

CHAPTER X.

Guide ye the feckless, an' lead ye the lame,
 To a cozy seat and a couthy hame ;
 Ye'll get a' their blessings upon your head,
 An' your name shall live lang after ye're dead !

Old Ballad.



EARLY on the morning after the interview described in the latter part of last chapter, his pack enriched by the jewellery with which my uncle had furnished it, and his head elevated much higher than usual, the little Pedlar set off to the country, and the Gaberlunzie prepared to proceed to the Mint, in company with the organist or fiddler. He had made arrangements for Phemie (who entertained an unconquerable aversion to strange faces) to remain for a few days with the widow and her daughter, till the danger of infection was completely removed, when he felt assured that Aunt Matty would seek out the house, and easily insinuate herself into the good graces of the helpless and harmless daughter of sorrow and sentiment. Poor Phemie exhibited unequivocal evidences of deep thought and heartfelt emotion when the fiddler intimated to her his intention of leaving her for a short time. She shed, with gentle hand, the white hair that hung over his noble forehead, looked in his eyes, clasped him round the neck, and clung to him with an energy that showed how much confidence she reposed in him, and how highly she valued his kindness. Long before the hour at which the two friends were to leave the house, however, she had become calm, and had begun to employ herself in knitting stockings, holding, at the same time, a dumb but expressive conversation with the little girl, for whom she entertained the liveliest affection.

About half-past twelve o'clock, on one of the brightest summer forenoons that ever gladdened the earth, the Gaberlunzie and fiddler began to descend the long, narrow spiral stair that conducted to their attic dwelling. The musician, whom the first breath of fresh air had restored to all his wonted gaiety and spirits, compared himself to a corkscrew worming its way down the neck of a bottle. He said "he felt nothing above or below him, but just as gin he were winging his way in air like a laverock, or whomling heels ower head like a tumbler-doo." He was still very weak, and his limbs tottered under him, but he was well supported by the stalwart arm of the Gaberlunzie, who seemed to have more consideration for the life of the musician than for his own. When at last they reached the bottom of the stair, and stood fairly out in such open air as could be had in the narrow alley, the light-hearted fiddler, looking first up to the blue sky far overhead, and then gazing earnestly in the face of the Gaberlunzie, exclaimed—

"Hech, man! what a glorious sight it is to see a freend's face in the light o' open day, without being fashed wi' green curtains and green glasses! Od, I feel mysel' maistly as fresh as ever I was, although this has been the warst tout I e'er mind o' having. I thought I could hae keepit up under ony trouble, but this has maistly mastered me. Human nature is frail, and there are nane o' us without our fauts and failings; but oh! man, the fresh air has lightened my heart uncoly. Troth, I think I could play ye a tune on my auld fiddle, if I had her; ay, an' mak ye dance till't too!"

"Aha! lad, ye could scarcely make me do that e'en now, I doot," said his companion; "but come awa, an' tak care o' your feet," he continued, leading the organist down the wynd. "Hallo! whatna stagger was that ye gied, you puir pilgarlic; the folk will be thinkin' we hae ta'en a drap ower muckle; lean weel on me, an' we'll soon reach the Mint. Ah! here comes my little sweetheart!" and the little girl formerly spoken of came tripping down after them, carrying an extra shawl which her mother had sent her with to wrap round the throat of the musician.

"Return your mother our best thanks, my little flower of the valley," said the Gaberlunzie; "but in the meantime run up, like a dear, to Mr Hepburn's, jeweller, Parliament Square, present him and Miss Hepburn with my compliments, and say

that we are away to Laird Nairn's. Tell them also that I would have communicated with them sooner, but that I feared they would have insisted on sending a Sedan chair for my friend here, when I thought, if he had strength enough, he would prefer walking."

The little girl instantly tripped away on her message, bounding like a fawn, and highly delighted at being entrusted with so important a mission, while the two friends passed down the narrow alley into the Cowgate.

This portion of the city, at the time here alluded to, ranked in point of importance next to the High Street, of which, indeed, at one time it enjoyed precedence, as its many aristocratic-looking old houses, once the residences of princes, nobles, and high church dignitaries, still bear witness. These days had long gone by, however, and the mansions of the great were now occupied by a much humbler, though certainly not a less useful, class,—a class who, although they could not boast of being in any way related to the families whose mottoes and shields were to be seen on the door-lintels, were yet, for the most part, highly respectable, and in many cases wealthy, although their wealth was not ostentatiously displayed. Some of the principal markets were then held in the Cowgate, and on the market-days it was so crowded with farmers, millers, and dealers, together with their horses and carts loaded with sacks of grain, that a stranger had great difficulty in fighting his way through it. Then there were carriers' carts loading and unloading, with gruff bull-dogs chained to, and grinning from under them—little fat sulky men at the booking-offices—country people and shop lads inquiring after packages—blooming country girls, along with scores of straw-roped calves being unpacked from the tops of carts, on which, perchance, they had been conveyed for forty miles together—blowzy-faced butchers bantering with the former or bargaining for the latter—milk maidens on horseback, with their butter-milk barrels slinging behind them—fat poultry women, selecting from sparred waggons the best of the poultry, rivalling with the noise of their tongues and the motions of their hands the screaming and fluttering of the feathered throng,—these, together with the growling of the muzzled bull-dogs, the shrill notes and giggling of the lasses, blended with the deep, hollow bass voices of their travelling companions, the bawling of the

carriers and porters, the fearful shouts of the little, fat, dirty booking men, the loud laughter of the farmers, millers, and dealers, with mingled sounds of "Luckpenny," "Arles," "I'll niffer ye," "I chap ye," and many other equally intelligible and characteristic exclamations, heard in the street, or issuing from the dingy back drinking-shops, all contributed to render the Cowgate on such occasions a very stirring and not uninteresting scene.

The shops in this quarter, at the period alluded to, were not occupied as they are now by furniture brokers, but chiefly by grocers, spirit merchants, and victual dealers; and as there was no foot-pavement skirting the sides of the streets, these shops were approached by broad flagstones, which in wet days resembled bridges over swollen streams, affording places for the barefooted urchins to launch and recover their mimic wooden and paper boats, with which the flooded gutter was wont to be covered. Manufacturers of perukes, quills, corks, and other useful and ornamental commodities, occupied first and second floors; while the three gilded balls of Lombardy might be seen swinging at a window of a third storey.

Several of the Lords of Session also resided in an adjoining locality, and in the mornings made their way to the Courts by some of the back closes. They were generally arrayed in full dress; and frequently the more epicurean among them made a circuit round by the Fishmarket, then held in a close which still bears its name. The blooming countenances, athletic forms, and picturesque dresses of the Newhaven fisherwomen, contrasted strikingly with the sage faces, powdered wigs, and dignified figures of the learned functionaries, who relished with great gusto the witty and homely joking and bantering of the lively amazons, with whom they were on the most friendly and familiar footing.

It was on a market-day, but the markets were nearly over, and the crowd rapidly dispersing, when the Gaberlunzie and fiddler reached the Cowgate. The latter gazed on the varied and busy throng passing with all the eagerness and delight of childhood. He peeped into all the shop windows, peered into every face, vigilantly noting every variety of expression that presented itself, and marking every peculiarity of form and feature that passed him. He was still, however, very weak, and had to make several halts. During these pauses, what-

ever caught his eye so engrossed his attention, that his guide had great difficulty in getting him to move along again. The quickness of his apprehension, and the pleasure he appeared to derive from every new object that attracted his notice, reminded the Gaberlunzie of his own feelings, when being yet a boy he had been brought down the same street by a dear friend, long, long since gone; and the association of ideas so much discomposed him, that unconsciously he pressed the arm of the musician closer, and led him along. They had proceeded in this manner, threading their way through the crowd for some time, when the musician complaining much of weariness, his conductor led him to a large stone seat which stood at the foot of one of the wynds. After having recovered himself a little, he suddenly, and to the great surprise of his companion, burst into a fit of laughter, the result of a lively imagination, and extreme susceptibility to droll, out-of-the-way impressions, his fancy being at this moment peculiarly tickled with some chubby boys playing at marbles on the step of a stair, amid the very feet of the passing multitude, and in which game he said he felt an irresistible desire to join. The Gaberlunzie, delighted to see his friend so merry, and anxious to keep up his lightened spirits, sat down beside him on the stone. A stray sunbeam came stealing round a corner, and fell full on their heads, glistening on the white locks of the musician like a glory, while his companion accompanied the gambols and tricks of the marble-players by sketching and reciting

THE WEE RAGGIT LADDIE.

WEE stuffy, stumpy, dumpie laddie,
 Thou urchin elfin, bare an' duddy,
 Thy plumpit kite an' cheek sae ruddy
 Are fairly baggit,
 Although the breekums on thy bodie
 Are e'en right raggit.

Thy wee roun' pate, sae black and curly,
 Thy twa bare feet, sae stoure an' burly,
 The biting frost, though snell an' surly
 An' sair to bide,
 Is scorn'd by thee, thou hardy wurly,
 Wi' sturdy pride.

THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET.

Come frost, come snaw, come win', come weet,
 Ower frozen dubs, through slush an' sleet,
 Thou patters wi' thy wee red feet
 Right bauld an' sicker,
 An' ne'er wast kenn'd to whinge or greet,
 But for thy bicker.

Our gentry's wee peel-garlic getts
 Feed on bear meal an' sma' ale swats,
 Wi' thin beef-tea, an' scours o' sauts,
 To keep them pale ;
 But aitmeal parritch straights thy guts,
 An' thick Scotch kail.



Thy grannie's paiks, the master's whippin',
 Can never mend thy gait o' kippin' :
 I've seen the hail schule bairnies trippin'
 A' after thee,
 An' thou aff, like a young colt, skippin'
 Far ower the lea.

'Mang Hallowfair's wild, noisy brattle,
 Thou'st foughten mony a weary battle,
 Stridin' ower horse, an' yerkin cattle
 Wi' noisy glee ;
 Nae jockey's whup nor drover's wattle
 Can frighten thee.

When showmen, clad in wild beast skins,
Roar, drum, and fife, an' mak sic dins,
Or Merry Andrew louns an' grins,
 While daft fools glower,
Thou slips thy rung atween his shins,
 And yerks him ower.

When sodgers at the Links are shootin',
Wi' ruffin' drums, an' trumpets toutin',
Though sentries gie thee whiles a cloutin',
 An' whiles a kickin',
Ae half-toom cartridge thou dost look on
 Worth a' the lickin'.

On King's birthdays thy squibs and pluffs,
Slapp'd in the face o' drucken scuffs,
Or bizzin' amang lassies' ruffs
 Or auld wives' fires,
In spite o' stormy scolds an' cuffs,
 Thou never tires.

At bools thou nicks, at paips thou praps,
Thou birls bawbees, thou dozes taps;
Thou herries nests, thou sets slee traps
 To catch auld sparrows,
Or riddles them wi' cauld lead-draps,
 An' tin-shod arrows!

Dibblin' in ditches, speelin' rocks,
Smeekin' wasps' binks, or huntin' brocks;
Houndin' on dogs, or fechtin' cocks
 Frae dawn till dark;
Or breakin' shins wi' shinty knocks,
 Is a' thy wark!

Thy pow gains mony dimpled laurels,
'Mang berry-stands an' sugar-barrels;
Nor grocers' fists, nor greenwives' snarls
 Can stop thy takin';
While half the streets are fill'd wi' quarrels
 A' o' thy makin'!

THE GABERLUNZIE'S WALLET.

Ilk kiltit Celt, ilk raggit paddy,
 Ilk sooty sweep, ilk creeshy caddy,
 Ilk tree-legg'd man, ilk club-taed laddie,
 Ilk oily leary ;
 Ilk midden mavis, wee black jauddy,
 A' dread an' fear ye !

Ilk struttin' swad, ilk reelin' sailor,
 Ilk rosin't snab, ilk barkin't nailer ;
 Ilk flunky bauld, ilk coomy collier,
 Ilk dusty batchy ;
 Ilk muckle grab, ilk little tailor,
 A' strive to catch ye !

Ilk thimblin', thievin', gamblin' diddler,
 Ilk bellows-mendin' tinkler driddler ;
 Ilk haltin', hirplin', blindit fiddler,
 Ilk wee speech-crier ;
 Ilk lazy, ballant singin' idler,
 Chase thee like fire !

Ilk waly-draiglin', dribblin' wight,
 Wha sleeps a' day, and drinks a' night,
 And staggers hame in braid daylight,
 Bleerit, blin', and scaur ;
 Thou dauds him up, a movin' fright,
 Wi' dunts o' glaur !

Ilk auld wife stoyterin' wi' her drappie,
 In teapot, bottle, stoup, or cappie,
 Fu' snugly fauldit in her lappie,
 Wi' couthy care ;
 Thou gar'st the hidden treasure jaupie
 A' in the air !

At e'en when weary warkmen house,
 Their sair forfoughen spunks to rouse,
 An' ower th' inspirin' whisky bouse,
 Croon mony a ditty,
 Thou sits amang them bauld and crouse,
 Whiffin' thy cutty !

Thine education's maistly perfect,
An' though thou now art wee an' barefoot,
Thou'lt be a swankin', spunky spark yet,
Or I'm mista'en ;
Unless misfortune's gurlly bark yet
Should change thy vein !

O ! why should age, wi' canker'd ee,
Condemn thy pranks o' rattlin' glee ?
We a' were callants ance like thee,
An' happier then
Than after clamberin' up life's tree
We think us men !



After the Gaberlunzie and musician had been seated here for about half an hour or so, they arose, and proceeded onward, the latter much invigorated by his rest, and enlivened by the conversation of his friend. When they reached the foot of Blackfriars' Wynd, the organist's whole appearance underwent a sudden and complete change. He looked up the alley with an intense and eager gaze : his brow was knit, and the under muscles of his face were firmly arched and compressed together. He started back a few paces, and looking fiercely around him, seemed as if distrustful even of his kind companion : he then stepped forward, gazed up at the blackened ruin still standing, which had been the scene of so much suffering to him twenty years before, groaned heavily, and dropping his head on his breast, once more resigned himself to the guidance of the Gaberlunzie, who, taking advantage of his present stillness, and anxious to reach the Mint without further delay, led him away down the Cowgate, up the Mint Close, and had him at Nairn's door before he had completely recovered from his fit of melancholy abstraction.

They were met at the foot of the stair by Nanny, on her way to market, with her little basket on her arm. She was arrayed in her gay broad striped gown, tucked through the pocket-holes, from one of which as usual dangled her bunch of keys. A little black bonnet on the crown of her head neither covered her fine clean linen lappets, nor shaded her rather gray and wiry face so effectually as the head covers of modern times, afar down into whose depths you see the faces of their wearers, glimmering like a rushlight at the end of a long dark passage; and altogether she appeared as thrifty and tidy a goodwife as she was a most painstaking and self-important housekeeper. Disliking visitors, having, as she said, quite enough to do in managing the Laird himself, Nanny received the strangers at first but coldly. Turning back with them, however, she led the way upstairs, when, singling out from a huge bundle of keys she carried, that one which opened the outer door, she turned round with a sly wink to the Gaberlunzie, and said, "Ay, man, and wha's this lameter ye hae brought us now? I think ye're gaun to mak my master king o' the beggars, that ye're bringing a' the clanjamphry in the town till his house. Ilka loon wha has a blue-gown on his back, a badge on his breast, or a fiddle in his bag, will be making our house his hame by-and-by."

"An' whaur wad they gang to, Nanny," said the Gaberlunzie, "but to sic as you an' the Laird? Ye ken he has baith a kind heart an' a lang purse; an' you yoursel', for a' ye are a wee ill-scrapit in the tongue whiles, are aye unco kind to the needy."

"Gae wa wi' your whilly-whaws," said Nanny, "ye'll wheedle but little out o' me e'enow. Gude kens the Laird's purse-strings hae gotten a gey hard rug lately wi' that grand ball that you an' the lave o' his cronies eggit him up till. He'll soon be a blue-gown himsel' gin he doesna mind what he's aboot; ye hae fairly diddled and fiddled him out o' his wits, I wot. The deil's in the cats, they'll hae the windows broken; there they are, keekin' an' pawing at ye like bodies. But come awa ben," continued she to the fiddler, in a more kindly tone, as the door at length flew open, and the cats bounded to meet her; "come awa, ye seem unco wearied, gudeman. There, now, can ye no keep down, Willie; see how the black scoundrel's climbin' on ye and singing to ye? Od you Papists are surely ower

thrang wi' Auld Nick, or the cats wadna be sae grit wi' ye; atweel they mak enough o' skirling in the house without you, fiddler."

"Ay, ay, Nanny," said the musician, "ye're aye the auld, gude-hearted wifie yet; your bark's waur than your bite; an' ye see the cat's out o' the bag, an' the auld Stuarts back again."

"Wheesht," said Nanny, pressing her finger on her lip, and she walked into the parlour, the visitors following her.

While this was going on down at the Mint, the little messenger despatched to the Parliament Square had reached her destination, and had communicated to my aunt, who was in the shop, the message with which she had been entrusted.

"Od," said my aunt, "that's awkward; they werena expecting them till the afternoon. There they are as usual at their cups ower in Johnnie Dowie's. Nanny gangs aye out at this hour to the market, and the puir men will get a steekit door at the Mint." Then calling the shopboy, she whispered him to run over and tell his master and Nairn that they were both particularly and instantly wanted.

These two worthies had just finished their meridians, and came running over as fast as their old limbs would carry them, for they knew that some matter of moment must have occurred, otherwise Matty would not have sent for them, it being a proceeding which she had never before on any occasion adopted. When they arrived at the shop, and heard for what they were wanted, they immediately made arrangements for taking my aunt along with them to the Mint; and as the good lady was as eager to ascertain the fate of the Hepburn credentials as themselves, she soon put herself in marching order. The shop was consigned *pro tempore* to the charge of a trustworthy workman, with strict injunctions that he should consult the jeweller on the other side of the square if anything particular was wanted. The man whom they left in charge was also instructed, that if they were not back by four o'clock, he was to shut the shop, bring down the key to Laird Nairn's, and take the remainder of the day to himself, including in this indulgence the other workmen, the Courts being up at the time, and not much business doing. "An' see," said my kind uncle, when he had given these instructions, "there's a crown amang ye; when the master's enjoying himsel', it's but right that the men should have a little enjoyment too."

"Thanks to ye atweel, sir," said the trustworthy fellow; "we'll drink your gude health in a cup o' Luckie Finlay's best. Hallo, lads!" continued he, bawling downstairs to where his fellow workmen were employed, "hammer and file awa there; ne'er mind tho' ye chap or scour the nails aff your fingers. Our master has left us a crown, and gien us the afternoon till ourselves; so get through wi' your wark speedily." A loud cheer from the subterranean workshop announced how welcome was this intelligence, while the increased noise arising from the accelerated motion of the hammers and files showed how anxious the workmen were to evince their sense of the indulgence granted them.

"And there's my crown," said Nairn; "there's as much friendship in eating as drinking, and the double crown will procure both; so that while you are drinking your good master's health, you also may remember me."

"Gin bribery's to be the order o' the day," said Matty, "I'll need to gie ye my half crown too; since ye're to drink both the Laird and your master's healths, ye maunna forget a cup to me; so, tak ye the night o't, and mak ye the maist o't, but keep sober, and be sure not to sleep in in the morning."

Having made these arrangements, the party set out for the Mint, where they arrived shortly after the fiddler and Gaberlunzie had been inducted into the parlour by Nanny, as already described.

Nairn's favourite parlour, which has been formerly adverted to, as having been subjected to a thorough "redding up" on the occasion of the grand ball, had not yet got into its old admirable state of confusion. Nanny had set her face fairly against allowing it to be so. The "auld trumpery," as she termed the fine antiques the Laird valued so much, and with which the room had been so richly stored, she had fairly banished into dark and out-of-the-way corners, and if the Laird at any time seizing an opportunity brought one of them slyly forth to feast his eyes on it, Nanny, in turn watching her time, slipped it away, and thrust it again into darkness and obscurity, remarking to the Laird, "that he kent whaur to get it when he wantit it, and he wad think the mair o't the seldomer he saw't."

The parlour was nearly square in form, having one deep breasted, heavy framed, old fashioned window. The walls, ceiling, and woodwork were all panelled in oak, with a



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FRIENDLY MEETING

When the Parliament Square party entered the room, the tiddler rose from the Laird's great, leather covered elbow chair, into which he had ploughed his attenuated form, and gazed steadfastly on his old benefactor with a mingled expression of joy and sadness.

carved frieze running round the cornice. The whole furniture was manufactured from the same kind of wood, and in a style to correspond with the mouldings and ornaments on the walls of the room. The colour of the oak was very dark, indeed almost black, but the bright lustre of the polish on the walls, ceiling, and furniture, prevented that disagreeable dulness of hue which might otherwise have prevailed, and in whatever part of the room you were, a faint reflection of your figure presented itself, as if the whole was composed of semi-transparent mirrors. An old oaken cabinet stood in one corner of the apartment, filled with innumerable drawers and pigeon holes, in some of which it was whispered there were documents deposited which the Laird did not care the world should know anything about. A very fine old-fashioned bookcase had been fitted up into a recess of the wall, and was loaded with huge folios and quartos, all covered with gold, and exhibiting curious specimens of antique binding. Several pictures graced the walls, encased in oaken frames; and Prince Charles's portrait hung above the mantelpiece, surmounted by an imperial crown. Neither had Nanny dared to remove the horse pistols said to have been used by Hepburn at Culloden, nor the target which had been worn on that fatal day by the brave Glengarry. A few other articles of vertu lay scattered about, the whole scene intimating the presence of genuine chivalric feeling, and no less genuine spirit of antiquarianism.

When the Parliament Square party entered the room, the fiddler rose from the great leather covered elbow chair, into which he had plunged his attenuated form, and gazed steadfastly on his old benefactor with a mingled expression of joy and sadness. The Laird stalked across the apartment to welcome him, and took him cordially by the hand. The musician grasped his in return, raised it to his lips, kissed it, and burst into a flood of tears. All present were much affected. My uncle and aunt, who had also been advancing to welcome the musician, suddenly stopped short, till his emotion should have somewhat subsided. Some time elapsed ere Nairn, who felt his heart choked within him, could find voice to welcome his interesting visitor. At length, "Happy, happy to see you!" he said, in broken sentences; "God bless you! welcome, thrice welcome!" The charm of his voice was electrical, and in another minute the whole party were placed at their ease with

regard to each other, and had plunged into an animated and interesting conversation. By-and-by an abundant refection was served up by the Laird's orders, though with no great good will on the part of Nanny, who muttered something about the trouble and ruination of such nonsensical proceedings.

The result of the eager and anxious queries put to the fiddler on this occasion, by the persons so deeply interested in the knowledge he possessed, was the following narrative, which may be entitled



THE FIDDLER'S TALE.



LTHOUGH not personally engaged, nor deeply interested in any of the great movements which have taken place during my lifetime in this part of the United Kingdom, I have yet been acquainted with several of the leading characters who have figured in the principal events of that period. Small, it is true, has been my share in these events, and humble the capacity in which I stood connected with them ; but the humbler our position, the more apt are we to overestimate our own importance, and our pretensions in such cases are not without a certain foundation in justice. When the ear listens enraptured to the full swell of the richly-toned organ, or the eye gazes delighted at the most wonderful specimen of the typographic art, both the organ bellows-blower and the printer's devil have a right to hold up their heads, pull up their shirt collars, and exclaim, "We have done it !" So that all this, duly considered, you will I trust pardon me for indulging in language a little more elevated than otherwise you would consider a humble individual of my class entitled to use.

"The principal causes and effects of the rebellion of 1745 have been long familiarly known to you all. The devoted

patriotism and undaunted bravery of those brave and good men who took leading parts in that ill-fated enterprise, have been the theme of the poet's song and the historian's eulogium ; and although they brought the horrors of civil war on their country, and overwhelmed themselves and their families with ruin, their motives are generally allowed to have been pure and disinterested, while both friend and foe have united in paying homage to their high chivalric feelings of honour and patriotism. But while the sad fates of the chiefs have been bewailed by hundreds of writers, the miserable destinies of their followers have been passed by almost unnoticed. And as my own history, and that of my humble family, is that of thousands of others who were similarly circumstanced, I trust you will pardon me if I dwell on that portion of it connected with the rebellion rather longer than I should otherwise, and in other company, have done.

“ My father was the favourite piper of the chief of the clan Macintosh, and resided on the estate of his patron, having a cottage and a small piece of ground, situated on the banks of the Water of Nairn, a short distance from the field of Culloden, and in the immediate vicinity of the residence of his liege lord. In that cottage I was born, and I still retain the most pleasing and perfect recollection of that little Eden of my early imagination, the paradise of my youthful associations—the low-thatched cottage—the little croft covered with barley and black oats—the brown pebbled pathway that led into the water—the ducks diving and floating about in their favourite element—the two steep steps from which I used to plump into the water, souse over head and ears after the young ducklings—the little boat in which my father was wont to row me at night on the bosom of the glassy lake, ever and anon taking up his pipe and playing some of his favourite airs, with the view of inspiring me with a love for the mountain melodies of Caledonia. The wide expanse of black moss which lay to the west, adorned in autumn with the bright bloom of the heather, the Moray Firth glistening in the distance, or, when roused, lashing itself into foam on its wild and rocky shores, all formed a delightful picture ; and when contemplating it from the Highland mountains which took their rise behind our cottage, with that spot of my nativity in the foreground, I could have gazed and gazed for ever. But I am old now, and wander from my story.

“ My father followed his chief and clan to the field at an early period of the rebellion—shortly, indeed, after Charles arrived in Scotland, and remained with the latter during the whole of his campaign. He had been from home nearly a year, and my mother had received no particular tidings of him, when one night, unexpectedly, he bounded into the cottage, kissed my mother, seized me in his arms, and before hurrying away, told her that the contending armies were in the immediate neighbourhood ; that he had been despatched by his chief with a letter to his lady ; that he was now on his way back to headquarters ; and that it was rumoured there would be an engagement either on that evening or on the following morning. I recollect well how my mother clung round his neck, how I clasped his knees, and how we entreated him to remain with us to protect his own house and family. I think I see the proud, manly, and resolute look he cast on us ; and I still hear the broad laugh which he gave when he shook us gently from him, and exclaimed, ‘ What, wife, would ye have your husband a deserter ? Son, would you have your father a coward ? ’ Another tender embrace, and he rushed out of the cottage, and we saw him but once again.

“ Next morning at dawn, my mother and I ascended the hill behind our house, and were among the first to perceive the march of Cumberland’s army towards Culloden ; their tricocked hats, with rich gilt edging ; their bayonets, swords, and halberts glittering in the sun ; their large, bright scarlet coats, contrasting strangely and strikingly with the black moss and cold wet morass they were crossing. Anon, the Prince’s army burst on our sight through the mist ; the chequered tartans of the Highlanders harmonizing admirably with the prevailing character of the country ; and as they ranged themselves steadily in their ranks, it might be easily seen that they were preparing to give a warm reception to all who should dare to dispute the claims of the sovereign whom they adored. We remained on the hill face, and when the first discharge of musketry re-echoed from the mountains behind us, my mother solemnly exclaimed, ‘ God protect the Prince, and send my husband home in safety ! ’ We saw no more ; smoke and noise, shouting and yelling, blood and carnage, were mingled together beneath the dense cloud that now overshadowed the fatal field of Culloden. That cloud at length broke up into many

stragglers fragments, and revealed to us a number of our countrymen flying from the field, pursued by the English dragoons, and we then knew that our friends had lost the day. My mother could not think of returning home till she had obtained some tidings of my father's fate, and we remained till nightfall on the hill face, partially concealed by a rocky cliff which projected over our heads and enclosed us on either side. So soon as the shades of night began to gather round us, we set off in the direction of the battle-field ; walking upwards of five miles across the heath, administering on our way temporary relief to several of the wounded, and mourning over many dead who had been sabred by their pursuers in cold blood. We at length reached that portion of the moor where the thickest of the fight had been, and began to stumble over the dead bodies which lay thick in every direction. While we were thus groping our way in the dark, our ears saluted with dying groans and feeble exclamations, the moon rose, and by her partial and indistinct disclosure of the horrors around us, but added to the ghastliness of the scene. Here lay horses and riders in undistinguishable heaps—there masses of dead bodies piled upon each other, or wedged closely together ; their fixed glazed eyes glaring frightfully in the moonlight, while now and then an indistinct moaning broke upon the appalling stillness that hung over the field of carnage. Broadsword, hacked and hewn, lay strewed about, or firmly clutched in the hands of headless trunks. Loaded firelocks lay beneath those who had shouldered them, the position in which they lay showing that their owners had been shot down while taking an aim at their opponents, and the moss was stained with life-blood that a few short hours before had flowed through the warm breasts of brave and good men.

“ My mother wept aloud. I trembled all over, and clung to her. She pressed me to her heart, and called me her fatherless child. A groan came on her ear ; she rushed forward ; it proceeded from my father. My mother fell on his neck, I knelt beside them ; he recognised us, clasped us both in his arms, and raised himself partially up. My mother sat down and supported him, while I gave him a little water from a bottle we had fortunately brought with us, which so revived him, that he was able to speak to us, feebly indeed, but distinctly. He felt, he said, that life was fast ebbing, his wound being, as he had no doubt, mortal ; yet, had he had a

thousand lives, he said, he would cheerfully have laid them down in behalf of the gallant and unfortunate Prince, for whose welfare he would pray with his latest breath.

“ His clan, he informed us, had been unable to stand the destructive fire of the enemy, and had rushed on their lines with a determination to conquer or die. Each man transfixed his opponent; the front line give way, and the clan forced themselves through it in a compact body, when the second line, which had not been engaged, received them on the points of their bayonets; and although, he said, ‘each of us slew more than one foe, we were overcome by numbers, and hardly twenty of our men escaped. I must have lain long insensible,’ continued my father, ‘for when I awoke it was dark night. I had no recollection of aught that had occurred, until the moon arose, when the dreadful scene around me, and the painful bruises I felt, convinced me that I must have been trampled down, and ridden over, by numbers of the enemy’s horse. I feel,’ my poor father exclaimed, ‘that I am dying. It is probable that you, my wife and child, may suffer for the deeds of one whom they may brand as a rebel; but take good heart, I fell in a good cause, and Heaven will protect you!’

“ ‘Ah!’ said my mother, ‘you shall not die, we will lead you home; the moon will guide us to our cottage ere morning; your wounds must be bound up, and you may yet recover. Had your injuries been mortal you could not have survived till now.’

“ ‘Well, I shall try, my dear,’ he said with a faint smile. We assisted him to rise, and he stood erect on his feet, but it was only for an instant; ere he had stirred a step, ere he had drawn a full breath, a stroke, and a gruff voice, exclaiming, ‘So perish all the enemies of King George!’ came on our ears at the same moment. My father fell to the earth, pierced through the heart by the bayonet of a tall Southern, who had been prowling about the field in quest of spoil. My mother threw herself on the dead body: I screamed aloud, and cursed the murderer, but the villain had left us, either too intent on his prey to mind our wailing, or to seek for more stalwart victims than women and children.

“ It was long, long ere I could awaken my mother. I called her again and again by the most endearing appellations. I kissed her cold hands; my burning tears fell upon her checks; I attempted to raise her, but in vain. At length, however, she

awoke from her dream of horror, lifted her head, looked wildly around, recognised me, clasped me to her bosom, raised the heavy and clay-cold hand of my father to her lips, then arose more like a figure of death than of life. We again traversed the bleak moor, and reached our home as morning dawned, but it was only to find that we had but left one scene of horror for another. Our thatched cottage was in flames; our hay and corn stacks sharing in the conflagration. The sheep and cow were being driven away by some of the sutlers of the English camp. Our little patch of garden ground was all trodden down, the bushes either burnt or torn up by the roots, and everything in a state of utter ruin. The water of Nairn, which we crossed, was filled with wrecks of household furniture, which the ruthless spoilers had cast into the stream to hasten the work of destruction and desolation. We fled for shelter to a neighbour's house a little way distant, but found that it had shared a similar fate with our own. We sought other friends' houses, but the same ruin had overtaken all. What was to be done? what course determined on? There was no one there to help us, and it seemed to the distracted mind of my mother, that God had forgotten the widow and the fatherless. Suddenly she recollected that my father had a sister in Edinburgh, who might be able to afford us an asylum, and she instantly resolved to set out for that city, her love for me rendering her heedless of the difficulties of such a journey.

“Long and fatiguing was our pilgrimage to the metropolis, and during its weary progress we had great difficulty in procuring what would sustain life. Every village and hamlet we passed through had been plundered, and scores of roofless cots, many of them still smoking, told us that thousands of our poor country folks had shared the same fate with ourselves; having been, like us, cast forth on the wide world homeless, friendless, and penniless. The last struggle for Scottish independence had been unsuccessful, and the conqueror's laurels were red with the blood of thousands of unresisting and defenceless victims. Poets lamented the fate of the gallant young Prince. Public sympathy bewailed the chieftains who perished on the scaffold, or fled from their native land. But who lamented, who bewailed, the sad fate of their humble followers, those brave and devoted hearts, whose hearths were now cold, whose homes were laid desolate, whose wives were widowed, and whose

children were made fatherless? Well might the old Highland widow, after her whole household had been butchered, sit by her roofless cot, and chant—

“ OCH-ON och-rie, Och-on och-rie—
 I'm weary, sad, and lone,
 And who can cheer the desolate
 When all their friends are gone?
 The midnight wind that stirs the heath,
 And wails with hollow moan,
 Is laden with the voice of death,
 And I am left alone.

“ Och-on och-rie, Och-on och-rie,
 That ancient mournful strain
 Which echoes thro' each Highland glen
 Hath rent my heart in twain;
 I gaze upon my roofless cot,
 And on my cold hearthstone;
 I murmur, am I God forgot,
 That I am left alone?

“ Och-on och-rie, Och-on och-rie,
 Still swells that melting air;
 Blest spirits of my gallant boys,
 I hear your voices there:
 Ye fought—a Scottish Prince to place
 Upon a Scottish throne;
 Ye died—the last of all your race,
 And I am left alone!

“During our journey we saw many more sad evidences of our country's humiliation and suffering. Troops of bluff, burly dragoons, dressed in broad *flapped* coats and buff belts, mounted on large long-tailed chargers, were parading through the smaller towns, and, unchecked by their officers, brutally striking little children with the flats of their swords. Groups of old men and women, squalid with famine, and haggard with grief, bent with extreme age, or humbled by a succession of miseries, were to be seen huddled together, in piteous tones soliciting from the glutton soldiery the refuse of their tables to satisfy the crav-

ings of nature. Fat, overgrown Yorkshire jockeys were driving away great droves of horses, cows, sheep, and goats, amid the piteous wailings of the rightful owners, and the jeering laughter of their brutal captors, the merciless and mercenary Southrons jocularly agreeing to drink the purchase-money when they met in their own country; and cursing the rebels for having brought them into a land where there was so little plunder to be had. The manhood and glory of the Highlands had been swept away; and the helplessness of those who were left served but to incite their iron-hearted masters to deeds of more cold-blooded cruelty.

“So horror-struck were we by the scene of distress and misery we everywhere saw, that, by the time we reached Edinburgh, our own wretchedness seemed comparatively light, and was rendered still lighter by the kind treatment of my aunt, whose residence we easily found. She was housekeeper to the Catholic Bishop, and resided with him in the small half-flat of the same house in Blackfriars' Wynd in which the chapel was then situated. Her good, kind master, who was at that time by no means wealthy, and who was, moreover, far from being safe from popular violence, received us hospitably, and desired us to make his house our home till the storm should blow past which was now laying waste our unfortunate country. My mother was not long spared to enjoy the kindness of the good bishop. Her grief for my father's death, and the entire change of life she was now subjected to, preyed on her mind, and she died within a few months, leaving me an orphan dependent on the bounty and affection of my aunt. I inherited from my father an ear for music. The good bishop got me appointed as singing-boy in his chapel, and, observing my enthusiasm, did all in his power to facilitate my improvement, not only by teaching me occasionally himself, but by paying for the instructions of others. Time passed on; I grew up to manhood, and having acquired considerable musical skill, officiated as organist to the humble Roman Catholic congregation over which the bishop presided. My aunt died, I married; and as the small house was large enough to hold us all, as my kind patron observed, my wife and I resided there, she acting as housekeeper to the bishop, and taking charge of the cleaning of the chapel, while I officiated as organist, assistant clerk, and keeper of records. For a very considerable time after I came to reside with the

bishop, the number of our members was so much reduced, and so denounced and contemned was our humble sect, that, to avoid giving offence to the populace, they were wont to come to mass singly; for two or three being seen together on the street was often at once the signal and excuse for some wild and mischievous riot. By degrees, however, the mob became more indulgent and tolerant, and we were allowed to apply ourselves to our devotional exercises in our humble temple, without being subjected to annoyance or persecution. Without being chargeable with vanity, I may attribute this increase of good feeling towards our sect in some small measure to myself. We used to have many little merry juvenile parties in the bishop's house, on which occasion the boys and girls who came to get his blessing, and have their youthful heads pressed by his venerable hands, were indulged with a little dancing. The kind-hearted father dearly loved innocent gaiety. My violin, on which I already played with tolerable skill, was always in requisition, and always ready, and the little creatures jumping and capering about, used to make us as merry and light-hearted as themselves. Many a little crowd of listeners, packed in the back-stair, or choked together in that narrow alley, have stood for hours, chained by the ear with my music, and declaring, that if the Papists were sons of the devil, they were merry ones. In time all this had its beneficial and healing effects. The children of our own members used to bring with them to our merry meetings the children of their neighbours. Their parents also began to make their appearance in a shy way, standing in the narrow passage, and peeping, with a feeling of awe, into the old-fashioned kitchen, until, at last, softened by the melody, and delighted to see their young ones so merry, they grew bold enough to come in, and were always made welcome. The bishop was too enlightened a man to believe that religion consists in moroseness, and I was such a merry light-hearted fellow at that time, that, I verily believe, I would have forsworn the Catholic faith itself had it imposed unreasonable restrictions on mirth. The consequence and effects of these little merry meetings were highly beneficial. The children of different sects being allowed to mingle together, became bosom friends and companions; their parents also got acquainted; and Presbyterians and Catholics became, what they ought always to have been, good neighbours and obliging friends. I also got ele-

vated, and would now and then exclaim with the bellows-blower, 'Look what *we* can do!' I was often invited out to parties, and on such occasions carrying my fiddle along with me, I soon made myself many friends among the humbler classes. Artizans' families were to me the most interesting portion of the community, and I felt it an ample reward for playing five hours at a stretch, to take my seat at the kitchen fireside of an industrious mechanic, and partake of his humble fare, sweetened by contentment, and exalted by a fervent extempore grace.

"Thus everything seemed to be going smoothly on, our little community gradually becoming bolder, and being permitted to pass down the wynd on Sundays in couples, without having sage heads gravely shaken, and angry faces scowling at them. Nay, to such a pitch had this good feeling attained, that although very few Protestants had entered our humble place of worship, yet was it no uncommon thing for them to say in a friendly way, when they had met some of our members on a Sunday forenoon, 'Well, are you for mass to-day?' 'Yes; will you go?' was the reply. 'No; not just now. But I'll come down some day soon, gin ye'll gaur the bishop speak Scotch, and gaur Sandy gie up grinding his whistle-kist.' Calms often precede storms, and the calm in this case was deceitful. A storm burst over the land, that well-nigh swept away every relic of our ancient and holy religion. So long as the Catholic Church lay dead and motionless, the Presbyterian looked on, without any feeling of hostility; but the moment the apparently dead body exhibited signs of resuscitation, all the bitter rancour of sectarian jealousy and hatred was again awakened. Thus when the government in 1779 made an attempt to repeal a few of the most obnoxious of the penal statutes affecting the Catholics, the Protestants throughout the whole empire rose against them. Many of my best friends now passed me on the street without speaking or recognising me, or shook their heads, instead of answering my salutation; and doors were shut against the 'whistle-grinder,' where he had sat whole nights keeping the inmates merry with his fiddle. Gloomy faces scowled on me, and angry spirits muttered that the bishop and I had entrapped their children and themselves into our house to dance them to destruction, and they thanked Heaven that they had escaped the snares and wiles of the whore of Babylon. Their children

were now forbidden to speak to their old top-spinning and chuck-farthing companions, and were threatened with pains here, and penalties hereafter, if they dared to exchange tops or marbles for those which would turn into fire and consume them. Sleek, stolid dignitaries of the Church denounced the unassuming bishop and his humble congregation as ambitious and irreligious, overbearing and tyrannical, as grasping, and aspiring to possess all the churches and church wealth in the kingdom.

“In this state of matters it became unsafe for the bishop to remain where he was so well known; for, poor though he was, there was not a case of distress that occurred in the neighbourhood, in which his assistance could be of any use, where it was not cheerfully given, without reference to the particular religious tenets of those who required his aid. He was, likewise, an enthusiastic admirer of Nature, and was in the habit of repairing every morning to some of the romantic spots in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. Our house was very small, and but indifferently aired; and as, under all the circumstances, it was considered unsafe for our congregation to hold their usual meetings in the chapel, the bishop determined on shutting it up, leaving his own house, and retiring for a time to the country. One of the kind friends of our church, a gentleman who resided in the west country, kindly offered us an asylum in his house until a fairer day should dawn upon us, and thither the bishop, myself, and my wife and child, repaired, there to remain till that happy day should arrive.

“Our worthy and kind host was a gentleman of landed property, who had been secretly a friend to the Prince in the '45, and who still kept up a correspondence with the expatriated families who were on the continent. He was himself an admirable specimen of the old Scottish gentleman of small estate; open and honourable in all his transactions, free from guile himself, and consequently unsuspecting of guile in others. A devoted friend to the Catholic religion, he was an advocate for universal toleration in matters of faith, and had taken an active part in attempting to obtain the introduction of the measure which had been the cause of the present public excitement. He thus looked upon himself as in some degree responsible for the safety and security of all who were likely to suffer in the cause; and considering us as martyrs, he treated us with the greatest kindness. He received the bishop into

his own house, and gave my wife and me a neat little cottage to reside in, which was doubly delightful to me, as it resembled that in which I was born on the banks of the Nairn.

"We had resided here some time, when we learned that things were beginning to assume a more tranquil aspect, and I was despatched to Edinburgh to see if everything remained in the chapel as they had been left, and to ascertain the truth of what was reported.

"Early on a February morning I bade my kind patrons farewell, kissed my wife and child, and proceeded to Edinburgh, where, when I arrived, I was delighted to perceive in every direction signs of peace and goodwill. As I passed down Blackfriars' Wynd, I was hailed with a good morning by one of the sourest and most bigoted of our Protestant neighbours. A neighbour's child, too, who was a particular favourite of mine, but who latterly had always run away from me, came and pulled me by the coat, and asked me, 'When I was coming up to gie his daddy a dance again?' Convinced from these and other symptoms that the danger was passed, I opened the door of the house, examined the whole premises, found everything right, and kindling a fire in the kitchen, sat down and wrote to the bishop an account of the state of matters, adding, that I would remain where I was till I heard from him, and that I thought he might now safely return to his own house. I thought the sooner the chapel was opened the better, and that, to expedite the business, I would continue in the house till I had his answer, immediately on receipt of which I could personally summon our little flock to attend service on the following Sunday. I went out, despatched the letter, came home, and retired to bed about eleven o'clock, with a light and merry heart; so much so, indeed, that I took down my fiddle and played my favourite air, 'The Auld Stuarts back again;' although, indeed, I took care not to play it so loud and strong as I did at your ball, Mr Nairn. I had not slept above an hour, when I was awakened by a stifling sense of suffocation, accompanied by a strong smell of fire, and fearful yells and execrations in the street. I rushed to the window, threw it up, and saw the wynd choked up with a wild and infuriated mob, and discovered that they had set fire to the building. Determined to save some papers, which I knew to be of great value, I rushed along the passage, flew up the little inside stair that communicated

with the chapel, and wrenched open the drawer wherein lay the documents I sought. The register and certificate-book lay beside them. I knew that some marriages were recorded in them, which, in troublous times, had been celebrated here between members of our most ancient Scottish families, and I thought that these records might possibly, at some time or other, be of use to their descendants. The book was too large for me to conceal about my person. I tore out the written leaves, bundled them up, folded the various parcels closely together, buttoned them tightly up within my coat, and made my way to the door. By this time the flames burst in from the passage, and almost filled the apartment. I rushed to the window, I called to the crowd to save me. Alas, alas! they but yelled and shouted with fiendish exultation in return. My brain reeled; I felt that death was at hand; I fell back, not into the flames, but into the arms of"—

"The Gaberlunzie!" said Nairn, with a peculiar twinkle of the eye.

"The Gaberlunzie!" screamed Matty, starting from her seat.

"The Gaberlunzie!" shouted Walter, striking his stick forcibly on the floor.

"Me!" said the Gaberlunzie, rising up to his full and commanding height.

"My deliverer and preserver," continued the organist, "whom I have remembered, and will remember, to the latest day of my life. The criminal on the scaffold could never forget the sound of that voice, which, even like a distant echo afar off among the crowd, cried 'pardon;' and how could I, the doomed friendless victim of fanaticism, forget the face, the voice of him who saved me from the devouring element of fire, and the wrath of an infuriated mob? There he stands," pointing to the Gaberlunzie. "There is the same falcon eye—the same high-arched brow—the same benevolent expression—and, when he speaks, the same commanding and deep-toned voice."

"Come, come!" said Nairn, looking at the Gaberlunzie with an eye from which, at the same time, dropped a tear large enough to blur a whole page of the *Wallet*. "Ay, man, so you thought you could cheat me? Have ye not now a proof of the correctness of my observation in Johnnie Dowie's? You see that, bad as the world is, all eyes are not blind to merit; so out with it at once, and acknowledge the deed yours."

"My curiosity is sae excited," said Matty, "I canna rest till I ken wha, an' what, this extraordinary person is."

"Mind Eve and the apple, madam," said the Gaberlunzie, resuming his seat, his familiar manner of address, and his broad Scotch, all at the same time. "But, luckily, ye hae twa apples to pick and choose on e'enow, and ane much sweeter than the ither. The fiddler's story is far mair interesting than ony thing about a pair body like me can possibly be, connected as it is wi' the subject o' our warmest wishes and fondest hopes. Will you go on," he continued, addressing the fiddler, "and tell us the fate of the certificates you saved from the flames?"

"After I had left your house, Mr Nairn," resumed the fiddler, "I went direct to where I had left my family and the bishop. I found that the latter had gone to attend some of the examinations in Edinburgh, and had left instructions for me to await his return. I was naturally anxious to have these valuable papers in safe keeping, and committed them to the care of our kind host and benefactor."

"Then, thank God, they are safe!" exclaimed the whole trio of listeners at once.

"Be not too hasty in your anticipations," exclaimed the fiddler. "Honour will fall before villany, riches become a prey to cupidity; but a time will come when virtue shall be all-triumphant, when vice will shrink into her native obscurity. Many sad changes have taken place in my experience, but none more sad, none with which I have been more nearly and intimately connected, than the changes and vicissitudes which ultimately broke the heart of the high-souled and patriotic gentleman into whose hands I committed these papers. That gentleman was the father of her who is now the poor, friendless, fatherless, feckless Phemie."