



nia

WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED

BY

BLACKIE AND SON.

WALKER'S PRONOUNCING DICTIONARY; with Key to Classical Pronunciation of Proper Names. 4s.

HISTORY OF THE JEWS, From the Babylonish Captivity to the Destruction of Jerusalem. By JOSEPH ROBERTSON, Hamilton. 1s. 6d.

* * The Design of this Work is primarily to present to Bible Classes in Schools a Record of the Leading Events of that Period in the History of the Jews, which is not contained in the inspired Writings.

BARNES' QUESTIONS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT, Designed for Bible Classes and Sunday Schools. By ALBERT BARNES, Minister of the Gospel, Philadelphia. 1 Vol., Cloth, 3s. 6d.; or in 6 Parts, 6d. each. Part I. Matthew—Mark; Part II. Luke—John; Part III. Acts; Part IV. Romans; Part V. 1 Corinthians; Part VI. Hebrews.

* * This will be found an admirable Manual for Sunday-School Teachers and Heads of Families.


BARR'S SCRIPTURE STUDENT'S ASSISTANT; Being a Complete Index and Concise Dictionary of the Holy Bible; Designed to Facilitate the Consultation and Study of the Sacred Scriptures. A New Edition, with Pronunciation of Proper Names, Chronological Arrangement of the whole Bible, by which the Scriptures may be read in one connected Narrative, &c. 8vo, 3s.

SANDFORD ON THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF LITERATURE. By Sir D. K. SANDFORD. 2s. 6d.

This Essay, written in a vivid and fluent style, is replete with much of the fire and oratorical fervour which characterized its Author in his professional prelections and other public appearances, and exhibits in every page marks of his extensive reading and varied literary talent.

D'AUBIGNE'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION. Emerald Edition. The Five Volumes Complete. With Engravings. Cloth, 8s.





Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



TALES & SKETCHES
BY
THE ETRICK SHEPHERD
VOL.V



Utrine

THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE ETRICK SHEPHERD

BLACKIE & WHITE, 25, SOUTH BROMFIELD STREET, GLASGOW.

AND THOMAS AGNEW & SONS, 48, WATERLOO PLACE, LONDON.

TALES AND SKETCHES,

James Hogg

BY THE

ETTRICK SHEPHERD;

INCLUDING SEVERAL PIECES NOT BEFORE PRINTED.

WITH ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVINGS,

Chiefly from Real Scenes.

By D. O. HILL, R.S.A.

VOL. V.

BLACKIE AND SON:
GLASGOW, EDINBURGH, AND LONDON.

PR
4791
T34
V.5

GLASGOW:
W. G. BLACKIE AND CO., PRINTERS
VILLAFIELD.

CONTENTS OF VOL. V.

	Page.
Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Fanatic. .	5
Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of an Edinburgh Baillie.	210
Julia M'Kenzie.	339

THE
PRIVATE MEMOIRS

AND

CONFESSIONS OF A FANATIC:

WITH A DETAIL OF CURIOUS TRADITIONAL FACTS, AND
OTHER EVIDENCE, BY THE EDITOR.

THE EDITOR'S NARRATIVE.

It appears from tradition, as well as some parish registers still extant, that the lands of Dalcastle (or Dalchastel, as it is often spelled) were possessed by a family of the name of Colwan, about one hundred and fifty years ago, and for at least a century previous to that period. That family was supposed to have been a branch of the ancient family of Colquhoun, and it is certain that from it spring the Cowans that spread towards the Border. I find, that in the year 1687, George Colwan succeeded his uncle of the same name, in the lands of Dalchastel and Balgrennan; and this being all I can gather of the family from history, to tradition I must appeal for the remainder of the motley adventures of that house. But of the matter furnished by the latter of these powerful monitors I have no reason to complain: it has been handed down to the world in unlimited abundance; and I am certain, that in recording the hideous events which follow, I am only relating to the greater part of the inhabitants of at least four counties of Scotland, matters of which they were before perfectly well informed.

This George was a rich man, or supposed to be so, and was married, when considerably advanced in life to the sole heiress and reputed daughter of a Baillie Orde, of Glasgow. This proved a conjunction any thing but agreeable to the parties contracting. It is well known, that the reformation principles had long before that time taken a powerful hold of the hearts and affections of the people of Scotland, although the feeling was by no means general, or in equal degrees; and it so happened that this married couple felt completely at variance on the subject. Granting it to have been so, one would have thought that the laird, owing to his retired situation, would have been the one that inclined to the stern doctrines of the reformers; and that the young and gay dame from the city would have adhered to the free principles cherished by the court party, and indulged in rather to extremity, in opposition to their severe and carping contemporaries.

The contrary, however, happened to be the case, The laird was what his country neighbours called "a droll, careless chap," with a very limited proportion of the fear of God in his heart, and very nearly as little of the fear of man. The laird had not intentionally wronged or offended either of the parties, and perceived not the necessity of deprecating their vengeance. He had hitherto believed that he was living in most cordial terms with the greater part of the inhabitants of the earth, and with the powers above in particular: but woe be unto him if he was not soon convinced of the fallacy of such heedless security! for his lady was the most severe and gloomy of all bigots to the principles of the Reformation. Hers were not the tenets of the great reformers, but theirs mightily overstrained and deformed. Theirs was an unguent hard to be swallowed; but hers was that unguent embittered and overheated until nature could not longer bear it. She had imbibed her ideas from the doctrines of one flaming predestinarian divine alone; and these were so rigid, that they became a stumblingblock to many of his brethren, and a mighty handle for the

enemies of his party to turn the machine of the state against them.

The wedding festivities at Dalcastle partook of all the gaiety, not of that stern age, but of one previous to it. There were feasting, dancing, piping, and singing: the liquors were handed around in great fulness, the ale in large wooden bickers, and the brandy in capacious horns of oxen. The laird gave full scope to his homely glee. He danced,—he snapped his fingers to the music,—clapped his hands and shouted at the turn of the tune. He saluted every girl in the hall whose appearance was any thing tolerable, and requested of their sweethearts to take the same freedom with his bride, by way of retaliation. But there she sat at the head of the hall in still and blooming beauty, absolutely refusing to tread a single measure with any gentleman there. The only enjoyment in which she appeared to partake, was in now and then stealing a word of sweet conversation with her favourite pastor about divine things; for he had accompanied her home, after marrying her to her husband, to see her fairly settled in her new dwelling. He addressed her several times by her new name, Mrs Colwan; but she turned away her head disgusted, and looked with pity and contempt towards the old inadvertent sinner, capering away in the height of his unregenerated mirth. The minister perceived the workings of her pious mind, and thenceforward addressed her by the courteous title of Lady Dalcastle, which sounded somewhat better, as not coupling her name with one of the wicked; and there is too great reason to believe, that for all the solemn vows she had come under, and these were of no ordinary binding, particularly on the laird's part, she at that time despised, if not abhorred him, in her heart.

The good parson again blessed her, and went away. She took leave of him with tears in her eyes, entreating him often to visit her in that heathen land of the Amorite, the Hittite, and the Gergashite: to which he assented, on many solemn and qualifying conditions,—and then the comely bride retired to her chamber.

It was customary, in those days, for the bride's-man and maiden, and a few select friends, to visit the new married couple after they had retired to rest, and drink a cup to their healths, their happiness, and a numerous posterity. But the laird delighted not in this : he wished to have his jewel to himself ; and, slipping away quietly from his jovial party, he retired to his chamber to his beloved, and bolted the door. He found her engaged with the writings of the Evangelists, and terribly demure. The laird went up to caress her ; but she turned away her head, and spoke of the follies of aged men, and something of the broad way that leadeth to destruction. The laird did not thoroughly comprehend this allusion ; but being considerably flustered by drinking, and disposed to take all in good part, he only remarked, as he took off his shoes and stockings, " that whether the way was broad or narrow, it was time that they were in their bed.

" Sure, Mr. Colwan, you won't go to bed to-night, at such an important period of your life, without first saying prayers for yourself and me."

When she said this, the laird had his head down almost to the ground, loosing his shoe-buckle ; but when he heard of *prayers*, on such a night, he raised his face suddenly up, which was all over as flushed and red as a rose, and answered,—

" Prayers, mistress ! Lord help your crazed head, is this a night for prayers !"

He had better have held his peace. There was such a torrent of profound divinity poured out upon him, that the laird became ashamed, both of himself and his new-made spouse, and wist not what to say ; but the brandy helped him out.

" It strikes me, my dear, that religious devotion would be somewhat out of place to-night," said he. " Allowing that it is ever so beautiful, and ever so beneficial, were we to ride on the rigging of it at all times, would we not be constantly making a farce of it : it would be like reading the Bible and the jest-book, verse about,

and would render the life of man a medley of absurdity and confusion."

But against the cant of the bigot or the hypocrite, no reasoning can aught avail. If you would argue until the end of life, the infallible creature must alone be right. So it proved with the laird. One Scripture text followed another, not in the least connected, and one sentence of the profound Mr. Wringhim's sermons after another, proving the duty of family worship, till the laird lost patience, and, tossing himself into bed, said, carelessly, that he would leave that duty upon her shoulders for one night.

The meek mind of Lady Dalcastle was somewhat disarranged by this sudden evolution. She felt that she was left rather in an awkward situation. However, to show her unconscionable spouse that she was resolved to hold fast her integrity, she kneeled down and prayed in terms so potent, that she deemed she was sure of making an impression on him. She did so; for in a short time the laird began to utter a response so fervent, that she was utterly astounded, and fairly driven from the chain of her orisons. He began, in truth, to sound a nasal bugle of no ordinary calibre,—the notes being little inferior to those of a military trumpet. The lady tried to proceed, but every returning note from the bed burst on her ear with a louder twang, and a longer peal, till the concord of sweet sounds became so truly pathetic, that the meek spirit of the dame was quite overcome; and after shedding a flood of tears, she arose from her knees, and retired to the chimney-corner with her Bible in her lap, there to spend the hours in holy meditation till such time as the inebriated trumpeter should awaken to a sense of propriety.

The laird did not awake in any reasonable time; for, he being overcome with fatigue and wassail, his sleep, became sounder, and his Morphean measures more intense. These varied a little in their structure; but the general run of the bars sounded something in this way,—
"Hic-hoc wheew!" It was most profoundly ludicrous;

and could not have missed exciting risibility in any one, save a pious, a disappointed, and humbled bride.

The good dame wept bitterly. She could not for her life go and awaken the monster, and request him to make room for her: but she retired somewhere; for the laird, on awaking next morning, found that he was still lying alone. His sleep had been of the deepest and most genuine sort; and all the time that it lasted, he had never once thought of either wives, children, or sweet-hearts, save in the way of dreaming about them; but as his spirit began again by slow degrees to verge towards the boundaries of reason, it became lighter and more buoyant from the effects of deep repose, and his dreams partook of that buoyancy, yea, to a degree hardly expressible. He dreamed of the reel, the jig, the strathspey, and the corant; and the elasticity of his frame was such, that he was bounding over the heads of the maidens, and making his feet skimmer against the ceiling, enjoying, the while, the most ecstatic emotions. These grew too fervent for the shackles of the drowsy god to restrain. The nasal bugle ceased its prolonged sounds in one moment, and a sort of hectic laugh took its place. "Keep it going,—play up, you devils!" cried the laird, without changing his position on the pillow. But this exertion to hold the fiddlers at their work, fairly awakened the delighted dreamer; and though he could not refrain from continuing his laugh, he at length, by tracing out a regular chain of facts, came to be sensible of his real situation. "Rabina, where are you? What's become of you, my dear?" cried the laird. But there was no voice, nor any one that answered or regarded. He flung open the curtains, thinking to find her still on her knees, as he had seen her; but she was not there, either sleeping or waking. "Rabina! Mrs. Colwan!" shouted he, as loud as he could call, and then added, in the same breath, "God save the king,—I have lost my wife!"

He sprung up and opened the casement: the daylight was beginning to streak the east, for it was spring, and the nights were short, and the mornings very long. The

laird half dressed himself in an instant, and strode through every room in the house, opening the windows as he went, and scrutinizing every bed and every corner. He came into the hall where the wedding festival had been held ; and, as he opened the various window-boards, loving couples flew off like hares surprised too late in the morning among the early braird. “Hoo-boo ! Fie, be frightened !” cried the laird. “Fie, rin like fools, as if ye were caught in an ill turn !”—His bride was not among them ; so he was obliged to betake himself to farther search. “She will be praying in some corner, poor woman,” said he to himself. “It is an unlucky thing this praying. But, for my part, I fear I have behaved very ill ; and I must endeavour to make amends.”

The laird continued his search, and at length found his beloved in the same bed with her Glasgow cousin, who had acted as bride’s-maid. “You sly and malevolent imp,” said the laird ; “you have played me such a trick when I was fast asleep ! I have not known a frolic so clever, and, at the same time, so severe. Come along, you baggage you !”

“Sir, I will let you know, that I detest your principles and your person alike,” said she. “It shall never be said, Sir, that my person was at the control of a heathenish man of Belial,—a dangler among the daughters of women,—a promiscuous dancer,—and a player at unlawful games. Forego your rudeness, Sir, I say, and depart away from my presence and that of my kinswoman.”

“Come along, I say, my charming Rab. If you were the pink of all puritans, and the saint of all saints, you are my wife, and must do as I command you.”

“Sir, I will sooner lay down my life than be subjected to your godless will ; therefore, I say, desist, and be-gone with you.”

But the laird regarded none of these testy sayings : he rolled her in a blanket, and bore her triumphantly away to his chamber, taking care to keep a fold or two of the blanket always rather near to her mouth, in case of any outrageous forthcoming of noise.

The next day at breakfast the bride was long in making her appearance. Her maid asked to see her; but George did not choose that any body should see her but himself: he paid her several visits, and always turned the key as he came out. At length breakfast was served; and during the time of refreshment the laird tried to break several jokes; but it was remarked, that they wanted their accustomed brilliancy, and that his nose was particularly red at the top.

Matters, without all doubt, had been very bad between the new-married couple; for in the course of the day the lady deserted her quarters, and returned to her father's house in Glasgow, and after having been a night on the road; stage-coaches and steam-boats having then no existence in that quarter. Though Baillie Orde had acquiesced in his wife's asseveration regarding the likeness of their only daughter to her father, he never loved or admired her greatly; therefore this behaviour nothing astounded him. He questioned her strictly as to the grievous offence committed against her; and could discover nothing that warranted a procedure so fraught with disagreeable consequences. So, after mature deliberation, the baillie addressed her as follows:—

“Ay, ay, Raby! An' sae I find that Dalcastle has actually refused to say prayers with you when you ordered him; an' has guidit you in a rude indelicate manner outstepping the respect due to my daughter,—as my daughter. But wi' regard to what is due to his own wife, of that he's a better judge nor me. However, since he has behaved in that manner to *my daughter*, I shall be revenged on him for aince; for I shall return the obligation to ane nearer to him: that is, I shall take pennyworths of his wife,—an' let him lick at that.”

“What do you mean, Sir?” said the astonished damsel.

“I mean to be revenged on that villain Dalcastle,” said he, “for what he has done to my daughter. Come hither, Mrs. Colwan, you shall pay for this.”

So saying, the baillie began to inflict corporeal punishment on the runaway wife. His strokes were not indeed

very deadly, but he made a mighty flourish in the infliction, pretending to be in a great rage only at the Laird of Dalcastle. "Villain that he is!" exclaimed he, "I shall teach him to behave in such a manner to a child of mine, be she as she may; since I cannot get at himself, I shall lounder her that is nearest to him in life. Take you that, and that, Mrs. Colwan, for your husband's impertinence!"

The poor afflicted woman wept and prayed, but the baillie would not abate aught of his severity. After fuming, and beating her with many stripes, far drawn, and lightly laid down, he took her up to her chamber, five stories high, locked her in, and there he fed her on bread and water, all to be revenged on the presumptuous Laird of Dalcastle; but ever and anon, as the baillie came down the stair from carrying his daughter's meal, he said to himself, "I shall make the sight of the laird the blithest she ever saw in her life."

Lady Dalcastle got plenty of time to read, and pray, and meditate; but she was at a great loss for one to dispute with about religious tenets; for she found, that without this advantage, about which there was a perfect rage at that time, her reading, and learning of Scripture texts, and sentences of intricate doctrine, availed her nought; so she was often driven to sit at her casement and look out for the approach of the heathenish Laird of Dalcastle.

That hero, after a considerable lapse of time, at length made his appearance. Matters were not hard to adjust; for his lady found that there was no refuge for her in her father's house; and so, after some sighs and tears, she accompanied her husband home. For all that had passed, things went on no better. She *would* convert the laird in spite of his teeth: the laird would not be converted. She *would* have the laird to say family prayers, both morning and evening: the laird would neither pray morning nor evening. He would not even sing psalms, and kneel beside her, while she performed the exercise; neither would he converse at all times, and in all places,

about the sacred mysteries of religion, although his lady took occasion to contradict flatly every assertion that he made, in order that she might spiritualize him by drawing him into argument.

The laird kept his temper a long while, but at length his patience wore out; he cut her short in all her futile attempts at spiritualization, and mocked at her wire-drawn degrees of faith, hope, and repentance. He also dared to doubt of the great standard doctrine of absolute predestination, which put the crown on the lady's christian resentment. She declared her helpmate to be a limb of Antichrist, and one with whom no regenerated person could associate. She therefore bespoke a separate establishment, and before the expiry of the first six months, the arrangements of the separation were amicably adjusted. The upper, or third story of the old mansion-house, was awarded to the lady for her residence. She had a separate door, a separate stair, a separate garden, and walks that in no instance intersected the laird's; so that one would have thought the separation complete. They had each their own parties, selected from their own sort of people; and though the laird never once chafed himself about the lady's companies, it was not long before she began to intermeddle about some of his.

"Who is that fat bouncing dame that visits the laird so often, and always by herself!" said she to her maid Martha one day.

"O dear, mem, how can I ken? We're banished frae our acquaintances here, as weel as frae the sweet gospel ordinances."

"Find me out who that jolly dame is, Martha. You, who hold communion with the household of this ungodly man, can be at no loss to attain this information. I observe that she always casts her eye up toward our windows, both in coming and going; and I suspect that she seldom departs from the house empty-handed."

That same evening Martha came with the information, that this august visitor was a Miss Logan, an old and intimate acquaintance of the laird's, and a very worthy res-

pectable lady, of good connections, whose parents had lost their patrimony in the civil wars.

“Ha! very well!” said the lady; “very well, Martha! But nevertheless, go thou and watch this respectable lady’s motions and behaviour the next time she comes to visit the laird,—and the next after that. You will not, I see, lack opportunities.”

Martha’s information turned out of that nature, that prayers were said in the uppermost story of Dalcastle-house against the Canaanitish woman, every night and every morning; and great discontent prevailed there, even to anathemas and tears. Letter after letter was dispatched to Glasgow; and at length, to the lady’s great consolation, the Rev. Mr Wringhim arrived safely and devoutly in her elevated sanctuary. Marvellous was the conversation between these gifted people. Wringhim had held in his doctrines that there were eight different kinds of FAITH, all perfectly distinct in their operations and effects. But the lady, in her secluded state, had discovered other five,—making thirteen in all: the adjusting of the existence or fallacy of these five faiths served for a most enlightened discussion of nearly seventeen hours; in the course of which the two got warm in their arguments, always in proportion as they receded from nature, utility, and common sense. Wringhim at length got into unwonted fervour about some disputed point between one of these faiths and TRUST; when the lady, fearing that zeal was getting beyond its wonted barrier, broke in on his vehement asseverations with the following abrupt discomfiture:—“But, Sir, as long as I remember, what is to be done with this case of open and avowed iniquity?”

The minister was struck dumb. He leaned him back on his chair, stroked his beard, hemmed—considered, and hemmed again; and then said, in an altered and softened tone,—“Why, that is a secondary consideration; you mean the case between your husband and Miss Logan?”

“The same, Sir. I am scandalised at such intima-

cies going on under my nose. The sufferance of it is great and crying evil."

"Evil, madam, may be either operative, or passive. To them it is an evil, but to us none. We have no more to do with the sins of the wicked and unconverted here, than with those of an infidel Turk; for all earthly bonds and fellowships are absorbed and swallowed up in the holy community of the Reformed Church. However, if it is your wish, I shall take him to task, and reprimand and humble him in such a manner, that *he* shall be ashamed of his doings, and renounce such deeds for ever, out of mere self-respect, though all unsanctified the heart, as well as the deed, may be. To the wicked, all things are wicked; but to the just, all things are just and right."

"Ah, that is a sweet and comfortable saying, Mr Wringhim! How delightful to think that a justified person can do no wrong! Who would not envy the liberty wherewith we are made free? Go to my husband, that poor unfortunate, blindfolded person, and open his eyes to his degenerate and sinful state; for well are you fitted to the task."

"Yea, I will go in unto him, and confound him. I will lay the strong holds of sin and Satan as flat before my face, as the dung that is spread out to fatten the land."

"Master, there's a gentleman at the fore-door wants a private word o' ye."

"Tell him I'm engaged: I can't see any gentleman to-night. But I shall attend on him to-morrow as soon as he pleases."

"He's coming straight in, Sir.—Stop a wee bit, Sir, my master is engaged. He cannot see you at present, Sir."

"Stand aside, thou Moabite! my mission admits of no delay. I come to save him from the jaws of destruction!"

"An that be the case, Sir, it maks a wide difference, an', as the danger may threaten us a', I fancy I may as weel let ye gang by as fight wi' ye, sin' ye seem sae intent

on't.—The man says he's comin' to save ye, an canna stop, Sir.—Here he is."

The laird was going to break out into a volley of wrath against Waters, his servant; but before he got a word pronounced, the Rev. Mr. Wringhim had stepped inside the room, and Waters had retired, shutting the door behind him.

No introduction could be more *mal-a-propos*: it is impossible; for at that very moment the laird and Arabella Logan were both sitting on one seat, and both looking on one book, when the door opened. "What is it, Sir?" said the laird fiercely.

"A message of the greatest importance, Sir," said the divine, striding unceremoniously up to the chimney,—turning his back to the fire, and his face to the culprits.—"I think you should know me, Sir?" continued he, looking displeasably at the laird, with his face half turned round.

"I think I should," returned the laird. "You are a Mr. How's-tey-ca'-him, of Glasgow, who did me the worst turn ever I got done to me in my life. You gentry are always ready to do a man such a turn. Pray, Sir, did you ever do a good job for any one to counterbalance that? for, if you have not, you ought to be——."

"Hold, Sir, I say! None of your profanity before me. If I do evil to any one on such occasions, it is because he will have it so; therefore, the evil is not of my doing. I ask you, Sir,—before God and this witness, I ask you, have you kept solemnly and inviolate the vows which I laid upon you that day? Answer me?"

"Has the partner whom you bound me to, kept hers inviolate? Answer me that, Sir? None can better do so than you, Mr. How's-tey-ca'-you."

"So, then, you confess your backslidings, and avow the profligacy of your life. And this person here, is, I suppose, the partner of your iniquity,—she whose beauty hath caused you to err! Stand up, both of you, till I rebuke you, and show you what you are in the eyes of God and man."

“In the first place, stand you still there, till I tell you what *you* are in the eyes of God and man. You are, Sir, a presumptuous, self-conceited pedagogue, a stirrer up of strife and commotion in church, in state, in families, and communities. You are one, Sir, whose righteousness consists in splitting the doctrines of Calvin into thousands of undistinguishable films, and in setting up a system of justifying grace against all breaches of all laws, moral or divine. In short, Sir, you are a mildew,—a canker-worm in the bosom of the Reformed Church, generating a disease of which she will never be purged, but by the shedding of blood. Go thou in peace, and do these abominations no more; but humble thyself, lest a worse reproof come upon thee.”

Wringham heard all this without flinching. He now and then twisted his mouth in disdain, treasuring up, mean time, his vengeance against the two aggressors; for he felt that he had them on the hip, and resolved to pour out his vengeance and indignation upon them. Sorry am I, that the shackles of modern *décorum* restrain me from penning that famous rebuke; fragments of which have been attributed to every divine of old notoriety throughout Scotland. But I have it by heart; and a glorious morsel it is to put into the hands of certain incendiaries. The metaphors were so strong, and so appalling, that Miss Logan could only stand them a very short time: she was obliged to withdraw in confusion. The laird stood his ground with much ado, though his face was often crimsoned over with the hues of shame and anger. Several times he was on the point of turning the officious sycophant to the door; but good manners, and an inherent respect that he entertained for the clergy, as the immediate servants of the Supreme Being, restrained him.

Wringham, perceiving these symptoms of resentment, took them for marks of shame and contrition, and pushed his reproaches farther than ever divine ventured to do in a similar case. When he had finished, to prevent further discussion, he walked slowly and majestically out of

the apartment, making his robes to swing behind him in a most magisterial manner; he being without doubt, elated with his high conquest. He went to the upper story, and related to his metaphysical associate his wonderful success; how he had driven the dame from the house in tears and deep confusion, and left the backsliding laird in such a quandary of shame and repentance, that he could neither articulate a word, nor lift up his countenance. The dame thanked him most cordially, lauding his friendly zeal and powerful eloquence; and then the two again set keenly to the splitting of hairs, and making distinctions in religion where none existed.

They being both children of adoption, and secured from falling into snares, or any way under the power of the wicked one, it was their custom, on each visit, to sit up a night in the same apartment, for the sake of sweet spiritual converse; but that time, in the course of the night, they differed so materially on a small point, somewhere between justification and final election, that the minister, in the heat of his zeal, sprung from his seat, paced the floor, and maintained his point with so much ardour, that Martha was alarmed, and thinking they were going to fight, and that the minister would be a hard match for her mistress, she put on some clothes, and twice left her bed and stood listening at the back of the door, ready to burst in should need require it. Should any one think this picture overstrained, I can assure him that it is taken from nature and from truth; but I will not likewise aver, that the theologian was neither crazed nor inebriated. If the listener's words were to be relied on, there was no love, no accommodating principle manifested between the two, but a fiery burning zeal, relating to points of such minor importance, that a true Christian would blush to hear them mentioned, and the infidel and profane make a handle of them to turn our religion to scorn.

Great was the dame's exultation at the triumph of her beloved pastor over her sinful neighbours in the lower parts of the house; and she boasted of it to Martha in

high-sounding terms. But it was of short duration; for, in five weeks after that, Arabella Logan came to reside with the laird as his house-keeper, sitting at his table, and carrying the keys as mistress-substitute of the mansion. The lady's grief and indignation were now raised to a higher pitch than ever; and she set every agent to work, with whom she had any power, to effect a separation between these two suspected ones. Remonstrance was of no avail; George laughed at them who tried such a course, and retained his house-keeper, while the lady gave herself up to utter despair; for, though she would not consort with her husband herself, she could not endure that any other should do so.

But, to countervail this grievous offence, our saintly and afflicted dame, in due time, was safely delivered of a fine boy, whom the laird acknowledged as his son and heir, and had him christened by his own name, and nursed in his own premises. He gave the nurse permission to take the boy to his mother's presence if ever she should desire to see him; but, strange as it may appear, she never once desired to see him from the day that he was born. The boy grew up, and was a healthful and happy child; and, in the course of another year, the lady presented him with a brother. A brother he certainly was, in the eye of the law, and it is more than probable that he was his brother in reality. But the laird thought otherwise; and, though he knew and acknowledged that he was obliged to support and provide for him, he refused to acknowledge him in other respects. He neither would countenance the banquet, nor take the baptismal vows on him in the child's name; of course, the poor boy had to live and remain an alien from the visible church for a year and a day; at which time, Mr Wringhim out of pity and kindness, took the lady herself as sponsor for the boy, and baptized him by the name of Robert Wringhim,—that being the noted divine's own name.

George was brought up with his father, and educated partly at the parish-school, and partly at home, by a tutor hired for the purpose. He was a generous and kind-

hearted youth; always ready to oblige, and hardly ever dissatisfied with any body. Robert was brought up with Mr Wringhim, the laird paying a certain allowance for him yearly; and there the boy was early inured to all the sternness and severity of his pastor's arbitrary and unyielding creed. He was taught to pray twice every day, and seven times on Sabbath days; but he was only to pray for the elect, and, like David of old, doom all that were aliens from God to destruction. He had never, in that family into which he had been as it were adopted, heard ought but evil spoken of his reputed father and brother; consequently he held them in utter abhorrence, and prayed against them every day, often "that the old hoary sinner might be cut off in the full flush of his iniquity, and be carried quick into hell; and that the young stem of the corrupt trunk might also be taken from a world that he disgraced, but that his sins might be pardoned, because he knew no better."

Such were the tenets in which it would appear young Robert was bred. He was an acute boy, an excellent learner, had ardent and ungovernable passions, and withal, a sternness of demeanour from which other boys shrunk. He was the best grammarian, the best reader, writer, and accountant in the various classes that he attended, and was fond of writing essays on controverted points of theology, for which he got prizes, and great praise from his guardian and mother. George was much behind him in scholastic acquirements, but greatly his superior in personal prowess, form, feature, and all that constitutes gentility in deportment and appearance. The laird had often manifested to Miss Logan an earnest wish that the two young men should never meet, or at all events that they should be as little conversant as possible; and Miss Logan, who was as much attached to George as if he had been her own son, took every precaution, while he was a boy, that he should never meet with his brother; but as they advanced towards manhood, this became impracticable. The lady was removed from her apartments in her husband's house to Glasgow,

to her great content ; and all to prevent the young laird being tainted with the company of her and her second son ; for the laird had felt the effects of the principles they professed, and dreaded them more than persecution, fire, and sword. During all the dreadful times that had overpast, though the laird had been a moderate man, he had still leaned to the side of the kingly prerogative, and had escaped confiscation and fines, without ever taking any active hand in suppressing the Covenanters. But after experiencing a specimen of their tenets and manner in his wife, from a secret favourer of them and their doctrines, he grew alarmed at the prevalence of such stern and factious principles, now that there was no check nor restraint upon them ; and from that time he began to set himself against them, joining with the cavalier party of that day in all their proceedings.

It so happened, that, under the influence of the Earls of Seafield and Tullibardine, he was returned for a Member of Parliament in the famous session that sat at Edinburgh, when the Duke of Queensberry was commissioner, and in which party spirit ran to such an extremity. The young laird went with his father to the court, and remained in town all the time that the session lasted, and as all interested people of both factions flocked to the town at that period, so the important Mr Wringhim was there among the rest, during the greater part of the time, blowing the coal of revolutionary principles with all his might, in every society to which he could obtain admission. He was a great favourite with some of the west country gentlemen of that faction, by reason of his unbending impudence. No opposition could for a moment cause him either to blush, or retract one item that he had advanced. Therefore the Duke of Argyle and his friends made such use of him as sportsmen often do of terriers, to start the game, and make a great yelping noise to let them know whither the chace is proceeding. They often did this out of sport, in order to tease their opponent ; for of all pesterers that ever fastened on man, he was the most insufferable : knowing that his coat protect

ed him from manual chastisement, he spared no acrimony, and delighted in the chagrin and anger of those with whom he contended. But he was sometimes likewise *of real use* to the heads of the Presbyterian faction, and therefore was admitted to their tables, and of course conceived himself a very great man.

His ward accompanied him ; and very shortly after their arrival in Edinburgh, Robert, for the first time, met with the young laird his brother, in a match at tennis. The prowess and agility of the young squire drew forth the loudest plaudits of approval from his associates, and his own exertion alone carried the game every time on the one side, and that so far as all along to count three for their one. The hero's name soon ran round the circle, and when his brother Robert, who was an onlooker, learned who it was that was gaining so much applause, he came and stood close beside him all the time that the game lasted, always now and then putting in a cutting remark by way of mockery.

George could not help perceiving him, not only on account of his impertinent remarks, but he, moreover, stood so near him that he several times impeded him in his rapid evolutions, and of course got himself shoved aside in no very ceremonious way. Instead of making him keep his distance, these rude shocks and pushes, accompanied sometimes with hasty curses, only made him cling the closer to this king of the game. He seemed determined to maintain his right to his place as an onlooker, as well as any of those engaged in the game, and if they had tried him at an argument, he would have carried his point : or perhaps he wished to quarrel with this spark of his jealousy and aversion, and draw the attention of the gay crowd to himself by these means ; for, like his guardian, he knew no other pleasure but what consisted in opposition. George took him for some impertinent student of divinity, rather set upon a joke than any thing else. He perceived a lad with black clothes, and a methodistical face, whose countenance and eye he disliked exceedingly, several times in his way, and that

was all the notice he took of him the first time they two met. But the next day, and every succeeding one, the same devilish-looking youth attended him as constantly as his shadow; was always in his way as with intention to impede him, and ever and anon his deep and malignant eye met those of his elder brother with a glance so fierce that it sometimes startled him.

The very next time that George was engaged at tennis, he had not struck the ball above twice till the same intrusive being was again in his way. The party played for considerable stakes that day, namely, a dinner and wine at the Black Bull tavern; and George, as the hero and head of his party, was much interested in its honour; consequently, the sight of this moody and hellish-looking student affected him in no very pleasant manner. "Pray, Sir, be so good as keep without the range of the ball," said he.

"Is there any law or enactment that can compel me to do so?" said the other, biting his lip with scorn.

"If there is not, they are here that shall compel you," returned George: "so, friend, I rede you to be on your guard."

As he said this, a flush of anger glowed in his handsome face, and flashed from his sparkling blue eye; but it was a stranger to both, and momentarily took its departure. The black-coated youth set up his cap before, brought his heavy brows over his deep dark eyes, put his hands in the pockets of his black plush breeches, and stepped a little farther into the semi-circle, immediately on his brother's right hand, than he had ever ventured to do before. There he set himself firm on his legs, and, with a face as demure as death, seemed determined to keep his ground. He pretended to be following the ball with his eyes; but every moment they were glancing aside at George. One of the competitors chanced to say rashly, in the moment of exultation, "That's a d——d fine blow, George!" On which the intruder took up the word, as characteristic of the competitors, and repeated it every stroke that was given, making such

a ludicrous use of it, that several of the onlookers were compelled to laugh immoderately; but the players were terribly nettled at it, as he really contrived, by dint of sliding in some canonical terms, to render the competitors and their game ridiculous.

But matters at length came to a crisis that put them beyond sport. George, in flying backward to gain the point at which the ball was going to light, came inadvertently so rudely in contact with this obstreperous interloper, that he not only overthrew him, but also got a grievous fall over his legs; and, as he arose, the other made a spurn at him with his foot, which, if it had hit to its aim, would undoubtedly have finished the course of the young laird of Dalcastle and Balgrennan. George, being irritated beyond measure, as may well be conceived, especially at the deadly stroke aimed at him, struck the assailant with his racket, rather slightly, but so that his mouth and nose gushed out blood; and, at the same time, he said, turning to his cronies,—“Does any of you know who the infernal puppy is?”

“Do you not know, Sir?” said one of the onlookers, a stranger: “the gentleman is your own brother, Sir—Mr Robert Wringhim Colwan!”

“No, not Colwan, Sir,” said Robert, putting his hands in his pockets, and setting himself still farther forward than before,—“not a Colwan, Sir; henceforth I disclaim the name.”

“No, certainly not,” repeated George: “my mother’s son you may be,—but *not a Colwan!* There you are right.” Then turning round to his informer, he said, “Mercy be about us, Sir! is this the crazy minister’s son from Glasgow?”

This question was put in the irritation of the moment; but it was too rude, and too far out of place, and no one deigned any answer to it. He felt the reproof, and felt it deeply; seeming anxious for some opportunity to make an acknowledgment, or some reparation.

In the mean time, young Wringhim was an object to all of the uttermost disgust. The blood flowing from

his mouth and nose he took no pains to stem, neither did he so much as wipe it away; so that it spread over all his cheeks, and breast, even off at his toes. In that state did he take up his station in the middle of the competitors; and he did not now keep his place, but ran about, impeding every one who attempted to make at the ball. They loaded him with execrations, but it availed nothing; he seemed courting persecution and buffetings, keeping stedfastly to his old joke of damnation, and marring the game so completely, that, in spite of every effort on the part of the players, he forced them to stop their game, and give it up. He was such a rueful-looking object, covered with blood, that none of them had the heart to kick him, although it appeared the only thing he wanted; and as for George, he said not another word to him, either in anger or reproof.

When the game was fairly given up, and the party were washing their hands in the stone fount, some of them besought Robert Wringhim to wash himself; but he mocked at them, and said, he was much better as he was. George, at length, came forward abashedly toward him, and said,—“I have been greatly to blame, Robert, and am very sorry for what I have done. But, in the first instance, I erred through ignorance, not knowing you were my brother, which you certainly are; and, in the second, through a momentary irritation, for which I am ashamed. I pray you, therefore, to pardon me, and give me your hand.”

As he said this, he held out his hand toward his polluted brother; but the froward predestinarian took not his from his breeches' pocket, but lifting his foot, he gave his brother's hand a kick. “I'll give you what will suit such a hand better than mine,” said he, with a sneer. And then, turning lightly about, he added,—“Are there to be no more of these d——d fine blows, gentlemen? For shame, to give up such a profitable and edifying game!”

“This is too bad,” said George. “But, since it is thus, I have the less to regret.” And, having made this general remark, he took no more note of the uncouth aggressor.

But the persecution of the latter terminated not on the play-ground: he ranked up among them, bloody and disgusting as he was, and, keeping close by his brother's side, he marched along with the party all the way to the Black Bull. Before they got there, a great number of boys and idle people had surrounded them, hooting and incommoding them exceedingly, so that they were glad to get into the inn; and the unaccountable monster actually tried to get in amongst with them, to make one of the party at dinner. But the innkeeper and his men, getting the hint, by force prevented him from entering, although he attempted it again and again, both by telling lies and offering a bribe. Finding he could not prevail, he set to exciting the mob at the door to acts of violence; in which he had like to have succeeded. The landlord had no other shift, at last, but to send privately for two officers, and have him carried to the guard-house; and the hilarity and joy of the party of young gentlemen, for the evening, was quite spoiled, by the inauspicious termination of their game.

The Rev. Robert Wringhim was now to send for, to release his beloved ward. The messenger found him at table, with a number of the leaders of the Whig faction, the Marquis of Annandale being in the chair; and the prisoner's note being produced, Wringhim read it aloud, accompanying it with some explanatory remarks. The circumstances of the case being thus magnified and distorted, it excited the utmost abhorrence, both of the deed and the perpetrators, among the assembled faction. They declaimed against the act as an unnatural attempt on the character, and even the life, of an unfortunate brother, who had been expelled from his father's house. And, as party spirit was the order of the day, an attempt was made to lay the burden of it to that account. In short, the young culprit got some of the best blood of the land to enter as his securities, and was set at liberty. But when Wringhim perceived the plight that he was in, he took him, as he was, and presented him to his honourable patrons. This raised the indignation against the

young laird and his associates a thousand fold, which actually roused the party to temporary madness. They were, perhaps, a little excited by the wine and spirits they had swallowed; else a casual quarrel between two young men, at tennis, could not have driven them to such extremes. But certain it is, that from one at first arising to address the party on the atrocity of the offence, both in a moral and political point of view, on a sudden there were six on their feet, at the same time, expatiating on it; and, in a very short time thereafter, every one in the room was up, talking with the utmost vociferation, all on the same subject, and all taking the same side in the debate.

In the midst of this confusion, some one or other issued from the house, which was at the back of the Canongate, calling out,—“ A plot, a plot! Treason, treason! Down with the bloody incendiaries at the Black Bull!”

The concourse of people that were assembled in Edinburgh at that time was prodigious; and as they were all actuated by political motives, they wanted only a ready-blown coal to set the mountain on fire. The evening being fine, and the streets thronged, the cry ran from mouth to mouth through the whole city. More than that, the mob that had of late been gathered to the door of the Black Bull, had, by degrees, dispersed; but, they being young men, and idle vagrants, they had only spread themselves over the rest of the street to lounge in search of farther amusement: consequently, a word was sufficient to send them back to their late rendezvous, where they had previously witnessed something they did not much approve of.

The master of the tavern was astonished at seeing the mob again assembling; and that with such hurry and noise. But his inmates being all of the highest respectability, he judged himself sure of protection, or, at least, of indemnity. He had two large parties in his house at the time; the largest of which was of the Revolutionist faction. The other consisted of our young tennis-play-

ers, and their associates, who were all of the Jacobite order; or, at all events, leaned to the Episcopal side. The largest party were in a front-room; and the attack of the mob fell first on their windows, though rather with fear and caution. Jingle went one pane; then a loud hurra; and that again was followed by a number of voices, endeavouring to restrain the indignation from venting itself in destroying the windows and to turn it on the inmates. The Whigs, calling the landlord, inquired what the assault meant: he cunningly answered, that he suspected it was some of the youths of the Cavalier, or High-Church party, exciting the mob against them. The party consisted mostly of young gentlemen, by that time in a key to engage in any row; and, at all events, to suffer nothing from the other party, against whom their passions were mightily inflamed.

The landlord, therefore, had no sooner given them the spirit-rousing intelligence, than every one, as by instinct, swore his own natural oath, and grasped his own natural weapon. A few of those of the highest rank were armed with swords, which they boldly drew; those of the subordinate orders immediately flew to such weapons as the room, kitchen, and scullery afforded;—such as tongs, pokers, spits, racks, and shovels; and breathing vengeance on the prelatie party, the children of Antichrist and the heirs of d—n—t—n! the barterers of the liberties of their country, and betrayers of the most sacred trust,—thus elevated, and thus armed, in the cause of right, justice, and liberty, our heroes rushed to the street, and attacked the mob with such violence, that they broke the mass in a moment, and dispersed their thousands like chaff before the wind. The other party of young Jacobites, who sat in a room farther from the front, and were those against whom the fury of the mob was meant to have been directed, knew nothing of this second uproar, till the noise of the sally made by the Whigs assailed their ears; being then informed that the mob had attacked the house on account of the treatment they themselves had given to a young gentleman of the

adverse faction, and that another jovial party had issued from the house in their defence, and was now engaged in an unequal combat, the sparks likewise flew to the field to back their defenders with all their prowess, without troubling their heads about who they were.

A mob is like a spring tide in an eastern storm, that retires only to return with more overwhelming fury. The crowd was taken by surprise, when such a strong and well-armed party issued from the house with so great fury, laying all prostrate that came in their way. Those who were next to the door, and were, of course, the first whom the imminent danger assailed, rushed backward among the crowd with their whole force. The Black Bull standing in a small square half way between the High Street and the Cowgate, and the entrance to it being by two closes, into these the pressure outward was simultaneous, and thousands were moved to an involuntary flight they knew not why.

But the High Street of Edinburgh, which they soon reached, is a dangerous place in which to make an open attack upon a mob. And it appears that the entrances to the tavern had been somewhere near to the Cross, on the south side of the street; for the crowd fled with great expedition, both to the east and west, and the conquerors, separating themselves as chance directed, pursued impetuously, wounding and maiming as they flew. But, it so chanced, that before either of the wings had followed the flying squadrons of their enemies for the space of a hundred yards each way, there was not an enemy to pursue! the multitude had vanished like so many thousands of phantoms! What could our heroes do?—Why, they faced about to return toward their citadel, the Black Bull. But that feat was not so easily, nor so readily accomplished, as they divined. The unnumbered alleys on each side of the street had swallowed up the multitude in a few seconds; but from these they were busy reconnoitring; and, perceiving the deficiency in the number of their assailants, the rush from both sides of the street was as rapid, and as wonderful, as the

disappearance of the crowd had been a few minutes before. Each close vomited out its levies, and these better armed with missiles than when they sought it for a temporary retreat. Woe then to our two columns of victorious Whigs ! The mob actually closed around them as they would have swallowed them up ; and, in the mean while, shower after shower of the most abominable weapons of offence were rained in upon them. If the gentlemen were irritated before, this inflamed them still farther ; but their danger was now so apparent, they could not shut their eyes on it, therefore, both parties, as if actuated by the same spirit, made a desperate effort to join, and the greater part effected it ; but some were knocked down, and others were separated from their friends, and blithe to become silent members of the mob.

The battle now raged immediately in front of the closes leading to the Black Bull ; the small body of Whig gentlemen was hardly bested, and it is likely would have been overcome and trampled down every man, had they not been then and there joined by the young Cavaliers ; who, fresh to arms, broke from the wynd, opened the head of the passage, laid about them manfully, and thus kept up the spirits of the exasperated Whigs, who were the men in fact that wrought the most deray among the populace.

The town-guard was now on the alert ; and two companies of the Cameronian regiment, with the Hon. Captain Douglas, rushed down from the Castle to the scene of action ; but, for all the noise and hubbub that these caused in the street, the combat had become so close and inveterate, that numbers of both sides were taken prisoners fighting hand to hand, and could scarcely be separated when the guardsmen and soldiers had them by the necks.

Great was the alarm and confusion that night in Edinburgh ; for every one concluded that it was a party scuffle, and, the two parties being so equal in power, the most serious consequences were anticipated. The agitation was so prevailing, that every party in the town, great

and small, was broken up; and the lord-commissioner thought proper to go to the council-chamber himself, even at that late hour, accompanied by the sheriffs of Edinburgh and Linlithgow, with sundry noblemen besides, in order to learn something of the origin of the affray.

For a long time the court was completely puzzled. Every gentleman brought in exclaimed against the treatment he had received, in most bitter terms, blaming a mob set on him and his friends by the adverse party; and matters looked extremely ill, until at length they began to perceive that they were examining gentlemen of both parties, and that they had been doing so from the beginning, almost alternately, so equally had the prisoners been taken from both parties. Finally, it turned out, that a few gentlemen, two-thirds of whom were strenuous Whigs themselves, had joined in mauling the whole Whig population of Edinburgh. The investigation disclosed nothing the effect of which was not ludicrous; and the Duke of Queensberry, whose aim was at that time to conciliate the two factions, tried all that he could to turn the whole *fracas* into a joke—an unlucky frolic, where no ill was meant on either side, and which yet had been productive of a great deal.

The greater part of the people went home satisfied; but not so the Rev. Robert Wringhim. He did all that he could to inflame both judges and populace against the young Cavaliers, especially against the young Laird of Dalcastle, whom he represented as an incendiary, set on by an unnatural parent to slander his mother, and make away with a hapless and only brother; and, in truth, that declaimer against all human merit had that sort of powerful, homely, and bitter eloquence, which seldom missed affecting his hearers; the consequence at that time was, that he made the unfortunate affair between the two brothers appear in extremely bad colours, and the populace retired to their homes impressed with no very favourable opinion of either the Laird of Dalcastle or his son George, neither of whom were there present to speak for themselves.

As for Wringhim himself, he went home to his lodgings, filled with gall and with spite against the young laird, whom he was made to believe the aggressor, and that intentionally. But most of all was he filled with indignation against the father, whom he held in abhorrence at all times, and blamed solely for this unmannerly attack made on his favourite ward, namesake, and adopted son; and for the public imputation of a crime to his own reverence, in calling the lad *his* son, and thus charging him with a sin against which he was well known to have levelled all the arrows of church censure with unsparing might.

But, filled as his heart was with some portion of these bad feelings, to which all flesh is subject, he kept, nevertheless, the fear of the Lord always before his eyes so far as never to omit any of the external duties of religion, and farther than that, man hath no power to pry. He lodged with the family of a Mr Miller, whose lady was originally from Glasgow, and had been a hearer, and, of course, a great admirer of Mr Wringhim. In that family he made public worship every evening; and that night, in his petitions at a throne of grace, he prayed for so many vials of wrath to be poured on the head of some particular sinner, that the hearers trembled, and stopped their ears. But that he might not proceed with so violent a measure, amounting to excommunication, without due scripture warrant, he began the exercise of the evening by singing the following verses, which it is a pity should ever have been admitted into a Christian psalmody, being so adverse to all its mild and benevolent principles:—

Set thou the wicked over him,
And upon his right hand
 Give thou his greatest enemy,
Even Satan, leave to stand.
 And when by thee he shall be judged,
 Let him remembered be;
 And let his prayer be turned to sin,
 When he shall call on thee.
 Few be his days; and in his room
 His charge another take;

His children let be fatherless ;
 His wife a widow make :
 Let God his father's wickedness
 Still to remembrance call ;
 And never let his mother's sin
 Be blotted out at all.
 As he in cursing pleasure took,
 So let it to him fall ;
 As he delighted not to bless,
 So bless him not at all.
 As cursing he like clothes puts on,
 Into his bowels so,
 Like water, and into his bones
 Like oil, down let it go.

Young Wringhim only knew the full purport of this spiritual song : and went to his bed better satisfied than ever, that his father and brother were castaways, reprobates, aliens from the church and the true faith, and cursed in time and eternity.

The next day George and his companions met as usual,—all who were not seriously wounded of them. But as they strolled about the city, the rancorous eye and the finger of scorn were pointed against them. None of them was at first aware of the reason ; but it threw a damp over their spirits and enjoyments, which they could not master. They went to take a forenoon game at their old play of tennis, not on a match, but by way of improving themselves ; but they had not well taken their places till young Wringhim appeared in his old station, at his brother's right hand, with looks more demure and determined than ever. His lips were primmed so close that his mouth was hardly discernible, and his dark deep eye flashed gleams of holy indignation on the godless set, but particularly on his brother. His presence acted as a mildew on all social intercourse or enjoyment ; the game was marred, and ended ere ever it was well begun. There were whisperings apart—the party separated ; and, in order to shake off the blighting influence of this dogged persecutor, they entered sundry houses of their acquaintances, with an understanding that they were to meet on the Links for a game at cricket.

They did so ; and, stripping off part of their clothes, they began that violent and spirited game. They had not played five minutes, till Wringhim was stalking in the midst of them, and totally impeding the play. A cry arose from all corners of " O, this will never do. Kick him out of the play-ground ! Knock down the scoundrel ; or bind him, and let him lie in peace."

" By no means," cried George : " it is evident he wants nothing else. Pray do not humour him so much as to touch him with either foot or finger." Then turning to a friend, he said in a whisper, " speak to him, Gordon ; he surely will not refuse to let us have the ground to ourselves, if you request it of him."

Gordon went up to him, and requested of him, civilly, but ardently, " to retire to a certain distance, else none of them could or would be answerable, however sore he might be hurt."

He turned disdainfully on his heel, uttered a kind of pulpit hem ! and then added, " I will take my chance of that ; hurt me, any of you, at your peril."

The young gentlemen smiled, through spite and disdain of the dogged animal. Gordon followed him up, and tried to remonstrate with him ; but he let him know that " it was his pleasure to be there at that time ; and, unless he could demonstrate to him what superior right he and his party had to that ground, in preference to him, and to the exclusion of all others, he was determined to assert his right, and the rights of his fellow-citizens, by keeping possession of whatsoever part of that common field he chose."

" You are no gentleman, Sir," said Gordon.

" Are you one, Sir ?" said the other.

" Yes, Sir, I will let you know that I am, by G— !"

" Then, thanks be to Him whose name you have profaned, I am none. If *one* of the party be a gentleman, *I do hope in God I am not!*"

It was now apparent to them all that he was courting obloquy and manual chastisement from their hands, if by any means he could provoke them to the deed ; and, ap-

prehesive that he had some sinister and deep-laid design in hunting after such a singular favour, they wisely restrained one another from inflicting the punishment that each of them yearned to bestow, personally, and which he so well deserved.

But the unpopularity of the younger George Colwan could no longer be concealed from his associates. It was manifested wherever the populace were assembled ; and his young and intimate friend, Adam Gordon, was obliged to warn him of the circumstance, that he might not be surprised at the gentlemen of their acquaintance withdrawing themselves from his society, as they could not be seen with him without being insulted. George thanked him ; and it was agreed between them, that the former should keep himself retired during the daytime while he remained in Edinburgh, and that at night they should always meet together, along with such of their companions as were disengaged.

George found it every day more and more necessary to adhere to this system of seclusion ; for it was not alone the hisses of the boys and populace that pursued him,—a fiend of more malignant aspect was ever at his elbow, in the form of his brother. To whatever place of amusement he betook himself, and however well he concealed his intentions of going there from all flesh living, there was his brother Wringhim also, and always within a few yards of him, generally about the same distance, and ever and anon darting looks at him that chilled his very soul. They were looks that cannot be described ; but they were felt piercing to the bosom's deepest core. They affected even the onlookers in a very particular manner, for all whose eyes caught a glimpse of these hideous glances followed them to the object toward which they were darted ; the gentlemanly and mild demeanour of that object generally calmed their startled apprehensions ; for no one ever yet noted the glances of the young man's eye in the black coat, at the face of his brother, who did not at first manifest strong symptoms of alarm.

George became utterly confounded ; not only at the

import of this persecution, but how in the world it came to pass that this unaccountable being knew all his motions, and every intention of his heart, as it were intuitively. On consulting his own previous feelings and resolutions, he found that the circumstances of his going to such and such a place were often the most casual incidents in nature—the caprice of a moment had carried him there, and yet he had never sat or stood many minutes till there was the self-same being, always in the same position with regard to himself, as regularly as the shadow is cast from the substance, or the ray of light from the opposing denser medium.

For instance, he remembered one day of setting out with the intention of going to attend divine worship in the High Church, and when within a short space of its door, he was overtaken by young Kilpatrick of Closeburn, who was bound to the Grey Friars to see his sweetheart, as he said; “and if you will go with me, Colwan,” said he, “I will let you see her too, and then you will be just as far forward as I am.”

George assented at once, and went; and after taking his seat, he leaned his head forward on the pew to repeat over to himself a short ejaculatory prayer, as had always been his custom on entering the house of God. When he had done, he lifted his eyes naturally toward that point on his right hand where the fierce apparition of his brother had been wont to meet his view: there he was, in the same habit, form, demeanour, and precise point of distance, as usual! George again laid down his head, and his mind was so astounded, that he had nearly fallen into a swoon. He tried shortly after to muster up courage to look at the speaker, at the congregation, and at Captain Kilpatrick's sweetheart in particular; but the fiendish glances of the young man in the black clothes were too appalling to be withstood,—his eye caught them whether he was looking that way or not: at length his courage was fairly mastered, and he was obliged to look down during the remainder of the service.

By night or by day it was the same. In the gallery

of the Parliament House, in the boxes of the play-house, in the church, in the assembly, in the streets, suburbs, and the fields ; and every day, and every hour, from the first rencounter of the two, the attendance became more and more constant, more inexplicable, and altogether more alarming and insufferable, until at last George was fairly driven from society, and forced to spend his days in his own and his father's lodgings with close doors. Even there, he was constantly harassed with the idea, that the next time he lifted his eyes, he would to a certainty see that face, the most repulsive to all his feelings of aught the earth contained. The attendance of that brother was now become like the attendance of a demon on some devoted being that had sold himself to destruction ; his approaches as undiscerned, and his looks as fraught with hideous malignity. It was seldom that he saw him either following him in the streets, or entering any house or church after him ; he only appeared in his place, George wist not how, or whence ; and, having sped so ill in his first friendly approaches, he had never spoken to his equivocal attendant a second time.

It came at length into George's head, as he was pondering by himself on the circumstances of this extraordinary attendance, that perhaps his brother had relented, and, though of so sullen and unaccommodating a temper that he would not acknowledge it, or beg a reconciliation, it might be for that very purpose that he followed his steps night and day in that extraordinary manner. " I cannot for my life see for what other purpose it can be," thought he. " He never offers to attempt my life ; nor dares he, if he had the inclination ; therefore, although his manner is peculiarly repulsive to me, I shall not have my mind burdened with the reflection, that my own mother's son yearned for a reconciliation with me, and was repulsed by my haughty and insolent behaviour. The next time he comes to my hand I am resolved that I will accost him as one brother ought to address another, whatever it may cost me ; and, if I am still flouted with disdain, then shall the blame rest with him."

After this generous resolution, it was a good while before his gratuitous attendant appeared at his side again ; and George began to think that his visits were discontinued. The hope was a relief that could not be calculated ; but still George had a feeling that it was too supreme to last. His enemy had been too pertinacious to abandon his design, whatever it was. He, however, began to indulge in a little more liberty, and for several days he enjoyed it with impunity.

George was, from infancy, of a stirring active disposition, and could not endure confinement ; and having been of late much restrained in his youthful exercises by this singular persecutor, he grew uneasy under such restraint, and, one morning, chancing to awaken very early, he arose to make an excursion to the top of Arthur's Seat, to breathe the breeze of the dawning, and see the sun arise out of the eastern ocean. The morning was calm and serene ; and as he walked down the south back of the Canongate, toward the Palace, the haze was so close around him that he could not see the houses on the opposite side of the way. As he passed the lord-commissioner's house, the guards were in attendance, who cautioned him not to go by the Palace, as all the gates would be shut and guarded for an hour to come, on which he went by the back of St Anthony's gardens, and found his way into that little romantic glade adjoining to the Saint's chapel and well. He was still involved in a blue haze, like a dense smoke, but yet in the midst of it the respiration was the most refreshing and delicious. The grass and the flowers were laden with dew ; and, on taking off his hat to wipe his forehead, he perceived that the black glossy fur of which his chaperon was wrought, was all covered with a tissue of the most delicate silver—a fairy web, composed of little spheres, so minute that no eye could discern any one of them ; yet there they were shining in lovely millions. Afraid of defacing so beautiful and so delicate a garnish, he replaced his hat with the greatest caution, and went on his way light of heart.

As he approached the swire at the head of the dell,—

that little delightful verge from which in one moment the eastern limits and shores of Lothian arise on the view,—as he approached it, I say, and a little space from the height, he beheld, to his astonishment, a bright halo in the cloud of haze, that rose in a semicircle over his head like a pale rainbow. He was struck motionless at the view of the lovely vision; for it so chanced that he had never seen the same appearance before, though common at early morn. But he soon perceived the cause of the phenomenon, and that it proceeded from the rays of the sun from a puré unclouded morning sky striking upon this dense vapour which refracted them. But the better all the works of nature are understood, the more they will be ever admired. That was a scene that would have entranced the man of science with delight, but which the uninitiated and sordid man would have regarded less than the mole rearing up his hill in silence and in darkness.

George did admire this halo of glory, which still grew wider, and less defined, as he approached the surface of the cloud. But, to his utter amazement and supreme delight, he found, on reaching the top of Arthur's Seat, that this sublunary rainbow, this terrestrial glory, was spread in its most vivid hues beneath his feet. Still he could not perceive the body of the sun, although the light behind him was dazzling; but the cloud of haze lying dense in that deep dell that separates the hill from the rocks of Salisbury, and the dull shadow of the hill mingling with that cloud, made the dell a pit of darkness. On that shadowy cloud was the lovely rainbow formed, spreading itself on a horizontal plain, and having a slight and brilliant shade of all the colours of the heavenly bow, but all of them paler and less defined. But this terrestrial phenomenon of the early morn cannot be better delineated than by the name given of it by the shepherd boys, "The little wee ghost of the rainbow."

Such was the description of the morning, and the wild shades of the hill, that George gave to his father and Mr Adam Gordon that same day on which he had witnessed them; and it is necessary that the reader should compre-

hend something of their nature to understand what follows.

He seated himself on the pinnacle of the rocky precipice, a little within the top of the hill to the westward, and, with a light and buoyant heart, viewed the beauties of the morning, and inhaled its salubrious breeze. "Here," thought he, "I can converse with nature without disturbance, and without being intruded on by any appalling or obnoxious visitor." The idea of his brother's dark and malevolent looks coming at that moment across his mind, he turned his eyes instinctively to the right, to the point where that unwelcome guest was wont to make his appearance. Gracious Heaven! What an apparition was there presented to his view! He saw, delineated in the cloud, the shoulders, arms, and features of a human being of the most dreadful aspect. The face was the face of his brother, but dilated to twenty times the natural size. Its dark eyes gleamed on him through the mist, while every furrow of its hideous brow frowned deep as the ravines on the brow of the hill. George started, and his hair stood up in bristles as he gazed on this horrible monster. He saw every feature, and every line of the face, distinctly, as it gazed on him with an intensity that was hardly brookable. Its eyes were fixed on him, in the same manner as those of some carnivorous animal fixed on its prey; and yet there was fear and trembling, in these unearthly features, as plainly depicted as murderous malice. The giant apparition seemed sometimes to be cowering down as in terror, so that nothing but its brow and eyes were seen; still these never turned one moment from their object—again it rose imperceptibly up, and began to approach with great caution; and as it neared, the dimensions of its form lessened, still continuing, however, far above the natural size.

George conceived it to be a spirit. He could conceive it to be nothing else; and he took it for some horrid demon by which he was haunted, that had assumed the features of his brother in every lineament, but in taking on itself the human form, had miscalculated dreadfully on

the size, and presented itself thus to him in a blown-up, dilated frame of embodied air, exhaled from the caverns of death or the regions of devouring fire. He was farther confirmed in the belief that it was a malignant spirit, on perceiving that it approached him across the front of a precipice, where there was not a footing for thing of mortal frame. Still, what with terror and astonishment, he continued rivetted to the spot, till it approached, as he deemed, to within two yards of him; and then, perceiving that it was setting itself to make a violent spring on him, he started to his feet and fled distractedly in the opposite direction, keeping his eye cast behind him lest he should have been seized in that dangerous place. But the very first bolt that he made in his flight he came in contact with a *real* body of flesh and blood, and that with such violence that both went down among some scragged rocks, and George rolled over the other. The being called out "Murder;" and, rising, fled precipitately. George then perceived that it was his brother; and, being confounded between the shadow and the substance, he knew not what he was doing or what he had done; and there being only one natural way of retreat from the brink of the rock, he likewise arose and pursued the affrighted culprit with all his speed towards the top of the hill. Wringhim was braying out "Murder! murder!" at which George being disgusted, and his spirits all in a ferment from some hurried idea of intended harm, the moment he came up with the craven he seized him rudely by the shoulder, and clapped his hand on his mouth. "Murder, you beast!" said he; "what do you mean by roaring out murder in that way? Who is murdering you, or offering to murder you?"

Wringhim forced his mouth from under his brother's hand, and roared with redoubled energy, "Eh! Egh! murder! murder!" &c. George had felt resolute to put down this shocking alarm, lest some one might hear it and fly to the spot, or draw inferences widely different from the truth; and, perceiving the terror of Wringhim to be so great that expostulation was vain, he seized him

by the mouth and nose with his left hand, so strenuously, that he sunk his fingers into his cheeks. But the poltroon still attempting to bray out, George gave him such a stunning blow with his fist on the left temple, that he crumbled, as it were, to the ground, but more from the effects of terror than those of the blow. His nose, however, again gushed out blood, a system of defence which seemed as natural to him as that resorted to by the race of stinkards. He then raised himself on his knees and hams, and raising up his ghastly face, while the blood streamed over both ears, he besought his life of his brother, in the most abject whining manner, gaping and blubbering most piteously.

“Tell me then, Sir,” said George, resolved to make the most of the wretch’s terror—“tell me for what purpose it is that you thus haunt my steps. Tell me plainly, and instantly, else I will throw you from the verge of that precipice.”

“Oh, I will never do it again! I will never do it again! Spare my life, dear, good brother! Spare my life! Sure I never did you any hurt?”

“Swear to me, then, that you will never henceforth follow after me to torment me with your threatening looks; swear that you will never again come into my presence without being invited. Will you take an oath to this effect?”

“O yes! I will, I will!”

“But this is not all: you must tell me for what purpose you sought me out here this morning?”

“Oh, brother! for nothing but your good. I had nothing at heart but your unspeakable profit, and great and endless good.”

“So then, you indeed knew that I was here?”

“I was told so by a friend, but I did not believe him; a—a—at least I did not know it was true till I saw you.”

“Tell me this one thing, then, Robert, and all shall be forgotten and forgiven,—Who was that friend?”

“You do not know him.”

“How then does he know me?”

“ I cannot tell.”

“ Was he here present with you to-day ?”

“ Yes ; he was not far distant. He came to this hill with me.”

“ Where then is he now ?”

“ I cannot tell.”

“ Then, wretch, confess that the devil was that friend who told you I was here, and who came here with you ? None else could possibly know of my being here.”

“ Ah ! how little you know of him ! Would you argue that there is neither man nor spirit endowed with so much foresight as to deduce natural conclusions from previous actions and incidents but the devil ? Be assured of this, however, that I had no aim in seeking you *but your good!*”

“ Well, Robert, I will believe it. I am disposed to be hasty and passionate : it is a fault in my nature ; but I never meant, or wished you evil ; and God is my witness that I would as soon stretch out my hand to my own life, or my father's, as to yours.”——At these words, Wringhim uttered a hollow exulting laugh, put his hands in his pockets, and withdrew a space to his accustomed distance. George continued : “ And now, once for all, I request that we may exchange forgiveness, and that we may part and remain friends.”

“ Would such a thing be expedient, think you ? Or consistent with the glory of God ? I doubt it.”

“ I can think of nothing that would be more so. Is it not consistent with every precept of the Gospel ? Come, brother, say that our reconciliation is complete.”

“ Oh yes, certainly ! I tell you, brother, according to the flesh : it is just as complete as the lark's is with the adder ; no more so, nor ever can. Reconciled, forsooth ! To what would I be reconciled ?”

As he said this, he strode indignantly away. From the moment that he heard his life was safe, he assumed his former insolence and revengeful looks—and never were they more dreadful than on parting with his brother that morning on the top of the hill. “ Well, go thy ways,”

said George "some would despise, but I pity thee. If thou art not a limb of Satan, I never saw one."

The sun had now dispelled the vapours ; and the morning being lovely beyond description, George sat himself down on the top of the hill, and pondered deeply on the unaccountable incident that had befallen to him that morning. He could in nowise comprehend it ; but, taking it with other previous circumstances, he could not get quit of a conviction that he was haunted by some evil genius in the shape of his brother, as well as by that dark and mysterious wretch himself. In no other way could he account for the apparition he saw that morning on the face of the rock, nor for several sudden appearances of the same being, in places where there was no possibility of any foreknowledge that he himself was to be there, and as little that the same being, if he were flesh and blood like other men, could always start up in the same position with regard to him. He determined, therefore, on reaching home, to relate all that had happened, from beginning to end, to his father, asking his counsel and his assistance, although he knew full well that his father was not the fittest man in the world to solve such a problem. He was now involved in party politics, over head and ears ; and, moreover, he could never hear the names of either of the Wringhims mentioned without getting into a quandary of disgust and anger ; and all that he would deign to say of them was, to call them by all the opprobrious names he could invent.

It turned out as the young man from the first suggested : old Dalcastle would listen to nothing concerning them with any patience. George complained that his brother harassed him with his presence at all times, and in all places. Old Dal asked why he did not kick the dog out of his presence, whenever he felt him disagreeable ? George said, he seemed to have some demon for a familiar. Dal answered, that he did not wonder a bit at that, for the young spark was the third in a direct line who had all been children of adultery ; and it was well known that all such were born half deils themselves, and

nothing was more likely than that they should hold intercourse with their fellows. In the same style did he sympathize with all his son's late sufferings and perplexities.

In Mr Adam Gordon, however, George found a friend who entered into all his feelings, and had seen and knew every thing about the matter. He tried to convince him, that at all events there could be nothing supernatural in the circumstances ; and that the vision he had seen on the rock, among the thick mist, was the shadow of his brother approaching behind him. George could not swallow this, for he had seen his own shadow on the cloud, and, instead of approaching to aught like his own figure, he perceived nothing but a halo of glory round a point of the cloud, that was whiter and purer than the rest. Gordon said, if he would go with him to a mountain of his father's, which he named, in Aberdeenshire, he would show him a giant spirit of the same dimensions, any morning at the rising of the sun, provided he shone on that spot. This statement excited George's curiosity exceedingly ; and, being disgusted with some things about Edinburgh, and glad to get out of the way, he consented to go with Gordon to the Highlands for a space. The day was accordingly set for their departure, the old laird's assent obtained ; and the two young sparks parted in a state of great impatience for their excursion.

One of them found out another engagement, however, the instant after this last was determined on. Young Wringhim went off the hill that morning, and home to his upright guardian again, without washing the blood from his face and neck ; and there he told a most woful story indeed : how he had gone out to take a morning's walk on the hill, where he had encountered with his reprobate brother among the mist, who had knocked him down and very near murdered him ; threatening dreadfully, and with horrid oaths, to throw him from the top of the cliff.

The wrath of the great divine was kindled beyond measure. He cursed the aggressor in the name of the Most High ; and bound himself, by an oath, to cause that wicked one's transgressions to return upon his own head

sevenfold. But before he engaged farther in the business of vengeance, he kneeled with his adopted son, and committed the whole cause unto the Lord, whom he addressed as one coming breathing burning coals of juniper, and casting his lightnings before him, to destroy and root out all who had moved hand or tongue against the children of the promise. Thus did he arise confirmed, and go forth to certain conquest.

We cannot enter into the detail of the events that now occurred, without forestalling a part of the narrative of one who knew all the circumstances—was deeply interested in them, and whose relation is of higher value than any thing that can be retailed out of the stores of tradition and old registers; but, his narrative being different from these, it was judged expedient to give the account as thus publicly handed down to us. Suffice it, that, before evening, George was apprehended, and lodged in jail, on a criminal charge of an assault and battery, to the shedding of blood, with the intent of committing fratricide. Then was the old laird in great consternation, and blamed himself for treating the thing so lightly, which seemed to have been gone about, from the beginning, so systematically, and with an intent which the villains were now going to realize, namely, to get the young laird disposed of, and then his brother, in spite of the old gentleman's teeth, would be laird himself.

Old Dal now set his whole interest to work among the noblemen and lawyers of his party. His son's case looked exceedingly ill, owing to the former assault before witnesses, and the unbecoming expressions made use of by him on that occasion, as well as from the present assault, which George did not deny, and for which no moving cause or motive could be made to appear.

On his first declaration before the sheriff, matters looked no better: but then the sheriff was a Whig. It is well known how differently the people of the present day, in Scotland, view the cases of their own party-men, and those of opposite political principles. But this day is nothing to that in such matters, although, they are still

sometimes barefaced enough. It appeared, from all the witnesses in the first case, that the complainant was the first aggressor—that he refused to stand out of the way, though apprised of his danger; and when his brother came against him inadvertently, he had aimed a blow at him with his foot, which, if it had taken effect, would have killed him. But as to the story of the apparition in fair daylight—the flying from the face of it—the running foul of his brother—pursuing him, and knocking him down, why the judge smiled at the relation; and saying, “It was a very extraordinary story,” he remanded George to prison, leaving the matter to the High Court of Justiciary.

When the case came before that court, matters took a different turn. The constant and sullen attendance of the one brother upon the other excited suspicions; and these were in some manner confirmed, when the guards at Queensberry-house deponed, that the prisoner went by them on his way to the hill that morning, about twenty minutes before the complainant, and when the latter passed, he asked if such a young man had passed before him, describing the prisoner's appearance to them; and that, on being answered in the affirmative, he mended his pace and fell a-running.

The Lord Justice, on hearing this, asked the prisoner if he had any suspicions that his brother had a design on his life.

He answered, that all along, from the time of their first unfortunate meeting, his brother had dogged his steps so constantly, and so unaccountably, that he was convinced it was with some intent out of the ordinary course of events; and that if, as his lordship supposed, it was indeed his shadow that he had seen approaching him through the mist, then, from the cowering and cautious manner that it advanced, there was too little doubt that his brother's design had been to push him headlong from the cliff that morning.

A conversation then took place between the Judge and the Lord Advocate; and, in the mean time, a bustle was

seen in the hall ; on which the doors were ordered to be guarded,—and, behold, the precious Mr R. Wringhim was taken into custody, trying to make his escape out of court. Finally it turned out, that George was honourably acquitted, and young Wringhim bound over to keep the peace with heavy penalties and securities.

That was a day of high exultation to George and his youthful associates, all of whom abhorred Wringhim ; and the evening being spent in great glee, it was agreed between Mr Adam Gordon and George that their visit to the Highlands, though thus long delayed, was not to be abandoned ; and though they had, through the machinations of an incendiary, lost the season of delight, they would still find plenty of sport in deer-shooting. Accordingly, the day was set a second time for their departure ; and, on the day preceding that, all the party were invited by George to dine with him once more at the sign of the Black Bull of Norway. Every one promised to attend, anticipating nothing but festivity and joy. Alas, what short-sighted improvident creatures we are, all of us ; and how often does the evening cup of joy lead to sorrow in the morning !

The day arrived—the party of young noblemen and gentlemen met, and were as happy and jovial as men could be. George was never seen so brilliant, or so full of spirits ; and exulting to see so many gallant young chiefs and gentlemen about him, who all gloried in the same principles of loyalty, (perhaps this word should have been written *disloyalty*,) he made speeches, gave toasts, and sung songs, all leaning slyly to the same side, until a very late hour. By that time he had pushed the bottle so long and so freely, that its fumes had taken possession of every brain to such a degree, that they held Dame Reason rather at the staff's end, overbearing all her counsels and expostulations ; and it was imprudently proposed by a wild inebriated spark, and carried by a majority of voices, that the whole party should adjourn to another tavern for the remainder of the night.

They did so ; and it appears from what follows, that

the house to which they retired, must have been somewhere on the opposite side of the street to the Black Bull Inn, a little farther to the eastward. They had not been an hour in that house, till some altercation chanced to arise between George Colwan and a Mr Drummond, the younger son of a nobleman of distinction. It was perfectly casual, and no one thenceforward, to this day, could ever tell what it was about, if it was not about the misunderstanding of some word, or term, that the one had uttered. However it was, some high words passed between them; these were followed by threats; and in less than two minutes from the commencement of the quarrel, Drummond left the house in apparent displeasure, hinting to the other that they two should settle that in a more convenient place.

The company looked at one another, for all was over before any of them knew such a thing was begun. "What is the matter?" cried one. "What ails Drummond?" cried another. "Who has he quarrelled with?" asked a third.

"Don't know."—"Can't tell, on my life."—"He has quarrelled with his wine, I suppose, and is going to send it a challenge."

Such were the questions, and such the answers that passed in the jovial party, and the matter was no more thought of.

But in the course of a very short space, about the length of which the ideas of the company were the next day at great variance, a sharp rap came to the door: it was opened by a female; but there being a chain inside, she only saw one side of the person at the door. He appeared to be a young gentleman, in appearance like him who had lately left the house, and asked, in a low whispering voice, "if young Dalcastle was still in the house?" The woman did not know.—"If he is," added he, "pray tell him to speak with me for a few minutes." The woman delivered the message before all the party, among whom there were then sundry courteous ladies of notable distinction, and George, on receiving it, instantly rose, and

said, in the hearing of them all, "I will bet a hundred merks that is Drummond."—"Don't go to quarrel with him, George," said one.—"Bring him in with you," said another. George stepped out; the door was again bolted, the chain drawn across, and the inadvertent party, left within, thought no more of the circumstance till the next morning, that the report had spread over the city, that a young gentleman had been slain, on a little washing-green at the side of the North Loch, and at the very bottom of the close where this thoughtless party had been assembled.

Several of them on first hearing the report, hasted to the dead-room in the old Guard-house, where the corpse had been deposited, and soon discovered the body to be that of their friend and late entertainer, George Colwan. Great were the consternation and grief of all concerned, and in particular, of his old father and Miss Logan; for George had always been the sole hope and darling of both, and the news of the event paralyzed them so as to render them incapable of all thought or exertion. The spirit of the old laird was broken by the blow, and he descended at once from a jolly, good-natured, and active man, to a mere driveller, weeping over the body of his son, kissing his wound, his lips, and his cold brow alternately; denouncing vengeance on his murderers, and lamenting that he himself had not met the cruel doom, so that the hope of his race might have been preserved. In short, finding that all further motive of action and object of concern or of love, here below, were for ever removed from him, he abandoned himself to despair, and threatened to go down to the grave with his son.

But although he made no attempt to discover the murderers, the arm of justice was not idle; and it being evident to all, that the crime must infallibly be brought home to young Drummond, some of his friends sought him out, and compelled him, sorely against his will, to retire into concealment till the issue of the proof that should be led was made known. At the same time, he denied all knowledge of the incident with a resolution that

astonished his intimate friends and relations, who to a man suspected him guilty. His father was not in Scotland, for I think it was said to me that this young man was second son to a John, Duke of Melfort, who lived abroad with the royal family of the Stuarts; but this young gentleman lived with the relations of his mother, one of whom, an uncle, was a Lord of Session: these having thoroughly effected his concealment, went away, and listened to the evidence; and the examination of every new witness convinced them that their noble young relative was the slayer of his friend.

All the young gentlemen of the party were examined, save Drummond, who, when sent for, could not be found, which circumstance sorely confirmed the suspicions against him in the minds of judges and jurors, friends and enemies; and there is little doubt, that the care of his relations in concealing him, injured his character, and his cause. The young gentlemen, of whom the party was composed, varied considerably, with respect to the quarrel between him and the deceased. Some of them had neither heard nor noted it; others had, but not one of them could tell how it began. Some of them had heard the threat uttered by Drummond on leaving the house, and one only had noted him lay his hand on his sword. Not one of them could swear that it was Drummond who came to the door, and desired to speak with the deceased, but the general impression on the minds of them all, was to that effect; and one of the women swore that she heard the voice distinctly at the door, and every word that voice pronounced; and at the same time heard the deceased say, that it was Drummond's.

On the other hand, there were some evidences on Drummond's part, which Lord Craigie, his uncle, had taken care to collect. He produced the sword which his nephew had worn that night, on which there was neither blood nor blemish; and above all, he insisted on the evidence of a number of surgeons, who declared that both the wounds which the deceased had received, had been given behind. One of these was below the left arm,

and a slight one; the other was quite through the body, and both evidently inflicted with the same weapon, a two-edged sword, of the same dimensions as that worn by Drummond.

Upon the whole, there was a division in the court, but a majority decided it. Drummond was pronounced guilty of the murder, outlawed for not appearing, and a high reward offered for his apprehension. It was with the greatest difficulty that he escaped on board of a small trading vessel, which landed him in Holland, and from thence, flying into Germany, he entered into the service of the Emperor Charles VI. Many regretted that he was not taken, and made to suffer the penalty due for such a crime, and the melancholy incident became a pulpit theme over a great part of Scotland, being held up as a proper warning to youth.

After the funeral of this promising and excellent young man, his father never more held up his head. Miss Logan, with all her art, could not get him to attend to any worldly thing, or to make any settlement whatsoever of his affairs, save making her over a present of what disposable funds he had about him. As to his estates, when they were mentioned to him, he wished them all in the bottom of the sea, and himself along with them. But whenever she mentioned the circumstance of Thomas Drummond having been the murderer of his son, he shook his head, and once made the remark, that "It was all a mistake, a gross and fatal error; but that God, who had permitted such a flagrant deed, would bring it to light in his own time and way." In a few weeks he followed his son to the grave, and the notorious Robert Wringleim took possession of his estates as the lawful son of the late laird, born in wedlock, and under his father's roof. The investiture was celebrated by prayer, singing of psalms, and religious disputation. The late guardian and adopted father, and the mother of the new laird, presided on the grand occasion, making a conspicuous figure in all the work of the day; and though the youth himself indulged rather more freely in the bottle, than he

had ever been seen to do before, it was agreed by all present, that there had never been a festivity so sanctified within the great hall of Dalcastle.

But the ways of heaven are altogether inscrutable, and soar as far above and beyond the works and the comprehensions of man, as the sun, flaming in majesty, is above the tiny boy's evening rocket. It is the controller of Nature alone, that can bring light out of darkness, and order out of confusion. Who is he that causeth the mole, from his secret path of darkness, to throw up the gem, the gold, and the precious ore? The same, that from the mouths of babes and sucklings can extract the perfection of praise, and who can make the most abject of his creatures instrumental in bringing the most hidden truths to light.

Miss Logan had never lost the thought of her late master's prediction, that Heaven would bring to light the truth concerning the untimely death of his son. She perceived that some strange conviction, too horrible for expression, preyed on his mind from the moment that the fatal news reached him, to the last of his existence; and in his last ravings, he uttered some incoherent words about fanaticism having been the ruin of his house. These, to be sure, were the words of superannuation, and of the last and severest kind of it; but for all that, they sunk deep into Miss Logan's soul, and at last she began to think with herself, "Is it possible the Wringhims, and the sophisticating wretch who is in conjunction with them, the mother of my late beautiful and amiable young master, can have effected his destruction? if so, I will spend my days, and my little patrimony, in endeavours to rake up and expose the unnatural deed."

In all her outgoings and incomings, Mrs Logan (as she was now styled) never lost sight of this one object. Every new disappointment only whetted her desire to fish up some particulars concerning it; for she thought so long, and so ardently upon it, that by degrees it became settled in her mind as a sealed truth. And as woman is always most jealous of her own sex in such

matters, her suspicions were fixed on her greatest enemy, Mrs Colwan, now the Lady Dowager of Dalcastle. All was wrapt in a chaos of confusion and darkness; but at last by dint of a thousand sly and secret inquiries, Mrs Logan found out where Lady Dalcastle had been, on the night that the murder happened, and likewise what company she had kept, as well as some of the comers and goers; and she had hopes of having discovered a cue, which, if she could keep hold of the thread, would lead her through darkness to the light of truth.

Returning very late one evening from a convocation of family servants, which she had drawn together in order to fish something out of them, her maid having been in attendance on her all the evening, they found on going home, that the house had been broken into, and a number of valuable articles stolen therefrom. Mrs Logan had grown quite heartless before this stroke, having been altogether unsuccessful in her inquiries, and now she began to entertain some resolutions of giving up the fruitless search.

In a few days thereafter, she received intelligence that her clothes and plate were mostly recovered, and that she for one was bound over to prosecute the depredator, provided the articles turned out to be hers, as libelled in the indictment, and as a king's evidence had given out. She was likewise summoned, or requested, I know not which, being ignorant of these matters, to go as far as the town of Peebles on Tweedside, in order to survey the articles on such a day, and make affidavit to their identity before the Sheriff. She went accordingly; but on entering the town by the North Gate, she was accosted by a poor girl in tattered apparel, who with great earnestness inquired if her name was not Mrs Logan? On being answered in the affirmative, she said that the unfortunate prisoner in the tolbooth requested her, as she valued all that was dear to her in life, to go and see her before she appeared in court, at the hour of cause, as she (the prisoner) had something of the greatest moment to impart to her. Mrs Logan's curiosity was excited, and she followed the girl straight to the tolbooth, who by the

way said to her, that she would find in the prisoner a woman of a superior mind, who had gone through all the vicissitudes of life. "She has been very unfortunate, and I fear very wicked," added the poor thing, "but she is my mother, and God knows, with all her faults and failings, she has never been unkind to me. You, madam, have it in your power to save her; but she has wronged you, and therefore if you will not do it for her sake, do it for mine, and the God of the fatherless will reward you."

Mrs Logan answered her with a cast of the head, and a hem! and only remarked, that "the guilty must not always be suffered to escape, or what a world must we be doomed to live in!"

She was admitted to the prison, and found a tall emaciated figure, who appeared to have once possessed a sort of masculine beauty in no ordinary degree, but was now considerably advanced in years. She viewed Mrs Logan with a stern, steady gaze, as if reading her features as a margin to her intellect; and when she addressed her it was not with that humility, and agonized fervour, which are natural for one in such circumstances to address to another, who has the power of her life and death in her hands.

"I am deeply indebted to you, for this timely visit, Mrs Logan," said she. "It is not that I value life, or because I fear death, that I have sent for you so expressly. But the manner of the death that awaits me, has something peculiarly revolting in it to a female mind. Good God! when I think of being hung up, a spectacle to a gazing, gaping multitude, with numbers of which I have had intimacies and connexions, that would render the moment of parting so hideous, that, believe me, it rends to flinders a soul born for another sphere than that in which it has moved, had not the vile selfishness of a lordly fiend ruined all my prospects, and all my hopes. Hear me then; for I do not ask your pity; I only ask of you to look to yourself, and behave with womanly prudence. If you deny this day, that these goods are

yours, there is no other evidence whatever against my life, and it is safe for the present. For as for the word of the wretch who has betrayed me, it is of no avail; he has prevaricated so notoriously to save himself. If you deny them, you shall have them all again to the value of a mite, and more to the bargain. If you swear to the identity of them, the process will, one way and another, cost you the half of what they are worth."

"And what security have I for that?" said Mrs Logan.

"You have none but *my word*," said the other proudly, "and that never yet was violated. If you cannot take that, I know the worst you can do.—But I had forgot—I have a poor helpless child without, waiting, and starving about the prison door; surely it was of her that I wished to speak. This shameful death of mine will leave her in a deplorable state."

"The girl seems to have candour and strong affections," said Mrs Logan; "I grievously mistake if such a child would not be a thousand times better without such a guardian and director."

"Then will you be so kind as come to the Grass Market, and see me put down?" said the prisoner. "I thought a woman would estimate a woman's and a mother's feelings, when such a dreadful throw was at stake, at least in part. But you are callous, and have never known any feelings but those of subordination to your old unnatural master. Alas, I have no cause of offence! I have wronged you; and justice must take its course. Will you forgive me before we part?"

Mrs Logan hesitated, for her mind ran on something else: on which the other subjoined, "No, you will not forgive me, I see. But you will pray to God to forgive me? I know you will *do that*."

Mrs Logan heard not this jeer, but looking at the prisoner with an absent and stupid stare, she said, "Did you know my late master?"

"Ay, that I did, and never for any good," said she. "I knew the old and the young spark both, and was by when the latter was slain."

This careless sentence affected Mrs Logan in a most peculiar manner. A shower of tears burst from her eyes ere it was done, and when it was, she appeared like one bereaved of her mind. She first turned one way and then another, as if looking for something she had dropped. She seemed to think she had lost her eyes, instead of her tears, and at length, as by instinct, she tottered close up to the prisoner's face, and looking wistfully and joyfully in it, said, with breathless earnestness, "Pray, mistress, what is your name?"

"My name is Arabella Calvert," said the other: "Miss, mistress, or widow, as you choose, for I have been all the three, and that not once nor twice only—Ay, and something beyond all these. But as for you, you have never been any thing!"

"Ay, ay! and so you are Bell Calvert? Well I thought so—I thought so," said Mrs Logan; and helping herself to a seat, she came and sat down close by the prisoner's knee. "So you are indeed Bell Calvert, so called once. Well, of all the world you are the woman whom I have longed and travailed the most to see. But you were invisible; a being to be heard of, not seen."

"There have been days, madam," returned she, "when I *was* to be seen, and when there were few to be seen like me. But since that time there have indeed been days on which I was not to be seen. My crimes have been great, but my sufferings have been greater: so great, that neither you nor the world can ever either know or conceive them. I hope they will be taken into account by the Most High. Mine have been crimes of utter desperation. But whom am I speaking to! You had better leave me to myself, mistress."

"Leave you to yourself? That I will be loth to do, till you tell me where you were that night my young master was murdered?"

"Where the devil would, I was! Will that suffice you? Ah, it was a vile action! A night to be remembered that was!—Won't you be going? I want to trust my daughter with a commission."

“No, Mrs Calvert, you and I part not, till you have divulged that mystery to me.”

“You must accompany me to the other world, then, for you shall not have it in this.”

“If you refuse to answer me, I can have you before a tribunal, where you shall be sifted to the soul.”

“Such miserable inanity! What care I for your threatenings of a tribunal? I who must so soon stand before my last earthly one? What could the word of such a culprit avail? Or if it could, where is the judge that could enforce it?”

“Did you not say that there was some mode of accommodating matters on that score?”

“Yes, I prayed you to grant me my life, which is in your power. The saving of it would not have cost you a plack, yet you refused to do it. The taking of it will cost you a great deal, and yet to that purpose you adhere. I can have no parley with such a spirit. I would not have my life in a present from its motions, nor would I exchange courtesies with its possessor.”

“Indeed, Mrs Calvert, since ever we met, I have been so busy thinking about who you might be, that I know not what you have been proposing. I believe, I meant to do what I could to save you. But once for all, tell me every thing that you know concerning that amiable young gentleman’s death, and here is my hand, there shall be nothing wanting that I can effect for you.”

“No, I despise all barter with such mean and selfish curiosity; and, as I believe *that* passion is stronger with you, than fear is with me, we part on equal terms. Do your worst; and my secret shall go to the gallows and the grave with me.”

Mrs Logan was now greatly confounded, and after proffering in vain to concede every thing she could ask in exchange, for the particulars relating to the murder, she became the suppliant in her turn. But the unaccountable culprit, exulting in her advantage, laughed her to scorn; and finally, in a paroxysm of pride and impatience, called in the jailor, and had her expelled, ordering him in

her hearing, not to grant her admittance a second time, on any pretence.

Mrs Logan was now hard put to it, and again driven almost to despair. She might have succeeded in the attainment of that she thirsted for most in life so easily, had she known the character which she had to deal with,—had she known to have soothed her high and afflicted spirit: but that opportunity was past, and the hour of examination at hand. She once thought of going and claiming her articles, as she at first intended; but then, when she thought again of the Wringhims swaying it at Dalcastle, where she had been wont to hear them held in such contempt, if not abhorrence, and perhaps of holding it by the most diabolical means, she was withheld from marring the only chance that remained of having a glimpse into that mysterious affair.

Finally she resolved not to answer to her name in the court, rather than to appear and assert a falsehood, which she might be called on to certify by oath. She did so; and heard the Sheriff give orders to the officers to make inquiry for Miss Logan from Edinburgh, at the various places of entertainment in town, and to expedite her arrival in court, as things of great value were in dependence. She also heard the man who had turned king's evidence against the prisoner, examined for the second time, and sifted most cunningly. His answers gave any thing but satisfaction to the Sheriff, though Mrs Logan believed them to be mainly truth. But there were a few questions and answers that struck her above all others.

“How long is it since Mrs Calvert and you became acquainted?”

“About a year and a half.”

“State the precise time, if you please; the day, or night, according to your remembrance.”

“It was on the morning of the 28th of February, 1705.”

“What time of the morning?”

“Perhaps about one.”

“So early as that? At what place did you meet then?”

“ It was at the foot of one of the north wynds of Edinburgh.”

“ Was it by appointment that you met ?”

“ No, it was not.”

“ For what purpose was it then ?”

“ For no purpose.”

“ How is it that you chance to remember the day and hour so minutely, if you met that woman, whom you have accused, merely by chance, and for no manner of purpose, as you must have met others that night, perhaps to the amount of hundreds, in the same way ?”

“ I have good cause to remember it, my lord.”

“ What was that cause ?—No answer ?—You don't choose to say what that cause was ?”

“ I am not at liberty to tell.”

The Sheriff then descended to other particulars, all of which tended to prove that the fellow was an accomplished villain, and that the principal share of the atrocities had been committed by him. Indeed the Sheriff hinted, that he suspected the only share Mrs Calvert had in them, was in being too much in his company, and too true to him. The case was remitted to the Court of Justiciary ; but Mrs Logan had heard enough to convince her that the culprits first met at the very spot, and the very hour, on which George Colwan was slain ; and she had no doubt that they were incendiaries set on by his mother, to forward her own and her darling son's way to opulence. Mrs Logan was wrong, as will appear in the sequel ; but her antipathy to Mrs Colwan made her watch the event with all care. She never quitted Peebles as long as Bell Calvert remained there, and when she was removed to Edinburgh, the other followed. When the trial came on, Mrs Logan and her maid were again summoned as witnesses before the jury, and compelled by the prosecutor for the Crown to appear.

The maid was first called ; and when she came into the witnesses' box, the anxious and hopeless looks of the prisoner were manifest to all ; but the girl, whose name, she said, was Bessy Gillies, answered in so flippant and

fearless a way, that the auditors were much amused. After a number of routine questions, the depute-advocate asked her if she was at home on the morning of the fifth of September last, when her mistress's house was robbed?

"Was I at hame, say ye? Na, faith-ye, lad! An I had been at hame, there had been mair to dee. I wad hae raised sic a yelloch!"

"Where were you that morning?"

"Where was I, say you? I was in the house where my mistress was, sitting dozing an' half sleeping in the kitchen. I thought aye she would be setting out every minute, for twa hours."

"And when you went home, what did you find?"

"What found we? Be my sooth, we found a broken lock, an' toom kists."

"Relate some of the particulars, if you please."

"O, sir, the thieves didna stand upon particulars: they were halesale dealers in a' our best wares."

"I mean, what passed between your mistress and you on the occasion?"

"What passed, say ye? O, there wasna muckle: I was in a great passion, but she was dung doitrified a wee. When she gaed to put the key i' the door, up it flew to the fer wa'.—'Bess, ye jaud, what's the meaning o' this?' quo she. 'Ye hae left the door open, ye tawpie!' quo she. 'The ne'er o' that I did,' quo I, 'or may my shakel bane never turn another key.' When we got the candle lightit, a' the house was in a hoad-road. 'Bessy, my woman,' quo she. 'we are baith ruined and undone creatures.' 'The deil a bit,' quo I; 'that I deny positively. H'mh! to speak o' a lass o' my age being ruined and undone! I never had muckle except what was within a good jerkin, an' let the thief ruin me there wha can."

"Do you remember ought else that your mistress said on the occasion? Did you hear her blaine any person?"

"O, she made a great deal o' grumpling an' groaning about the *misfortune*, as she ca'd it, an' I think she said

it was a part o' the ruin wrought by the Ringans, or some sic name,—‘they'll hae't a'! they'll hae't a'!’ cried she, wringing her hands; ‘they'll hae't a,' an' hell wi't, an' they'll get them baith.’ ‘Aweel, that's aye some satisfaction,’ quo I.”

“Whom did she mean by the Ringans, do you know?”

“I fancy they are some creatures that she has dreamed about, for I think there canna be as ill folks living as she ca's them.”

“Did you never hear her say that the prisoner at the bar there, Mrs Calvert, or Bell Calvert, was the robber of her house; or that she was one of the Ringans?”

“Never. Somebody tauld her lately, that ane Bell Calvert robbed her house, but she disna believe it. Neither do I.”

“What reasons have you for doubting it?”

“Because it was nae woman's fingers that broke up the bolts an' the locks that were torn open that night.”

“Very pertinent, Bessy. Come then within the bar, and look at these articles on the table. Did you ever see these silver spoons before?”

“I hae seen some very like them, and whaever has seen siller spoons, has done the same.”

“Can you swear you never saw them before?”

“Na, na, I wadna swear to ony siller spoons that ever war made, unless I had put a private mark on them wi' my ain hand, an' that's what I never did to ane.”

“See, they are all marked with a C.”

“Sae are a' the spoons in Argyle, an' the half o' them in Edinburgh I think. A C is a very common letter, an' so are a' the names that begin wi't. Lay them by, lay them by, an' gie the poor woman her spoons again. They are marked wi' her ain name, an' I hae little doubt they are hers, an' that she has seen better days.”

“Ah, God bless her heart!” sighed the prisoner; and that blessing was echoed in the breathings of many a feeling breast.

“Did you ever see this gown before, think you?”

"I hae seen ane very like it."

"Could you not swear that gown was your mistress's once?"

"No, unless I saw her hae't on, an' kend that she had paid for't. I am very scrupulous about an oath. *Like* is an ill mark. Sae ill indeed, that I wad hardly swear to ony thing."

"But you say that gown is *very like* one your mistress used to wear."

"I never said sic a thing. It is like one I hae seen her hae out airing on the hay raip i' the back green. It is very like ane I hae seen Mrs Butler in the Grass Market wearing too; I rather think it is the same. Bless you, sir, I wadna swear to my ain fore-finger, if it had been as lang out o' my-sight, an' brought in an' laid on that table."

"Perhaps you are not aware, girl, that this scrupulousness of yours is likely to thwart the purposes of justice, and bereave your mistress of property to the amount of a thousand merks?" (*From the Judge.*)

"I canna help that, my lord: that's her lookout. For my part, I am resolved to keep a clear conscience, till I be married, at any rate."

"Look over these things, and see if there is any one article among them which you can fix on as the property of your mistress."

"No ane o' them, sir, no ane o' them. An oath is an awfu' thing, especially when it is for life or death. Gie the poor woman her things again, an' let my mistress pick up the next she finds: that's my advice."

When Mrs Logan came into the box, the prisoner groaned, and laid down her head. But how was she astonished when she heard her deliver herself something to the following purport!—That whatever penalties she was doomed to abide, she was determined she would not bear witness against a woman's life, from a certain conviction that it could not be a woman who broke her house. "I have no doubt that I may find some of my own things there," added she, "but if they were found in

her possession, she has been made a tool, or the dupe, of an infernal set, who shall be nameless here. I believe she *did not* rob me, and for that reason I will have no hand in her condemnation."

The Judge. "This is the most singular perversion I have ever witnessed. Mrs Logan, I entertain strong suspicions that the prisoner, or her agents, have made some agreement with you on this matter, to prevent the course of justice."

"So far from that, my lord, I went into the jail at Peebles to this woman, whom I had never seen before, and proffered to withdraw my part in the prosecution, as well as my evidence, provided she would tell me a few simple facts; but she spurned at my offer, and had me turned insolently out of the prison, with orders to the jailor never to admit me again on any pretence."

The prisoner's counsel, taking hold of this evidence, addressed the jury with great fluency; and finally the prosecution was withdrawn, and the prisoner dismissed from the bar, with a severe reprimand for her past conduct, and an exhortation to keep better company.

It was not many days till a caddy came with a large parcel to Mrs Logan's house, which parcel he delivered into her hands, accompanied with a sealed note, containing an inventory of the articles, and a request to know if the unfortunate Arabella Calvert would be admitted to converse with Mrs Logan.

Never was there a woman so much overjoyed as Mrs Logan was at this message. She returned compliments; would be most happy to see her; and no article of the parcel should be looked at, or touched, till her arrival.— It was not long till she made her appearance, dressed in somewhat better style than she had yet seen her; delivered her over the greater part of the stolen property, besides many things that either never had belouged to Mrs Logan, or that she thought proper to deny, in order that the other might retain them.

The tale that she told of her misfortunes was of the most distressing nature, and was enough to stir up all the

tender, as well as abhorrent feelings in the bosom of humanity. She had suffered every deprivation in fame, fortune, and person. She had been imprisoned; she had been scourged, and branded as an impostor; and all on account of her resolute and unmoving fidelity and truth to *several* of the very worst of men, every one of whom had abandoned her to utter destitution and shame. But this story we cannot enter on at present, as it would perhaps mar the thread of our story, as much as it did the anxious anticipations of Mrs Logan, who sat pining and longing for the relation that follows.

“Now I know, Mrs Logan, that you are expecting a detail of the circumstances relating to the death of Mr George Colwan; and in gratitude for your unbounded generosity and disinterestedness, I will tell you all that I know, although, for causes that will appear obvious to you, I had determined never in life to divulge one circumstance of it. I can tell you, however, that you will be disappointed, for it was not the gentleman who was accused, found guilty, and would have suffered the utmost penalty of the law, had he not made his escape. *It was not he*, I say, who slew your young master, nor had he any hand in it.”

“I never thought he had. But, pray, how do you come to know this?”

“You shall hear. I had been abandoned in York, by an artful and consummate fiend; found guilty of being art and part concerned in the most heinous atrocities, and, in his place, suffered what I yet shudder to think of. I was banished the county—begged my way with my poor outcast child up to Edinburgh, and was there obliged, for the second time in my life, to betake myself to the most degrading of all means to support two wretched lives. I hired a dress, and betook me, shivering, to the High Street, too well aware that my form and appearance would soon draw me suitors enow at that throng and intemperate time of the parliament. On my very first stepping out to the street, a party of young gentlemen was passing. I heard by the noise they made, and the

tenor of their speech, that they were more than mellow, and so I resolved to keep near them, in order, if possible, to make some of them my prey. But just as one of them began to eye me, I was rudely thrust into a narrow close by one of the guardsmen. I had heard to what house the party was bound, for the men were talking exceedingly loud, and making no secret of it; so I hasted down the close, and round below to the one where their rendezvous was to be; but I was too late, they were all housed and the door bolted. I resolved to wait, thinking they could not at all stay long; but I was perishing with famine, and was like to fall down. The moon shone as bright as day, and I perceived, by a sign at the bottom of the close, that there was a small tavern of a certain description up two stairs there. I went up and called, telling the mistress of the house my plan. She approved of it mainly, and offered me her best apartment, provided I could get one of these noble mates to accompany me. She abused Lucky Sudds, as she called her, at the inn where the party was, envying her huge profits, no doubt, and giving me afterward something to drink, for which I really felt exceedingly grateful in my need. I stepped down stairs in order to be on the alert. The moment that I reached the ground, the door of Lucky Sudds' house opened and shut, and down came the Honourable Thomas Drummond, with hasty and impassioned strides, his sword rattling at his heel. I accosted him in a soft and soothing tone. He was taken with my address; for he instantly stood still and gazed intently at me, then at the place, and then at me again. I beckoned him to follow me, which he did without farther ceremony, and we soon found ourselves together in the best room of a house where every thing was wretched. He still looked about him, and at me; but all this while he had never spoken a word. At length, I asked if he would take any refreshment? 'If you please,' said he. I asked what he would have? but he only answered, 'Whatever you choose, madam.' If he was taken with my address, I was much more taken with his; for he

was a complete gentleman, and a gentleman will ever act as one. At length, he began as follows :

“ ‘ I am utterly at a loss to account for this adventure, madam. It seems to me like enchantment, and I can hardly believe my senses. An English lady, I judge, and one, who from her manner and address should belong to the first class of society, in such a place as this, is indeed matter of wonder to me. At the foot of a close in Edinburgh! and at this time of the night! Surely it must have been no common reverse of fortune that reduced you to this?’ I wept, or pretended to do so; on which he added. ‘ Pray, madam, take heart. Tell me what has befallen you; and if I can do any thing for you, in restoring you to your country or your friends, you shall command my interest.’

“ ‘ I had great need of a friend then, and I thought now was the time to secure one. So I began and told him the moving tale I have told. But I soon perceived that I had kept by the naked truth too unvarnishedly, and thereby quite overshot my mark. When he learned that he was sitting in a wretched corner of an irregular house, with a felon, who had so lately been scourged, and banished as a swindler and impostor, his modest nature took the alarm, and he was shocked, instead of being moved with pity. His eye fixed on some of the casual stripes on my arm, and from that moment he became restless and impatient to be gone. I tried some gentle arts to retain him, but in vain; so, after paying both the landlady and me for pleasures he had neither tasted nor asked, he took his leave.

I showed him down stairs; and just as he turned the corner of the next land, a man came rushing violently by him, exchanged looks with him, and came running up to me. He appeared in great agitation, and was quite out of breath; and, taking my hand in his, we ran up stairs together without speaking, and were instantly in the apartment I had left, where a stoup of wine still stood untasted. ‘ Ah, this is fortunate!’ said my new spark, and helped himself. In the mean while, as our apartment

was a corner one, and looked both east and north, I ran to the easter casement to look after Drummond. Now, note me well: I saw him going eastward in his tartans and bonnet, and the gilded hilt of his claymore glittering in the moon; and, at the very same time, I saw two men, the one in black, and the other likewise in tartans, coming toward the steps from the opposite bank, by the foot of the loch; and I saw Drummond and they eyeing each other as they passed. I kept view of *him* till he vanished towards Leith Wynd, and by that time the two strangers had come close up under our window. This is what I wish you to pay particular attention to. I had only lost sight of Drummond, (who had given me his name and address,) for the short space of time that we took in running up one pair of short stairs; and during that space he had halted a moment, for, when I got my eye on him again, he had not crossed the mouth of the next entry, nor proceeded above ten or twelve paces, and, *at the same time*, I saw the two men coming down the bank on the opposite side of the loch, at about three hundred paces' distance. Both he and they were distinctly in my view, and never within speech of each other, until he vanished into one of the wynds leading toward the bottom of the High Street, at which precise time the two strangers came below my window; so that it was quite clear he neither could be one of them, nor have any communication with them.

“ Yet, mark me again; for of all things I have ever seen, this was the most singular. When I looked down at the two strangers, *one of them was extremely like Drummond*. So like was he, that there was not one item in dress, form, feature, nor voice, by which I could distinguish the one from the other. I was certain it was not he, because I had seen the one going and the other approaching at the same time, and my impression at the moment was, that I looked upon some spirit, or demon, in his likeness. I felt a chillness creep all round my heart, my knees tottered, and, withdrawing my head from the open casement that lay in the dark shade, I said

to the man who was with me, 'Good God, what is this!'

" 'What is it, my dear?' said he, as much alarmed as I was.

" 'As I live, there stands an apparition!' said I.

" 'He was not so much afraid when he heard me say so, and peeping cautiously out, he looked and listened a while, and then drawing back, he said in a whisper, 'They are both living men, and one of them is he I passed at the corner.'

" 'That he is not,' said I, emphatically. 'To that I will make oath.'

" 'He smiled and shook his head, and then added, 'I never then saw a man before, whom I could not know again, particularly if he was the very last I had seen. But what matters it whether it be or not? As it is no concern of ours, let us sit down and enjoy ourselves.'

" 'But it *does* matter a very great deal with me, sir,' said I.—'Bless me, my head is giddy—my breath quite gone, and I feel as if I were surrounded with fiends! Who are you, sir?'

" 'You shall know that ere we two part, my love,' said he: 'I cannot conceive why the return of this young gentleman to the spot he so lately left, should discompose you? I suppose he got a glance of you as he passed, and has returned to look after you, and that is the whole secret of the matter.'

" 'If you will be so civil as to walk out and join him then, it will oblige me hugely,' said I, 'for I never in my life experienced such boding apprehensions of evil company. I cannot conceive how you should come up here without asking my permission? Will it please you to begone, sir?'—I was within an ace of prevailing. He took out his purse—I need not say more—I was bribed to let him remain. Ah, had I kept by my frail resolution of dismissing him at that moment, what a world of shame and misery had been evited! But that, though uppermost still in my mind, has nothing ado here.

" 'When I peeped over again, the two men were dis-

puting in a whisper, the one of them in violent agitation and terror, and the other upbraiding him, and urging him on to some desperate act. At length I heard the young man in the Highland garb say indignantly, 'Hush, recreant! It is God's work which you are commissioned to execute, and it must be done. But if you positively decline it, I will do it myself, and do you beware of the consequences.'

"'Oh, I will, I will!' cried the other in black clothes, in a wretched beseeching tone. 'You shall instruct me in this, as in all things else.'

"I thought all this while I was closely concealed from them, and wondered not a little when he in tartans gave me a sly nod, as much as to say, 'What do you think of this?' or, 'Take note of what you see,' or something to that effect, from which I perceived, that whatever he was about, he did not wish it to be kept a secret. For all that, I was impressed with a terror and anxiety that I could not overcome, but it only made me mark every event with the more intense curiosity. The Highlander, whom I still could not help regarding as the evil genius of Thomas Drummond, performed every action, as with the quickness of thought. He concealed the youth in black in a narrow entry, a little to the westward of my windows, and as he was leading him across the moonlight green by the shoulder, I perceived, for the first time, that both of them were armed with rapiers. He pushed him without resistance into the dark shaded close, made another signal to me, and hasted up the close to Lucky Sudds' door. The city and the morning were so still, that I heard every word that was uttered, on putting my head out a little. He knocked at the door sharply, and after waiting a considerable space, the bolt was drawn, and the door, as I conceived, edged up as far as the massy chain would let it. 'Is young Dalcastle still in the house?' said he sharply.

"I did not hear the answer, but I heard him say, shortly after, 'If he is, pray tell him to speak with me for a few minutes.' He then withdrew from the door,

and came slowly down the close, in a lingering manner, looking oft behind him. Dalcastle came out; advanced a few steps after him, and then stood still, as if hesitating whether or not he should call out a friend to accompany him; and that instant the door behind him was closed, chained, and the iron bolt drawn; on hearing of which, he followed his adversary without farther hesitation. As he passed below my window, I heard him say, 'I beseech you, Tom, let us do nothing in this matter rashly;' but I could not hear the answer of the other, who had turned the corner.

"I roused up my drowsy companion, who was leaning on the bed, and we both looked together from the north window. We were in the shade, but the moon shone full on the two young gentlemen. Young Dalcastle was visibly the worse of liquor, and his back being turned toward us, he said something to the other which I could not make out, although he spoke a considerable time, and, from his tones and gestures, appeared to be reasoning. When he had done, the tall young man in the tartans drew his sword, and his face being straight to us, we heard him say distinctly, 'No more words about it, George, if you please; but if you be a man, as I take you to be, draw your sword, and let us settle it here.'—

"Dalcastle drew his sword, without changing his attitude; but he spoke with more warmth, for we heard his words, 'Think you that I fear you, Tom? Be assured, sir, I would not fear ten of the best of your name, at each other's backs: all that I want is to have friends with us to see fair play, for if you close with me, you are a dead man.'

"The other stormed at these words. 'You are a braggart, sir,' cried he, 'a wretch—a blot on the cheek of nature—a blight on the Christian world—a reprobate—I'll have your soul, sir.' As he said this, he brandished his rapier, exciting Dalcastle to offence. He gained his point; the latter, who had previously drawn, advanced in upon his vapouring and licentious antagonist, and a fierce combat ensued. My companion was delighted be-

yond measure, and I could not keep him from exclaiming, loud enough to have been heard, 'that's grand! that's excellent!' For me, my heart quaked like an aspen. Young Dalcastle either had a decided advantage over his adversary, or else the other thought proper to let him have it; for he shifted, and wore, and flitted from Dalcastle's thrusts like a shadow, uttering oftentimes a sarcastic laugh, that seemed to provoke the other beyond all bearing. At one time, he would spring away to a great distance, then advance again on young Dalcastle with the swiftness of lightning. But that young hero always stood his ground, and repelled the attack: he never gave way, although they fought nearly twice round the bleaching green, which you know is not a very small one. At length they fought close up to the mouth of the dark entry, where the fellow in black stood all this while concealed, and then the combatant in tartans closed with his antagonist, or pretended to do so; but the moment they began to grapple, he wheeled about, turning Colwan's back towards the entry, and then cried out, 'Now, my friend, my friend!'

"That moment the fellow in black rushed from his cover with his drawn rapier, and gave the brave young Dalcastle two deadly wounds in the back, as quick as arm could thrust, both of which I thought pierced through his body. He fell, and rolling himself on his back, he perceived who it was that had slain him thus foully, and said, with a dying emphasis, which I never heard equalled, 'Oh, is it you who has done this!'

"He articulated some more, which I could not hear for other sounds; for the moment that the man in black inflicted the deadly wound, my companion called out, 'That's unfair! that's damnable! to strike a brave fellow behind! One at a time, you cowards!' &c., to all which the unnatural fiend in the tartans answered with a loud exulting laugh; and then, taking the poor paralysed murderer by the bow of the arm, he hurried him into the dark entry once more, where I lost sight of them for ever."

Before this time, Mrs Logan had risen up ; and when the narrator had finished, she was standing with her arms stretched upward at their full length, and her visage turned down, on which were portrayed the lines of the most absolute horror. "The dark suspicions of my late benefactor have been just, and his last prediction is fulfilled," cried she. "The murderer of the accomplished George Colwan has been his own brother, set on, there is little doubt, by her who bare them both, and her directing angel, the self-justified bigot. Aye, and yonder they sit, enjoying the luxuries so dearly purchased, with perfect impunity ! If the Almighty do not hurl them down, blasted with shame and confusion, there is no hope of retribution in this life. And, by his might, I will be the agent to accomplish it ! Why did the man not pursue the foul murderers ? Why did he not raise the alarm, and call the watch ?"

"He ? The wretch ! He durst not move from the shelter he had obtained,—no, not for the soul of him. He was pursued for his life, at the moment when he first flew into my arms. But I did not know it ; no, I did not *then* know him. He pursue for the sake of justice ! No ; his efforts have all been for evil, but never for good. But I raised the alarm ; miserable and degraded as I was, I pursued and raised the watch myself. Have you not heard the name Bell Calvert coupled with that hideous and mysterious affair ?"

"Yes, I have. In secret often I have heard it. But how came it that you could never be found ? How came it that you never appeared in defence of the Honourable Thomas Drummond ;—you, the only person who could have justified him ?"

"I could not, for I then fell under the power and guidance of a wretch, who durst not for the soul of him be brought forward in the affair. And what was worse, his evidence would have overborne mine, for he would have sworn, that the man who called out and fought Colwan, was the same he met leaving my apartment, and there was an end of it. And moreover, it is well known,

that this same man,—this wretch of whom I speak, never mistook one man for another in his life, which makes the mystery of the likeness between this incendiary and Drummond the more extraordinary.”

“ If it was Drummond, after all that you have asserted, then are my surmises still wrong.”

“ There is nothing of which I can be more certain, than that it was not Drummond. We have nothing on earth but our senses to depend upon: if these deceive us, what are we to do? I own I cannot account for it; nor ever shall be able to account for it as long as I live.”

“ Could you know the man in black, if you saw him again?”

“ I think I could, if I saw him walk or run: his gait was very particular; he walked as if he had been flat-soled, and his legs made of steel, without any joints in his feet or ancles.”

“ The very same! The very same! The very same! Pray will you take a few days’ journey into the country with me, to look at such a man?”

“ You have preserved my life, and for you I will do any thing. I will accompany you with pleasure: and I think I can say that I will know him, for his form left an impression on my heart not soon to be effaced. But of this I am sure, that my unworthy companion *will* recognize him, and that he will be able to swear to his identity every day as long as he lives.”

“ Where is he? Where is he? O! Mrs Calvert, where is he?”

“ Where is he? He is the wretch whom you heard giving me up to the death; who, after experiencing every mark of affection that a poor ruined being could confer, and after committing a thousand atrocities of which she was ignorant, became an informer to save his diabolical life, and attempted to offer up mine as a sacrifice for all. We will go by ourselves first, and I will tell you if it is necessary to send any farther.”

“ The two dames. the very next morning, dressed themselves like country goodwives; and, hiring two stout

ponies furnished with pillions, they took their journey westward, and the second evening after leaving Edinburgh they arrived at the village about two miles below Dalcastle, where they alighted. But Mrs Logan being anxious to have Mrs Calvert's judgment, without either hint or preparation, took care not to mention that they were so near to the end of their journey. In conformity with this plan, she said, after they had sat a while, "Heigh-ho, but I am weary! What suppose we should rest a day here before we proceed farther on our journey?"

Mrs Calvert was leaning on the casement, and looking out when her companion addressed these words to her, and by far too much engaged to return any answer, for her eyes were riveted on two young men who approached from the farther end of the village; and at length, turning round her head, she said, with the most intense interest, "Proceed farther on our journey, did you say? That we need not do; for, as I live, here comes the very man!"

Mrs Logan ran to the window, and behold there was indeed Robert Wringhim Colwan (now the Laird of Dalcastle) coming forward almost below their window, walking arm in arm with another young man; and as the two passed, the latter looked up and made a sly signal to the two dames, biting his lip, winking with his left eye, and nodding his head. Mrs Calvert was astonished at this recognizance, the young man's former companion having made exactly such another signal on the night of the duel, by the light of the moon; and it struck her, moreover, that she had somewhere seen this young man's face before. She looked after him, and he winked over his shoulder to her; but she was prevented from returning his salute by her companion, who uttered a loud cry, between a groan and shriek, and fell down on the floor with a rumble like a wall that had suddenly been undermined. She had fainted quite away, and required all her companion's attention during the remainder of the evening, for she had scarcely ever well recovered out of one fit before she fell into another; and in the short intervals she

raved like one distracted, or in a dream. After falling into a sound sleep by night, she recovered her equanimity, and the two began to converse seriously on what they had seen. Mrs Calvert averred that the young man who passed next to the window, *was* the very man who stabbed George Colwan in the back, and she said she was willing to take her oath on it at any time when required, and was certain if the wretch Ridsley saw him, that he would make oath to the same purport, for that his walk was so peculiar, no one of common discernment could mistake it.

Mrs Logan was in great agitation, and said, "It is what I have suspected all along, and what I am sure my late master and benefactor was persuaded of, and the horror of such an idea cut short his days. That wretch, Mrs Calvert, is the born brother of him he murdered; sons of the same mother they were, whether or not of the same father, the Lord only knows. But, O Mrs Calvert, that is not the main thing that has discomposed me, and shaken my nerves to pieces at this time. Who do you think the young man was who walked in his company to-night?"

"I cannot for my life recollect, but am convinced I have seen the same fine form and face before."

"And did not he seem to know us, Mrs Calvert? You who are able to recollect things as they happened, did he not seem to recollect us, and make signs to that effect?"

"He did, indeed, and apparently with great good humour."

"O, Mrs Calvert, hold me, else I shall fall into hysterics again! Who is he? Who is he? Tell me who you suppose he is, for I cannot say my own thought."

"O my life, I cannot remember."

"Did you note the appearance of the young gentleman you saw slain that night? Do you recollect aught of the appearance of my young master, George Colwan?"

Mrs Calvert sat silent, and stared the other mildly in

the face. Their looks encountered, and there was an unearthly amazement that gleamed from each, which, meeting together, caught real fire, and returned the flame to their heated imaginations, till the two associates became like two statues, with their hands spread, their eyes fixed, and their chops fallen down upon their bosoms. An old woman who kept the lodging-house, having been called in before when Mrs Logan was faintish, chanced to enter at this crisis with some cordial; and, seeing the state of her lodgers, she caught the infection, and fell into the same rigid and statue-like appearance. No scene more striking was ever exhibited; and if Mrs Calvert had not resumed strength of mind to speak, and break the spell, it is impossible to say how long it might have continued. "It is he, I believe," said she, uttering the words as it were inwardly. "It can be none other but he. But, no, it is impossible! I saw him stabbed through and through the heart; I saw him roll backward on the green in his own blood, utter his last words, and groan away his soul. Yet, if it is not he, who can it be?"

"It *is* he!" cried Mrs Logan, hysterically.

"Yes, yes, it *is* he!" cried the landlady, in unison.

"It is who?" said Mrs Calvert; "whom do you mean, mistress?"

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know! I was affrighted."

"Hold your peace then till you recover your senses, and tell me, if you can, who that young gentleman is, who keeps company with the new Laird of Dalcastle?"

"Oh, it is he! it is he!" screamed Mrs Logan, wringing her hands.

"Oh, it is he! it is he!" cried the landlady, wringing hers.

Mrs Calvert turned the latter gently and civilly out of the apartment, observing that there seemed to be some infection in the air of the room, and she would be wise for herself to keep out of it.

The two dames had a restless and hideous night. Sleep came not to their relief; for their conversation was

wholly about the dead, who seemed to be alive, and their minds were wandering and groping in a chaos of mystery. "Did you attend to his corpse, and know that he positively died and was buried?" said Mrs Calvert.

"O, yes, from the moment that his fair but mangled corpse was brought home, I attended it till that when it was screwed in the coffin. I washed the long stripes of blood from his lifeless form, on both sides of the body—I bathed the livid wound that passed through his generous and gentle heart. There was one through the flesh of his left side too, which had bled most outwardly of them all. I bathed them, and bandaged them up with wax and perfumed ointment, but still the blood oozed through all, so that when he was laid in the coffin he was like one newly murdered. My brave, my generous young master! he was always as a son to me, and no son was ever more kind or more respectful to a mother. But he was butchered—he was cut off from the earth ere he had well reached to manhood—most barbarously and unfairly slain. And how is it, how can it be, that we again see him here, walking arm in arm with his murderer?"

"The thing cannot be, Mrs Logan. It is a phantasy of our disturbed imaginations, therefore let us compose ourselves till we investigate this matter farther."

"It cannot be in nature, that is quite clear," said Mrs Logan; "yet how it should be that I should *think* so—I who knew and nursed him from his infancy—there lies the paradox. As you said once before, we have nothing but our senses to depend on, and if you and I believe that we see a person, why, we do see him. Whose word, or whose reasoning can convince us against our own senses? We will disguise ourselves, as poor women selling a few country wares, and we will go up to the Hall, and see what is to see, and hear what we can hear, for this is a weighty business in which we are engaged, namely, to turn the vengeance of the law upon an unnatural monster; and we will farther learn, if we can, who this is that accompanies him."

Mrs Calvert acquiesced, and the two dames took their way to Dalcastle, with baskets well furnished with trifles. They did not take the common path from the village, but went about, and approached the mansion by a different way. But it seemed as if some overruling power ordered it, that they should miss no chance of attaining the information they wanted. For ere ever they came within half a mile of Dalcastle, they perceived the two youths coming, as to meet them, on the same path. The road leading from Dalcastle toward the north-east, as all the country knows, goes along a dark bank of brushwood called the Bogle-heuch. It was by this track that the two women were going ; and when they perceived the two gentlemen meeting them, they turned back, and the moment they were out of their sight, they concealed themselves in a thicket close by the road. They did this because Mrs Logan was terrified for being discovered, and because they wished to reconnoitre without being seen. Mrs Calvert now charged her, whatever she saw, or whatever she heard, to put on a resolution, and support it, for if she fainted there and was discovered, what was to become of her !

The two young men came on, in earnest and vehement conversation ; but the subject they were on was a terrible one, and hardly fit to be repeated in the face of a Christian community. Wringlim was disputing the boundlessness of the true Christian's freedom, and expressing doubts, that, chosen as he knew he was from all eternity, still it might be possible for him to commit acts that would exclude him from the limits of the covenant. The other argued, with mighty fluency, that the thing was utterly impossible, and altogether inconsistent with eternal predestination. The arguments of the latter prevailed, and the laird was driven to sullen silence. But, to the women's utter surprise, as the conquering disputant passed, he made a signal of recognizance through the brambles to them, as formerly, and that he might expose his associate fully, and in his true colours, he led him backward and forward past the women more than

twenty times, making him to confess both the crimes that he had done, and those he had in contemplation. At length he said to him, "Assuredly I saw some strolling vagrant women on this walk, my dear friend: I wish we could find them, for there is little doubt that they are concealed here in your woods."

"I wish we *could* find them," answered Wringhim; "we would have fine sport maltreating and abusing them."

"That we should, that we should! Now tell me, Robert, if you found a malevolent woman, the latent enemy of your prosperity, lurking in these woods to betray you, what would you inflict on her?"

"I would tear her to pieces with my dogs, and feed them with her flesh. O, my dear friend, there is an old strumpet who lived with my unnatural father, whom I hold in such utter detestation, that I stand constantly in dread of her, and would sacrifice the half of my estate to shed her blood!"

"What will you give me if I will put her in your power, and give you a fair and genuine excuse for making away with her; one for which you shall answer at any bar, here or hereafter?"

"I should like to see the vile hag put down. She is in possession of the family plate, that is mine by right, as well as a thousand valuable relics, and great riches besides, all of which the old profligate gifted shamefully away. And it is said, besides all these, that she has sworn my destruction."

"She has, she has. But I see not how she can accomplish that, seeing the deed was done so suddenly, and in the silence of the night."

"It was said there were some onlookers.—But where shall we find that disgraceful Miss Logan?"

"I will show you her by and by. But will you then consent to the other meritorious deed? Come, be a man, and throw away scruples."

"If you can convince me that the promise is binding, I will."

“ Then step this way, till I give you a piece of information.”

They walked a little way out of hearing, but went not out of sight; therefore, though the women were in a terrible quandary, they durst not stir, for they had some hopes that this extraordinary person was on a mission of the same sort with themselves, knew of them, and was going to make use of their testimony. Mrs Logan was several times on the point of falling into a swoon, so much did the appearance of the young man impress her, until her associate covered her face that she might listen without embarrassment. But this latter dialogue aroused different feelings within them; namely, those arising from imminent personal danger. They saw his waggish associate point out the place of their concealment to Wringhim, who came toward them, out of curiosity to see what his friend meant by what he believed to be a joke, manifestly without crediting it in the least degree. When he came running away, the other called after him, “ If she is too hard for you, call to me.” As he said this, he hasted out of sight, in the contrary direction, apparently much delighted with the joke.

Wringhim came rushing through the thicket impetuously, to the very spot where Mrs Logan lay squatted. She held the wrapping close about her head, but he tore it off and discovered her. “ The curse of God be on thee!” said he; “ What fiend has brought thee here, and for what purpose art thou come? But, whatever has brought thee, *I have thee!*” and with that he seized her by the throat. The two women, when they heard what jeopardy they were in from such a wretch, had squatted among the underwood at a small distance from each other, so that he had never observed Mrs Calvert; but no sooner had he seized her benefactress, than, like a wild cat, she sprung out of the thicket, and had both her hands fixed at his throat, one of them twisted in his stock, in a twinkling. She brought him back-over among the brushwood, and the two, fixing on him like two har-

pies, mastered him with ease. Then indeed was he wofully beset. He deemed for a while that his friend was at his back, and turning his bloodshot eyes toward the path, he attempted to call; but there was no friend there, and the women cut short his cries by another twist of his stock. "Now, gallant and rightful Laird of Dalcastle," said Mrs Logan, "what hast thou to say for thyself? Lay thy account to dree the weird thou hast so well earned. Now shalt thou suffer due penance for murdering thy brave and only brother."

"Thou liest, thou hag of the pit! I touched not my brother's life."

"I saw thee do it with these eyes that now look thee in the face; ay, when his back was to thee too, and while he was hotly engaged with thy friend," said Mrs Calvert.

"I heard thee confess it again and again this same hour," said Mrs Logan.

"Ay, and so did I," said her companion.—"Murder will out, though the Almighty should lend hearing to the ears of the willow, and speech to the seven tongues of the woodriff."

"You are liars, and witches!" said he, foaming with rage, "and creatures fitted from the beginning for eternal destruction. I'll have your bones and your blood sacrificed on your cursed altars! O, Gil-Martin! Gil-Martin! where art thou now? Here, here is the proper food for blessed vengeance!—Hilloa!"

There was no friend, no Gil-Martin there to hear or assist him: he was in the two women's mercy, but they used it with moderation. They mocked, they tormented, and they threatened him; but, finally, after putting him in great terror, they bound his hands behind his back, and his feet fast with long straps of garters which they chanced to have in their baskets, to prevent him from pursuing them till they were out of his reach. As they left him, which they did in the middle of the path, Mrs Calvert said, "we could easily put an end to thy sinful life, but our hands shall be free of thy blood."

Nevertheless thou art still in our power, and the vengeance of thy country shall overtake thee, thou mean and cowardly murderer, ay, and that more suddenly than thou art aware!"

The women posted to Edinburgh; and as they put themselves under the protection of an English merchant, who was journeying thither with twenty horses laden, and armed servants, so they had scarcely any conversation on the road. When they arrived at Mrs Logan's house, then they spoke of what they had seen and heard, and agreed that they had sufficient proof to condemn young Wringham, who they thought richly deserved the severest doom of the law.

"I never in my life saw any human being," said Mrs Calvert, "whom I thought so like a fiend. If a demon could inherit flesh and blood, that youth is precisely such a being as I could conceive that demon to be. The depth and the malignity of his eye is hideous. His breath is like the airs from a charnel-house, and his flesh seems fading from his bones, as if the worm that never dies were gnawing it away already."

"He was always repulsive, and every way repulsive," said the other; "but he is now indeed altered greatly to the worse. While we were handfasting him, I felt his body to be feeble and emaciated; but yet I know him to be so puffed up with spiritual pride, that I believe he weens every one of his actions justified before God, and instead of having stings of conscience for these, he takes great merit to himself in having effected them. Still my thoughts are less about him than the extraordinary being who accompanies him. He does every thing with so much ease and indifference, so much velocity and effect, that all bespeak him an adept in wickedness. The likeness to my late hapless young master is so striking, that I can hardly believe it to be a chance model; and I think he imitates him in every thing, for some purpose, or some effect on his sinful associate. Do you know that he is so like in every lineament, look, and gesture, that, against the clearest light of reason, I cannot in my mind separ-

ate the one from the other, and have a certain indefinable impression on my mind, that they are one and the same being, or that the one was a prototype of the other."

"If there is an earthly crime," said Mrs Calvert, "for the due punishment of which the Almighty may be supposed to subvert the order of nature, it is fratricide. But tell me, dear friend, did you remark to what the subtle and hellish villain was endeavouring to prompt the assassin?"

"No, I could not comprehend it. My senses were altogether so bewildered, that I thought they had combined to deceive me, and I gave them no credit."

"Then hear me: I am almost certain he was using every persuasion to induce him to make away with his mother; and I likewise conceive that I heard the incendiary give his consent.

"This is dreadful. Let us speak and think no more about it, till we see the issue. In the meantime, let us do that which is our bounden duty,—go and divulge all that we know relating to this foul murder."

Accordingly the two women went to Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, the Lord Justice Clerk, (who was, I think, either uncle or grandfather to young Drummond, who was outlawed, and obliged to fly his country on account of Colwan's death,) and to that gentleman they related every circumstance of what they had seen and heard. He examined Calvert very minutely, and seemed deeply interested in her evidence,—said he knew she was relating the truth, and in testimony of it, brought a letter of young Drummond's from his desk, wherein that young gentleman, after protesting his innocence in the most forcible terms, confessed having been with such a woman in such a house, after leaving the company of his friends; and that on going home, Sir Thomas's servant had let him in, in the dark, and from these circumstances he found it impossible to prove an *alibi*. He begged of his relative, if ever an opportunity offered, to do his endeavour to clear up that mystery, and remove the horrid stigma from his

name in his country, and among his kin, of having stabbed a friend behind his back.

Lord Craigie, therefore, directed the two women to the proper authorities, and after hearing their evidence there, it was judged proper to apprehend the present Laird of Dalcastle, and bring him to his trial. But before that, they sent the prisoner in the tolbooth, he who had seen the whole transaction along with Mrs Calvert, to take a view of Wringhim privately; and his discrimination being so well known as to be proverbial all over the land, they determined secretly to be ruled by his report. They accordingly sent him on a pretended mission of legality to Dalcastle, with orders to see and speak with the proprietor, without giving him a hint what was wanted. On his return, they examined him, and he told them that he found all things at the place in utter confusion and dismay; that the lady of the place was missing, and could not be found, dead or alive. On being asked if he had ever seen the proprietor before, he looked astounded, and unwilling to answer. But it came out that he had; and that he had once seen him kill a man on such a spot at such an hour.

Officers were then despatched, without delay, to apprehend the monster, and bring him to justice. On these going to the mansion, and inquiring for him, they were told he was at home; on which they stationed guards, and searched all the premises, but he was not to be found. It was in vain that they overturned beds, raised floors, and broke open closets: Robert Wringhim Colwan was lost once and for ever. His mother also was lost; and strong suspicions attached to some of the farmers and house servants, to whom she was obnoxious, relating to her disappearance. The Honourable Thomas Drummond became a distinguished officer in the Austrian service, and died in the memorable year for Scotland, 1715; and this is all with which history, justiciary records, and tradition, furnish me relating to these matters.

I have now the pleasure of presenting my readers with an original document of a most singular nature, and preserved for their perusal in a still more singular manner. I offer no remarks on it, and make as few additions to it, leaving every one to judge for himself. We have heard much of the rage of fanaticism in former days, but nothing to this.

PRIVATE MEMOIRS
AND
CONFESSIONS OF A FANATIC.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

My life has been a life of trouble and turmoil; of change and vicissitude; of anger and exultation; of sorrow and of vengeance. My sorrows have all been for a slighted gospel, and my vengeance has been wreaked on its adversaries. Therefore, in the might of heaven I will sit down and write: I will let the wicked of this world know what I have done in the faith of the promises, that they may read and tremble, and bless their gods of silver and of gold, that the minister of heaven was removed from their sphere before their blood was mingled with their sacrifices.

I was born an outcast in the world, in which I was destined to act so conspicuous a part. My mother was a burning and shining light, in the community of Scottish worthies, and in the days of her virginity had suffered much in the persecution of the saints. But it so pleased Heaven, that, as a trial of her faith, she was married to one of the wicked; a man all over spotted with the leprosy of sin. As well might they have conjoined fire and water together, in hopes that they would consort and amalgamate, as purity and corruption: she fled from his embraces the first night after their marriage, and from that time forth, his iniquities so galled her upright heart, that she quitted his society altogether, keeping her own apartments in the same house with him.

I was the second son of this unhappy marriage, and,

long ere ever I was born, my father according to the flesh disclaimed all relation or connexion with me, and all interest in me, save what the law compelled him to take, which was to grant me a scanty maintenance; and had it not been for a faithful minister of the gospel, my mother's early instructor, I should have remained an outcast from the church visible. He took pity on me, admitting me not only into that, but into the bosom of his own household and ministry also, and to him am I indebted, under Heaven, for the high conceptions and glorious discernment between good and evil, right and wrong, which I attained even at an early age. It was he who directed my studies aright, both in the learning of the ancient fathers, and the doctrines of the reformed church, and designed me for his assistant and successor in the holy office. I missed no opportunity of perfecting myself particularly in all the minute points of theology in which my reverend father and mother took great delight; but at length I acquired so much skill, that I astonished my teachers, and made them gaze at one another. I remember that it was the custom, in my patron's house, to ask the questions of the Single Catechism round every Sabbath night. He asked the first, my mother the second, and so on, every one saying the question asked, and then asking the next. It fell to my mother to ask Effectual Calling at me. I said the answer with propriety and emphasis. "Now, madam," added I, "my question to you is, What is *Ineffectual* Calling?"

"Ineffectual Calling? There is no such thing, Robert," said she.

"But there is, madam," said I; "and that answer proves how much you say these fundamental precepts by rote, and without any consideration. Ineffectual Calling is, *the outward call of the gospel* without any effect on the hearts of unregenerated and impenitent sinners. Have not all these the same calls, warnings, doctrines, and reproofs, that we have? and is not this Ineffectual Calling? Has not Ardinferry the same? Has not Patrick M'Lure the same? *Has not the Laird of Dalcastle and his repro-*

bate heir the same? And will any tell me, that *this is not Ineffectual Calling?*"

"What a wonderful boy he is!" said my mother.

"I'm feared he turn out to be a conceited gowk," said old Barnet, the minister's man.

"No," said my pastor, and *father*, (as I shall henceforth denominate him,)—"No, Barnet, he *is* a wonderful boy; and no marvel, for I have prayed for these talents to be bestowed on him from his infancy: and do you think that Heaven would refuse a prayer so disinterested? No, it is impossible. But my dread is, madam," continued he, turning to my mother, "that he is yet in the bond of iniquity."

"God forbid!" said my mother.

"I have struggled with the Almighty long and hard," continued he; "but have as yet had no certain token of acceptance in his behalf. How dreadful is it to think of our darling being still without the pale of the covenant! But I have vowed a vow, and in that there is hope."

My heart quaked with terror, when I thought of being still living in a state of reprobation, subjected to the awful issues of death, judgment, and eternal misery, by the slightest accident or casualty, and I set about the duty of prayer myself with the utmost earnestness. I prayed three times every day, and seven times on the Sabbath; but the more frequently and fervently that I prayed, I sinned still the more. About this time, and for a long period afterwards, amounting to several years, I lived in a hopeless and deplorable state of mind, for I said to myself, "If my name is not written in the book of life from all eternity, it is in vain for me to presume that either vows or prayers of mine, or those of all mankind combined, can ever procure its insertion now." I had come under many vows, most solemnly taken, every one of which I had broken; and I saw with the intensity of juvenile grief, that there was no hope for me. I went on sinning every hour, and all the while most strenuously warring against sin, and repenting of every one transgression, as soon after the commission of it as I got leisure

to think. But O what a wretched state this unregenerated state is, in which every effort only aggravates our offences! I found it vanity to contend; for, after communing with my heart, the conclusion was as follows: "If I could repent me of all my sins, and shed tears of blood for them, still have I not a load of original transgression pressing on me, that is enough to crush me to the lowest hell. I may be angry with my first parents for having sinned, but how I shall repent me of their sin, is beyond what I am able to comprehend."

Still, in those days of depravity and corruption, I had some of those principles implanted in my mind, which were afterward to spring up with amazing fertility. In particular, I felt great indignation against all the wicked of this world, and often wished for the means of ridding it of such a noxious burden.

It was about this time that my reverend father preached a sermon, one sentence of which affected me most disagreeably: it was to the purport, that every unrepented sin was productive of a new sin with each breath that a man drew; and every one of these new sins added to the catalogue in the same manner. I was utterly confounded at the multitude of my transgressions; for I was sensible that there were great numbers of sins of which I had never been able thoroughly to repent, and these momentary ones, by a moderate calculation, had, I saw, long ago amounted to a hundred and fifty thousand in the minute, and I saw no end to the series of repentances to which I had subjected myself. A lifetime was nothing to enable me to accomplish the sum, and then being, for any thing I was certain of, in my state of nature, and the grace of repentance withheld from me,—what was I to do, or what was to become of me? In the mean time, I went on sinning without measure; but I was still more troubled about the multitude than the magnitude of my transgressions, and the small minute ones puzzled me more than those that were more heinous, as the latter had generally some good effects in the way of punishing wicked men, froward boys, and deceitful women; and I

rejoiced even then in my early youth, at being used as a scourge in the hand of the Lord; another Jehu, a Cyrus, or a Nebuchadnezzar.

On the whole, I remember that I got into great confusion relating to my sins and repentances. I could not help running into new sins continually; but then I was mercifully dealt with, for I was often made to repent of them most heartily, by reason of bodily chastisements received on these delinquencies being discovered. I was particularly prone to lying, and I cannot but admire the mercy that has freely forgiven me all these juvenile sins. Now that I know them all to be blotted out, I may the more freely confess them: the truth is, that one lie always paved the way for another, from hour to hour, from day to day, and from year to year; so that I found myself constantly involved in a labyrinth of deceit, from which it was impossible to extricate myself. If I knew a person to be a godly one, I could almost have kissed his feet; but against the carnal portion of mankind, I set my face continually. I esteemed the true ministers of the gospel; but the prelatie party, and the preachers up of good works I abhorred, and to this hour I account them the worst and most heinous of all transgressors.

There was only one boy at Mr Wilson's class, who kept always the upper hand of me in every part of education. I strove against him from year to year, but it was all in vain; for he was a very wicked boy, and I was convinced he had dealings with the devil. Indeed it was believed all over the country that his mother was a witch; and I was at length convinced that it was no human ingenuity that beat me with so much ease in the Latin, after I had often sat up a whole night with my reverend father, studying my lesson in all its bearings. I often read as well and sometimes better than he; but the moment Mr Wilson began to examine us, my opponent popped up above me. I determined, (as I knew him for a wicked person, and one of the devil's hand-fast children,) to be revenged on him, and to humble him by some means or other. Accordingly I lost no opportunity of setting the

master against him, and succeeded several times in getting him severely beaten for faults of which he was innocent. I can hardly describe the joy that it gave to my heart to see a wicked creature suffering, for though he deserved it not for one thing, he richly deserved it for others. This may be by some people accounted a great sin in me; but I deny it, for I did it as a duty, and what a man or boy does for the right, will never be put into the sum of his transgressions.

This boy, whose name was M'Gill, was at all his leisure hours, engaged in drawing profane pictures of beasts, men, women, houses, and trees, and, in short, of all things that his eye encountered. These profane things the Master often smiled at, and admired; therefore I began privately to try my hand likewise. I had scarcely tried above once to draw the figure of a man, ere I conceived that I had hit the very features of Mr Wilson. They were so particular, that they could not be easily mistaken, and I was so tickled and pleased with the droll likeness that I had drawn, that I laughed immoderately at it. I tried no other figure but this; and I tried it in every situation in which a man and a schoolmaster could be placed. I often wrought for hours together at this likeness, nor was it long before I made myself so much master of the outline, that I could have drawn it in any situation whatever, almost off hand. I then took M'Gill's account book of algebra home with me, and at my leisure put down a number of gross caricatures of Mr Wilson here and there, several of them in situations notoriously ludicrous. I waited the discovery of this treasure with great impatience; but the book, chancing to be one that M'Gill was not using, I saw it might be long enough before I enjoyed the consummation of my grand scheme: therefore, with all the ingenuity I was master of, I brought it before our dominie's eye. But never shall I forget the rage that gleamed in the tyrant's phiz! I was actually terrified to look at him, and trembled at his voice. M'Gill was called upon, and examined relating to the obnoxious figures. He denied flatly that any of them were

of his doing. But the Master inquiring at him whose they were, he could not tell, but affirmed it to be some trick. Mr Wilson at one time began, as I thought, to hesitate; but the evidence was so strong against M'Gill, that at length his solemn asseverations of innocence only proved an aggravation of his crime. There was not one in the school who had ever been known to draw a figure but himself, and on him fell the whole weight of the tyrant's vengeance. It was dreadful; and I was once in hopes that he would not leave life in the culprit. He, however, left the school for several months, refusing to return to be subjected to punishment for the faults of others, and I stood king of the class.

Matters were at last made up between M'Gill's parents and the schoolmaster; but by that time I had got the start of him, and never in my life did I exert myself so much to keep the mastery. It was in vain; the powers of enchantment prevailed, and I was again turned down with the tear in my eye. I could think of no amends but one, and being driven to desperation, I put it in practice. I told a lie of him. I came boldly up to the master, and told him that M'Gill had in my hearing cursed him in a most shocking manner, and called him vile names. He called M'Gill, and charged him with the crime, and the proud young coxcomb was so stunned at the atrocity of the charge, that his face grew as red as crimson, and the words stuck in his throat as he feebly denied it. His guilt was manifest, and he was again flogged most nobly, and dismissed the school for ever in disgrace, as a most incorrigible vagabond.

This was a great victory gained, and I rejoiced and exulted exceedingly in it. It had, however, very nigh cost me my life; for not long thereafter, I encountered M'Gill in the fields, on which he came up and challenged me for a liar, daring me to fight him. I refused, and said that I looked on him as quite below my notice; but he would not quit me, and finally told me that he should either *lick me*, or I should *lick him*, as he had no other means of being revenged on such a scoundrel. I tried

to intimidate him, but it would not do ; and I believe I would have given all that I had in the world to be quit of him. He at length went so far as first to kick me, and then strike me on the face ; and, being both older and stronger than he, I thought it scarcely became me to take such insults patiently. I was, nevertheless, well aware that the devilish powers of his mother would finally prevail ; and either the dread of this, or the inward consciousness of having wronged him, certainly unnerved my arm, for I fought wretchedly, and was soon wholly overcome. I was so sore defeated, that I kneeled, and was going to beg his pardon ; but another thought struck me momentarily, and I threw myself on my face, and inwardly begged aid from heaven ; at the same time I felt as if assured that my prayer was heard, and would be answered. While I was in this humble attitude, the villain kicked me with his foot and cursed me ; and I being newly encouraged, arose and encountered him once more. We had not fought long at this second turn, before I saw a man hastening towards us ; on which I uttered a shout of joy, and laid on valiantly ; but my very next look assured me, that the man was old John Barnet, whom I had likewise wronged all that was in my power, and between these two wicked persons I expected any thing but justice. My arm was again enfeebled, and that of my adversary prevailed. I was knocked down and mauled most grievously, and while the ruffian was kicking and cuffing me at his will and pleasure, up came old John Barnet, breathless with running, and at one blow with his open hand, levelled my opponent with the earth. “ Tak ye that, maister !” says John, “ to learn ye better breeding. Hout awa, man ! an ye will fight, fight fair. Gude sauf us, ir ye a gentleman’s brood, that ye will kick an’ cuff a lad when he’s down ?”

When I heard this kind and unexpected interference, I began once more to value myself on my courage, and springing up, I made at my adversary ; but John, without saying a word, bit his lip, and seizing me by the neck, threw me down. M’Gill begged of him to stand and see

fair play, and suffer us to finish the battle ; for, added he, " he is a liar, and a scoundrel, and deserves ten times more than I can give him."

" I ken he's a' that ye say, an' mair, my man," quoth John : " but am I sure that ye're no as bad, an' waur ? It says nae muckle for ony o' ye to be tearing like tikes at ane anither here."

John cocked his cudgel and stood between us, threatening to knock the one dead, who first offered to lift his hand against the other ; but, perceiving no disposition in any of us to separate, he drove me home before him like a bullock, keeping close guard behind me, lest M'Gill had followed. I felt greatly indebted to John, yet I complained of his interference to my mother, and the old officious sinner got no thanks for his pains.

As I am writing only from recollection, so I remember of nothing farther in these early days, in the least worthy of being recorded. That I was a great, a transcendant sinner, I confess. But still I had hopes of forgiveness, because I never sinned from principle, but accident ; and then I always *tried* to repent of these sins by the slump, for individually it was impossible ; and though not always successful in my endeavours, I could not help that ; the grace of repentance being withheld from me, I regarded myself as in no degree accountable for the failure. Moreover, there were many of the most deadly sins into which I never fell, for I dreaded those mentioned in the Revelations as excluding sins, so that I guarded against them continually. In particular, I brought myself to despise, if not to abhor, the beauty of women, looking on it as the greatest snare to which mankind are subjected, and though young men and maidens, and even old women, (my mother among the rest,) taxed me with being an unnatural wretch, I gloried in my acquisition ; and to this day, am thankful for having escaped the most dangerous of all snares.

I kept myself also free of the sins of idolatry, and misbelief, both of a deadly nature : and, upon the whole, I think I had not then broken, that is, absolutely broken,

above four out of the ten commandments; but for all that, I had more sense than to regard either my good works, or my evil deeds, as in the smallest degree influencing the eternal decrees of God concerning me, either with regard to my acceptance or reprobation. I depended entirely on the bounty of free grace, holding all the righteousness of man as filthy rags, and believing in the momentous and magnificent truth, that the more heavily laden with transgressions, the more welcome was the believer at the throne of grace. And I have reason to believe that it was this dependence and this belief that at last ensured my acceptance there.

I come now to the most important period of my existence,—the period that has modelled my character, and influenced every action of my life,—without which, this detail of my actions would have been as a tale that hath been told—a monotonous *farrago*—an uninteresting harangue,—in short, a thing of nothing. Whereas, lo! it must now be a relation of great and terrible actions, done in the might, and by the commission of heaven. *Amen.*

Like the sinful king of Israel, I had been walking softly before the Lord for a season. I had been humbled for my transgressions, and, as far as I recollect, sorry on account of their numbers and heinousness. My reverend father had been, moreover, examining me every day regarding the state of my soul, and my answers sometimes appeared to give him satisfaction, and sometimes not. As for my mother, she would harp on the subject of my faith for ever; yet, though I knew her to be a Christian, I confess that I always despised her motley instructions, nor had I any great regard for her person. If this was a crime in me, I never could help it. I confess it freely, and believe it was a judgment from heaven inflicted on her for some sin of former days, and that I had no power to have acted otherwise toward her than I did.

In this frame of mind was I, when my reverend father one morning arose from his seat, and, meeting me as I entered the room, he embraced me, and welcomed me into the community of the just upon earth. I was struck

speechless, and could make no answer save by looks of surprise. My mother also came to me, kissed, and wept over me; and after showering unnumbered blessings on my head, she also welcomed me into the society of *the just made perfect*. Then each of them took me by a hand, and my reverend father explained to me how he had wrestled with God, as the patriarch of old had done, not for a night, but for days and years, and that in bitterness and anguish of spirit, on my account; but that *he* had at last prevailed, and had now gained the long and earnestly desired assurance of my acceptance with the Almighty, in and through the merits and sufferings of his Son.

I wept for joy to be assured of my freedom from all sin, and of the impossibility of my ever again falling away from my new state. I bounded away into the fields and the woods, to pour out my spirit in prayer before the Almighty for his kindness to me: my whole frame seemed to be renewed; every nerve was buoyant with new life: I felt as if I could have flown in the air, or leaped over the tops of the trees. An exaltation of spirit lifted me, as it were, far above the earth, and the sinful creatures crawling on its surface; and I deemed myself as an eagle among the children of men, soaring on high, and looking down with pity and contempt on the grovelling creatures below.

As I thus wended my way, I beheld a young man of a mysterious appearance coming towards me. I tried to shun him, being bent on my own contemplations; but he cast himself in my way, so that I could not well avoid him; and more than that, I felt a sort of invisible power that drew me towards him, something like the force of enchantment, which I could not resist. As we approached each other, our eyes met, and I can never describe the strange sensations that thrilled through my whole frame at that impressive moment; a moment to me fraught with the most tremendous consequences; the beginning of a series of adventures which has puzzled myself, and will puzzle the world when I am no more in it. That time will now soon arrive, sooner than any one can

devise who knows not the tumult of my thoughts, and the labour of my spirit; and when it hath come and passed over, —when my flesh and my bones are decayed, and my soul has passed to its everlasting home, then shall the sons of men ponder on the events of my life; wonder and tremble, and tremble and wonder how such things should be.

That stranger youth and I approached each other in silence, and slowly, with our eyes fixed on each other's eyes. We approached till not more than a yard intervened between us, and then stood still and gazed, measuring each other from head to foot. What was my astonishment, on perceiving that he was the same being as myself! The clothes were the same to the smallest item. The form was the same; the apparent age; the colour of the hair; the eyes; and, as far as recollection could serve me from viewing my own features in a glass, the features too were the very same. I conceived at first, that I saw a vision, and that my guardian angel had appeared to me at this important era of my life; but this singular being read my thoughts in my looks, anticipating the very words that I was going to utter.

“You think I am your brother,” said he; “or that I am your second self. I am indeed your brother, not according to the flesh, but in my belief of the same truths, and my assurance in the same mode of redemption, than which, I hold nothing so great or so glorious on earth.”

“Then you are an associate well adapted to my present state,” said I. “For this time is a time of great rejoicing in spirit to me. I am on my way to return thanks for my redemption from the bonds of sin and misery. If you will join with me heart and hand in youthful thanksgiving, then shall we two go and worship together, but if not, go your way, and I shall go mine.”

“Ah, you little know with how much pleasure I will accompany you, and join with you in your elevated devotions,” said he fervently. “Your state is a state to be envied indeed; but I have been advised of it, and am

come to be a humble disciple of yours ; to be initiated into the true way of salvation by conversing with you, and perhaps by being assisted by your prayers."

My spiritual pride being greatly elevated by this address. I began to assume the preceptor, and questioned this extraordinary youth with regard to his religious principles, telling him plainly, if he was one who expected acceptance with God at all, on account of good works, that I would hold no communion with him. We then went on to commune about all our points of belief ; and in every thing that I suggested, he acquiesced, and, as I thought that day, often carried them to extremes, so that I had a secret dread he was advancing blasphemies. Yet he had such a way with him, and paid such a deference to all my opinions, that I was quite captivated, and, at the same time, I stood in a sort of awe of him, which I could not account for, and several times was seized with an involuntary inclination to escape from his presence, by making a sudden retreat. But he seemed constantly to anticipate my thoughts, and was sure to divert my purpose by some turn in the conversation that particularly interested me.

We moved about from one place to another, until the day was wholly spent. My mind had all the while been kept in a state of agitation resembling the motion of a whirlpool, and when we came to separate, I then discovered that the purpose for which I had sought the fields had been neglected, and that I had been diverted from the worship of God, by attending to the quibbles and dogmas of this singular and unaccountable being, who seemed to have more knowledge and information than all the persons I had ever known put together.

We parted with expressions of mutual regret, and when I left him I felt a deliverance, but at the same time a certain consciousness that I was not thus to get free of him, but that he was like to be an acquaintance that was to stick to me for good or for evil. I was astonished at his acuteness and knowledge about every thing ; but as for his likeness to me, that was quite unaccountable.

He was the same person in every respect, but yet he was not always so ; for I observed several times, when we were speaking of certain divines and their tenets, that his face assumed something of the appearance of theirs ; and it struck me, that by setting his features to the mould of other people's, he entered at once into their conceptions and feelings. I had been greatly flattered, and greatly interested by his conversation ; whether I had been the better for it or the worse, I could not tell. I had been diverted from returning thanks to my gracious Maker for his great kindness to me, and came home as I went away, but not with the same buoyancy and lightness of heart. Well may I remember that day in which I was first received into the number, and made an heir to all the privileges of the children of God, and on which I first met this mysterious associate, who from that day forth contrived to wind himself into all my affairs, both spiritual and temporal, to this day on which I am writing the account of it. It was on the 25th day of March, 1704, when I had just entered the eighteenth year of my age. Whether it behoves me to bless God for the events of that day, or to deplore them, has been hid from my discernment, though I have inquired into it with fear and trembling ; and I have now lost all hopes of ever discovering the true import of these events until that day when my accounts are to make up and reckon for in another world.

When I came home, I went straight into the parlour, where my mother was sitting by herself. She started to her feet, and uttered a smothered scream. "What ails you, Robert?" cried she. "My dear son, what is the matter with you?"

"Do you see any thing the matter with me?" said I. "It appears that the ailment is with yourself, and either in your crazed head or your dim eyes, for there is nothing the matter with me."

"Ah, Robert, you are ill," cried she ; "you are very ill, my dear boy ; you are quite changed ; your very voice and manner are changed. Ah, Jane, haste you up

to the study, and tell Mr Wringhim to come here on the instant and speak to Robert."

"I beseech you, woman, to restrain yourself," said I. "If you suffer your frenzy to run away with your judgment in this manner, I will leave the house. What do you mean? I tell you, there is nothing ails me: I never was better."

She screamed, and ran between me and the door, to bar my retreat: in the mean time my reverend father entered, and I have not forgot how he gazed, through his glasses, first at my mother, and then at me. I imagined that his eyes burnt like candles, and was afraid of him, which I suppose made my looks more unstable than they would otherwise have been.

"What is all this for?" said he. "Mistress! Robert! What is the matter here?"

"Oh, sir, our boy!" cried my mother; "our dear boy, Mr Wringhim! Look at him, and speak to him: he is either dying or translated, sir!"

He looked at me with a countenance of great alarm; mumbling some sentences to himself, and then taking me by the arm, as if to feel my pulse, he said, with a faltering voice, "Something has indeed befallen you, either in body or mind, boy, for you are so transformed, since the morning, that I could not have known you for the same person. Have you met with any accident?"

"No."

"Have you seen any thing out of the ordinary course of nature?"

"No."

"Then, Satan, I fear, has been busy with you, tempting you in no ordinary degree at this momentous crisis of your life?"

My mind turned on my associate for the day, and the idea that he might be an agent of the devil, had such an effect on me, that I could make no answer.

"I see how it is," said he; "you are troubled in spirit, and I have no doubt that the enemy of our salvation has been busy with you. Tell me this, has he overcome you, or has he not?"

“He has not, my dear father,” said I. “In the strength of the Lord, I hope I have withstood him. But indeed, if he has been busy with me, I knew it not. I have been conversant this day with one stranger only, whom I took rather for an angel of light.”

“It is one of the devil’s most profound wiles to appear like one,” said my mother.

“Woman, hold thy peace !” said my reverend father ; “thou pretendest to teach what thou knowest not. Tell me this, boy. Did this stranger, with whom you met, adhere to the religious principles in which I have educated you ?”

“Yes, to every one of them, in their fullest latitude,” said I.

“Then he was no agent of the wicked one with whom you held converse,” said he ; “for that is the doctrine that was made to overturn the principalities and powers, the might and dominion of the kingdom of darkness.—Let us pray.”

After spending about a quarter of an hour in solemn and sublime thanksgiving, this saintly man gave out that the day following should be kept by the family as a day of solemn thanksgiving, and spent in prayer and praise, on account of the calling and election of one of its members ; or rather for the election of that individual being revealed on earth, as well as confirmed in heaven.

The next day was with me a day of holy exultation. It was begun by my reverend father laying his hands upon my head and blessing me, and then dedicating me to the Lord in the most awful and impressive manner. It was in no common way that he exercised this profound rite, for it was done with all the zeal and enthusiasm of a devotee to the true cause, and a champion on the side he had espoused. He used these remarkable words ; “May he be a two-edged weapon in Thy hand, and a spear coming out of Thy mouth, to destroy, and overcome, and pass over ; and may the enemies of Thy church fall down before him, and be as dung to fat the land !”

From that moment, I conceived it decreed, not that I should be a minister of the gospel, but a champion of it, to cut off the wicked from the face of the earth; and I rejoiced in the commission, finding it more congenial to my nature to be cutting sinners off with the sword, than to be haranguing them from the pulpit, striving to produce an effect, which God, by his act of absolute predestination, had for ever rendered impracticable. The more I pondered on these things, the more I saw of the folly and inconsistency of ministers, in spending their lives, striving and remonstrating with sinners, in order to induce them to do that which they had it not in their power to do. How much more wise would it be, thought I, to begin and cut sinners off with the sword! for till that is effected, the saints can never inherit the earth in peace. Should I be honoured as an instrument to begin this great work of purification, I should rejoice in it. But then, where had I the means, or under what direction was I to begin? There was one thing clear, I was now the Lord's, and it behoved me to bestir myself in his service. O that I had an host at my command, then would I be as a devouring fire among the workers of iniquity!

Full of these great ideas, I hurried through the city, and sought again the private path through the field and wood of Finnieston, in which my reverend preceptor had the privilege of walking for study, and to which he had a key that was always at my command. Near one of the stiles, I perceived a young man sitting in a devout posture, reading on a Bible. He rose, lifted his hat, and made an obeisance to me, which I returned and walked on. I had not well crossed the stile, till it struck me I knew the face of the youth, and that he was some intimate acquaintance, to whom I ought to have spoken. I walked on, and returned, and walked on again, trying to recollect who he was; but for my life I could not. There was, however, a fascination in his look and manner, that drew me back toward him in spite of myself, and I resolved to go to him, if it were merely to speak and see who he was.

I came up to him and addressed him, but he was so intent on his book, that, though I spoke, he lifted not his eyes. I looked on the book also, and still it seemed a Bible, having columns, chapters, and verses; but it was in a language of which I was wholly ignorant, and all intersected with red lines, and verses. A sensation resembling a stroke of electricity came over me, on first casting my eyes on that mysterious book, and I stood motionless. He looked up, smiled, closed his book, and put it in his bosom. "You seem strangely affected, dear sir, by looking on my book," said he mildly.

"What book is that?" said I: is it a Bible?"

"It is *my* Bible, sir," said he; "but I will cease reading it, for I am glad to see you. Pray, is not this a day of holy festivity with you?"

I stared in his face, but made no answer, for my senses were bewildered.

"Do you not know me?" said he. "You appear to be somehow at a loss. Had not you and I some sweet communion and fellowship yesterday?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said I. "But surely if you are the young gentleman with whom I spent the hours yesterday, you have the cameleon art of changing your appearance; I never could have recognized you."

"My countenance changes with my studies and sensations," said he. "It is a natural peculiarity in me, over which I have not full control. If I contemplate a man's features seriously, mine own gradually assume the very same appearance and character. And what is more, by contemplating a face minutely, I not only attain the same likeness, but, with the likeness, attain the very same ideas as well as the same mode of arranging them, so that, you see, by looking at a person attentively, I by degrees assume his likeness, and by assuming his likeness I attain to the possession of his most secret thoughts. This, I say, is a peculiarity in my nature, a gift of the God that made me; but whether or not given me for a blessing, he knows himself, and so do I.

At all events, I have this privilege,—I can never be mistaken of a character in whom I am interested.”

“It is a rare qualification,” replied I, “and I would give worlds to possess it. Then, it appears, that it is needless to dissemble with you, since you can at any time extract our most secret thoughts from our bosoms. You already know my natural character?”

“Yes,” said he, “and it is that which attaches me to you. By assuming your likeness yesterday, I became acquainted with your character, and was no less astonished at the profundity and range of your thoughts, than at the heroic magnanimity with which these were combined. And now, in addition to these, you are dedicated to the great work of the Lord; for which reasons I have resolved to attach myself as closely to you as possible, and to render you all the service of which my poor abilities are capable.”

I confess that I was greatly flattered by these compliments paid to my abilities by a youth of such superior qualifications; by one who, with a modesty and affability rare at his age, combined a height of genius and knowledge almost above human comprehension. Nevertheless, I began to assume a certain superiority of demeanour toward him, as judging it incumbent on me to do so, in order to keep up his idea of my exalted character; but I soon felt, that, instead of being a humble disciple of mine, this new acquaintance was to be my guide and director, and all under the humble guise of one stooping at my feet to learn the right. He said that he saw I was ordained to perform some great action for the cause of Jesus and his church, and he earnestly coveted being a partaker with me; but he besought of me never to think it possible for me to fall from the truth, or the favour of him who had chosen me, else that misbelief would baulk every good work to which I set my face.

There was something so flattering in all this, that I could not resist it. Still, when he took leave of me, I felt it as a great relief; and yet, before the morrow, I wearied and was impatient to see him again. We carried

on our fellowship from day to day, and all the while I knew not who he was, and still my mother and reverend father kept insisting that I was an altered youth, changed in my appearance, my manners, and my whole conduct; yet something always prevented me from telling them more about my new acquaintance than I had done on the first day we met. I rejoiced in him, was proud of him, and soon could not live without him; yet, though resolved every day to disclose the whole history of my connexion with him, I had it not in my power: something always prevented me, till at length I thought no more of it, but resolved to enjoy his fascinating company in private, and by all means to keep my own with him. The resolution was vain: I set a bold face to it, but my powers were inadequate to the task; my adherent, with all the suavity imaginable, was sure to carry his point. I sometimes fumed, and sometimes shed tears at being obliged to yield to proposals against which I had at first felt every reasoning power of my soul rise in opposition; but, for all that, he never failed in carrying conviction along with him in effect, for he either forced me to acquiesce in his measures, and assent to the truth of his positions, or he put me so completely down, that I had not a word left to advance against them.

After weeks, and I may say months of intimacy, I observed, somewhat to my amazement, that we had never once prayed together; and more than that, that he had constantly led my attentions away from that duty, causing me to neglect it wholly. I thought this a bad mark of a man seemingly so much set on inculcating certain important points of religion, and resolved next day to put him to the test, and request of him to perform that sacred duty in name of us both. He objected boldly; saying there were very few people indeed, with whom he could join in prayer, and he made a point of never doing it, as he was sure they were to ask many things of which he disapproved, and that if he were to officiate himself, he was as certain to allude to many things that came not within the range of their faith. He disapproved of prayer

altogether, in the manner it was generally gone about, he said. Man made it merely a selfish concern, and was constantly employed asking, asking, for every thing. Whereas it became all God's creatures to be content with their lot, and only to kneel before him in order to thank him for such benefits as he saw meet to bestow. In short, he argued with such energy, that before we parted I acquiesced, as usual, in his position, and never mentioned prayer to him any more.

Having been so frequently seen in his company, several people happened to mention the circumstance to my mother and reverend father; but at the same time had all described him differently. At length they began to examine me with regard to the company I kept, as I absented myself from home day after day. I told them I kept company only with one young gentleman, whose whole manner of thinking on religious subjects, I found so congenial with my own, that I could not live out of his society. My mother began to lay down some of her old hackneyed rules of faith, but I turned from hearing her with disgust; for, after the energy of my new friend's reasoning, hers appeared so tame I could not endure it. And I confess with shame, that my reverend preceptor's religious dissertations began, about this time, to lose their relish very much, and by degrees became exceedingly tiresome to my ear. They were so inferior, in strength and sublimity, to the most common observations of my young friend, that in drawing a comparison the former appeared as nothing. He, however, examined me about many things relating to my companion, in all of which I satisfied him, save in one: I could neither tell him who my friend was, what was his name, nor of whom he was descended; and I wondered at myself how I had never once adverted to such a thing, for all the time we had been intimate.

I inquired the next day what his name was; as I said I was often at a loss for it, when talking with him. He replied, that there was no occasion for any one friend ever naming another, when their society was held in

private, as ours was; for his part he had never once named me since we first met, and never intended to do so, unless by my own request. "But if you cannot converse without naming me, you may call me Gil for the present," added he; "and if I think proper to take another name at any future period, it shall be with your approbation.

"Gil!" said I; have you no name but Gil? Or which of your names is it?—your Christian or surname?"

"O, you must have a surname too, must you!" replied he; "Very well, you may call me Gil-Martin. It is not my *Christian* name; but it *is* a name which may serve your turn."

"This is very strange!" said I. "Are you ashamed of your parents, that you refuse to give your real name?"

"I have no parents save one, whom I do not acknowledge," said he proudly; "therefore, pray drop that subject, for it is a disagreeable one. I am a being of a very peculiar temper, for though I have servants and subjects more than I can number, yet, to gratify a certain whim, I have left them, and retired to this city, and for all the society it contains, you see I have attached myself only to you. This is a secret, and I tell it you only in friendship, therefore pray let it remain one, and say not another word about the matter."

I assented, and said no more concerning it; for it instantly struck me that this was no other than the Czar Peter of Russia, having heard that he had been traveling through Europe in disguise, and I cannot say that I had not thenceforward great and mighty hopes of high preferment, as a defender and avenger of the oppressed Christian Church, under the influence of this great potentate. He had hinted as much already, as that it was more honourable, and of more avail to put down the wicked with the sword, than try to reform them, and I thought myself quite justified in supposing that he intended me for some great employment, that he had thus selected me for his companion out of all the rest in Scotland, and even pretended to learn the great truths of religion from my mouth. From that time I felt disposed

to yield to such a great prince's suggestions without hesitation.

Nothing ever astonished me so much, as the uncommon powers with which he seemed invested. In our walk one day, we met with a Mr Blanchard, who was reckoned a worthy, pious divine, but quite of the moral cast, who joined us; and we three walked on, and rested together in the fields. My companion did not seem to like him, but, nevertheless, regarded him frequently with deep attention, and there were several times, while he seemed contemplating him, and trying to find out his thoughts, that his face became so like Mr Blanchard's, that it was impossible to have distinguished the one from the other. The antipathy between the two was mutual, and discovered itself quite palpably in a short time. When my companion the prince was gone, Mr Blanchard asked me about him, and I told him that he was a stranger in the city, but a very uncommon and great personage. Mr Blanchard's answer to me was as follows: "I never saw any body I disliked so much in my life, Mr Robert; and if it be true that he is a stranger here, which I doubt, believe me he is come for no good."

"Do you not perceive what mighty powers of mind he is possessed of?" said I, "and also how clear and unhesitating he is on some of the most interesting points of divinity?"

"It is for his great mental faculties that I dread him," said he. "It is incalculable what evil such a person as he may do, if so disposed. There is a sublimity in his ideas, with which there is to me a mixture of terror; and when he talks of religion, he does it as one that rather dreads its truths than reverences them. He, indeed, pretends great strictness of orthodoxy regarding some of the points of doctrine embraced by the reformed church; but you do not seem to perceive, that both you and he are carrying these points to a dangerous extremity. Religion is a sublime and glorious thing, the bond of society on earth, and the connector of humanity with the Divine nature; but there is nothing so dangerous to man as the

wresting of any of its principles, or forcing them beyond their due bounds: this is of all others the readiest way to destruction. Neither is there any thing so easily done. There is not an error into which a man can fall, of which he may not press Scripture into his service as proof of its probity, and though your boasted theologian shunned the full discussion of the subject before me, while you pressed it, I can easily see that both you and he are carrying your ideas of absolute predestination, and its concomitant appendages, to an extent that overthrows all religion and revelation together. Believe me, Mr Robert, the less you associate with that illustrious stranger the better."

I was rather stunned at this; but I pretended to smile with disdain, and said, it did not become youth to control age; and, as I knew our principles differed fundamentally, it behoved us to drop the subject. He, however, would not drop it, but took both my principles and me fearfully to task, for Blanchard was an eloquent and powerful-minded old man; and, before we parted, I believe I promised to drop my new acquaintance, and was *all but* resolved to do it.

As well might I have laid my account with shunning the light of day. He was constant to me as my shadow, and by degrees he acquired such an ascendancy over me, that I never was happy out of his company, nor greatly so in it. When I repeated to him all that Mr Blanchard had said, his countenance kindled with indignation and rage; and then by degrees his eyes sunk inward, his brow lowered, so that I was awed, and withdrew my eyes from looking at him. A while afterward, as I was addressing him, I chanced to look him again in the face, and the sight of him made me start violently. He had made himself so like Mr Blanchard, that I actually believed I had been addressing that gentleman, and that I had done so in some absence of mind that I could not account for. Instead of being amused at the quandary I was in, he seemed offended: indeed, he never was truly amused with any thing. And he then asked me sullenly, if I

conceived such personages as he to have no other endowments than common mortals !

I said I never conceived that princes or potentates had any greater share of endowments than other men, and frequently not so much. He shook his head, and bade me think over the subject again ; and there was an end of it. I certainly felt every day the more disposed to acknowledge such a superiority in him, and from all that I could gather, I had now no doubt that he was Peter of Russia. Every thing combined to warrant the supposition, and, of course, I resolved to act in conformity with the discovery I had made.

For several days the subject of Mr Blanchard's doubts and doctrines formed the theme of our discourse. My friend deprecated them most devoutly ; and then again he would deplore them, and lament the great evil that such a man might do among the human race. I joined with him in allowing the evil in its fullest latitude ; and, at length, after he thought he had fully prepared my nature for such a trial of its powers and abilities, he proposed calmly that we two should make away with Mr Blanchard. I was so shocked, that my bosom became as it were a void, and the beatings of my heart sounded loud and hollow in it : my breath cut, and my tongue and palate became dry and speechless. He mocked at my cowardice, and began a-reasoning on the matter with such powerful eloquence, that before we parted, I felt fully convinced that it was my bounden duty to slay Mr Blanchard ; but my will was far, very far from consenting to the deed.

I spent the following night without sleep, or nearly so ; and the next morning, by the time the sun arose, I was again abroad, and in the company of my illustrious friend. The same subject was resumed, and again he reasoned to the following purport :—That supposing me placed at the head of an army of Christian soldiers, all bent on putting down the enemies of the church, would I have any hesitation in destroying and rooting out these enemies?—None surely.—Well then, when

I saw and was convinced, that here was an individual who was doing more detriment to the church of Christ on earth, than tens of thousands of such warriors were capable of doing, was it not my duty to cut him off? "He, who would be a champion in the cause of Christ and his Church, my brave young friend," added he, "must begin early, and no man can calculate to what an illustrious eminence small beginnings may lead. If the man Blanchard is worthy, he is only changing his situation for a better one; and if unworthy, it is better that one fall, than that a thousand souls perish. Let us be up and doing in our vocations. For me, my resolution is taken; I have but one great aim in this world, and I never for a moment lose sight of it."

I was obliged to admit the force of his reasoning; for though I cannot from memory repeat his words, his eloquence was of that overpowering nature, that the subtilty of other men sunk before it; and there is also little doubt that the assurance I had that these words were spoken by a great potentate, who could raise me to the highest eminence, (provided that I entered into his extensive and decisive measures,) assisted mightily in dispelling my youthful scruples and qualms of conscience; and I thought moreover, that having such a powerful back friend to support me, I hardly needed to be afraid of the consequences. I consented! But begged a little time to think of it. He said the less one thought of a duty the better; and we parted.

But the most singular instance of this wonderful man's power over my mind was, that he had as complete influence over me by night as by day. All my dreams corresponded exactly with his suggestions; and when he was absent from me, still his arguments sunk deeper in my heart than even when he was present. I dreamed that night of a great triumph obtained, and though the whole scene was but dimly and confusedly defined in my vision, yet the overthrow and death of Mr Blanchard was the first step by which I attained the eminent station I occupied. Thus, by dreaming of the event by night,

and discoursing of it by day, it soon became so familiar to my mind, that I almost conceived it as done. It was resolved on: which was the first and greatest victory gained; for there was no difficulty in finding opportunities enow of cutting off a man, who, every good day, was to be found walking by himself in private grounds. I went and heard him preach for two days, and in fact I held his tenets scarcely short of blasphemy; they were such as I had never heard before, and his congregation, which was numerous, were turning up their ears and drinking in his doctrines with the utmost delight; for O, they suited their carnal natures and self-sufficiency to a hair!

When I began to tell the prince about his false doctrines, to my astonishment I found that he had been in the church himself, and had every argument that the old divine had used *verbatim*; and he remarked on them with great concern, that these were not the tenets that corresponded with his views in society, and that he had agents in every city, and every laud, exerting their powers to put them down. I asked, with great simplicity, "Are all your subjects Christians, prince?"

"All my European subjects are, or deem themselves so," returned he; "and they are the most faithful and true subjects I have."

Who could doubt, after this, that he was the Czar of Russia? I have nevertheless had reasons to doubt of his identity, since that period, and which of my conjectures is right, I believe heaven only knows, for I do not. I shall go on to write such things as I remember, and if any one shall ever take the trouble to read over these confessions, such a one will judge for himself. It will be observed, that since ever I fell in with this extraordinary person, I have written about him only, and I must continue to do so to the end of this memoir, as I have performed no great or interesting action in which he had not a principal share.

He came to me one day and said, "We must not linger thus in executing what we have resolved on. We

have much before our hands to perform for the benefit of mankind, both civil as well as religious. Let us do what we have to do here, and then we must wend our way to other cities, and perhaps to other countries. Mr Blanchard is to hold forth in the high church of Paisley on Sunday next, on some particularly great occasion: this must be defeated; he must not go there. As he will be busy arranging his discourses, we may expect him to be walking by himself in Finnieston Dell the greater part of Friday and Saturday. Let us go and cut him off. What is the life of a man more than the life of a lamb, or any guiltless animal? It is not half so much, especially when we consider the immensity of the mischief this old fellow is working among our fellow-creatures. Can there be any doubt that it is the duty of one consecrated to God, to cut off such a mildew?"

"I fear me, great sovereign," said I, "that your ideas of retribution are too sanguine, and too arbitrary for the laws of this country. I dispute not that your motives are great and high; but have you debated the consequences, and settled the result?"

"I have," returned he, "and hold myself amenable for the action, to the laws of God and of equity; as to the enactments of men I despise them. Fain would I see the weapon of providence begin the work of vengeance that awaits it to do!"

I could not help thinking, that I perceived a little derision of countenance on his face as he said this, nevertheless I sunk dumb before such a man, and aroused myself to the task, seeing he would not have it deferred. I approved of it in theory, but my spirit stood aloof from the practice. I saw and was convinced that the elect would be happier, and purer, were the wicked and unbelievers all cut off from troubling and misleading them, but if it had not been the instigations of this illustrious stranger, I should never have presumed to begin so great a work myself. Yet, though he often aroused my zeal to the highest pitch, still my heart at times shrunk from the shedding of life-blood, and it was only at the earnest

and unceasing instigations of my enlightened and voluntary patron, that I at length put my hand to the conclusive work. After I said all that I could say, and all had been overborne, (I remember my actions and words as well as it had been yesterday,) I turned round hesitatingly, and looked up to Heaven for direction ; but there was a dimness came over my eyes that I could not see. The appearance was as if there had been a veil drawn over me, so nigh that I put up my hand to feel it ; and then Gil-Martin (as this great sovereign was pleased to have himself called,) frowned, and asked me what I was grasping at ? I knew not what to say, but answered, with fear and shame, " I have no weapons, not one ; nor know I where any are to be found."

" The God whom thou servest will provide these," said he, " if thou provest worthy of the trust committed to thee."

I looked again up into the cloudy veil that covered us, and thought I beheld golden weapons of every description let down in it, but all with their points towards me. I kneeled, and was going to stretch out my hand to take one, when my patron seized me, as I thought, by the clothes, and dragged me away with as much ease as I had been a lamb, saying, with a joyful and elevated voice,— " Come, my friend, let us depart : thou art dreaming— thou art dreaming. Rouse up all the energies of thy exalted mind, for thou art an highly-favoured one ; and doubt thou not, that he whom *thou* servest, will be ever at thy right and left hand, to direct and assist thee."

These words, but particularly the vision I had seen, of the golden weapons descending out of Heaven, inflamed my zeal to that height that I was as one beside himself ; which my parents perceived that night, and made some motions toward confining me to my room. I joined in the family prayers, and then I afterwards sung a psalm and prayed by myself ; and I had good reasons for believing that that small oblation of praise and prayer was not turned to sin.

I felt greatly strengthened and encouraged that night,

and the next morning I ran to meet my companion, out of whose eye I had now no life. He rejoiced at seeing me so forward in the great work of reformation by blood, and said many things to raise my hopes of future fame and glory; and then, producing two pistols of pure beaten gold, he held them out and proffered me the choice of one, saying, "See what thy master hath provided thee!" I took one of them eagerly, for I perceived at once that they were two of the very weapons that were let down from Heaven in the cloudy veil, the dim tapestry of the firmament; and I said to myself, "Surely this is the will of the Lord."

The little splendid and enchanting piece was so perfect, so complete, and so ready for executing the will of the donor, that I now longed to use it in his service. I loaded it with my own hand, as Gil-Martin did the other, and we took our stations behind a bush of hawthorn and bramble on the verge of the wood, and almost close to the walk. My patron was so acute in all his calculations that he never mistook an event. We had not taken our stand above a minute and a half, till old Mr Blanchard appeared, coming slowly on the path. When we saw this, we covered down, and leaned each of us a knee upon the ground, pointing the pistols through the bush, with an aim so steady, that it was impossible to miss our victim.

He came deliberately on, pausing at times so long, that we dreaded he was going to turn. Gil-Martin dreaded it, and I said I did, but wished in my heart that he might. He, however, came onward, and I will never forget the manner in which he came! No,—I don't believe I ever can forget it, either in the narrow bounds of time or the ages of eternity! He was a boardly ill-shaped man, of a rude exterior, and a little bent with age; his hands were clasped behind his back, and below his coat, and he walked with a slow swinging air that was very peculiar. When he paused and looked abroad on nature, the act was highly impressive: he seemed conscious of being all alone, and conversant only with God

and the elements of his creation. Never was there such a picture of human inadvertency ! a man approaching step by step to the one that was to hurl him out of one existence into another, with as much ease and indifference as the ox goeth to the stall. Hideous vision, wilt thou not be gone from my mental sight ! If not, let me bear with thee as I can !

When he came straight opposite to the muzzles of our pieces, Gil-Martin called out " Eh ! " with a short quick sound. The old man, without starting, turned his face and breast toward us, and looked into the wood, but looked over our heads. " Now ! " whispered my companion, and fired. But my hand refused the office, for I was not at that moment sure about becoming an assassin in the cause of Christ and his Church. I thought I heard a sweet voice behind me, whispering me to beware, and I was going to look round, when my companion exclaimed, " Coward, we are ruined ! "

I had no time for an alternative : Gil-Martin's ball had not taken effect, which was altogether wonderful, as the old man's breast was within a few yards of him. " Hilloa ! " cried Blanchard ; " what is that for, you dog ! " and with that he came forward to look over the bush. I hesitated, as I said, and attempted to look behind me ; but there was no time : the next step discovered two assassins lying in covert, waiting for blood. " Coward, we are ruined ! " cried my indignant friend ; and that moment my piece was discharged. The effect was as might have been expected : the old man first stumbled to one side, and then fell on his back. We kept our places, and I perceived my companion's eyes gleaming with an unnatural joy. The wounded man raised himself from the bank to a sitting posture, and I beheld his eyes swimming ; he, however, appeared sensible, for we heard him saying in a low and rattling voice, " Alas, alas ! whom have I offended, that they should have been driven to an act like this ! Come forth and show yourselves, that I may either forgive you before I die, or curse you in the name of the Lord. " He then fell a groping with both hands

on the ground, as if feeling for something he had lost, manifestly in the agonies of death; and, with a solemn and interrupted prayer for forgiveness, he breathed his last.

I had become rigid as a statue, whereas my associate appeared to be elevated above measure. "Arise, thou faint-hearted one, and let us be going," said he. "Thou hast done well for once; but wherefore hesitate in such a cause? This is but a small beginning of so great a work as that of purging the Christian world. But the first victim is a worthy one, and more of such lights must be extinguished immediately."

We touched not our victim, nor any thing pertaining to him, for fear of staining our hands with his blood; and the firing having brought three men within view, who were hasting towards the spot, my undaunted companion took both the pistols, and went forward as with intent to meet them, bidding me shift for myself. I ran off in a contrary direction, till I came to the foot of the Pearman Sike, and then, running up the hollow of that I appeared on the top of the bank as if I had been another man brought in view by hearing the shots in such a place. I had a full view of a part of what passed, though not of all. I saw my companion going straight to meet the men, apparently with a pistol in every hand, waving in a careless manner. They seemed not quite clear of meeting with him, and so he went straight on, and passed between them. They looked after him, and came onward; but when they came to the old man lying stretched in his blood, then they turned and pursued my companion, though not so quickly as they might have done; and I understood that from the first they saw no more of him.

Great was the confusion that day in Glasgow. The most popular of all their preachers of morality was (what they called) murdered in cold blood, and a strict and extensive search was made for the assassin. Neither of the accomplices was found, however, that is certain, nor was either of them so much as suspected; but another man was apprehended under circumstances that warranted suspicion.—This was one of the things that I witness-

ed in my life, which I never understood, and it surely was one of my patron's most dexterous tricks, for I must still say, what I have thought from the beginning, that like him there never was a man created. The young man who was taken up was a preacher; and it was proved that he had purchased fire-arms in town, and gone out with them that morning. But the far greatest mystery of the whole was, that two of the men, out of the three who met my companion, swore, that that unfortunate preacher was the man whom they met with a pistol in each hand, fresh from the death of the old divine. The poor fellow made a confused speech himself, which there is not the least doubt was quite true; but it was laughed to scorn, and an expression of horror ran through both the hearers and jury. I heard the whole trial, and so did Gil-Martin; but we left the journeyman preacher to his fate, and from that time forth I have had no faith in the justice of criminal trials. If once a man is prejudiced on one side, he will swear any thing in support of such prejudice. I tried to expostulate with my mysterious friend on the horrid injustice of suffering this young man to die for our act, but the prince exulted in it more than the other, and said the latter was the more dangerous man of the two.

The alarm in and about Glasgow was prodigious. The country being divided into two political parties, the court and the country party, the former held meetings, issued proclamations, and offered rewards, ascribing all to the violence of party spirit, and deprecating the infernal measures of their opponents. I did not understand their political differences; but it was easy to see that the true Gospel preachers joined all on one side, and the upholders of pure morality and a blameless life on the other, so that this division proved a test to us, and it was forthwith resolved, that we two should pick out some of the leading men of this unsaintly and heterodox cabal, and cut them off one by one, as occasion should suit.

Now the ice being broke, I felt considerable zeal in our great work, but pretended much more; and we might

soon have kidnapped them all through the ingenuity of my patron, had not our next attempt miscarried, by some awkwardness or mistake of mine. The consequence was, that he was discovered fairly, and very nigh seized. I also was seen, and suspected so far, that my reverend father, my mother, and myself were examined privately. I denied all knowledge of the matter; and they held it in such a ridiculous light, and their conviction of the complete groundlessness of the suspicion was so perfect, that their testimony prevailed, and the affair was hushed. I was obliged, however, to walk circumspectly, and saw my companion the prince very seldom, who was prowling about every day, quite unconcerned about his safety. He was every day a new man, however, and needed not to be alarmed at any danger; for such a facility had he in disguising himself, that if it had not been for a password which we had between us, for the purposes of recognition, I never could have known him myself.

It so happened that my reverend father was called to Edinburgh about this time, to assist with his council in settling the national affairs. At my earnest request I was permitted to accompany him, at which both my associate and I rejoiced, as we were now about to move in a new and extensive field. All this time I never knew where my illustrious friend resided. He never once invited me to call on him at his lodgings, nor did he ever come to our house, which made me sometimes to suspect, that if any of our great efforts in the cause of true religion were discovered he intended leaving me in the lurch. Consequently, when we met in Edinburgh (for we travelled not in company) I proposed to go with him to look for lodgings, telling him at the same time what a blessed religious family my reverend instructor and I were settled in. He said he rejoiced at it, but he made a rule of never lodging in any particular house, but took these daily, or hourly, as he found it convenient, and that he never was at a loss in any circumstance.

“What a mighty trouble you put yourself to, great sovereign!” said I “and all, it would appear, for the

purpose of seeing and knowing more and more of the human race."

"I never go but where I have some great purpose to serve," returned he, "either in the advancement of my own power and dominion, or in thwarting my enemies."

"With all due deference to your great comprehension, my illustrious friend," said I, "it strikes me that you can accomplish very little either the one way or the other here, in the humble and private capacity you are pleased to occupy."

"It is your own innate modesty that prompts such a remark," said he. "Do you think the gaining of you to my service, is not an attainment worthy of being envied by the greatest potentate in Christendom? Before I had missed such a prize as the attainment of your services, I would have travelled over one half of the habitable globe."—I bowed with great humility, but at the same time how could I but feel proud and highly flattered? He continued. "Believe me, my dear friend, for such a prize I account no effort too high. For a man who is not only dedicated to Heaven, in the most solemn manner, soul, body, and spirit, but also justified, sanctified, and received into a communion that never shall be broken, and from which no act of his shall ever remove him,—the possession of such a man, I tell you, is worth kingdoms; because every deed that he performs, he does it with perfect safety to himself and honour to me."—I bowed again, lifting my hat, and he went on.—"I am now going to put his courage in the cause he has espoused, to a severe test—to a trial at which common nature would revolt, but he who is dedicated to be the sword of the Lord, must raise himself above common humanity. You have a father and a brother according to the flesh, what do you know of them?"

"I am sorry to say I know nothing good," said I. "They are reprobates, castaways, beings devoted to the wicked one, and, like him, workers of every species of iniquity with greediness."

"They must both fall!" said he, with a sigh and

melancholy look; "it is decreed in the councils above, that they must both fall by your hand."

"Heaven forbid it!" said I. "They are enemies to Christ and his church, that I know and believe; but they shall live and die in their iniquity for me, and reap their guerdon when their time cometh. There my hand shall not strike."

"The feeling is natural, and amiable," said he; "but you must think again. Whether are the bonds of carnal nature, or the bonds and vows of the Lord strongest?"

"I will not reason with you on this head, mighty potentate," said I, "for whenever I do so it is but to be put down. I shall only express my determination not to take vengeance out of the Lord's hand in this instance. It availeth not. These are men that have the mark of the beast in their foreheads and right hands; they are lost beings themselves, but have no influence over others. Let them perish in their sins; for they shall not be meddled with by me."

"How preposterously you talk, my dear friend!" said he. "These people are your greatest enemies; they would rejoice to see you annihilated. And now that you have taken up the Lord's cause of being avenged on his enemies, wherefore spare those that are your own as well as his? Besides, you ought to consider what great advantages would be derived to the cause of righteousness and truth, were the estate and riches of that opulent house in your possession, rather than in that of such as oppose the truth and all manner of holiness."

This was a portion of the consequence of following my illustrious adviser's summary mode of procedure, that had never entered into my calculation.—I disclaimed all idea of being influenced by it; however, I cannot but say that the desire of being enabled to do so much good, by the possession of these bad men's riches, made some impression on my heart, and I said I would consider of the matter. I did consider it, and that right seriously as well as frequently; and there was scarcely an hour in the day on which my resolves were not animated by my

great friend, till at length I began to have a longing desire to kill my brother, in particular. Should any man ever read this scroll, he will wonder at this confession, and deem it savage and unnatural. So it appeared to me at first, but a constant thinking of an event changes every one of its features. I have done all for the best, and as I was prompted, by one who knew right and wrong much better than I did. I had a desire to slay him, it is true, and such a desire too as a thirsty man has to drink; but at the same time, this longing desire was mingled with a certain terror, as if I had dreaded that the drink for which I longed was mixed with deadly poison.

My illustrious friend still continuing to sound in my ears the imperious duty to which I was called, of making away with my sinful relations, I was obliged to acquiesce in his measures, though with certain limitations. It was not easy to answer his arguments, and yet I was afraid that he soon perceived a leaning to his will on my part. "If the acts of Jehu, in rooting out the whole house of his master, were ordered and approved of by the Lord," said he, "would it not have been more praiseworthy if one of Ahab's own sons had stood up for the cause of Israel, and rooted out the sinners and their idols out of the land?"

"It would certainly," said I. "To our duty to God all other duties must yield."

"Go thou then and do likewise," said he. "Thou art called to a high vocation; go thou forth then like a ruling energy, a master spirit of desolation in the dwellings of the wicked, and high shall be your reward both here and hereafter."

My heart now panted with eagerness to look my brother in the face: on which my companion, who was never out of the way, conducted me to a small square in the suburbs of the city, where there were a number of young noblemen and gentlemen playing at a vain, idle, and sinful game, at which there was much of the language of the accursed going on; and among these blasphemers he

instantly pointed out my brother to me. I was fired with indignation at seeing him in such company, and so employed ; and I placed myself close beside him to watch all his motions, listen to his words, and draw inferences from what I saw and heard. In what a sink of sin was he wallowing ! I resolved to take him to task, and if he refused to be admonished, to inflict on him some condign punishment ; and knowing that my illustrious friend and director was looking on, I resolved to show some spirit. Accordingly, I waited until I heard him profane his Maker's name three times, and then, my spiritual indignation being roused above all restraint, I went up and kicked him. Yes, I went boldly up and struck him with my foot, and meant to have given him a more severe blow than it was my fortune to inflict. It had, however, the effect of rousing up his corrupt nature to quarrelling and strife, instead of taking the chastisement in humility and meekness. He ran furiously against me in the choler that is always inspired by the wicked one ; but I overthrew him, by reason of impeding the natural and rapid progress of his unholy feet, running to destruction. I also fell slightly ; but his fall proving a severe one, he arose in wrath, and struck me with the mallet which he held in his hand, until my blood flowed copiously ; and from that moment I vowed his destruction in my heart. But I happened to have no weapon at that time, nor any means of inflicting due punishment on the caitiff, which would not have been returned double on my head, by him and his graceless associates. I mixed among them at the suggestion of my friend, and following them to their den of voluptuousness and sin, I strove to be admitted among them, in hopes of finding some means of accomplishing my great purpose, while I found myself moved by the spirit within me so to do. But I was not only debarred, but, by the machinations of my wicked brother and his associates, cast into prison.

I was not sorry at being thus honoured to suffer in the cause of righteousness, and at the hands of sinful men ; and as soon as I was alone, I betook myself to prayer.

My jailer came to me, and insulted me. He was a rude unprincipled fellow, partaking much of the loose and carnal manners of the age; but I remembered of having read in the Cloud of Witnesses, of such men formerly having been converted by the imprisoned saints; so I set myself, with all my heart, to bring about this man's repentance and reformation.

"Fat the deil are ye yoolling an' praying that gate for, man?" said he, coming angrily in. "I thought the day o' praying prisoners had been a' ower. Gie up your crooning, or I'll pit you to an in-by place, where ye sall get plenty o't."

"Friend," said I, "I am making my appeal at that bar where all human actions are seen and judged, and where you shall not be forgot, sinful as you are."

I then opened up the mysteries of religion to him in a clear and perspicuous manner, but particularly the great doctrine of the election of grace; and then I added, "Now, friend, you must tell me if you pertain to this chosen number."

"An' fat the better wad you be for the kenning o' this, man?" said he.

"Because, if you are one of my brethren, I will take you into sweet communion and fellowship," returned I; "but if you belong to the unregenerate, I have a commission to slay you."

"Oo, foo, foo! I see how it is," said he; "yours is a very braw commission, but you will have the small opportunity of carrying it through here. Take my advising, and write a bit of a letter to your friends, and I will send it, for this is no place for such a great man. If you cannot steady your hand to write, as I see you have been at your great work, a word of a mouth may do; for I do assure you this is not the place at all, of any in the world, for your operations."

The man apparently thought I was deranged in my intellect. He could not swallow such great truths at the first morsel. So I took his advice, and sent a line to my reverend father, who was not long in coming, and great

was the jailer's wonderment when he saw all the great Christian noblemen of the land sign my bond of freedom.

My reverend father took this matter greatly to heart, and bestirred himself in the good cause till the transgressors were ashamed to show their faces. For my part I was greatly strengthened in my resolution by the anathemas of my reverend father, who, privately, (that is, in a family capacity,) in his prayers, gave up my father and brother, according to the flesh, to Satan, making it plain to all my senses of perception, that they were beings to be devoured by fiends or men, at their will and pleasure, and that *whosoever* should slay them, would do God good service.

The next morning my illustrious friend met me at an early hour, and he was greatly overjoyed at hearing my sentiments now chime so much in unison with his own. I said, "I longed for the day and the hour that I might look my brother in the face at Gilgal, and visit on him the iniquity of his father and himself, for that I was now strengthened and prepared for the deed."

"I have been watching the steps and movements of the profligate one," said he; "and lo, I will take you straight to his presence. Let your heart be as the heart of the lion, and your arms strong as the shekels of brass, and swift to avenge as the bolt that descendeth from Heaven, for the blood of the just and the good hath long flowed in Scotland. But already is the day of their avengement begun; the hero is at length arisen, who shall send all such as bear enmity to the true church, or trust in works of their own, to Tophet!"

Thus encouraged, I followed my friend, who led me directly to the same court in which I had chastised the miscreant on the foregoing day; and behold, there was the same group again assembled. They eyed me with terror in their looks, as I walked among them and eyed them with looks of disapprobation and rebuke; and I saw that the very eye of a chosen one lifted on these children of Belial, was sufficient to dismay and put them to flight.

I walked aside to my friend, who stood at a distance looking on, and he said to me, "What thinkest thou now?" and I answered in the words of the venal prophet, "Lo now, if I had a sword into mine hand, I would even kill him."

"Wherefore lackest thou it?" said he. "Dost thou not see that they tremble at thy presence, knowing that the avenger of blood is among them."

My heart was lifted up on hearing this, and again I strode into the midst of them, and eyeing them with threatening looks, they were so much confounded, that they abandoned their sinful pastime, and fled every one to his house!

This was a palpable victory gained over the wicked, and I thereby knew that the hand of the Lord was with me. My companion also exulted, and said, "Did not I tell thee? Behold thou dost not know one half of thy might, or of the great things thou art destined to do. Come with me and I will show thee more than this, for these young men cannot subsist without the exercises of sin. I listened to their councils, and I know where they will meet again."

Accordingly he led me a little farther to the south, and we walked aside till by degrees we saw some people begin to assemble; and in a short time we perceived the same group stripping off their clothes to make them more expert in the practice of madness and folly. Their game was begun before we approached, and so also were the oaths and cursing. I put my hands in my pockets, and walked with dignity and energy into the midst of them. It was enough: terror and astonishment seized them. A few of them cried out against me, but their voices were soon hushed amid the murmurs of fear. One of them, in the name of the rest, then came and besought of me to grant them liberty to amuse themselves; but I refused peremptorily, dared the whole multitude so much as to touch me with one of their fingers.

Again they all fled and dispersed at my eye, and I went home in triumph, escorted by my friend, and some

well-meaning young Christians, who, however, had not learned to deport themselves with soberness and humility. But my ascendancy over my enemies was great indeed; for wherever I appeared I was hailed with approbation, and wherever my guilty brother made his appearance, he was hooted and held in derision, till he was forced to hide his disgraceful head, and appear no more in public.

Immediately after this I was seized with a strange distemper, which neither my friends nor physicians could comprehend, and it confined me to my chamber for many days; but I knew, myself, that I was bewitched, and suspected my father's reputed concubine of the deed. I told my fears to my reverend protector, who hesitated concerning them, but I knew by his words and looks that he was conscious I was right. I generally conceived myself to be two people. When I lay in bed, I deemed there were two of us in it; when I sat up, I always beheld another person, and always in the same position from the place where I sat or stood, which was about three paces off me towards my left side. It mattered not how many or how few were present: this my second self was sure to be present in his place; and this occasioned a confusion in all my words and ideas that utterly astounded my friends, who all declared, that instead of being deranged in my intellect, they had never heard my conversation manifest so much energy or sublimity of conception; but for all that, over the singular delusion that I was two persons, my reasoning faculties had no power. The most perverse part of it was, that I rarely conceived *myself* to be any of the two persons. I thought for the most part that my companion was one of them, and my brother the other; and I found, that to be obliged to speak and answer in the character of another man, was a most awkward business at the long run.

Who can doubt, from this statement, that I was bewitched, and that my relatives were at the ground of it? The constant and unnatural persuasion that I was my brother, proved it to my own satisfaction, and must, I

think, do so to every unprejudiced person. This victory of the wicked one over me kept me confined in my chamber, at Mr Millar's house, for nearly a month, until the prayers of the faithful prevailed, and I was restored. I knew it was a chastisement for my pride, because my heart was lifted up at my superiority over the enemies of the church; nevertheless, I determined to make short work with the aggressor, that the righteous might not be subjected to the effect of his diabolical arts again.

I say I was confined a month. I beg he that readeth to take note of this, that he may estimate how much the word, or even the oath, of a wicked man, is to depend on. For a month I saw no one but such as came into my room, and for all that, it will be seen, that there were plenty of the same set to attest upon oath that I saw my brother every day during that period; that I persecuted him with my presence day and night, while all the time I never saw his face, save in a delusive dream. I cannot comprehend what manœuvres my illustrious friend was playing off with them about this time; for he, having the art of personating whom he chose, had peradventure deceived them, else so many of them had never all attested the same thing. I never saw any man so steady in his friendships and attentions as he; but as he made a rule of never calling at private houses, for fear of some discovery being made of his person, so I never saw him while my malady lasted; but as soon as I grew better, I knew I had nothing ado but to attend at some of our places of meeting, to see him again. He was punctual, as usual, and I had not to wait.

My reception was precisely as I apprehended. There was no flaring, no flummery, nor bombastical pretensions, but a dignified return to my obeisance, and an immediate recurrence, in converse, to the important duties incumbent on us, in our stations, as reformers and purifiers of the Church.

“I have marked out a number of most dangerous characters in this city,” said he, “all of whom must be cut off from encumbering the true vineyard before we

leave this and. And if you bestir not yourself in the work to which you are called, I must raise up others who shall have the honour of it."

"I am, most illustrious prince, wholly at your service," said I. "Show but what ought to be done, and here is the heart to dare, and the hand to execute. You pointed out my relations, according to the flesh, as brands fitted to be thrown into the burning. I approved peremptorily of the award; nay, I thirst to accomplish it; for I myself have suffered severely from their diabolical arts. When once that trial of my devotion to the faith is accomplished, then be your future operations disclosed."

"You are free of your words and promises," said he.

"So will I be of my deeds in the service of my master, and that shalt thou see," said I. "I lack not the spirit, nor the will, but I lack experience wofully; and because of that short-coming, must bow to your suggestions."

"Meet me here to-morrow betimes," said he, "and perhaps you may hear of some opportunity of displaying your zeal in the cause of righteousness."

I met him as he desired me; and he addressed me with a hurried and joyful expression, telling me that my brother was astir, and that a few minutes ago he had seen him pass on his way to the mountain. "The hill is wrapped in a cloud," added he, "and never was there such an opportunity of executing justice on a guilty sinner. You may trace him in the dew, and shall infallibly find him on the top of some precipice; for it is only in secret that he dares show his debased head to the sun.

"I have no arms, else assuredly I would pursue him and discomfit him," said I.

"Here is a small dagger," said he; "I have nothing of weapon-kind about me save that, but it is a potent one; and should you require it, there is nothing more ready or sure."

"Will not you accompany me?" said I: "Sure you will?"

“I will be with you, or near you,” said he. “Go you on before.”

I hurried away as he directed me, and imprudently asked some of Queensberry's guards if such and such a young man passed by them going out from the city. I was answered in the affirmative, and till then had doubted of my friend's intelligence, it was so inconsistent with a profligate's life to be early astir. When I got the certain intelligence that my brother was before me, I fell a-running, scarcely knowing what I did ; and looking several times behind me, I perceived nothing of my zealous and arbitrary friend. The consequence of this was, that by the time I reached St Anthony's well, my resolution began to give way. It was not my courage, for now that I had once shed blood in the cause of the true faith, I was exceedingly bold and ardent ; but whenever I was left to myself, I was subject to sinful doubtings.

In this desponding state, I sat myself down on a stone, and bethought me of the rashness of my undertaking. I tried to ascertain, to my own satisfaction, whether or not I really had been commissioned of God to perpetrate these crimes in his behalf, for in the eyes, and by the laws of men, they were great and crying transgressions. While I sat pondering on these things, I was involved in a veil of white misty vapour, and looking up to heaven, I was just about to ask direction from above, when I heard as it were a still small voice close by me, which uttered some words of derision and chiding. I looked intensely in the direction whence it seemed to come, and perceived a lady, robed in white, who hasted toward me. She regarded me with a severity of look and gesture that appalled me so much, I could not address her ; but she waited not for that, but coming close to my side, said, without stopping, “Preposterous wretch ! how dare you lift your eyes to heaven with such purposes in your heart ? Escape homeward, and save your soul, or farewell for ever !”

These were all the words that she uttered, as far as I could ever recollect, but my spirits were kept in such a

tumult that morning, that something might have escaped me. I followed her eagerly with my eyes, but in a moment she glided over the rocks above the holy well, and vanished. I persuaded myself that I had seen a vision, and that the radiant being that had addressed me was one of the good angels, or guardian spirits, commissioned by the Almighty to watch over the steps of the just. My first impulse was to follow her advice, and make my escape home; for I thought to myself, "How is this interested and mysterious foreigner, a proper judge of the actions of a free Christian?"

The thought was hardly framed, nor had I moved in a retrograde direction six steps, when I saw my illustrious friend and great adviser descending the ridge towards me with hasty and impassioned strides. My heart fainted within me; and when he came up and addressed me, I looked as one caught in a trespass. "What hath detained thee, thou desponding trifler?" said he. "Verily now shall the golden opportunity be lost which may never be recalled. I have traced the reprobate to his sanctuary in the cloud, and lo he is perched on the pinnacle of a precipice an hundred fathoms high. One ketch with thy foot, or toss with thy finger, shall throw him from thy sight into the foldings of the cloud, and he shall be no more seen, till found at the bottom of the clift dashed to pieces. Make haste therefore, thou loiterer, if thou wouldst ever prosper and rise to eminence in the work of thy master."

"I go no farther on this work," said I, "for I have seen a vision that has reprimanded the deed."

"A vision?" said he: "Was it that wench who descended from the hill?"

"The being that spake to me, and warned me of my danger, was indeed the form of a lady," said I.

"She also approached me and said a few words," returned he; "and I thought there was something mysterious in her manner. Pray, what did she say? for the words of such a singular message, and from such a messenger, ought to be attended to. If I understood

her aright, she was chiding us for our misbelief and preposterous delay."

I recited her words, but he answered that I had been in a state of sinful doubting at the time, and it was to these doubtings she had adverted. In short, this wonderful and clear-sighted stranger soon banished all my doubts and despondency, making me utterly ashamed of them, and again I set out with him in the pursuit of my brother. He showed me the traces of his footsteps in the dew, and pointed out the spot where I should find him. "You have nothing more to do than go softly down behind him," said he; "which you can do to within an ell of him, without being seen; then rush upon him, and throw him from his seat, where there is neither footing nor hold. I will go, meanwhile, and amuse his sight by some exhibition in the contrary direction, and he shall neither know nor perceive who has done him this *kind office*: for, exclusive of more weighty concerns, be assured of this, that the sooner he falls, the fewer crimes will he have to answer for, and his estate in the other world will be proportionally more tolerable, than if he spent a long unregenerate life steeped in iniquity to the loathing of the soul."

"Nothing can be more plain or more pertinent," said I: "therefore I fly to perform that which is both a duty toward God and toward man!"

"You shall yet rise to great honour and preferment," said he.

"I value it not, provided I do honour and justice to the cause of my master here," said I.

"You shall be lord of your father's riches and demesnes," added he.

"I disclaim and deride every selfish motive thereto relating," said I, "farther than as it enables me to do good."

"Ay, but that is a great and a heavenly consideration, that *longing for ability to do good*," said he;—and as he said so, I could not help remarking a certain derisive exultation of expression which I could not comprehend;

and indeed I have noted this very often in my illustrious friend, and sometimes mentioned it civilly to him, but he has never failed to disclaim it. On this occasion I said nothing, but concealing his poniard in my clothes, I hasted up the mountain, determined to execute my purpose before any misgivings should again visit me ; and I never had more ado, than in keeping firm my resolution. I could not help my thoughts, and there are certain trains and classes of thoughts that have great power in enervating the mind. I thought of the awful thing of plunging a fellow creature from the top of a cliff into the dark and misty void below—of his being dashed to pieces on the protruding rocks, and of hearing his shrieks as he descended the cloud, and beheld the shagged points on which he was to alight. Then I thought of plunging a soul so abruptly into hell, or, at the best, sending it to hover on the confines of that burning abyss—of its appearance at the bar of the Almighty to receive its sentence. And then I thought, “ Will there not be a sentence pronounced against me there, by a jury of the just made perfect, and written down in the registers of heaven ? ”

These thoughts, I say, came upon me unasked, and instead of being able to dispel them, they mustered, upon the summit of my imagination, in thicker and stronger array : and there was another that impressed me in a very particular manner, though, I have reason to believe, not so strongly as those above written. It was this : “ What if I should fail in my first effort ? Will the consequence not be that I am tumbled from the top of the rock myself ? ” and then all the feelings anticipated, with regard to both body and soul, must happen to me ! This was a spine-breaking reflection ; and yet, though the probability was rather on that side, my zeal in the cause of godliness was such that carried me on, maugre all danger and dismay.

I soon came close upon my brother, sitting on the dizzy pinnacle, with his eyes fixed stedfastly in the direction opposite to me. I descended the little green

ravine behind him with my feet foremost, and every now and then raised my head, and watched his motions. His posture continued the same, until at last I came so near him I could have heard him breathe, if his face had been towards me. I laid my cap aside, and made me ready to spring upon him, and push him over. I could not for my life accomplish it! I do not think it was that *I durst not*, for I have always felt my courage equal to any thing in a good cause. But I had not the heart, or something that I ought to have had. In short, it was not done in time, as it easily might have been. These THOUGHTS are hard enemies wherewith to combat! And I was so grieved that I could not effect my righteous purpose, that I laid me down on my face and shed tears. Then, again, I thought of what my great enlightened friend and patron would say to me, and again my resolution rose indignant, and indissoluble save by blood. I arose on my right knee and left foot, and had just begun to advance the latter forward: the next step my great purpose had been accomplished, and the culprit had suffered the punishment due to his crimes. But what moved him I knew not: in the critical moment he sprung to his feet, and dashing himself furiously against me, he overthrew me, at the imminent peril of my life. I disencumbered myself by main force, and fled, but he overhied me, knocked me down, and threatened, with dreadful oaths, to throw me from the cliff. After I was a little recovered from the stunning blow, I aroused myself to the combat; and though I do not recollect the circumstances of that deadly scuffle very minutely, I know that I vanquished him so far as to force him to ask my pardon, and crave a reconciliation. I spurned at both, and left him to the chastisements of his own wicked and corrupt heart.

My friend met me again on the hill, and derided me, in a haughty and stern manner, for my imbecility and want of decision. I told him how nearly I had effected my purpose, and excused myself as well as I was able. On this, seeing me bleeding, he advised me to swear the peace against my brother, and have him punished in the

mean time, he being the first aggressor. I promised compliance, and we parted, for I was somewhat ashamed of my failure, and was glad to be quit for the present of one of whom I stood so much in awe.

When my reverend father beheld me bleeding a second time by the hand of a brother, he was moved to the highest point of displeasure; and relying on his high interest and the justice of his cause, he brought the matter at once before the courts. My brother and I were first examined face to face. His declaration was a mere romance: mine was not the truth; but as it was by the advice of my reverend father, and that of my illustrious friend, that I gave it, I conceived myself completely justified on that score. I said, I had gone up into the mountain early on the morning to pray, and had withdrawn myself, for entire privacy, into a little sequestered dell—had laid aside my cap, and was in the act of kneeling, when I was rudely attacked by my brother, knocked over, and nearly slain. They asked my brother if this was true. He acknowledged that it was; that I was bare-headed, and in the act of kneeling when he ran foul of me without any intent of doing so. But the judge took him to task on the improbability of this, and put the profligate sore out of countenance. The rest of his tale told still worse, insomuch that he was laughed at by all present, for the judge remarked to him, that granting it was true that he had at first run against me on an open mountain, and overthrown me by accident, how was it, that after I had extricated myself and fled, that he had pursued, overtaken, and knocked me down a second time? Would he pretend that all that was likewise by chance? The culprit had nothing to say for himself on this head, and I shall not forget my exultation and that of my reverend father, when the sentence of the judge was delivered. It was, that my wicked brother should be thrown into prison, and tried on a criminal charge of assault and battery, with the intent of committing murder. This was a just and righteous judge, and saw things in their proper bearings, that is, he could discern between a

righteous and a wicked man, and then there could be no doubt as to which of the two were acting right, and which wrong.

My time was now much occupied, along with my reverend perceptor, in making ready for the approaching trial, as the prosecutors. Our counsel assured us of a complete victory, and that banishment would be the mildest award of the law on the offender. Mark how different was the result! From the shifts and ambiguities of a wicked Bench, who had a fellow-feeling of iniquity with the defenders,—my suit was cast, the graceless libertine was absolved, and I was incarcerated, and bound over to keep the peace, with heavy penalties, before I was set at liberty.

I was exceedingly disgusted at this issue, and blamed the counsel of my friend to his face. He expressed great grief, and expatiated on the wickedness of our judicatories, adding, “I see I cannot depend on you for quick and summary measures, but for your sake I shall be revenged on that wicked judge, and that you shall see in a few days.” The Lord Justice Clerk died that same week! But he died in his own house and his own bed, and by what means my friend effected it, I do not know. He would not tell me a single word of the matter, but the judge’s sudden death made a great noise, and I made so many curious inquiries regarding the particulars of it, that some suspicions were like to attach to our family, of some unfair means used. For my part I know nothing, and rather think he died by the visitation of Heaven, and that my friend had foreseen it, by symptoms, and soothed me by promises of complete revenge.

It was some days before he mentioned my brother’s meditated death to me again, and certainly he then found me exasperated against him personally to the highest degree. But I told him that I could not now think any more of it, owing to the late judgment of the court, by which, if my brother were missing or found dead, I would not only forfeit my life, but my friends would be ruined by the penalties.

"I suppose you know and believe in the perfect safety of your soul," said he.

"I believe in it thoroughly and perfectly," said I; "and whenever I entertain doubts of it, I am sensible of sin and weakness."

"Very well, so then am I," said he. "I think I can now divine, with all manner of certainty, what will be the high and merited guerdon of your immortal part. Hear me then farther: I give you my solemn assurance, and bond of blood, that no human hand shall ever henceforth be able to injure your life, or shed one drop of your precious blood, but it is on the condition that you walk always by my directions."

"I will do so with cheerfulness," said I; "for without your enlightened counsel, I feel that I can do nothing. But as to your power of protecting my life, you must excuse me for doubting of it. Nay, were we in your own proper dominions, you could not ensure that."

"In whatever dominion or land I am, my power accompanies me," said he; "and it is only against human might and human weapon that I ensure your life; on that will I keep an eye, and on that you may depend. I have never broken word or promise with you. Do you credit me?"

"Yes, I do," said I; "for I see you are in earnest. I believe, though I do not comprehend you."

"Then why do you not at once challenge your brother to the field of honour? Seeing you now act without danger, cannot you also act without fear?"

"It is not fear," returned I; "believe me, I hardly know what fear is. It is a doubt, that on all these emergencies constantly haunts my mind, that in performing such and such actions I may fall from my upright state. This makes fratricide a fearful task."

"This is imbecility itself," said he. "We have settled, and agreed on that point an hundred times. I would therefore advise that you challenge your brother to single combat. I shall ensure your safety, and he cannot refuse giving you satisfaction."

“But then the penalties?” said I.

“We will try to evade these,” said he; “and supposing you should be caught, if once you are Laird of Dalcastle and Balgrennan, what are the penalties to you?”

“Might we not rather pop him off in private and quietness, as we did the deistical divine?” said I.

“The deed would be alike meritorious, either way,” said he. “But may we not wait for years before we find an opportunity? My advice is to challenge him, as privately as you will, and there cut him off.”

“So be it then,” said I. “When the moon is at the full, I will send for him forth to speak with one, and there will I smite him and slay him, and he shall trouble the righteous no more.”

“Then this is the very night,” said he. “The moon is nigh to the full, and this night your brother and his sinful mates hold carousal; for there is an intended journey to-morrow. The exulting profligate leaves town, where he must remain till the time of my departure hence; and then is he safe, and must live to dishonour God, and not only destroy his own soul, but those of many others. Alack, and wo is me! The sins that he and his friends will commit this very night, will cry to heaven against us for our shameful delay! When shall our great work of cleansing the sanctuary be finished, if we proceed at this puny rate?”

“I see the deed *must* be done, then,” said I; “and since it is so, it shall be done. I will arm myself forthwith, and from the midst of his wine and debauchery you shall call him forth to me, and there will I smite him with the edge of the sword, that our great work be not retarded.”

“If thy execution were equal to thy intent, how great a man you soon might be!” said he. “We shall make the attempt once more; and if it fail again, why, I must use other means to bring about my high purposes relating to mankind.—Home and make ready. I will go and procure what information I can regarding their motions, and will meet you in disguise twenty minutes hence, at the first turn of Hewie’s lane beyond the loch.”

“I have nothing to make ready,” said I; “for I do not choose to go home. Bring me a sword, that we may consecrate it with prayer and vows, and if I use it not to the bringing down of the wicked and profane, then may the Lord do so to me, and more also!”

We parted, and there was I left again to the multiplicity of my own thoughts for the space of twenty minutes, a thing my friend never failed in subjecting me to, and these were worse to contend with than hosts of sinful men. I prayed inwardly, that these deeds of mine might never be brought to the knowledge of men who were incapable of appreciating the high motives that led to them; and then I sung part of the 10th Psalm, likewise in spirit; but for all these efforts, my sinful doubts returned, so that when my illustrious friend joined me, and proffered me the choice of two gilded rapiers, I declined accepting any of them, and began, in a very bold and energetic manner, to express my doubts regarding the justification of all the deeds of perfect men. He chided me severely, and branded me with cowardice, a thing that my nature never was subject to; and then he branded me with falsehood, and breach of the most solemn engagements.

I was compelled to take the rapier, much against my inclination; but for all the arguments, threats, and promises that he could use, I would not consent to send a challenge to my brother by his mouth. There was one argument only that he made use of which had some weight with me, but yet it would not preponderate. He told me my brother was gone to a notorious and scandalous habitation of women, and that if I left him to himself for ever so short a space longer, it might embitter his state through ages to come. This was a trying concern to me; but I resisted it, and reverted to my doubts. On this he said that he had meant to do me honour, but since I put it out of his power, he would do the deed, and the responsibility on himself. “I have with sore travail procured a guardship of your life,” added he. “For my own, I have not; but, be that as it will, I shall not

be baffled in my attempts to benefit my friends without a trial. You will at all events accompany me, and see that I get justice?"

"Certes, I will do thus much," said I; "and wo be to him if his arm prevail against my friend and patron!"

His lip curled with a smile of contempt, which I could hardly brook; and I began to be afraid that the eminence to which I had been destined by him was already fading from my view. And I thought what I should then do to ingratiate myself again with him, for without his countenance I had no life. "I will be a man in act," thought I, "but in sentiment I will not yield, and for this he must surely admire me the more."

As we emerged from the shadowy lane into the fair moonshine, I started so that my whole frame underwent the most chilling vibrations of surprise. I again thought I had been taken at unawares, and was conversing with another person. My friend was equipped in the Highland garb, and so completely translated into another being, that, save by his speech, all the senses of mankind could not have recognized him. I blessed myself, and asked whom it was his pleasure to personify to-night? He answered me carelessly, that it was a spark whom he meant should bear the blame of whatever might fall out to-night; and that was all that passed on the subject.

We proceeded by some stone steps at the foot of the North Loch, in hot argument all the way. I was afraid that our conversation might be overheard, for the night was calm and almost as light as day, and we saw sundry people crossing us as we advanced. But the zeal of my friend was so high, that he disregarded all danger, and continued to argue fiercely and loudly on my delinquency, as he was pleased to call it. I stood on one argument alone, which was, "that I did not think the Scripture promises to the elect, taken in their utmost latitude, warranted the assurance that they could do no wrong; and that, therefore, it behoved every man to look well to his steps."

There was no religious scruple that irritated my en-

lightened friend and master so much as this. He could not endure it. He lost all patience on hearing what I advanced on this matter, and taking hold of me, he led me into a darksome booth in a confined entry; and, after a friendly but cutting reproach, he bade me remain there in secret and watch the event; "and if I fall," said he, "you will not fail to avenge my death?"

I was so entirely overcome with vexation that I could make no answer, on which he left me abruptly, a prey to despair; and I saw or heard no more, till he came down to the moonlight green followed by my brother. They had quarrelled before they came within my hearing, for the first words I heard were those of my brother, who was in a state of intoxication, and he was urging a reconciliation, as was his wont on such occasions. My friend spurned at the suggestion, and dared him to the combat; and after a good deal of boastful altercation, which the turmoil of my spirits prevented me from remembering, my brother was compelled to draw his sword and stand on the defensive. It was a desperate and terrible engagement. I at first thought that the royal stranger and great champion of the faith would overcome his opponent with ease, for I considered heaven as on his side, and nothing but the arm of sinful flesh against him. But I was deceived: the sinner stood firm as a rock, while the assailant flitted about like a shadow, or rather like a spirit. I smiled inwardly, conceiving that these light-some manœuvres were all a sham to show off his art and mastership in the exercise, and that whenever they came to close fairly, that instant my brother would be overcome. Still I was deceived: my brother's arm seemed invincible, so that the closer they fought the more palpably did it prevail. They fought round the green to the very edge of the water, and so round, till they came close up to the covert where I stood. There being no more room to shift ground, my brother then forced him to come to close quarters, on which, the former still having the decided advantage, my friend quitted his sword, and called out. I could resist no longer: so, springing from

my concealment, I rushed between them with my sword drawn, and parted them as if they had been two school-boys; then turning to my brother, I addressed him as follows:—"Wretch! miscreant! knowest thou what thou art attempting? Turn thee to me, that I may chastise thee for all thy wickedness, and not for the many injuries thou hast done to me!" To it we went, with full thirst of vengeance on every side. The duel was fierce; but the might of heaven prevailed, and not my might. The ungodly and reprobate young man fell, covered with wounds, and with curses and blasphemy in his mouth, while I escaped uninjured. Thereto his power extended not.

I will not deny, that my own immediate impressions of this affair in some degree differed from this statement. But this is precisely as my illustrious friend described it to me afterwards, and I can rely implicitly on his information, as he was at that time a looker-on, and my senses all in a state of agitation, and he could have no motive for saying what was not the positive truth.

Never till my brother was down did we perceive that there had been witnesses to the whole business. Our ears were then astounded by rude challenges of unfair play, which were quite appalling to me; but my friend laughed at them, and conducted me off in perfect safety. As to the unfairness of the transaction, I can say thus much, that my royal friend's sword was down ere ever mine was presented. But if it still be accounted unfair to take up a conqueror, and punish him in his own way, I answer: that if a man is sent on a positive mission by his master, and hath laid himself under vows to do his work, he ought not to be too nice in the means of accomplishing it.

I was greatly disturbed in my mind for many days, knowing that the transaction had been witnessed, and sensible also of the perilous situation I occupied, owing to the late judgment of the court against me. But, on the contrary, I never saw my enlightened friend in such high spirits. He assured me there was no danger; and

again repeated, that he warranted my life against the power of man. I thought proper, however, to remain in hiding for a week; but as he said, to my utter amazement, the blame fell on another, who was not only accused, but pronounced guilty by the general voice, and outlawed for non-appearance! how could I doubt, after this, that the hand of heaven was aiding and abetting me? The matter was beyond my comprehension; and as for my friend, he never explained any thing that was past, but his activity and art were without a parallel.

He enjoyed our success mightily; and for his sake I enjoyed it somewhat, but it was on account of his comfort only, for I could not for my life perceive in what degree the church was better or purer than before these deeds were done. He continued to flatter me with great things, as to honours, fame, and emolument: and above all, with the blessing and protection of him to whom my soul and body were dedicated. But after these high promises, I got no longer peace; for he began to urge the death of my father with such an unremitting earnestness, that I found I had nothing for it but to comply. I did so; and cannot express his enthusiasm of approbation. So much did he hurry and press me in this, that I was forced to devise some of the most openly violent measures, having no alternative. Heaven spared me the deed, taking, in that instance, the vengeance in its own hand; for before my arm could effect the sanguine but meritorious act, the old man followed his son to the grave. My illustrious and zealous friend seemed to regret this somewhat; but he comforted himself with the reflection, that still I had the merit of it, having not only consented to it, but in fact effected it, for by doing the one action I had brought about both.

No sooner were the obsequies of the funeral over, than my friend and I went to Dalcastle, and took undisputed possession of the houses, lands, and effects that had been my father's; but his plate, and vast treasures of ready money, he had bestowed on a voluptuous and

unworthy creature, who had lived long with him as a mistress. Fain would I have sent her after her lover, and gave my friend some hints on the occasion; but he only shook his head, and said that we must lay all selfish and interested motives out of the question.

For a long time when I awaked in the morning, I could not believe my senses, that I was indeed the undisputed and sole proprietor of so much wealth and grandeur; and I felt so much gratified, that I immediately set about doing all the good I was able, hoping to meet with all approbation and encouragement from my friend. I was mistaken: he checked the very first impulses towards such a procedure, questioned my motives, and uniformly made them out to be wrong. There was one morning that a servant said to me, there was a lady in the back chamber who wanted to speak with me, but he could not tell me who it was, for all the old servants had left the mansion, every one on hearing of the death of the late laird, and those who had come knew none of the people in the neighbourhood. From several circumstances I had suspicions of private confabulations with women, and refused to go to her, but bid the servant inquire what she wanted. She would not tell; she could only state the circumstance to me; so I, being sensible that a little dignity of manner became me in my elevated situation, returned for answer, that if it was business that could not be transacted by my steward, it must remain untransacted. The answer which the servant brought back was of a threatening nature. She stated that she must see me, and if I refused her satisfaction there, she would compel it where I should not evite her.

My friend and director appeared pleased with my dilemma, and rather advised that I should hear what the woman had to say; on which I consented, provided she would deliver her mission in his presence. She came in with manifest signs of anger and indignation, and began with a bold and direct charge against me of a shameful assault on one of her daughters; of having used the basest of means in order to lead her aside from the paths of

rectitude; and on the failure of these, of having resorted to the most unqualified measures.

I denied the charge in all its bearings, assuring the dame that I had never so much as seen either of her daughters to my knowledge, far less wronged them; on which she got into great wrath, and abused me to my face as an accomplished vagabond, hypocrite, and sensualist; and she went so far as to tell me roundly, that if I did not marry her daughter, she would bring me to the gallows, and that in a very short time.

“Marry your daughter, honest woman!” said I “on the faith of a Christian, I never saw your daughter; and you may rest assured in this, that I will neither marry you nor her. Do you consider how short a time I have been in this place? How much that time has been occupied? And how there was even a possibility that I could have accomplished such villanies?”

“And how long does your Christian reverence suppose you have remained in this place since the late laird’s death?” said she.

“That is too well known to need recapitulation,” said I: “only a very few days, though I cannot at present specify the exact number; perhaps from thirty to forty, or so. But in all that time, certes, I have never seen either you or any of your two daughters that you talk of. You must be quite sensible of that.”

My friend shook his head three times during this short sentence, while the woman held up her hands in amazement and disgust, exclaiming, “There goes the self-righteous one? There goes the consecrated youth, who cannot err! You, sir, know, and the world shall know of the faith that is in this most just, devout, and religious miscreant! Can you deny that you have already been in this place four months and seven days? Or that in that time you have been forbid my house twenty times? Or that you have persevered in your endeavours to effect the basest and most ungenerous of purposes? Or that you *have* attained them? hypocrite and deceiver as you are! Yes, sir; I say, dare you deny that you *have*

attained your vile, selfish, and degrading purposes towards a young, innocent, and unsuspecting creature, and thereby ruined a poor widow's only hope in this world? No, you cannot look in my face, and deny aught of this."

"The woman is raving mad!" said I. "You, illustrious sir, know, that in the first instance, I have not yet been in this place *one* month." My friend shook his head again, and answered me, "You are wrong, my dear friend; you are wrong. It is indeed the space of time that the lady hath stated, to a day, since you came here, and I came with you; and I am sorry that I know for certain that you have been frequently haunting her house, and have often had private correspondence with one of the young ladies too. Of the nature of it I presume not to know."

"You are mocking me," said I. "But as well may you try to reason me out of my existence, as to convince me that I have been here even one month, or that any of those things you allege against me has the shadow of truth or evidence to support it. I will swear to you by——"

"Hold, you most abandoned profligate!" cried she violently, "and do not add perjury to your other detestable crimes. But tell me what reparation you propose offering to my injured child?"

"I again declare, before heaven, woman, that to the best of my knowledge and recollection, I never saw your daughter. I now think I have some faint recollection of having seen your face, but where, or in what place, puzzles me quite."

"And, why?" said she. "Because for months and days you have been in such a state of extreme inebriety, that your time has gone over like a dream that has been forgotten. I believe, that from the day you came first to my house, you have been in a state of utter delirium, and that principally from the fumes of wine and ardent spirits."

"It is a manifest falsehood!" said I; "I have never, since I entered on the possession of Dalcastle, tasted wine

or spirits, saying once, a few evenings ago ; and, I confess to my shame that I was led too far ; but I have craved forgiveness and obtained it. I take my noble and distinguished friend there for a witness to the truth of what I assert ; a man who has done more, and sacrificed more for the sake of genuine Christianity, than any this world contains. Him you will believe."

"I hope you have attained forgiveness," said he, seriously. "Indeed it would be next to blasphemy to doubt it. But, of late, you have been very much addicted to intemperance. I doubt if, from the first night you tasted the delights of drunkenness, that you have ever again been in your right mind until Monday last. Doubtless you have been for a good while most diligent in your addresses to this lady's daughter."

"This is unaccountable," said I. "It is impossible that I can have been doing a thing, and not doing it at the same time. But indeed, honest woman, there have several incidents occurred to me in the course of my life which persuade me I have a second self ; or that there is some other being who appears in my likeness."

Here my friend interrupted me with a sneer, and a hint that I was talking insanelly ; and then he added, turning to the lady, "I know my friend Mr Colwan will do what is just and right. Go and bring the young lady to him, that he may see her, and he will then recollect all his former amours with her."

"I humbly beg your pardon, sir," said I. "But the mention of such a thing as *amours* with any woman existing, to me, is really so absurd, so far from my principles, so far from the purity of nature and frame to which I was born and consecrated, that I hold it as an insult, and regard it with contempt."

I would have said more in reprobation of such an idea, had not my servant entered, and said, that a gentleman wanted to see me on business. Being glad of an opportunity of getting quit of my lady visitor, I ordered the servant to show him in ; and forthwith a little lean gentleman, with a long aquiline nose, and a bald head.

daubed all over with powder and pomatum, entered. I thought I recollected having seen him too, but could not remember his name, though he spoke to me with the greatest familiarity; at least, that sort of familiarity that an official person generally assumes. He bustled about and about, speaking to every one, but declined listening for a single moment to any. The lady offered to withdraw, but he stopped her.

“No, no, Mrs Keeler, you need not go; you need not go; you *must* not go, madam. The business I came about, concerns you—yes, that it does—Bad business yon of Walker’s? Eh? Could not help it—did all I could, Mr Wringhim. Done your business. Have it all cut and dry here, sir—No, this is not it—Have it among them though,—I’m at a little loss for your name sir, (addressing my friend,)—seen you very often, though—exceedingly often—quite well acquainted with you.”

“No, sir, you are not,” said my friend, sternly.—The intruder never regarded him; never so much as lifted his eyes from his bundle of law papers, among which he was bustling with great hurry and importance, but went on—

“Impossible! Have seen a face very like it, then—what did you say your name was, sir?—very like it indeed. Is it not the young laird who was murdered whom you resemble so much?”

Here Mrs Keeler uttered a scream, which so much startled me, that it seems I grew pale. And on looking at my friend’s face, there was something struck me so forcibly in the likeness between him and my late brother, that I had very nearly fainted. The woman exclaimed, that it was my brother’s spirit that stood beside me.

“Impossible!” exclaimed the attorney; “at least I hope not, else his signature is not worth a pin. There is some balance due on yon business, madam. Do you wish your account? because I have it here, ready discharged, and it does not suit letting such things lie over. This business of Mr Colwan’s will be a severe one on you, madam,—rather a severe one.”

“What business of mine, if it be your will, sir,” said I. “For my part I never engaged you in business of any sort, less or more.” He never regarded me, but went on. “You may appeal, though: Yes, yes, there are such things as appeals for the refractory. Here it is, gentlemen,—here they are altogether—Here is, in the first place, sir, your power of attorney, regularly warrant-ed, sealed, and signed with your own hand.”

“I declare solemnly that I never signed that document,” said I.

“Ay, ay, the system of denial is not a bad one in general,” said my attorney; “but at present there is no occasion for it. You do not deny your own hand!”

“I deny every thing connected with the business,” cried I; “I disclaim it *in toto*, and declare that I know no more about it than the child unborn.”

“That is exceedingly good!” exclaimed he; “I like your pertinacity vastly! I have three of your letters, and three of your signatures; that part is all settled, and I hope so is the whole affair; for here is the original grant to your father, which he has never thought proper to put in requisition. Simple gentleman! But here have I, Lawyer Linkum, in one hundredth part of the time that any other notary, writer, attorney, or writer to the signet in Britain, would have done it, procured the signature of his Majesty’s commissioner, and thereby confirmed the charter to you and your house, sir, for ever and ever,—begging your pardon, madam.” The lady, as well as myself, tried several times to interrupt the loquacity of Linkum, but in vain: he only raised his hand with a quick flourish, and went on:—

“Here it is:—‘JAMES, by the grace of God, King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, to his right trusty cousin, sendeth greeting: And whereas his right leal and trust-worthy cousin, George Colwan of Dalcastle and Balgrennan, hath suffered great losses, and undergone much hardship, on behalf of his Majesty’s rights and titles; he therefore, for himself, and as prince and steward of Scotland, and by the consent of his right trusty cousins

and councillors, hereby grants to the said George Colwan, his heirs and assignees whatsoever, heritably and irrevocably, all and hail the lands and others underwritten: *To wit*, All and hail, the five merk land of Kipplerig; the five pound land of Easter Knockward, with all the towers, fortalices, manor-places, houses, biggings, yards, orchards, tofts, crofts, mills, woods, fishings, mosses, muirs, meadows, commonities, pasturages, coals, coal-heughs, tenants, tenantries, services of free tenants, annexes, connexes, dependencies, parts, pendicles, and pertinents of the same whatsoever; to be peaceably brooked, joyed, set, used, and disposed of by him and his aboves, as specified, heritably and irrevocably, in all time coming: And, in testimony thereof, His Majesty, for himself, and as prince and steward of Scotland, with the advice and consent of his foresaids, knowledge, proper motive, and kingly power, makes, erects, creates, unites, annexes, and incorporates, the whole lands above mentioned in an hail and free barony, by all the rights, miethes, and marches thereof, old and divided, as the same lies, in length and breadth, in houses, biggings, mills, multures, hawking, hunting, fishing; with court, plaint, herezeld, fock, fork, sack, sock, thole, thame, vert, wraik, waith, wair, venision, outfang thief, infang thief, pit and gallows, and all and sundry other commodities. Given at out Court of Whitehall, &c. &c. God save the King.

'Compositio 5 lib. 13. 8.

'Registrate 26th Septemper, 1687.'

“ See, madam, here are ten signatures of privy councillors of that year, and here are other ten of the present year, with his Grace the Duke of Queensberry at the head. All right;—See here it is, sir,—all right—done your work. So you see, madam, this gentleman is the true and sole heritor of all the land that your father possesses, with all the rents thereof for the last twenty years, and upwards.—Fine job for my employers!—sorry on your account, madam—cant help it.”

I was again going to disclaim all interest or connexion in the matter, but my friend stopped me; and the plaints and lamentations of the dame became so overpowering, that they put an end to all farther colloquy; but Lawyer Linkum followed me, and stated his great outlay, and the important services he had rendered me, until I was obliged to subscribe an order to him for £100 on my banker.

I was now glad to retire with my friend, and ask seriously for some explanation of all this. It was in the highest degree unsatisfactory. He confirmed all that had been stated to me; assuring me, that I had not only been assiduous in my endeavours to seduce a young lady of great beauty, which it seemed I had effected, but that I had taken counsel, and got this supposed, old, false, and forged grant, raked up and new signed, to ruin the young lady's family quite, so as to throw her entirely on myself for protection, and be wholly at my will.

This was to me wholly incomprehensible. I could have freely made oath to the contrary of every particular. Yet the evidences were against me, and of a nature not to be denied. Here I must confess, that, highly as I disapproved of the love of women, and all intimacies and connexions with the sex, I felt a sort of indefinite pleasure, an ungracious delight in having a beautiful woman solely at my disposal. But I thought of her spiritual good in the meantime. My friend spoke of my backslidings with concern; requesting me to make sure of my forgiveness, and to forsake them; and then he added some words of sweet comfort. But from this time forth I began to be sick at times of my existence. I had heart-burnings, longings, and yearnings, that would not be satisfied; and I seemed hardly to be an accountable creature; being thus in the habit of executing transactions of the utmost moment, without being sensible that I did them. I was a being incomprehensible to myself. Either I had a second self, who transacted business in my likeness, or else my body was at times possessed by a spirit over which it had no control, and of whose

actions my own soul was wholly unconscious. This was an anomaly not to be accounted for by any philosophy of mine; and I was many times, in contemplating it, excited to terrors and mental torments hardly describable. To be in a state of consciousness and unconsciousness, at the same time, in the same body and same spirit, was impossible. I was under the greatest anxiety, dreading some change would take place momentarily in my nature; for of days I could make nothing: one-half, or two-thirds of my time, seemed to me to be totally lost. I often, about this time, prayed with great fervour, and lamented my hopeless condition, especially in being liable to the commission of crimes, which I was not sensible of, and could not eschew. And I confess, notwithstanding the promises on which I had been taught to rely, I began to have secret terrors, that the great enemy of man's salvation was exercising powers over me, that might eventually lead to my ruin. These were but temporary and sinful fears, but they added greatly to my unhappiness.

The worst thing of all was, what hitherto I had never felt, and, as yet, durst not confess to myself, that the presence of my illustrious and devoted friend was becoming irksome to me. When I was by myself, I breathed freer, and my step was lighter; but, when he approached, a pang went to my heart; and, in his company, I moved and acted as if under a load that I could hardly endure. What a state to be in! And yet to shake him off was impossible,—we were incorporated together—identified with one another, as it were, and the power was not in me to separate myself from him. I still knew nothing who he was, farther than that he was a potentate of some foreign land, bent on establishing some pure and genuine doctrines of Christianity, hitherto only half understood, and less than half exercised. Of this I could have no doubts, after all that he had said, done, and suffered in the cause. But, alongst with this, I was also certain, that he was possessed of some supernatural power, of the source of which I was wholly ignorant. That a man could be a Christian, and at the same time

a powerful necromancer, appeared inconsistent, and adverse to every principle taught in our church; and from this I was led to believe, that he inherited his powers from on high, for I could not doubt either of the soundness of his principles, or that he accomplished things impossible to account for.

Thus was I sojourning in the midst of a chaos of confusion. I looked back on my bypast life with pain, as one looks back on a perilous journey, in which he has attained his end, without gaining any advantage either to himself or others; and I looked forward, as on a darksome waste, full of repulsive and terrific shapes, pitfalls, and precipices, to which there was no definite bourne, and from which I turned with disgust. With my riches, my unhappiness was increased tenfold; and here, with another great acquisition of property, for which I had pleaded, and which I had gained in a dream, my miseries and difficulties were increasing. My principal feeling, about this time, was an insatiable longing for something that I cannot describe or denominate properly, unless I say it was for *utter oblivion* that I longed. I desired to sleep; but it was for a deeper and longer sleep, than that in which the senses were nightly steeped. I longed to be at rest and quiet, and close my eyes on the past and the future alike, as far as this frail life was concerned. But what had been formerly and finally settled in the counsels above, I presumed not to call in question.

In this state of irritation and misery, was I dragging on an existence, disgusted with all around me, and in particular with my mother, who, with all her love and anxiety, had such an insufferable mode of manifesting them, that she had by this time rendered herself exceedingly obnoxious to me. The very sound of her voice at a distance, went to my heart like an arrow, and made all my nerves to shrink; and as for the beautiful young lady of whom they told me I had been so much enamoured, I shunned all intercourse with her or hers. I read some of their letters and burnt them, but refused to see either the young lady or her mother, on any account.

About this time it was, that my worthy and reverend parent came with one of his elders to see my mother and myself. His presence always brought joy with it into our family, for my mother was uplifted, and I had so few who cared for me, or for whom I cared, that I felt rather gratified at seeing him. My illustrious friend was also much more attached to him, than any other person, (except myself,) for their religious principles tallied in every point, and their conversation was interesting, serious, and sublime. Being anxious to entertain well and highly the man to whom I had been so much indebted, and knowing that with all his integrity and righteousness, he disdained not the good things of this life, I brought from the late laird's well-stored cellars, various fragrant and salubrious wines, and we drank and became merry, and I found that my miseries and overpowering calamities, passed away over my head like a shower that is driven by the wind. I became elevated and happy, and welcomed my guests an hundred times; and then I joined them in religious conversation, with a zeal and enthusiasm which I had not often experienced, and which made all their hearts rejoice, so that I said to myself, "Surely every gift of God is a blessing, and ought to be used with liberality and thankfulness."

The next day I waked from a profound and feverish sleep, and called for something to drink. There was a servant answered whom I had never seen before, and he was clad in my servant's clothes and livery. I asked for Andrew Handyside, the servant who had waited at table the night before; but the man answered with a stare and a smile.

"What do you mean, sirrah," said I. "Pray what do you here? or what are you pleased to laugh at? I desire you to go about your business, and send me up Handyside. I want him to bring me something to drink."

"Ye sanna want a drink, maister," said the fellow: "Tak a hearty ane, and see if it will wauken ye up something, sae that ye dinna ca' for ghaists through your

sleep. Surely ye haena forgotten that Andrew Handyside has been in his grave these six months?"

This was a stunning blow to me. I could not answer farther, but sunk back on my pillow as if I had been a lump of lead, refusing to take a drink or any thing else at the fellow's hand, who seemed thus mocking me with so grave a face. The man seemed sorry, and grieved at my being offended, but I ordered him away, and continued sullen and thoughtful. Could I have again been for a season in utter oblivion to myself and transacting business which I neither approved of, nor had any connexion with! I tried to recollect something in which I might have been engaged, but nothing was portrayed on my mind subsequent to the parting with my friends at a late hour the evening before. The evening before it certainly was; but if so, how came it, that Andrew Handyside, who served at table that evening, should have been in his grave six months! This was a circumstance somewhat equivocal; therefore, being afraid to arise lest accusations of I knew not what might come against me, I was obliged to call once more in order to come at what intelligence I could. The same fellow appeared to receive my orders as before, and I set about examining him with regard to particulars. He told me his name was Scrape; that I hired him myself; of whom I hired him; and at whose recommendation. I smiled, and nodded so as to let the knave see I understood he was telling me a chain of falsehoods, but did not choose to begin with any violent asseverations to the contrary.

"And where is my noble friend and companion?" said I. "How has he been engaged in the interim?"

"I dinna ken him, sir," said Scrape; "but have heard it said, that the strange mysterious person that attended you, him that the maist part of folks countit uncanny, had gane awa wi' a Mr Ringan o' Glasgow last year, and had never returned."

I was pleased in my heart at this intelligence, hoping that the illustrious stranger had returned to his own land

and people, and that I should thenceforth be rid of his controlling and appalling presence. "And where is my mother?" said I.—The man's breath cut short, and he looked at me without returning any answer.—"I ask you where my mother is?" said I.

"God only knows, and not I, where she is," returned he. "He knows where her soul is, and as for her body, if you dinna ken something o' it, I suppose nae man alive does."

"What do you mean you knave?" said I; "what dark hints are these you are throwing out? Tell me precisely and distinctly what you know of my mother?"

"It is unco queer o' ye to forget, or pretend to forget every thing that gate, the day, sir," said he. "I'm sure you heard enough about it yestreen; an' I can tell you, there are some gayan ill-faured stories gaun about that business. But as the thing is to be tried afore the circuit lords, it wad be far wrang to say either this or that to influence the public mind; it is best just to let justice tak its swee. I hae naething to say, sir. Ye hae been a good enough maister to me, and paid my wages regularly, but ye hae muckle need to be innocent, for there are some heavy accusations rising against you."

"I fear no accusations of man," said I, "as long as I can justify my cause in the sight of Heaven; and that I can do this I am well aware. Go you and bring me some wine and water, and some other clothes than these gaudy and glaring ones."

I took a cup of wine and water; put on my black clothes and walked out. For all the perplexity that surrounded me, I felt my spirits considerably buoyant. It appeared that I was rid of the two greatest bars to my happiness, by what agency I knew not. My mother, it seemed, was gone, who had become a grievous thorn in my side of late, and my great companion and counsellor, who tyrannized over every spontaneous movement of my heart, had likewise taken himself off. This last was an unspeakable relief; for I found that for a long season I had only been able to act by the motions of his mysterious mind and

spirit. I therefore strode through my woods with a daring and heroic step; with independence in my eye, and freedom swinging in my right hand.

At the extremity of the Colwan wood, I perceived a figure approaching me with slow and dignified motion. The moment, that I beheld it, my whole frame received a shock as if the ground on which I walked had sunk suddenly below me. Yet, at that moment, I knew not who it was; it was the air and motion of some one that I dreaded, and from whom I would gladly have escaped; but this I even had not power to attempt. It came slowly onward, and I advanced as slowly to meet it; yet when we came within speech, I still knew not who it was. It bore the figure, air, and features of my late brother, I thought, exactly; yet in all these there were traits so forbidding, so mixed with an appearance of misery, chagrin and despair, that I still shrunk from the view, not knowing on whose face I looked. But when the being spoke, both my mental and bodily frame received another shock more terrible than the first, for it was the voice of the great personage I had so long denominated my friend, of whom I had deemed myself for ever freed, and whose presence and counsels I now dreaded. It was his voice, but so altered—I shall never forget it till my dying day. Nay, I can scarce conceive it possible that any earthly sounds could be so discordant, so repulsive to every feeling of a human soul, as the tones of the voice that grated on my ear at that moment. They were the sounds of the pit, wheezed through a grated cranny, or seemed so to my distempered imagination.

“So! Thou shudderest at my approach now, dost thou?” said he, “Is this all the gratitude that you deign for an attachment of which the annals of the world furnish no parallel? An attachment which has caused me to forego power and dominion, might, homage, conquest and adulation, all that I might gain one highly valued and sanctified spirit to my great and true principles of reformation among mankind. Wherein have I offended? What have I done for evil, or what have I

not done for your good, that you would thus shun my presence?"

"Great and magnificent prince," said I humbly, "let me request of you to abandon a poor worthless wight to his own wayward fortune, and return to the dominion of your people. I am unworthy of the sacrifices you have made for my sake; and after all your efforts, I do not feel that you have rendered me either more virtuous or more happy. For the sake of that which is estimable in human nature depart from me to your own home, before you render me a being altogether above, or below the rest of my fellow-creatures. Let me plod on towards heaven and happiness in my own way, like those that have gone before me, and I promise to stick fast by the great principles which you have so strenuously inculcated, on condition that you depart and leave me for ever."

"Sooner shall you make the mother abandon the child of her bosom; nay, sooner cause the shadow to relinquish the substance, than separate me from your side. Our beings are amalgamated, as it were, and consociated in one, and never shall I depart from this country until I can carry you in triumph with me."

I can in nowise describe the effect this appalling speech had on me. It was like the announcement of death to one who had of late deemed himself free, if not of something worse than death, and of longer continuance. There was I doomed to remain in misery, subjugated, soul and body, to one whose presence was become more intolerable to me than ought on earth could compensate. And at that moment, when he beheld the anguish of my soul, he could not conceal that he enjoyed it. I was troubled for an answer, for which he was waiting: it became incumbent on me to say something after such a protestation of attachment; and, in some degree to shake the validity of it, I asked, with great simplicity, where he had been all this while?

"Your crimes and your extravagances forced me from your side for a season," said he; "but now that I hope the day of grace is returned, I am again drawn towards

you by an affection that has neither bounds nor interest; an affection for which I receive not even the poor return of gratitude, and which seems to have its radical sources in fascination. I have been far, far abroad, and have seen much, and transacted much, since I last spoke with you. During that space, I grievously suspect that you have been guilty of great crimes and misdemeanours; but as I knew it to be only a temporary falling off, I closed my eyes on the wilful debasement of our principles, knowing that in good time you would come to your senses."

"What crimes?" said I; "what misdemeanours and transgressions do you talk about? For my part, I am conscious of none, and am utterly amazed at insinuations which I do not comprehend."

"You have certainly been left to yourself for a season," returned he, "having gone on rather like a person in a delirium, than a Christian in his sober senses. You are accused of having made away with your mother privately; as also of the death of a beautiful young lady, whose affections you had seduced."

"It is an intolerable and monstrous falsehood!" cried I, interrupting him; "I never laid a hand on a woman to take away her life, and have even shunned their society from my childhood; I know nothing of my mother's exit, nor of that young lady's whom you mention,—Nothing whatever."

"I hope it is so," said he. "But it seems there are some strong presumptuous proofs against you, and I came to warn you this day that a precognition is in progress, and that unless you are perfectly convinced, not only of your innocence, but of your ability to prove it, it will be the safest course for you to abscond, and let the trial go on without you."

"Never shall it be said that I shrunk from such a trial as this," said I. "It would give grounds for suspicions of guilt that never had existence, even in thought. I will go and show myself in every public place, that no slanderous tongue may wag against me. I have shed the blood

of sinners, but of these deaths I am guiltless ; therefore, I will face every tribunal, and put all my accusers down."

"Asseverations will avail you but little," answered he, composedly: "it is however, justifiable in its place, although to me it signifies nothing, who know too well that you did commit both crimes, in your own person, and with your own hands. Far be it from me to betray you; indeed, I would rather endeavour to palliate the offences."

"If this that you tell me be true, said I, "then is it as true that I have two souls, which take possession of my bodily frame by turns, the one being all unconscious of what the other performs; for as sure as I have at this moment a spirit within me, so sure am I utterly ignorant of the crimes you now lay to my charge."

"Your supposition may be true in effect," said he. "We are all subjected to two distinct natures in the same person. I myself have suffered grievously in that way. The spirit that now directs my energies is not that with which I was endowed at my creation. It is changed within me, and so is my whole nature, My former days were those of grandeur and felicity. But, would you believe it? *I was not then a Christian.* Now I am. I have been converted to its truths by passing through the fire, and since my final conversion, my misery has been extreme. You complain that I have not been able to render you more happy than you were. Alas! do you expect it in the difficult and exterminating career which you have begun. I, however, promise you this—a portion of the only happiness which I enjoy, sublime in its motions, and splendid in its attainments—I will place you on the right hand of my throne, and show you the grandeur of my domains, and the felicity of my millions of true professors."

I was once more humbled before this mighty potentate, and promised to be ruled wholly by his directions, although at that moment my nature shrunk from the concessions, and my soul longed rather to be inclosed in the depths of the sea, or involved once more in utter oblivion.

I was like Daniel in the den of lions, without his faith in divine support, and wholly at their mercy. I felt as one round whose body a deadly snake is twisted, which continues to hold him in its fangs, without injuring him, farther than in moving its scaly infernal folds with exulting delight, to let its victim feel to whose power he has subjected himself; and thus did I for a space drag an existence from day to day, in utter weariness and helplessness; at one time worshipping with great fervour of spirit, and at other times so wholly left to myself, as to work all manner of vices and follies with greediness. In these my enlightened friend never accompanied me, but I always observed that he was the first to lead me to every one of them, and then leave me in the lurch.

But of all my troubles, this was the chief: I was every day and every hour assailed with accusations of deeds of which I was wholly ignorant; of acts of cruelty, injustice, defamation, and deceit; of pieces of business which I could not be made to comprehend; with law-suits, details, arrestments of judgment, and a thousand interminable quibbles from the mouth of my loquacious and conceited attorney. So miserable was my life rendered by these continued attacks, that I was often obliged to lock myself up for days together, never seeing any person save my man Samuel Scrape, who was a very honest blunt fellow, a staunch Cameronian, but withal very little conversant in religious matters. He said he came from a place called Penpunt, which I thought a name so ludicrous, that I called him by the name of his native village, an appellation of which he was very proud, and answered every thing with more civility and perspicuity when I denominated him Penpunt, than Samuel, his own Christian name. Of this peasant was I obliged to make a companion on sundry occasions, and strange indeed were the details which he gave me concerning myself, and the ideas of the country people concerning me. I took down a few of these in writing, to put off the time, and here leave them on record to show how the best aud.

greatest actions are misconstrued among sinful and ignorant men.

“ You say, Samuel, that I hired you myself—that I have been a good enough master to you, and have paid you your weekly wages punctually. Now, how is it that you say this, knowing, as you do, that I never hired you, and never paid you a sixpence of wages in the whole course of my life, excepting this last month?”

“ Ye may as weel say, master, that water’s no water, or that stanes are no stanes. But that’s just your gate, an’ it is a great pity aye to do a thing an’ profess the clean contrair. Weel then, since you havena paid me ony wages, an’ I can prove day and date when I was hired, an’ came hame to your service, will you be sae kind as to pay me now? That’s the best way o’ curing a man o’ the mortal disease o’ leasing-making that I ken o’.”

“ I should think that Penpunt and Cameronian principles, would not admit of a man taking twice payment for the same article.”

“ In sic a case as this, sir, it disna hinge upon principles, but a piece o’ good manners; as I canna bide to make you out a leear, I’ll thank you for my wages.”

“ Well, you shall have them, Samuel, if you declare to me that I hired you myself in this same person, and bargained with you with this same tongue, and voice, with which I speak to you just now.”

“ That I do declare, unless ye hae twa persons o’ the same appearance, and twa tongues to the same voice. But, ’od saif us, sir, do you ken what the auld wives o’ the clachan say about you?”

“ How should I when no one repeats it to me?”

“ Oo, I trow it’s a’ stuff;—folk shouldna heed what’s said by auld crazy kimmers. But there are some o’ them weel kend for witches too; an’ they say,—lord have a care o’ us!—they say the deil’s often seen gaun sidie for sidie w’ye, whiles in ae shape, an’ whiles in anither. An’ they say that he whiles takes your ain shape, or else enters into you, and then you turn deil yoursel.”

I was so astounded at this terrible idea that had gone abroad, regarding my fellowship with the prince of darkness, that I could make no answer to the fellow's information, but sat like one in a stupor; and if it had not been for my well-founded faith, I should at that moment have given into the popular belief, and fallen into the sin of despondency; but I was preserved from such a fatal error by an inward and unseen supporter. Still the insinuation was so like what I felt myself, that I was greatly awed and confounded.

The poor fellow observed this, and tried to do away the impression by some farther sage remarks of his own.

“Hout, dear sir, it is balderdash, there's nae doubt o't. It is the crownhead o' absurdity to tak in the havers o' auld wives for gospel. I told them that my master was a peeous man, an' a sensible man; an' for praying, that he could ding auld Macmillan himsel. ‘Sae could the deil,’ they said, ‘when he liket, either at preaching or praying, if these war to answer his ain ends.’ ‘Na, na,’ says I, ‘but he's a strick believer in a' the truths o' Christianity, my master.’ They said, sae was Satan, for that he was the firmest believer in a' the truths of Christianity that was out o' heaven; an' that, sin' the Revolution that the gospel had turned sae rife, he had been often driven to the shift o' preaching it himsel', for the purpose o' getting some wrang tenets introduced into it, and thereby turning it into blasphemy and ridicule.”

I confess, to my shame, that I was so overcome by this jumble of nonsense, that a chillness came over me, and in spite of all my efforts to shake off the impression it had made, I fell into a faint. Samuel soon brought me to myself, and after a deep draught of wine and water, I was greatly revived, and felt my spirit rise above the sphere of vulgar conceptions. The shrewd but loquacious fellow, perceiving this, tried to make some amends for the pain he had occasioned to me, by the following story, which I noted down, and which was brought on by a conversation to the following purport:—

“Now, Penpunt, you may tell me all that passed be-

tween you and the wives of the clachan. I am better of that stomach qualm, with which I am sometimes seized, and shall be much amused by hearing the sentiments of noted witches regarding myself and my connexions."

"Weel, you see, sir, I says to them, 'It will be lang afore the deil intermeddle wi' as serious a professor, and as fervent a prayer as my master, for gin he gets the hand o' sickan men, wha's to be safe!' An', what think ye they said, sir? There was ane Lucky Shaw set up her lang lantern chafts, an' answered me, an' a' the rest shanned and noddit in assent an' approbation: 'Ye silly, sauchless, Cameronian cuif!' quo she, 'is that a' that ye ken about the wiles and doings o' the prince o' the air, that rules an' works in the bairns o' disobedience? Gin ever he observes a proud professor, wha has mae than ordinary pretensions to a divine calling, and that reads and prays till the very howlets learn his preambles, that's the man Auld Simmie fixes on to mak a dishclout o.' He canna get rest if he sees a man, or a set of men o' this stamp, an' when he sets fairly to wark, it is seldom that he disna bring them round till his ain measures by hook or by crook. Then, O it is a grand prize for him, an' a proud deil he is, when he gangs hame to his ain ha', wi' a batch o' the souls o' sic strenuous professors on his back. Ay, I trow, auld Ingleby, the Liverpool packman, never came up Glasgow street wi' prouder pomp, when he had ten horse-laid afore him o' Flanders lace, an' Hollin lawn, an' silks an' satins frae the eastern Indians, than Satan wad strodge with a pack-lade o' the souls o' proud professors on his braid shoulders. Ha, ha, ha! I think I see how the auld thief wad be gaun through his gized dominions, crying his wares, in derision, 'Wha will buy a fresh, cauler divine, a bouzy bishop, a fasting zealot, or a piping priest? For a' their prayers an' their praises, their aumuses, an' their penances, their whinings, their howlings, their rantings, an' their ravings, here they come at last! Behold the end! Here go the rare and precious wares! A fat professor for a bodle, an' a lean ane for half a merk!' I declare, I tremble at the auld hag's

ravings, but the lave o' the kimners applauded the sayings as sacred truths. An' then Lucky went on: 'There are many wolves in sheep's clathing, among us, my man; mony deils aneath the masks o' zealous professors, roaming about in kirks and meeting-houses o' the land. An' whenever you are doubtfu' of a man, take auld Robin Ruthven's plan, an' look for the cloven foot, for it's a thing that winna weel hide; an' it appears whiles where aue wadna think o't. It will keek out frae aneath the parson's gown, the lawyer's wig, and the Cameronian's blue bannet; but still there is a gouden rule whereby to detect it, an' that never, never fails.'—The auld witch didna gie me the rule, an' though I hae heard tell o't often an' often, shame fa' me an I ken what it is! But ye will ken it well, an' it wad be nae the waur of a trial on some o' your friends, maybe; for they say there's a certain gentleman seen walking wi' you whiles, that wherever he sets his foot, the grass withers as gin it war scoudered wi' a het ern. His presence be about us! What's the matter wi' you, master? Are ye gaun to take the calm o' the stamock again?"

The truth is, that the clown's absurd gossip made me sick at heart a second time. It was not because I thought my illustrious friend was the devil, but it gave me a view of my own state, at which I shuddered, as indeed I now always did, when the image of my devoted friend and ruler presented itself to my mind. I often communed with my heart on this, and wondered how a connexion, that had the well-being of mankind solely in view, could be productive of fruits so bitter. I then went to try my works by the Saviour's golden rule, as my servant had put it into my head to do; and, behold, not one of them would stand the test. I had shed blood on a ground on which I could not admit that any man had a right to shed mine; and I began to doubt the motives of my adviser once more, not that they were intentionally bad, but that his was some great mind led astray by enthusiasm, or some overpowering passion.

He seemed to comprehend every one of these motions

of my heart, for his manner towards me altered every day. It first became any thing but agreeable, then supercilious, and finally, intolerable ; so that I resolved to shake to him off, cost what it would, even though I should be reduced to beg my bread in a foreign land. To do it at home was impossible as he held my life in his hands, to sell it whenever he had a mind ; and besides, his ascendancy over me was as complete as that of a huntsman over his dogs. I was even so weak, as, the next time I met with him, to look steadfastly at his foot, to see if it was cloven into two hoofs. It was the foot of a gentleman, in every respect, so far as appearances went, but the form of his counsels was somewhat equivocal, and if not double, they were amazingly crooked.

But, if I had taken my measures to abscond and fly from my native place, in order to free myself of this tormenting, intolerant, and bloody reformer, he had likewise taken his to expel me, or throw me into the hands of justice. It seems, that about this time, I was haunted by some spies connected with my late father and brother, of whom the mistress of the former was one. My brother's death had been witnessed by two individuals ; indeed, I always had an impression that it was witnessed by more than one, having some faint recollection of hearing voices and challenges close beside me ; and this woman had searched about until she found these people ; but, as I shrewdly suspected, not without the assistance of the only person in my secret,—my own warm and devoted friend. I say this, because I found that he had them concealed in the neighbourhood, and then took me again and again where I was fully exposed to their view, without being aware. One time in particular, on pretence of gratifying my revenge on that base woman, he knew so well where she lay concealed, that he led me to her, and left me to the mercy of two viragos, who had very nigh taken my life. My time of residence at Dalcastle was wearing to a crisis. I could no longer live with my tyrant, who haunted me like my shadow ; and besides, it seems there were proofs of murder leading against me

from all quarters. Of part of these I deemed myself quite free : but the world deemed otherwise ; and how the matter would have ended, had the case undergone a judicial trial, I cannot say. It perhaps, however, behoves me here to relate all that I know of it, and it is simply this.

On the first of June 1712, (well may I remember the day,) I was sitting locked in my secret chamber, in a state of the utmost despondency, revolving in my mind what I ought to do to be free of my persecutors, and wishing myself a worm, or a moth, that I might be crushed and at rest, when behold Samuel entered, with eyes like to start out of his head, exclaiming, "For God's sake, master, fly and hide yourself for your mother's found ; an' as sure as you're a living soul, the blame is gaun to fa' on you !"

"My mother found !" said I, "And pray, where has she been all this while ?" In the mean time, I was terribly discomposed at the thoughts of her return.

"Been, sir? Been? Why, she has been where ye pat her, it seems,—lying buried in the sands o' the linn. I can tell you, ye will see her a frightsome figure, sic as I never wish to see again. An' the young lady is found too, sir : an' it is said the devil—I beg pardon sir, your friend, I mean,—it is said your friend has made the discovery, an' the folk are away to raise officers, an' they will be here in an hour or two at the farthest, sir ; an' sae you hae not a minute to lose, for there's proof, sir, strong proof, an' sworn proof, that ye were last seen wi' them baith ; sae, unless ye can gie a' the better an account o' baith yoursel an' them, either hide, or flee for your bare life."

"I will neither hide nor fly," said I ; "for I am as guiltless of the blood of these women as the child unborn."

"The country disna think sae, master ; an' I can assure you, that should evidence fail, you run a risk o' being torn limb frae limb. They are bringing the corpse here, to gar ye touch them baith afore witnesses, an' plenty o' witnesses there will be !"

“ They shall not bring them here,” cried I, shocked beyond measure at the experiment about to be made: “ Go, instantly, and debar them from entering my gate with their bloated and mangled carcasses.”

“ The body of your own mother, sir !” said the fellow emphatically. I was in terrible agitation; and, being driven to my wit’s end, I got up and strode furiously round and round the room. Samuel wist not what to do, but I saw by his staring he deemed me doubly guilty. A tap came to the chamber door: we both started like guilty creatures; and as for Samuel, his hairs stood all on end with alarm, so that when I motioned to him, he could scarcely advance to open the door. He did so at length, and who should enter but my illustrious friend, manifestly in the utmost state of alarm. The moment that Samuel admitted him, the former made his escape by the prince’s side as he entered, seemingly in a state of distraction. I was little better, when I saw this dreaded personage enter my chamber, which he had never before attempted; and being unable to ask his errand, I suppose I stood and gazed on him like a statue.

“ I come with sad and tormenting tidings to you, my beloved and ungrateful friend,” said he; “ but having only a minute left to save your life, I have come to attempt it. There is a mob coming towards you with two dead bodies, which will place you in circumstances disagreeable enough; but that is not the worse, for of that you may be able to clear yourself. At this moment there is a party of officers, with a Justiciary warrant from Edinburgh, surrounding the house, and about to begin the search of it, for you. If you fall into their hands, you are inevitably lost; for I have been making earnest inquiries, and find that every thing is in train for your ruin.”

“ Ay, and who has been the cause of all this ?” said I, with great bitterness. But he stopped me short, adding, “ there is no time for such reflections at present: I give you my word of honour that your life should be safe from the hand of man. So it shall, if the power

remain with me to save it. I am come to redeem my pledge, and to save your life by the sacrifice of my own. Here,—not one word of expostulation; change habits with me, and you may then pass by the officers, and guards, and even through the approaching mob, with the most perfect temerity. There is a virtue in this garb, and instead of offering to detain you, they shall pay you obeisance. Make haste, and leave this place for the present, flying where you best may, and if I escape from these dangers that surround me, I will endeavour to find you out, and bring you what intelligence I am able.”

I put on his green frock coat, buff belt, and a sort of a turban that he always wore on his head, somewhat resembling a bishop's mitre; he drew his hand thrice across my face, and I withdrew as he continued to urge me. My hall door and postern gate were both strongly guarded, and there were sundry armed people within, searching the closets; but all of them made way for me, and lifted their caps as I passed by them. Only one superior officer accosted me, asking if I had seen the culprit? I knew not what answer to make, but chanced to say, with great truth and propriety, “he is safe enough.” The man beckoned with a smile, as much as to say, “thank you, sir, that is quite sufficient;” and I walked deliberately away.

I had not well left the gate, till, hearing a great noise coming from the deep glen toward the east, I turned that way, deeming myself quite secure in this my new disguise, to see what it was, and if matters were as had been described to me. There I met a great mob, sure enough, coming with two dead bodies stretched on boards, and decently covered with white sheets. I would fain have examined their appearance, had I not perceived the apparent fury in the looks of the men, and judged from that how much more safe it was for me not to intermeddle in the affray. I cannot tell how it was, but I felt a strange and unwonted delight in viewing this scene, and a certain pride of heart in being supposed the perpetrator of the unnatural crimes laid to my charge. This was a

feeling quite new to me ; and if there were virtues in the robes of the illustrious foreigner, who had without all dispute preserved my life at this time ; I say, if there was any inherent virtue in these robes of his, as he had suggested, this was one of their effects, that they turned my heart towards that which was evil, horrible and disgusting.

I mixed with the mob to hear what they were saying. Every tongue was engaged in loading me with the most opprobrious epithets ! One called me a monster of nature ; another an incarnate devil ; and another a creature made to be cursed in time and eternity. I retired from them, and wended my way southward, comforting myself with the assurance, that so mankind had used and persecuted the greatest fathers and apostles of the Christian church, and that their vile opprobrium could not alter the counsels of heaven concerning me.

On going over that rising ground called Dorington Moor, I could not help turning round and taking a look of Dalcastle. I had little doubt that it would be my last look, and nearly as little ambition that it should not. I thought how high my hopes of happiness and advancement had been on entering that mansion, and taking possession of its rich and extensive domains, and how miserably I had been disappointed. On the contrary, I had experienced nothing but chagrin, disgust, and terror ; and I now consoled myself with the hope that I should henceforth shake myself free of the chains of my great tormentor, and for that privilege was I willing to encounter any earthly distress. I could not help perceiving, that I was now on a path which was likely to lead me into a species of distress hitherto unknown, and hardly dreamed of by me, and that was total destitution. For all the riches I had been possessed of a few hours previous to this, I found that here I was turned out of my lordly possessions without a single merk, or the power of lifting and commanding the smallest sum, without being thereby discovered and seized. Had it been possible for me to have escaped in my own clothes, I had a considerable

sum secreted in these, but by the sudden change, I was left without a coin for present necessity. But I had hope in heaven, knowing that the just man would not be left destitute; and that though many troubles surrounded him, he would at last be set free from them all. I was possessed of strong and brilliant parts, and a liberal education; and though I had somehow unaccountably suffered my theological qualifications to fall into desuetude, since my acquaintance with the ablest and most rigid of all theologians, I had nevertheless hopes that, I should yet be enabled to benefit mankind in some country, and rise to high distinction.

These were some of the thoughts by which I consoled myself as I passed on my way southward, avoiding the towns and villages, and falling into the cross ways that led from each of the great roads passing east and west, to another. I lodged the first night in the house of a country weaver, into which I stepped at a late hour, quite overcome with hunger and fatigue, having travelled not less than thirty miles from my late home. The man received me ungraciously, telling me of a gentleman's house at no great distance, and of an inn a little farther away; but I said I delighted more in the society of a man like him, than that of any gentleman of the land, for my concerns were with the poor of this world, it being easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven. The weaver's wife, who sat with a child on her knee, and had not hitherto opened her mouth, hearing me speak in that serious and religious style, stirred up the fire, with her one hand; then drawing a chair near it, she said, "Come awa, honest lad, in by here, sin' it be sae that you belong to Him wha gies us a' that we hae, it is but right that you should share a part. You are a stranger, it is true, but them that winna entertain a stranger will never entertain an angel unawares."

I never was apt to be taken with the simplicity of nature; in general I despised it; but, owing to my circumstances at the time, I was deeply affected by the manner

of this poor woman's welcome. The weaver continued in a churlish mood throughout the evening, apparently dissatisfied with what his wife had done in entertaining me, and spoke to her in a manner so crusty that I thought proper to rebuke him, for the woman was comely in her person and virtuous in her conversation; but the weaver her husband was large of make, ill-favoured, and pestilent; therefore did I take him severely to task for the tenor of his conduct; but the man was froward, and answered me rudely, with sneering and derision, and, in the height of his caprice, he said to his wife, "Whan focks are sae keen of a chance o' entertaining angels, gudewife, it wad maybe be worth their while to tak tent what kind o' angels they are. It wadna wonder me vera muckle an ye had entertained your friend the deil the night, for I thought I fand a saur o' reek an' brimstane about him. *He's* nane o' the best o' angels, an' focks winna hae muckle credit by entertaining him."

Certainly, in the assured state I was in, I had as little reason to be alarmed at mention being made of the devil as any person on earth: of late, however, I felt that the reverse was the case, and that any allusion to my great enemy, moved me exceedingly. The weaver's speech had such an effect on me, that both he and his wife were alarmed at my looks. The latter thought I was angry, and chided her husband gently for his rudeness; but the weaver himself rather seemed to be confirmed in his opinion that I was the devil, for he looked round like a startled roebuck, and immediately betook him to the family Bible.

I know not whether it was on purpose to prove my identity or not, but I think he was going to desire me either to read a certain portion of Scripture that he had sought out, or to make family worship, had not the conversation at that instant taken another turn; for the weaver, not knowing how to address me, abruptly asked my name, as he was about to put the Bible into my hands. Never having considered myself in the light of a malefactor, but rather as a champion in the cause of truth, and finding myself perfectly safe under my disguise, I

had never once thought of the utility of changing my name, and when the man asked me, I hesitated ; but being compelled to say something, I said my name was Cowan. The man stared at me, and then at his wife, with a look that spoke a knowledge of something alarming or mysterious.

“ Ha ! Cowan ? ” said he. “ That’s most extrordinary ! Not Colwan, I hope ? ”

“ No : Cowan is my sirname,” said I. “ But why not Colwan, there being so little difference in the sound ? ”

“ I was feared ye might be that waratch that the deil has taen the possession o’, an’ eggit him on to kill baith his father an’ his mother, his only brother, an’ his sweetheart,” said he ; “ an’ to say the truth, I’m no that sure about you yet, for I see you’re gaun wi’ arms on ye.”

“ Not I, honest man,” said I ; “ I carry no arms ; a man conscious of his innocence and uprightness of heart, needs not to carry arms in his defence now.”

“ Ay, ay, maister,” said he ; “ an’ pray what div ye ca’ this bit windlestrae that’s appearing here ? ” With that he pointed to something on the inside of the breast of my frock-coat. I looked at it, and there certainly was the gilded haft of a poniard, the same weapon I had seen and handled before, and which I knew my illustrious companion always carried about with him ; but till that moment I knew not that I was in possession of it. I drew it out : a more dangerous or insidious looking weapon could not be conceived. The weaver and his wife were both frightened, the latter in particular ; and she being my friend, and I dependent on their hospitality, for that night, I said, “ I declare I knew not that I carried this small rapier, which has been in my coat by chance, and not by any design of mine. But lest you should think that I meditate any mischief to any under this roof, I give it into your hands, requesting of you to lock it by till to-morrow, or when I shall next want it.”

The woman seemed rather glad to get hold of it ; and, taking it from me, she went into a kind of pantry out of my sight, and locked the weapon up ; and then the discourse went on.

“ There cannot be such a thing in reality,” said I, “ as the story you were mentioning just now, of a man whose name resembles mine.”

“ It’s likely that you ken a wee better about the story than I do, maister,” said he, “ suppose you do leave the *L* out of your name. An’ yet I think sic a waratch, an a murderer, wad hae taen a name wi’ some gritter difference in the sound. But the story is just that true, that there were twa o’ the Queen’s officers here nae mair than an hour ago, in pursuit o’ the vagabond, for they gat some intelligence that he had fled this gate; yet they said he had been last seen wi’ black claes on, an’ they supposed he was clad in black. His ain servant is wi’ them, for the purpose o’ kennin the scoundrel, an’ they’re galloping through the country like madmen. I hope they’ll get him, an’ rack his neck for him!”

I could not say *Amen* to the weaver’s prayer, and therefore tried to compose myself as well as I could, and made some religious comment on the causes of the nation’s depravity. But suspecting that my potent friend had betrayed my flight and disguise, to save his life, I was very uneasy, and gave myself up for lost. I said prayers in the family, with the tenor of which the wife was delighted, but the weaver still dissatisfied; and, after a supper of the most homely fare, he tried to start an argument with me, proving, that every thing for which I had interceded in my prayer, was irrelevant to man’s present state. But I, being weary and distressed in mind, slunned the contest, and requested a couch whereon to repose.

I was conducted into the other end of the house, among looms, treadles, pirns, and confusion without end; and there, in a sort of box, was I shut up for my night’s repose, for the weaver, as he left me, cautiously turned the key of my apartment, and left me to shift for myself among the looms, determined that I should escape from the house with nothing. After he and his wife and children were crowded into their den, I heard the two mates contending furiously about me in suppressed voices, the

one maintaining the probability that I was the murderer, and the other proving the impossibility of it. The husband, however, said as much as let me understand, that he had locked me up on purpose to bring the military, or officers of justice, to seize me. I was in the utmost perplexity, yet, for all that, and the imminent danger I was in, I fell asleep, and a more troubled and tormenting sleep never enchained a mortal frame. I had such dreams that they will not bear repetition, and early in the morning I awaked, feverish, and parched with thirst.

I went to call mine host, that he might let me out to the open air, but before doing so, I thought it necessary to put on some clothes. In attempting to do this, a circumstance arrested my attention, (for which I could in nowise account, which to this day I cannot unriddle, nor shall I ever be able to comprehend it while I live,) the frock and turban, which had furnished my disguise on the preceding day, were both removed, and my own black coat and cocked hat laid down in their place. At first I thought I was in a dream, and felt the weaver's beam, web, and treadle-strings with my hands, to convince myself that I was awake. I was certainly awake; and there was the door locked firm and fast as it was the evening before. I carried my own black coat to the small window, and examined it. It was my own in verity; and the sums of monee, that I had concealed in case of any emergency, remained untouched. I trembled with astonishment; and on my return from the small window, went dotting in amongst the weaver's looms, till I entangled myself, and could not get out again without working great deray amongst the coarse linen threads that stood in warp from one end of the apartment unto the other. I had no knife whereby to cut the cords of this wicked man, and therefore was obliged to call out lustily for assistance. The weaver came half naked, unlocked the door, and, setting in his head and long neck, accosted me thus:

“What now, Mr. Satan? What for are ye roaring that gate? Deil be in your reistit trams! What for have ye abscondit yoursel into ma leddy's wab for?”

“Friend, I beg your pardon,” said I; “I wanted to be at the light, and have somehow unfortunately involved myself in the intricacies of your web, from which I cannot get clear without doing you a great injury. Pray do, lend your experienced hand to extricate me.”

“Ye ditit, donnart, deil’s burd that ye be! what made ye gang howkin in there to be a poor man’s ruin? Come out, ye vile rag-of-o-muffin, or I will gar ye come out wi’ mair shame and disgrace, an’ fewer hail banes in your body.”

My feet had slipped down through the double warplings of a web, and not being able to reach the ground with them, (there being a small pit below,) I rode upon a number of yielding threads, and there being nothing else that I could reach, to extricate myself was impossible. I was utterly powerless: and besides, the yarn and cords hurt me very much. For all that, the destructive weaver seized a loomspoke, and began a-beating me most unmercifully, while, entangled as I was, I could do nothing but shout aloud for mercy, or assistance, whichever chanced to be within hearing. The latter, at length, made its appearance, in the form of the weaver’s wife, in the same state of deshabelle with himself who instantly interfered, and that most strenuously, on my behalf. Before her arrival, however, I had made a desperate effort to throw myself out of the entanglement I was in; for the weaver continued repeating his blows and cursing me so, that I determined to get out of his meshes at any risk. This effort made my case worse; for my feet being wrapt among the nether threads, as I threw myself from my saddle on the upper ones, my feet brought the others up through these, and I hung with my head down, and my feet as firm as if they had been in a vice. The predicament of the web being thereby increased, the weaver’s wrath was doubled in proportion, and he laid on without mercy.

At this critical juncture the wife arrived, and without hesitation rushed before her offended lord, withholding his hand from injuring me farther, although then it was

uplifted along with the loomspoke in overbearing ire. "Dear Johnny! I think ye be gaen dementit this morning. Be quiet, my dear, an' dinna begin a Boddell Brigg business in your ain house. What for ir ye persecutin' a servant o' the Lord's that gate, an' pitting the life out o' him wi' his head down an' his heels up?"

"Had ye said a servant o' the deil's, Nans, ye wad hae been nearer the nail, for gin he binna the auld ane himsel, he's gayan sib till him. There didna I lock him in on purpose to bring the military on him; an' in place o' that, hasna he keepit me in a sleep a' this while as deep as death? An' here do I find him abscondit like a speeder i' the mids o' my leddy's wab, an' me dreamin' a' the night that I had the deil i' my house, an' that he was clapperclawin me ayont the loom. Have at you, ye brunstane thief!" and, in spite of the good woman's struggles, he lent me another severe blow.

"Now, Johnny Dods, my man! O Johnny Dods, think if that be like a Christian, and ane o' the heroes o' Boddell Brigg, to entertain a stranger, an' then bind him in a web wi' his head down, an' mell him to death! O Johnny Dods, think what you are about! Slack a pin, an' let the good honest religious lad out."

The weaver was rather overcome, but still stood to his point that I was the deil, though in better temper; and as he slackened the web to release me, he remarked, half laughing, "Wha wad hae thought that John Dods should hae escapit a' the snares an' dangers that circumfauldit him, an' at last should hae weaved a net to catch the deil."

The wife released me soon, and carefully whispered me, at the same time, that it would be as well for me to dress and be going. I was not long in obeying, and dressed myself in my black clothes, hardly knowing what I did, what to think, or whither to betake myself. I was sore hurt by the blows of the desperate ruffian; and, what was worse, my ankle was so much strained, that I could hardly set my foot to the ground. I was obliged to apply to the weaver once more, to see if I could learn

any thing about my clothes, or how the change was effected. "Sir," said I, "how comes it that you have robbed me of my clothes, and put these down in their place over night?"

"Ha! thae claes? Me pit down thae claes!" said he, gaping with astonishment, and touching the clothes with the point of his fore-finger; "I never saw them afore, as I have death to meet wi'."

He strode into the work-house where I slept, to satisfy himself that my clothes were not there, and returned perfectly aghast with consternation. "The doors were baith faist lockit," said he. "I could hae defied a rat either to hae gotten out or in. My dream has been true! My dream has been true! I charge you to depart out o' this house; an', gin it be your will, diinna tak the braid-side o't w'ye, but gang quietly out at the door wi' your face foremost. Wife, let nought o' this enchanter's remain i' the house; to be a curse, an' a snare to us; gang an' bring him his gildit weapon."

The wife went to seek my poniard, trembling so excessively that she could hardly walk, and shortly after, we heard a feeble scream from the pantry. The weapon had disappeared with the clothes, though under double lock and key; and the terror of the good people having now reached a disgusting extremity, I thought proper to make a sudden retreat, followed by the weaver's anathemas.

My state both of body and mind was now truly deplorable. I was hungry, wounded, and lame; an outcast and a vagabond in society; my life sought after with avidity. I knew not whither to betake me. I had proposed going into England, and there making some use of the classical education I had received, but my lameness rendered this impracticable for the present. I was therefore obliged to turn my face towards Edinburgh, where I was little known—where concealment was more practicable than by skulking in the country, and where I might turn my mind to something that was great and good. I had a little money, both Scots and English, now in my

possession, but not one friend in the whole world on whom I could rely. One devoted friend, it is true, I had, but he was become my greatest terror. To escape from him, I now felt that I would willingly travel to the farthest corners of the world, and be subjected to every deprivation; but after the certainty of what had taken place last night, after I had travelled thirty miles by secret and bye-ways, I saw not how escape from him was possible.

Miserable, forlorn, and dreading every person that I saw, either behind or before me, I hasted on towards Edinburgh, taking all the bye and unfrequented paths; and the third night after I left the weaver's house, I reached the West Port, without meeting with any thing remarkable. Being exceedingly fatigued and lame, I took lodgings in the first house I entered, and for these I was to pay two groats a-week, and to board and sleep with a young man who wanted a companion to make his rent easier. I liked this; having found from experience, that the great personage who had attached himself to me, and was now becoming my greatest terror among many surrounding evils, generally haunted me when I was alone, keeping aloof from all other society.

My fellow lodger came home in the evening, and was glad at my coming. His name was Linton, and I changed mine to Elliot. He was a flippant unstable being, one to whom nothing appeared a difficulty, in his own estimation, but who could effect very little, after all. He was what is called by some a compositor, in the Queen's printing house, then conducted by a Mr James Watson. In the course of our conversation that night, I told him that I was a first-rate classical scholar, and would gladly turn my attention to some business wherein my education might avail me something; and that there was nothing would delight me so much as an engagement in the Queen's printing office. Linton made no difficulty in bringing about that arrangement. His answer was. "Oo, gud sir, you are the very man we want. Gud bless your breast and your buttons, sir! Ay, that's nei-

ther here nor there—That's all very well—Ha-ha-ha—A byeword in the house, sir. But, as I was saying, you are the very man we want—You will get any money you like to ask, sir—Any money you like, sir.—That's settled—All done—Settled, settled—I'll do it, I'll do it—No more about it; no more about it. Settled, settled.”

The next day I went with him to the office, and he presented me to Mr Watson as the most wonderful genius and scholar ever known. His recommendation had little sway with Mr Watson, who only smiled at Linton's extravagancies, as one does at the prattle of an infant. I sauntered about the printing office for the space of two or three hours, during which time Watson bustled about with green spectacles on his nose, and took no heed of me. But seeing that I still lingered, he addressed me at length, in a civil gentlemanly way, and inquired concerning my views. I satisfied him with all my answers, in particular those to his questions about the Latin and Greek languages; but when he came to ask testimonials of my character and acquirements, and found that I could produce none, he viewed me with a jealous eye, and said he dreaded I was some ne'er-do-weel, run from my parents or guardians, and he did not choose to employ any such. I said my parents were both dead; and that being thereby deprived of the means of following out my education, it behoved me to apply to some business in which my education might be of some use to me. He said he would take me into the office, and pay me according to the business I performed, and the manner in which I deported myself; but he could take no one into her Majesty's printing office upon a regular engagement, who could not produce the most respectable references with regard to morals.

I could not but despise the man in my heart who laid such a stress upon morals, leaving grace out of the question; and viewed it as a deplorable instance of human depravity and self-conceit; but for all that, I was obliged to accept of his terms, for I had an inward thirst and

longing to distinguish myself in the great cause of religion, and I thought if once I could print my own works, how I would astonish mankind, and confound their self-wisdom and their esteemed morality. And I weened that I might thus get me a name even higher than if I had been made a general of the Czar Peter's troops against the infidels.

I attended the office some hours every day, but got not much encouragement, though I was eager to learn every thing, and could soon have set types considerably well. It was here that I first conceived the idea of writing this journal, and having it printed, and applied to Mr Watson to print it for me, telling him it was a religious parable such as the Pilgrim's Progress. He advised me to print it close, and make it a pamphlet, and then if it did not sell, it would not cost me much; but that religious pamphlets, especially if they had a shade of allegory in them, were the very rage of the day. I put my work to the press, and wrote early and late; and encouraging my companion to work at odd hours, and on Sundays. Before the press-work of the second sheet was begun, we had the work all in types, corrected, and a clean copy thrown off for farther revisal. The first sheet was wrought off; and I never shall forget how my heart exulted when at the printing house this day, I saw what numbers of my works were to go abroad among mankind, and I determined with myself that I would not put the Border name of Elliot, which I had assumed, to the work.

Thus far have my History and Confessions been carried.

I must now furnish my Christian readers with a key to the process, management, and winding up of the whole matter; which I propose to limit to a very few pages.

Chesters, July 27, 1712.—My hopes and prospects are a wreck. My precious journal is lost! consigned to the flames! My enemy hath found me out, and

there is no hope of peace or rest for me on this side the grave.

In the beginning of the last week, my fellow lodger came home running in a great panic, and told me a story of the devil having appeared twice in the printing house, assisting the workmen at the printing of my book, and that some of them had been frightened out of their wits. That the story was told to Mr Watson, who till that time had never paid any attention to the treatise, but who, out of curiosity, began and read a part of it, and thereupon flew into a great rage, called my work a medley of lies and blasphemy, and ordered the whole to be consigned to the flames, blaming his foreman, and all connected with the press, for letting a work go so far, that was enough to bring down the vengeance of heaven on the concern.

If ever I shed tears through perfect bitterness of spirit it was that time, but I hope it was more for the ignorance and folly of my countrymen than the overthrow of my own hopes. But my attention was suddenly aroused to other matters, by Lintou mentioning that it was said by some in the office the devil had inquired for me.

“Surely you are not such a fool,” said I, “as to believe that the devil really was in the printing office?”

“Oo, gudè bless you sir! saw him myself, gave him a nod, and good-day. Rather a gentlemanly personage—Green Circassian hunting coat and turban—Like a foreigner—Has the power of vanishing in one moment though—Rather a suspicious circumstance that. Otherwise, his appearance not much against him.”

If the former intelligence thrilled me with grief, this did so with terror. I perceived who the personage was that had visited the printing house in order to further the progress of my work; and at the approach of every person to our lodgings, I from that instant trembled every bone, lest it should be my elevated and dreaded friend. I could not say I had ever received an office at his hand that was not friendly, yet these offices had been of a strange tendency; and the horror with which I now regarded him was unaccountable to myself. It was beyond

déscription, conception, or the soul of man to bear. I took my printed sheets, the only copy of my unfinished work existing; and, on pretence of going straight to Mr Watson's office, decamped from my lodgings at Portsburgh a little before the fall of evening, and took the road towards England.

As soon as I got clear of the city, I ran with a velocity I knew not before I had been capable of. I flew out the way towards Dalkeith so swiftly, that I often lost sight of the ground, and I said to myself, "O that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly to the farthest corners of the earth, to hide me from those against whom I have no power to stand!"

I travelled all that night and the next morning, exerting myself beyond my power; and about noon the following day I went into a yeoman's house, the name of which was Ellanslaws, and requested of the people a couch of any sort to lie down on, for I was ill, and could not proceed on my journey. They showed me to a stable-loft where there were two beds, on one of which I laid me down; and, falling into a sound sleep, I did not awake till the evening, that other three men came from the fields to sleep in the same place, one of whom lay down beside me, at which I was exceedingly glad. They fell all sound asleep, and I was terribly alarmed at a conversation I overheard somewhere outside the stable. I could not make out a sentence, but trembled to think I knew one of the voices at least, and rather than not be mistaken, I would that any man had run me through with a sword. I fell into a cold sweat, and once thought of instantly putting hand to my own life, as my only means of relief, (May the rash and sinful thought be in mercy forgiven!) when I heard as it were two persons at the door contending, as I thought, about their right and interest in me. That the one was forcibly preventing the admission of the other, I could hear distinctly, and their language was mixed with something dreadful and mysterious. In an agony of terror, I awakened my snoring companion with great difficulty, and asked him, in a low

whisper, who these were at the door? The man lay silent, and listening, till fairly awake, and then asked if I had heard any thing? I said I had heard strange voices contending at the door.

“Then I can tell you, lad, it has been something neither good nor canny,” said he: “it’s no for naething that our horses are snorking that gate.”

For the first time, I remarked that the animals were snorting and rearing as if they wished to break through the house. The man called to them by their names, and ordered them to be quiet; but they raged still the more furiously. He then roused his drowsy companions, who were alike alarmed at the panic of the horses, all of them declaring that they had never seen either Mause or Jolly start in their lives before. My bed-fellow and another then ventured down the ladder, and I heard one of them then saying, “Lord be wi’ us! What can be i’ the house? The sweat’s rinnin’ off the poor beasts like water.”

They agreed to sally out together, and if possible to reach the kitchen and bring a light. I was glad at this, but not so much so when I heard the one man saying to the other, in a whisper, “I wish that stranger man may be canny enough.”

“Gude kens!” said the other: “It doesnae look unco weel.”

The lad in the other bed, hearing this, set up his head in manifest affright as the other two departed for the kitchen; and, I believe, he would have been glad to have been in their company. This lad was next the ladder, at which I was extremely glad, for had he not been there, the world should not have induced me to wait the return of these two men. They were not well gone, before I heard another distinctly enter the stable, and come towards the ladder. The lad who was sitting up in his bed, intent on the watch, called out, “Wha’s that there? Walker, is that you? Purdie, I say, is it you?”

The darkling intruder paused for a few moments, and then came towards the foot of the ladder. The horses

broke loose, and snorting and neighing for terror, raged through the house. In all my life I never heard so frightful a commotion. The being that occasioned it all, now began to mount the ladder toward our loft, on which the lad in the bed next the ladder sprung from his couch, crying out, "preserve us ! what can it be?" With that he sped across the loft, and by my bed, praying lustily all the way ; and, throwing himself from the other end of the loft into a manger, he darted, naked as he was, through among the furious horses, and making the door, that stood open, in a moment he vanished and left me in the lurch. Powerless with terror, and calling out fearfully, I tried to follow his example ; but not knowing the situation of the places with regard to one another, I missed the manger, and fell on the pavement in one of the stalls. I was both stunned and lamed on the knee ; but terror prevailing, I got up and tried to escape. It was out of my power ; for there were divisions and cross divisions in the house, and mad horses smashing every thing before them, so that I knew not so much as on what side of the house the door was. Two or three times was I knocked down by the animals, but all the while I never stinted crying out with all my power. At length, I was seized by the throat and hair of the head, and dragged away, I wist not whither. My voice was now laid, and all my powers, both mental and bodily, totally overcome ; and I remember no more till I found myself lying naked on the kitchen table of the farm house, and something like a horse's rug thrown over me. The only hint that I got from the people of the house on coming to myself was, that my absence would be good company ; and that they had got me in a woful state, one which they did not choose to describe, or hear described.

As soon as day-light appeared, I was packed about my business, with the hisses and execrations of the yeoman's family, who viewed me as a being to be shunned, ascribing to me the visitations of that unholy night. Again was I on my way southward, as lonely, hopeless, and degraded a being as was to be found on life's weary round.

My case was indeed a pitiable one. I was lame, hungry, fatigued, and my resources on the very eve of being exhausted. Yet these were but secondary miseries, and hardly worthy of a thought, compared with those I suffered inwardly. I not only looked around me with terror at every one that approached, but I was become a terror to myself; or rather, my body and soul were become terrors to each other; and, had it been possible, I felt as if they would have gone to war. I dared not look at my face in a glass, for I shuddered at my own image and likeness. I dreaded the dawning, and trembled at the approach of night, nor was there one thing in nature that afforded me the least delight.

In this deplorable state of body and mind, was I jogging on towards the Tweed, by the side of the small river called Ellan; when, just at the narrowest part of the glen, whom should I meet full in the face, but the very being in all the universe I would the most gladly have shunned. I had no power to fly from him, neither durst I, for the spirit within me, accuse him of falsehood, and renounce his fellowship. I stood before him like a condemned criminal, staring him in the face, ready to be winded, twisted, and tormented as he pleased. He regarded me with a sad and solemn look. How changed was now that majestic countenance, to one of haggard despair—changed in all save the extraordinary likeness to my late brother, a resemblance which misfortune and despair tended only to heighten. There were no kind greetings passed between us at meeting, like those which pass between the men of the world; he looked on me with eyes that froze the currents of my blood, but spoke not, till I assumed as much courage as to articulate—"You here! I hope you have brought me tidings of comfort?"

"Tidings of despair!" said he. "But such tidings as the timid and the ungrateful deserve, and have reason to expect. You are an outlaw, and a vagabond in your country, and a high reward is offered for your apprehension. The enraged populace have burnt your house, and all that is within it; and the farmers on the land bless

themselves at being rid of you. So fare it with every one who puts his hand to the great work of man's restoration to freedom and draweth back, contemning the light that is within him ! Your enormities caused me to leave you to yourself for a season, and you see what the issue has been. You have given some evil ones power over you, who long to devour you, both soul and body, and it has required all my power and influence to save you. Had it not been for my hand, you had been torn in pieces last night ; but for once I prevailed. We must leave this land forthwith, for here there is neither peace, safety, nor comfort for us. Do you now, and here pledge yourself to one who has so often saved your life, and has put his own at stake to do so ? Do you pledge yourself that you will henceforth be guided by my counsel, and follow me whithersoever I choose to lead ?"

"I have always been swayed by your counsel," said I, "and for your sake, principally, am I sorry, that all our measures have proved abortive. But I hope still to be useful in my native isle, therefore let me plead that your highness will abandon a poor despised and outcast wretch to his fate, and betake you to your realms, where your presence cannot but be greatly wanted."

"Would that I could do so !" said he woefully. "But to talk of that is to talk of an impossibility. I am wedded to you so closely, that I feel as if I were the same person. Our essences are one, and our bodies and spirits being united, so, that I am drawn towards you as by magnetism, and wherever you are, there must my presence be with you."

Perceiving how this assurance affected me, he began to chide me most bitterly for my ingratitude ; and then he assumed such looks, that it was impossible for me longer to bear them ; therefore I staggered out the way, begging and beseeching of him to give me up to my fate, and hardly knowing what I said ; for it struck me, that, with all his assumed appearance of misery and wretchedness there were traits of exultation in his hideous countenance, manifesting a secret and inward joy at my utter despair.

It was long before I durst look over my shoulder, but when I did so, I perceived this ruined and debased potentate coming slowly on the same path, and I prayed that the Lord would hide me in the bowels of the earth, or depths of the sea. When I crossed the Tweed, I perceived him still a little behind me; and my despair being then at its height, I cursed the time I first met with such a tormentor.

After crossing the Tweed, I saw no more of my persecutor that day, and had hopes that he had left me for a season; but, alas, what hope was there of my relief after the declaration I had so lately heard! I took up my lodgings that night in a small miserable inn in the village of Ancrum, of which the people seemed alike poor and ignorant. Before going to bed, I asked if it was customary with them to have family worship of evenings? The man answered, that they were so hard set with the world, they often could not get time, but if I would be so kind as officiate they would be much obliged to me, I accepted the invitation, being afraid to go to rest lest the commotions of the foregoing night might be renewed, and continued the worship as long as in decency I could. The poor people thanked me, hoped my prayers would be heard both on their account and my own, seemed much taken with my abilities, and wondered how a man of my powerful eloquence chanced to be wandering about in a condition so forlorn. I said I was a poor student of theology, on my way to Oxford. They stared at one another with expressions of wonder, disappointment, and fear. I afterwards came to learn, that the term *theology* was by them quite misunderstood, and that they had some crude conceptions that nothing was taught at Oxford but the *black arts*, which ridiculous idea prevailed over all the south of Scotland. For the present I could not understand what the people meant, and less so, when the man asked me, with deep concern, If I was serious in my intentions of going to Oxford? He hoped not, and that I would be better guided.

I said my education wanted finishing;—but he remark-

ed, that the Oxford arts were a bad finish for a religious man's education.—Finally, I requested him to sleep with me, or in my room all the night, as I wanted some serious and religious conversation with him, and likewise to convince him that the study of the fine arts, though not absolutely necessary, were not incompatible with the character of a Christian divine. He shook his head and wondered how I could call them *fine arts*—hoped I did not mean to convince him by any ocular demonstration, and at length reluctantly condescended to sleep with me, and let the lass and wife sleep together for one night. I believe he would have declined it, had it not been some hints from his wife, stating, that it was a good arrangement, by which I understood there were only two beds in the house, and that when I was preferred to the lass's bed, she had one to shift for.

The landlord and I accordingly retired to our homely bed, and conversed for some time about indifferent matters, till he fell sound asleep. Not so with me. I had that within which would not suffer me to close my eyes: and about the dead of night, I again heard the same noises and contention begin outside the house, as I had heard the night before; and again I heard it was about a sovereign and peculiar right in me. At one time the noise was on the top of the house, straight above our bed, as if the one party were breaking through the roof, and the other forcibly preventing it; at another time it was at the door, and at a third time at the window; but still mine host lay sound by my side, and did not waken. I was seized with terrors indefinable, and prayed fervently, but did not attempt rousing my sleeping companion until I saw if no better could be done. The women, however, were alarmed, and, rushing into our apartment, exclaimed that fiends were besieging the house. Then, indeed, the landlord awoke, and it was time for him, for the tumult had increased to such a degree, that it shook the house to its foundations, being louder and more furious than I could have conceived the heat of battle to be when the volleys of artillery are mixed with groans, shouts, and

blasphemous cursing. It thundered and lightened: and there were screams, groans, laughter, and execrations, all intermingled.

I lay trembling and bathed in a cold perspiration, but was soon obliged to bestir myself, the inmates attacking me one after the other.

“O, Tam Douglas! Tam Douglas! haste ye an’ rise out fra-yont that incarnal devil!” cried the wife: “Ye are in ayont the auld ane himsel, for our lass Tibbie saw his cloven cloots last night.”

“Lord forbid!” roared Tam Douglas, and darted over the bed like a flying fish. Then, hearing the unearthly tumult with which he was surrounded, he returned to the side of the bed, and addressed me thus, with long and fearful intervals:

“If ye be the deil, rise up, an’ depart in peace out o’ this house—afore the bedstrae take kindling about ye, an’ than it’ll maybe be the waur for ye.—Get up—an’ gang awa out amang your cronies, like a good—lad—There’s nae body here wishes you ony ill—D’ye hear me?”

“Friend,” said I, “no Christian would turn out a fellow-creature on such a night as this, and in the midst of such a commotion of the villagers.”

“Na, if ye be a mortal man,” said he, “which I rather thlink, from the use you made of the holy book—Nane o’ your practical jokes on strangers an’ honest folks. These are some o’ your Oxford tricks, an’ I’ll thank you to be over wi’ them.—Gracious heaven, they are brikkin through the house at a’ the four corners at the same time!”

The lass Tibby, seeing the innkeeper was not going to prevail with me to rise, flew toward the bed, in desperation, and seizing me by the waist, soon landed me on the floor, saying: “be ye deil, be ye chiel, ye’s no lie there till baith the house an’ us be swallowed up!”

Her master and mistress applauding the deed, I was obliged to attempt dressing myself, a task to which my powers were quite inadequate in the state I was in, but I was readily assisted by every one of the three; and as

soon as they got my clothes thrust on in a loose way, they shut their eyes lest they should see what might drive them distracted, and thrust me out to the street, cursing me, and calling on the fiends to take their prey and begone.

The scene that ensued is neither to be described, nor believed, if it were. I was momentarily surrounded by a number of hideous fiends, who gnashed on me with their teeth, and clenched their crimson paws in my face; and at the same instant I was seized by the collar of my coat behind, by my dreaded and devoted friend, who pushed me on, and with his gilded rapier waving and brandishing around me, defended me against all their united attacks. Horrible as my assailants were in appearance, (and they had all monstrous shapes,) I felt that I would rather have fallen into their hands, than be thus led away captive by my defender at his will and pleasure, without having the right or power to say my life, or any part of my will was my own. I could not even thank him for his potent guardianship, but hung down my head, and moved on I knew not whither, like a criminal led to execution, and still the infernal combat continued, till about the dawning, at which time I looked up, and all the fiends were expelled but one, who kept at a distance; and still my persecutor and defender pushed me by the neck before him.

At length he desired me to sit down and take some rest, with which I complied, for I had great need of it, and wanted the power to withstand what he desired. There, for a whole morning did he detain me, tormenting me with reflections, on the past, and pointing out the horrors of the future, until a thousand times I wished myself non-existent. "I have attached myself to your wayward fortune," said he; "and it has been my ruin as well as thine. Ungrateful as you are, I cannot give you up to be devoured; but this is a life that it is impossible to brook longer. Since our hopes are blasted in this world, and all our schemes of grandeur overthrown; let us fall by our own hands, or by the hands of each other;

die like heroes ; and, throwing off this frame of dross and corruption, mingle with the pure ethereal essence of existence, from which we derived our being."

I shuddered at a view of the dreadful alternative, yet was obliged to confess that, in my present circumstances, existence was not to be borne. It was in vain that I reasoned on the sinfulness of the deed, and on its damning nature ; he said, self-destruction was the act of a hero, and none but a coward would shrink from it, to suffer a hundred times more every day and night that passed over his head.

I said I was still contented to be that coward ; and all that I begged of him was, to leave me to my fortune for a season, and to the just judgment of my creator ; but he said his word and honour were engaged on my behoof, and these, in such a case, were not to be violated. "If you will not pity yourself, have pity on me," added he ; "turn your eyes on me, and behold to what I am reduced."

Involuntarily did I turn round at the request, and caught a half glance of his features. May no eye destined to reflect the beauties of the New Jerusalem inward upon the beatific soul, behold such a sight as mine then beheld ! My immortal spirit, blood, and bones, were all withered at the blasting sight ; and I arose and withdrew, with groanings which the pangs of death shall never wring from me.

Not daring to look behind me, I crept on my way, and that night reached this hamlet on the Scottish border ; and being grown reckless of danger, and hardened to scenes of horror, I took up my lodging with a poor hind, who is a widower, and who could only accommodate me with a bed of rushes at his fire-side. At midnight I heard some strange sounds, too much resembling those to which I had of late been inured ; but they kept at a distance, and I was soon persuaded that there was a power protected that house superior to those that contended for, or had the mastery over me. Overjoyed at finding such an asylum, I remained in the humble cot.

This is the third day I have lived under the roof, freed of my hellish assailants, spending my time in prayer, and writing out this my journal, which I have fashioned to stick in with my printed work, and to which I intend to add portions while I remain in this pilgrimage state which, I find too well, cannot be long.

August 3, 1712.—This morning the hind has brought me word from Redesdale, whither he had been for coals, that a stranger gentleman had been traversing that country, making the most earnest inquiries after me, or one of the same appearance; and from the description that he brought of this stranger, I could easily perceive who it was. Rejoicing that my tormentor has lost traces of me for once, I am making haste to leave my asylum, on pretence of following this stranger, but in reality to conceal myself still more completely from his search. Perhaps this may be the last sentence ever I am destined to write. If so, farewell Christian reader! may God grant to thee a happier destiny than has been allotted to me here on earth, and the same assurance of acceptance above! *Amen.*

Ault-Righ, August 24, 1712.—Here am I, set down on the open moor to add one sentence more to my woful journal; and then, farewell all beneath the sun!

On leaving the hind's cottage on the Border, I hastened to the north-west, because in that quarter I perceived the highest and wildest hills before me. As I crossed the mountains above Hawick, I exchanged clothes with a poor homely shepherd, whom I found lying on a hill side, singing to himself some woful love ditty. He was glad of the change, and proud of his saintly apparel; and I was no less delighted with mine, by which I now supposed myself completely disguised; and I found moreover that in this garb of a common shepherd I was made welcome in every house. I slept the first night in a farmhouse nigh to the church of Roberton, without hearing or seeing aught extraordinary; yet I observed next morning that all the servants kept aloof from me, and regarded me with looks of aversion. The next night I

came to this house, where the farmer engaged me as a shepherd; and finding him a kind, worthy, and religious man, I accepted of his terms with great gladness. I had not, however, gone many times to the sheep, before all the rest of the shepherds told my master, that I knew nothing about herding, and begged of him to dismiss me. He perceived too well the truth of their intelligence; but being much taken with my learning, and religious conversation, he would not put me away, but set me to herd his cattle.

It was lucky for me, that before I came here, a report had prevailed, perhaps for an age, that this farm house was haunted at certain seasons by a ghost. I say it was lucky for me, for I had not been in it many days before the same appalling noises began to prevail around me about midnight, often continuing till near the dawning. Still they kept aloof, and without doors; for this gentleman's house, like the cottage I was in formerly, seemed to be a sanctuary from all demoniacal power. He appears to be a good man and a just, and mocks at the idea of supernatural agency, and he either does not hear these persecuting spirits, or will not acknowledge it, though of late he appears much perturbed.

The consternation of the menials has been extreme. They ascribe all to the ghosts, and tell frightful stories of murders having been committed there long ago. Of late, however, they are beginning to suspect that it is I that am haunted; and as I have never given them any satisfactory account of myself, they are whispering that I am a murderer, and haunted by the spirits of those I have slain.

August 30.—This day I have been informed, that I am to be banished the dwelling-house by night, and to sleep in an out-house by myself, to try if the family can get any rest when freed of my presence. I have peremptorily refused acquiescence, on which my master's brother struck me, and kicked me with his foot. My body being quite exhausted by suffering, I am grown weak and feeble both in mind and bodily frame, and actually unable to

resent any insult or injury. I am the child of earthly misery and despair, if ever there was one existent. My master is still my friend ; but there are so many masters here, and every one of them alike harsh to me, that I wish myself in my grave every hour of the day. If I am driven from the family sanctuary by night, I know I shall be torn in pieces before morning ; and then who will deign or dare to gather up my mangled limbs, and give them honoured burial.

My last hour is arrived : I see my tormentor once more approaching me in this wild. Oh, that the earth would swallow me up, or the hill fall and cover me ! Farewell for ever !

September 7, 1712.—My devoted, princely, but sanguine friend, has been with me again and again. My time is expired, and I find a relief beyond measure, for he has fully convinced me that no act of mine can mar the eternal counsel, or in the smallest degree alter or extenuate one event which was decreed before the foundations of the world were laid. He said he had watched over me with the greatest anxiety, but perceiving my rooted aversion towards him he had forborn troubling me with his presence. But now, seeing that I was certainly to be driven from my sanctuary that night, and that there would be a number of infernals watching to make a prey of my body, he came to caution me not to despair, for that he would protect me at all risks, if the power remained with him. He then repeated an ejaculatory prayer, which I was to pronounce, if in great extremity. I objected to the words as equivocal, and susceptible of being rendered in a meaning perfectly dreadful ; but he reasoned against this, and all reasoning with him is to no purpose. He said he did not ask me to repeat the words unless greatly straitened ; and that I saw his strength and power giving way, and when perhaps nothing else could save me.

The dreaded hour of night arrived ; and, as he said, I was expelled from the family residence, and ordered to a byre, or cow-house, that stood parallel with the dwell-

ing-house behind, where, on a divot loft, my humble bedstead stood, and the cattle grunted and puffed below me. How unlike the splendid halls of Dalcastle! And to what I am now reduced, let the reflecting reader judge.

September 8.—My first night of trial in this place is overpast! Would that it were the last that I should ever see in this detested world! If the horrors of hell are equal to those I have suffered, eternity will be of short duration there, for no created energy can support them for one single month, or week. I have been buffeted as never living creature was. My vitals have all been torn, and every faculty and feeling of my soul racked, and tormented into callous insensibility. I was even hung by the locks over a yawning chasm, to which I could perceive no bottom, and then—not till then, did I repeat the tremendous prayer!—I was instantly at liberty; and what I now am, the Almighty knows! *Amen.*

September 18, 1712.—Still am I living, though liker to a vision than a human being; but this is my last day of mortal existence. Unable to resist any longer, I pledged myself to my devoted friend, that on this day we should die together, and trust to the charity of the children of men for a grave. I am solemnly pledged: and though I dare to repent, I am aware he will not be gainsaid, for he is raging with despair at his fallen and decayed majesty, and there is some miserable comfort in the idea that my tormentor shall fall with me. Farewell, world, with all thy miseries; for comforts or enjoyments hast thou none! Farewell, woman, whom I have despised and shunned; and man, whom I have hated; whom, nevertheless, I desire to leave in charity! And thou, sun, bright emblem of a far brighter effulgence, I bid farewell to thee also! I do not now take my last look of thee, for to thy glorious orb shall a poor suicide's last earthly look be raised. But, ah! who is yon that I see approaching furiously—his stern face blackened with horrid despair! My hour is at hand.—Almighty God, what is this that I am about to do! The hour of repentance is past, and now my fate is inevitable—*Amen, for*

ever! I will now seal up my little book, and conceal it; and cursed be he who trieth to alter or amend!

END OF THE MEMOIR.

WHAT can this work be? Sure, you will say, it must be an allegory; or (as the writer calls it) a religious PARABLE, showing the dreadful danger of self-righteousness? I cannot tell. Attend to the sequel: which is a thing so extraordinary, so unprecedented, and so far out of the common course of human events, that if there were not hundreds of living witnesses to attest the truth of it, I would not bid any rational being believe it.

In the first place, take the following extract from an authentic letter, published in *Blackwood's Magazine for August, 1823*.

“On the top of a wild height called Faw-Law where the lands of three proprietors meet all at one point, there has been for long and many years the grave of a suicide marked out by a stone standing at the head, and another at the feet. Often have I stood musing over it myself, when a shepherd on one of the farms, of which it formed the extreme boundary, and thinking what could induce a young man, who had scarcely reached the prime of life, to brave his Maker, and rush into his presence by an act of his own erring hand, and one so unnatural and preposterous. But it never once occurred to me, as an object of curiosity, to dig up the mouldering bones of the culprit, which I considered as the most revolting of all objects. The thing was, however, done last month, and a discovery made of one of the greatest natural phenomena that I have heard of in this country.

“The little traditionary history that remains of this unfortunate youth, is altogether a singular one. He was not a native of the place, nor would he ever tell from

what place he came ; but he was remarkable for a deep, thoughtful, and sullen disposition. There was nothing against his character that any body knew of here, and he had been a considerable time in the place. The last service he was in was with a Mr Anderson of Eltrive, (Ault-Righ, *the King's burn*,) who died about an hundred years ago, and who had hired him during the summer to herd a stock of young cattle in Eltrive Hope. It happened one day in the month of September, that James Anderson, his master's son, went with this young man to the Hope to divert himself. The herd had his dinner along with him, and about one o'clock, when the boy proposed going home, the former pressed him very hard to stay and take share of his dinner ; but the boy refused, for fear his parents might be alarmed about him, and said he *would* go home : on which the herd said to him, ' Then, if ye winna stay with me, James, ye may depend on't I'll cut my throat afore ye come back again.'

" I have heard it likewise reported, but only by one person, that there had been some things stolen out of his master's house a good while before, and that the boy had discovered a silver knife and fork, that was a part of the stolen property, in the herd's possession that day, and that it was this discovery that drove him to despair.

" The boy did not return to the Hope that afternoon ; and, before evening, a man coming in at the pass called *The Hart Loup*, with a drove of lambs, on the way for Edinburgh perceived something like a man standing in a strange frightful position at the side of one of Eldinhope hay-ricks. The driver's attention was riveted on this strange uncouth figure, and as the drove-road passed at no great distance from the spot, he first called, but receiving no answer, he went up to the spot, and behold it was the above-mentioned young man, who had hung himself in the hay rope that was tying down the rick.

" This was accounted a great wonder ; and every one said, if the devil had not assisted him it was impossible the thing could have been done ; for, in general, these ropes are so brittle, being made of green hay, that they

will scarcely bear to be bound over the rick. And the more to horrify the good people of this neighbourhood, the driver said, when he first came in view, *he could almost give his oath* that he saw two people busily engaged at the hay-rick, going round it and round it, and he thought they were dressing it.

“ If this asseveration approximated at all to truth, it makes this evident at least, that the unfortunate young man had hanged himself after the man with the lambs came in view. He was, however, quite dead when he cut him down. He had fastened two of the old hay-ropes at the bottom of the rick on one side, (indeed they are all fastened so when first laid on,) so that he had nothing to do but to loosen two of the ends on the other side. These he had tied in a knot round his neck, and then slackening his knees, and letting himself down gradually, till the hay-rope bore all his weight, he had contrived to put an end to his existence in that way. Now the fact is, that if you try all the ropes that are thrown over all the outfield hay-ricks in Scotland, there is not one among a thousand of them will hang a colley dog; so that the manner of this wretch’s death was rather a singular circumstance.

“ Early next morning, Mr Anderson’s servants went reluctantly away, and, taking an old blanket with them for a winding-sheet, they rolled up the body of the deceased, first in his own plaid, letting the hay-rope still remain about his neck, and then rolling the old blanket over all, they bore the loathed remains away to the distance of three miles or so, on spokes, to the top of Faw-Law, at the very point where the Duke of Buccleuch’s land, the Laird of Drummelzier’s, and Lord Napier’s, meet, and there they buried him, with all that he had on and about him, silver knife and fork and altogether. Thus far went tradition, and no one ever disputed one jot of the disgusting oral tale.

“ A nephew of that Mr Anderson’s who was with the hapless youth that day he died, says, that, as far as he can gather from the relations of friends that he remem-

bers, and of that same uncle in particular, it is one hundred and five years next month (that is September, 1823,) since that event happened; and I think it likely that this gentleman's information is correct. But sundry other people, much older than he, whom I have consulted, pretend that it is six or seven years more. They say they have heard that Mr James Anderson was then a boy ten years of age; that he lived to an old age, upwards of fourscore, and it is two and forty years since he died. Whichever way it may be, it was about that period some way, of that there is no doubt."

"It so happened, that two young men, William Shiel and William Sword, were out, on an adjoining height, this summer, casting peats, and it came into their heads to open this grave in the wilderness, and see if there were any of the bones of the suicide of former ages and centuries remaining. They did so, but opened only one half of the grave, beginning at the head and about the middle at the same time. It was not long till they came upon the old blanket—I think they said not much more than a foot from the surface. They tore that open, and there was the hay-rope lying stretched down amongst his breast, so fresh that they saw at first sight that it was made of risp, a sort of long sword-grass that grows about marshes and the sides of lakes. One of the young men seized the rope and pulled by it, but the old enchantment of the devil remained,—it would not break; and so he pulled and pulled at it, till behold the body came up into a sitting posture, with a blue bonnet on its head, and its plaid around it, all as fresh as that day it was laid in! I never heard of a preservation so wonderful, if it be true as was related to me, for still I have not had the curiosity to go and view the body myself. The features were all so plain, that an acquaintance might easily have known him. One of the lads gripped the face of the corpse with his finger and thumb, and the cheeks felt quite soft and fleshy, but the dimples remained and did not spring out again. He had fine yellow hair, about nine inches long; but not a hair of it could they

pull out till they cut part of it off with a knife. They also cut off some portions of his clothes, which were all quite fresh, and distributed them among their acquaintances, sending a portion to me, among the rest, to keep as natural curiosities. Several gentlemen have in a manner forced me to give them fragments of these enchanted garments : I have, however, retained a small portion for you, which I send along with this, being a piece of his plaid, and another of his waistcoat breast, which you will see are still as fresh as that day they were laid in the grave.

“ His blue bonnet was sent to Edinburgh several weeks ago, to the great regret of some gentlemen connected with the land, who wished to have it for a keep-sake. For my part, fond as I am of blue bonnets, I declare I durst not have worn that one. There was nothing of the silver knife and fork discovered, that I heard of, nor was it very likely it should : but it would appear he had been very near run of cash, which I daresay had been the cause of his utter despair ; for, on searching his pockets, nothing was found but three old Scots halfpennies. These young men meeting with another shepherd afterwards, his curiosity was so much excited that they went and digged up the curious remains a second time, which was a pity, as it is likely that by these exposures to the air, and from the impossibility of burying it up again as closely as it was before, the flesh will now fall to dust.”

* * * * *

The letter from which the above is an extract, bears the stamp of authenticity in every line ; yet, so often had I been hoaxed by the ingenious fancies displayed in that Magazine, that when this relation met my eye, I did not believe it ; but from the moment that I perused it, I half formed the resolution of investigating these wonderful remains personally, if any such existed ; for, in the immediate vicinity of the scene, as I supposed, I knew of more attractive metal than the dilapidated remains of mouldering suicides.

Accordingly, having some business in Edinburgh in September last, and being obliged to wait a few days for the arrival of a friend from London, I took that opportunity to pay a visit to my townsman and fellow collegian, Mr L——t of C——d, advocate. I mentioned to him the letter, asking him if the statement was founded at all on truth. His answer was, “I suppose so. For my part I never doubted the thing, having been told that there has been a deal of talking about it up in the Forest for some time past. But, God knows! Ebony has imposed as ingenious lies on the public ere now.”

“I said, if it was within reach, I should like exceedingly to visit this Scots mummy so ingeniously described. Mr L——t assented at the first proposal, saying he had no objections to take a ride that length with me, that we would have a delightful jaunt through a romantic and now classical country, and some good sport into the bargain, provided he could procure a horse for me, from his father-in-law, next day. He sent up to a Mr L——w to inquire, who returned for answer, that there was an excellent pony at my service, and that he himself would accompany us, being obliged to attend a great sheep fair at Thirlestane.

At an early hour next morning we started for the ewe fair of Thirlestane, taking Blackwood's Magazine for August along with us. We rode through the ancient royal burgh of Selkirk,—halted and corned our horses at a romantic village, nigh to some deep linns on the Ettrick, and reached the market ground at Thirlestane-green a little before mid-day.

L——w soon found a guide to the suicide's grave, for he seemed acquainted with every person in the fair. We got a fine old shepherd, named W——m B——e, a great original, and a very obliging and civil man, who asked no conditions but that we should not speak of it, because he did not wish it to come to his master's ears, that he had been engaged in *sic a profane thing*. We promised strict secrecy; and, accompanied by another farmer, Mr S——t, and old B——e, we proceeded to the grave, which

B——e described as about a mile and a half distant from the market ground.

We soon reached the spot, and I confess I felt a singular sensation, when I saw the grey stone standing at the head, and another at the feet, and the one half of the grave manifestly new digged, and closed up again as had been described. I could still scarcely deem the thing to be a reality, for the ground did not appear to be wet, but a kind of dry rotten moss. On looking around, we found some fragments of clothes, some teeth, and part of a pocket-book, which had not been returned into the grave, when the body had been last raised, for it had been twice raised before this, but only from the loins upward.

To work we fell with two spades, and soon cleared away the whole of the covering. The part of the grave that had been opened before, was filled with mossy mortar, which impeded us exceedingly, and entirely prevented a proper investigation of the fore parts of the body. I will describe every thing as I saw it before four respectable witnesses, whose names I shall publish at large if permitted. A number of the bones came up separately; for with the constant flow of liquid stuff into the deep grave, we could not see to preserve them in their places. At length great loads of coarse clothes, blanketting, plaiding, &c., appeared; we tried to lift these regularly up, and on doing so, part of a skeleton came up, but no flesh, save a little that was hanging in dark flitters about the spine, but which had no consistence; it was merely the appearance of flesh without the substance. The head was wanting; and I being very anxious to possess the skull, the search was renewed among the mortar and rags. We first found a part of the scalp, with the long hair firm on it; which on being cleaned, is neither black nor fair, but of a darkish dusk, the most common of any other colour. Soon afterwards we found the skull, but it was not complete. A spade had damaged it, and one of the temple quarters was wanting. I am no phrenologist, not knowing one organ from another, but I thought the skull of that wretched man no

study. If it was particular for any thing, it was for a smooth, almost perfect rotundity, with only a little protuberance above the vent of the ear.

When we came to that part of the grave that had never been opened before, the appearance of every thing was quite different. There the remains lay under a close vault of moss, and within a vacant space; and I suppose, by the digging in the former part of the grave, that part had been deepened, and drawn the moisture away from this part, for here all was perfect. The breeches still suited the thigh, the stocking the leg, and the garters were wrapt as neatly and as firm below the knee as if they had been newly tied. The shoes were all opened in the seams, the hemp having decayed, but the soles, upper leathers, and wooden heels, which were made of birch, were all as fresh as any of those we wore. There was one thing I could not help remarking, that in the inside of one of the shoes there was a layer of cow's dung, about one eighth of an inch thick, and in the hollow of the sole fully one fourth of an inch. It was firm, green, and fresh; and proved that he had been working in a byre. His clothes were all of a singular ancient cut, and no less singular in their texture. Their durability certainly would have been prodigious: for in thickness, coarseness, and strength, I never saw any cloth in the smallest degree to equal them. His coat was a frock coat, of a yellowish drab colour, with wide sleeves. It is tweeled, milled, and thicker than a carpet. I cut off two of the skirts and brought them with me. His vest was of stripped serge, such as I have often seen worn by country people. It was lined and backed with white stuff. The breeches were a sort of stripped plaiding, which I never saw worn, but which our guide assured us was very common in the country once, though, from the old clothes which he had seen remaining of it, he judged that it could not be less than two hundred years since it was in fashion. His garters were of worsted, and striped with black or blue; his stockings gray, and wanting the feet. I brought samples of all along with me. I have likewise now got

possession of the bonnet, which puzzles me most of all. It is not conformable with the rest of the dress. It is neither a broad bonnet, nor a Border bonnet; for there is an open behind, for tying, which no genuine Border bonnet, I am told, ever had. It seems to have been a Highland bonnet, worn in a flat way like a scone on the crown, such as is sometimes still seen in the west of Scotland. All the limbs, from the loins to the toes, seemed perfect and entire, but they could not bear handling. Before we got them returned again into the grave, they were all shaken to pieces, except the thighs, which continued to retain a kind of flabby form.

All his clothes that were sewed with linen yarn were lying in separate portions, the thread having rotted; but such as were sewed with worsted remained perfectly firm and sound. Among such a confusion, we had hard work to find out all his pockets, and our guide supposed, that, after all, we did not find above the half of them. In his vest pocket was a long clasp knife, very sharp; the haft was thin, and the scales shone as if there had been silver inside. Mr Sc—t took it with him, and presented it to his neighbour, Mr R——n of W—n L—e, who still has it in his possession. We found a comb, a gimblet, a vial, a small neat square board, a pair of plated knee-buckles, and several samples of cloth of different kinds, rolled neatly up within one another. At length, while we were busy on the search, Mr L——t picked up a leathern case, which seemed to have been wrapped round and round by some ribbon, or cord, that had been rotten from it, for the swaddling marks still remained. Both L——w and B——e called out that “it was the tobacco spleuchan, and a well-filled ane too;” but on opening it out, we found, to our great astonishment, that it contained a *printed pamphlet*. We were all curious to see what sort of a pamphlet such a person would read; what it could contain that he seemed to have had such a care about? for the slough in which it was rolled, was fine chamois leather; what colour it had been, could not be known. But the pamphlet was wrapped so close together, and so

damp, rotten, and yellow, that it seemed one solid piece. We all concluded, from some words that we could make out, that it was a religious tract, but that it would be impossible to make any thing of it. Mr L——w remarked that it was a great pity if a few sentences could not be made out, for that it was a question what might be contained in that little book; and then he requested Mr L——t to give it to me, as he had so many things of literature and law to attend to, that he would never think more of it. He replied, that either of us were heartily welcome to it; for that he had thought of returning it into the grave, if he could have made out but a line or two, to have seen what was its tendency.

“ Grave, man !” exclaimed L——w, who speaks excellent strong broad Scots: “ My truly, but ye grave weel! I wad esteem the contents o’ that spleuchan as the most precious treasure. I’ll tell you what it is, sir: I hae often wondered how it was that this man’s corpse has been miraculously preserved frae decay, a hunder times longer than any other body’s, or than even a tanner’s. But now I could wager a guinea, it has been for the preservation o’ that little book. And Lord kens what may be in’t! It will maybe reveal some mystery that mankind disna ken naething about yet.

“ If there be any mysteries in it,” returned the other, “ it is not for your handling, my dear friend, who are too much taken up about mysteries already.” And with these words he presented the mysterious pamphlet to me. With very little trouble, save that of a thorough drying, I unrolled it all with ease, and found the very tract which I have here ventured to lay before the public, part of it in small bad print, and the remainder in manuscript.

With regard to the work itself, I dare not venture a judgment, for I do not understand it. I believe no person, man or woman, will ever peruse it with the same attention that I have done, and yet I confess that I do not comprehend the writer’s drift. It is certainly impossible that these scenes could ever have occurred, that he describes as having himself transacted. I think it

may be possible that he had some hand in the death of his brother, and yet I am disposed greatly to doubt it; and the numerous distorted traditions, &c., which remain of that event, may be attributable to the work having been printed and burnt, and of course the story known to all the printers, with their families and gossips. That the young Laird of Dalcastle came by a violent death, there remains no doubt; but that this wretch slew him, there is to me a good deal. However, allowing this to have been the case, I account all the rest either dreaming or madness; or, as he says to Mr. Watson, a religious parable, on purpose to illustrate something scarcely tangible, but to which he seems to have attached great weight. Were the relation at all consistent with reason, it corresponds so minutely with traditionary facts, that it could scarcely have missed to have been received as authentic; but in this day, and with the present generation, it will not go down, that a man should be daily tempted by the devil, in the semblance of a fellow-creature; and at length lured to self-destruction, in the hopes that this same fiend and tormentor was to suffer and fall along with him. It was a bold theme for an allegory, and would have suited that age well had it been taken up by one fully qualified for the task, which this writer was not. In short, we must either conceive him not only the greatest fool, but the greatest wretch, on whom was ever stamped the form of humanity; or, that he was a religious maniac, who wrote and wrote about a deluded creature, till he arrived at that height of madness, that he believed himself the very object whom he had been all along describing. And in order to escape from an ideal tormentor, committed that act for which, according to the tenets he embraced, there was no remission, and which consigned his memory and his name to everlasting detestation.

SOME REMARKABLE PASSAGES.
IN THE LIFE OF
AN EDINBURGH BAILLIE,
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

INTRODUCTION BY THE EDITOR.

[AN Edinburgh Baillie, a notable person, often mentioned in Scottish history as the staunch friend of Reform and the constant friend and abettor of Argyle, was of northern descent, and the original name of his family is said to have been Sydeserf. The first who wrote his name Sydeserf was one always styled Clerk Michael, who was secretary, chamberlain, and steward to the Earl Marischal. His second son, Andrew, was made procurator of the Marischal College, where, it is presumed, he remained during his life, as it appears that our hero, Archibald, with eight other brothers and sisters, were born in that place. On the death of this Andrew, the family appears to have been all scattered abroad; and about that period Archibald was translated to Edinburgh, as under-secretary to the governor of the castle. He was a learned youth as times then went, and so were his brethren, for one of them was afterwards made a bishop, and one of them a professor, not to mention the subject of this memoir, who arrived at the highest distinction of them all. Two or more of those brothers left written memoirs of their own times, as was the fashion of the age with all who could indite a page a-day, witness the number of voluminous tomes that lie piled in every college of the continent as well as in some of the public libraries of Britain.

Archibald's memoir, of which I have with much difficulty got possession, is insufferably tedious and egotistical; but I have abridged it more than one half, retaining only the things that appeared to me the most curious; for all relating to borough politics appeared to me so low and so despicable, that I cancelled them utterly, although they might have been amusing to some.

But the great and sanguine events in which the Baillie was so long engaged,—in which he took so deep an interest, and acted such a distinguished part, are well worth the keeping in record. Some of his personal adventures, certainly, bear tints of romance, but every part of his narrative relating to public events may implicitly be relied on. I have compared them with all the general as well as local histories of that period, and with sundry family registers relating to marriages, &c., which one would often think were merely brought in for effect, yet which I have uniformly found correct; and his narrative throws a light on many events of that stirring age, hitherto but imperfectly known. These, with the simplicity of the narration, will recommend the memoir to every candid and judicious reader. I pass over the two long chapters relating to his family and education, and begin transcribing where he commences his difficult career of public life.]

The difficulties which I had to encounter on coming into Edinburgh Castle, were such as I could not have believed would have fallen to the lot of man: all which were occasioned by the absurdity of the deputy governor, Colonel Haggard. He was a tyrant of the first magnitude, and went about treating the various subordinate officers, as if they had been oxen or beasts of burthen. He was never sober, either night or day, and as for me, my heart quaked, and my loins trembled, whenever I came into his presence. I had what was called a writing chamber assigned to me.—But such a chamber!—it was a mere cell, a vile dungeon, in which I could not discern

darkness from light—I was enclosed in a medium between them.

When I came first there, Haggard, who had great need of me, promised me this good thing and the other good thing, so that my heart was lifted up;—but, alas! soon was it sunk down again in gall and bitterness, for every thing was in utter confusion. In that dark abode I had the whole accounts of the expenditure of the fortress to keep, and the commissariat department to conduct. There were the State prisoners sending proudly for their allowances,—the soldiers cursing for their pay, and clerks every hour with long accounts of which they demanded payment. I had nothing to pay them with, and in the mean time our caterers in the city took the coercive measures with us of stopping all our supplies until their arrears were paid up. Haggard did no more than just order such and such things to be done, without considering in the least how they were to be done. Then every one came running on me, while I had for the most part little or nothing to give them, and all that I could do was to give them orders on this or the other fund, which orders never were executed, and of course matters grew worse and worse every day.

As for Colonel Haggard, he was a beast, a perfect bull of Bashan;—he came daily with open mouth upon me, roaring and swearing like a maniac. It was in vain to reason with him, that made him only worse, and had he held with cursing and damning me, although I abhorred that custom, it would not have been so bad. But he thought nothing of striking with whatever came to his hand, and that with such freedom, that it was evident he cared nothing at all for the lives of his fellow-creatures.

One day he came upon me fuming and raging as usual, and without either rhyme or reason inquired, “why I did not pay this debt?” and, “why I did not pay the other debt?” and “was he to be dunned and plagued eternally by the carelessness and indifference of a beggarly clerk—a dirty pen-scraper, a college weazel, a northern rat?” and called me many other beastly names besides.

“Sir,” says I, “if your honour will suffer the whole of the funds to come through my hands, I will be accountable for every fraction of them. But as you draw the largest share yourself, and spend that as you think fit, how am I to carry on my department? Let them all be paid to you if you choose, and make the payments through me, of which I shall keep a strict account; unless they come all through my hands I will neither receive nor remit any more.”

He paid no attention, but went on as if he had not even heard the remonstrance. “If the onward detail of the business of the castle is to be interrupted in this manner by your obstinacy and awkwardness,—by the absurdity of such a contemptible urchin,—then, it is evident, that all subordination and prerogative is at an end, and there must be a regular turn out. But before this shall happen, you may depend on it, Mr Puppy, that you shall suffer first. We are not all to lose our places for you.”

“I have paid all that I have, your honour, I have not even retained a merk for my own outlay; therefore, I will trouble your goodness for my own arrears, else I give the business up forthwith.”

“You? You give the business up? You, the bound servant and slave of the State, as much as the meanest soldier under my command? Such another word out of your mouth, and I’ll have you whipped. Hint but to go and leave your post, and I’ll have you hung at the castle gate. You go and desert your post?—Let me see you attempt it. I would, indeed, like to see you run off like a norland tike! Pah. You gimcrack!—You cat! Pay up the arrears of the garrison instantly, I say.—Are the State prisoners, the first men of the land, to lack their poor allowance, that you may lay up the king’s money by you, and make a fortune? Are the military to starve, that a scratchpenny may thrive? Is this business to go to sixes and sevens for your pleasure? I will have you tried for your life, you dog, before a military tribunal.”

There was no reasoning with such a beast, therefore

I was obliged to hold my peace: I cared for no trial, for my books were open to any who chose to examine them, and I could account for every bodle that had been paid to me; and as for the superior of whom I was the substitute, he never showed face at all, nor was he even in Scotland. He merely enjoyed the post as a sinecure, while the toil and responsibility fell on me. From that time forth, I had a disgust at our king James, and his government, and considered him no better than an old wife, and from that time to this on which I write down the memorial of these things, I have never been reconciled to him or one of his race.

But to return to my business at the castle: I was very miserable, my state was deplorable, for I had not one of the comforts of life; and so jealous was the governor, that for the most part neither ingress nor egress was allowed. My bed was a mat in the corner of my chamber, and my bed-clothes consisted of a single covering not thicker than a wormweb. If I had worn it as a veil, I could have seen all about me. It may be considered how grievous this was to me, who had all my life been used to a good rush or heather bed in my father's house, and a coverlet worked as thick as a divot. How I did long to be at home again!—Ay, many a salt tear did I shed when none out of Heaven saw but myself, and many an ardent prayer did I put up for the kind friends I left behind me. At the same time, I resolved every day and every night to have some revenge on my brutal tyrant. I cherished the feeling with delight, and was willing to undergo any hardship, so that I might see my desire fulfilled on mine enemy. An opportunity at length offered, which proved a hard trial for me.

Among many illustrious prisoners, we had no less a man than the Marquess of Huntly; and, as the Lord Chancellor was his great friend, his confinement was not severe. By the reforming party it was meant to be rigid; but by the Catholic and high-church party, quite the reverse. With them it was merely a work of necessity, and they had resolved to bring the Marquess off with

flying colours, but a little time was necessary to ripen their schemes. He was a great and powerful nobleman, and had struggled against the reformers all his life, plaguing them not a little, but ran many risks of his life, notwithstanding. And had our king, with all his logic, not been, as I said, merely an old wife in resolution, he never would have suffered that obstreperous nobleman to live so long as he did; for he thought nothing of defying the king and all his power; and once, in the Highlands, came against the king's forces and cut them all to pieces. He also opposed the good work of reformation so long and so bitterly that the General Assembly were obliged to excommunicate him.

My forefathers being men of piety, I was bred in the strictest principles of the Reformation; consequently the Marquess of Huntly was one whom I had always regarded with terror and abhorrence; so that when I found him, as it were, under my jurisdiction, I was anything but grieved, and I thought to myself, that with God's help, we might keep him from doing more ill for a time.

But lo and behold, a commission of the lords was summoned to meet at Edinburgh, headed by young Argyle and Hamilton, and it being obvious that the interest of the reformers was to carry every thing before it, the malignant party grew terribly alarmed for the life of the old Marquess, their most powerful support, and determined on making a bold effort for his delivery. Accordingly, a deputation of noblemen came to our worthy deputy one evening, with a written order from the Lord Chancellor for Huntly's liberation. Haggard would not obey the order, but cursed and swore that it was a forgery, and put all the gentlemen in ward together, to stand a trial before the lords commissioners.

The Marquess's family had been allowed to visit him, for they lived in the Canongate, and were constantly coming and going; and that night Lady Huntly comes to me, and pretends great friendship for me, names me familiarly by name, and says that she has great respect

for all the Sydeserfs. Then she says, "That deputy governor of yours is a great bear."

"We must take him for the present as he is, madam, for lack of a better," says I.

"That is very wisely and cautiously spoken by you, young gentleman," said the Marchioness. But it *is* for lack of a better. How would you like to be Deputy Governor yourself, and to have the sole command here? I have the power to hang your scurvy master over a post before to-morrow night."

"That would be a very summary way of proceeding certainly, madam," said I.

"I can do it, and perhaps *will* do it," added she; "but in the mean time I must have a little assistance from you."

Aha! thinks I to myself, this is some popish plot, Now Bauldy Sydeserf, since ladies will have your name, take care of yourself; for well do you know that this old dame is a confirmed papist, and wide and wasteful has the scope of her malignancy been! Bauldy Sydeserf, take care of yourself.

"You do not answer me," continued she. "If you will grant me a small favour, I promise to you to have your tyrannical master made away with, and to better your fortune one way or another."

"You are not going to murder him, I hope, please your Highness?" said I

"Made away with from his post, I mean only," said she, "in order that one better and younger, and more genteel than he, may be endowed with it."

"Oh! is that all, madam?" said I.

"Why?" said she, "would you wish to have him assassinated? I have a hundred resolute men in my husband's interest within the castle that will do it for one word."

Being horrified for papists, I thought she was come merely to entrap me, and get my head cut off likewise; and though I confess I should not have been very sorry to have seen the Catholics wreak their fury on my brutal

tyrant, I thought it most safe to fight shy. "Pray in what can I serve you, madam?" said I; "If it is by betraying any trust committed to me, or bringing any person into danger but myself, do not ask it, for, young as I am, nothing shall induce me to comply."

"What a noble and heroic mind in one so very young! You were born to be a great man, Mr Secretary!" said the cunning dame; "I see it, and cannot be mistaken. Pray tell me this, brave young gentleman—Is my lord's correspondence with Spain, and with the Catholic lords in 1606, in your custody?"

"They are both in my custody at present, madam," said I; "but I have no power to show you those letters, it being solely by chance that the keys happen to be in my possession. I got them to search for a certain warrant, and they have not been again demanded."

"I want to have those papers up altogether, that they may be destroyed," said she; "that is my great secret. If you will put them into my hands to-night, you have only to name the conditions."

"I put them into your hands, madam!" said I; "Good Lord! I would not abstract those documents for all the wealth of the realm."

"Pray of what value are they?" returned she. "Of none in the world to any one, save that they may bring ruin on my lord and his family, at his approaching trial. Your wretched governor will never miss them; and if he should, the blame of losing them will fall on him."

This last remark staggered me not a little, because it was perfectly true; but I held my integrity, and begged her not to mention the subject again, for no bribe should induce me to comply: she then tossed her head, and looked offended, and added, that she was sorry I was so blind to my own interest, though I was so to the very existence of the greatest family of my own country; and then, with an audible sigh, she left me, muttering a threat as she went out. I was so much affected by it, that I have never forgot her words or manner to this hour.

“ Oh—oh—oh ! and is it thus ? ” said she, drawing up her silken train : “ Oh—oh—oh ! and is it thus ? Well, young man, you shall be the first that shall rue it ; ” and with that she shut the door fiercely behind her.

“ Lord preserve me from these papists ! ” said I, most fervently. “ What will become of me now ? I would rather come under the power of the devil than under their power any time, when they have their own purposes to serve. ” I however repented me of this rash saying, and prayed for forgiveness that same night. This conversation with the Marchioness made so deep an impression on my mind, that I durst not lie down on my wretched bed, but bolted my door firmly, and sat up, thrilled with anxiety at having run my head into a noose, by offending the most potent family in the land, and one, for all its enemies, that had the greatest power. Had they been true Protestants and reformers, I would have risked my neck to have saved them ; as it was, I had done my duty, and no more.

While I was sitting in this dilemma, reasoning with myself, behold a gentle tap—tap—tap came on the door. My heart leaped to my shoulder bone, and stuck so fast that I could not speak. Another attack of the papists, thought I, and that after the dead hour of midnight too ! I am a gone man ! Tap—tap—tap ! “ Come in, ” said I, that is, my lips said it, but my voice absolutely refused its office ; for instead of the sound coming out, it went inwards. I tried it again like one labouring with the night-mare, and at last effected a broken sound of “ come in, come in. ”

“ I cannot get in, ” said a sweet voice outside the door. “ Pray are you in bed ? ”

“ N—n—no, ” said I, “ I am not in bed. ”

“ Then open the door directly, ” said the same sweet voice ; “ I want to speak with you expressly. ”

“ What do you wish to say ? ” said I.

“ Open the door and you shall hear, ” said she.

“ Jane is that you ? ” said I.

“ Yes. it is,” said she. “ You are right at last. It is indeed Jane.”

“ Then what the devil are you seeking here at this time of the morning ?” said I, pulling back the bolts and opening the door, thinking it was our milkwoman’s daughter, when behold there entered with a smile and a courtesy the most angelic being I ever saw below the sun. I at first thought she was an angel of light ; a being of some purer and better world ; and if I was bamboozled before, I was ten times worse now. I could not return her elegant courtesy, for my backbone had grown as rigid as a thorn, and my neck, instead of bending forward, in token of obeisance, actually cocked backward. I am an old man now, and still I cannot help laughing at my awkward predicament, for there I stood gaping and bending, and my eyes like to leap out of my face, and fly on that of the lovely object that stood smiling before me.

“ I think you do not recollect Jane now when you see her,” said she, playfully.

“ N—n—no, ma’am,” said I, utterly confounded. “ I t—t—took you for the skudjie. I beg pardon, ma’am, but I am very muckle at a loss.”—That was my disgusting phrase, I have not forgot it.—“ I am very muckle at a loss, ma’am,” says I.

“ *Muckle* at a loss are you ?” said she. “ *Verra* muckle too ? That’s what you *maunna* be, honest lad.” (She was mocking me.) “ My name is Jeanie Gordon. You may, perhaps, have heard tell of Jeanie Gordon. I am the youngest daughter of the Marquess of Huntly, and your name is, I presume, Bauldy Sydeserf. Is that it ?”

I bowed assent, on which she fell into such a fit of laughter, and seemed to enjoy the sport with such zest, that I was obliged to join her, and I soon saw she had that way with her that she could make any man do just what she pleased.

“ It is a snug, comfortable, sort of name,” said she ; “ I like the name exceedingly, and I like the young gen-

tleman that wears it still better. My mother told me that you were exceedingly genteel, sensible, and well bred! She was right. I see it—I see it. Verra muckle in the right.”

My face burned to the bone at the blunder I had made, for in general I spoke English very well, with haply a little of the Aberdeen accent, and there was a little bandying of words passed here that I do not perfectly recollect, but I know they were not greatly to my credit. As for Lady Jane, she went on like a lark, changing her note every sentence; but she had that art and that winning manner with her, that never woman in this world shall again inherit in such perfection. So I thought, and so I think to this day; for even when she was mocking me, and making me blush like crimson, I could have kissed the dust of her feet. She brought on the subject of the refusal I had given her mother, ridiculed it exceedingly, flew from it again, and chatted of something else, but still as if she had that and every thing else in the nation at her control. Heaven knows how she effected her purpose, but in the course of an hour's conversation, without ever letting me perceive that she was aiming at any object, she had thoroughly impressed me with the utter insufficiency of the king in all that concerned the affairs of the State, and the uncontrollable power of the House of Huntly. “My father is too potent not to have many enemies,” said she, “and he has many, but it is not the king that he fears, but a cabal in the approaching committee of the estates. Not for himself, but for fear of the realm's peace, does he dread them; for there is not a canting hypocrite among them that dares lift his eye to Huntly. He can lead a young man to fortune, as many he has led, but how can the poor caballing lords do such a thing, when every one is scratch, scratching for some small pittance to himself. His enemies, as you know, have brought a miserable accusation against him, of hindering his vassals from hearing such ministers as they chose, and with former correspondence which was all abrogated in open court, they

hope to ruin the best, the kindest, and the greatest man of the kingdom. The letters are already cancelled by law, but when subjects take the law into their own hand, right and justice are at an end. Do you give these papers to me. You will never again have such an opportunity of doing good, and no blame can ever attach to you."

"I would willingly lay down my life for you madam," said I, "but my honour I can never."

"Fuss! honour! said she, "your honour has no more concern in it than mine has, and not half so much. You say you would lay down your life for me, but if you would consider the venerable and valuable life which you are endangering! If you would consider the opulent and high born family which you are going to sacrifice out of mere caprice!" I could not help shedding some tears at this bitter reflection; she perceived my plight, and added, "did you ever see the nobleman whose life and domains you now have it in your power to save from the most imminent risk?" I answered that I never had had that honour. "Come with me, then, and I will introduce you to my father," said she.

"No—no—no—ma'am!" said I, mightily flustered "No—no—no—I would rather be excused if you please."

"What?" said she, "refuse the first step to honour that ever was proffered to you? Refuse the highest honour that a commoner can hope for, an introduction to George, Marquess of Huntly?"

"But then, ma'am, I have nothing ado with his highness," said I, "I have no favour to ask of him, and none to grant."

"Hold your peace," said she, "and if you have any wish that you and I should ever be better acquainted, come with me."

That was a settler; I could make no answer to that, for my heart was already so much overcome by the divine perfections of the lady, that I viewed her as a being of a superior nature—a creature that was made to be adored

and obeyed. She took my hand, and though, perhaps, I hung a little backward, which I think I did, I nevertheless followed on like a dog in a string! There were two guards in attendance, who, lifting their bonnets, let Lady Jane pass; but the second seized me by the breast, thrust me backward, and asked me whither I was going so fast? I was very willing to have turned, but in a moment Lady Jane had me again by the hand, and with one look she silenced the centinel. "This is the secretary of the castle," said she, "who has some arrears to settle with my father before he leaves his confinement, which he does immediately."

I had now, as I thought, got my cue, and so brightening up, I says, "Yes, Sir, I am the secretary of the castle, and I have a right to come and go where and how I please, Sir," says I.

"The devil you have, Sir," says he.

"Yes, the devil I have, Sir," says I; and I will let you know, Sir——."

"Hush," said Lady Jane, smiling, and laying her delicate hand on my mouth, "this is no place or time for altercation," I however, gave the guardsman a proud look of defiance, and squeezed some words of the same import through the lady's fingers, to let him know whom he had to do with, for I was so proud of 'squiring Lady Jane Gordon down the stair and along the trance, that I wanted to make the fellows believe I was no small beer.

In one second after that, we were in the presence of the great Marquess of Huntly, and in one word I never have yet seen a sight so venerable, so imposing, and at the same time so commanding, as that old hero, surrounded by the ladies of his family and one of his sons whom he called Adam. I shall never forget the figure, eye and countenance of the Marquess. He appeared to be about fourscore years of age, though I was told afterwards that he was not so much. His hair was of a dark, glittering, silver grey, and his eyes were dark, and as piercing, haughty, and independent as those of the blue hawk. They were like the eyes of a man in the fire

and impatience of youth, and yet there appeared to be a sunny gleam of kindness and generosity, blended with all the sterner qualities of human nature. If ever I saw a figure and face that indicated a mind superior to his fellow-creatures, they were those of George the first Marquess of Huntly. And more than that, he seemed almost to be adored by his family, which I have found on long experience to be a good sign of a man. Those that are daily and hourly about him are the best judges of his qualifications, and if he is not possessed of such as are estimable, he naturally loses the respect due to inherent worth. He wore a wide coat of a cinnamon colour, and he was ruffled round the shoulders and round the hands. He received me with perfect good nature, ease and indifference, in much the same way any gentleman would receive a neighbour's boy that had popped in on him; and spoke of indifferent matters, sometimes to me and sometimes to his daughters. He spoke of my father and grandfather, and all the Sydeserfs that ever lived; but I remember little that passed, for to my astonishment I found that there were two Jeanie Gordons—two young ladies so exactly the same that I thought I could have defied all the world to distinguish the one from the other. There was not a shade of difference that eye could discern, neither in stature nor complexion: and as for their dresses, there was not a flower-knot, a flounce, nor a seam in the one that was not in the other. Every thing was precisely the same. Whenever I fixed my eyes on one, I became convinced that she was my own Lady Jane, to whom I looked for a sort of patronage in that high community; but if ever by chance my look rested on the face of the other, my faith began to waver, and in a very short time again my direction centered on that one. It was the most extraordinary circumstance that I had ever seen or heard of. It seems these two young ladies were twin sisters, and as they surpassed all their contemporaries of the kingdom in beauty, insomuch that they were the admiration of all that beheld them, so were they also admired by all for their singular likeness to each

other. For the space of six months after they came from nursing, their parents could not distinguish them from each other, and it was suspected they had changed their names several times. But after they came home from Paris, where they were at their education for seven years, neither their father nor brothers ever knew them from each other again. They generally, at their father's request, wore favours of different colours on their breasts, but by changing these and some little peculiarities of dress, they could at any time have deceived the whole family, and many a merry bout they had at cross purposes on such occasions. It was often remarked that Huntly, when fairly mistaken, would never yield, but always persisted in calling Mary—Jane, and Jane—Mary, till deceived into the right way again. So much beauty and elegance I have never seen, and never shall contemplate again; and I found that I had lost my heart. Still it was to Lady Jane that I had lost it, although I could not distinguish the one from the other.

I must now return to my narrative, taking up the story where I can, as I really never did recollect almost ought of what passed in that august presence, where one would have thought I should have remembered every thing. The Marchioness, I noticed, showed no condescension to me, but appeared proud, haughty and offended; and when she spoke of me to her lord, she called me *that person*. My angel Lady Jane (whichever was she) had now lost all her jocular and flippancy of speech; there was nothing but mimness and reserve in the Marquess's presence. At length, on my proposing to retire, the Marquess addressed me something to the following purport.

“ I believe, Sir, Lady Huntly and one of my daughters have been teasing you for some old papers at present in your custody. I will not say that they might not have been of some import to me in the present crisis, but I commend your integrity and faith in the charge committed to you. You are doing what is right and proper and whatever may be the consequence, take no more thought about the matter.”

Here Lady Jane made some remark about the great consequence of these papers, on which he subjoined rather tartly, "I tell you, Jane, I don't regard the plots of my enemies. I can now leave this place when I please, and I shall soon, very soon, be beyond their reach."

The young lady shed a flood of tears, on which I said, that if I had the Deputy Governor's permission, I would with pleasure put these papers into his Lordship's hand. "No," said he; "I would not be obliged to such a bear for them, though certain that they were to save my head."

Lady Huntly said something bitterly about asking favours of low people, but he checked her with—"No, no, Henny! not another word on the subject. You have acted quite right, young man. Good night."

I was then obliged to take myself off, which I did with one of my best bows, which was returned only by Lady Mary: all the rest remained stiff and upright in their positions. Lady Jane followed me, saying, "I must conduct him through the guards again, else there will be bloodshed." My heart thrilled with joy. She went with me to my apartment, and then asked me, with tears in her eyes, if I was going to let that worthy and venerable nobleman suffer on a scaffold for such a trifle. I tried to reason, but my heart was lost, and I had little chance of victory; so at length I said I durst not for my life give them up, unless I instantly made my escape out of the castle. She said that was easily effected, for I should go out in her father's livery to-morrow morning, and for that part, she could conceal me for the remainder of the night; she added, that once I was out, and under Huntly's protection and *her's*—I waited for no more;—"once you *are* out, and under Huntly's protection and *mine*," said she—I flew away to the register chest, where I had seen the papers but the day before, and soon found them in two triple sealed parcels, with these labels, HUNTLY'S TREASONABLE CORRESPONDENCE WITH SPAIN. DITTO WITH THE CATHOLICK LORDS, &c.,—

and flying away with them, I put them into the hands of Lady Jane Gordon.

That was the most exquisite moment of my life—true, I had played the villain; but no matter; I have never enjoyed so happy a moment since that time. Lady Jane seized the papers with an eagerness quite indescribable—she hugged them—she did not know where to hide them, but seemed to wish them within her breast. Gratitude beamed, nay it flashed in every angelic feature, till at length unable to contain herself, she burst into tears, flung her arms round my neck, and kissed me! Yes, I neither write down a falsehood, nor exaggerate in the least degree; I say the beauty of the world, the envy of courts, and the mistress of all hearts, once, and but once, kissed my lips! kissed the lips of the then young, vain, and simple Bauldy Sydeserf. It was a dear kiss to me! but no more of that at present.

After this rapturous display, Lady Jane looked me no more in the face, but flew from me with the prize she had obtained, bidding me good night, without looking behind her. It was evident she deemed she had got a boon of her father's life. But there was I left in my dark, hateful chamber all alone, to reflect on what I had done.

May the Lord never visit any of his faithful servants with such a measure of affliction, as it was my lot that night to bear. I cannot describe it, but I think I was in a burning fever, and all for perfect terror. I had forfeited life and honour, and all to serve an old papist, the greatest enemy of the blessed work of Reformation in the whole kingdom; and what gratitude or protection was I to expect from the adherents to that cursed profession? Alas! not to the extent of a grain of mustard seed. Then I fell into a troubled slumber, and had such dreams of Haggard hanging me and cutting off my head, until waking, I lay groaning like one about to expire until daylight entered. I then rose and began to cast about how I should make my escape; for I knew if I remained in my situation another day I was a gone man. The castle being a state prison at that time, there was no possibility

of making an escape from it, without a warrant from the authorities; and I had begun to patch up a speech in my defence, which I was going to deliver before my judge, as soon as the papers were missed. But then, on considering that there would as certainly be another speech to compose for the scaffold, full of confessions and prayers for my enemies, Haggard among the rest, I lost heart altogether, and fell to weeping and lamenting my hard fate.

While I was in the midst of this dilemma, behold there was a sharp, surly rap came on my door. I opened it in the most vehement perturbation of spirits, and saw there for certain an officer of justice, clad in his insignia of office. "Master," says he, "is your name Mr. Secretary Side-sark?"

"Yes, Sir," says I, "that is no; my name is not Side-sark, although it sounds a little that way."

"Well, well, back or side, short or long, it makes little difference," says he; "I have a little business with you. You go with me."

"What! to prison?" says I.

"Yes to the prison," says he; "to be sure, where else but to the prison in the *mean* time?"

"Very well, Sir," says I; "show me your warrant then," says I.

"Certainly," says he; "here is *my* warrant," and with that he turned into a corner of the trance, and lifted a large bundle—"there it is, master; you understand me now."

"No, on my faith and honour and conscience, I do not," said I. "What warrant is that?"

"Open and see, master, open and see," said he, wiping his brow; "pray have you any thing in the house that will drink? Yes, open and see; ay, that way, that way. Now you will soon get into the heart and midriff of the mystery."

On opening the parcel, I found a splendid livery complete, of green and gold, and my heart began to vibrate to the breathings of hope. "Now, Sir, make haste,"

said my visitor ; “ make haste, make haste. You understand me ; now dress yourself instantly in these habiliments, and go with me. The family waits for you. You are to walk behind Lady Jane, and carry her fardel, or mantle perhaps, or some trifle. We two shall likely be better acquainted. My name is David Peterkin, Mr Peterkin, you know, of course, Mr Peterkin. I am head butler in the family, steward’s butler that is. You are to be gentleman-usher to the young ladies, I presume !”

Thus his tongue went on without intermission, while I dressed myself, unable to speak many words, so uplifted was my heart. I left my clothes, linens, every thing—my key in my desk—and the key of the register-chest within the desk, lying uppermost ; and bringing all the public money that was in my possession away with me, as part of my arrears of wages, I followed Mr David Peterkin to the apartments where I had been the night before.

Huntly’s power and interest had been very great in the State at that time, notwithstanding his religious tenets, of which the popular party, his sworn enemies, made a mighty handle, in order to ruin him. They had got him seized and lodged in the castle, thinking to bring him to his trial, at which fair play was not intended, but he had the interest to procure the Lord Chancellor’s warrant for the removal of himself and suite from the castle, without lett or hindrance, on condition that he confined himself three weeks to his own house in the Canongate, to wait the charges brought against him. Haggard, the deputy-governor, who was the tool of the other party, refused to act on this warrant, pretending it was forged ; but the very next day Huntly’s interest again prevailed. He was not only liberated, but the outrageous Haggard was seized and lodged in gaol, on what grounds I never heard exactly explained. Indeed it was long ere I knew that such an event had taken place, and if I had, it would have saved me a world of terror and trouble.

I followed the family of Huntly to the Canongate, but to my grief found that I had nothing to do save to eat

and drink. I was grieved exceedingly at this, weening that they had no trust to put in me ; as how could they well, considering that I had come into their service by playing the rogue. I kept myself exceedingly close, for fear of being seized for the malversation committed in the castle, and never went out of doors, save when the young ladies did, which was but seldom. A great deal of company flocked to the house. It was never empty from morning to night ; for my part, I thought there had not been so many nobility and gentry in the whole kingdom, as came to pay court to the Marquess, his sons, his lady, and his daughters ; for all of them had their suitors, and that without number. That house was truly like the court of a sovereign ; and there were so many grooms, retainers, and attendants of one kind and another, that to this hour I never knew how many there were of us. We were an idle, dissipated, loquacious set, talking without intermission, and never talking any thing but nonsense, low conceits, ribaldry, and all manner of bad things ; and there neither was man nor woman among them all that had half the education of myself. I would have left the family in a short time, had it not been for one extraordinary circumstance—I was in love with my mistress ! Yes, as deeply in love with Lady Jane Gordon as ever man was with maid, from the days of Jacob and Rachel unto this day on which I write. I had likewise strong hopes of reciprocal affection, and ultimate success ; but an humble dependant as I then was, how could I declare my love, or how reward my mistress, if accepted ? No matter. A man cannot help that strongest of all passions. For my part, I never attempted it ; but finding myself too far gone in love to retreat, I resolved to give my passion full swing, and love with all my heart and soul, which I did. Strange as it may appear, I loved only Lady Jane,—she that embraced me, and gave me a kiss,—but yet I never could learn to distinguish her from her sister ; and I was almost sure that whenever I began to declare my passion, I was to do it to the wrong one. I hated Lord Gordon, her eldest brother, who was

the proudest man that I had ever seen, and dreaded that he never would consent to an union between his sister and one of the Sydeserfs. I was sure he would shoot me, or try to do it, but thought there might be means found of keeping out of his way or of giving him as good as he gave. Lady Jane Gordon I was determined to attempt and her I was determined to have.

All this time I heard no word from the castle, and began to be a little more at my ease; still I never ventured out of doors, save once or twice that I followed the young ladies, for I always attached myself to them, and to Lady Jane, as far as I could distinguish. Having saved a share of money in the castle, I ordered a suit of clothes befitting a gentleman, and whenever a great dinner occurred, I dressed myself in that, and took my station behind Lady Jane's chair, but without offering to put my hand to anything. Lord Gordon, or Enzie as they called him, noted me one day, and after I went out inquired who I was. This was told me by one of the valets. Neither the Marquess nor Lady Huntly answered a word, but both seemed a little in the fidgets at the query: but Lady Jane, after glancing round the whole apartment answered her brother, that I was a young gentleman, a man of education and good qualities, who had done *her* a signal piece of service. That I had since that time attached myself to the family, but they did not choose to put me to any menial employment. On this the proud spirit of Lord Enzie rose, and he first jeered his angelic sister spitefully for requiring secret pieces of service from young gentlemen and men of education; and then he cursed me and all such hangers-on.

I never was so proud of any speech in the world as that of Lady Jane's, which made my blood rise still the more at the pride and arrogance of Lord Gordon; and I hoped some time in my life to be able to chastise him in part for his insolence. Whether or not these hopes were realized, I leave to all who read this memoir to judge.

Shortly after that, Lady Jane went out to walk one fine day, with her brother Lord Adam Gordon; I fol-

lowed, as I was wont, at a respectful distance, clad in my splendid livery. In the royal bounds east of the palace, Lord Adam had noted me, for I saw him and his sister talking and looking back to me alternately. He was the reverse of his elder brother, being an easy, good-natured, and gentlemanly being as ever was born, with no great headpiece as far as I ever could learn. Lady Jane called me up to her, and asked me if we could pass over to the chapel on the hill at the nearest. I saw Lord Adam eyeing me with the most intense curiosity, as I thought, which made me blush like crimson; but I answered her ladyship readily enough, and in proper English, without a bit of the Aberdeen brogue. I said, "I cannot tell, Lady Jane, as I never crossed there, but I suppose it is quite practicable."

"Humph!" exclaimed Lord Adam, rather surprised at so direct and proper an answer.

"Then will you be so good as carry this fur mantle for me, Mr Archibald?" said she, "as I propose to climb the hill with Auchendoun." "Yes, Lady Jane," said I.

"But will it not warm you too much?" added she. "Because, if it will, I'll make my brother Adam carry it piece about with you."

I could make no answer, I was so overcome with delight at hearing that she put me on an equality with her brother; but taking the splendid mantle from her, I folded it neatly, took it over my arm, and took my respectful distance again. It was not long before the two were stopped by the extreme wetness of the bog, on which Lady Jane turned back; Lord Adam took hold of her, and would not let her, but wanted to drag her into the bog. She struggled with him playfully, and then called on me. "This unreasonable man will insist on my wading through this mire," said she; "pray, Mr. Archibald, could you find me a few steps, or contrive any way of taking me over dry shod."

"Yes, I can, Lady Jane," said I, throwing off my strong shoes, and setting them down at her ladyship's feet in one moment.

“Humph!” said Lord Adam, more surprised at my cleverness and good breeding than ever.

I believe she meant me to have carried her over in my arms, a practise very common in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh then. I believed so at the time, but I contrived a far more genteel and respectful method. She put on the shoes above her fine ones, smiling with approbation, and stepped over dry and clean, while I was obliged to wade over in my white stockings, which gave them an appearance as if I had on short boots. As soon as she got over to the dry hill, she returned me my shoes, thanked me, and said I was a much more gallant man than Auchendoun, who had so small a share of it, that she was sure he would live and die an old bachelor; but that *I would not*.

It is impossible at this time of life, when my blood is thin, and the fire of youth burning low, to describe the intensity of my love, my joy, and my delight after this auspicious adventure. I walked on springs—I moved in air—the earth was too vulgar for my foot to tread on, and I felt as if mounting to the clouds of heaven, and traversing the regions and spheres above the walks of mortality. Yea though clothed in a livery, and carrying her cloak over my arm, (vile badges of slavery!)—though walking all alone, and far behind the object of all my earthly hopes, I remember I went on repeating these words to myself, “She is mine! she is mine!” The flower of all the world is my own! She loves me, she adores me! I see it in her eyes, her smile, her every feature: that beam only foretastes of heaven and happiness! She shall yet be mine! to walk by my side! smile in my face when there is none to see! rest in my bosom, and be to me as a daughter! O that it were given me to do some great and marvellous action, to make me worthy of so much gentleness and beauty!”

In this strain did I go on till it came to my reflection that she was older than me and that I had no time for the performance of any of these great actions, as all the young noblemen of the three kingdoms were at cutting

one another's throats about her and her sister already. This was a potion so bitter that I could not swallow it; nevertheless I was compelled to do it, and then I lifted up my voice and wept.

I was three weeks in the family before I knew that the whole of its members were confirmed papists, and Huntly himself an excommunicated person, given over to Satan; and grievously was I shocked and tormented about it; particularly to think of the beautiful, angelic, and immaculate Lady Jaue being a proselyte to that creed. For my life, I could not think the less of her for this misfortune; for she was indeed all gentleness, kindness and humanity; but I deplored her calamity, and resolved to spend life and blood to effect her conversion to the truth, and then I knew the consolation she would experience would knit her inviolably to me for ever. Full of this great scheme, I set to the studying night and day how I might accomplish my purpose, but my plans were deranged for the present by an announcement that the family was to remove to the highlands; in consequence of which all was bustle and confusion for several days.

The day of our departure at length arrived, and that was such a cavalcade as Scotland hath but rarely witnessed, when the Gordons rode out at the west port of Edinburgh. The Marquess wanted to show a little of his power, and to crow over his enemies that day, for he had no less than forty noblemen in his company, including the sons of earls, every one of whom had numerous attendants, while he himself had five hundred gallant yeomen of Strathbogie as a guard. The gentlemen rode all in armour, and the ladies on palfreys, and without doubt it was a noble sight. As we rode through the Grass-market, the crowd was excessive, and there was some disposition manifested of an attack on the noble family, which was very unpopular among the true reformers of that period; but we appeared in such strength that they durst do nothing but stand and gaze, while the adherents of the old principles rent the air with shouts of applause.

I had for my steed a good black country nag, with a white girth round his neck. He was lean, but high spirited, and I made a considerable figure among the multitude. After we were fairly out of the town, the ladies did not keep all together, but rode in pairs or mixed with the gentlemen. I then formed the design of watching an opportunity and slipping a religious letter that I had penned into Lady Jane's hand; but I watched in vain, for she was the whole day surrounded by suitors, every one striving to get a word of her; so that I felt myself as nobody among that splendid group, and fell into great despondency. The more so, that I thought I discovered one who was a favourite above all others that day. He was tall, comely, and rode a French steed of uncommon beauty and dimensions, and being seldom or never from her side, I perceived a triumph in his eyes that was not to be borne; but I was obliged to contain my chagrin, not being able to accomplish any thing for the present.

[Mr Sydeserf then goes on to relate every circumstance attending their journey, and the places at which they halted, which narrative is tedious enough, for he seems neither to have been in the confidence of masters nor servants. He complains greatly of want of accommodation and victuals by the way, and adds, that as for the troopers and common attendants, he could not discover what they subsisted on, for he neither perceived that they got any allowance, or that they had any victuals along with them. The only thing worth copying in the journal (and it is scarcely so) is his account of a dinner which appears to have been at Glamis Castle, and the pickle David Peterkin was in for meat and drink.]

At Perth, we lodged at a palace of our own, (I am ignorant what palace this was,) but it was not stored with dainties, like our house in Edinburgh. All the establishments of the town were ransacked for viands, and a good deal of fish and oaten meal were procured; nevertheless the people were very hungry, and every thing vanished as fast as presented. Of the whole group there was not one so badly off as my old friend, Mr David

Peterkin, who could not live without a liberal supply of meat and drink, although, honest man, he was not very nice with regard to quality. The Marquess dined at one, the head attendants at half-past one, and the lower servants at two, with David Peterkin at their head; but this day it was five before the first class sat down, and by the eager way in which the various portions were devoured, I saw there would not be much left for the second table, not looking so far forward as the third. At our table, every remnant of fish, fowl, meat, and venison vanished; the bones were picked as clean as peeled wood, and even the oatmeal soup went very low in the bickers. I could not help then noting the flabby and altered features of poor Peterkin, as he eyed the last fragment of every good bit reaved from his longing palate. His cadaverous looks were really pitiful, for he was so much overcome that his voice had actually forsaken him, and I have reason to believe, that saving a little gruel, he and his associates got nothing.

The next night we were at the castle of old Lord Lyon, where I witnessed a curious scene, at least it was a curious scene to me. The dinner was served in a long dark hall, in which the one end could not be seen from the other, and the people took all their places, but nothing was set down. After the nobility were placed, two orderly constables came down among us, and pulling and wheeling us rudely by the shoulders, pointed out to us our various places. Down we sat, hurryscurry, lords ladies, servants, all in the same apartment, but all in due rank and subordination. Thinks I to myself, Lord Huntly will not like this arrangement, and Lady Huntly will like it still worse; but casting my eyes toward him at the head of the board, I never saw the old hero in better humour, and the suavity or sternness of his countenance spread always like magic over all that came within its influence, consequently, I knew at once that that would be a pleasant party. It was the first time I had sat at table with my mistress, and I being among the uppermost retainers, my distance from her was not very

great. I was so near as to hear many compliments paid to her beauty, but how poor they were compared with the idea that I had of her perfections.

To return to the dinner. The two officers with white sticks having returned back to our host, he inquired at them if all was ready, and then a chaplain arose, and said a homily in Latin. Still nothing was presented save a few platters set before the nobility, and David Peterkin being placed within my view, I looked at him, and never beheld a face of such hungry and ghastly astonishment. Presently, two strong men, with broad blue bonnets on their heads, come in, bearing an immense roasted side of an ox on a wooden server, like a baxter's board, and this they placed across the table at the head. Then there was such slashing and cutting and jingling of gullies, helping this and the other.

From the moment the side of beef made its appearance, David Peterkin's tongue began to wag. I looked to him again, and his countenance was changed from a cadaverous white into a healthy yellow, and he was speaking first to the one side then the other, and following every observation of his own with a hearty laugh. The two men and the broad bonnets kept always heaving the board downward until it came by the broad part of the table, and then there were no more wooden plates or knives. At first I thought our board was sanded over as I had seen the floors in Edinburgh, which I thought would be very inconvenient, but on observing again, I found that it was strewed thickly over with coarse salt. Then a carver-general supplied every man with his piece, with a dispatch that was almost inconceivable, and he always looked at every one before he cut off his morsel. When he eyed Peterkin, he cut him a half-kidney, fat and all, with a joint of the back. How I saw him kneading it on the salted board! After the carver and beef, came one with a bent knife two feet in length, and cut every man's piece across, dividing it into four, then leaving him to make the best of it he could. A board of wedders, cut into quarters, was the next service, and

the third course was one of venison and fowls, but that passed not by the broad table. After the first service, strong drink was handed round in large wooden dishes with two handles, and every man was allowed as much as he could take at a draught, but not to renew it; the same the next service, and thus ended our dinner. The party was uncommonly facetious, owing, I was sure, to the Marquess's good humour, which never for an instant forsook him, and convinced me that he had often been in similar situations. I enjoyed it exceedingly; but every thing came on me by surprise, and the last was the most disagreeable of all. No sooner had we taken our last sup above mentioned, than the two imperious constables with the long white staves came and turned us out with as little ceremony as they set us down, hitting such as were unmindful of their warning a yerk with their sticks. They actually drove us out before them like a herd of highland cattle; and then the nobility and gentry closed around the broad table for an evening's enjoyment.

I never felt the degrading shackles of servitude and dependency so much as I did at that instant. To be placed at table with my mistress, with her whom I loved above all the world; to eat of the same food, and drink of the same cup, and then, when it suited the convenience of my superiors in rank, (though in nothing else,) and of my rivals, to be driven from her presence like a highland bullock, and struck on the shoulders with a peeled stick! Why Sirs, it was more than the spirit within a Sydeserf could brook! and but for love—imperial love—but for the circumstance that I was utterly unable to tear myself away from the object of my devotion, I would never have submitted to such humiliation, or the chance of it, a second time.

[On the Marquess and his retinue reaching Huntly Castle, it appears from the narrative that by some mutual understanding, all the gentlemen visitors withdrew, and left the family at leisure for some great preparation, the purport of which Mr Sydeserf was utterly at a loss to comprehend; but it freed him of his rivals in love, and

afforded him numerous opportunities of divulging the hidden passion that devoured him. Every day he attempted something, and every attempt proved alike futile ; so that to copy the narration of them all would be endless. But at length he accomplished his great master-stroke of getting his religious epistle into Lady Jane's hands by stratagem, which, he says, was filled with professions of the most ardent esteem and anxiety about her soul's well-being, and with every argument that ever had been used by man for her conversion from popery. While waiting, with the deepest anxiety, the effect of this epistle, things were fast drawing to a crisis with him, therefore a few of the final incidents must be given in his own words.]

Some days elapsed before I noted any difference in her manner and disposition ; but then I saw a depth and solemnity of thought beginning to settle on her lovely countenance. I then knew the truth was beginning to work within her, and I rendered thanks to heaven for the bright and precious prospect before me, regretting that I had not subscribed my name to the momentous composition. She now began to retire every day to a little bower on the banks of the Deveron, for the purpose, as I was at first positively convinced, of pouring out her soul in prayer and supplication, at the footstool of Grace. As soon as I found out her retreat, I went and kissed the ground on which she had been kneeling, I know not how oft. I then prostrated myself on the same sanctified spot, and prayed for her conversion ; and also, I must confess, that the flower of all the world might in time become my own. I then spent the afternoon in culling all the beautiful flowers of the wood, the heath, and the meadow, with which I bedded and garnished the spot in a most sumptuous manner, arranging all the purple flowers in the form of a cross, which I hung on the back of the bower, so as to front her as she entered, thinking to myself, that since the epistle had opened the gates of her heart, this device should scale its very citadel. I could not sleep on the following night ; so arising early,

I went to the bower, and found every thing as I had left it. My heart had nigh failed me at the greatness of the attempt, but not doubting its ultimate success, I let every thing remain.

Then a thought struck me how exquisite a treat it would be to witness the effect of my stratagem unseen. This was easy to be done, as the bower was surrounded by an impervious thicket, so I set about it and formed myself a den close behind the bower, cutting a small opening through the leaves and branches, that without the possibility of being seen, I might see into the middle of her retreat. I thought the hour of her arrival would never come, and my situation and sufferings were dreadful. At length the entrance to the bower darkened, and on peeping through my opening, I saw the lovely vision standing in manifest astonishment. Her foot was so light that no sound for the listening ear escaped from the sward where that foot trode. She came like a heavenly vision, too beautiful and too pure for human hand to touch, or even for human eye to look on; and there she stood in the entrance to the bower, the emblem of holy amazement. My breast felt as it would rend at both mysides with the pangs of love, and my head as if a hive of bees had settled on it. As soon as her eye traced the purple cross, she instantly kneeled before it, and bowed her head to the ground in prayer; but her prayer was the effusion of the soul, few words being expressed audibly, and those at considerable intervals. In these intervals she appeared to be kissing the cross of flowers; but I was not positive of this, for I saw but indistinctly; she then took a small picture of some favourite sweetheart from her bosom, looked at it with deep concern and affection, kissed it, and put it again in its place. This grieved me, but I took notice of the mounting of jewels round the miniature so as that I was certain of knowing it again, and curious I was to see it.

She then sat for a space in the most calm and beatific contemplation, and I shall never forget the comeliness of that face as she looked about on the beauties of nature.

How fain I would have dashed through the thicket and embraced her feet and kissed them, but my modesty overcame me, and I durst not for my life so much as stir a finger; so she went away, and I emerged from my hole.

My head being full of my adventure, I dressed up the bower anew with flowers that night; and as I lay in my bed, I formed the bold resolution of breaking in upon her retirement, casting myself at her feet, and making known to her my woful state. I resolved also to ravish a kiss of her hand,—nay, I am not sure but I presumed further, for I once or twice thought, have not I as good a right to kiss her as she had to kiss me? So the next day I did not betake myself to my concealment, but waited till she was gone, and until I thought she had time to finish her devotions, and then I went boldly on the same track, to cast myself on her pity and learn my fate. Alas! before I reached the bower my knees refused to carry me, every joint grew feeble, my heart sunk into my loins, and instead of accomplishing my glorious feats of love, I walked by the entrance to the bower without so much as daring to cast my eyes into it.—I walked on, and in a short time I saw her leave it with a hurried step.

That evening, when I went to dress up the bower, behold I found the picture which I had before seen, and a small ebony cross which she had left in her perturbation at being discovered and having her sanctuary broken in upon. I seized the picture eagerly, to see if I could discover the name or features of my rival, but behold it was the image of the Virgin Mary, with these words attached to it—*MOTHER OF GOD, REMEMBER ME!* I almost fainted with horror at this downright idolatry in one of the most amiable of human beings, and for once thought within my heart, Is it possible that a God of mercy and love will cast away a masterpiece of his creation because she has been brought up in error, and knows no better? It was but a passing thought and a sinful one, for I knew that truth alone could be truth; yet though I deplored

the lady's misfortune, I loved her rather the better than the worse for it, for my love was seasoned with a pity of the most tender and affectionate nature.

I put these sinful relics carefully up in my pocket, determined to have a fair bout with the conscience and good sense of their owner at the delivery of them. But the next day she cheated me, going to her bower by a circuitous route, and about an hour and a half earlier than she was wont, for she had missed her costly relics and been quite impatient about them. I discovered that she was there, and knew not how to do to come in contact with her. But I was always a man of fair and honourable shifts; so I went and turned a drove of the Marquess's fat bullocks into the side of the Deveron to get a drink, for the day was very warm. The animals were pampered and outrageous, but still more terrible in appearance than reality; and now Lady Jane could not return home in any other way than either by wading the stream, or coming through the middle of the herd, neither of which she durst do for her life. Now, thinks I, my dear lady, I shall make you blythe of my assistance once more. So I concealed myself, keeping in view the path by which she was necessitated to emerge from the wood; she appeared once or twice among the bushes, but durst not so much as come nigh the stile. I kept my station, but was harassed by Lady Jane's maid coming to look after her mistress, who had been longer than her usual time absent.

"Go away hame, you giglet," said I. "The lady is without doubt at her devotions. I am watching lest she fall among these dangerous animals. A fine hand you would be to conduct her through them. Go away hame, and mind your broidery and your seam."

"Oh mee gracioso Monsieur Longshirte," said the French taupie, "how monstrouse crabeede you are dis day! Me do tink you be for de word of de pretty bride yourself. Ah you sly doag, is it not soa? Ha! come tell me all about it, cood Monsieur de Longshirte;" and with that she came and placed herself close down beside me;

I was nettled to death, and knew not what way to get quit of her.

“Go away hame, I tell you, you foreign coquette,” said I as good-naturedly as I could; “you mouse-trap, you gillie-gawkie, I say go away hame.”

“How very droll you be, good Monsieur de Longshirte,” said she; “but de very night before one you called me de sweet sweet rose, and de lily, and de beautiful maamoselle Le Mebene; and now I am de giglet, and trap-de-moose, and gillygawky? And den it was come, come, come wid me sweet Le Mebene; but now it is go, go home vid you de French coquette! How very droll you be, kind Monsieur Longshirte.”

After a great deal of tattle of the same sort, and finding it impossible to get rid of her, I ran off and left her, ensconcing myself in the middle of the herd of bullocks. I did not want to hear any recapitulations of idle chit-chat. Domestic in high life have ways and manners not much to boast of, and my heart was set on higher game. So I fled from the allurements of a designing woman into the fellowship of the bulls of Bashan. They gathered round me, staring with their great goggle eyes, and made a humming noise as if to encourage one another to the attack, but none seemed to have courage to be the first beginner, but always as their choler rose to a height, they attacked one another either in sport or real earnest, and altogether they made a hideous uproar. Le Mebene fled towards the castle, and afraid that she would raise the affray, I was forced to proceed to the only entrance by which Lady Jane could emerge from the wood, and cutting myself a great kebir, I took my stand there, and whistled a spring with great glee to keep my courage up, and let my mistress hear that her protector was at hand.

She was not slack in taking the hint, for she came to me with a hurried step, and a certain wildness in her looks that showed great trepidation. She commended me for my attention, blessed me, and took my hand in hers, which I felt to be trembling. This I took to be the manifestation of an ardent and concealed love, and

seizing it in both mine, I kissed it, kneeling at her feet ; at the same time beginning a speech which I choose not here to relate, till looking up I perceived a blush on her face. I believe to this day it was the blush of restrained affection, but at the moment it had the effect of sealing my lips, having taken it for the red frown of displeasure.

“ Do not mar the high sentiments I entertain of you, Mr. Archibald,” said she.

“ My esteem for you is such, honoured lady,” said I, “ that it knows no boundaries either in time or eternity.”

“ I know it, I know it, young man,” said she, interrupting me again: “ you have put my faith sorely to the test ; but, blessed be the Mother of our Lord, I have overcome.”

My heart trembled within me with a mixture of grief and awe, love and disappointment, and I lost the only chance ever I had of working the conversion of that most angelic of women, by sinking into utter silence before her eye. She seized the opportunity by momentarily reverting to her critical and dangerous situation, and asked if I durst undertake to conduct her through the herd ?

I shouldered my great stick, answered in the affirmative, and assured her it was only a sense of her imminent danger that had brought me there.

“ There is nothing in this world for which I have such a horror as bulls,” said she. “ They are the most ferocious of all animals, and so many accidents occur every season from their untameable fierceness, that I declare my blood runs cold to encounter their very looks.”

The animals as far as I understood, were oxen, not bulls, but I chose not to give the lie to a lady’s discernment, and acquiesced with her in affirming that our country contained no animals so dangerous and terrible, and I added, “ But what does the heart and arm of man fear, when put to the test in defence of beauty ?

“ Bravo !” said she, “ lead on, and God be our shield !”

I offered my protecting hand, but she declined it and took shelter behind me. She was covered with a tartan

mantle, the prevailing colour of which was a bright scarlet, a colour which provokes the fury of these animals, but which circumstance was then unknown to me. They came on us with open mouths, bellowing and scraping with their fore feet on the earth, and always as they gazed at us the reflection of the mantle made their eyes as of a bloody red. I thought the animals were gone mad altogether, and never was so terrified from the day that I was born. Lady Jane clung to me, sometimes on the one side and sometimes on the other, uttering every now and then a smothered scream, and looking as pale as if she had been wrapt in her winding sheet.

“No fear, no fear, madam,” said I. “They had better keep their distance. Stand off, you ugly dog! stand off!” and I shouldered my tree. “Stand off, or I will teach you better manners.” No they would not stand off, but in place of that came nearer and nearer, until they had us so completely beleaguered that we could neither advance nor retreat. “Collie choke a bull,” cried I, trying every method to disperse our adversaries, but trying them all in vain. I gave us up for lost, and I fear Lady Jane beheld my changing cheer, for she actually grew frantic with terror, and screamed aloud for assistance, as from some other quarter.

It was now high time for me to repent of my stratagem of the bullocks, which I did in good sincerity, and made a vow to God in my heart, if he would but deliver me, thenceforward to act openly and candidly with all mankind, and womankind into the bargain. I made this experiment the more readily that Lady Jane was at the same time calling on the Holy virgin, on whose intercession having no manner of reliance, but dreading the vengeance of Heaven for such palpable idolatry, I put up such a petition as a Christian ought, and sealed it with a vow. When lo! wonderful to relate! the outrageous animals fell a tossing their heads and tails in a wild and frantic manner, and in one minute they galloped off in every direction, as if under the influence of some charm. They cocked their heads, rolled their tails up in the air,

and ran as if for a prize ; some of them plunging into the Deveron, and others dashing into the woods. Our relief was instantaneous. I say nothing but the truth, and deny not that the phenomenon might have been accounted for in a natural way, therefore, as a humble sinner, I take no merit to myself, but describe things precisely as they occurred. Whether the animals only came to gaze on us for their amusement, and started off simultaneously in pursuit of some higher fun, or if an army of hornets was sent by heaven to our relief, I pretend not at this distance of time to determine. But sorry have I been a thousand times that I could not keep that vow made in my greatest extremity. The times in which I have lived rendered it impracticable. Every thing was to be done by plot and stratagem, and he that could not yield his mind to such expedients was left in the lurch. True, it was a sin to break my vow, nevertheless it was a sin of necessity, and one of which I was compelled to be guilty every day. May the Lord pardon the transgressions of his erring servant !

One would have thought that now, when our danger was clean gone, Lady Jane would have brightened up ; but, in place of that, she grew quite faint and leaned on my arm without being able to speak. I bore her on for some time with great difficulty, and at last was obliged to let her sink to the earth, where for some time I had the ineffable delight of supporting her head on my bosom ; and so much was I overcome with violent emotion, that for a long time I could not stir to attempt any means for her recovery. At length I judged it necessary to my credit to attempt something, so I cut the lacings of her stays, and soon after that she recovered.

I had not well raised her up, and was still supporting her with both my arms, when on an instant her brother, the Lord Gordon, and the Marquess of Douglas, appeared close at our hands. I expected Lady Jane to faint again, but the surprise acted like electricity on her, and after an alternate blush of the rose and paleness of the lily, she quite recovered. Madam Mebene had raised

the alarm in the family, and the two lords came on the look out for her who was the darling of the whole house. But the proud eye of Enzie burnt with rage as he approached us. He had seen me rise first myself, raise the lady in my arms, and support her for a small space on the way, and it was manifest that his jealous nature was aroused, and that if it had not been for the presence of Lord Douglas, he would have run me through the body. I'll never forget the look he gave me when he threw me from his sister's side, and took my place. As for the attack made on her by bulls, as she related it, and of her fainting away, I could perceive that he regarded it all as a made up story, and thought more than he choose to express.

Lady Enzie was not at Castle Huntly on our arrival there from Edinburgh; for the castle being then in ruins, and our residence only temporary barracks, we remained at our own home till about this time of which I am writing, when she came on a visit. Her maiden name was Lady Anne Campbell, she being eldest sister to the good Earl of Argyle; she had been married at an early age, and now looked like an old woman; her health and heart being both broken. She had been compelled to marry into a Catholic family, in order to effect some mighty coalition in the highlands which failed, and I fear she had little pleasure of her life, for her husband was the sworn enemy of her house, and a perfect demon in pride and irritability. She was a true Protestant, and had all the inherent good qualities of her noble lineage;—she had learned to temporize with those of a different persuasion, and all her sisters-in-law loved her with great tenderness and affection.

Now it so fell out that my religious epistle to Lady Jane had troubled that lady a great deal, and put her Catholic principles sore to the rack; therefore as a grateful present to her Protestant sister, she put the writing into her hands, at which she was greatly amazed, and not less delighted, testifying the strongest desire to forward the views of the writer. By what means this paper

fell into her husband's hands, I do not know, but so it did, and I suspect, its history along with it. He had been jealous of my attentions to his sister of late, and this bold attempt at her conversion raised that jealousy to an exorbitant pitch. So one evening when I was standing in a circle of an hundred men and women, listening to a band of music, out comes Lord Enzie with my identical paper in his hand. I had heard of his lady's high approbation, and judged that now the time was come for my advancement; and though I would rather have taken it from any other nobleman in the kingdom, yet knowing my epistle afar off by its form, I resolved on acknowledging it. It was a holiday, and we were all clothed in our best robes, when out comes the haughty and redoubted George Gordon, Lord of Enzie and Badenach, into the midst of us, and reading the address and superscription of the paper, he held it up and inquired if any in the circle could inform him who was the author of such a sublime production. Judging that to be my time, I stepped forward, kneeled on the green at my Lord Enzie's feet, and acknowledged myself the unworthy author, on which the proud aristocrat struck me unmercifully on the shoulders and head with his cane accompanying his blows with a volley of the most opprobrious epithets. I was altogether unarmed, otherwise I would have made a corpse of the tyrant; so I fled backward and said, "My Lord, you shall rue what you have now done the longest day you have to live. Do you know whom you have struck?"

"Know whom I have struck? Puppy! vagabond!" exclaimed he, and breaking at me, he struck me with such violence that he knocked me down. I fell quite insensible; but he had inflicted many kicks and blows on me after I was down, which I felt for many a day; and, as I was informed, dashed my epistle in my face, and left me lying.

When I came to myself, I was lying in a bed in the house of a poor weaver in the village, and a surgeon was lessing my head, which was fractured. I was extremely

ill, and the violence of my rage at Lord Enzie made my distemper a great deal the worse.

As soon as I was able, I wrote to the Marquess complaining of the usage I had received in recompense for all I had ventured for him. He was a man of the highest honour, and sent me a sum of money with an assurance that he would provide for me in a way that suited both my talents and inclination. He regretted what his son had done, whom no man could keep in bounds, but was willing to make me all the reparation that lay in his power, which I should soon see; so I was obliged to keep my humble bed and wait the issue.

A few days subsequent to that, I was visited by Lady Enzie and Lady Jane Gordon, who both condoled with me in a most affectionate manner, and reprobated the outrage committed by Lord Enzie, who had the day before that set off for France on some military expedition. After a great deal of kind commiseration, Lady Enzie said, "The plain truth is, clerk Archimbald, that you can never rise to eminence either in my husband's family, or under the patronage of any of its members, for (begging my lovely sister's pardon) every one of that family are Catholics at heart, however they may have been compelled to disguise their sentiments, and they will never raise a man to wealth or power who is not confirmed in their own religious tenets. It is a part of their principle rather to retard him. But to my brother, the Lord Argyle, you will be quite a treasure. You will instruct his two noble sons in the principles of the reformed religion, for which no young man in the kingdom is so well fitted; learn them the art of composition in the English tongue; travel with them into foreign parts, and form their hearts and their minds to follow after truth. Or you can assist my brother in his great plans of furthering the Reformation. If you consent to this arrangement, as soon as you are able to travel, I will dispatch you to my brother with a letter which will ensure your good reception."

I testified my obligation to her ladyship, but added

that I loved my young mistress and her father so well, I had no heart to leave them.

“The old Marquess, my father-in-law, is one of the noblest characters that ever bore the image of his Maker,” said she, “but he is necessarily on the verge of life; and then under my husband, your hopes are but small. As for Jane, she leaves her father’s house immediately as bride to a young Catholic lord, who would not have a Protestant in his family for half his estate.”

Here my heart sank within me, and I could not answer a word.

Lady Enzie went on. “In order that you may not refuse my offer, I tell you some of the secrets of the family without leave, of which I know you will make no ill use. These two young dames, so far celebrated for their beauty; as they were born on the same day, and christened on the same day, so they are to be wedded on the same day, and in the same church; the one to a Scottish, the other to an Irish nobleman. Poor Lady Jane is destined for Ireland, to worship St. Patrick and the Virgin Mary, in a due preparation for purgatory as long as she lives.”

“I’ll go to the Earl of Argyle to-morrow or the next day at the furthest,” said I.

The two ladies applauded my resolution, settling their plans between them, but seeing me unfit for further conversation they took their leave. Lady Jane gave me her hand and bade me farewell,—but I retained that dear hand in mine and could not part with it, neither did she attempt to force it away.—“Stay still with us a few moments, Lady Gordon,” said I, “for I have something to give my young mistress before we part for ever.”

“What have you to give me, Archy?” said Lady Jane.

“I have to give you first my blessing,” said I, “and, afterwards, something you will value more. Farewell, most lovely and fascinating of all thy race. May the Almighty God, who made thee so beautiful, make thee as eminently good, and endow thy mind with those

beauties that shall never decay. And may he fit and prepare thee for whatever is his will concerning thee, for conjugal bliss or sorrow of heart :—for life, for death, for time, or for eternity.”

“Amen !” said both ladies, bowing,—“and may thy blessings return double on thy own head.”

“I will henceforth revere thy religion for thy own sake,” continued I, “for the tenets that have formed such a mind must have something of heaven in them. May you be beloved through life as you are loving and sincere, and may your children grow up around you the ornaments of our nature, as you have yourself been its greatest. For me, bereaved as I hence must be of the light of your countenance,—I care no more what fortune betide me, for I must always be like a blind man, longing for the light of that sun he is never more to see. Of this be sure, that there is always one who will never forget you, and of whose good wishes and prayers you shall through life have a share. And now here are some relics, too precious in your sight, which I fain would have ground to powder, and stamped the residue with my feet, but seeing the line that Providence has marked out for you, I restore them, and trust you to the mercy of Him who was born of a virgin.”

So saying, I gave into her hands the graven image of the Virgin, and the purple cross set with gold and diamonds, on which she gave me a last embrace, while tears of gratitude choked her utterance, on which Lady Enzie hurried her out, and left me a being as forlorn of heart as any that the light of heaven visited.

[Thus ended the Baillie’s first love, which seems to have been most ardent and sincere, yet chastened by that respect due to one so much his superior. This he never seems to take into account ; the reason of which appears to be, that when he acted these things, he was in a very different line of life than when he wrote of them, and felt that at this latter time he was very nigh to Lady Jane’s rank in life.

We must now skip over more than a hundred pages

of his memoirs, as affording little that is new or amusing. He was engaged by the Earl of Argyle as his secretary, and assisted that nobleman with all his power and cunning, in bringing about a reformation, both in Church and State. He was likewise tutor to his two sons, and went over to Holland with Lord Lorn, and afterwards to London with Lord Neil Campbell; but in the tedious details of these matters, although there is a portion of good sense, or sly speciousness in its place, yet there is very little of it so much better than the rest as to be worth extracting. There is one anecdote which he pretends to give from report, which appears not a little puzzling. He says:

“ While at this place (Armaddie) there were strange reports from Huntly Castle reached mine ears. The two lovely twin Gordons were married on the same day to two widowers, but both young and gallant gentlemen, Lady Mary to the Marquess of Douglas, and Lady Jane to Lord Strathbane; (who in the world was this?) but on the evening of the wedding, the latter missed his bride, and following her out to her bower, he found her in company with a strange gentleman, who was kneeling and clasping her knees; on which Lord Strathbane rushed forward, and ran the aggressor through the body with his sword. The utmost confusion arose about the castle. Lady Jane fainted, and went out of one fit into another, but would never tell who that gentleman was, denying all knowledge of him. The body was likewise instantaneously removed, so that it was no more seen; but Lord Strathbane, supposing he had committed a murder, fled that night, and the marriage was not consummated for full seven weeks. The story was never rightly cleared up.”

We do not much wonder at it, considering how quickly the body, or rather the wounded gentleman, made his escape; but even at this distance of time, we have a shrewd suspicion that it might be the Baillie himself, especially as he says in another place—“The Marquess (of Argyle) would fain have had me putting on sword-armour that day, both for the protection of my own

person, and for the encouragement of the covenanters. But by reason of a *wound in my right side*, which I got *by accident* more than a dozen of years before, I could never brook armour of any sort," &c.

The getting of this wound is never mentioned, and we find by his own confused dates, that the marriages he mentions took place about twelve years previous to this engagement of which he is speaking; so that, without much straining, I think we may set down the Baillie as the strange gentleman whom the jealous bridegroom ran through the body in the wood.

There is another incident he records which marks in no ordinary degree the aristocratic tyranny of that day.]

When I arrived at Edinburgh, says he, I still felt a little suspicion that the affair of the castle would come against me, and the first thing I did was to make inquiry who was deputy governor of the fortress at the time being, and what was become of the former one, my old tyrant, Haggard. I soon found out that Ludovico Gordon, one of the house of Huntly, occupied that station, so that there I was quite safe; but how was I amazed at finding that Huntly's influence had actually brought Haggard to the gallows,—at least, so far on the way that he then lay under condemnation. Whether it was through fear of the history of the papers that I stole being discovered, or merely out of revenge for some small indignity offered, I know not, but the Marquess and the rest of the Catholic party got him indicted. The other prevailing party did not think it worth their while to defend him, and so the fellow strappèd. But the oddest circumstance of the matter was, that my disappearance from the castle was made one of the principal reasons for bringing on his condemnation. It was proved to the satisfaction of the judges, that he had frequently threatened me with his utmost vengeance, to have me whipped and hung at the flag-staff, &c.—and that I had disappeared all at once in the dead of the night, while all my clothes, even to my shirt and nightcap, were found

lying in my chamber next day, so that there was no doubt I had been made away with, in order to cover his embezzlement of the public monies. Haggard was in great indignation at the charge, but not being able to prove aught to the contrary, the plea was admitted, and he was cast for execution,—a circumstance not much accounted of in those days.

I was greatly tickled with this piece of information, and he having been the man who, of all others, used me the worst, save Lord Gordon, or Enzie, as he was called, so I resolved never either to forgive the one or the other. Of course I made no efforts towards a mitigation of the brute Haggard's sentence.

His execution had been fixed for the 26th of May, but before that period, I had been called express to Stirling on the Marquess's business, in order to further the correspondence on the Antrim expedition, of which Argyle, my patron, was in great terror. However, I took a horse on the 25th, and riding all night, reached the Grass Market in good time to see the ruffian pay kane for all his cruelties and acts of injustice; and from that day forth, I was impressed with a notion that Providence would not suffer any man to escape with impunity who had wronged me, and inherited my curse and malison. I had done nothing against Haggard, saving that at one time I had wished ill to him in my heart, and now, behold, I saw even more than my heart's desire on mine enemy. I enjoyed the sight a good deal, nor was I to blame;—a man should always do that which is just and proper. I never saw such a wo-begone wretched being as he looked on the scaffold;—no man could have believed that a character so dissipated and outrageous could ever have been reduced to such a thing of despair. He harangued the multitude at great length, and in my opinion, to very little purpose,—merely, I was persuaded, for the purpose of gaining a few more minutes of miserable existence.—Again and again did he assert his innocence relating to the murder of the young man commonly called Clerk Archibald, wished well

to the Marquess of Huntly, and prayed for his forgiveness.

During the time of this harangue, and when it drew nigh to a close, I chanced to come in contact with Mr Alexander Hume, baker, with whom I had some settlements to make while I was in the castle. He was one whom I esteemed as an honourable man, and I could not help speaking to him, asking how he did?—and what he thought of this affair? He answered me in some confusion, so that I perceived he did not know me,—or was greatly at a loss to comprehend how I should be there. Judging it, therefore, as well to be quit of him, I made off a little, but he stuck by me, and the crowd being so great, I could not get away, for I was close to the foot of the gallows.

“Think of it, squire?” said he, “Why, I suppose I think of it as others do; that the fellow was a rascal, and brought himself under the lash of the law, and is suffering justly the penalty of his iniquities. Our judges are just, you know, and our exactors righteous—do you not think the same?”

“You had a good deal of business with Haggard, Mr Hume,” says I, “and must know. Did you find him an arrant rascal in his dealings?”

“No—I do not say so, I was not called to give oath to that effect, and if I had, I could not have sworn he was.”

“Then you know that, as to the murder, he *must* have been innocent of that.”

“How?—What?—How can you prove that? Good and blessed Virgin, is not this Clerk Archy himself?”

I nodded assent, when he seized my hand as if it had been in a vice, and went on without suffering me to rejoin a word—“How are you? Where have you been? You have been kidnapped, then? Come this way—this way, a wee bit. Colonel Haggard! Hilloa, Colonel, speak to me, will ye.”

The Colonel had taken farewell of the world, of the sun and the moon, and the stars, and the spires of Edinburgh castle. The bedesman and executioner were both

sick of his monotonous harangues, and waited with impatience the moment when he should give the signal. Still he had not power, and at that terrible crisis Hume fell a bawling out to him,—“Hilloa, Colonel, speak to me, will ye, speak to me just for a wee bit—hilloa, you there, Mr Sheriff and Mr Chaplain, loose the Colonel's een, will ye?”

The sheriff shook his head, on which Hume saw there was not a moment to lose, and having resolved to save Haggard's life, merely, I dare say, for the novelty of the thing, he called aloud to the sheriff to stop the execution till he, Mr Hume, spoke a word in his ear. With that he sprung to the ladder with an agility of which no man would have supposed him possessed,—the sheriff beckoned the centinel to let him pass, on which he intimated something very shortly to that dignitary, and flew to the prisoner, who, poor man! stood with his eyes covered, the tow about his neck, his hands hanging pendulous, and the fingers of the right one closed on the signal with the grasp of death. The officious baker, who seemed to have lost his reason for a space, instantly fell to relieving the culprit, turned the napkin up from his eyes, and would also have loosed the tow from about his craig had he been permitted, and all the while he was speaking as fast as his tongue could deliver. I could not hear all he said, but these were some of the words,—“It's a fact that I tell you, Sir, look to yoursel—he's stannin there at the fit of the gallows. You're a betrayed man, Sir. See there he is, Sir, looking you in in the face, and witnessing the whole affair.—Mind yoursel, Sir, for, Holy Virgin! there's nae time to loose, ye ken.”

The poor wretch tried to look and to find me out in the crowd, but he only stared, and I could easily perceive that he saw nothing, or at least distinguished no one object from another,—his eyes were like those of a dead person, casting no reflection inwardly on the soul. Mr Hume, as I said, in the height of his officiousness, had begun unloosing the cord from about the convict's neck, but was withstood by the executioner. That was

a droll scene, and contributed no little to the amusement of the tag-rag and bob-tail part of the citizens of Edinburgh. "Let abee, Sir," said the executioner; "wha baud ye tak that trubble. Naebody's fingers touch tow here but mine, onest man. Stand back, an it be your wull. Who the muckle deevil are ye?"

"Wha im I, Sir!" cried the baker,— "Wha im I, say ye?—My name, Sir, is Alexander Hume, I'm one o' the auld baillies, and deacon convener o' the five trades o' the bee Calton, a better kind o' man than you, Mr Hangie, or ony that ever belanged to you, an' never kend for ony ill yet,—mair than some focks can say! Wha im I troth! —Cornel look to yoursel, Sir, or you're a murdered man. —I'll stand by you, I like to see a man get justice."

The poor colonel, judging it necessary to do or say something for himself in this extremity, appeared like a man struggling in a horrible dream, but his senses being quite benumbed, he could only take up the baker's hint, and a bad business he made of it, for he began with—

"O good Christian people, it is true, it is true. I am a murdered man!—an innocent murdered man!—And as a proof of it, the man whom I murdered is standing here looking me in the face and laughing at my calamity. And is not this, good Christians, such usage as flesh and blood cannot endure?—to be murdered by spiteful papists and enemies,—murdered in cold blood!—O murder!—murder!—*murder!*"

"What's all this for!" exclaimed the hangman, and turned the poor wretch off. The baker called out, "Stop, stop!" and caught wildly at the rope, but he was taken into custody, and the colonel, after, a few wallops, expired. In an hour after I left the city to attend the Marquess's business, but the matter caused a great deal of speechification in Edinburgh for a season, the most part of the lieges trowing that it had been my ghost that the baker had seen at the foot of the gallows; for it was affirmed that my naked corpse had been taken from a well in the castle along with other two bodies, all murdered by Haggard. I did not believe that Haggard murdered one

of them ; me, I was sure, he did not murder, and I was very glad that it was so.

[Argyle, as the head and chief of the reformers, now carried every thing before him ; and we find that, principally for political purposes, he placed the Baillie in Edinburgh as a great wine and brandy merchant, and by that means got him elected into the council of the city, where he seems to have had great influence both with ministers and magistrates. The king nominating the baillies then, Argyle or Huntly, precisely as their parties prevailed, had nothing further to do than go to the king, or the commissioners after the king's restraint, and bring down the list, in which case the honourable council seems never to have objected to any of those named ; but if we take the Baillie's word for it, he seems to have been a conscientious man, for he says:]

From the time I entered the council, I considered myself as acting for others. Not for others, abstract from myself, but at all events, for others besides myself ; and oftentimes was I greatly puzzled to forward the views of my party without injuring my own interest. I determined to support the reformers against all opposition, but the first time I was in the council and the magistracy, we were sorely kept in check by the great influence of the old Marquess of Huntly. The combined lords would gladly have brought him to the scaffold, for he was a bar in their progress which it was impossible to get over. I believe there was never a nobleman in Scotland who had so many enemies, and those so inveterate ; but his friends being so much attached to him, on the other hand, the Protestant party could make little progress as long as he lived. I felt this, and though I had the offer of being made Lord Provost, and knighted in 1633, I declined the honour and retired from the magistracy until I saw a more favourable season for furthering the views of the reformers, and of my own great and amiable patron in particular. Besides, I really had such a respect for the old Marquess, papist as I believed him to be at heart, that I could not join in the conspiracies

against him which I heard broached by one or other every day. I could not bear to see the noble old veteran dogged to death, which was the real cause why I left co-operating with the violent part of the reformers for several years. I never refused Argyle's suggestions, but those of all others I received with great caution.

In the begining of the year 1635, the worthy old Marquess was again brought before the council, on a charge of harassing and wasting the lands of his Protestant neighbours. I attended the examinations of the witnesses, and was convinced in my mind that the Marquess had no hand in the depredations complained of. True he had not punished the aggressors, but that I considered no capital charge; and was grieved when I saw him shut up once more in close confinement in the castle, in the very same apartment from whence I had before been the means of delivering him. Then a fair trial by jury was instituted, and among all the forty-eight nominated by the sheriff, there was not one to my knowledge who was not of the party opposed to Huntly. Though ever so zealous in forwarding the reformation, I did not like to see it forwarded by unjust means; for in such cases, men can hardly expect the blessing of heaven to attend their labours. There were only four commoners named as jurymen, and I being chosen and sworn, as one of the most staunch reformers, yet I determined within myself to give my voice for nothing of which I was not fully convinced. Wariston's indictment represented the old Marquess as the most notorious tyrant and offender living. He was accused of murder, fire raising, and every breach of order,—and all the witnesses sworn, spoke to the same purpose; but there were two, Major Creighton and John Hay, whom, as a jurymen, I took the liberty of questioning over again. The Marquess looked fiercely at me, quite mistaking my motive; nor did I at all explain myself then, but being chosen foreman of the jury, as I knew I would, I refused to retire till I heard three men of the Gordons shortly examined, and then I made it clear to the jurymen, on our retiring, that Major Creigh-

ton and Mr John Hay had both man-sworn themselves, for that neither the Marquess nor one of his family had been proved in the foray; and as for Patrick Gordon, who had been proven there, it was *almost* proven that he could not possibly have had instructions from Huntly.

I then put the question, first to Sir William Dick, a just man and a good who at once gave his voice—*not guilty*. My coadjutors were thunderstruck, for they all knew we were placed there to condemn the Marquess of Huntly, not to justify him. The next in order tried to reason the matter over again with Dick and me, but got into a passion, and at length voted guilty. Several followed on the same side, and it was merely the influence which Sir William and I possessed in the city, and with the reformers in particular, that caused some of those present to vote the Marquess not guilty,—now when they found they had their greatest opponent in their power. I was certain they thought there was some scheme or plot under it, which they did not comprehend, and that Sir William Dick and I were managing it, whereas we had nothing at heart but justice. Our point was a while very doubtful, so much so, that I feared the Marquess was lost, which would have been a great stain on our court of justice; but every thing was managed by intrigue, and the power or advantage of one party over another was the ruling cause that produced the effect.

When the vote came to Baillie Anderson, of Leith, I looked in his face. I saw he was going to vote guilty in support of our faction, but I gave him a look that staggered him, and I repeated it at every turn of his eye. He called the state of the vote to gain time; then I saw that Patie durst not vote against me, and accordingly his voice decided it by one.

I then returned joyfully into the court with the state of the vote in my hand, and said, “My lord, the jury by a plurality of voices find George Gordon, Marquess of Huntly—Not guilty.” Never did I see a whole bench so astounded; the matter had been settled and over again settled with them all, and the justice’s clerk

had composed, it was said, a condemning speech of so tremendous a nature, that it was to astonish all the nations of the world, and even convert the Pope of Rome; but I balked them all for once, and my lord justice clerk's speech was lost.

The Marquess had had a powerful party in the house, all desponding; for when the sentence of the jury was heard, the voices of the audience rose gradually to a tumult of applause, at which the judges were highly offended; but the old hero, turning round, and bowing to the crowd with the tear in his eye, the thunders of approbation were redoubled. I never rejoiced more, nor was prouder of anything than of the brave old peer's acquittal, and I perceived that his feelings nearly overcame him. He looked at me with an unstable and palsied look, as if striving in vain to recognise me; but that very afternoon he sent his chariot to my house, with a kind request that I would visit him, which I did, and found himself surrounded by the chief men of his clan, all crazed with joy, and almost ready to worship me. He showed them the state of the vote with pride, proving that my two votes and influence saved his life. I did not deny it, but acknowledged that I had striven hard for it, and at one time had given him up for lost. I then told him the story of Patie Anderson, at which he laughed very heartily, but still he did not recognise me as his old attendant.

At length when we were going to part, he said, "You have indeed saved my life, Baillie, from a combination of my inveterate enemies, and if ever it lie in my power to confer a benefit on you or yours, you shall not need to ask it, but only find means of letting me know of such a thing."

"I have saved your life before now, my lord," said I; "and though I got no reward then, nor look for any now, yet if it lie in my power I would do the same again."

He looked unsteadily and anxiously at me, and bit his lips, as if struggling with former reminiscences; and I then noted with pain, for the first time, how much the

old chief was altered. He seemed, both in body and mind, no more than the wreck of what he once was.

“I think I remember the name,” said he; “but it is so long ago, and my memory is so often at fault now-a-days. Yet the name is a singular one. Are you not brother to the Bishop of Galloway?”

“I am, my lord,” returned I; “and the same who risked his honour and his neck in saving your life from imminent danger, the last time you were a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle. You cannot have forgot that adventure?—at least I never shall.”

“I remember every circumstance of it quite well,” said he; “and I thought you were the man, or nearly connected with him; but I thought it degrading to you to allude to it. I could not believe that the young adventurer who escaped with me, and followed me to the North, could now be the first man in Edinburgh, both in influence and respectability. Well, I cannot help being struck at the singularity of this case. It is very remarkable that I should have been twice indebted for my life to one who had no interest in preserving it, and in whom I took no interest. I fear I requited you very indifferently, for as I remember nothing of our parting, I am sure I must have used you very ill.”

“Your son used me very ill, my lord,” said I; “yea, behaved to me in a most brutal manner; but I never attached any of the blame of that to your lordship. Be assured that I shall live to pay him back in his own coin; and that with interest. None have ever yet escaped me, either for a good turn or a bad one. As for you, my lord, I have always admired your character for bravery and for honour; and, dreaded as you are by the party whose principles I have espoused, yet I scorned to see you wronged and persecuted to the death. You and I are quits, my lord, but not so with your son Enzie.”

“George is a hot-headed, obstinate fool,” said he. “But no more of that. I leave him to take care of himself. In the mean time, you shall accompany me to the North once more, and I will let you see some little difference

about Castle Huntly since the last time you saw it. I want to introduce my deliverer to all my friends."

"I fear I shall lose credit with my own party if I attach myself thus closely to your lordship," said I. "I have already astounded them a good deal by my efforts for your acquittal, and must not kick at them altogether."

"I understand, I understand," said he, thoughtfully. "Well, that may alter the view I took of the matter. But I really wish it had been otherwise, and that you had gone. It might—it *should* have turned out for your good."

"Nay, my lord, I am not established here on a foundation so shallow as to fear any party for an act of justice. I will think of your invitation, and probably accept of it."

I then took my leave, for I saw the old man like to drop from his chair with frailty and fatigue of spirits. He squeezed my hand, and held it for a good while in his without speaking, and he could not so much as say good night when I went away. I saw now that he was fast waning away from this life; and judging from his manner, that he meant to do me some favour, I judged it prudent to put myself in the way, and accompany his lordship home. I was never a man greedy of substance, but I account every man to blame who keeps himself out of fortune's way; so the very next day I called on his lordship, but he was confined to bed, and engaged with two notaries; therefore I saw him not. He grew worse and worse, and I was afraid he never would see Castle Huntly again. It was in the spring of 1636 that the abovementioned trial and acquittal took place; and about the beginning of summer, the Marquess supposing himself better, requested the fulfilment of my promise, and again repeated that it should be for my good. I did not think him better, for I thought him fast descending to the grave, as he looked very ill, and had the lines of death deeply indented on his face; but judging that it might be requisite for my behoof that he should be home

before his demise, to arrange and sign some documents, I urged his departure very much, and as an inducement, stated that unless he went immediately, I could not accompany him, nor see him in the North for the space of a whole year.

Accordingly we set out, as far as I remember, on the 3d of June; but we made poor speed, for the Marquess could not bear his chariot to go much faster than at a snail's pace, and only on the most level ways. So, after a wearisome course, we arrived at Dundee on the 10th, and the next day the Marquess could not be removed. There were none of his family but one son-in-law of our retinue, and I was applied to for every thing, so that I had a poor time of it. "Ask the baillie." "Enquire at the baillie." "The baillie must procure us this thing and the other thing;" was in every body's mouth. Had I been six baillies, not to say men, I could not have performed all that was expected of me.

I had now lost all hope of my legacy, and would gladly have been quit of my charge, but could not think to leave the old hero in so forlorn a state; for Lord Douglas having posted on to Castle Huntly, I had the sole charge, as it were, of the dying man. I rode with him in his chariot the last day he was on the road; after that, he took all his cordials from my hand, and on the afternoon of the 13th, he died in my arms in the house of Mr Robert Murray, a gentleman of that place; for though his lady had arrived the day before, she was so ill, she could not sit up.

He was a hero to the last, and had no more dread of death than of a night's quiet repose; but I was convinced he died a true Catholic, for all so often as he had been compelled to renounce his religion by the Committee of Estates and the General Assembly.

Mr Bannerman and Mr Stewart, two notaries public, arrived from Edinburgh, and took charge of the papers and deeds which the deceased carried with him. I wanted to return home, but these gentlemen dissuaded me, and I confess that some distant hopes of emolument pre-

vailed on me to await that splendid funeral, which certainly surpassed all I have ever yet beheld, and which I shall now attempt to describe as truly as a frail memory retains it.

[The Bailie's description of the funeral procession from Dundee to the cathedral at Elgin, is minute and tedious; but if true, it is utterly astonishing in such an age of anarchy and confusion. Some part of the management of the charities having been assigned by appointment to the Baillie, his old friend Lord Gordon of Enzie, now the Marquess of Huntly, and he, came once more in contact. But honest Archy, now being head baillie and chief moving spring in the council and city of Edinburgh, and in the hope of being Lord Provost next year, all by the influence of Argyle, also a privileged man, went through his department without taking the least notice of the heir and chief of the family for whom he was acting; but the Marquess discovered in the end who he was and all their former connection, and certainly treated him scurvily. I must copy his account of this.]

On the Tuesday following, the will and testament of the late Marquess was read in the great hall, and all the servants and officers were suffered to be present: but when the new Marquess cast his eyes on me, he asked "what was my business there?"

I answered "that his lordship would perceive that by and by; and that at all events I had as good a right to be there as others of his father's old servants;" and being a little nettled, I said what, perhaps, I should not have said, "for," added I, "it is possible that neither yourself nor any of them ever had the honour of twice saving your father's life as I have had."

"You saved my father's life, Sir? you saved *my* father's life?" said he disdainfully. "You never had the power, Sir, to save the life of one of my father's cats. Leave the mansion immediately. I know you well for a traitor and a spy of the house of Argyle."

A sign from Mr Bannerman, the agent, now brought me up to him, before I ventured a reply. He gave me a

hint of something that shall be nameless, and at the same time waved me toward the door, that the Marquess might think I was ordered out by the notary as well as himself. So I went toward the hall door, and before going out, I turned and said—

“ This castle and hall are your own, my lord, and you must be obeyed. I am therefore compelled reluctantly to retire but before going I order you, Mr Robert Bannerman and Mr Robert Stewart, again to close up these documents and proceed no farther; no, not so much as in reading another word until you do it in my house in Edinburgh, before a committee of the Lords of session.”

The Marquess laughed aloud, while his face burnt with indignation; but to his astonishment the men of law began folding up their papers at my behest.

“ Gentlemen, pray go on with the business in hand,” said he; sure you are not going to be silenced by this mad and self-important citizen?”

The men after some jangle of law terms, declared they could not go on but in my presence, as I was both a principal legatee, and a trustee on many charities and funds. The great man's intolerable pride was hurt; he grew pale with displeasure; and as far as I could judge, was within a hair's breadth of ordering his marshal to seize both the men and their papers, and myself into the bargain. The men thought so too, for they began enlarging on the will being registered and inviolable, save by a breach of all law and decorum; and that same Dame Decorum at length came to the proud aristocrat's aid, and with a low bow, and a sneer of scorn on his countenance, he pointed to one of the chairs of state, and requested me to be seated.

I did as I was desired, for in a great man's presence, I accounted it always the worst of manners to object to his request, and I saw by the faces of the assembly, that I had more friends, at that moment, than the new-made Marquess himself.

Well the men went on with the disposal of lands, rents, and fees; all of which seemed to give great satisfaction,

till they came to the very last codicil, wherein the late worthy Marquess bequeathed to me his palace in the Canongate with all that it contained; and all because I had, at two different times, saved him from an immediate and disgraceful death. It has been alleged by some that I have been a proud and conceited man all my life; but it is well known to my friends that the reverse of this is the truth. I never was, however, so proud of worldly recommendation and worldly honours, as I was at that moment. Mr Stewart, who was then reading, when he came to the clause, made a loud hem as if clearing his voice, and then went on in a louder tone.

“ I give, leave, and bequeath to the worthy and honourable Bailie Archibald Sydeserf, my house in the Canongate, with all its appurtenances, entrances, and offices, and all within and without the houses that belongeth to me, save and except the two stables above the water gate, and the bed of state in the southern room, all of which were presents from the Duke of Chateherault, my grandfather, to me and mine, and must therefore be retained in my family. The rest I bequeath, &c., &c., to the worthy Mr Sydeserf, and all for having twice, of his own accord and free will, and without any hope of reward, farther than the love of honour and the approbation of a good conscience, delivered me from immediate death by the hands of my implacable enemies.”

I confess when I heard this read out in a strong, mellow and affecting tone, I could not resist crying; the tears ran down my cheeks, and I was obliged to dight them with my sleeve, and snifter like a whipped boy. I at length ventured to lift my eyes through tears to the face of the new Marquess, sure of now spying symptoms of a congenial feeling; but instead of that, I perceived his face turned half aside, while he was literally gnawing his lip in pride and vexation; and when the clerk had finished, he said with a burst of breath, as if apostrophizing himself—“ Never shall he inherit it, or ought that it contains.”

Now, thought I, surely the spirit that worketh in the

children of disobedience hath taken full and free possession of his haughty mind, else he could never be so void of all respect both for the dead and living.

After this proud exclamation there was a pause. "Humph?" said the clerk; "humph," said a dozen and more of voices throughout the hall. "Humph?" said I, by way of winding up the growl, and gave my head a significant nod, as much as if I had said, "we'll see about that, my lord." My heart again burnt within me, and I resolved once more to be even with this haughty chief, if ever it lay in my power.

I lodged that night in the town of Huntly, waiting on Messrs Bannerman and Stewart, for we had conjointly hired a guard to attend us to Aberdeen; but in the middle of the night my landlord came in to me with a crazed look, and asked me if I was sleeping; I said "yes," "Then," said he, "you must waken yourself up as fast as you can, for there is a gentleman in the house who has called expressly to see you. For God's sake, sir, make haste and come to him.

A gentleman called on me!" said I; "pray, sir, who takes it on him to disturb me, a stranger, at these untimeous hours? Tell him I'll see him to-morrow as early as he likes."

"Oh, God bless your honour, it is to-morrow already," said mine host with apparent trepidation, "and therefore you must come to him without a moment's delay."

"What is the matter, sir?" said I. "Who is it?—what is the matter?"

"Oh, it is one of the chieftains of the Gordons," said he; "and that you will find. I know very well who it is, but as to what is the matter, there you puzzle me; for unless it be some duel business, I cannot conceive what it is. All that I can come at is, that your life is in danger—hope you have not offended any of the Gordons, sir?"

"I will not leave my room, sir, at this untimeous hour," said I, rather too much agitated. "It is my domicile for the present, and I debar all intrusions.

it is on an affair of duelling, you may tell the gentleman that I fight no duels. I am a magistrate, a Christian, and an elder of the reformed Church, and therefore it does not become such a man as me to fight duels."

"God bless your honour," said the fellow, laughing with the voice of a highland bull. "Come and tell all this to the gentleman himself, I am no judge of such matters. An elder of the reformed Church are you? What church is that? Are you for the king or the covenant? I should like to know, for all depends on that here."

I have forgot what answer I made to this, for while I was speaking, a furious rap came on my chamber door; I was so much alarmed that I could neither breathe nor speak for a short space, nevertheless I took the matter with that calm resolution that became a man and a magistrate.

"Yes, sir, yes; coming, sir," cried mine host. Ther' whispering me—"for mercy's sake get up and come away, sir," said he; and he actually took hold of my wrist, and began a-pulling to bring me over the bed. I resisted with the resolution of keeping my ground, but a voice of thunder called outside the door, "George, you dog, why don't you bring the gentleman away as I ordered you?"

"He will not come, sir. He'll not stir a foot," said the landlord.

"But he must come, and that without a moment's delay," said the same tremendous voice.

"I told him so, sir," said the landlord; "but for all that he will not stir. The gentleman, sir, is a magistrate, and an elder of the reformed kirk, and never fights any duels."

"G—d's curse!" cried the impatient monster, and burst open the door. He was a man of gigantic stature, between sixty and seventy years of age, and covered with a suit of heavy armour. "I'll tell you what it is, sir," said he; "you must either arise on the instant, and dress yourself and come along with me, else I will be under

the disagreeable necessity of carrying you off as you are. Don't ask a single question, nor make a single remark, for there is not a moment to lose."

"Well, well, sir, since it must be so, it shall be as you desire," said I, rising and dressing myself with perfect coolness. I even joked about the Gordons, and their summary mode of proceeding with strangers; and hinted at some of the late decrees in council against them.

"The Gordons care very little what is decreed against them in Edinburgh," replied he; "particularly by a set of paltry innovators."

"I fear they are much altered for the worse since I lived among them," said I.

"It is the times that are altered for the worse, and not we," said he. "The character of men must conform to their circumstances, Mr Sydeserf. Of that you have had some experience, and you will have more ere long."

He said this in sullen and thoughtful mood, and I was confounded at thinking whereto all this tended, though I was certain it could not be towards good. The most probable conjecture I could form was, that the Marquess had sent for me, either to shut me up in one of the vaults of the old castle, or throw me off the bridge into the river, to let me know how to speak to a Gordon in the hows of Strathbogie. But there was no alternative for the present; so I marched down stairs before the venerable and majestic warrior, in perfect good humour; and lo, and behold! when I went to the door, there was a whole company of cavalry, well mounted, with drawn swords in their hands, and my horse standing saddled in the midst of them, held by a trooper standing on foot.

"Good morrow to you, gentlemen," said I heartily.

"Good morrow, sir," growled a few voices in return.

"Now mount, sir, mount," said the chief of this warlike horde; I did so, and away we rode I knew not whither.

It was about the darkest time of a summer night when we set out, but the night being quite short, it soon began to grow light, and I then could not but admire the figure

of the old chieftain, who still kept by my left hand and at the head of the cavalcade. He appeared sullen and thoughtful, was clad in complete heavy armour, rode with his drawn sword in his hand, a pair of pistols in his belt, and a pair of tremendous horse pistols slung at his saddle-bow. He appeared likewise to be constantly on the look-out, as if afraid of a surprise; but all this while I took matters so coolly, that I never so much as enquired where he was conveying me.

However, about the sun rising, to my great wonder, I came into the ancient town of Inverury, which I knew at first sight, and in which I had friends. This was the very way I wanted to go and I could not comprehend to what fate I was destined. We halted behind a thicket on the right bank of the way, and a scout was sent into the town, who instantly returned with the information that it was occupied by a party of the rebels. How heartily I wished myself in the hands and power of these same rebels; but such a thing was not to be suffered. The veteran ordered his troop to make ready for a charge, and putting me from his right hand into the middle of the body, he made choice of some of his friends to support him, and we went into the town at a sharp trot. No man meddled with us, but we saw there was a confusion in the town, and people running as if mad here and there. However, when we came to the old bridge over the Don, it was guarded, and a party of infantry were forming on the other side. To force the bridge was impossible, for scarcely could two troopers ride abreast on it, and they had scaffolds on each side, from which they could have killed every man of us. I was terrified lest our leader should have attempted it, for he hesitated; but, wheeling to the left, he took the ford. The party then opened a brisk fire on us, and several of the Gordons fell, one of them among my horse's feet, to my great hazard. I thought the men were mad, for I could not at all see what reason they had for fighting, and am certain a simple explanation on either side would have prevented it. The Gordons rode out of the river full drive on the faces of

their enemies, discharged their carabines and pistols, though not with much effect, as far as I could judge, for few of the party fell; however, they all fled toward a wood on a rising ground close by, and a few were cut down before they entered it. From that they fired in safety on the Gordons, who were terribly indignant, but were obliged to draw off, at which I was exceedingly glad, for I expected every moment for more than an hour to be shot, without having it in my power either to fight or flee.

We rode into Kintore, and the old veteran, placing a guard at each end of the town, led me to the hostel along with six of his chief men and friends, and entertained us graciously. The strong drink cheered up his grave and severe visage, and I thought I never saw a face of more interest. All men may judge of my utter amazement, when he addressed me in a set speech to the following purport.

“No wonder that my heart is heavy to-day, worthy sir; hem! I have had a most disagreeable part to perform.”—I trembled.—“So I have, hem! I have lost my chief, who was as a brother, a father to me from my childhood,—Who was a bulwark around his friends, and the terror of his enemies. Scotland shall never again behold such a nobleman as my late brave kinsman and chief. You may then judge with what feelings I regard you, when I tell you that I have met you before, though you remember me not. I was in the mock court of justice that day when the old hero was tried by a jury of his sworn enemies, and when your unexampled energy, honour, and influence alone saved his life. I met you at his house that evening, and had the pleasure of embracing you once. I had nothing to bestow on you but my sword; but I vowed to myself that night, that if ever you needed it, it should be drawn in your defence. The usage you received yesterday cut me to the heart. I heard more than I will utter. Lord Gordon is now my chief, and I will fight for him while I have a drop of blood to spend; but he shall never be backed by old Alexander Gordon in any cause that is unjust. I neither

say that your life was in imminent danger, nor that it was not; but I trembled for it, and resolved to make sure work. You are now out of the territory of the Gordons, and lose not a moment's time until you are fairly in Edinburgh. You will find some there from Castle Huntly before you. It cuts me to the heart that I should ever have been obliged to do a deed in opposition to the inclinations and even the commands of my chief—but what I have done I have done. Farewell; and God be your speed. You and old Glen-bucket may haply meet again."

My heart was so full that I could not express myself, and it was probably as well that I did not make too great a palaver; for I merely said in return, that there was nothing in nature that I revered or admired so much as a due respect for the memory of the good and the great that had been removed from this scene of things; and on that ground principally I took this act of his as the very highest compliment that could have been paid me.

[The Baillie then hasted to Edinburgh, where he found matters going grievously to his injury. His party had combined against him, in the full persuasion that he had joined the adverse side, and for all his former interest, he could never force himself forward again until Argyle's return from London. The Marquess of Huntly had moreover taken possession of his father's house, and shut the doors of it in the Baillie's face, and then a litigation ensued, which perhaps more than any thing renovated his influence once more in the city.

Argyle never lost sight of his dependant's interest, and appears to have paid a deference to him that really goes far to establish the position which the Baillie always takes in the estimation of himself. There is at all events, one thing for which he cannot be too much praised. The king had been accustomed to nominate the Provost and Baillie of Edinburgh each year. From this we may infer, that some favourite noblemen engaged in the administration of Scottish affairs, and who had some object to gain in and through the magistrates of Edinburgh, gave the king in such list as he wanted, and then that his Majesty

signed this list, and sent it to the counsel, with order to choose their men. The Baillie was the first man to withstand this arbitrary procedure, and he carried his point, not perhaps by the fairest and most open means, but he *did* gain it, which was a privilege of high moment to the city, if the inhabitants had made a good use of it; but the tricks of one party against another were not more prevalent, nor more debasing, than it appears they are at this day of boasted freedom and enlargement; only the nobles had then to canvass for the magistrates, whereas the magistrates have now to canvass for themselves. But in fact, some of the Baillie's narratives, if copied, would be regarded as satires on the proceedings of the present age.

We shall therefore pass over this part of the memoirs, and proceed to one of greater import, which commences with the beginning of the civil wars in Scotland. The Baillie had taken the covenant at an early period, and continued firm and true to that great bond of reformation. The great Montrose was, it seems, at one time, a strenuous covenanter; for the Baillie says he was present at St Andrew's when the said Montrose swore the covenant; and that there was a number of gentlemen and noblemen took it on the same day of April 1637, and that forthwith he began to raise men in his own country, all of whom he forced to take the covenant before they were embodied in his army.]

The Marquess of Huntly, continues the Baillie, having raised an army in the North, for the avowed purpose of crushing the covenanters, I was very strenuous at that meeting that they should take him in time, and rather carry the war into his own country than suffer him to wreak his pride and vengeance on his covenanting neighbours. The thing being agreed to, the gentlemen of Fife and Angus instantly set about raising men, and I returned to Edinburgh, and engaging Sir William Dick, the lord provost, and all the counsel in the same cause, in the course of nine days we raised a hundred and seventy-two men whom I undertook to lead to our colonel,

which I did with the assistance of two good officers—but I had a captain that was worse than nobody.

If it had not been for Lieutenant Thorburn, who had served abroad, these men would never have been kept in subordination by me, for they were mostly ragamuffins of the lowest order; drinkers, swearers, and frequenters of brothels; and I having the purse a-keeping, never engaged in such a charge in my life. Truly I thought shame of our city covenanters, for they were a very bad-looking set of men. They had good arms, which they did not well know how to use, but save a cap they had no other uniform. Some had no shoes, and some had shoes without hose, while others had no clothing at all save a ragged coat and apron. We lodged a night at Inverkeithing, and there being no chaplain, I said prayers with them, and desired to see them all at worship again by six in the morning. I then paid them at the rate of half a merk a-piece for two day. But next morning at the appointed time, of my whole army only thirteen appeared at head-quarters to attend worship. I asked of these where all the rest were, and they replied that the greater part of them were mortal drunk. I asked if my officers were drunk likewise, and they told me that Thomas Wilson, the tallow-chandler, was the drunkest of any; but as for Thorburn, he was doing all that he could to muster the troop, to no purpose.

I then stood up and made a speech to the few men that I had, wherein I represented to them the enormous impropriety in men, who had risen up in defence of their religion and liberties, abandoning themselves to drunkenness, the mother of every vice. I then begged heaven for their forgiveness, in a short prayer, and forthwith dispatched my remnant to assist the lieutenant in rousing their inebriated associates.

“You must draw them together with the cords of men,” said I; “and if necessary, you must even use the rod of moderate correction; I mean, you must strip off their clothes, and scourge them with whips.”

The men smiled at my order, and went away promi-

sing to use their endeavour. I followed, and found Thorburn in a back ground to the west of the town, having about the half of the men collected, but keeping them together with the greatest difficulty. As for Wilson, he was sitting on an old dike laughing, and so drunk I could not know what he said; I went up and began to expostulate with him, but all the apology I could get was vacant and provoking laughter, and some such words as these—"It is really grand!" then "he, he, he, Baillie. I say, Baillie, it is really grand! What would Montrose say if he saw—if he saw this? Eh? O, I beg his pardon; I do, I do, I beg his pardon. But after all it is really grand! he—he—he," &c.

Those that were at all sober continued to drag in their companions to the rendezvous; but some of them were so irritated at being torn from their cups, that they fought desperate battles with their conductors. One of them appeared so totally insubordinate, that I desired he might be punished, to which Thorburn assenting at once, he was tied to a tree, and his shirt tirded over his head. He exclaimed bitterly against this summary way of punishment, and appealed to the captain. I said to Thorburn I certainly thought it as well to have Wilson's consent; and then a scene occurred that passes all description. Thorburn went up to him, and says, "Captain, shall I or shall I not give John Hill a hundred lashes for rioting and insubordination?"

"For what?" says Wilson, without lifting his head that hung down near his knee—"some board in the nation! what's that?"

"He has refused to obey orders, sir, and rebelled."

"Lick him, lick him weel! thresh him soundly. Refused to obey orders and rebelled! he's no blate! Thorburn, I say, lick him weel; skelp him till the blood rins off at his heels."

The order was instantly obeyed, but the troop, instead of being impressed with awe, never got such sport before. They laughed till they held their sides, and some actually slid off at a corner to have a parting glass in the mean time.

“Thorburn, what shall be done to get these men once more embodied and set on the way?” said I.

“Faith, sir, there are just two ways of doing it, and no more,” said he. “We must either wait patiently till their money is spent or set the town on fire; and on mine honour I would do the latter, for it is a cursed shabby place, and the people are even worse than ours.”

“That would be a desperate resource, sir,” says I. “It is not customary to sloken one fire by kindling another. Cause proclamation to be made at the drum’s head that every man who does not join the troop in marching order in a quarter of an hour, shall be taken up and punished as a deserter.”

This brought together the greater part, but sundry remained, and I left a party to bring them up as deserters, unluckily the captain was one of them. Him I reprimanded very severely, for he was in the council, and being a poor spendthrift, had got this office for a little lucre, which I considered no great honour to our fraternity.

Nothing further occurred during the next two days, and the third we reached the army, which was drawing to a head about Brechin, Fettercairn, and Montrose. Our colonel, who was then only Earl of Montrose, met me at Brechin, and many were the kind things he said to me. I told him I was ashamed to meet him, for that I had brought him a set of the greatest reprobates that I believed ever breathed since the days of Sodom and Gomorrah, and that I really was afraid they would entail a curse on the army of the church.

He smiled good naturedly, and said, “Keep your mind at ease about that, Baillie, if the church and the land in general can both establish their rights and purge themselves at the same time, there are two great points gained. Are they able, well-bodied men?”

“Their bodies are not so much amiss, my lord,” said I, “but as to their immortal part I tremble to think of that.” He joked with me, and said something about soldiers’ souls which I do not choose to repeat, as it had rather a tincture of flippancy and irreverence for divine

things. He expressed himself perfectly well pleased with the men, saying, "he would soon make them excellent fellows, and begged that we would send him thrice as many greater ragamuffins if I could get them, for that he would reform them more in one year than all the preachers in Scotland would do in twenty." I said he did not yet know them, and gave him a hint of their horrid insubordination. My lord was not naturally a merry man, but mild, gentlemanly, and dignified, nevertheless he laughed aloud at this; saying "it was I that did not know them, for he would answer to me for their perfect subordination."

I then sounded him on his plans of carrying on the war, and tried all I could to induce him to an instant attack on the Marquess of Huntly. But I found him not so easily swayed as the town council of Edinburgh, for when I could not manage them by reason, I found it always possible to do so by intrigue and stratagem; but here my reasoning failed me, and I had no further resource. He assured me that Huntly was more afraid of us than we were of him, and though he was encouraging the Aberdeenians to their own destruction, he would take care not to meddle with our levies; and, therefore, that these should not be led into his bounds until they were fairly drilled, so as to be a match for the best men in Strathbogie. "How could I lead these men into battle at present?" added he.

"If you could, my lord," said I, for I wanted to lose my arguments with as good a grace as I could: "If you could, my lord, you could do more than I could, for, notwithstanding all the influence I seemed to have possessed with our people, notwithstanding threats and scourges, I could not get them out of Inverkeithing, where there was some wretched drink, almost for a whole day; nay, not till Lieutenant Thorburn came to me with a grave face, and requested permission to fire the town about them."

He laughed exceedingly at this; nay, he even laughed until he was obliged to sit down and hold a silk napkin

to his face. Thus were all my arguments for instant and imperious war with Huntly lost, in the hopes of which alone I had taken the charge of these recruits to the north, yea, even though I assured Montrose, from heaven, that in any engagement with Huntly in which I took a part there was a certainty of ample and absolute success, so perfectly assured was I of having day about with him. He answered me that there was no gentleman of whose counsel and assistance he would be happier to avail himself in such an emergency, but that the harvest was not yet ripe, nor the reapers duly prepared; but whenever these important circumstances fitted, I should be duly apprised, and have his right ear in the progress of the war.

I have dwelt rather longer on these reminiscences, because he turned out so great a man, and so great a scourge to the party he then espoused with so much zeal. Sorry was I when he deserted the good cause, and though some of our own side were the primary cause of his defect, yet I comforted myself with this, that he had not been chosen by the Almighty to effect the freedom of this land. But often did I think with deep regret that if the covenanting party had still been blessed with Argyll's political talents, and Montrose's warlike and heroic accomplishments, we had remained invincible to all sects, parties, and divisions. As for the great and supreme Marquess of Huntly, I despised him as much as I hated him, well knowing that his intolerable pride would never suffer him to co-operate with any other leader, and what could the greatest chief of the kingdom do by himself.

Montrose was as good as his word, for early in the spring, he wrote for some ammunition and mortars, and requested that I might be permitted to bring the supplies, as a siege of Aberdeen and a battle with Huntly could be no longer postponed; and he added in a postscript, "Inform my worthy friend the Baillie that Captain Thorburn and a detachment of the Edinburgh troop shall meet him at Inverkeithing, as a suitable escort to the fireworks."

Accordingly, on the 3d of February, 1639, I again

took the road to the north, at the head of a good assortment of warlike stores, the most of which our new General Lesley had just taken out of the Castle of Dalkeith. Money was sorely wanting, but some of the leading men of the committee contrived to borrow a good round sum. My friend Sir William Dick lent them in one day no less than 40,000 marks, against my counsel and advice. They likewise applied to me, but I only shook my head; Argyle was even so ungenerous as to urge it, but I begged his lordship, who was at the head of the committee, to show me the example, and I would certainly follow it to the utmost of my power. This silenced his lordship, and pleased the rest of the committee well, for the truth is, that Argyle would never advance a farthing.

Well, north I goes with the supplies, and, as our colonel had promised, a detachment of my former rascals under Thorburn, met me at Inyerkeithing. Had all the committee of estates sworn it, I could not have believed that such a difference could have been wrought on men. They were not only perfect soldiers, but gentlemen soldiers; sober, regular, and subordinate, and I thenceforward concluded, that no one could calculate what such a man as Montrose was capable of performing.

He welcomed me with the same gentlemanly ease and affability as formerly, but I could not help having a sort of feeling that he was always making rather sport of me in his warlike consultations. He had a field-day at Old Montrose, on a fine green there, and at every evolution he asked my opinion with regard to the perfectness of the troops in the exercise. I knew not what to say sometimes, but I took the safe side; I always commended.

At our messes we spoke much of the approaching campaign. The men of Aberdeen had fortified their city in grand style, and depending on Huntly's co-operation without, they laughed at us, our army, and tenets, beyond measure. There was a young gentleman, a Captain Marshall, in our mess, who repeated their brags often for

sport, and as he spoke in their broad dialect, he never failed setting the mess in a bray of laughter. Montrose always encouraged this fun, for it irritated the officers against the Aberdeen people and the Gordons, beyond measure. I positively began to weary for the attack myself, and resolved to have due vengeance on them for their despite and mockery of the covenant.

On the 27th of March, we set out on our march in the evening. The two regiments trained by Montrose took the van; men excellently appointed, most of them having guns, and the rest long poles with steel heads as sharp as lancets, most deadly weapons. Lord Douglas's regiment marched next, and the new-raised Fife and Mearns men brought up the rear. I went with the artillery and baggage. During our march, men were placed on all the roads that no passenger might pass into Aberdeen with the news of our approach. Parties were also dispatched to the North roads, who got plenty to do; for the heroes of Aberdeen having got notice of our advance, sent messengers off full speed by every path, to apprise Huntly of their danger, and request his instant descent. Our men caught these fellows galloping in the most dreadful desperation, and took all their despatches from them. One after another they came, and no doubt some of them would find their way, but never one came from Huntly in return. I saw one of these heralds of dismay caught myself by our rear guard near a place called Banchary, for they were trying even that road, and I was a good deal diverted by the lad's running, which, had it not been for his manifest alarm, would have deceived some of us. They brought him to me in the dusk of the evening, no chief officer being nigh at the time. He was mounted on a grey pony, and both that and he were covered over with foam and mud. Something of the following dialogue ensued.

“Where may you be bound, my good lad, in such a hurry and so late?”

“Oo fath, sur, am jeest gaun a yurrant o mee muster's That's a', sur: jeest a buttie yurrant o' mee muster's.”

“ Who is your master ?”

“ Oo he’s a juntlemun o’ the town, sur.”

“ The provost ?”

“ The previce ! Him a previce ! Nhaw.”

“ You are not a servant of the provost’s, then ?”

“ Am nae a survunt to nee buddy.”

“ How far are you going ?”

“ Oo am jeest gaun up to the brugg o’ Dee yunder.”

“ What to do ?”

“ Oo am jeest gaun to bring three or four horse-lads o’ bruggs and sheen that’s needit for the wars. There will mawbe be some beets among them tee aw, cudna be saying for that, for they ca’t them jeest brugs and sheen. But aw think its lukely there will be some beets. Me muster was varra feared that the rubels wud chuck them fra ma is aw cum down, but he was no feared for them tucking mysell.”

This was a great stretch of low cunning. He perceived we needed the shoes, and thought we would let him pass, that we might catch him with them on his return, and some of our serjeants winked to me to let him go, but I suspected the draught.

“ Have you no letters or despatches about you, young man ?” rejoined I ; “ for if you have you are in some danger at present, notwithstanding all your lies about the brogs and shoes and small mixture of boots.”

“ Oo aw wut weel, sur, I ha nee duspatches, nor naithing o’ the kind, but jeest a wee buttie lattur to the sheemuker.”

“ Show it me.”

“ Fat have ye to dee wi’ the peer sheemuker’s buttie lattur ?”

I ordered two officers to search him, but they that had seen his looks when a packet was taken from his bosom with this direction !

“ TO THE MOST HONOURABLE

AND MOST NOBLE

THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY.”

I read out the direction in his hearing. “ Ay, my

lad!" added I, "this is a head shoemaker with whom your people deal for their *bruggs* and their *sheen*."

He scratched his head. "Dunn them!" said he; they tulled mee that lutter was till a sheemuker."

What more could be said to the poor fellow? He was taken into custody, and the packet forwarded to our commander.

All the despatches manifested the utmost trepidation in the good folks of Aberdeen. They urged the Marquess, by every motive they could suggest, to come down on Montrose's rear while they defended their city against him; and that between two fires, he and his army would be easily annihilated, while if he (Huntly) suffered that single opportunity to pass, their city would be sacked and burnt, and then Montrose would turn his victorious arms against him, and root out him and his whole clan.

Montrose perceived from these the necessity of despatch, and accordingly on the morning of the 30th of March he invested the city at three points with a celerity of which I had no conception. There were likewise detachments put to guard the two ferries of the Dou and Dee, so that none might escape. As I took no command on me in the battle, I went with the laird of Cairn-Greig and a few others to the top of an old ruin to see the bombardment, and truly I never beheld such an uproar and confusion as there prevailed on the first opening of our mortars and guns. Their three entrances were all pallisaded and made very strong with redoubts, and without dispute they might have defended themselves against an army double our strength, and so perhaps they would, could they have depended on Huntly, which no man ever did who was not disappointed. But moreover the attack from within was more violent than that from without. There were thousands of women and children came rushing on the rear of the defenders of their city, screaming and crying to get out to throw themselves on the mercy of Montrose, rather than stay and be burnt to ashes. The provost, who stood at the post of honour, and commanded the strongest phalanx at the place of

greatest danger, was so overpowered by ladies, apparently in a state of derangement, that he was driven perfectly stupid. Reasoning with them was out of the question, and the provost could not well order his garrison to put them to the sword.

Montrose led his own two regiments against the provost. Lord Douglas attacked the middle part, and the Fife and Strathmore regiments the north one, defended by the brave Colonel Gordon. All the points were attacked at once;—the agonized cries of the women rose to such an extent that I actually grew terrified; for I thought the uproar and confusion of hell could not be greater. It was impossible the provost could stand out, though he had been the bravest man on earth. I must say so much for him. Colonel Gordon withstood our men; boldly repelled them, and had even commenced a pursuit. Montrose either had some dread or some wit of this, for he pushed the provost with such force and vigour that in a very short time, maugre all his efforts, men and women in thousands were seen tearing down the fortifications, levelling them with the soil; and a deputation was sent to Montrose to invite him to enter. But first and foremost he had measures to take with Colonel Gordon, who in a little time would have turned the flank of our whole army, but that hero being now left to himself, was soon surrounded, and obliged to capitulate.

Our men were now drawn up in squares in all the principal streets, and stood to arms, while a council of war was held, in which the plurality of voices gave it for the city to be given up to plunder. The soldiers expected it, and truly the citizens, I believed hoped for nothing better. I confess I voted for it, thinking my brave townsmen would have enjoyed it so much. I know it was reported to my prejudice, that I expected a principal share of the plunder myself; and that it was for that single purpose I went on the expedition. Whoever raised that report, had no further grounds for it than that I voted with the majority, several of them ministers and servants of the Lord. I did vote with them, but it was

for an example to the other cities and towns of our country, who still stood out against emancipation.

Montrose would, however, listen to none of us. His bowels yearned over the city to spare it, and he did spare it; but to plague us, he made magistrates, ministers, and every principal man in the city, swear the covenant on their knees, at the point of the sword; and also fined them in a sum by way of war charges, of which he did not retain one mark to himself.

We now turned our face toward the highlands, to take order with Huntly, and with a light and exulting heart did I take the way, assured of victory. I missed no opportunity, by the way, of reprobating that chief's conduct in first stirring up the good Aberdeenians to resist the measures of the Scottish parliament and the committee of estates, and then hanging back and suffering them to lie at our mercy, when, in truth, he might have come with the whole highlands at his back to their relief; for at that time, save the Campbells and the Forbes's, there was not a clan in the whole highlands sided with us.

Montrose could say nothing for Huntly, but neither would he say much against him, till he saw how he would behave. The honest man had, however, most valiantly collected his clansmen (who had long been ready at an hour's warning) for the relief of Aberdeen on the evening after it was taken! Ay, that he had! He had collected 1700 foot, and 400 gallant horsemen under the command of old Glen-bucket, and his son, Lord Gordon, and had even made a speech to them; and set out at their head a distance of full five miles, to create a stern diversion in favour of the gallant and loyal citizens of Aberdeen. At the head of this gallant array he marched forth, until, at a place called Cabrach, he was apprised by some flyers whom he met on the way, that the Earl of Montrose with a gallant army was in full march against him—that Aberdeen was taken and plundered, and all the magistrates, ministers, and chief men put to the sword.

I would have given a hundred pounds, (Scots I mean,)

to have been there to have seen my old friend Enzie's plight, now the invincible Marquess of Huntly. He called a parley on the instant; ordered his puissant army to disappear, to vanish in the adjoining woods, and not a man of them to be seen in arms as the invaders marched on! and having given this annihilating order, he turned his horse's head about and never drew bridle till he was at the castle of Boggie in the upper district of the country. Thence he dispatched messengers to our commander, begging to know his terms of accommodation.

But these messengers would have been too late to have saved Huntly and the castle, had it not been for the valour and presence of mind of old Glen-bucket and his young chief, the Lord Gordon, who, venturing to infringe the Marquess's sudden orders, withstood Montrose, and hovering nigh his van, kept him in check for two whole days and a night. Montrose perceiving how detrimental this stay would be to his purpose of taking his redoubted opponent by surprise, sent off a party by night round the Buck, to come between the Gordons and the bridge. The party, led by one Patrick Shaw, who knew the country well, gained their point, and began to fire on the Gordon horse by the break of day. Glen-bucket somewhat astounded at this circumstance, drew aside to the high ground, but perceiving Montrose coming briskly up on him from the south-east, he drew off at a sharp trot, and tried to gain the town, but there he was opposed by the foot that had crossed by the hill path. There was no time to lose. We were coming hard up behind them when Glen-bucket, and Lord Gordon rushed upon our foot at the head of their close body of horse. They could not break them although they cut down a number of brave men, and the consequence was that all the men of the three first ranks were unhorsed, and either slain or taken prisoners; amongst the latter were both young Lord Gordon and old Glen-bucket; the rest scattered and fled, and easily made their escape. The conflict did not last above six minutes, yet short as it was, it was quite decisive.

I addressed old Glen-bucket with the greatest kindness and respect, but with a grave and solemn aspect regretted his having taken arms against so good a cause. He seemed offended at this, smiled grimly, and expressed his wonder how any good man could be engaged in so *bad* a cause as that of the Covenant. He seemed much disappointed at the coldness of my manner. I knew it would be so, but I had to take the measure of him and his whole clan ere I parted with them, and behaved as I did on a principle of consistency.

We took in the town of Huntly, and there we received Huntly's messengers. Montrose's conditions were absolute, namely, that the Gordon and all his clan should take the covenant, and acquiesce in every one of the measures of the committee; and the very next day Huntly came in person, with a few of his principal friends, and submitted. I was sorry for this, for I wanted to humble him effectually; however, he and I had not done yet.

Montrose, anxious to deal with him in a manner suiting his high rank, did not oblige him to take the covenant on his knees like the burgesses of Aberdeen, but causing me to write out a paper, he told me he would be satisfied if the Marquess signed that on oath, in name of himself, his clan, and kinsmen. I made it as severe as I could, nevertheless he signed it, subscribing the oath.

Matters being now adjusted, and the two great men the greatest of friends, Huntly and his friends accompanied us to Aberdeen on our way home, every thing being now settled for which we took up arms: but when the Marquess came there, and found that the city was *not* plundered, nor the ladies outraged, nor the magistrates put to the sword, nor even so much as the tongues of the ministers cut out that preached against the covenant, why the Marquess began to recant, and rather to look two ways at one time. He expected to be at the lord provost's grand funeral. Lord help him! the provost was as jolly, as fat, and as loquacious as ever! He expected to find all the ladies half deranged in their intellects, tearing their hair, and like Jephthah's daughter,

bewailing their fate on the mountains ; he never found the ladies of Aberdeen so gay, and every one of their mouths was filled with the praises of Montrose, his liberality, his kindness, and his gallantry ! This was a hard bone for the proud Marquess to chew—a jaw-breaker that he could not endure ; for the glory of a contemporary was his bane ; it drove all the solemn league and covenant in his galled mind to a thing little short of blasphemy. Moreover, he expected to have found all the college professors and ministers of the gospel running about the streets, squeaking and jabbering with their tongues cut out, and instead of which the men seemed to have had their tongues loosed, all for the purpose of lauding his adversary, and preaching up the benefits of the new covenant. Huntly saw that the reign of feudalism was at an end, and with that his over-balancing power in the realm ; and then reflecting how easily he might have prevented this, he was like to gnaw off his fingers with vexation : and perhaps the thing that irritated his haughty mind most of all, was the finding of that worship and reverence formerly paid to him in Aberdeen now turned into scorn, while the consciousness of having deserved it made the feeling still more acute.

In a word, the Marquess took the strunt, and would neither ratify some further engagements which he had come under, nor stand to those he had subscribed on oath, but begged of Montrose, as a last favour that he would release him from the bond of the covenant, the tenor of which he did not understand, and the principle of which he did not approve.

Montrose tried to reason calmly with him, but that made matters worse. Then he told him, that he would yield so far to him as release him from his engagement for the present, but that indeed he feared he would repent it. Grahame then rose, and bringing him his bond in his hand, presented it to him with some regretful observations on his noble friend's vacillation.

Huntly began to express his thanks, but was unable, his face burnt to the bone, for he was so proud he could

never express gratitude either to God or man, but he was mightily relieved from his dilemma when Montrose, with a stern voice, ordered him to be put in confinement, and conducted a close prisoner to Edinburgh! I could hardly contain myself at the woful change that this order made on his features. It was marrow to my bones to see him humbled thus far at the moment. I thought of his felling me down, and kicking me in the mud, when I was in a situation in which I durst not resist; I argued likewise of the way he used me with regard to his worthy father's bequest. So as Montrose was striding out with tokens of displeasure on his face, I called after him, "My Lord Montrose, as I lie under some old obligation to the noble Marquess, your prisoner, may I beg of you to be honoured with the charge of conducting him to the gaol of Edinburgh?"

"With all my heart, Baillie," returned he; "only remember to see him strictly guarded; for it is now manifest that he is a traitor to our cause."

Having till now shunned the Marquess's presence, he never knew till that moment that I was at his right hand amongst the number of his enemies; and then he cast such a look of startled amazement at me! It was as if one had shouted in the other ear, The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson! I was cheated if at that moment the Marquess would not have signed ten solemn leagues and ten covenants of any sort, to have been fairly out of his friend the Baillie's clutches, and at the head of his clan again. But it would not do; he was obliged to draw himself up, and submit to his fate.

Lord Aboyne and the Lords Lewis and Charles, Gordon of Glen-livet, and other three of the name, took the oaths for themselves, and were set at liberty; but Lord Gordon and old Glen-bucket, having been taken in arms fighting against the army of the estates, were likewise conducted in bonds to Edinburgh.

[The Baillie's inveteracy against the Marquess of Huntly continues the string on which he delights to harp through the whole of these memoirs, and it is perhaps

the most amusing theme he takes up. I hope the character of that nobleman is exaggerated; indeed it must be so, drawn by one having such a deadly prejudice against him. For my part, having never, as far as I remember, learned any thing of that nobleman further than what is delineated in these manuscripts, I confess they have given me an idea of him as unfavourable as that of his father is exalted. It is a pity the Baillie should have been a man possessed of such bitter remembrances, and a spirit of such lasting revenge, for otherwise he seems rather to have been a good man, if measured with the times. An acute and clear-headed man he certainly was in many respects, but of all men the worst fitted for that which he appears to have valued himself most on, *the conducting of a campaign against the enemies of the covenant*. Indeed I cannot be sure for all that I have seen, for what purpose the leaders took him always to be of their council on such occasions, but there can be no doubt of the fact. We must give one further little relation in his own words, before we have done with him at this time, and then we shall accompany him into actions of greater moment.]

I had settled every thing with my Lord Montrose how I was to act when I came to Edinburgh; accordingly I committed Huntly and his gallant son to the castle, where they were put into close confinement as state prisoners. Glen-bucket besought me to suffer him to accompany them, but I informed him that my strict orders were to take him to a common gaol in the high street. He said it was but a small request that he might be suffered to accompany his chief, which he knew my interest could easily procure for him, and he again intreated me to use it. I promised that I would, but in the mean time he must be content to go as directed, to which he was obliged to submit, but with his accustomed gravity and gloominess.

When we came to the gate of the castle, I perceived Sir William Dick, our provost, and Baillie Edgar, whom I had appointed to meet us, so I turned and said to my

prisoner, "Sir Alexander, I do not choose to expose you in bonds on Edinburgh street at noon-day."

"It does not signify, sir," said he; "I am quite indifferent."

"I cannot yield to have it so," said I. "Soldiers, take off his chains! and do you walk on before us as a guard of honour. Yes, as a guard of honour, for honour is a sufficient guard for the person of Sir Alexander Gordon, of Glen-bucket."

Morose and sullen as he was, he could not help being pleased with this: he rose as it were a foot higher, and as soon as the soldiers removed his bonds I returned him his sword. At that moment the Lord Provost accosted him, but his mind being confused he made a slight obeisance, and was going to pass on.

"Sir Alexander," said I, "this is my friend, the honourable Sir William Dick, Lord Provost of Edinburgh?"

Glen-bucket started, and then, with the politeness of two courtiers, the two old knights saluted one another. I then introduced Baillie Edgar and Mr Henderson, and after that we walked away, two on each side of Glen-bucket. He did not well understand this apparent courtesy, for I perceived by his face that he thought it a species of mockery. He spake little. I only remember of one expression that dropped from him as it were spontaneously. It was an exclamation, and came with a burst of breath—"Hah! on my honour, this is a guard of *honour* indeed!"

As we approached the Tolbooth he cast a look at the iron gratings, and was going to stop at the principal entrance, but I desired him to walk on, for his apartment was a little farther this way. When we came to my house, which was one short stair above the street, I went before him to lead the way, and on opening the house door, the trance (passage) was completely dark by chance, none of the doors leading from it being open. "Come this way, sir," said I, "follow me, and take care of the *steps*." I looked behind me, and saw, between

me and the light, his tall athletic form, stooping as if aware of some danger by a quick descent: he had an arm stretched out and a hand impressed against each wall, and was shovelling his feet along the trance for fear of precipitating himself down some abyss or dungeon. I could hardly help bursting out into a fit of laughter, but I stood at the inner door till his great hands came upon my head grasping his way, I then threw open my dining-room door and announced my prisoner by name, Sir Alexander Gordon of Glen-bucket, and he walked in.

Nothing could equal the old warrior's surprise, when he was welcomed by nine of the most elegant and most respectable ladies of the land. Some of them even took him in their arms and embraced him, for none present were ignorant of the noble part he had acted with regard to me. All were alike kind and attentive to him. I introduced several of them to him by name. "This, Sir Alexander, is my sister, Lady Sydeserf; this, sir, is Lady Campbell, younger, of Glenorchy; this is Lady Dick," &c., &c. His bow to each was the most solemn and profound imaginable, at length he bolted straight up as with a jerk, and turning to me said in what he meant for a very sprightly manner, "On mine honour, Sir Baillie, but you have a good assortment of state prisoners at present. Are these, sir, all rebels against this new government, called the 'committee of estates?' Hey? If so, sir, I am proud to be of the number."

"These are all my prisoners for the day and the night, and all happy to see you are of their number, Sir Alexander."

Nothing could give me greater pleasure than the hilarity of the old warrior that night. He was placed next to my sister-in-law at the head of the table, the company consisted of twenty-three, the wine circulated freely, and Glen-bucket fairly forgot for that evening the present cloud under which the Gordons lay, and that there were such things as covenanters and anti-covenanters in the realm.

After the ladies retired, he took fits of upright thoughtfulness; (these are the Baillie's own words,) as still not

knowing how he was to act, or what state he occupied. I perceived it, and taking him aside into a private room told him that he was free and at liberty to go and come as he chose, either to his chief or to his home, or to remain at large in Edinburgh, where my house and all my servants should be his own.

He thanked me most politely, but refused to accept of his freedom, save on the condition that he should be at liberty to fight for his king and his chief whenever called upon. This was rather above my commission, but seeing that good manners compelled me, I conceded, without hesitation taking the responsibility on myself, and we then joined our jovial friends, and spent the evening in the utmost hilarity.

[It is well known that the annals of that day are of a sanguine description. The Baillie took a deep interest in the struggle, and often describes the incidents manifestly as he felt them. The amazement of the country on learning that the king was coming with a powerful army to invade it; the arrival of his navy in the Firth of Forth, and the wiles made use of to draw the king's commander-in-chief, the Marquess of Hamilton, over to the covenanting party, in which they seem to have succeeded; for there seems to have been no faith kept in that age, and less with the king than any other person; these are all described by the Baillie with his usual simplicity. He describes two meetings that he and some others had with the Marquess, one on board his ship, and one at midnight on shore, and these disclosures show how the poor king's confidence was abused. He had 3,000 soldiers on board, and twenty large ships well manned, yet the Marquess would not suffer one of them to stir a foot in support of the king. The Lord Aboyne hearing of this strong armament, and grieved that his father and elder brother should still be kept in bonds by the covenanters, raised the Gordons once more, and sent word to Hamilton to join him, and they could then get such conditions for the king as he should require of the covenanters. But the latter worthies had made sure of Hamilton

before. He sent evasive answers to Aboyne, suffering him to raise his clan and advance southward in hopes of support, till lo! he was met by his late adversary Montrose, at the bridge of Dee, with a great army, though not very well appointed.

The Baillie was not personally in this battle, for the best of reasons, because the Marquess of Huntly was not there in person to oppose him. The Baillie had his great enemy safely under lock and key, else there is little doubt that the former would have been at the battle, which he however describes as taken from the mouth of his friend Captain Thorburn.

He says, the army of the Gordons amounted to about 2,500 men, among whom were two strong bodies of horse. Montrose had 4,000, but all new raised men, though many of them inured to battle in former times. The Gordons were well posted on the two sides of the river Dee, but Montrose took them somewhat by surprise, which he seldom failed to do with his enemies. The battle was exceedingly fierce. Three times did the body of the Gordons on the south side of the river repel the attack of Montrose's squadrons, and defend the bridge; and the third time, if the Gordons durst have left their station, they had so far disordered the main or middle column of the covenanters, that without all doubt they might have put them to the rout. Montrose was terribly alarmed at that instant, for a general attack of the Gordons which he half confessed would have been ruin. But the young Lord Aboyne, with all the bravery of a hero, wanted experience; he lost that opportunity, and with it the battle. For Montrose being left at leisure, new-modelled his army; and some field-pieces which he had formerly left at Brechin Castle arriving at that instant, he advanced once more, won the bridge of Dee, and in a short time gained possession of the field of battle. Still the young lord drew off his troops to the high grounds with such skill, that the conquerors could make no impression on them. The carnage was nearly equal on both sides.

The Baillie never speaks favourably of the king. He says, in one place, they were more plagued with him than any thing else. They never derived good from his plans, which tended always much more to derange their measures than cement them. But of the jealousies and heartburnings of the covenanting lords, he expresses himself with real concern.]

The falling off of Montrose from our party, (says he,) was a great grief of mind to me, though some of our leaders seemed to rejoice at it. Lesly and Argyle bore all the blame, for they were jealous of his warrior fame and brilliant successes, and took every opportunity that occurred to slight him. Yea, and as I loved the man, I was not more sorry at his loss to us than for the loss of his soul; for he had now broken his most solemn oaths and engagements, and lifted up the heel against the Most High, setting him as it were at defiance, after all the zeal he had shown in his cause. I had great fears that a curse was gone forth against us, because of the leaguings of men together, whom I knew to be of very different principles; and, among other things, it was matter of great grief when Hamilton and General Ruthven, leaguings together, set the Marquess of Huntly and his son the Lord Gordon both at liberty; whereas it was manifest to every well-disposed Christian, that the good cause would have been much better served by cutting off both their heads. Argyle might have hindered this, but chose not to intermeddle, Huntly being his brother-in-law, but it was all sham, for he both dreaded him and hated him as much as I did. Indeed I was so much displeas'd with my Lord Argyle's carriage at this time, that I at one time resolv'd to decline his patronage for the future, and also to cease supporting him in his political views, which I had uniformly done hitherto. He cheated the men of Athol, and falsifying his honour, took their leaders prisoners, and then marching a whole army of hungry highlanders down among the peaceable inhabitants, plundered and laid waste the whole country, burnt Castle Farquhar belonging to the Earl of Airy, and also sacked

Airly Castle, spoiling some even of Montrose's own kin. Was it any wonder that the latter was disgusted at such behaviour? But the country was now getting into a state of perfect anarchy and confusion, so that after Montrose's imprisonment and hard trial about signing the Cumbernauld bond, I perceived that we had for ever done with him."

[We must now pass over several years, the history of which is entirely made up of plot and counterplot, raising and disbanding of armies, projects of great import, all destroyed by the merest accidents,—truculent treaties, much parade, and small execution; and follow our redoubted Baillie once more to the field of honour, the place of all others for which he was least fitted, and on which he valued himself most. Indeed, if we except his account of the last parliament which the king held in Scotland, and the last dinner which he gave to his nobility, there is nothing very original in the memoir. The description of these is affecting, but as the writer was a professed opponent to the king's measures, it might not be fair to give such pictures as genuine.]

In April 1644, being then one of the commission of the general assembly, I was almost put beside myself, for we had the whole business of the nation to manage; and my zeal both for our religious and civil liberties was such that I may truly say I was eaten up with it. The committee of estates attempted nothing without us, *with* us they could do every thing. We had been employed the whole of the first day of our meeting in receiving the penitences and confessions of the Earl of Lanark, who had taken a decided part against the covenant. We dreaded him for a spy sent by the king, and dealt very severely with him; but at length he expressed himself against the king with so much rancour, that we knew he was a true man, and received him into the covenant with many prayers and supplications.

On retiring to my own house, I sat down all alone to ponder on the occurrences of the day, and wondered not a little when a chariot came to my door, and softly and

gently one tapped thereat. I heard some whispering at the door, as with my servant maid, and then the chariot drove off again. I sat cocking up my ears, wondering what this could be, until a gentleman entered wrapped in an ample cloak. He saluted me familiarly, but I did not know him till he had laid aside his mantle and taken me by the hand. It was my lord the Marquess of Argyle; I was astonished, and my cogitations troubled me greatly. "My lord," said I, "God bless you! Is it yourself?"

"Did you not know me, my dear Baillie?"

"How could I, not knowing you to be in this country? I took you to be in London, watching over our affairs there in parliament, and I was very loath to believe it was your ghost."

"Well, here I am, Baillie, post from thence, and on an affair that much concerns every friend to the covenant and the reformed religion. Our affairs with his majesty are all blown up. This we expected and foresaw, and we must now arm in good earnest for our country and religion. Our affairs go on well in general; but, O Baillie! I have received heavy news since my arrival. Montrose has set up the king's standard on the Border, and is appointed governor and commander-in-chief in Scotland, and my brother-in-law Huntly, that most turbulent and factious of all human beings, is appointed lieutenant-general for the whole realm under him; and while the former is raising all the malignants on the two sides the Border, the latter is raising the whole north against us. What think you of these news, Baillie? Have we not great reason to bestir ourselves, and unite all our chief men together, in interest as well as principle, and that without loss of time?"

"I tremble at the news, my lord," returned I, "but merely for the blood that I see must be shed in Scotland; for I am no more afraid of the triumph of our cause than I am of a second deluge, having the same faith in the promises relating to them both. Besides, my lord, the danger is not so great as you imagine from the coalition.

The Marquess of Huntly, friend as he is of yours, will never act in subordination with any created being, for his pride and his jealousy will not let him. He may well mar the enterprises of the other, but never will further them. The other is a dangerous man, I acknowledge it. His equal is not in the kingdom ; but he is a forsworn man, and how can such a man prosper? I blame you much, my lord, for the loss of him. Your behaviour there has been so impolitic, that I could never trust you with the whole weight of our concerns so well again."

" Why, Baillie," returned he impatiently, " that man wanted to be every thing. I made all the concessions I could ultimately, but they would not do ; the time was past. He was a traitor to the cause at heart, so let that pass. Let us now work for the best. To-morrow the danger must all be disclosed, both in the committee and the Assembly's commission, and I desired this private conference with you, that what I propose in the one, you may propose in the other."

" It was prudently and wisely considered, my lord," said I ; " for our only safeguard in this perilous time, is a right understanding with one another. That which either of us proposes will not be put off without a fair trial ; and when it turns out that we have both proposed the same thing and the same measures, these must appear to our coadjutors as founded in reason and experience."

" Exactly my feelings," added he ; " and neither of us must give up our points, but bring to a fair trial by vote, should there be any opposition. There must be two armies raised, or embodied rather, without delay. Who are to be the commanders?"

" Your lordship is without doubt entitled to be the commander of one," said I.

" Granting this, whom are we to propose for the other?" said he.

" Not having previously thought of the matter, I am rather at a loss," said I.

"It rests between the Earls of Callander and Lothian," said he.

"Then I should think the latter the most eligible," returned I: "Callander has already refused a command under our auspices."

"We *must not* lose that nobleman, Baillie, make what sacrifice we will. Besides, he has the king's confidence, and the circumstance of his being our general, will be an excellent blind to those who are still wavering. Do you take me Baillie? Did your clear long-winded comprehension never take that view of the matter?"

"You are quite right my lord," said I. "The justice of your remark is perfectly apparent. I shall, then propose you for the northern army, and Livingston for the southern."

"Very well," said his lordship, "and I shall propose Livingstone, as you call him, for the south, and Lothian for the north; for I'll rather give up my privilege to him than lose his interest. It is most *probable* I will be nominated in his place. On this then we are agreed. But there is another thing, my dear Baillie, which I want done without delay, and I beg you will have the kindness to propose and use it to-morrow. We must loose all the thunders of the church against our enemies. I have already seen how it weakens their hands. We must have the great excommunication pronounced on them all without delay; and as the proposal will come better from you than me, I entrust you with it."

"It is a dreadful affair that, my lord," said I; "I am not very fond of the honour. It leaves no room for repentance. Neither do I as yet know on whom to have it executed."

"The church is at liberty to take it off again on the amendment of the parties," said he; "and as I have full intelligence of all, I will give you a list of the leading malignants, against whom to issue the curse."

I was obliged to acquiesce rather against my inclination, and he gave me the list from his pocket. "Now be sure to fix on a divine that will execute it in the

most resolute manner," added he. "It will mar their levies for once."

"It is a terrible affair," said I, "to be gone deliberately about for any sinister purpose."

"It is what they justly deserve," said he. "They are renegades and reprobates, every man of them; liars and covenant-breakers; let the curse be poured out on them. And now, my dear friend, if it turns out that I must lead the covenanting army against my brother-in-law, I will not proceed a foot without your company. You shall be my chief counsellor, and next to myself both in honour and emolument. In short, you shall command both the army and me. Give me your promise."

"I think I can serve you more at home, my lord," said I.

"No you cannot," said he. You have an indefinable power over Huntly. I have seen extraordinary instances of it. He has no more power to stand before you than before a thunder-bolt. Your very name has a charm over him. I was in his company last year when your name chanced to be mentioned. To my astonishment, every lineament of his frame and feature of his countenance underwent a sudden alteration, becoming truly diabolical. 'Wretch! poltroon! dog that he is!' exclaimed he furiously; 'I'll crush the varlet with my foot, as I would do the meanest reptile!'

"I will go with you, my lord," said I. "'There shall be nothing more of it. We will let him see who can crush best. Crush me with his foot! The proud obstreperous changeling! I will let him see who will take the door of the parliament-house first, ere long! They would not cut off his head when they had him, though I brought him in chains to them like a wild beast, and told them what he was.'

"That's right," said the Marquess; "I like to see you show a proper spirit. Now remember to push home the excommunication. The great one let it be. Give them it soundly."

"It shall be done, my lord," said I, "if my influence

and exertion can bear it through. And moreover I will lead the van of your army in the northern expedition myself in person. I shall command the wing or centre against Huntly, wherever he is. It is not proper that two brothers command against each other."

We then conversed about many things in a secret and confidential manner till a late hour, when I likewise muffled myself up in a cloak and conveyed his lordship home.

The very next day, as soon as the prayer was ended, I arose in my seat, and announced the news of the two risings in opposition to the covenant, and all our flourishing measures; and proposed that we should, without a moment's delay, come to a conclusion how the danger might be averted. I was seconded by the Rev. Mr Blair, who confirmed my statement as far as related to the north. Of Montrose none of them had heard. I assured them of the fact, and proposed the Earl of Callander to levy and lead the army of the south, and Argyle that of the north; at the same time stating my reasons for my choice, which I deemed unanswerable. There was not one dissentient voice, provided the convention of estates acquiesced in the choice.

I then made a speech of half an hour's length, recommending that the sword of the Spirit should likewise be unsheathed against them, and that, as a terror to others, these rebels against the true reformed religion should be consigned over to the spirit of disobedience, under whose influence they had thus raised the bloody banner of civil war. I was seconded by Mr Robert Douglas, a great leader of our church; but we were both opposed by Sir William Campbell, another ruling elder like myself, and that with such energy that I was afraid the day was lost, the moderator, Mr David Dickson, a silly man, being on his side. We carried it, however, by a majority, and Mr John Adamson was chosen for the important work.

The crowd that day at the high church was truly terrific, and certainly Mr Adamson went through the work in a most imposing and masterly manner. My heart

quaked, and all the hairs of my head rose on end ; and I repented me of having been the moving cause of consigning so many precious souls to endless perdition. I could sleep none all the following night, and had resolved to absent myself from the commission the next day, and spend it in fasting and humiliation, but at eleven o'clock I was sent for on express to attend, and on going I found new cause for grief and repentance.

I had given in a list of eight for excommunication, precisely as Argyle gave them to me. I did not so much as know some of them, but took them on my great patron's word. They were the Marquess of Huntly, of course he was the first ; the two Irvines, of Drum ; the Laird of Haddo, and his steward ; the Lairds of Skeen and Tipperty ; and Mr James Kennedy, secretary to Huntly. Judge then of my grief and confusion, when on going into my place I found Mr Robert Skeen there, entering a protest against our proceedings, in as far as related to his brother, the Laird of Skeen, whom he assured us was as true to the cause as any present ; and he gave us, as I thought, indubitable proofs of it.

I was overcome with confusion and astonishment, and wist not what to say for myself, for I could not with honour disclose the private communication between Argyle and me. I got up to address the meeting, but my feelings and my conscience were so much overcome, that I could not come to any point that bore properly on the subject. Whereon Sir William Campbell, who had opposed the motion from the beginning, rose and said, " Mr Moderator, it is evident the gentleman is nonplussed, and cannot give any proper explanation. I'll do it for him ; the gentleman, sir, is like ourselves, he acts by commission ; yes, sir, I say like us, he acts by commission. We do so with our eyes open, in the name and by the appointment of all our brethren ; but he acts, sir, with his eyes shut ; he acts, sir, blindfolded, and solely by the direction of another. Is it any wonder, sir, that such a man should run into blunders ? But since the thing hath happened why let it pass. What is a man's soul

to us? Let him go to the devil with the rest, I see very little difference it makes."

This raised a laugh in the court at my expense, so loud, and so much out of reason, that the moderator reprimanded the court at large, and called Sir William to order. But I stood corrected, humbled, and abashed, never having got such a rub before. After all, the gentleman turned out a rank malignant, and was as active against the covenanting principles as any man of the day.

Argyle, whose influence with the churchmen was without a parallel, and almost without bounds, soon raised three strong regiments, and could have raised as many more. The ministers of Fife and Angus preached all the Sunday on the glory of standing up for the good work of the heart, and whosoever did not rise for the work of the Lord, and contribute less or more according to his means, would be blotted out of the book of life; they likewise, every one of them, announced the eternal curse laid on their enemies. It was a time of awe and dread, and fearful workings of the spirits of men.

The consequence of these preachings and anathemas was, that on the Monday whole multitudes of the people came to the ministers to enrol themselves for the war, so that the latter had nothing ado but to pick and choose. Many came with forty's and fifty's, one or two with a hundred, and the minister of Cameron, honest man, came with three. Accordingly, some day early in May, I have forgot the day, we proceeded once more to the north, against the Marquess of Huntly. We had 3,000 foot, and nearly 500 horse, and I believe every man's blood in the army, as well as my own, was boiling with indignation and resentment against the disturber of the public peace.

I went in the character of Argyle's friend and counsellor, but he was so kind, that he frequently caused me to issue the general orders myself, and all his servants were at my command. We had three companies of the black coats with us, raised by the church, and dressed in her uniform; and, though the malignant part of the

country laughed exceedingly at them, my opinion was, that they were a very valuable corps ;—mostly the sons of poor gentlemen and farmers, well educated, fearless, resolute fellows, excellent takers of meat, and good pray-ers. I looked on their presence as a great safeguard for the army.

Well, as soon as we crossed the Tay, I took one of these fellows, named Lawrence Hay, a shrewd clever fellow, and dressing him smartly up as an officiating clergyman, with cloak, cocked hat, and bands, I despatched him away secretly into the middle of the country of the Gordons, to bring me intelligence of all that was going on there, knowing that he would meet with nothing but respect and reverence in his route. I likewise gave him letters to two covenanting clergymen of my acquaintance, but told to none of them the purport of my black cavalier's mission, which he executed to a wonder. He had even had the assurance to go into the midst of Huntly's host, as a licentiate for the episcopal church, and converse with his officers. After an absence of three nights and days, he returned to me at the fords of the Dee, and very opportunely did he arrive.

It will easily be conceived, that I had not that full confidence in my present commander that I had in my former one ; and for one main reason—I saw that he had not that full confidence in himself ; so that I was obliged to venture a little on my own bottom. Well, when we came the length of the Dee, Argyle was at a stand, not having heard aught of Huntly's motions or strength, and he proposed that we should turn to the east, to take in Aberdeen and the populous districts, and prevent Huntly's levies there.

At that very important nick of time my private messenger arrived, and gave me the following account.—Huntly's officers were loading us with the most horrid curses and invectives, on account of the excommunication. The people in the villages, instead of enlisting, fled from the faces of the officers, as from demons ; and that even of the force they had collected, there were few whose hearts

and hands were not weakened ; and that Huntly's sole dependence lay on getting reasonable terms of accommodation, and for that only he with difficulty kept his forces together. This was the substance of all he had gathered, principally from the country people, and he assured me I might rely on it. This was blithe news to me. He told me, likewise, that he was called in before Huntly, who examined him regarding all the news of the south. At length he came to this.

“ Know you aught of the covenanters' army ? ”

“ I was in St Johnston when they were there, my lord ; saw all their array, and heard the names of the leaders, some of which I have forgot.”

“ What may be the amount of their army ? ”

“ The numbers are considerable. I think Mr Norris, with whom I lodged, said they amounted to 5,000, but they are badly equipped, badly trained, and far worse commanded. Your troops may venture to encounter them one to two.”

“ Why, I heard that Argyle had the command.”

“ Not at all, my lord, he has the least command in the army ; he only commands the horse. Lord Kinghorn has a regiment, he is no great head, you know ; Lord Elcho has another. But the commander-in-chief is I assure you, a ridiculous body, a Baillie of Edinburgh.”

“ Thank you kindly for the character, Mr Hay,” said I ; “ thank you kindly.” I was, however, highly pleased with the fellow's ingenuity. “ Thank you kindly, Mr Lawrence,” said I. “ Well, what did the Marquess say to that ? ”

“ Say to that ! ” exclaimed he. “ Why, the man went out of his reason the moment I mentioned your name. I never beheld any thing equal to it ! I cannot comprehend it. His countenance altered ; his eyes turned out, and his tongue swelled in his mouth, so that he could hardly pronounce the words. Then he began and cursed you for a dog of hell, and cursed, and cursed you, till he fell into a sort of convulsion, and his officers carried him away. What in this world is the meaning of it ? ”

“The meaning of it is, sir,” said I,—and I said it with a holy sublimity of manner—“The meaning of it is, sir, that he knows I am born to chastise him in this world, and to be his bane in a world to come.”

The poor fellow gaped and stared at me in dumb amazement. I made him a present of 100 merks, and the horse that he had rode on, which he accepted of without again moving his tongue.

This was at midnight, and the next morning early, Argyle called a council of war, and proposed turning aside from the direct route, and strengthening ourselves to the eastward. The rest of the officers acquiesced, but I held my peace and shook my head.

“What! does our worthy friend the Baillie not approve of this measure?” said Argyle.

“I disapprove of it mainly and decidedly,” said I. “Or, if you will lead the army to the eastward, give me but Freeland’s Perth dragoons, and as many chosen men foot soldiers, and I will engage with these few to push straight onward, brave the wild beast in his den, scatter his army of hellish malignants like chaff; and if I don’t bring you Huntly, bound head and foot, his horse shall be swifter than mine. I know the power that is given me, and I will do this, or never trust my word again.”

“My lords and right trusty friends,” said Argyle, “you have all heard our honoured friend the Baillie’s proposal. You have likewise witnessed the energy with which it has been made,—so different from his accustomed modest, mild, and diffident manner,—a sure pledge to me that he is moved to the undertaking by the Spirit of the Most High; I therefore propose that we should grant him the force he requests, and trust him with the bold adventure.”

“If my cavalry are to be engaged,” said the Laird of Freeland, “I must necessarily fight at their head.”

“That you shall, and I will ride by your side, sir,” said I. “But remember you are to fight when I bid you, and pursue when I bid you; as to the flying part, I leave that to your own discretion.”

“ Well said, Baillie !” cried Argyle ; “ you are actually grown a hero of the first order.” The officers wondered at me, and the common men were seized with a holy ardour, and strove who should have the honour of going on the bold expedition. I was impatient to be gone, having taken my measures, and accordingly I got 400 cavalry, among whom was the three companies of black dragoons, and mounting 400 foot soldiers behind them, I took the road at their head, telling them that, save to feed the horses, we halted no more till we drew up before the enemy. The Laird of Freeland led the horse, and young Charteris of Elcho, the foot. We rode straight on to the north, and at even crossed the Don at a place called the Old Ford, or Auldford,—a place subsequently rendered famous for the triumph of iniquity.

The weather was fine, and the waters very low ; and I proposed, after feeding our horses, that we should travel all night, and surprise the Gordons early in the morning. Accordingly we set out, but on leaving the Dee, we got into a wild mountain path, and there being a thick dry haze on the hills, we lost our way altogether, and knew not whither we were journeying, north or south. At length we arrived at a poor village, having a highland name, which I could not pronounce, and there asked a guide for the town of Huntly. The men were in great consternation, running from one house to another ; for our array through the haze appeared, even to my own eyes, to increase sevenfold.

We at length procured a guide by sheer compulsion ; I placed him on a horse before a dragoon, with orders to kill him if he attempted to make his escape, and I assured him, that on the return of day, if I found that he had not led us by the direct path, I would cut him all into small pieces. Finding out that the hamlet belonged to the Gordons, I was very jealous of the fellow, and kept always beside him myself. “ Now are you sure, you rascal, that you are leading us in a straight line for Huntly ?”

“ Huhay : and tat she pe. She pe leating you as straight sir, as a very tree, as straight as a whery rhope, sii.”

“ Had we deviated much ere we arrived at your village ?”

“ I dhont knhow, sir. Far did you pe casting them ?”

“ Casting what ?”

“ Why them divots you speaked of.”

“ I mean, had we gone far astray ?”

“ Hu, very far indheed, sir, you could not have ghone as far astray in te whoule world.”

One of my black dragoons, a great scholar and astronomer, now came riding up and says, “ I can tell your honour that I got a glimpse of the heavens through the mist, just now, and saw the polar star; this fellow is leading you straight to the north-west, in among the mountains, and very near in a direct line from Huntly.”

“ Fats te mahn saying ?” cried the guide.

I seized him by the throat, and taking a naked sword in my hand, I said, “ Swear to me by the great God, sirrah, that you are conducting me straight to Huntly, else I run you through the body this instant.”

“ Huhay, she will swear py te muckle Cot as lhong as you lhike.”

I then put the oath to him, making him repeat it after me, which he did till I came to the words *straight to Huntly*. To these he objected and refused to repeat them; I asked the reason, and he said, “ Cot pless you, sir, no man can go straight here py rreason of the woots, and te rhocks, and te hills, and te mhountains. We must just go or we can find an opening.”

“ The man speaks good sense,” said I, and we are all fools; lead on, my good fellow.”

When he found that he was out of danger for the present, his natural antipathy against us soon began again to show itself, and he asked at me sneeringly,—

“ And pe tat your *swear* in te sassenach? Tat is your creat pig oath, I mean.

I answered in the affirmative.

“ Phoo, phoo!” cried he, “ Ten I would nhot kive a podle for an hundred tousand of tem. You will nhot pe tat bittie stick in my hand te petter of it. Put you will

soon pe an fhine rhoats nhow, and haxellent speed you will pe."

He was laughing when he said this, and the trooper who was behind him, perceiving that he was leading straight on a thicket, asked him what he meant by that, but all that he said was, "Huhay, you shall soon be on haxellent rhoats now;" so saying, he plunged his horse into a bog, where it floundered and fell. The dragoon that guarded the guide threw himself off, and tumbled heels-over-head; but the guide, who was free of the stirrups, flung himself off more nimbly, and the next moment dived into the thicket. Sundry pieces were let off after him, but they might as well have shot against a brazen wall. He laughed aloud, and called out, "Huhay, fire away, fire away; you pe te fery coot shotters, and you pe an haxellent rhoats now; ha, ha, ha, you pe an ta haxellent rhoats nhow"

We saw no more of our guide, and knew not what to do; but finding a fine green recess in the wood, we alighted and baited our horses, the men refreshed themselves, and at day-break I sung the six last verses of the 74th Psalm, in which the whole army joined me, making most grand and heavenly music in that wild highland wood. I then prayed fervently for direction and success against our enemies, while all the army kneeled around me on the grass. After that the men rose greatly encouraged, and in high spirits.

We rushed from the hills straight upon Huntly before noon, but met no army there. We got intelligence that the army of the Gordons had divided; that Sir George Gordon had led one of the divisions to the eastward, into the braes of the Ithan, and had fortified the castle of Haddo, and that the ministers were raising the whole country around him to join Argyle, for the sentence of excommunication had broken the arms of the Gordons. That the Marquess of Huntly had retired up the country with the rest, and had stationed them in fastnesses, while he himself lay in the castle of Auchendoun. We rode straight on for Auchendoun, in hopes still to take him

by surprise, although our friends assured us that our approach was known last night through all the rows of Strathbogie, for it seemed the men of the village we came to among the hills had run and raised the alarm.

About noon we came in sight of the Gordons, drawn up on a hill to the south of the river, but owing to the inequalities of the ground, we could form no right estimate of their numbers. Young Elcho was for an immediate attack, but that I protested against as a thing impracticable, owing to the situation of the ground. The hill was full of shelves, lying all one above another, so that they served as natural bulwarks, and to surmount them with troops of horse was impossible; therefore, I proposed to march straight on the castle, to take order with the Marquess himself, for the whole bent and bias of my inclination led me to that. Charteris grumbled, and would fain have been at handcuffs, but the laird of Freeland agreeing with me, we rode on, and the army of the Gordons kept its station, only saluting us with a few volleys of musquetry as we passed, which did not wound above five men, and killed not one.

The castle of Auchendoun being difficult of access by a regular army, we formed our men at a little distance to the north-east, and I sent Major Ramsay with a trumpet to summon the Gordons to surrender. The constable asked in whose name he was thus summoned,—Ramsay replied, “In the name of the king, and the committee of estates.” The constable said, “That as to the latter he had not yet learned to acknowledge its power, but he had no orders from his lord to hold out the castle against the king, whose true and loyal subject he ever professed to be. After a good deal of reasoning, the gentleman, on having Ramsay’s word, came over to me and conversed with all freedom. I remember little of what passed, for there was only one thing that struck me to the heart; *the Marquess had left the castle that morning, with six horsemen only in his company!!*

There was a stunning blow for me? I thought I had him in the lurch, but behold he was gone, I wist not

whither. I instantly chose out twenty of my black dragoons, and leaving the officers to settle with the Gordons as best they could, I set off in pursuit of their chief. I soon got traces of him, and pursued hotly on his track till the fall of evening, when I lost him in this wise.

He had quitted his horse, and crossed the Spey in a boat, while two of the gentlemen who rode with him led off the rest of the horses down the south side of the river. I followed in the same direction, but could never discover at what place these horses crossed the river, for no ford we could find, the banks being all alike precipitous, and the river tumbling and roaring through one continuous gullet. We passed the night most uncomfortably, in an old barn, and the next morning, getting a ford, we proceeded on the road, to Elgin, but lost all traces of the object of our pursuit. My troopers tried to persuade me to return, but I would not listen to them, and therefore I turned westward again, until I came to the very boatman who had ferried Huntly over the water the evening before. They told me that he left them on foot with four attendants, and that they were all so laden with gold and silver, that if their horses did not come round in a circuit and meet them, they could not travel two miles further.

This sharpened our stomachs exceedingly, and we set out after the enemy at a bold gallop. We had not ridden far, till we were informed by a hind, that the Marquess and his friends were lodged in a farmer's house straight before us, occupied by a gentleman named John Gordon; that the Marquess had changed his name, but several there knew him, and that it was reported they were laden with treasure, which they were unable to carry with them. In an instant we were at the house, which we surrounded and took by assault, there being none in it but John Gordon and a lad, and two maidens, all of whom we took prisoners. We searched the house but and ben, outside and inside, but no Marquess nor Lord found we, but we found two bags, in which were contained a thousand crowns of gold. I then examined all the prisoners on oath, and released them; but Mr Gor-

don was very sore displeased at the loss of the gold which I carried with me. "Sir, that gold is neither yours nor mine," said he; "it was left me in charge; I swore to hide it, and return it to the owner when called for, and it shows no gentleman nor good Christian to come and take away other people's gold without either ceremony or leave."

"This money, Mr Gordon, belongs to a traitor to the state," said I,— "to one that with the help of it was going to kindle up the flames of rebellion and civil war, and in taking it, I do good service both to God and man; and, therefore, do you take care. Mr Gordon, that I do not cause your head to be chopped off, for thus lodging and furthering a malignant and intercommuned traitor. For the money, I will answer to a higher power than is vested in you, or him that deputed you the charge; and will cause you in a few days, if I return in peace, to be taken up and tried by the legal authorities."

In the mean time one of my black dragoons had been busy kissing one of John Gordon's maidens and from her he had learned many particulars that came not out on oath. She told him the colours of all the horses and the dresses of the men. The Marquess was dressed in tartan trews of the Mackintosh stripes, had a black bonnet on his head, and was entitled the Major. She told the way the men went, and much of their conversation over-night which she heard. The man they called the Major acknowledged that he was bewitched, and the rest joined with him, marvelling exceedingly at a power some hellish burgess of Edinburgh exercised over him; and sundry other things did this maiden disclose.

But from one particular set down here, it was evident the Marquess was impressed with a horrid idea that I was to work his destruction, and feared to look me in the face more than he feared the spirits of the infernal regions. I had the same impressions. I knew I would some time or other vanquish him, and have my full revenge for all his base and unworthy dealings toward me. A good lesson to all men in power to do that which is

just and right. As it was, my very name unmanned him, and made him desert his whole clan,—who, amid their native fastnesses, might have worn us out, or cut us in pieces,—bundle up his treasures, and gallop for his life.

Had I ridden straight for Forres that morning, I would have been there long before him ; but suspecting that he had fled westward into the highlands, I returned to Gordon's house, and was now quite behind him. On we rode, without stop or stay, to the town of Forres, having speerings of the party all the way ; but when we came there, they were still a-head of us, having ridden briskly through the town without calling. We pushed on to the town of Finran, but there our evil luck predominated, no such people having been seen there. We wist not then where to turn, but thought of pursuing up the coast ; and as we were again setting out, whom should we meet but my worthy friend Master John Monro, minister of Inverallen, who was abroad on the business of the estates. From him we learned, that five gentlemen at the village on the other side of the bay were making a mighty stir about getting a boat,—that they seemed pursued men, and that two of the party who arrived first were so much alarmed, that they took to the boat provided for the whole, and had left their friends to their shift.

As there were only five of the party we were pursuing, I now suspected that two had been despatched the night before to procure this boat, and knowing the Marquess to be of the latter party, I was sure he was left behind. We made all the speed to the place that our horses were able, but they were sore forespent, and just as we arrived we saw a great bustle about the quay, and a small boat with four oars left it. I immediately discovered the Marquess, with his tartan trews and black bonnet, and hailing the boat, I desired her to return. The helmsman and rowers seemed disposed to obey, but a great bustle arose in the boat, and one of the rowers who leaned on his oar was knocked down, a gentleman took his place, and away shot the boat before the wind. I ordered my party to

fire into her, but then a scene of riot and confusion took place. The men and all the women of the village flew on us like people distracted, seized on our guns, took my black dragoons by their throats, scratched their faces, tore their hair, and dared them for the souls that were within them, to fire one shot at the boat manned by their own dear and honest men.

It was vain to contend: the boat was soon out of reach, so I was obliged to yield to these rude villagers and make matters up with them as well as I could; but I was indeed a grieved man for having taken so much trouble in vain, and letting the great disturber of the country's peace escape again and again, as it were, from under my nose.

We took some rest and refreshment at the village, and after communing long with myself, I determined still to keep on the pursuit; to ride westward, cross the Firth to Rothiemay, and ride towards Sutherland, to intercept the Marquess on his landing. Accordingly, we set out once more, much against the opinion of my men, who contended that we were too small a party to penetrate into those distant regions; but nothing could divert me from my purpose, knowing as I did that Inverness, and all those bounds, were in favour with our party and true men. But behold that very night we were all surprised and taken prisoners in the town of Nairn, by Captain Logie and a full troop of the Gordons, who, getting some intelligence of their chief's danger, had been on the alert for his rescue.

When I was brought before this young officer to be examined, I found him a very impertinent and forward fellow, although I answered all his questions civilly. When I told him I was pursuing the Marquess of Huntly, to bring him to suffer for all his crimes, he cursed me for a dog, and said the times were come to a sad pass indeed when such a cur as I dared to pursue after the Marquess of Huntly, a nobleman whose shoes I was not entitled to wipe. He called me a puny burghess, a canting worthless hypocrite, and every opprobrious title that he could

invent: took all my hoard of gold, tied my feet and the feet of my black dragoons below the bellies of our horses, and led us away captives into the country of the Gordons. I gave the young gentleman several hints to beware how he maltreated me, for that I was a dangerous personage, and never missed setting my foot on the necks of my enemies; but all my good advice tended only to make him worse. He used us very ill, and at length brought us prisoners to the castle of Haddo, commanded by Sir George Gordon, and fully provided for a siege.

We lay for some days without knowing what was going on, often hearing the din of muskets and some cannonry, whereby we understood that Argyle or some of his officers had come before the castle, and sorely did we regret that we had it not in our power to let our state be known to our friends.

But there was one thing that I discovered which could scarcely have been kept from our ears; I perceived there were divisions within the castle, and that the other chieftains of the Gordon race were disgusted with Haddo's procedure. On this subject I kept my mind to myself, and the third day after we were immured, we had a little more liberty granted us, and were rather more civilly treated, then I knew the besieged were afraid, and wished to make their peace. I was right. Argyle had heard from our friends in Morayshire of our capture, and insisted on our release before he would enter into any accommodation with the besieged. We were accordingly liberated, and all my gold restored to me, and joyfully was I received by Argyle and his friends, who lauded my zeal exceedingly, although they did make some sport of the expedition of my black dragoons and me which they denominated "*the black raed.*"

By this time, Master John Gordon was brought in a prisoner, as also two of the boatmen who carried the Marquess over to Caithness, where they had left him, still posting his way to the north. Such a violent fright did that great and proud person get from a man whom he had bitterly wronged, and his few black dragoons, that

he never looked over his shoulder till he was concealed among the rocks, on the shores of the northern ocean.

Finding that Lord Gordon, the Marquess's eldest son, had, either through choice or compulsion, joined his uncle Argyle, I got John Gordon and before his face, Argyle's, and several others, consigned to the young lord his father's treasure that I had captured, for which I got great praise. I knew well enough Argyle would not suffer any part of it to revert to the Huntlys again. The brave young lord looked much dissatisfied; I was rather sorry for him, for our troops had wasted his father's lands very much.

It is only necessary to note here, that the 800 men whom I left at Auchendoun met with little opposition in those parts. They entered the castle and plundered it of a good deal of stores, and then marched rank and file on the army that was encamped on the shelvy hill, but that melted away before them, for the men saw they had nothing for which to fight.

As soon as I got private talk with Argyle, I informed him of the strength of the castle, and the likelihood there was that we would lose many lives before it; but I added, "I am convinced that Sir George's violent measures, are any thing but agreeable to the greater part of the gentlemen within, for he is a boisterous and turbulent person, and they cannot brook his rule. My advice therefore, is, that you offer all within the castle free quarter, providing they will deliver up the laird, and the insolent captain Logie, to answer for their share in this insurrection."

Argyle returned for answer, "that he approved of my pacific measures, having no wish to shed his countrymen's blood, but that surely the soldiers would never be so base as to give up their leaders."

I said, "that I conceived the matter deserved a trial, as the sparing of human blood was always meritorious in the sight both of God and man."

Accordingly Argyle, who never in his life rejected my council but once, which he afterwards repented,—he, I

say, came before the castle, and by proclamation offered the terms suggested by me. The proffer was no sooner made than the gates were thrown open, Argyle and his friends were admitted, and Sir George Gordon and captain Logie delivered into our hands, well bound with ropes. I asked the captain how he did; but he would not speak, and afterwards, when he did speak, he answered me as proudly and as insolently as ever. My kind friend and patron did me the honour that day to say, before sundry noblemen and gentlemen, that he esteemed my advice as if one inquired at the oracles of God.

And now the rebels being wholly either reduced or scattered, we returned straight to Edinburgh with our two prisoners, and had their heads chopped off, publicly, on the 19th of July, at the Market-Cross.

[This was summary work with a vengeance! If this narrative of the honest Baillie's detail be, as it professes, nothing but simple literal facts, it is certainly an extraordinary story, and may well be denominated a remarkable passage in his life. But without all doubt, his stories of the Marquess of Huntly must be swallowed with caution; for such a rooted hatred and opposition could not fail to produce exaggeration. The idea which the writer entertains of having a power over the destiny of that nobleman, invested in him by the Almighty, as a reward for former injuries, is among the most curious superstitions of the age.

In the following parliament, a Sir John Smith, and our friend the Baillie, represent the city of Edinburgh; on which occasion, the latter has the honour of knighthood conferred on him. We must, notwithstanding, still denominate him by our old familiar title, *the Baillie*, as it sounds best in our ears, and gives a novelty to the great events in which he was engaged.

His details of parliamentary business are jumbles of confusion and absurdity, and contain many decrees unworthy the councils of a nation struggling for their liberties, civil and religious; we must therefore follow the Baillie to his next great exploit in the field, and leave his

civic and parliamentary annals to those curious in such matters.]

Some day about the close of the year, [this must have been, A. D. 1644,] I received a letter from Argyle, entreating me to attend him in the west highlands, as he never stood more in need of my council and assistance, than at that instant; he being about to set out on an expedition against a powerful army, commanded by dangerous and experienced leaders.

I answered that I liked not having any thing to do with Montrose, for I knew his decision, and stood in dread of him, therefore I judged my assistance would rather be prejudicial to the good cause and my noble friend, than otherwise; and that moreover, I had no liberty of absence from the council of the nation; but I would never lose sight of furthering his supplies and interests where I was.

But all this would not serve, I got another letter express from Dumbarton, adjuring me to come to him without any loss of time, for in my absence he found a blank in his counsels and resolutions which could not otherwise be supplied; and to bring my reverend friend Mr Mungo Law with me, to assist us with his prayers. To whet me on a little more he added, that Huntly had again issued from his concealment, and had crossed Glen-Roy at the head of a regiment of the Gordons, to urge on and further Montrose's devastations.

This kindled my ardour to a flame, and without this instigation I would not have gone; for I felt assured, even in the most inward habitation of my heart, that I was decreed and directed from above, to be a scourge to Huntly, and an adder in his path, until I should bring his haughty brow to the dust. Accordingly, Mr Law and I set out, in the very depth of winter, and after a difficult journey we arrived at Dumbarton Castle, where we found our principal covenanting leaders assembled in council, and a powerful army in attendance.

Argyle's plan was to march straight into Mid-Lorn, which the royal army then wasted without mercy; and

in this proposal he was joined by General Baillie. At this momentous crisis, Mr Law and I arrived, and were welcomed by Argyle with open arms.—“Now, my Lords,” said he good-naturedly, “we have had *one Baillie’s* opinion, let me now request that *of another* and if he gives the same verdict, my resolution is fixed, for this has been always an Achitophel to me.”

“My lord,” said I, “the counsel of Achitophel was at last turned to foolishness, so may that of mine, or of any man however eminent for wisdom; for we are all erring and fallible creatures, vain of our endowments, and wise in our own conceits; but we can do nothing but what is given us to do. Nevertheless, my lord, my advice shall be given in sincerity, and may the Lord direct the issue.*”

My lord of Argyle was well pleased with this prelude, for besides that he loved a simple speech, he strove always to exalt me in the eyes of his compeers; and so, bowing and beckoning me to proceed, he took his seat, while I spoke as follows:

“My lords, and most worthy committee of directors of this inspired expedition: it appears to me quite in-methodical to transport the whole of this brave army into the west highlands, at this inclement season, and leave the whole of the populous districts to the eastward exposed and unprotected. You will see that no sooner have we penetrated those snowy regions, and reached the shores of the western sea, than Montrose and his army of wild highlanders, who account nothing of seasons, will instantly stretch off like a herd of deer, and fall on the towns and fertile districts to the eastward; leaving us entangled among the fortresses of the mountains, from whence we may not be able to extricate ourselves before the approach of summer. My advice therefore is, that all the army, save the 500 ordained by the committee to assist Argyle. do return with their leaders, and defend the populous and rich districts of the east; and no sooner shall Argyle appear in his own country than his own brave clan will flock to him in such numbers, that Montrose and his ragamuffins will never dare to face them, and

then shall we have them between two fires that shall enclose and hem them in, and destroy them root and branch."

Lord Balcarras spake next, and approved of my plan without hesitation. Crawford Lindsay doing the same, it was approven and adopted without delay, though not much, as I thought, to Argyle's satisfaction. Three regiments returned to Angus, and 500 men went with Argyle. We lingered about Rossneath for three days, untill a messenger arrived with the news of Colonel Campbell, of Auchenbreck, having arrived from Ireland, with twenty other experienced officers, who were raising the country of Kintyre. We then hasted away, and after a most dreadful march, came in upon the shores of Lochfine. What a woful scene was there presented to us of devastation and blood! the hamlets smoked in every direction; beasts lay houghed and dying in the field by hundreds; whole troops of men were found lying slain and stripped, while women and children were cowering about the rocky shores, and dying of cold and want. Cursed be the man that promotes a civil war in his country, and among his kindred; and may the hand of the Lord be on him for evil and not for good!

The Lauchlans and Gregors were still hanging over the remnants of that desolated place, but they fled to the snowy hills, and loaden as they were with spoil, we were not able to follow them. At Ouchter we met with the brave Sir Duncan Campbell, of Auchenbrock, who had already raised 400 gallant men, so that we were now above 1000 strong, and with these we marched to Inverary. The frost continued exceedingly sharp, but the snow not being so deep as on the hills to the east, the people flocked in to us from all directions, every one craving to be led against the devourers of their country. The complaints were grievous, and not without cause; it was a shame that the plundering of that fine and populous country had not been put a stop to sooner. Suspected the Marquess greatly to blame. As for Sir Duncan, he was out of all temper on perceiving the desolation wrought in the country, and breathed nothing but ven-

geance against the northern clans. I verily believe, if arms could have been had, that Argyle might have raised six, if not ten thousand men! but, the greatest part of the arms was carried off or destroyed. As it was, he had his choice of men, and selected none but the stoutest and bravest of the clan, many of them sons of gentlemen; so that when the army separated at Loch-Awe we had not fewer than 3,400 fighting men.

Our greatest loss of all was the want of information relating to the state of the country. Notwithstanding the turmoil that was in the land, we knew nothing of what was passing beyond the distance of a few miles; but all accounts agreed that Montrose was flying rapidly before us, his clans being loaded with booty, and eager to deposit that at their homes. Of course, we knew that a dispersion of his army must take place in the first instance, and eager we were to harass him before he could again collect them.

As to the affairs of the east, we knew nothing with certainty, save that we had *one* good army in that quarter, though whereabouts we did not know. We heard the Gordons were up, but knew nothing of their motions or whether they had joined with Montrose. The Frazers and M'Kenzies were also in arms, but whether for the king or the covenant we did not know, as some said the one way and some the other. All we knew for certain was that Montrose was flying, that his highlanders must disperse for awhile, and that it was our duty to keep up with him, and do him all the evil we could. This was also the desire of the whole army, for never were men marched against an enemy held in more perfect detestation.

I went with the western division of the army, which passed next to the sea and the provision ships; so also did Argyle, Niddery, and Provost Campbell; but the bold Sir Duncan led the other division by wilds almost impervious, through the country of the M'Keans. We plundered the country of the Stuarts of Appin, and our drivers brought in sundry small preys. When we came

to Kinloch-Leven, we learned that Sir Duncan of Auch-
enbreck had crossed over into Lochaber before us, and
was laying the country of the Camerons altogether waste.
We followed on in his track, and overtook him at even,
lying by the side of a frith awaiting our arrival. He had
been withstood by the Camerons of Glen-Nevis, who
beat in his drivers, killed several of them, and still hung
over his array in the recesses of the hills above.

On the 30th of January at noon, we reached a fine
old fortress, where we pitched our camp, and here we
were at a great loss how to proceed. Our water-carriage
failing us here, we could not transport our necessary
baggage farther. The wind had turned round to the
north-east, straight in our faces, and therefore, to pursue
Montrose in that direction any farther, seemed impracti-
cable for the present. A council of war was called;
Auchenbreck urged a speedy pursuit, as did sundry other
gentlemen of his kindred; but he was an impetuous man,
and therefore I took the opposite side, more to be a check
on his rashness than from a disapproval of his measures,
and Argyle instantly leaned to my counsel.

But we were now in an enemy's country to all intents,
and every precaution was necessary; accordingly Argyle
and Auchenbreck stationed the army in divisions, in the
most secure and warlike manner. This was on the
Friday evening, and on the Saturday Auchenbreck push-
ed on our advanced guard about seven or eight miles
forward on Montrose's track, for his desire was either to
overtake Montrose by the way, while his troops were
scattered with the spoil, or reach Inverness and join the
army there in garrison. But now the strangest event fell
out to us that ever happened to men.

On the Saturday, about noon, two men were brought
in prisoners that had escaped from Montrose's army, and
were returning to Moidart; from them we learned that
Montrose had reached Loch-Nigs—that his army was
reduced more than one half by desertions and leaves of
absence—that the remainder were greatly dispirited, as
he meditated a march into Badenoch and from that to

Buchan, a dreadful march in such weather. We swallowed all this for truth, and I believe the men told the truth as far as they knew. But behold at the very time Argyle was questioning them in my presence, there comes news that the advanced guard of Montrose's army and ours had had a sharp encounter at the ford of the river Spean; that the latter had been defeated with a severe loss, and was in full retreat on the camp.

“Secure the two traitors,” cried Sir Duncan, and mounting he galloped through the camp, marshalling the troops under their several officers in gallant style. Argyle, Kilmere, and myself, remained questioning the deserters. They declared the thing impossible, as they had come in the very line of march, and neither saw nor heard of a retrograde motion, and offered to answer with their lives for the truth of their statement.

Argyle was convinced, so was I; so were all who heard the men's asseverations, and the simplicity with which they were delivered. The captain of the advanced guard was sent for, and strictly examined. He could not tell whether the army of Montrose had returned, and came against us or not. “I had led my men over the river Spean, on the ice,” said he, “lest it should break up, as a thaw seemed to be coming on. They went sliding over in some irregularity, and all the while I perceived the bare heads of a few fellows peeping over the ridge, immediately before us. I took them for boys, or country people; yet still, as the men came over, I drew them up on the opposite side to this. When about two-thirds were over, a whole regiment of armed men came rushing down on us at once, running with all their force, and uttering the most terrible shouts. We had firm footing, and I thought might have repelled them, but some of our men who were scrambling on the ice at the time returned, and began a making for this side. Flight of all things, is the most contagious. I have often seen it, and on seeing this I lost hope. In five minutes after this my regiment broke, and ran for it; and many were killed, or taken floundering on the ice. We, however, drew

up on the near bank, and retreated in order. I there got a full view of the men, and knew them for a regiment of the M'Donalds; but whether Keppoch's men of the braes, or M' Ranald's I could not distinguish."

We were all convinced that this check was nothing more than the Lochaber clans trying to impede our march, till Montrose got out of the fastnesses of the mountains; but Auchenbreck was doubtful, and caused our army to rest on their arms all night, sure of this, that if Montrose had returned, he would try to surprise us by a night attack. The night passed in quietness, save the commotion of the elements, which became truly awful. The evening had been light; for the sky though troubled like, was clear; and the moon at the full. But at midnight the thaw commenced; the winds howled, and the black clouds hung over the pale mountains, and whirled in eddies so terrific, that my heart was chilled within me! and my spirit shrunk at the madness of mankind, to be thus seeking one another's lives, amid the terrors of the storm and the commotion of conflicting tempests. I spent the night in fasting and prayer, fervently committing us and our cause to the protection of the Almighty.

My noble friend had no more rest than myself. He lodged in the same house with me down on the shore, but in a different apartment; messengers arrived every half hour, and still he was impatient for the return of the next. About four in the morning he sent for me, and on hasting to his apartment, I was grieved to the heart at seeing him so much agitated. He was lying on his field couch with all his clothes on, save his coat, and his head swathed with flannel above his tasselled night cap. When I went in, he was complaining to his attendants of the uncertainty in which Sir Duncan kept him, and saying it was most strange that it could not be ascertained whether an army withstood us or only an adverse clan. I saw he wished it the latter, and that with an earnestness that greatly discomposed him; his attendants seemed even shy of communicating their true senti-

ments, and sided with their lord in conjecturing that the troops that opposed our march, was only a party raised by some of the chieftians of Lochaber, to impede and harass us in the pursuit.

When the Marquess perceived me, he called me to him, and addressed me with his wonted courtesy, asking how I did, and how I had rested, but without giving me time to answer, began a complaining of headach and fever: said it was most unfortunate in our present circumstances, but that it behoved not him to complain, seeing it was the Lord's will to lay that affliction on his unworthy servant. My heart failed me when I heard him speak in this guise. I could not answer him, but taking his hand, I felt his pulse, and found both from that, and the heat on his skin, that he was fevered to a considerable degree. I knew it arose sheerly from agitation and want of rest, but I had not the face to tell him so, only I desired him to compose himself until the morning, and that then the fresh air and the exercise of the muster would invigorate his spirits; and that in the mean time I would go out and see that all was safe, and the martial lines in proper order.

I took my cloak, mounted my horse, and with a heavy heart rode out to the plain on which our army lay in close files, flanked by the old fortress and a bay of the Firth on the left, and an abrupt steep on the right. The morning was dismally dark, and the rain and sleet pouring in torrents, but the wind was somewhat abated. I rode about for some time among the lines, and was several times challenged in Gaelic, for in the hurry at head quarters, I had neglected to bring a guide with me. I tried to find my way back again, but could not make it out, for not a man could I find who could speak English, until at length I was brought to the young laird of Kilkreman, and he spake it but right indifferently. I asked him to lead me to Auchenbreck, he replied as well as he could, that it might not be easily done, for he had been moving about all night from line to line, keeping every one on the alert.

I asked him Sir Duncan's opinion of this army that seemed to have risen out of the earth.—

“ Sir Duncan is shy of giving his opinion,” said he, “ but from the concern that he manifests, it is apparent that he dreads danger.”

“ What is your own opinion?” said I.

“ I would not give a rush for the danger,” said he. “ It is merely caused by Keppoch's men, and the tail of the Camerons, collected to harass us a little. I will undertake with my Glenorchy regiment alone, to drive them like a herd of deer. If Montrose have come from Lochness since Friday morning, across the Braes of Lochaber, he and his army must have come on wings.”

Not knowing the country, I had nothing to say; but in searching for Sir Duncan, we came among the lowland regiment, which we brought with us from Dumbarton. A group of these were in warm discussion on the present state of affairs. Campbell addressed them in Gaelic; but I held my peace, eager to hear their sentiments.

“ Wha is they?” whispered one.

“ Hout, hout,—twa o' our heeland offisher's,—they dinna ken a word we're speakin.”

“ Then, David, what have you to say to my argument?”

“ I have to say, John Tod, that nane kens what Montrose will do but them that hae foughten under him, as I hae doon. His plans are aboon a' our capacities: for let me tell ye, John, if ye be gaun to calculate on ony o' Montrose's measures, ye maun fix on the ane that's maist unlikely to a' others that could be contrived be mortal men.”

“ But dear Davie, man, the thing's impossible.”

“ It's a grit lee, man. I tell ye, John Tod, he does a thing the better that it's impossible.”

“ Hout, hout! there's nae arguifying wi' you ava gin ye say that. But Davie, ye see, if the way be that lang, an' that rough, that a single man coudna' travel it in a black-weather day, how could a hale army traverse it through snaw and ice?”

“ It’s a’ that ye ken about the matter, John Tod. Do ye no ken that Montrose’s army’s a’ cavalry?”

“ What? his fit sodgers an’ a’? Are a’ his bare-hurdied clans muntit on horses?”

“ Ay, that they ir, John. Fit an’ horse an’ a’ is turn-ed cavalry. Have nae they ta’en awa near three thoos-and o’ the pick o’ the horses in a’ Argyle? Ay, when they came down the deel’s stairs, every man had a pony to ride, an’ ane to carry his wallet: and let me tell ye, Jock Tod, thae ponies can travel a hundir mile i’ the day; an’ for roads, they like an ill ane far better nor a good ane. I’m neither a prophet, nor a prophet’s son, but I venture to predict that Montrose, an’ a’ his clans at his back, will rise out o’ the stomach of that glen the morn, an’ like a flood frae the mountains, bear the red-haired Campbell’s, an’ us wi’ them, into the waves o’ the sea.”

“ Fat pe te Sassenach tog saying?” said young Killrennan.

“ He is threatening to drive his enemies into the waves of the sea,” said I.

“ He will drive them to the rocks in te first place,” said Campbell. Shortly after that we found Sir Duncan of Auchenbreck, whose care and concern for his kinsmen could not be equalled, and with him I had a conference of considerable length. He had been able to discover nothing. If there was an army, it was kept in close concealment, but he was disposed to think there was one, else the flying parties would not have been so bold and forward. “ They are at this moment,” said he, “ hovering so nigh our columns there on the right, as to be frequently exchanging volleys with them by way of salutation. A band of Caterans would scarcely dare to do so. But if God spare us to see the light of day, our doubts shall soon be at an end.”

“ Do you mean to begin the attack, or to await it?” said I.

“ I never wait an attack,” returned he; “ for my kinsmen have not experience in military tactics enough to repel one, by awaiting it firmly, or forming and wheeling

at the word of command, in which one single mistake would throw all into irremediable confusion. I *must* begin the attack, and then I can depend on my Campbells for breaking a front line to pieces with the best clans among them."

I then took him aside, and in his ear told him of the state in which I left the Marquess; that he really *was* ill, and, as I judged, somewhat delirious.

He sighed deeply, and said a sight of him mounted at the head of his men, was better than a thousand spears; that he never could understand his chief, for he had seen instances in which he showed the most determined courage, but that, most unaccountably, he had not the command of it at all times, and never when most required. "As it is," continued he, "we must never expose him in his present nervous state, to set a ruinous example to the men, who adore him. Do you, therefore, detain him till the battle is fairly begun, and then, when the first step of the race is taken, you shall see him the bravest of the brave."

I applauded the wisdom of Sir Duncan, and said it was the very step I was anxious for him to take, being certain that the Marquess, in his present state of trepidation, would only derange his measures; and, at all events, I was sure he would not suffer the army to be moved out of their present strong position to be led to the attack.

"In the name of God keep him to yourself,—keep him to yourself," said he vehemently. "Do you call that a strong position? It is the very reverse for a highland army. We are too closely crammed together, and an attack of an hundred horse from that ridge would ruin our fine array in one instant. That a strong position! I would not give yon ridge of rock for a thousand of such positions. Good morrow. My kindest respects to my chief, and tell him all is safe. I must be going, and see what is going on yonder;" for at that time some volleys of musketry echoed fearfully among the rocks up towards the bottom of Ben-Nevis.

I called Sir Duncan back for a moment, and intreated him not to engage in battle till the sabbath was over, if it lay in his power to avoid it; for I dreaded that the hand of God would be laid in a visible manner on the first who broke that holy day by shedding the blood of their brethren and countrymen. But he only shook his head, and said, with his back towards me, "We warriors are often compelled to that which we would most gladly shun."

The day began to break as I left him, and I could not help contemplating once more the awful scene that hung impending over these ireful and kindred armies. The cliffs of the towering hills that overhung them were spotted by the thaw, which give them a wild speckled appearance in the grey light of the morning, and all their summits were wrapt in clouds of the deepest sable, as if clothed in mourning for the madness of the sons of men. The thought, too, that it was a sabbath morning, when we ought all to have been conjoined in praising and blessing the name of our Maker, and the Redeemer of our souls;—while, instead of that, we were all longing and yearning to mangle and deface the forms that bore his image, and send their souls to their great account out of the midst of a heinous transgression. The impressions of that sabbath-morning will never depart from my heart; and since that day, February the 2d, 1645, I have held gloomy impressions as a sure foretoken of bad fortune.

There were 500 Glenorchy men, commanded by my late acquaintance young Archibald Campbell, of Kilrennan, son to Campbell, of Bein-More, with whom he had lately threatened to annihilate the whole host that beleaguered us. These, at day-break, were advanced toward the right, to take possession of a ridge that commanded the last entrance from an hundred glens, and ravines behind. They were attacked in a tumultuous and irregular manner, apparently by a body of men squatted here and there on the height, which, as soon as the Campbells gained, they quitted retreating toward the hills, and calling in Gaelic to one another. I saw this movement and

retreat, and never beheld aught more conclusive, I was convinced they were a herd of caterans, sent to harass us and retreat to their inaccessible fastnesses on the approach of danger. With this impression fixed on my mind, I went in again to my noble friend, in excellent spirits. I found him equipped for the field, but looking even worse than before, though pretending that he was a great deal better. I assured him of what I believed to be the truth, that the opposing army was nothing more than some remnants of the malignant clans collected after depositing their spoil, to attend us on our march, and impede it as much as lay in their power; for that I had myself seen them put to flight by the Glenorchy regiment, and chased to the hills like so many wild goats or ragged kyloes.

The spirits of the Marquess brightened up a little, but there either was a lurking disease, or a lurking tremor, that had overcome him. He lifted his hand to his brow, and gave thanks to God that we were thus allowed to enjoy his holy day in peace and quietness; he then asked for Mr Law, and being told that he was on board the galley, he proposed that we should go to him, and join in our morning devotions.

The Marquess's splendid galley, *THE FAITH*, lay within a half bowshot of the shore, immediately behind the house where we quartered, but the store-ship lay farther away beyond the mouth of the river. A little gilded boat with pennant and streamers, and having *THE HOPE* painted in golden letters on her stern, bore us on board, and we had not well put off from the shore till the thunders of musketry and field-pieces began anew to echo among the rocks. The Marquess lifted his eyes to Ben-Nevis, and remarked what a tumultuous sound was produced by the storm and the rushing torrents; (for by this time the floods of melted snow that poured from the mountains were truly terrific;) he made no allusion at all to the sounds of the battle that mingled in the uproar, which were then quite audible, although it was but partially commenced.

He was the first conducted on board. There were

eight or nine of us, and I was about the last, or rather I think the very last. Every one having something to take on board with him, I had a good while to sit astern, and I observed the Marquess lift his eyes to the hill, and instantly his countenance changed from dark to a deadly paleness, and from that to a livid blue. My very hairs rose on my head, for I had bad forebodings, and I dreaded that his fine army was broken. I hasted on board, and soon was aware of the cause of his alarm. It was the bray of trumpets audibly mixing with the roar of the elements, producing an effect awfully sublime, but appalling to those who but now hoped to spend a sabbath in the exercises of devotion.

“Is not that the sound of trumpets I hear?” said Argyle.

“It is, my lord,” said I.

“In the name of God, what does it portend?” said he.

“It portends, my lord, that Montrose is leading a regiment of horse to the onset.”

“Then God prosper and shield the right,” cried he emphatically; “Mr Law, let us to our devotions shortly, and commit our cause to the Lord of Hosts. Then to the battle-field, where our presence may be much wanted,”

Mr Law led the way to the cabin. I did not go down. I could not; for with all the desire to join in prayer that a poor dependent creature could inherit, I wanted the ability; so much were my thoughts and my eyes riveted on the scene before me.

The Marquess had a curious gilded tube on board, with glass in it, which brought distant objects close to the eye. I got possession of this, and saw the battle with perfect accuracy. Auchenchreck had put his troops in motion to the right, in order to begin the attack; he had also taken a position on a broken rising ground behind the valley. The Glenorchy regiment of 500 men still kept their position in advance to the right, and it was there the battle began. They were attacked by a regiment of Irish, headed by some brave officers, and as

they out-numbered ours, the Glenorchy men lost ground reluctantly, and were beaten from their commanding station. They were forced to give way, but were in no-wise broken. There appeared to be no horses in this part of the battle, but the three regiments of M'Donalds, who were all on the right, were flanked on both sides by strong bodies of horse. The Camerons, Stewarts, and some other inland clans, formed the centre, and the other two Irish regiments were behind. Our lowland regiment was on the left, the rest being all Campbells: I cannot now distinguish them by the names of their colonels; but, to give them justice, they appeared all alike eager and keen on the engagement; and there is not a doubt but their too great intensity on revenge ruined the fortune of the day.

The Glenorchy regiment, as I said, was beaten back, and this being in view of the whole army, there was an instant call, from rank to rank, for support to brave young Bein-More. Auchenbreck ordered off the third line to reinforce the Glenorchy regiment, and then such a rush took place towards that point, that it appeared like utter madness and insubordination. But so eager were the Campbells to make up the first appearance of a breach in their line, that they left both their centre and left wing uncovered and weakened. Montrose lost not a moment on beholding this: he galloped across in front of the M'Donalds, and shouted to them to charge. They were not slack; pouring down into the valley, in three columns, they attacked the Campbells with loud shouts. The latter received them bravely; their lines bowed and waved, but did not break; and I could not distinguish that very many fell on either side. But Montrose now, at the head of a large body of horse, made a dash off at the right, with a terrible clang of trumpets and other noisy sinful instruments, as if he meant to place himself in the rear of our army.

The pangs that I felt at this moment are unutterable. When the Campbells made the rush to the right, they quickly repelled the Irish, and drove them out of my

sight ; but when Montrose and the M'Donalds came with such force on our left, then quite weakened, little as I knew of military tactics, I trembled for the fate of the day. Auchenbreck was as brave an officer as lived, but he had been used to command troops regularly trained, and he tried to manœuvre this army in the same manner. It would not do. In bringing his force round to support the left, now in such jeopardy, the whole body of the troops got into most inextricable confusion, very much occasioned by the clamour and appearance of the horse. Alack ! if they had known how little they had to fear ! The greater part of the horses was merely an appearance, and no more ; they were new listed, and sufficiently awkward, as were also the men who rode them. I saw them capering and wheeling, and throwing their riders, affrighted almost to madness at the trumpets and shots ; yet with these ragged colts did that mighty renegade amaze the hearts of the army of the covenant.

If Auchenbreck had but called out—" See, yonder are the M' Donalds beating our brethren, run down the slope, and cut them all to pieces," I am sure they would have done it or fallen in the attempt ; but, in place of that, he tried to manœuvre the army by square and rule, till the whole went wrong, and then every man saw he was wrong without the power of putting himself right. The whole army was, for the space of an hour, no otherwise than an immense drove of highland kyloes all in a stir, running hither and thither ; sometimes with a swing the one way and sometimes the other, as if driven by blasts of wind. All this while, they never thought of giving way, although the Camerons were in the midst of them, slaughtering them like sheep ; the fierce M'Donalds breaking through and through their irregular line, and the horse flanking them on the side next the sea.

For a long time I could distinguish Montrose's front in regular columns bearing onward through a mass of confusion, but at length the two armies appeared to mingle in one, and to move southward with a slow and troubled motion. Still the army of the Campbells did

not break up and run. Every man seemed resolved to stand and fight it out, could he have known how to have done it, or found support on one side or the other. They knew not the art of flight; they reeled, they staggered, and waved like a troubled sea, but no man turned his back and fled. To rally the front was impossible, for the clans were through and through it; but I saw several officers attempting to rally lines in the rear, and so glad were the Campbells of anything like a rallying-point, that they rushed towards these embryo files with an eagerness that in a few minutes annihilated them.

The lowland regiment, commanded by Colonel Cobron, behaved exceedingly well. It was never broken; when the retreat began, I saw that regiment defile to its left, lean its left wing on the southwest turret of the huge old castle, and sustain for a space the whole power of Montrose's right wing. The horse never attempted to break them, but a strong regiment of the M'Donalds, by some styled the Ranald regiment, drew up in front of the lowlanders. These either did not like their appearance, or liked better to smite the Campbells, for they passed on to the general carnage, and the lowlanders kept their ground, and took quiet possession of the castle.

The only other thing that I noted in the general confusion was a last attempt of Auchenbreck to turn the left of Montrose's line up nigh to the bottom of the steep. A highland regiment was pushing onward there, said by some to be the Stewarts, whether of Athol or Appin I wot not, as if with intent to gain the glen and cut off the retreat. Against these Sir Duncan went up at the head of a small number of gentlemen, but the gallant hero was the very first man that fell, and the rest fought over him till they were all cut down. The rout by degrees became general, and the brave and high-spirited Campbells were slaughtered down without the power of resistance.

However much was said to mitigate the loss sustained that day, it was very great; for in fact that goodly army was almost annihilated. When the flyers came to the

river of Glen-Levin, it was roaring like a sea, and covered with floating snow and ice. It was utterly impassable by man or beast. The Campbells had no alternative, for they chose rather to trust the God of the elements than the swords of their inveterate foes. They plunged in like sheep into the washing-pool. Scarcely a man of them escaped! They were borne by the irresistible torrent into the ocean in a few moments, where we saw their bodies floating in hundreds as we sailed along. And moreover, in endeavouring to drag a large body on board, the rope broke, and they were all drowned likewise.

This is a true description of that fatal engagement, which need not be doubted, for though I write from memory, the impressions made on my mind that day were not such as to be ever obliterated. I cannot state the loss, for I never knew it, nor do I believe the Marquess ever knew it or enquired after it. As far as I could judge from a distant view, there was not a man escaped, save a few hundreds that forced their way to the steep, and scattered among the rocks on the south and west sides of Ben-Nevis.

I must now return back to where I left off; namely at the commencement of prayers on board of Argyle's meteor galley *The Faith*.

Mr Mungo Law, instead of making the prayers short that morning, as the Marquess had ordered him, made them as long again as usual, for which he was sharply reprov'd afterwards; but after my lord the Marquess had kneeled down and joined in the homily, he could not with any degree of decency leave it.

When he came up, two pages were waiting orders. They had been sent express from the army. I heard him saying—"Tell Sir Duncan *not* to attack, but keep his strong position in which I placed him. But I will go with the orders myself."

"No no, my lord, do not mention it now," said I. "It is too late. The battle will be won or lost before you can reach it and give an order."

“ I will go ; I must go ; ” said he vehemently. “ No man shall hinder me, to go and either conquer or die at the head of my people.”

I held him by the robe. The two henchmen waited in the boat. “ Speak to him, Mr Law,” cried I. “ Speak to my lord. Would it not be madness in him to go ashore now, and perhaps derange Sir Duncan’s plan of fight, and then, whatever evil betides, my lord will be blamed.”

Mr Law, who was a powerful man—though not so tall as the Marquess, yet twice as thick,—came forward, and clasped his brawny arms round above the Marquess’s at the same time addressing him in the words of Scripture—“ Nay, thou shalt not depart ; neither shalt thou go hence ; for if these thy people fly, they will not care for them, and if half of them die they will not care for them, for lo ! art thou not worth ten thousand of them ; therefore, is it not better that thou succour them out of the ship ? ”

The Marquess, thus compelled, was obliged reluctantly to give up his resolution, which he did with many groans and grievous complaints. I was resolved he should not go, for I knew Sir Duncan dreaded him, and so did I ; therefore I carried my point half by wiles.

It has been reported all over this country that he was in the battle, and fled whenever he saw his rival Montrose and the royal standard. No such thing ; he never was in the field that morning. He arranged all the corps the evening before, and gave out general orders ; slept at head-quarters, and only went on board when he believed Montrose to be a hundred miles off, and the army of the Campbells to be in no danger. He was afterwards restrained by main force from going ashore, which would only have been selling his life for nothing, as the day was, in effect, irrecoverably lost at an early hour. The lowland regiment defended themselves in the old fortress against the whole of Montrose’s conquering army till he was obliged to grant them honourable terms, and they all returned to their homes in peace. The strength of the mighty, the brave, and the Christian clan Campbell, was

by that grievous blow broken for ever. The Faith and Hope sailed disconsolate down Lochaber. Argyle and I, and seven others, bore straight to the Clyde, and from thence hasted to Edinburgh, where we were the first to lay the matter before the Committee of Estates, and received the nation's thanks for our good behaviour.

[I had great doubts of the Baillie's sincerity in this, till I found the following register in Sir James Balfour's Annals, vol. ii. p. 272—3:

“Wedenesday, 12 Feb. Sessio I.

“This day the Marquese of Argyle came to the housse and maide a fulle relatione of all hes praceidingis sence his last going away from this.

“The housse war fully satisfied with my lord Marquese of Argylis relatione and desyred the pressydent in their names to rander him hartly thankis for his grit painis and trauellis takin for the publicke weille and with-all intreated to continew in so ladable a coursse of doing for the goode peace of the cuntry.”

The battle was on the 2d; this was on the 12th; so that before they sailed round the Mull of Kintyre they must have lost very little time in examining the loss sustained or the state of that ruined country.

These are the most notable passages in the life of this extraordinary person; and it is with regret that I must draw them to a close. He was a magistrate; a ruling elder of the church; sat in three Scottish parliaments, and lived to see many wonderful changes and revolutions. He at length triumphed over his old inveterate foe the Marquess of Huntly, receiving him at the Water Gate as a state prisoner, and conducting him to that gaol from which he never again emerged till taken to the block. But the lively interest that the Baillie took in this bloody affair, both with the church and state, I am rather inclined to let drop into oblivion; while, on the other hand, the manner in which he speaks of the death of his old friend and benefactor, does honour to his heart and the steadiness of his principles. I shall copy only a few sentences here, and no more.]

“ From the first day that Charles resumed the sceptre of his fathers, nay from the hour that Argyle placed the crown on the young monarch’s head, the fortunes of my noble friend began to decline. He soon perceived that the king was jealous of him, and therefore he parted from his company, and left him to his fate. He had for twenty years been at the head of Scottish affairs, both in church and state ; and much labour and toil did he undergo for the good of his country, but now the summer of his earthly glory was past, and he was left like a withered oak standing aloof from the forest he had so long shielded from the blast.

“ When General Dean brought him prisoner to Edinburgh, I got liberty to attend him in his confinement, and not a day passed over my head in which I did not visit him. I had always regarded him both as a good and a great man, with some few constitutional failings ; but his character never rose so high as when he was plunged in the depth of adversity.

“ When he and I were in private, and spoke our sentiments freely, he did not think highly of the principles or capacities of Charles the Second ; for his principles, both civil and religious, inclined him to a commonwealth, or a monarchy greatly restricted. It was said the young king soon discovered something so contracted and selfish in his character, that he was glad to be rid of his company ; but I knew his character better than the profligate monarch did, and such a discovery never was made by me. There was no man truer to his friends or more generous to his dependants, and from the support of the Protestant religion he never once swerved. I was twice examined on his trial, and could have told more than I did regarding him and Cromwell. One could not say that his trial was unfair, admitting the principle on which he was tried to have been relative. But during a long life I learned to view our state trials of Scotland as a mere farce ; for what was a man’s greatest glory and honour this year, was very like to bring him to the block the next. What could be a surer test of this than to

see the good Marquess of Argyle's grey head set upon the same pole on which his rival's, the Marquess of Montrose, had so lately stood."

[The other circumstances mentioned by the Baillie are recorded in every history of that period. But he prayed with and for his patron night and day during his last trial; dined with him on the day of his execution, took farewell of him at the foot of the scaffold, and running home, betock him to his bed, from which he did not rise for a month. He could not believe that the country would suffer a deed so enormous to be committed as the sacrificing such a man as Argyle, nor would he credit the account of his death for many days. From that time forth he had no more heart for business; and his political interest in the city being at an end, he retired from society and traffic, and pined in secret over the miserable and degraded state of his country, and the terrors that seemed once more to hang over the reformed religion. He could not go to his door without seeing the noblest head in the realm set up as a beacon of disgrace; the lips that had so often flowed with the words of truth and righteousness falling from their hold, the eye of majesty decaying in the socket, and the dark grey hairs bleaching in the winds of heaven. This was a sight his wounded spirit could not brook, and his bodily health and strength decayed beneath the pressure. But he lived to remove that honoured head from the gaol where it had so long stood a beacon of disgrace to a whole country; to carry it with all funeral honours into the land which it had ruled, and deposit it in the tomb where the bones of the noble martyr were reposing. Then returning home, the worthy Baillie survived only a few days. He followed his noble and beloved patron into the land of peace and forgetfulness. His body was carried to Elgin, the original burial-place of his fathers, and by a singular casualty, his head laid precisely at the Marquess of Huntly's feet.]

JULIA M'KENZIE.

THE following extraordinary story was told to me by Lady Brewster, a highland lady herself, the sole daughter of the celebrated Ossian M'Pherson ; and she assured me that every sentence of it was literally and substantially true. If the leading events should then be at all doubted, to that amiable lady I appeal for the truth of them, and there are many in the north of Scotland, who from their family traditions can substantiate the same.

It was never till the time of the wars of Montrose, that the chiefs and chieftain-ships of the highlands came to be much disputed, and held in estimation. The efficiency of the clans had then been fairly proven, and every proprietor was valued according to the number of vassals that acknowledged him as their lord and rose at his command, and in proportion with these was his interest with the rulers of the realm.

It was at that time, however, that the following horrible circumstances occurred in a great northern family, now for a long time on the wane, and therefore, for the sake of its numerous dependants and relatives, to all of whom the story is well known, I must alter the designations in a small degree, but shall describe the scene so that it cannot be mistaken.

Castle-Garnet, as we shall call the residence of the great chief to whom I allude, stands near to the junction of two notable rivers in the north highlands of Scotland, having tremendous mountains behind it towards the

west and a fine river and estuary towards the east. The castle overhangs the principal branch of the river, which appears here and there through the ancient trees, foaming and boiling far below. It is a terrible but grand situation, and a striking emblem of the stormy age in which it had been reared. Below it, at a short distance, a wooden bridge crossed the river at its narrowest and roughest part. The precipitous banks on each side were at least twenty fathoms deep, so that a more tremendous passage cannot be conceived. That bridge was standing in my own remembrance, and though in a very dilapidated state, I have crossed it at little more than forty years ago. It was reared of oak rough and unhewn as it had come from the forest, but the planks were of prodigious dimensions. They rested on the rocks at each end, and met on a strange sort of scaffolding in the middle, that branched out from one row of beams. It had neither buttress nor balustrade; yet, narrow as it was, troops of horse were known to have crossed on it, there being no passable ford near.

But the ancient glory of Castle-Garnet had sunk to decay during the turbulent reigns of the Stuarts, whose policy it was to break the strength of the too powerful noblemen, chiefs, and barons by the arm of one another. The ancient and head title of that powerful family had passed away, but a stem of nobility still remained to the present chief, in the more modern title of Lord Edirdale. He was moreover the sole remaining branch of the house, and his influence was prodigious; the chief of a powerful clan. But on his demise, the estate and chieftainship were likely to devolve on the man whom, above all others in the world, he and his people hated; to the man who had deprived him and them of wealth and honours; and who, though a near blood relation, was, at the very time I am treating of, endeavouring to undermine and ruin him.

This being a hard pill to swallow, Edirdale, by the advice of his chieftains, married Julia, the flower of all the M'Kenzies, while both were yet very young. She was

lovely as an angel, kind, virtuous, and compliant, the darling of her husband and his whole clan; but, alas! years came and passed by, and no child appeared to heir the estate of Glen-Garnet and lordship of Edirdale. What was to be done? The clan was all in commotion, and the chieftains held meeting after meeting, in all of which it was unanimously agreed, that it were better that ten of the chief ladies of the clan should perish, than that the whole clan itself, and all that it possessed, should fall under the control of the hated Nagarre.

When the seventh year of the marriage had elapsed, a deputation of the chief men, headed by the veteran Carnoch, the next in power to the chief, waited on Lord Edirdale, and boldly represented to him the absolute necessity of parting with his lady, either by divorce or death. He answered them with fury and disdain, and dared them ever to mention such a thing to him again. But old Carnoch told him flatly that without them he was nothing, and they were determined that not only his lady, but all the chief ladies of the clan should rather perish, than that his people should become bond slaves to the hateful tyrant Nagarre. Their lord hearing them assume this high and decisive tone, was obliged to succumb. He said it was indeed a hard case, but if the Governor of the universe saw meet that their ancient line should end in him, the decree could not be reversed; and to endeavour to do so by a crime of such magnitude, would only bring a tenfold curse upon them. He said, moreover, that he and his lady were still both very young, not yet at the prime of life, and there was every probability that she might yet be the mother of many children; but that, at all events, she was the jewel of his heart, and that he was determined much rather to part with all his land, and with all his people, than to part with her.

Carnoch shook his grey locks and said, the latter part of his speech was a very imprudent and cruel answer to his people's request, and which they little deserved at his hand. But for that part of it which regarded his

lady's youth, it bore some show of reason, and on that score alone, they would postpone compulsion for three years, and then, for the sake of thousands who looked up to him as their earthly father, their protector, and only hope, it behoved him to part with her and take another; for on that effort the very existence of the clan and the name depended.

Three years present a long vista of existence to any one, and who knows what events may intervene to avert a dreaded catastrophe. Lord Edirdale accepted the conditions, and the leading cadets of the family returned to their homes in peace. The third year came, being the tenth from the chief's marriage, and still there was no appearance of a family. The lady Julia remained courteous and beautiful as ever, and quite unconscious of any discontent or combination against her. But alas! her doom had been resolved on by the whole clan, male and female, for their dissatisfaction now raged like a hurricane, and every tongue among them denounced her death or removal. Several of the old dames had combined to take her off by poison, but their agent, as soon as she saw Lady Julia's lovely face, relented and destroyed the potion. They then tried enchantment, which also failed; and there was nothing for it but another deputation, which, on the very day that the stipulated three years expired, arrived at the castle, with old Carnoch once more at their head.

The chief now knew not what to do. He had given his word to his clan, their part had been fulfilled—his behoved to be so. He had not a word to say. A splendid dinner was prepared and spread; such a dinner as had never graced the halls of Castle-Garnet. Lady Julia took her seat at the head of the table, shining in the silken tartan of the clan, and dazzling with gold and jewels. She seemed never before so lovely, so affable, and so perfectly bewitching, so that when she rose and left them there was hardly a dry eye in the hall; nor had one of them a word to say,—all sat silent and gazed at one another.

The chief seized that moment of feeling and keen impression, to implore his kinsmen for a further reprieve. He said he found that to part with that darling of his heart and of all hearts, was out of his power; death and oblivion were nothing to it; that his life was bound up in her, and, therefore, consent to her death he never could, and to divorce and banish her from his side would be to her a still worse death than the other, for that she lived but in his affections, and he was certain that any violence done to her would drive him distracted, and he should never more lead his clan to the field; he spoke very feelingly too of her courtesy and affectionate interest in him and his whole clan. The gentlemen wept, but they made no reply; they entered into no stipulations, but parted from their lord as they met with him, in a state of reckless despair; but as they were already summoned to the field to fight the enemies of the king, they thought it prudent to preserve the peace and equanimity of the clan for the present, and afterwards to be ruled by circumstances, but ultimately to have their own way.

Shortly after this, the perturbation of Lord Edirdale's mind threw him into a violent fever, and his whole clan into the last degree of consternation. They thought not then of shedding their lady's blood, for in the event of their chief's demise, she was their only rallying point to preserve them from the control of Nagarre, the next of blood; and as all the cadets of the family manifested so much kindness and attention both to himself and lady, he became impressed with the idea that his Julia's beauty and virtue had subdued all their hearts as well as his own, and that his kinsmen felt incapable of doing her any injury, or even of proposing such a thing. This fond conceit, working upon his fancy, was the great mean of restoring him to health after his life had been despaired of, so that in the course of five months he was quite well.

But news of dreadful import arrived from the south, and the chief was again summoned to march southward

with his whole strength to the assistance of Montrose, who was in great jeopardy, with enemies before and behind. The chief obeyed, but could only procure arms for 300 men, and with these he marched by night, and after a sharp scuffle with the clans of Monro and Forbes, reached Montrose's camp just in time to bear a part in the bloody battle of the Don, fought on the 2nd of July, 1645 and in which they did great execution on the left wing of the army of the Parliament, pursued with great inveteracy, and returned to their glens loaden with spoil, without losing a man, save two whom they left wounded; and as the royal army then left the highlands, our old friends, the chieftains of the clan began to mutiny in private against their chieftain with more intensity than ever. They had now seen several instances of the great power and influence of an acknowledged patriarchal chief, and felt that without such the clan would be annihilated; and they saw, from the face of the times, that theirs must rally so as to preserve the ballance of power in the north. Something behoved to be done—any thing but falling under Nagarre, and the clan losing its power and name in his. Prophets, sybils, and second-sighters were consulted, and a fearful doom read, which could not be thoroughly comprehended.

A deputation once more waited on the chief, but it was not to crave the dismissal of his lady, but only a solemn pilgrimage to the shrine of St Bothan, on Christmas; for that they had learned from a combination of predictions, that from such a pilgrimage alone, and the nature and value of the offering bequeathed, an heir was to arise to the great house of Glen-Garnet and Edirdale; and that from the same predictions they had also been assured, that the clan was never to fall under the sway of the cursed Nagarre.

Lord Edirdale was delighted. His beloved, his darling Julia, was now to be his own for ever. He invited all the cadets of the family and all their ladies to assist in the grand procession. But Christmas brought such a storm with it, that scarcely a human being could look

out of doors; It was dreadful. Though the weather at that season throughout the highlands is generally of the most boisterous description, this winter exceeded them all. The snow fell to an unprecedented depth, and on Christmas eve, such a tempest of wind and rain commenced as the oldest inhabitant of that clime had never witnessed. The country became waist-deep of lapper or half melted snow; impassable torrents poured from every steep; so that when the morning of Christmas appeared, all hopes of the grand procession were given up, for the rivers were flooded to an enormous degree, and instead of the whole gentlemen and ladies of the clan, only four chieftains, the most interested and nearest of kin, appeared at the castle, and these at the risk of their lives. All of them declared that the procession must take place that very day, at whatever toil or trouble, for that no other subsequent one to the end of the world could have the desired effect. A part of the way was perilous, but the distance to walk was short; so Julia who was prepared for the event, with her usual sweet complaisance, wrapped herself well up, and away they went on their gloomy pilgrimage. At their very first outset they had to cross the river by Drochaid-maide, (the wooden bridge, I suppose.) Never was there such a scene witnessed in Scotland. The river was more than half way up the linn, roaring and thundering on with a deafening noise, while many yawning chasms between the planks, showed to the eye of the passenger its dazzling swiftness, and all the while the frail fabric was tottering like a cradle. Lady Julia's resolution failed her, a terror came over her heart, and she drew back from the dreadful scene; but on seeing the resolute looks of all the rest, she surmounted her terror, and closing her eyes she laid fast hold of her husband's arm, and they two led the way. Carnoch and his nephew, Barvoolin, were next to them, and Auchnasheen and Monar last; and just a little after passing the crown of the bridge, Carnoch and Barvoolin seized Lady Julia, and in one moment plunged her into the abyss below. The act was so sudden, that she had not time

to utter a scream nor even to open her eyes, but descending like a swan in placid silence, she alighted on the middle of the surface of the fleet torrent. Such was its density and velocity, that iron, lead, or a feather bore all the same weight there. The lady fell on her back, in a half sitting posture. She did not dip an inch, but shot down on the torrent as swift as an arrow out of a bow; and at the turn of the river round a rocky promontory, she vanished from their view.

The moment that the lady was tossed from Drochaidmaide, the four chieftains seized on her husband and bore him back to the castle in their arms. He was raving mad:—he only knew that he had lost his lady, by what means he did not comprehend. At first he cursed Barvoolin, and swore that he saw his hand touching her; but the other assuring him that he only did so to prevent the dizzy and distracted leap, and the rest all averring the same thing, before night they had persuaded him that the terror of the scene had produced a momentary madness, and that the Lady Julia in a fit had flung herself over.

Men on horseback were despatched on the instant to the meeting of the tide with the river, where all the boats were put in requisition; but in that unparalleled flood both of tide and stream, the body of Lady Julia could not be found. This was a second grievous distress to her lord; but so anxious were the clansmen for his safety, that they would not suffer him to assist in the search. He had loved his lady with the deepest—purest affection of which the heart of man is capable; for his pathetic lamentations over her loss often affected the old devotees of clanship to the heart, and they began to repent them of the atrocious deed they had committed; particularly when,—after representing to him that he lived and acted not only for himself but for thousands beside, and that since it had pleased the Almighty, in his over-ruling, to take from his side in a terrific way the benign creature who alone stood between them and all their hopes, it behoved him by all means to take another

wife without delay, in order to preserve the houses of their fathers from utter oblivion, and themselves, their sons, and daughters, from becoming the vassals and slaves of an abhorred house,—“These are indeed powerful reasons, my friends,” said he: “I have always acknowledged with deep regret that Heaven should have decreed it. But man has not these things in his power, and though there are some hearts so much swayed by self-interest that it becomes the motive of all their actions and modulates all their feelings, such heart is not mine, for there are certain lengths it can go and no farther. As soon as it forgets my Julia, I shall take to myself another wife, but when that may be I have no mode of calculation. How can I woo another bride? I could only woo her as Julia; I could only exchange love and marriage-vows with her as Julia; and when I awoke in the morning and found that another than Julia had slept in my bosom, I should go distracted, and murder both her and myself. Believe me, my dear and brave kinsmen, when I assure you, that the impression of my lost Julia is so deeply engraven on my heart that it can take no other. Whenever I feel that possible, I will yield to your intreaties, but not till then.”

This was a cutting speech to the old proud cadets of the family, and made them scowl and shake their heads in great indignation as well as sorrow. They had brought innocent blood on their heads, and made matters only worse. While Lady Julia was alive, there was some chance remaining for family heirs, for alas! she had been cut off in her twenty-ninth year; but now there was none, and they began to repent them heartily of what they had done.

While matters were in this state,—while the fate of Lady Julia was the sole topic of conversation up stairs at the castle, it was no less so down stairs, but in the latter, conviction appeared arrayed in different habiliments. The secrets and combinations of a clan are generally known through all its ramifications, except to the person combined against. It is, or rather was, a trait in the

character of this patriarchal race, and rather a mean subservient one, that they only saw, heard, felt, and acted in conformity with their chiefs and superiors, and they never betrayed their secrets. In the present instance, perhaps Lady Julia was the only person of the whole clan who did not know of the dissatisfaction that prevailed, and the great danger she was in. The menials, of course, strongly suspected that their lady's death had been effected by stratagem, taking all things into view, yet they were so servile, that hearing their lord and his relatives thought otherwise and spoke otherwise, they did the same. But there was one little beautiful pestilent girl, named Ecky M'Kenzie, who was Lady Julia's foster-sister, and had come from her own country or district with her, who was loud and bitter against the subordinate chieftains,—and old Carnoch, as the head and leader of them, in particular,—asserting boldly that he had murdered their lady and deceived their lord, because he knew he was next of kin to the chief, and that he and his family would succeed him, as the clan would never submit to Nagarre, which he knew full well. The rest of the menials accused her of uttering falsehoods, and threatened to expose her; but they gathered around, and gaped and stared upon one another at her bold asseverations. “I know it all,” she would add. “I know all how that angelic creature was hated, combined against, and murdered by your vile servile race, and particularly by that old serpent, Carnoch, who has all this while acted as huntsman to a pack of blood-hounds. But vengeance will overtake him. There will a witness appear at the castle in a few days who shall convict him to the satisfaction of the whole world; and I know, for I have it from the country beyond the grave, that I shall soon see him lying a mangled corpse between the castle wall and the precipice which overhangs the river.”

These asseverations were so unreserved and violent, that one Angus Seers went direct and told his lord every thing that Ecky had said, adding, that unless she was made to hold her tongue, she would bring disgrace on

the whole clan. The chief judged for himself in that instance ; happy had it been for him if he had done so always ; but nothing in the world was now of interest to him save what related to his late lady. So after dinner, while seven of the duniwastles (or gentlemen) of the clan were present, he sent for Ecky M'Kenzie up stairs, after saying to his friends, " There is a little vixen of a maid here, who was related to my lost lady, her foster-sister and confidante, who is spreading such reports against you and me, and maintaining them with such audacity, that I must call her to account for it.

" Ecky come up here ; stand before me, and look me in the face. What wicked and malicious reports are those that you have been spreading so broadly and asserting so confidently before my domestics ?"

" I have asserted nothing but the truth, my Lord, and nothing that I will not stand to before you and all your friends ; ay, and before the very man whom I have accused."

" Ecky, you cannot assert any thing for a truth of which you were not an eye-witness."

" Can I not ? I know otherwise however. Much is revealed to me that I never saw. So you think I do not know who murdered my dear lady ? You might know, considering the former proposals which were made to you. But if you are really so blinded that you do not know, which I think you are, I shall tell you. It was by the hands of those two men who now sit on your right and left hand ; in particular, by that old fiend, Carnoch, who has for years been hatching a plot against your beloved Julia, and who at last executed it in a moment of terror and confusion. . Ay, and not unassisted by his tremulous nephew there, the redoubted Barvoolin. You may scowl—I care not. I know the foundation of your devilish plot. My lord does not know the principal motive. And for a poor selfish consideration you have taken the life of a lady than whom a more pure, lovely, and affectionate creature never drew the breath of life. Ay, well may you start, and well may the tears

drop from your dim remorseless eyes. You know I have told you the truth, and you are welcome to ruminate on it."

"What do I see? Why do you weep, cousin?" said the chief to Carnoch.

"It is, my lord, because in my researches into futurity, I discovered that the death of Lady Julia was to bring about my own. I had forgot the prediction, unconscious how one life could hang upon another, until this wicked minx's bold and false assertion reminded me of it, and convinced me that she herself would be the cause of it. My lord, shall such audacity and falsehood pass unpunished under your roof?"

"Nothing shall pass—but punishment must follow conviction, not antecede it. Now, Ecky, they are all present who witnessed my lady's death? You did not, that we know of."

"Did I not? Let the murderers see to that. Do you think I was going to let her cross the river that day with these hell-hounds without looking after her? *They* know well that I am telling the truth, and I will bring it home to them. Let them beware of their necks." And she made a circle with her finger round her own.

The chief was struck dumb with astonishment at hearing his kinsmen so boldly accused to their faces, and it is probable that at that moment he began to suspect their guilt and duplicity, but Carnoch, springing to his feet, drew his sword, and said fiercely, "My lord, this is not to be borne, nor shall it. That infatuated girl must die to-night."

"Not so fast, Carnoch!" cried the elfin, shaking her little white fist in his face. "No, Carnoch, I must *not* die to-night, nor will I for your pleasure. I know that your relentless heart will seek my death to-night, knowing your danger from me; but I will sleep far beyond the power of your cruel arm to-night, and have communication, too, with her whom that arm put down. And note well what I say: Take not my word for the certainty of these men's guilt. If a witness does not arrive at the

castle, my lord, in less than three days, that shall convict them to your satisfaction,—ay and a witness from another country, too,—then I give you liberty to cut me all to pieces, and feed the crows and the eagles with me. No, Carnoch, I must *not* die to-night, for I must live till I convince my too easy and confiding lord. As for you, murderers, you need no conviction; you know well that I am telling the truth. Carnoch, I had a dream that I found you lying a mangled corpse at the bottom of the castle wall, and I know it will be fulfilled. But, O, I hope you will be hung first! Good night, sir; and remember, I *won't* die to-night, but will live out of despite to you!”

“What does the baggage mean?” said the guilty compeers, staring at one another; “‘she will give us liberty to cut her all in pieces, if a witness against us do not appear from another country; and that she will have communication with her late lady to-night.’ What does the infernal little witch mean?”

“Her meaning is far beyond my comprehension,” said Edirdale; “not so her assertion. Would to God that I did not suspect it this night as bearing on the truth. But it is easy for us to wait three days, and see the issue of this strange witness’s intelligence. After that we shall bring the minx to judgment.”

“She may have escaped beyond our power before that time,” said Carnoch; “as I think she was threatening as much to-night. The reptile should be arrested at once. My advice therefore is, that she be put down this very night, or confined to the dungeon. I myself shall undertake to be her jailor.”

“I stand her security that she shall be forthcoming at the end of three days, either dead or alive,” said the chief.

There was no more to be said, not another word on that head; but on the girl’s asseverations many words passed. Though the guiltiest of the associates pretended to hold the prediction light before the chief, it was manifest that it annoyed them in no ordinary degree: for they all sat

with altered faces, dreading that a storm was brewing around them, which would burst upon their heads. Old Carnoch, in particular, had his visage changed to that of an unhappy ghost. He was a strange character, brave, cruel and attached to his clan and his chief; but never was there a more superstitious being lived in that superstitious country. He believed in the second-sight, and was constantly tampering with the professors of it. He durst not go a voyage to Ireland to see or assist a body of his clansmen there, without first buying a fair wind from a weird woman who lived in Sky. He believed in apparitions, and in the existence of land and water spirits, all of which took cognizance of human affairs. Therefore Ecky's threatenings, corresponding with some previously conceived idea arising from enchantments and predictions, impressed him so deeply, that he was rather like a man beside himself. An unearthly witness coming from beyond the grave to charge him with the crime of which he well knew he was guilty, was more than he could contemplate and retain his reason. He had no intention of remaining any longer there, and made preparations for going away; but his lord shamed him out of his cowardly resolution, and said that his flying from the castle in that manner was tantamount to a full confession. On that ground, he not only adjured but ordered him to remain, and await the issue of the extraordinary accusation. The evening following, it being the first after Ecky's examination, Carnoch took his nephew apart, and proposed a full confession, which the other opposed most strenuously, assuring his uncle that in the spirit of regret that preyed on the chief, he would hang them both without the least reluctance; "and moreover," added he, "a girl's word, who only saw from a distance, cannot overturn the testification of four gentlemen who were present. No, no, Carnoch, since we have laid our lives at stake for the good of our people, let us stand together to the last."

The dinner was late that evening, and the chief perceiving the depression of his kinsmen's spirits, plied them well with wine; but Carnoch continued quite nervous

and excited in an extraordinary degree,—the wine made him worse. His looks were wild and unstable, and his voice loud and intermittent; and whenever the late lady of the mansion was named, the tears blinded his eyes. In this distracted sort of way the wassail was proceeding, when just as the sand-glass was running the ninth hour, they were interrupted by the arrival of an extraordinary guest.

It was a dark night in January. The storm which had raged for many days had died away, and a still and awful calm succeeded. The sky was overspread with a pall of blackness. It was like the house of death, after the last convulsion of nature; and the arrival of any guest at the castle in such a night, and by such paths, was enough to strike the whole party with consternation. The din of conversation in the chief's dining apartment had reached its acme for the evening, for just then a rap came to the grand entrance door, at which none but people of the highest quality presumed to approach. Surely there must have been something very equivocal in that tap; for never was there another made such an impression on the hearts and looks of so many brave and warlike men. The din of ebriety was hushed at once; a black and drumbly dismay was imprinted on every countenance, and every eye, afraid of meeting the gleams of terror from another, was fixed on the door. Light steps were heard approaching by the great staircase; they came close to the back of the door of the apartment, where they paused a considerable space—and an awful pause that was for those within. The door was at length opened slowly and hesitatingly, and in glided, scarcely moving, Ecky M'Kenzie, with a snow-white sheet around her, a face as pale as death, and a white napkin around her head. Well she knew the character of the man she hated; she fixed one death-like look on Caruoch, and raising her forefinger, pointed at him,—then retreating, she introduced Lady Julia!

This is no falsehood—no wild illusion of a poet's brain. It is a fact as well authenticated as any event in the an-

nals of any family in Britain. Yes; at that moment Lady Julia entered, in the very robes in which she had been precipitated from the bridge. Her face was pale, and her look to the chieftains severe; still she was the Lady Julia in every lineament. A shudder and a smothered expression of horror issued from the circle. Carnoch, in one moment, rushed to the casement at the further end of the apartment; it opened on hinges, and Ecky had intentionally neglected to bolt it. He pulled it open, and threw himself from it. Barvoolin followed his example, but none of the rest having actually imbrued their hands in their lady's blood, they waited the issue; but so terror-smitten were they all, that not one perceived the desperate exit of the two chieftains, save the apparition itself, which uttered an eldritch scream as each of them disappeared. These yells astounded the kinsmen with double amazement, laying all their faculties asleep in a torpid numbness. But their souls were soon aroused by new excitations; for the incidents, as they came all rushing on one another, were quite beyond their comprehension. The apparition fixed its eyes, as if glistening with tears, on one of them only, then spreading forth its arms, and throwing its face towards heaven as if in agony, it exclaimed, "No one to welcome me back to my own home!" The chief assumed the same posture, but had not power to speak or move, till the apparition, flying to him with the swiftness of lightning, clasped him in her arms, laid her head upon his bosom, and wept. "God of my fathers, it is my Julia, my own Julia, as I live and breathe," cried he in an ecstasy. It was the Lady Julia herself.

"Pray, Mr Shepherd, does not this require some explanation?"

"It does, Madam, which is forthcoming immediately, in as few sentences as I can make you understand it."

On the side of the river opposite to the castle, and consequently in another country, according to the idiomatic phrase constantly used in that land, there lived a bold native yeoman, called Mungo M'Crow, miller, of

Clackmullin; (I cannot help the alliteration, it is none of my making;) but in those days, mill-ponds and mill-leads, with their sluices and burns, to say nothing about the mill-stones and mill-wheels, were in a very rude ineffective state. Such a morning as that was about Clackmullin! Mungo was often heard to declare—"Tat tere was not peing her equal from the flood of No till te tay of shudgement, however long she might be behind."

That great Christmas flood had been a prototype of the late floods in Morayshire so movingly described by the Hon. Noah Lauder Dick. For one thing, it levelled Mungo M'Craw's wears and sluices as if no such things had existed; and what was worse, as the dam came off at the acute angle of the river, the flood followed on in that straight forward direction, and threatened instant destruction, not only to the mill and the kiln but to the whole Mill town which stood a little more elevated; and there was Mungo, with his son Quinten, his daughter Diana, and his stout old wife ycleped Mistress M'Craw, toiling between death and life, rearing a rampart of defence with wood, stones, divots, and loads of manure from the dunghill.

They were not trying to stop the mighty torrent, that was out of the power of man, but to give it a cast by their habitation; and there were they plunging and working at a terrible rate; Mungo scolding and calling for further exertion. "Ply, ply, you goslings of te Teal Mor, else we shall all be swept away out of te worlt wid tat roaring ocean of destruction tat pe coming roaring down from te hills and te corvies. Oh, Mistress M'Craw, cannot you be plying tese creat pig shenteel hands of yours. Haif you not te fears of Cot before your eyes, nor M'Tavish Mar, tat you will pe rolling your creat drum in tat ways. Go fill all te sacks in te mill with dung, and let us pe plunging tem into te preach. Diana, you mumping rosy chick, what are you thoughting upon? I teclare you pe not carrying creat above ten stones of dung at a time. You pe too small at te curp, and better for a dunnewastle's leman tan te miller's daughter of

Clach-Mhuillian on a floody tay. Quintain, oh you great mastiff dog, you creat lazy puppy of a cucannech, do you not see tat we shall pe all carried away from te univarse of Cot, unless you ply as never man plied before?"

"Father, is Keppoch charged?"

"Malluchid! If I do not pe preaking your head for you. What does te creat bhaist want with te gun just now?"

"Because here is a swan coming on us full sail."

"Then damh palmahar! run and bring Keppoch. She is always charged, clean and dry, and let us have a pluff at te swan, come of te mill what will. Life of my soul! if she pe not a drowned lady instead of a swan! Mistress M'Craw, and you young witch, Diana, where pe your hearts and your souls now? Och now tere will pe such splashing and squalling, and hoo-hooing, tat I shall have more ado with te living tan te dead, for women's hearts pe all made of oladh-heighis. There now, I have lost my grand shot, and shall lose my good mill and all te gentle's corn, and te poor fears' likewise, Alas! dear soul, a warmer and a drier couch would have fitted you creat petter to-day! Come, help me to carry her, you noisy, thoughtless, noisy cummers, and help me to carry her in. What! howling and wringing your hands? See, give me hold of all your four arms, and let her head hang down, that the drumbly water may run out at her mouth like a mill-spout."

"No, no, Mungo, keep up my head, I am little the worse. My head has never yet been below the water."

"As I shall pe sworn before te tay of shudgement, it is te creat and cood lady of Edirdale. Cot pe wid my dhear and plessed matam, how tid you come here?"

"Even as you see, Mungo. But put me into your warm bed, and by and by I shall tell you all; for I have had a dreadful voyage to your habitation; but it has been a rapid one. It is not above half a minute since I lost hold of my husband's arm on the dizzy cradle on the top of Drochaid-maide."

With many exclamations and prayers and tears, the Lady Julia was put into bed, and nursed with all the care and affection of which the honest and kind hearted miller and his family were capable. She bound them all to secrecy until she thought it time to reveal herself; but her recovery was not so sudden as might have been expected. An undefinable terror preyed upon her spirits, which she found it impossible to remove—a terror of that which was past. It was a feeling of horror that was quite unbrookable—a worm that gnawed at her heart, and almost drank up the fountain of existence. It was a painful, thrilling suspicion that her husband had tossed her over. She had not the heart nor the capability of mentioning this to any at the mill, and that made the impression on her health and spirits; but she resolved to remain there in quiet concealment till the mystery of her intended death was satisfactorily cleared up to her.

She then offered Quinten, the young miller, a high bribe, if he would go privately to the castle, and procure her a secret conference with her humble cousin and foster-sister, Ecky M'Kenzie.

“Och, dear heart,” said Mistress M'Craw, “he needs no bribe to go privately to Miss Ecky M'Kenzie. He is oftener there than at the kirk. It would require a very high bribe to keep him away; and she is so cunning and handy that neither your ladyship nor any about the castle have ever discovered them. I shall answer for that errand being cheerfully and faithfully performed, but if the boy take one highland penny for his trouble I'll feed him on black bearmeal brochen for a month.”

Poor Ecky cried bitterly for joy, and was so delighted that she actually threw her handsome arms around the great burly miller's neck and kissed him; but she would tarry none to court that night, but forced Quinten to return to Clackmullin with her.

The meeting of the two was affecting and full of the deepest interest, but I may not dwell on it, but haste to a conclusion; for a long explanatory conclusion is like the fifth act of a play, a wearisome supplement.

At that meeting, Ecky first discovered to her lady the horrible combination that had existed so long to take her off, but knowing the chief's stedfast resolution, never either to injure or part with her, she never told all that she knew for fear of giving her dear lady uneasiness; that they never would have accomplished their purpose, had it not been for the sham pilgrimage to St Bothan's shrine; and that the two kinsmen seized her in a moment of confusion, and hurled her over the bridge; then all the four seized on their lord, and bore him into the castle, where they convinced his simple and too-confiding heart that his lady had, of her own accord, taken the dizzy and distracted leap.

She was now convinced of her husband's innocency, and that the love he had ever expressed towards her was sincere; and as she lived but in his affections, all other earthly concerns appeared to her but as nothing; and to have the proofs of their own consciences, the two settled the time, manner, and mode of her return, which was all contrived by the affectionate Ecky, and put in practice according to her arrangement, and the above-narrated catastrophe was the result.

On going out with torches, the foremost of which was borne by Ecky M'Kenzie, they found old Carnoch lying at the bottom of the wall next to the river, with his neck broken, and his body otherwise grievously mangled; and Barvoolin very much crushed by his fall. He made a full confession to Lady Julia, and at her intercession was pardoned, as being only the organ of a whole clan, but he proved a lametar to the day of his death. His confession to the lady in private was a curious one, and shows the devotedness of that original people to their respective clans and all that concerns them;—he said, "that finding after many trials they could make nothing of her lord, they contrived that pilgrimage to the shrine of St Bothan's to intercede with the saint to take pity on their race; but they had resolved that she should never return from that devout festival. They had no idea of drowning until the tremendous flood came, which frus-

trated the other plan. They meant to have taken her off by poison, and had brought a bottle of poisoned wine with them, which was to have been presented to each of the ladies of rank who should sit on high with the lady Julia, in a small golden chalice, and it appearing impossible to make exceptions, *they had resolved to sacrifice the whole to bear their lady company.*

But the far best part of the story is yet to come. Whether it was the sleeping for a fortnight on a hard heather bed, or the subsisting for that time on milk-brose and butter, or whether the ducking and correspondent fright, wrought a happy change on Lady Julia, I know not: but of this I am certain, that within a twelvemonth from the date of her return to the castle she gave birth to a comely daughter, and subsequently to two sons; and the descendants of that affectionate couple occupy a portion of their once extensive patrimonial domains to this day.

END OF THE FIFTH VOL.

GLASGOW:

W. G. BLACKIE AND CO., PRINTERS,

VILLAFIELD.

STANDARD ILLUSTRATED WORKS,

PUBLISHED BY

BLACKIE AND SON.

In Progress of Publication.

THE COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY OF ENGLAND,

CIVIL AND MILITARY, RELIGIOUS, INTELLECTUAL, AND SOCIAL :

From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. With numerous Annotations from the Writings of recent distinguished Historians, and above One Thousand Engravings on Wood and Steel. Edited by the Rev. THOMAS THOMSON.

In the COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, while due preponderance has been allowed to the Civil and Military record of the country, special attention has been given to present a History of the PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, as well as of England itself. More particularly, the following subjects have been grouped together in two sections, and suitably detailed at each important period or epoch of the History:—The State of Religion—the Industrial Condition of the People, and their Agricultural and Mercantile Progress—the Dress, Distinctive Habits and Customs, and the General Aspect of Society at each step of transition—the Progress of Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts; together with notices of those individuals by whose unobtrusive labours the several departments of Art and Science were improved, and their influence extended over the community at large.

THE ILLUSTRATIVE ENGRAVINGS, *above One Thousand in number*, are prepared specially for this Work, and comprise pictures of the Dwellings, Shipping, Armour, Dress, Manners and Customs, &c., of our Ancestors, at various periods; Views of Historical Sites, Buildings, and Monuments; Maps and Plans; Portraits of Illustrious Persons; and also Engravings on Steel, consisting of a Frontispiece and Vignette Title to each volume.

To be completed in about 30 parts, super-royal 8vo, 2s. each.

LADIES OF THE REFORMATION.

MEMOIRS OF DISTINGUISHED FEMALE CHARACTERS,

Belonging to the Period of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century. By the Rev. JAMES ANDERSON, Author of *Ladies of the Covenant*. Nearly Two Hundred Illustrations, from Drawings by James Godwin, George Thomas, J. W. Archer, E. K. Johnson, &c., consisting of

FIRST SERIES.—ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, and THE NETHERLANDS. Cloth, antique, 12s. 6d.

SECOND SERIES.—GERMANY, FRANCE, SWITZERLAND, ITALY, and SPAIN. Cloth, antique, 12s. 6d.

Both Series combined, in 22 parts, 1s. each.

NOTICES OF FIRST SERIES.

“To all who would form a correct estimate of the characters and actings, the trials and conquests, the outer and inner lives of our Reformers, we would most earnestly recommend the *Ladies of the Reformation*.”—*British and Foreign Evangelical Review*.

“The volume is a highly interesting one, and its execution is altogether excellent. The style is pleasing and very perspicuous. The engravings, of which there are more than a hundred, are good specimens of art, and are often historical, and really illustrative of the events they refer to.”—*Critic*.

“It is one of Mr. Anderson's special excellencies that he understands what is *womanly*. Coarser natures often fail in the appreciation of the minute and subtle traits of character which so wonderfully mark off the noblest women from the noblest men; but Mr. Anderson appears to have those delicate susceptibilities which peculiarly fit him for a task which only a refined nature, deep in its sympathies and calm in its movements, could at all do justice to. The feeling and spirit of the book are as truly delightful as its research and intelligence are admirable.”—*Nonconformist*.

NOTICES OF SECOND SERIES.

“Mr. Anderson's volume is a very acceptable contribution to the biographical literature of the Reformation. Every one likes to know something about Luther's wife Katharine, and about Anna Reinhard, the noble wife of the noble Zwingle. Here, too, we have a glimpse into the domesticities of Calvin, and of the noble and princely ladies of France, Italy, and Spain, who professed the Reformed doctrines.”—*Atlas*.

“The book itself is a splendid specimen of modern art—in paper, print, engravings, and ornamental binding. In the shape of a small quarto of nearly seven hundred pages in real boards, it forms a bulky and yet a beautiful book; weighing—our readers may smile, but its unusual weight in hand caused us to put it in the balances—over two pounds.”—*Brit. Baptist Reporter*.

“The author and the artist have together produced a very attractive volume. The former work described celebrated women of England, Scotland, and the Netherlands; the present volume relates to those of Germany, Switzerland, France, Italy, and Spain, among whom are the wives of Luther, Calvin, and Zwingle. Mr. Anderson seems to have used great diligence in the collection of his materials.”—*Journal of Sacred Literature*.

“It will speak for itself in all Protestant homes.”—*Art Journal*.

A BIOGRAPHICAL
DICTIONARY OF EMINENT SCOTSMEN.

In Four Volumes. Originally Edited by ROBERT CHAMBERS. New Edition, revised under the care of the Publishers.

With a Supplemental Volume,

Continuing the Biographies to the Present Time. By the Rev. THOMAS THOMSON, Author of the *History of Scotland for the Use of Schools, &c.* With 85 Authentic Portraits, and 5 Engraved Titles. In 46 parts, medium 8vo, 1s. each; divisions, cloth gilt, 6s. 6d. each.

THE WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS,
 COMPLETE ILLUSTRATED EDITION,
 LITERARY AND PICTORIAL.

Consisting of a complete Collection of his Poems, Songs, and Correspondence; arranged Chronologically, and accompanied by numerous Notes and Annotations. The whole preceded by Professor WILSON's celebrated Essay "On the Genius and Character of Burns," and Dr. CURRIE's Memoir of the Poet. With 50 Landscape and Portrait Illustrations. 25 parts, super-royal 8vo, 1s. each.

Or with Eight SUPPLEMENTARY PARTS, containing 32 Engravings; making in all 82 Illustrations. 2 vols., cloth extra, £1, 16s.

ITALY,

CLASSICAL, HISTORICAL, AND PICTURESQUE;

Illustrated in a Series of Views, from Drawings by Stanfield, R.A., Roberts, R.A., Harding, Prout, Leitch, Brockedon, Barnard, &c.; &c. With Descriptions of the Scenes. Preceded by an Essay, developing the Recent History and Present Condition of Italy and the Italians, by CAMILLO MAPEI, D.D., formerly Canon of the Cathedral of Penne, and Graduate of the College of San Apollinare in Rome. 21 parts, super-royal 4to, 2s. each.

"We do not know a more delightful drawing-room book than this work on Italy, which comprises upwards of sixty exquisite illustrations of the noblest and most interesting scenery in the world, with corresponding descriptions to record the natural features, and the poetical and historical associations of each spot."—*Inverness Courier.*

THE IMPERIAL GAZETTEER:

A GENERAL DICTIONARY OF GEOGRAPHY,

PHYSICAL, POLITICAL, STATISTICAL, and DESCRIPTIVE; including comprehensive Accounts of the Countries, Cities, Principal Towns, Villages, Seas, Lakes, Rivers, Islands, Mountains, Valleys, &c., in the World. Edited by W. G. BLACKIE, Ph. D., F.R.G.S. Illustrated by nearly SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY ENGRAVINGS, printed in the text, comprising Views, Costumes, Maps, Plans, &c. In parts, imperial 8vo, 2s. 6d. each.

"This excellent book of reference. . . . All the articles we have examined, whether long or short, exhibit a greater degree of correctness in minute detail than we should have thought practicable in so comprehensive a work."—*Athenæum*.

"The information is brought down to the very eve of publication. . . . All who are desirous of purchasing a Geographical Dictionary, at once copious and exact in its information, cannot do better than provide themselves with this."—*London Atlas*.

THE IMPERIAL ATLAS

OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY;

An Extensive Series of Maps, embracing the most recent Discoveries, and the latest Political Divisions of Territory in all parts of the World. Compiled from the most reliable sources, Home and Foreign, under the supervision of the Editor of the IMPERIAL GAZETTEER.

This ATLAS recommends itself by the number of Maps which it contains, and by its portable size, which enables it to be handled and consulted with ease; yet, so far from sacrificing utility to moderate dimensions, it will be found that in fulness of information, largeness of scale, and clearness of engraving, it will compare favourably with the most elaborate and costly Atlases extant. The Maps are printed on paper measuring 22 inches by 15, and carefully coloured. The Series will extend to between Seventy and Eighty such Sheets, and will comprise One Hundred different Maps.

To be completed in about 30 parts, 2s. 6d. each.

"We can confidently recommend it as, in all respects, the most accurate and complete Atlas that is at present issuing from the press."—*Oxford Chronicle*.

"We believe we may safely say that this Atlas, now in course of publication, is the most correct that has yet been issued."—*Gentleman's Magazine*.

"One of the largest and most complete Atlases ever attempted."—*Critic*.

THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY,

ENGLISH, TECHNOLOGICAL, AND SCIENTIFIC;

Adapted to the Present State of Literature, Science, and Art, comprising all Words purely English, and the principal Technical and Scientific Terms, together with their Etymologies, and their Pronunciations, according to the best Authorities. Edited by J. OGILVIE, LL.D. Illustrated by upwards of Two Thousand Engravings on Wood. In parts, imperial 8vo, 2s. 6d. each.

“It will be seen that the plan of this vast undertaking is of a magnitude befitting a work which, to realize its aim, ought to supersede all existing authorities. We have examined it attentively, and can report most favourably of its execution. Great vigilance has been exercised in keeping clear of doubtful or unnecessary speculations; the explanations are clear, sound, and full; the examples judiciously selected; and extensive learning is displayed in the department of etymology.”—*Atlas*.

A SUPPLEMENT TO THE IMPERIAL DICTIONARY,

Containing an Extensive Collection of Words, Terms, and Phrases, in the various departments of Literature, Science, and Art; together with numerous Obsolete, Obsolescent, and Scottish Words, found in Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Scott, not included in previous English Dictionaries. By JOHN OGILVIE, LL.D. Illustrated by 350 Engravings on Wood. Complete in 7 parts, 2s. 6d. each; or in cloth, 20s.

The number of additional words, including additional significations to words already given, amount to nearly *Twenty Thousand*.

THE IMPERIAL FAMILY BIBLE,

Containing the OLD and NEW TESTAMENTS, according to the most correct Copies of the Authorized Version. With many thousand Critical, Explanatory, and Practical Notes; also, References, Readings, Chronological Table, and Indexes. Illustrated by a Superb Series of Engravings. In 38 parts, imperial 4to, 2s. 6d. each.

The Engraved Illustrations, 74 in number, consist of a Series of Historical Subjects, selected with much care and research from the Works of the Old Masters, and from those of the existing Schools of Painting on the Continent and in Britain, and a Series of Views of important Bible Localities, from Authentic Drawings, the whole engraved in the most finished manner.

“It is a noble and beautiful edition of the Sacred Volume. No copy has ever been placed before us distinguished by so many excellencies.”—*London Art Union*.

New and Revised Edition.

THE
POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA;
OR, CONVERSATIONS LEXICON;

Being a General Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, Literature, Biography, History, and Politics; with Preliminary Dissertations by distinguished Writers. Numerous Illustrations.

The POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA has been before the public for many years past, and has met with a large measure of acceptance. The alterations and corrections made for the present Edition render the Work a satisfactory exponent of the state of knowledge in the present day. The articles on Botany, Chemistry, and Geology, have been wholly re-written, and the scientific articles generally have been carefully revised. The articles on Geography, Topography, and History, have undergone a careful scrutiny; and those on Theology and Biography have likewise been subjected to a rigid examination.

It being, however, obviously impossible to introduce into the body of a stereotyped work all the additions which the progress of the times demands,

An entirely New Supplement

has been written, containing additional Biographics, Notices of Localities newly discovered, or that have risen recently into importance—of substances and processes new in science and the arts—of the great events of the world during the last twenty years—and other subjects of general interest.

An additional feature of interest in the POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA is supplied by separate Dissertations by Writers who hold a high position in Science, Literature, and Art. They are entitled as follows:—

“On the Progress of Physical Science,” by THOMAS THOMSON, M.D., F.R.S., &c., &c.

“On the Recent Progress of Physical Science,” by R. D. THOMSON, M.D., F.R.S., &c., &c.

“On the Rise and Progress of Literature,” by Sir D. K. SANDFORD, D.C.L.

“On the Progress of the Fine Arts,” by ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, Esq.

“On the Progress of the Fine Arts during the Present Century, more especially in Great Britain,” by R. N. WORNUM, Esq.

Two of these Dissertations—that by Dr. R. D. THOMSON, and that by Mr. WORNUM—have been written expressly for this Revised Edition.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

have been extended to One Hundred and Fifty-four Pages of Steel Engravings, and Fourteen Coloured Maps, besides many Engravings on Wood. The whole Work, including Supplement, will be completed in 63 parts, price 2s. each; or in 14 divisions, 10s. each.

THE
COMPREHENSIVE FAMILY BIBLE,

Containing the Old and New Testaments; with copious Critical and Explanatory Notes, and Practical Reflections; also, References, Readings, Chronological and other Tables. By DAVID DAVIDSON, LL.D. With numerous Historical and Landscape Illustrations, and Maps. Complete in 36 parts, super-royal 4to, 2s. each.

The ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS consist in part of Historical Subjects, from the Ancient and Modern Masters; but the larger portion comprises Views of Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, and other Natural Scenery; together with Cities and Towns, existing or in Ruins; Temples, Tombs, &c.; the whole having direct reference to Bible Incidents and History, and more especially illustrating the Fulfilment of Prophecy.

“The Text is admirable, the Commentary judicious and instructive, the Illustrations numerous; indeed, I have never seen as good in any work of the kind. . . . I freely and fully recommend this Family Bible.”—*Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

COOKE'S BROWN'S
SELF-INTERPRETING BIBLE.

With an Introduction, copious Marginal References, and Notes Explanatory and Practical; and several Thousand additional Notes, explaining difficult Texts, and reconciling seeming contradictions. By the Rev. HENRY COOKE, D.D., Belfast. Illustrated with a Series of Historical Designs, selected from the works of the best masters; and a Series of Views, including the Cities, Rivers, Mountains, &c., of Bible Lands—all engraved in the best manner, and extending to 47 plates. In 44 parts, royal 4to, 1s. each. With Barr's Index of Subjects, 2 parts additional.

BROWN'S
SELF-INTERPRETING BIBLE.

With Corrections and Additions, under the Superintendence of the Author's Family, and Two Thousand Critical and Explanatory Notes, numerous References and Readings; also, a Memoir of the Author, by the late Rev. J. BROWN PATTERSON, of Falkirk; and a Complete Index and Concise Dictionary, by the Rev. JOHN BARR. Historical and Landscape Illustrations, Family Register, &c. Complete in 32 parts, 1s. each.

THE HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

From the Beginning of the World to the Establishment of Christianity; and a connection of Profane with Sacred History. By the Rev. THOMAS STACKHOUSE, M.A. With copious additions from recent Commentators, Critics, and Eastern Travellers; and Complete Indexes. Also, an Appendix on the Illustrations of Scripture derived from the Egyptian and Assyrian Monuments, &c.

Illustrated by Fifty Highly-finished Engravings.

In 35 parts, imperial 8vo, 1s. each.

THE LIFE OF JESUS' CHRIST.

With the Lives of the Apostles and Evangelists. By the Rev. JOHN FLEETWOOD, D.D. Also, the Lives of the most eminent Fathers and Martyrs, and the History of Primitive Christianity, by WILLIAM CAVE, D.D. With an Essay on the Evidences of Christianity, and numerous Notes not to be found in any other Edition. To which is subjoined, A Concise History of the Christian Church, by the Rev. THOMAS SIMS, M.A.

Illustrated by Forty beautiful Engravings.

Complete in 20 parts, imperial 8vo, 1s. each.

THE WORKS OF JOHN BUNYAN.

Practical, Allegorical, and Miscellaneous; with Editorial PREFACES and NOTES, and an ESSAY ON BUNYAN'S GENIUS, TIMES, and CONTEMPORARIES. By GEORGE OFFOR, Editor of *The Pilgrim's Progress* for the Hanserd Knolly's Society, &c.

With numerous Illustrations.

First Complete Edition. In 25 parts, 2s. each; or 3 vols. super-royal 8vo, cloth, £2, 14s.

SEPARATE ISSUES.

For those who already possess the Allegorical Works, the Publishers divide the *whole* Works into Two Separate Issues.

I. THE EXPERIMENTAL, DOCTRINAL, AND PRACTICAL WORKS. *Illustrations.* In 32 parts, 1s. each.

II. THE ALLEGORICAL, FIGURATIVE, AND SYMBOLICAL WORKS. *Numerous Illustrations.* In 18 parts, 1s. each.

BARNES'
 NOTES ON THE NEW TESTAMENT.
 ILLUSTRATED AND ANNOTATED EDITION.

With 38 Steel Plates, 22 Maps and Plans, and 28 Engravings on Wood—in all, *Seventy* separate Plates, from the most authentic materials, illustrating the principal Scripture scenes, and sites of celebrated Cities, Towns, &c. The whole complete in 33 parts, 1s. each; or in 5 double vols., 6s. each, and 1 at 4s. 6d.

Mr. Barnes writes:—"I feel PARTICULARLY gratified with the plates; they are exceedingly beautiful, and, in my view, GREATLY INCREASE THE VALUE OF THE WORK."

BARNES'
 NOTES ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.
 BOOKS OF JOB, ISAIAH, AND DANIEL.

With additional Prefaces and Notes, also Appendixes, Engravings on Steel, and above 150 Illustrations on Wood; most of them to be found in no other Edition. In 19 parts, 1s. each; or JOB, 1 vol., cloth, 6s.; ISAIAH, 2 vols., 7s.; DANIEL, 1 vol., 6s. 6d.

Dr. Hamilton, in the *Lamp and the Lantern*, says:—"For the elucidation of the text [of the Bible], there is nothing better than the little volumes of Albert Barnes, as far as they have gone. As it contains Supplemental Notes of great value, our personal preference is for Blackie's Edition."

BARNES'
 QUESTIONS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT,
 FOR BIBLE CLASSES AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

1 vol. (MATTHEW to HEBREWS), cloth, 3s. 6d.; or 6 parts, 6d. each.

THE CHRISTIAN CYCLOPEDIA;
 OR, REPERTORY OF BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL LITERATURE.
 By the Rev. JAS. GARDNER, M.D., A.M. With numerous Illustrations. To be completed in 20 parts, super-royal 8vo, 1s. each.

This Work is designed to be a popular compendium of what has hitherto been written on all those subjects which are either involved in, or allied to, Christianity. It embraces in its plan the general features both of a Biblical and Theological Dictionary, and a comprehensive digest of the Literature and Biography connected with Christianity.

THE
SHEEPFOLD AND THE COMMON;
OR, WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

Illustrated by a Series of Thirty-two Engravings.

This Work was originally published under the title of the *Evangelical Rambler*, and nearly One Hundred Thousand copies were sold in that form. It has long been out of print; and a new and revised edition is now issued under its present title, as more descriptive of the aim and intention of the Work.

To be completed in 30 Nos., 6d. each.

THE CARPENTER AND JOINER'S
ASSISTANT.

A complete course of Practical Instruction in Geometry, Geometrical Lines, Drawing, Projection, and Perspective; also, the Selection, Preparation, and Strength of Materials, and the Mechanical Principles of Framing, with their Applications in Carpentry and Joinery. Illustrated by numerous

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD AND STEEL,

comprising Examples of some of the best Timber Constructions executed in Great Britain, on the Continent of Europe, and in the United States of America.

The object of this Publication is to supply, in a compendious form, a complete and practical Course of Instruction in the Principles of Carpentry and Joinery, with a Selection of Examples of Works actually executed. It will include the most important features of the great works of Emy, Kraft, and others, which, from their cost and foreign languages, are inaccessible to the great majority of workmen.

To be completed in about 20 parts, super-royal 4to, 2s. each.

THE BOOK OF ORNAMENTAL DESIGN.

A Series of examples of Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Italian, Gothic, Moorish, French, Flemish, and Elizabethan ornaments, suitable for Art-workmen and Decorators. With an Essay on Ornamental Art, as applicable to Trade and Manufactures. By JAMES BALLANTYNE, author of a *Treatise on Painted Glass*, &c., &c. 40 Plates, imperial 4to, cloth, £1, 2s.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE.

A Series of Designs for Ornamental Cottages and Villas. Exemplified in Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Details. With Practical Descriptions. By JOHN WHITE, Architect. In 21 parts, imperial 4to, 2s. each; 1 vol. half-morocco, £2, 10s.

THE CABINET-MAKER'S ASSISTANT.

A Series of Original Designs for Modern Furniture, with Descriptions and Details of Construction, preceded by Practical Observations on the Materials and Manufacture of Cabinet-work, and Instructions in Drawing, adapted to the Trade; including Practical Geometry, Projection, Light and Shadow, Perspective, and the execution of Working Drawings, &c. Complete in 23 parts, imperial 4to, 2s. 6d. each; half-bound morocco, £3, 5s.

THE MECHANIC'S CALCULATOR.

Comprehending Principles, Rules, and Tables, in the various Departments of Mathematics and Mechanics. Sixteenth edition. Cloth, 5s. 6d.

THE MECHANIC'S POCKET DICTIONARY.

A Note-Book of Technical Terms, Rules, and Tables, useful in the Mechanical Arts. With Engravings of Machinery, and nearly 200 diagrams on wood. Ninth edition. Cloth, 9s.

The CALCULATOR and DICTIONARY are published in 27 Nos., 6d. each.

THE ENGINEER AND MACHINIST'S ASSISTANT.

Being a Series of Plans, Sections, and Elevations of Steam Engines, Water Wheels, Spinning Machines, Mills for Grinding, Tools, &c., taken from Machines of approved construction; with detailed Descriptions and Practical Essays on various departments of Machinery. New and Improved Edition, in 28 parts, imperial 4to, 2s. 6d. each.

RAILWAY LOCOMOTIVES.

Their Progress, Mechanical Construction, and Performance, with the recent Practice in England and America. Illustrated by an extensive Series of Plates, and numerous Engravings on Wood. By DANIEL KINNEAR CLARK, Engineer. To be completed in about 22 parts, imperial 4to, 2s. 6d. each

This Work will combine the Locomotive Section of the Author's Work on RAILWAY MACHINERY, with extensive additions illustrating the practice of English Locomotive Engineers of the present day, and presenting the most recent attainments in American practice. It will also include the consideration of a variety of questions bearing upon the improvement and economical working of the Locomotive.

RAILWAY MACHINERY.

A Treatise on the Mechanical Engineering of Railways; embracing the Principles and Construction of Rolling and Fixed Plant, in all departments. Illustrated by a Series of Plates on a large scale, and by numerous Engravings on Wood. By D. KINNEAR CLARK, Engineer. In 30 parts, imperial 4to, 2s. 6d. each. 2 vols. half-morocco, £4, 15s.

RECENT PRACTICE IN

THE LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE:

BEING A SUPPLEMENT TO "RAILWAY MACHINERY."

Comprising the most recent Improvements in English Practice, and Illustrations of the Locomotive Practice of the United States of America. By DANIEL KINNEAR CLARK, Engineer. To be completed in 8 parts, imperial 4to, 2s. 6d. each.

This Work will consist simply of the new portion of *Railway Locomotives*, announced above. It is published separately for the benefit of those who already possess the author's Work on *Railway Machinery*.

THE

ENGINEER AND MACHINIST'S DRAWING-BOOK.

A Complete Course of Instruction for the Practical Engineer; comprising Linear Drawing, Projections, Eccentric Curves, the various forms of Gearing, Reciprocating Machinery, Sketching and Drawing from the Machine, Projection of Shadows, Tinting and Colouring, and Perspective, on the basis of the works of M. Le Blanc and MM. Armengaud. Illustrated by numerous Engravings on wood and steel. In 16 parts, imperial 4to, 2s. each; 1 vol. half-morocco, £2, 2s.

CYCLOPEDIA OF AGRICULTURE, PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC;

In which the Theory, the Art, and the Business of Farming, in all their departments, are thoroughly and practically treated. By upwards of Fifty of the most Eminent Farmers, Land-Agents, and Scientific Men of the day. Edited by JOHN C. MORTON.

With above 1800 Illustrative Figures on Wood and Steel.

In 28 parts, 2s. 6d. each; or 2 large vols., super-royal 8vo, cloth, £3, 15s.

The object of this Work is to present to the Agricultural reader the whole of the truth immediately connected with his profession, so far as it is known to the men most familiar with the sciences it involves, the methods it employs, and the risk it incurs. Illustrations on wood and steel, of Farm Buildings, Insects, Plants (cultivated and uncultivated), Agricultural Machines, Implements, and Operations, &c., are given wherever they can be useful.

FARM INSECTS.

Being the Natural History and Economy of the Insects injurious to the Field Crops in Great Britain and Ireland, and also those which infest Barns and Granaries. By JOHN CURTIS, F.L.S., &c., &c.

Illustrated with many Hundred Figures, Plain and Coloured.

Preparing for Publication. In about 8 parts, super-royal 8vo, 2s. each.

THE GARDENER'S ASSISTANT:

A COURSE OF INSTRUCTIONS,

PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC,

In the Theory and Art of Gardening, adapted to the Use of Amateurs as well as of Professional Gardeners. By ROBERT THOMPSON.

Illustrated by numerous Engravings and Coloured Plates.

To be completed in about 10 parts, 2s. 6d. each.

The Work contains Chapters on the Physiology of Plants, the Nature and Improvement of Soils, the various kinds of Manures and their uses, and the Tools, Instruments, &c., employed in Gardening; Plain Instructions for the Formation and Management of the Kitchen, Fruit, and Flower Garden; the Cultivation of the principal kinds of Plants, both hardy and exotic, in the open Air, the Conservatory, the Green-house, or the Hot-house; together with Descriptions of the best varieties of Vegetables, Fruits, and Flowers; with a copious Calendar of Gardening Operations. Profusely illustrated with Engravings printed in the Text.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE WALDENSES.

THE ISRAEL OF THE ALPS.

A Complete History of the Vaudois of Piedmont and their Colonies. Prepared in great part from unpublished Documents. By ALEXIS MUSTON, D.D., Pastor of the Protestant Church at Bourdeaux, Department of Drôme, France. Illustrated by a **Series of Steel Engravings**, comprising Scenery in the Valleys, Maps, and Historical Illustrations, prepared by or under the superintendence of the author, M. Muston. In 16½ parts, 1s. each; or 2 vols. 8vo, cloth, 18s.

This Work contains the most Complete and Connected View of the History of the Vaudois. It is the fruit of long and laborious research, and throws new light upon many of the known facts, events, and periods of Waldensian history.

D'AUBIGNE'S HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

Translated by D. D. SCOTT, and H. WHITE, B.A. The Translation carefully revised by Dr. D'AUBIGNE. Large type, numerous Notes, not in any other edition, and **Forty Illustrations**, beautifully Engraved on Steel. In 39 parts, 1s. each; divisions, cloth elegant, 6s. each; or 4 vols., cloth, £2, 4s.

A HISTORY OF THE PAPACY,

POLITICAL and ECCLESIASTICAL, in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By LEOPOLD RANKE. With Notes by the Translator, and an Introductory Essay by J. H. Merle D'Aubigné, D.D.

Illustrated by Twenty Portraits.

In 20 parts, 1s. each; or 2 vols., cloth, £1, 1s.

THE LADIES OF THE COVENANT:

Being Memoirs of Distinguished Scottish Female Characters, embracing the period of the Covenant and Persecution. By the Rev. JAMES ANDERSON, author of *The Martyrs of the Bass*.

NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS.

Cloth antique, 7s. 6d.; or 14 Nos., 6d. each.

Adam. Adam's Roman Antiquities;

Or, An Account of the Manners and Customs of the Romans.
 Edited by JAMES BOYD, LL.D., one of the Masters of the High
 School, Edinburgh. 100 Illustrations. Royal 18mo, cloth,
 5s. 6d.; or with QUESTIONS, 7s. The QUESTIONS separate, 1s. 6d.

Agriculture. The Agriculturist's Calculator.

A Series of Forty-five Tables for Land Measuring, Draining, Man-
 uring, Planting, Weight of Hay and Cattle by Measurement,
 Building, &c. 17 Nos., foolscap 8vo, 6d. each; bound, 9s.

Agriculture. The Agriculturist's Assistant;

A Note-book of Principles, Rules, and Tables, adapted to the use
 of all engaged in Agriculture, or the Management of Landed
 Property. By JOHN EWART, Land Surveyor and Agricultural
 Engineer. Plates and Cuts. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Agriculture. The Farmer's Guide.

A Treatise on the Diseases of Horses and Black Cattle, with In-
 structions for the Management of Breeding Mares and Cows.
 By JAMES WEBB, Veteriuary Surgeon. Seventh edition. Fools-
 cap 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.

Agriculture. Morton's New Farmer's Almanac, for 1858.

Edited by JOHN C. MORTON, Editor of the "Agricultural Gazette,"
 the "Cyclopedia of Agriculture," &c. Price 1s.

Copies of this Almanac for 1856 and 1857 can still be supplied to a
 limited extent; and, as depositories of much valuable permanent in-
 formation, they commend themselves to all who are in any way
 directly or indirectly concerned in the various departments of Farming
 and Agriculture.

Agriculture. How to Choose a Good Milk Cow;

Or, A Description of all the Marks by which the Milking Qualities
 of Cows may be Ascertained. By J. H. MAGNE. With a Sup-
 plement on the Dairy Cattle of Britain: their Qualities, Man-
 agement, and Productive Results, with Hints for Selecting.
 By JOHN HAXTON. Illustrated with Engravings, cloth, 3s.

Aikman. The History of Scotland,

From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. A new Edition,
 with NINETY ILLUSTRATIONS; comprising Portraits, Views of
 remarkable localities, and Designs of prominent historical inci-
 dents. In 53 parts, 1s. each; 12 divisions, 5s. each.

Anderson. Ladies of the Covenant, and Ladies of the Reformation. See pages 2 and 14.

Andrew. A Cyclopaedia of Domestic Medicine and Surgery.

Being an Alphabetical Account of the Various Diseases incident to the Human Frame; with Directions for their Treatment, and for performing the more simple operations of Surgery. With instructions for preparing and administering Medicines, &c., &c. By THOMAS ANDREW, M.D. Illustrated with Engravings on wood and steel. 17 parts, royal 8vo, 1s. each; cloth, 18s.

Atlas, The Imperial. See page 4.

Barnes' Notes on the Old and New Testaments. See page 9.

Barr, Rev. John. The Scripture Student's Assistant.

A Complete Index and Concise Dictionary to the Bible. New edition, enlarged, with pronunciation of Proper Names, Chronological Arrangement of the Scriptures, &c. Post 8vo, cloth, 3s.

Barr. Catechetical Instructions for Young Communicants.

With an Address to Young Persons not yet Communicants. 31st edition, 18mo, sewed, 4d.

Barr. Catechetical Instructions on Infant Baptism.

With an Address to Young Parents. 15th edition, 18mo, sewed, 4d.

Baxter. The Select Practical Works of Richard Baxter.

Including the whole of his Treatises on Conversion, The Divine Life, Dying Thoughts, and Saints' Everlasting Rest, a Memoir of the Author, and Portrait. In 48 Nos., 6d. each.

Baxter. The Saints' Everlasting Rest;

The Divine Life, and Dying Thoughts; also, a Call to the Unconverted, and Now or Never. Carefully revised, and preceded by a Memoir of the Author. 21 Nos., 6d. each; cloth, 11s. 6d.

Bible. The Illustrated Pocket Bible;

Containing nearly 9000 Critical and Explanatory Notes, and 80,000 References and Readings; also, THIRTY-SEVEN *Illustrations*, consisting of Twenty-five exquisite Engravings, and a complete Scripture Atlas of Twelve coloured Maps. In 24 Nos., 6d. each.

Bible, The Comprehensive Family, and Imperial Family.

See pages 5 and 7.

Bonaparte. Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte.

By M. DE BOURRIENNE. To which is now first added, An Account of the Events of the Hundred Days, of Napoleon's Surrender to the English, and of his Residence and Death at St. Helena, with Anecdotes and illustrative Notes. Numerous Historical and Portrait Illustrations. In 23 parts, 1s. each; or 2 vols., cloth, £1, 6s.

Book of Scottish Song;

A Collection of the Best and Most Approved Songs of Scotland, with Critical and Historical Notices regarding them and their Authors, and an Essay on Scottish Song, beautifully printed with coloured borders, engraved frontispiece and title. 16 Nos., 6d. each; cloth, gilt edges, 9s.

Book of Scottish Ballads;

A comprehensive Collection of the Ballads of Scotland, with numerous Illustrative Notes, printed uniformly with, and by the Editor of, "The Book of Scottish Song." With engraved frontispiece and title. 15 Nos., 6d. each; cloth, gilt edges, 9s.

Brown's Dictionary of the Bible;

Corrected and Improved by the Rev. JAMES SMITH, A.M. With Notes by the Rev. Dr. COOKE, Belfast. Illustrated by several hundred Engravings. 20 parts, 1s. each; cloth, £1, 1s.

Brown's Concordance to the Bible;

Small 18mo, neatly bound in cloth, gilt edges, 1s.

Brown's Self-Interpreting Bible. See page 7.**Buchanan. The Ten Years' Conflict;**

Being the History of the Disruption of the Church of Scotland. By the Rev. ROBERT BUCHANAN, D.D. Illustrated with Portraits on Steel and Designs on Wood. 25 Nos., 6d. each; or 2 vols., cloth, 14s. A few copies of the Library Edition, large type, 2 vols. demy 8vo, cloth, £1, 1s.

Burns. The Works of Robert Burns. See page 3.**Cabinet History of England,**

Civil, Military, and Ecclesiastical, from the Landing of Julius Cæsar till the year 1846. 13 vols., elegantly bound in cloth, £1, 6s.

Cabinet-Maker's Assistant. See page 11.**Carpenter and Joiner's Assistant. See page 10.**

Casquet of Literary Gems ;

Containing upwards of 700 Extracts in Poetry and Prose. From nearly 300 distinguished Authors. Illustrated by Twenty-five Engravings. In 24 parts, 1s. each.

Christian's Daily Companion :

A Series of Meditations and Short Practical Comments on the most Important Doctrines and Precepts of the Holy Scriptures, arranged for Daily Reading throughout the year. With Twenty-one highly-finished Engravings. 20 parts, super-royal 8vo, 1s. each ; cloth, £1, 1s.

Christian Cyclopedia. See page 9.

Commercial Hand-Book :

A Complete Ready-Reckoner, and Compendium of Tables and Information for the Trader, Merchant, and Commercial Traveller. 310 pp. 48mo, bound in roan, 1s.

Common Prayer, The Book of,

With Notes compiled from the writings of the most eminent Commentators. An Historical Sketch of the Origin and Progress of the Liturgy, and an Explication of Ecclesiastical Chronology. Illustrated by 29 beautiful Engravings, including 8 Designs for the Offices, by H. C. SELOUS. *The Rubrics printed in Red.* 16 Nos., 6d. each; and in mor., flexible, 15s.

Concordance. The Twofold Concordance

To the Words and Subjects of the Holy Bible; including a Concise Dictionary, a Chronological Arrangement of the Sacred Narrative, and other Tables, designed to facilitate the Consultation and Study of the Sacred Scriptures. To be completed in 18 numbers, 6d. each.

The FIRST PART of this Work consists of a careful condensation of Cruden's *Concordance*, the substance of that Work being strictly preserved. The SECOND PART consists of a Complete Index and Concise Dictionary of the Bible, by the Rev. John Barr.

Couts. A Practical Guide to the Tailor's Cutting-Room :

Being a Treatise on Measuring and Cutting Clothing, in all Styles, and for every period of life, &c. By JOSEPH COUTS. With numerous Plates and Diagrams. Demy 4to, cloth, £1, 10s.; or in 14 parts, 2s. each.

Curtis. Farm Insects. See page 13.

Cyclopedia of Agriculture. See page 13.

D'Aubigne's History of the Reformation.

Emerald Edition. Translated by D. D. SCOTT, Esq., and H. WHITE, B.A. The five vols. of the original French, beautifully printed in small but clear type, with numerous Pictorial Illustrations. In 16 Nos., 6*d.* each.

D'Aubigne's Reformation.

Large Print. Illustrated Edition. See page 14.

Dictionary, The Imperial. See page 5.**Dwight. A System of Theology;**

Or, Complete Body of Divinity. In a Series of Sermons. By TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D.D. 1 vol. super-royal 8vo, £1, 1*s.*; or in 20 parts, 1*s.* each.

Encyclopedia, The Popular. See page 6.**Engineer and Machinist's Assistant, and Drawing-Book.**

See page 12.

England, The Comprehensive History of. See page 1.**Family Worship:**

A Series of Prayers, with Doctrinal and Practical Remarks on Passages of Sacred Scripture, for every Morning and Evening throughout the Year; adapted to the Services of Domestic Worship. With Twenty-one highly-finished Engravings. 20 parts, super-royal 8vo, 1*s.* each; cloth, £1, 1*s.*

Ferguson. Interest Tables,

At Fourteen different Rates, from a Quarter to Six and a Half per Cent.; also, Tables of Commission and Brokerage. Roan, 5*s.*

Gardener's Assistant. See page 13.**Gausсен. Theopneustia:**

The Bible; its Divine Origin and Entire Inspiration, deduced from Internal Evidence, and the Testimonies of Nature, History, and Science. By L. GAUSSEN, D.D., Geneva. Cloth, 3*s.*

Gazetteer, The Imperial. See page 4.**Gerlach. The Comprehensive German Dictionary.**

German and English, and English and German. By J. J. GERLACH, LL.D. Bound, 7*s.* 6*d.*

This Dictionary is more copious in the number of its words and meanings than any portable German Dictionary hitherto published.

Gibson. Man's Ability,

With its Relation to Gospel Doctrine and Moral Responsibility. By the Rev. Professor GIBSON, Free Church College, Glasgow. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* -

Gilfillan. Poems and Songs by Robert Gilfillan.

With Portrait and Memoir of the Author; and an Appendix, containing his Latest Pieces. *New edition in preparation.*

Goldsmith. A History of the Earth and Animated Nature.

By OLIVER GOLDSMITH. With numerous Notes from the Works of the most distinguished British and Foreign Naturalists. Re-issue, with Coloured Plates. The Plates contain nearly 2400 illustrative figures, of which 230 are carefully coloured. 2 vols. royal 8vo, cloth extra, £2; or 36 parts, 1s. each.

Goldsmith. The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith.

Comprising Citizen of the World, Vicar of Wakefield, Poetical Works, Comedies, Essays, &c. With an Essay on his Life and Writings. Thirty-seven beautiful Engravings on wood, from designs by W. HARVEY and W. B. SCOTT. 2 vols. foolscap 8vo, cloth, 10s.

Grier. The Mechanic's Calculator, and Pocket Dictionary.

See p. 11.

Hall. Contemplations on the Historical Passages of the Old

AND NEW TESTAMENT. By the Right Rev. JOSEPH HALL, D.D. With an Essay on his Life and Writings, by RALPH WARDLAW, D.D. Numerous Plates, medium 8vo, cloth, 16s.; or 15 parts, 1s. each.

Hand Place-Book of the United Kingdom;

Containing References of daily use to upwards of 15,000 localities in Great Britain and Ireland, and General Statistical Tables. Price, bound, 2s.

This Work shows the area and population of the Parishes, and of all the Towns, Townships, and Hamlets above 500 inhabitants, with the county in which they are situated; also the smaller inhabited Islands, and the population of each county. Tabular abstracts of the Educational and Ecclesiastical Statistics are appended.

Hartley. The Oratorical Class-Book

With the Principles of Elocution Simplified and Illustrated by suitable examples. Fifteenth edition, improved. Foolscap, 8vo, bound, 2s. 6d.

Haweis. The Evangelical Expositor;

Or, a Commentary on the Holy Bible, with an Introduction, Marginal References and Readings, by the Rev. JOHN BROWN, of Haddington; and a Complete Index and Concise Dictionary, by the Rev. JOHN BARR. With Maps, Plans, and other Engravings. 65 parts, 1s. each. •

Haweis. Commentary on the New Testament.

Complete, with Plates, in 40 Nos., 6d. each. Metrical Psalms, 2s.

Hogg. *Tales and Sketches, and Poetical Works.* See p. 3 of Cover.

Josephus. *The Works of Flavius Josephus;*

With Maps and other Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 22½ parts, 1s. each; or 4 vols., cloth, 24s.

Kidd. *The Chorister's Text-Book;*

Containing nearly Two Hundred Psalm and Hymn Tunes, Chants, Anthems, &c., arranged for from two to five voices, with Organ or Pianoforte Accompaniments; preceded by a Comprehensive Grammar of Music. By W. J. P. KIDD. Super-royal 8vo, stiff paper, 5s.; cloth, gilt, 8s.

Laing, A. *Wayside Flowers;*

Being Poems and Songs. By ALEXANDER LAING, Brechin. Introduction by the Rev. GEORGE GILFILLAN. Third Edition. Cloth, gilt, 2s.

"He can tell an humble homely story of grief or gladness with admirable truth and feeling. He can paint an odd character well, with a stroke or two of the brush. He can, in a broken fragmentary song of sorrow, express the essence of an entire tragedy; and he has in him a quiet vein of humour, which, like his pathos, produces its effects at the expense of no effort and of few words."—*Rev. George Gilfillan.*

Land of Burns;

A Series of Landscapes, illustrative of the writings of the Scottish Poet, from paintings by D. O. HILL, R.S.A. Also, Portraits of the Poet, his Friends, &c. With Descriptions and Biographical Notices, by ROBERT CHAMBERS; and an Essay by Professor WILSON. 2 vols. 4to, cloth, gilt edges, £2, 2s.

Lawrie. *A System of Mercantile Arithmetic;*

With the Nature, Use, and Negotiation of Bills of Exchange. By GAVIN LAWRIE. Fifth edition. In 2 parts, bound in roan, with KEY, 3s.; or Parts I. and II., in cloth, 1s. 3d. each; the KEY separately, 1s.

M'Crie. *Sketches of Scottish Church History;*

Embracing the period from the Reformation to the Revolution. By the Rev. THOMAS M'CRIE. 2 vols., demy 12mo, cloth, 4s.

M'Culloch. G. *Profession and Practice;*

Or, Thoughts on the Low State of Vital Religion among Professing Christians. With Hints as to the means of its Revival. By G. M'CULLOCH, Author of "The Broken Vow," Prize Essays, &c., &c. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

M'Culloch. The Land-Measurer's Ready-Reckoner;

Being Tables for ascertaining at sight the Contents of any Field or Piece of Land. Third edition. Bound in roan, 2s.

M'Gavin. The Protestant:

A Series of Essays on True and False Religion, the Christianity of the New Testament, and the Papal Superstition which has usurped the name. By WILLIAM M'GAVIN. New edition, with Memoir and Portrait of the Author. Medium 8vo, cloth, 14s.; or in 26 Nos., 6d. each.

Moffat: Its Walks and Wells.

With Incidental Notices of its Botany and Geology. By WILLIAM KEDDIE; and Report on, and Chemical Analysis of, its Mineral Wells, by J. MACADAM, F.R.S.S.A. Foolscap 8vo, limp cloth, 2s.

Murphy. A Treatise on the Art of Weaving.

Illustrated by nearly 260 Figures, with Warp, Weft, and Yarn Tables, for the use of Manufacturers. By JOHN MURPHY. Third edition, 8vo, cloth, 16s.

Muston. The Israel of the Alps. See page 14.**Nicoll. Poems and Lyrics, chiefly in the Scottish Dialect.**

By ROBERT NICOLL, with a Memoir of the Author. New edition. Small 8vo, cloth, gilt, 3s. 6d.

"His poems illustrative of the Scottish peasantry are charming throughout, alive and bright with touches of real humanity and sympathy with characters apparently antipodal to his own."—*North British Review*.

Peddie. The Practical Measurer;

Or, Tradesman and Wood Merchant's Assistant. By ALEXANDER PEDDIE. New edition, greatly enlarged. In 12 Nos., 6d. each; bound, 6s. 6d.

Psalms of David: Scottish Metrical Version.

To bind with Family Bibles, various sizes. Imperial 4to, 2s. 6d. super-royal 4to, 2s.; royal 4to, 2s.; demy 4to, 2s.; 18mo, 6d.

Railway Locomotives, and Railway Machinery. See p. 12.**Ranke. A History of the Papacy. See page 14.****Reid. A Treatise on Clock and Watch-Making,**

Theoretical and Practical. By THOMAS REID, Edinburgh. Illustrated with 20 Folding Plates, and Vignette Title. In 10 parts, royal 8vo, 2s. each.

Republic of Letters.

A Selection in Poetry and Prose, from the Works of the most Eminent Writers, with many Original Pieces. By the Editor of the "Casquet of Literary Gems." 25 Beautiful Illustrations. 4 vols., cloth extra, gilt edges, £1; or in 16 parts, 1s. each.

Rhind. A History of the Vegetable Kingdom;

Embracing the Physiology, Classification, and the Culture of Plants; with their various uses to Man and the lower Animals, and their application in the Arts, Manufactures, and Domestic Economy. Illustrated by 700 figures on wood and steel, of which 100 are beautifully Coloured. In 22 parts, royal 8vo, 1s. each; 1 vol., cloth extra, £1, 4s.

Robertson. A History of the Jews,

From the Babylonish Captivity to the Destruction of Jerusalem. By JOSEPH ROBERTSON, Rector of St. John's Grammar School, Hamilton. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Robertson. A Chart of Scripture Chronology,

From the Creation to the Destruction of Jerusalem. By JOSEPH ROBERTSON. In stiff covers, 4d.

Rollin's Ancient History;

With extensive Notes, Geographical, Topographical, Historical, and Critical, and a Life of the Author. By JAMES BELL, Author of a "System of Geography," &c. Numerous Illustrations. In 24 parts, medium 8vo, 1s. each.

Rollin's Arts and Sciences of the Ancients;

With Notes by JAMES BELL (forming a third volume to Ancient History). In 10 parts, medium 8vo, 1s. each.

Sandford. Essay on the Rise and Progress of Literature.

By Sir DANIEL K. SANDFORD, D.C.L., M.P. Foolscap 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Scots Worthies; their Lives and Testimonies.

Originally Compiled by JOHN HOWIE, of Lochgoin, Revised by G. J. HOWIE, A.M. With an Introduction by the Rev. Robert Buchanan, D.D. Also, a Supplement, containing MEMOIRS OF THE LADIES OF THE COVENANT, by the Rev. James Anderson. Upwards of One Hundred Illustrations. In 22 parts, super-royal 8vo, 1s. each.

Scotsmen, Biographical Dictionary of Eminent. See p. 3.

- Shaw. An Exposition of the Confession of Faith**
Of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. By ROBERT SHAW,
D.D., Whitburn. With an Introductory Essay by the Rev.
W. M. HETHERINGTON, LL.D. Eighth edition. Cloth, 3s. 6d.
- Sheepfold and the Common.** See page 10.
- Smith. Essay on the Construction of Cottages,**
For which the Premium was voted by the Highland Society of
Scotland. By G. SMITH, Architect, Edinburgh. Illustrated
by Working Plans, accompanied by Specifications, Details, and
Estimates. Cloth, 4s.
- Smith, W. H. Canada: Past, Present, and Future.**
Being an Historical, Geographical, Geological, and Statistical
Account of Canada West. Maps, and other Illustrations.
2 vols. royal 8vo, cloth, 20s.
- Stackhouse. History of the Bible.** See page 8.
- Staffa and Iona Described and Illustrated.**
With Notices of the Principal Objects on the Route from Port
Crinan to Oban, and in the Sound of Mull. With many En-
gravings. Foolscap 8vo, limp cloth, 2s.
- Walker's Dictionary and Key.**
Beautifully printed in royal 18mo, with a Portrait of the Author.
Foolscap 8vo, bound, 4s.
- Watson, Rev. Thomas. A Body of Practical Divinity,**
In a Series of Sermons on the Shorter Catechism of the West-
minster Assembly, with Select Sermons on Various Subjects.
The whole revised and corrected, with Numerous Notes.
In 29 Nos., super-royal 8vo, 6d. each.
- White. Rural Architecture.** See p. 11.
- Willison, Rev. John. Practical Works.**
With an Essay on his Life and Times. By the Rev. Dr. HETH-
ERINGTON. 20 parts, super-royal 8vo, 1s. each.
- Wodrow's History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scot-
LAND,** from the Restoration to the Revolution. Edited by the
Rev. ROBERT BURNS, D.D. Portraits. In 33 parts, medium
8vo, 1s. each.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

MAR 24 1995



A 000 697 926 4

UC IRVINE LIBRARY



3 1970 01663 6125

BY

ED

BLACKIE AND SON.

ADAM'S ROMAN ANTIQUITIES. With numerous Notes and improved Indices, by JAMES BOYD, LL.D. One Hundred Illustrations. Seventeenth Edition, 5s. 6d.

ADAM'S ROMAN ANTIQUITIES, with Notes by Dr. BOYD, and a *Series of Analytical Questions*, in One Volume, 7s.

QUESTIONS ON ADAM'S ROMAN ANTIQUITIES, Adapted to the Use of Schools. By JAMES BOYD, LL.D., one of the Masters of the High School, Edinburgh. 1s. 6d.

GERLACH'S GERMAN AND ENGLISH DICTIONARY, in Two Parts—German-English, and English-German; with Lists of Irregular Verbs, Geographical and Christian Names, &c. 7s. 6d.

FERGUSON'S TABLES OF INTEREST, at Thirteen different Rates, from a Quarter to Six per cent.; with Tables of Commission and Brokerage. 3s. 6d.

LAWRIE'S MERCANTILE ARITHMETIC. A Complete System of Mercantile Arithmetic, in Two Parts; designed for the use of Schools and Counting-houses; with the Nature, Use, and Negotiation of Bills of Exchange, &c. Third Edition, 3s.

NOTE.—The Two Parts may be had separately, 1s. 3d. each, and the Key, 1s.

SCRIPTURE CHRONOLOGY. A Chart of Scripture Chronology from the Creation to the Destruction of Jerusalem. Compiled by JOSEPH ROBERTSON, Author of the *History of the Jews*. 4d.

HARTLEY'S ORATORICAL CLASS-BOOK: with the Principles of Elocution simplified; and illustrated by Suitable Examples. Fifteenth Edition, Improved, 2s. 6d.



Un