gentlemen, who had commenced the campaign, in the conviction of Jack Falstaff, that "linen would be found on every hedge," thought it advisable to commence operations by partitioning the contents of the saddle bags.

While over a stoup of claret—a runlet of which liquor had been ordered to the room—the proclamation of the deposed king, and an instant appeal to arms were decided on—a scene of very different description was being enacted in the little chamber whither Rosalie and George Maxwell had retired. The bright full moon threw a rich stream of silver light through an open casement, beside which, seated on her lover's knee, and encircled by his arm, the puritan's fair daughter was weeping bitterly.

"Rosalie," said the Master of Nithsdale, "What brought thee here to-night? That splendid moon which lights the heavens so gloriously was young, when you utterly rejected my love, and told me that hope was ended."

"Alas! George, well may you tax my wavering resolution; when I declined thy love I fancied I possessed a Roman heart, but too soon I found it was but woman's. Indeed, dear Maxwell, I dreamed not what I felt until the bitter parting, and, as I thought, for ever had occurred. Then I found existence without thee were a blank; and, that apart from thee, life were but a burthen."

"And you *do* love me, sweet Rosalie?"

"God knows, George, how entirely my affections are bestowed upon thee," was the reply.

"And would'st thou prove thy love, Rosalie?"

"What proof lackest thou, George?"

"Thy hand, Rosalie."

"Freely, George, shall it be given—but, on one condition;" and an embarrassing pause succeeded.

"Any consistent with my honour you have but to name, and"—

"Ah! that word *honour* blights my hopes, even before the wish is spoken."

"You would not ask me to renounce my faith, dear Rosalie?" inquired the Master.

"No, George—I would not urge thee to leave the path which in thy belief conducts to a better world, although, in mine, thy selection seems erroneous. In His own good time may thy delusion be removed! but until thy judgment were convinced, I would not attempt to influence thee. There be many mansions in our Father's house—and, in my poor opinion, George, there be many ways to find them."

"Blessings on thee, my gentle girl! thy very heresy I could worship," and with unusual ardour he pressed the loved one to his breast. "Ask what ye will, Rosalie, and it will joy me to answer ay."

"Then hear patiently, dearest, the terms on which my hand shall be thine. You know my father's wealth—and I am assured that he heaps gold on gold, only to dower me the more richly. I love him; fondly, fondly love him; and yet that love I feel for him, is

second to what I feel for thee ; and were it required, I would leave home, and wealth, and parent, and share thy humble fortunes."

"Oh, Rosalie, after such confession, could I refuse thee any thing ? Name thy request ; 'tis granted even before it is spoken."

There was a momentary silence ; at last the sweet puritan eagerly exclaimed,

"And wilt thou grant my wish ?"

"Assuredly, my loved one."

"Then shall I be thine, George ; heart and hand shall be pledged thee, and in honest faith. Renounce this wild and wicked project ; secede from this absurd conspiracy ; raise not the flame of civil strife ; strive not to force upon an unwilling nation a craven prince, and his dissolute associates : there is wickedness in the design—madness in the attempt."

"Rosalie," returned young Maxwell, with a sigh, "you fanned into life anew, hopes that were regarded as extinguished, and, with one brief sentence, they are crushed again. Hear me, ever dearest ! patiently, in return. Varied have been the fortunes of the house of Nithsdale ; at times, it basked in the smiles of royalty ; at others, it felt how changeable a monarch's favour is. It suffered from minions when in power ; it stood the feud of rival clans undamaged. In weal or woe one boast the Maxwells made—and that was their unshaken and devoted loyalty. They received gross injustice from the Sixth James—and still in his hour of need did my forefathers hold back ? No ; when that rash prince madly drew the sword and lost the flower of Scotland on red Flodden, three hundred of the house of Nithsdale died round the king they could not save. Reckless as that gay monarch was, he was in heart a hero—he died as a man should die ; and half his madness was obliterated by the determined gallantry with which he expiated his rashness on a lost battle-field—but strange as you may think it, Rosalie, I hold the degenerate aspirer to the throne of Britain lowly as you do yourself—but still, duty and loyalty command me to fling personal considerations to the winds, and, hopeless as the attempt may prove, die in an effort to restore him."

"Nay, George, this is false honour, altogether, and I will prove it such ; even from thine own words, thou sayest the pretender to the" —

"Stop, pretty Rosalie !" said Maxwell, with a smile ; "call him the Chevalier."

"Well, so be he entitled, an thou wilt have it thus. You admit him imbecile and worthless—and in the same breath you declare yourself ready to the death to support his claims, and force him on a nation who despise him."

"Rosalie, my attachment to the cause arises from principle, and not from personal consideration ; and were the royal exile once more seated on his throne, by Heaven ! my foot should never cross the gateway of St. James's. In the name of Stuart there is talismanic influence to sway a Maxwell. I am pledged—honour calls me ; and *coute qui coute*—whether the road I take end in a restoration, or, what is more likely far—the scaffold,—George Maxwell will not blench from the essay."

"Then, George, the word is spoken; and we part for ever. He who would raise his right hand on a battle-field against a father, shall never clasp his daughter's as a wife!"

The firmness with which the sentence was delivered told too plainly that, in purpose, Rosalie was resolute; and, while he felt unable to reply, a tap at the door without was followed by the entrance of Lord Derwentwater.

"News from thy brother, George! Nithsdale is arming; and, with two hundred Maxwells will cross the border by cock-crow in the morning. Warrants are out against half the gentry in Northumberland; and in ten minutes we must again be in the saddle. Dear lady, I lament that necessity makes me an unwilling herald to the parting of true love!"

"My lord," said the puritan's daughter, "no excuse is needed, for I was about to bid the Master a long farewell. By both, love's fancies must be forgotten. We meet, I trust, in heaven—for on earth, our intimacy has terminated."

"Nay, nay, fair Rosalie! What means this lovers' quarrel?"

"Time presses, as you say, my lord and the Master, at leisure, can explain the causes which forbid a thought on my part, save friendly wishes for his prosperity here, and Christian prayers for his future felicity."

She rose. Derwentwater looked astonished; while Maxwell caught her hand—

"Rosalie! and *will* you leave me?"

The deep and anguished tone of voice in which it was delivered, gave to the brief sentence an indescribable effect.

"God knows, most unwillingly, George! The first feelings of attachment which grow with our growth are difficult to conquer."

"In the name of every thing incomprehensible," exclaimed the earl, "what means this?"

"It means, my lord, that the Master asked my hand, obtained my hand, and now declines to receive the gift—if aught so poor may thus be termed."

"And, Rosalie, didst thou in truth consent to wed my friend?" inquired the earl, with eagerness.

"Yes, my lord; and in your presence I promise to become his wife, quick as holy rites can bind us, and he will but grant the simple favour that I asked," replied the lady.

"What ho! George! and could'st thou deny that pretty pleader aught?"

"The wildest wish that romance imagined, could life achieve it—and she but named it—I should hold a light condition; but I cannot accept happiness at the expense of"—

"What, George?"

"Loss of honour, Derwentwater!"

A step came hurriedly along the passage, and a voice exclaimed without, "Why loiter ye? Mean you that Carpenter's dragoons shall close our career, almost before it opens? A trusty gentleman, who has just arrived, saw from the copse in which he hid himself a strong regi-

ment pass eastward, and only two miles from this. Hasten! The troop is mounted!"

"Rosalie! dear girl!" said the earl, tenderly, "thou hast heard what Foster announces, and I must leave you. Part not in displeasure with my friend. Extend pardon to one, whom I call heaven to witness loves you most faithfully; and, ere the moon wanes, he shall return and lay his laurels at the feet of his sweet mistress!"

"Laurels!" exclaimed the fair puritan, contemptuously, as the earl left the room. "None can be gathered beneath the banner of rebellion."

Before ten minutes passed, receding horse-steps announced that the Jacobites had departed; and soon after, where here and there the moonlight broke through the wooded valley extending between the lonely hostelry and the domicile of Mr. Fairfax, a solitary pair might have been discovered, slowly pacing along the green-sward indistinctly marked by the horse tracks of the wayfarers. One, mounted on a palfrey, seemed a boy; the other walked by the youth's side, with his own bridle-rein hanging across his arm, and his hand resting on the housing of his companion's saddle. It was Maxwell and his mistress: and, had wide Northumberland been searched, two sadder hearts could not be found. They reached a moonlit glade, when Rosalie, pointing to a cottage, said, in a low, broken voice, "There is the forester's cottage, George. We must separate."

"And can you—*can you* leave me thus?" replied the rejected youth, in tones that betrayed the agony that attends a lover's parting.

"It is a duty, and involves a heavy sacrifice of feelings long and ardently indulged. But it must be, George."

"Oh, Rosalie! cast me not from thee. Cannot my sufferings move thee? What can I do to win thee? To gain a hand I would not barter for a crown—what shall"—

"Come with me to the hall," she exclaimed, ere the sentence was completed. "Say to my father that you consort no longer with insurgents. I ask thee neither to bewray their secrets, or even band against them in the field. Come with me. Only renounce this wicked and mad conspiracy, and I promise that, ere midnight strikes, I will wring from the old man an immediate consent to take thee for a son, or—and it will cost me dear to do it—I swear to quit my father's house, and become thy wife, even were I to earn subsistence by menial labour."

A more desperate alternative never tested the moral resolution of a brave and enthusiastic spirit; and such was George Maxwell's. Beauty, love, wealth—all were freely offered; and for what? Fealty to an exiled prince, whom he thoroughly despised, and the abandonment of an attempt, which he himself was well assured would prove a disastrous experiment. The master of Nithsdale continued silent for a minute—a fearful struggle raged for mastery in his bosom; and Rosalie, with the keen perception of a woman, remarked the secret conflict. Stooping her head to Maxwell's, as he leaned against the shoulder of her jennet, she gently laid her lips to his, and murmured, "Dearest George, could'st thou tear thyself from one who loves thee so devotedly as I do?"

The kiss was burning on his lips; the supplicating glance of an

eye, whose lustrous black in the moonlight sparkled like a brilliant, was turned on his; and an arm, whose statue-like proportions would shame the sculptor's, encircled his neck. What was the decision of the Master never transpired; and whether love or loyalty had triumphed, remained a secret in the breast, in which their struggle for supremacy occurred; when suddenly, a horseman issued from a side path in the copse-wood; and so light had been his charger's foot-fall on the turf, or so absorbed the lovers by a passage in a life, on which the future colour of existence was dependent, that neither noticed the stranger's approach until he reined his horse up within a dozen paces.

"Who goes there?" exclaimed the Master, in a startled voice.

"One," returned the rider, "who merely desires to ask a simple question. Which is the road, and what the distance to Wooler?"

"Heavens! can it be? Nithsdale!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the horseman, pushing his horse forward, and drawing his weapon from his holster. "Thou know'st me, and I would fain we started on equal terms. Who is it that I address?" and peering for a moment in the Master's face, he continued, "Holy saints! George Maxwell, or his wraith!"

"Nay, no ghost, brother," replied the Master with a sigh.

"And what do you here, may I inquire, masquerading as it would seem by moonlight?" returned the earl in anger. "You, who by report were with Foster and James Ratchiffe. Who is this boy? Where be our friends?"

"I'll lead thee to them in half an hour," returned the younger Maxwell.

"Then all is ended," said the Master's companion. And before Lord Nithsdale could ask a question, Rosalie had reached the forester's, tapped at the wicket with her riding rod, and the door opened and closed again, as if by magic influence.

"What means all this?" the earl demanded.

"Nothing, William—but that for life I shall be a miserable man. Follow me. I know the path right well, for often have I ridden it in happier hours, and on a more gentle errand. Rosalie," he exclaimed, looking at the door in the domain wall through which she had disappeared—"Rosalie, farewell for ever! Follow me, William."

Striking spurs into his horse, he led the way through a wooded avenue with which he seemed perfectly familiar, until after a short ride through forest-land, the brothers debouched from the copse upon the highway, and in a few minutes, overtook their confederates in march to Wooler.

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An attempt so rashly undertaken was still more feebly carried out. In another place its outline is given—and it will be sufficient to remark, that Foster, whose conduct all through had been marked by indecision, consummated his folly by allowing himself to be shut up by General Carpenter in Preston. To barricade an open town was only a temporary expedient—but as the investing force was cavalry, it succeeded in procrastinating, what the besieged insurgents knew well, would prove an inevitable event. The first assault made by the royalists was

bloodily repulsed; and at the barrier defended by the Maxwells, the dragons sustained a heavy loss. The tall figure of the Master of Nithsdale was seen always in the thickest of the *mêlée*; and, for years afterwards, men spoke of George Maxwell as bravest of the brave. Alas! how seldom is the secret spring of human action openly developed. The Master's was natural courage excited to desperation—to him life was less than indifferent; he felt it but a burden which he wished to have removed; and where could he part with a worthless existence in keeping with his martial name so fitly as on a battlefield?

An unconditional surrender placed most of the Jacobite leaders in the hands of government, but a few effected an escape, and George Maxwell was of the number. Heading and hanging, according to the condition of the criminals, succeeded. Derwentwater and Kenmure suffered upon Tower Hill; but through the heroism of his devoted wife, Lord Nithsdale escaped from the Tower, on the night preceding the morning upon which he was sentenced to lose his head.

For nearly six months, and throughout a severe and dreary winter, the Master was a wanderer in the Cheviots. His small stock of money was soon exhausted; and to his gun, and the rude hospitality of the mountaineers, he was indebted for the means of living. To conceal himself he never resorted to any shifts,—and from the bold and reckless manner in which he exposed himself in pursuit of game, it was held miraculous how he escaped arrest so long. Another circumstance was most honourable to these wild people—although half the herdsmen knew his name and rank, not one of these “nature's gentlemen” could be tempted to play him false, by the large reward offered by government for his apprehension.

What Rosalie suffered was endured in private—for in her father's presence she maintained her customary, even, and unexcited bearing. But a cheek once carmined by the flush of health began to fade, the smile that spoke its morning welcome to her father sickened, the diamond sparkle of her eye grew lustreless; and Mr. Fairfax, who loved his only child almost to idolatry, began to tremble for her life. Had any additional cause tended to increase Rosalie's misery more than another, it was the persecution she endured from De Bolam, who, encouraged by the exile of his rival, coarsely urged his pretensions to her hand. For a time she merely declined his addresses—but wearied out by his importunities, at last she urged her father either to interdict his offensive visits, or, when they were made, to permit her to remain secluded in her own apartments. In almost every human character there will be alloy discoverable. The old puritan's besetting sin was a hankering after wealth. He fancied that in conferring De Bolam's enormous fortune on his daughter, he was securing the happiness of his child; and it was after a heavy conflict of feeling, that Fairfax made up his mind to decline a wealthy son-in-law.

“Mr. Bolam,” he said, for like modern parvenues, the butcher's son had Normanized a plebeian name; but it was an alteration which the honest scruples of Mr. Fairfax declined adopting—“Mr. Bolam, it is idle to combat with my daughter's feelings. I believe were the throne

of England offered her, that while George Maxwell lived, she never would plight hand and faith to any other."

There are some whom the expression of woman's dislike would cure of any feeling of affection for her who contemned his love. De Bolam had a mind oppositely constructed—and the stronger her aversion was manifested to his person, and the more decidedly his advances were rejected, the more fixed his determination became to gain the hand of Rosalie. The Master of Nithsdale, as he had long suspected and was now assured, had presented a barrier to his hopes; and no matter what expense it might involve, that barrier should be removed.

We introduced Messieurs Jones and Napper, a few pages since, in the persons of the grouse-fanciers at the hostlerie; and it is only necessary to say, that the calling they had just then adopted, and which, in its first essay, had proved so unsatisfactory, had since become a more profitable concern; and that in the arrest of Jacobites, or supposed ones, and in connecting the chain of evidence for their condemnation when required—the lost link being supplied by perjury—Jones and Napper carried on a brisk and profitable trade. To these excellent and useful men, Mr. De Bolam made application. They came to his house by special appointment; and after dinner, the aspirant to the fair hand of Rosalie Fairfax opened the negotiation over a stoup of Burgundy.

"And what would'st thou give, squire, to secure the Master in Carlisle?" said the butcher-looking of the twain, whose appellation was Jones.

"A hundred pieces of newly-coined Georges."

"Would ye not double it," inquired Mr. Napper, "were the thing done out of hand?"

"I wish it so," returned the host. "Lay the Master in Carlisle within ten days, and I'll agree to give thee two hundred."

Napper directed a speaking glance at his confederate—and then replied that the business should be done, if possible, within the week, and the conclave ended.

Unconscious, nay, reckless of the plot, or indeed of any plot that might be formed against his life, wearied with a long day's exercise, and by the additional toil of carrying a fine roebuck from a distant valley where he had shot it, right gladly did the Master hail the flickering light that scintillated, as the surface rose or fell, from the casement of his humble resting place. He pressed up the hillock on which the sheeleeine stood: no anxious boy was watching to explore what his hawking bag contained; nor did the vigilant sheep dogs announce his return by their friendly barkings. He entered the kitchen, and the roe deer suspended across his shoulders elicited no smile from the housewife. The herdsman was hanging over a dead dog; and the big drops fell from his cheeks upon the hearth stone—while the gude-wife and the weans were endeavouring to pour warm milk down the throats of the other dogs, who, poor animals, were now writhing in their last convulsions.

"What means this, Sandy? What misfortune has befallen the dogs?"

"Heaven alone can tell," sobbed the herdsman. "Maister o' Nithsdale, I'm ruined oot an oot. Oh! Laddie, Laddie!" and he turned a desponding look at his dead favourite. "Where could thy fellow ha be found?"

In a few minutes the mortal agonies of the other dogs were ended; and Sandy carried his dead companions out, and laid them until morning in a shed that joined the house. Maxwell retired to the little recess he occupied, brought from it the remnant of a Dutch bottle, and the contents were liberally shared with the shepherd and the gudewife.

"Sandy," said the Master, "you named my name, and I will not pretend to gainsay it. Broken as the fortunes of our house are, I'll give thee a few lines to the hills above Caerlaverock, and thou shalt return with the best sheep dogs on the border."

"Mony thanks, my noble sir. Weel know I the canty tykes ye ha there. But, Oh! Maister! to lose my ain faithfu' companions,—those that in sna or sunshine never wandered from my side. Conscience, mon; I beg yer honour's pardon for swearing—but ye ken it's a sair trial. I ha heard o' men losing an old joe, an some rich carl takin' by weight o' goold the lassie they had loo'd fra infancy."

A deep sigh burst from the Master; but, suppressing his emotion, Maxwell observed that, as he had quitted the cabin before day-light, he should wish to hear what had occurred, and how the calamity could be accounted for.

The puir tykes must ha crossed groon on which the fairies danced yes'treen," said the gudewife.

"Or been adder-bitten," rejoined the herdsman.

"Neither, neither," exclaimed the Master. "One of these conjectures is absurd, the other improbable. Had ye any travellers passing through these wilds to-day?"

"None. No foot darkened the door syne the gudeman took the hill at cock-crow."

"Hold," said the shepherd. "Noble sir, a strange occurrence happened me. I was lying on the hill-side, looking at the lambs which we changed from anither quarter, as they ha not settled yet, when a gipsy woman crassed the know, and set hersel doon beside me. She asket some questions anent the road to Chillingham; and, as the lambs were wanderin', I rose from time to time to keep them in my sight. Once, when I suddenly crossed the hillock, I saw her thra a bittock to the doggies, an then she rose an left me. One thing struck me as remarkable. She said she was bent for Berwick, but she took the road to Chillingham."

"Friend Sandy," said the Master, "that felon gipsy was the poisoner, and she sped the poor animals by arsenic. But we must devise means to make good thy loss to-morrow."

The Master took his rushen light and retired to the miserable closet he called, in bitterness of spirit, chamber.

George Maxwell was reckless of life as men are who feel it valueless; but still he had a strong aversion to undergo a quiet martyrdom, and was fully resolved that his mortal coil should not be shuffled off without a fearful *éclat*. The downfall of his own prospects, hopes, and



happiness had been followed by the ruin of his family ; and, strange feeling as it might appear, not valuing existence at a pin's fee, he had determined to render up a disregarded life at a price far beyond its value. As was his custom, he laid his naked rapier at his side, and placed his pistols within instant grasp, if needed. His Spanish gun was carefully reloaded ; and a couple of invaluable deer-hounds, which he had obtained from the confiscated property of his brother, rested at his feet. Dog and master slept alike ; for, sooth to say, the bed of both was heather.

While the shepherd and his wife attributed the death of the sheep dogs to causes alien to the true one, the Master felt a strange suspicion, that he was in some way connected with the inhuman deed. It is marvellous how coolly men in desperate circumstances look to results from which others would recoil.

"They want my head," he muttered with a bitter smile, "to substitute on London Bridge or Carlisle Gate for my brother's. But, on my conscience, the pou\* shall cost more than the carcass is worth altogether, as they say across the border."

We must, to connect the incidents of the tale, return to Mr. de Bolam and his myrmidons, Jones and Napper. When the invitation from the former was received, on that very morning an intelligent spy communicated to his employers his discovery of the Master of Nithsdale's concealment in the Cheviots. The fellow was a travelling peddler—and in the course of his peregrinations he had frequently been at Caerlaverock, and knew George Maxwell at a glance. The surprise and delight of the man-hunters were alike, when De Bolam offered an enormous price for the apprehension of a person which they would, as a matter of business, have effected in a day or two—and the scoundrels kept their secret to themselves.

"He must not know that we earn the reward so easily," observed Mr. Napper to his associate. "Though he's rich as a Jew, he's close-fisted as a pawnbroker. No, no, friend Jones, we'll let a day or two pass over before we tell him we can grab his rival."

"I am delighted to clear scores with him, at last," was the reply ; for d—n me ! that rap upon the knuckles which the Master gave me at the hostelrie I never can forget. Write to De Bolam, and give him hope that, by enormous expense, and the employment of half a hundred agents, you expect to trace the lurking-place of his rival—curse his presumption ! He—once a butcher's boy, and ugly as a scarecrow—to dream of Rosalie Fairfax !"

Great was Mr. de Bolam's satisfaction at reading the letter from Napper ; but greater still, when, a few evenings afterwards, the man-hunters rode to his gate, and demanded an instant audience.

"What news, my friends ?"

"Better than we dared to hope for—and that so speedily. The buck, is lodged," was the answer.

"Say ye so ? Fill thy glass, Master Jones ; and I drink to thy health, in return for thy intelligence. When do ye purpose to arrest the traitor ?"

\* *Scotticè*—the head.

"Whenever your worship pleases," said Mr. Jones.

"Instantly—no delay—marry, this evening."

"There are some preliminary matters to be settled," said Mr. Napper, with a cough or two. "The price of capture is regularly agreed upon; but in these affairs an advance to meet expenses is customary."

"Think ye I will go back one guinea in the sum I promised?" inquired De Bolam, angrily.

"Nay, honoured sir, not one shilling. But,"—in one word, we are men of business, exclaimed Jones, interrupting his companion, "and we always look for half our fee in hand."

"It shall be given," said de Bolam, unlocking a scrutoire, and producing a bag of gold—"that is, on one condition."

"Name it!" exclaimed both scoundrels in a breath.

"That I accompany ye," was the reply.

"And do you suppose we would play you false?"

"No—I hold you to be men of honour," said De Bolam, but in a tone of voice which sounded most equivocally; "but you let him slip before."

"I see no objection to the squire making one of the party," observed Napper; a remark his companion assented to. The money was told down—another flask was drunk—and the same hostelrie, where the human bloodhounds had first met the intended victim, was named as the place of rendezvous at dusk the following evening.

"Stay," exclaimed De Bolam, as his myrmidons were leaving the room; "what help have ye? Maxwell is desperate, and therefore doubly dangerous. They say that at Preston he fought liker a devil than a man."

"We will take him unawares, if possible," returned Mr. Napper; "and, for that purpose, I will send Rachel at daylight into the hills to poison the sheep dogs. Curse them! a mouse could not move without their hearing it."

"Marry, an excellent precaution. But if surprise should fail?" continued De Bolam.

"I take with me half a dozen gipsy poachers, who value a man's life at the current rate of a rabbit's," was the reply.

"And should the Master offer resistance?"

"They will despatch him with as little ceremony as they would stick a leister in a salmon."

And with this comfortable assurance the men-hunters took their departure.

#### PART IV.

It was midnight—and midnight in the Cheviots is exquisitely lonely. Not a breath of wind moved the heather; and, though a bowshot distant, the ripple of the burn was heard distinctly. There was no moon; but the stars were unusually brilliant. After a severe day's exercise, it might have been expected that the Master would have slept soundly as the tired hounds who were snoring at his feet—but coming events

threw their shadows before—and his slumbers were broken. A window—if an unglazed port-hole might be termed so—gave a scanty supply of light and air to his sleeping place—the air might cool the current of his fevered blood—and Maxwell rose, pulled out the heath which stopped the opening in the wall, and looked out on the dark outline of the Cheviots.

The more he reflected on the mysterious poisoning of the sheep dogs, the more he felt convinced that mischief was intended against himself. None would injure a harmless herdsman—the foul fiend himself would recoil from villany so gratuitous. Fifty yards in front of the sheeliene, the ground swelled gently; and as his eye carelessly swept the outline between him and the starlit sky, a human figure rose above the heath, and crowned it. Another, and another, followed—until the Master reckoned half a score. He was betrayed—that could not be questioned; and he instantly disposed his weapons on his person, which was but partially undressed, and prepared for desperate resistance. Wrapped in profound obscurity, from his small port-hole he could observe every movement of the foemen.”

“Yes,” he muttered between teeth clenched in firm determination, “never had desperate man a nobler opportunity of making a bloody exit from the troublous stage of life than I. They think to find a *couchant* deer and easy prey; but they had better ventured on the wild-est bull in Chillingham.”

Grouped together on the hillock, the strangers seemed to hold consultation how they should best approach a house, in which, as they believed, every inmate was asleep. Three or four of the party separated themselves from the remainder, and advanced with the evident intention of securing the rear against escape, were there door or window to permit it. The others came forward cautiously—and in a minute they were so close to the opening in the wall where the Master stood, that he could hear their deep breathings distinctly. One of them gently raised the latch, and announced in a suppressed voice that “the door was fastened.”

“In with it at once,” was answered in a whisper; and as Maxwell changed his position to one that commanded the entrance of the house, the door came crashing in. A man entered—a loud explosion followed—there was a fall—a rush—a call of lights! lights!—all these were occurrences of three seconds. The leader—who proved afterwards to be Mr. Jones—had not carried life to the floor; for the buck-shot with which the Master’s gun was loaded had passed through the scoundrel’s body, and lodged in the wall behind. Those of the assailants next to the dead man stumbled over the body; while, profiting by the darkness and confusion, young Maxwell jumped, sword in hand, into the outer room, lunging with his rapier right and left, and, from wild exclamations, which followed each pass, inflicting injury at every thrust. His advantage over his enemies was, in truth, a deadly one. In a *mêlée*, and that, too, in the dark, the odds against him were unavailing. Every thrust he made was surely at an enemy; while his opponents hesitated to strike, lest in the obscurity and confusion the blow might fall upon a friend. The deer-hounds added to the uproar; for, spring

ing from their resting place on the first alarm, they took part in the affray, and furiously attacked the assailants of their master.

Maxwell's design was to gain the heath, if possible; and once his foot was fairly on it, he had little dread of effecting an escape. He knew the locality well, and his reliance was in himself. In happier times none could surpass the Master at any feat which required activity and endurance—adversity had confirmed natural advantages, by frequent calls upon both; and on these must now be his sole dependence. An opportunity to reach the door presented itself; he sprang over a prostrate body and crossed the threshold. Several pistol-shots, fired at random, missed him: but here fortune deserted the Master. The party who had gone to the rear of the sheeliene, hearing the affray, had hurried to the front, and hence four men unexpectedly confronted the fugitive. Nothing daunted, Maxwell leaped desperately among them, when a stroke from behind stretched him on the earth. His felon assailants took care that he should not gain his legs again—for they rained blows upon their prostrate antagonist until he had become insensible.

When consciousness returned, the Master found himself in the herdsman's kitchen, and resting in the arms of the gudewife, who was wiping the blood away from several deep wounds in the head. Lights had been obtained—for with these the party had come provided—and on looking wildly round, George Maxwell had no reason to complain that vengeance had not been satisfied. Jones was dead at his feet, and De Bolam expiring in the corner, from a rapier wound through which the bowels had protruded. Of the gipsy confederates who had accompanied the dead and dying scoundrels, all had been injured less or more; indeed, the only actor in the late affray who had escaped intact, was Mr. Napper, and that for the simplest reason in the world—because he took especial care not to enter on the scene of action until the affair was over. One thing affected the Master more than all beside: his faithful deer-hounds were dead beside him; for they fought so desperately that the ruffians were obliged to destroy them.

“My poor dogs!” exclaimed the Master; “and were you butchered for your fidelity?”

“Ay,” replied a savage-looking gipsy, who was binding up a hand desperately lacerated by the hound's teeth; “and we would have played thee the same trick, only that for thy living carcass, safely delivered at Carlisle, we will get fifty guineas—for thy head not a bawbee”——

“I know thy face well, thou poaching scoundrel; not six months since I freed thee from the stocks: an I live, I'll not forget thee, villain.”

“Right,” returned the tinker; “'twas wise to put that provision in. Before I dread thy feud, Master of Nithsdale, provide thee with another neck—for Jock hangman makes sure wark.”

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Half dead, Maxwell was carried from the hills in a rude litter, and delivered to the commandant in Carlisle. The last special commission had emptied the castle tolerably; for one of the most sanguinary judges that England had produced presided at the past assize, and capital conviction followed as a consequence on arraignment. George Maxwell,

before the next commission, recovered from his injuries, which, for a time, were expected to prove fatal: and early in February, 1716, it was officially announced that his trial would immediately take place.

A change had come over the spirit of the times; and the most virulent whigs thought, that if blood must be the penalty of rebellion, more than sufficient to meet the ends of justice had been shed. The Jacobites were now a broken party. Mar, in the highlands, had proved as imbecile as Forster had in Northumberland—and the rash *émeute* only established the contemptible character of the old Pretender, and the feebleness of his adherents. Offenders were now less rigorously prosecuted, and many of the minor delinquents were allowed to remain at large. But for many causes George Maxwell had no reason to expect, that towards him, the government would relax aught of its severity, as he was esteemed by the whigs a talented and dangerous man. At Preston, the repulse of Carpenter's dragoons was entirely attributed to his devoted bravery; and the puritans blessed God that the leadership of the insurgents had been entrusted to Forster, and not to Maxwell. His brother's singular escape from the Tower, and the successful evasion of his sentence, was also unfavourable to the Master; but the desperate resistance he had offered when arrested, and the death of De Bolam, a magistrate, and Jones, a king's officer, exasperated the feelings of the authorities more deeply: and all these circumstances united, appeared conclusive in sealing the Master's fate.

To the eternal infamy of those brutal days be it recorded, that the wretched criminals, when incarcerated, were left to starve, or merely drag existence on, until the halter or an acquittal delivered them, by the chance assistance which humane individuals might bestow. When the Master was lodged in the castle of Carlisle, a solitary guinea was his only dependence; and on the second evening, that guinea was reduced to a shilling—but the royalist commander was a soldier and a gentleman, and he delicately intimated to his prisoner, that he would feel gratified in supplying his wants. While the officer who bore the message was in the room, the jailer entered, and handed the Master a little packet. He broke the seal: the direction was unknown to him—within there was a purse containing twenty pieces—and an intimation, that ere that supply would be expended, another should follow it. The Master never hesitated in appropriating the money. It came, doubtless, from some timid relative, who feared to compromise his safety by holding open communication with one whose personal and political character were held so dangerous as George Maxwell's.

Frequent supplies of money followed the first; and Maxwell dispensed them with a free hand among the Jacobite prisoners who were destitute. In a prison, then, the influence of money was paramount; and the Master of Nithsdale seemed to have the castle at his command.

Two days before his arraignment, a packet containing fifty pieces was delivered, with an intimation that it should be used in feeing lawyers to defend him. Maxwell sent for the most eminent on that circuit—gave them a noble fee—and told them to assist any poor devil who was over desirous of escaping.

The morning came—the Master was arraigned, and to the usual inquiry he boldly pleaded “guilty!” He was urged to recall his plea; “No,” he replied; “I would not save life, were that possible; by falsehood. Could I deny in this court what five hundred witnesses can establish?”

Nothing remained but to pass the usual sentence of death, embowelling, and dismemberment; and these the prisoner listened to with grave and dignified composure. Carelessly, a lawyer whom he had feec to defend others, but whose services he had in his own case declined, cast his eye over the indictment, and suddenly springing up, he called for an arrest of judgment, as the document was materially defective. The judge—a humane man—took the parchment, and inspected it.

“It is but a technical error, and will avail not,” he observed,—“but, God forbid! feeble as the chance is, that I should refuse it to this unfortunate and misguided gentleman. Sentence shall be respited until the opinion of the law officers in London be obtained.”

In those days, to communicate with the English capital was an affair of time; and a fortnight must elapse ere the Master’s sentence could be confirmed or annulled. Any chance of the latter was held improbable; and George Maxwell, in full assurance that his days were numbered, applied himself with calm and manly fortitude to undergo the trial. Idolized by his fellow prisoners, and respected by every official in the castle, the last days of his captivity were by all rendered comfortable as the coercive system of that half-barbarous period would admit. All who required it had ready access to the Master; and none intruded on his privacy. The jailer had accommodated him with an apartment of his own—and Maxwell had no reason to complain of the additional restraint, to which those under sentence of death were then inhumanly subjected.

It was on the third evening after his condemnation, that the Master, seated in his solitary apartment, mused over the passages of his life. A pewter flagon filled with claret—for draught wine was then the custom—stood upon the table—and a religious book was turned down at the page where he had ceased perusing it.

“Ay,” he muttered, “the reasoning is shrewd—for, in sooth, all is vanity—I have tried all: love, loyalty, and ambition; and all have proved failures. I have outlived house, title, estates—and actually beggared, have subsisted on the charity of some unknown Samaritan. Well, Rosalie; by Heaven! I cannot but upbraid thee in my heart. Not one consoling line—not a farewell message. No matter:—life, I am weary of thee!—courage! half-a-score days will end my wretched history.”

A knock disturbed his gloomy reveries, and the jailer announced that a young gentleman was desirous of speaking with the Master of Nithsdale.

“Let him come up. ’Tis the son of that poor highland chief, no doubt, whom I was instrumental in saving at the past assize.”

Twilight had been creeping on: the chamber was gloomy; for the small casement was strongly interlaced with iron bars. Maxwell looked

carelessly at the visitor, and signing that he should be seated, pushed the flagon across the table.

“Drink, boy—thy heart is lighter than when we parted last.”

“It is heavier far,” returned a broken voice. “George, is it in this dungeon that I must visit thee?”

“That voice—Rosalie—sweet Rosalie!” and in a moment, his mistress was locked in the arms of her condemned lover.

“What induced thee to come here, Rosalie?”

“What else, but to smooth the last hours of the man I love—soothe his sorrows as I best can—and when the dread event is ended, follow to the grave—if one be allowed—all of mortal form that ever occupied this heart. Then will I retire from this world, until in another and a better, I shall, as my trust is, rejoin the lost one.”

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

Time wore on; and from the hour the castle gates were opened until they closed, Rosalie never left the Master. Powerful interest had been made in Maxwell's behalf; but Walpole, the English minister, was inflexible; and all the favour he could be induced to grant, was a commutation of the sentence into decapitation. This, to the Master was gratifying; for, proud of his name, his lineage, and the high position his now fallen family had occupied for centuries, he recoiled from the idea of suffering a felon death. If Rosalie, in happier days, had admired the character of her unhappy lover, in deep adversity she had still higher cause to estimate it. There was a grandeur in the calm fortitude with which he contemplated passing through the final ordeal. No idle levity, no affected indifference, marked his conduct—he prepared

“To die, as sinful man should die,  
Without parade, without display”—

and he whose reckless gallantry at Preston, and terrible resistance in the Cheviots, had commanded the wild admiration of the martial Borderers, might now be seen listening with devout attention to his confessor and his mistress, as both, according to different creeds, endeavoured to impart the grand truths of man's redemption.

Time passed: and from Mr. Fairfax, who had started off for London to use influence and money in the Master's favour, no tidings had been heard. Another and another day passed over, and at last the fatal morning came.

Over the parting of Rosalie and her lover, the veil will better be drawn; for although both taxed their fortitude, the last scene was truly agonizing. The garrison drums beat to arms; as a strong military demonstration always attended an execution, the place being a high ground without the walls. Presently the troops were under arms; and the sledge, drawn by a single horse, with all the apparatus of death, and the hateful functionary who inflicted it, drew up in the court-yard. The pious converse which the condemned was holding with his spiritual director, was interrupted by a knock upon the door,—the jailer entered—bowed with respect, and inquired, “when would the Master be ready?”

"I may answer in one of the mottoes of my family—'*Je suis prêt!*'"

The words were scarcely spoken, when a confused noise was heard from without the walls—a thrilling cheer succeeded—the castle gates, which had been previously closed, flew open—and a courier, on a reeking horse, dashed into the court-yard—drew a parchment from his bosom—presented it to the commanding officer—and exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Free pardon for the Master of Nithsdale! God save the king!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Twelve months passed; and in the ancient parlour of Holmdale-hall, a happy group were collected on St. Valentine's Eve, around a blazing wood fire. An old man sat in the chair of ease, resting his foot upon a hassock, and holding a fine child upon his knee, which the nurse had there deposited. A stout serving man was handing round spiced claret on a salver; and a youthful dame was gazing on her boy with all the delight a first-born brings a mother. Beside her sat a gentleman of gallant bearing; her hand was locked in his; and on him, ever and anon, her eyes turned proudly from her baby to his parent.

"George," said a sweet voice; "on this evening, a twelvemonth since, thy chamber in Carlisle, methinks, was not quite so comfortable. They say that plots are hatching—wilt thou, George?"—

"Embark in politics again?" replied the Master, not waiting until the sentence was completed. "No, Rosalie; I won what I coveted—thyself, wench—as a man of honour should; and trust me, I find the treasure far too valuable to peril it. When thou and our honoured father there become Jacobites, then—but not till then, will the Master of Nithsdale desert a happy home, and love, and Rosalie!"

END OF THE LEGEND.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

I CROSSED from the railway station at Grant's house to Coldingham in a common cart, as the exercise of the previous day had inflamed my wounded leg so much, that I was afraid to attempt on foot the moorlands I was obliged to travel. Unlike the beautiful pastoral hills which form the ranges of Cheviot and Lammermuir, nothing can be more bleak, cold, and miserable, than this barren and uncultivated waste, presenting as it does, a desolate contrast to the Lothians I passed through but an hour ago; a district over which the eye delights to range, where a surface of thousands of acres is loaded with ripe grain ready for the sickle, except where the yellow tint is relieved by the rich green of luxuriant turnip crops, or thriving plantations.

In the carriage from Edinburgh, I had for my *vis-à-vis* a learned Pundit in petticoats; and having unhappily betrayed myself by some Hibernicism, she marked me for a prey. Indeed, I was the only victim on whom to fasten. A Quaker from Leeds, when addressed, merely de-



livered himself of a monosyllable ; and a stout gentleman, in the opposite corner and a smoky coloured wig, went to sleep before we issued from the first tunnel, and had never opened an eye for thirty miles. Heaven is beneficent to favoured mortals ; and oh ! what a blessing it is to him who can sleep until he reach his destination, if he have piety in pattens at his side, or worse still—a she politician.

A number of Irishmen, or, as they call them, “navies,” were labouring on the line, and in little crooks and openings, they had established themselves and household goods. Their dwellings were small clay-walled cabins, covered with sods, and provided with an orifice through which a man could creep, intending to represent the door, and a hole above to vent the smoke to typify a chimney. What accommodation the interior afforded I cannot pretend to say ; but each of these wigwags was furnished with a wild-looking biped, with a pledge of married love in her arms, and a few three and four-year-olds at her foot.

“Can it be possible,” exclaimed the tall, thin, angular personage opposite me, and who, I feel convinced, was a descendant of Lesmahago, “that human beings could exist in hovels under which one would hesitate to house a cow. Have you, sir, ever seen such sties inhabited ?”

“Oh yes, madam : that is the prevailing order of Irish architecture.”

“Sir, I have been in the North, and I never saw any thing of that kind.”

“But, madam, have you been in Tipperary, Connaught, Connemara ?”

“No, sir.”

“Then, madam, you have not been in Ireland. Ulster is but a slice of Scotland and England shoved across the sea. It is denounced, disowned, tabooed by true Milesians—and that pleasant gentleman with a pickaxe in his hand, and a ventilator, not patented, that hat without a crown, upon his head,—he would not touch a ‘Northman’ with the tongs.”

“But, sir, why is this state of things ? Scarcely a century has passed since the Highlands were peopled with Catarans, the border overrun with thieves. What are their population now ? Thrifty, peaceable, sober, industrious and religious ;—why are not the Irish reclaimable ?

“Were it not unpolite to reply to a lady’s question in a dead language, I should say, ‘*Davus sum, non Œdipus.*’ which meaneth”—

“I perfectly comprehend you ; I speak Latin fluently.”

I started involuntarily—“speak Latin fluently.” What sins had I recently committed, that I should be shut up with an antiquated Blue, who had Terentius at her finger ends !

“But let me inquire what difference can exist between portions of the same island, and why Ulster should be prosperous and peaceful, while the West and South are wretched and disturbed ?”

“Why, madam, because the people are different in habits, mode of thinking, mode of life, and mode of faith, as the antipodes,” I replied.

“Proceed, sir,” said the lady.

“The Northman, madam, directs his enegies to the improvement of

his farm, if he be an agriculturist; of his business, if he be in trade. His house is clean and orderly within, and his garden has its simple flowers, its fruit trees, and its bee hive. His first care is to provide for the bodily wants of his progeny; his second, to educate them liberally as his means will admit, and their future walk in life may require. From the week's opening to its close, he labours at his vocation. He thinks that the canonization or martyrdom of a saint, is no reason why he should leave his plough in the furrow, or withhold the sickle from his corn; and if you reproved him for working upon Lady-day, he would ask you coolly, "would the Virgin pay his rent?" He reads the calendar with as much indifference as an old army list; and he will tell you without a blush, that he disbelieves that ever blessed Anthony took the devil by the nose; or that St. Francis gave him the strapado. He is generally heretical—thinks there is no sanctity in holy water, or sin in eating broiled bacon upon Friday. If the doctrines the minister he "sits under" do not please him, he goes to an opposition shop. In religion, he is a free-thinker—not, madam, in the common acceptance of the term—but he fancies that every man has a right to choose his own path to heaven. In the efficacy of human agency to smooth the road to heaven, he believes not; values the ring of the "scaring bell" as little as a dustman's; nor would care a brass button were as many candles extinguished against him in priestly wrath, as would set a chandler up in trade. In these opinions he lives—and when he goes to his account, he supposes that his audit would not be influenced at the bar above by the prayers of the Propaganda, ay, backed by the Pope himself."

"But, sir, what inference do you mean to draw?"

"None whatever; only to remark, that on the rent day you meet the Northman returning home with the agent's receipt in his pocket; and if you drop in after church or meeting on a Sunday, you will find a bit of beef in the pot, or a joint of mutton at the fire."

"I fear I speak to one labouring under prejudices which warp his judgment."

"No, madam, you speak to one who practically speaks from personal experience."

"Educate them."

"They won't have it."

"Employ them."

"Will they work?"

Carte and tierce the lady and I were interchanging homethrusts, when the engine began to grunt, the speed slackened, and we halted at the station, whence I was to strike into the hills. A slight obstacle, incident to every new railway, required a detention of five minutes—and anent the difference of opinion between the lady and myself, it carried out the old saw triumphantly, which insinuates that "one fact is worth a ship load of assertion."

Was I still in Scotland? ay, marry was I—but faith! every thing looked uncommonly Milesian. A couple of malefactors were sitting handcuffed in a cart; the rustic *posse* were in arms; and on the clerk's desk—*mirabile visu!*—were laid a case of pistols! The func-

tionary had his head bandaged; the assistant's hands were bound up in bloody rags; and an old man was having his head tied up in a cotton handkerchief. The tale was simple;—

The train before ours had brought a dozen reapers; they had paid only to the last station—and there was a difference of three-pence to be made up. It was of course, required, evaded, refused, but still properly insisted upon. In auld syne, the highlanders preferred steel to the circulating medium, and

“Instead of broad pieces, they paid with broad swords,”

and the lads of the sod instead of producing “the browns,” thought it better to strike the balance with a reaping-hook. On three defenceless men the ruffians threw themselves; and had not the *Hue and Cry* brought a number of harvesters to the rescue, it would be difficult to say whether the maiming they effected, might not have terminated in murder. In their ferocious eagerness to assail, they actually inflicted serious injuries on each other—and one ruffian was so desperately cut through the hand, that I should suppose it more than doubtful whether he will ever recover the use of it.”\*

I approached the carriage window, where the fair advocate of insulted Ireland was gazing on this novel spectacle to a Scottish eye—bloody heads and handcuffed criminals.

“Madam,” I said, “behold another proof of Saxon oppression. Compel the finest peasantry upon earth to conform to the regulations of a railway! men, born ‘great, glorious and free,’ stoop to monetary restrictions! See yonder martyrs bound for Dunse—and doubly united by patriotic feelings and half a pound of iron. And for what? Gracious heaven! when will sassenaich tyranny end? When will young Ireland assume her place among nations, and like that star in the Columbian galaxy, pay and repudiate as she thinks proper? Oh my country! I mourn over thy degradation!”

“All right,” cried the guard. The lady who discoursed Latin and not music, threw her head back, I suspect a little bothered in her theories. The Quaker looked on imperturbably; and the man in the sooty wig, awakened by the delay, peevishly inquired, “what the devil meant the stoppage?” A whistling noise was answered by a grunt from the engine, and away went the train—leaving the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab—for the lady was an off-shoot from the peerage it appeared—to determine, whether a slice from a reaping-hook could be considered a legal discharge for three-pence sterling.

The waste I traversed this forenoon is of Connemara appearance; only that the few houses scattered over it, here and there, have doors, windows, and chimneys, of legitimate materials. The panes are not glazed with a discarded *caubeine*, nor the door blocked up with an old mat, or a rickety piece of basket-work. Still it has an Irish look; and, save the redeeming traits of Scotch improvement, which a few healthy and well kept plantations give it, you might fancy yourself in Achill

\* This brutal affair occurred at the Grant's house station on the 22d August, 1846. The detail is undercoloured, for a more savage assault was never committed by a pack of cowardly barbarians, without the pretext of a cause.

or Ballycroy. The surface is sour, wet, and would require a heavy outlay to reclaim it; but where every inch of the lowlands which environ it, are highly cultivated, why should this district be neglected? "The child who many fathers share," seldom is nursed over tenderly; and, as these moorlands are partitioned among many other productive estates, save in plantations, little trouble has been taken to turn them to account.

From the information of my guide and landlord—for Moffat discharged the double duty—these wastes were originally, rather squatted on than tenanted. Forty or fifty years since, there was nothing in the shape of a human habitation, beyond the sheeleeine of a shepherd. But wanderers from the Highlands and the "ould country," from time to time squatted down, paying the proprietor a nominal rent. They cut peats for monetary supplies, and grew corn, potatoes, and a few patches of turnips, for home consumption. The returns of their stunted crops are very unproductive; and save that they are comfortably clad and housed, to all appearance a more wretched rural population could not be found in the Scottish lowlands; in Ireland, however, they would be considered a fine tenantry, for they have always a sufficiency of food, and are proprietors of both sheep and black-cattle.

This mountain district, like the lower country, is profoundly peaceable; and the orderly conduct of its inhabitants proves the moral advantages of example. When those who occupied it first sought a settlement here, these wastes seemed likelier to be selected by banditti as an asylum, than for the purposes of the agriculturist: nor were those who located themselves less wild than the home they had adopted. If the assertion be correct, that climate and scenery have a powerful influence on human character, this desolate and dreary moorland would be ill calculated to soften down a Celtic community. But from the industrious and orderly habits of the surrounding population, those of these wanderers took tone; and from the Tay to the Tweed, there is not a more inoffensive people than the mixed community who have settled on Coldingham muir.

This village—for Coldingham can scarcely be called a town—presents a strange appearance to a traveller. It is a collection of irregular dwellings, mobbed together in three or four short and crooked streets, some presenting you a full front, others favouring you only with a gable, and all exhibiting a free-agency in the builder, which showed that in the employment of his stone and mortar he was perfectly untrammelled, and might do what he pleased with his own. A modern cross stands in the central row of houses: and this is the full description of a place, once considered so important, as to be marked upon Ptolemy's map of Britain. When the priory was erected, the town naturally increased, and royal visits, not few, but frequent, and a flourishing wool market, with an annual fair, raised its population above that of any other town in the sheriffdom. In 1371, Douglas, Lord Justiciary, held his court here, on account of the superior accommodation which *its lodgings and numerous inns* afforded to the *posse commitatus*, and those whom this important assize collected throughout the bailiwick. Previous to the Reformation, and late as the year 1560, Coldingham was

Lord Grey's headquarters when marching to besiege Leith; and during the night that he halted, six thousand soldiers were lodged and refreshed by the inhabitants. A company of foot, I fear, would now tax its resources severely.

Such is the town: but where is the proud priory founded by Edgar; gifted royally by David; enriched by numerous grants from succeeding monarchs and pious nobles; endowed with privileges second only to those of the crown: an establishment once covering an area of ten acres;\* and from its wealth, its rights, and high position among abbeys, considered a fitting appenage even for a king's son? See that Saxon arch of red freestone, whose keystone I can touch with my cane, and yon half-score yards of crumbling masonry near it,—and except that portion of the ruined priory devoted to the exercise of the religion of those who issued its “delenda”—in these fragments, behold all that remains of haughty Coldingham! Read the lesson those mouldering stones convey, and “lay it to your heart!”

Would I could believe that penance purified the flesh, and I should say the last year's peccadilloes which I committed are obliterated. Alas! in a fish diet I have no faith; nor do I think the water cure would prove specific—although I am on the spot where Saint Cuthbert proved its efficacy.† But I would recommend a true believer to cross Coldingham moor in a cart, and he may sleep—if half-dislocated bones allow it—in perfect assurance, that in heaven's chancery his account stands cleared.

I have just returned from sainted ground—the shore where Ebba of blessed memory landed, and Cuthbert commenced his miraculous career. In early ages, one would fancy that sanctity and navigation went hand in hand, and it would be hard to decide whether the saint's cruise in his coffin, or the lady's run from the Humber in an open boat, were the greater nautical achievement. The grassy promontory, from which I viewed as wild and romantic an outline of rock and headland as can be well imagined, is also holy—for in favour of Edelthryda, the consort of King Egfrid, heaven introduced an artificial canal for a week, and made this promontory an island.

Bede's account is rather comical, but no doubt very correct. The lady had a brace of husbands; but “the venerable” declares, that with both of them there was a sort of “*a thoro*” understanding. The king finding the lady determined upon keeping a separate apartment, and wishing for a succession to the crown, allowed her at last to turn nun; but just as she reached St. Abbs, his majesty, who had changed his

\* “The ruins of the cloisters, and other buildings, scattered around the church, are said to have been formerly so extensive and labyrinthine, that it was reckoned a feat of no ordinary difficulty for a person led among them blindfolded to make his way out from amongst them”—*History of Coldingham Priory*.

† Bede says, that Cuthbert, instead of going to bed, adopted the cool contrivance of passing the night at prayer, up to his neck in water. A brother monk, curious to know how the young saint employed himself, watched him to the sea-side, and observed his aquatic orisons. When these were ended, and Cuthbert came on shore, a couple of seals issued from the deep, and having warmed his feet with their breath, and allowed him to make a towel of their skins, they scuttled quietly into the ocean, having been requited for their civility by the holy youth's benediction.

mind, overtook his wife, determined to insist on conjugal restitution. Edelthryda had only time to run up St. Abbs, and implore the saints to insulate her citadel. The sea rose and filled the connecting valley; and Egfrid, recollecting the old adage, that "there is no use fencing against flails," left the lady to go to heaven her own way, and comforted himself with another gentlewoman.

Ebba, as the story goes, boarded and lodged the virgin widow, or wife, or virgin, for a twelvemonth. until she had erected a monastery in Ely, and set up business on her own account. Wilfrid, who had been Edelthryda's counsellor and confessor, came under the anger of the bereaved king; and, in a fit of royal rage, the prior was deposed, and imprisoned. Now mark the consequences of the laity sinfully intermeddling with holy church. Egfrid, with his bride Ermenburga, in the course of the tour which occupies the honeymoon in fashionable alliances, stopped at Ebba's monastery. Never dreaming of harm, the happy pair retired for the night, when the devil—no one could ever guess how the old scoundrel gained admission—slipped into the nuptial chamber, and horsewhipped Ermenburga within an inch of her life. The row disturbed the abbess; and lady Ebba assured her nephew Egfrid, that unless Wilfrid was set at liberty, and a bag of relics which his lady had prigged from the incarcerated bishop, were returned, his satanic majesty would nightly *cow-hide* her royal highness, and "no mistake." The king saw the necessity to knock under. The bishop was restored; his bag of bones was returned with a handsome apology; and tradition asserts that Ermenburga the following night slept as sound as a watchman.\*

Certainly, in those days, the devil must have had what, in privateering, is termed "a roving commission," and a holy man could scarcely slip his cable, without Apollyon intruding on the apartment: † in fact,

\* Bede.—*Vit. St. Cuth.* Cap. 10.

† Thomas de Melsonby, seventh prior of Coldingham, had been elected by the monks, and vetoed by the king. Among other charges alleged against him, one was so grave as homicide. A mountebank undertook, with Melsonby's consent, to walk on a rope extended between the towers of the cathedral at Durham, and broke his neck in the attempt; the pope, however, not estimating a rope-dancer's bones so highly as the king did, confirmed the appointment of the prior. Whether the death of the mountebank weighed on his conscience or not is not recorded, but he resigned Coldingham, and went on a pious visit to the hermit on Farn Island. Bartholomew, as the hermit was named, was a dull companion, and, for a churchman, kept a table that would shame a country curate. Bad company Melsonby might have stood, but bad *cuisinerie* nobody would put up with, and he returned to Durham, where they kept, as I suppose, a man cook. But conscience kept him uncomfortable—although all at table was *comme il faut*, he set out for Farn Island a second time, and took up his quarters with the hermit; and here, after a short sojourn, he was gathered to his fathers. "Heming," says Mr. Raine, "the man who watched over him in his last moments, saw choirs of angels clad in white apparel hovering over the hermitage to receive his spirit, at the same instant of time, Bartholomew detected the devil sitting in a corner of the little mansion, in the shape of a bear, lamenting grievously that the dying man had escaped his snares, and was going to his reward. Bartholomew, not much relishing the presence of such a guest, sprinkled the beast and the place where he was sitting, with holy water, but without effect. At last, however, he dashed at once the vessel and its contents full in the face of the Evil one, who straightway disappeared." Now, in our poor opinion, more was effected by the weight of the pitcher than the holy

Nick seemed to have neither shame or delicacy about him ; for although detected and kicked out this moment, he was certain to sneak in the next. Pope says, that he has "grown wiser than of yore," but certainly he has grown lazier as he has grown older, for one seldom hears of him. I never met any person who had been actually in his company but one—and he was a Connaught gentleman. As I had the story from his own lips, of course the reader may depend upon its authenticity. My friend, on his return from a horse fair, was overtaken by a well-mounted stranger, dropped into conversation, and invited him to his house ; supper was ordered, and in the mean time, the tumblers were paraded. Women are extremely sharp ; and while placing the glasses on the table, Norah Morraghan—the young housekeeper—discovered something in the shape of the stranger's boots that excited her suspicions. "Mr. Morgan from the North"—for these were the name and "whereabouts" he gave the host,—observing that "his coppers were rather heated," asked permission to decline toddy for a little "cold without," and Norah was despatched to the well, for a fresh supply of its harmless fluid. Now, Norah was not only a good Catholic, but a Carmelite—and, of course, she would not sleep in any house without holy water on the premises. She had fortunately a fresh supply—and the fresher it is, they say it is the stronger. Norah slyly filled the jug with this blessed element, and, returning to the room, placed it before the Northman. Mr. Morgan was thirsty,—no wonder ; in the place from which he came, the thermometer stands high,—and, unconscious of guile, he added water to his alcohol, "and a stiffer tumbler," observed my friend Johnny, "I never saw a Christian fabricate." "Here's luck !" says he, and he raised his elbow to drink it. The first mouthful phizzed in his throat like a hot poker in a water-butt. "Oh, murder !" he roared, "I'm ruined !" and flinging the tumbler away, he went through the funnel like a sky-rocket.

"You were lucky, Jack, to get shot of him so cheaply."

"Lucky !" exclaimed my friend ; "why, the villain took the chimney-pot teetotally away with him—and frightened poor Norah to such a degree, that she took her oath next morning on the Racing Calendar, that she would quit my service if I ever asked a Northman to lay a leg under the mahogany."

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

REGULARLY *hors de combat* ! My leg still continues painful, and interdicts me from venturing to the moors. It may be the will of Allah—but still, I think it was uncivil on the prophet's part, to instigate a

water it contained ; for until the hermit shied the jar, the devil withstood the sprinkling. The legend goes on to say, that Thomas died during the set-to ; that his body was conveyed to Durham for interment ; and that on the road it cured a lame horse ; and during halts—while the mourners obtained refreshment—the defunct churchman was guarded through the hours of darkness by snow-white doves, which hovered over the coffin, and afforded it their protection.

vicious horse to kick an unoffending gentleman at all ; but it was additionally so, when perpetrated during the month of August. One would not matter a week's detention in the house in dark December ; but to be rendered incapable the second week of grouse-shooting—well, well ; “patience, cousin,”—what will be, will be.

And yet I have no reason to repine ; I am invalided where I have romantic scenery and romantic associations, almost sufficient to compensate for detention from the hill and heather which for a week or two I must refrain from visiting. I have also just learned that there is a pretty lough not more than a mile off, which, according to report, is second to none upon the border for its perch-fishing. We can't have always Tweed and its tributaries—and, save for grilse and whittings, angling in these fine streams may be considered as being ended ; for in autumn, the Tweed is all water or no water, and for one hour she's in humour—remember that the Tweed is a lady—she's the other twenty-three most confoundedly out of it.

Many a year has passed since I was a perch fisher. The beard, then, had not blackened on my lips ; and now, Eheu ! in the moustache—as in Lord Ogleby's cheeks—“the lily predominates over the rose,” and, in my hirsute honours, gray has decidedly the best of it. I have seated myself to whip hooks, affix shot to drop lines, and make floats, while an envoy is despatched to an old and deserted hotbed, to root out brandlings, and bring moss in which to scour them. The morning has slipped pleasantly away ; and while preparing for this tarn among the Scottish hills, those distant waters I haunted when a satcheled school-boy were recalled, and with them, many a happy and, as it must be always, many a melancholy reminiscence.

Morning and evening are the best times for perch-fishing—but on a dull, close day, they bite freely all through. I have had an early dinner ; a bottle of cold punch, and a book put up ; despatched the gilly with all the apparatus ; mounted Rory Bean, and in a quarter of an hour reached the little lough.

I never saw a prettier one. It is a basin among green hills, clear, deep, approachable—not like mountain tarns, which generally are belted by a bog. Here, with a dress boot on, you can kill a basketful of perch—and, if the sky is clear, and your conscience in tolerable condition, fill up the intervals between the gilly noticing that “the cork is bobbit,” and your lugging out a perch, with “the Clandestine Marriage” or “a Call to the Unconverted.”

Fly-fishing is, of the gentle art, the only gentlemanly pursuit after all. I was persecuted this season by the weather, from the time I commenced my angling campaign till I closed it. For a week the waters were low ; then down came a planet shower, and on came a spaight ; every streamlet “hurrying its waters to the Tweed,” with an enormous mass of *débris* swept off its banks ; weeds, wood, hay,—every cast you made, the fly bringing in a bit of wool, or some other floating valuable, over which the farmer might lament, but the angler would sing no jubilate. In these perplexing circumstances, the minnow and the worm were the only resources left ; you killed fish—and weighty



fish; but the manipulation was dirty,—so different from the neat, the elegant, and the scientific transection of the fly.

Angling is considered an active, contemplative sort of amusement; but my present operations are not only passive, but here I sit, the very personification of luxury and laziness. It is a calm, mild, sunless evening—and, excepting an occasional cat's-paw, "there is not a breath the blue wave to curl." The tarn is deep, and the reflection of the green hill opposite, on its unruffled surface is beautiful. The lower extremity of the lough, where the waters find an egress to the sea, is sedgy; and there, two or three broods of the prettiest of the duck tribe, the teal, have located themselves. Now and again, the ducklings steal to the edge of the reeds, as if to take a sly peep at us; but a low quack from the old teal, seems intended to reprove their curiosity, for they immediately return to the rushes. My attitude is one of ease. I half sit upon, and half recline against a rock; my "length of limb" indolently outstretched upon the sward. I enjoy mental and creature comforts through the united agency of a volume of old plays; *mem.* no modern play is readable;—and a bottle of toddy. The gilly apprizes me when the float announces a decided gulp down, or merely a cautious nibble. I then rise, leave my Lord Ogleby at his toilet, or Miss Fanny in a very delicate predicament, land a fish, make the gilly replace the brandling, (I have taught the fellow the art—for even worming a hook requires some knowledge how to do it,) and having returned the line to the water, I then return to my book and bottle. Probably, before I have established myself the gilly exclaims, "Heh! preserve us! the ither cork has gien an awfu' bob!" Again I am on my legs; and the same process as with number one, is gone through. Shade of Sir William Curtis! You who always sailed as an alderman should sail; an experienced cook, not surgeon, shipped for the voyage; and a haunch or two of venison, and half the produce of a garden dangling over the counter of your yacht. You were never required to show a private signal; for any channel-groper\* had only to take a peep at your stern, and identify the *Emma* at a glance. Were you in the flesh, would not this be the angling you would swear by? Just fancy, how a venison pasty, cold—and punch, "à la roman"—iced, would taste here!

The sun had disappeared, the toddy ditto, when I directed Rory Bean to be apprehended, for while I was enjoying classic ease,—I take classic ease, by the way, to mean a bottle and a book,—Rory had obtained liberty to amuse himself upon the hill side. While the gilly was in pursuit of the pony, I enumerated the caption of the evening—sixty-three! ranging from two ounces to a pound. On the grass, perch look uncommonly pretty; but in my opinion, they and all other fresh-water fish—salmon and sea-trout gloriously excepted—are worthless. A cockney, who eats them at Greenwich, fancies he tastes fish, while he is merely swallowing what they have been stewed in; for through the medium of the same abomination, a pig's pettitoes or a rabbit's leg, would, in taste, be found exactly similar. Still the unhappy man ima-

\* A name given in war time in contempt to cruisers on the home station.

gines that perch has flavour ; he continues in that heretical opinion during life ; and when he goes to his final audit, did the holy man who shrived him endeavour to remove the delusion, the dying sinner would gasp out, " Go down to Lovegrove's an' ye love me ! " Well, let any body eat perch who pleases—the moiety of a brandered \* chicken will do for me to-night.

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*            \*

A ride of half an hour brought me to the ruins of a stronghold, whose stormy history I should say was almost unmatched in the records of the dark ages. I left my horse at an adjacent farmsteading, and descended the cliff, where a portion of mouldering walls still remaining, point the place out where Fast Castle stood. The site embraced the whole surface of a cliff of bold elevation, and on three sides completely insulated. The extent is but small—in length about one hundred and twenty feet, and half that space in breadth, while it towers over the sea some seventy. On the fourth, and only vulnerable side, the fortress was separated from the mainland by a deep but narrow ravine, now partially filled up with rocks, detached by accident from the other cliffs around it. This interstice was carefully scarped out, and formed an excellent dry ditch, over which the castle communicated by a draw-bridge, protected at either extremity, by a gateway and suitable defences. It is said that besides this land communication, it possessed a sea one ; and that a stone staircase wound through the heart of the rock, down to the huge cavern which the fortress domineers. It stands in as wild a locality as ever was selected for a human dwelling. An air of desolate security reigns about it, its only recommendation ; and scenery and site fully justified the Scottish monarch in remarking, that " the man who had first chosen Fast Castle for his residence, must have been in heart a thief."

Who its original founder might have been, or what the period when the rock was first fortified, tradition tells not ; but enough of its history is handed down, to mark by its singular vicissitudes, the stormy character of the times, and the uncertain tenure of property. In the rude dwelling perched upon this isolated rock, † in turns a robber sheltered, a queen was lodged, and a conspiracy hatched : but a hurried memoir of its varied fortunes will be curious, if not instructive.

The annals of Fast Castle may be said to open with Halidon Hill (1333) ; for a few days after the Scottish defeat there, it was taken by Sir Robert Benhale. In 1402, and 1404, it was still retained in English possession ; and from the custody of John, Duke of Bedford, warden of the East Marches, it passed into that of a freebooter, called Holden. In 1410, the robber was surprised, and the castle occupied by the Scotch.

From 1467 to 1515, the Homes held Fast Castle. In 1503, they

\* *Brandered.* Broiled upon a gridiron.

† August 12th, 1567. Throgmorton, envoy from Elizabeth to the Scottish king, writing to the Prime Minister (Cecil), says, " I lodged that night, 11th July, at Fast Castle, accompanied by Lord Hume, the Lord Ledington, and James Melvin ; where I was entreated very well, according to the nature of the place, which is fitter to lodge prisoners in, than folks at liberty ; as it is very little, so it is very strong."

entertained the Queen Margaret, on her route to marry the Scotch king. In 1513, the death of a prisoner in the castle dungeon is recorded—Lilburn, one of the murderers of Sir Robert Ker. In 1515, the Regent Albany, took the place, and left a garrison in it. The Borderers, however, soon afterwards expelled the garrison, and demolished the place.

In 1521, the place was tolerably restored by the Homes, and in 1548, taken by the English, under Lord Hertford. It was recovered by a successful stratagem, and repossessed by the Homes. Finally, in 1573, the last transaction in its military history, closed on Fast Castle—it being reduced by Sir William Drury, on his route to besiege Edinburgh Castle.

By marriage, the castle came into the possession of Logan, Laird of Restalrig, a turbulent and profligate personage—or in the parlance of the day, “ane godles, drunken, and deboshit man;” who was soon afterwards outlawed for harbouring Bothwell, of infamous memory. Tradition had long asserted that treasure of immense value was concealed in Fast Castle; and, singular as it may appear, the inventor of logarithms, Napier of Merchiston, entered into a formal agreement, “by all craft and ingyne,” to recover the same. That a scientific and able man, at a period so late as the commencement of the seventeenth century, should have expected that planetary influence would turn up, what, doubtless, many a mattock and pickaxe had essayed to find in vain, proves that philosophers were as great simpletons two centuries since, as they are at present. Logan, and he of logarithms, fell out, however, before the experiment was tried—and the treasure is popularly believed to still remain buried in Fast Castle. Now that railroads are at an end, might not a Fast Castle-joint-stock-treasure-recovery-association be established? I am certain that were it started, fools enough would be found to purchase shares.

The last and most memorable transactions with which the history of Fast Castle is associated, and, indeed, with which it closed, was the most singular and silly conspiracy on record, excepting that of Emmett in 1803—I allude to that termed “the Gowrie,” which was principally hatched within these ruined walls. The object, on Earl Gowrie’s part, was to revenge his father’s death, who had been beheaded in 1584, for being concerned in a plan for seizing the king’s person—which generally is designated “the Raid of Ruthven.” Logan of Restalrigge\*—

\* Logan’s original letters were accidentally discovered but a few years since, among warrants of parliament deposited in the Register office, Edinburgh. A few extracts will mark the style and character of the times. The first letter is dated “From Fast castle, the awchten day of Juliy, 1600.” Logan recommends Fast Castle as the safest place to concoct the conspiracy.

“Alvse to the purpose, I think best for our plat that we meet all at my house of Fast castle; for I hew concludit vt. M. A. R. (the master of Ruthven, younger brother of earl Gowrie), how I think it will be meittest to be conveyit quyetest in ane bote be sey; at quhilk tyme ypon sure adwartisement I sall hav the place very quiette and weil provydit.”

Reckless as his character was, Logan appears to be careful that no written evidence of the conspiracy should remain.

“Quen ye hav red,” he says, “send this my letter bak agayn with the barar, that I may see it burnt myself, for sa is the fashon in sik erandis; and if you please vryt

by the latter title he subscribed his letters—being a broken and unprincipled man, willingly consented to assist the earl in his mad design, on promise of being rewarded with a valuable grant of lands in East Lothian. However convenient Fast Castle might be to an outlaw, still Logan fancied that Dirlton would form an agreeable change of residence—and he heartily entered into the conspiracy.

One is puzzled to determine whether the king or the conspirators were the greater fools. The absurdity of the plot, and the clumsiness of its execution, could only be equalled by the stupidity with which James allowed himself to be trepanned, by a story of a cock and bull. A few lines will recall the outlines of this strange transaction. While hunting on the 5th of August, 1600, in the neighbourhood of Falkland, the master of Ruthven persuaded the king to leave the chase, and come to his brother Earl Gowrie's residence, in Perth, to examine a man whom he, Alexander, had detected with treasure in his possession; namely, "a great wide pot, all full of coyned gold, in great pieces." James fell into the trap—was conducted to Gowrie's palace—seduced from the courtiers and suit, who were left at dinner—led from room to room, until he was brought to a closet in a turret; where, in place of being introduced to the personage with the "great wide pot," he found a man armed to the teeth, with a drawn dagger in his hand. But Henderson—the man in armour—was inoffensive as if he had been one of the Lord Mayor's: he neither would stab the king himself, nor let young Ruthven, who seemed anxious to send his majesty to heaven. Then came a parley: Henderson opened the window, and James, though grappled round the neck, managed to pop his head out, shouting manfully, "Treason! Fly! Help! Yearl of Marr! I am murderit!"

The upshot of the affair was, that the king's attendants heard and responded to their master's call; and while they were endeavouring to force the locked doors, Sir John Ramsay, who appears to have been a straightforward man of business, obtained entrance by a private one—made his way to the turret closet—asked no questions—but passed his rapier through the master of Ruthven. The earl, on entering the room, found the king unhurt, and his brother dead upon the floor. Ramsay and he instantly went to work, James rendering no assistance; and the good knight, after a stout struggle, made a vacancy in the peerage.

your ansuer on the bak hereof, encase ye vill take my vord for the credit of the beerair."

No. 2 is dated, "Fra the Kannogait, the xvij. day of July."

"For Goddes cawse, keip all thingis very secrete, that my lo. my brother (lord Home) get na knowlege of our porposes, for I wald rather be eirdit quik," meaning buried alive.

No. 3 is dated from "the Kannogait," (Canongate.)

No. 4 from "Gunisgrene," (Gunsgreen, Eymouth) "twenty nynt of July, 1600." Caution again is apparent.

"Alvyse, my lo. ghan your lo. has red my letter, delyver it to barar agane, that I may see it burnt vith my awin ein; as I hav sent your lo. letter to your lo. agane; for so is the fassone I grant."

No. 5 and last, is dated "Gunnisgrene the last of July, 1600. Caution again.

"And for Gode's cawse, vse all your courses *cum discretion*. Faile nocht, sir, to send bak agane this letter; for M. A. leirnit me that fasson, that I may see it destroyt myself."

The probable design was not to assassinate the king, but to spirit him away, and secure him in Fast Castle; and it was said that a boat was waiting in the Tay, and that Logan and Laird Bour, who was an active ally, were ready to receive the royal captive. These two died in 1606; and, as it would appear, no suspicion had attached to either, while the vengeance of the law was reserved for an Eymouth attorney. Sprott, as he was called, was an intimate of Logan, was cognizant of the plot, and subsequently obtained and concealed the correspondence which passed between Gowrie and Logan during the conspiracy. He was apprehended in 1608, got some "chappis in the buittis,"—for a particular detail of which horrible torture see Macbriar's death, in "Old Mortality"—confessed—recanted—had his legs cured, which "wer very evil woundit with the buittis"—re-confessed his treason—and died liker a Christian than an attorney, singing "the sext Psalme" with a "verie loud and myghtic vocc." Men generally admit the justice of their sentence previously to their being hanged; but Mr. Sprott, it would appear, made this acknowledgment after he had been tuckd up:—"Whil suspendit by the neck from the gibbete, he three several times gave a loud clappe with his hands, in testimoni of the truth of his confessions."\*

One curious formula of Scottish law marked this absurd conspiracy. Sprott's conviction had, by the revelations it elicited, implicated Logan; but two years before he, Logan, had gone to his account—and the grave is held to be a safe bar against criminal proceedings. But though the body of the conspirator was beyond "the iron knuckles of the law," his bones were still comecatable. They were accordingly exhumed after a three years' repose—brought into court—formally arraigned—and forfeiture pronounced against their former proprietor, and his heirs for ever!

Connected with this district, and *apropos* to criminal law, we may mention a tragic occurrence which took place in the vicinity of Coldingham. The name of the unfortunate lady was Home, and the scene of the murder a farm-house near Linthill.†

Having received a large sum of money from Edinburgh, the lady had retired to rest—while a servant, in whom she reposed confidence, had determined to rob his mistress, and for that purpose secreted himself underneath the bed. The gold was deposited in a drawer, the key was

\* Sprott, the unhappy notary of Eymouth, convicted of being "airt and pairt in the conspiracie," was thus sentenced.

"For the quhilk caus the said Justice Depute be the mouth of George Cheilsie, dempster of court, be his sentence and dome decernit and ordanit the said George Sprotte to be tane to the mercait croce of the burgh of Edinburgh, and thair to be hangit vpon ane gibbet, quhill he be deid; and thairefter, his heid to be strucken frome his body; and his body to be quarterit and dividerit as ane tratour; and his heid to be put vpon ane peik of iron aboue the Tolbuth of Edinburgh, quhair the rest of the conspiratories heidis standis; and his haill landis, heritages, takis, steidingis, rowmes, possessionis, guidis and geir, to be forfaltit and escheat to our souerane lordes vse as culpable and conviet of airt and pairt of treasonabill and detaistabill crymes above specifict, and conceeling thair of Quilk was pronuncet for doom"

† It occurred in October, 1751, and full particulars may be found in the Newgate Calendar.

in the lady's pocket, and when he fancied that she slept, he crept from his concealment, and endeavoured to obtain the means by which he could unlock the bureau. Unhappily for herself his mistress wakened, and Norman Ross, believing himself detected, murdered the lady with a clasp-knife. But though mortally wounded, his victim had strength to ring the bell—and hearing an alarm given, the villain jumped out of the window, breaking his right leg in this attempt at escape. The lady only lived long enough to denounce Ross to be the murderer, and the criminal was discovered next morning in a field of peas, into which during the night he had managed to drag himself.

Being convicted on the clearest evidence, he underwent the extreme penalty then imposed on murder of the deepest atrocity. Before execution his right hand was chopped off by the hangman, and after death his body was suspended in chains.

Ross was the last criminal who suffered dismemberment before death; and, since that time, this portion of a murderer's punishment has, in the Scottish law, become a dead letter.

I have just inspected Coldingham church, and returned in villainous temper. "The remains of the priory are insignificant," says Mr. Barr, "when contrasted with its ancient importance as a religious house; the greater part of the buildings, which had withstood the ravages of time, and the artillery of the Regent Arran and Cromwell, having been sacrilegiously applied by the inhabitants of the village to the construction and repairing of their houses." Of the monastery little remains indeed, and that little is most discreditably to all concerned. The church is an architectural paradox. One of its side walls and a gable—the north and east—being the work of Edgar or David, the others erected since the Restoration, and built of the coarsest materials. In the eyes of an antiquary, who can discover beauties where ordinary-sighted mortals only can detect deformities, Coldingham and its patchwork walls may have charms. But, after a man has spent a week at Melrose, and compares the inimitable chiseling of that "fayre abbaye" with the rude sculpture of Coldingham, the contrast between the coarseness of the one and the exquisite elegance of the other, will be apparent, as the difference between the manipulation of the effigy on a country tomb and a *chef d'œuvre* of Canova. As a specimen of monastic architecture Coldingham is without interest; and although many portions of the ruins have been laid bare to the foundations, nothing has been found appertaining to olden time, excepting some stone coffins, and a few trifling coins, too much defaced to be identified.

It was a question with the learned, whether Coldingham was a monastery only, or a double establishment, like Saint Abbs, for both monks and nuns; but a discovery, made sixty years ago, would appear to prove that it was of the latter order. In tearing down some portion of the priory which had been under ground, in a built-up niche of one of the vaults, the skeleton of an immured female was found in perfect preservation, and two sandals of fine leather, furnished with silken lachets, were lying in the same recess,—placing the question beyond a doubt, that there some wretched female had been entombed alive,—that being the

punishment inflicted by those infernal communities, upon any frail member of the sisterhood who "broke Diana's law."

As a place of modern worship, I must say that Coldingham is disgraceful. Pillar and wall are green with damp; and many of the rude boxes—it would be a libel upon pews to call them by that name—are placed upon the bare earth. Some of them have large loose stones, carried in by such of the occupants as may have the fear of rheumatism before their eyes, to elevate their feet upon. When the beddral unclosed the door, the vault-like smell, green walls, and unfloored sittings, almost led me to imagine that I was in a Connemara chapel: but no; I was in one of the richest districts of the land of cakes. The day was splendid, genial and warm as any that ever blessed a harvester; and I inquired of the son of Crispin who accompanied me—for when not engaged in making a grave he mends a shoe—why the deuce he did not ventilate his building? His answer was naive, but satisfactory,—“It was sae lang syne the sashes were lifted, that they would na lift at a’.” A brief inspection satisfied me—I came out, and the beddral locked up his Golgotha. He seemed, as I thought, in a hurry to close the door, lest any portion of the humid atmosphere should escape. “Heaven forbid,” I exclaimed, when I found myself in blessed sunshine, “that I should in that charnel-house be obliged to listen to some Poundtext or Kettledrummel, reprobating the ways of the wicked for a full hour and a half. At any odds, I would back myself regularly in for ague.”

After viewing all that records the existence of one of the wealthiest establishments which the Church of Rome possessed in Scotland, where superstition was nursed in the lap of luxury,\* and the representatives of the Galilean fishermen forgot the humility of Him who came to save, and those who first followed him, I turned to a scene of more interest, and walked to the fishing village of Northfield. Midway between Coldingham and the shore, a hill called Applin Cross is pointed out, with which a melancholy tradition is associated,—the total destruction of the inhabitants of Northfield, in 1645, by the plague; one family, named Brock, alone escaping. The infection was brought from Leith by a vessel which is said to have drifted into the harbour without a living soul, all having perished during the passage down the Frith. Fearful of coming in contact with the infected villagers, those of Coldingham brought medicines and provisions to Applin Cross, and there deposited them for the unfortunate people to remove when wanted—and an earthen mound where the dead were interred, or, as they term it in country parlance, “the plague was buried,” is still pointed out. Mr. Dickson, the late tenant of Northfield Farm, opened it some years ago, and the truth of the tradition was confirmed. Within the mound a quantity of human bones and decayed cloth indicated that the persons whose remains were exposed, had been interred in the clothes they died in; and several

\* Besides an extensive suit of private apartments and stables at Coldingham, the priors had a *hunting seat* at Houndwood, where they spent most of their time. Beside exclusive right of hunting over their own grounds, William the Lion gave the prior and his monks Greenwood, Reston, Brockholewood, Akeseide, Kirkdeanwood, Harewood, Deanwood, Houndwood, with all their groves, wastes, &c. &c., to sport over.

decayed vessels, in former times used as meal arks, at once established the fact, that on this hillock the wretched inhabitants of Northfield had received assistance from their neighbours.

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### CHAPTER XXX.

THE route is come, "southward we march at break of day," and my second visit to the borders has terminated. Well, my course may point to warmer climes and sunnier skies; but, did circumstances not interdict it, while health permitted, I would "breast the free air" upon a highland hill; and when age rendered the foot unfit to press the heather, dream time away upon the banks of silver Tweed, until I slept "the sleep that knows no breaking," beneath one of the hallowed ruins which stud this classic and romantic district—*Dis alliter*. I submit, and I shall hold myself in readiness for the march.

Packing up is one of the nuisances of existence—and light as my kit is, I dread the operation. That scoundrel who took possession of me in the Hull steamer, tired of being comfortable, or what he called "servitude," in a week—and set out to give new readings of Shakspeare, with a strolling party he accidentally dropped upon in Morpeth. I fancy his *début* was not successful, for one evening he rejoined me at the King's Arms: told me with perfect indifference, what trouble he had in making me out, but now, blessed be God! that he had found me, our union through life should be more indissoluble than matrimony itself. I flung the boot-jack at the ruffian,—but he ducked his head, and I missed him. All unmoved, the villain came boldly forward, "Arrah! upon my conscience! ye might have been offerin' thanks to heaven by this time, for the safe return of a faithful sarvent, instead of pelting boot-jacks at him. Murder! what a fire ye have," he continued, taking the poker in his hand—"many a time ye missed me no doubt, you unfortunate ould man! But, feaks! it's now that you'll be properly attended to."

I caught the tongs up, and delivered what Gregory calls a "swashing blow;" but Pat was prepared for mischief, and fenced it cleverly with the poker. It is unnecessary to say more, than that throughout the evening a sharp skirmish was carried on, during which I threw three books and the bellows; but, at the same time, candour ooliges me to own, that before I went to bed I was beaten to a standstill, and re-hired by Mr. Clancy as a master.

For a month the vagabond consented to be comfortable. He had good qualities for attending on a fisherman like myself, who bordered so closely upon the half-century, that the exact *anno atatis* would not have been considered a pleasant inquiry. He took water freely as a spaniel—and, pugnacious to all the world besides, from me curses and abuse, peats, books, and bellows, as the one or the other happened to be in readiness on demand, were received with perfect stoicism.

Accident enabled me to ascertain his honesty—and a stouter sup-



porter was never at the back of an elderly gentleman. There are, even in this land of Goshen, two or three villages of evil reputation. Yetholm is the gipsy metropolis; well, its *morale* may be considered very suspicious—and there are in this locality a class of what the Irish call “coarse christians;” which being translated, meaneth half savages, who “drive coals,” and are notorious for their general incivility. I was returning from Kelso in a gig, Mr. Clancy enacting Phaeton, when a barbarian with a loaded cart, having selected the wrong side of the road, left us no choice but to pull up, or measure wheels with him.

“Arrah! bad manners to you, you common Mohawk,” said Mr. Clancy, “why don’t ye keep your own side of the road?”

The protest of the gig-driver elicited a very coarse rejoinder.

“Upon my sowl!” returned my valet, “only I would be dirtying my hands, I would lick gentility into ye—you ill mannered keout.”

A derisive laugh was returned by the carter.

“Plase yer honour, just keep the baste quiet and hould the reins, and ye’ll be greatly delighted wid the slating I’ll give that vagabond.”

“No—no,” I said; “the scoundrel is heavier by two stone—sit quiet.”

“Whisper,” replied Mr. Clancy, “Divil a handier boy you would meet in a month of Sundays wid the fut (foot)—and feaks! it’s my left hand that’s the right one.”

Consigning the reins to my custody, he hopped down like a harlequin, and peeled in a twinkling to his shirt sleeves,—a ceremony in which the collier followed the example. I felt alarm for the result, when the carter displayed his brawny and shapeless shoulders; but Pat, like his countryman famed in song, was

“Brisk as a bee, and light as a fairy;”

and though the brute had weight and strength, action and length were *per contras* in favour of my valet.

The collier had no idea but to fight—advanced like a bull-dog—and in a few seconds saluted mother earth. As the fancy elegantly term it, in this operation “claret had been tapped;” and Pat requested me to remember, that in case of future dispute on this point, “first blood” was his.

“The extent of Mr. Clancy’s accomplishments I had not even suspected until now. In the science of defence—or rather as the carter found it, offence—he was evidently an educated gentleman. Egad! had I known it before, I question if I would have ventured to throw the bellows at him.

Foiled and furious, the collier rushed at his antagonist to butt him down, but close fighting was not more fortunate than the former tactics. A scientific insertion of Mr. Clancy’s foot, disturbed the perpendicular of his opponent; down went both heavily, but my valet uppermost. He was instanter on his legs again, and while the carter slowly gathered himself up, he winked significantly and observed, “Divil a lie I tould yer honour, when I said I was handy with the fut:”—*memorandum*, I’ll never throw the bellows.

The third round closed at the same time, this passage of arms and

the visual organs of the collier. He remained recumbent for a couple of minutes, while Mr. Clancy requested me to call "time."

"Arrah! what the divil is keepin' ye there?" inquired the *laquais du place*, "get up, will ye, and don't be detainin' his honour."

"I'll fight no more," said the fellow sullenly as he rose.

"Then sorra worse hand I ever saw back an unmannerly tongue. May be, ye'll take yer cart out o' the road?"

No second intimation was necessary. The obstruction was promptly removed; Mr. Clancy skipped into the gig; and we proceeded on our way rejoicing.

"Pray may I presume to ask in what school you acquired the additional accomplishment I have had the pleasure of witnessing to-day?" I said, when we were again in motion.

"Yer honour manes the use of my bunch of fives. Troth! and I'll tell ye that!" returned Mr. Clancy. "I was travellin' companion wid Dan Donnelly for a twelvemonth; an when he was 'starrin' it,' as the players call it, through the country, I used to set-to wid him. God rest yer sowl, Dan! you were a regular trump, and a good catholic! for though he was a fightin'-man, yer honour, he was a raal Christian; and feaks! he would be very unasy if he missed mass upon a Sunday!"

Another fortnight passed; two events happened: Berwick fair came on, and Mr. Clancy disappeared. Was he in the Tweed, or had the gentleman in black claimed a faithful disciple? The evening of the second day cleared the doubtful question. A faint tap was heard upon the door of the apartment, where I was sitting over a bottle of very respectable port, and wondering at the same time what the devil had become of my valet. It was so feeble that I did not answer it; but in half a minute one of more assurance was given, and I growled an answer to "Come in!" The door was cautiously unclosed, and a voice—Mr. Clancy's—observed to a companion in a patronizing tone, "Stop darlin' where ye are, until I mintion yer bishness to his honour!" Then turning to me, he continued, "Arrah! fresh and well yer lookin'!" and the villain audaciously advanced and showed me a full front.

"Where have you been, you unmatched scoundrel?" I shouted; "and how dare you venture here?"

"Don't be grippin' at the bellows, for the sake o' God! Troth! I was about yer own business!" was the reply.

"My business, you infernal vagabond!"

"Yes, feaks! and may-be I havn't fixed you to a T. Ye had the luck of thousands in getting me; but thin ye wanted a faymale house-keeper. Come in, Mary Ann, and show yourself to your master."

As he spoke, a tall, raw-boned, red-headed woman entered the room, and ducked a brace of courtesies.

"In the devil's name, who are *you*?" I bellowed.

"Troth, an I'll tell you—she's modest, the crature! and yer enough to scar any one that's timidious. This gentlewoman, is Mistrus Clancy—she favoured me with her virgin hand yesterday evenin' at Lamber-ton Bar. Now yer certain to be well attended, as ye have a respectable married couple without incumbrance. Do keep yer hand off the poker; it's an ugly habit ye have got."

A tremendous pull at the bell-rope, that brought it down, and the waiter in, in double quick, interrupted Mr. Clancy. He merely remained until he heard me desire that the police might be sent for *instantly*—and then, with Mary Ann, made a rapid retreat; and, thank heaven! I have finally got rid of him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Got rid of him! Not I, faith! The old man of the sea never stuck closer to the back of Captain Sinbad, than the villain sticks to mine. I had booked myself to Alnwick, intending to linger a few days in Northumberland; packed the kit; finished breakfast; and was making preparations to take my place in the coach, when the bolt of the door was gently turned, and in stepped Mr. Clancy.

“Arrah! don’t be strichin yer hands to the fire-irons. Pon my sowl! I nearly kilt myself to be here in time. Let me help ye on wid the coat. Were you lookin at any body drinkin last night? for you appear a little washy this mornin, like a man who had been upon the ran-tan. Don’t be so cranky—no spakin to ye now, but the fist’s up.”

“I tell ye what, you scoundrel, I know I’ll be hanged for you. I am certain to commit murder. Off with you, before I get hold of that carving-knife!”

“Off wid me!” exclaimed Mr. Clancy, horror-struck at the very mention of a separation; “and lave yer honour unprotected. The Lord forbid! Arrah! where should I go to, but to wait upon the best of masters?”

“To that trolloping tramper, your wife!”

“My wife!” and Mr. Clancy smiled innocently.

“Why, you accursed villain, did you not announce your marriage, and actually produce red-head in this room? Would you deceive the wretched woman?” I exclaimed, in a towering passion.

“Och not I, feaks! But ye see ye have the wrong end of the story. It’s me that’s desaved, and she’s the desaver. God pardon her for the same!”

“How so, you unblushing vagabond?”

“Feaks! Mary Ann had three husbands before;—and wasn’t I to be pitied when I made the fatal discovery? Well, I went straight to the gentleman that married us. ‘Why, ye thief of the world,’ says I, spakin him fair and softly, ‘how dar you take in an innicent youth like me? You knew, you patent scoundrel, that Mary Ann had three husbands already—one o’ them stoker in the Eclipse—and the other two workin on the railway.’

“‘To be sure I did,’ says he. ‘But do ye suppose that I would disoblige an old customer—a respectable woman like herself, that’s married once at laste, as regularly as the fair comes round? But I’ll divorce ye,’ says he; ‘and though that’s an expensive ceremony, I’ll let ye off for half-a-crown.’

“‘Be gogstay! an that same’s a comfort,’ says I, ‘for ye see I have a cranky ould gentleman to look after.’ What the devil, can’t ye let one spake, without grippin at the fire-shovel! So feaks! he gave me these lines to satisfy ye that I was jist as good as a single man!” and

the scoundrel pushed into my hand a beastly-looking scrawl, which I consigned to the fire *instanter*.

"Oh, thunder an turf!" he exclaimed, "have ye burned the divorce?"

The horn sounded. Will the reader believe it? The vagabond is perched upon the luggage; and I am hired for the third time!

\* \* \* \* \*

There is nothing particularly striking in the line of the country between Berwick and the baronial residence of the proud Percys, unless, that by a stretch of conjecture, we may have passed through the birth-place of the celebrated American lawyer, Justice Lynch.\* In the coach I had a travelling companion who excited a most painful interest. She was a beautiful highland girl of eighteen, journeying southward, *en route* to Madeira. Her mother and a maid were her attendants; and the agonizing and unceasing anxiety with which that mother watched every change that passed over the hectic countenance of her treasured child, shall never leave my memory. She was, alas! in hopeless consumption; and, Oh God! how beautiful the victim was, whom death had remorselessly selected.

If there be any thing calculated to add to the distress with which one looks upon youth and loveliness hurrying to the grave, it is the total unconsciousness on the part of the doomed one, that hers are numbered days, before she becomes a tenant of the tomb. Poor Julia! she felt grateful for my attention; and expressed a hope that next shooting season she should receive me in the highlands. She spoke of her flower garden and her aviary; and in Madeira, she should add to her collection of plants and birds. At her father's the salmon fishing was excellent—"she should return in April, and the 20th was her birthday—would I make one of the company?" Her mother dropped her veil; but I saw the big tears following in quick succession. April! Julia—the grass upon thy grave will then be green—there is not a month's life in thee!

I have crossed the battle-field where death had reaped his harvest plentifully—ay, and looked coldly on those who crowded it—but, by —!—I know the recording angel won't book the oath—if I could meet Julia's sparkling and speaking eye, without finding mine become womanish.

\* \* \* \* \*

The northern approach to Alnwick is grand; for the castle nobly displays itself. Its site is on the southern bank of the river Aln, which makes a graceful sweep beneath its imposing *enceinte*. I should fancy it the most extensive baronial residence in Britain, as well as the most interesting, as the space within the walls measures five acres. Formerly it was encircled by moat and curtain; but now the north-east

\* According to tradition, at Bowsdon, a Scotsman, shortly before the Union of the Crowns, entered the village one evening with a halter in his hand. What could he want with it? To steal a horse of course. His looks were unfavourable—his replies to divers questions deemed unsatisfactory; and the inhabitants, without further ceremony, hanged him with his own halter on an ash tree at old Woodside! Could matters have been managed, more promptly in Kentucky?

front is opened. Like the learned asses who congregate annually in England, and fancy, by a bold stretch of the imagination, that, *à la* the Tooley-street tailors, the eyes of Europe are turned upon them and their proceedings, the olden *savans* were sorely puzzled upon the Borders; and sad was the task occasionally inflicted to determine the era and order of a building. When a gentleman had decided that the affair was regularly Roman, some Saxon arch stared him unexpectedly in the face, and annihilated a quire of foolscap and his theory. Another had it pure Gothic—when some infernal Norman abomination blasted his vision, and demolished the house of cards. I fancy that Sir Robert Bramble in the play, must have been an antiquary, for no people delight so much to differ in opinion. Pennant laments that “you look in vain for the helmet on the tower, the ancient signal of hospitality;” and instead of being conducted to the *salle à manger*, and requested to draw a chair and take an air of the fire, the visitor is expected to “stump up.”\* Another Theban, however, makes the castle of the Percys throw immeasurably into the shade the residence of “Bumper squire Jones,” a personage immortalized in Irish song. “There are no miserable dungeons filled with captives,” quoth he; “no places of execution groaning under their execrable burden; the towers remain, but without the cry of captivity and torture. Hospitality, clothed in princely array, sits in the hall, dispensing with a brow of benignity, mixed with features of the highest magnificence, gifts worthy of her hand.” Now, as a piece of bathos, I take it that this “beats Bannagher”—and Bannagher, as every body knows, beats the gentleman in black.

It would be out of place to enter on a minute description of a building, that every artist has sketched, and every traveller has chronicled. Fancy an irregular circuit of towers connected by curtains; every pinnacle crowned by the rude effigy of an ancient warrior, generally in the act of aggression, and in a minatory attitude which seemed intended to warn trespassers off the premises. The figures and the weapons are certainly in keeping with the times they indicate; but I confess, in my humble judgment, these chiselled soldiers have more of the grotesque about them than the grand. The taste in architecture in days gone by, however, warrants it sufficiently—for when a pig playing upon a bagpipe was supposed to be *selon la règle* among the ornamental designs which decorate “fair Melrose,” surely the same latitude may be extended to the battlements of Alnwick.

The castle was divided into three courts, or wards; each protected by its tower and portcullis, and furnished with what then was a necessary appendage—namely, a prison. A vault was also attached to each, in which the wretched victim was immured rather than confined—he being lowered through a trap-door by a rope. The defending towers of the inner ward are octagon, and fine specimens of the solidity of ancient masonry; for although erected by the second earl, and nearly

\* “The numerous train whose countenances gave welcome to him on his way, are now no more; and instead of the disinterested usher of the old times, he is attended by a valet, eager to receive the fees of admittance.”—*Pennant*.

500 years old, they are in excellent preservation, and have set enemies and Father Time at bold defiance.

The approach to the castle retains much of the solemn grandeur of former times. The moat is drained, and the ceremony of letting down the drawbridge forgotten; but the walls which inclose the area still wear the ancient countenance of strength and defiance. It is entered by a machicolated gate, defended by an upper tower; and, after passing a covered way, the interior gate opens to the area. This entrance is defended by all the devices used in ancient times,—iron-studded gates, portcullis, open galleries, and apertures in the arching for annoying assailants. Nothing can be more striking than the effect at first entrance within the walls from the town; when, through a dark, gloomy gateway of considerable length and depth, the eye suddenly emerges into one of the most splendid scenes that can be imagined, and is presented at once with the great body of the inner castle, surrounded with fair semi-circular towers finely swelling to the eye, and gayly adorned with pinnacles, figures, and battlements.\*

The varied fortunes of the Percys and their princely stronghold, may be traced almost *pari passu*, with the coeval events which English history and local tradition have handed down. Like all powerful families in feudal times, they occasionally basked in the smiles of courtly favour, or felt the withering influence of royal jealousy. At one while, their kings wrote them his "right trustie and well-beloved cousin;" and at another, "traytor and arch-enemie," were the terms employed. Like themselves, their place of strength underwent the varied changes incident to a troubled age and dangerous locality. This day, its gates were open to give noble welcome to guest and traveller; and the next, would find them closely barred to repel the threatened onslaught of the besieger.†

The names by which the numerous buildings which compose the castle have been designated, mark the feudal magnificence of the middle ages, when princely power united with monastic influence, and the proud baron was virtually, under the influence of his confessor, and nominally, of his king. Of sixteen towers, there are the Constable's, the Record, the Armourer's and the Falconer's. Of course, the church held a proper *status* in the establishment, and the abbot had a building to him-

\* Pennant.

† So long back as the reign of William Rufus, Alnwick was invested by a Scottish army, and the incidents which marked the siege are curiously illustrative of the age. An old MS., preserved in the British Museum, thus generally describes it. The castle, although too strong to be taken by assault, being cut off from all hopes of succour, was on the point of surrendering, when one of the garrison undertook its rescue by the following stratagem:—He rode forth completely armed, with the keys of the castle secured to the end of his spear, and presented himself in a suppliant manner before the king's pavilion, as being come to surrender the possession. Malcolm too hastily came forth to receive him, and suddenly received a mortal wound; and the assailant escaped by the fleetness of his horse through the river, which was then swollen with rain. The chronicle adds, that his name was Hammond, and that the place of his passage was long afterwards named *Hammond's Ford*. It is most probable, that over this ford the present bridge was built. Prince Edward, Malcolm's eldest son, too incautiously advancing to revenge his father's death, was mortally wounded—and a stone cross, in good preservation, marks the spot on which the king was killed.

self. No matter how much doctors may differ, Alnwick had suitable accommodation for a full garrison of holy men; and if my Lord Abbot dropped into the Caterer's Tower, *en passant*, to inquire what was for dinner, Father Matthew had only to pass on, and in the water turret he would have found a cistern of the pure fluid, which could have set a brigade of teetotallers at defiance. In 1512 seven priests and seventeen choristers were returned on "the morning strength" of Alnwick; and if one of the household was impeded on his route to paradise to undergo purgation for his sins, if four-and-twenty priests would not send him forward to Saint Peter in double quick, the fellow must indeed have been absolutely past praying for.

In the Record Tower of Alnwick a singular and interesting directory for the management of the household of Henry, the fifth earl, was discovered, and its details truthfully depict the style and habits of the times. For the annual support of an establishment of 166 persons, and fifty-seven visitors or strangers, one thousand a year is assigned, making an average for the daily maintenance of each 223 individuals amount to twopence and a half-penny, or by the year, 6*l.* 0*s.* 5½*d.* The consumption of animal food appears excessive—for vegetables are not mentioned in a record so remarkable for its minuteness in detail, that a stipulated number of pieces must be cut from every quarter of beef, mutton, &c., even to salmon and stockfish, and hence esculents are presumed to have not been in request. The earl's calculation is curiously particular. One hundred and nine fat beeves, and twenty-four lean ones; six hundred and forty-seven sheep; twenty-eight calves; twenty-five hogs, and forty lambs; are to form the annual rations. Throughout the greater portion of the year, both beef and mutton were salted—and hence, the supply of mustard is not unreasonable—although one hundred and sixty gallons, at first reading, appears a large one.

The liquid supplies—the cistern in the Water Tower not included—we consider liberal. Besides five hundred hogsheads of *heavy-wet*, ten tuns and two hogsheads of Gascoign wine are allowed. In soap and candles the earl was an economist. There were but nine dinner-cloths in the house—eight for my lord's and one for the knight's table. Including the chapel linen, the washing of Alnwick is limited to forty shillings a year; and were it not for the honour of supplying "clean flax" to a family of distinction, I question if a London laundress would take the contract at the present day. How, when *Bacchi plenus*, the earl and his establishment got to bed is a puzzler; for the consumption of the whole,—earl and abbot, knight, page, and esquire, my lady and my lady's maid,—only ninety pounds weight of candles are set down! The *réveille* beat at six, and *tattoo* at nine, when the gates were closed. The breakfast hour was seven; dinner, ten; and supper, four. The cookery of the times was not exactly what it is now; and a French *artiste*, even at the court of the eighth Henry, would have had no field on which to exercise his talents. The earl and countess—who were excellent Catholics—breakfasted in Lent on salt-fish, red-herrings, and sprats, with beer and wine; while a maid of honour\* could have stood

\* The dietary of these delicate young gentlewomen, in the reign of Bluff Harry, was substantial; and a "Lady Lucy's allowance would admit of no complaint, were qua-

a boiled-beef-shop without wincing, and turned down a gallon by the gallon, like a coal-whipper.

I believe no family of position could now travel without their *batterie de cuisine*, and my Lord Percy, in his migrations to his Yorkshire residences, carried his kitchen apparatus along with him in a cart. Fancy it was not, but necessity—for, in truth, the worthy earl had but a single set of pots and pans.

Money, in these good old times, must have certainly been scarce. Would M. Jullien and his *troup musicale* have been contented for a night's performance, with twenty pence, while a nursery-maid's yearly fee was twenty shillings? \* Even the saints, it would appear, felt the pressure of the money market. Our blessed Lady of Walsingham, who, as every body knew, stood A 1 in heaven, received for making all safe there for the earl—an annuity of a groat!

Could I but command time, and stay my lingering footsteps, with what delight would I not wander through every ward of this most interesting county! In the ruins of princely Warkworth I could pass a summer's day; and in its classic hermitage, when

“ Evening gray  
“ Had all things in its sober livery clad,”

repose in the priest's vestibule, and fancy that his reverence and myself were *tête-à-tête*.† But although not married, “*laus Deo!*” still I am a man under authority; and the “land of brown heath and shaggy wood” must be reluctantly abandoned for that emporium of fashion and vulgarity, immortalized as the “great metropolis.”

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## CHAPTER XXXI.

HORACE never would have cut a figure at sea,—and it is certain his antipathy to go afloat amounted almost to hydrophobia. To potter in and out of an Adriatic harbour, in his estimation, warranted a direct charge of insanity—and had he been actuary of a life assurance, he

lity equal to the quantity. Miss Lucy was allowed for breakfast a chine of beef, a loaf, and a gallon of ale; for dinner, she had boiled beef, a slice of roasted meat, and another gallon of the heavy. For supper, a mess of porridge, a piece of mutton, a cheat, or finer loaf, and a gallon of ale. To be comfortable after supper, there was left on the table a manchette loaf, and a gallon of ale, and half a gallon of wine.

\* “Rewards to players for plays playd in Chrystymas, by stranegers, in my house, after xxd. every play by estimation. Somme xxxiiis. iiijd. in full contentaction of the said rewardys. Every rokker in the nurcy shall have by yere xxs.”—*Household Book of Alnwick*.

† “Ther is in the parke also one howse hewyn within one cragge, which is called the Hermitage Chapel; in the same ther hath bene one preast keaped, which did such godlye services as that time was used and celebrated.”—*Surveye of Warkworth*, 1567.

“Passing from this outward building by the entrance, the visitant ascends by seven-teen steps, to a little vestibule, with a seat on each side, capable of holding one person only. Above the inner doorway appear the remains of an inscription, which was, ‘Sunt mihi lachrymæ meæ cibo inter die et noctu.’”—*Picture of Northumberland*.



would have declined nautical applicants as "trebly hazardous." If old Flaccus could not stand clear blue water, how would he like to tunnel it two miles under ground—put in the winter beside an iceberg—travel on the northeast railroad—spend a summer in Timbuctoo—or take a flight in Green's balloon? And yet, than any of these nervous trials, we hold mining to be more taxing on the courage. There are so many incidental perils—danger, that no human foresight can avert—the scene of labour, a living tomb—accident unavoidable as instantaneous—solitude, darkness, all unite in augmenting chance calamity with "horrors not its own."

On my route to Hexham, the ground beneath which a frightful accident had occurred some thirty years ago, was pointed out. It was caused by a sudden inundation of the Heaton Main Colliery, from contiguous workings long disused, and in which, during past years, water had extensively accumulated. At the time when this unexpected calamity occurred, ninety-five individuals, and thirty-seven horses were in the pit; and but twenty of the former escaped a worse than watery grave. On the alarm being given, crowds from all the towns and villages hurried to the spot to render assistance if they could—but human aid was vain—and old men shudder when they recall to memory the fatal 13th of April, 1815.

Immediately after the accident, three large engines—one of them of one hundred and thirty horse power—were employed in drawing the water from the pit. It had soon risen to nineteen fathoms; and at three o'clock of the day after it first burst forth, it stood at thirty. On the next day it was found to be at thirty-three fathoms; though the engines, which were incessantly in motion, discharged 1200 gallons per minute. At length the quantity of water began gradually to be diminished, but it was not until the 6th of January, 1816, that the first body was brought to the bank. It was that of an old man employed on the waggon way—and a fact worthy of notice is, that the waste-water in which he had been immersed, had destroyed the woollen clothes, and corroded the iron parts of a knife the deceased had in his pocket, yet his linen and the bone haft of the knife remained entire. Shortly after, Mr. Millar, the under-viewer, the waste men, and six others, were discovered: they had met a similar fate, having been overtaken by the water about a hundred yards from the shaft, to which they had been hastening to save themselves. But their lot, and that of some others, may be considered fortunate; for their sufferings were transient when compared with those which awaited the unhappy beings left at work towards the rise of the mine, and as yet unconscious of their dreadful situation. About the 16th of February, the higher part of the workings were exposed; and now a scene truly horrible was presented to view—for there lay the corpses of fifty-six human beings, whom the water had never reached, the place being situated thirty-five fathoms above its level. They had collected together near the crane, and were found within a space of thirty yards of each other. Their positions and attitudes were various; several appeared to have fallen forward from an inequality, or rather step in the coal, on which they had been sitting; others, from their hands being clasped together, seemed to have expired while addressing themselves to the protection of the Deity;

two, who were recognized as brothers, had died in the act of taking a last farewell by grasping each other's hand; and one poor little boy reposed in his father's arms. Two slight fabrics had been hastily constructed by railing up deal boards; and, in one of these melancholy habitations, three of the stoutest miners had breathed their last; and, what seems singular, one of them had either been stripped of his clothes by his surviving companions, or had thrown off all covering from mental derangement. A large lump of horse flesh wrapped up in a pocket, nearly two pounds of candles, and three others which had died out when half burned, were found in this apartment, if it can be so called. One man, well known to have possessed a remarkably pacific disposition, had retired to a distance to end his days alone and in quiet—and that this would be the case was predicted by many of his fellow-workmen, who were acquainted with the placidity of his temper. Another had been stationed to watch the rise or fall of the water; to ascertain which, sticks had been placed upright—and he was found dead at his post. There were two horses in the part of the mine to which the people had retired; one had been slaughtered, its entrails taken out, and hind quarters cut up for use; the other was fastened to a stake, which it had almost gnawed to pieces, as well as a corf or coal basket that had been left within its reach.

How long these ill-fated people existed in their horrible tomb it is impossible to determine; but that they perished for want of respirable air, and not from hunger and thirst, is certain; for most of the flesh cut from the horse, together with a considerable quantity of horse-beans, were unconsumed, and a spring of good water issued into this part of the colliery.

Good God! what a frightful picture of life hopelessly sacrificed, and death protracted! Immured in the bowels of the earth, lingering their numbered days away in total darkness, or with the sickly gleam of candle-light, too feeble to penetrate the gloom of the living tomb, but strong enough to display its horrors. Were aught required to swell their misery to madness, it would be the terrible remembrance that home, and all that makes home happy, were not a bowshot distant; and that the foot of an agonized wife, or the child, orphaned even before its father's life was extinct, might at that very moment, be pressing the turf above!

The horrible sufferings attendant on death slowly produced by starvation, have been frequently experienced and described by shipwrecked mariners; but, how light by comparison, are those of the ocean cast-away, when contrasted with the misery with which the spirit of the entombed sinner parts from its tenement of clay? The wretch upon his raft, has sky above, and sea around him. Does a cloud-speck appear upon the horizon, he can fancy it a distant sail, and flatter himself that rescue is at hand. He sees the sun sink—but will he not hope that when he shows his glorious disc to-morrow, his earliest beams will brighten the white canvass of some approaching ship? He has light and air; the passing sea-bird; the drifting weed; the sun; the stars; all afford something for fading sight to rest upon. But to feel oneself in a sarcophagus—full of life and vigour—pent in the bowels of the

earth, and surrounded by Cimmerian darkness—then indeed, the entombed sufferer may exclaim, “Oh! it is hard to die.”

It is interesting to read with what surpassing fortitude starvation has been borne; and life, or rather a spark of it, been retained by submission to more than stoic self-denial. Man, under circumstances of privation, eats to continue existence; and animals appear, even in death’s agony, to obey an impulse for food. The horse, disabled on a battle-field, and whose sufferings have been protracted a few hours, will be found to have eaten to the last—and a circle of grain or herbage, far as his declining strength can reach, will gradually have been cut down. It is fearful to contemplate the effect of extreme hunger upon the brute and his master—one, cannibal-like, will prey upon his fellow; the other, actually upon himself.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

“On their own merits, modest men are dumb,” but I am strongly inclined to fancy myself heroic. There is not an article in domestic use that I have not converted into missile—and, notwithstanding his pugilistic accomplishments, I have pelted Mr. Clancy from the presence. It was a daring feat, but it will cost a sovereign; for an ill-directed hearth-brush, instead of indenting the scoundrel’s skull, lighted on the glass covering of a stuffed macaw, and of course reduced the same to *smithereens*; and before I could shy the poker the vagabond had vanished. Egad! I fancy, in a few days, he’ll put me on board-wages.

“You’re going to a place called Hexham, I hear?” said the vagabond to me.

I nodded an affirmative.

“And all, as I can makè out, to look at some tattered church? Wouldn’t it be better for ye, you unfortunate ould man, to go to them where ye might make your sowl, than wastin’ time and money on ruins. only fit to harbour ghosts and jackdaws—glowering at half an acre of rubbish and broken masonry in one place—and breakin’ yer shins over tombstones at another?”

“You infernal vagabond”—

“Stop! don’t be after workin’ yerself into a passion, but just listen like a respectable Christian, instead of a cantankerous Turk;—Arrah! keep yer hands off the tongs, will ye? it’s very undacent, at your time of life, to grip the fire-irons, when a man points out what a *gommouge*\* ye are.”

Away went the hearth-brush, and down came the macaw.

“’Pon my sowl! ye’ll be in a strait-waistcoat if ye don’t repent. Asy for a minute, till I tell ye what I want. Jist give up goin’ to that battered barrack of an ould church; for as you didn’t fancy the other Mrs. Clancy, feaks, hav’nt I from the kitchen-maid her promise, upon

\* A singular instance of this fact, that hunger sets bodily pain at defiance, may be witnessed at the hotel at Dunbar. One of the largest and finest dogs in Scotland belongs to the proprietor of the house, and Lion is as remarkable for gentle temper as for uncommon size and strength. Some years since, he was accidentally locked up in a salt-store; remained without food or water fourteen days; and, when at last rescued, life was all but extinct, and the poor animal had gnawed away a portion of his own tail!

† *Anglicè*,—ass, simpleton.

book-oath, that she'll favour me wid her hand. A cleaner skinn'd girl isn't at this side of Ballinasloe; and, *mona mon diaoul!* she has an eye ye could light a pipe at. Arrah! maybe, to make every thing respectable, you would give the bride away?"

Bang went the tongs! exit Mr. Clancy—the carriage came round, and I am off for Hexham. Alas! it will be a parting visit to a building of surpassing interest.

Beautiful and numerous as the monastic buildings of the sair saint,\* David I., were, they were more than rivalled by the Northumbrian primate, Wilfrid. Hexham was the first church in Britain built with aisles and chancel, and the fifth erected from stone. Wilfrid had already repaired York minster, and built a splendid church at Ripon; but on Hexham both his munificence and genius were exhausted. Italy, France, and the Low Countries, supplied artists of acknowledged celebrity; and the first glass used in England, was introduced to the north in the primacy of Wilfrid. Hexham was justly considered among the wonders of the day; and Lingard's description of what it was, is supported by its remains of former magnificence.

Secret cells, and subterranean oratories, were laid with wondrous industry beneath; walls, in three distinct stories, of immense height and length, and supported by well polished columns, were erected above. The capitals of the columns, the arch of the sanctuary, or the chancel, and the walls themselves, were decorated with historical, fanciful, and unknown figures, projecting from the stone, and with pictures of various colours, and of most ingenious device. The body of the church was every where surrounded with aisles and porches, which by incommunicable art were distinguished with walls and spires above and below. Various and most curious galleries, leading backwards and forwards, artfully communicated with every part of the building. In these spires and galleries, innumerable multitudes might stand around the body of the church, and yet remain unseen by those within. Oratories, as secret as they were beautiful, were with diligence and caution erected in these towers and porches; and in them were fair and well-appointed altars, dedicated to the Virgin Mother, to St. Michael the Archangel, and to St. John the Baptist, to the holy apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins. †

It is strange to trace even the monastic vicissitudes of these troublous times. A prelate (Wilfrid), builder or superior of nine monasteries—served on gold—his attendants nobly born—his companions princely in rank; "elegant in person, accomplished and affable in his demeanour, popular in manners, and, though extremely haughty and ambitious, eminent for charity and liberality"—this favoured man was hunted from kingdom to kingdom (the heptarchy), and obliged to shelter with "the heathens of Sussex;" Mercia and Wessex having refused him shelter.

Besides enormous revenues, Hexham possessed a privilege peculiar

\* David's son and successor, painfully observed, when he had succeeded to a wasted patrimony, that his father was "a bra' saint for the kirk, but a sair saint for the croon."

† Lingard.

to papal times—namely, the valuable right of sanctuary. The space within which the criminal could claim shelter was marked by four crosses—and still the sites of three are perfectly ascertained; but that which marked the southern boundary, has ceased to be remembered. If the offender—no matter what his crime might be—gained what was called the “freed-stool,” any attempt to remove him from it was held to be a mortal sin; and if he were seized within the boundary, those who infringed upon the sacred privilege, were subject to fine and excommunication; the amount of the former being determined by an exact measurement, touching what the distance of the spot where the gentleman had been grabbed by his pursuers might have been from the “freed-stool;” the tariff rising desperately, in proportion to proximity to the blessed resting place.

Hexham had a curious ring of bells which were re-cast in 1742, in consequence of the largest, called the “Fray-bell,” having been cracked in ringing at a wedding. This mass of metal weighed seventy hundred, and report says that the distance its clapper was heard at was amazing. The old churchmen were arch dogs in their way; and they indulged in a sly hit at the fair sex, by naming the noisiest of a noisy brigade after the Blessed Virgin. Saint Andrew was the next in magnitude; but he being a steady sober saint, was only employed at funerals. Three of the bells bore the date of 1404; but it was believed that the others were founded at a much earlier period.

Four of the bells were dedicated to favourite saints, and the inscriptions upon the whole of them have been tolerably preserved. The following are the quaint conceits, which the monks gave to the founders:—

1. Ad primos, cantus p. visat nos  
Rex gloriosus.
2. Et cantare —— faciet  
Nos vox ——
3. Est nobis digna  
Katerine vox benigna.
4. Omnibus in annis  
Est vox Deo orata Johannis!
5. Andrea mi care  
Johanni consociare!
6. Est mea vox orata  
Dum sum Maria vocata.\*

\* An eccentric countryman, whom I met in my wanderings, accompanied me to view the ruins of Prudhoe and Bothal Castles, and afterwards, to Alnwick and Hexham. Seeing me pencil down the Latin inscription, which was on the bells, before they were re-cast, he favoured me and the world, with what may be termed “a free translation.” Of the two first, to use his own *parlance*, he “could make neither head nor tail;” but with the remainder of the peal he appears to have been eminently successful:—

3. Kathleen *astore*, you are my jewel;  
A dacent saint, and never cruel.
4. Come, honest Jack, strike up your song,  
And till doom crack, go ding, ding, dong.
5. Andy, my trump, you'r cute and cawny;  
So clear your throat, and follow Johnny.
6. Mary's the name I always take;  
I'll sing my best—and no mistake!

The history of Hexham would be exactly the story of a life. In its varying fortunes, at times it enjoyed the sunshine, and at others underwent the storm. After Wilfrid's death, his successor, Acca (709), exceeded his predecessor in the see, in adding to the splendour of his church.\* In 876, the Danes laid the place in ruins, razed the churches to the earth, and massacred the inhabitants, regardless as to sex or age. Hexham Levels was the scene of the final overthrow of the Lancasterians—and its forests concealed the fugitive queen and prince, when her husband fled from a lost field. The den where the bold and unfortunate Margaret was sheltered by the faithful outlaw, is still termed the Queen's Cave. At Hexham, after the Reformation, the popish plot, designated by the conspirators "The Pilgrimage of Grace," was hatched; † and on the 9th of March, 1761, the popular outbreak in opposition to the militia ballot occurred. In this, known as the "Hexham Riot," nearly four hundred of the populace were killed and wounded by the soldiery. The government, not satisfied with the loss inflicted on the rioters, placed the county under martial law, and hanged a ringleader at Morpeth. It was an act of useless severity; but seventy years ago, hemp seemed the general panacea for all the ills the state was heir to.

There are many ways of doing men to death, from boring to burking; the latter inflicting less pain upon the sufferer, and in every point the preferable one. I forget how Captain Sinbad managed to shake off his fat friend, the old gentleman of the sea; but I remember that in some romantic story—and, as a maiden-aunt pronounced it, after not skipping a line from the title-page to the word "finis," a very immoral one,—a certain Don Raymond is mentioned, who, having imprudently entered into the holy estate with a spectre called the Bleeding Nun, is liberated *e vinculo matrimonii*, by the "Wandering Jew." Of that vagabond race there are still wanderers enough; but where is the old clothesman to be encountered, who shall deliver me from Peter Clancy? I have pelted him from the presence, and there he is sitting on my luggage in the lobby, caroling the *Cruis Keeine lawn*, like a nightingale.

The door opened, and a red head protruded itself cautiously through an opening, not an inch wider than served to admit it.

"Now jist listen patiently," observed Mr. Clancy, "no use puttin' yerself in a passion. Feaks! my marriage is teetotally off, and here I am free and independint to wait upon ye. She told me—the devil—that she had thirty pound in the saving bank. Well,—though I did n't misdoubt her word, I went and made inquiry. Arrah! the devil as

\* "The interior he gilded with silver and gold, collected precious relics, ornamented the altars with rich coverings, presented valuable communion plate and candlesticks to illuminate the whole glorious dome."—*History of Hexham*.

† The first outbreak of these crazy fanatics was treated with more leniency than might have been expected at the time; and a free pardon was given upon the deluded men abandoning their mad scheme and quietly disbanding. Next year the insurrection broke out anew, and then the vengeance of the executive fell heavily on the leaders. Aske, Lumley, Percy, and Bulmer were executed; Lady Bulmer burned in Smithfield; while the prior of Hexham found no security in his own sanctuary—for he was dragged from the monastery, and hanged over his own gate.

much had she there, as would have paid turnpike for a walking-stick ! 'Pon my sowl ! when I begin to think of it, I fancy that the world's gettin' worse and worse. Hasn't yer honour a suspicion of the same ? But now that ye are made sinsible that I am without encumbrance, I suppose I may venture in."

And he slipped gingerly through the doorway, leaving the entrance ajar, nevertheless, for rapid retreat, should that prove desirable.

I neither seized poker nor hearth-brush, but I calmly inquired "which should be hanged for the murder of the other ?"

"Hanged ! The Lord stand between us and evil ! No, no—here I am at your honour's total disposal,—ay, to watch over ye tinderer than a bad step-mother does over a rickety child—and, glory to the Virgin ! the devil a woman, good or bad, to lay their hand upon myself, and say, 'Peter Clancy, I have a claim upon ye.'"

The words had scarcely issued from the speaker's lips, when a hand and arm that seemed to be a blacksmith's masquerading in female sleeve, was placed heavily on his shoulder.

"Who's that ?" exclaimed Mr. Clancy, with a start, that betrayed intuitive terror. "Monasindiaoul ! I am caught at last, and ruined for ever. Biddy Morraghan's bunch of fives is not to be mistaken by a boy that could swear to it in a thousand."

Heavens ! did I hear aright ? Had my hour of deliverance at last arrived ; and had Redhead fallen into the hands of the female Philistine who only could achieve it ?

"Step in, Miss Morraghan !" I exclaimed, "arn't you kindly welcome ? Make yourself quite at home, and take an air of the fire."

No second invitation was required, and in glided this Irish Ariadne, who had, through the perfidy of villanous man, been left lamenting.

I had seen Mr. Clancy's courage tested, and I believe, sincerely, there was not a keelman in Newcastle, to whom he might have objected to give a stone ; but now, compared with him, a whipped school-boy would have looked courageous.

Upon my soul, I did not wonder at it, for Miss Morraghan, was no common-place customer. She stood five feet ten, and her height was not disproportioned to her *physique*. She was, indeed, "a whapper." Were she a game woman, not one man in ten would have a chance with her ; and not one in a hundred would venture to abide the trial. And yet, this extended scale considered, as an animal she was not amiss ; although exuberant, she was shapely. She had teeth white as ivory itself, and hair as black as Erebus.

"Peter Clancy," observed the lady, "have ye any thing to say for yourself, good or bad ? Plase yer reverence," and she turned to me, "if I could but explain to ye all I have undergone through the desate of \_\_\_\_\_"

"That accomplished malefactor !" I replied.

"Holy Saint Bridget ! The very word the priest said whin he was cursing him from the altar !" exclaimed the too confiding fair one.

"And you, my poor tender friend, have, no doubt, suffered from his perfidy ?"

"Feaks ! plase yer reverence, I don't exactly understand the manin

of the word ; but hav'nt I been after him—the eternal thief!—for the last six months—and considerin' my delicat situation.”

“Yes, madam ; from matronly appearances, the sooner the hymeneal knot were tied the better.”

“Arrah ! af yer honour only knew what I went through. Here I have been regular on the batter, over the wide world, since this villain cut his stick. One while, I would hear he was in Lunnun—the next, that he was at the lack-o-God's speed—Lord knows where. One tould me he had listed—another that he was on the treadmill ; and a third, that he was in the hulks. Sorra three jails in England that I didn't ransack, and examined every red-headed ruffian in the Penitentiary. At last, my heart was fairly broken, when, half an hour ago, I gets a glimpse of the wagabone, discoursin tenderly wid a young woman round the corner. ‘That's him,’ says I, ‘by the powers ! I would know his skin upon a bush !’ And feaks ! I wasn't far astray. I watch'd him fair and asy, and, as yer reverence sees, jist popp'd upon him like a soot-drop !”

“Biddy,” said the culprit, “let all be honour bright betune us.” Here Mr. Clancy lifted the last month's army list, and kissed it most devoutly. “Be this book, before little Lady-day—and that's next Friday—I'll make ye an honest woman.”

“And be this book,” and Miss Morraghan, in return, smacked the Times newspaper—“af there's Christian clargy to be found in this hathenish land, I'll be yer lawful wife within an hour.”

“Right, madam,” I exclaimed, “accept my blessing—with this five pound note to defray matrimonial fees, and the festivities of the honeymoon.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I was taking mine ease between the binnacle and the break of the quarter-deck, waiting till “the Leeds” would cast off from the wharf. The bell had sounded twice. The captain was on the bridge, with his hands in his nether pockets ; and the attending imp looking from the hatch of the engine-room, and waiting anxiously for a waving of the hand. The third time the signal struck. The last loiterer hurried along the gang-board, and the wheels made an evolution. I took a parting glance at the pier—and there stood Mr. and Mrs. Clancy. The latter, in glorious triumph, touched her fourth finger, and pointed to the mystic ring, while Peter halloed audibly : ‘If it's a boy, we'll call him after yer honour.’”

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THE END.



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