

THE
BLACK WATCH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"THE DOMINIE'S LEGACY."

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
SCOTS SONG.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE
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CHAPTER I.

Now I see
The mystery of your loneliness.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHANGING our scene, in order to elucidate corresponding events in our story, it was about this period that a stout athletic gentleman dismounted from his horse at the small gate which fronted one of the old-fashioned mansions in that part of London, now called Long Acre, which was then esteemed

somewhat in the country, and belonged to the court end of the town. The stranger we speak of proceeded to lift a huge brass figure, bearing a fanciful resemblance to the inverted stock of a cannon, which served for a knocker to the broad oaken door of the building, on one of the pannels of which was a raised an oval plate of the same metal, which informed the passer by, that "General Sir George Lamont" was the present inhabitant of the mansion.

"Is the general at home?" inquired the stranger, of the old man who opened the door, and who stood at the entrance in all the pomp of office, with ribbon knots at his knees, and his head bewigged like a common council man.

The man replied in the affirmative, recognizing well the stranger, but informing him withal, that the general's pleasure must be ascertained before he could venture to admit him. A few minutes' quarantine passed in the oaken parlour below, which seemed also to

serve partly as a library, being well furnished with books of the old seat of war, and vigorous prints of the famous battles of Ramillies, Blenheim, and Malplaquet, served to give time to adjust the preliminaries of the entree, and the gentleman was ushered through a richly ornamented lobby into a small wainscoted room, whose single window of various coloured glass looked into a plain green plot of ground behind the mansion.

The bluff ease of the stranger was almost converted into awe, as, casting his eyes round the apartment, they fell on the pale thin features, and venerably dignified look of General Lamont, who, dressed with the clean care of an old soldier—his snowy wig, neatly curled above his ears, his silk bag tastefully arranged behind his neck, and a neat, yet modest embroidery, edging his plumb-coloured dress,—rose slowly from his high-backed chair to receive his old acquaintance.

“ Mr. Hoskins, you are welcome,” he said,

putting a long white hand into the capacious grasp of the squire, the Brussels lace hanging over the thin fingers of the former with an effect that seemed almost ominous of mortality. "You see I have been without this morning," he added, adjusting the small sword which troubled him in rising, "but it is little I go abroad of late."

"I should scarcely have known you, Sir George," said the squire, looking compassionately in the pale countenance of the general, "you have altered so much since we last met."

"Be seated, sir, be seated," was all that the baronet answered, with an impatient wave of the hand.

The two sat for a few moments in silence, while Mr. Hoskins cast his eyes round the apartment. There appeared nothing peculiar about it, on the first look, unless it might be the sombre hue that the light itself partook of, as it streamed dimly through the stained figure on the glass of the window, upon the black

shining oak of the walls, and barely showed a few old-fashioned fusees and sabres, that served perhaps to ornament them. A solitary bust of the first Charles, with the usual expression of the unfortunate monarch's face, seemed to regard with a look of characteristic melancholy the vaunted wisdom of this world, contained in the few rows of dusty books which occupied a recess immediately opposite to it. Above the grotesquely carved chimney-piece, and within an oaken pannel carved with equal elaboration round the edges, hung a single portrait. But that—it was a lady—was worthy to be the household divinity, which made sacred this impressive apartment.

After a few words of brief mutual inquiry, the two friends relapsed again into a silence, which seemed forced upon the visitor entirely by the awe with which his friend impressed him, and was evidently by no means courted by himself.

“I have been travelling since I saw you last,

general," said the squire, unwilling to bear the burden of this silence. "I have been even to the furthestmost part of your own country."

"And what have you seen—and what heard?" said the general, cynically, as if he expected a corresponding reply.

"I can scarcely tell you," said the other, replying very much like a traveller.

"Put down the items, for conversation's sake, and add them up, Matthew," said the general; "what will be the sum of all the travail of spirit that you may have observed among men, which prevents them from enjoying even the enviable pleasures of indolence? Put down, then, the sum of all the desires in the world that frets itself in vain, and all the care that turns men's heads grey."

"The sum of it all, general," said the squire, bluntly, "you may designate, if you please, by that querulous appellation which the old king with the many wives has made to pass into a proverb,—but the sum of it is, that all

these things are the conditions and the occupations of our existence ; and there is much happiness, after all, mixed through it. Nay, Sir George, you need not look incredulous and cynical, for there is a pleasure even in the melancholy in which *you* seem to take solace ; which, though of a gloomy and somewhat morbid sort, is only a peculiar and specific modification of such happiness as human beings are capable of enjoying."

" The philosophy is growing upon you with the age, Matthew," said the general, with a slight smile, " and I am glad to see it. You say I am altered since we last met : that is very likely,"—and throwing himself back on his chair, he gave a look up to the portrait above the mantel-piece.

" You are altered, general, to my astonishment," said his visitor ; " age seems to come upon you at a gallop, and yet you are but little above fifty."

" You are a blunt man, Matthew—as blunt

and careless in your address as ever ; healthy in body and sound in mind, as you always were," he added, with a look over the stout person of the other that was almost envious ; " and yet I would not choose such as you for a physician, far less for a mental counsellor."

" Why, general, why—if I had the knowledge of the physician in addition to that which I have of your character?"

" Does the question require an answer ? How can men of different mental constitutions and different experience, judge correctly of each other's situations and feelings ? Do you not see that it is the robust man presuming to judge of the valetudinarian—the coarse and brutal, of the refined and intelligent—the rich and full, of the poor and depressed—the powerful, of him that has no friend—that it is all this inadequate and presumptuous judgment that fills the world with error and injustice ?"

" That is a view of the matter that deserves great weight, no doubt, general," said the

squire, struck with the observation. "But yet, as all feelings tend to extremes, it may be useful that different characters should often meet and communicate, that they may form a sort of antidote to each other."

"Right, Matthew, and sensibly observed; and this is a good reason why such as you and I should not fall out of acquaintance, as you seem to threaten of late. But the pith of the observation consists in this, that with a sound mind and somewhat robustious body, you have also a reasonable soul, as the good book says, and no disposition to become a bigot, even in feeling, for all your limited experience. So, though likes generally draw towards each other, from the common sympathies of conflicting opinion, there is no reason why you and I should fly each other's society."

I take your reproof kindly, and feel even flattered by it," said the squire, drawing forward his chair; "so I promise you to offend less in future. But, in truth, I have been

wandering about the island of late, while here I find you still in the same spot, and as melancholy, and apparently fully as secluded, as ever."

"It is my way, Matthew,—what would you have me to say?" said the general, as he laid himself back, and again threw a melancholy glance towards the portrait. "I have seen enough of the world in my time, and have no taste for rambling now, although I cannot say that I am particularly happy at home, yet have hardly strength to leave it;" and the portrait again was the object of his abstracted contemplation.

"You have property in Scotland, general, I think I have heard you say? Though the feat is not a very common one, for an Englishman to go so far north, I have had great pleasure in visiting that part of the kingdom of late. Might not your own health and spirits be improved by a journey thither?"

"Did I tell you aught of my affairs in Scot-

land, Matthew?" said Sir George, looking rather sharply at his friend.

"Faith, general," said the squire, bluntly as usual, "you never were guilty of telling me much of your affairs, either in one place or another. This observation I should have no business to make, did not your conversation with me imply considerable intimacy and interchange of thought, and a constant reference to experience—an experience, moreover, on your part, the nature and effects of which I never could fathom, simply for want of knowing in what it precisely consisted. You speak accusingly of my being unable to enter into your feelings. I admit it. But how *can* I, when you choose to hide from me that which it is most important for me to know? If *my* character is common-place, it is at least transparent. In *you* I see abstractedness, dejection, and a distaste to the world, which, not knowing the cause, I would call irrational and morbid. And yet, in all your feelings I am deeply interested, could

I only speak to them with the information of a friend. My dear Sir George, is it left for me, with all my country clumsiness, to tell you, that there can be no real friendship where there is mystery?"

"Matthew you are right—I see you are right!" said the general, edging nearer his chair;—"and yet you know the heart is reluctant to tear open its old wounds, or haply to expose its own weakness—for weakness is only another name for certain qualities of which we choose to be ashamed. Come, then, I will tell you—what after all is no mystery, but is sufficient as a cause for my abiding misery of mind. Five-and-twenty years ago, I married one, such as the common-place world does but seldom see. Why should I tell you of loveliness and grace? Upon the images of beauty human wit has been exhausted. To superior qualities of mind no language can do justice.

"I was then a mere man of property, and would have been an idler, like the rest, but

that I was somewhat philosophic. On this account I did not much affect common-place company, and looked for happiness on my own domestic hearth. My wife was more than man ought to expect—yet, what shall I tell you? Whence spring the ever-varying shoots of discontent? You are a man of experience, Matthew. Two human beings living constantly together, if no other being is promised to share their affections, begin to look strangely upon each other. Something comes into their minds individually, that they dare not express, however much they may love, yea, dote on one another. The affections of a wedded pair soon require another object, or objects, common to both. If this object is long wanting, the house is not as it should be. The family seems incomplete. There is something which the heart misses, and which yet the tongue dares hardly name. You see my meaning—we had no children.

“The sensitive and the thoughtful, as is well known,” continued the general, “have a

thousand inlets to misery, of which the light-minded, or rather the mindless, have no idea. My home now began to become almost tiresome to me. I thought it even became so at times to Henrietta. We took refuge in the hurry of society, and that made us still more unhappy. It is very certain, that the excitements of company are very unfavourable to domestic enjoyments. I do not say that Henrietta and I began to look coldly upon each other; but we were sometimes less cordial, and *did* say, at times, words that were calculated to stir up painful thoughts. Those whose happiness hangs on a hair, are apt to be irritable. We differed. We were discontented. And yet we were ashamed of the cause of our unhappiness. What will you have? I left my home and my lovely wife, and with the king's commission in my pocket, went to join Marlborough in Flanders."

"Pray go on, Sir George."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Hoskins," said the general, with a look of sudden curiosity;

“but I have observed you fix your eyes very strongly on that portrait above the chimney-piece. Have you any particular reason?”

“I know no particular reason, my dear sir,” said the squire with natural surprise, “only that in admiring that face, it just occurred to me, that during my travels in Scotland, I have seen another that bears a very striking resemblance to it. But your story is too interesting to be interrupted by such a trivial coincidence.”

“Well, but just gratify my humour,” said the general, with some eagerness, “and tell me, before we go farther, whose face you saw that was like that lady.”

“Why the incident is very simple,” said the squire bluntly. “It is now several years ago, that I had made my way north, through poor, mean villages, and over blue and black hills, of which there is no scarcity in Scotland, until I got as far north as a town called Inverness. There is romantic scenery in the neighbourhood—at least it is what the Scots call romantic, being

green and mountainous, though wild and sterile to frightfulness, in some parts. But I had been rambling in the better part of it, near a shapeless ruin on a hill, which the learned Highlanders of the place choose to call Macbeth's castle, when, on my return, I met with some difficulty in finding my way across the fields, and knew not well what to do. Upon this, a boy of the place, seeing my embarrassment, flew across a field, and opening to me a gate, of which I had not been aware, directed me, with a cleverness that was almost English, into the town. My conscience smote me, as soon as I had parted from the youth, that I had given him nothing for his little service; for, although the Highlanders are very proud as to taking money for a kindness to a stranger, I was pained that I had not tried to reward, by some trifle, so fine a youth.

“ The incident, however, was entirely forgotten, when on the evening of the following Sunday, returning from another of my rambles,

and again inquiring my way, the same boy answered me in good English. As I saw him walking moodily alone in the outskirts of the town, taking him aside, and asking him a question or two, I gave him the trifle which I considered I owed him. If ever I saw gratitude expressed in a human face, it gleamed in the countenance of that intelligent lad, when he touched the poor shilling that I put in his hand ; and, by heaven ! when he looked up at me by the dim light of the Inverness lamp, his boyish smile was as like the expression of that beauteous portrait above the mantel-piece, as if the lady that seems now quite alive before us had been the born mother of the Highland youth.

“ A very strange coincidence indeed—very remarkable truly,” said the general, rising and walking hastily across the room. “ Yet such things *do* occur. A man like you, Mr. Hoskins, who travels about, must see many such resemblances ; but they are merely accidental—

duplicates of faces. Nature's variety must stop somewhere.—But did you ever see ~~that~~ lad again?"

"Never. He talked of going to the south, and I encouraged him in the notion; but fearing to awaken the discontent so natural in the poor, I said no more; and I had no sooner left him, than my conscience smote me again, knowing, as I did, the poor boy's circumstances, and seeing, as I saw in his eyes, the wishes of his heart, that I had done no more to promote his humble fortune. But the occasion is past for ever, like many others, in which our selfishness at the critical moment tries to raise up an excuse for our inhumanity. But the natural thoughtlessness to the cases of others, of those who have abundance themselves, is, I feel, a poor scape-goat for sins, wherein, if there was any virtue to cause 'any praise,' there would be found deep occasion for us to think of these things."

Your good *feeling*, my friend, like that which

is very common, comes *after* the moment was let slip for *acting*," said the general in a strongly cynical tone; "and the resemblance that you saw to that portrait was as fanciful as your sympathy, I doubt not."

"You wrong me, sir," said the squire, with imperturbable good temper. "I cannot forget the impression when I look at that picture, and I only mentioned it by your own request."

"True, sir; but what age might the youth be of?"

"About sixteen, I should judge."

"About sixteen, say you?" repeated the general, stopping short, and knitting his brows with sudden thought; "yet it must be only one of those accidental resemblances that I sometimes fancy I myself see, and hardly worth all this discussion."

"Well then, general, pray proceed with your tale."

"Not now, Matthew, if you please," said the general, with his usual impatient wave of the

hand. " You will excuse me. My nerves are not so strong as yours, and they have been disturbed I know not how. Some other time soon, we may resume the thread of this painful part of my confidence."

CHAPTER II.

A lower place, note well,
 May make too great an act: for learn this, Silius,
 Better leave undone, than by our deed acquire
 Too high a fame.

SHAKSPEARE.

RETURNING again to Taymouth valley:—On the morning following the trial of swordsmanship, in which Hector earned so much renown, the arrival of the post at an early hour, or rather an express, which had been sent across the hills direct from old Dunkeld, brought communications to the Earl of Breadalbane, which seemed to create some sensation in the castle. What the nature of these communications were, Hector of course could not learn; neither could he ascertain whether the departure of a part of the com-

pany—preparations for which commenced immediately after breakfast—had any connexion with the contents of the letters. But excepting that M'Evan and the earl had been closeted together for some time, he could hear nothing of importance upon which he could depend.

Meantime, a species of individuality seemed to have overtaken those that remained, as if every one had peculiar business to keep him or her by themselves this morning; or that, by one of those whims to which "the quality," as Trotter observed, are universally subject, they had simultaneously resolved to be alone, or at least employed within doors, so that no pleasuring scheme of any kind, such as was usual, gave opportunity or pretence for friendly association. In this way Hector was again left to entertain himself as he could, until that great event of the day in country life, namely, dinner, should give him honourable opportunity of again meeting with those into whose society he had so recently been introduced. All the morning he watched for the appearance of her, to whose acquaint-

ance, if not her love, he had now the ambition to indulge vague aspirations, and ranged the park till the first dinner-bell from the turret announced the hour to dress, without catching a glimpse of her.

Anon, however, he was led by Glenmore up to the ante-room which opened into the old banquetting hall; and here he had the felicity again to set his eyes upon the Lady Helen Ruthven, as Mr. Trotter and such usually called her—now looking charmingly after her walk, notwithstanding the stiff full dress which made her fit for company, while it much disguised that shape which otherwise was so graceful. But here, as at dinner afterwards, our youth had little else to console him but the consciousness of sitting in the midst of high-born society; for the novelty of the victory which had brought him among this company having already, as it appeared, gone off, he was but little noticed, particularly by the elder persons; and being a stranger, and of doubtful birth withal, he found

himself already very much in the hapless situation of the aspiring, who have nothing else to recommend them to the favour of the great but merely their talents and their virtues.

Nor was the conversation to which he was forced to listen of that character which was much calculated to interest a mind like his, either on this or any other occasion, while he continued at Balloch castle. Weary discussions upon the politics of the time, in which the bitter feeling of Hanoverian and Jacobite opposition often strongly peeped out, especially when the wine was *in*, notwithstanding the formal restraints of an earl's table, formed the staple of a species of conversation in which a youth like Hector could of course take no part. First, after the immediate news by the late post, there were the characters of the king and Walpole, and other prominent persons of the day, whose conduct and characters were canvassed in a spirit and in language which, bad as it is in our day,

was far exceeded in coarseness in that time of discontent; and was such as greatly to qualify Hector's admiration and envy of the men who stood at the period on those uneasy pedestals of public gaze, called "great place." Next was the important question of the Protestant succession, so justly the object of defence and of eulogy with all the friends of domestic peace, liberty, and improvement at the time; and upon which the earl was enabled, by the strength of his parts, or at least the force of imitation, to be exceedingly flowing and full of matter. On this point his lordship, when once set on, urged, with both pith and power, the usual topics of popish tyranny and jesuitical craft, innate profligacy and irreclaimable want of principle in the exiled family; garnished by the common, yet strong epithets of anarchy and atrocity, fire and faggot, domestic danger and foreign invasion. All these dreadful things were exultingly contrasted with peace and prosperity, now said to be enjoyed; rising greatness at home, and in-

creasing power among the nations ; a virtuous monarch, and *almost* as virtuous a people ; quiet worship of God, and comfortable money-making ; with liberty of conscience, and licence of tongue and pen ; and all these blessings ornamentally garnished by the pleasing images of vines and fig-trees, hearths and altars, thrones and seats of beggars, the judicious use of which of course makes an eloquent oration.

To all this, however, delivered as it was by the imposing grimace of a wigged earl, and borne out by the loud applause and louder thumps on the table of several Lowland lords and baronets, who sat near the head of the board, the Highland gentlemen, seated farther down, said extremely little in reply ; but every man, for all that, “had his ain think,” notwithstanding the truth that there might be in some parts of what was spoken, which “think” the honest Highland lairds saw no necessity for putting into words on this present occasion. When the conversation, however, next diverged into

the subject of the peculiar circumstances of Scotland, since William of Orange was first called to rule over it, by the will and pleasure of the English lords; and more particularly since “the gude for naething auld wife,” as they chose to call Queen Anne, and “that greedy auld jaud, who led her by the nose”—for in this manner the laird of Glencreach was pleased to speak of the famous Dutchess of Marlborough—had conspired with the needy Lowland nobility to sell the last vestiges of Scotland’s independence, in the shape of a union; the honourable Highland laird was enabled to “get out his breath” upon various complaints and vexations, which formed a strong set-off against the vine and fig-tree side of the question. With these discontents, however, we may have occasion to be more particular when we get Hector of an age to mix more decidedly in the events of the time; but when, in the course of the discussion, Glenmore and his friends came to speak of the neglect and

more positive wrongs which Scotland had suffered by English jealousy and German suspicion, during the reign of the former and present Georges ; they became eloquent in their turn, and picturesque epithets and thumps on the table were not wanting to confirm the speaker, at least, in the opinions he was defending.

In all this Hector readily perceived on both sides, particularly on the part of the earl and his friends, that tone of polemic exaggeration, and that reckless party assertion, which, coming in the teeth of opposite statements, is so puzzling to the ingenuous mind of youth ; who, curious perhaps to know the truth, as yet have little conception of the considerations of interest, by which it is so constantly suppressed or warped in the discussions of men, upon the great subjects of politics and religion. It is this which, no doubt, is at the foundation of much of the disgust which the young so often take at these important subjects ; and Hector, here

seated, a silent and observant auditor of the talk of his elders, was often visited with that distasteful impatience, with which things of this nature are at first regarded by the ingenuous, which yet it is necessary for them to know, because in it they are destined soon to become actors and arguers themselves.

We may be permitted another didactic word ; it seems an intuitive belief of youth, which it takes long experience effectually to dissipate, that the events of life grow naturally out of, and lead into each other, like the probable incidents of a well-constructed drama. Nothing, however, is more false, as soon becomes known to all, but painfully so to the fanciful and thoughtful speculator on the future. Whether, therefore, he acknowledged it himself or not, nothing was more natural to Hector, or, perhaps we may add to the readers of this veritable history, than to expect that his triumphant success on the day of his being brought so honourably before the notice of the noble com-

pany assembled at Balloch castle, was to be the stepping-stone, incident to lead to high and remarkable events.

But one entire day had not passed, until the affair seemed to have been forgotten. Thus the novelty of his first appearance being now no more, and there being no particular reason for his getting into intimacy with any of the aristocratical guests, with whom he scarcely associated, he fell into a degree of neglect, from the earl downwards, which, however he suppressed, filled him with a secret and bitter chagrin."

"And is this to be the end of all my triumph?" he said, murmuring to himself as he sat moodily at the table, looking at the ruby colour of his untasted wine; "and of all the praises that were lavished on me, and of all the bright, though presumptuous hopes that seemed to force themselves on me at that proud moment? And she too, upon whose image and whose gentle smile I meditate involuntarily, day and night; surely this avoidance of me, as it seems

to be, where we could exchange a single word as I should wish, cannot for so many days be entirely accidental. But hopes, indeed, that have no rational foundation, deserve to end as mine appear to do, but in disappointment."

While indulging this discontented train of thought, his reverie was interrupted by something that struck him in the passing conversation. He listened for a moment, but all that he could gather which interested him was that it was M'Evan's intention to return to Glenmore on the following morning. He rose up and left the table.

Stepping into one of the lower apartments, when he had descended from the eating-room, he threw himself into a chair, and was just falling into his former train of reflexion, when first the thin voice, and then the short trot of his friend, the major-domo, without in the passage, interrupted his meditations. He was beginning to ask himself some questions respecting the late demeanour to him, even of that

puissant functionary, when bang went the door of the apartment in which he was, and, without ceremony or civility, Mr. Trotter trotted into the room.

“ Oh, it’s naebody but you, maister Monro,” said the upper servant, after a start, but seeing no necessity for any apology—“ I hear you and your laird are about to leave us?”

It was a few minutes before Hector vouchsafed an affirmative answer to this impertinence.

“ Weel, ye’ll excuse me if I gie you one bit word of advice,” said Trotter, taking no notice of Hector’s displeased look. “ But ye’ll be gaun back to Glenmore, whilk is in the heart of the hills, and as lang as ye’re there, ye’ll be weel out of his way.”

“ Out of whose way? Explain your meaning, Mr. Trotter.”

“ Why, I was just gaun to advise you to beware how you put yoursel in the road of the Hononrable Mr. Crombie, for if I can believe his ain words, when I helped his honour on wi’

his coat, whilk was turned round his wounded arm like your ain slash'd jerkin, he has a sair crow to pluck wi' you some day or other."

"Then he has left the castle some days ago?"

"Did ye no ken that? It wasna likely he was gaun to loiter here, after an affront like yon, to be sneer'd at by the other quality, and pitied by the ladies."

"If he takes a fair defeat at his own weapon as an affront, I have nought to say to it. The affair, however it ended, was none of my seeking—I was not the challenger."

"That's just what his honour is so compunctious about. If it had been, as he said to me when I was assisting him on wi' his coat—for that valey-de-sham of his is naething but a *sham*, and not worth the kicking out of a gentleman's road—if it had been one o' the real *quality* that had coup'd him up in the duello, why ye see it would hae been a fairish thing; but, ye see, ye'll excuse my freedom o'

speech, but although the honourable son o' my Lord Libberton is nae beauty, God knows, and a dour dark fallow when he's anger'd; yet he's of a high family, and spoke very sensibly to me when I was trussing up his coat-sleeve."

"He appears to be a man of infinite sense," said Hector, with some bitterness.

"But what I jalouse was at the bottom o't," continued the major-domo, "was some kitchen clashes that had gotten up stairs among the quality, how that you, maister Hector, had been short sinsyne just a sort o' gentleman merchant and dealer, in some chop in the old burgh o' Perth; but, as I said, what business had they to tell his honour that? for, chopkeeper here, or chopkeeper there, deevil a bit, maister Monro, but ye fought weel; and I made ten guineas by you, though I didna tell his honour that part o' the story. And if ye had been contented wi' couping up his creels, or whisking the cockade off frae 'boon his lug, I couldna hae

blamed you; but to stick the son of a lord wi' your sword near upon the clavicle, as the doctor said—my certy! it was a bauld thing for the like o' you. It's nae wonder that sticking o' yours sticks in his honour's stomach."

"And would he not have taken my life if he could?" cried Hector, astonished at the change of tone in the butler, yet suppressing his feelings from shame at appearing to take offence at the impertinence of a servant.

"Why, when *a gentleman* is in the heat of a tough skirmish, and a' the ladies' eyes are on him, there's no saying what he might do," replied the major-domo philosophically; "but although I was weel pleased to see you get the better o' him at the time, yet, ye'll excuse me, you ought to have remembered that his father and forbears were great people, and so held your hand. I have lived sixty years in the world, and it has been my *principle*, never to let the quality be contradicted or vexed; for it's a serious thing, and fraught wi' danger:

and so it is, by this judicious conduct and management, that I have got to the dignified place that I now enjoy, being, as ye see, master and mayor o' this great castle—a perfect vicegerent to the yerl himsel.”

“ Your ambition has been high, and your reward is enviable, no doubt, Mr. Trotter,” said Hector, again beginning to be amused, and yet impelled by his feelings to be serious; “ and I was once unreasonable enough to hope, in the height of the praises that were then bestowed upon me, that some one of the powerful above, perhaps the earl himself, might have taken some little interest in the fortune of one situated as they seem to be aware I am situated, after observing the pains that I have taken to distinguish myself in the eyes of such as them. But they have brought me out but to make a show of me for their own pleasure; and if your story about my late antagonist be to be relied on, my ultimate reward appears to be, to have a dirk stuck into me, perhaps in the dark,

or from some treacherous ambushade; and all for the crime of defeating, before company, a man above my station. I cannot but take a lesson from *your* conduct and *your* success, Mr. Trotter. The lowest non-commissioned officer in the Black Watch seems to be more in the way to fame than I am."

"Oh! noo I see what ye're driving at," said the servitor. "Ye're just like every raw young man. Ye think that whenever ye show a bit spunk o' spirit, and do aught before the quality whilk they canna do themselves, that they should just begin to think about you, and to trouble themselves wi' your affairs. And I would not wonder that ye've been dreaming that the yerl o' Breadalbane would just sit down and write a letter to General Clayton, and get you made a sergeant, or maybe a quality officer in the Black Watch. My sooth! but ye hae pleasant notions. Ye'll excuse the freedom o' an experienced man, but do ye think *the quality* hae time to think of every ane that helps to do them

pleasure, or to amuse them for half an hour? That would be a trouble and a plague indeed! and bonny presumption to be thought of. Haven't they to dress? and have'nt they to hunt? and haven't they to read the newspapers, and to help the king in the government of the commonalty? Forbye, isn't there morning calls, and evening balls? and have not they to drink their wine when it's set before them? And then there's travelling here, and wheeling there, back and fore, to this quality house, and the next quality castle. And isn't there the play-house when they're in London, and the opera-house, and a' the houses; forbye the wee bits o' affairs wi' the ladies, whilk you and I hae no business' to talk about?—but for a' that *they* take up a deal o' time. Oh! I know it weel. 'It's quite impossible,' as my lord said to me with the greatest condescension, though I was then only a valey-de-sham—'it's quite impossible, Trotter,' says my lord, 'for me to trot after every body's affairs.' Ha, ha! wasna that

pleasant? ‘Besides,’ said his lordship, ‘there’s no end to these sort of things, if one once begins them.’ But I think you are the luckiest young person that ever I heard of, for—ye’ll excuse my freedom again—haven’t ye sat at my lord’s ain table, and drank your wine wi’ the lords and the baronets, as if ye were one o’ the quality yoursel? Ye have had a happy time o’ it since ye came to the castle, maister Monro, let me tell you that. But, gudesake, ye look unco thoughtful!”

“You may be right, old man,” said Hector, with seriousness; “and I can do nought but put my own feelings in opposition to what you tell me; but were *I* possessed of these broad lands, how many hearts methinks *I* would make to rejoice in one year at the small expense of a fourth part of my income. For how much talent, or how much industry, would I find a field, by the pleasurable expenditure of one fourth part of my time, and the whole of the interest which my situation in life placed at my

disposal ! How much wretched *ennui* would I this way dissipate ! How much value would I give to that time, which I am told is the greatest enemy that is known to the great ! How many pale faces would I not change into the bright glow of health ! How many eyes would I make sparkle, not only with the inward happiness of unsuppressible gratitude, but with that most delightful of all feelings, a pride in our misused and calumniated species !”

A riotous laugh broke from the major-domo, on hearing this enthusiastic speech, which, after coughing away, he was enabled to say—“ God make *you* a lord or an earl in his ain gude time, maister Hector. But if the quality were to do as you would have them, there would be but thin peelings in the kitchen, and thriftless pickings in the ha’ for puir servants. But that day will never come. I ken the great folk better than that comes to.”

“ You soulless, old fool !” said Hector, with roused warmth ; “ I will find you a shopkeeper

of Perth, or even a Highland cataran who has just been rubbing shoulders with the gallows, who would do a noble and a generous action to friend or fellow, or even to the stranger within their gates, and never let the left hand tell the tale to the right, and never look over their shoulder for blessing or benizon. Would you then persuade me that the notables of the land are less capable of good deeds than the chapman of the burgh, or the cattle-lifter of the hills. I wont believe you."

"Phew!" whistled Trotter with a prolonged whew.

CHAPTER III.

The spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes.

SHAKSPEARE.

As he entered the little dormitory in the tower, his eye caught the withered remnant of the laurel crown which his brow had worn with so much pride on the day of the contest, still lying upon the broad sill of the small window of the chamber. The sight of this memento of an hour of triumph threw his mind back upon all the circumstances that had occurred to him since he arrived at Taymouth, and he sat down by the side of his little couch, to indulge his

reflections. Many minutes had not elapsed, while thus occupied, before the sound of footsteps mounting the narrow stair of the tower, announced some one's approach; and the door opening, his solitude was disturbed by the entrance of Glenmore. From the slight flush on the chief's countenance, Hector guessed that he had something to communicate which had at present stirred up his own spirit; and as they sat down together, he asked if it was not so.

"I have nothing to communicate," said M'Evan, "that can be called important, and that is the very reason, perhaps, of the disappointment, I am willing to confess, both on your part and my own, in the result of my visit to this castle. But, first, for a word of politics, to give you an idea of grown men's talk here in the Highlands at this period. You are to know, in confidence, that notwithstanding the headings and hangings of the fifteen, there is still kept up a secret correspondence between some of our chiefs on

the hills and the ancient legitimate king of these realms. What the plans laid, and the arrangements said to be in operation, which are intended for the raising of the clans and the great Jacobite families in England, are, it is not for me now to speak. But the fact being not unknown to the present government, these things are the objects of constant observation of men in power; and so every man who wishes to please the present king, or rather to promote his own interest at court, makes it a subject of endless intrigue to procure information respecting what is going on, or at least to ascertain the sentiments of prominent men on the subject, if they should not succeed in detaching them from their Jacobite friends, and bringing them over to the Hanoverian interest."

"Now, I think I see clearly," said Hector, "the reason of your invitation to this castle; but pray proceed."

"There are strange rumours abroad, and

some things that are more than rumours, particularly as to the young chevalier, as he is called in France, again making a grand attempt in favour of his family ; and indeed, I tell you farther, in confidence, that preparations are even now making for his reception in the hills. Now, in case of his landing on Scotland's shore, I know the critical situation in which I stand, from the difficulty of remaining neuter in such a contest ; and Breadalbane knows it in some measure too, and has not failed to avail himself of it in his attempts to practise upon my mind. Whenever Charles sets foot in Scotland—for of that event soon there is every expectation—and when the cry of the Stuart king is carried by cross and beacon from hill to hill, and runs down through every inhabited glen from Darnoch to Dumbarton, my clan and tenantry will to a man expect, that I should lead them to battle against what they call the German Laird and the sour Lowland Whig, whom they hate as they do the deevil, without being

particularly well-informed as to the characters of either. But I confess that, however my own partialities may run, I am far from anxious to see the present state of things disturbed; besides, I have a shrewd suspicion that, come when it may, the affair will, in the end, turn out another Sheriff-muir; and then comes the auld story o'er again, of the headings and the hangings; for which, be assured, I am not at all impatient. Besides this, I am neither blind to the faults of the Stuarts nor the virtues of his present Majesty; who, with no great abilities, any more than his father, I well believe to be a good enough sort of man, as kings go. Should I, however, on the other hand, openly join the Hanoverians, or the loyal clans, as they are now called, and as Breadalbane would persuade me to do even now, matters would be still worse with me, in respect of my tenantry and my immediate friends, who would soon make the hills of Glenmore too hot to hold me. My object is, therefore, to remain as much

neuter as possible, at least until things come to a crisis; and then, if obliged, I really would endeavour to persuade my relations to declare for King George and the revolution after all. At least I would do my utmost to prevent them from flying in the face of peace and Protestantism, for a wild-goose chase after exploded legitimacy and forfeited rights."

"And can there be such complication, after all, about what appears so simple," said Hector; "and any confli^ction of motives in so plain a case, already decided by a near century's possession?"

"In every thing there *can* be a complication," said the chief; "but mark me, although my *opinion* is decidedly in favour of the new dynasty, however much I may *feel* for an unfortunate king, I should not be surprised if I should yet risk my life and my estate in direct opposition to what I have now expressed. Nay, start *not*, Hector. I speak with a knowledge of my own character, as well as of those who have

laid a trap for me, by inviting me, with a show of kindness, to this castle."

"You surprise me more and more, sir, and yet you seem to defer the explanation."

"You are too young yet to understand as you ought, the doctrine of expediency, which makes a cause good in direct opposition to some admitted principle. But this it may be useful to you to know, that often the best cause in this wordly-wise sense, is defended by the worst men, and for the most selfish and the basest of motives. I do not apply this to the earl of Breadalbane; but as we hate men more for the dispositions they evince, through the medium of their opinions and modes of thinking, than even for the actions they perform, I am so thoroughly disgusted by the species of opinions to which I have been a listener since I came to this castle—compared to the single-hearted feudal feeling and chivalric ambition of the old adherents of the Stuarts—that rather than join my unwilling sword to that of men whose very

sentiments are poisoned by the base blood of their own hearts, I would sell my life in favour of a ruined king, even though a deficiency of worldly wisdom should give him the worst chance against such enemies. I do not, I again say, speak this of the noble earl, whose guest I now am, but rather of some others who sit at his table; and still more of many men about the court at London, which makes it a nest of the vilest intrigue, for individual power and individual gain, constantly going on by the suppression almost of every sentiment of honesty, and the perversion of every thing that approaches to truth. This I speak in particular with reference to our unfortunate country, and the misrepresentations made of her interests and the sentiments of her people, to an ignorant English rabble, and especially to a monarch who is taught to believe us a nation of traitors, or a barbarous band of hill robbers, and our nobility as a set of poverty-struck hounds; the one to be trampled upon or treated with con-

stant mistrust, and the other to be bought like needy beggars, to any measures that it may answer the interest of the English government to propose, for the further oppression and humiliation of poor auld Scotland."

"Surely, sir, you are using language stronger than necessary," said Hector, astonished at this account.

"Before a few years go over, and you are come to man's estate, Hector," said the chief, "you'll maybe know whether I am speaking too strong or not, or giving a false account of these hungry hounds of the Lowlands, notwithstanding all their psalm-singing, and of the disposition of the purse-pork-eaters of the south. Now, when I hear base things called good and right at the earl's table, and low things advocated, and the sentiments of the poor fellow traduced, who would sell their lives for the sake of an unfortunate king, and the raising up of Scotland's auld head again, it's no wonder I'm chafed, and my blood boils at such sneaking

policy, and it would be little wonder if they would force me yet into the arms of those for whom I foresee nought but ruin and disaster. But that is not all. I have been disappointed also on your account."

"How, on my account, sir? I should have thought myself too insignificant to—but pray proceed."

"On the night of our conversation about the swordsmanship," continued M'Evan, "I did not make a boast of you, Hector, for the purpose merely of half an hour's amusement to the earl and his guests. But, I confess, I was glad of the manner in which the noble lords present took up the idea of the ploy, for I thought it might be the means of bringing you forward to their attention as a youth of talent and spirit, and, in case of your success, I doubted not that they would be most happy to employ their interest in your behalf, in a way which, unfortunately, I have no power to do. To my surprise, however, the encomiums that

were passed upon you on the day of your victory, seemed to be immediately forgotten, and I saw you falling into gradual neglect. I do not say that the affair into which his lordship seemed happy to encourage you, gave you any particular claims upon the favour of him or his guests, further than the interest that men of any rank naturally take in the fate and prospects of merit, struggling for opportunities to show itself. Whatever chance there might be for you, however, I determined it should not be lost, for I knew that his lordship, or his friend lord Saughfield, whom you might have observed at the table, could as easily have obtained for you a pair of colours in the Black Watch, or at least in some other Scotch regiment, which, by services abroad, should afford you more opportunities of advancement,—I knew, I say, that they could as easily do this as I could do the most common action. And this I even flattered myself they would do readily, were it only to oblige myself, from the

evident wish they have to conciliate me into an adherent of the present government. This very day I made the request, but my lords seemed first to regard me with surprise, and then, with a courtier-like smile, made me only that vague half-promise, which has not the manliness of a blank refusal, but says, as plainly as manner can speak the language of artificial men, I request you will not trouble me again upon such a subject."

"I hope, sir," said Hector, "you will not suffer yourself to be chafed on my account. I can return again to the good chapman's counter in Perth, since the fates will not allow me to seek the fortune of a gentleman."

"Pshaw, Hector! How can you at your age know, for what fortune the fates have intended you? But am I right in imagining that in this aristocratic mansion you were treated with neglect?"

"It might be only my fancy or my pride—that made me think so," said Hector—"but

at first, when I came here, I had like to be starved, because I would not eat in the common hall of the servants, into which your men from Breadalbane and myself were driven, as if we had been so many Highland nolt, bought at a Lowland fair; and so, because I thought myself too good for this treatment, a quarrel was picked with me on the spot, and I was fain to escape the degradation of a tussel with the common sorners of the castle, by wandering in the park for two days without food. I cannot help being amused now at the thoughts of it, and still more at the succeeding changes, for even Trotter, the adjutant-general of the servants, played the courtier in a small way, by caressing me when I was caressed above stairs, and taking a ready hint of neglect and familiarity, when my day of novelty was past."

"Well, never mind, Hector," said the chief, also smiling at this account. "Let us return once more to our own hills, and see how our warm-hearted Highland dames and damsels

will receive us, after parting from these cool-blooded lords, and hooped and farthingale gentlewomen, who care not a straw for you or I. What, young man ! does this simple expression bring the colour into your cheek ? Then it was a true reading that I read, in your face, when the brightest eyes that I have seen at the castle turned towards you. But that was in the height and swell of your hour of triumph ; which, as you know, passed very speedily away, and so ought all youthful dreams like these. But although such a pretty pigeon as the Lady Helen Ruthven may build her nest in halls high above your reach, I would not have you be discouraged as to another dame—namely, Lady Fortune herself, who may choose to do you good service, even out of an affair in which I must confess I have helped to make a show of you for the amusement of your betters, to but little purpose.”

“ It is to good purpose after all, sir,” said our youth with animation, “ since it has called

from you these kind and generous sentiments. And since my laurels seem to be somewhat faded here," he continued, taking up the wreath, and crushing its withered leaves together, "we, who are a crowned conqueror," he added, bitterly, "shall give our fame to the wind, which carries all fame on its wings," and opening the little window of his chamber, he threw forth the remains of his symbol of triumph, and the cold blast from Benlawers, blew it far from his sight.

"You are a proud boy, Hector," said the chief, smiling at this act. "Remember, at day-break we meet on the lawn, and then ho, for our happy Highland home at Glenmore!"

Why should we dwell upon particulars! The morning came as other mornings do come. The shelties and Donald Downie were in attendance. Our hero and the laird threw their legs over the beasts, and before the earl or the high-born dames at the castle were astir, Hector and the chief, in spite of the remonstrances

of the youth, who was strong for returning to Perth, had crossed the Tay, and were full on their journey back to Glenmore. They arrived there in safety, for the chief resisted for the present all other plans and temptations, and both were welcomed with a heart, soothing warmth, by the simple dames of the glens of Breadalbane.

But man is a being of many wishes, and the desires of the heart are not easily satisfied. Hector now looked back upon the limited past, and in his moods of reflection wondered at it, and at himself. At Balloch castle, he had certainly seen and heard what he never should forget. But he knew not then, how many things we encounter in the world, which make their impressions for the instant, deep and indelible, and yet, in other respects, “leave not a wreck behind!” He had left a spot which would never pass from his memory, without even a word, or a look or a wave of the hand, from one, who was not suddenly to be forgotten by a

heart like his. He had even passed through the great valley of Glenlyon, on his return, without ever obtaining a sight of his interesting friends, the brothers M'Pherson. Was his whole visit to Taymouth a romantic vision, which had for ever passed away? was he never to meet a certain being again? What was he to conceive of his future fortune?

CHAPTER IV.

Gentle lady, may thy grave
 Peace and comfort ever have ;
 After this, thy travail sore,
 Sweet rest seize thee evermore,
 That to give the world increase,
 Shorten'd hast thy own life's lease.

MILTON.

IN the large old-fashioned mansion, in Long-Acre, London, to which we had occasion to take the reader two chapters back, there was one night met a small party, which General Lamont had been prevailed upon to assemble together, to celebrate his sixtieth birthday. Among them was Matthew Hoskins, who this night was amusing almost to boisterousness ; but no effort of wit or imagination could rouse the general from that state of cynical melan-

choly which had been the habit of his mind for several years past. At length, the great heavy clock in the lobby below struck eleven, a late hour for sober people of that period ; and conversation by this time beginning to flag, the few persons assembled rose to separate.

“ *You* are not going, Matthew !” said Sir George, in a tone which fell upon the squire’s ear, like the general’s military word of command.

“ That I am not, sir,” said Hoskins, with corresponding determination.

The great outer door of the mansion was no sooner closed on the last of the company, with the exception mentioned, than the two marched solemnly down stairs into the small back study before referred to. The aged, huge-wigged servant, who preceded them in this manœuvre, set on the glistening oaken table of this sombre apartment two large wax lights, fixed in chased silver candlesticks of corresponding massiveness, which, as they were set almost under the striking female portrait before referred to,

looked like consecrated tapers placed upon the altar of the holy virgin of the church. The ancient servant shut the door, and the general, with his usual melancholy look towards his friend, silently pointed two long thin fingers towards a high-backed chair nearly opposite to the portrait, of which the squire forthwith took possession.

“ I told you when last we spoke upon the painful subject of my history,” said the general, in a few moments after they were seated, “ that, becoming tired of my home, from the misfortune of being still disappointed of that gift of heaven, upon which I had set my heart, namely, an heir to my name and family, I had obtained a commission, and joined Marlborough in Flanders. And yet, bitterly did I repent that hasty step, for not all the excitement of war or the noisy glories which I achieved in many tedious campaigns, could make me forget, for a moment, the cruel injustice I was doing that angelic woman, who, spending her prime

in weary solitude, was silently mourning at home my protracted absence.

“ How I had sped during these brilliant, yet useless wars, and what dangers and fatigues I underwent, it is not now necessary to dwell upon. Neither may I talk of how I thought and felt in our long marches, and our longer encampments—and our harassing movements to and fro, on the French and German frontiers—and our everlasting sieges in the flats of Flanders. My thoughts were still of Henrietta, wherever war led me, and my heart yearned to that home from which I had so long estranged myself, as if the possibility of voluntary return to her were out of my power. But war is a passion like any other game, and love itself was made to give way to it: but often as I mounted the glacier or stood in the trench, or led on my men to the charge, amidst showers of the leaden messengers of fate, my bitterest thought still was, that, in meeting that death which I hardly hoped to escape, I should have

no daughter to weep for me, in my beloved England, nor son to talk of the virtues of his father, or to represent my name and perpetuate my family.

“ The famous battle of Ramillies, by carrying off many of my compeers to the soldier’s grave, promoted me to the head of a regiment, and I returned to England, to see and embrace my Henrietta. How strangely does time and circumstances alter us ! With the warmth of a lover-husband, and the freedom of a soldier, I rushed to meet her. Her reception of me bespoke the usual delicacy of a mind rendered almost austere by the late solitude of her life, and an affection, deep and warm at heart, yet chastened into pensive reserve, in the expression of it, by the habitual restraint over herself, and her solicitude regarding me during my protracted absence. To me, however, it appeared at the moment, changed as I had myself been by the free manners of the camp, cold in sentiment, and quite altered from her former

artless affection. This self-tormenting fancy had no sooner taken possession of my mind, than it seemed to receive proof from several minor circumstances afterwards, which I cannot now particularize, but from that moment began to be formed the morbid nucleus of all my subsequent misery.

“Again, as we lived longer together, I fancied that her temper had suffered somewhat from the self-restraint and solitude in which she had lived of late, and that she was now altogether somewhat of an altered character. I was right as to the fact—I was wrong as to the inference.

“What a selfish wretch man is!—and how that unamiable quality blinds him in reference both to his own character and the actions of others. Is it not this unfair dealing with facts—this wilful blindness—this incapacity of reasoning justly, when our feelings are excited, which is the cause of all our social miseries—and, in particular, of the proverbial jarrings of the conubial state? Even at this distance of time,

and with that hallowed likeness of her I lament constantly before me, I do not say that my Henrietta was altogether right, but I know that *I* was much more in the wrong. For *I* had *begun* the wrong; and evil, saith the holy book, is like the letting out of water, which, from small beginnings, maketh wider and wider the way that it hath opened for itself; until, collecting every thing into its current, it becomes at length a torrent that is fearful and overwhelming. *I* had left her—that was the first cause of the alteration of habit, and of thinking that I began to observe; for the absence of her natural protector, together with the melancholy tendencies of her own thoughts, and some natural change in myself, induced by the habits of a soldier, made me think her, at least, not what she really was, even in the first year of our marriage. All these causes, however, which tended to make us, who were once so much one, two different beings, were nothing to the pre-

vailing reflection which so much preyed upon my mind, that we had no children.

“Matthew,” continued the general, with an impressive expression of face, “I am ashamed to discover, even to my nearest friend, my weakness in this matter. But I am wrong in calling it weakness. It was positive strength—strength of feeling, and reason, and reflection—all meeting together in this point, and tightening this string, which, when touched upon hastily, even in common conversation, or harshly jarred against with any thing like wilfulness, excited me to absolute frenzy.”

“How sadly you have yourself been afflicted,” said the squire, as the general paused, “even though it did not extend to another and a most amiable being!”

“True, it was so, Matthew,” the baronet replied, much affected by his recollections, “It is because I now *know them* to be *unjustifiable*, that I recall these feelings with such deep regret,

in connexion with the memory of my ever-valued wife. But whatever *you* may have experienced, *I* know, that men of my nature at least, are creatures of feeling, upon whom *reason* has but little actual effect ; and when I tell you the remainder of my story, you will perceive that I was hurried forward into what I did and felt, by that inevitable cause of our thoughts and actions, and that unerring instrument of fate—my own nature.”

When the time drew near that I was to return to join the army, Henrietta pleaded with me not to leave her again, with an earnestness that I am now astonished that I could resist. But my honour was engaged, and to military ambition, and the career of glory which success had opened to me, I had so pledged myself, that I could not give way to her touching reasonings. Besides, to confess the truth, it was only among the excitements of campaigns and of battle, that I could fully forget that intolerable consideration, which had still been the

curse that poisoned the happiness of my wedded life, and rendered my home upon the whole irksome, if not melancholy. ‘George,’ said Henrietta to me, when we were about to part, ‘if you will stay at home with me, we shall yet be happy—I know we shall!’ and her half melancholy smile as she said this, was so touching that it even then went to my heart.

“But it has still been my fate that some intense feeling pervading at the moment, has rendered me blind to my own happiness. I understood not the meaning of the important words. No more did I understand the look of chilled disappointment which her countenance assumed, on perceiving that this appeal to me had been made in vain. We parted affectionately, but our manner mutually was painfully ominous. It was more so in reality than I perceived at the time.

“On returning to the army, and to the strong contrasts of idleness and activity which occur in the manœuvres of a campaign, my thoughts

were turned more than ever to my home in England and my Henrietta. I now found I loved her more than ever, and brooded over every word and look of her's when last at home, especially her manner to some of our acquaintances, with a painful and inquisitive intensity. Even that love, which burned brighter towards her now as she was absent, induced me to look into several recollections with a narrowness that made me see several things in a new light, and gave me a key, as I thought, to her whole conduct, and in particular to that changed manner towards myself, which had so much affected me while living with her. These tormenting cogitations were involuntarily associated with the idea of a gentleman, whom I heard her praise in terms warmer than were quite agreeable to me at that time, and with whom she seemed to be more intimate than I thought consistent with the staid reserve of her character. I remembered their speaking together of the children of a mutual friend with a degree of admiration

and delight which, upon a subject so tender, I felt to be exceedingly painful. At the critical moment, when my mind was heated with these broodings, some words were dropped by a brother officer, who had accompanied me to England, which filled me with astonishment, and seemed to let in a light to my mind, merely to show me my own misery. I now took pains to assure myself upon several matters, and strangely did my suspicions seem to be verified—as they will ever be to a man who begins similar inquiries under the blindness of jealousy. Yet it was not easy altogether to shake my confidence in the faithfulness of Henrietta; and there were other circumstances which seemed to give every contradiction to my surmises. But a report that reached me at this period, through the levity of a gentleman who now joined the army, drove me almost to frenzy.

“ Why need I dwell upon the hackneyed particulars of the doubtings and confirmations of this complex passion. A letter from herself which I

received about this time, helped, by the construction I put upon several of her expressions, to confirm my delusion. But when several months had passed away subsequently, without hearing from her, and it was from *another quarter* I first learned that she was in that state which, under other circumstances, would have made me a proud and a happy man, I first thought my heart would have burst with my own reflections. Unable to get back to England at the time, to sift out the truth of all that I had surmised, I had recourse to a friend—a villain—whose indirect and artificial reply, completed my misery. In the height of the delirium of my mental distress, I wrote to Henrietta in terms at which I now shudder even to think of, requesting a special messenger to be sent with such communication from her, as should clear her of all that I pointed out as suspicious; in failure of which, I remorselessly spoke of disowning the paternity of the infant to which she was about to give birth. To this cruel mes-

sage, the only answer I received, months afterwards, was the news of my Henrietta's death, after giving birth to a son. That son I never saw—Matthew, blame me not for this emotion," he added after a pause ; "has not my cruel and mistaken conduct been the breaking of her heart ?"

"But what became of the child, Sir George?" said the squire, as the general paused.

"He died within a month after his unfortunate mother. Yes, the grave swallowed up my hopes and the happiness of my youth—as it will soon hide my sorrows, and then my name and family will perish in extinction."

"I think, sir, you said you never saw the infant," added the squire, willing to divert the general's mind for a moment. "Are you quite certain of his death ?"

"I have sometimes thought there was a mystery over that event—at least in reference to those to whose charge the infant was left," continued Sir George. "To be more particular,

on my return from Flanders, I was so overpowered by my feelings, that on reaching London I was prevented travelling farther by illness, the consequence of the shock I had received ; and on my recovery at a distant period afterwards, I found on my table a letter, stating that the infant had died in an obscure parish of Scotland, near the house to which my Henrietta had retired. So deeply was I affected by this intelligence, and the few particulars added regarding Henrietta's death, that it never occurred to me to suspect its truth, nor even if it had, could I hope for much success in my inquiries regarding one, whom her relatives considered I had so deeply injured. The principal of them then alive, indeed, namely, her uncle, would not see me nor hold with me any communication. The thing that roused my suspicion in some degree, upon making inquiries regarding my son's death, was, that the woman to whom he had been entrusted as nurse, as well as her husband, had shortly after his interment left

the country ; and even Henrietta's relatives, as I have since learned, were far from satisfied upon the subject. But my ill-health, together with the melancholy which grew upon me from my own reflections, has still incapacitated me from making any effectual inquiries upon the subject, believing as I have still done, the worst ; until your accidental mention of having somewhere met with a youth who bore a strong resemblance to that portrait, induced me to revert with some slight gleam of hope to these circumstances of my history.

“ To finish my tale,” he went on after another pause : “ convinced at length, by finding out the envious villany of one individual, that I had been deeply deceived to the wronging of that angel whose mere image I can never cease contemplating, and now at this late period, a hope, however faint, being infused into my mind, I shall never rest until I obtain the most complete proof regarding the death of that infant, of which I so fatally disowned the pater-

nity. And oh ! could I but entertain the most distant fancy that he was yet in the land of the living—that that blessing of Heaven which has ever been the highest wish of my heart, had been granted to me—namely, a son of my own and Henrietta's, still in existence to bless my declining years, and preserve my name and lineage to future generations, my grey hairs should seek the grave with happiness and peace.”

“ You *must* have a son, sir ! and he *shall* be found !” exclaimed the blunt squire, starting enthusiastically to his feet ; “ and who knows but that that handsome boy, who opened the gate for me in the Highlands of Scotland, may be the very youth, after all ?”

A gleam of joy lighted up the wan features of the general as the other spoke. A journey together on this pursuit was planned on the spot, and various minor arrangements were formed and decided upon, ere ever the two retired to their apartments.

CHAPTER V.

They of these marches, gracious sovereign, shall be a wall sufficient to defend our inland from the pilfering borderers.

HENRY V.

OUR story now takes a leap over about two years of time, that is to say, until the early part of the year 1743, in order to follow, for a space, the fortunes of Hector's old friends of Corrie-vrin and Glendochart, now gentlemen soldiers in the Black Watch. The sequel of our tale also demands that we should here give a few particulars of the first history of that celebrated regiment.

From a very early part of the last century,

several companies of picked men were raised and stationed in different districts of the Highlands chiefly, for the performance of duties which the distresses of outlawed individuals, after the several rebellions, rendered necessary, but which it was found impossible to have done with efficiency, by any troops less acquainted with the habits of the people, and the romantic localities of their wild country. Originally six in number, these were called independent companies, from being commanded by noblemen or gentlemen, considered favourably affected to the new government, then by no means well established in the north, who acted entirely independently of each other. Of these original companies, the command of the one, stationed in Inverness-shire was entrusted to the celebrated Lord Lovat, who, in common with other chieftains, was extremely proud of his "Watch."

About 1740, it was determined to make a large addition to their numbers, to embody the whole into a regiment of the line, and to train

them more carefully, not only in their own peculiar exercise, but in the modes of marching and manœuvring then practised by the English infantry. It was on this occasion, that the whole were assembled between Taybridge, at the mouth of Loch Tay, and the old town of Aberfeldy; the chief scene of their mustering and exercising being, as we have seen, in the noble valley of Glenlyon. They derived their original appellation of the *Reicadan Du*, or Black Watch, from the dark colour of the tartan which they wore, and which, being much composed of black, blue, and green, however well it served to conceal their persons when threading the thickets of their own forests, gave them, when embodied, an imposingly dark and almost solemn appearance. This was peculiarly striking, when contrasted with the showy look of the English infantry of the time, who might well be called by the Highlanders, the *seidar dearag*, or red soldiers, when not only their coats, but also their waistcoats and breeches,

shone in all the conspicuousness of glaring scarlet.

To the respectability of the men of which the Black Watch was then composed, we have had occasion more than once to allude. This respectability will be still more manifest, when a reference is had, not only to the temptations which the privilege of wearing arms held out to the younger branches of wealthy families, but to the condition and sentiments of a brave and enthusiastic people, among whom, wealth itself was never considered a source of respectability, in the same exclusive sense as it is in the south; nor was poverty, *per se*, ever of course visited with that contempt, which, in a more corrupt condition of society, it invariably is. It is this, together with the fewness of their wants, and the consequent fewness of their cares,—their opportunities for indolence, manly exercise and song, that makes the great happiness of the Highlander; and, by attaching him to his barren hills and wild valleys above all spots on the

earth, affords a proof to the world, that the terms poverty and riches are often sadly misapplied, both in their relation to the wants and the happiness of man.

The duties of the Highland Watch, when spread over the mountain districts of their country, were of a nature which required, in general, all the delicacy and forbearance of spirit which should characterize persons of a superior condition ; and were, upon the whole, of a species which never could have been intrusted to such men as usually fill the ranks of our modern infantry,—far less to the common soldiers of that immoral period. The various attainders and confiscations which the attachment of the Gael to their ancient kings had occasioned in the Highlands, having thrown a number of families into misery and destitution, together with the differences in politics, which are the natural consequences of mercenary temptation, so much the system of government from Walpole's times to the present, having aggravated

the quarrels, and increased the reprisals of rival clans,—all these causes were productive of the disorders which it was the duty of the Black Watch to detect and repress. These disorders, however, and that spirit of revenge, which, to an exaggerated extent, has been attributed to the Highlander, with occasional cattle-driving and stealthy opposition to the law, were, notwithstanding all that has been represented regarding them, in reality much inferior, both in amount and aggravation, to the robberies, rapines, and assassinations, then committed in England, to an extent, and with an effrontery, that is astonishing in times so near to our own. Nevertheless, among a people simple in their manners, and moral in their lives and sentiments, to a remarkable degree, such disorders being often mixed up with politics and party spirit, made a strong appearance in the calm life of the hills; and, at least, afforded a handle for that irritating severity, with which, during this and the preceding reign, every thing like

offence committed in Scotland was uniformly treated by a government, contemptible in history for its own shameless corruption. But when it is considered that the duties of the Watch embraced also the watching of all meetings of the chiefs, and the checking of every thing like political combination, as well as the enforcing throughout their glens the severe provisions of the hated disarming act, and the hounding out of robbers and Cearnachs, and that the offenders were very often the near relations or connexions of the men employed against them, the painful delicacy of their duty may easily be understood ; yet that duty they appear to have performed without reproach.

It was in the month of April 1743, when an unexpected march from the hills assembled the whole regiment of the Black Watch in the ancient city of Perth ; and with whom should the two M'Phersons find a lodging, but with Hector's old Highland patroness, Widow M'Lain. It was just sundown, as, after

coming off a long march, the Breadalbane brothers, as they now were called in the regiment, from their distinguished appearance, modestly knuckled at the poor woman's door.

“Is this widow M'Lain's dwelling?” said Malcolm, as the woman stood looking up to them in the door-way, “and may you be her?”

“It's just her, and a widow, as ye say,” said the old woman, opening the door, “forlorn and lonely this mony a year, and M'Lain indeed was the name o' my leal gude man, whose head is laid in the grave lang sinsyne.”

“May we come in, mistress?”

“Come ben and welcome, my braw lads! Alake! my heart warms to look at your blue bonnets and belted plaids, that ye set sae weel; for, bating the red jerkin and the black girdle wi' the buckle, ye just remind me of my ain gude man that's dead and gone; but that was in his ain youthfu' days—waes me!”

“May we get a lodging in your house, widow, if ye please?”

“ Blythely, sir ; for my poor hallan is clean empty these five weeks and mair. The price I’ll seek frae ye will be sevenpence a week, a piece, if ye sleep thegether. Ye’ll maybe think it dear, but I’m a poor woman, and it’s a’ my living ; for my sight is greatly gone, and I can make little hand at the spinning, and I’m dool and dowie, since my gude man died, and far waur since I buried my bairn,” added the woman, interrupted by tears ; “ but what need I greet before you like a silly body as I am ? yet, ye see, sirs, the sight o’ you just made me think o’ my bonny gude man, as I hae mind o’ him in his youth like you. And the tears o’ the lone woman easily come out o’ a full heart. However,” she added, wiping her eyes, “ that’s the price o’ your lodging, as I said ; but ye’ll get a clean bed, and a canny fireside, and I’ll tend you wi’ a’ my power to make you cosie and comfortable.”

“ We’ll not grudge you what you ask, good woman, and we’ll ne’er interrupt your sorrow for your dead good man.”

“Noo, God bless you for that word, for it’s just the generosity and the sympathy that belongs to the hills, where me and Allan M’Lain spent our youth. But the Black Watch are nought but gentlemen, and the pay o’ king George can weel afford a decent expense, for sixpence a day is a deal o’ money, and you twa will hae mair than that same, for I see an honourable strip o’ white lace on your arms, which shows that you are gentlemen in office.”

“It’s a great thing to be even one step above the ranks in the Black Watch, widow, no doubt,” said the younger of the M’Phersons, with due pride; “and as for the sixpence a day, it *is* a sum of money to be sure, and gathers well for us on the hills, where the bit and the drap are not sold and bought as they are in the Lowlands, and where a gentleman can be generous and a gudewife can be kind, without counting the green blades in the kail-pot, or asking the price of the sip of brose, or the bite of bannock. But when we come to the

paved city, *then* it is that the hand is never out of the sporan, for this thing and that thing, and sevenpence-halfpenny a day is not such a fortune as you would imagine."

The woman could conceive that the speaker might possibly be right, and wiping with her apron the bottom of a plaintree chair for each, the muskets dented on the hearth-stone, and the young men sat down in comfort by the widow's fire.

"Now ye'll hae a' the news o' the hills, gentlemen," said the widow, setting herself down humbly on a low three-legged stool beside, or rather beneath the tall youths, "and maybe ye can tell me of a bonny young gentle boy, named Hector Monro; he'll be a fell fallow noo, I dare say; for time, that twitters silently through the sand-glass, gallops fast to whiten auld heads, and turn bairns into stalwart men."

"I know him very well, and it was his grateful talk that recommended us to seek your

house," said Malcolm, his eye glistening with pleasure at the recollection.

"Noo, God bless the laddie, and tell me every word about him," said the woman clasping her hands; "I think I have yet a tie to the world when Hector Monro lives, and remembers still the puir widow woman."

"I knew Hector Monro," said Malcolm, "when he was living at Glenmore, and was thought the best swordsman on Breadalbane hills; but it's two years and over since I have seen him, and now they say he's gone to the south, and is naught but a gentleman of high degree, and wears a laced-coat of English broad cloth, and a wig on his head like my lord Breadalbane, and a silk bag behind his neck like a Lowland squire, and wha but maister Hector Monro, with his sword by his side for the fashion, and his cane in his hand, like a gay gallant of Holyrood in the Lowlands."

"Then that's my prophecy come good!" exclaimed the woman, clapping her palms; "for

I aye said that Hector Monro would come to be a gentleman, and I know—I know—that when time's expediency shall lead him to the north again, he'll ne'er forget to seek out the dwelling of the puir widow, who was a friend to him in his low estate, and knew the orphan when the world knew him not. But that I leave to Providence; and now tell me, young men, what can bring the Black Watch, all in a body, to quarter here in the town of Perth?"

"That is more than we know ourselves, widow," said Malcolm; "there's some say one thing, and some say another; but hark, is not that some one knuckling at the door?"

The tap was repeated, and on the door being opened, in walked Farquhar M'Naughton.

"I have traced you rightly," said the young man, coming forward, "and I have news to tell you. We march for England in a few days."

"For England?" repeated all the others—"for England, do ye say?"

“ For London city, and that you will find by to-morrow’s parade. The orders have come down to my lord Sempill, and the officers are all talking of the affair at the town-cross.”

“ This is very extraordinary,” said Malcolm, thoughtfully. “ Were we not enlisted with the express understanding, that the forty-second were never to be moved out of Scotland, of whose hills alone we were raised to be the watch and ward, for peace and loyalty?”

“ That is true, and it seems that it is nothing but the loyalty that takes us away, for we are only going on a short visit, as the officers say, to see the king, and then to come straight back to the north again. In short, we are to be marched to London merely to be reviewed by the king’s majesty himself, that he may see us with his own eyes; and we shall receive many honours, no doubt, to testify what his gracious majesty knows full well, that the Black Watch consists of a quality of men who are to be very dif-

ferently considered from the common red coats who serve for pay and perquisites in the south."

"Then, if that be the case, it is only a visit of honour, as you say, and no breach of bargain with us," said Samuel, the younger of the brothers; "but as you have heard the news so soon, did you not talk to any of the town's Lowlanders about the matter; they know more of southern doings and parliament-policy than we do in the Highlands."

"I just called in at the shop of the old acquaintance of our friend Monro, Maister Hugh M'Vey, that is now a good baillie of Perth; and when I told him the news, he just shook his head, and said nothing."

"Well, and what do you draw from that?"

"Why, that he's not perfectly pleased wi' our jaunt; and then, as he walked about his shop—as a baillie should walk, no doubt—he began to say something, half to himself, about southern jouckery-pauchery, and whig suspi-

cion of Highland loyalty ; and how that it was sma' respect that colonels, and earls, and king's ministers, would pay to their bargains wi' poor soldiers, who, if they attempted to take their own parts and seek their own rights, should they find themselves deceived, it would be naething but mutiny and disobedience, and then there would be opening of books and reading orders of war, and court-martial maybe, and trying and shooting, for an example ; and so he muttered about the war in Flanders, and the balance of power, and that the king wanted men, and the duke of Cumberland cared little how he treated Highland Scotchmen ; and when I spoke again about a pleasant march to London city, to figure in a review before the king's majesty, the baillie only shook his head again, and said nothing."

"There was much wisdom in that, no doubt," said Malcolm, saying nothing more ; and in imitation of this species of sagacity, the

three soldiers sat for a time, meditating on this news in true judicious silence.

“If ye would allow me to put in my word, gentlemen lads,” said the widow, “I’ll tell you what I think. It little matters what ye consider about the matter, or what baillie M’Vey, or any other responsible man, may say. Ye have put on king George’s coat, and taen king George’s shilling, and it’s the way o’ this world, that the puir must even beck to the bidding o’ the powerful, be it just or be it no; and if the thing is not fair and right, they’ll make it so, by big words and wigged heads; and the puir man will aye come aff at the loss. So it is weel for you to do as you are bid, wi’ a good grace, for, bargain here, or justice there, ye’ll find that the king is a different man from the cadger.”

“That may be very true to an old woman, widow,” said the elder M’Pherson; “but the king of England is a gentleman, and now sitting by

compact in the chair of our ancient kings, and will hardly venture, I think, to put a deception on the finest men of the north, and attempt to remove them by craft and cunning from their own hills. If he do, as I think he will not, he and his earls, and great men, little know the spirit of the Black Watch."

"What need we argue here," said Farquhar M'Naughton gaily, "when we have the word of the king and his lords to give us confidence? For my part, I think it is a high honour for the whole Watch to be sent for to play the broadsword before the king's majesty, and the princes and grandees, on some broad field, at London, as Gregor M'Gregor and John Campbell did,*

* Sometime previous to this, his Majesty (George the Second) having heard much of his Highlanders of the north, and their peculiarities of war and costume, expressed in conversation a strong desire to see one. This having been intimated to the Lord Crawford, then colonel of the Black Watch, he caused two of the privates to be sent for, who were presented to his

in the old palace of Saint James's. And who knows what may come o't, for the like of you

Majesty by Sir Robert Monro, the lieutenant-colonel. These two men are named above. M'Gregor was surnamed the Beautiful, on account of his personal appearance ; and scarcely less handsome was Campbell, who was of an ancient family, settled at Duncaves, in Perthshire. They performed the broad-sword exercise, and that of the Lochaber axe, or lance, in the great gallery at St. James's, before his Majesty, the Duke of Cumberland, Marshal Wade, and a number of general officers, assembled to witness the display ; and showed, says Colonel Stewart, "so much dexterity and skill in the management of their weapons, as to afford perfect satisfaction to his Majesty." The story is well known, that, being ordered a gratuity of a guinea each, they took the money, considering the act as less an insult than a mistake, arising from the king's ignorance of their condition in their own country ; but each gave his guinea to the porter, at the door of the palace, as he went out. This may serve to illustrate what we have stated of the conditions and feelings of the privates of the Black Watch. Mr. M'Gregor having ultimately purchased the lands of Inverardine

and I, gentlemen," added the youth, with conscious complacency at the idea of his own and their personal appearance; "for the like has been, as the proverb says, that the king himself may come in the cadger's road. Odd, if I could just get speech of his Hanover majesty, wouldn't I down on my knee, and seek a pardon for my poor old father, that's hiding, like a modiwart, in the wild hollow of Glendochart?"

With such speeches as this, the men of the Black Watch discussed, in their various quarters, the unexpected orders for their march to England; which, though it at first excited surprise, mingled with anger, was generally acquiesced in, with those warm feelings of loyalty which belonged to their character, in reference to any such sentiment, as well as to the san-

in Breadalbane, was grandfather of Sir Gregor M'Gregor, a commander in South America. Mr. Campbell was afterwards killed, fighting with his regiment at Ticonderago, having then attained the rank of captain-lieutenant.

guine view of the honour intended them. Far different, however, were the sentiments, upon the subject, of many wise and far-seen Scotsmen, who looked upon the order with a surprise and a suspicion, that, when various late occurrences were referred to between England and Scotland,—which, however exasperating to the people of the latter nation, of the time, have scarcely been thought worthy of notice in history,—amounted, on this occasion, to perfect indignation. “You will see what will come o’ it,” was the general cry of those who had not yet forgotten old tales of “Scotland’s scaith:”—“It’s no for nought that they want to wyse awa’ the finest men of the hills, and carry them into the southard country. It’ll be weel if we ever see the Black Watch again!” And the cry as to their present destination, and undisguised apprehensions as to their ultimate fate, soon reached the glens where their friends and families dwelt, and penetrated into the fastnesses of Lochaber and Breadalbane.

Nevertheless, these apprehensions of the civilian people* were not believed by the loyal young men of the Watch; and, in good spirits, and greatly beloved while they lived in Perth, the time speedily passed over until about the

* That this measure was disapproved of, and looked upon even with alarm by the most sagacious and best informed public men of the time, who knew intimately the state of the Highlands, and the character of the high-spirited men of the forty-second, appears from the remonstrances of the celebrated Lord President Forbes, preserved in the Culloden papers, and addressed to General Clayton, then commander-in-chief in Scotland, and the successor of Marshal Wade. His lordship having some private information, which induced him to disbelieve the first report, of their being merely sent for to be seen by the king—expresses, in the strongest terms, his anxiety as to their fate and destination; and his concern at the understood intention of taking them from their own hills, where he shows them to be so efficient,—and meaning them for foreign service, for which they had never been enlisted.

middle of April, when they were considered ready for their journey. As they occasionally looked north, however, towards those hills which they were so soon about to leave, a qualm of apprehension, as to the future, would sometimes shoot across the minds of the Breadalbane brothers, as well as M'Naughton, when their thoughts naturally rested on those who lived in the glens between them.

“I do not know how it is,” said Farquhar, as he walked musingly, with the other two, on the night before the morning intended for their departure,—“I know not how it is, but I should like just to have one look of some friends we have among the hills, before we go to the south. It seems strange, and uncanny, that the parting piobrachd of the morrow's morning should play us off, wi' our backs turned to our Highland lasses, without a word o' the mouth, or a shake o' the hand, or a tear o' the e'e, maybe, of them we like.”

“I cannot say but I would wish to hear what

some auld folk would say, and to see how some young folk would look just at the parting time," said the younger M'Pherson. "I never left Scotland before, and wouldn't it be odd if we should by chance ne'er see it again?"

"These are the fancies of raw boys, and not of grown men," said Malcolm rather sternly; but as he was speaking, a bare-legged youth plucked him by the sleeve. "What," said he, "do you want, boy?"

"There's an auld wife wants to see you, maister," said the boy, "if you be Malcolm M'Pherson and Farquhar M'Naughton, for-by."

"Where is she that wants us?"

"Oo, just here by the water-lip; and there's mair than ane. Come and see."

The three youths followed the boy, and turning down, were accosted by a tall "harridan" of a woman, dressed in the mode of a Highland calliagh, with a dark tartan plaid more care-

fully drawn round her face, than seemed necessary in a fine spring evening.

“ It’s a pleasant night for your walk, gentlemen,” said a low manly voice ; “ hoot, what needs I make a masquerade o’ mysel—ye’ll soon ken me ;” and out shot a large hand to grasp theirs ; and the plaid being thrown back, showed a well-known face. “ Do you no ken your own father, Farquhar ? and you, Samuel M’Pherson, your father-in-law, as I may say, from the auld bield o’ Glendochart. I didna think that a petticoat and a tonag—an auld wife’s mutch, and a woollen cartouch—would hae kept my ain son from knowing me here in Perth,” said the disguised Cearnach. “ Faith, I think Jock Chockthrapple, the hangman, my auld acquaintance o’ the jail, will hae little chance o’ finding me out in such a wyliccoat as this,”—and the athletic old man flounced along in his woman’s dress, with a very ludicrous and uncouth effect. “ There’s mair o’ us here,

lads," he continued, "and we're a' women together, to be sure, but I am the auldest wife mysel, and the least likely to be a temptation to young men—so come along."

The Cearnach led the way into a large old-fashioned inn that stood by the Tay-side, over the door of which creaked an enormous swinging sign-board, with the Farquharsons' arms painted upon it, in a style and manner such as might have been expected from an Highland artist, who understood the dignity of his subject much better than the manner of blazoning it forth. The disguised reiver, giving a knowing nod to the landlord, who watched at the door, the whole were ushered into a comfortably furnished apartment, where sat three females, whom our youths were at no loss to recognize."

"See ye that now, lads?" said the Cearnach, as the brothers, with surprise and joy, embraced the stately matron of Corrie-vrin, who hastened to the arms of her tall and manly sons. Next,

their staid and black-eyed sister, with modesty, but with a blush of warmth and pleasure, received the eager salute of their comrade, Farquhar, while Margaret, the Cearnach's daughter, who had come all the way from Glendochart, almost flew into the embrace of the younger M'Pherson.

"My faith!" exclaimed the old man, "the sight of such a meeting as this is well worthy of the longest tramp, and the weariest night that we have yet lain down in our beds, since we left the inner wildernesses of Breadalbane."

After the first rapid congratulations and inquiries had been exchanged, the young soldiers could not help complimenting their mother, as well as the younger females, on their looks and general appearance, notwithstanding the length of their journey.

"Mother, we are happy to attend to you," said both brothers.

"It's not to hide, nor it's not to stifle," said Mrs. M'Pherson, "the concern that this sud-

den news has brought to my heart, as I sat lonely with my daughter here, in the deserted glen of Corrie-vrin—it was not for going to the south at king George's bidding, nor for being shipped o'er the sea, maybe, or to fight German battles, with which Scotland has nought to do, that I ever gave my consent that ye should take an oath to the majesty of Hanover, as common men in the Black Watch. I see what you are going to reply, but your father put faith in the southland lords, and sair did he rue it; and if it should not please the king to let you back to your own homes, but, regardless of the engagements of Highland agents, send you to be sacrificed on foreign fields, what would become of the bereaved widow, who has no other hope on earth but yourselves? and in what would the tears of the maidens end, whose hearts are set on their brothers and sweethearts of the Black Watch? Hear, therefore, lads, your mother's words; it would hae been happy for me, if you had

humbled yourselves to dig the sward that brings you milk and meal in Breadalbane, and never handled penny or plack of the king's money, who now shows you and I that he has full power over you—life and limb, lands and liberty, as time will, I fear, sadly bring about.”

“ Mother, I think your fears are vain, and you take this expedition too serious : but suppose it were otherwise, what would you have us to do ?”

“ Seek your discharge from the Watch before you put yourselves farther into the power of strangers. Believe me, this march to England bodes no good, and before you shall run the risk of being torn from Scotland's hills, and carried to where your lives will be in jeopardy, I will sell every rood of land that your father left me, to buy you off from this foreigner bondage of them who care little for justice where poor men are the claimants, and far less for the mother's feelings or the widow's tears.”

“ And you sanction such fears and suspicions anent this simple march to London and back, Mr. M’Naughton ?” said Malcolm, astonished at the solemnity of his mother’s appeal.

“ If it prove a simple march to London and home again, I’ll acknowledge that Mrs. M’Pherson and I are but sma’ profitters by that best o’ the world’s lessons, experience,” said the Cearnach, impressively. “ It’s o’er lang for me to tell you my reasons now, but I hae little skill of men’s motives and Whig policy, if the king of England, that had Scotland given him to rule o’er, just into the bargain, would whistle up the Black Watch to London town, where it was never their agreement to go, for nought else but the pleasure of a fuglement afore the ladies on a review day.”

The three young men sat for a few minutes as if struck with a conviction that was fatal to their hopes, while the maidens gazed in every successive countenance with the strongest anxiety.

“It cannot be, that the English government mean this, father,” said Farquhar. “Although the Whigs may be suspicious of the men of the hills, they are not surely deceptive, and openly unjust. Besides, our officers are too independent and high-minded to allow us to be cheated in this manner, and shipped off, like unwilling cattle, to a foreign shore.”

“The cock crows loudly, and flaps his wings bravely, on his own middenstead, though it be but poor,” said the old man; “but the king’s minister has many gifts to give, and Highland lairds hae many wants, especially when the gold and gear of England begins to shine in their een—and what are puir men’s rights to rich men’s reasons, when they hae the power? Farquhar, I would give all the horned beasts, and every ewe and weather that bleats on the braes aboon Glendochart, to get you off the chance that I see this day of your mother never seeing your face again, and bonny Phoemia M’Pherson there being left a weary wantier,

when she should be a braw married woman—or a sorrowfu' widow, mayhap, before she's ever a proclaimed bride."

Farquhar sat ruminating upon his father's words, his eyes unconsciously fixed on Phoemia M'Pherson, while Malcolm rose, and strode hastily across the room.

"It is too late, mother and friends," said the latter, stopping short; "your proposal is too late, even supposing it were feasible or necessary; for the Black Watch marches to-morrow morning; and were there even time, it is small boast for me to say, that it would not be easy for pound or penny to buy off such as us, in times like the present."

"Is that certainly the case?" said Mrs. M'Pherson, hastily, addressing the old man.

"I fear it is so, as I have already told you," answered the Cearnach. "To-morrow by day-break the lads must go; and we, as well as they, must trust to Providence as to what may be to come. But mark my words, gentlemen

each, as you are now about to leave us for long or for short ; if, when you get to London city, you find the English, as I fear they will, mean to break the paction that binds you to the hills, by forcing you off to foreign parts ; if you submit quietly to be transported where your friends and sweethearts may never see you more, I own you unworthy to wield your father's swords, or to inherit the quiet lands that they leave you in auld Scotland."

" We will not ! we cannot ! nor shall we surely experience such injustice !" said they all.

" But tell us, sir," said the younger M'Pherson, " what, in such a case, you would have us to do ?"

" What did *I* do, when for real misdeeds, which they would have punished with undue severity, they had me shut up in the Tolbooth of Perth ? Does not the breach of one law make a road for the breach of another ? and the power which oppresses and deceives may no

longer be power when the leg is loose and the arm is free. Should they even mean as I suspect, they will not chain Highland gentlemen together like Lowland hounds, and force them into the boat that takes them from their country, at the bayonet's point. Then, is not the foot free and the heart brave? And will not the north star guide you to your own glens, even if your tramp should be under the cloud of night?"

"Duncan," said the elder M'Pherson, "consider what you advise us to. We are sworn soldiers under his majesty king George, and would not that be open desertion, added to disobedience of orders, and the penalty is—"

"There are at this moment in the castle of Glenmore," interrupted the old man, with all the original fierceness of the Cearnach character, "those I need not name, that spoke to me in serious anxiety before I left Breadalbane, who would think little of *his* courage, or his spirit either, that would talk of penalties in respect of

orders founded only in injustice and deception, should such orders ever be offered to the brave men of the Black Watch; and there are even here those that would draw a blade—”

“Let me not be mistaken, Duncan M’Naughton,” interrupted, in return, the former, with an eye that kindled with his feelings, “as if *fear* had aught to do with my reasons or resolves. There are reasons and duties growing out of the compact of society, which make no man’s private feelings the measure or rule of his conduct, in circumstances such as ours. But Samuel, my brother, and you, Farquhar, my friend, will you join me now in the firm resolve, that if the apprehensions and suspicions of our parents turn out to be true, we will brave every thing, and even that death itself, which the powerful, aided by the law, can soon inflict, to return to our happy hills, and our warm-hearted sweethearts, in bonny Breadalbane !”

The two other youths, anxious by this time

to be heard, started to their feet, and with brief expressions, yet speaking looks, jointly and severally confirmed the resolve.

Surely women are not naturally abettors of disloyalty and military disobedience, yet when the two maidens, who had watched this whole conversation with the utmost anxiety, witnessed the solemnity of this resolve, their eyes began to stream with tears of sympathetic enthusiasm, and mingling in the excitement, the young men next joined hands with theirs, as if the whole actually anticipated that the accomplishment of the resolution was to turn out to be the means of the happiest meeting that they were ever again to experience.

“And och!” said the dame herself, rising also, and clasping her hands with joy, “if ye come back to me, safe and sound, how I should welcome you again to the green pastures of Corrie-vrin, where your father’s sword would be ill fitting your wear, if you could not defend yourselves and your wives that are yet to

be, from red-coats and braggarts that may ever come against you, until, maybe—who knows?—king Jamie himself might come from France to call up the clans, and take the part of the oppressed, and to make poor auld Scotland a real kingdom again.”

“Then farewell, mother! and farewell, Peggy!” said Samuel M‘Pherson, giving his hand to those who so much interested him. “I hear the evening drum sounding down the street, and we must to our quarters. But there’s a new day to come, and if you be up by the bonny grey of the morning, we shall yet have another parting embrace; and then, ho! for an honourable visit, and no deception, to the king’s majesty himself, in the great city of London.”

CHAPTER VI.

They all were drest in armour sheen,
Upon the pleasant banks of Tay ;
Before a king they might be seen.

OLD BALLAD.

NEVER did a pleasanter morning shine forth from the welkin in the cloudy climate of Scotland than that which gladdened the romantic heights and hollows in the diversified neighbourhood of Perth, on the day when the Black Watch were to march for England. At the first roll of the morning drum, which in the midst of his dreams he heard echoing from the neighbouring houses, Farquhar M'Naughton started from his bed, and but few minutes were

suffered to elapse before his feet bounded on the dewy sod in the outskirts of the town. The fresh breeze from the hills blew fragrant in his face, as he hurried to the Geds field, towards which the men were now on all sides hastily proceeding.

A strong interest being by this time taken by the people of the neighbourhood in all that related to the Black Watch, already the inhabitants round, of every class, began also to muster to see the regiment march ; and before the ranks were completely made up on the green, a lively swarm of eager people appeared on every height around, or urging along every field and pathway, anxious to obtain a parting look of their favourite regiment. Honest burghers, in blue bonnets and ribbed gramashams, might be seen hastening almost breathless along the pathways, leading their eager sons or their partial daughters, who, with snooded hair and jimp waists, peeped forth from under the usual chequered plaid with which they were modestly

hooded, at the “braw lads” and gallant gentlemen, who were going to leave them for a long march, just as at home they were becoming exceedingly interesting.

Before the men had been long on the ground, crowds of lairds and landed men, whose brawny limbs bestrode, with more strength than grace, the shaggy shelties on which they had travelled from before daylight, came galloping down the hill-sides to be at the gathering; and even Highland ladies, with looks as lofty as their hills, their “high heads,” as the toupees of the time were appropriately called, in many instances cased in cane calashes, according to the fashion of the time, were not wanting to add grace and dignity to the filling crowd; while such of them as came from a distance, rambled about the field upon their pillioned nags, as well to excite the envy of the more lowly damsels, as to commend their own graces to the favour of the soldierly band, whose attentions were now the objects of general emulation.

A pleasanter sight could seldom be seen, nor one more exciting, at least to all who at present occupied this animated field, to whom, in the true spirit of northern nationality and mountaineer enthusiasm, every circumstance of this present parting was a matter of infectious *feeling*. A Highlander is always affected upon leaving his hill, especially if it be to traverse lands that he never saw, and under circumstances of such uncertain promise, as may excite the stores of his warm imagination. No wonder then that this body of "Highland shentlemen" should not be able on this occasion to look with indifference on the friends and favourites from whom they were about to part, nor upon the romantic mountains of their favourite north, now appearing to reverberate back, in an hundred echoes, the exhilarating strains of the farewell piobroachd, which, by the enthusiasm of the numerous pipers on the field, often swelling into an expression quite epic and Ossianic, drew tears from many eyes, both of soldiers and spectators.

“ You will see, mother, that this will be an honourable march and a speedy return, for all your fears,” said both the M’Phersons to the thoughtful dame of Corrie-vrin, as they were permitted a moment’s conversation at the edge of the field. “ What indeed should hinder it? Do we not go in the light of day, with drum and bagpipe, like good men; and the very air wafting kind wishes after us; and think you we shall not return in greater honour to Scotland again? for right well does the king know that our presence cannot be dispensed with in our own glens.”

“ God grant it, my son !” said the anxious dame. “ But still I cannot forget that it was fighting along with the noble Mar, against the father of this present king, that *your* brave father lost his life in the bloody fifteen. It was sore against my will that he went out, and as ill do I like this your present setting forth, flattering though it appears. But be it as it will, the widow woman’s word is not minded; for,

alas! she is but the saugh-tree at the water's edge, that seldom holds up its drooping head, but still maun bow to whatever comes, in fragile resignation."

"And it's unco hard to be resigned when there's nothing left behind—nothing—nothing in this lonesome world," murmured another poor widow, namely, Mrs. M'Lean, speaking from behind their backs, as she also had come to the parting.

With such speech as this, and not without tears, such as mothers shed over their sons, the brothers parted from the weeping dame, as well as did the younger from his warm-hearted betrothed, the Cearnach's daughter. With fewer tears, but with not less feeling, did Phoemy M'Pherson allow young M'Naughton to kiss her cheek in parting, for a strange foreboding mixed with all their hopes, that something was to happen to the Black Watch on this march. Nor was the Cearnach himself, fierce and gloomy as he looked, from under the dark-green

plaid which shaded his face, much less affected at bidding his son farewell, yet were his suspicions less qualified as he gazed on the imposing line of the Watch before him; and the advice he gave his son was more firm and decided. “Farquhar, my lad,” he said, “if the Southrons, to whom you go, act honourably by you, out-do them in honour and a noble spirit; and if the king grants me a pardon, he shall not lose by it here on the hills; but if they attempt to deceive you with craft and guile, remember that you are the son of Duncan M’Naughton, as well as of Marion Shaw, in whose name you have enrolled yourself in the Black Watch.”

At length, after the few minutes allowed, when every hand had been shaken for the last time, and every parting blessing said, the extended line was again strictly formed, the shouldered muskets gleamed in the morning sun, and the word to present arms having been given by Lord Sempill, in honour of the hospitable inhabitants of Perth, a roll of drums

and a scream of warlike music from a crowd of bagpipes, gave stirring note to the surrounding multitude that their brave friends were about to depart.

Lord Sempill, the colonel, now rode along the line of the regiment, and not unaware of the Jacobite sentiments, little disguised among the crowd, and the dubious feelings still lurking among the men, he stopped in the centre, and addressed a few words to the officers in the hearing of the M'Phersons and most of the regiment. The import of his words was caught up with warmth, when, lifting his hat after his speech, the bonnets along the line were instantly raised, and a loud huzza of enthusiasm and of loyalty was simultaneously set up. This shout was answered by waving of handkerchiefs and clapping of hands from the surrounding people, until three hearty cheers enhanced the excitement of the moment, and echoed from the children of the town behind. Scarcely had the exhilarating sound subsided, when the word was given

--the moved arms gleamed once more, the music struck up and sounded towards the hills, and in another instant the whole body was in motion. Great part of the crowd followed, as if unconsciously, for some distance. The strain of the bagpipes next changed for one less lively, as they began to mount the height which separated them from the town.

Here the crowd began to pause. Soon the music became faint in the distance, and backing their firelocks over their shoulders, the Highlanders, in grave and sentimental silence, prepared themselves for their long march.

CHAPTER VII.

A puissant and mighty power
Is marching hitherward in proud array.

SHAKSPEARE.

PROCEEDING by easy stages on their march, it was the evening of the third day after the departure from Perth, ere the Black Watch obtained its first view of the far famed city of Edinburgh. Few, at least of the rank and file, having ever been so far south before, the romantic situation of the city, its lofty castle with its ancient towers and palaces, affected these simple denizens of the hills with various feel-

ings besides those of mere wonder and admiration.

Though situated in the Lowlands, and the high seat of the “parchment law,” yet, as the modern capital of their ancient kingdom, where their parliament had sat and their kings had held their court, and that with a degree of royal state which excited great admiration in so poor a country as Scotland, they justly felt a pride in its imposing appearance, as well as in its local associations. But the late unpopular barter, under the name of a union with its former enemy, having denuded it of all that once gave it splendour as well as authority—having flitted for ever from within its venerable walls, not only its king and its nobility, its parliament and privy-council, but also its prosperity and its wealth, and left it little else than a school of rapacious chicanery, and a dull nest of the eating moths of the law—they entered its ruinous ports, and marched up its deserted streets, with feelings that increased

their doubts as to the issue of their own march to a country which they looked upon as the author of all this ruin.

Nor could the citizens themselves greatly gainsay the truth of this view of their situation. Since the lively era of the long visit to their city of the last of the Stuart line that ever sat on the throne of the kingdoms, namely, James, Duke of York, then high commissioner of the Scottish parliament, afterwards James the Second of England, but still called the seventh of Scotland, who with his family and retinue, in 1682, left the royal palace of Holyrood and the kingdom for ever, Edinburgh had been gradually falling into decay. William of Orange was no friend to Scotland; and the union which took place in the succeeding reign absorbed the whole of the active Scottish nobility within the bosom of the great wen of England; leaving the once gay and wealthy Cannongate of the Scottish metropolis a series of gloomy and deserted ruins. Until the final

settlement of the Hanoverian dynasty paved the way for those improvements which have since rendered Edinburgh what it is, the city remained dull and neglected, even by its own natives: commerce there was none; and law was not, in those days, so profitable a pursuit as it has been of late years. A traveller from the south, except to report the loftiness of its houses or sneer at the ill flavour of its streets, scarcely ever was seen to enter its deserted hostelries; and so many causes conspired to aid its poverty and its gloom, that the emphatic expression of "the dark age of Edinburgh," has, by late writers, been adopted* to designate that unfortunate period.

Though the crowds that hailed the Black Watch, as the regiment marched through the Cannongate up to the castle hill, were not so great on this occasion as they were many years afterwards, when the fame of the forty-second Highlanders had reached the remotest corners

* Chalmers' Traditions, &c.

of Europe ; and when, on returning to their native country, and passing up this same street, the pipers and band, as General Stewart relates, could not play for want of room—still, such an event as the quartering of so noble a band of mountaineers within their walls, was almost as great a relief to the dull monotony of the neglected city, as was the well known visit of Prince Charles and his men, when on his march to the south two years afterwards. Long before the Highlanders got in by the Cannon-gate port, the whole town was in a bustle of expectant excitement ; and as soon as the first scream of the bagpipes was heard towards the High Street, every dowager remnant of the old nobility, whom prejudice or penury yet confined in antiquated state within some upper flat of the lofty houses, lifted her window and shot out her frizzled head to look at the martial array. Here they sat, as the brave Highland Watch marched through, carefully observing every youthful sunburnt face that

passed beneath, with all a woman's partiality for a red-coat, and all their returning national pride, that "the auld country could even still produce so gallant a company."

"There's pith in us yet, and power too, Lady Comneathan," said a Jacobite dowager, of antique quality, speaking to her neighbour, whose frizzled head was thrust out at the corresponding window.

"Aye, we're no just come to nought yet, although we *hae* gaen the broidery cloak aff our backs that we ance wore so proudly, and the vera stools we sat upon, to thae pursy Englishers; else, we couldna gather sic a sample of our ain lads aff the hills. My sooth! when German Geordy sees thae cheilds, I think he'll maybe ken whether Scotland and her ancient puissance, and her ancient families too, Lady Comneathan, are to be considered nae better than auld shards, to be haurled like a broken pan at the tail o' her ain fat nobility."

"Ye *may* say that, Lady Kailcrawdy," re-

sponsored her equally discontented neighbour of the fifth flat. “It’s puir days for Scotland when her vera Highlandmen, instead of being visited by her lawful king, as our Charlies and Jamies used to do in my young days, maun gae up to London to make an exhibition o’ themselves to this interloping Hanoverian, and to hae the English rabble cutting their jokes upon their skirling pipers and their bare houghs, puir fallows. But mair than that, my lady. It’s no for naething that the gled whistles, or that that booing Whig, Maccullum-More of Argyle, or whaever else, has fleeced thae lads out o’ their country, to please the English folk, and get a claught to himsel. Ye ken how hard this second George is pressed for men to help out his foolish German wars, and his Maria Theresa, and his Hanoverian hobbies. What should hinder this to be naething but a decoy, to get thae puir chields slapped aff to the seat o’ war, for nae other end but to be buried in the trenches of Bergen-ap-Zoom, or such

other oonnamable places? I just wish the braw lads were safe back again."

The nod of assent, and pathetic response, with which this suspicion was received, was not confined to Lady Kailcrawdy, or the other far seen gossips of the upper flats of the Cannon-gate of Edinburgh; for the same sentiments were broadly reciprocated by men, who were neither deficient in attachment to the Protestant dynasty, nor yet in information regarding the real state of things in England. However, partaking the same sentiments of pride in the regiment, and even friendship for many of its members, as individuals, when the citizens observed, in the course of the evening, the orderly behaviour of the men, as well as their simple hilarity in the hearty enjoyment of Lowland good cheer, they both wished and hoped the best; and the evening was spent in such social intermixture between mountaineer and Lowlandmen, as tended greatly to dissipate mutual prejudices. The women, in particular,

made no secret of their admiration of "the Highland lads," and when the early drum of the following day called them from the comfortable chaff beds of the Lowlands, and assembled their long line on the castle hill of Edinburgh; when the pipes began to play them forth from the town, and the parting cheer of their partial countrymen, as they passed, to disturb somewhat pleasantly the silence of the morning; the regret that was already felt by many a simple heart, showed that Scotsmen, whatever feelings may be imputed to them, have a mutual enjoyment in the emotions of sentiment, and the hearty warmth of friendly nationality.

Thus our Highlandmen travelled on, and soon passing through the barrier town of Berwick, upon whose massy walls and frowning castle many of the officers looked with feelings which need not here be dwelt upon, the regiment at length found itself for the first time upon English ground.

“Ea! losh but this southland country ’ll be a braw place, after a’, Archie,” said Hamish the piper to his neighbour, as they surveyed with wonder the level plains of thick grass and corn that successively came in their view; for the prolific month of June had now invested England with all its richness. “It’s just the carse of Gowrie,” continued the man of wind, “ayont the carse o’ Strathmore, and the next carse o’ Strathairn ayont that, ever and aye. Ooch! it’s nae wonder, John Englishman ’ll hae plenty o’ shilling to the pouch and snuff to the nose; forbye the crowdies and the brochans, till her waeme’s like to brust.”

“Och aye—it’s a braw country—side enough—hunk!” said the other, throwing his eye athwart the green plain with an envious grunt. “But look at her peoples wi’ tè timmir brogue on her feet, an’ te bit round cogie on her head. An’ och but she’s a purfy creature,” he added, with a contemptuous glance at the gaping and well-fed peasants, who stopped their work to

gaze at them from every hedge as they passed ;
“ an’ has a chowler at her jaw like a Lowland
baillie. Wow, but she maun be stech’d sair wi’
te meat an’ te drink, when she waggles in her
walks like te skipper o’ Dornock, and haurls
her legs after her like an auld mare wi’ te
spavins.”

“ An’ has a braw sark to her back, but hasna
te havins to put it anoth te breekam,” answered
the other, observing with astonishment, and no
lack of national prejudice, the peculiar dress of
the peasants ; that is, their linen worn over
their other garments. “ But some o’ them,”
he added, “ are big chields enough, if ta could
gang hims lane better than a dog on its hind
legs, or handle a clymore like a Christian.

But these prejudices began to wear off as the
Highlandmen experienced the clumsy good-
nature of the villagers, and especially when
they found that, instead of being regarded by
the English with corresponding prejudice, as
half-naked savages, wearing nothing but a short

petticoat like a woman, feeding on oats like a horse, and sleeping on snow like a Laplander, as they had heard, not without truth, was the opinion held of them by common people of the south—they were treated with kindness, and even in many instances looked upon with perfect admiration. If, however, in the many late accounts of the famous events of the forty-five, we learn much of the astonishment excited in the country towns of England, as far only as Newcastle, by the Highland army who followed the chevalier two years afterwards, we may conceive the wonder with which this prior and better-appointed body were gazed at by the peasantry all the way to the metropolis. The dissipation of the prejudices just alluded to, however, by the actual sight of the men, formed the chief foundation of the surprise and admiration with which the Black Watch was regarded during the whole of this march ; when, instead of mountain savages, hardly admissible among a community of men, as their

own floating babble had represented the Highlanders, the English provincials saw a squadron of infantry such as Europe could hardly parallel, dressed in the martial and picturesque "garb of old Gaul," so celebrated in a song of which one of themselves was the author, and the whole behaving with a docile politeness which left the peasantry of the south far behind, we need be at no loss to account for the dread of the latter being changed into admiration, and their national jealousy into kindness and emulative civility. At length, far from fatigued with a march on foot of five hundred miles, over roads by no means such as they are in our day, the outer indications of London itself at length came into view; and the simple men thought only of seeing the king, who had sent for them, with nothing but kindness and compliments, and was now doubtless waiting for their arrival in his city, with anxious impatience, thinking, "to be surely," of them and their long march, at least as much as they were thinking of him.

It is the misfortune of Scotchmen, particularly the Highlanders—at least until long training in the ways of the *civilized* world may root out that which is part of their nature—that they always look upon the motives of those with whom they have to do, as considerably tinged with *sentiment*, or biassed either by friendship or enmity. Thus, in reference either to amity or offence, *feeling* being much the foundation of their own actions, they naturally judge of others by themselves; and be they perhaps a calculating people, they undoubtedly *calculate* constantly, more or less, upon the great impulses of human nature. The general body of the Black Watch, then, having been persuaded into trusting loyalty to the new dynasty, by a species of *sentiment*, well calculated to move men of simple apprehensions; and that sentiment having been warmed as well as verified, by an invitation from “the gude man that sat in Charlie’s chair,” for them to come up to London, that

king and servant might see each other ; this begun friendship and loyalty seemed to the latter to be further cemented and consolidated, by the soldier having opportunity of showing his skill and address in the handling of his peculiar weapon, and the king his favour to men, who, from various causes, thought they were entitled to think much higher of themselves than of the mercenary regiments of his Majesty's ordinary service.

Indulging these feelings, so flattering to apprehensions such as theirs, the Highlanders entered with joy the outer suburbs of the great city of London. The fame of their appearance having gone before, and the season being favourable, crowds came out to meet them ; and the wonder excited in the prejudiced metropolitan, at the unheard-of enormity of the Gaelic philebeg, was only equalled here also, by their surprise that it should look so well on a soldier, and their admiration of the general effect of the peculiar costume upon a large body of men.

Great astonishment was excited in the Londoners, as the bagpipe screamed for the first time in the then pleasant parks of Hornsey. The men of the Watch, however, received their first damper to their fresh feelings, upon finding themselves not permitted to enter the city in a body. The regiment halted just under Highgate hill, and the men were distributed into quarters throughout the ancient villages of Crouch End, Stroud Green, Muswell Hill, and other parts of that suspicious and straggling suburb, lying between it and Aldersgate, which in those days of imperfect police, was well known to give much trouble to the indulgent authorities of Middlesex.

CHAPTER VIII.

O England, attend, while thy fate I deplore,
 Rehearsing the schemes and the conduct of power ;
 And since only of those who have power I sing,
 I am sure none can think that I hint at the king.

LORD HERVEY, 1742.

HITHERTO the events of our story have obliged us to glance occasionally at the circumstances of the times, at least as viewed by the *dramatis personæ* with which we have had to do. But these personages, being chiefly Jacobites, in an age when every man in England, as well as Scotland, spoke in the exaggerated language of faction, it may not be amiss to refresh the reader's recollection by a few particulars of the history of a period, unusually important as prepa-

ratory to after events, yet from various causes subject in our day to unusual neglect.

The men who were chiefly instrumental in expelling the House of Stuart, and seating William on the throne of England, were, upon the whole, a firm and a wise set of patriots. Though the national unanimity, so remarkable in all parties, which brought about that measure, continued with little diminution for several generations, even extending, by the aid of events fortunate for the nation, to the introduction of the House of Hanover, and the final settlement of the Protestant succession; yet was not all this good obtained without an alloy of evil, which it is impossible the nation can easily either forget or repair.

This evil, under the effects of which England indeed at present groans, has unquestionably consisted, chiefly, in the gradual corruption of her public men, and the extensive swallowing up of patriotic principle, in views of selfishness and family aggrandizement, which was perhaps

at its height in the days of which we write, and has paved the way for so remarkable a waste, since, of the resources of a nation, whose internal energies have actually been such as perhaps to put all antiquity to shame. It is this fact perhaps, making the annals of England, during the reigns of the two first Georges, little else than the history of a disputing and changing legislature, efficient in nothing but its systematic corruption, and the power it thus obtained over a murmuring people, which causes this portion of our history to excite so little interest, and consequently to be so little known to the great mass of society in our own day. Even Marlborough's wars, in Queen Anne's time, partaking, as they did, of the same irrational character and abortive results, as the balance-of-power disputes and Hanoverian campaigns of the second George's times—even they now excite but little interest, to relieve the languor attending the details of eternal struggles for power and place at home, painful re-

petitions of complaints and representations, much talent and some patriotism, almost entirely wasted against the power of numbers and of money. The only event that really stands out in these *transitie* times, upon which the mind dwells with admiration or with melancholy, is the unhappy rebellion of the forty-five, which was the partial explosion of the feelings of the period, at least so far as Scotland was concerned, and whose characteristics as well as consequences are therefore studied and known.

But, blank as this period is in public interest, nevertheless, from the greater licence of manners abounding among all classes at the time, the greater simplicity of feeling, and consequent boldness of character, the greater ignorance generally, and particularly of politics; and, in short, the greater capacity of the people for bearing oppression or misrule, notwithstanding the disposition to tumult which so frequently showed itself in occurrences of private history and biographical romance; that period was in

many respects rich in facts, compared with the present times, much as we have advanced since in general moral and political improvement. It is the belief that these facts have not been altogether exhausted, notwithstanding the high talent that has been occupied in ransacking them, as well as that much remains to be instructively illustrated in the manners and opinions of a period so near to our own, that has caused us to adventure upon this present history. In doing so, we need hardly remark to the intelligent reader, that the strong language used by each party at the period, will be found fully to justify the expressions we have put into the mouths of those who have occasion to speak upon the political topics of their days, as well as those bitter imputations on the Hanover dynasty of our monarchs, which, however natural and common with the old Jacobite party, are found so nobly falsified in our own more auspicious days.

But to return to our brief sketch of events,

which agitated the public mind in England about the period of our story.

Ever since the accession of the House of Hanover, the care and protection of that small portion of the German empire, naturally however the favourite of the king, had been a terrible incumbrance on the foreign policy of England, by involving her in all the petty intrigues of the northern states, and inveigling her in a constant labyrinth of contentious diplomacy and continental disputes. This was peculiarly the case at the accession of George the Second, but it is no small praise to Sir Robert Walpole, that, whatever might have been the corruption which he systematically introduced into the British legislation, and from whatever motives he in general acted, in this instance he had the address to weather his king through all the intricacies of continental policy; and, both in the previous and the present reign, to keep England out of war for a great many years. Less sagacious, however, after all, than

some of his successors of later times, he did not perceive that when Englishmen have money to pay for war they delight to fight, and that a war minister is always more extensively popular than one who should even have the patriotism to relieve the people by slow and sure measures of policy—he employed the large revenues at his command in a manner well known, besides the support and augmentation of a standing army, then the subject of constant parliamentary bickerings until the humbled state of the nation, and the crippled state of her trade, from the insults in particular of Spain, at sea, became the means of raising that clamour against him, which accelerated his downfall, little more than a year previous to the period we are speaking of.

Into the causes which might have gone far to oblige this celebrated statesman to act as he did, we cannot of course now enter. But the grand political principle, then much in vogue, of maintaining the balance of power in Europe

—the pride of England to be umpire and redresser of the grievances of potentates—together with the partialities and continental connexions of the king, all led to that constant intermeddling with the plans of foreign powers, and that system of subsidising poor governments, which have cost England so much eloquence, as well as industry, to keep up, and of which we now so severely feel the effects. Neither can we enter into the complicated arguments by which the payment of Hanoverian and Hessian mercenaries, for fighting their own battles, or marching for the defence of the balance of power, were advocated by the eloquent ministry of that day; but this we know, that eloquence and talent had enough to do to make these, and a large standing army at home (to keep the Jacobites and political critics in check) hang well together; and the speakers and writers have not gained much grace and favour by it all, in the deliberate judgment of posterity.

But the merchants of London having first

insisted on a war with Spain—the death of the then Emperor of Germany bringing forward the celebrated Maria Theresa, Queen of Hungary, his daughter, against the not less celebrated Frederic of Prussia; another war was of course the consequence, into which England's foreign diplomacy, as well as her generous pity for the difficulties of a young queen, soon engaged her on the continent. The Netherlands were, as usual, the scene of the assembling of the armies, and here, Hanoverians, Hessians, and English, on the part of king George, and other armies on the part of their respective powers, had for some time been gathered together for the war, and began to think of moving towards the Rhine, soon after the time the Black Watch were ordered to meet his majesty in London.

As to the condition of Scotland all this while, or the sentiments of her people upon these transactions, they were considered of little consequence to a government which had something else to do than to pay attention to the murmur-

ings of a poor nation, which had lost all of which it was once proud, and whose needy or greedy nobility, persuaded or overawed by the eloquence or craft of one or two prominent men of her own nation, and influenced, no doubt, by more substantial reasons, were as subservient as the English ministry could wish. This ministry, indeed, as the reader knows, partaking much of the degraded spirit then so infectious, now practised or defended the policy, which in Walpole's hands they had formerly opposed and denounced. Managing, however, with his usual address, to divide the party whose power had caused his downfall, inquiries into the conduct of that celebrated man were parried by his policy, or stifled by the power of himself and his adherents ; and thus the stream of corruption, which had been only broken into bubbles, but by no means materially altered by recent changes, has, with a few hard-won improvements, continued to flow regularly on until the present day.

It does not belong to a performance of such slight pretensions as this, however, to attempt doing any thing like justice to either of the great parties of that day, or to the causes and tendency of the policy adopted, which, in the imperfect histories remaining to us of the period, have never yet been fairly or philosophically developed. As little would it be suitable for us here, to enter upon the great question of human nature, upon which is founded, of course, all the complex phenomena of the (partly inevitable) corruptions of governments. But it is thus that the lives and fortunes of unnoticed individuals are constantly affected, and it is with obscure persons, and private feelings and fates, that we have at present chiefly to do.

Before, however, finishing this brief summary, a few remarks more upon the state of sentiment then existing between Englishmen and Scotchmen, happily so different from what it is in our own day, may be necessary to the under-

standing of that part of our story which is yet to come.

From the days of the haughty Edward and Bannockburn, until the time we speak of, England had always stood towards Scotland, as well as Ireland, in much the same relation as the rich and powerful man, not over burdened with generosity, does to the proud spirited and the valorous yet poor man ; and in her treatment of Scotland, of late times, had made this spirit peculiarly observable and galling. Not to speak of the horrors of Glencoe, and the subsequent headings, and hangings, and confiscations, which might be partly merited from the overt acts of rebellion ; the jealousy and opposition of England, which was the main cause of the national disaster of Darien, sank deep into the minds of Scotchmen ; and followed, as it was, by the degrading terms of the Union, and the vengeful insolence with which the English legislature sought to punish the provost and magistrates of her ancient city of Edinburgh, upon the occa-

sion of the popular execution of Porteus, made the nation see what she had to expect from the spirit of her ancient but purse-proud enemy, and roused feelings which a century has yet scarcely allayed. While, then, the rich man's disregard of the feelings of the powerless was remarkably illustrated by the conduct of the English ministry towards Scotland, in these transactions; those feelings were made more keen on the part of the latter, by the fact, that the selfish corruption of the legislature in the south was strongly contrasted in the better part of the community in the north, by that quaint simplicity of manners and character, which is the foundation of so many virtues, and that chivalry of feeling, then so strong on the hills, which gives a loftiness of sentiment, that holds deceit and immorality in double scorn, and communicates an elevation to the best impulses of human nature, which often amounts to the purest romance.

That this was the case, at least with the

greater proportion of the high-minded mountaineers of the Black Watch, may perhaps be proved by the simple yet well-founded events of our tale.

CHAPTER IX.

Let them enter :

They are the faction. O conspiracy !
 Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
 When evils are most free ? O, then, by day,
 Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough ?

SHAKSPEARE.

TRANSFERRING our scene back in point of time, and still farther north in point of locality, namely, into the very heart of the mountains of Angus, we find two travellers mounted on Highland shelties, and with a single attendant in the shape of a guide, wending slowly down the heathy side of one of the mountains. It was already sundown. The scene around was singularly wild and dreary in its secluded and sombre sterility, and the narrow glen into which

our travellers were descending, for some time deprived of the light of day, lay a dark and unpromising gulph beneath them.

“Are we near the spot yet, Donald?” said Glenmore to the gilly; “conscience, but this is an ugly place for any such gathering.”

“It’ll joost be a twa or a three bow-shot ayont ta craig wi’ ta black face, her honour,” said the man. “We’ll joost be there in the cracking o’ her honour’s thumb.”

“There’s wondrous few objects in this dismal glen with other than black faces,” said the second equestrian, namely, our hero himself. “Faith, I think the *seidar dearag* would have little chance in such a contankerous pass as this.”

“I like the place well,” said the chief, looking on the black wilds and deep ravine below, with the sort of complacency which a Highlander always regards the misty sterility of his blue hills; “the choice of such a spot for the meeting of the chiefs, shows caution at least; a

quality, which if properly seconded, may save these misguided men from farther rashness; and in this respect, Hector, I look upon you, young as you are, as perhaps being of some use to us."

Descending with caution a steep pass, our travellers found themselves, at length, in a level hollow; but it was by this time so dark, that they could not tell whether the bottom of the glen contained a running stream, as usual, or whether they had still further to descend.

"Wha be there?" said the rough voice of a man, challenging them from a recess in the rock almost at their side, as they issued out of the gorge.

"Stuarts," was the ready answer.

"Keep close at the root o' the rock," said the man, "and turn to the left when ye see a peep o' red low."

Our travellers did as they were desired, and a streak of red light soon appearing to their left, as if through a loophole, they made

for it, and repeating the same pass-word, were admitted by a low but wide gothic arch into a dark passage of a massy building, that seemed partly in ruins. Mounting a few steps under the guidance of the man whom they met at the door, they were admitted into a small chamber, at the entrance of which they were again met by two stout fellows with large Lochaber axes in their hands, whose office it was to examine them by the light of a blazing torch, that flamed in the wind which blew through the loop-hole, or smoked up the dark walls of the chamber.

“And who is this youngster, Glenmore?” said one of them, plucking the torch from the wall, that he might have a better look of our hero.

“He is a true man, and no traitor,” said the chief. “I will be answerable for him.”

“If he is a true man, he has a name, the which, as you know, Glenmore, it is our duty to be apprized of.”

“Hector Monro is his name, since you will not accept of my word of surety.”

“We refuse not your surety, sir; but that is a Whig name. Is he of the Monros of —, or of —, or maybe, he is of the —.”

“I cannot just answer you—but he is a true man, and I am his bond.”

“Methinks, Glenmore, he should have a father, as most of us have—and no disparagement to you;” and the fellow with a scrutinizing sneer, looked first at the chief and then at the youth.

“Suppose his father and mother should be dead, and he left under my care, since you hold all this questioning.”

“You will excuse us, Glenmore,” rejoined the mountaineer, “but our duty is sworn to, and the Whigs are more crafty than a generous chief may think of.” With this speech he opened the massy oaken door at his back, and shutting it in their faces, left them under the care of the other battle-axe sentinels.

“So I am not to be admitted to partake even in the honour of committing treason, or in the risking of my life with others, from this cursed state of fatherless uncertainty!” whispered Hector to his friend, with a bitter expression. “Had I known this, Glenmore, I should never—”

“Hush, and be patient;—but here is the scrutinizer again.”

“You may enter, gentlemen,” said the man, as he returned; and throwing open the oaken door, Hector was shown a sight he was hardly prepared for.

Round a large square apartment, so lofty that when he looked up he could see the stars twinkling in the darkened sky, our hero perceived above twenty men, whose tall or athletic figures and high bearing, as well as the quality of their costumes, showed their station and authority as chieftains of the hills. Disdaining to comply with the detested disarming act, each man appeared with black belt and pistols,

upon the silver mounting of which, as well as of the dirk at their sides, and their weather-worn but haughty countenances, the light of the wood fire that blazed at one end of the apartment, shone in contrast with the black naked walls of the apartment, with a picturesque if not imposing effect. A single stone, rudely carved, stood near the end where the fire blazed. This, though probably once the altar, now served the purpose of a table, for on it was placed a silver inkhorn of antique workmanship, a few pens, a lump of green wax, and a small scrap of parchment. Beside this pedestal, and on another stone, sate a grave-looking elderly man, who seemed already appointed to the office of secretary. Among those who saluted Glenmore on his entrance, Hector noticed several of the men, who had dined at Glenmore castle on the first day of his arrival.

The proceedings were opened by a tall dignified personage, who, standing near the stone table, seemed to act as president, by informing

those present of the purpose for which they were met ; namely, to deliberate upon the information then in their hands, as to the practicability of freeing Scotland from English oppression and foreign tyranny, (as he was pleased to express it,) and of placing their rightful sovereign, his Majesty James the Third, again upon the throne of these realms. Upon this subject, he read to them several letters from his Majesty himself, then in France, the noble chevalier his son, and numerous other puissant personages, both in England and the low country of Scotland, who were ready to join them with hand and fortune, in any measures which would seem rationally to promise success in so glorious an enterprise.

Hector observed, that during this speech, several of the faces of those present remained perfectly grave, and contrasted strangely with the enthusiasm so natural to mountaineers, which most, however, exhibited at its conclusion. Several other chieftains, following the

president, spoke with brief and even poetical energy upon the subject; and, in their calculations of numbers, whom they expected to join them, should the king or his son land in Scotland, they spoke with the vagueness inflated into brilliant hopes, so usual with the projectors of such enterprises. The real question at present was, however, whether they should advise James, or his son, or the King of France, to whom the fugitive monarch looked for considerable succours, that the present was the time for making the attempt; and upon this part of the subject there was, as might have been expected, considerable division of opinion. This was the opportunity for Glenmore, who now stood forth to deliver his sentiments.

He said, that no man present was more sensible than himself, either of the evils under which Scotland at present groaned, or of the injustice done to their unfortunate, but lawful king. "In this world," he observed, "I need hardly remind you, there is nothing whatever

as we wish it, and little, indeed, that men have it *in their power* to alter for the better, even if they were agreed as to what was really desirable. It is therefore"—thus in substance continued the chief—"our wisdom often to submit to things as we find them,—at least until we perceive a clear path before us, and have tangible means of changing them to our wishes." This, on the subject upon which they had met, he contended was not yet the case; and showed, that any rashness upon a point of such importance, would plunge the country into a civil war, to the ruin of the whole of them, as well as their royal master himself. And he endeavoured to divert the chiefs from any further proceedings, by moving, that no answer whatever should be given to the court of St. Germain, until further and more satisfactory information was obtained. He concluded by proposing, that a special messenger be sent to London, to wait upon that zealous friend of King James,—namely, the dowager Duchess of Buckingham,

who, living in the very heart of the court, and intimate with all the leading persons who were favourable to the same cause, could give them thorough information as to what they ought rationally to hope for in the southron part of the kingdom.

Though sufficiently divided in opinion in general, this proposal met with the approbation of every man present of any coolness of thinking. The difficulty, however, was, where to get a messenger of sufficient intelligence to perform a mission which they did not think proper to trust to pen and parchment—who should not, at the same time, be liable to be arrested, through the watchful jealousy of the Whigs of the government. This was the very point to which Glenmore was desirous they should come; and now, bringing forward Hector, he eulogized him, as, notwithstanding his youth, fully competent to the important trust; and indeed, in respect of his knowledge of Lowland manners and of the English language, as well as for

his pleasing exterior and address, peculiarly well fitted for it.

Nothing, however, but the known principles, wisdom, and coolness of Glenmore, could have made a proposition of this kind be listened to for a moment, in respect to one so young as Hector; nor did it eventually pass without a repetition of those inquiries, regarding the youth's name and parentage, which always caused deep mortification to his feelings.

Honourable as such a mission might be supposed, to one in Hector's circumstances, he did not accept of it without a reluctance, which was only overcome by the solemn assurances of Glenmore, that in executing it, he was by no means committed to the cause; and that, in fact, by the opportunity it would give him of obtaining unprejudiced information upon an important point, he might, by a judicious use of the knowledge he would gain, become the means of averting almost a national calamity. "In truth," said the chief to him, aside, "if I may

judge from the letters I have seen from London, this descendant of the Stuarts, whom you are requested to wait upon, is nothing but a silly, vain, and intriguing old woman, whose designs, I shrewdly suspect, are, by her own imprudence, much about as well known to her enemies, as as they are to us here on the hills; and if that be true, some of our heads are not overly secure on our shoulders. But you will see, as to this, with your own eyes; and at all events, this journey will give you opportunity of seeing the great city of the south, with all expenses paid; and as you are yet but a youth, you know not what may come of it."

Money having been furnished for Hector's expenses before he left the meeting, and it having been arranged that he was to travel as he was to Edinburgh, and then get equipped with a fashionable dress of broad cloth, a periwig, and sword, after the first fashion of an English gentleman; taking with him Donald M'Evan as his servant, in a dress befitting his new sta-

tion, they both prepared for their long journey. The only document he received from the chiefs, in verification of his mission, was a small, circular piece of parchment, on the centre of which was imprinted a rude figure of the Scotch lion ; and at its four corners were superscribed sundry cabalistic-looking letters, of which the president, who gave him his instructions, said, her grace of Buckingham would well understand the meaning.

As to his instructions, these consisted chiefly of certain questions, which he was to put in the most diplomatic manner possible, to her grace ; but concerning the rest, he was in general told to have open ears and eyes, and a shut mouth, particularly as to the names of any of those whom he happened to know at the meeting. All this being arranged, Hector and his friend were conducted from the meeting in the same secret manner in which they had entered it ; and on the following day, the former, and Donald, were already many miles on their journey towards the Lowlands.

CHAPTER X.

You may tame a tiger, but it is ill jesting with a Highlander.

OLD SAYING.

THE long day of the pleasant month of April had allowed the lads of the Black Watch to find their quarters early enough to give many of them sufficient time, before the usual hour of rest, to take a short perambulation into the nearer part of the contiguous metropolis. Among others, the M'Phersons, eager to get a sight of the city, proposed to adventure at least as far into it the same evening as would enable them to get some idea of a place of

which they had heard so much. Taking with them their gilly Daniel, who was exceedingly anxious to see the king, or at least the town where it pleased his majesty to dwell, the whole adventured some way into that confused mass of streets which then occupied the space between the old Three Cups hostelry in Aldersgate-street, and the difficult purlieus of the straits of Barbican.

Though the streets through which our strangers passed were narrow, and much less picturesque than their own, at home in Perth or Inverness, they were much more crowded with idle or disorderly people, who in these halcyon days of gin-smuggling, then not entirely passed away, were able to get drunk for a penny, and particularly beastly for twopence; and this being the hour when the labours of the day were over, the common people seemed by no means averse to enjoy the delights of intoxication.

“Whar’ll the king’s house be noo?” said

Daniel every now and then, as he gazed up and down the dirty lanes. “Ogh, but the king’ll hae little sense to live in sic a filthy place, amang sic a set o’ blawthery,” and he snorted with contempt on the people surrounding. “Foigh! if her machesty would just come doon to Scotland, an’ take up her quarters on the north Inch o’ Perth!—but atweel she would get a better logement e’en in the Fisher-raw o’ Inverness, or the Cowgate o’ Embro, than in this ill-fawr’d goose-dub, oigh!”

As they proceeded along, however, their appearance excited such curiosity, that crowds began to follow them wherever they went. Some among the London rabble—at no time very celebrated for its delicacy, but now more gross in their manners than we who live in improved times are accustomed to witness—began first to insult their loquacious attendant, while others, particularly the women, crowded round them in every direction, as wild Indians may at this day gather round civilized Europeans; clap-

ping their hands, and making a species of remarks on the short kilts and bare knees of the Highlandmen, such as, however appropriate to these free-speaking times, we do not care to repeat. Most of the females, however, indulged in audible praises of the tall forms and manly, martial appearance of the brothers; but others seemed inclined to make free with the short person of the gilly, in a way that he did not at all relish.

“ Haud aff’ her hurdies, ye jades ! deevil’s in her ’pidence !” he exclaimed to a ‘ rampageous woman ’ who seemed disposed to have a pluck at his kilt ; “ Od tamn her ! would she hae a ravishment on te vera street ? If she tries tat plisk again I’ll coup her creels, tail up, like a Sutherland sealgh.” *

“ What does the creature say ?” cried some

* The habit of the seal, (or sealgh,) then often a visitant to the coast of Sutherland, in diving into the water “ tail up,” when chased by the mischievous boys, is well known.

among the crowd. "It speaks worse than a Welshman or a Lancashire boor," added others with true cockney conceit. "Sawney, you've forgot your breeches in Lochaber," cried a third. "I fear ye'll never get your way *bawlk again* o'er Highgate hill. A louse and a Scotchman never can find the north road;" and with such elegant mocking speeches did they sorely try the patience of the servitor mountaineer.

In the midst of this, as the twilight darkened down, the brothers endeavoured to retrace their steps by the way that led from Aldersgate; but becoming stupified with a crowd and confusion so new to them, and involved in the purlieus of Barbican and Little Britain, and withal a little provoked at their questionable reception, they were fain to take refuge in one of the best-looking inns, many of which, as well as twopenny ale-houses, or mug-houses, as they were then called, and other numerous haunts of low dissipation of that time, stood invitingly open to the casual wayfarer. Although

the morals and manners of London might by this period be slightly improved from what they were in earlier times, they were still sufficiently bad, among the rabble orders in particular, to excite in the minds of the strangers, referring as they did to the sober towns of northern Scotland, comparisons but ill calculated to dissipate their own national prejudices. Our strangers, however, entered the Friar and Flitch public with all the natural politeness of Highlanders, yet not without a feeling of condescension on their parts to a proceeding to which necessity only obliged them to submit, but which would be ill understood by the degenerate race of "corporal officers" serving his majesty in the present day.

Stooping their lofty ostrich-feathered bonnets, as they entered the low door of the public, the first apartment they made a halt in was the large wainscoted kitchen, which, however, was so well garnished with shining pewter platters, tin sconces, toasting jacks, brass warming-pans,

and other articles of cockney convenience, as considerably to raise the notions of the brothers, as to the house they had got into.

“ I wonder if this’ll be te king’s hoose already,” said Daniel, gazing round him with admiration. “ Hough no ! Nothing but te change hoose,” he added, observing the regiment of pint stoups and glasses which shone with English cleanliness at the side next the bar.

The little fat landlady started, and crept behind her husband, upon first seeing the strapping figures and uncommon dresses of the strangers, and the landlord himself stood aghast, and, pushing back his wife, retreated towards the corner ; while the tapster wench scalded herself, in her alarm, with the hot water she was at the moment drawing from the boiler for the use of a club, now seated in conclave in an inner room.

“ Can we have a room here, friend ?” said the elder of the M’Phersons.

“ Sir !” was all the landlord’s perplexed reply, not understanding this Scotch mode of seeking accommodation in an inn.

“ Te shentlemans duinhewassels wants a place in her hoose,” said the forward gilly, taking speech in hand.

“ Wants a place in my house ?” repeated the landlord, in increased astonishment.

“ Will she sell her a dram o’ te yill or te whiskey ?” replied the gilly, “ tat’s what tey ca’ te aqua-vitae.”

“ I keep no whiskey, gemmen,” said Boniface ; “ I’ve scarcely ever heard of it before, or of black-avitae either.”

Malcolm explained that they merely wanted to take refuge in his house from the crowd, and were willing, in the meantime, to use some of his drinkables this hot night.

“ We have Bethnal-green beer and Southwark stout,” ran on the business-like landlord ; “ we have Lincolnshire strong ale, spiced and posseted. and we have sack and gentian for

breakfast or for supper—better is not to be had from Shoreditch to Barbican; and then we have the genuine gin-cordial, double-distilled at Lambeth Marsh, good and wholesome for any gentleman's drinking."

"We'll just have the last, friend," said Malcolm, with a nod, Highlandman-like, taken with the word *gentleman*, in association with the liquor; and the landlady, as well as her maid, now beginning to feel a partiality for the strangers, a three-legged round table, made of fair honest deal, such as then was thought good enough for very worthy citizens, being cleared, the three strangers were placed round it, and fairly seated in the most aristocratic corner of the kitchen. In this arrangement Daniel was of course included, according to the primitive practice on the hills.

"Joost let her pree't* first, an she pleases," said the gilly, looking most suspiciously at the

* Taste it.

liquor now brought forward, and a modicum of which was confidently put into his hand.

“ Biogh !—fush !—tamn her !” he exclaimed, spitting out, in the most contemptuous manner, and with many a wry face, a whole mouthful of the distillation. “ Cordial atweel ! Te shentlemans shall ne’er let a drap o’t ower him’s troat : ’twad turn the stomach o’ a fishwife !”

The noses of the two other Highlanders now certainly curled with a national nausea at the flavour of the juniper, as they next successively criticised this favourite cockney cordial. But the landlord, in pity to their ignorance, condescended to exchange the drink for a stoup of Lincolnshire ale, which Daniel pronounced *almost* as good as Edinburgh nappy.

While the landlady and her kitchen assistant now began to cast looks of meaning towards each other, and then, at the surprising phenomena of costume, presented before them, by which the fair skins and athletic limbs of the

strangers were exposed, in a manner quite touching to Barbican delicacy, the man of the inn had slipped forth into an apartment adjoining, to inform a club of substantial citizens there assembled, of the extraordinary persons whom chance had brought into his kitchen.

“Let’s go see them,” said several men, about to start up.

“I don’t see any reason why we should leave our ale to run after any petticoat Scotchmen ’somever,” said a round-faced man, with a good positive English look; “let ’em come to see huz.”

“I’m sure they wont come at *my* invitation,” remonstrated the landlord, afraid of the next proposal; “for, for all their going without breeches, and talking a foranation lingo, the two of ’em look as proud as if they were she-riffs of London. It’s no use *me* axing ’em, gemmen !”

“Now, Mr. Fillpot,” peremptorily asked a thin-faced man, with a wiry voice, “weren’t

you once a waiter at the King and Cobbler, in Westminster?"

"I was, mister," said the landlord, with pride; "and hope I've shown my court breeding to the worthy gemmen of Barbican."

"And you pretend to tell me you can't flatter a Scotchman, and lead him out of his way? Bah! I won't believe it. If you didn't learn that among the gallants about Palace-yard, you've earned fewer half-crowns than you ought to have done. Come, I'll tell you the way to do it. Approach a Scotchman with ceremony, make him a worshipful bow, call him a gentleman, and compliment his country; and if you don't get him to turn to the left for you, or to do your errand through dirt and mud, my name's not Jack Tomlins. What say you, gentlemen?"

This general exposition of Mr. Tomlins gave universal satisfaction, (upon the common principle of beating all mankind on the back of a selected nation, or a single individual,) and Mr.

Fillpot was dispatched, with the compliments of the president of the Barbican club, to act his part to the proud yet docile strangers in an embassy of some delicacy.

Making a low bow on his return to the kitchen, and conducting himself with the prescribed ceremony, the landlord delivered his credentials in an imposing manner, and the flattered Highlanders began to take the proposal into consideration.

“ They are most respectable gemmen as any on this side of Fleet-ditch,” said the landlord, as they hesitated—“ some of them even worshipful liverymen of the city, out of Cripple-gate and Crutchedfriars.”

“ It’s a reasonable civilization, and te shentlemen’s ought to be honour’d wi’ her company, nae doubt,” said Daniel, volunteering his council with conscious pride; “ I kend that when te muckle king himsel sent for her to come to Lunon to him’s nain hoose, a’ the wee dogs in the worl would be sure to rin after her.”

In short, after a few moments' parley, the brothers got up from their little round table, the landlord preceding them, and Daniel following, while the landlady herself, bearing the drinkables, brought up the rear of the procession : the strangers were thus, with great pomp, ushered into the august conclave of the Barbican club.

The whole company, saving the president, rose on their entrance, partly out of premeditated mock respect, and partly from being really struck with the imposing appearance of the M'Phersons. Being seated, a glance round the low-roofed apartment might have given the strangers a ready idea of the sentiments of the club collectively, had they known something of the London world. As it was, however, they only saw the small black panels of the walls, plastered over with numerous caricature prints of the time, but such only as were of a strongly anti-jacobin sort, throwing every species of grotesque ridicule upon the political malcontents

of the day, particularly on all who retained a bias towards the exiled house of Stuart. On the table lay the popular newspapers of the day; and on glancing round the company, a man of fancy might have imagined that the square tradesman-faces of the men, their not less square-cut clothes and stiff wigs, with their bluff confident look, indicated as well the no-popery whiggish sentiments of the time, as it did their consciousness of being on the right side in politics; that is, that they were backed and supported by the reigning powers of the day.

Accordingly, although involuntarily constrained to admire the handsome exterior of the mountaineers, they nevertheless regarded them not only with a good marked frown of English jealousy, but, knowing that they came from the land of unsubdued jacobinism and proverbial poverty, each man seemed more disposed than another to express his contempt, looking askance at the strangers as lions at

whom they might stare, but scarcely deigning the coldest civility.

“What may be your rank in this Highland regiment?” said one, somewhat puzzled by the dress of the strangers.

“Only corporals at present,” said Malcolm, not a little damped both by the reception and this preliminary question; “it is no easy matter to get commissions among so many gentlemen as we have in the Watch.”

A wink of the eye from several, and an audible whisper about Highland pride, were the only visible effects of this information.

“What does your regiment up here in London, friends?” said the president. “By the name you assume, as well as from what I have heard, I thought you were raised but to watch over your own mountains, where the people, I understand, are not the most orderly in the world”

The brows of both the brothers began to lower dreadfully at this unexpected specimen of English bluntness, after their own recent expe-

rience in the streets without. But the mercury of their pride rose within them in proportion as it was attempted to be lowered by the company.

“ We are merely come to this southland for a visit, and by the invitation of the king,” said Malcolm.

“ Hinvitation !” repeated a broad-faced man, “ is that the word on your horderly book, my friend ?”

“ I know not what word is on the orderly book, but by all that has been told to us, as well as what is set forth in the public newspapers, we are merely sent for to London, that the king may see us, and then to return to Scotland again.”

“ You are surely mistaken, young man,” said the president.

“ How can I be mistaken, when we have orders to be ready to be reviewed in a few days, some where near your city, by his majesty in person ?”

The members of the club here gave each other a look of sneering surprise ; and several, taking the pipes out of their mouths, burst forth into a fit of loud laughter.

“ You will excuse us, young man,” said the president, “ but you seem to labour under some unaccountable error. The king has this very day sailed from Greenwich on his way to his paternal dominions in Hanover, where his majesty means to remain for the summer.”

“ Surely, sir, that cannot be the case !” said Samuel, astonished.

“ The fact is publicly stated in the newspapers, and has been announced here for some days. There—read that !”

The astonishment with which the brothers read the paragraphs from the newspaper now handed to them need not be dwelt upon.

“ But some other royal man will surely be here to see us,” said the elder M‘Pherson, recovering his breath, although showing himself but little *au fait* in courtly matters.

“ That cannot be either,” rejoined the president ; “ for the only other royal man likely, as you express yourself, is the duke of Cumberland, the king’s second son, and he has also sailed with his majesty, and is, I dare say, by this time beyond the Nore.”

“ It’s a tamn’d lie ! I winna believe her dirty paper ! ” exclaimed from behind, to the astonishment of the club, the barbarous voice of Daniel the gilly ; “ the king’s machesty has o’er mickle love an’ favour for the brave shentlemens o’ the Black Watch to leave them in the dead-thraws in this ugly Lunon confusionment. She’ll no believe ’t, though the man wi’ the wig were to swear to it ! ”

“ This is really a very extraordinary matter, gentlemen,” said Malcolm, with difficulty stopping the mouth of the furious gilly ; and unable to add more, the brothers gave a meaning glance in each other’s faces, and relapsed into gloomy meditation on the news.

“ I don’t see any thing very extraordinary

about it," said another member from the corner. "His majesty has somewhat else to do than to think of any Scotch regiment whatever, unless it be to send them to take their share in his German war."

"But we," said Malcolm M'Pherson, aghast at this insinuation, "have enlisted with the express understanding never to be taken from our own country."

"Poogh-oogh!" rejoined the citizen; "when the king wants men, or the lords o' the regency want to strengthen their hands, what does either care about express understandings, held out by recruiting sergeants to ignorant Highlanders? You'll excuse me, *gentlemen*," continued the speaker, sarcastically, "but I know something of these matters, and it is quite right that his majesty's advisers should take every means in their power to crush in the bud all jacobinism, popery, and disaffection, and to strengthen the glorious Protestant succession, which is well known to be endangered by the spirit of discon-

tent and intrigue, which has always existed in your Scotch country. In short, it is very evident to me, that there are good reasons for calling you from the north at the present crisis ; and wherever you may be sent, it is not likely that you'll soon get back to it again."

The simple-hearted Highlanders were overcome with astonishment, as well at the tenor of this reasoning, as at the business-like coolness with which it was uttered.

" If they send the Highlanders to the seat of war,"—said one, speaking to his neighbour in an under tone, and with true anti-jacobite hatred—" if they send them to Flanders, what a diversion it will be to Dutchmen, who wear half a dozen breeches per man, to see brawny fellows without any at all ? "

" That dress of yours, friends, must be very airy in winter weather," said another, speaking out, " and rather troublesome of a windy day."

" And particularly ill suited for riding o'

horseback," said a third, taking up the facetious turn of the remarks.

"A part of the dress you are pleased to laugh at," said Malcolm, sternly, "is a sharp dirk, that before now has drank the blood of the Sassenach, who knows not how to be civil to the stranger;" and both brothers, starting to their feet, laid their hands on the weapons that hung by their sides.

"An' a muckle clymore to take the part o' her king an' her peoples!" screamed Daniel, jumping forward, and drawing to its full length his own naked blade, "an' shee'll sheer off like a syboe, the boss heads o' ony man that'll do her maister wrang in te English change hoose."

"For Godsake, men, what do you mean?" said the president, putting up his hand, while the whole company stood up in a sudden consternation. "Sit down on your seats; we meant no offence by our civil joke. We are peaceable citizens of London, and do not understand Highland broils, and yet I am willing to beg

your pardon in the name of the company ; for indeed, Mr. Hopkins," he added, addressing the last offender, " you have carried the joke too far with these strangers."

A reaction of English generosity very creditable to the club now took place of the former facetious sneering ; but all apologies and explanations were received by the brothers with a frowning hauteur, more indomitable, as some members said, than if the corporals had been the lord mayor himself ; and silently returning their offered pledge in a cup of Lincolnshire spiced, the Highlanders, bowing ceremoniously to the astonished company, proudly and sullenly stalked forth from the Barbican club.

CHAPTER XI.

What did this vanity,
But minister communication of
A most poor issue?

SHAKSPEARE.

THE Black Watch had been in London some time, when Hector Monro also arrived in the English metropolis, scarcely able to believe that he was the *employé* on a mission, which might lead to the most important political consequences. Having made himself somewhat acquainted with the form of the city, as well as the chief haunts of the coffee-house politicians of the times, dressing himself in his best one morning, he called a chair, then the usual mode

of city conveyance on visits of ceremony, and set forth for the residence of the dowager duchess of Buckingham.

The information he had been enabled to collect since his arrival in the metropolis, amidst the raging and distorting exaggerations of party, was upon the whole such as to give him fully as low an opinion of the sense and power of the noble personage he was about to visit, as he already had, in the same respects, of the turbulent, yet chivalric chieftains, who had sent him upon this dangerous and almost unnecessary errand. When he looked around him in London also, and contrasted the evident power, the grandeur, and even the tranquillity that existed, amid all the angry discussion of faction, with the rude and fitful valour of a few discontented chieftain son the hills of the north; he was almost inclined to turn back without giving himself the trouble of seeking information from one, who, notwithstanding her high name and lineage, was justly represented to him as a

weak and disappointed, yet pompous and intriguing old woman.

It was a new scene for Hector thus to be at once elevated from his low station, to the character almost of a plenipotentiary upon national affairs—treasonable though it might be called—and to be carried in a chair, like a lord, to the noble palace of a descendant of king James himself. Yet truly, had it not been for that submission to the opinion of others, which is the constant curse of all greatness, he would, like the Highlander who went in the same sort of vehicle without a bottom, have much rather *walked*; pomp and circumstance of this sort being as yet no way accessory to his happiness. Submitting, however, to his new gentility with a creditable grace, he suffered himself to be inclosed in the box, and carried along between two poles, through the pleasant Mall of James's Park towards the noble edifice then in its glory, well remembered still by the name of Buckingham House; this edifice, as the reader

knows—which became afterwards the domestic residence of George the Third, and in which nearly all the present royal family were born—has but lately been removed, to make way for a palace that has by no means as yet received the degree of admiration, which at that day was awarded to its venerable predecessor.

At the time we speak of, the opportunity of seeing the interior of a building so celebrated, not to speak of conversing with the noble and famed dowager, its occupant, might well have been considered a flattering advantage, by persons much higher circumstanced than our youthful hero. When he got within the iron palisade which separated the front lawn from the park, and alighted on the marble-paved terrace introductory to the hall, he could not help stopping to admire a situation, which, whatever may be said of it in our day, exhibited then a splendid proof of the judgment of the celebrated John Sheffield, the tasteful founder of the noble mansion. But few buildings being

then scattered over the, now crowded, neighbourhoods of Whitehall and Westminster, the view towards the Thames was but little interrupted by the compact beauty of the banquetting hall, which arose classical and stately above the few low houses and ornamented gardens at the eastern end of the park, and suffered the eye of the spectator then to roam, uninterrupted, over the green flats of the Surrey side of London, until it rested perhaps on the rich greenwood or turreted observatory that crowned Greenwich hill, far down the river. Nor was the view to the north then less pleasing or even interesting, at least from the higher windows of the palace; for the present aristocratic mansions of Piccadilly not being then raised, the whole sweep of country was open to the north, leaving the eye to range over the variegated fields of May Fair and Tottenham Manor, until its view was bounded by the uplands of Hornsey Wood, or Highgate, or dwelt complacently on the tapering spire of Hampstead church.

The square lawn in front of Buckingham house, afterwards denuded of its ornaments by the severe taste, or rather stubborn wilfulness, of George the Third, then contained a picturesque fountain, in its centre, in the basin of which a venerable Neptune held aloft a formidable trident, which no way appeared to dismay the burly Tritons, who seemed to blow their shells or to paw the twinkling water beneath, with a standing expression of zeal and animation. Other statues and figures of classical fame, profusely ornamented the fanciful parterres, and trigonometrical green-plots of this elaborate lawn ; which, as a whole, then formed a good specimen of a style of taste by no means to be despised even by the upstart improvers of our day. Even the mansion itself was certainly much deteriorated in its palace-like effect of latter years, when, along with the removal of Neptune and his supporters from the lawn, its royal proprietor afterwards caused to be removed, the *acretoria* of figures, representing Mercury, Secrecy,

Liberty, &c., which then stood ranged above the noble balustrade that adorned the upper front of the palace.

When Hector was admitted within the hall, of which the terrace we speak of might be said to form a part, he could not help being further struck with the classic beauty and fine ornaments of a vestibule and staircase, which has often been made the theme of description and eulogy. Here he inquired, as instructed, for a particular servant, who, receiving his simple credentials with a look of knowing importance becoming the occasion, undertook to deliver it at once to one who would put it into her grace's own hands. In the mean time, Hector was left alone in the hall to experience for a little that real delight which the unsated fancy enjoys in the fresh contemplation of objects, that to the great, who are accustomed to them, are usually common-place, tiresome, or indifferent. How superior now seemed the noble range of arches springing towards the

roof along a complete side of the hall, and the fine Corinthian columns by which they were supported, compared to the bald and low-browed gothic passages in the old castle of Balloch ! The shining marble of the floor he almost feared to tread upon ; the statues and the tripods bearing lamps around, were the very perfection of the art of that day ; and the imaginative paintings of the school of Raphael, which the walls presented on every side, formed altogether a profusion of beauty, that at first almost confused the unpractised eye. From the foot of one of the lofty arches which opened to different passages, ascended the magnificent sweep of the grand staircase, each step of which was composed of one entire Portland stone, while, as the eye looked upwards to the painted roof above it, which was fifty-five feet from the ground, pillars and statues gracing the walls, gods and goddesses smiling or frowning in life-like groups above, seemed to sit among their clouds, or to be borne along in their gilded

cars, as if painting had caused a new world to arise, where aerial beings sailed in the near heavens, taking delight in the sculptural and architectural magnificence, scattered with such profusion in the niches and vestibules beneath them.

Hector's admiration of this celebrated staircase, wherein, amidst the classic groups of the mythological deities, the noble form of Juno seemed, with all the reluctance of a woman and the pride of a goddess, in the act of entreating a favour of her more beautiful rival, Venus herself, and on the walls of which, beneath, the whole story of Dido was told with all the skill of art, had induced him to mount to the first landing-place, when his contemplations were interrupted by the return of the servant. The man informed him that the duchess would see him in a short time, in the meanwhile opening the folding-doors of what the duke himself, in his account of Buckingham-house, has called "a great double-door," showed him into a mag-

nificent apartment, whose size was scarcely perceived in its lofty proportions.

“Your honour, I perceive, is from the north, sir,” said the man, placing for Hector one of the velvet-covered chairs. “You will excuse my freedom, but if my noble mistress should keep you waiting for some time, as is her way, there is a countryman of your honour’s in this mansion, a gentleman, who, though in no high condition, you might not be the worse for seeing. At least I know he would be glad to see you, with your honour’s permission, and the Scots, I believe, have a clannish pleasure in doing each other a good turn, especially when they meet in strange quarters.”

“I should be most happy,” said Hector, surprised at the speech, and glad at the opportunity which the observing habits of a countryman of his own would be likely to furnish him of some knowledge of the personage to whom he was about to be introduced. The man, bowing, retired; and our youth had some

time to cast his eyes over the pictures with which the apartment was thickly hung, or through the lofty windows, to the still more attractive prospect to the rear—where, as the duke himself describes it, statues and vases rose over sparkling parterres and variegated patches of foreign exotics, while rows of tall lime-trees, further off, hung thickly massed in the rich foliage of summer. These pleasant groves were bordered with tubs of bay and orange trees in the Dutch fashion, forming successive broad walks, or rising terraces, among which wound “a fair canal,” that, with “a little wilderness full of blackbirds and nightingales,” made the scene towards the Queen’s Park “most enchanting.” Our youth was immersed in admiration of these objects, when the door again opened, and who should walk in but his old acquaintance of Breadalbane, Andrew Trotter.

“Bless my soul and body, Maister Hector!” cried the quondam major-domo, trotting forward in a perfect ecstasy, “are my een mar-

rows, that I see you here in the great city o' Lunnon? And ye came to the big door in a sedan chair, like a lord. Weel, there's nae-thing impossible in this life. Ye'll excuse my freedom, but as I hae been getting a step or twa up the ladder mysel, ae gentleman should ken another in this worl', so as we are both prosperous men, there's my hand, and I'm specially glad to see you."

"I have no objection to take credit for the prosperity, however equivocal," said Hector, smiling, yet keeping his hand to himself, "since the bare suspicion of it procures such ready friendship. But as, on your side at least, it seems to have a reality, I may be excused for expressing some curiosity to know what could have transferred you from old Breadalbane to a quarter where you were so little to be expected."

"Why, 'deed," replied the old man, "it's a movement in life that I canna weel account for mysel, unless it be caused by that speerit

of inquiry into the inner nature o' things, whilk is known to be such a characteristic of our canny countrymen. But high station and rank, such as I am now promoted to, canna be kept up upon Highland wages; and an it hadna been for the temptation o' a sly peep into the ways o' the great quality behind the curtain, in a house like this, and a hearty bite aff the auld tree o' knowledge, de'il o' me if I would be at the expense o't; for I'll tell you what, Maister Hector, a gentleman's a gentleman when he comes to London, and that ye'll find at the bottom o' your pouch."

"Doubtless, Mr. Trotter—doubtless—the old story of the consumption of the purse; but the very dignity to which you have been elevated," said Hector, adopting sarcastically the lofty deductions of the man in office, "while it subjects you to the inconveniences inseparable from your high station, brings you into closer contact with those great personages, with whose inward proceedings it is your pleasure to get acquainted."

“ Indubitably, sir ;—indubitably, Maister Monro ;”—but the old man at this gave a curious glance at Hector under the bushy corner of his eyebrow ; “ and I think the change in *your ain* circumstances, whilk ye havena yet thought fit to expound to me, has learned you at least a mair sugar-candy way o’ speaking, than when I kend you langsyne on the braes o’ Breadalbane. One thing I can tell you, however, about the duchess my mistress, whilk ye’ll maybe no ken,” added the old man, with a sarcastic drawing up of his eyebrows, “ that she’s strongly suspected to be acquaint wi’ the Pretender.”

“ And another thing I can tell *you*, Mr. Trotter, since you take me on that tack, without giving me time to return your confidence,” said Hector, “ that you need not have taken the trouble to be so diffuse about the cause of your transferring your services from an old master so strongly attached to one party, to a new mistress so much looked up to by the

other. Truly, sir, I have no occasion to sugar-candy you, as you choose to phrase it, in respect of the office you have undertaken."

"What office do you mean, sir?" What is it you say? Do you tender a rank presumption to a gentleman o' my years?"

"I tender no offence, Mr. Trotter, nor have taken any beyond what the occasion may justify; but from your own words you seemed to make little secret of the cause of your leaving the house of a crafty Whig, where you have spent your youth, and to whom you have no doubt still a Highland attachment, for the service of a personage so deeply concerned with that party, of the movements of which the government, to whom your late master is strongly wedded, may be supposed to be most anxious to procure information."

The old man stared with all his eyes, for although possessing the usual shrewdness of his countrymen, respecting matters close at hand, he was as much a simpleton as most of them to

the great deceptions of the world. "And so, Maister Hector, and so—but just tell me exactly your think. I can hear it."

"I hope I do not wrong you, Mr. Trotter," said Hector, "but there are certain comers and goers about this noble mansion, and there are certain sentiments spoken in my lady duchess's presence; and it was not likely that a sensible man like the Earl of Breadalbane would have had you placed here without some expectation that you would use your eyes and ears. Now, to be very plain with you, as I have come to speak with this dowager and near relative of the dreaded Pretender, upon some business that deeply concerns some of our countrymen, you cannot expect me to be very willing that you should bite your apples off the tree of knowledge at the expense of my safety, or those who sent me."

As Hector spoke, the sharp features of Trotter relaxed gradually, and his small grey eyes began to sparkle, as if a light had suddenly

broke upon him, until, by the time our youth had ended, he set up a whistle, that echoed like a blackbird's note, from wall to wall of the lofty apartment.

"Phew! ew!" he went on, cracking his thumbs in restored good-humour; "weel, if I dinna deserve to rin the langest gowk's-errand that ever set a fool agog on April morning—my name's no Andrew Trotter. There's my hand, Mr. Hector! Lord, ye'll be a man yet, for ye have taught me, doited fule as I am, that I hae a nose on my face. A spy, forsooth! A bribed spy, gude faith! Andrew Trotter may be a wee thought simple, but he'll trot back to his ain country again, like a silly dog upon three legs, afore he submits to that. Hoigh! here's a bonny end to a' my greatness, as the man says in the play-book."

"And is it possible, Mr. Trotter," said Hector, "that you came here without ever being conscious of your expected function?"

"As little as an auld blind mare is o' the

winkers on her chafts, that keep her frae seeing them that ride on her ain back," said Trotter; "but I tell you what it is, Maister Hector, if they're trying to make a blind Geordie o' me, on the tae side, I jalouse they are doing the same trick wi' you on the t'other; but if that is the case, my faith! just let us lay our heads thegither, and if we dinna cheat them baith, never say the de'il got the blind side o' a Scotchman."

"Well then, in order to begin fair," said Hector, "as my part of the business can be better done by sound information than by any ordinary diplomatic roguery, just be so kind as give me as much knowledge of the sort of lady that I am about to have an interview with, as you may have been enabled to pick up in your station; both backstairs gossip, and forestairs gazettes, for even political movements do much depend on the private foibles of leading persons, and I know of old your talent for making observations on the manners of the quality."

“ But no of speaking a word *against* them !” whispered Trotter, in alarm—his Scottish caution coming in powerful aid to check his natural turn for gossiping scandal. “ Odsake, it would be like talking about the sultan in his ain seraglio, to say a word ajee o’ the quality, here in the great hoose ; for ye ken they’re all powerful on earth, if no in heaven—and the big dog may bowff when the wee mouse darena cheep. But ye see, as to my dowager here, if it werena that she’s o’ the real quality, (although her mother was nae better than she should be,) and believes herself to be a byeblow o’ king James himself—she’s just as silly an auld wife as ever knitted a stocking at a peat fire, or rather, as ever guided the reasonless spirit of faction, or led foolish men to their ain ruin. Ye may gae hame and tell that whene’er ye like, Maister Hector.”

“ But give us some examples, or some further history, to prop up your assertions,” said Hector, his duty to his constituents strongly on his mind ; “ I can easily conceive, at least, that the

circumstances of her grace's birth should give her a bias to the unfortunate exiled family so nearly related to her."

"Noo that's the very point in hand, and the hobby on which her grace has ridden a' her life," said the gentleman of the household, "and the pride or persuasion o' which has been the cause of a' the pomp and flummery, and spite and disappointment, that has made her grace the laughing-stock o' the court, and the shuttlecock of factious intrigue, since ever honest John Sheffield died, that once kept her in order. Wasna that the cause o' her lang journeys to Rome, and her whee-jees wi' the Pope and the cardinals, and her crocodile piety at Paris, and her greeting o'er the threadbare pall o' the dead king, and her letters wi' the Pretender, and her vapouring to discontented Tories, and her high-flown epistles to our ain chiefs o' the hills, who hae mair faith than gude sense to believe in sic a haveral. And a' this whally-whawing to bring o'er the Pretender, because

she wad hae't that she was his sister, though on the wrang side o' the blanket; and yet it's a perfect pridefu' bam—for she's nae mair the king's daughter after a', than she's mine, or her mother was a liar, gude forgie me for speaking sae o' the quality."

"And whose was she then?" said Hector, simply, "do not stop thus in the middle of your tale."

"Faith, Maister Hector, if ye speer sic questions as that at court ladies, ye'll no get baith a true and a ready answer. Ye see, the duchess, e'en when she was young, was aye as proud as Lucifer about being fathered on the king; but her mother, Lady Dorchester, besides being weel acquaint wi' several gentlemen o' the time, king and commoner, had a gay rough tongue; and when she was fashed wi' the young lady's pride, used to say, 'Ye needna gie yoursel sae mony airs, Kate, for ye're no the king's daughter, but just Colonel Graham's; and that same was a likely tale, for the colonel, honest fallow,

didna ken how mony bairns he had amang them a' in thae days—ha, ha, ha !”

“ But Lady Dorchester must have been a ——”

“ Whisht, Hector !” interrupted Trotter, “ ye mauna say a naughty word in sic a braw room as this, although there's naughty enough deeds done in palaces, or the world is leed on. But aye preach sound doctrine, as I told langsyne, and then ye may do as many naughty deeds as ye hae time for.”

“ But, at least the mistress of this noble palace, whatever her private peculiarities may be, has long been a leading lady in factious affairs, and is the only one to cope with the Duchess of Marlborough of well-known name.”

“ Nae doubt, nae doubt,” said the gentleman, his tongue wonderfully loosened, “ and hate one another with all the unrelieved spite of old women, and spit at one another when they meet, like two tabby cats on a stairhead. But

the last job that my dowager has been at is the funniest ava, and as she is too stately to admit you for half an hour yet, if you want to see a sample of her gracious humour, as well as further insight into the apartments of this mansion, just follow me."

Opening a pair of folding-doors, the man in office led the way into that apartment, following on the suite, which, lined round with crimson satin, the roof and upper cornices painted with Egyptian ornaments, was, in Queen Charlotte's time, called her own, or the crimson drawing-room. Hector was scarcely allowed time to contemplate this magnificent apartment, when the further folding-doors being next opened, he entered, with astonishment, a large and loftier saloon than he had yet seen in the mansion, the pictured walls of which were hung round with heavy draperies of black cloth, a noble canopied chair or throne being raised in the centre, having seats planted round, all covered with the same sable draperies,—the

whole having a singularly funereal and impressive effect. Between the festoons of black on the walls, full-length portraits of kings and princes stood out, in bold attitudes, on the glowing canvas ; while large oval mirrors, in frames of curious pattern and brilliant gilding, reflected and multiplied the emblematic 'scutcheons and sable draperies from the opposite sides of the room.

But it was the painted ceiling of this noble saloon, and its elaborate adjuncts, arching down to the side walls, in which the late duke had taken peculiar pride, that would have received Hector's chief admiration, if his attention had not been attracted, at the moment, by an object that well might excite the simple wonder of one unaccustomed to witness the whimsicalities of the little great. This was a cane-framed case, containing two figures dressed in embroidered scarlet, who seemed staring upon him, startling him at first with the idea of ghostly life ; but whose bluff-tinted cheeks, fixed glassy eyes, and

steady expression, flinched not from his gaze as he came forward, and showed him that the effigies were of wax.

A dry grin of Scots sarcasm appeared on the critical countenance of the gentleman of the household, as Hector turned to him for an explanation of these wonders. Holding up his finger, however, to caution our hero from speaking loud, he proceeded, in an under tone of voice, to gratify his curiosity as follows.

“Why, ye see, the last job that our lady-duchess was about, was the marriage o’ her daughter with the son of a grandee o’ the court, one Lord Hervey. His lordship, ye see, was a great favourite wi’ the auld queen, an’ a high orator for the Hanover king, as lang as auld Robin Walpole had a penny to spend to buy up the rotten apples o’ the court. But when puir Robin couped his creels and got the bag, the queen by this time being dead, Lord Hervey was put on the shelf, and began to make the feckless complaint of a disappointed man. Weel,

though his lordship was a Whig, and fought through dirt and mud, wi' Robin, the best part o' his life, when he found himsel a broken merchant on the political exchange, he sets about plotting to marry his son to the daughter o' the very head and corner-stone o' the Jacobites,—namely, my mistress; for power is power, though it *should* be linked wi' treason itself; and ye canna expect an old courtier to be vera particular whilk side he takes, when there's power and profit in the way. Weel, this propose was a great turn-up for a neglected auld dowager, like her grace o' Buckingham; and the opportunity was not to be cast away, of doing a little pomp, and playing the queen, or the king's daughter, in a small way, to a broken-down lord, who had lost his place. Accordingly, my lady appoints a day to receive his lordship in due state; and of a' days in the year, the duchess behoved to choose the day o' the martyrdom, as the phrase is, of her royal grandfather, Charles the First. Here, then, she re-

ceived his lordship, dressed in the weeds o' woe, as if the monarch had died the day before, seated on that throne, the saloon being decorated as you see it; while a retinue o' her ladies, in queenlike state, but dressed like the mutes at a funeral, supported the parade o' this mockery o' grief."

"But these staring wax dolls," said Hector, pointing to the glass-cases,—“what can they possibly mean?”

“The young face, wi' the glowering een, and the tow hair round its waxen stiffness, is meant for the effigy o' her grace's son, a weakly callant, that was buried short sinsyne, wi' extraordinary parade, in Westminster Abbey, whar thae graven images were set up for the worship o' sic fules as her grace. The auld figure, wi' the bluff face and the star on the breast o't, is meant to do honour to John Sheffield himsel, or rather to the lady, now the dowager, who had him buried in the abbey, many years ago, wi' as

much pomp as London saw at the funeral o' the warrior o' Marlborough; and then at the burial o' my young lord, the callant there, her grace had thae wax dolls made, and set up in the abbey near their tombs. But if the auld man—for John was a man o' sense, although he, maybe, liked pomp like his wife—if he could hae lifted his banes in the tomb, his grace would hae loupen out o' the grave, and smashed to pieces such senseless mummery. So ye see, a' things are left here in the style they were dressed up to receive Lord Hervey; and no content wi' that, and the show in the abbey, her grace has had the images removed hither, for nae ither end that I can see, but a satire on puir human nature. But hist! I hear somebody coming. Let's move into the other room. And noo, Maister Hector," continued the old man, "ye may judge for yoursel, (no that I would be heard to say *a word* against the quality,) whether sic an auld lady is fit to be

the mainspring o' a Jawcobite plot, whar many o' our chiefs o' the hills might take the risk o' their lives."

At this instant, the servant entering the first room, into which they had just returned, announced to Hector, with some formality, that her grace the duchess had just signified her pleasure that he should be introduced into her presence.

CHAPTER XII.

Catherine, I say, was very glad to see
The handsome herald, on whose plumage sat
Victory.

BYRON.

DESCENDING again the grand stairs, and passing through an apartment partly paved with marble, and the walls of which were japanned in the eastern taste, he was at length led towards the rear of the mansion, and admitted by a double door into a lofty but splendid closet, whose single window looked into the little wilderness before mentioned, the rich foliage of which crept romantically round its exterior tracery. On a large velvet-covered chair, and overlooked

by the splendid coronet and arms with which its high back was crowned, sat a tall old woman ; whose corpse-like face, and meagre figure, appeared in the melancholy contrast of fading mortality with the ample folds of Genoa velvet, Naples satin, point lace and brocade, with which it was her grace's pleasure to envelop her wasted person. Those elaborate toupees of powdered grey hair, according to the fashion just imported, which to our eyes now present so unsightly a blazonry of age and vanity, showed that it had been her grace's desire to make the outside of her head a subject for the display of an art, whose laborious idleness served so long to while away the weary morning hours of the dissipated dames of the last century, but which fashion seems at present in danger of being entirely lost to the world. Before this queenly dame was placed a small cabinet of shining ebony, amply emblazoned with gilded ornaments ; and, beside her, or rather partly behind her chair, two velvet-covered stools were placed for two ladies,

one of whom might be about twenty-five and the other beyond middle age, and both habited in plain dresses of green taffeta ; but when Hector entered, they were standing up, as instructed, on each side of the demi-throne, to give effect by their presence to the pompous state of their mistress.

From the look that she darted towards Hector, as the inner door discovered him, it was evident that she expected him almost to fall upon his knees before her. The bow that the youth made, however, taking his cue from what he observed, was profound ; and he lifted his eyes upon her with a look of such awe, mingled with such self-possession, that the lady was at once reconciled, if not flattered, by his behaviour.

“ You have been sent all the way from Scotland, young sir, by several of my noble and powerful friends in the north, on purpose to communicate personally with me ?” said her grace, glorifying herself duly before her attendants. “ But methinks you are rather a youthful ambas-

sador to be entrusted with such a mission," and as she spoke she cast that pleased glance over Hector's figure, with which an old woman regards a young man, whose person prepossesses her.

"If youth, which has not yet learned craft, be a disadvantage on the part of your humble messenger, madam," said Hector with another bow, "it is, in my case, a proof only of the perfect confidence and high consideration with which the simple-hearted chieftains of the hills are anxious to treat every word that your grace may be pleased to communicate, by one who is thus honoured to stand in your grace's presence."

A blush of shame for himself Hector felt rising to his brow, as he unpremeditatedly uttered this flattering specimen of deceptive diplomacy, for he was not yet aware by what unconscious necessity men of the best principles gradually slide into those common practices of the world, which yet they are perpetually condemning. But the polite reply and gracious nod of the head, with which the old

lady acknowledged the flattery, showed him that nature and circumstances had already schooled him into the only mode of commending himself to the weak-minded of the great.

“Ladies,” said the duchess, turning round to her attendants, “you see that, old as I am, the high lineage to which I owe my birth, and the many circumstances which it involves in this distracted kingdom, make me looked up to unto the furthest ends of the kingdom, as well as on the continent, upon matters to which you are no strangers. But, as my conference with this gentleman may be of too much importance to the great interests of this kingdom to be safely trusted to the ears of any third party, you will be pleased to withdraw, until my bell calls you again;” and, ending this pompous harangue with a queenly wave of her hand, the long trains of the ladies had swept the floor of the apartment as they departed, and the further door, by which they left, was for some moments closed behind them, before her grace’s shrill

preliminary hem gave note that she was about to open the conference.

In communicating that information about the number and power of the friends of her natural brother, the Pretender, and the practicability of overturning the monarchy of the House of Brunswick, which was to be transmitted through Hector to the chiefs of the north, her grace's eloquence was both full and flowing, and did not want for either assertions or epithets; the noble speaker being uniformly held forth in her own tale as the head and front, centre and hinge, of all the mighty projects hinted at, as then, or soon to be, in active agitation.

Then there were the usual bitter complainings and exaggerated declamation of party spirit, levelled against the whole rule and doings of the House of Brunswick, by which demagogues and conspirators contrive to aggravate each other's discontent; with a more than common proportion expressed, of hatred and spite against individuals, such as not only belongs to the un-

reasonable spirit of faction, but as may be expected from a weak and vain woman, subjected of late to much mortification and neglect. Throughout all this political garrulity, however, in which the old lady seemed to take a pleasure in treating Hector as her pupil, there were not wanting, in her reflections upon the parties and measures of the times, those glimpses of perfect good sense, or those extended views of political tendencies, through the passions of men, which make part of what may be called the hereditary wisdom of the aristocracy; and which, founded, after all, on the upper atmosphere of thought and information, so much distinguish their reasonings on all matters connected with the craft of government from the more simple conceptions of the classes beneath them.

Yet, with all this, in her answer to some questions which Hector ventured to put, and in allusion to the effect of projected measures, with reference to those classes of the commu-

nity which the aristocracy are too apt to look upon in no other light than as the inferior instruments of their will, the Duchess of Buckingham did not fail to show a large share of that inconsiderate selfishness so common also among the spoiled children of fortune, which would sacrifice to some mean passion, growing out of their very splendour, or some petty discontent engendered by envy, the interests or the happiness of thousands, whom they are scarcely willing to consider as their fellow-mortals. With all this good-will to the injury of others, however, Hector perceived that, after all, the intriguing old lady had exceedingly little power ; for, in reference to a tangible answer to his message, he found her assertions so vague, and her facts and names so few and unsatisfactory, even to the most enthusiastic adherents of a bad cause, that all her declamation failed to impose upon him, as to the real weakness, as well as selfish views, of her faction, and the hollowness of her promises and flatteries of herself.

“ You see, young sir,” said her grace, with the usual penetration into the errors of others, and impotent bitterness that she had no means of imitating them ; “ you see what a corrupt government we have under a German elector, whom no species of training, supposing he were willing to submit to it, will ever make into an English king. You see also how much I am looked up to, amidst the complaints and discontents of a murmuring people. This state of things, sir,” added her grace, with the usual sagacity of discontented political prophets, “ cannot last. The whole nation, except a few of the corrupt, is ready to revolt against this uncongenial dynasty. The stanch men of Oxford, in particular, are anxious to mount the white cockade. If my brother, king James, or his hopeful son the gallant chevalier, would only show himself now in the kingdom of his fathers, the great stream of loyalty would instantly turn into its legitimate channel, and all men of worth would flock to his standard. Go,

sir, to your valorous chiefs of the north, and tell them this. Tell them to hold themselves in readiness, with all their clans, for the great events, daily, yea hourly expected. Tell them to extend their connexions, and to stir up their friends, wherever they can find a heart that beats for the rights of James the Third; and that Catherine Darnley, still possessing the spirit of her ancestors"—and the old lady spoke with a theatrical flourish of her long lean arm—"will rally round her the nobles of the south, and shed her blood, if needful, in so righteous a cause."

So eloquent a climax to her speech was not to be thrown away, or its point spoiled by any inferior discussion; so handing, with much dignity, to Hector a small piece of stiff vellum, in the centre of which a few sentences, in a concerted cipher, had been scribbled by her grace's own hand, she rung the bell for her ladies; and, with another imposing wave of her arm, suffered her youthful ambassador to withdraw.

“Weel,” said a voice, close to his ear—for he found himself suddenly grasped by the arm, as he was passing without—“weel, what think ye o’ yon?”

This was said in so dry a manner, interrupting Hector’s reflections on what he had just seen, that, when he turned round and observed the comical expression in Trotter’s face, the whole restraint of this pompous interview got vent, before he could utter a word, in an uncontrollable burst of hearty laughter.

“Ha—ha—a!” roared the old man; “I kent ye would laugh if ye had a spunk o’ life. Wasna yon a scene? I am sure, though I didna see’t, it was better than ony play that ever was acted in Smoke Alley. Ha—ha! what a relief it is, just to get a bit gafaw at the scenes ane sometimes sees in a great hoose! I declare I’ll laugh within an inch o’ my life—ha! ha! ha!”

“I am heartily rejoiced,” said Hector, when

he had composed his features, "for the sake of peace and common sense, that my report to the misled chiefs must be as it is."

"And I am very glad to hear you say sae," was Trotter's response; "for it ill becomes the young, who are aye reasonably ignorant, to make and meddle wi' government affairs. But tell me, Maister Hector, when do you depart from this Lunnon?"

"Instantly," said the youth; "for that is the nature of my mission. I have scarcely even time to visit some old acquaintances in the Black Watch, whom I am exceedingly anxious to see. Why do you shake your head, Mr. Trotter?"

"There's something wrang in that quarter," said the old man mysteriously. "Maister Hector, if ye tak my advice, ye'll no gang near a man o' that regiment at this kittle time."

"Why, my friend; what can have happened?"

“ There’s strange thoughts in my head about them, that I am no just free to tell you,” said Trotter in a whisper; “ but it’s no to be expected that the high-spirited Highlanders o’ the Black Watch, gentlemen as they think themselves, will allow themselves to be transported to the Virginy plantations, like English thieves and jail-birds, without something happening. Aye, ye may stare, Maister Hector, but that’s the report; whilk they are quite ready to believe, ever since they found themselves deceived anent being reviewed by the king; for there is no word of their getting back to Scotland again, but somewhere abroad they are sure to go. And so, ye see, as I am telling you in confidence, there has been naething but night-meetings of the men, and private whisperings, and secret resolves; and things have grown waur since the day o’ the review.”

“ What review ?”

“ Oh, the grand review on the common at Finchley, beyond Highgate. Such a doing

was never seen in London. Auld Marshal Wade was there, and a' the grandees o' the court, to look at the Highlandmen fighting a sham battle wi' broadswords and targets; and they ran so fast, compared wi' the fat London guardsmen, and *hurra'd* so loud, and flourished their broadswords so frightfully in the faces o' the dragoons, that the horses were terrified, and there was a great stramash on the field, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs in admiration o' the Highlanders, until the very tears ran down their cheeks.

“Aye, I see your Highland blood rise, Maister Monro,” continued the old man, watching Hector's countenance; “and weel it may, for if ye had been there, ye might hae seen one, that the like o' you disna readily forget. Do ye think that the pretty daughter o' Sir Thomas Ruthven, who set the bonny branch o' laurel on your head in Taymouth valley, wouldna liked to see you among the rest, wi' a braw red coat and a sword in your hand? But hist! some

one comes for me. Now farewell, Maister
Monro, and tak my advice again; dinna at-
tempt to be seen in that dress, speaking to a
man o' the Highland Watch."

CHAPTER XIII.

We are in more confusion than we care to own. There lately came up a Highland regiment from Scotland, to be sent abroad. One heard of nothing but their good discipline and quiet disposition. When the day came for their going to the water-side, an hundred and nine of them mutinied, and marched away in a body.

HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS.

TRANSFERRING our scene to the interior of a small apartment in a cottage which made part of the village called Crouchend, between Highgate and the Finsbury quarter of the metropolis, we find two Highlanders and their gilly busily occupied in preparation for a journey. In this suburban neighbourhood, without the gates of the city, the Black Watch had been billeted since they came to London, for reasons more consonant with cautious policy than ho-

nourable to the objects of it; and, as nothing is more grievous to the proud Highlanders of the better class, than being treated with distrust, this arrangement tended strongly to assist the catastrophe which was now rapidly advancing to maturity.

The night was Tuesday, being the 17th of May 1743; and never had the last drum of the day in military quarters beat on a calmer or more delightful summer's evening. Darkness had now settled on the heights towards the north—the hour of ten had already struck solemnly from the quaint turret of old St. Pancras; and, their little necessities being all packed and ready, the brothers sat in thoughtful silence, waiting patiently for some one's arrival. They had not long rested, when a slight tap at the door introduced the athletic but well-formed figure of Farquhar M'Naughton.

“Are you come at length,” said one of the brothers, as both started up. “How looks the night abroad?”

“ All is quiet, as if never a man of us was to cross Highgate hill to night.”

“ Then let us move,” said Malcolm. “ ’Twere well that we at least should be among the foremost on the ground.”

“ True—but yet ’tis time enough,” said M’Naughton; “ besides, I’ve a word to say to you. Was it not an oversight in our arrangements, that we have appointed neither sound nor sign to call so many men to one place at this dead hour of the night?”

“ ’Twas no oversight,” said the elder M’Pherson; “ there is more meant by the omission than the mere dread of alarming the suspicions of those who would cross us. We would not, by the slightest signal, appear to induce one to risk his life with us in this night’s adventure. By the silence and secrecy of a meeting at a distance, when all men are asleep but those who are strong in the purposes of their hearts, we would try the individuality of every man

who, rather than submit to what we are threatened with, is determined to perish on the way to his own country."

"The reasoning is good, but I have somewhat more. We have a long march before us, Malcolm M'Pherson, and these men will require at least one to act as leader."

"I see what your meaning is. You think they will look to me anent this dangerous honour."

"They will have none else to guide them to our gude country. I moot this subject to you now, Malcolm, that we may lose no time in idle discussion when we meet. In short, you are the man pitched upon—your brother there to be second in command."

"Samuel, what do you think of that?" said the other, addressing his brother. "'Tis a great undertaking to retreat five hundred miles through an enemy's country, as we may say, with all the power of King George against us ;

and should we fail, you know whose heads would first grin from the traitor's gate on Tower Hill, or from Tyburn tree itself."

"Do you speak this, brother, because you quail at the last moment?" said Samuel calmly. "Is Kate of Glenmore less dear to you than Peggy M'Naughton is to me, that you would deliberate between death as a brave man, or banishment as a military tool, far from love and our own free hills? But I know you speak only to try me."

"You are my own brave brother Sam!" exclaimed Malcolm, grasping his hand; "and if our lasses in Breadalbane could see us at this moment, they would not say we were unworthy of them. I am ready."

"And if death should be the upshot of this night's work, and what may follow," said M'Naughton, "I will suffer it cheerfully for the sake of her who keeps a cosey beild warm for us a' in the bonnie glen of Corrie-vrin."

"God bless you, M'Naughton! you are a

gallant lad," said Malcolm, shaking him also by the hand. "It would be a pity, even by death, to separate such kindly hearts."

"Will her honours no gie to poor gilly a shake o' te hand too, when she's gaun back to bonny Glenfioch?" said a voice from behind, hardly able to articulate, with Highland emotion. "She'll gang a hunner, a tousand mile for her, an' she'll do her bidding on her knees—ochon! and she'll fight for her, an' make a blood for her, an' greet for her too—oih! unch!" and the sobs of the poor fellow would have been ludicrous, but that they were truly affecting.

All the three gentlemen, as Dawney considered them, shook the attached gilly heartily by the hand; and taking farewell of their landlord, who, by his blunt kindness and gradual regard, had greatly contributed to reconcile the brothers to the English character, the whole now sallied forth upon their hazardous expedition.

The night was fittingly dark for the time of year. A pleasant breeze blew warm from the southern airt, which, as the party mounted Highgate hill, bore the indistinct hum of the great metropolis with an effect that, to the sharp ears of the mountaineers, was almost poetical. Mixed with this was the light and stealthy tread of feet on the sod around, which, with the bobbing movement of the shapes of Highland bonnets in the distance—as the brothers and their companions had purposely avoided the road to prevent suspicion—showed them that their orders had been well obeyed. As they stopped occasionally and viewed the dark steeples of the distant city, other figures coming gradually out, and distant whispers heard on all sides, gave them good heartening as to the numbers of their intended companions.

When they came to the brow of Highgate Hill, the three stopped involuntarily; and Malcolm, refusing to move, seemed lost in thought, as his face was turned towards the great city,

lying obscure and silent in the plain beneath them.

“What see you there among those dark spires and the glimmering lights that guide only to midnight dissipation?” said Samuel, interrupting this untimely reverie. “What has so suddenly come over you, brother? It were better you kept your face steady to the north, and thought only of Katherine M’Evan, and your meeting when we get again on the heather. God! but it will be a happy day for us all!”

“Truly it will, Samuel, if ever we should see it,” said Malcolm, as if the tones of his voice had suffered a momentary alteration. “I know not what makes me linger here, but an impression is on my mind that that great city is soon to be seen by me again, and that perhaps in trouble and terror—in short, that I am never to see the bonnie hills of Scotland more.”

“I wish you had not expressed this to me, Malcolm,” said his brother, pulling him forward. “These forebodings are not good. But

yet they often turn out quite contrary, and I am confident they will do so on this occasion. Haste! I can see our comrades fast mounting from beneath."

M'Naughton and the gilly were by this time in advance, and, the brothers hastening up, all strode on manfully towards a particular part of the well-marked common. They soon reached the place appointed, which was a slight hollow of considerable extent, on the near side of the review ground, almost circular, and well adapted for the temporary concealment of a body of men, accustomed to the declivities of their own hills. This hollow, of which good note had been taken during the late review, was further endeared to the imaginations of the mountaineers by being guarded and concealed, on the side next the city, by a thick border of blooming furze, while its farther side was shaded by a clump of lofty Scots firs, making probably part of the same wood and heath which may be seen at this day

in its original wildness to the north-west of the neighbouring village of Hampstead.

When our party began to descend into this hollow, they found it already occupied by a number of men, lying flat on the sod, as had been arranged, and in perfect silence waiting, with the well-trained patience of their accustomed life, the gradual arrival of their intended comrades, and the signal which was to start them simultaneously to their feet. Every man had brought with him his arms and accoutrements, to defend himself, if necessary, on the march, or to help to make terms for their body, when they should reach their own hills; where they objected not to serve the Hanover king according to the terms of what they understood to be their original agreement. Rounding the hollow under cover of the furze, and perceiving with pleasure, as they passed, the number and regularity of their resolute companions, the brothers and M'Naughton, (as the son of the Cearnach was still called,) took their stations at the foot of

the Scots firs; for these solitary trees seemed emblematically to head this midnight muster of those who loved the prickly plumage and hardy nature of these mountain pines better than all the rich foliage of the south.

At length, as the whole lay watching on the sod, the last groups arriving from the city tardily darkened the southern rim of the hollow: all to whom the secret was entrusted seemed already on the ground, and waited with impatience the appointed signal. The faint sound of a neighbouring bell, with a small but musical tinkle, carried on the breeze blowing from the city, brought the first news of expected midnight. Several louder and more sonorous chimes repeated and prolonged the intelligence. But it was not until the great bell of St. Paul's, which the practised ears of the eager Highlanders could easily distinguish, had rung out solemnly the last hour of day, that a motion was made by any individual present. The moment, however, that the sound had ceased,

Malcolm M'Pherson, standing under the firs, struck with his drawn dirk three strokes on an antique target brought with him from Corrievrin, and instantly between two and three hundred Highlanders sprang to their feet.

He then repeatedly pronounced in Gaelic, "To our country—to our country!" which running from man to man with a musical and exciting effect, stirred up the spirits of every one present, and the whole body, now emerging from the hollow, stood up in an orderly line on the clear of the common.

"The Breadalbane brothers! the Breadalbane brothers!" cried several voices, "where are they? Let us hear them speak to us before we go."

When the imposing figures of the M'Phersons appeared by the dim light from under the firs, a suppressed shout of joyful confidence was set up along the line, and—"Lead us on, M'Pherson; be you our commander, until we reach our own braes," was exclaimed from every part of the line.

“Countrymen and friends, gallant gentlemen of the Black Watch,” said Malcolm, stepping forth, while the whole drew themselves into a circle around him. “It is a hard necessity, as we all must acknowledge, that forces us into an undertaking such as this. To assemble in the fields by stealth under the concealment of midnight, to abandon our colours when carried out of our own country, and to desert the officers who have hitherto commanded us with pride, were, under any circumstances save the last necessity, unworthy of brave men, who in good faith, as guardians of their own land, swore fealty to king George in the glen of Aberfeldy. What do you think now of that necessity? Have we not been ordered from our own country, in the teeth of our original compact, by a delusive pretence evidently framed to deceive us? Are we not threatened with a farther and more flagrant breach of that compact, by an insulting and heart-breaking order of transportation, we know not whither?

Countrymen! in order to second their Lowland law at home, and do what the red coats attempted in vain, have not the Black Watch scoured their native hills for every man who had offended these southern lords, and harassed and harried even their own kith and kin? Now, after being used as rods to scourge and gall our own countrymen, they would despidngly have us thrown into the fire!* Shall we tamely submit to be so used? Can it be called mutiny that resists this injustice? Are not these reasons sufficient for this hazardous undertaking? And if we once could get back to our own hills again, the world will say we have bravely resisted craft and oppression, and acted like wise and gallant men."

A low-voiced, but enthusiastic expression of approval, followed this energetic address, and cries of—"Lead on! lead on!" mixed everywhere with the general sigh of admiration.

* These were the precise expressions recorded as having been used by the deserters.

“ Deceive not yourselves, however, by the excitement of this moment,” continued Malcolm calmly ; “ ’tis a weary tramp, as you know ; and there is difference between marching by day on the king’s made road, and fleeing by night through woods and brakes, with the hue and cry of the pursuer at our heels. What say you, gentlemen ?”

“ We are ready ! lead on !” cried a number of voices ; “ and God give us deliverance from the hands of our enemies !”

“ Amen !—every moment is precious,” said their leader. “ Follow me quickly, and be silent.”

Away went this hardy band with the quick short trot to which they were accustomed when travelling in their glens at home, and which so nearly resembles the measured movement by which the wild tribes beyond the Atlantic make such long journeys through their own trackless forests. In this manner they proceeded many miles, scudding over the soft sod of the fields,

for they carefully avoided the great road to the north—and when day dawned, taking the cover of the woody land, then much more abundant than at present, and slacking their pace to take a little breath, their day-light march became a comparative rest.

The summer morning shone out brilliant and delightful as our marching squadron entered the rich undulations of Hertfordshire. Every thing in nature was full in bloom, or forward in ripeness, and the pleasant smell coming on the sense from field and forest, and the gay carol of the early birds, refreshed the spirits of the marching mountaineers, and sent them cheerily on towards their own land.

“Och, but it’s a bonnie country side, this England, after a’, and rich, I wot, in milk and meal,” said Hamish the piper; who, making one of our retreating legion, walked, as by right he ought, in front of the line, and immediately behind the Breadalbane leaders. “It was ill to while us frae our ain hills, but waur amaist

to drive us frae thae bonnie knowes where the lintie sings sae blithely; and think to banish us ayont the sea, among the sooty blackamores o' Virginy. Ochon, but surely the weel-fed bodies wha live so easily among thae braid fields kent naething about how the folks in Lunon meant to ill-use the poor Highland lads."

"Nothing indeed do they know about king or court, Highlander or Lowlander, but what the gentles tell them in the paper-news," said Farquhar, with Highland simplicity, as he marched within hearing. "Ye ken, Hamish, the gentles rule the land, an' set up King George or Jamie, just as it pleases them, and head or hang, baste or banish, whomsoever they take a pique at; and a' for wee bits of fauts, while they do themselves far larger, an' nane maun say ill they did it. And so they would hae hangit my puir father in the Lowlands o' Scotland, an' banished you and me like thievish weavers to the tobacco country. But, isn't it a

pleasant thing to get out o' their clutches, as my father got out o' the auld jail o' Perth, and to be trotting here o'er the green sod this bonnie simmer morning, awa' to our ain gowany glens in Breadalbane."

"Glory an' praise! to be sure it is," said honest Hamish, "and here we are in the skirt o' the wood. I wonder if his honour, the leader there, would let me blaw a breath into the bag, an' gie the lads a bit piobrachd o' my ain, to help up the laverocks i' the lift on our lonesome march. Och, Maister Farquhar, just speer the speer. I ken a bit skirl o' the drones would cheer the hearts o' the lads like a morning dram."

Farquhar, being also in the humour for a cheer of this sort, applied to Malcolm for the necessary permission. But the leader, conceiving that silence was both more safe and more becoming, and that it would be time enough to sound the piobrachd when they should have

fairly crossed the border, reluctantly gave his veto to the proposal. "But," said he, "Hamish, you were wont to be a bard of the song and tale when I knew you in the glens, and the human voice is surely as free here as the solitary carol of the birds on the boughs. If you have a chaunt befitting the time, it will help to beguile the length of the road; so up wi' 't, Hamish. It's a sair day that'll no bear a sang to lighten it."

Squeezing out, with a sigh, the puff of wind which he had by anticipation already breathed into the bag of his instrument, and refreshing his nose with a hearty pinch of Aberdeen snuff, Hamish became both musical and poetical.

As our company marched cheerfully on, Malcolm, finding they were drawing near to the great road, watched till they came to a clear spot in a hollow; when, crossing it with the whole line of his men, and diving down into a haugh beside a stream, they, with little observation, got into the cover of another wood. Here

our commander called a halt of the whole, and, sitting down on the sod beside the stream, the Highlandmen began to produce what materials they carried for a necessary refreshment. Spreading the viands on their knees, to which the stream that brawled at their feet afforded a wholesome beverage, most of the Highlanders, as the whole sat by the brook, uncovered their heads with reverent solemnity, and, holding their bonnets before their eyes, after the manner of their country, they muttered a prayer to the Giver of all good, for a blessing on their simple repast. Rising soon after, and pursuing their way, they found themselves now entering the wood of Woburn, in Bedfordshire—then much more wild and venerable than at present—and, but for the loftiness of the trees, and the baldness of the underwood, considerably resembling a forest in Athol. When they got well into the echoing solitudes of the wood, the scene seemed so wild and so comparatively barren, that the Highlanders were quite com-

forted with its dreary grandeur, and almost thought themselves already in their own country.

Here again, feeling themselves in comparative security, the tongues of our travellers were unloosed, and each began to entertain the other with the tale of the various disasters that had befallen him in the great Babylon of England, out of which they had just been so providentially delivered. These, however, consisting chiefly of the blunders and perplexities into which their imperfect knowledge of the English tongue led many of them, can well be spared by the fastidious reader; as well as perhaps the one told by Daniel, the gilly, who having, by the favour of his master, been promised his best interest towards his ultimate promotion to the honour of the commission of a full private, among the gentlemen soldiers of the Black Watch, found himself entitled to be particularly loquacious on the present occasion. As Daniel, however, is already an acquaintance

of the reader's, since his valiant conduct before the Barbican Club, we shall merely venture to give a hint as to the pith of the grievances with which he strove to aggravate himself against the whole English nation on the present occasion.

The principal vexation and mockery which Dawney had encountered in London arose from considerations of a delicate nature, connected with a certain national imputation, upon which the gilly thought himself bound to be particularly jealous. Wandering into the city one day to purchase snuff, he saw many wonderful curiosities and marvels such as never before had been heard of on the hills. The principal of these, it seems, was a green hen, which, though it laid no eggs, like the hens in Scotland, had, by an idle fellow, with a powdered head, who stood at a door and watched it, been actually taught to speak like a born Christian. As Dawney gazed on this wonderful bird, the idle "flunky," it appears, set it on to treat him

and his nation with marked disrespect, so that, opening its hooked mouth, and addressing him as Balaam's ass did the prophet, it said to him, "Scaut Sawney," or such other insulting words as no man could bear who had any regard for the honour of his country. Getting into a rage, as well he might, Dawney drew his dirk, and, swearing in his wrath a good Gaelic oath, would have spitted the impertinent bird, but for the interference of the laughing bystanders, to whom his adventure seemed to have given as much entertainment as it did to those who now listened to his tale.

In talk of this sort, mixed with warm anticipations of happy meetings with their friends when they should reach their Highland homes again, the party moved vigorously on. The covert was as yet favourable for concealment: the thick foliage above them screened them from the heat of the summer sun, and the wild song of the throstle raising its music in the grove, or the solemn notes of the blackbird as they echoed

through the forest, exhilarated the hearts of the enthusiastic mountaineers, and cheered them on towards their own country. Sometimes they obtained partial peeps of level open glades, which filled them with envy of the rich pastures of England; noble mansions were seen at intervals through the trees, to which the bald castles of their Highland lairds at home could not bear a comparison; and at times they passed under the cover of parks and plantings that seemed to them as if one half of England were laid out in wild luxuriance for the mere purposes of pleasure.

But it was the flocks of deer that sometimes brattled passed them, or raised their antlers and gazed astonished at their approach, that proved the greatest temptation to the sportsman-instincts and hungry stomachs of the Highland travellers. Many a "bonny shot" and "sweet mouthful" started up on their way, to put to test the forbearance of willing powder and lead; but hankering abstinence taking refuge in Scot-

tish reasoning, they consoled themselves by discussing the comparative merits of this sour-grape game, with what they had at home ; and naturally concluded that these “brown beasts,” with the short horns, were nothing to the braw red deer that ran in the forest of Braemar, and that even the English “laverock,” that whistled in the cloud, had not so sweet a note as the bonnie birds that sang sae cheerily in their “ain countrie.”

CHAPTER XIII.

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out the king, and fall before his feet.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN the news of the sudden desertion of so large a body of the Black Watch came to be known in London, the sensation it created was truly extraordinary. Some blamed the government; others the officers, who, they said, must have been privy to it; and a third party, the men who had rebelled against their superiors with such a remarkable appearance of energy and organization. Though none could more than guess at the real cause that had led to

this step of the Highlanders, their character, and their ideas of their engagement with government, being equally ill understood in London, all parties joined in admiring the silent resolution and bold unanimity that could undertake and execute so uncommon an enterprise. While the Whig faction of the day exclaimed with astonishment and condemnation against the rebellious presumption of ignorant Highlanders, the Jacobites applauded to the skies their conduct and their spirit. The most exaggerated accounts now reached the metropolis, of their night march through the woods towards the north, and of the marvellous adventures which had befallen them on their route. Every lady who had witnessed their appearance at the review now talked of nothing but the gallant Highland gentlemen, who had made themselves privates in the Black Watch. The brothers of Breadalbane were now remembered and remarked upon with anxious interest; and, while this extraordinary transaction was, as we learn

from the pamphlets of the time, compared with every similar affair recorded in history, many did not hesitate to liken it to the famous retreat of the ten thousand through Persia, and, in the enthusiastic admiration of his countrymen, corporal M'Pherson was erected into a Xenophon.

Meanwhile the retreating Highlanders proceeded through the woods towards Northampton; but now the spirits of the men had become somewhat less buoyant; the nature of the ground they were obliged to travel over was such as greatly to increase the fatigue of their march, and, feeling personally degraded by the idea of thus travelling, as it were, by stealth, for fear of being taken, many began to feel exceedingly anxious as to the ultimate result of their perilous undertaking. Many dangers also, new and expected, beset their path the farther they proceeded. Cover and concealment, becoming every instant more important to their safety, could seldom now be

made compatible with steady progress towards the north ; for, in the wilder parts of the country, the woods became so thick, from the neglect of generations, that they could hardly penetrate through the brushwood, or so irregular and devious, that they were led constantly from their northern route, and by holding to them they often found themselves far and alarmingly astray. If they offered to stretch through the more cleared parts, dangers more terrible in their circumstances momentarily threatened them. So large a body of men in so outlandish a costume, threading the thickets of the darkest woods, or stealing in long divisions, or successive groups, through the wildest and most secluded parts of an inland country, could not proceed without being observed by some, or be seen without creating an extraordinary sensation. Go where they would, unwelcome cottages seemed to rise in their path ; astonished rustics ran to gaze on them, and then fled in terror. The solitary gamekeeper, wandering

with his dog, often came up with them, and wood-rangers began to track them ; while the huntsman with his horn descried them through the clear of the forest, and gave them the view halloo, until the echoing woods resounded again with the unwelcome alarm. In some places rustics were seen running across the fields with consternation in their countenances, from the idea that the French invasion was now come in reality, for that the very woods were alive with a great army ; while others prepared to fly, with their wives and children, from hearing that legions of wild barbarians, wearing petticoats, were concealed in the woods, only waiting an opportunity to devour them. At every new sound, or sight, the flying Highlanders started with dread. In some places gentlemen were seen in terrified groups to ride up close to them, and, more than once, the waving plume and bright helmet of a mounted trooper were descried by some of their startled outposts, galloping among the trees of the

woods, as if carrying the alarm of their presence across the country.

Through all this the two M'Phersons, as well as the men who looked up to them, suffered, as they proceeded, the most intense solicitude. Still anxious to keep the concealment of the wildest parts of the forests, sometimes they wandered whole days through tangled brakes and boggy thickets, and, for want of knowledge of the country, found themselves at night nearly at the point from which they had set out. Sometimes they tried to travel at night, but this proved still worse, for rivers crossed their path, deep enough to drown even Highlanders; they tumbled with sudden danger into ravines and ditches; dogs started up in farm-yards to bark them, and the country round into midnight terror; and even the north-star in the heavens, when they looked upwards for its guidance, seemed no longer the same which had often led them right in their own country. Mountain travelling they could have under-

stood, for there they could see abroad when the mist rolled away from the hills ; but here, in the thick coverts of this level country, they seemed to wander in a circle, and their beloved north appeared almost to be receding from them the faster they hastened.

Perplexed by anxiety to avoid the roads and villages, they had waded the river Ouse several times, then crossing the Nen below Northampton—after being unexpectedly startled by its distant steeples—they got into that hilly and romantic tract, which, commencing near the village of Kingsthorpe, stretches along eastward and north, overlooking the river all the way to the old town of Oundle. Here they travelled all day over a secluded and fatiguing region, but still keeping sedulously the covert of the woodland, although, as they continued to follow the course of the river, and to climb or leap over every obstruction, their anxiety to keep on ground little frequented again led them considerably off their route towards the north.

By this time, hunger—the last complaint of a Highlander—began to make sore inroads upon the patient spirits of the men, for, divide them as they might, the provisions they had carried with them from London could not last much longer; and any attempt to purchase a fresh supply would unavoidably expose them to eminent jeopardy. All Malcolm's vigilance could hardly prevent his men from cutting with their dirks "the craigs of the gude fat sheep," which wandered temptingly on the Englishman's pastures, or straying towards farmers' houses "to buy wi' their siller a morsel of meat." Unconfessed depression began now to add to the feeling of exhaustion, and the sight of a horseman on the distant road, or of a couple of peasants hastening across the plain, began to deepen their growing fears that after all their fatigue they might fail in making their way to their own country.

It was far in the afternoon of the day we speak of, when, weary and crest-fallen, they

plodded through the wild and thick remains of another of the ancient forests of England, lying near a village called Dean Thorp, and now known by the name of Lady Wood, from a romantic tradition of a lady, who, decoyed thither by a faithless knight, probably in the Robin-Hood days, had perished within its dark recesses. As the black shades of this tangled wilderness became gradually revealed to the Breadalbane brothers, without revealing to each other their individual thoughts, they looked into them with a superstitious and foreboding apprehension. Pinched with hunger, though still courageous, some of the men began to drag their limbs heavily after them; others looked round to where the light of day penetrated into the forest, with gloomy feelings of undefined apprehension; while many protested that they could go no farther at present, and requested the indulgence of a single hour's rest. When this desire came to be generally whispered, Malcolm commanded a general halt, and

a green spot being selected near a running brook, and sentinels posted at different points round, the whole stretched themselves on the sod for the quiet enjoyment of necessary repose.

M'Naughton, having of late taken charge of the rear, was the commander on watch on the present occasion; and the brothers, resigning themselves, like the others, to the necessities of nature, were soon in a heavy and profound slumber. But their sleep was not as it had been before, even during the progress of this toilsome march. Dreams are often the precursors of joy, or of misfortune; and, in circumstances like the present, at times sound a strange and ominous note in the ear of fancy, which is like the voice of old, - that cried in the wilderness, in warning preparation for some coming event. In the dreaming ear of both brothers there seemed to arise, with ominous coincidence, a sound of doleful weeping and lamentation; and female forms, which never

left their thoughts, seemed to surround the wood with many tears and screams of appalling terror. Suddenly there appeared before Malcolm's fancy the quaint old tower of Corrievrin, which soon became mixed and confounded with other towers of greater strength and more military embattlements. The green dell at home suddenly turned into a paved square, overlooked by frowning walls and threatening turrets; and a melancholy confusion of dark dungeons, firing platoons of grim English red-coats, clergymen, coffins, and dead men's bones, became merged and mingled into further visions, which left no trace on the dreaming memory.

Similar imaginings no doubt filled the fancies of the other weary Highlanders, as in picturesque groups, with their plaids wrapped round their heads, they lay beside the small stream, whose narrow opening in the division of the trees, relieved the deep gloom of the forest, and whose monotonous murmur hardly

broke the perfect silence that reigned around. Even the solitary outposts, not less weary than their comrades, thought themselves at liberty to indulge in drowsy repose, when a sudden crash without, as if a hundred branches of trees were broken, startled every man from his sleep; and scarcely had they sprung to their feet, when a loud trampling of horses' hoofs on the sod seemed already at their ear, and a cocked-hatted officer, with a drawn sword in his hand, and followed by several other troopers, dashed into the midst of them.

“Surrender ! surrender !” cried the officer, his hoarse voice echoing to the depths of the wood; “surrender ! I command you in the king’s name ! or if you refuse, not a man of you shall be left to reach the extremities of the wood !”

The Highlanders flew to their arms, and the only reply the Englishman received, was to see the men entrench themselves in a body behind a bank, and, fixing their bayonets, steadily prepare for the charge of the troopers.

The officer now thought fit to enter into a parley ; but the Highlanders answered him by the mouth of Malcolm, that “ since they were so unfortunate as to be discovered on their way back to their own country, if terms were not made with them, and their original agreement kept, they would die like men in this English wood.”

After some further threatening, which was only met by further defiance, the officer, seeing he could make nothing of them, quietly departed, leaving them equally uncertain of the extent of their danger and the proceedings next intended against them.

While all stood consulting what they should do, one of the men on watch towards the edge of their encampment, entering hastily, informed them that a gentleman stranger had been stopped by the outpost, who inquired anxiously for Malcolm M'Pherson.

After a brief deliberation, Malcolm hastened forward to see who the stranger might be, threading his way among the great trunks of the

aged trees, which, thick and closely interwoven above, yet left a tolerably clear path through the dark wood below. As he climbed the eminence on which the sentinel was perched, he could see that the stranger, now held in parley, was at least no red-coat, but a handsome youth, wearing the ordinary dress of an English gentleman. In two minutes more, his hand was warmly pressed by that of Hector Monro.

Both stood for several moments looking at each other in silence, until tears began to fill the eyes of each, as with strange and unexpected feelings they pressed each other's hands.

"Where is your brother and M'Naughton?" said Hector, as they descended towards the lower part of the wood. "I think you are all in the same plot."

"Here they are, coming towards us!" said Malcolm; and in another brief interval, the two came up, and the same silent and affecting embrace passed among the remainder of these warm-hearted friends.

“ This is a brave, but I fear a sad business, gentlemen,” said Hector, speaking first.

“ I know not what here is sad,” said Malcolm, sternly, “ unless it be *your* looks.”

“ Then am I the unlucky bearer of evil tidings,” said the youth.

“ What tidings ?—what tidings are there more than we know ?”

“ That you are already surrounded on three sides by General Wade’s horse, who are cautiously but surely closing in upon you, taking advantage of the irregularity of the ground and the covert of the wood.”

“ Are they so near ? Then if it is already to be a matter of life and death, we shall sell our lives dearly.”

“ Are you mad, Malcolm M’Pherson ?” Hector exclaimed. “ And would you advise these brave fellows, who have already suffered so much, to aggravate their offence against powerful superiors, by shedding the blood of brother soldiers, serving the same king ? Friends !

listen to me ! Whatever may be your opinion of the conduct of government, which has impelled you to this most extraordinary proceeding, you are now in the power of those against whom you have transgressed ; and both prudence and necessity compel you to yield quietly, and throw yourselves on the clemency of a merciful king."

"Yield ! yield ourselves up into the hands of our enemies," cried M'Naughton vehemently, "to be butchered in cold blood, under the unmanly formalities of their parchment law, or sent to the plantations like rogues and vagabonds ? Is that the counsel of any man, who ever set foot on the free hills of Scotland ? Is that the advice of him, who, in days before he put on the garments of the Lowlander,"—added the youth, throwing a contemptuous eye over Hector's dress,—"held his own dirk to the throat of the *seidar dearag*, and rescued my father from the jaws of the woodie ? I am not angry with you, Hector Monro ; but go to those brave

men whom you see ready for battle in the wood, and only mention to them the word *yield*, in their own Gaelic. For Heaven's sake do not try, for they will tear you to pieces !”

By this time, every man of the Watch was preparing for action ; for the tramp of horses was again heard without, and the red-coats were beginning to be distinguished through the farthest interstices of the trees. A confused murmur of counsel and inquiry, however, agitated the whole. Some inspected their flints, and exhorted their comrades instantly to rush upon the red-coats, and boldly fight their way to their own mountains, or perish in the attempt. Some cut down branches with their clymores, and coolly set about fortifying their position ; but ultimately all began to crowd round the brothers, to take counsel what was best to be done in the present extremity.

“ Who is this Sassenach gentle ?” said a dark athletic Sunderland man, scowling suspiciously upon Hector as our youth came forward. “ We

could not have got thus suddenly hooped round with the horsemen, if there had not been Whigamore spies, with treacherous hearts, to track us like flying deer through the woods."

"He is no Sassenach, nor spy, but a gentleman and friend from beyond Strathtay," said Malcolm authoritatively, "who comes to offer his advice and interference in our behalf;"—and then, drawing Hector aside, the brothers and he continued to consult upon their present situation. That part of Hector's reasoning, which urged the aggravation of their crime in the eyes of government, should they, by a vain resistance, shed the blood of innocent English soldiers, acting only by the orders of their superiors, was the first to have an effect upon the generous natures of the M'Phersons; and, turning to his comrades, Malcolm, in a short speech, told them, that now, as they were surrounded on every side, and their design frustrated, it might only make matters worse to resist by bloodshed. Nevertheless," he added, amidst loud murmurs,

“yielding was not to be thought of, unless in the shape of an honourable capitulation, they were to be allowed to retain possession of their arms, and thus to march back to London, to represent to his majesty’s servants the grievances and apprehensions which had impelled them to this step.”

Anxious for their safety, Hector now stood forth, and, addressing them in their own tongue, urged the reasonableness of this proposal. The majority were struck with the manner and arguments of the Sassenach, and, cheering him loudly as the messenger of peace and conciliation, they agreed to send Farquhar M’Naughton to general Blackeney, who by this time had joined the besiegers without the wood, to say that the general might safely send an officer into their encampment to treat of the terms upon which they might consent to surrender.

“And so, all our fatigue is vain, and our hopes are frustrated,” said Samuel M’Pherson, thoughtfully, after M’Naughton had left them.

“ Thus are my misgivings interpreted, and we are again to see the smoky towers of London, instead of the blue hills of Breadalbane. Hector,” he added, solemnly, “ these towers bode us evil. There is something before us which to me is like the dark feedum of death. Do you really advise us to place our lives in the hands of these faith-breakers, to be marched into London like felons, for a show to these southrons? and to be.....I dare not think of it—instead of dying here like brave men, with our clymores in our hands.”

“ If you ever wish to see again the happy dell of Corrie-vrin, or the green valley of Glendochart,” exclaimed Hector; “ if you ever wish to give pleasure to the hearts that yearn after you in the Highlands, and to rejoice, by your return, the eyes that no doubt shall weep to hear of your getting into this trouble, yield yourselves quietly to the mercy of a benevolent king, and trust confidently to the justice of a generous people. Think you that Englishmen

will not see and interpret considerably the motives under which you have acted, and the reports by which you may have been misled ; or that reason and justice are banished from the earth ?”

The brothers shook their heads sadly ; and to the further arguments of Hector in favour of not insisting upon too high terms, but using their influence with their comrades in favour of peace and conciliation, they only replied by a half-uttered assent. At length, informing them that it was while on his way to Scotland upon an important business that he heard of this unexpected defection, and that he had come out of his way to seek them and inform them of the stir they had created in the country, and the certainty of their being intercepted ; he added that, as soon as he had delivered his message in the north, he would hasten again to the English metropolis, and perhaps be the means of doing them some little service.

By this time the scarlet coat of the officer re-

turning with M'Naughton began again to be perceived between the trees; and, after a warm and hasty embrace between the friends, Hector tore himself from them, and was soon lost among the thick foliage of the wood.

CHAPTER XIV.

Yet men, resolved to dash through thick and thin,
Are very silent when they once believe
That all is settled:—there was little din,
For some were thinking of their home and friends,
And others of themselves and latter ends.

BYRON.

THE capitulation of the Highlanders was not, however, effected so easily as Hector had anticipated. When they heard the proposition of general Blackeney, delivered by the mouth of captain Ball,—the officer whom M'Naughton had now conducted into the wood,—to wit, “that they should instantly lay down their arms and surrender at discretion,” they were absolutely furious, and declared to a man that they would suffer themselves to be cut in pieces

rather than submit to terms so degrading. When they further learned, upon questioning the captain, that their fellows of the regiment, whom they had left in London, had already been marched from the metropolis into the county of Kent, towards the coast, with a view to their immediate transportation to Flanders, they saw at once all their former suspicions confirmed; and at first totally refused to treat with a government, which, when having to do at least with men of their condition, they deliberately believed devoid of all faith or honour. Ultimately, however, they desired the captain to return this answer to the general: "that, unless he should send them a written promise under his own hand that their arms should not be taken from them, and that they should have a free pardon," they would fortify their position, and then defend it until every man of them fell in the wood.

With this answer captain Ball returned, to the absolute astonishment of a general, who

had never before heard of such a thing as “common men” making any question of the will of their superiors. Fearing, however, the odium that would accrue to himself, as well as the general danger, in the present crisis of affairs, from provoking this large body of spirited Highlanders to the shedding of blood, he sent the captain again with a milder message, viz. “that if they would peaceably lay down their arms, and surrender themselves prisoners, the most favourable report should be made of them to the lords justices.”

This second message being received with scorn, if not defiance, was met by captain Ball at first with expostulations and professions of friendship, but ultimately with threats that, if they continued to refuse his good offices in their behalf, surrounded as they were by the king's troops, not a man of them should be left alive to carry to Scotland the tidings of their slaughter. The calm disregard with which this fatal message was received by the whole of the brave men, now actively preparing to fortify their

position, the English officer beheld with more than astonishment. Nor was he less interested by the manly bearing and commanding figures of three of their number—namely, the Breadalbane brothers and M'Naughton; who, now standing forward, and, chiefly by the mouth of Malcolm M'Pherson, addressing their comrades in a language which the Englishman could not understand, but wherein, he could judge by the expressive gestures of the speaker, they seemed to urge upon the men strong considerations in favour of peace and submission. The effect of Malcolm's speech was, with many, instantaneous, and ultimately it was agreed, that two of their number (brothers also) should accompany captain Ball back to the general. When the Grants (for to this clan in Strathspey did these latter brothers belong) arrived at the general's quarters, they were both promised a free pardon on condition of their using their influence with their comrades to induce them to submit on the original terms. Dreading, how-

ever, their proving faithless, the general retaining the one, permitted the other only to return to the camp, "to endeavour by every means," says a pamphlet of the day, "to overcome the obstinacy of the rest." So much, however, were all disappointed at the caution of the general, in making any promise in case of submission, that it was with the utmost difficulty Grant succeeded in persuading, first thirteen, and afterwards seventeen, to surrender themselves. These he marched out of the wood, the powder being first blown out of the pans of their muskets, and being brought before the general they laid down their arms. Thus, by working on their hopes, and conquering them in detail, the resolution of individuals was gradually overcome; and the whole body were at length brought to submission, without obtaining one condition indicative of that pardon, or, as they considered it, justice, for which they had so ardently struggled.

"It is vain to contend," said Malcolm to his

brother and M'Naughton, as they stood doggedly round him. "Let *us* also go, unconditionally. Perhaps even we, who have been thrust into this dangerous pre-eminence, shall find, after all, as Hector Monro says, that justice and mercy are not yet banished from this England."

It was a sad and an interesting sight, and such as softened the bitterest of national animosities, to see so large and so fine-looking a body of men marched through the numerous towns in their route, all disarmed, and guarded by mounted dragoons, to take their immediate trial as mutineers and deserters. A gloomy and foreboding farewell was given internally by each to his own beloved country; as, turning their backs upon it once more, they proceeded towards that quarter to which they now no longer looked with those proud feelings which had cheered them on their former fatiguing march.

The peasantry of the neighbourhood, who

had been so dreadfully terrified by country reports, while the Highlanders were marching through the woods, now crowding to the villages and road-sides to see them, looked on as they passed in affrighted astonishment, when they considered their enterprise; while the pale faces and anxious looks of the brave men, worn, as they appeared, with fatigue and fasting, and dismayed, as they were, at their hard fate, drew tears from the eyes of hundreds of beholders. As for the large squadrons of soldiers who guarded them, they had no orders to show them any mercy, or allow them any rest; so on they were driven, day and night, like as many cattle, until bravery itself could hardly support them under their incessant fatigue, nor even Highland pride and the courage of high sentiment uphold their hearts, under a humiliation that appeared the most intolerable of all their sufferings.

At length the smoky and overhanging canopy, which seems propped by the dark

towers of London, rose black and murky in the distant horizon; and the sight of its pall-like form struck upon the hearts of the M'Phersons and their friends with a sad and sickening foreboding. Their impressions on the night of their ascending Highgate hill now came strongly into their minds, to deepen the bitterness of their thoughts of home, and to add to the ominous melancholy of their honourless march. Not a drum was heard as they once more descended the Finchley road, nor did fife or bagpipe play one warlike or cheering note as they entered the straggling suburbs of London; but a monotonous tramp and a silent procession had an effect upon their excited feelings like the impressive parade of a military execution.

“God help you, poor lads!” cried Scots voices on every side, as they were marched through the crowd, now densely collected as they passed their former well-known quarters. “God bless you, my brave fellows! and is this all the end of your bold attempt and your long march?”

“Heaven bring you well out of this trouble !” cried many ladies, looking compassionately down at them from the windows. “Who would have thought to have seen this on the gay day of the review ?”

“What would our sweethearts in Breadalbane say if they saw us now ?” said Farquhar, bitterly, as, with a look of blank sadness, he addressed the brothers by his side. “’Tis well my poor old father is not here, to see us guarded to a prison by these red-coats, like as many Lowland thieves—or proud Glenmore, or some one else that you know,” he whispered hoarsely into Malcolm’s ear. “How will our two mothers stand this ? or my Phoeme, at Corrievrin. God keep one from thinking it !”

“Farquhar, are you yourself, to talk so inconsiderately at a moment like this ?” said Malcolm. “Let us show ourselves men, at least in the eyes of this gazing crowd. God forbid that any of our own kin saw us now !”

Still they marched on, and still the crowd

seemed to thicken ; but they had not proceeded another half-mile, when a sudden scream, issuing from the midst of the multitude, interrupted with frightful effect the thoughts that had been raised by this brief communication, and shot like a bullet through the hearts of the youths. On turning their heads to see whence it came, they perceived with consternation two females, hurried by some one from the midst of the crowd. One eager glance served to complete the effect ; for, as the people gave way, they could distinctly see the green plaids of their own country, and the pale and horror-struck countenances of their sisters and sweethearts from Breadalbane. A tall person in a Lowlander's skirted coat, and English cocked-hat, was actively assisting the women from the spot, and, as he turned his face, they saw that the gentleman was no other than M'Evan of Glenmore.

This sight was almost too much for the strength of the unfortunate prisoners. Their

hearts seemed for the moment to cease to beat. They could scarcely walk—they could not see; and before they were able to rally their minds from the effect of so unexpected an encounter, they had passed the ancient barrier of Barbican, and were marching up the narrow and crowded streets of the inner city.

“The Highland deserters!—it is the Highland deserters of the Black Watch!” was the cry from the windows above and the crowd below. “It is the petticoat Highlandmen, who have been taken on their way to Scotland to raise a rebellion, and now they are going to be tried for their lives.”

“They did not march us into their smoky city when we could have done it with honour even *in their* eyes,” said Malcolm, bitterly, to relieve his feelings as he listened to the humiliating remarks of the crowd. “I wish they would let poor Hamish the piper play us a strain of our own music; if it were but the lament of M’Pherson at the gallows foot, or the

wildest and saddest piobrachd that ever screamed in the glens of Dull. It would be more cheering in this hour than the dismal murmur of this gazing multitude."

"What battlemented place is that, friend—with the brick walls and the cannon?" said Farquhar to one of the soldiers who rode beside him, as they turned out from the labyrinth of the Jews' residences in the Minories, and first got sight of an open area, beyond which arose the lofty towers of a confused and antiquated pile of buildings.

"It is the Tower of London," said the man, "where it is rather unlucky to be sent for summer quarters; and yonder you see is the Traitor's-gate. You've heard of it no doubt. And this open space which we are now descending is Tower Hill, where many of your Scottish lords said their last prayers—you know for what."

The clumsy drawbridge then in use being let down over the broad ditch of muddy water, that

surrounds the walls of the Tower, the Highlanders heard with no pleasant feelings the clanking hoofs of the horses' feet beside them, as they next marched over it and passed under that gloomy gate, from which so many Scottish heads had been made to grin by English power. The still darker portals of the inner gateway, so well known by the name of the Bloody Tower, soon after admitted this humbled band of Highland gentlemen; and, as they were ultimately distributed in bands among the vaulted stone chambers and comfortless dungeons of this celebrated fortress, the dark cells in which they were doomed to rest after their long march were far less gloomy than their own melancholy reflections.

CHAPTER XV.

To the prisoners he was peevish; and instead of keeping up the humane dignity of the law of England, whose character it is to point out favour to the criminal, he crossed them, and almost scolded at any offer they made towards defence. I had armed myself with the thought of their crime and of the danger past; but the first appearance of the prisoners shocked me!—their behaviour melted me!

HORACE WALPOLE'S LETTERS.

THE king's visit to the continent at this time had a double object—that of arranging the affairs of his majesty's favourite Hanoverian dominions, and of animating, by his own presence in the Netherlands, the troops assembled

there for the prosecution of the war. Since the death of Queen Caroline, no regency had been constituted to act upon these occasions, during the absence of that unpopular monarch; and nineteen persons of the privy council had been usually appointed, under the title of lord's justices, to conduct the executive affairs of the government.

The defection of so large a body of men in so important a regiment as the Highland Watch, occurring at a juncture of particular apprehension, caused their lordships, in the first instance, no small alarm. But fortunately the mutineers had been overtaken and captured, before they reached their own country, where their representations of the real or fancied treachery of the government might have been productive of consequences the most serious; they were secured in a fortress in the heart of the English metropolis, where the people were too busy or too sanguine about the events of the war to care for them and their wrongs: and these circum-

stances gave the justices the highest satisfaction.

Summonses, addressed to a select number of the few officers then left in the southern part of the kingdom, were issued to try the delinquents in the Tower. How the melancholy hours sped with the unfortunate yet high-spirited mountaineers, as they waited for their doom in the gloomy cells of the Tower, and thought of the free air and soft heath of their beloved country, at this pleasant season of summer, may well be matter of saddening imagination. The Tower of London contains, as is well known, no regular prison; and there was no other convenience to confine above two hundred men, in that way of punishment which jacobite Scotchmen and mutineers deserved, but those dungeons beneath the narrow towers that surround the walls, wherein the lowest traitors had, in barbarous times, heaved the bitter sigh of the prisoner, preparatory, in general, to a fatal doom. Here, in one of the strongest

of these keeps, without comfort, and almost without light, Malcolm and his brother wore away the sad hours until the day came round which was to decide their own and their comrades' fate.

On the morning in question, an unusual rattling of arms, heard on the stair of the tower in which they were confined, intimated the expected approach of messengers ; and, the bolts being withdrawn from the heavy oaken doors, a man in a black cap, and carrying an enormous bunch of keys, entered, and requested them to prepare for attending him as their custodier to the presence of the court-martial. With a gloomy satisfaction they complied with the summons, and, a double file of red-coat soldiers receiving them without, they were conducted across the open parade towards the rear entrance of the large quadrangular buildings well known by the name of the White Tower. Arriving at the bottom of that stair where the bones were found, concerning which there has been so much

controversy, in the question of the murder of the princes in Richard's days—they were commanded to ascend the narrow screw which leads to the upper part of the building. Being arrived at the top, they were taken for a moment into an apartment, whose great extent and loftiness, contrasted with the cell from which they had just been removed, particularly as it now was occupied, seemed a striking object in the eyes of both brothers.

That the scene before them should have this effect upon the M'Phersons was not surprising, unacquainted as they were with the circumstances that caused it. Whether to try together, as all implicated in the same crime, or separately, as individuals, above two hundred men, was a question which had caused not a little discussion, not only among the officers summoned on the court-martial, but among the lords justices themselves, to whom the punishment of the mutineers had now become a matter of considerable importance. After many debates, it

had at length been determined to try the delinquents in parties, with the exception of any supposed to be ringleaders, who were to be examined individually ; and for this purpose, the great apartment in question had been thrown open to receive the whole, while waiting the pleasure of the court, then sitting in a neighbouring hall.

This lofty and imposing room, not for many late years opened to the public,—being now used as a repository for the records of the kingdom,—runs the whole length of the White Tower, its vast breadth being intersected by two rows of square oaken pillars, which support a roof of the same material, covered with lead ; a large centre opening in which, with the narrow arched windows perforating the thick walls, admit an inadequate light into this extensive apartment. Why this should have been named “the council-chamber,” as it still is, is not very clear, as its great size would seem to render it inconvenient, at any period, for such a purpose ;

yet here, says history, the council sat in old times, when this fortress was the residence of royalty. Here now, on the morning of the court-martial, the M'Phersons observed the whole of their companions in trouble walking in groups up and down, to ease their limbs after their long confinement; and, upon Malcolm's entrance, they all crowded around him, almost oppressing him with their warm but melancholy salutations.

"You must come this way, friend," said their black-capped conductor, interrupting the mutual greetings of the affectionate Highlanders; and, leading the way through a narrow corridor, seemingly cut through the immensely thick walls, he brought them into a portion of the building, which, at least as it then appeared, was still more impressive. This was that most perfect specimen of Norman architecture existing in England, known to antiquaries by the traditional name of Cæsar's Chapel; and built by William Rufus, or more probably the Conqueror himself, for the private devotions of the

royal personages then inhabiting the fortress. It is a lofty, oblong apartment, running the whole breadth of Cæsar's tower, exactly above a strong dungeon of the same horizontal dimensions ; whose vaulted arch, beneath the floor of the chapel, is said to be formed upon a principle unknown in modern architecture.

'This chapel, originally dedicated to Saint John the Evangelist, and having a circular termination towards the upper or eastern end, now presented to the brothers, as they entered it at the west, an appearance not less singular than imposing. What may be called the nave, within which the double line of officers, attendant on the court martial, were now ranged, is separated from the side aisles by twelve massive, circular, Norman columns, which support an open arcade of plain arches, springing from their capitals towards the vaulted roof. Within this arcade a narrow gallery runs round the whole of the chapel, from which, namely, through the arches above the pillars, appeared the heads of

a numerous throng of ladies and others, who, by the favour of the doorkeepers, had come to witness the trial. On the thick, short shafts of the pillars, as well as on the walls around, and between the arches above, there still at this time appeared the dilapidated escutcheons and quaint effigies of the high-born of the olden time, which ages had collected, as faint memorials of past greatness; besides numerous rude paintings of crosses and Madonnas, and other religious devices. These venerable ornaments still remained, probably from the days of Henry the Third; when that munificent patron of the arts caused this chapel to be refitted with holy furniture and "fair images" of somewhat ghostly uncouthness; and now these "effigies" of past greatness or rotten mortality, seemed to look down from their grim walls upon the present military profaners of their secluded sanctuary, with a peculiarly solemn, if not striking, effect.

With their backs to the pillars, were ranged

along a narrow table covered with purple cloth, the officers of the court; whose grave solemnity of face, snow-white, square-cut wigs, and scarlet clothing, contrasted strangely with the massive simplicity and ghostly ornaments of the building. At the top, between the two pillars, where formerly stood the altar, sat the president, General Lumley, a man of large person and commanding presence; but whose smooth rubicund face, appearing as if chiselled out of the ample brigadier wig with which it was invested, together with the bold haughty look of contented indifference which he habitually wore, gave small promise of mercy to the unfortunate men, who now stood as criminals in his presence. A thick book of military statutes lay open before him; two starched orderly men, acting as messengers, stood at his back; and, as he employed himself in writing, he occasionally pushed aside with his hand the numerous orders with which his breast was decorated.

On the right of the president sat the judge-advocate, acting as public prosecutor, with his numerous books and papers. At the bottom of the table, within the bar, stood a grave man in black, being the Highland clergyman usually officiating in London, who now acted as interpreter for such of the prisoners as were unable to answer the interrogations of the court otherwise than in Gaelic.

The president sat back on his chair, and gave unwonted attention, while every head along the line of officers on each side of the table was turned to observe the brothers as they came forward down the area of the chapel. A whisper of surprise passed among the gentlemen of the court as the M'Phersons stood before them, while murmurs of admiration, mixed with compassion, came audibly from the spectators who crowded the galleries above. But the hopes and the hearts of the brothers equally sank within them, as, casting their eyes along the lines of the court to assure themselves, they observed

that the *seidar dearag* of the south only were to be their judges, and that not a single Scotchman or officer of their own regiment was there, either to try them or to explain their sentiments.* But little time had they for these thoughts, when their attention was drawn to the proceedings now going forward.

“Stand aside,” said the president waving his hand; “let these men tarry. We will proceed with the prisoner at present under examination.”

The prisoner now before the court was none other than Hamish M'Tavish the piper, whose broken Lowland English, and readiness of wit, besides his bardic profession in his own country, made him a useful medium for ascertaining the sentiments of the regiment.

* The general body of the Black Watch, having been marched from London immediately after the desertion, were shortly after shipped at Tilbury for the continent; and were by this time in Flanders, on their march to join the allied army, which soon after encountered the French and Bavarians at Dettingen.

“ Prisoner,” said the judge-advocate, continuing his examination, “ were you afraid to fight for your king, that you deserted your colours and fled to the north ?”

“ She never was afraid in her life ! sir Sas-senach ; neither for beast nor body,” cried Hamish, indignant at the question ; “ unless she might be a wee thought twitterish one day, when she had to play afore the laird o’ Glen-beigh’s book-learned piper. Yet that was but a windy affair after all, although it was far dourer to settle than ony matter o’ cracking o’ crowns or drawing o’ clymores, whilk she’ll ne’er flinch frae, night nor morning, if the cause be gude.”

“ Then, prisoner, why did you desert ?”

“ She didna desert ava, deevil a bit,” cried Hamish ; “ she wouldna desert, as lang as she got the king’s gude saxpence a-day, and the allowances. She only wanted to gae back to watch her ain hills, frae the Highland limmers and Lowland caterans, as she bargained for.

But she wadna stay in Lunon to be jeered at by the Sassenach vermin, and her vera kilt lifted behind her for an insultment."

"And had you no other reason than that for flying as you did?"

"Forty times waur than I have said yet, sir officer. We took to the north, because we would not be tricked out o' our rights, and transported to the blackamoor country like Lunon thieves. Does his honour think that Hamish M'Tavish and the other shentlemans o' the Watch would work like a slave wi' the sooty blacks o' Virginia, as they told us we were to do? Na, faith! she wasna born o' gentle bluid in the Highlands to come to that."

"And who were your leaders, or whom did you follow on this famous expedition?"

"Troth, sir," answered Hamish with a shrewd look under his eyebrow, which showed the M'Phersons he understood the import of the question; "as to whom we followed, I kenna wha it might be, an it werena the bit

bagpipe under my oxter, whilk whyles gied a bit squeak just to keep us in tune, but oftener was as dumb and as empty as a horseman's purse; and so we tramped through the woods wi' nae music but the wild blackie-birds' whistle, unless when I lilted up a bit sang, just to cheer us wi' the thoughts of our ain Highland hills."

"Then you admit yourself to have been the leader of this deserting expedition?"

"Me leader o' sic a squadron! Bless your honour's soul, to think that the Black Watch shentlemen would be led by the like o' me! I was only leader o' the music, like a Lowland precentor, as I may say; for the piper, ye ken, walks naturally in the front, for the honour o' his vocation, and a mickle better right he has, than the man that majors wi' the great staff afore the red-coat whistlers."

"Prisoner, you are diverging from the question. Look at these two men who stand beside you. Their names are M'Pherson—do you know them?"

“ I ken them weel, and their father afore them. Ye might have ca’d them shentlemen, and nae disparagement, although they dinna put whitening flour on their heads, like your honours. Their father was a gude laird in Breadalbane, and their mother is sib to the M’Phersons of Glenshiel, and no far removed even frae the Ruthvens o’ Killfendie.”

“ On your oath, sir,” said the president impatient at the man’s garrulity, “ did these men act as leaders on the late expedition ?”

“ If your honour’s glory means,” said Hamish, “ to speer whether they walked before or behint, or at the whilk side o’ their comrades, then I can say that they were sometimes at the tae place and sometimes at the tither. But when they happened to be foremost we could see them best, because they are tall and kentspeckle, like Saul among the peoples ; and if they happened to speak, we heard them wi’ respect, baith for their ain gude sense and their father’s name.”

Another question was about to be put, when a whisper of the judge-advocate, intimating a doubt whether they could legally receive, to any extent, the evidence of one accused party against another, the president made a sign to one of the orderlies behind him, to remove this prisoner.

Firm and proud of mien, yet mortified that they were not called upon to speak for themselves or their comrades, the brothers still stood at the foot of the table, the gaze of the crowded court; while man was examined after man in their presence, the great point of inquiry being, as to the leadership of what was called the mutiny, but no evidence could be obtained that could implicate one man more than another. At length a prisoner was brought in with more than ordinary ceremony, whose entry caused a bustle among some officers and others who stood between the upper columns of the chapel. The brothers turned round, and, with a firm look of manly kindness, recognized Farquhar Shaw M'Naughton.

The dull haughty indifference of look, in the broad bluff face of the president, seemed to kindle into a smile of stern triumph, as his large full eye fell upon the somewhat pallid countenance of the unfortunate accused; struck as Farquhar seemed to be, in coming forward, with the solemnity of the scene before him. Scarcely more than a single question had been put to him, when a sign from the president to his orderly, brought an officer to the place appointed for the witnesses. This officer was captain Ball, the same who had been the means of causing the whole body, by a mixture of menaces, arguments, and promises, to surrender in the wood. A few questions were readily answered by him, to the effect that Farquhar Shaw, who had, in fact, been his own conductor out of the wood, was one of, if not the chief ringleader of the mutiny.

The judge-advocate laid down his pen with a nod of his head, the whole court took a note of the evidence, while the president regarded

the witness with almost a smile of satisfaction. The limbs of Malcolm M'Pherson actually trembled under him, as he stood observing all this, and then looked in the pale face of his comrade.

"It is not so!" he said in a voice that startled the court. "If your law seeks to punish him who was foremost in seeking refuge from trick and deceit, by flying to the mountains of his own land, *I* am the man! and not the youth whom this treacherous man has witnessed against."

A pause of astonishment left the court for a few moments in dead silence. "Believe not what you have heard, honourable sirs," said Farquhar, with much solemnity; "the feeling of friendship ought not to go too far. He wrongs himself to save me! I am guilty! I will die the death—if one victim will satisfy you, and restore my brave comrades to their beloved land again."

The assembly, both court and auditors, were

astonished, and the ladies in the galleries were heard to sob in tears, as, in appeals and rejoinders the whole three young men took guilt to themselves before the court, each to save his brother or friend.

“ We shall get at the truth in time,” said the president coolly, as despatching another orderly, a man in a plain civilian dress was conducted to the place of the witnesses. The man’s face was flushed, and he walked forward with reluctance if not agitation. What was the astonishment of Malcolm to recognize in this person a late doubtful friend and former rival, Allen M’Fie.

In answering the questions of the judge-advocate, the tongue of this witness seemed parched, and he turned away from the keen eyes of the three youths, as if he could have sunk into the earth.

“ Speak up, sir !” thundered the president. “ Recollect we have your voluntary information, given on oath, to compare with your present statement. If you flinch or prevaricate, re-

member that perjury and the pillory have an ominous alliteration."

M'Fie now, piece by piece, swore to the speech of Malcolm and his brother in M'Al-lum's house, and to a vow that followed; but he could recollect the names of none other but them and Farquhar, unless it might be Hamish M'Tavish, the piper. To this captain Ball added some particulars regarding the evident influence that the brothers possessed over the rest, as shown in his own presence in the wood. The evidence against the prisoners was now complete.

"Prisoners," spoke the president, solemnly, "and you, Malcolm and Samuel M'Pherson, in particular, have you aught to urge in your defence?"

The brothers looked with proud distrust along the line of officers who sat at the table, but neither they nor M'Naughton seemed disposed to say a word.

"We will hear what you have to say in de-

fence of this disloyal and atrocious mutiny and desertion—the court is merciful,” added the president condescendingly, his bold regardless look seeming, as he spoke, to soften down for an instant almost into compassion, as, with comfortable self-complacency the sentiment appeared to be responded in the countenances of the officers around him.

At this moment Malcolm’s position was exactly facing General Lumley, being at the foot of the table, and a dead silence following this merciful challenge, the eyes of all present were fixed upon him in breathless anxiety, to hear him speak in his defence. A pause of a few moments gave him new determination, and raising his voice, he spoke nearly as follows:—

“ Brought before this court in the humiliating predicament of a criminal—a stranger in your country, and without an officer of our own to witness to our rights, or a single Scotchman to take our part—had life for myself been all I had to care for,—had I no companions involved

with me in this trouble, no kin or people in my own land, who attach a value to mine and my brother's existence, I should not offer one pleading word against the doom that I see is intended for us. But for these, my brave countrymen and comrades of the hills, what do *they* know of your military orders, and your law? They only know, that having taken your pay, and worn arms under your command, they would have followed their chief or their king to the end of the world, were they treated with respect, and spoken to with truth; and that our own piobrachds should cheer us on, even where seas of blood ran, and our Gaelic cry should animate us even to the cannon's mouth, in your cause—if you would challenge our honour, which is part of our life, or call forth the enthusiasm which has mingled in our nature with the mist and the breeze on our own mountains. But my comrades of this regiment are no common mercenaries, who may be duped or cheated, or

dragged east and west, where they never bargained to go, without even their own consent being asked, or the word of faith on which they relied being either kept with them, or explained if they had deceived themselves. Sir president—though accepting this humble rank in the king's service, we are men who have feelings of honour and of pride, as warm and as high as any of you who sit at that table—and we have kith and kin in our own glens, who are neither without power nor valour, and whose thousand eyes are anxiously turned to your proceedings towards us this day. When we enlisted in the service of his majesty, king George, we bargained, as far as men in our circumstances and station can make conditions with proud southland superiors, that we never were to be moved from our own beloved country. We were not manfully asked if we would volunteer our services to another land, to fight for the king in his German war, but we were cheated from our homes by a fleeching story of

an invitation to London, that the king might see us. Your honours sit there coolly over your books, but can you tell the feelings of Highlanders, when, at the end of their long march to London, they learned that the king and his son had departed from England, and never had thought of us or his own invitation. Mocked, as we conceived, with deception, and insulted with tricks, our loyalty suspected, and a mystery hanging over our future destination, was it wonderful that we believed the reports that came to us from every side—that we were only brought from our homes and our people to be sent to a country, the very name of which is ignominy? With the Glencoe in our recollections, and Whig contempt in our experience, how could Highland gentlemen think with patience of the bare idea of being sent, as we were told we should be, to herd with rogues and thieves in the Virginia plantations? Compared with such a destiny, death was thought an honour and a boon; and would be so even at this moment,

though hearts should break for us when the tidings of our fate may reach our own glens. But, surely, the circumstances out of which has arisen this unwilling transgression, ought to weigh something with your honourable court. Surely the consideration of *who began* this wrong, and what is due to our simple, yet proud feelings, ignorant as we are of your artificial notions, may mitigate something of the severity of your southland law. Surely, if ye are men and Englishmen, the sentence of this company for what we have done, will not be such that the widow shall have to lament the fatherless, sent to death or exile, or to cause the coronagh of sorrow, or the deep mutterings of vengeance, to be executed on another day, to be heard among glens where now reigns peace and silence. Surely you will not cause this day's doings to be shouted from rocks where the mists gather that predict the future storm, or where the noble eagle flaps his wings, and screams from the cliffs, when he finds his lofty

nest scattered in desolation, and the bold brood, whom he tended in their youth, have perished by the bullets of the stranger?"

A low sough of applause, mingled with admiration and with tears, running through the crowded galleries of the court, followed this speech; and those gleams of hope, which arise out of a man's strong feeling of the force of his own pleadings, both buoyed for an instant the hearts of the brothers, and shot like lightning from the eyes of the swarthy mountaineers, who now pressed to suffocation into the chapel. But this feeling began to subside into sinking and indignant despair, as the youths contemplated the unaltered look of leaden indifference with which all they had urged was received by the president; and the stern reference to the books before them, and grave whisperings which passed among the members of the court, who sat nearest the general. The Highlanders round seem paralyzed with dismay at the abortive effect of the appeal of their comrade, while the

whole proceeding, as Malcolm now thought of it, disappointed his simple generosity, and astonished his internal reference to reason and justice.

Something appeared now about to be acted that had in it a terrible and unnatural solemnity. There are moments at which the greatest courage gives way to, or seems swallowed up in, intense acuteness of feeling ; for, as the president lifted his large cocked-hat, and placed it slowly on his head, while his globular eyes seemed to swell in his head as he looked towards the prisoners, a species of silence hushed the vaulted chapel, which, crowded as it was, felt absolutely terrific. Malcolm's head became confused, and he involuntarily attempted to say something more, but found his tongue paralyzed, and his breath almost leave him, while horrid images of death and coffins, and his mother, and Corrie-vrin, swam in his brain and stupified his fancy, until the chapel in which he stood seemed to enlarge, and to grow almost

dark around him, while yet he saw every object with an unnatural distinctness; the crowding faces in the arched gallery overhead seemed to draw closer and closer, until they appeared to grin quite near, like spectres, as if distorted with sympathetic excitement, or elongated in sorrow. The green table stretched forth into an enormous length, and the president's figure seemed to swell into a giant size, and his face to glow with a horrible brightness, as in a cold deep tone, that echoed to the stone roof of the chapel, he pronounced some form of awful words.

A tumult of feeling was heard among the galleries, and, as his brother clung to him on one side, and Farquhar on the other, distinct screams of sorrow arose on his ear. Crowds more of the men were now brought into the chapel as he and some others were hurried out. A sound of lamentation caused by the news, arose in the great council chamber without. A guard of soldiers escorted him in this state of

paralyzed stupefaction, down the long screw stair of the turret. He scarcely knew where he was going, as he and one or two others were led across the court-yard. At length he fully recognized the dismal walls and groined arches of his former dungeon in the Bowyers' Tower. A stranger man now began to hammer at something attached to his feet. He perceived it was the smith rivetting chains on his limbs ; and now clearing his brow and looking in the faces of his brother and Farquhar—"I wonder where Hector Monro can be at this extremity," he said mentally, for he now came fully to recollect that they had all three been sentenced to death.

END OF VOL. II.

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