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# CLAN-ALBIN:

*A NATIONAL TALE.*

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A nation fam'd for song and beauty's charms;  
Zealous, yet modest; innocent, though free;  
Patient of toil; serene amidst alarms;  
Inflexible in faith; invincible in arms.

BEATTIE.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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VOL. II.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, & BROWN, LONDON;  
MACREDIE, SKELLY, AND MUCKERSY, EDINBURGH;  
AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

1815,

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

AND OF THE  
ACADEMY OF SCIENCES  
OF PARIS

FROM THE YEAR 1660 TO 1789

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John Moir, Printer.



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## CLAN-ALBIN,

### A NATIONAL TALE.

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#### CHAP. XIX.

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“ Fair to no purpose, artful to no end.”

POPE.

MONIMIA kept her promise to the unfortunate old man. She took the child to her bosom with maternal fondness. Montague was at first sullen, but as he was not ill-natured, the gay temper, affectionate manners, and beautiful form of the little exile, won even his good-will. The little Irish girl was indeed a general favourite; but with the Piper she threatened to supplant all the children in the district.

The shooting season now brought many idle strangers to the Highlands; the time of Montague was occupied by what he called his

quality friends, and the peaceful domestic hours of Monimia were continually invaded by an influx of female visitors, who, compelled to live for some months in the country, without talents either to improve or embellish retirement, were glad to transfer to another the burden of their own inanity.

The Highland moors were become so very fashionable, that many gentlemen annually travelled North; and immediately the ladies were smitten with a taste for the picturesque, the sublime, and the dreary. But it was impossible to gaze for ever on huge rocks, dark lakes, foaming torrents, and mountains in endless expansion. "A Northern Meeting," was now the word: and the good motherly ladies of the country, who had never been able to travel South, were delighted with a cheap opportunity of showing their grown up girls a little of *life*, and teaching them something of *manner*. The plan had grown in general estimation; for the idle and the young found amusement; the vain a field for display, and the designing a theatre of action. Two rustic coquettes, by the aid of fine complexions, high spirits, novelty, and the Highland fling, had already obtained what were

called,—“most advantageous establishments,”—and all the clever, sensible mamma’s declared the *countries*,—“infinitely indebted to the public spirit of Her Grace of ———.” These rural meetings were no doubt inferior, both in substantial luxury and elegant taste, to the brighter assemblies of London or Bath; but they had their own charms;—the same vanity, dress, gaiety, scandal, envy, and delight. The higher class, for one week, were unrivalled; supreme over fashion and manners; and the inferior orders busy in acquiring anecdotes, airs, and graces, at second-hand, to excite the astonishment of country neighbours, and amuse their winter solitude.

Neither Norman nor Flora had visited much at Dunalbin for some weeks; but a series of rainy weather had relieved Monimia from her troublesome friends, and the little circle had again resumed the habits of their former life.

One morning they were seated at their usual studies, when a party of ladies on horseback were descried sweeping through the defile, which separated Strath—— from Glenalbin.

“There they come,” said Monimia, somewhat peevishly,—“I know nothing so teasing

as the affected regard of troublesome people. Two of these ladies are become so very fond of me, that I believe they will soon make me loathe myself."

Norman and Flora rose to go home,—  
"Nay, I insist that for one day you share my penance: surely *you* are too gallant to fly the ladies; and for your encouragement, my dear Flora, let me assure you that this fair covey indicates a flight of gentlemen as certainly as the screaming of the gull does bad weather."——The young friends smiled; and walked to the window, to view the fair, and still distant riders.

"These are the Gordon's, and Miss Sinclair, the relation and humble companion of their aunt. Of course you know how high-blooded; and high-bred they both are. Yet they are essentially different. Miss Gordon is stately, proud, perpendicular, insolent; using the privileges of her birth to excuse her breeding. You Norman, must adore her, but at a humble distance; she will no more pardon your indifference than your presumption. Flora must not dare to look at her."

"Then for Heaven's sake let me go home."

"Oh no;—her sister will atone for that."

he will crave your friendship in half an hour, and vow you her own on five minutes acquaintance,—if it strikes her. Maria is little, pretty, good-humoured, vain, capricious; and the animal at least is lively. *You* must flirt, and if you please, you may romp with her. Should Flora snatch out a pearl comb, or pull off a glove opportunely, and so display the most beautiful flaxen tresses, and the fairest arm in the world;—even she may hope for pardon.—How I loathe affectation! 'Tis woman's easily besetting sin;—but I am sure if ever it do appear in me, it must be the affectation of being natural."

Flora smiled and shook her head,—“ But is not this rather, rather,——”

“ Severe?”—replied Monimia, returning her smile,—“ Perhaps so. But really it strikes me as both silly and idle to weep, and wail, and gnash my teeth at the follies of half the world. I do not wish my acquaintances to have faults and follies; but since they are there, if they do not make one laugh, I am sure they are good for nothing else. However, my dear Flora, be not afraid; *morals* is a grave word,—we won't use that; but good taste will keep me from troubling you very

often with the amiable qualities of my friends."

"But pray let us have our cues," said Norman,—“you have forgot Miss Sinclair.”

“That is odd enough, for I am sure no lady has a more lively recollection of herself. I cannot give you a cue to Miss Sinclair. She is a chameleon, and somewhat more; for she takes not only colour, but form, from the circumambient air. *Au reste* she is a maiden lady, well born, and of very *elegant sentiments*; whom my brother, though not remarkable either for one or t'other, could persuade.—But hush; they approach;—she is dependent on Lady Gordon.”

The door was thrown open, and Miss Gordon slightly bent her towering neck to Mrs. Montague, overlooked Flora, but saw Norman young and handsome; and, complaining of fatigue, threw herself on a sofa as elegantly as possible. Maria ran with open arms to embrace her “dearest Mrs. Montague,” and only gave way to the inquiries and caresses of Miss Sinclair.

“My dearest creature, how have you contrived to exist for the last week?” cried Maria,—“Positively we embraced the first glimpse

of sunshine to see that you had not hanged or drowned yourself;—did we not Sinclair.” Miss Sinclair confirmed this statement, probably forgetting that Miss Gordon’s industrious maid had heard Sir Archibald tell his friend and visitor, Mr. Mansel, that as their sport lay towards Glenalbin, they would *sponge* on the pin-man and his elegant sister.

Monimia was as grateful for all this kindness as politeness required. Miss Gordon examined Norman with haughty, yet earnest attention, and stared at Flora with well-bred rudeness. Maria ran across the room, admired the plants, the birds, and the prospect; worked at Flora’s frame, and snatched up Norman’s book. It was a volume of Gaelic poetry, which Monimia had been reading.

“Good Lard! Mrs. Montague,” cried she, —“let me hope you that you don’t convulse your organs of speech with this savage dialect?”

Monimia made a gay reply. She was as unfond of trying to reform the world, as of weeping and wailing over its follies.

“But what,” said Maria, in an affected whisper,—“if I should tell Sir Archibald of your elegant language-master?”

The heart of Norman throbbed violently,—his breath came quick; but Monimia did not deign to reply: she looked haughtily displeased; and Miss Sinclair chid Maria for a giddy-brain, while she expatiated on the amazing fondness Sir Archibald had conceived for the country, the love his tenants felt for him, and the various good qualities with which she was pleased to endow him.

Montague at length entered to pay his respects to the ladies. Maria flew forward, and seized him by both hands, while he stood like a dancing bear with a pole.—“My dear good man, you must positively give me a morsel of dinner; I am not able to ride other ten miles,” cried she.

“Indeed ladies I was just come to press you to pot-luck,” said Montague, half terrified by the impetuous spirits of the young lady. Sir Archibald and Mr. Mansel have just sent Monimia a present of game, and invited themselves to a late dinner. They are now on Machrymoor?”

“Lard! then we won’t stay,” said Miss Gordon, her eyes brightening;—but Miss Sinclair was peremptory;—and Miss Gordon “knew there was no peace with Sinclair unless



she had her own way;—so it was useless to contend.”

Again Monimia was “obliged and honoured;” and she turned her dark eye, full of arch meaning, on the face of Norman.—“Odious customs of the world,” thought he.

Till the hour of dinner Maria rattled, sung, laughed, and caressed her dear Mrs. Montague: Miss Gordon languished; and Miss Sinclair, who seemed a very *managing* person, attended Mr. Montague to view his pigs, poultry, dairy, and wool-loft.

At a pretty early hour for a fowler Sir Archibald was announced; and Norman saw the man who had first made his young heart throb with anguish. He was a man between thirty and forty; of fashionable appearance, and *formed* manners. In England he affected the Highland Chieftain; in the country the man of fashion,—one who knew *life*, and loved to enjoy it. His history and character was that of hundreds in England; in the Highlands it was summed up in few words;—“*He has put out fifty smokes.*”—His attention was solely directed to Monimia, yet he found time to examine her friend with the eye of a critic in female beauty; and Flora’s meek face sunk under his undaunted gaze.

At dinner the rustic Norman found that what we shall eat, and what we shall drink, were objects of very great importance. Sir Archibald was eloquent in praise of veal, mutton, and poultry, of Montague's rearing, and fattening; and forgot even the attractions of his lovely hostess, while he pounced upon moor-game, "cruelly spoiled by a beast of a cook." Mr. Mansel displayed equal science; but Miss Sinclair, though she agreed that the mutton was most delightful; the veal enchanting; and the turkey, quite a wonder of a turkey; begged to be forgiven, if she owned, that after all, for a family dinner, there was nothing to her taste "like a plain, substantial roast joint."—Norman involuntarily smiled as she turned to see the effect of her observation on her host.

"Gad Sir Archy," whispered Mansel,—that is a good hit at the *pin-money*. Do give poor old Sinclair a hitch."

Montague had now got his mouth empty,—  
"You are quite right Ma'am,—nothing like it,—Will you drink a glass of wine with me Miss Sinclair?—Upon my honesty you are a very sensible sort of a person. And don't you think now, that for supper,—instead of your

pastry and fruit,—a slice of cold meat left from dinner,——”

Monimia saw and pitied the dilemma to which he was reducing the politic lady, and smilingly interrupted him.—“ I shall not trouble Miss Sinclair to decide against me,” said she,—“ I plead guilty : at least I own it is much better to those who think so.”

Montague was not in the habit of taking much wine, and the gentlemen soon entered the drawing-room. They found Miss Gordon reclining ; Maria fluttering about, and *charming* with all her might ; Flora with a tambourine, and Monimia quietly seated at the piano-forte. Miss Sinclair hung over her chair, as much enchanted with her rondo, as with her brother’s plain joint.

Miss Gordon was reported as a wonderful performer : and the possessor of a wonderful voice ; and after an abominable affectation of reluctance, she played and sung. The other ladies followed ; and the vanity or ill-nature of Monimia was engaged to display the talents of her neglected friend. Flora sung Scottish airs with uncommon sweetness, truth, and feeling : she had learned as much music as to be able to accompany her voice ; and

glad to escape the pain of being solicited, she sat down, though her eyes reproached Monimia. She sung the "Lone Vale;" and Mansel,—a good-natured coxcomb, whom the smart uniform of a dragoon regiment had transformed into a hero,—Mansel declared himself charmed. He had both a heart and an ear for music, and his taste, by all who pretended to taste, was allowed to be exquisite.

"Aye," said Monimia, beaming with triumph,—“We scientific folks are fairly eclipsed here;—the woods breed nightingales.”

“Faith Belle,” said Mansel, turning to Miss Gordon,—“you must throw all your music into the fire. This is a million times better than your flourishing bravura.”—Miss Gordon had sung a fashionable bravura song.

Miss Gordon, and her sister were portionless; but they had beauty and blood; and their aunt in her zeal to extend and strengthen the family connexions, by their establishment, had speculated on *accomplishments* to the very bottom of her purse. Their music-master was the most fashionable in London. It was not wonderful that Miss Gordon pouted.

“ Pray who is this little siren ?” said Mansel, in a loud whisper to Miss Sinclair. Flora lost all the brief reply, but—“ of a poor school-master ;—but Miss Gordon has dropped her glove.”—The glove lay for Mansel.

“ Whew !” whistled he,—“ Blood !—who cares for blood now, but in a horse. Youth and beauty are all in all.”—This respectful observation explained the speech of Miss Sinclair.

“ What charming spirits !” said Miss Sinclair,—“ I wish our sweet Bella could share in them. Poor dear girl she is just pining off her feet ;—oh you men ! you men !”

“ The stale farce of falling in love,” thought Mansel. But still secretly flattered with the conquests of his eyes, he looked to the sweet love-lorn Bella, and would have probably returned to his allegiance, had he not been haughtily repulsed. He entreated Flora to sing, and Miss Gordon ordered her horse. She was “ already too late, and to remain for the night was impossible ?”

Sir Archibald remonstrated, her sister fretted, the perennial smile of Miss Sinclair fled, and Mansel, in the hope of remaining,

was all humility ; but the lady was inflexible. Sir Archibald could not permit his sister to go home unattended, but as he strode past he whispered in her ear.—“ Miss Gordon, if you fancy ill-humour will promote your interests you are *damnably* wrong. Learn to control that imperious temper. Believe me you cannot *afford* to keep it.”

The eyes of the lady flashed, and her cheeks glowed ; while her sister and Miss Sinclair—who quickly repaired her smiles,—tried to engage Mrs. Montague to return the visit. Monimia formed many excuses, but Montague promised for them both.

The eyes of Maria discoursed eloquently to Norman, Mansel kissed the glove of Flora, Sir Archibald bowed on the hand of Monimia, and, to the joy of all three, the party were at last mounted and out of sight.

The spirits of Monimia rose as their figures lessened. She locked up the piano-forte, tossed away the music books, and by greater softness of manners than she had ever displayed, sought to indemnify Norman for the chagrins of the day. In their twilight saunter he found her arm within his own. When they parted her hand slid into his. Sir

Archibald indeed had taken, and held that hand; but he fancied her look more soft and touching, her manner more quiet; and these observations began to be interesting. With a short quick sigh he saw her leave the beach, where he embarked with Flora.

It was now the latter end of August; the weather was uncommonly fine, and the preceding rains had preserved the lively verdure of early spring. Norman requested Hugh to call him by sunrise next morning, and proposed a very long excursion among the hills.

“We shall see darling,” said Hugh; and next morning he found that the Piper and the skiff had both disappeared. All day he was kept an impatient prisoner on Eleenalin. About six o’clock Hugh appeared, seemingly so satisfied with himself, that Norman knew not how to be otherwise.

“If the Lady would have no objection that I should row herself and the family to the isle of the Druid,” said Hugh, “the night is so lovely.”

The lady had no objection; and attended by Moome, Flora, and Norman, she entered the skiff, without perceiving the knowing looks of the Piper.

The isle of the Druid, or as it was sometimes called, the isle of the *Beal-tien*, was an islet in the mouth of a bay of the lake. It was very small, but finely wooded, and adorned with a strand of beautiful white pebbles.

Many ancient superstitions have now dwindled down into infantine observances. *Beltane* is not kept in any part of the Highlands; but on May-day the children light fires in sequestered spots, and cook little feasts of eggs, with which they treat each other, and which they proudly spread before their friends. Eggs are dressed in every form, and every good woman in the country contributes to the long gathered store. In a *lown* recess of the isle of the Druid, Norman in his boyhood had annually lighted his fire, and spread his fairy banquet before the Lady, Moome, Mary, his nurse, and other friends. The great stones still lay scattered about, which had formed their seats.

On this islet Monimia, who had never ventured to invite the Lady to Dunalbin, proposed to receive her visits. By the assistance of the Piper, and her servant, a little hut had been reared of birch and willow twigs, inter-



woven with fresh heath. It was in the form of a rude pavilion, open to the side of Eleenalin, and supported by pillars of silver-barked birch, the foliage of which was not yet faded. Hugh had worked late and early with the ardour of a *brownie*; the seats of wattled work, covered with skins of wild-deer, were the labour of his hands, and the whole was happily accomplished in profound secrecy; for Norman, who had viewed its progress, was too good-natured to see any thing. The Piper had laid in a store of turf, lighted a fire, and left Monimia and Mary Fitzconnal making tea, coffee, and spreading their rustic board with cake and sweetmeats.

A blue smoke was discovered rising among the wood in the isle of the Druid, and as the boat approached a fairy Naiad was seen to fly from the strand. Hugh feigned ignorance, the better to enjoy the raptures of his friends; and when the grand discovery was made, the exclamations of Moome, the delight of Flora, the benevolent smiles of the Lady, and the laughing eyes of Norman abundantly repaid the effort which silence had cost.

“This is charming!” cried Flora,—“it reminds one of the Elysium at Clarens. We

only want lovers to sigh in that sylvan bower, and nightingales to sing among the bushes."

"Lovers we do not want," said Monimia gaily,—“ I am certain we are all very sincere lovers; only instead of sighing we shall laugh; and my kind Moome shall be our nightingale."

"That I will; darling creature," replied Moome,—“ you shall have the whole of ‘ The Maid of Duart,’ this night, in this sweet shealing."

"Apropos!" cried Flora,—“ what shall we call it?"——“ The Grotto of Calypso," said Norman.

"And whether will the Piper or you be my Telemachus?"——“ I must not be judge in my own cause," replied Norman smiling. She looked to Hugh.——“ With your leave darling, I'll be any thing you please," said the good-natured Piper, who knew nothing about Telemachus.

"I am sure Hugh that is very kind of you: and when I turn Calypso you shall be my Telemachus:—but what says Flora?"

"The Temple of Friendship," replied Flora.

"Grottoes and Temples!" cried Monimia,—“ Nonsense! I dislike fictions of sentiment

of all kinds. Why not love a 'heath shealing,' as well as a pompous temple, or a sentimental grotto. When the eloquent enthusiast, to whom Flora alluded, makes his Julia parade her Elysium, her Saloon of Apollo, her Burgundy, and her Rhenish, I think he is guilty of a capital sin against the simplicity he professes to adore. I could call my birch wine Madeira, nay Imperial Tokay, but I am certain Hugh would love it much better, called merely what it is,—the birch wine of Glenalbin."

"Yes, by Mary, and that I would darling," said Hugh,—“sweet it is, and good no doubt for women and childer; yet, by your leave, for my own taste;——” and he hesitated.

“Aye!” said Norman, smiling significantly while he turned to Monimia,—“Well, the conclusion is, that a man of simplicity, and unsophisticated sentiment, prefers *whisky* to the birch wine of Glenalbin.”

“Most lame and impotent conclusion,” cried Monimia, protesting against the unfairness of this inference.

“Don't heed their laugh my love,” said Lady Augusta,—“You were quite right. Among all your amiable qualities, I must ad-

mire the cheerful good sense which distinguishes your manner of thinking. I like to hear things called by their true names ; it is no inconsiderable proof that they are estimated by their real value, we shall adopt Moome's name ;—' Monimia's Shealing,'—and prize it, because it is hers, beyond all the temples and grottoes in the annals of sentiment."

Every one could appreciate the delicate kindness to which this sylvan hut owed its erection.——" Monimia has triumphed !" cried Norman, as he placed her at the head of her rustic board, more lovely than all the goddesses of story ; her eyes beaming kindness, her cheeks glowing with rosy confusion, and her young heart throbbing with innocent pleasure.

At table the conversation again reverted to Rousseau. In France Lady Augusta had seen, admired, and pitied, that "*wise wretch.*"—Insensibly she began to speak of that period of her life ; the party became thoughtful and sad.

" Let us dismiss this topic," said the Lady,—" my Monimia deserves to be more powerful than the Eastern Seged. He commanded,

but she invites, her friends to be happy. On some future evening I will tell my young friends the story of my early life. The time may come when it will be useful,—but it cannot be twice told.”

Moome, who had listened with intense anxiety to these observations, saw that a cloud was gathering on the spirits of the party.

“Now darling, with your leave, I shall sing you ‘The Maid of Duart,’” said she to Monimia,—“and as I am fond to suppose the Piper will be thinking of digging the roots of the water-lily for my own dying, I will not begin till he goes.”

Hugh, who had been the attendant on the party, smiled as he laid down his pipe, and repaired to the strand, to make war on the lovely flower which adorns “the mountain-circled lochs.”

“Then I will follow,” said Norman,—“and St. Peter to speed! bring you trout for supper more exquisite than that of the Lake of Geneva.”

“If you are cruel enough to catch it, you may eat it,” cried Monimia gaily,—“for I will not be your Julia,——” and abruptly stopping, she blushed the deepest crimson.

“ Well !” said Norman, pursuing her meaning and her downcast eyes with a smile of tender archness, but a palpitating heart,—  
“ You will not be my Julia ;—what then ?”

“ I mean that I cannot understand the *superfine* sentiment of permitting a harmless creature to be caught and tortured for amusement ; and then,——but I am sure you remember the sentimental scene to which I allude.”

“ I have often heard ladies accused of catching and torturing *harmless animals* for mere amusement,” replied Norman laughing.—“ But you would kill them outright,—would you ?”

“ O ! you know what I mean ;—but Highlanders are privileged to dream dreams, and use similitudes,” cried Monimia, with her usual vivacity,—“ but I have a plain English understanding ; and my brother, to whom you promised the fish, a plain English stomach. So march ;—trout is better than sentiment.”

He went away ; Lady Augusta smiled, but a melancholy idea entered her fancy,—“ I must tell them my story,” thought she.

Moome seated herself on the turf at the

feet of her ancient lady, and resumed the distaff, which accompanied all her walks.

“With your leave, my darling, the Lady herself will explain the *deep* Gaelic of the song. Many in the countries themselves do not understand that dearest; so no fault to you.”

In the Highlands there is but one sort of literature (if it may be so called) for the vassal and his Lord. Every class utters the same sentiments, clothed in the same words, and expressed in the same accent. There are no Miltons and Popes for the tasteful and educated; and ballads, “Proverbs,” and “Seven Champions,” for the vulgar. Hence an identity of tastes and attainments, which, however lowly the condition, elevates the intellectual being to the level of the highest; and induces the ennobling consciousness of equality with all that is really exalted.

Though the beauties of Gaelic poetry are by no means quaint, or metaphysical, they do not always lie on the surface. In fine perception, and lively sensibility to a felicitous image, or a delicate *trait* of sentiment, the vassal may indeed excel his Lord, from

having studied more profoundly that figurative, bold, and *epithetical* language, technically termed *deep Gaelic*, which Moome now requested her lady to explain.

“And my little Mary will, I hope, be permitted to listen?” said Monimia,—“She has given a noble proof of strength of mind, in keeping the secret of the Druid’s isle; and if she did tear all her frocks carrying heath to the Piper, the wish to oblige is always amiable; and I am certain she will mend them very neatly.”

“Indeed, indeed she will,” said Moome, “A warm-hearted darling creature she is, God bless her!”—and Moome began her descant, which is thus translated.



## THE MAID OF DUART,

## A BALLAD.

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PART I.

LIST! Ladye list my roundelay,  
A tale of love, a tale of woe,  
While sad I tell what erst befel  
The blue-eyed maid, and young Lochawe.

The merry barge-men raise the sail,  
Light bounds the bark from Oban's bay,  
And dancing in the summer gale,  
Skirts the grey rocks of Kerrara. \*

“ With sounding horn and sweeping harp,  
“ With vassals shout and pibrochs blow,

\* The places alluded to in this Ballad form a fine tract of mountainous scenery, stretching along both sides of the Sound of Mull.

“ The Duart hails thee at his gate, \*

“ Thou gallant Chief of green Lochawe. †

“ Peace dwells in blue-eyed Moina’s bower,

“ The battle’s din has ceased afar,

“ With dark-haired Fillan’s hardy clan

“ No more we wage the mountain war.

“ Strike! strike the harp thou aged bard,

“ Till floats his war-fame high in air,

“ Welcome to Duart’s bannered hall

“ Brave Chieftain of the raven hair.”

Sweet Moina, Duart’s lovely heir,

Sat lonely in her bower,

Swift she descends, and graceful bends,

As Fillan reached the tower.

“ All hail! all hail, thou Lady bright.”—

“ All hail thou Chieftain bold,

“ To Duart’s hills from far Lochawe,

“ Has Fillan’s war-fame rolled.”

Loud swells in hall the wassal roar,

Young Fillan brims the goblet high,

To pledge the lady of his love,

Sweet Moina of the dark-blue eye.

\* Castle Duart was formerly the residence of the Chiefs of the Clan of Maclean.

† Lochawe was the ancestor of the present family of Argyle. The traditionary account of the beautiful expanse of water so named, is one of the finest fictions of the bard of Selma.

'Twas brighter than the bright blue heaven,  
That eye which on the Chieftain rolled ;  
'Twas softer than the gale of even,  
That sigh which Moina's passion told.

That bosom, heaved with infant love,  
Was lovelier far than Appin's snows,  
That beauteous cheek of changeful dye,  
Than pale edge of the mountain-rose.

'Twas morn ;—the sun in glory blazed  
O'er hill, and rock, and castled piles,  
And far in ocean dimly gleamed  
The dark Hebrides' misty isles.

From smoking hamlet, airy sheal,  
Sped many a war-worn mountaineer,  
To join the Duart's hunting train,  
To rouse again the bounding deer.

The blue-eyed maiden graced the throng,  
Light from her shoulder hung the bow ;  
A lovelier pair had ne'er been seen  
Than Moina and the young Lochawe.

Her hunting garb was silken sheen,  
And waved amid her glittering locks  
The mountain bonnet's snowy plume,  
As wild she bounded o'er the rocks.

'Tis sweet to see that Highland maid,  
Through breezy scene so frolic glide,

Like hovering sprite on mountain's brow,  
Or fairy by the green hill's side.

'Tis brave to see that mountain-chief,  
So proudly dight in hunting trim,  
While joy beams in his eagle eye,  
And life beats wild in every limb.

Of horn, and hound, and hunting train,  
What boots it here for me to tell,  
Of bugle's blast, and whizzing shaft;  
And many an antler'd head that fell.

Mine is alas, a simple lay,  
A tale of love, a tale of woe,  
List while I tell what erst befel  
Sweet Moina and the young Lochawe.

The chace is o'er,—the blithesome train  
All jovial seek the Duart's tower,  
In festal mirth and choral strain  
So gaily sped the wanton hour.

The feast is high in Duart's hall,  
Flows swift the brimming shell,  
But Fillan roves with the maid he loves  
The wild sequestered dell.

Deep, dark, and narrow, was that glen,  
Huge rocks athwart their shadows flung,  
And shifting lights of magic glare,  
On crag, and copse, and summit hung.



O pale! pale now the rosy cheek  
 Where Fillan's lip had fondly hung;  
 O woful now the gentle heart,  
 That yielded to his guileful tongue!

Matured is Moina's maiden shame,  
 And deep, and deeper is her sigh,  
 More pallid yet the faded cheek,  
 And wilder still the dark-blue eye.

"Now say, now say, thou Lady gay,"  
 (Thus spake her ancient Moome)

"Why heaves that sigh, why fills that eye,  
 "Why gone thy maiden bloom.

"Why hast thou doffed, thou lovely maid,  
 "Thy girdle of silver sheen,  
 "That late embraced thy slender waist;  
 "And robe of the velvet green.

"Why loosely wave the golden locks,  
 "That glittered in pearly braid,  
 "Oh why a wo-worn lonely ghost  
 "Dost roam in the murky shade."

No word she spake, no sign she gave,  
 Her looks were fixed on heaven,  
 But her deep deep sigh, and glaring eye,  
 Have fearful answer given.

She's turned her to the rampart high  
 To wail her virgin shame,

From Ardtornish hall, and castle wall, \*  
 There blazed a bickering flame.

It tinged the Lady's storied rock, †  
 Glimmered on ocean blue,  
 And far on Lismore's holy isle, ‡  
 A magic radiance threw.

"Come tell to me my aged Moome,  
 "Why from Ardtornish tower  
 "A lovely light thus blazes bright,  
 "And from Bragela's bower.

"The warder winds a merry blast:—  
 "Hark! now I list the swell  
 "Of festal throng, of choral song,  
 "And joyous chapel bell."

"God give thee peace thou Lady fair,"  
 She said and shook her head,  
 "To night the dark-haired Chieftain there  
 "Does proud Bragela wed;—

\* Ardtornish is a ruinous castle in Morven, nearly opposite to that of Duart.

† "The Lady's storied rock," is a bleak crag in the Sound of Mull, at no great distance from Duart, too much celebrated in the feuds of the contending clans of Maclean and Campbell to require any description.

‡ Lismore, literally the great garden, is a fertile little island near the mouth of the Sound, where the Roman Catholics have still a sort of college.

“ To night sleeps in Bragela’s bower—”  
 But that Lady shrieking fell,  
 While her frantic cries and her agonies  
 The guilty secret tell.

Shivered and shook her tender frame,  
 All as she bended low,  
 With a mother’s pain, but a virgin’s stain  
 Gave a keener mental throe.

They hied them to an ocean-cave,  
 Loud blew the wind and high,  
 O the tempest’s rave, and the wild sea wave,  
 Drown’d Moina’s wailing cry !

The sea wave drown’d her wailing cry,  
 And her sireless babe was born,  
 While his false father’s bridal blaze  
 Ruddied the hills of Lorn.

“ O list, O list thou sad Ladye,  
 “ Thine infant’s feeble cry,  
 “ O look on Fillan’s raven hair,  
 “ On Moina’s dark-blue eye.”

“ And this to me, thou hoary wretch !  
 “ I boast the Duart’s blood,  
 “ And by Mary’s might, this infant wight  
 “ Shall sink in the roaring flood !

“ How should I tame my haughty soul  
 “ The vassal scorn to bear,



- “ How shrink beneath the scowling glance  
“ Of low-born Lowlander.
- “ How should I blanch thine aged cheek,  
“ Thou brave grey-headed man,  
“ How live accursed the foul reproach  
“ Of bold Clangillian.
- “ Not mine to lower a guilty eye,  
“ To bide the brand of shame,—  
“ Oh God! to brook the taunting look  
“ Of Fillan’s wedded dame!”
- “ Christ give thee peace thou sad Ladye,  
“ And thy soul to bless redeem!  
“ Oh Fillan’s blood with the Duart’s good,  
“ Rolls here in a mingling stream.”
- “ Nay stint thee, stint thee prating nurse,  
“ Or dread my maddening ire,  
“ Would that the hated infant heaped  
“ False Fillan’s bridal fire!
- “ Then turn thee, turn thee feeble wretch,  
“ Hurl it into the wave;  
“ False Fillan’s hair!—nay, stint that prayer,  
“ Not Heaven itself shall save.”
- “ O kiss thou first his baby lip,  
“ O cross his baby brow;  
“ And bless him in our Ladye’s name,  
“ So keep thy desperate vow.”

She clasped the baby to her breast,  
 They were for aye to part,  
 And the flood-tide of a mother's love  
 Came rushing o'er her heart.

O who may trace the emotions wild  
 On that pale face which play,  
 As lustres in a northern sky  
 Flash,—flicker,—start away.

“ Son of my love! son of my hate,  
 “ My pride, my curse; my joy,  
 “ Die all that may, live all that can,  
 “ My child, thou shalt not die!

“ A long farewell my aged Moome,  
 “ My blessing's all my *fee*,  
 “ Sweet Heaven thee speed in the hour of need,  
 “ As thou hast done by me.”

She's clasped the baby to her breast,  
 And as spirit swift she past  
 From that eerie cave, where the wild sea wave  
 Sung to the midnight blast.

O short her flight, at the beacon height  
 She sunk on a mossy stone,  
 Her last to gaze while morning's rays  
 On Duart's castle shone.

“ Farewell! farewell! my father's hall;  
 “ Farewell my mother's bower,

“ My lofty hopes, my mountain joys,  
 “ My maiden pomp and power.

“ No more in Duart’s festal halls  
 “ Shall Moina’s steps be found,  
 “ Oh never shall thy echoing walls  
 “ Ring to my wild harp’s sound!”

Weeping and wild the vassal train  
 Search cave, and cliff, and lonely grove;  
 But vain,—’twas said the blue-eyed maid  
 Had wandered with a fairy love.

By moonlight from the haunted hill,  
 A magic harp was heard to moan,  
 And starts the lated mountaineer  
 At fleeting wraith, and ghastly groan.

Three times was heard the fated din,  
 Fleet Ewan’s charger thundering past,\*  
 Three times the sprite a cronach yelled,  
 Then shrieking fled in rattling blast.

\* “ Fleet Ewan’s charger ;” this superstition is connected with the family of Maclaine Lochbuy, rather than that of Maclean Duart. EWAN-CAEN-BEG, or “ Hugh with the little head,” is supposed to be an ancestor of the family of Lochbuy. Before the death of any of his numerous descendants he is still heard thundering past their dwellings about midnight. The noise of Ewan’s horse is easily distinguished, as he is shod with iron, a formality which is never observed with the small horses of the islands.

The Seer has seen a phantom train,  
Where round Inch-Kenneth breakers roll ;  
Iona's monks have masses said  
Three times for Moina's parted soul.

Now sad the Duart takes the field,  
Reckless the hero bownes him home,  
What eye shall watch his far approach,  
O, who to give him welcome come !

Fled, ever fled the joyous days,  
When blooming beauteous Moina ran,  
To hail her Chieftain's glad return,  
To swell the triumphs of her clan.

How proudly heaved her maiden breast,  
What glories filled her flashing eye,  
When sweeping down the mountain's bent,  
That conquering clan would homeward hie.

Her heart leapt to the targets clank,  
Her foot sprung to the pibroch's swell,  
How richly glowed her lovely cheek,  
The triumphs of her sire to tell.

Now sad the Duart seeks his tower,  
No daughter smiles the loved reward,  
Where hovered late the aerial form,  
A sullen warder rounds his guard

## PART III.

O who is she, that frantic maid,  
 Skims over moss, and moor, and dale,  
 Hark! as her shriek of wild despair,  
 Rung the grey rocks of Scallasdale.\*

A *currach* rocks in ocean-cave,  
 Desperate she starts the glancing oar,  
 Lists but the impulse of despair,  
 And madly rushes from the shore.

O softer yet thou southern breeze,  
 That flitt'st through Morven's green wood bowers,  
 O smoother yet thou cresting wave,  
 That bear'st the maid of Duart's towers.

Where hast thou wandered, woful maid,  
 Where do thy tears in secret fall,  
 Whose beamy glance, and frolic dance,  
 Were late the joy of Duart's hall?

Deep in Glen Billart's dreary glen,  
 The hunter views an *Arrie* low,

\* Scallasdale is a romantic pastoral spot on the coast of Mull, where the Sound, only two miles in breadth, divides it from Morven. It is the paternal farm of Captain L. M. who fell so bravely in the field of Maida.

Oh, there her sireless babe she tends,  
 Poor victim of the false Lochawe.

Gloomy and ghastr, an *erie* wild,  
 The hill-fox howls round Moina's bower,  
 The yelling eagle rears its brood,  
 With her, the heir of Duart's tower.

Poor wretch! how tamed thy maiden pride,  
 How haggard wild the dark-blue eye,  
 The blasted heath thy couch—thy board,  
 The berries of the hill supply.

“ O softly sleep my baby boy,  
 “ Rocked by the mountain wind,  
 “ Thou dream'st not of a lover false,  
 “ Or a world all unkind.

“ O sweetly sleep my baby boy,  
 “ Thy mother guards thy rest,  
 “ Thy fairy clasp, my little joy,  
 “ Shall sooth her aching breast.

“ Wake! wake and smile, thou baby boy,  
 “ My heavy heart to cheer,  
 “ The wintry blast howls on the hill,  
 “ The leaf grows red and scar.

“ O tell me! tell me baby boy,  
 “ How shall I hear thy cry,

“ When hunger gnaws thy little heart,  
 “ And death-lights on thine eye.

“ Oh, was it meet my baby boy,  
 “ That thou such *wierd* shouldst *dree*,—

“ Sweet Heaven forgive thy false father  
 “ His wrongs to thee and me.”

Thus wild and sad that Lady sung,  
 All alone in the *erie* den,  
 When dark-haired Fillan's hunting train,  
 Dash down the echoing glen.

Startling she flies, and shrieking cries,  
 “ Welcome my fated hour !”  
 And as arrow fleet her trembling feet,  
 Have borne her to the shore.

She stands where round the Calliach's head,\*  
 The booming billows wildly play,  
 With sweeping dash, and roaring crash,  
 Rebound, heave on, and burst in spray.

\* The point of Calliach, or of the Beldame, is a bold, and very precipitous headland, the most westerly point of the island of Mull.

Inch-Kenneth, is a delightful little islet, the burial place of the Chiefs of Maclean.

With dirge and knell, and cronach's swell,  
 The princely Duart's found a grave,  
 Sweet Moina and her baby boy,  
 Unheeded float on the broad sea wave.

And that broad, broad sea has waves enough  
 To wash her honour's deadly stain;  
 Thus may'st thou deem thou gentle maid,  
 Who list'st my legendary strain.

So may'st thou shun the insidious wiles  
 Of lovely woman's direst foe,  
 The fate of Duart's blue-eyed maid,  
 The treachery of a false Lochawe.

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Moome received the thanks of Monimia for her performance, and as it was now getting dark, Mary summoned Norman and Hugh from the shore. Mary wished to sleep in the shealing, and to live there for ever; Mrs. Montague promised that she should visit it very often; and, having put the Lady and Moome ashore at Eleenalin, Norman attended them home to Dunalbin; Montague was from home,



and he did not enter; but on the threshold Mary enjoined him to come and hear her lessons to-morrow, that he might judge if she did not deserve to visit the isle of the Druid. —“Not to morrow, but next day,” said Monimia, and Norman bowed, and departed.

Norman did not forget the request of Mary Fitzconnal. On entering the castle he met Mr. Montague puffing, blowing, wiping his brows, and exhibiting every symptom of awkward passion.

“So Macalbin, I hope you are come to talk reason to Mrs. Montague;—such cross grained perversness!—because, forsooth, I wont suffer her to ruin herself with her own two hands. Sell her lute indeed!—she puts me in a passion fifty times a day; and I’m sure there is not a sweeter-tempered, patienter man in existence, when I get my own way of things.

In testimony of this amiable temper he violently flung open the drawing-room door, and discovered Monimia rattling over the keys of her piano-forte, and singing that lively song of Burns,

“O for ane and twenty Tam,  
 I’ll learn my kin a rattling sang  
 Gin I saw ane and twenty Tam.”

The feelings natural to a delicate mind made Norman reluctant to enter, but the good-humour of Monimia reassured him; and after a few minutes spent in reproach on the part of Montague, and in happy retort from his sister, he learned that she had not only refused to attend the Northern Meeting, but spent the money intended for dresses in the purchase of *wool*!—This wool was to be fabricated into coarse stockings; and spinning and knitting was expected to afford an humble domestic employment to the women and girls scattered over the district. Monimia protested that she had not been, nor would she be a farthing out of pocket by this little scheme of industry,—that time was all it required from her, and that she had to bestow.

Montague was not so to be satisfied.—“Had she spent the money in making herself smart,” said he stumping about,—“or getting things like her *quality*; I would not have minded;—but to throw money away on every idle fancy!”

“This scene must be wonderfully enter-

taining to our guest," cried she, "but I must still the tempest," and she again began,—

"Hey for ane and twenty."

There was something so irresistibly comic in the whole scene, that Norman could no longer keep from laughing; Monimia caught the infection, and could scarce go on with her song. The provoking song, and this ill timed mirth, brought the indignation of Montague to a climax.

"Mighty fine Madam!—Mighty fine!—Laugh away!"

"I am sure if it would do any good to spoil my eyes, after you have spoiled your temper, I am ready to cry to oblige you."

"Your eyes! you perverse baggage," said Montague, in a tone half sulky, and half tender,—“You know I am too fond, and too proud of yourself and your eyes; and you take advantage of that.”

"There is kindness in this though," said Monimia, rising and taking his hand,—“I am sure that I also am very fond of myself, so why dispute?”

"It is all along of yourself Monimia. You know that I am one of the best tempered men alive, when you don't contradict me."

“ Exactly my own case. Well, let Mr. Macalbin witness our reconciliation. Two gentle-tempered beings like us can never again quarrel.”

“ I hope not : but at any rate it wont be my blame ; and to prove that I forgive you about the wool, I shall advance you fifty guineas,—”

“ O, I shall wait till the money is due me. I deserve to suffer for my indiscretion.”

“ To fit you for the Northern Meeting I mean ; you know I have set my heart on that ; and my Lady Gordon——”

“ Is a very prudent lady, no doubt ; but a truce with that odious meeting. It won't arrive these two months.”

“ Then you go ; and don't sell your lute ?”

“ I have never heard of selling my lute but from yourself. I was sending it to the isle of the Druid for a little concert to-night ; to which, if you are harmoniously disposed, I now invite you.”

“ You perverse gipsey !” said Montague, pulling her ears,—“ Why did you suffer me to put myself in a passion about it. But you shan't send it to-night ; you know who says you play like an angel.”

“ I am going to a scene which angels might

gaze on," cried Monimia, eager to divert the discourse;—"I think the country never was so beautiful. I am quite enraptured."

"Then what would you think of a husband in this fine country—eh?" cried Montague, winking to Norman, who would gladly have been spared this mark of confidence;—"I think we had best leave you in it. Go, get on your best becomes; who knows what this afternoon may produce."

"Fair weather I hope, for my little journey," replied Monimia carelessly.—"Williams, order my *gondola*; and should you reach Eleenalin before me, Mr. Macalbin, tell Lady Augusta I mean to take my chance for a welcome, and a share of her chicken."

Norman, who felt as if a load was suddenly taken off his heart, bowed in silence, and retired; while Montague's sweet temper again failed him.

"Surely Monimia, you will not be so cross-grained as leave home, when you know I expect Sir Archibald; just after I have forgiven your follies about the wool. There is a good girl now; don't provoke me. You know how indulgent I am, and desirous of your welfare."

“ I am quite sensible of that.”

“ Then what reasonable objection can you have to Sir Archibald? Is he not a fashionable man; and will he not make a most indulgent husband:—whatever little faults he may have, his aunt says, that a prudent, handsome girl like you, might make what she pleased of him. Besides, he is to reform the moment he marries.”

“ He cannot do better,” said Monimia, laughing.

“ If you wished for a town house, equipages, parties, and all that, he would indulge you in every thing.”

“ Perhaps he might.”

“ Then, if you chose to live in the Highlands all the year round, I am sure he would never contradict you; nor make the least objection.”

“ I cannot doubt that,” answered Monimia laughing,—“ provided I was contented to live alone.”

“ And for poor people to visit;—I do believe there is more on his other estate than this;—so you would have that pleasure.”

“ In perfection, I believe. But if you have any other advantage to mention, I beg

you would make haste;" and she looked at her watch.

"Now Monimia, you shall not stir. Come now, be reasonable. I know you have too much both of sense and spirit to throw yourself away, or refuse a fashionable man, whom all the ladies are dying for. And only think to be called my Lady, my Lady at every word. Why, your title will be the same as the Lady of a baron."

"Delightful! and then you to be, "Mr. Montague, my Lady Gordon's brother."

"Go, you wheedling creature," said the pin-maker, with a complacent simper,—“I suppose Lady Gordon would be nothing the *poorer* for having Miles Montague for her brother, if she behave herself. So dress yourself for dinner, and give Sir Archibald a kind reception;—you know how much my heart is set on the match.”

“Then I wish to Heaven you would marry him yourself,” cried Monimia peevishly,—“I am sure he would like you ten times better, for your fortune is ten times larger.”

Montague could not help laughing.—“But the heir to the family honours, Monimia,” said he;—“you don't consider that old Lady Gordon has set her heart on him.”

“ So, out of her sovereign pleasure, she would choose me for *heir-loom* to her superb family! Insolent old woman!—Pray don’t speak another word; I have no patience to hear you, or to think of these people.”

Montague, who now saw that she was seriously offended, tried to soften her displeasure, and to reason with her, as he called it. After going over the same ground a dozen times, Monimia begged him to drop the subject, and assured him that all the titles attached to the name of Gordon, did not sound to her ears half so pleasantly as “Montague.”

“ Or Macalbin perhaps?” cried Montague, in a peculiar tone. Monimia coloured violently at this rude insinuation, and provoked to defiance, haughtily replied, “ perhaps so.”

“ Oh, mighty fine Madam!” cried he, stumping about in rage,—“ mighty fine; but I shall know what to think.”

“ Then I shall afford you leisure to do so;” and she opened the door, but suddenly changed colour, and started back, exclaiming in a faint voice,—“ Macalbin, good Heaven!”

It was indeed Norman, who more embarrassed, if possible, than herself, was attempting



to explain why he was by the door, when Williams came down stairs with some pamphlets, going to Eleenalin, and apologized for having detained him.

Monimia instantly retired to her chamber, covered with the blushes of ingenuous shame; the pride and delicacy of her woman's heart upbraiding the rashness of her behaviour.

Montague, much alarmed at the advantage the young man might be disposed to take of what he had heard, was now eager to do away the impression, and affected to treat the whole as a jest.

“He! he! he! Macalbin,” said he,—“so you overheard Monimia and me *tifting* a little. She has a rare spirit of her own; but I have always my own way in the end: though we make believe to quarrel for a while, she takes my advice in every thing. To hear how the saucy hussey will talk of those she loves best!—for she has abundance of pride, I'll assure you: as my late brother used to say, when we heard of girls making foolish marriages, *below their station*; ‘I am sure my Monimia will never disgrace her family, or her judgment by such a choice.’”

“No confidence could be better placed,”

said Norman, half disgusted, and half amused by the petty cunning of the pin-maker, and he moved as if to withdraw, for he had entered the room.

“ Well, you may tell Lady Augusta that Mrs. Montague will see her soon ; but that to day she expects a particular friend.

Norman went home indulging feelings he durst not venture to analyze, and anxiously expected Monimia to Eleenalin. When the afternoon advanced, and she did not appear, he became much more distressed than the occasion seemed to justify ; and began to fear that Montague possessed all the power over her mind which he boasted. Lady Augusta requested him to read “ *The Task*,” her favourite poem : he began, then closed the book, went to the beach, returned, and discovered by his confused manner of reading, every symptom of a wandering mind.

“ Norman is for the first time seized with *ennui*,” said the Lady smiling,—“ There are two kinds, the acute, and the chronic, which attack different constitutions. Norman’s will, I foresee, be the acute. Its symptoms are restlessness, *fidgetting*, an inability to command the attention to any present object ; a

desire of perpetual change, though change brings no relief." Norman smiled,—“ Its cure is produced by gaming, love, war, and politics.”—Norman felt his colour change as he met the eye of the Lady,—“ But these are violent, and often dangerous remedies. Mental and bodily exertion, or a combination of both, are not only better, but more safe.”

This lecture was no sooner delivered than the maid announced Mrs. Montague's boat at the landing place, and Norman flew to assist her in landing. She did not mention the affair of the morning, yet her fluctuating colour, and averted eye declared that it still held a place in her memory.

To Norman her manners had never been so interesting, so “ beautifully shy.”

“ I think Lady Augusta,” said Flora, laughing,—“ you ought to have mentioned the society of Mrs. Montague among your cures for *ennui*.”

“ Was she not included,” answered the Lady, looking at Norman.

“ O no !” cried Flora, sparing him the pain of reply, and without understanding that look.

Lady Augusta, on a former evening, had promised to gratify her young friends with the story of her early life.

“We will not disturb my Monimia’s happy isle with a tale of sorrow,” said she cheerfully. —“Long may it be the retreat of innocent pleasure. The young and the happy have long haunted the isle of the Druid;—I cannot be the first to awaken its echoes with the voice of sadness.”

They agreed to remain for that evening in Eleenalin; and Lady Augusta, who had many latent inducements to relate her story, entered on the narrative of her sufferings with the dignified tranquillity of one who has risen above the airy nothings of mortality; and, in contemplating more elevated concerns, obtained a portion of their sublimity.

## CHAP. XX.

---

“ A little while,  
Was I a wife : A mother not so long.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“ And yet methinks when wisdom shall assuage,  
The griefs and passions of our greener age,  
Though dull the close of life, and far away  
Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day ;  
Yet o'er her lovely hopes that once were dear,  
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,  
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,  
And weep their falsehood, though she love them still,”

CAMPBELL.

“ You already know the story of my family,”  
said Lady Augusta. Of eight children I was  
the youngest, and the only female. I was  
the twin sister of Norman. I was conse-  
quently the idol of a large and happy family ;  
the little divinity of a numerous and devoted  
clan.

“ My mother was descended from that house  
which gave kings to Scotland, a circumstance  
she was unwilling to forget. My brothers

were devoted to the service of the exiled royal family, and when I had attained my fifteenth year, it was resolved that I should be sent to France for the completion of my education. Three of my brothers were already in that country, and I was accompanied thither by my twin brother Norman."

"Alas, alas!" cried Moome,—“ Well can I remember that day; while you rode down the glen with the Chief, your four gallant brothers, and all the gentlemen of the clan. Still do I see you as you looked then, taking the bowl of cream as you passed my door.—‘ You will soon forget Glenalbin Lady,’ said I weeping, as great reason I had.—‘ Oh no, never!’ said you, looking round the glen so lovelily. And no more you did;—though it is the wound of my own heart, that far, far from Glenalbin lie those that loved Glenalbin as truly, and as dearly.”

Lady Augusta seemed greatly affected by this allusion to her brothers. Yet she conquered her own feelings, to sooth her venerable friend; and when the curiosity of Moome had predominated over this burst of sorrow, she resumed her story.

“ We embarked in a little smuggling vessel

on the coast, and had a very favourable voyage. In France we were welcomed by many friends of my mother's family, who had followed the fortunes of him they esteemed their prince; and caressed by many of the French nobility, who remembered that Britain had been governed by a Stuart, and now saw a probability of that family again recovering their lost sway. We were then on the eve of the fatal 1745.

“ Norman joined his brothers in the army; and distant, very distant from my mind were the rival interests of the houses of Stuart and Brunswick; for with all the ardour of juvenile feeling, I was rushing into the vortex of Parisian folly. Charmed by the fascination, and elegance of the French nobility, their taste, their vivacity, their genius; bewitched by that mixture of splendour, chivalry, and frivolity, so intoxicating to high-toned, but inexperienced minds. I enjoyed the pleasures of that gay society with an absorbing delight; and fancied I had never lived but in France. Moome! I forgot Glenalbin: but I was punished for forgetfulness. That society still existed, which I fancied contained every charm, and every grace; but I out-lived the

capacity of enjoying its pleasures:—I have out-lived its very existence!—In one short year I beheld that structure demolished which it had taken ages to rear, to polish, and to decorate; and learned amid the fluctuation of all I once admired, that the things which are to come, alone are real and stable:—the reward of virtue,—the hope of immortality.

“The generous folly of my family now tempted ruin. The period of 45 was arrived. The fate of my father you all know; my mother did not long survive him: in the same perilous enterprize I lost my elder brothers. Let me hope that a time will come when beings of the same nature, and the same destiny, will no longer destroy each other, and desolate this fair earth, which was given them to inhabit, in settling the mere question whether this man or the other shall be called their king.

“My situation was now greatly altered: of my feelings I will not speak. I was dependent on a lady related to my mother, who is well known in the history of those times as a woman of political intrigue, and a partizan of the house of Stuart. She was a zealous Catholic, without the feelings of devotion;—



tenacious of appearances, yet destitute of reason, or sound principle. I had the misfortune to be regarded with a sentiment of preference by the heir of a powerful French family; but my heart nearly broken by the misfortunes of my family, was then first soothed and charmed by the affection of him who afterwards became my husband, and I afterwards rejected the addresses of his rival.

“ My patroness, who had negotiated this marriage treaty with infinite dexterity, unknown even to the family of this infatuated young man, was enraged at my folly and presumption. That a destitute girl of seventeen should have a will, nay, assert that will, and reject a splendid alliance, which was calculated to promote the interests of her native prince, seemed truly astonishing!—I was then of the age to admire kings; but I even then thought the happiness of a whole life too much to sacrifice to loyalty.

“ I was sent to a convent, that in solitude I might learn to bend my will to my interest, and the wishes of my friends. De Valmont, for so was the man who became my husband called, joined his regiment. He was altogether dependent on his family, and we could

only hope for better times. Meanwhile I was contented, for I had the consolation of his letters, and a solitude where I could weep in peace.

“I had lived three months in the convent of English Benedictine nuns, when I was one day surprised by a visit from my patroness. She took me home with her; she was all courtesy and kindness, and instead of renewing the old topic, assured me that my charms were worthy of a more brilliant destiny.

“Next day was Sunday, and after her public morning devotions were over, she presided at my toilet with anxiety as troublesome as to me it was inexplicable. When my dressing was finished to her satisfaction, we drove to Versailles, and on the way she informed me that she had obtained a place for me in the household of the Duchess De ———; and that I was on this evening to thank the king for my appointment in his private cabinet.

“I had no ambition of becoming a courtier, yet desolate and dependent as I was, I could not be insensible to the advantage I must derive from the patronage of the Duchess. I was however, overwhelmed and overawed at the idea of encountering the splendours of majesty.

“ I had been presented at Versailles, and I was afterwards seen by the monarch, when the court hunted at Fontainbleau. My Highland garb had attracted attention, and a transient compliment afterwards repeated to my patroness, made <sup>her</sup> me see the king at my feet, and at her own power, wealth and honours. A party that was become disgusted with the insolence of the reigning favourite, whom they at once hated, despised, and courted, were anxious to have a counterpoise to her power; and after many intrigues, the important audience was obtained. I alone was ignorant of its nature. I thank God that I was born in a country where the sovereign has no patronage to tempt the luxurious and needy to become unprincipled and base. I had been educated in innocence and honour, and was slow to believe in that debasing profligacy which characterised many of the nobility of France. It seemed a libel on human nature to think that mothers, husbands, and brothers, had waited the issue of an interview like mine, trembling lest the daughter, the wife, or the sister, had not the good fortune to captivate the king. Yet it was true as strange.

“ When the terrible moment arrived, my patroness, as much agitated as myself, exhorted me to exert all my talents to captivate the monarch, and assured me that if I succeeded in interesting him, the De Valmont family would receive me with open arms, and my brothers obtain any rank they chose. Truth now flashed on my mind ; tears of indignation started to my eyes, and I was about to upbraid her for the treachery she had practised, when the king was heard to approach. As she flew out, clasping her hands, in the attitude of supplication, he entered by a private door ; and unable to articulate, I threw myself at his feet, to entreat his protection and pity. He raised me up, seemed to compassionate my alarm, which I doubt not, he imputed to the awfulness of majesty, and said a few words to sooth me. An awkward silence ensued, while I sat pale and trembling, only kept from insensibility by my peculiar situation.

“ The king had little of the gallantry of a Frenchman. He was accustomed to be wooed, and I had neither the inclination nor the power to captivate. Some very silly questions on his part, answered by monosyllables

on mine, ended the interview. He graciously saluted me, and retired, saying I should hear from him in the following week.

“ Indignation restrained the tears which offended delicacy had drawn to my eyes. I joined my false friend, who judging from my sullen appearance that all her expectations were frustrated, loaded me with abuse, and bitterly accused me of folly and ingratitude. I heard her in silence.

“ After midnight, the person who, next to herself, was most interested in my success, arrived from Versailles. He had seen the king at his *couché*. The king had found me *naive* but charming;—he sent me his picture, and appointed a second interview. I will not disgust my young friends with the indecent joy of this profligate pair. I was now as much flattered and caressed, as I had been upbraided and reproached; and every supposed objection was over-ruled, by a solemn assurance that my *honour* would be saved, by an immediate marriage with any young nobleman about the court, who was so fortunate as to meet my approbation. Such conversation was unworthy of reply. Next day I communicated my situation to De Valmont, who for-

tunately was in Paris. His feelings I need not describe, for he was a lover, and a man of honour. My brothers were in very distant places. I had no friend on whom I could rely but himself; yet I could not consent to the union he urged, certain as I was that it must ruin him with his family, and draw upon him the displeasure of the court. Yet the necessity of taking some decisive measure was every moment more urgent: I resolved to seek shelter and safety in my native glen. England did not war on women; and I determined to throw myself on the generosity of my countrymen. We escaped from Paris, and De Valmont accompanied me to the coast. Now came the moment of perhaps an eternal separation; hitherto I had resisted his impassioned pleadings, and the no less powerful importunities of my own heart. But now that the time for resolution and fortitude was come, I was dissolved in tenderness and tears. Seldom, my dear young friends, are the bands of ardent attachment entwined by the finger of prudence, yet the objections which opposed our union, the very necessity of renouncing our ill-starred love, determined our choice, and hastened

the consummation of our fate. Deeply did we expiate our mutual error. The moment of separation became that of destiny. De Valmont had escorted me to Dieppe, as the wedded partner of his life,—I returned with him to Paris.

“ My husband was the younger son of a very powerful French family. His rank was as far beyond my hopes, as my wishes; for I loved him for himself. His mother, the haughtiest woman of her time, was a native of Spain. In both kingdoms his connexions were equally powerful, and there was no rank in the army, the cabinet, or the church, to which, through their interest, he might not have aspired. His elder brother had already succeeded to the titles and estates of the family, but the Chevalier was expected to raise himself to fame by his sword, and to fortune by a lucrative alliance. He had even been the favourite of his mother. The future fortunes of her eldest son had never excited either fear or hope. He was born a nobleman, and was likely to descend to the grave the same privileged and negative character; but De Valmont's was another destiny: he was the man whose heroism and talents were

to reach those heights of ambition round which her haughty spirit continually hovered. The Count was the representative of the family honours, but the Chevalier was her *son*, the instrument of her ambition.

Eagerly had she watched the developement of his character, assiduous to cultivate his talents, and stimulate his ambition; with pride she observed the masculine energy of his mind, with pleasure the athletic form, and lofty deportment of a Spanish Cavalier. All her intriguing talents were exerted for the advancement of this much loved son; I was fated to thwart plans interwoven with the very constitution of her mind, and on me was exhausted her remorseless vengeance.

“ Her connexion with the court of Madrid rendered her a very useful agent to the cabinet of Versailles: she directed the force of a masculine intellect to advance the oblique designs of an intriguing statesman, and her success, like her influence, was unbounded. The enchanting softness, and fine sensibilities which adorn the feminine character, were lost amid the dark intrigues of faction. The contemplation of suffering, cruelty, and crime, had blunted her natural sympathies, while the



perpetual necessity of mean compliance, and the substitution of political expediency, for honour and justice, had debased a mind once lofty in its principles, and generous in its feelings.

“ My husband was but too well acquainted with the violent character of his mother, and he anxiously concealed our rash union, till time had gained him friends who might protect us from her power and her vengeance. He conducted me to an old and tenantless chateau, in the Upper Limosin, and gave me as much of his society as military duty, and the mandate of his mother (who soon remarked his frequent absences) would permit. This fleeting period was the short, bright noon of my existence. The visits of my husband abundantly repaid the splendour and gaiety I had abandoned; and reconciled me to the solitude his society alone enlivened.

“ The chateau, and the domain on which it stood, belonged to a friend and brother officer of De Valmont's. The grey-headed *concierge* who managed the domain, and inhabited the chateau with his good old wife, were my sole companions. They amused me with stories of their former masters; and

I delighted to think them the *Moome*, and *Piper* of a Highland family. The good *curé* of the adjacent parish was my only visitor. Though our religions differed, he was mild and tolerant. He delighted to amuse us with little stories of his bees, his plants, and his children,—for so he named his parishioners; or to elevate and sooth our minds with the consolations of his faith. Such were my companions; but when De Valmont arrived, how forcibly, in those halcyon days, did I feel, that solitude, shared, enlivened, brightened by the object of our dearest affections, excels all the society the world can afford.

“ You have all heard of the singular beauty of the province which I then inhabited. France! gay region of my youthful hopes! Still does my heart cling round thee. Still does the eye of memory linger on the dark magnificent chesnut woods which crowned the chateau St. Mar; the vine-clad slopes; the beautiful stream sweeping round the steep lawn, and winding through meadows of the richest verdure. Still do I pause with complacent feelings on the variegated landscape of that lovely land, where the loadened vine-branch twines round the olive, and the pomegranate;

and the ripening corn rustles the apple-blossom.

“I had been married about six months, when in a bright evening towards the end of autumn, I strolled along the avenue which led from the chateau to the high way, expecting the arrival of De Valmont. Insensibly I wandered on, attracted by a group of lively peasants, engaged in the primitive labour of treading out the corn. They were all talking of the arrival of a stranger, who for some days had remained at the little *auberge* of the neighbouring village, and who seemed anxious for concealment. I became alarmed for the safety of my husband, yet I knew not what to fear, and hastened home, torturing my fancy to every form of evil. When old Blanche entered with lights I requested her to take them away.—‘I will not suffer you to make night till he come,’ said I.—His coming brought endless night!

“By the light of the moon-beams, that quivered through the mingling honey-suckle and jessamine which embowered my casement, I spread the supper table with wine and fruit. I placed De Valmont’s chair opposite my own. Fond fool! my idol was made the instrument of my punishment. Midnight came without

De Valmont. On that calm night, and at that still hour, I listened with that intense, agonizing anxiety, which converts the throbbing of the heart, and the beating of the temples, into distant voices, and approaching feet. At times I struggled with these overpowering feelings. I tried to beguile the time with singing; and to sooth down my feelings by the nameless arts to which the unhappy have recourse.

“ ‘When I have sung, *Och och ma rhami*, he will surely be arrived,’ thought I. Eternity cannot efface the terrible association formed in my mind with that sorrow-breathing melody. I heard a distant noise; it was not my own heart, yet that throbbed wildly, —I heard the trampling of horses, the angry voices of men, and the clash of swords.

“ I flew towards the place whence it proceeded, the wood echoing to my screams. I found my husband supporting in his arms the bleeding body of a gentleman. His clothes were covered with blood; but when he had hastily assured me of his own safety, and conjured me to retire, I became more tranquil, and the courage of humanity made me eager to assist the dying man.—*He was my twin brother!*

“ With the wild shriek that accompanied this fatal recognition, sensibility left me.— Had that stupor been the sleep of death, I would have died ere I had known mortal sorrow, for till then I was a stranger to remorse. But I was reserved for the evil to come ;—I learned that the wedded, loved, idolized, partner of my heart, was the murderer of my brother !—Still I lived.

“ When the efforts of Blanche, and the unhappy De Valmont had recalled me to maddening recollection, I burst from them, and flew to my brother. I threw myself before him. I prayed him to pity me ! to pardon me ! to live for me !—Life was ebbing fast, but the strong passion of his soul gave his countenance a ghastly energy. Contempt, hatred, and scorn, shot from the dim eye : revenge and indignation pointed to me its last withering glance. He tore himself from my embrace with supernatural violence : with the effort his wounds burst out, and muttering curses on me, he expired in agony.

“ My errors are renounced, repented, and forgiven,” continued Lady Augusta mildly,—  
“ I feel the blest assurance of Heaven’s peace, in the serenity of my soul ; but memory

shudders as I still behold the curse that lurked in the dying eye of Norman :—an eternity of moments like that might realize the dread punishment of the reprobate of God !—This was but the prelude to my misery ;—for he who sympathised in my grief, and my remorse, he who soothed my anguish for the loss of my brother ;—*he* was that brother's murderer.

“ At the commencement of this fatal period I retained my senses. This was my direst punishment. Horrible state ! when a creature endowed with the best attribute of an immortal mind, welcomes madness as a refuge from misery more extreme. Yet mine was madness, but it had method ;—mine was despair, but it had activity. Every faculty of my mind, with new and overpowering vehemence, administered to the frenzy of my soul. My heart was divided against itself. The blood of nature rolling through my veins thirsted for vengeance. Now I could have plunged a dagger into the heart of my brother's murderer ; and in a few moments my wild feelings, exhausted by their internal struggle, would subside into softness and pity. I would turn and weep on the bosom of my husband.

“ Thus love and hatred, revenge and compassion, fondness and remorse, predominated in my soul with agonizing alternation, till the powers of nature shrunk from the dark communing of my distracted spirit. I sunk into lingering disease.

“ De Valmont was comparatively guiltless of my brother's death. I gave the wound which struck deepest. Norman had never seen my husband. Our letters had not reached him. He was made acquainted with my elopement by the distorted, and false representations of an artful woman, panting for vengeance. He discovered my residence, watched the arrival of my husband, compelled him to defend himself, and fell the first victim of my rash imprudence.

“ De Valmont's confidential servant was alone acquainted with the manner of Norman's death. He religiously kept the secret we thought not of enjoining, and when wonder and curiosity had exhausted themselves, the murdered Englishman was forgotten. Religion forbade his burial in consecrated ground. He was buried in the wood of chateau St. Mar. Terrible days, and nights more dreadful, did I sit on that grave, cursing the

hour of my birth, and invoking the indignant spirit of my brother. At this time I allowed myself to cherish the idea of suicide. I brooded over the time, the place, the manner, of my catastrophe, with gloomy delight, and savage resolution:—When I had given birth to my infant;—at the hour of midnight, on the grave of Norman, I would seek a refuge from despair in death.”

A slight spasm contracted the features of Lady Augusta as she spoke; her audience were drowned in tears: she seemed in mental prayer: then clasping her hands, she exclaimed,—“O proud and rebellious wretch! who thought to elude the punishment of error by throwing off mortality,—to escape the dread presence of that God who filleth all space, by madly ‘rushing on the thick bosses of his buckler.’—This I must ever consider as the guiltiest time of my life,—I have since lived long; and Heaven has given me fortitude to say,—‘All my appointed days will I wait, till my change come.’”

“I was spared for repentance. The habitual image of death, and all its attendant circumstances, by amusing my attention, reconciled me to life. I thought I had strained my



courage to the sticking place, and the sufferings I had the resolution to terminate, I found fortitude to endure. Thus did I presumptuously reason. But the smiles, the helpless innocence of my new-born infant, soon inspired me with more humanized feelings, and awakened in my heart a new sense of enjoyment. Slowly I became tranquil; happy I could never be. At least I hoped so; and every emotion of pleasure that lightened my mind, I bitterly dismissed as incompatible with the endless useless grief I owed to the memory of my brother.

“The manly sorrow of De Valmont far exceeded mine: his was the contrition of a pure and tender heart,—the deep, lasting, hidden regret, of a well-regulated, but keenly-feeling mind. Mine was the impotent rage of vengeance, the gnawing of remorse, and the uncontrollable effusion of nature’s bleeding sympathies. After the death of Norman my husband never left me. Time, the mighty magician, to whom all things are possible, assuaged our sorrows. We wept our mutual misfortune together; and the blood of Norman seemed even to cement our union.

“The serenity in which our days now

flowed on, aided by pensive regrets for an event which time could never remedy, determined De Valmont to abandon all his splendid prospects, and to choose a life of retirement. I was fond to enthusiasm of this plan. It promised all of happiness I could now hope to enjoy,—the constant society of my husband. He alone could share the sentiments which filled my heart, and would accompany me to the grave. It was necessary that De Valmont should make a journey to Paris in furtherance of our intended scheme of retirement to my native land. An unaccountable absence of nearly two years could not fail to excite the astonishment of his friends, and the anxiety of his mother, though he had often assured her of his welfare. His presumption in raising his thoughts to a woman the ‘king delighted to honour,’ was whispered in Paris, and it was a matter of course in that country, to conclude that he was expiating this crime in some distant Bastile. His mother alone knew better; though the fidelity of his friend, and the obscurity of our retreat, made it impossible for even her arts to discover us. But now he was seen in Paris. Dearly as he loved his own child,

could he leave his country without once seeing,—once seeing the mother who had carried him in her bosom? He was transmitting his property to England. The suspicions of the Countess were roused, her toils were round us;—letters were intercepted, servants were bribed; and it was discovered that he had a wife and a son in a distant province. The rage of the haughty woman was scarcely equal to her disappointment. But I was a stranger, friendless, a Protestant,—and consequently not the *legal* wife of her son. Hope again sprung up; the Countess ‘trampled on impossibilities,’ and ordered her carriage to the minister’s. Imitating the caution of De Valmont, she studiously concealed the information she had so meanly acquired, till her plans were matured, and her vengeance complete. Perhaps some remaining goodness made her anxious to retain the respect of her son: while she plotted his misery and dishonour, she wished to retain his regard; and suffered him to leave the capital unmolested.

“ He flew to me on the wings of affection; we had met, never, never to part again. A little week would place us beyond the reach of violence, if any were intended, and with

endearing confidence we arranged the manner of our future simple life. Hope again shed her soft, but bright tints, on the picture which fancy drew. We spoke of this glen, of this isle, of a life of domestic pleasure; elegance without wealth, plenty without profusion, retirement, without gloom; humble, but faithful friends, affectionate and amiable children.

“ ‘My mother will pardon me when she knows our story,’ said De Valmont, and he retired at an early hour, fatigued by a long ride. With our little Norman slumbering on his bosom he sunk to quiet repose. The perturbation of spirits, occasioned by his arrival, took from me all inclination to sleep, and I sat by the bedside, gazing on the treasure of my doting heart.

“ The rattling of carriage wheels, hoarse voices, and a loud knocking at the gate, filled me with great alarm. My prophetic heart told me all; five of those legalized ruffians, whose grim visages are the index to their dark character,—those brutal executioners of a despot’s mandate, entered our chamber. De Valmont started up, and seized his sword.

“ A *lettre-de-cachet* announced his fate. He was the king’s prisoner. Lifeless was I torn from his arms. I never saw him more !

“ Returning sense restored me to that mental agony which I blessed as the welcome assurance of approaching death. When a few minutes had elapsed, I remembered my child. I had last seen him in the arms of De Valmont, clasping his little hands, and imploring the hard-hearted ones for “ *Graces pour Maman.*” It was the prayer I had taught him to repeat at the grave of his uncle. I longed to take from his little lips the lingering kiss of his father. My child also was gone ! And now was my misery complete as the remorseless cruelty of my destroyer. Joy has its limits ; but the human mind, the young mind, knows not its own capacities for suffering. I fancied that mine touched on the utmost verge of mortal endurance at the death of my brother. But now !—Oh, the deep, deep overpowering agony of those moments when the distracted mind has wandered from the enjoyment of reason, and not yet reached the bliss of madness !—When no tear cools the burning eye, when no sigh relieves the suffocating bosom :—when sorrows crowd

round the heart in overwhelming concentration; when frightful visions gleam on the sight,—when the brain grows dizzy, while intervals of hideous sense deepen its horrors. This state was mine; this wild, indescribable state, in which the mind feels, if I may so speak, all the excruciating pangs of the soul's thirst.

“ You are greatly affected, my kind young friends. It is a proof of the excellence of your natures. Yet I would relate, not my sufferings, but the punishment of my errors. I had led a son from his mother's arms, perhaps I deserved to lose my own. I still cleaved to my idols, so I was permitted to sorrow for their loss as one who had no hope. Do not weep for me, my sweet Monimia: you now see me calm, soothed, confiding; and able to say,—‘ It is good for me that I have been afflicted.’

“ As the paroxisms of mental suffering abated, I began to form some plans for the future. I was still surrounded by the emissaries of the Countess, who informed me that the Chevalier was in the hands of his family, till measures had been taken to dissolve his illegal marriage. Adversity had now emptied

her quiver against me. I was not only wretched, but dishonoured. Money was offered me, on condition of retiring from France. Though my heart was broken, my spirit was still lofty and unconquerable. I vindictively spurned the mean-souled agent of the woman who dared to calculate the price of my honour, and to offer a sordid, beggarly compensation for my husband's, and my infant's love.

“ Hitherto I had retained some feeling of respect for the mother of De Valmont, but every evil passion of my nature was roused by this attempt to dishonour me ; and my soul was filled with the most malignant hatred,—the most uncontrollable desire of vengeance. Alone, and moneyless, I journeyed to Paris. With the wildness of a maniac I forced myself into the saloon of the Countess ;—my fears were lost in despair,—my timid soul was armed with nature's strongest instincts. I raved like a lioness robbed of her young. I was nerved by those powerful energies which rouses the feeblest animal to attack the most ferocious. What had a mother to fear who pleaded for her child,—a wife who entreated for the husband of her heart. For a few mi-

minutes all was confusion. I touched, nay I shook, the guilty soul of that merciless woman, but I confirmed her cruel purpose. On this evening, as it happened, her hotel was splendidly illuminated for an entertainment in honour of the royal mistress. The company were beginning to arrive: repeatedly she ordered me to begone. Whither could I go,—I threw myself at her feet, I humbled myself before her. I entreated to have but my child restored, and I would renounce my husband. O the obduracy of that heart which could resist my prayer! But my upbraidings still rankled in her's. She furiously struck down my supplicating hands, while she exclaimed,—‘No! not if the little wretch could save your soul from perdition.’—At the same instant a group of company entered the brilliant saloon; and she called loudly to her servants to force out the mad woman. Surely, surely I was indeed frantic, ere Heaven permitted me to raise my desperate hand against the life its mercy had bestowed. With supernatural energy I burst from the servants, and snatching a gentleman's sword from its scabbard, aimed at her heart. Daily, hourly, do I thank Heaven that my soul was spared the



guilt of blood. My uncontrolled passions had hurried me towards a dreadful goal, but my arm was held back.

“ From long deep midnight of the soul I at length emerged. As reason returned, I remembered that I had been a wife and a mother. But four years had elapsed : my child was no more ; my husband was married ! A written instrument, which announced the dissolution of my marriage, confirmed the latter statement ; of the former I had painful confirmation. With De Valmont I renounced the world. I ought to say *it forsook me*. I was still young, but I sickened at life. My earthly destiny was already accomplished. The world had been to me a vale of tears ; and I was forced to turn my eyes on the bright vista that was opening beyond it. I hoped that I had not long to live ; and that, when I died, De Valmont would pity and regret me. Long, very long, did these bitter and perverse thoughts cling to my mind ; but I lived to subdue them.

“ The dark period of my life was passed in a large gloomy building among the mountains of Catalonia, belonging to the Spanish estates of the Countess. As I began to re-

cover, I found that I was watched more and more strictly, and this alone I believe inspired me first with impatience of restraint, and then with the desire of liberty. I acquired as much of the Catalan tongue as enabled me to converse with the solitary Pyrenean shepherd I sometimes met in the course of my permitted rambles through the sublime solitudes around me.

“ A countryman of ours has said that Highlanders, pipes, blue bonnets, and oat-meal, are to be found in the mountains of Auvergne, Suabia, and Catalonia; and I shall add, that wherever Highlanders are to be found, there are warm affections, good faith, and generosity.

“ Why should I occupy your happy hours with the story of my life’s vicissitudes:— Long, very long, I prayed for

‘ A lodge in some vast wilderness,’

and at length I obtained my wish. Poor, and a heretic as I was, my sorrows affected the mountain shepherd, and he assisted me to escape. I got to Barcelona, and from thence to England, to Scotland,—to Glenalbin!— What a change awaited me there.”

Moome here seized the hand of the Lady with all the quick sensibility of youth; and weeping over it, bitterly exclaimed,—“ Ah Lady! Lady! that God himself should permit such suffering to you!”

“ It was for good; my tried, kind friend,” said Lady Augusta.—“ It led me to trust in HIM, and that trust relieved me.”

“ I took up my sepulchral abode in Eleenalin. I was very poor, but my friends were of the kindest. At first my life was gloomy and desolate. I experienced the hopeless, cheerless solitude of that heart, ‘ which has nothing to love, nothing to care for; nothing to dream about, and be happy.’—I was often wild, visionary, and superstitious; for my ill-regulated sensibility was still painfully acute. But I fought the good fight, and I was enabled to conquer. Time and reason subdued improper feelings; faith opened a heavenward prospect to my forlorn hopes; and even on earth blessed me with that humble hope, which is the pledge of immortal peace.

“ As I conquered selfish feelings, my heart again began to own the kinsman’s, the *clansman’s* claim. Year after year made me more poor, and more rich; for I lost another, and

another brother. And at last all were lost. To meliorate the condition of my humble friends now became the pleasant duty of my life: so again I numbered days of usefulness, and nights of serenity; and I became reconciled to life, for I felt that I did not live in vain."

## CHAP. XXI.

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“ Ah me ! for aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth.”

SHAKSPEARE.

I SHALL not attempt to describe the powerful and various feelings to which this narrative of Lady Augusta gave rise. She alone who had been the sufferer was calm, yet at times memory would burst the flood-gates of sorrows long past, but never forgotten ; and her mind would sink under gushing tenderness, or overwhelming grief.

Lady Augusta's was a story which could bear no commentary. In few words she pointed out its moral ;—the fatal effects of passions, however laudable, indulged in defiance of reason and prudence.—Her young auditors thought her judgment severe, but

they were silent; and Moome uttered only her usual ejaculatory, "*Och hone, och hone.*" Long silence ensued; every one absorbed in reflection. Norman, who in spite of the interdiction of reason, clung to the hope of alliance with his venerable friend, began to fancy that he might be the son, the nephew, or the grandson, of one of her brothers. Moome thought the same thing; and as her foster-child was the favourite, she made him the grandson of Donald.

In a few minutes more the horn was sounded from Kenanowen as a signal for the boat; and the feelings of the party were relieved by the arrival of Montague.

"So, so," said he, "you all look glum. Well, I have brought you some news to brighten your faces."

"What new impertinence from Castlebane," thought Monimia.

"You see Ma'am, there is no man more friendly than your humble servant, when I can serve a good neighbour, without harming my own family Ma'am. So, as Minia's admirer, Sir Archibald, dined with me to-day, says I,—'Sir Archibald,—pray what think you of my young friend Macalbin?—Is he

not a fine, tall, good-looking fellow?—Don't you think a pair of colours would become him?—So Sir Archibald asked farther about him;—his inclination for the army; and all that;—and said it was a pity he should waste his days in retirement.—And added, that, for his own sake, and *my recommendation* Ma'am, a pair of colours were very much at Norman's service.—In the meanwhile he would be glad to see him over to Castelbane with me, Ma'am; and—”

“And so the whole was concluded,” interrupted Monimia; who fancied she saw the purport of this manœuvre, and felt as indignant at the patronage of Sir Archibald, as at the officious impertinence of Montague.

“It was, Monimia, very much to my satisfaction;—and if Lady Augusta should need a *small* sum advanced for the equipment of our young friend, she would oblige me much.”

Lady Augusta was scanning the eloquent features of Norman. They were strongly expressive of distress and anxiety.

“I am certainly very much obliged by your well-meant kindness,” said she,—“but I have other views for Norman.”——Norman

raised his radiant eyes to her face, and pressing her hand, whispered,—“ Bless you for that.”

“ Other views Ma’am!—Other views!” cried Montague, rising, and sousing down again.—“ O ho!—Pray let me ask what these views may be?—But let me tell you too Ma’am, I can see as far before me as another. Two words to a bargain all over the world Ma’am!”

Lady Augusta could not perceive whither all this pointed; but the glowing cheeks of Monimia, and the resentful eyes of Norman, indicated more information.

“ My views are neither very ambitious, nor very romantic,” replied the Lady mildly;—“ but I shall spare him as long as I can the most painful of all obligations,—gratitude to a man he can neither esteem nor love.”

Monimia looked up delightedly, while Montague sulkily said,—“ Meaning Sir Archibald no doubt, Ma’am?”

“ My meaning cannot easily be mistaken,” replied the Lady, smiling softly;—“ you are right in believing us very poor people Mr. Montague; and you know it is imprudent in poor people lightly to increase their debts.



But we cannot be insensible to your kindness. And now, if you please, we will call another question."

"O, whatever you please, Ma'am.—To be sure I might have known what thanks to expect from serving a *gentleman*;—for Highlanders must all be gentlemen!—All gentlemen, though they want shoes to their feet."

Monimia, colouring with indignation at this rude speech, was about to make a very smart reply, when Norman, with a good-natured smile said,—“It would be a sad thing to want both good shoes, and good manners.”

“Well, well, I have no fault to find with your manners,” replied Montague, somewhat softened;—“and I am sure you must all know I could have no possible motive for wishing Norman off the country but his own good;—and no more could Sir Archibald.”

Montague said too much; Monimia, in a glow of youthful generosity, turned round and replied,—“I am sure you *ought* to have none;—when that time does come we shall all regret it.”

“Aye, aye,” said Montague;—“but you see a mist is rising on the lake;—so you had best come home.”——Monimia rose, and

inviting the party to what she called her concert, to-morrow evening, in the Druid's isle, went away.

After attending them to the boat, Norman began to pace along the pebbly beach, ruminating sweet and bitter fancies. That he loved,—ardently loved, he could no longer conceal from himself; and his spirits being wasted with the melancholy recital of the Lady, he gloomily pictured a life of obscure and fruitless toil, embittered by hopeless affection,—hopeless, because honour, pride, and the generosity of pure attachment, forbade even the desire of hope. He already saw that Montague, with the sordid calculation peculiar to gross minds, suspected not only himself, but Lady Augusta, of designs as degrading as base. His spirit revolted from even the unmerited imputation of selfish baseness, and he tasked his reason to the control of his growing love,—not to its extinction; for like most other philosophers of twenty-one, Norman saw no propriety in eradicating a passion his reason could command.

“I must deny myself the witchery of her society;” thought he; and resolving *to resolve*

to-morrow, (unless something made his absence remarkable) to be absent from the Druid's isle, he was joined by Hugh.

“So Gordon was wishing to commission yourself dear?” cried the Piper, breaking at once into what occupied all his thoughts.

“So it seems,” replied Norman, who never now heard the name of the baronet without a mental spasm.

“But the Lady *faced* Montague for it, as Moome understood.—The Gordons had always impudence enough to take any thing upon themselves:—that they should dare to offer *us* their commissions!—No, no, darling, you shall be the King's soldier rather than Gordon's officer.”——“I hope so;—but let me assure you the Lady's reply was very civil.—I don't know what you call *facing*.”

“O, too civil by half, I daresay.—Thank God however, it is herself has the true spirit of Macalbin's *dochter*; or, ill as it would become me, I would have *faced* even herself;—seeing there are few of my name now left to know what a Macalbin should feel for a Gordon.—Painting and papering at Castlebane too, as I am told,—for I scorn to ask,—for Mrs. Montague. But, as Moome says,

she has more sense and pride than stoop to a Gordon.—She has taken my own advice before now; and I shall not be slack myself to tell her of the Gordons.—They must not think to take every thing from us either;—black whigs!”

Norman laughed outright at the angry violence of the Piper, and the influence he possessed with Mrs. Montague; and asked him what he would say to her.

“O, I shall say,—‘Sure there is no haste for your own marriage darling, that I can see. You are not *ould* yet; and who knows what God himself may turn up for us, I know him myself who loves you better than his own life. He is not to be named with a Gordon:—so I hope, and trust—”

“Meaning yourself Hugh?” said Norman, trying to smile, while a thrill of delighted consciousness ran through his frame.—“No, meaning *yourself*, Norman.

“Ah Hugh, Hugh,” cried he, shaking his head, while a sweet, sad sigh burst from his bosom,—“you forget that poor Norman is a beggar,—if even otherwise he durst lift his thoughts.”

“A beggar!” cried Hugh, reddening.

“A poor man perhaps;—but thank God, no Macalbin ever was a beggar.”

“I—I am not even a—” Norman, was unable to finish the mortifying sentence, and the Piper, eagerly clasping his hand, exclaimed in a quivering voice.—“You are, you are a Macalbin, dear darling Norman,—and if I were a lady myself, as young, lovely, and rich, as herself,—which however I am not,—I would—”

“You would be in love with me,” cried Norman laughing. And placing his hand on the lips of the Piper, to stop the farther effusion of his affectionate folly, he softly added, —“Though neither very young, rich, nor lovely, your love is very precious to me;—so don’t wish yourself a lady;—I like you better as you are Hugh.” He walked hastily away, while Hugh murmured blessings on him.

Norman saw that Moome and the Piper had already, in the abundance of their love, bestowed Monimia upon himself. He could not quarrel with a gift so desirable; and he knew that when the heat of their displeasure against the Gordons was abated, innate delicacy would restrain the advice of which the

Piper was now so lavish. When he returned to the cottage, and again beheld the mild, pale, penetrating countenance of his all-enduring friend, beaming with kindness on himself, with cheerful benevolence on all around, his own trivial griefs appeared but as dust in the balance, and he blushed that he had felt them such.

The proposition of Montague naturally led the conversation at supper to the future prospects of Norman. The Lady lamented the necessity which compelled her to receive Montague's friendly offices so ungraciously; and felt somewhat surprised that Norman, whose young heart was so ardent in gratitude, seemed insensible to his coarse, but well-intended kindness.

“Whatever be the fate of my soldier of fortune,” said she, smiling kindly on him, “I can never regret that he has attained the *mature* age of twenty-one, before he enters on his perilous profession. Often with deep compassion have I seen young boys transplanted from the bosom of their families to the army, and made responsible as men and officers, for all the follies of children. If these young creatures are pleasing and ami-

able, they are sure to be initiated into premature libertinism by the pernicious indulgence of their seniors,—if they are petulant and assuming, it is equally certain that the dawning spirit of even generous ambition will be crushed by perpetual sneers and mortifications; and often a foundation laid for future bad temper, and malignity of heart.”

“But,—but,—” cried Norman; and the rapidity of his ideas out-ran the powers of speech. The Lady again smiled on him.—“Aye; you would no doubt tell us of your hero. A splendid exception I grant; but had he been a common officer, he could not have been Norman’s model. Besides, you cannot forget the education of this illustrious soldier, and his extraordinary father. In our age, rich, and various talents go to the formation of a great military character;—and splendid indeed are the talents military glory attracts. Would that more useful glory were as alluring. But that time will come,” added Lady Augusta cheerfully; for she who trusted in God, could not despair of the happiness of man.

“And do you think then war will ever cease Lady?” said Norman.

“ I hope it will, in a great measure. Society advances with slow, but sure progress. Human passions too often retard its march, and sometimes make it retrograde; but still it gains ground. When I see how much *man* has gained even during my span of life, I rejoice with sanguine hope. I have seen slaves emancipated, tortures abolished, education diffused, laws ameliorated; that dark tribunal which long filled Europe with terror, nearly swept from the countries it enfeebled and disgraced. Many evils no doubt somewhat counterbalance these blessings; and nations, like individuals, are apt to pause upon the calamity, and to overlook the benefit; though I trust the former will be temporary, and the latter permanent. In the last twenty eventful and perilous years, though Frenchmen have lost, and Englishmen suffered, I trust mankind has gained.”

“ It would be misery to think otherwise,” said Norman.

“ Then good night Norman. May all your young hopes be fulfilled; for I am sure you can never be other than the soldier of freedom and your country,—the soldier of defence.”



## CHAP. XXII.

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“ Full sixty years the world had been her trade,  
The wisest wretch much time had ever made.”

POPE.

“ So these very extraordinary persons have declined our intended kindness,” said Lady Gordon, leading her nephew, Sir Archibald to the far corner of her dressing-room in Castlebane; and speaking in a low tone, as if she remembered that “ walls have ears,”—an excellent maxim, whether in national or domestic diplomacy.

“ Nay, *rejected* it Madam, and rudely too,” replied the baronet angrily, as if he wished to resent to his aunt the offence of these extraordinary persons.

“ Matchless ingratitude!—They must be convinced that my offer proceeded from nothing but the purest generosity:—but such

are the returns benevolence may expect. Lady Augusta, poor woman, has lived so long among low people, that she has confounded all received ideas of proper and improper.—I am told the young man is rather tall, and well-looking too, for one in his way?”

“ Tall enough,” returned Sir Archibald,—  
“ I believe there is no end of him. I know nothing about his looks,—he looks insolent enough, I think.”

“ I daresay.—Apropos, how goes on your affair with my little favourite, the pretty Montague ?”

Sir Archibald saw nothing very apropos in this question ; but after muttering somewhat like, “ Confound her !” he more articulately added,—“ I think very little about the pretty Montague.”

“ I fear so,” sighed Lady Gordon,—“ Perhaps too she insists on being cruel a little longer. Well,—my nephew is too gallant to wish to shorten a young lady’s day of power ; and indeed, indeed, I sadly fear her desire corresponds but too much with his own ;—I fear he is, at least, as unwilling to abridge his own day of freedom ?”

This obliging construction had all the effect on the mind of Sir Archibald it was intended to produce. How Mrs. Montague presumed to reject the addresses of a man of his figure and consequence, was as unaccountable as provoking; and his self-love was gratified in believing that her affected coldness proceeded from his real indifference, and reluctance to surrender what he called his freedom.

“Who dare question your penetration Madam,” said he, with a smile, which indicated returning good-humour.

“Sad fellow!” sighed Lady Gordon, affecting to suppress a smile;—“I am willing this should go a certain length; but you know how very, very anxious I am for your marriage. She is really, after all, an exquisite creature; very much admired, as you know, and possessed of every quality that can do honour to your family and choice. No doubt her youth and beauty makes her assume a little in her day; but your masculine sense, and knowledge of the world, teaches you to overlook all that; and even, I see, sad fellow! to find amusement in the pretty airs she gives

herself with the man to whose authority she must ultimately bend. Alas, our poor sex! But my nephew is too generous to punish the dear haughty creature for errors which are rather to be imputed to her age than herself."

Sir Archibald, thus invested with power, forgot that he was the man who in a parox-ism of rage had sworn never to re-enter Dun-albin,—that he was the same person whom Mrs. Montague had, as she said, finally re-jected,—whom she avoided by leaving her home; and to whom she perhaps preferred a needy, obscure, and nameless adventurer. His pride, his vanity, his revenge, triumphed; and in spite of the generous pleadings of his good-natured aunt, he secretly vowed to punish—severely punish the "dear haughty creature," he longed to obtain; and whose beauty, fashion, fortune, and fine qualities, were to illustrate himself and his family. Lady Gordon saw all this, and in another apropos question,—she understood that he meant to be the way of Dunalbin; and hoped he would take charge of some music for Mrs. Montague.

This brought to recollection the last scene at Dunalbin, and he sullenly replied,—“ I don't know that I shall be that way to-day.”

“ Will you not,” said the Lady carelessly; and she perceived her ground was again lost, “ A servant will take it. Perhaps you are going by Loanbane :—by the way, I am told Buchanan's girl is grown up a prodigious beauty. What does the judge say ?”

“ That she is indeed extremely lovely,” exclaimed Sir Archibald with great animation.

“ O,—you have already discovered that, have you?—I know you have a hawk's eye for beauty :—but let me conjure you—I am serious now nephew—to be merciful. The father is a decentish sort of man; and her mother was a person of family ;—besides, if the fair Montague take it into her pretty little head to be jealous,—Lord have mercy upon us!” And the lady held up her hands, and threw up her eyes, ludicrously deprecating such a terrible consequence, while her gratified nephew smiled in conscious power. But he resolved to be merciful to Flora, at least for the present ; for though a jealous mistress is nearly as amusing and gratifying as a jealous wife, the jealousy of the former may

lead to very troublesome consequences, and Lady Gordon made another "apropos" remark about a certain mortgage, called in the family the "Marshall mortgage."

"These rupees are certainly very charming things Sir Archibald; and the dear creature has such immense expectations from that overpowering person her brother-in-law; besides, I should not wonder if the fortunes of her own family centre in her. Her cousin was always a puny thing; and I had a letter only yesterday from my good friend Dr. B—, for I can be indifferent to nothing likely to affect the interest of the dear girl."

"And I should not wonder if Miss Sinclair thwarted her a little," said Sir Archibald, who now, that his hopes revived, began to resent the double game that lady was playing.

"Who, Ursy?" said Lady Gordon, with a smile of calm contempt,—“You have nothing to fear from poor Ursy.”

But Sir Archibald recollected that at the age of seventeen the matured charms of Miss Sinclair, and her still more matured talents, had nearly deprived him of the freedom he now valued so highly; and he secretly blessed the memory of his vigilant tutor, while he

thought Ursy no contemptible rival even to his aunt.

“ Pardon me Madam, but in cunning and meanness Miss Sinclair is nearly equal to any body I know.”

Lady Gordon coloured at this ill-constructed sentence, while she hastily returned, —“ She cannot deceive me however;—she dare not. I disdain all cunning and meanness; but I trust penetration and honesty will be sufficient to traverse all the arts of Miss Sinclair. God help a person of my candid, unsuspecting temper, when opposed to low, artful people!” and the Lady sighed deeply; but seeing her nephew about to depart, she quickly recovered.

“ Have you seen Macpherson about the farm of Loanbane?—I think he offers very handsomely.—He is really an industrious kind of person—well deserving of encouragement;—so I presume you do not hesitate about *warning* the Loanbane people?—but it is for you to decide.”

“ Surely Madam; but they make a cursed whining about crossing the Atlantic, and travelling in winter,—”

“ Foolish creatures! they would be ready

to begin work against the season," interrupted Lady Gordon.

"So I don't care if I indulge them," continued Sir Archibald,—“as it will not be convenient for Macpherson to enter till Whitsuntide.”

“O, pray do indulge them, poor creatures! The storms of a winter passage must needs be terrible.—By the way, how does your friend Mansel like Castlebane;—I hope he finds it agreeable?—I assure you I would wish our Belle no better fortune;—he is really a very pleasant young man.—I suppose I am not to be let into gentlemen's secrets; but yet I should like to know how that lady stands in his good graces. I would be far from advising a breach of confidence, but we are all friends,—all have the same interests,—”

“Then I believe Maria has the best chance in the end,” cried Sir Archibald bluntly; for now that his own affairs were discussed, he cared very little about his sisters.—“She has him all to herself for six weeks to come; if she does not make him in love up to matrimony in that time, she does not deserve the opportunity I have given her.”

“O fie! fie! nephew,” cried Lady Gordon.



—“ But you think it is Maria he is partial to?—Dear creature, all frankness and vivacity, wearing her soul in her face,—”

“ Poh! you forget that I am only her brother,” cried Sir Archibald; and Lady Gordon was so much accustomed to puff off the beauty, talents, and fine qualities of her nieces, that she had indeed almost forgotten.

“ A sad saucy brother,” said she smiling, “ but see who comes yonder.”

“ That fat soul Montague; souse, sousing on his horse like a package of his own pins: pray let me escape by the back of the house.”

“ Do; and take a dinner with the minister, for if you are at home he will stay till he sicken us all, good man. But don't you esteem that young lady very fortunate, who throwing off her wild falcon in a pet, finds a good, convenient fat man, to spare her pride, and ‘lure the tassel-gentil back again.’—Go, go, coxcomb,” added the lady, smilingly pushing him into a closet, which opened to the passage;—“ I shall promise for you.”—Sir Archibald kissed her hand, and escaped, as Montague entered by the other door.

“ Well my Lady, I am come to learn your commands, as you sent a second time,” said

Montague,—“ though I have no very agreeable news, I can tell you—”

“ Hush! hush, my dear sir;—I will not hear a single word till you have taken refreshments after your long ride;” and looking into the closet to see if the coast was clear, she found that important post already occupied by Miss Sinclair.—“ So Ursy!” said she, and turning to her guest,—“ How miserable will Sir Archibald be at missing you; but if I hope to be forgiven, I must send to the hill in search of him.—It was but this morning he made us almost expire laughing at your excellent joke on Macpherson.—Poor Ursy got such a fit of coughing, as raised her asthma and wheezing,—I was sadly afraid, I can tell you, for the good creature wears apace.”

“ Miss Sinclair wheezing!” cried Montague,—“ I thought she was too young for that yet.”

“ O; she is not old sir;—not much beyond your own years I think;—I have heard her called more;—but I don't think she can be much above fifty.”

“ Fifty!” cried Montague petrified,—“ I would not have thought her thirty-five.”

“O dear sir!” replied the lady smiling,—  
“I am sorry I let out secrets, if that be the case; but you know maiden ladies have many little ways of preserving their bloom;—and very pardonable it is sir.”

“Aye, aye,” said Montague, shaking his head, and breathing a most important discovery through his nose, while he pressed his lips together.—“But now my Lady, as I am here, I must just say, once for all, shake hands, and part friends. Monimia will not hear of Sir Archibald; and I am worn out with pouting and sulking at her. We who used to be so agreeable, like father and child, —never to meet but to tease each other,—I can’t bear it, I can tell you.—I may say I have not had a peaceable comfortable meal this fortnight.”

“Then you shall to-day, my dear sir. Nay, I will take no refusal. We have uncommonly fine potted moor-game, and excellent five year old heath mutton. As you are a breeder yourself, I must insist on the opinion of so good a judge. So pray drop all these odious matters.—O my dear, worthy Mr. Montague, what anxiety do these young folks give to us! —Were Sir Archibald to become the dupe

of any artful, needy girl,—and there are many such persons, both men and women, let me tell you,—I would die of shame and mortification.—By the way, that young man would not accept my nephew's offer. Was not that very strange sir?—I am quite at a loss, I profess, to account for his reasons. Does it not seem very strange sir?"

"Rather;—but I have done what I could my Lady, to see Monimia happy, and settled in a proper station; and if she does continue obstinate, what can I do more? I would be glad to see Sir Archibald at all times, were it only that he is a good neighbour; but if she will be displeased, what can I do?—However, as you insist, I will give my opinion of the mutton, though I am but a poor judge, for all your flattering."

"I never flatter, Mr. Montague."

"No more you do my Lady, or I promise you I would not have the opinion of you I have."

"Allowing I could flatter sir,—an art I detest,—I should be very cautious how I employed flattery with a person of your penetration."

"Aye;—it would be a poor thing, if at

my time of life I could not see through a flatterer. I only wish my Minia could see some folks with her brother's eyes."

"I wish she could," said Lady Gordon, very sincerely.

"Now I should thank you, I believe, Miss Sinclair," said Montague, as that lady entered, with refreshments, "for the syrup you sent for my cold, and your civil card,—I assure you a fine business-like hand she writes, Lady Gordon." Lady Gordon darted a very gracious look at her humble companion.

"I have orders to look on every thing in this house as belonging to the family at Dunalbin," said Miss Sinclair, and Montague gave thanks where thanks were due; and though Lady Gordon had never before heard of the syrup, and the *business-like* card,—she rejoiced at the good effects it had on Mr. Montague's cold, and ordered *Ursy* to send other two pots to Dunalbin.

When Montague had ate of the grouse, and the heath mutton, and given his opinion, he found himself so comfortable, and in such good-humour with Castlebane and its inmates, that he resolved to make another attack on his invulnerable sister, and at least compel

her to attend the Northern Meeting, which the ladies painted in colours so attractive. But he took leave, without once inviting the baronet to Dunalbin. A person less fruitful in expedients might have been somewhat disconcerted with this oversight; but as Lady Gordon, with her own honourable fingers, tied a silk handkerchief over the cravat of the cidevant pin-maker, she whispered in his ear, "Now, my dear sir, I am going to do a very silly thing;—I believe there is some truth in what you men accuse us of; we cannot keep a secret,—at least from those we esteem. If you tell tales, I shall be sadly rated. Our young men are resolved to have a fishing-tent pitched in Glenalbin. They have laid out a delightful week in angling, shooting, boating, and giving rural entertainments to the ladies. The girls know nothing of it, and you must be equally secret with Mrs. Montague, till you lead the dear creature to the tent, and give her a gay surprise. Now be secret, or I am a ruined woman,—but I am sure I may depend on your prudence."

Montague was delighted with the idea of gay society without expense, entertainments, secrets, surprises, and his implied superiority

over the clever Lady Gordon ; for Montague did not know that most women, like most men, will very vigilantly guard a secret, when they have any interest in doing so. He promised perfect secrecy, and rode off with very complacent feelings towards himself, Lady Gordon, the heath mutton, and the projected alliance. And the discovery too, into which his cleverness had betrayed Lady Gordon, was subject of self-congratulation ; for the housewifery talents of Miss Sinclair, her *business-like* hand, and above all, her unremitting, but unobtrusive attention to his comforts, and his opinions, were beginning to sap some of the outworks suspicion had reared round his bachelor heart.

When Mrs. Montague first appeared in the circles of Bath, Lady Gordon resided in that city. The birth, fashion, and above all, reputed fortune of the young beauty, attracted the attention of her Ladyship, who was looking out for a wealthy alliance for her nephew. Sir Archibald, who for reasons no less cogent than endless debts, mortgaged estates, and the wishes of his aunt (who was ill-natured enough to refuse to advance another shilling, even for what he called his most

necessary occasions) was obliged to think of marrying, graciously said, "let this be the woman." It was sooner said than done however; but after the death of Mr. Montague, and the report of Monimia's pecuniary disappointment, matters assumed a more favourable aspect; the love of Sir Archibald was now perfectly *disinterested*, and this circumstance could not fail to influence a young, open, and generous nature.

Mr. Montague, who left his beloved charge exposed to the many perils attending the high, but dangerous gifts of beauty and talent, was anxious to save her from the still greater evils attracted to the head of youthful inexperience, by the uncontrolled possession of great wealth, and the real disposition of his fortune was to remain a secret, even to herself, till she had reached her twenty-second year. If this secret was to remain such, it was necessary that it should be kept from the family of Monimia, and Montague alone was acquainted with the romantic, but well-meant project of his dying brother. When Monimia recovered from the first agony attending her irreparable loss, she was surprised, and even hurt, at the neglect her deceased friend had shown. Her



whole fortune consisted of six thousand pounds, vested in her own name, when Mr. Montague first judged it necessary to fix her private income. This appeared a very paltry sum to one accustomed to indulge in unbounded expense, and unbounded expectations; but Monimia felt the unkind neglect which left her poor, much more than her actual poverty; and the selfish rapacity discovered by her relations, who loaded the memory of her benefactor with the most illiberal abuse, by rousing her generous energies to his defence, soon restored her to juster, and happier feelings; and she saw that she was still rich, if she chose to consider herself so, for she still possessed the power of doing good.

“How much is done with incomes even narrower than mine,” thought she,—“How many clergymen, and well-born, well-educated men, rear families to respectability, and even to fame, on more slender incomes. How many persons, nurtured in all the habitudes of polite society, and addicted to its most humanizing, and delightful pursuits, live, and give pleasure, and enjoy it, with far less command of money.”

Thus happily reasoned Monimia, while her active fancy portrayed a life of cheerful solitude among the peasants of her beloved native country. She saw her sober, maidenly board, sometimes embellished by the presence of the refined and enlightened; while around her education was diffused, morals improving, habits of industry forming, and the taste for order, comfort, and decency, rapidly followed by their existence and enjoyment.

Meanwhile Montague gave her the warmest assurances of kindness and protection, and as she firmly refused all pecuniary obligations, he could only contribute to what he thought her happiness, by expensive and useless presents, and by throwing around her, as far as he could, the same appearance of splendour which had distinguished her during the life of his brother. These, and some other circumstances, excited suspicion in her mind; she formed conjectures not very far from the truth; and anticipated, with benevolent malice, her future triumphant refutation of the calumnies of her relations, and the pride she would feel in showing them, that he who had made her rich, had also made her happy by well-judged concealment.

Lady Gordon was not less penetrating. That a man, so dotingly fond as Mr. Montague, should leave the bulk of his fortune to an *illegitimate* brother, already rich beyond all his capacities of enjoying wealth, while he left the lovely young creature for whom he had lived and died, dependent on that coarse-minded brother, seemed impossible; and by her peculiar industry that lady soon arrived at the truth. But when an inquest of dowagers and matrons sat on the character of the deceased nabob, and loudly declared him guilty of injustice, Lady Gordon said, “that his fortune was his own, and no doubt he had his own reasons.”

These ladies could have easily overlooked his neglect of Miss Glanville, but that he had neglected her who had been for a few hours his wife, and who was consequently his widow, roused all their sympathies; for many ladies, not much younger than their husbands, are haunted and tormented by the melancholy idea “what shall become of them when deprived of the dear good man they cannot survive.”—Now, every body knows that “what shall become of me,” means, nine times out of ten, “what shall I do for money.”

The desertion of the world, and the unkindness of her own relations, who never saw her, but to traduce the memory of her husband, and to exhort her to *cultivate* his brother, made Monimia feel, with lively gratitude, the little, nameless, soothing attentions, of Lady Gordon, who had admired her when prosperous, and now that she was otherwise, said she loved her; and she eagerly accepted of Dunalbin as a temporary residence. It was described as remote, solitary, inaccessible to strangers, and never visited by the family of Gordon. Monimia found it all, and more than she had anticipated; and here she resolved to abide, and carry into practice her scheme of benevolence. So Montague took the castle, and a farm, in lease from Sir Archibald; and Lady Gordon secretly blessed the romance of the "dear creature," which permitted her to enjoy her town parties, and push the interest of her nieces with the least possible detriment to interests more important.

But when she heard of a tall, handsome, young man, who had dropped as it were from the clouds, to become the daily, and hourly companion of her niece-elect, when she un-

derstood, from the correspondence of her old and faithful servant Macpherson, that the fine dark eyes, and rich, and ever mantling bloom of this Adonis, were conveying unutterable things to the young solitary, she resolved to push northward with all convenient speed, and to renew the disinterested addresses of her nephew.

Monimia was now enlightened as to the real views of Lady Gordon. She had often heard her characterized as an heir and heiress hunter; one of those persons, by no means uncommon in high life, who, to the utmost indifference about their relations, unite great attachment to their *family*, and restless ambition for the aggrandizement of those they do not even love. The family of Gordon was her Ladyship's own family, and Sir Archibald was the son of her sister, as well as the nephew and heir of her husband. She had intrigued as violently for the honour and glory of the husband she hated, as she now did for the aggrandizement of the nephew she despised, and for the same reason,—they were *her's*.

By well-timed, skilful employment of flattery, threats, reproaches, and promises, Lady

Gordon had led her nephew to acquire some knowledge of those sciences attempted by men of fortune, and she now employed the same means to rouse that perverse, obstinate, something in his character, which made him slight every good in his power, and pant after whatever seemed unattainable. Her Ladyship had seen a horse, a dog, a groom, or a mistress, in the possession of another man, convert her indolent nephew into a little Alexander; and when the prize was gained, the satiated hero would sit down, and yawn that that there were not more admired dogs, horses, and mistresses, to struggle for, and win. Now Lady Gordon rightly concluded persevering ambition an infallible means of success, whether in the pursuits of the schoolboy, or the grown gentleman, and she hoped Sir Archibald would yet yawn as heartily over the possession of the haughty Monimia and her fine fortune, as he now did over Highflyer, and "La Piquante."

When Sir Archibald and his friend returned from the hill, on the day that Montague dined at Castlebane, her Ladyship, using the privileges of her age, joined them in the little parlour, where they devoured their late dinner.

“ Mr. Mansel, I have to beg that you will give Maria no more of your verses. They absolutely turn the girl’s head. She has sung and played me deaf, trying to set them, and really she has been very successful ; but the cadences are remarkably harmonious and—”

“ She does me too much honour Madam,” interrupted the poet, smiling complacently,—“ But I shall certainly obey your Ladyship’s injunction.”

“ If you wish Maria to keep her senses you must.—Apropos, we have been talking all day of your charming idea of the fishing tent in Glenalbin. There is poetry in that too. Landscape, boating, music, shooting,—it is really delightful. Pray where did a town beau like you acquire that rich fancy, and elegant invention ?”

Mr. Mansel smiled, and bowed, while he disclaimed these high gifts,—“ but really the idea of the fishing-tent had escaped his recollection. It might however be very pleasant.”

“ It was certainly your idea ; but Maria is perhaps more tenacious of these things than yourself. You know the love of romance is a little pardonable at eighteen. So I must indulge the girls ;—therefore arrange your plan,

and as the idea was your own, let the execution be the same. Command us all;—you are master here.”

“ I value the honour of your commands too much, not to exert myself to the utmost Madam,” said Mansel, bowing on the Lady’s hand, as he flew to give orders.

“ We shall be a gallant little society,” resumed the lady,—“ Sir Archibald, and his sisters, the charming Montague, and her Macalbin beau.”

“ Her Macalbin beau !” cried Mansel, laughing, and looking back, while Sir Archibald angrily raised his eyes from his plate.

“ Oh!—you thought Sir Archibald was the happy man ?” replied the Lady,—“ I assure you I was equally deceived—till very—very lately. Poor Sir Archibald is fairly cut out, for all his pretensions, and knowledge of the sex. Mrs. Montague is beyond Sir Archibald’s reach I fear.”

“ Still your kind fears, Madam,” said the baronet, with a resolute fierceness that delighted his aunt,—“ Mrs. Montague is as much in Sir Archibald’s reach as he chooses to make her.”

“ Hey day!—here is boasting Mr. Mansel.



Well, if the vain wretch do not make good his threats, we shall certainly enjoy a laugh against him."

Mr. Mansel retired to change his hunting dress, a ceremony he had not used for the last week, and Lady Gordon followed him up stairs. As his chamber door stood open, he heard her Ladyship exhorting Maria to leave the grand piano-forte, which that young lady refused to do.

"Maria, I command you to come and make tea for me;—I shall really lock up these verses."

"Well, if I must, I must," replied the young lady; who used the pretext of her frankness and vivacity to declare violent admiration for many young men of a certain fortune.—"But is he returned?—What a charming fellow!—Oh heavens!"

Maria did not know that she was overheard, but her aunt believed it was possible, nay, she hoped it; and she chid her frank niece, not so much for her feelings, as the giddy avowal of them.

"Fond little pug," thought Mansel,—"so she is in for it too;"—and he brushed down his hair in a thicker shade over his forehead

and eyes, and hastened to the drawing-room; and the new air was played and sung twenty times over, if an air may be called new which was newly written down from the singing of an old Highland-woman.

Mansel continued to dance, sing, flirt, and romp with Maria, and to give her verses; Bella was jealous and sullen, a circumstance very propitious to the duration of his love; Sir Archibald was as determined to gain Monimia from the obscure Macalbin, as he had ever been to obtain "*La Piquante*," from the Duke of ———; and Lady Gordon thought herself a woman of no mean talents.

## CHAP. XXIII.



“ After all, I very believe that your Lordship and I are of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another ; and that all honest, and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day, and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbours.”

*POPE'S Letter to the Bishop of Rochester.*

ABOUT this time Buchanan returned from the low country. He had most conscientiously raised the cry of “ No Popery,” but no one responded ; and he complained loudly of a general deadness of public feeling. Greater personages have uttered a similar complaint but with less reason, for Buchanan's “ Babylon Exposed,” remained unsold ; and what was worse, no Catholic priest, no shadow of a priest, for that would have been enough, disturbed the grateful tenants of Craig-gillian.

Before returning home with her father,

Flora went from Eleenalin to spend a day of happiness with her friend. It was the day after Montague had given his opinion of the heath mutton at Castlebane.

“Most opportunely come,” cried Montague, as she entered the breakfast parlour,—“you will see my brother sublime;—in his third manner, as the painters say.”

Mr. Montague seemed indeed very much disturbed, and Flora fancied his bad humour extended even to herself. Instead of the familiar ‘chuck under the chin, and the kiss with which he sometimes met her, accompanied by a friendly caution not to form extravagant hopes, as he was not a marrying man; he sulkily replied to her inquiry after his health, and without looking up, continued his breakfast. She also thought Monimia more gay than cheerful, and she was right,—for Monimia, ashamed to feel that a person who possessed so little power to confer delight, should be able to interrupt her tranquillity, strove to conceal, beneath the thin guise of artificial gaiety, the uneasiness she could not banish from her mind.

Montague had much of that hard peremptoriness, which often adheres even to a good

natured man, accustomed to no society save his own menials; and whom neither interest, duty, affection, nor good breeding, have trained to habits of gentle compliance, or graceful yielding to the feelings of others. But Monimia was neither his shopman nor his kitchen-maid, and she was indifferent about being his heir; therefore, with her, his power was powerless, and his persuasions vain; and he became importunate. He however wanted that cool, obdurate, mulish pertinacity, with which the domestic tormentor continues the ceaseless, meaningless importunity, which often enables a weak mind to wear out a stronger and more amiable one, and triumphantly to wring forth the half-angry, half-disgusted,—“For God’s sake do as you please;”—and whenever he became angry, or, as he said, lost patience, Monimia withdrew, and by prohibiting all conversation on the subject, escaped solicitation till another visit to Castlebane stimulated his vanity to a new attempt. He possessed another agreeable quality, in common with many persons who pride themselves on a greater share of sincerity than their neighbours; under pretence of “telling his mind,” and abhorring

every thing that savoured of deceit, he vented every suggestion of a narrow, vulgar spirit, and covered his offensive rudeness with the specious veil of superior honesty and frankness. The implied threat of employing this amiable quality against the family at Eleanalin, and another, nearly akin to it, though of less pretension, which he called being —“ as plain as pleasant,” had obtained from Monimia many little compliances, alike repugnant to her judgment and inclination. It is somewhat unfortunate, that persons whose sincerity is thus uncontrollable, should oftener have occasion to offend the feelings of others than to discover any thing very candid or amiable in their own transparent minds. Now this formidable class of persons, prove very troublesome companions, when offended with those whom delicacy or good-breeding will not permit to usurp similar privileges and Monimia often felt it so. The stale and ungenerous threat was again held out, as she firmly refused to attend Lady Gordon to Inverness.

“ So you wont go—wont you?—You wont go?—Well, I shall be at the bottom of this before I eat or sleep,—I shall see who take

upon themselves to advise you, and deceive you, for their own wicked ends—I shall tell some folks a piece of my mind.”

Monimia, too angry to fear, indignantly exclaimed,——“ Surely!—and welcome. Tell what you please sir.—But let me first tell you that I have no adviser,—in this affair I need none. I can see whither all this altercation tends,—you do not even seek to conceal it; and as ‘telling minds,’ is the order of the day, let me now tell you—I will never be more to Lady Gordon than I at present am. Now go to Eleenalin, if you can do it, disgrace yourself and me, and insult Lady Augusta Macalbin by the most unworthy suspicions. Long have I tried to save you the shame of outraging the feelings of that excellent lady—more I ought not to do. But I will tell her the truth—the whole truth,—and she, who is all candour and indulgence, will acquit me of intentional error,—of the wish to offend her, she never can suspect *me*, for she knows that *I* at least have been bred in the habits of a gentlewoman.”

Monimia had never said any thing so harsh, and the benevolence of her nature was shocked at the momentary violence of her resentment.

“ So I suppose the habits of a gentleman teach folks to say what they don't think?— Well, thank God, I am no gentleman,” said Montague sulkily.

“ Not so,” said Monimia,—“ The habits of a gentleman sometimes restrain the expression of offensive thoughts, but they still oftener prevent illiberal surmises from polluting the mind itself. A gentleman speaks delicately, because he thinks nobly.”

Though Montague was displeased at hearing his frankness and sincerity represented in their true colours, of rudeness and ill-breeding, he was more alarmed at the high tone his refractory sister had assumed; and he began to deprecate the indignation he had excited. Many are the advantages the calm and the firm possess over the passionate. Their patient forbearance is as certain to provoke, as their firmness is to overawe, and every way they triumph. Even the puny malice of the lesser imps of evil, when compelled to minister to the gracious being they hate and obey, affords momentary amusement to the benevolent master-spirit. Monimia, though not ill-natured, was often entertained with the whimsical irritation her good temper



and forbearance produced in her brother-in-law, who chafed the more loudly, that nothing opposed him.

In this state of things Flora entered. Montague, alarmed at the open defiance which met his threat,—at seeing the hobgoblin which frightened the naughty child discovered to be a man of straw, and contempt succeeding terrified obedience, thought all was lost, and kept a sullen, plodding silence.

Monimia, who was reluctant to entertain her friends with her domestic broils, found employment for Flora, till breakfast was over, in taking a sketch of a particular scene opposite a distant window. When some minutes had elapsed in the same inauspicious silence, she approached her sulky brother, and taking his hand, said, in a coaxing voice.—“Why my dear sir, should you wish that poor, tender *I*, should be the first dish served up to the gossips at Inverness. I am quite sure they will find Miss Sinclair and yourself much more substantial fare.” Monimia knew, that though Montague resolved against marriage, nothing pleased him more than to hear it was possible he might marry and have children, and so disappoint all expectants, herself in-

cluded; for, Queen-Elisabeth-like, he showed abundant caprice with regard to his successor. She smiled feebly, and she added,—“ You know turtle and venison always precede sweetmeats.”

“ Meaning yourself for the sweetmeats, no doubt?”

“ Certainly.”

“ Aye, you are sweet, God knows,—very sweet!”—and he shook his head and twisted his thumbs, pleased to fancy himself a very ill used man, whom a vigorous effort of prudence enabled to conceal his just indignation, lest its expression should drive its object to measures still more desperate. The sullen fit however went off, and he was desirous to speak, though he scorned to make advances.

“ Oh, sister Anne, see you any body coming,” cried Monimia at length, as Flora still gazed through the casement.—“ Yes, yonder is Williams.”

“ And the letters,” cried Monimia,—“ Now for a rise of stocks, or a tender billet from the dear one; as I hope for smiles and good humour, the first, my husband, when I get him, and he gets into Parliament shall daily and nightly repay with his vote, and for the last, Miss Sinclair——”

“Don't Miss Sinclair me Madam,—Though it's hard to say what I may do if heartily provoked,—I am but fifty years myself.”

“Or, by'r lady, inclining to three score.”

No, fifty-six only;—make it a day more if you can. But if perverseness make me do a foolish thing, it sha'nt be with a Scotchwoman, I can tell you,—So let me hear no more of that Miss Sinclair;—there's too many rings in her horn for me.”

“So marriage is the foolish thing—and a Scotchwoman too—and then the elegant figure borrowed from your grazing trade,—O gallant Englishman!”

“Have done now Monimia, I won't be made a fool of I say: let me hear no more of Miss Sinclair.”

“Flora,” said Monimia, “you know Miss Sinclair is justly proud of the Celtic blood that flows in her noble veins, pure and unmixed since Julius Cæsar made her ancestors retire to the mountains. Now I fear my brother thinks her of Pictish origin, for every little child in Scotland knows that short race had very long arms.”

“And painted faces too Monimia, had they not?” inquired Montague, who, in common

with many persons educated in humble life, entertained a sort of religious horror at a woman who painted her face; and not contented with despising it as a folly, regarded it as a vague undefined crime, deserving execration and abhorrence.

“ Oh no—she is no Pict in that sense,—I must do her that justice, for she once did as much for me.”

“ I am sure,” said the bewildered Montague, “ Lady Gordon told me as much.”

“ Aye, she daubs pretty freely herself—in the dark style. So she wishes to spoil poor Miss Sinclair’s preferment;—I suppose she added rings to her horn too—did she?—Her Ladyship is somewhat of a jockey I know.”

“ Truly I can’t say, but I should think Miss Sinclair does not look nearly so much as fifty. However, women are a mystery to me, and to any plain man, as I take it;—so the less one has to do with them the better, I believe.”

“ Your very humble, and thrice obliged servant,” cried Monimia, curtsying ludicrously, as she retired with her friend, who had agreed to remain at Dunalbin for that day, and on the next to accompany her to a

fair in the neighbourhood, and afterwards to visit a cascade in a distant valley, which Norman had represented as a scene of unmatched beauty.

Gaily anticipating the same pleasure from this little excursion which they had often experienced in similar ones, the young friends rose with the bright sun of the following morning. Horses were ordered; and in a short time they were joined by Norman and the Piper, the latter carrying a basket of cold provisions, that they might make their mid-day repast in any pleasant spot among the hills. It was the delight of old Moome to fill this basket with several dainties, and her pride to be told that no low-country cook nearly equalled herself in curing mutton hams, and making Highland sausages. When Monimia's servant had added some wine to the contents of this basket, and a hunter's bottle of brandy for the sole use of the carrier, they set out, Norman on foot, attended by a favourite wolf-dog, the ladies on horseback, and Hugh closing the procession. After emerging from Glenalbin, and ascending for some time by an unformed mountain path, they entered the elevated, wide, and dreary

moor on which the fair was held, and which was regarded as the most central point in a district of nearly fifty miles in circumference. Monimia attended at this fair, that her presence might encourage the rude manufacture she had endeavoured to establish. She had no hope of any purchaser save herself, and when the young and hitherto unemployed girls gathered round her, triumphantly displaying the gay patterned gowns and shawls just obtained from the low-country pedlars, in exchange for coarse woollen stockings and caps,—her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed, the habitual benevolence of her nature rose to momentary rapture, and she eagerly exclaimed,—“Ah, this is delightful!—this is something like a developement of the principle of industry,—feeble and imperfect indeed,—but it is still something.—Yonder is Mr. Buchannan advancing with a *preaching* face, to tell us of the influx of luxury and vanity; but I really think the pleasure these good girls derive from their novel finery, is a very honest pride in their conscious efforts.—I am quite sure,” added she, in her imperfect Gaelic,—“I am quite sure, Catharine, you are as proud of winning your gown as wearing it?”

“That I am lady,” replied the Highland girl, to whom this inquiry was addressed,—

“Any body might wear a gown.”

“Aye indeed, Catharine, but you have won it,” said the mother of the girl, pressing forward,—“And God bless herself who taught you how to do that;—many might have given you a gown, but that is once and away, and an obligation to the bargain,—where that lady has put you on earning, when you please and what you please,—And don’t think the worse of Kate lady, because it is put out on herself, for she would have put all out on us, had we allowed her,—but her father would not suffer her till next fair.”

“You are a good girl Catharine,—a very good girl, and I love and honour your affectionate spirit,” said Monimia, kindly looking on the blushing girl,—“And your mother is quite right—nothing can do us any permanent good but what we do for ourselves. To assist and direct you all, how you may best struggle for yourselves,—if I were able to do it,—would be my dearest pleasure.”

She then entered into conversation with the humble merchants at that remote fair, and was rejoiced to hear that if the goods were of

equal quality, they could not fail to find purchasers, and even an increasing demand, while they were afforded at so cheap a rate.

Norman having gallantly presented his fair companions with ribbons of the "Macalbin tartan," to tie down their cottage straw bonnets, was honoured with permission to fix them on; and Hugh was made equally happy when the considerate bounty of Monimia permitted him to treat all the women and children with *fairings*, and to carry home a shawl for Moome, and gaudy glass beads for little Mary Fitzconnal.

"You rob yourself Hugh," said Monimia—"Now, since you treat every body, and reserve nothing for yourself, I must be permitted to treat you;—tell me what you love best?"

"Yourself, darling," replied Hugh, gallantly lifting the old ribbon Norman had just displaced;—"and this is all I will take—if with your leave I may;—proud I shall be to tie it to the chanter of my own pipe."

"You are as gallant as disinterested," returned Monimia—"so your's be the trophy, dear Hugh."——Hugh bowed when thus endowed, with all the courtesy of a



knight of chivalry.—“It shall not leave that, darling, till the day you marry, when you shall give me a new streamer with your own hands—of the Macalbin tartan too—for that is my darling colour.”

The cheeks of Monimia glowed with rosy confusion, her heart throbbed with strange, new, and delighted feelings, her eye sought the ground, while that of Norman for a moment triumphed in her emotion, and a quivering sigh burst from a heart surcharged with bliss. In a moment she recovered and turned away, affecting to laugh while she said,—“Truly you are a gallant Piper! And I promise you, we shall never quarrel about the chequer of a ribbon.”

“I hope not, dear—I hope not,” replied the Piper, rubbing his hands, and regarding Norman with an arch look, which Monimia fortunately did not perceive.

Monimia sprung lightly on horseback, afraid at that moment to receive the least assistance from the man who had awakened the fearful beating of her heart; and followed by blessings and adieus from all the poor people gathered at the fair, the young party proceeded to the “Cascade of the Goshawk,”

so named in the language of the country, from one of these rare birds having long frequented the lofty cliffs that overhang the waterfall.— After rapidly crossing the dreary and far extending moor, they ascended other mountains, and at length entered a deep, narrow, unpeopled glen, the haunt of the eagle and the roe; and beheld a landscape of wild and picturesque beauty, not the less attractive that it had hitherto escaped the vigilance of tourists—never been visited by tittering parties, peeped at through opera-glasses, nor copied into red morocco porte-feuilles.

When they had long lingered round this enchanting scene with that heart-felt, and nearly silent admiration which precludes the necessity of conjuring up raptures, and turgid bursts of wonder and enthusiasm, Hugh turned the horses loose to graze, and spread the contents of his basket in a sweet recess, sheltered by fantastic rocks and shrubs, and preserved in the liveliest verdure by a clear brawling stream. As they reclined round their mossy board, the joyous spirits of Monimia broke forth without restraint. A light, versatile, and fugitive charm pervaded her manner, and her conversation; playful grace

marked every movement, and fascination lurked in every smile: and at times the blushing softnesses of new-born passion threw round her a spell yet more dangerous and irresistible. Norman forgot all his wisdom and resolutions, and his heart tenderly echoed her romantic wish—"living for ever under these shades with those she loved" While Flora mingled her sweet full voice with the sound of the rushing stream, singing many snatches of old melodies, Monimia amused her companion with rearing a little ideal cottage on every picturesque point; and at the head of the glen the mansion of him who was to rule in love, and diffuse through his sylvan territory, industry and intelligence—all the lowly virtues, and all the blessings that follow in their train. To Monimia no scene was so lovely as the picture of human happiness—the felicity of mankind was the most attractive of all sights, and the accompaniment of blue smokes rising among the trees, domestic animals browsing on the slopes;—the mill, the smithy, the hamlet-school, and the fairy group paddling in the stream, were all wanting to complete her favourite landscape. While, with the magic

of fancy she created these, and imparted warmth and cheerfulness to the lovely void, Hugh came forward; and as he had done every thing the most vigilant affection could suggest for the accommodation of his young friends,—“Wondered how the market would be going?”—Norman easily understood this hint, for he well knew the Piper’s fondness for markets, and after a courtly affectation of reluctance to leave the party, Hugh went back to the fair.

They continued to stray through these romantic solitudes, at every advancing step catching some enchanting feature of the landscape, till gaiety subsided into that soothing and tender complacency, ever awakened in feeling minds by the tranquil and minute contemplation of beautiful nature. From soft and indulged reverie,—the visions of the painter, and the raptures of the poet,—they were suddenly roused by the baying of dogs, the cheering of huntsmen, and the thick beating of approaching steps; and a hunted deer, plunging through a thicket, threw himself in despair among the party, as if from them it sought protection from its enemies.

“ Oh, save it, save it!” cried Monimia, in great alarm; while Norman called off the dogs, which had now nearly come up with the exhausted animal. He was joined by the huntsmen, who, though somewhat dissatisfied at the loss of the game which their dogs had accidentally started, assisted him in calling them off from pursuit, and ere their masters approached, the panting deer had darted down the steeps, crossed the stream, and bounding up the opposite heights, sought his mountain haunts. The strangers were Sir Archibald Gordon, Mr. Mansel, and some other gentlemen, with a long train of servants and dogs. Monimia would gladly have spared so many witnesses to her romantic expedition; but it was now too late to escape, and she quietly listened to the apologies offered for the late alarm, and congratulations on so fortunate a rencontre.

Motives of curiosity had led the strangers to a Highland fair, and there they had been informed by Montague that his sister and another young lady were visiting “ the cascade of the *goosehawk*.” The same idleness and ennui which brought them to the fair, made them follow Sir Archibald to a glen, a

water-fall, and two young ladies. But a rarer sight rewarded their toil, and Sir Archibald encountered an object which infinitely surpassed the young beauties, who, now in the height of agitation and alarm, appeared in a blaze of loveliness;—this was the wolf-dog of Norman. This animal was uncommonly large, handsome, and docile; and a very great favourite with Norman and the family of Eleenalin, for he was the last gift of the emigrants of Glenalbin, who, from respect to their chiefs, had preserved the national breed when it was nearly extinct in every other part of the Highlands.

The family of Gordon was not originally Highland; but Sir Archibald, when in England, affected the Chieftain, as that character procured observation, if not distinction; and he kept a piper, two or three fierce looking servants in the Highland garb, which he sometimes at balls and masquerades assumed himself, the better to assert and keep alive his feudal dignity. Now the possession of a Fingalian dog was a most important element in the composition of a Chieftain, and was, besides, a quite new thing, calculated to excite interest, envy, and curiosity,—long de-

nied to the vulgar acquisitions of Arabian horses, Irish hounds, Italian singers, curious wines, and Spanish jennets. He therefore accosted the dog's master with great politeness; expressed surprise that he had not favoured him with a visit at Castlebane, and unbounded admiration of his fine dog. Norman, though gratified by the praise bestowed on his favourite, was deaf to the baronet's plainest hints, and when Sir Archibald declared a vehement desire to possess such another dog, and inquired whether it were possible to obtain one, answered that he feared it was not possible—"my poor Luath is the last of his race," said he, caressing the animal which recalled so many soft recollections—"he was bestowed on me as a pledge of parting friendship;—he is all that remains of what was once very dear to me."

Sir Archibald said no more, but he secretly resolved to obtain the dog, by whatever means.

As the party before their departure stood to admire the cascade, its glittering arch of foam reflecting every bright, changeful, and splendid colour, in the beams of the evening sun, the wild birds were seen to flutter

round, and brush the spray as they sought their aerial dwelling. The elegant species of falcon from which the cascade took its name, was become so extremely rare, that Sir Archibald was instantly fired with the desire of becoming the envied possessor of a gos-hawk. The wish to oblige, and to render happy every sentient thing that he met, was one of Norman's strongest principles; and most cherished habits; and to console the baronet for the want of the wolf-dog which had captivated his fancy, he determined to procure him a young gos-hawk. He knew that no one could with such ease and safety as himself, scale or descend the steep and fearful precipices where the falcons nestled; and stealing away unperceived, he entered on his perilous enterprise.

Surprised at this abrupt absence, Monimia looked anxiously round on every hand, and through the boles of the tangled underwood perceived the daring adventurer suspended in mid-air, by the frail support of the shrubs which sprung from the ledges or crevices of the rocks. Her colour faded, and a sickening horror seized her heart, but distressing consciousness held her silent, while Flora, to



whom she pointed out the appalling spectacle, wildly proclaimed her fears, and earnestly intreated her to turn back. The whole party paused for an instant, but Sir Archibald, affecting to treat the enterprise as in no wise hazardous, urged them to proceed, his servants having already found the ladies' horses. Flora however refused to advance, and ran towards the base of the cliffs, whether Monimia, secretly blessing her, gained courage to follow, and the gentlemen thus compelled, also turned back.

Norman had now attained the object of his perilous pursuit, and bowing and smiling from the dizzying height where he stood, to reassure Flora, he quickly descended the cliffs, and darting down the tangled steeps, joined the party at the foot of the cataract. With a side-long glance Monimia tenderly reproached his temerity, and expressed her joy at his safety.

“ I little thought to alarm you so much, my dear Flora,” said he,—“ I imagined that you were going on, and that I would soon overtake you ;”—and he gracefully presented the young gos-hawk to the now delighted baronet.

Sir Archibald's pride in this desirable acquisition lasted only for a moment. When he had admired the bird, and felt it was his own beyond the power of chance, he turned to Norman, saying—"What pity sir,—as you were at the nest,—but you had taken the whole."

"Though I feel little remorse for taking one member from the family of the 'Rock Pirate,'" replied Norman smiling,—“these ladies would never have forgiven me for robbing a poor bird of all its young.”

It had been well if the affair had dropped here, but Sir Archibald, piqued at the indifference Norman showed to his implied request, prepared to scale the cliff himself. The more he was dissuaded from so dangerous an exploit, the more obstinate he became, and it was now evident that to gratify his spleen he was determined to hazard his neck. Having an idea that the best cure for this very common species of noble daring, is entire indifference to both the danger and the glory, Monimia affected total unconcern, and proposed going on, concluding that the self-willed hero would care little for a solitary triumph.

“Oh, no, no!” cried Flora, and with all the simplicity of innocent inexperience, she implored him to desist, not aware that the heroism of some men owes its origin to the fears of women, and that when the latter cease to be cowards, the former forget to be brave. Imputing her humane concern to a softer reason, the baronet graciously soothed this “amiable and very flattering alarm;” and without attempting to allay her fears, by lessening the danger, made light of encountering it. Though tempted to laugh at the simplicity of her friend, Monimia pinched her arm, and attempted to drag her away, but Flora would not stir, and had every one deserted the hero, she would have remained alone to watch for his safety.— Her fears added a new motive to the desire of obtaining a bird, opposing the entreaties of friends, and spiting, (as he imagined) the man who had just hazarded his life to oblige him, Sir Archibald sprung forward.

Norman had hitherto kept very quiet, but he now begged the baronet to oblige him, by waiting till to-morrow, as the ladies were so desirous of getting home. Sir Archibald would not wait a minute, and was certain the ladies would excuse him.

“Then I must get the birds for you,” said Norman, very gravely,—“I cannot suffer you even to attempt it.”

“Not *suffer* me!” exclaimed the baronet angrily,—“and why not?”

“Because you cannot go with safety;—all my life I have been accustomed to range among these cliffs—and when on them my head and my footing must be steadier than yours.”

Instead of admitting the truth of this probable statement, Sir Archibald answered only with a look of disdain and proceeded, and Norman followed him. Monimia, who had now lost all desire to leave the cataract, heard this altercation in an agony of fear—the more distressing that delicacy and timid consciousness forbade its expression, and forbade her to assume the mein of indifference, while every nerve was on the rack. But when she perceived that Norman was rapidly following the headstrong baronet, she bitterly repented her silence, and wished that she had used the entreaties that her heart whispered, and to which it also promised success.—“And could my cold pride hazard a life so precious, rather than speak one little

word," thought she ; while she gazed in that awful suspense which arrests every function of life, and keeps the soul fixed in the agony of intense expectation.

For some time Sir Archibald ascended with great agility, proudly declining all aid from him whom the pure spirit of benevolence attracted to his steps, and rudely commanding him to go back. Norman disobeyed in silence. They had now reached a considerable height, and Sir Archibald looking down on the yawning chasm, and upward on the impending rugged cliffs, became giddy, staggered, and grasping the foot of Norman, they fell together, breaking down the branches that shot over the abyss with a tremendous crash.

A deep groan burst from every bosom, and after an agonizing pause every one sprung forward, the strangers to Sir Archibald, and Monimia to find the mangled body of her friend, while Flora sunk nerveless on the grass ;—forgotten was the woman's delicacy, forgotten the strangers' presence, as Monimia in distraction threw herself by the insensible Norman, clasping him in her arms, and by wild starts pouring forth all the eloquent

ravings of passionate tenderness, and vehement grief.

As if her voice had power over death, Norman opened his eyes, to see her he loved hanging over him with undisguised tenderness; and pressing the hand on his late still, but now delighted heart, he feebly smiled, while he whispered—"My blessed Monimia, compose yourself;—I am not hurt."

"Are you not, Norman, my own dear, dear friend?" cried she incoherently, and streaming tears relieved concentrated agony.—"Oh! I fancied you murdered in my presence;—merciful God, what a blessed providence!"—and her heart shivered within her at the immensity of the danger he had escaped, and from which she could scarcely yet believe him free.

Even at that solemn moment the heart of Norman throbbed with transport, and a sweet delirium involved every sense, as he dropped his wounded head on her shoulder, and whispered his ardent thanks. His next idea was Sir Archibald, but Monimia was prevented from answering his inquiry by one of the gentlemen who came to his assistance.

"I see sir," said he, pointing to Norman's

clotted hair—"the innocent have come worst off;"—Monimia started and turned pale—"but thank God it is no worse with us."

"It would be foolish in a man to complain of a broken head, who has just escaped a broken neck," replied Norman smiling;—"and I am truly glad Sir Archibald has escaped so easily,—these blessed branches saved us both."

Monimia was not easily alarmed, where pain only, without danger, was apprehended; and exerting her spirits, she cut off the clotted hair, and assisted the stranger to wash and bind up the wound, which though long, was not deep.

When the stranger returned to his party, Monimia still hovered round her patient.—"Who would not choose to be wounded every day to engage the cares of so sweet a physician," said he tenderly.

Monimia had now recovered all her self-command, and though she smiled on him with great softness, she replied with some gaiety—"There is more chivalry than wisdom in that wish; but chivalry has long been the excuse of folly:—and tell me how could such a *preux chevalier* enter on any enterprise

without the sanction of his lady?—Flora forbade——” and starting, she for the first time recollected Flora——“ My poor Flora!” cried she, running to meet her, and lavishing on her all the kindness of an overflowing heart; weeping and laughing, chiding and congratulating, Flora threw herself into the arms of Norman, whom she kissed with all the innocent familiarity of their early days; and they walked together towards the bank where Sir Archibald was seated, surrounded by his friends. They congratulated the baronet on his fortunate escape, and he coldly returned the same compliment to Norman; and again thanked Flora for the very flattering interest she had manifested in his safety.

“ You owe me no thanks indeed,” replied Flora, with simple earnestness——“ I could not help feeling the same anxiety for any human creature in the like danger.”

Sir Archibald by no means relished this rustic declaration. To be refused a dog, to fail in the attempt of climbing a rock, to lose a nest of birds; and, above all, to be levelled with——“ any human creature,”——might have ruffled his temper even in his calmest hours, and now excited the deepest displeasure.



He sullenly persisted in escorting Monimia to her home, though from the moment they emerged from the glen of the Goshawk, and the strangers took leave, he exchanged not one word with the remaining party. There are few minds that can discharge themselves from the restraint and uneasiness produced by the ill-humour of companions; and the young friends, if not equally angry, were at least as silent as himself.

When they reached Dunalbin he alighted, and, uninvited followed Monimia into the house; while Norman took leave, and hastened to the Piper, who was waiting his arrival on the beach.

Hugh had heard from the servants of the alarming accident at the cascade, and after demonstrating his joy at the escape of his beloved young friend by a very cordial shake of the hand, he gently chid him for venturing his life for a Gordon——“Had he broken his neck it is little more than he deserves;—I wonder myself who would mourn him?”

“I would,” said Norman, “had I not endeavoured to prevent it.”

“It is a pity!” replied Hugh sarcastically, —“And he wants our poor Luath too, I’m

told;—but you would surely see him cursed first:—contounded Whigamore!”

“I am fortunately reduced to no such alternative,” returned Norman laughing; and to end the discourse he inquired the news of the fair.—“Oh, little but Mrs. Montague’s marriage with him;—all full of that!”—and Norman perceived the cause of Hugh’s bad humour.

“People must talk of something,” said Norman, with affected carelessness.

“Aye, so they must;—so you don’t believe it dear?—No more do I,—I *faced* every one who said it.—He attended her home though.”

When they landed they were met by Moome, eager for news from the market.

“O, nothing but buying of low-country round hats and trowsers,” cried Hugh indignantly—“scarce a bonnet or philabeg to be seen now;—an ill meeting to them! throwing off the garb of fathers they will never be like.—What will the countries come to at last I wonder?—Even our own Lady,—and I never went over the cords with her but then,—severe frost and snow it was, I grant,—the very winter you went first to Ballyruag.—‘My good Piper,’ says she, ‘let me beg of you to wear

trowsers and a hat to defend yourself from the cold; at least till summer;—poor creature, I shiver to look at you.’—Norman Macalbin, I cannot tell you whether I was most grieved or angry to hear Macalbin’s *dochter* speak to me in the manner. She who should have known better than to affront any of my name by calling him a *poor creature!* and supposing that I—unworthy as I am of those I come off—would shrink like a Saxon slounge from a blast of cold, or a whirl of snow drift;—but I faced her for it, and told her, that with her leave, *divil* a low-country comfort, or a breeches should ever go on my Highland’ limbs. To be sure I did get the rheumatism that year; but what signified that, Moome herself took it very ill of my Lady.”

“Mary yes! that I did,” cried Moome,—“part with your philabeg!—turn a low-country mongrel!—you could not be such a dog. Och my heart, that her father’s *dochter* could advise you!—but she was not long of that mind I warrant;—no, Hugh Piper, Machpiper, sooner would I lay a stone to your cairn, than see you disgracing yourself and your clan with a low-country breeches.”

Norman smiled at the imaginary insult

offered to the blood of Macalbin, and left his affronted friends to condole with each other, while he hastened to amuse his other solitary friend with the adventures of the day. More than usually silent in mixed society, it was in the little domestic circle his social feelings found utterance. For the entertainment of the Lady did he treasure up every trait of individual character, generous sentiment, or playful wit: to strangers he was known only by the good-humoured facility, and open smile expressive of pleasure, at their efforts to be wise or witty; to her by great powers of observation, and those delightful conversational talents which amuse, gladden, or improve the circle of the parlour fire, but languish and fail to charm when transplanted to the colder atmosphere of the drawing-room.

## CHAP. XXIV.

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“ I know thou canst never be mine,  
I know even hope is denied,  
Yet it's sweeter for thee despairing  
Than aught in the world beside.”

BURNS.

FLORA was now returned to her home, and in the following weeks Norman had abundant opportunity to act on his honourable and wise, though painful resolution, of avoiding the society of her who occupied so large a share in his thoughts. As if she understood and approved his motives, Monimia also visited Eleenalin less frequently; and except on the Sunday evenings, when she was in the habit of reading the Church service to the Lady, they seldom met, and never but in company.

The gay pennons of the fishing tent were now seen streaming among the cliffs of Kenanowen, and the romantic swell or dying

murmur of distant wind instruments were undulating in every breeze; while the inhabitants of Eleenalin devoted themselves to more than ordinary seclusion. From boyhood one of Norman's greatest pleasures had been the cultivation of a little garden, which he had enriched with many rare plants from the mountains; and while the gay party occupied his solitary and favourite haunts, he divided his time between his books, music, and the management of this spot, where he gave Hugh a very beneficial example of industry, neatness, and arrangement; and almost shamed him out of the half-lazy, half-proud—"I can't be troubled,"—the national reproach from the banks of the Tweed to John o'Groat's House.

Yet Norman often delighted to listen to the enchanting melody flung back from the rocks and hanging woods, or trembling on the wave, from which it stole new sweetness. Still oftener did his eyes wander round the walls of Dunalbin, and seek "the dweller of his secret soul," among the gay throng that daily resorted to the tent: for Mansel, by diligently studying the useful hints of Colonel Thornton, had united good cheer, and

comfortable accommodation to more sportsman like pleasures, and thus attracted all the ladies and officers from the neighbouring fort. Meanwhile, Hugh's daily interchange of news-papers, books, and notes, was all the intercourse between the castle and Eleenalin; and his sarcasms on "gentlemen hunters afraid of wetting their feet," the only intelligence between the islanders and their fashionable neighbours. The character of the present dwellers in Glenalbin, did not harmonize with the Piper's ideas of society and neighbourhood, and he daily felt greater impatience for their departure.

The sporting party had remained ten days, when the Piper landing one evening in Eleenalin,—joyfully accosted his young friend,

"Well! the gentlemen hunters are to decamp at last—joy go with them, and with her who sent them away."

"How do you mean?" enquired Norman, somewhat anxiously—"O! only Miss *Ri*, run off with the Lieutenant, Miss Ursy's cousin,—that's all. Pretending to be going the way of Glenalbin, and set off for Glen Moriston; where the chaplain of the regi-

ment married them in her nurse's. But every body says he had *oaths* of her long since, though her aunt wanted her to deny it. When two days were gone, news came to Castlebane were there was a strong party of ladies and gentlemen. The Lady was from faint to faint, crying out her eyes; Gordon raging, and swearing, calling for his pistols to shoot the Lieutenant; and Mansel quite affronted and in a high passion, setting off whatever the lady could do:—for she would marry him to Belle or herself rather than lose him, they say.”

“That is all very wonderful,” replied Norman,—“But in the meantime, where is Luath?”

“Luath!” exclaimed Hugh,—“is he not with yourself?—My good Father! the Gordons have stolen him. Did I not tell you dear, how I stopped a few minutes at the New Inns to hear the news of Castlebane, and taste one glass with Gordon's groom?—since, I never saw him.”

The wolf-dog was indeed lost, and his master nearly inconsolable; though, in pity to the anguish and self-upbradings of Hugh, he suppressed his feelings, and spoke of



hope. All the evening was the shrill whistle of the Piper heard among the dells and hills of the glen ; but Luath was far from Glenalbin, and at midnight Norman forced his disconsolate attendant to return home. Next day the search was renewed, and taking different courses they traced a wide tract of country, but with no better success ; and exhausted and forlorn, Hugh again returned to Eleenalin exhibiting a very ludicrous picture of distress, as he went and wrung his hands, exclaiming—“ My Luath, my darling, my dog of dogs ! a bad meeting to them that set their evil eyes upon my darling !”

Norman would not permit himself to think that any person, pretending to the name of gentleman, could stoop to so base an action as stealing a dog, yet his regret for the favourite animal was not the less poignant ; and the remembrance of Luath was only effaced by more important interests. On reaching home he saw Monimia’s fairy shallop anchored to the decayed willow, and with a thrill of joyful expectation hastened to the cottage. He found her in earnest conversation with the Lady ; trembling and agitated, her face wearing the glister of newly shed

tears. He could have instantly withdrawn, but starting up, she pressed the hand of the Lady to her lips and her bosom, emphatically pronounced the word "Remember;" and, while tears streamed down her face, gave him her hand in silence, and then hurried from the room. Norman rose to follow, but the Lady called him back and made some frivolous inquiries about Luath.

"I see your eloquent eyes are imploring explanation," said she, at length—"We are doomed to lose our amiable friend—at least for sometime." Norman covered his face with his hands, and leaned his head on the table, while he faintly uttered—"I am sorry to hear it."—"It is impossible that her family could remain insensible to her many virtues and fine qualities. They have claimed her from solitude, and the improper protection of Mr. Montague; to introduce her to that society she was born to benefit and grace." The Lady could not fail to perceive the overwhelming distress of Norman. Her heart felt every pang she was forced to inflict, and warmly sympathized in the suffering she could not remove. She saw the stifled heaving of his bosom, and withdrew to

afford his young grief the relief of tears and sobs. Still concealing his convulsed features, he also rose, and rushing to his boat pushed off to the middle of the lake, where abandoning it to the waves, he gave himself up to momentary despair. Monimia lost to him for ever was the overwhelming suggestion which tore off every disguise, and discovered the fearful extent of her power, and of his misery. How easy till now had been the practice of a delusive self-denial—till now, unseen, he could hover round her,—at sun-rise brush the dews from the path where she had wandered at twilight; and inhale the fragrance of the wild-flower which sprung beneath her steps. At sun-set he could gaze on the distant blazing windows of her chamber, and lover-like, imagine to himself her successive studies, pleasures, and occupations. But the unknown dreaded future was to be a dreary blank from which fancy could draw no image to cheer or to solace.

When he had obtained the ascendancy of his tumultuous feelings, he steered for the Isle of the Druid to indulge the gentler mood of his sadness, and seek its antidote amid the lonely scenes of recollected felicity. A

volume of Shakespear lay open on the table of the little rustic bower ; for in the woes of her favourite female character,—the tender, trustful, and all-enduring Imogen,—Monimia had been trying to forget her own peculiar griefs. The leaf was folded down at that beautiful passage :

“ I did not take my leave of him but had  
Most charming things to say ; one I could tell him  
How I could think on him at certain hours  
Such thoughts, and such, or have charged him  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
T' encounter me with orisons,” &c.

While Norman run his eye eagerly over these pathetic lines, still wet with the sympathetic tears of Monimia, and placed this precious volume in his bosom, something resembling hope sprung up in his heart, and the Lady had the satisfaction to see him calm if not contented.

Norman did not sorrow alone. The reported departure of Monimia was the cause of universal regret ;—Moome lamented, and Hugh mourned ; Montague by turns fretted and expostulated ; and the Lady of Castlebane forgot Maria in concerns more momentous.—“ Do I owe this stroke also to

Ursy?" thought she, when intelligence was brought that a superior female domestic had arrived from the Glanville family to escort Monimia to England.—“She must have found means to inform these mercenary creatures of the supposed fortune, either from pure malice, to thwart my family plans, or to facilitate her own design on that grinning idiot Montague—probably both.” Her Ladyship almost stamped with the fury of impotent passion. For Miss Sinclair was now beyond her power, having established herself for the winter in the house of a clergyman to whom she was related; and Monimia having yielded her own secret feelings to a sense of propriety, and gratitude for the tardy, but still welcome kindness of her family, was not likely to be influenced by the desires of the Lady of Castlebane. Finding herself thus out-witted by her own creature, her Ladyship could only resolve on hastening to England to support, by her own presence, the report of Monimia’s engagements with her nephew, though in doing so she left the “pin-man’s” fortune exposed to the machinations of Miss Sinclair.

As the kind letters of her relations urged Monimia to an immediate journey, she had bidden farewell to her maternal friend on her late visit to Eleenalin. In the overflowing tenderness of that parting moment her inmost feelings had been revealed, and amid tears, sobs, and all the agonies of a delicate mind, she had, in broken sentences, poured the confidence of her bursting heart into the indulgent bosom of the Lady; and was betrayed into that confession so terrible to a female nature—that her happiness,—her peace was in another's keeping.

“To you, dearest Lady;” cried she, still burying her face in the bosom of Lady Augusta,—“to you I confide all my weakness—to you give up the conduct I can no longer govern;—yet, dearest Lady, do not despise me. I could not have been so mean had I not sometimes imagined that *his* tenderness invited and sanctioned my—my esteem. Oh, no! all good, all amiable as he is, I could have died sooner than given my unsought heart even to him.”

“Daughter of my affection!” said the Lady, pressing the tear-swoln face of Mo-

Monimia still closer to her bosom—"May Heaven accomplish all your sweet hopes; or should its wisdom require a sacrifice so painful, give you strength to renounce them, and find happiness in obedience to its will. Did the fate of both rest with me, it would be the blessing of my age to unite two hearts already united in one.—But I must not talk so idly—your ingenuous avowal, my dearest love, though very precious is, also very alarming to me. Young—unconnected—without a profession.—My best Monimia, respect the honourable struggle of the man,—since it must be said,—to whom you are most dear."

"Ah, Lady Augusta, were I so happy as to believe that;" cried Monimia, while for a moment every obstacle, every fear, every doubt disappeared, and her heart beat with the rapture of being beloved—"But I do, I do sincerely respect him—even for trying to forget me. And now, dearest Lady, I throw myself on you—you are my friend, and my sexes friend; conceal the fatal extent of my weakness;—and yet, dearest Lady Augusta, should you ever see the anguish of a parting, doubting hour like this, say I will never,—no never, never forget Eleenalin;—

say you are sure I never will." Lady Augusta gently smiled over this unconscious artfulness—this tender compromise between the maiden's delicacy, and the maiden's love; and soothed her with the promise of watching for her good: and as Monimia could see nothing of good but what comprehended the interest of her affection she was soothed, and the sunny smiles of hope dried up the bitterest tears she had ever shed.

The Lady recommended that they should not meet again, anxious to spare them the pang of a separation. "I will not seek a meeting," said Monimia. "But forgive me dearest Lady, if I cannot seem so unkind as to avoid him should he wish to see me." The Lady smiled in token of acquiescence; and at the same instant Norman entered, and Monimia hurried away as has been related.

On the following day Flora came to Eleanalin on her way to pay a farewell visit to her friend, and insisted that Norman should accompany her to Dunalbin. He faintly refused while he consulted the eyes of the Lady as if he wished her to bid him go. "If you wish it my dear Norman," said his indulgent friend.—"Can you doubt that?"



replied Norman, in a tone of tender reproach, while he veiled his moist eyes with his hand;—"Can you doubt it indeed?" cried Flora, in a voice of astonishment,—“It would be very extraordinary should he not wish to see Mrs. Montague before she goes;” and she placed his hat on his head, and pulled his arm within her own.

A glow of pleased surprise overspread the face of Monimia when Flora entered so accompanied, and her betrayed heart felt more than its wonted flutterings, when she saw the pale face, and deep calm dejection which evinced her triumph, and awakened all her latent tenderness. “Oh that I durst speak peace to that warm and noble heart;” thought she,—“bid it repose all its cares on me, and seek their oblivion in my true regard.”

When Flora had for some time endeavoured to support a continually decaying conversation, she rose and went to the piano-forte. “I think,” said she,—“it was prince Eugene who preferred music to bad company;—I am quite of his mind. If you won’t speak you shall sing;” and she handed Norman his favourite Scottish song, “*Here’s a health to ane I lo’e dear,*” inviting him to accompany

her playing.—“Not to-night, Flora,” said he,—“I cannot sing that to-night.”—“You must, and shall sing it,” replied Flora,—“after I have been so *civil* as to tumble over all the books to find your favourite.”

“Aye, come do let us have the song till the candles are lighted,” said Montague, “to cheer us, for I am fit to go to cry.”

The air was Jacobite. Norman sung all these airs, and sung them well; and when thus urged, the associations he had formed with that song, made him fancy farther refusal indelicate. The eyes may be cast down—the countenance averted, but the lover’s voice is the immediate and uncontrollable organ of his soul, vibrating to its every movement. Yet Norman got over the first stanza of his song with little difficulty, though the allusion was even then beating at his heart; but at that beautiful and impassioned exclamation, “Its sweeter for thee despairing,”—every nerve thrilled, his voice shook, and its passionate intonations uttered the language of his soul. As he stood leaning on Flora’s chair, his downcast eye caught the wandering, agitated, glance of Monimia. Blushing and trembling she shrunk beneath

that wild, sad, but momentary gaze; and unable to support himself he sat down, leaning his forehead on his arm.—“Bravo!” cried Flora,—“you have excelled yourself—go on.” Norman durst not trust his voice at that moment with a denial, and in a low and fluttering tone he murmured,

“ I can guess by the dear angel smile,  
I can guess by the love melting e’e,  
But why urge the tender confession,  
'Gainst fortune’s fell, fickle decree.”

There was one stanza in this song, beautiful though it is, which the delicacy of Norman’s nature forbade him to hazard in the presence of any woman,—far less in her’s whom he loved. So his painful task was finished; and he never once looked up, till he heard the footstep of Monimia stealing over the carpet. He saw her face streaming with tears, and quickly averted his eyes.

In a few minutes she returned with apparent composure. Nor had any one, save Norman, perceived her absence; for Flora was still playing, and Montague had gone to sleep.

“ I can never hear that last exquisite effusion of unfortunate genius, and think of the scene which so soon followed, without very painful feelings ;” said Monimia, trying to apologize, or rather account for her emotions.—“ Besides, my feelings have been so variously agitated these two days;—with the bustle of preparing for travelling I mean,—that I am sadly nervous:—which is rather unfortunate too, for hitherto I have been almost as lucky as the old lady who was born before nerves came into fashion.”

“ Eh ! nerves,” said Montague, rubbing his eyes, —“ I assure you I am become nervous myself;—and no wonder, considering what I have suffered, and still must suffer; left alone in this horrid country. Were it not for one thing—that vile farm,—one post-chaise should take us all, I can tell you :” and he almost wept at the thought of his forlornness.

“ I shall soon return you know ;” said Monimia, with affected cheerfulness,—“ and then you will all have learned to value me, and prize me as you ought.”

“ You need not go for that,” replied Montague, in a husky voice,—“ you need

not go for that, I say ;—we all love you enough already. But don't tell me of your coming back,—who would leave London for this poor place after knowing it, unless they had a farm going to ruin.”—“ Or a brother they love,” said Monimia ; and she added, turning to Norman,—“ You perhaps recollect the interesting anecdote of the Otaheitean so generously received in England, when about to leave it for a dearer land. ‘ No horse there, no cow,’ said poor Omai,—‘ no pippin, no dish of tea ;—*I always so content there though.*’ I am like poor Omai.”—While Monimia related this little anecdote, with tearful eye and a shaking voice, she had involuntarily turned to Norman. Her words spoke hope and comfort to his heart, and he ventured to press the snowy hand extended towards him as the pledge of sincerity ; and then alarmed at his own presumption, turned away. With woman's quick intuitive sense of propriety, or rather with that rapidity of reasoning, which arrives at just conclusions without appearing to travel over the preliminary steps,—with that address which in the artful is art, but in the ingenuous seems the simple instinct of mo-

desty,—Monimia had laid her hand also in Montague's, while he blubbered,—“ Well, we shall see that. I never yet knew you worse than your word ; though it is not in nature to prefer this wilderness to England, I feel that by myself.”

Twilight was now gradually advancing, and it became necessary to cross the lake ere darkness set in. Flora withdrew to adjust her dress for the voyage, and Montague was called out to speak with his shepherds. Leaning on a distant casement, Norman stood trying to summon the fortitude necessary to repeat that little word “farewell.” The footstep of Flora was heard descending the stairs ; he abruptly advanced, and bowing, murmured —“ Then Farewell !” “ God bless you !” said Monimia, stretching out her hand, and averting her overflowing eyes. “ God forever bless you !” repeated Norman in an emphatic voice, as bending on one knee, he for a moment rested his lip on that precious little hand—and then springing up, he again bowed, and precipitately fled towards the beach.

Before Flora joined him he had regained the mastery of his feelings ; but when she

talked of seeing Monimia again on the morrow, he felt that he would never, never see her more; and his heart sunk into that chill, dark void, which overwhelms the stunned spirit when those we yesterday saw blooming in health, sparkling with vivacity, and glowing with generous affections, are to day, swept from our sight, cold, inanimate, and hidden in the earth.

But the mind of Norman habitually influenced by a lively sense of its immortal and accountable nature, could not long remain in prostrate imbecility. He had lost, probably forever, the dearest hope which ever taught a young heart to thrill with rapture; but he still had duties to perform, faculties to improve, and affections to cherish; and in their unremitting exercise he sought peace, and gradually recovered happiness.

The arrival of a servant from Dunalbin, on the following morning, with a variety of books and papers which Monimia had left in charge to the Lady, announced her departure, and condemned her friends to sorrow.

“Och hone, och hone!” cried Moome, raising her apron to her eyes,—“We are not

alone who shall regret her ; and that heightens my own sorrow.”

“ Hers was the heart to call down the blessing,” said the Piper, coughing to conceal his tremulous voice.

“ She is indeed an admirable young creature,” said Lady Augusta,—“ So feeling, yet so reasonable, so indulgent, yet so just ; blending the gaiety and enthusiasm of youth with the wisdom of age ;—never have I met with a young character so happily tempered, —so many useful virtues adorned by so many fine accomplishments :—pity, indeed, that Monimia should waste her sweetness in a desert. The world has need of her.”

“ And so tender, so sweet ;” added Flora, weeping,—“ her heart overflowing with sympathy to every human thing.—Ah ! we shall never, never see her like again.” Norman alone was silent.

“ And hers was genuine unaffected sympathy,” said the Lady. “ Softness and humanity are so peculiarly the attributes of refined women, that delicacy and affability are become as necessary appendages to a modern fine lady, as a mistress and a squire were to



the knights of chivalry. They are to fashionable females what religion was to the fanatics of the past age. As it is impossible for any creature to exist in eternal fervours of devotion or of feeling, canting was the supplement in their times, as whining is in ours. I loved Monimia because she was pious without cant, and tender without whine. She possessed the reality, and needed not the counterfeit."

"Are there then two kinds of pity," said Flora,—“or is there any harm in weeping at a tale of distress?”

“None, my dear girl, provided nothing better can be done: but the genial shower is useless, my dear Flora, unless industry has first prepared the soil, and deposited the seed. You ask if there are two kinds of pity? I shall tell you a story—for I should like to see you compassionate without weakness, selfishness, or affectation.—I knew a little soft-hearted girl who shed abundant tears over the shocking details of the man-trade. I told her how she might befriend the poor Africans; and though a lover of sweets, she heroically abstained from sugar, and exhorted all her companions to do the same.” Flora smiled and

blushed, for she was that little girl. "It was little," continued the Lady,—“but it was all she could do, and it proved her compassion genuine and unaffected. Engaged in that trade was a Captain ———, said to be one of the most humane men concerned in it. One day, in the middle passage, he heard a poor African bewailing her captivity and misery in a song of such heart-rending pathos, that his feelings were powerfully affected, and he was compelled to have her flogged into silence.—Here was feeling Flora. He could drag that miserable mother from all that affection holds most dear, consign her to unheard of cruelties, and finally sell her for a slave—but his feelings could not stand her song; the lash compelled silence. Was not that man humane Flora?”

“Oh no! a base hypocrite,” said Flora, in a glow of youthful indignation.

“Surely no hypocrite,” returned the Lady, smiling at Flora’s heat. “Well, akin to Captain ———’s feeling, is that fine-lady sensibility which recoils from the misery it would rather forget than remove—that barren, sickly, squeamish humanity,—begot in weakness, fostered by affectation and caprice,

—which banishes real wretchedness from its sight, and seeks out elegant distresses for the indulgence of its natural selfishness.”

The good sense, benevolence, and active spirit of Monimia had shed sweet influence round her, during her short residence in the country, and never was the departure of even a native Highlander more deeply regretted. Her humanity neither dwelt in sickly nerves, a watery eye, nor a squeamish ear. It was an active, animating principle; grounded in reason, uniform in its operation, resolute in its purposes, not soon disgusted, and never disheartened. The character of the Highlanders, influenced by great respect for rank, and habitual confidence in the wisdom and goodness of their superiors, had been considerably favourable to her views; yet even among them, there was prejudice to remove, ignorance to instruct, and many serious difficulties to obviate. The proud were jealous of whatever savoured of interference, the suspicious saw selfish design in every attempt to serve them; and the most numerous class, the lazy and the idle, still debased by the dregs of ancient feelings of vassalage, chose rather to depend on their talents for flattery,

than on industrious exertion. But when it was perceived that no system of troublesome interference was meditated, and that they only who assisted themselves, were permanently benefited, half the difficulty vanished, and time promised the removal of all that remained.

The generous elevation which characterized the mind of Monimia, her strong sense of the natural dignity of man, and of his original equality in every noble attribute and privilege of humanity, made her intercourse with her lowly neighbours depend on principles widely different from those which sometimes regulate the charities of very respectable persons. She had hitherto fortunately escaped that rage for legislating, controlling, and directing, which frequently seizes on the best minds, and too often counteracts their benevolent designs, by exciting that pardonable jealousy which impels an untaught, but honest spirit, to spurn even a good which is forced on its acceptance. The phrases,—“My good woman, I *must* have you do this;—Lady ——’s poor do it;—the Society recommend it;”—had never yet been found on her lips; nor had she ever disco-

vered the puerile impatience of a child, who plants a bean, drenches it with water, hovers continually round it, calls on his companions to admire, and the next half hour digs it up to see—"why it is not growing?"

A limited command of money had taught her extreme caution in its distribution; and called into exercise that vigorous penetration which enabled her to comprehend the great interests and the minute details of a life very remote from her immediate condition, and to appropriate her benefits with a discrimination which doubled their nominal value. It would, however, be too much to expect that a young and gentle-hearted woman should have studied Smith and Turgot before she ventured to open her purse, and obey the spontaneous impulse of compassion, warming at the appeal of misery. Yet was Monimia much less the giver of gold than the redresser of wrongs,—less the patroness than the friend of her neighbours.

She had been told by him who formed her mind to goodness, and her heart to love, that nothing is better calculated to pauperize and degrade the spirit of a free people, than

wresting from them in taxes, and giving them back in charity ; so she was happier to see education training to habits of industry, caution, and foresight ; and good laws securing to the working man the entire enjoyment of his hard-earned gains, than charitable establishments and casual benefactions however splendid and liberal.

But the wretchedness she could not remove she sought to alleviate ; and as her conduct was actuated by the purest and simplest motives, discouraged every expression of that spurious gratitude which money excites at the peril of destroying the native independence which Monimia admired as the peculiar charm of the Highlander, and valued, as the surest pledge of all his hardy virtues. Disdaining from her inmost soul that cringing homage which marks the sordid compact between affluent vanity, and indigent baseness, she endeavoured to knit the social band which links the different classes of the same great family in a manner more wise and generous : and her gifts were the reward of merit, or the offering of friendship, not the humiliating boon which abject misery

extorts from revolting, contemptuous, disgusted pity. Often, with satisfaction, infinitely greater than was ever derived from being hailed the Benefactress, the Lady Bountiful of a whole tribe of those lazy and importunate sycophants who hate the giver while, with insatiable avidity, they seize the gift—often had Monimia gazed on the sunburnt face of a young Highland girl as it glowed with the honest exultation of nature, when on coming to the castle to gather the first-fruits of industry, her heart beat with the united pleasures of usefulness and generosity. Heedless, almost forgetful of the person who bestowed a reward, which was chiefly valued as it was due to her merit, the young Highlander appeared only to anticipate the joy of relieving the wants, or contributing to the comforts of an aged mother, a widowed sister, or a beloved kinswoman—a joy enhanced by the ennobling consciousness that personal independent industry was its source.

For the aged, the orphan, and the infirm, Monimia had a small but undecaying fund. Yet even from these she received little gratifying services, rare plants, varieties of heath,

rude dye-stuffs, or wild-berries; for like Yorick, she never dropped a *sou* into the hand of a poor man without taking a pinch from his box,—and like Yorick's, her last act was more esteemed than the first.



## CHAP. XXV.

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“ When sorrows come they come not single spies  
But in batallions.”

SHAKESPEAR.

THE approaching winter was the last which Norman was to spend in inactivity, and he diligently applied to study, for the double purpose of forgetting the past and preparing for the future. But even in the most abstract pursuits the master-feeling of his soul found scope, and a thousand lover-like devices multiplied around him the idea of Monimia. The letters composing her name were employed instead of the *A*'s and *B*'s used in demonstrating mathematical propositions; and whenever he took up his pencil to form a diagram involuntarily he traced her features with the exquisite delight we feel when the images hid in our hearts spring up under our creative fingers.

“ I am truly at a loss to know what property of the triangle you find in the waving lines of Mrs. Montague’s face,” said Lady Augusta, one day as she looked over his shoulder.

“ One must always be scratching at something you know,” replied Norman, blushing like a girl, and rubbing out the sketch.— “ And I have often so lively a recollection of that face. Yet I often forget it too,” added he hastily,— “ and the more I think of it the more confused my ideas become.” Lady Augusta could easily believe this.

“ That is, I presume, what artists call a *study*,” said she, in a tone almost ironical.— “ It is one eminent advantage of mathematics, that they lead to no confusion of ideas.” Norman lowered his head, and again began to prove that the triangle M. O. N. was equal to the triangle N. I. A.

Youthful ambition owns no stimulant more powerful than ardent attachment, and when the devoted mind catches its impulse from superior excellence in the beloved being, it can feel none more pure. It is this that creates and fosters that generous and gallant spirit which may be called the chivalry of

nature,—more reasonable in its origin than what flows from heroic institutions, as lofty in its tendency, and altogether exempt from its manifold affectations and fopperies. Lady Augusta wished rather to modify than eradicate the ambitious aspirations of Norman,—rather to discipline than subdue that rapture of love which, in his mind, seemed identified with the enthusiasm of excellence.

Notwithstanding her salutary warnings against “distraction of ideas,” reveries of glory and distinction insensibly mingled with his severest studies, connecting the laborious present with the happy future, and softening the toil they promised finally to reward. He would recal the bright short gleams of intelligence which he had enjoyed with Monimia. Her smiles had been rapture, but her tears still glittered to the rays of hope like the arch of Heaven’s promise. Thus did love colour the illusions of imagination till Monimia appeared the leading star of his destiny, and all became possible and easy to him who aspired to her regard.

For some weeks Monimia wrote frequently, short but very affectionate letters, and some slight notice or inquiry in “the Lady’s post-

script" showed that she still remembered Norman. Hearing extracts read from these letters formed one of his dearest pleasures, and insensibly the time flowed on till the month of December; when the sudden and violent indisposition of Lady Augusta banished every other consideration, and plunged her family into great sorrow and alarm.

Flora hastened to Eleenalin on the first summons, and shared in every filial care and tender solicitude of Norman.

The life of Lady Augusta was protracted as if to reward their affection and assiduity. She gradually recovered health, and to appearance, cheerfulness; but Norman fancied he saw more deeply. He could not help connecting her illness with a letter which she had received, and as Monimia had since been silent, a vague fear took place of his late blooming hopes, and his mind still agitated by the danger of the Lady, sunk into the despondency natural to a sick-chamber, caught its gloomy hue from dim-seen evils which threatened it. Yet he suffered in silence; and the absence of no care, attention, or solicitude ever evinced that his thoughts strayed beyond the apartment of his sick

friend. Often while supporting the Lady across the chamber in her first feeble attempts to walk, would Flora gaze with glistening eyes on the interesting pair. The tall and finely formed figure bending with the most lively filial solicitude, the blooming youthful countenance now expressively revealing watchful tenderness, and now energetically denoting the varying emotions of fear, hope, and joy; or mantling with an animated glow when quick-sighted affection had anticipated any latent wish,—heightened by contrast the mild, pale, sorrow-fixed features, and ruined grandeur of form which distinguished her who fondly leaned on his arm, sometime pausing and gazing on him with a melancholy look of blended love, pity, and anxiety. Norman had seldom seen the meek serenity of that countenance displaced by any emotion save that of benevolence or compassion. The former brightened her features with the tempered joy of a superior being, and the latter moulded them to that celestial expression which might characterize the guardian spirit of the just. The mind of Lady Augusta had long been the organ of all her wants and the medium of all

her enjoyments. Its tranquil elevation placed her far beyond those trivial cares and petty necessities which harrass the selfish and the grovelling. Exempt from cares, hopes, or anxieties for herself, she was still vulnerable through her affection for others. Her regard was fixed on the child of her benevolence, and for him she now trembled.

Norman could not fail to perceive her feelings and even to trace them to himself,—“She scans my thoughts,” said he,—“she anticipates the punishment of my presumption. She pities me, and I have need of pity; though even from her I know not how to receive it.”

It was on one of those evenings she informed him that Hugh was to make a journey to the low country about some trifling business. A journey undertaken by Hugh in the depth of winter could be about no trifling business. He immediately connected it with the letter, the illness of the Lady, the anxiety which sometimes suddenly knitted her brow, and the pensive looks she cast upon himself. He ventured to inquire farther, for in this little family there had hitherto been no mysteries, but the Lady evaded his question, and he went to Moome’s hut to interrogate the

Piper. Hugh sat forlorn and melancholy, leaning his head on his hands, and resting these on the bed.

“Norman darling,” cried Moome, who was trying to scold Hugh out of his intended journey,—“did you hear the folly of the Piper;—going to the low-country and the ground covered with snow;—I believe myself he is mad.”—Hugh was ever sufficiently communicative of his own affairs, but on this occasion he was obstinately silent, and Norman impelled by very powerful interests, urged him to unfold his business, and skilled in touching his kind spirit, gently reproached this unfriendly shiness.

“Will you be so cruel to myself?” cried Hugh, coughing to conceal his emotion.—“Have I not to hide it from herself? Has she not enough to grieve her already, and you too. Why will you kill me,—and me dying of this bad cold already;” and he coughed again to suppress his sobs.

“My dear Hugh,” said Norman, pressing the hand of the Piper between his own,—“I am sorry your cough is so painful, yet it becomes you;—now forgive me, and I will ask no more questions.”

“ Well don't, for it would go to my own heart to refuse your dog, if you had one ;— my poor Luath too would have been my companion,” and Hugh was seized with another fit of coughing. Norman spent this evening with the Piper, making a generous effort to inspire him with the hope he wanted for himself ; for though Hugh concealed the cause of his distress, its effects were painfully conspicuous.

Since the indisposition of the Lady every trifle awakened the anxiety of Norman ; and when he retired on this night he perceived that she was not yet gone to rest, as a light gleamed below the door of her chamber. Alarm, or perhaps a slight feeling of curiosity, made him peep through the glass of a locked up door, which had once connected their sleeping rooms, and he saw her writing. Seldom had he seen her so engaged, and now her hand shook as much from the tremor of her mind as the weakness of her nerves. From time to time she stopped and raised her eyes to Heaven as if imploring its aid in the performance of a painful duty, and then recommenced her employment.

When she had finished her writing, she un-



locked an ancient cabinet which stood in her chamber, and from its most secret compartments took out a small box, on which she gazed for a few moments, as if fearful to look on its contents. Her eloquent features swiftly conveyed her feelings to the unseen spectator; and when she drew forth the glittering relics of her former splendour, Norman had already anticipated the event. Among several antique trinkets he perceived the miniature portraits of a gentleman and a child. Many years had rolled by since the Lady had trusted herself with the sight of these loved resemblances; even yet a single tear slowly trickled down her furrowed cheek, as the dim images of past times stole over recollection. "I shall go to them but they cannot come to me," whispered she, as for the last time she indulged the melancholy luxury of gazing on her husband and her child. Norman started at the unexpected sound of her voice, and when he looked again he saw her quietly disengaging these portraits from their rich settings. She made up a small packet of the jewels scattered about, addressed it to some unknown person, and laying it calmly aside, proceeded to the performance of her cus-

tomary devotions. In the elevated sentiment of glorious immortality, which at this moment stamped the countenance of Lady Augusta with a divine character, in the enthusiasm of devotion which beamed from her eyes, Norman beheld heaven revealed, and the pure and holy spirit returning to the bosom of its Creator. With a slight sensation of trembling he threw himself on the bed. While his soul caught the inspiration of her's, he shrunk from intruding on the hallowed privacy of her sublime piety.

And now came the hour of bitter retrospection, for Norman now comprehended the motive of this sudden journey. To administer to the necessities of a friendless orphan, whom her benevolence had rescued from ignorance and reared to an existence destined to embitter her own, Lady Augusta surrendered the last vestiges of her family magnificence; and sacrificed all the nice and inscrutable affections which consecrate and endear even the inanimate symbols of our departed happiness. The mind of Norman revolved round this single idea till the exaggeration, naturally produced by violent emotions, made him see the suffering of Lady

Augusta extreme, and himself its cause. The ease in which he had hitherto been maintained abridged then the comforts of her he would have died to serve? He supinely counted over the idle hours of an ignoble life, and basely beheld her stripping herself of those mementos of affection preserved amid all the vicissitudes of time and fortune?

The musing of many sleepless hours was followed by a rash project of leaving the country on the following day. The generous perversion of a fervid mind found consolation only in its voluntary sufferings. Norman longed to expiate the errors he could not remedy.

His little chamber seemed too bounded for his violent emotions. He sought a wider range, and gently stealing down stairs wandered over the island.—It was a clear frosty night. Myriads of stars were sparkling in a deep blue sky, which no vapour stained, and the thinness of the atmosphere gave a brilliancy to the planets, and a lustre to the moon which might have rivalled their resplendence in a tropical climate. The surrounding scenery, now shrouded in universal white, was sweetly sleeping in the moonlight, save where a heavy

mass of shadow marked the abrupt outline of the breaks and defiles of the mountains. Fantastic frost-work pendant from every rock and shrub, glittered in the moonbeams like the enchanted creation of oriental fancy. This romantic scene was beautifully reflected in the lake; and Norman, looking above and beneath, seemed to stand in the centre of a transparent globe. On such nights the innumerable wild-fowl, driven from northern regions by the severity of the season, delighted to plunge through the sparkling tide in wanton gaiety, as if shunning the eye of man they threw themselves on the protection of nature. Their lively cries, as they dashed out into the lake in pursuit of each other, were all that disturbed the deep repose of this wild landscape. But the mind of Norman was neither in unison with the images of repose, nor of enjoyment. Restless and agitated he wandered about, while the very necessity of forming an instant resolution deprived him of the power. He at last became so cold that he was forced to take refuge in Moome's hut,—for he saw that she was not yet gone to rest.

Surprised, but pleased with so late a visit,

she courteously presented him her favourite stool of bent ropes, fashioned somewhat in the form of a bee-hive, and lighted a torch of the last wrecks of the Sylva Caledonia.

“ You see dear, the way I sat was to finish the worsted ere Hugh went. It would be a poor thing if he went so far empty-handed.— So I send a blue cheese, and this to poor Morag at the cotton mills, for stockings to herself and the *childer*.”

“ You are always a kind considerate Moome,” said Norman.

“ Sure darling, you know Morag is a Macalbin ?” replied Moome, astonished to hear so simple an action pompously rated. “ But did you hear, darling, how Miss Ursy is at the castle ? She is a fine maker of good things you know, and they say the churl is very good to himself.”

A person at once gluttonous and inhospitable seemed in Moome’s estimation, to touch on the very acme of vileness.—“ A poor creature indeed, to fill the place of the darling who was before her ;—God forgive me ! she is a country-woman of mine too. But did you hear, my jewel, what the sweet creature said to myself in the letter ? Sure we

shall get another soon,—but I have known the low-country spoil as warm a heart as ever beat. How long is it now Norman darling?

“Four weeks,” replied Norman, sadly.

“Aye, so it is;—the very day Hugh tore his *cassock* helping the Altlarich people with the cow that bogged. When I began to scold he held up the letter, poor Hugh!—But is it not very long dear?” Norman rose, and unable to answer walked to the door, where Moome courteously followed.

The moon was sunk, and the night was now cloudy and dark; but on turning to the North-west what a spectacle of grandeur met the gaze of Norman! The wavy coruscations of the Northern Aurora were undulating over half the hemisphere. Quivering, flashing, uniting, and again starting away in every fantastic shape, and tinted by every aerial hue:—now blazing forth in vivid flame, and now swallowed up in darkness—their rapid transitions mocked the eye of the gazer. Wrapped in silent admiration, Norman contemplated these magnificent fireworks of heaven, while Moome drew pre-sages of the weather.

The “Merry Dancers,” afforded her little

amusement,—but she oracularly predicted very good or very bad weather after so brilliant a display of the Northern Lights ;—for the experience of fourscore years had taught her to admit no medium, and she trembled for her “poor Hugh.”

“Do you remember dear,—but sure you cannot,—when a little babe you cried to catch the streamers, and would not sleep till we promised to give them to you to-morrow?”

“Always the fool of to-morrow,” said Norman, shaking his head,—and at the same instant he started at seeing the shadow of a man gliding along the waters of the bay. The figure, as if alarmed at the sound of voices, retired behind a cliff, whither Norman ran fearless and impatient. When darting round it, a man suddenly advanced, and Norman saw and recognized “Hector the Hunter!”

“Norman of Dunalbin!” exclaimed the spectral figure, and fixing on the youth an eye whose terrible expression spoke fear, doubt, horror, and astonishment—he staggered and fell into the arms of Norman. As he recovered, his features gradually relaxed, he withdrew himself—and looked as if his

vision was turned from Norman to contemplate what was passing in his own soul.

Moome, though greatly alarmed, gained strength from fear, and following Norman—now stood trembling by his side.

“You are Unah of Bruachrua,” said the Hunter, sternly;—“Tell me who this is?” and he pointed to Norman.

Moome dropped a very low curtsey: though she often talked very familiarly of the visionary hunter, she by no means relished so abrupt an interview.

“That, with your leave, is Norman,” said she,—“our own Norman, who has great respect for yourself.”

The hunter folded his arms on his bosom, slowly walking along the beach, and then entered the hut whither Moome and Norman followed.

“Oh! darling, I am all of a shake,” whispered Moome;—“Poor soul, God help him! but don’t dear, make him angry.” At another season Norman could have smiled,—now all his faculties were employed in examining the spectral figure which stalked before him. The features of the hunter were almost obscured by his matted hair and



neglected beard. His eye alone was visible. —And what an eye! Norman had never met a glance so powerful. It emanated at once the wildness of the maniac, the ferocity of the savage, and the grandeur of that spirit, which having subdued itself, counted on the subjugation of all nature. His stature, seen in this dubious light, was almost gigantic, and he was distinguished by a gloomy severity of aspect, and a loftiness of deportment, which spoke the habit and the consciousness of authority. But the deer of the wild, and the eagle of the rock were all the subjects of Hector. This savage figure was poorly habited in skins of deer, and his feet were covered with the rude buskin formerly worn in the Highlands.

“Alas, alas!” said Moome, curtseying as he again advanced,—“that he could not live like another Christian. Christ save him from those who have power over him!”

“This is the son of Norman?” said the Hunter, bending towards Moome;—“Norman of Dunalbin! my soul knew him.”

Moome durst not presume to contradict, and dropping another curtsey she replied:—“With your leave, the same,—and great re-

gard, and a warm heart he has to yourself, and all of your name." Hector placed his hand on the shoulder of Norman.

"My blessing rest with thee, son of my friend—Norman of Dunalbin!" and leaving the hut, he sprung into a rude boat of wicker-work and skins, and pushed into the lake. Norman made a motion as if to follow, but Moome held him back, and Hector waved him to be gone. With the rapidity of a bird the frail vessel cut the waves, and the hunter disappeared.

"Poor soul!" exclaimed Moome;—"But did he not say you were the child of Norman? Who but he should know. Does *she* not tell him all? Did he not call you clansman?—Oh, that it were day to give her own heart the delight of knowing it!" and Moome wept over the hand of Norman. Momentary visions of distinguished birth danced before his eyes, and banished even the singular being he had just beheld.

"I must be of *her* blood," thought Norman,—"but I will die and never know how related. The hunter perceived the resemblance. Oh, the happiness of having a legitimate claim to the affection of my best friends."

After assisting Moome to convey into the hut the tributary deer of the hunter, Norman retired to his chamber. In a few minutes he heard Moome tapping at the door of the Lady's bed-room.—“Lady dear, are you awake?” cried she,—“I have such strange things to tell you.” The Lady invited her in, and she began the story of the hunter and Norman. “I am neither a prophet nor a prophet's *dochter*,” said Moome,—“yet I always said he was no stranger to Macalbin's blood, and I knew that by the way my own heart warmed to him from the first. For these arms received him from her who is now in the presence of the Highest. And did she not say to Ronald—‘I am going to Dunalbin?’ knowing no doubt there were friends before her; and that there was.” The Lady sighed deeply.

“Surely he does resemble my family,” said she;—“but I am contented, I could not love him more.”

“Oh, my Mother!” cried Norman, running in, and throwing himself by her bed-side. He burst into tears of gratitude and tenderness.—“What should that love leave me to wish for?”

“My dear son,” said the Lady, placing her

hand on his head, and gently stroking it,—  
“Why are you up so late?” Norman thought at that moment, with shame and self-reproach, of his insane project of abruptly abandoning his friends and his home; and now secretly vowed to her service that life her generous and vigilant affection alone had rendered valuable.

Hugh was in a few hours to depart, and Moome renewed her entreaties with the Lady to use her authority in preventing the journey. During this conversation Norman looked on Lady Augusta with something so conscious and sorrowful that she perceived her secret was divined, and with a grave smile said, in French,—

“I am not so cunning as I fancied. In truth, secrets were always painful to me, so my dear young friend send Hugh to me, and when you return from escorting him so far, you shall be my confidant.”

Norman hastened to obey, and when the Piper had taken a melancholy leave of his friends, they walked together to the Ivy-cliff; here they paused.

“Am I never to cross this fatal barrier?” said Norman, while his eyes filled.

“See,” said Hugh, “how lovely the blue

smoke of our own home rises among the bare trees this still morning. Ah! Norman, did I not leave you to comfort them, you whom they love so much, it would break my poor heart to go on, so go home darling; the Lady will be waiting breakfast, and Moome scolding myself for taking you so far."

It was in fact so. The Lady sat by an untouched breakfast, comforting Moome by carelessly remarking the hardy constitution of the Piper, and his excellence in walking. She was more than serene, she seemed animated by the consciousness of some concealed happiness, and Norman could only suppress his anxiety by reflecting—"well, I shall soon know."

When breakfast was ended she addressed him thus:—"My dear Norman, I am about to give you the greatest proof of my esteem. I use no preparation in acquainting you with a recent misfortune, for I rely on your education and your principles. You know adversity is the test of character.—Nay, I perceive you apprehend some evil much worse than the reality. My slender fortune is for the present lost—that is, the whole;—but

your health, your talents, your affection is left me, and I still am rich,—ah, how rich!”

A load was removed from the heart of Norman: he threw himself on his knees, and while his tears fell in the bosom which had cherished him, breathed out vows of never-ending gratitude and devotion. Lady Augusta tenderly kissed his forehead, and when his emotion subsided informed him that—Many years before she had withdrawn her money from the public funds to increase the capital of a young man, a native of the Highlands, who had begun business in Glasgow as a manufacturer, that he might be able to educate the orphan family of his father. For a long period his success had been equal to his enterprise and good conduct, but extensive and unfortunatè speculations to South America had lately reduced him to bankruptcy.

“I am confident,” said the Lady,—“poor Mc ——— feels it more on my account than on his own. If the commercial interests of the country prosper, I hope every thing from his skill and perseverance—if not, the world will learn to value, as it ought; the

talents and integrity of my Norman; and that God whose mercy is over all his works, who feeds the young ravens and clothes the lilies of the field, will not, at old age, forsake those who humbly trust in *Him*." Lady Augusta raised her eyes as if in mental prayer, and then proceeded.

"You know the sanguine folly of our poor friend Buchanan led him to borrow a sum of money from Macpherson. The motives of that artful man are now revealed. The youth and loveliness of Flora have prevailed over his avarice, he demands from the unhappy father the sacrifice of his only child, or the alternative of prosecution and a jail. Poor Buchanan! the ridicule attending his ill-advised scheme, his shame, remorse, and disappointment, embitter his life; and will soon, I am afraid, deprive Flora of her natural protector. When I understood these circumstances, I endeavoured to satisfy that bad man Macpherson; for I wished to spare the gentle nature of Flora the shock of learning that at such a time a proposal had been made on which, I well knew, she would never hesitate but, from affection to her father.

Flora is no wife for that man;—that glowing cheek confirms my opinion. Flora shall not be the victim of her virtues. When Hugh has disposed of the few valuables I possessed, we will get rid of the importunity of that merciless man, and pour balm into the wounded heart of our poor friend. We shall also then be rich enough to wait for better fortune. In this little territory we may live very cheaply. We have plenty of fuel in the wood and the mosses,—we have our gardens, our grazings, and the treasures of the lake and the moors. And Hugh is so diligent when inspired by affection! Then the letters of my sweet Monimia and our young soldier will so cheer our loneliness,—for you will be gone then my dear Norman, and that is the only evil which admits of no consolation.” A tear trembled on the eye of Norman; but a smile dimpled his cheek, for fairy visions of what he could achieve when stimulated by gratitude and affection, danced before his eyes, and for a moment, blinded him to the poverty and desolation which hung over the aged inhabitants of Eleenalin. He kissed the hand of the Lady in silence and



withdrew, while the habitual sentiments of respect he cherished for his venerable friend rose almost to adoration.

Next morning he visited Buchanan. Flora perceived him at a distance and ran to meet him. Her first inquiry was for letters from Monimia, and when Norman returned a melancholy negative, she affected great anger and grief. Yet hers was not a grief that deeply touched the heart, and he wished that she had kept silent

“How neglectful!” said she,—“among her balls and her beaux she never, I daresay, thinks of such a poor lonely place as Eleanalin.—But I am so happy for all that. My father has given up the Prophets and the Revelations, and all his stupid books, and is become so social. He sent, yesterday, for Craig-gillian, they conversed long in private, and parted the best of friends. Oh, how good a man is Craig-gillian! and I am so happy;—though my poor father has a very bad cold, too.”—Norman suffered her to run on; but when he heard that her father had sent for Craig-gillian, and saw poor Buchanan, pale and emaciated, striving to support the appearance of health and vivacity, his feel-

ings were dreadfully shocked, and he feared that the worst apprehensions of the Lady were but too well founded.

To be brief, the feelings, and perhaps the pride of Buchanan, had sustained a shock from which they never recovered. The uncommon severity of the season seemed to shake his exhausted frame to dissolution. For some weeks he languished in almost imperceptible decay, till he was at length confined to his bed, and Norman remained constantly with him; and shared with the weeping Flora the task, pleasing though sad, of smoothing the pillow of sickness, and soothing the enfeebled mind. The visits of the benevolent Craig-gillian were now peculiarly comfortable to Buchanan. In these awful moments, when time mingles with eternity, the poor distinctions of Papist and Protestant were lost, and the last breathings of Buchanan were those of a mild and truly catholic spirit.

One morning he found himself a little better, and intimated a desire to get up.

“I think I should like once more to look on Ben ——,” said he, faintly smiling, and Flora prepared for his rising with the alacrity of renovated hope.

It was a clear day, of keen frost. His chair was placed opposite the window, and the beams of the wintery sun seemed to cheer him. He pressed the hand of Norman, who hung over him in the absence of Flora, who prepared his drink.

“When you remember him who was the friend of your childhood, you will not forsake her who was the idol of his age,” said he;—“be a friend to my poor orphan girl when her father is no more.”

“Witness for me thou bright sun,” exclaimed Norman, while his eyes overflowed;—“let yon grey heap be the testimony of my covenant, that while life warms my veins, I will watch over the beloved pledge of your confidence, with the honour of a man, and the love of a brother.”

“It is enough,” sighed Buchanan; and calling Flora towards him, he leaned his head on her bosom, and in that attitude quietly sunk to eternal repose.

I shall not attempt to describe the grief of Norman or the despair of Flora, on this melancholy occasion. When the last offices had been performed to poor Buchanan, Norman led the orphan to Eleenalin,—to the soothing

comforts of sympathy and protection; and then only did he recollect the silence of Monimia, and also the lengthened absence of Hugh.

Another and another week of that cheerless winter glided on, Monimia was still silent, and Hugh came not; and Macpherson made a harsh and peremptory demand for his money, for Buchanan's property had been already seized by other creditors. Regret for the dead was now swallowed up in inexpressible alarm for the living, and Norman earnestly entreated permission to go in quest of the Piper, which the Lady at last reluctantly granted. On the evening of the last day which they had agreed to wait, the joyful sound of Hugh's horn was heard, and Norman flew across the lake, while Moome and Flora waited on the beach. He hugged the Piper to his breast with unrestrained emotion, but his joyous feelings were chilled when he perceived the sunken, spiritless eye, the squalid features, naked feet, and tattered garb of poor Hugh.

“Hugh, dear Hugh,—” said he, but he was unable to finish the question; and wringing the frozen hands of the Piper, he led him

to the boat. Hugh blew on his fingers and took an oar.

“Nay, you shall enjoy yourself to-day,” cried Norman, seizing the oars—“this is a jubilee to us all, we have so pined for your return.”—Hugh burst into tears, his hitherto unconquered spirit seemed completely broken,—he threw himself on the neck of Norman, and sobbed convulsively.—“Oh, my own Lady,” cried he,—“tell me is she well?” Norman assured him of her welfare—“and your Moome too;” added he, “and your pipe;—Moome has kept it at the foot of her bed every night since you went from us.”—Hugh smiled mournfully; and when he saw the black habit of Flora he looked in the face of his companion as if he already knew her loss.

The sudden alteration of Flora’s countenance shocked Norman nearly as much as the miserable figure before him. The words of congratulation died on her lips, and she abruptly turned away, unable, in the weak state of her spirits, to witness such wretchedness. Fortunately Moome was not so quick-sighted. After a cordial embrace she wiped her eyes, remarking there was few now left

of his name ; and then inquired for Morag and her children. Norman insisted on the Piper swallowing a double dose of his favourite Fairintosh ; and Moome also administered a dram of the same liquor, in which she had infused some medicinal herbs, and which she regarded as a sovereign remedy in all diseases of the body, and a cordial in all troubles of the mind.

When Hugh arrived at Glasgow to dispose of the jewels of the Lady ; his office, so much at variance with his appearance, excited suspicions unfavourable to his honesty ; which were increased by the perplexed account he gave of himself ; for he firmly resolved, at whatever hazard, to conceal from the Lowlanders the impoverishment of his Lady, who, he was quite sure, all the world knew. The man to whom he applied had him conveyed before a Magistrate. Unacquainted with the forms of justice, secure in conscious innocence, and above all, zealous for the dignity of his clan, Hugh's answers had an air of inconsistency which might have perplexed a clearer intellect than that of the good Magistrate, who was at least as intent on discovering a rogue, as in distinguishing the truth. Poor

Hugh was easily discovered to be an old offender. One was sure he was an Irishman (which of itself was a sort of crime) another had seen him whipped for stealing off a cart; and from the shop of a third he had stolen a cheese. He was finally committed to the House of Correction as a vagrant; and the jewels were lodged in a place of security, to be given up when claimed by the rightful owner, and all expences paid.—“But I vowed, if they should kill me, never to tell your name Lady,” said Hugh—“though every drop of blood in my body was boiling; and I tried to curse them in English, but the words came faster than I could utter, and I cursed them in Gaelic;—and they are cursed.”—Here Hugh wiped his brows, and then continued,—“Well, they read papers over me, and scolded me, and saw I was a rogue all by my face (though there never was an honest face in Inverness-shire, or else it belies me) and sent me to prison. Thank God they never knew my name though!”

Conscious innocence, though the sweetest palliative of unmerited suffering, is hardly able to sustain even an educated and well-regulated mind in a situation degrading to the

pride of virtue ; and the ardent feelings of the Piper were strained to desperation. Nor was he more affected by his ignominious punishment, than by the distress and embarrassment his ill success, and long absence, must occasion to his Lady. When these thoughts rushed through his mind he became so wild and frantic, that the keeper of the prison judged it necessary to give him an opportunity of escape ; and naked and starving, he hastened to Eleenalin.

“ Yes ! yes you all love me !” cried Hugh, on witnessing the deep sympathy of his friends at the relation of his cruel wrongs,—“ yet I was thought a liar and a thief ;—oh my God it sticks here !—I will never get above it—a thief !” —and he smiled with bitter irony. The Lady gave way to the first violence of his emotion, and Hugh, exquisitely susceptible of kindness when thus surrounded by the caressing attentions of all he loved, gradually recovered a gentler tone of mind ; though he could not soon forgive the Magistrate who presumed to question the virtue of a Macalbin.

But the joy of the Piper’s return was speedily obliterated, for next day Macpher-



son made another insolent demand for payment, and when the Lady, with some effort, intreated him to have patience with her for a few days, he informed her, with considerable circumlocution, that the time, and even the liquidation of the debt, depended on his success with Flora, with whom he craved her good offices.

A faint momentary flush tinged the cheek of the Lady, while she coldly replied—"I think you are a stranger to me sir; and you greatly mistake my character, if you imagine that I will even mention your proposal till our business is at an end; when that time comes Miss Buchanan is at liberty to decide for herself.

"Then the sooner it is at an end the better,"—cried Macpherson, flinging off; and the threats he durst not utter in her venerable presence were vented on Hugh, who stood on the beach. It were impossible to describe the almost frenzied rage of the Piper when any thing that even threatened insult assailed his Lady. In a transport of indignation he fiercely and scornfully defied the power of the innkeeper, while he bitterly cursed his insolence; and when the threats of execution

and imprisonment were repeated, without much ceremony he knocked him down.—“There you dog!” cried Hugh, shaking his fist over the prostrate lover,—“and I promise you twice as much the next time you dare to set a foot where her scullion would be.”

Just then Norman, who had seen Macpherson land, hastened forward, and eagerly inquired the meaning of this scene, for Macpherson was still on the ground.—“Only that tawny-moor dwarf would marry Flora;—that’s all,”—cried Hugh contemptuously.

“Surely, Mr. Macpherson, you have not presumed to offer any insult to Lady Augusta Macalbin,”—said Norman, colouring.

“Oh no,” answered Hugh,—“Macpherson,—if a Macpherson he be?—crouches in her presence like the dog he is.”

A livid hue overspread the features of Macpherson, who had now risen, and with a diabolical laugh, and a look of the blackest malice, he whispered—“Before long you shall feel who I am;”—and he stepped into Montague’s boat, which was waiting for him.

The last insulting speech of Hugh was in

that country a more deadly injury than the blow which preceded it; for Macpherson's right to the name he bore was very ambiguous. The scarcities often felt in the Highlands before the introduction of potatoes were dreadful, and indeed hardly credible. The natives still point out seven different sorts of roots, such as earth-nuts, wild-carrots, &c. which their ancestors used to eat; and so extreme was the famine attending bad seasons, that, on the coast and in the isles, infants were not unfrequently landed from boats, and exposed. Though these foundlings received the common name of the clan among whom they happened to be thrown, their origin was never forgotten; and many poor families are still exposed to the dreadful imputation of springing from an unknown stock, and having no legitimate claim to that name which is the chief pride of their compatriots. Hugh then, had wounded the self-love of the inn keeper beyond all hope of forgiveness; and Norman, unable to blame the honest resentment of his warm nature, was for some minutes overwhelmed with the appalling perspective before him. All that he had ever felt was bliss compared to the excruciating agony of

that moment, which pictured Lady Augusta torn from her home,—her grey hairs insulted;—imprisoned, starving, and himself denied the power of averting or softening her fate.—“ Oh! I could rob or murder;” cried he in anguish, as with a desperate step he hurried along the beach.

But this was a time for decision and action, not for barren lamentations; and conjuring Hugh to observe the most profound secrecy on what had passed, he ordered him to convey himself to Dunalbin. Had Craig-gillian been at home, Norman’s trial would have been light, but he was gone to England to see an only son, who after spending many years in India, was ordered to Sicily without being permitted to visit his family.

Were he to go to the low-country to retrieve the error of Hugh, might not the vengeful and mean-souled Macpherson take advantage of his absence to drag to prison——. He shuddered, and could not even mentally finish the sentence. Monimia now rose to his dark mind like a beam of hope:—true she had been forgetful—at least she appeared so,—but now when informed of the evil which menaced the Lady, and through her a devot-

ed family, could he who adored her, doubt of her zeal, her activity, her enthusiasm in the cause of virtue and misfortune.

To solicit Montague's friendly offices with the implacable Macpherson for a short respite, and also to obtain the address of Monimia, Norman visited Dunalbin where he had not been for many weeks before. His wo-struck features and anxious eye, too fully explained his errand. The petty pride of Montague enjoyed the humiliation of that "wonderful folk" who had so often excited his jealousy, and though indifferent to the society of Norman, self-love was disposed to resent his seeming inattention.

"What wind has blown so mighty a stranger this way," cried he, as Norman entered;—"to inquire for my rheumatism no doubt?—Well, as I was saying, our friends will come to see us when they want any thing of us:—hey Miss Ursy?" and he winked very significantly to Miss Sinclair, who bowed and smiled in return. Norman coloured violently, and after a mental struggle replied.

"If I have not been able to do myself the honour of inquiring for you so often as I

wished, you know how sadly I have been engaged of late."

"Aye, true; Buchanan poor man. I was greatly shocked at his death myself, for he was just about my own time of life I think." This was said in a grave tone, but he briskly added,—“Well; but I hope you found your Christmas vension good? Thank you too for the haunch that came to Dunalbin;—hey, Miss Ursy?” and the lady, with whom he had so good an understanding, forced a laugh at this master-stroke of wit.

“Is it possible!” exclaimed Norman; but he checked himself and replied;—“The Christmas feelings of Eleenalin have been little in unison with festivity Mr. Montague.” This was said in a tone of such heart-felt grief, that his “plain and pleasant” host appeared somewhat softened, and as dinner was just then announced he invited Norman to take a place at the table; but as if fearful of being too gracious, he added—“Though I can promise you none of *them* wild-geese about the lake.”

“You know I was always happy to be your game-keeper,” replied Norman mildly,—

“till compelled to take a more sorrowful employment. But I hope you will again command my services, for I am very idle, and have no pleasure so great as fowling.”

“O dear!—I am only joking,” cried Montague;—“but as we are so far from markets——.” Norman made the necessary reply, and when they sat down to dinner he had the additional pleasure of seeing Miss Sinclair occupy the place of Monimia.

When the lady withdrew, Montague, as usual, turned the conversation to his own affairs; and while the subject nearest his heart hovered on the lips of Norman, he shrunk from disclosing his feelings to a being so gross and open in his selfishness.

The smoke of tobacco which so much annoyed Mrs. Montague, was fragrance to Miss Sinclair. The drawing-room of Monimia had, with laudable economy, been converted into a wool-loft; and the gentlemen found her successor in the smoking parlour, knitting stockings for Montague as busily as if her bread depended on her labour.

“Ha! never a moment idle,” cried Montague, measuring her work on his own leg;

and Norman turned away in disgust from a scene of antique tenderness.

In the beginning of winter Montague had been seized with rheumatism, and Miss Sinclair, who was waiting till some good angel should trouble the waters, flew on the wings of love to Dunalbin.

Montague was formed to be the slave of any one who could stoop to govern him ; and the arts which the high spirit of Monimia disdained, were successfully practised by Miss Sinclair. When she had for two months

“ Sauced his broth,  
And cut his roots in characters ;”

watched, and wept, and nursed, and fondled, and used all the *cajolerie* interest dictates to cunning, Montague became delighted with homage so new, so flattering, and at length so necessary ; and kindly invited her to remain mistress of his family ; though he never dreamed of marriage. But this was no part of Miss Sinclair’s plan. She sighed, and blushed, and covered her face. Though it was death to go she could not remain. When sick, and abandoned by his relatives, she had been unable to resist the impulse of friend-



ship. She had sacrificed the decorums of her sex, and drawn on herself the malicious eyes of the world, &c. &c. &c.

Montague cared very little for all this, but her management, her nursing, and above all, her cooking, were nearly indispensable ;—and then he was so used to her. Besides he was by no means displeased to understand that he was still young enough to be the hero of a tale of scandal ; and common decency prescribed some atonement for the injury done to the reputation of the lady. But even to the hour of his marriage he was haunted by suspicions of design, and was much less the dupe of Miss Sinclair's arts than the slave of his own appetites and habits.

Norman would probably have left the castle without introducing the subject which led him thither, had not Miss Sinclair, with her usual fulsome affectation of fondness for Mrs. Montague, began to speak of her. Admirably skilled in the polite art of "speaking daggers," she gave a very lively account of entertainments at which Mrs. Montague was present, of the admiration she met with, her expensive dresses, and her love of gay society.

“ Dear creature ! ” ended she, — “ ’tis no wonder her little head is turned, rushing at once, from the extreme of obscurity into the very centre of London dissipation.”

She was then in London, her address was still the same, but the task of intruding on her gaiety, with the distresses of the friend she seemed to have forgotten, became every moment more formidable to Norman. When about to take leave, he made a desperate effort to interest the humanity of Montague, and the pin-man glad to hear no demand was made on his purse, promised to beg a few days from his friend Macpherson.

Meanwhile Lady Augusta had drawn from the Piper (who was not a little vain of the *cowing* he had given Macpherson) an account of the quarrel. She could not torture Hugh with hinting her fears, in consequence of his ill-timed zeal, though she apprehended every suffering a vengeful and vulgar nature could inflict. She wished to prepare Norman for the worst that could happen, but he would not listen with patience to any expression of the very fears his own fancy was perpetually suggesting.

“ Whatever that wretch were capable of,” said he, — “ would he dare in defiance of pub-

lic opinion to —— Oh! I cannot think of it.” But when he reflected on the character of Macpherson, sprung from the very dregs of the people; originally an errand-boy in the kitchen of the Gordons, boasting of wealth, acquired in its first stage by the petty savings of a cringing waiter, increased by the chicane and sordid calculation of one who, with the command of a trifling sum of ready money, lurks on the watch to seize every advantage from necessitous poverty:—when he thought of him who never cast his baleful eyes on the little possessions of a poor man without trying to rob him of his household gods and his happiness,—who enjoyed what had been the means of life to hundreds of exiled Highlanders; and who, lately appointed a magistrate, was now particularly active in punishing those ejected vagrants who lingered round the scene of their vanished joys—all hope fled, and he yielded to momentary despair.

He locked himself into his chamber, and with a few transient fears, but a strong hope of success, began for the first time to address Monimia. His letter was very short, but it breathed the eloquence of deep and powerful

emotion ; and its lines were blistered with the tears of that personal sorrow he durst not venture to disclose. When he had given this letter to Hugh to convey to the nearest post-office, he threw himself on his bed, revolving the many dreadful probabilities his fancy painted. All at once it struck on his mind that by an uncommon exertion of speed, he might reach Glasgow and return before the necessary forms of law could enable Macpherson to execute his threats. He started up, resisting the idea of a fruitless journey, hastily changed his dress, and having left a note for Lady Augusta, ran towards the lake ; and before the hour expired, as he rather flew than walked, was some miles from the home of his infancy. All night he journeyed, lighted by a brilliant moon, and all the next day he never once halted but to slack his thirst at some spring, or for the simple refreshment of a draught of milk, pressed on his acceptance by some hospitable countryman. On the evening of that day it rained very hard, and he felt so sleepy and fatigued, that he for a moment hesitated on the kind offer of a mountain shepherd, who courteously invited him to take his potatoes and milk, and

straw couch in his clay-built hut.—“And will men for some idle wager perform such wonders, and I, with a motive like mine, be thus overcome?” thought he, and springing up, he thanked the good shepherd, and again bounded on, almost unconscious of fatigue.

On the evening of the second day he reached the place of destination. He immediately applied to the unfortunate merchant who had unwillingly caused the ruin of Lady Augusta; and, after the most provoking delay, succeeded in getting back the jewels. That moment repaid all his sufferings, and while the honest bankrupt tried to dispose of them, he endeavoured to obtain a short repose. But Norman could not sleep. The dream of broken slumbers represented Lady Augusta torn from her family,—dying in prison, or Flora shrieking and flying from Macpherson.

When the merchant returned, he found him up and dressed, impatient to depart. The money he had got was considerably less than was expected, but he said the bargain was not final, and more might be afterwards obtained. It was more than enough for Macpherson, and in spite of the entreaties and

remonstrances of his new friend, he set off at a late hour in the evening. For the first three stages he rode, but after that no horse could be procured, and he pushed on, his flagging strength, supported by the cordial hope. The sight of the prison, as he passed through the county town, lent fresh stimulus to his exhausted spirits. For a moment he paused to gaze on its walls and grated windows, and from the gloomy contemplation caught a new impulse of activity.

Nearly sinking under incredible fatigue, on the fourth day Norman reached Glenalbin, and found Hugh's skiff moored among the rocks which skirted the burying place. While his shrill whistle rung among these rocks, the Piper was seen hastening down the hill; and half his inquiries and congratulations were not made when they landed in Eleenalin. His arrival was indeed critical, for on entering the house he found Macpherson surrounded by his servants and the officers of the law, Flora kneeling at his feet and imploring his compassion, Moome in the fixed attitude of unutterable despair, and the Lady, borrowing strength from misfortune, alternately soothing her friends, and struggling to attain the cou-

rage which might enable her to submit to her fate with the chastened dignity which became her character. What a scene was this for Norman!—who, springing forward, snatched Flora from her degrading posture, while his flaming eye sought an explanation. But he already knew all; and taking from his pocket-book the precious reward of unparalleled exertion, he tossed the bills to Macpherson, haughtily telling him that in a few minutes he would be at leisure to speak with him. He conducted his female friends into another apartment, leaving Hugh to do the *dishonours* of the house to the innkeeper.

The suppressed feelings of Lady Augusta now burst forth, and her first-felt weakness seemed to fly for protection to the newly discovered strength of him on whom her age was henceforth to repose.—“Oh my Norman! was not yours a cruel kindness,” said she,—“still it was kindness, and my heart triumphs in your goodness.”—Flora hung on his neck, bedewing him with tears; while Moome vented her powerful feelings in mingled sobs, thanksgivings, and blessings.

It was not for some days, and even until this alarming affair was finally settled, that

Norman felt his excessive fatigue, though even then he refused to confess it. Stretched on a couch in the Lady's little parlour, Hugh leaning over him, Flora hovering around, the Lady seated by his side, and Moome at her feet, Norman, on this happy evening, forgot for a few hours, that Monimia had not yet written,—that she had heard, with apparent indifference of the sorrows of Flora, and the threatened sufferings of the Lady.

“Perhaps she is ill,” thought Norman for many weeks, but even this agonizing consolation was taken from him; for after the birthday, the morning prints were daily recording fetes embellished by the presence of the beautiful Mrs. Montague, or announcing her arrival in town, or her departure from it.—“Glittering before the eye of the public,” thought he;—“Is this the delicate retiring Monimia,—so jealous of her sex's honour—of her own dignity?”

The Lady, remarking the strong expression of vexation which marked his features as he one day hunted after these odious paragraphs, inquired if he had met with any bad news.

“The departure of General ——— for Sicily,” said he,—“so ends all my hopes of



performerment. You see, Lady Augusta, I am destined to succeed solely by my individual merit ;” he attempted to smile. This was the gentleman through whose interest Lady Augusta hoped to obtain a commission for her young friend, and while she returned the smile of Norman she confessed that it seemed so ; and to his earnest entreaties to be allowed immediately to join the —— regiment, as a volunteer, she yielded a reluctant consent.

In the meantime Lady Augusta lost not a day in retrenching her expenses, and in conforming her style of living to her now impoverished fortune. Those little personal sacrifices, which she performed with cheerful alacrity, were bitterly felt by Norman, and loudly lamented by Moome, whom the Lady in vain attempted to deceive. When Moome sorrowfully inquired why she had given up the use of wine and tea, and other foreign luxuries, she would cheerfully reply :—“ Because I like a crogan of Maolodhan’s milk better.” But even this compliment to her favourite cow could not satisfy the importunate affection of Moome ; and running into her hut, she brought forth the precious hoard—the little sum of many years savings, which

decent pride had taught her, in common with all her race; to accumulate for the celebration of her funeral; and entreated the Lady, if she did not wish to see her die on the spot, to accept of it and to use it.

Lady Augusta well knew the value of this sacrifice, and could feelingly appreciate the motives which induced it.

“Who would not welcome the poverty which makes such goodness known to them;” said she, gently closing the hand of Moome; and she consented to retain the money, and to use it when she saw occasion.

## CHAP. XXVI.

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“ Enough ! it boots not on the past to dwell,  
Fair scenes of other years a long farewell !  
Rouse up my soul ! it boots not to repine,  
Rouse up, for wortheir feelings should be thine ;  
Thy path is plain and straight, that light is given,  
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven.”

SOUTHEY.

IT was now the middle of April, and a mild season had rapidly advanced. Already were the woods, to which Norman paid many farewell visits, bursting into foliage, and the sheltered recesses round which he lingered, clothed with the primrose, the violet, and the snowy blossoms of the wild-strawberry.

“ Who shall gather the fruit of these sweet blossoms,” thought he ; but the feelings and reveries indulged in Glenalbin were heroically combated in Eleenalin ; and the day, so dreaded by every body, was seen to approach with greater composure than might have been expected. Hugh’s strong inclination to

have “one *skitch* of the world, and one spell at the French,” had long been subdued to the necessities of his Lady; while his divided heart vibrated between Eleenalin and his young friend, no murmur indicated his latent wish; and when interrogated by the Lady, while tears filled his eyes, he indignantly replied—“Sure you cannot wish that I should leave you.”

When the sad morning at last arrived, Norman rose very early from his sleepless bed, and having long wandered over the island, returned to a mournful breakfast. That melancholy constrained cheerfulness, which is perhaps more distressing to the feelings than indulged grief, was feebly supported on all sides, till Hugh entering, in a doleful tone said,—“Now dear, all is ready.”

“I suppose these are the very words, and that the tone used to a criminal going to be executed,” said Flora, forcing herself to be gay; —“And is his horse ferried?” inquired she hurriedly. “Yes darling,” replied the Piper.

“My father’s mule, which thou mayest sell at Salamanca for ten or twelve good pistoles, and live upon the money till thou shalt be——”

“ Ah! Flora,” cried Norman, interrupting her; but when he looked up he perceived her swimming eyes and quivering lip. She caught his glance, and threw herself sobbing into his arms.

“ Bless you! bless you! my father’s friend, and mine own dear friend,” cried she, while he pressed her to his quick-beating bosom.

She flew to her chamber, while he flung himself before Lady Augusta, exclaiming—  
“ When I was a little boy I could not sleep without your blessing;—Bless me now,—Oh my Mother!—let your blessing go with me, and I will go in peace.”

“ My blessing rest with thee Norman, my dear, dear child!” said she,—“ The power of the Highest be around thee!” she bent downward, and pressed her lips to his forehead; he kissed the hands stretched over him, and rising in great agitation, left his home.

Flora ran to her window as she heard him leave the house, and saw him seated in the boat with Moome and the Piper; and the maid-servant beating back his grey-hound, which was whining to follow. Anxious to spare him this last pang, she called back the

animal, and seating herself on the floor, threw her arms round it, and wept bitterly.

When they landed at Dunalbin, Moome stopped at the burying-ground to take leave. "Should you never see me more you will find me here," said she; and calmly added,—"Had it been the will of the HOLIEST, I hoped that you darling, would have laid my own head there, between Roban and my child; but it was not good for me!" a single tear started to her eye. "Comfort yourself for this my dear love, though you are far away I shall not be forgotten, and when I am called to your FATHER and my FATHER I will tell your dear Mother how you revered her memory, and were a blessing and a joy to all that loved you;—if the power is given me."

Moome spoke very calmly, but a slight sensation of terror and awe possessed the mind of Norman at the solemn import of this message; he leaned his head on her shoulder, and softly repeated—"Tell my dear Mother," and after a shuddering pause, he whispered—"Now let your prayers follow me, my dear kind Moome."

"My blessings and my prayers, beloved of my heart," cried she, fervently embracing

him; and seeing the wandering agitated glance he sent round the glen, she hastily exclaimed—"Thus did he look whose name you bear, on that sad morning;—but oh!—'to the stones be it told!' \*—not so looked Glenalbin!—It is the wound of my own heart well to remember that day. We were then at a shealing at Inishchomhraig (the field of contests) and the *black-spald* had seized all the cattle of the glen;—we came all down to old Ronald's house in Bealach-nan-creach (the pass of spoils) to make the *forced fire* †, and there first heard what I shall never cease to remember."

Moome was now in the vein of lamentation, but checking her feelings, she again repeated her cordial benediction; and Hugh, gently touching the arm of Norman, led him for-

\* When relating any thing calamitous, instead of a direct address to the person with whom they are conversing, the Highlanders tell it as an *apart*, exclaiming—"To the stones be it told!"

† When the cattle of any district were seized with this fatal distemper, the method of cure or prevention was to extinguish all the domestic fires, and rekindle them by *forced fire* caught from sparks emitted from the axle of the great wool-wheel, which was driven furiously round by the people assembled.

ward.—“ She will always be talking of her own death,” said the Piper, glancing at the saddened countenance of his companion;—“ But I am sure one who has lived so decent a life must have a decent departure;—so don’t sorrow about that dear.—As our own Lady says—our people are more occupied about how they are to leave this world, than how they are prepared to enter the next;—though not my aunt Unah—God forbid!”——Norman could not seem insensible to this intended comfort; he tried to smile and to converse;—but as they slowly proceeded down the glen, he often stopped to look back, and at length relapsed into total silence.

In the mean time Moome was loitering among the ruins of the hamlet. In the course of the morning she picked up a *fairy-hammer*, and gathered a four-leaved clover \* from one

\* *Fairy-hammers*, are pieces of green porphyry, shaped like the head of a hatchet, and which were probably used as such before the introduction of iron. They are not unfrequently found in the isles, and are preserved among other reliicks with which the Highlanders medicate, or rather *charm* the water they drink, as a remedy in particular diseases. A four-leaved clover is called in the Highlands,---“The sham-rock of powers, or virtues.” The finder of either of these is esteemed very lucky.



of those gently swelling and verdant mounds called in the language of the country *Tom-shee*, or the "hillock of fairies." The finder of such things is esteemed very fortunate, and Moome had a lively faith. Soothed, confiding, and almost happy, she hastened to Eleenalin to impart her good fortune to the Lady.

"Are they not tokens of good?" said she; —and the Lady looked on every thing which gave comfort to a tender and afflicted heart, not only as a good omen, but a certain blessing.

Hugh had resolved to give his young friend an escort for fifty or sixty miles, which, with true Highland liberality with regard to latitude and longitude, he reckoned a very trifling distance. With the local and traditionary history of the romantic country through which they journeyed he had a perfect acquaintance, and Norman felt no mean pleasure in listening to his stories, rhymes, and traditionary anecdotes; and in beholding the wild scenes of those fabulous, but inspiring narratives, which had charmed his childhood.

On the second day of their march they diverged a little from the road to visit the cele-

brated Glencoe,—so well known to Europe as the scene of unparalleled atrocities—to Highlanders as a region of wonderful sublimity, inhabited by a brave and gentle race; who were distinguished, even among the tuneful tribes of their poetic country, by superior enthusiasm for music, song, dancing, and heroic story.

“How humiliating, that the same Prince who gallantly resolved—‘to see his country free, or to die in its last ditch,’—should, at least, have sanctioned the monstrous cruelties of Glencoe,” thought Norman;—“for the eve of St. Bartholomew, or the Sicilian vespers, there was, at least, the excuse—a poor one—of mad zeal, and wild enthusiasm; but here cool, cruel, perfidious!” He recollected what he had often heard Lady Augusta say of the pernicious influence of the profession of arms on human character; and recalled a quotation she often repeated.

“Man in society is like a flower

Blown in its native bed,” &c. &c.

Bands leagued “against the charities of domestic life” were melancholy ideas for a young soldier. Norman chose rather to listen to Hugh who was zealously whistling that

Jacobite air known in the low-country by the name of "*Awa Whigs awa*," as he led forward the horses; and to amuse himself by translating a rhyme which Hugh had chaunted when they entered the glen. It exhibits but a faint picture of that night of blood which will never be blotted out from the memory of Highlanders.

### THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

---

Broad set the sun o'er wild Glencoe,  
Red gleamed the heights of drifted snow,  
And loud and hoarse the torrent's flow,  
Dashed through the drear domain.

Bright shines the hearth's domestic blaze,  
The dancer's bound in wanton maze,  
And merry Minstrels tune their lays  
Blythe o'er the mountain reign.

Yon level sun sinks down in blood,  
Lowering o'er dark ingratitude,  
It warns the guileless and the good,  
Glencoe's wo-fated clan.

Each smiling host salutes his guest,  
"Good night," . . . that hand so kindly prest  
Shall plunge the dagger in thy breast  
Long ere the orient dawn.

All's still ! . . . but hark ! from height to height  
 Comes rushing on the breeze of night,  
 The startling shriek of wild affright,  
 The hoarse assassin yell !

Is there no arm on high to save  
 From foulest death the trustful brave ! . . .  
 . . . Each by his thresh-hold found a grave,  
 Or where he slumbered fell !

Red rose the sun o'er lone Glencoe,  
 What eye shall mark that crimson'd snow,  
 What ear shall list the torrent's flow  
 Dashing the dreary wild.

Round sheal and hamlet's she'tering rock  
 High soars destruction's volumed smoke,  
 But hushed the shriek which maddening broke  
 From mother, maiden, child.

All's still !—save round yon mountain's head  
 Where men of blood the snow-path tread,  
 Startling lest voices from the dead  
 A deed of hell proclaim.

Wo ! for thy clan thou wild Glencoe !  
 Whose blood dyes deep the mountain snow ;  
 But deadlier bale, and deeper woe  
 Glenorchy on thy name.

On the morning of the third day Norman took a melancholy adieu of his last friend, and on the evening of the same day, reached the borders of the Lowlands. He had seen,

not looked at this country, on his late hasty journey; but now as he finally emerged from the mountains, the first glimpse of the region of commerce was very favourable; for it comprehended the beautiful vale of Leven, and the banks of the Clyde; studded with towns, and towers, and villages; rich in all the graces of cultivation, and smiling with plenty; while every soft image stole new beauty from the sublime back-ground of the distant Highlands.

All his pre-conceived ideas of the pomp and magnificence exhibited by a great city were sadly disappointed in Glasgow. It was associated in his mind with nothing splendid or interesting in story; and a taste, fashioned amid the sublimities of nature, found little to admire in the puny efforts of art.

Yet he was sensible that the fault lay in himself, and hastened on saying,—“I shall learn to admire fine cities.” And when the landscape was no longer broken into irregular valleys, or bounded by retiring mountains, but spread far, far around, in an endless flat expanse of tame cultivation, through which lagged a dark and lazy river,—“How fatiguing,” he exclaimed,—“eternal hedge-

rows, square-fields, sleek cows, and straight ridges;—and this is the boasted Lowlands!”

But in skirting the upland parts of the shires of Lanark and Peebles, he again met with scenery more agreeable to his most cherished associations. Among the pastoral hills of Tweedale he again saw the narrow vale haunted by its wizard stream; the uncultured slope, gay with broom and wild-flowers, and blossoming furze; the hill-side farm-house, of primitive construction, sheltered and adorned by a tuft of trees, rendered conspicuous by surrounding nakedness. But he was still more interested in observing many little traits of the staid and simple manners, and serious and kindly feelings, which mark the unmingled low-country peasants. To the Poems of Burns, and the exquisite descriptions of that excellent man, whose least praise was poetical genius—to the writings of Grahame, and to the conversations of his own tutor, Norman owed a more intimate acquaintance with the Lowland peasantry than most native Highlanders could boast; and this had produced great respect for their virtues, and a warm sympathy in their feelings and enjoyments.

It was, when travelling through this upland district, that Norman first heard the chime "of a church going bell," with the rapturous feelings that blessed symbol of civilized life, is calculated to produce in minds constituted like his. Often, during the days in which he leisurely wandered through this pastoral country, would he dismount on reaching a remote *Kirk-toun*, and gaze with soft complacency on the House of God, and the last dwelling of man; on the scattered hamlet, the smithy, the rude shed of the rustic carpenter; the—"thrifty house-wife at the burn-side green;"—and the little children paddling in the mill-stream. And often would he listen, with earnest gratified attention, to the busy dwelling whence education was diffused through the surrounding parish, and with it all that blesses and benefits humble life; and gives to Scotland its truest, proudest superiority.

These contemplations recalled a dearer land, and Norman would wander onward indulging fairy visions of future happiness; for though he seldom built castles, he often constructed cottages—and he peopled them too,—they stood in Glenalbin—Highlanders

were their tenants;—and Monimia,—she who delighted in promoting the happiness of her kind, who partook of his own indifference to mere ladies and gentlemen—of his own benevolence and veneration for the great and majestic family of man,—Monimia was in London, running the hackneyed course of fashionable frivolity. However the reveries of Norman commenced, it was thus they terminated, and a half-hour of enchantment was usually succeeded by a whole one of hard riding.

Norman now descended to a beautiful and luxuriant country, and in another day was in a new kingdom; surrounded by unknown modes of life, a stranger among strangers. Here he saw a wonderful influx of wealth producing many artificial wants; ingenious industry busily supplying them, and a degree of accommodation descending to the lowest ranks, which he had fancied incompatible with conditions so humble. Sometimes too, when the spontaneous benevolence of his social nature was repelled by the uncouth and repulsive manners he perceived, and when his native enthusiasm, damped by the prejudice, coldness, and suspicion which every



where assailed him, a strong sense of forlornness, and dissimilitude to all he saw would lead him to lament, that what increased the external comforts of man should degrade his intellectual nature, narrow his capacities, and lessen his enjoyments.

As he looked round on the numerous smoky manufactories which rose in this prosiac region, and saw every stream polluted by the dirty puddle of some dye-vat or fulling mill, and regarded the "*Mange-rotis*" of the plains, as at the warning of a bell they marched to labour or refreshment,—a Highland feeling of contemptuous pity took possession of his mind.—“Man cannot live by bread alone!” was his indignant exclamation; and he recalled all he had heard of the “division of labour,” and the “Wealth of Nations,” with an asperity which succeeding years softened down but never removed.

The evening of this day proved remarkably beautiful. Towards sun-set Norman entered a narrow lane, winding through steep banks shaded by fine trees, among the openings of which he caught many transient views of a rich and charmingly diversified country; and

he began to feel that England did contain fine landscapes. In a few minutes he overtook a train of waggons which completely blocked up the unsocial path, and as the waggoner, acting on the principle of Montague, would not step aside to permit the king to pass, unless he chose to be agreeable, and evidently enjoyed the inconvenience he occasioned a person having the appearance of a gentleman; Norman resolved to make the best of his situation, and dismounting, attempted to begin a conversation. When the waggoner had gee-hoed and Dobbined for some minutes, without noticing his question, he deigned to answer, but in so strange a dialect, and in so repulsive a tone, that the young Highlander shrank back, half amazed, and half disgusted, at that perversion of mind which mistakes surly and disobliging manners, and fierce defiance, for sincerity and independence of character. While musing on this national trait, a middle-aged, desolate looking woman came up, murmuring a plaintive song. It was in the language of Scotland; Norman started with pleased surprise, and listened with deep attention.

“ When I think o’ my ain green glen,  
 And the hame that ance was mine,  
 The salt tear dims my weary e’e,  
 And my wae heart ’s like to tine.

O, why think o’ my ain green glen,  
 Where the birks bend o’er the burn,  
 Or the happy days that I have seen  
 For alas, they ’ll ne’er return!

Sad, sad and weary still I roam,  
 I have wandered mony a mile,  
 But my heart is in my father’s home  
 Mang the hills of dear Argyle.

Now a wide wide world is a’ before,  
 And a wider roaring sea,  
 But the farther I roam from my father’s home  
 The dearer it seems to me.

The feelings expressed by this rude song, were very congenial to those which now swelled the heart of Norman, and he kindly greeted this poor wanderer in her native language. A sudden gleam of joy brightened her emaciated features, while she exclaimed in Gaelic—“ Macalbin’s come home!—Do I indeed see a countryman?” \*

“ And a clansman,” cried Norman, spring-

\* The common exclamation of surprise used by the people of Mull still is, “ *Maclean’s come home,*” though that clan has long had no chief.

ing forward, and catching her hand with joy equal to her own ; for the exclamation she used declared her kindred. The waggoner now fairly stopped his horses, and addressing Norman said,—“ If so be master as how you want to pass do it now, as the honest woman will be passing at any rate.” Norman respected the motive of this tardy and churlish kindness, and he thanked the blunt waggoner, who replied to his acknowledgments by saying,—“ It made no odds, as the woman was passing at any rate.”

This forlorn woman was a poor widow who had formerly lived in Glenalbin. As her family was large she had not been able to cross the Atlantic with her neighbours, and at the time of the emigration she had gone to a cotton-mill in the Lowlands. When Norman had answered her numerous questions, he ventured to inquire for her children ; some of them had been his play-fellows.

“ Ah !” cried this unhappy mother, bursting into tears,—“ you know not what I lost in losing my share of Dunalbin. You know how the first years of my time of suffering were spent :—how much I endured, how hard I toiled,—but my children were with me, and

I was happy,—I was so for some years after I came to this: but they grew up among the crowd of yon mill, without the benefits of education, and corrupted by evil example. My youngest son fell in Holland; his brother, who bore the name of his father—my dear Donald!—returned blind from Egypt. My daughters—would that they too had died!” The poor woman wept the conclusion of her Gaelic story, and Norman shared the grief he knew not how to console. When he spoke of Glenalbin, it reminded her of past happiness; when of America, she lamented that her children had not been able to accompany their friends, that, like them, they might still have enjoyed the pride and the peace of virtue.

The evening was now far advanced; and Norman, compelled to seek a shelter for the night, shared his slender purse with his clanswoman, and received her eloquent thanks and adieus. He who had ever been approached with courteous frankness and respectful interest,—who had ever been accustomed to reciprocate friendly greetings, and all the nameless kindnesses of polished life,—was peculiarly vulnerable to the offensive roughness, or chilling reserve of the people he now encountered; and he gazed after Morag, exclaiming,

“ Ah, when shall I again be greeted by the graceful and heart-cheering felicitations of my beloved country, when soothed by its lingering and tender adieus !”

This period was not so distant as Norman then imagined ; for, on reaching the town where he understood the regiment he meant to join was quartered, he learned that it had just been ordered to *Ireland*,—a kindred land. This was a misfortune for which he easily consoled himself ; and accordingly, having crossed the country to Liverpool, he sold his horse, and took a passage to Dublin in a merchant vessel.

## CHAP. XXVII.

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I saw Gaul in his armour, and my soul was mingled with his, for the fire of battle was in his eyes.

OSSIAN.

AN extensive encampment was to be formed during the summer in the south-west of Ireland; and when Norman landed in Dublin, he found that the regiment he sought had already gone thither. He followed it; and his social nature, which had languished in the chilling climate of English inns and manufacturing towns, was again refreshed and invigorated amid the smoky warmth of the mud cabins of Ireland. Here he found the same language, the same manners, the same graceful frankness, and open-hearted hospitality, that distinguished his native land. The resemblance was striking, but it was not complete. The sterile hills and gloomy valleys of the Highlander had never tempted the rapacity of the

stranger. "He dwelt among his own people," under the fostering protection of that recognized and patriarchal leader it was his pride to aggrandize, and his privilege to obey;—no unknown tongue grated on his ear;—never had the rites of a strange faith usurped the place of his national worship;—nor had foreign domination roused the fierce passions of his nature, and inflamed a spirit keenly alive to kindness and to unkindness:—and the Highlander was wiser and more gentle than the Irishman, only because he had been less unfortunate.

On a fine evening in the latter end of May, Norman reached the encampment. It extended for some miles along a level sea-shore, on which the soldiers were now performing their exercises. A green plain, mottled with white tents, gay with banners and pennons, and groups of females, and of military, formed a very animating picture; and as Norman approached, his heart throbbed faster and faster. The regularity of the evolutions, performed throughout the far-extended line, next attracted his attention; and the perfection of discipline, which pervaded every department, filled him with pleased astonishment. Hither,



to he had heard only the rolling of drums and the firing of musquets; but now a full regimental band struck up, and that inspiring march, "In the garb of Old Gaul," burst forth in a tide of overwhelming harmony, and awakened all his patriotic enthusiasm. It was the first time he had ever heard military music; and as he advanced along the line in a kind of measured step, the beating of his heart increased almost to suffocation, and his tears burst forth in an agony of pleasure. At length the music ceased; and, heartily ashamed of his inflammable fancy and unintelligible feelings, Norman began to think of the future. Perceiving a very soldier-like young man, in the dress of an officer, walking near him, he approached, and begged to know where he might find the colonel of the — regiment. The officer answered with much civility, and also said, that as he was walking that way, he would do himself the pleasure to point out the tent. As they went forward together, they discovered that they were from the same country; and the young officer ventured to inquire if Norman was the new ensign they expected from Scotland. A feeling of mortification seized the mind of the young candidate for arms, as he

replied, "I am not so fortunate; I mean to offer myself as a volunteer in his regiment, if Colonel Grant will accept of me."—"A volunteer for glory!" exclaimed the other, with a smile half incredulous and half satirical; but Norman looked so grave, that he added, "You do well to join the ranks, if you wish for the society of gentlemen. I have at present the honour of serving under the son of a tailor, and of seeing in the ranks the only son of an Irish chief." This young man had an appearance of manly frankness, which found ready access to the heart of Norman; and he ventured again to speak on the subject round which his mind was fluttering. "If you are really resolved, and anxious to be accepted as a volunteer, I am the very man to do your business. Were General — here, he would be so rejoiced to hear that the age of chivalry is not quite gone, and that something is left on earth to resemble himself, that you would be received with enthusiasm; but my uncle, Lieut. Col. Grant is the stiffest old soul alive. Unless you can shew a line from your father and your mother, your old aunts, and the parish minister, stating that they do not forbid the banns between, whom?—"Norman Macalbin," said Norman, smiling,—“Norman Macalbin and

Dame Glory, he will have nothing to do with you, believe me." Norman briefly informed his companion that his intention was approved by his friends, and that his situation determined his choice, not of the military profession, but of the rank he must for some time hold in the army. He then hesitated, his heart swelled, and he added, in a faltering voice, "The sentiments by which I am actuated must, to my own mind, dignify my obscure rank." The young officer felt for what he imagined the pride of fallen greatness; He said something kind and complimentary, and added, "Had you not best stop till I speak to my uncle. It might put you to your blushes you know, to hear all I have to say in your favour." Norman gladly consented to this considerate arrangement; and he had not walked many minutes before the tent, when he was rejoined by his new acquaintance, who immediately introduced him to the colonel of the regiment. This was an elderly, keen, rigid-looking man, who examined the young stranger with a degree of worldly earnestness which made the colour deepen in his cheeks; but quickly averting his eyes, the colonel apologised for his rudeness, by a compliment to the handsome figure of his young countryman, whom he afterwards re-

ceived with the most flattering politeness. Highland imaginations have still some mysterious idea of inseparable union between lofty stature and a commanding character, strength of body and generosity of soul ; and the small share of imagination that Colonel Grant had was quite Highland. The hero of the multitude is indeed generally six feet high. Colonel Grant had a paternal pride in the size and beauty of his officers and soldiers, and a very imperfect conception of that intellectual superiority which places in the mind of one man the force and the fortunes of thousands. He was therefore highly pleased with this new acquisition. After a few minutes of general conversation, he recommended the stranger to the care of his nephew, and informed him, that on the ensuing day a person would wait on him to instruct him in the duties of his profession.

Norman was charmed with this termination of what had weighed so heavily on his mind, and he warmly thanked his new acquaintance, Captain Drummond, for his good offices, as they retired together. This young man made a polite reply, and added, " The old hero did not ask us to sup with him. He is obliging enough to consider my weariness of the *talkee, talkee*, of his lieutenants, and my anxiety

to hear how the Highland hills and the Highland lasses are looking. I hope you will not be less kind?"—Thus invited, Norman attended Captain Drummond to his tent; and in a conversation of four hours the young men made very great progress towards intimacy. He found the young officer polite, animated, and friendly, fond of his profession, and full of pleasing recollections of their common country.

When they parted, Norman added a few lines to his Eleenalin journal, and on this night slept more soundly than he had done since he had left his home.

Next morning, as he walked about the encampment, he found himself the object of general attention; and half ashamed, half offended, at the scrutiny he underwent from the officers of the different regiments scattered around, he was about to return to his tent, when he was accosted by Captain Drummond. "Do you know," cried the latter, after the compliments of the morning, "that though but a dozen hours in the camp, you are already the occasion of as many bets, and, for aught I know, of as many challenges. We are dying to know what the devil you are, or where the deuce you come from. Whether the Count

—, or one of the French princes,—the son of a royal duke,—or a descendant of the man with the iron mask. My uncle says, mysteriously enough, that he is not quite sure himself. One thing we all know, and that is, you are no fit associate for us, so keep your own counsel, and no one will venture to intrude upon you. Bred in the army as I have been, I have small merit in being acquainted with the composition of a mess-room. Though it is somewhat singular that a man clothed in scarlet, and trained to glory, should be a little minded unmannered creature, such wonders are daily to be seen. Let me therefore beg of you to allow us the pleasure of discovering who you are, without at all assisting our conjectures.”

Every species of deception was painful to the mind of Norman, and he was about to protest against this tacit deceit, when a party of officers lounged up, arm in arm, who were evidently examining the graceful stranger with respectful but anxious attention. Drummond immediately bowed very low, and respectfully took leave, while with an air of vexed displeasure Norman slightly returned his bow.

“Pon my soul, my doubts are solved,” cried one, “see with what hauteur he treats Drummond. He is a man of the first rank, depend

upon it; and I believe you'll allow that I know a little of these matters." Norman overheard this affected whisper as he passed. It was indeed intended for his ear. His cheek flushed with shame and confusion, and turning hastily round, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen let me beg of you to believe that I am exactly what I seem, a Scottish Highlander,—a soldier of fortune,—for such is the simple truth." He slightly touched his hat and moved on; while Drummond and his thunderstruck companions bowed profoundly, almost overwhelmed with the unexpected honour done them, and each vowing that he had never presumed to form a different opinion, though each was now perfectly convinced that the new volunteer was a person of very great distinction.

The belief continued for some time to distress Norman and delight Captain Drummond, who enjoyed the double pleasure of quizzing his brother officers, and saving, as he fancied, the pride of his countryman. Wherever Norman went, the glance and whisper of curiosity followed, till at length he almost confined himself to his tent. When Captain Drummond was interrogated, he always answered, "Let me beg of you to believe he is just what he seems,—a soldier of fortune." "Well to be sure

that is one proof," said the major of the regiment; "but after all would a man of such rank live as he does, without servants or horses; with the fare and accommodations of a common soldier,—'tis damned strange."—"My dear major," replied Drummond, "I could have forgiven one of these raw lads such an observation, but a man of your knowledge in the world and standing in the service, fie, fie; acquainted too as you are with the history of the Alexanders and the Cæsars, the Czars and the Charleses, to wonder at a hero following their steps."

The major was pleased to think that his *standing in the service* gave him a right to know, by intuition, all that human sagacity can discover. He remarked that he had been the first to find out that Macalbin was not what he spelt himself, and Drummond readily conceded this honour. The major bowed lower and lower, whenever he casually met the soldier of fortune beyond the precincts of the camp; Drummond laughed louder and louder; and Norman became convinced that it was as well to join in the laugh, since bad humour did him no good.

This foolish jest lasted till Sir Archibald Gordon, whose regiment was attached to the



encampment, came to Ireland, and divulged the mighty secret, by declaring the young volunteer an over-educated adventurer from his estate in the Highlands. The good-natured among the officers enjoyed another laugh at the discovery of their own credulity, and Norman easily consoled himself for the altered looks of the mortified and the sullen.

The general officers belonging to the encampment were most rigid disciplinarians, and their proximity had excited a spirit of rivalry which made the camp-duty very severe; and which completely banished the idleness and frivolity that is too often found in such situations. The soldiers were usually in the field with the rising sun, and it often went down before they had quitted arms.

Norman entered on the business of his new profession, with all the enthusiasm for excellence which marked his character; and though he was often tempted to think the toil he underwent useless and vexatious, he was compelled to acknowledge that it had the happy effect of banishing, for the time, those gloomy recollections and perplexing doubts which too often haunted his mind.

The letters he from time to time received from Eleenalin possessed a soothing charm;

and little anecdotes of Moome, Flora, the Piper, and even the grey-hound, were perused with the delighted interest those only can feel who have wandered from the pleasures of a happy and far-distant home. Lady Augusta had not yet heard from Monimia; but she had that just confidence in herself, and in those she honoured with her friendship, which forbade all doubt or anxiety. "We do not deserve to be neglected," said she, in writing to Norman. "Monimia is herself too amiable to forget Eleenalin; but we must allow for some slight abatement of enthusiasm; we must give her time to call us to memory,—in her heart we shall always dwell."

Norman endeavoured to think in the same manner; and, during the first part of that long, long, though busy summer, he heroically struggled against enfeebling recollections; and in the leisure afforded him by the indulgent kindness of Captain Drummond, applied, with great perseverance, to studies connected with his profession. About this time, his kind friend was ordered away on the recruiting service, and Colonel Grant went to attend a trial in another part of the island:—a trial most interesting to military persons, and most afflicting in its terrible consequences, not only to the

family of the gallant officer whose fate it involved, but to the whole army, as well as to the population of the Highlands of Scotland.

The absence of these gentlemen proved critical to Norman ; for at this time an event took place which was to colour his future destiny.

Every person acquainted with the two countries must have remarked a strong resemblance between a certain class of old Irish families and those families to whom Scotland owes her bravest officers :—both are alike poor, gallant, well-born, and possessed of the pride of birth. Young Irishmen of this description formerly found honourable employment in the service of foreign princes ; but these times were gone, and lamentable prejudices had now fated them to an inactivity as pernicious to themselves as alarming to their country. While the Highlander entered life with the most inspiring hopes, and directed the energies of youthful ambition to the promotion of his country's welfare, mutual distrust and aversion condemned the unfortunate Irishman to find happiness in carousing with the ragged peasants who acknowledged his imaginary superiority ; to employ his talents in cultivating the arts of vulgar popularity ; and to place his ambition in

heading brawls at fairs and funerals. Nothing but wisdom and conciliation can, for any length of time, be “retentive of the strength of spirit;” and it is not very surprising if such persons sometimes displayed their prowess in enterprises even more desperate than beating excisemen and tythe farmers, and carrying off young women.

Roderick Bourke lived in the province of Connaught, in a decayed house, which, by the courtesy of Ireland, was called Castle-Bourke. The heir to a barren sceptre, he was accustomed to hear himself addressed by his loving kerne in a style which the Heralds’ office decrees to a very different person. The same devoted people had often ventured life and limb in his service; and Roderick, who had the true spirit of an Irish prince, could not, in requital, do less than spend his last acre in regaling them with whiskey and tobacco. Roderick died, after a short and tumultuous, but, on the whole, a glorious reign, and was splendidly buried by voluntary contribution; and his only son, whose immediate ancestors had been general officers in the service of all the catholic princes in Europe, was now a private soldier in the regiment of Sir Archibald Gordon.

This young Irishman had entered the army

at the age of seventeen ; in three quarters of the globe he had proved his bravery ; he was now in his twenty-seventh year, and in all the pride and strength of manhood. Gaiety of temper, drollery of manner, genuine Irish humour, and an exquisite talent for mimicry, extending to mind as well as manner, rendered him the favourite of the whole camp. The drunken sailor, swaggering officer, strutting martinet, and awkward recruit, of Phelim Bourke, were the highest comic treat to the soldiers, who gathered round him ; and the officers of the different regiments, when over their wine, often sent for this graceful buffoon, delighted with his jovial *chanson à boire*, and the singular brilliancy of his repartee. Phelim also played finely on several instruments, and in many exercises excelled all his companions. These fine qualities were all heightened by a warm and open spirit of military comradeship, and set off to the best advantage by a figure uncommonly handsome, even in Ireland, a gay, gallant air, and a countenance so intelligent, in its saucy archness, that no one could look on it without being tempted to smile, even at its quietest expression. Every man was the friend of Phelim, and Phelim was the friend of every *Irishman* ; every woman admired.

“handsome Bourke,” and Phelim adored the whole sex.

Such did Phelim Bourke appear to the dullest observer whom his wit quickened or his gaiety enlivened. But to the watchful scrutiny of Macalbin, he presented something far more striking:—a mind of the loftiest order, dallying with its own conscious powers, and mocking at its petty purposes,—hanging loose on life,—and turning, in half-affected scorn, from that high prize of virtuous achievement, which it despaired of attaining. Norman could perceive, that the laughing Carlini of the camp had very serious moments; at which times he treated those who depended for amusement on his wit or his scenic excellence, with caprice equal to any spoiled actress of them all. It could not be doubted, but that, with the blood of his ancestors, he inherited that proud hate which, for centuries, they had cherished against those whom boyish folly had made his masters;—circumstances alone could reveal whether this principle was extinguished, or only smothered in his bosom. But, in his darkest moods, if the trumpet sounded, or woman smiled, the intruding phantoms fled, and glory and gaiety reclaimed their slave.

The careless laugh of this young Irishman,

and his frank and graceful salutation, had ever been peculiarly exhilarating to the spirits of Norman, for whom he performed many little offices of kindness, and whom he treated with all the respect a nature so gay and familiar could shew to any one, especially since he understood that Norman was neither a prince of the blood nor of the half blood, but, like himself, "an unfortunate gentleman." They spent many of their leisure hours together with much pleasure, and some improvement.

At this time there was a little black-eyed girl, a kind of toast among the heroes of the camp, to whom Phelim was paying his *devoirs*, and who had also attracted the regards of his colonel. That a soldier should presume to rival his colonel, was a thing almost unexampled in military annals, and for sometime Sir Archibald was lost in astonishment. But when Phelim, though well apprised of the intentions of his superior, shewed no inclination to give up the pursuit, a favourite serjeant was sent to admonish him of his duty. Phelim would not believe that the articles of war forbade him to make love to 'Dora Tracey ;—so he laughed at the messenger, ridiculed the message, and was more than ever determined on conquest. Sir Archibald was equally resolved. His va-

nity, and other bad passions, were now powerfully excited; from a lover by proxy he condescended to woo in person; and both officers and soldiers anxiously watched the progress of the contending rivals.

Nature and habit had conspired to accomplish Phelim for enterprizes of this kind;—his gallantry had ever been found resistless, but he now also contended for the honour of victory,—and he proved the happy conqueror. Phelim was not altogether insensible to his triumph; some of the officers ventured to rally Sir Archibald on his disappointment; and all saw the tempest grow darker and darker round the head of the thoughtless soldier.

A portentous week passed over; and Phelim, who neither foresaw nor dreaded danger, had forgotten every hostile feeling, and even the occasion of animosity. On a fine summer's evening, he sat by the door of his tent, with some of his comrades, gaily tossing off bumpers to "Love and war," and carolling his last new song:

“Such is the love of a true Irishman,  
That he loves all the lovely, he loves all he can,  
With his slips of shilelah,” &c.



Sir Archibald happened to pass. It was the anniversary of the battle of ——; and the officers had taken a holiday to themselves, and given a fête to as many of the soldiers as had been engaged in that affair. Sir Archibald knew nothing about this battle; but he felt his heart boiling with ungovernable rage against Phelim Bourke, whom he instantly assailed with a torrent of military rhetoric, commanding him to remove from the spot where he sat, and threatening punishment for the excess he had already committed. Phelim disdained to answer; and some of the men having explained the occasion of the festivity, Sir Archibald thought proper to walk on. “I see I’m a prodigious favourite,” said Phelim, smiling scornfully, and continuing his song. In a few minutes the drum beat for evening parade, and Phelim hastened to his place. He had been under arms all the morning; the day had been remarkably sultry, and he was still warm and fatigued. When standing at ease, as it is called, Phelim took off his grenadier cap, and began to fan himself; and as he was expected to do nothing like sober people, in performing this operation he displayed all the coquetry and languishing airs of an affected lady. Sir Archibald Gordon was now walking along the line, and the more enrag-

ed that he durst not vent his anger ; he sternly commanded the soldier to put on his cap, enforcing his command with the usual accompaniment of oaths, and Phelim obeyed ; but, still supporting his assumed character, threw into his fine features so exquisite an expression of mawkish languishment, that his companions burst into stifled laughter. This was throwing the last drop into the cup of Sir Archibald's wrath. Transported with mingled anger and mortification, he repeatedly struck the soldier, while, as fast and as coherently as he could, he cursed what he was pleased to call "his damned Irish impudence." It was not easy for Bourke to bear a *national* reflection from this man ; yet he stood with the coolest indifference till he saw himself struck a second time. Phelim was a saucy privileged offender ; his birth and his fascinating qualities had almost dispensed him from the slavish subordination of a soldier. He still, however, moved neither limb nor tongue to defend himself ; but, with a look of withering contempt, slightly blew on his arm, as if to puff away the puny stroke. The full force of that emphatic look fell on the exasperated spirit of the baronet, and again he furiously showered his blows on the soldier. Phelim had great command of

temper ; he also knew the pains and penalties of his condition ; yet thus provoked, he haughtily bowed to Sir Archibald, saying, “ Thank you, brave Sir ; this is the more generous, as you well know I cannot pay you back these eight good years.” The rage of Sir Archibald was, if possible, redoubled ;—he rushed upon the soldier ; and Bourke being a large and very powerful man, grasped him firmly in his arms, threw him down, and spurned him with his foot !

The officers immediately gathered round ; Phelim was surrounded, disarmed, and escorted to prison by a guard of Englishmen, and followed by many of his countrymen.

“ What has he done, Pat Leary ?—What has he done ?” was the universal cry. “ What the devil has he done, think ye ?” answered the Irishman who was following Phelim : “ Sure it was no great matter to forget he was an English soldier and remember he was an Irish gentleman.”—“ But, Bourke, they say you put off your Irish impudence to the Colonel,” cried another soldier. “ Pray what sort of impudence may that be ?” —“ Pat will tell you,” replied Phelim, “ he has had most experience.” “ Aye, do tell us,” cried all the soldiers, laughing aloud.—“ Is it me ?” said Pat ; “ Why,

faith, I fancy it's much the same as *your Scottish soberness*, and not very different from *your English sincerity*."—"Right, Paddy!" cried Phelim, smiling in his turn. "All national virtues! Poor Ireland has her impudence! Well, England calls her sister;—the sister kingdom!"

Pat, who had been anxiously watching his opportunity, pressed up to Phelim as they drew near the prison door, whispering, "Phelim, jewel, if you would take leg-bail for it now, we make you as welcome as ever you was to your mother's milk—White be the place of her rest! By the holy—its ourselves would compass our ould shister's boys, and by the same token we have done it before. Don't ye mind them." Phelim thanked his countryman, but he scorned to fly; and besides, he had more good principle than to purchase his own safety by the horror and blood which so wild a scheme might have occasioned to its good hearted though inconsiderate projectors. When they had seen him lodged in prison, they gave him a farewell cheer, in which they were joined by both the Scottish and English soldiers, to the great joy of Pat Leary, and the infinite indignation of Sir Archibald Gordon.

Bourke was a great and general favourite

but in a military court the colonel of a regiment must needs be fearful odds against a private soldier. Anxiously, therefore, did Norman await the return of Colonel Grant and his nephew.

But they were both very distant,—and the sentence of a general court-martial condemned Bourke to expiate his offence by suffering five hundred lashes! His cheerful and manly spirit was at first completely overwhelmed by the idea of an ignominious punishment; he reminded the court of his birth,—he pleaded for honourable death. But he soon appeared to have recovered his customary gaiety; and when Norman visited him in prison, on the evening after his trial and previous to his suffering, he found him gaily whistling, and caricaturing Sir Archibald Gordon, who at this moment was seen from the window exercising the drum-boys in flogging a large stone. He was working on the prison walls with a piece of red chalk, which he had ingeniously fixed in his *handcuffs*; the figures he had sketched possessed great spirit and force of expression, and the explanatory sentences all the point of Phelim's wit when in his happiest vein.

“You are an universal genius, Bourke,” said Norman, looking with sincere admiration

on this bold caricature : “ But this display of your talents will do no good, so you must pardon me if I efface it ;” and he began to rub out the lines with his handkerchief, while Phelim looked on smiling. “ Mr Macalbin,” said he, at length, in a grave and earnest tone, “ you are most kind ; I have ever found you all the soldier and the gentleman, and with my whole heart I love and honour you. Were it not for these damned bracelets,” and he clashed his *handcuffs* together, “ I hope you would permit me, condemned as I am, to shake your hand, and to bid you think kindly of me, when all is over with me !” Norman clasped the fettered hands within his own, saying, “ That shall not thwart our purpose.” He perceived the sunny eyes of Phelim glisten for a moment,—but he again began to whistle with his usual thoughtless hilarity ; and Norman ventured to allude to his punishment. “ I am not only happy, but proud to see you bear yourself so manfully,” said he ; “ You know how much you are beloved,—you may count on every possible indulgence.” Phelim made an involuntary start,—his features changed with fearful celerity, and he replied, “ Yes, I know that I am beloved,—I have a stout heart too,—yet many a stouter has dishonour broken,—mine, I trust,

will bear me out bravely,"—and he struck his fettered hand on the seat of that manly heart ; and then, as if ashamed of his emotion, added laughing, " I am sometimes obliged to knock it up, and to ask it how it does."

In a few minutes Norman left him ; and when locked up for the night he was still whistling and caricaturing.

Next morning Norman heard with indescribable concern, that Phelim had attempted suicide during the night, by opening the jugular vein, but that he had been discovered, and that strong hopes were entertained of his recovery. Night and day he was watched in his cell, and he did recover.

At this time Colonel Grant returned to the camp, much dispirited by the result of the trial on which he had been witnessing. Norman knew his abhorrence of that horrid species of punishment, which is alike disgraceful to those who decree and to those who suffer, and he ventured to plead for Phelim, as he knew a second court-martial was to be held, at which the Colonel was likely to be present. Colonel Grant knew the temper of Sir Archibald Gordon too well to give Norman much hope ; he also knew that vulgar minds cannot separate the idea of authority from the person in

whom it is vested. To render the one contemptible was to degrade the other. "Poor Bourke must suffer," said he; and Norman withdrew in bitterness of spirit.

On the day of the second trial, he hovered round the tent in which it was held, with Phelim's young mistress and her father, a veteran serjeant belonging to his own regiment. When Colonel Grant left the court, the old man accosted him, saying: "Is there any hope for that poor fellow?"—"None, Tracey, none!" cried the Colonel in great agitation: "We have ordered him an additional hundred for his second sally,"—and he hastily passed on. The poor girl fell into the arms of her father; and Norman hastened to the sea-shore to vent his feelings in solitude.

Phelim was now declared able to bear the punishment he would have died a thousand deaths to avoid; and as the day drew near, Colonel Grant sent him a private message by Norman, bidding him be of good heart, as his punishment would be very lenient. "Does he think it is pain that *I* fear?" cried Phelim, indignantly tearing open his waistcoat, and exposing his honourable scars. When this was reported to Colonel Grant, his features suffered a sudden contraction; and when the hour ar-



rived which was to expose the lacerated shoulders of Phelim to the eyes of his countrymen, the Colonel contrived to be absent himself, though he could not extend the same kindness to Norman. He was compelled to attend. He saw the man, for whom his soul was in agony, brought out, heavily ironed, more dead than alive, and brutally stripped to undergo the most horrid of punishments. Nothing could make him witness more of this revolting spectacle. He closed his eyes, but he still heard the soldiers muttering around him,—“That is the wound he got in Egypt,” said one. “I tell you no,” whispered another, “it is the sabre cut he got defending the colours at Maida.” Though sights of this kind are unfortunately but too common to be much regarded, an awful stillness marked the strong sensation experienced by every individual in the little army when the signal was at last given, and when the *leaden bullet*,\* which he indignantly rejected, was offered to Phelim Bourke. A death-like coldness crept through the veins of Norman; he leaned heavily on his musquet;—

\* In suffering this punishment, a leaden bullet is kept in the mouth, that the strong exertion of the teeth on this substance may deaden the sensation of excruciating pain.

in the next moment the rocks of the sea-shore were resounding to the strokes of the lash!—he became dizzy and sick, and heard and saw no more.

When he recovered, he found himself supported in the arms of a soldier, and at a distance from the circle.—“ Bourke is taken down, Sir,” said the man, who was pleased to see so great sensibility to the sufferings of a soldier: “ He got two hundred, and the *flogometer* said he must get the rest afterwards.”—“ What mean you?” said Norman. “ Oh, the surgeon, who holds a man’s pulse, to see how many lashes he can take at a time, Sir; poor Bourke invented that name for him. Well, thank God, he never uttered one groan, nor shrunk a bit. Had he shrieked we never could have borne it,—he was always such a merry fellow.”—“ What! do they then shriek?” cried Norman.—“ Dreadfully, Sir, dreadfully!” replied the soldier, evidently shocked by personal recollections: “ Can you doubt but they must.”

At this moment some soldiers were seen bearing the mangled and almost inanimate body of Phelim Bourke across the field to the hospital tent. A few days back, and Norman had seen this gallant fellow so wild with life,

so full of talent and enjoyment!—"My friend, I am faint again," said he to the soldier, and he hid his face in the grass.

For three succeeding days Phelim shrouded his head in the bed-clothes, refusing to look on the light which had witnessed his disgrace, and obstinately rejecting food. While in this condition, Norman knelt by his bed-side, imploring that he would speak to him, and take nourishment and comfort; but Phelim continued inflexibly silent. Only once did Norman catch a glimpse of his face; and oh, how changed were the once fine features and radiant eyes of Phelim! He sadly recollected of Captain Drummond holding a dispute with the daughter of Colonel Grant on the colour of Bourke's eyes, and of that young lady saying, "they were the colour of gladness."

Norman, though somewhat astonished to so find any thing make so deep, and, above all, so lasting an impression on his light and joyous nature, still persisted in attending Phelim, and in attempting to sooth a noble mind writhing under unmerited dishonour. One evening, after having exhausted every argument to console the poor sufferer, who continued dumb and sullen, his head wrapt in the bed-clothes, Nor-

man tried to work on his generous temper by reproach and upbraiding.

“This cannot be that gay, good-natured Bourke,” said he, “whom every one loved. He would not thus sullenly reject the sympathy of his friends.”

“Oh, no, no,” exclaimed Phelim, in a heart-piercing tone, “I am not that happy soldier!—A dishonoured wretch, insulted, degraded, mangled by a scourge,—all that is man in me brutally violated. Why, then, should I live? Why, if you love me, do you look on me?” He immediately relapsed into silence, sullenly turned round, and told Norman to be gone. Recommending him to a catholic priest, who kindly attended him, Norman withdrew, much grieved, and even alarmed, at the strange perverseness and ferocity which a brutal punishment had wrought in the generous mind of this gallant Irishman.

Next morning Phelim Bourke was missing. The whole encampment was for some hours in dismay and confusion, but the unfortunate soldier was never heard of. His comrades concluded that he had thrown himself into the sea,—a catastrophe which had sometimes happened in similar cases. At high water, Norman wandered along the shore, with Pat Lea-

ry and some kind-hearted Connaught-men, in hopes of finding the dead body of their friend. The sea rolled in with a heavy wave, but nothing was to be seen. "Ah!" cried Norman, "many a brave heart lies under thee.—Poor Phelim!"

## CHAP. XXVIII.

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Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness so swiftly flies :  
Thought would destroy their paradise :  
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.

GRAY.

Our cadet had brought into life that inflamed fancy to which every scene is *picture*, every image poetry ; that romantic enthusiasm which expected to find a hero and a knight in every soldier, and in every female the immaculate damsel of old romance, or the dignified matron of Roman story. Three short months spent in the work-day world did more to reduce his mind to the standard of sober thinking, than all the grave counsels of Lady Augusta, or the playful raillery of Monimia, who had made much greater progress in the science of life than our young soldier. But, though now fairly disenchanted, he ever cherished that generous

prepossession in favour of his species, and that benevolent indulgence for their failings which, if not wisdom, is happiness. His first disappointment had been, to find that a Highland regiment,—a name consecrated to glory,—was composed of English, Irish, and Lowland Scots, and these not always the free-born, lofty-minded Englishmen of his fancy; and still seldomer the quiet, intelligent, and amiable peasants that Graham, and Burns, and Buchanan, had taught him to expect. It was in fact like many other regiments,—a promiscuous horde, shaken from the encumbered lap of society, and mingled with the overflowing scum of her morbid ebullition. But his companions were still beings possessed of human feelings and affections, and all of them were highly gifted with the first virtues of private soldiers,—skill in arms and courage in the field. With the powerful aids of imprisonment, flogging, and *piqueting*, they were kept in tolerable order too; and with this state of things Norman strove to be contented; and, till the death of Phelim Bourke, he had been not very unsuccessful.

When he returned from wandering on the shore, the glories of a replendent sun-set were streaming over the picturesque encamp-

ment, and flashing in a thousand radiant lines from rows of flickering spears. Every soft and every martial form caught new grace or grandeur from the rich tints of evening.—Groups of females and of military were everywhere gliding around, and children, born to war, frolicked about with the airy grace of their happy age. At a considerable distance, a body of men, under arms, were still performing their evolutions, and sometimes marching across the plain, in motion, measured by a lofty strain of martial music. In its pause was heard the round, full-toned voice of the commander, or that soothing hum of mingled sounds which fluctuates on the summer air in a still evening. Norman gazed on this fine picture with a cold, practised eye; and of all the sounds that wooed his ear, he heard only the faint murmur of the heavy wave which rolled over Phelim Bourke.

“ ’Tis a disenchanted scene!” thought he, as he leaned on the entrance of his tent. “ Will they drill these poor fellows all night, because they presumed to lament their countryman? to play the march he loved too—cruel!”

He stood wrapt in musing sadness, when darkness had come on, and the camp-fires ruddied the field, which was still graced by



female and enlivened by infant beauty. His comrades, gathered around these fires, were enjoying the passing hour with all the happy, and thrice happy thoughtlessness of their profession.

“ Who would wish a soldier to be a thinking creature :” sighed Norman : “ Poor Phe-  
lim ; already is he forgotten ! How was he wont to fling round his jests at an hour like this ! Lady Augusta was right in saying, the world would soon apply the *fairy-ointment* to my eyes. Short, bright illusions !—all gone !”

Norman was recollecting a wild story, still told by the people about the *braes* of Balquhidder, which the Lady often applied to himself. A highland woman was stolen by the fairies, and in their enchanted clime found every thing as bright and lovely as poetic fancy has feigned :

“ ’Twas merry, ’twas merry in fairy-land,  
Where the fairy-birds were singing.”

But this did not long last. The happy, because enchanted woman, one day saw some of her fairy friends anointing their eyes with a particular composition, and, on their turning round, foolishly applied it to one of her own eyes. The quick return of her companions

prevented her from touching the other eye. But what was her astonishment to find, that while to the enchanted eye every thing still wore the charms of fairy-land, to the other the same objects seen in their true light appeared filthy and loathsome.

“’Tis a disenchanted scene !” Again the enthusiast began to ruminate bitter fancies. “Poor fellows ! defenders of their country ! How dearly is its defence purchased, if this be the price ! A soldier,—a being degraded below the level of humanity,—a man who has surrendered the high privileges of his nature, and placed his freedom in another’s power ;—a solitary part of a vast machine, estimated only by its aggregate force,—subservient to every impulse of perverted power,—the blind instrument of pitiful intrigue or lawless ambition ;—an unfortunate, thrust beyond the pale of social life, almost proscribed the intercourse of his species,—the limits which separate him from the citizen so obtrusively pointed out, so rigidly maintained ;—a creature placed beyond the influence of those salutary restraints, imposed by the customs of society, and the observing eye of the world, with personal responsibility, losing all chance, all desire of acquiring the esteem of his fellow men. Poor

fellow ! cruelty and force alone employed in enforcing that blind submission, and exciting that animal ferocity, which seem to comprehend the whole of his duties,—duties which are perhaps incompatible with moral influence, since I never, never saw it tried !”

Norman now repeated, at full length, the quotation he had banished from his mind when passing through Glencoe :

“ Man in society is like a flower  
Blown in its native bed. ’Tis there alone  
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,  
Shine out ; there only reach their proper use.  
But man associated, and leagued with man,  
By r<sup>e</sup>gal warrant, or swarming into clans,  
Beneath one head for purposes of war,  
Like flowers selected from the rest, and bound  
And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,  
Fades rapidly, and, by compression marr’d,  
Contracts defilement not to be endur’d.”

So ended the soliloquy in a tent-door ; for it was now near midnight, and no sound was heard but the low voice of a centinel, who, after his day’s drilling was over, was carelessly humming :

“ Why soldiers, why ?  
 Why he melancholy, boys :  
 Why soldiers, why ?  
 Whose business is to die.”

as he paced his guard before the colonel's tent. “ Blessed, blessed thoughtlessness !” cried Norman, throwing himself on his hard pallet, and trying to sleep, and to forget the portraits of Cowper, the Botany-bay Eclogues of Southey, and the mortifying train of images which haunted his fancy on this gloomy night.

Towards morning he fell into an uneasy slumber, from which he was roused by the entrance of the serjeant who had charge of the tents.

The friendship of Captain Drummond had procured for Norman the luxury of a separate tent. Though his fare was as coarse as that of any soldier in the regiment, he enjoyed the quiet and security of a home, and that without encroaching on the few remaining comforts of Lady Augusta. Here he had arranged his few books and drawings, and some specimens illustrative of natural history, which he had collected on his journey. Here he could pursue his studies undisturbed, and, what was still better, gaze for hours without interruption on the only trea-

sure his small bureau contained,—the portrait of Monimia. It was a rough, light sketch, executed by himself; but full of genius and interest. Monimia personified the lovely Malvina, the tenderest theme of Ossian; but by a very pardonable anachronism, she was represented as leaning on his tomb in the vale of Glenalmond. She was arrayed in the appropriate costume of the mountains; at her feet lay that broken harp, whose magic sounds mortal hand might never again dare to awaken. The likeness of Monimia was striking and animated: It was more; the genius of the painter had penetrated the soul of the lovely object he portrayed; and, in the soul-illumined countenance, was displayed all its high-toned feelings and fine sensibilities. The upturned, ardent gaze, seemed to pursue the wild visions of poetic enthusiasm, and to reveal the triumphs of conscious inspiration.—“*He is not here, he is risen!*” was the idea suggested to Lady Augusta by the sight of this beautiful figure, and the rude tomb on which it leaned. This picture was to Norman an exhaustless source of stolen enjoyment.

But we have forgotten who stood by Norman's bed-side,—the serjeant,—who thus addressed him:

“ I have orders, Sir, to see this tent got in order for Ensign Boyd—the Major’s orders; I am very sorry for it, but you will require to leave it immediately, and lodge, till we go into quarters, with some of the men.” Norman heard this extraordinary message with surprise and vexation. To be not only deprived of his peaceful refuge, but also consigned to the society of the common soldiery, was a shock he could not for a few minutes surmount. He was, however, able to command his feelings before this man, who had done his duty as civilly as circumstances permitted, and at length replied, “ It is very well: Tell me where it is proper that I should go, and in an hour I shall be ready.—“ I see no cause of haste,” said the man, “ only, Sir, the Major:—If you were to apply to the Colonel, Sir, I’m sure you might remain.” “ I do not think it necessary to trouble Colonel Grant.”—“ May be, Sir: Well, I hope you do not blame me nor any body; ’tis only the Major,—he is such a crony of Sir Archibald Gordon’s, who, you know, since handsome Bourke”—“ My good friend, I am not curious,” interrupted Norman, “ only tell me when and where I must go.—“ I shall, Sir, as soon as I learn; but I believe he was more anxious to have you turned out, than to provide a place

for you.”—“Very well, that’s enough,” said Norman; “you will call as soon as possible.” The man went away; and he immediately rose, and began to pack up his books and papers. “This was poor revenge!” said he, sitting down when his business was ended, while a smile of calm contempt for a moment stole over his features.

In the evening of that day he was placed in a tent with a number of soldiers; and he found that Sir Archibald Gordon had reckoned with considerable accuracy, in imagining that this kind of society was likely to expose him to much disgust and uneasiness. Some of his new companions were good-natured and obliging, and, for the first few days, tried to save appearances;—but, can the Ethiopian change his skin? While their degraded condition palliated some of their vices, it could not lessen his abhorrence of the brutal depravity, the avidity of wickedness, which characterised his rude companions. His pure nature shrunk from the communion of beings who, in ceasing to be men, had become soldiers!

For some days he spent all his leisure hours in solitary rambles on the sea-shore, and in proud uncomplaining despondency. But Norman had learned better things than to sit down

and bemoan himself in listless apathy, because he could no longer follow his favourite studies undisturbed; or to sink without an effort into gloomy misanthropy, because his situation happened to be irksome, and his companions disagreeable. "I must make the best of it," was his reflection at the end of three days; and he resolved to lose no more time.

The dignity, moderation, and gentleness of his character, had always commanded the respect of his companions; and they were disposed to overlook the stately reserve of his manners, when they found that, though seemingly cold, he took a very kindly interest in their prosperity, and promoted their real welfare by every means in his power. They had also sagacity enough to understand the species of persecution which had driven him among them, and sufficient good-nature to form many vague wishes of disappointing the malice of the enemies his humanity had made. If they were thus forbearing, Norman was equally indulgent. Man, the plastic being of circumstance, whose opinions are caught, whose manners are too often formed by unfortunate imitation, destitute of any strong bias to goodness, and deprived of that cultivation of mind which leads to its practice, had his tenderest pity;



while his indignation was directed against the pernicious system which propels his vices, and takes its measure of iniquity from the dreadful extent of the moral degradation it seems calculated to produce. He could not forget that a few years back, and the most vile of the unfortunate beings around him had been smiling in innocence on a female bosom, the object of the softest affections and the fondest endearments; —that a few years more, and this frail and erring creature would have gone to the mercy of his God! To have lived in a state of hostility with his fellow-creatures, would have been to live in positive misery; and such reflections gave a tone to his feelings as happy for himself as indulgent towards them.

A soldier, even on the closest duty, has far more leisure than any ordinary mechanic; and, a child of larger growth, mere activity of spirits often leads him to devote his spare moments to folly and mischief, from the want of something pleasant or profitable with which to occupy his vivacious mind.

When Norman returned from his eventide meditations, with the wise resolution of making the best of his condition, he found some of his comrades half-drunk, others half-asleep; and the rest, who had been playing at Pitch-

and-toss, till prevented by darkness, still quarrelling about their game. Those philosophers who contend that happiness is nearly equal in all conditions, might have mentioned that the soldier who holds the sixty-fourth share of a lottery ticket, or hazards his day's pay at Pitch-and-toss, experiences the same powerful sensations, the same agonizing alternation of hope and fear, joy and despair, that distract the young nobleman who stakes half his revenue in a fashionable gaming-house. A sort of sullen constrained silence followed the entrance of Norman. "We all seem melancholy," said he: "Come Ellis, you are an old soldier; tell us your adventures in Egypt." Thus challenged, Ellis would have belied his profession had he refused to give a history of his campaign, and he began forthwith to relate tales of war and wonder. His account of the voyage,—the landing,—and the various movements of the army, was very correct; but he wanted language to describe the face of the country; and Norman carelessly taking up a book which lay beside him, read a short but striking description of Alexandria, Rossetta, and Damietta,—of the inundation of the Nile, and the appearance of Egypt at that season.

Ellis was delighted to find his own rude con-

ceptions so clearly unfolded by the language of another. The book formed a text on which he expatiated, and the soldiers were greatly amused with the new and picturesque images of this singular country which were rising in their misty minds, and highly interested in the fortunes of the war of which it had been the scene. At a late hour they reluctantly ended the conversation, after agreeing to assemble earlier on the following evening, to hear the conclusion of Ellis's adventures.

Several of these soldiers had been in the East Indies, some of them in the West India Islands, others on the continent of America, and one or two in Gibraltar, Sicily, and Holland ; and for many nights Norman contrived to occupy them in hearing or relating personal adventures, intermixed with strange and confused accounts of the countries they had seen, which he compared with short passages from geographers and travellers. The soldiers were sometimes gratified to find their testimony agree with *printed books*, and to learn that they possessed such treasures of knowledge ; and at other times mortified to discover that so much was to be seen which they had not perceived.

While these evening amusements lasted, a pack of cards, in which no eyes but those of

a soldier could have distinguished the brilliant queen of hearts from her sable majesty of clubs, had been laid aside, and very few visits had been paid to the drinking-houses. But, unfortunately, every one had now told his story.

“As it is thought we are to be ordered to the Cape,” said Norman, “what think ye of learning what like it may be? Why should we not know what to look for when we go abroad, as well as those fine fellows we have been reading?”

“That’s impossible!” cried every one, though few thought it altogether so. “I can’t see the impossibility,” replied Norman: “You recollect the little story I was telling you last night, of ‘Eyes and no eyes.’” “Aye” sighed a Scotsman, “A wise man’s eyes are in his head, but a fool’s are in the ends of the earth.” “Ogh,” cried Pat L’ary, we will learn; Marshal gives scripture for it.” “Come, then,” said Norman, smiling, “here is the map, and the book, and a pretty picture of Cape-town.” The soldiers crowded round; their rout was traced, and every one triumphantly pointed out islands, promontories, and bays he had formerly seen; and often insisted on new situations for them, which Norman,

happy to see that their curiosity was at length roused, and their attention fixed, did not think it prudent to dispute.

The readings were begun. Norman had previously marked the book, and every thing tedious was passed over. Accounts of minerals and plants, grave reflections, political and philological disquisitions, were uniformly neglected, and his rude audience were bewildered in a gay tumult of lions, Dutch girls, Caffres, Hottentots, Bushmen, Steinboks, and ostrich feathers. Only once did he venture to dwell on any serious matter. It was a sweet picture of the little Hottentot settlement, formed by the apostolic labours of a good Moravian missionary. Yes! there is something good in man! "Long life to him!" cried Pat Leary. "He is a damned honest fellow," said Ellis. "Though a Moravian, he seems to have had the root o' the matter in him," said Marshal, a sad backslider, who had been religiously educated; and Norman, smiling at these national praises, softly added, "He is a disciple of that blessed faith, which teaches 'peace on earth and good-will towards men.' He is a CHRISTIAN, my good friends." He had never before hazarded any observation so grave; a mo-

mentary embarrassment followed, and with a serious smile he recommenced his reading.

Whenever the hero of the adventures got into any danger or difficulty, from which courage or sagacity alone could extricate him, Norman stopped, saying, "What's to be done now, Ellis?" When every one had given his opinion in this important crisis, Norman read on, his comrades triumphing to find that the contrivances they suggested were exactly similar to those adopted by the traveller.

With exemplary patience did Norman bear much occasional coarseness of remark, and many a brilliant joke on the charms of the Hottentot beauties; and when the travels at the Cape were ended, he ventured to read select stories from the Cheap Repository, the Evenings at Home, and the Popular Tales of Miss Edgeworth. He also employed Marshal to read, and contrived to make his comrades converse on what they were hearing. Pat Leary made admirable criticisms; Marshal was very acute at discovering faults; and though Ellis seldom spoke, whatever he did say was found well worthy of being attended to. Besides adopting the expedient of Scheherazade, to keep alive curiosity, the least indication of yawning from Ellis, or whistling from Pat Lea-

ry, (who sometimes forgot his manners,) was warning to Norman to shut his book for the night.

Insensibly did these rude soldiers begin to acquire better habits and tastes. New sources of pleasure were opened to them,—quiet and good order became the inmates of their crowded abode; the turbulent were either awed into submission, or compelled to live in a state of proscription; and every one felt himself happier, richer, and more respectable than he had ever before been as a soldier. Yet many transient deviations from the narrow path were unhappily made, for which there seemed no remedy but time. For instance, they often wandered from home in search of some learned clerk to write their letters. These letters were necessarily written in drinking-houses, and the scribe rewarded with spirits, which his employer did not always refuse to share.

One night Marshal was reading the tale of Rosanna, while Norman amused himself with his pencil, though secretly fretting at the absence of Ellis and Leary, who had gone in search of their secretary. Leary's last epistle had cost him a week of riot and a night's imprisonment, after a month of good behaviour; so it was not without reason that Norman now

felt alarmed. In about an hour the soldiers returned, and, to his astonishment, both were perfectly sober. Ellis quietly sat down, his strongly-marked features expressing a strange mixture of obstinate endurance, sullenness, grief, and disappointment; but Leary would have been no Irishman could he have felt either joy or grief, anger or satisfaction, without sharing it with his friends. "So, there you are going on with that sweet creature, Rosy Gray, without me," cried he.— "Really, Master Leary, its a pity indeed but we had waited for you," said one. "Yes, you might.—Confound that fellow, Barton; here have we hunted him up and down this hour, and found him at last rioting, and drunk as the Baltic. What a beastly thing it is to see a man drunk, Mr Macalbin?"

Mr Macalbin laughed, and so did Leary; and Marshal repeated the proverb about Satan reproving Sin. "Well, it does not signify for my letter; but what if poor Ellis's wife take it into her head to lie-in without his half-guinea?"—"Pshaw! never mind," cried Ellis, gruffly. "Indeed," said Norman, smiling, "I believe such cases do not admit of delay. So, suppose you employ me to-night, and learn to serve yourselves to-morrow. I'm



astonished to see fellows so clever, submitting to run up and down, imploring people to ask how their wives or their mothers do, when they could, with a little trouble, do it so much better themselves. Why, Pat, man, your fingers are not all thumbs any more than Barton's." Pat laughed heartily at this homely figure. "Bless your soul," cried he, "is it *we* learn to write? I had a smack of it once though. But, you see, they wanted me to get the Protestant catechism, (*he became grave and earnest,*) so I was *took* from school, being Catholic, and that put the devil on my *edication*."

Norman began to write the letters. Leary had so copious a flow of eloquence, and so much to tell his friends, that it was found necessary to put an abrupt termination to his epistle, by crowding in loves and remembrances to the whole generation of the Learys, and to half the population of his native parish. Not a word had Ellis to say, but that he was very well, thank God, and did not stand in need of *nothing*; so not to mind him."—In dictating his letter, Pat had been dissolved in tenderness, and English Ellis, if possible, more stern than usual; but when he reached over the solitary half-guinea, Norman fancied

that he saw his hand tremble ; his voice became husky, and he went to the tent-door.

“ Poor fellows !” thought Norman, melting into womanish softness. “ They all have hearts,—human hearts ;”—and he could love any thing which had a heart, however rude or uncouth it might otherwise be. Norman had never felt the want of money so painfully as at the moment he folded up Ellis’s solitary half-guinea. He put his hand into his pocket, then drew it hastily back ;—he knew that if he hesitated he was lost ; for, though “ be just before you are generous” is an obsolete maxim, it was a living statute with Norman.

The letters were franked and despatched, and materials for writing collected. Leary and another Irishman began with all the eagerness of childhood, and Norman placed a seat for Ellis, and put a pen into his hand, saying, “ Come now, Ellis.” Every one went to work. To avoid the appearance of officious interference, Norman continued to draw, at the same time attending to his pupils, and Marshal went on with the story of Rosanna.

“ But we will be ruined out of house and home for pens and paper,” said Leary. “ The price of a single glass of whiskey would keep us in paper for a week,” replied Norman. Pat

laughed, but he blushed also,—a wonderful sign of grace; and Ellis likewise coloured, with a look hesitating between a smile and frown, till sympathy, with Leary's mirth, turned the balance.

By the time the tale was ended, Ellis had made many stout and pretty fair strokes; and Pat, to shew his learning, had scrawled, fifty times over, *wan tudaye es wrth tu tomorows—praktis mekes perfit, patrick leary*. Norman professed himself very much pleased with their efforts; and many succeeding evenings were spent in the same manner, till Pat Leary was able to send home a letter that might be read, and Ellis a very excellent one; in which the strong affections, which his proud and repulsive temper shrouded from the eye of strangers, flowed forth without fear or shame. The next books which these soldiers heard read, were abridged histories of England and of Rome, and biographical sketches of eminent military characters, intermixed with short attractive stories.

The spark of improvement was now spreading on all sides,—from tent to tent,—from regiment to regiment,—slowly indeed, and almost imperceptibly, but still gaining ground; and Norman began to hope, that, were it care-

fully fanned and cherished at this important crisis, something better might be expected than had ever yet been seen among soldiers.— But his evil star was again predominant.

Sir Archibald Gordon had injured Phelim Bourke too deeply ever to forgive those who had dared to shew him kindness while living, or to regret him when dead. He had originally disliked Norman from no very intelligible motive, but he now abhorred him for many good reasons : First, he had presumed to save his life at the cascade of the Gos-hawk ; secondly, he was the real owner of a certain wolf-dog ; thirdly, he had been taken for some very great personage ; fourthly, he presumed to lament Phelim Bourke ; fifthly, he was very popular among the soldiery ; and, lastly, he dared to be useful to others, and happy in himself, in spite of the wrath of Sir Archibald Gordon.

One day that the regiment of this gentleman and that of Colonel Grant were in the field together, the regiment of the latter, owing to a mistake in the orders, fell into some blunder, which had the most unhappy effect on the violent temper of their commander. He was standing, swearing at their stupidity, when Sir Archibald rode up, and, with the most provoking sneer, said, “ My dear Colonel, com-

pose yourself; how should *scholars* and *philosophers* condescend to observe the trifling minutiae of regimental orders. Leave those things to my ignorant brutes, and do you console yourself with commanding politicians and readers,—if they are not too enlightened to be commanded.”—“Curse their reading,” cried Colonel Grant, affronted for himself and his men, and enraged at his insolent admonisher, who, with another sneering laugh, rode off.

## CHAP. XXIX.

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It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear.

*Cade.* O monstrous!

*Smith.* We took him setting boys' copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain! Come hither, sirrah, till I examine thee:—Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself like an honest, plain-dealing man?

SHAKESPEARE.

COLONEL GRANT was a brave man, and, as far as regarded the details of regimental duty, a bustling and skilful officer. His chief ambition was, to supply what he imagined deficiencies in the military code; and so violent was his fondness for regulating every action, from the most important manœuvres down to the blacking of shoes and the whitening of belts, that, if it had been possible to fix the precise angle at which his men should look at each other, at a serjeant, an ensign, &c. &c. he would have formed a scale, and assigned punishments corresponding to its degrees. But though rigid and severe, he was perfectly devoid of caprice,—full of respect for the character of a soldier, and placing its perfection

in a tall, square figure, fierce whiskers, a smart uniform, deliberate bravery, and exact observance of the laws he was daily enacting. He was convinced that the existing institutions of the army were the most perfect work of man, and his own regiment the most complete exemplar of their consummate excellence; and still indulged a vague belief, that one of his soldiers could beat five Frenchmen, but, somehow, they never had a fair opportunity. In him vehement passions were sometimes mistaken for energy of mind, and opinionativeness for promptness and decision of judgment; and there were many subalterns who pronounced Colonel Grant a very rigorous character, whenever he gave flagrant proofs of being a very furious man. Now, it sometimes happens, that this species of vigour is not quite concomitant with justice and wisdom. Yet, it must be confessed, that Colonel Grant's summary way of judging was attended with its peculiar advantages. It saved a world of time, hesitation, and inquiry, to declare whatever seemed bold or new in theory, "*damned nonsense*;" and whoever differed from himself, either in speculation or practice, "*a damned fool*." But, let it also be recorded, that whatever savoured of meanness in conduct, or baseness in mind,

was most emphatically pronounced “ *a most damnable shame.*” The same rigid ideas of discipline, that guided his conduct at the head of his men, were carried into the bosom of his family :—an imperious master,—a stern husband,—at once the lawgiver and the judge, making his own *free-will* the infallible standard of opinion and manners,—and all the while led, if not absolutely governed, by an only child, a lively girl, whom he intended for the wife of Captain Drummond. Yet he was essentially humane, in a strange, rough way of his own. For instance, though hating all innovation, and abhorring every change, he often protested against military flogging. It was by no means timidity which made the Colonel thus fearful of improvement or innovation; nor were his apprehensions at all general;—though he perceived mutiny, desertion, and rebellion, as the certain consequence of permitting his soldiers to learn what sort of men Marlborough and Nelson were, he would, with great pleasure, have gone at the head of these same soldiers to disperse a set of impertinent persons, who, because they are entrusted with the necessary power; do, on rare occasions, presume to interfere with the internal affairs of the army. It is true, he was not quite satisfied



to see improper influence (if such a thing can exist) setting boys over heads grown grey in gallant service ; and he sometimes took the liberty to apply his favourite appellation to very exalted military personages : But then he was altogether enraged at the insolence of those whom the country has empowered to correct faults and provide remedies, as often as they dared to express a similar sentiment, however decorously worded.

On the day in which Colonel Grant's regiment committed the unpardonable blunder of hearing one thing when another was said, he dined by previous engagement with Sir Archibald Gordon, and endured so much covert reproach, so many sneers, and sarcasms against politicians, and philosophers, that reading and performing military exercises badly were almost identified in his mind ; and he determined to adopt the most *vigorous* measures to put a stop to it among his soldiers.

Norman's comrades were employed on this evening in their usual manner ; Marshal in reading the memoirs of Marlborough, Norman in drawing, and the rest in writing on their slates,--when the Colonel put his face within the tent-door, exclaiming in a very *vigorous* tone : "O ho ! The school of Athens

assembled ! Wonderfully great scholars, truly, but damned bad soldiers ! Mr Macalbin, will you please to speak with me a minute." Norman bowed in silence, and followed him out.

" Old Muly seems in a big passion to-night," said Pat Leary : " I'm afraid Gordon's wine has soured his stomach." The Colonel was known among the soldiers by the name of that amiable person, Muly Moluc. " What does he mean by bad soldiers ?" said Ellis, frowning. " Never mind," replied Marshal, " His bark is worse than his bite."—" He is Scotsman any way," cried Leary ; " and by the same token you would have something to say for him were he the devil himself."

When Norman had followed the Colonel a few paces, that angry gentleman turned abruptly round, saying, " Is it Jacobins or Methodists you intend to make these fellows ?" " Neither," replied Norman, smiling : " I can make them nothing ; but I hope they intend to make themselves better and happier men."

" You hope,—and they intend.—And were they not quite good and happy enough before, pray ?

" I trust they may be better men and equally good soldiers," replied Norman : " That surely is their first duty."

“I am thinking it is. Come, come, Macalbin, I once took you for a good sensible fellow,—you see we must give up all this. I’ll have no whining and canting about me, I’m resolved. Was I not tormented out of existence once before with their praying clubs?—cold, pitiful, sneaking rascals.” Norman very modestly ventured to observe, that in this case the soldiers were only spending their idle hours in miscellaneous reading. “Well, reading be it,—I’ll have no reading: Let scholars read, and get knowledge, and virtue, and all that,—we have no use for these things in the army. Soldiers must obey and fight; that is all we care for;—and if mine can’t learn that without book, damn me but I’ll find a way to teach ’em.” And the Colonel struck his cane forcibly on the ground, by way of clinching the argument. Norman, with great moderation and softness, began to explain the occasion of the blunder into which the men had inadvertently fallen, and paid them many handsome and well merited compliments, proudly resenting the imputations of ignorance or neglect of duty. This was a grateful topic to Colonel Grant; and when he was somewhat conciliated, Norman ventured to insinuate that he could perceive no necessary connexion be-

tween courage and ignorance. But the Colonel hastily lifted his hand, moving it as if to close the lips of the speaker, and crying: "Not another word. The soldiers are still good, as you say; and it is my business to keep them so.—I'll have no *new philosophy*,—I made up my mind on all these matters forty years ago.—Reading and writing!—*darned nonsense!*" And he walked off in a high passion, expecting Norman to follow; which, however, he did not think necessary.

Grieved and mortified, he returned to the tent. "The Colonel thinks it improper for us to read," said he, with an air of vexation which he found it impossible to conceal: "Put aside your book, Marshal,—Ellis, I'll hang up your slate for you."

The brows of the Englishman contracted into a most portentous frown, while Leary exclaimed: "So Muly thinks it better sport to see us amusing ourselves as formerly, does he?"

"I must not hear Colonel Grant so spoken of," said Norman: "He may have good reasons for what he does. At any rate, it is our duty to obey; and I hope we shall do so manfully and cheerfully."—Och, surely, Sir," said Pat Leary: "My own idleness and bad manners be all on his own head, and I'll be

merry any way."--And so, for the present moment, ended a scheme which had cost Norman much labour, and afforded him much enjoyment,—and with it all hopes of a peaceful home or reasonable associates.

So forcible is habit, that for three whole weeks these soldiers lounged about in a kind of listless harmlessness. At the end of that time, Pat Leary, who was too generous to hoard his gains at Pitch-and-toss and the black cards, treated his comrades in the drinking tent. A man who ceases to cherish self-respect, seldom has much regard to the feelings of others. When the natural rudeness of these soldiers was inflamed by ardent spirits, they insulted each other, quarrelled, and fought; and Norman was the indignant spectator of a scene of broken heads and bloody noses, too humiliating to be described. Colonel Grant is not the only legislator who has found it much easier to punish than to prevent crimes. The soldiers were sent to the guard-house; and after undergoing a due quantity of punishment released, to run the same wretched circle of folly, guilt, and suffering. The situation of Norman was now extremely comfortless. He was thrown into the intimate society of men, whose vices, taking the stamp of their characters, were gross

and brutal ; he had lost every hope of usefulness, and, with that hope, the powerful motive which had enabled him to overlook many causes of disgust and mortification. He relapsed into his former cold and forbidding reserve. Captain Drummond, after an absence of three months, was now returned ; but instead of receiving his young countryman with his former frank and encouraging kindness, he was barely civil when they chanced to meet, and seemed desirous to avoid all occasions of meeting.

Norman had lost his *caste* ! He had anticipated life so fondly, and found it so barren,—the past, the present, and the future abounded with so many dark images of blasted hopes, and frustrated ambitions,—the world appeared so cold, so cheerless, so void,—that he began to feel himself unfit for its pursuits, too fastidious for its common enjoyments, and forever cut off from those he was formed to relish. Again he haunted the sea-shore, indulging the most melancholy and enervating reveries ; brooding over his sorrows, till, in spite of his natural good sense and cheerful tone of mind, he was in danger of yielding to that voluptuous and seducing sadness, that strange and morbid delight in powerful misery, which is

too often the easily besetting sin of the highest order of minds.

Musing alone in his tent one day, he happened to turn over the leaves of a book which presented this sublime burst of creative genius :

“ Be hush’d my dark spirit, for wisdom condemns

When the faint and the feeble deplore ;

Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems

A thousand wild waves on the shore.

Thro’ the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,

May thy front be unalter’d, thy courage elate ;

Yea, even the *name* I have worshipp’d in vain,

Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again :

To bear, is to conquer our fate.”

“ Blessed be the lay which comes home with consoling power to the bosom of sorrow,” cried Norman : “ Thrice blessed that which rouses the spirit of a man to struggle with adversity, and to subdue misfortune by bravely bearing it.” — The lines he had been reading struck on his raised fancy like the encouraging voice of heaven ; and while they floated in mists before his eyes, their strength was throbbing at his heart, animating it to a noble combat ; and communicating dignity to his mind and firmness to his purposes. But this

haughty and stoical mood was only another symptom of the same disease;—five minutes afterwards, and Norman felt how far inferior this gloomy, heroic, grandeur of soul, was to the calm, deep, equable flow of soft affections;—how poor, compared with the soothing kindness of one true friend. Captain Drummond hastily entered the tent, making many hurried apologies for his apparently inconsistent behaviour, protesting that he had been greatly imposed on, and eagerly craving pardon and reconciliation. Norman was too noble-natured ever to have felt any resentment at the unaccountable alienation of his friend:—He thought he had been deceived in Captain Drummond, and he wished to cherish as much reasonable pride as should place his tranquillity beyond the influence of any man's caprice; but now his heart melted into tenderness, and had he followed its impulse he would have clasped that friend to his bosom, whose hand he warmly pressed between his own, exclaiming, “Oh, I never was displeas'd. If I was a little grieved to find you so cold and changed, I sought the cause in my own situation, and now this more than repays it all.”

“You are the best of fellows;” said Drummond: “And, ‘setting my manhood and sol-



diership aside,' I could almost cry ; your ladies of the creation are too boastful of excessive emotion ; your lords too much ashamed of it :— But we, however, have the privilege of cursing, which will answer me every whit as well just now."

After a sweeping preamble, Drummond went on : " We have all been confoundedly abused by that—son of a tailor !—I won't call my major a worse name. But my heart is bursting with a thousand matters. You know I was applying for a long promised justice. 'Tis a fine thing, let me tell you, to be connected with an army tailor. They used to say, ' better a friend at the court than a penny in the purse,'—they were quite wrong ; begging Chesterfield's pardon for quoting a proverb. A well-filled cellar,—a well-stored purse, these are brave things,—tangible excellencies,—come home to men's business and bosoms,—great men's. What signifies a poor fellow being of the ' pure breed, purer than milk,' if he can't ' put money in his pocket.' What though he be brave as the sword he wears, if he can't ' put money in his pocket.' Nay, what although he were the dignified heir of a Highland chief, whose '*chateau avoit une porte et des fenetres*,' without money in his pocket."

Norman laughed, and so did Drummond, who then resumed : “ I hope now, Macalbin, you will give up your old position, and acknowledge that all mankind,—at least on this side of the Forth and Clyde,—are a set of poor, paltry, degenerate scoundrels ; bad from the first indeed, but now run to the mere lees.—Men?—*manikins* i’ faith. It began with giants, and has ended thus. Well, I suppose when I have been marched about a few more years, and have got a few more bullets lodged in my body, I may go home to the Highlands with a captain’s half-pay,—take a farm, and Mary Grant ; and so turn shepherd and shepherdess in our old days ! That would have done excellently well ten years ago. ’Tis devilish cold quarters, though, to repose under the shade of laurels, with half a dozen naked children. But even that poor comfort is denied me, (for I am a brave fellow, willing to run all risks,) for that old cross Colonel of your’s won’t suffer poor Mary to kiss off my tears, till I am a major, forsooth ; that is, till I have none to shed. Admire the carefulness of fathers ! Not that I am a puling lover, God forbid ; but every man has some foolish scheme of happiness, fashioned as pleases him best. Mary was educated by my mother ; and I can still re-

member the time when I was as great a fool as any other boy of seventeen ; that is long since past. I have been in and out, and out and in, of love, a hundred and fifty times since that, in every corner of Europe, with the most lovely women. But that little cock-nose is knit to my Highland heart by so many small links, mingled with so many wild recollections that hang on deep glens and roaring streams, fine sun-rises, and sweet songs at the evening fold,—for I was vastly poetical once,—that somehow I could never forget her ; she still kept her place in the inmost sanctuary, nestling among the Penates, I presume : My idol gods, Macalbin.” Drummond seemed as much affected as any soldier chuses to appear. He walked about a few minutes, and then continued : “ But I have forgot the major. - I am a vile egotist, —so are we all. Grant me, then, that you admire a downright, bold-faced, honest liar, a thousand degrees beyond a sneaking, jesuitical, equivocating slave. A liar only imposes on the world, but these scoundrels would also cheat the devil and their own consciences, by —” “ I believe without the confirmation of an oath,” interrupted Norman, laughing.—“ I crave your pardon. I do believe you are almost as delicate as many a lady--pretends to be.

Well, the major contrived,—or permitted,—I hate harsh words,—that Colonel Grant should believe you voluntarily herded with the common soldiers to teach them jacobinism and insubordination, to the imminent danger, at some future time, of liberty, property, and social order. Pat Leary explained the matter to me. Now do forgive the good old soul, and me likewise. You see he was born just in time to remember the ghosts of the Pope and the Pretender, and the protestant succession, and all that ; so he is haunted by a double number of bugbears. Do you know he lives so much in the past time, that when drinking a malediction on the great Napoleon he sometimes forgets, and mentions our good friend the Grand Monarque. This comes of living too long. When I am an old woman, besides the last new fashion of alarm, I shall always be tormented about jacobinism and social order.—Pray do forgive my uncle.”

“Were there any thing to be forgiven, I could forgive much to Colonel Grant,” said Norman. “There’s a brave fellow,” cried Drummond : “Well, all is past, and you return to your old quarters ; since you are so dangerous among the men, your doughty major must approve of that surely. Though

I am sulking at my uncle just now, because he won't suffer Mary and me to be happy in our own way, I must forgive him by and by, I suppose. Gordon is off for Dublin, crowding all sail after a wonderful widow. His faithful Achates will soon follow, and we shall all be happy,—you with your geometry, and I sporting my new boots.”

“Whither has Sir Archibald gone,” inquired Norman, in a faltering voice.

“To be married, Sir;—redoubtable alike in love and war!—Pray God, Phelim's ghost stand at the foot of his bridal bed. Yet if an angel can protect him, she is the heavenliest creature! I was in love a whole month with that virgin widow;—wild, raving, making woful ballads to her eye-brow;—and if it had but pleased her to shew a little more good taste—Mary Grant I give you fair warning—‘Who could with fate and *two dark eyes* contend.’ ‘Pon my honour I believe Gordon is safe in Monimia's arms after all, for Phelim's must be a gallant ghost.”

While Captain Drummond delivered this rhapsody, he stood adjusting his neckcloth at a piece of bright tin-plate which Pat Leary, who, like the good old Scotswoman, took what he had and never wanted, had stuck up by way

of a looking glass. That done, he turned round and beheld Norman leaning against the canvass of the tent, which was died with blood, and blood still gushing from his mouth and nostrils.

After uttering an exclamation of grief and alarm, Captain Drummond laid his friend on a bed, and flew for assistance. In a few minutes several surgeons were in the tent. Norman had burst a blood-vessel. The usual remedies were applied,—and the usual prognostics made. As it was found dangerous to remove the patient in this alarming state, Captain Drummond dismissed the soldiers from the tent, and also sent to his uncle's lodgings, in the neighbouring town, for several articles requisite to the comfortable accommodation of his friend ; by whom he watched, in silent anxiety, till the hour of evening parade. One of the surgeons took his place till public duty was finished, and then he resumed his post. Norman, ill, very ill, in mind as well as in body, could only press the hand of this kind friend, and raise his expressive eyes, full of gratitude,—of sweetness,—of patient suffering.

Late in the evening, Pat Heary, who had been his nephew's servant, took the liberty to

trouble his honour, the Colonel, for leave to attend Mr Macalbin. Colonel Grant was now undeceived in many particulars respecting his young volunteer, and he had also a sympathetic regard for any one the Major disliked.

“I would willingly grant that, Leary; but I think he will prefer Marshal.”

“Och, is it he?” cried Leary, “If I should never stir out of this bit now, the last words he said were these to Captain Drummond, when he made offer of Marshal—devil a word of a lie I am telling your honour—says he, ‘Com-mend me to Marshal for my steward,—Ellis for my butler,—but Paddy Leary for my nurse, I thank ye,—barring a woman.’—I allow he did say, ‘barring a woman.’”

“You base liar!” cried Colonel Grant, lifting his hand, “the man that has not been able to speak a word to-day.” Leary moved his body and arm,—at the same time shrinking back as if to avoid an impending blow; but when he perceived that the Colonel could hardly refrain from laughing, he quickly seized the advantage, and again renewed his pleading.

“Get along, you dog,” cried Colonel Grant, “and see that you take good care of him.”

“ God bless your honour for that now, and long life to you ! And sure if he did not *say* it he *thought* it,—so its all one in the Greek.”

Leary had other difficulties to obviate ; for Captain Drummond, fearing that some of his fooleries might tempt Norman to laugh, and thus renew the effusion of blood, refused to admit him within the tent, till he had sworn by all the saints in the calendar, “ that Mr Mac-albin had never smiled at any thing he had ever said or done, and never would while he lived or breathed.”

Captain Drummond could no longer withstand the kindness of Leary. He was admitted into the tent, and continued to discharge the arduous duties entrusted to him with great tenderness and fidelity.

END OF VOL. II.













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