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ROB ROY

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ABRIDGED EDITION FOR SCHOOLS

ROB ROY

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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INTRODUCTION

Rob Roy was published in 1817. Suffering from constant pain, Scott had found it " a tough job " to get the book ready. The reader, however, finds nothing in it to suggest that it is a laboured production. The story reads " lightly and airily," the characters are well and finely portrayed, the descriptions of scenes and places are vivid and realistic, and the style lacks none of Scott's characteristic verve. It is no wonder, therefore, that within a fortnight after its publication more than ten thousand copies of the novel had been sold.

The chief interest of the story centres, of course, round Rob Roy. He is one of the most romantic characters in Scottish history, and, like " Robin Hood of Merrie England," captured the imagination of Scott. Every place, every cranny and every cave in the Highlands with which Rob's name was connected, Scott had visited before commencing the story. Nor did he neglect old books and records, such as *A Tour through Great Britain, by a Gentleman*, the source of many of his references to Glasgow commerce. It is also interesting to note that amongst the relics and antiquarian treasures of Sir Walter Scott still preserved at Abbotsford are Rob Roy's gun and sword, his purse and *skene dhu* (black knife).

Rob Roy was a member of the clan MacGregor, which in ancient times occupied the district on the borders of Perth and Argyll about the head waters of Loch Tay and Loch Lomond. The clan was so notorious for its lawless doings that several Acts of Parliament were passed ordering " that unhappy and desolate race to be rooted out, and the name of the clan to be

abolished," and "imposing heavy penalties on all who should give food or shelter to man, woman or child bearing the name of MacGregor." In the middle of the seventeenth century, however, the king had the Acts repealed out of gratitude for the services rendered him by this clan. They were subsequently renewed by its enemies after the Revolution, but were not rigidly enforced. About the end of the eighteenth century the Acts were completely abolished.

Robert MacGregor, commonly known as Rob Roy (red) or Red Rob, from his complexion and the colour of his hair, was born in 1671. He was the second son of Donald MacGregor, a lieutenant-colonel in the service of James II. His mother was the daughter of a Mr. Campbell, which name he bore in consequence of the abolition of his own name by the Acts of Parliament. He was therefore called Robert MacGregor Campbell. Though not very tall, he had yet such a powerful muscular frame that "he could seize and hold a deer by the horns; nor was it possible, with whatever exertion, to wrench anything from his grasp." Possessed of an education considered liberal in those days, usually courteous and composed in manner, but daring and resolute in times of danger, "moderate in his revenge and humane in his successes," Rob Roy displayed all the qualities of a leader, and always had at his command a body of armed men full of implicit trust and faith in him, and ready to do and die for him.

During the early part of his life he was a cattle dealer, and was prosperous as well as popular. Misfortunes, however, soon befell him. He had borrowed some money from the Duke of Montrose, whose tenant he was. Owing to the failure of his business and the deceit practised on him by his partner in trade, he was not able to pay the loan in time. The Duke set the law in motion against Rob, and as a result his landed property, stock, and furniture were seized, his wife and family were cruelly treated and evicted, and Rob was forced to retire to the hills. Henceforth he abandoned all peaceful pursuits, engaged in predatory incursions, chiefly against the Duke of Montrose, often looted his granaries and lifted his cattle, levied *blackmail* from the farmers and small lairds around,—

And thus among these rocks he lived,
Through summer's heat and winter's snow:
The eagle he was lord above,
And Rob was lord below.

In 1715, when the rebellion in favour of the Jacobites broke out, Rob and his clan sided with them. But his friend and protector, the Duke of Argyle, the sworn enemy of the Duke of Montrose, fought on the side of King George. This circumstance took away largely from Rob's loyalty to the Jacobite cause, and the result was that "the Jacobites were doubtful of Rob, and Rob was doubtful of them," and he fought more or less for his own hand.

Rob Roy died in 1733. Though in the later years of his life he pursued the occupation of a predatory chieftain, "no charge of cruelty or bloodshed, unless in battle, is brought against his memory. He was the friend of the poor, and, to the utmost of his ability, the support of the widow and the orphan, kept his word when pledged, and died lamented in his own wild country, where there were hearts grateful for his beneficence, though they were not sufficiently instructed to appreciate his errors."

ROB ROY

CHAPTER I.

EARLY in the eighteenth century, when I was a youth of some twenty years old, I was summoned suddenly from Bourdeaux to attend my father on business of importance. I shall never forget our first interview. You recollect the brief, abrupt, and somewhat stern mode in which he was wont to communicate his pleasure to those around him. Methinks I see him even now in my mind's eye,—the firm and upright figure; the step, quick and determined; the eye, which shot so keen and so penetrating a glance; the features, on which care had already planted wrinkles,—and hear his language, in which he never wasted word in vain, expressed in a voice which had sometimes an occasional harshness, far from the intention of the speaker.

When I dismounted from my post-horse, I hastened to my father's apartment. He was traversing it with an air of composed and steady deliberation, which even my arrival, although an only son, unseen for four years, was unable to discompose. I threw myself into his arms He was a kind, though not a fond, father, and the tear twinkled in his dark eye; but it was only for a moment.

"Dubourg writes to me that he is satisfied with you Frank."

"I am happy, sir—"

"But I have less reason to be so," he added, sitting down at his bureau.

"I am sorry, sir—"

"'Sorry' and 'happy,' Frank, are words that, on most occasions, signify little or nothing. Here is your last letter."

He took it out from a number of others tied up in a parcel of red tape, and curiously labelled and filed. There lay my poor epistle, written on the subject the nearest to my heart at the time, and couched in words which I had thought would work compassion, if not conviction,—there, I say, it lay, squeezed up among the letters on miscellaneous business in which my father's daily affairs had engaged him. Surely, thought I, a letter of such importance (I dared not say, even to myself, so well written) deserved a separate place, as well as more anxious consideration, than those on the ordinary business of the counting-house.

But my father did not observe my dissatisfaction, and would not have minded it if he had. He proceeded, with the letter in his hand: "This, Frank, is yours of the 21st ultimo, in which you advise me [reading from my letter] that in the most important business of forming a plan, and adopting a profession for life, you have insuperable—ay, 'insuperable' is the word (I wish, by the way, you would write a more distinct current hand.—draw a score through the tops of your *t's*, and open the loops of your *l's*)—insuperable objections to the arrangements which I have proposed to you. There is much more to the same effect, occupying four good pages of paper, which a little attention to perspicuity and distinctness of expression might have comprised within as many lines.

For, after all, Frank, it amounts but to this, that you will not do as I would have you."

"That I cannot, sir, in the present instance; not that I will not."

"Words avail very little with me, young man," said my father, whose inflexibility always possessed the air of the most perfect calmness and self-possession. "'Can not' may be a more civil phrase than 'will not,' but the expressions are synonymous where there is no moral impossibility. But I am not a friend to doing business hastily; we will talk this matter over after dinner.—Owen!"

"Owen," said my father, as the kind old man came in and shook me affectionately by the hand, "you must dine with us to day, and hear the news Frank has brought us from our friends in Bourdeaux."

Owen made one of his stiff bows of respectful gratitude; for in those days, when the distance between superiors and inferiors was enforced in a manner to which the present times are strangers, such an invitation was a favour of some little consequence.

I shall long remember that dinner party. Deeply affected by feelings of anxiety, not unmingled with displeasure, I was unable to take that active share in the conversation which my father seemed to expect from me; and I too frequently gave unsatisfactory answers to the questions with which he assailed me. Owen endeavoured at every blunder I made to explain my no-meaning, and to cover my retreat,—manœuvres which added to my father's pettish displeasure, and brought a share of it upon my kind advocate, instead of protecting me. I had not, to say truth, conducted myself as my father had wished. I had frequented the

counting-house no more than I had thought absolutely necessary to secure the good report of the Frenchman, long a correspondent of our firm, to whom my father had trusted for initiating me into the mysteries of commerce. In fact, my principal attention had been dedicated to literature and manly exercises. My father did not altogether discourage such acquirements, whether mental or personal. But his chief ambition was that I should succeed, not merely to his fortune, but to the views and plans by which he imagined he could extend and perpetuate the wealthy inheritance which he designed for me. He was determined I should embrace his profession; and when he was determined, the resolution of no man was more immovable. I, however, was also a party to be consulted, and, with something of his own pertinacity, I had formed a determination precisely contrary.

Accordingly, I am compelled to repeat that my time at Bourdeaux had not been spent as my father had proposed to himself. What he considered as the chief end of my residence in that city, I had postponed for every other, and would (had I dared) have neglected it altogether. Dubourg, a favoured and benefited correspondent of our mercantile house, was too much of a shrewd politician to make such reports to the head of the firm concerning his only child as would excite the displeasure of both; and he might also, as you will presently hear, have views of selfish advantage in suffering me to neglect the purposes for which I was placed under his charge. My conduct was regulated by the bounds of decency and good order, and thus far he had no evil report to make, supposing him so disposed; but perhaps the crafty Frenchman would have been equally com-

plaisant, had I been in the habit of indulging worse feelings than those of indolence and aversion to mercantile business. As it was, while I gave a decent portion of my time to the commercial studies he recommended, he was by no means envious of the hours which I dedicated to other and more classical attainments. He had picked up somewhere a convenient expression, with which he rounded off every letter to his correspondent,—"I was all," he said, "that a father could wish."

Knowing very well what he desired me to be, Mr. Osbaldistone made no doubt, from the frequent repetition of Dubourg's favourite phrase, that I was the very thing he wished to see me, when, in an evil hour, he received my letter containing my eloquent and detailed apology for declining a place in the firm, and a desk and stool in the corner of the dark counting-house in Crane Alley, surmounting in height those of Owen and the other clerks, and only inferior to the tripod of my father himself. All was wrong from that moment Dubourg's reports became as suspicious as if his bills had been noted for dishonour. I was summoned home in all haste, and received in the manner I have already communicated to you.

CHAPTER II.

My father had, generally speaking, his temper under complete self-command, and his anger rarely indicated itself by words, except in a sort of dry, testy manner, to those who had displeased him. He never used threats or expressions of loud resentment. All was arranged

with him on system, and it was his practice to do "the needful" on every occasion, without wasting words about it. It was, therefore, with a bitter smile that he listened to my imperfect answers concerning the state of commerce in France, and unmercifully permitted me to involve myself deeper and deeper in the mysteries of agio, tariffs, tare and tret; nor can I charge my memory with his having looked positively angry until he found me unable to explain the exact effect which the depreciation of the louis d'or had produced on the negotiation of bills of exchange. "The most remarkable national occurrence in my time," said my father (who nevertheless had seen the Revolution), "and he knows no more of it than a post on the quay! But, body o' me! how Dubourg could permit him!—Hark ye, Owen, what sort of a youth is Clement Dubourg, his nephew there, in the office, the black-haired lad?"

"One of the cleverest clerks, sir, in the house,—a prodigious young man for his time," answered Owen; for the gaiety and civility of the young Frenchman had won his heart.

"Ay, ay, I suppose *he* knows something of the nature of exchange. Dubourg was determined I should have one youngster at least about my hand who understood business; but I see his drift, and he shall find that I do so when he looks at the balance-sheet. Owen, let Clement's salary be paid up to next quarter day, and let him ship himself back to Bordeaux in his father's ship, which is clearing out yonder."

"Dismiss Clement Dubourg, sir?" said Owen, with a faltering voice.

"Yes, sir, dismiss him instantly; it is enough to have a stupid Englishman in the counting-house to make

blunders, without keeping a sharp Frenchman there to profit by them."

"I beg pardon, sir," said I, when Mr. Osbaldistone had done speaking, "but I think it but just that if I have been negligent of my studies, I should pay the forfeit myself. I have no reason to charge Monsieur Dubourg with having neglected to give me opportunities of improvement, however little I may have profited by them; and with respect to Monsieur Clement Dubourg—"

"With respect to him, and to you, I shall take the measures which I see needful," replied my father; "but it is fair in you, Frank, to take your own blame on your own shoulders,—very fair, that cannot be denied.—I cannot acquit old Dubourg," he said, looking to Owen, "for having merely afforded Frank the means of useful knowledge, without either seeing that he took advantage of them, or reporting to me if he did not. You see, Owen, he has natural notions of equity becoming a British merchant."

"Mr. Francis," said the head clerk, with his usual formal inclination of the head, and a slight elevation of his right hand, which he had acquired by a habit of sticking his pen behind his ear before he spoke,—"Mr Francis seems to understand the fundamental principle of all moral accounting, the great ethic rule of three. Let A do to B as he would have B do to him; the product will give the rule of conduct required."

My father smiled at this reduction of the golden rule to arithmetical form, but instantly proceeded:

"All this signifies nothing, Frank; you have been throwing away your time like a boy, and in future you must learn to live like a man. I shall put you under

Owen's care for a few months, to recover the lost ground."

I was about to reply, but Owen looked at me with such a supplicatory and warning gesture that I was involuntarily silent.

"We will then," continued my father, "resume the subject of mine of the 1st ultimo, to which you sent me an answer which was unadvised and unsatisfactory. So now, fill your glass, and push the bottle to Owen."

Want of courage—of audacity, if you will—was never my failing. I answered firmly, I was sorry that my letter was unsatisfactory,—unadvised it was not; for I had given the proposal his goodness had made me my instant and anxious attention, and it was with no small pain that I found myself obliged to decline it.

My father bent his keen eye for a moment on me, and instantly withdrew it. As he made no answer, I thought myself obliged to proceed, though with some hesitation. and he only interrupted me by monosyllables.

"It is impossible, sir, for me to have higher respect for any character than I have for the commercial, even were it not yours."

"Indeed!"

"It connects nation with nation, relieves the wants and contributes to the wealth of all, and is to the general commonwealth of the civilised world what the daily intercourse of ordinary life is to private society, or rather, what air and food are to our bodies."

"Well, sir?"

"And yet, sir, I find myself compelled to persist in declining to adopt a character which I am so ill qualified to support."

"I will take care that you acquire the qualifications

necessary. You are no longer the guest and pupil of Dubourg."

"But, my dear sir, it is no defect of teaching which I plead, but my own inability to profit by instruction."

"Nonsense; have you kept your journal in the terms I desired?"

"Yes, sir."

"Be pleased to bring it here."

The volume thus required was a sort of commonplace book, kept by my father's recommendation, in which I had been directed to enter notes of the miscellaneous information which I had acquired in the course of my studies. Foreseeing that he would demand inspection of this record, I had been attentive to transcribe such particulars of information as he would most likely be pleased with; but too often the pen had discharged the task without much correspondence with the head. And it had also happened that, the book being the receptacle nearest to my hand, I had occasionally jotted down memoranda which had little regard to traffic. I now put it into my father's hand, devoutly hoping he might light on nothing that would increase his displeasure against me. Owen's face, which had looked something blank when the question was put, cleared up at my ready answer, and wore a smile of hope when I brought from my apartment, and placed before my father, a commercial-looking volume rather broader than it was long, having brazen clasps and a binding of rough calf. This looked business-like, and was encouraging to my benevolent well-wisher. But he actually smiled with pleasure as he heard my father run over some part of the contents, muttering his critical remarks as he went on reading.

Thus I perceived myself getting so fast into favour that I began to fear the consequence would be my father's more obstinate perseverance in his resolution that I must become a merchant; and as I was determined on the contrary, I began to wish I had not, to use my friend Mr. Owen's phrase, been so methodical. But I had no reason for apprehension on that score; for a blotted piece of paper dropped out of the book, and, being taken up by my father, he interrupted a hint from Owen, on the propriety of securing loose memoranda with a little paste, by exclaiming, "'To the memory of Edward the Black Prince.' What's all this?—Verses! By Heaven, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I supposed you!" He tossed the paper from him with an air of superlative contempt, and repeated, "Upon my credit, Frank, you are a greater blockhead than I took you for."

What could I say, my dear Tresham? There I stood, swelling with indignant mortification, while my father regarded me with a calm but stern look of scorn and pity; and poor Owen, with uplifted hands and eyes, looked as striking a picture of horror as if he had just read his patron's name in the Gazette. At length I took courage to speak, endeavouring that my tone of voice should betray my feelings as little as possible:—

"I am quite aware, sir, how ill qualified I am to play the conspicuous part in society you have destined for me; and, luckily, I am not ambitious of the wealth I might acquire. Mr. Owen would be a much more effective assistant." I said this in some malice, for I considered Owen as having deserted my cause a little too soon.

"Owen?" said my father. "The boy is mad,

actually insane. And pray, sir, if I may presume to inquire, having coolly turned me over to Mr. Owen (although I may expect more attention from any one than from my son), what may your own sage projects be ? "

"I should wish, sir," I replied, summoning up my courage, "to travel for two or three years, should that consist with your pleasure ; otherwise, although late, I would willingly spend the same time at Oxford or Cambridge."

"In the name of common-sense ! was the like ever heard ? To put yourself to school among pedants and Jacobites, when you might be pushing your fortune in the world ! Why not go to Westminster or Eton at once, man, and take to Lilly's Grammar and Accidence, and to the birch, too, if you like it ? "

"Then, sir, if you think my plan of improvement too late, I would willingly return to the Continent."

"You have already spent too much time there to little purpose, Mr. Francis."

"Then I would choose the army, sir, in preference to any other active line of life."

"Choose the d—l," answered my father, hastily, and then checking himself. "I profess you make me as great a fool as you are yourself.—Is he not enough to drive one mad, Owen ? "—Poor Owen shook his head, and looked down. "Hark ye, Frank," continued my father, "I will cut all this matter very short : I was at your age when my father turned me out of doors, and settled my legal inheritance on my younger brother. I left Osbaldistone Hall on the back of a broken-down hunter, with ten guineas in my purse. I have never crossed the threshold again, and I never will. I know

not, and I care not, if my fox-hunting brother is alive, or has broken his neck; but he has children, Frank, and one of them shall be my son if you cross me farther in this matter."

"You will do your pleasure," I answered, rather, I fear, with more sullen indifference than respect, "with what is your own."

"Yes, Frank, what I have *is* my own, if labour in getting, and care in augmenting, can make a right of property; and no drone shall feed on my honeycomb. Think on it well; what I have said is not without reflection, and what I resolve upon I will execute."

"Honoured sir, dear sir," exclaimed Owen, tears rushing into his eyes, "you are not wont to be in such a hurry in transacting business of importance. Let Mr. Francis run up the balance before you shut the account, —he loves you, I am sure; and when he puts down his filial obedience to the *per contra*, I am sure his objections will disappear."

"Do you think I will ask him twice," said my father, sternly, "to be my friend, my assistant, and my confidant; to be a partner of my cares and of my fortune? Owen, I thought you had known me better."

He looked at me as if he meant to add something more, but turned instantly away, and left the room abruptly.

In a few minutes he returned and said, "You were right, Owen, and I was wrong; we will take more time to think over this matter.—Young man, you will prepare to give me an answer on this important subject this day month."

I bowed in silence, sufficiently glad of a reprieve, and trusting it might indicate some relaxation in my father's determination.

The time of probation passed slowly, unmarked by any accident whatever. I went and came, and disposed of my time as I pleased, without question or criticism on the part of my father. Indeed, I rarely saw him, save at meal-times, when he studiously avoided a discussion which you may well suppose I was in no hurry to press onward. Our conversation was of the news of the day, or on such general topics as strangers discourse upon to each other, nor could any one have guessed, from its tenor, that there remained undecided betwixt us a dispute of such importance. It haunted me, however, more than once, like the nightmare. Was it possible he would keep his word, and disinherit his only son in favour of a nephew, whose very existence he was not perhaps quite certain of? My grandfather's conduct in similar circumstances, boded me no good, had I considered the matter rightly. But I had formed an erroneous idea of my father's character, and I persuaded myself that all I had to apprehend was some temporary alienation of affection,—perhaps a rustication of a few weeks, which I thought would rather please me than otherwise, since it would give me an opportunity of setting about an Italian poem which I longed to render into English verse.

One morning I heard a low and cautious tap at the door of my apartment. "Come in," I said, and Mr. Owen entered.

"Mr. Francis," he said, interrupting my expressions of surprise and pleasure at seeing him, "I do not know if I am doing well in what I am about to say; it is not right to speak of what passes in the compting-house out of doors,—but young Twineall has been absent from the house for a fortnight and more, until two days since."

"Very well, my dear sir, and how does that concern us?"

"Stay, Mr. Francis,—your father gave him a private commission; and it's my faithful belief that Twineall has been down in the North."

"Do you really suppose so?" said I, somewhat startled.

"He has spoken about nothing, sir, since he returned, but it's as true as the multiplication-table. Do, Heaven bless you, my dear child, make up your mind to please your father, and to be a man and a merchant at once."

I felt at that instant a strong inclination to submit, and to make Owen happy by requesting him to tell my father that I resigned myself to his disposal. But pride—pride, the source of so much that is good and so much that is evil in our course of life, prevented me. My acquiescence stuck in my throat; and while I was coughing to get it up, my father's voice summoned Owen. He hastily left the room, and the opportunity was lost.

My father was methodical in everything. At the very same time of the day, in the same apartment, and with the same tone and manner which he had employed an exact month before, he recapitulated the proposal he had made for taking me into partnership, and assigning me a department in the counting-house, and requested to have my final decision. I thought at the time there was something unkind in this; and I still think that my father's conduct was injudicious. A more conciliatory treatment would, in all probability, have gained his purpose. As it was, I stood fast, and, as respectfully as I could, declined the proposal he made to me.

Perhaps—for who can judge of their own heart?—I felt it unmanly to yield on the first summons, and expected farther solicitation, as at least a pretext for changing my mind. If so, I was disappointed; for my father turned coolly to Owen, and only said, "You see it is as I told you.—Well, Frank," addressing me, "you are nearly of age, and as well qualified to judge of what will constitute your own happiness as you ever are like to be; therefore, I say no more. But as I am not bound to give in to your plans, any more than you are compelled to submit to mine, may I ask to know if you have formed any which depend on my assistance?"

I answered, not a little abashed, that being bred to no profession, and having no funds of my own, it was obviously impossible for me to subsist without some allowance from my father; that my wishes were very moderate; and that I hoped my aversion for the profession to which he had designed me, would not occasion his altogether withdrawing his paternal support and protection.

"That is to say you wish to lean on my arm, and yet to walk your own way? That can hardly be, Frank; however, I suppose you mean to obey my directions, so far as they do not cross your own humour?"

I was about to speak. "Silence, if you please," he continued. "Supposing this to be the case, you will instantly set out for the North of England, to pay your uncle a visit, and see the state of his family. I have chosen from among his sons (he has six, I believe) one who, I understand, is most worthy to fill the place I intended for you in the counting-house. But some farther arrangements may be necessary, and for these your presence may be requisite. You shall have further

instructions at Osbaldistone Hall, where you will please to remain until you hear from me. Everything will be ready for your departure to-morrow morning."

With these words my father left the apartment.

"What does all this mean, Mr. Owen?" said I to my sympathetic friend, whose countenance wore a cast of the deepest dejection.

"You have ruined yourself, Mr. Frank, that's all; when your father talks in that quiet, determined manner, there will be no more change in him than in a fitted account."

And so it proved; for the next morning, at five o'clock I found myself on the road to York, mounted on a reasonably good horse, and with fifty guineas in my pocket,—travelling, as it would seem, for the purpose of assisting in the adoption of a successor to myself in my father's house and favour, and, for aught I knew, eventually in his fortune also.

CHAPTER III.

Of all the fellows whom I saw on the road, one poor man, with whom I travelled a day and a half, afforded me most amusement. He had upon his pillion a very small, but apparently a very weighty, portmanteau, about the safety of which he seemed particularly solicitous; never trusting it out of his own immediate care, and uniformly repressing the officious zeal of the waiters and ostlers who offered their services to carry it into the house. With the same precaution he laboured to conceal, not only the purpose of his journey and his

ultimate place of destination, but even the direction of each day's route. Nothing embarrassed him more than to be asked by any one whether he was travelling upwards or downwards, or at what stage he intended to bait. His place of rest for the night he scrutinised with the most anxious care, alike avoiding solitude and what he considered as bad neighbourhood; and at one place in particular, I believe, he sate up all night to avoid sleeping in the next room to a thick-set, squinting fellow in a black wig and a tarnished gold-laced waistcoat. With all these cares on his mind, my fellow-traveller, to judge by his thews and sinews, was a man who might have set danger at defiance with as much impunity as most men He was strong and well-built, and judging from his gold-laced hat and cockade, seemed to have served in the army, or at least to belong to the military profession in one capacity or other. His conversation also, though always sufficiently vulgar, was that of a man of sense, when the terrible bugbears which haunted his imagination for a moment ceased to occupy his attention But every accidental association recalled them. An open heath, a close plantation, were alike subjects of apprehension; and the whistle of a shepherd lad was instantly converted into the signal of a depredator. Even the sight of a gibbet, if it assured him that one robber was safely disposed of by justice, never fai'ed to remind him how many remained still unhanged.

My timorous acquaintance and I were about to grace the board of the ruddy-faced host of the Black Bear, in the town of Darlington and bishopric of Durham, when our landlord informed us, with a sort of apologetic tone, that there was a Scotch gentleman to dine with us.

"A gentleman? What sort of a gentleman?" said my companion, somewhat hastily, his mind, I suppose, running on gentlemen of the pad, as they were then termed.

"Why, a Scotch sort of a gentleman, as I said before," returned mine host,—"they are all gentle, you must know, though they have not a shirt to their back; but this is a decent fellow,—a canny North Briton as e'er cross'd Berwick bridge; I trow he's a dealer in cattle."

"Let us have his company, by all means," answered my companion; and then, turning to me, he gave vent to the tenor of his own reflections. "I respect the Scotch, sir; I love and honour the nation for their sense of morality. I have been credibly assured, sir, by men on whom I can depend, that there was never known such a thing in Scotland as a highway robbery."

"That's because they have nothing to lose," said mine host, with the chuckle of a self-applauding wit.

"No, no, landlord," answered a strong, deep voice behind him; "it's e'en because your English gaugers and supervisors, that you have sent down north of the Tweed, have taken up the trade of thievery over the heads of the native professors."

"Well said, Mr. Campbell!" answered the landlord; "I did not think thou hadst been so near us, man. But thou knowest I'm an outspoken Yorkshire fellow. And how go markets in the South?"

"Well, just as usual," replied Mr. Campbell; "wise folks buy and sell, and fools are bought and sold."

"But wise men and fools both eat their dinner," answered our jolly entertainer; "and here it comes,—as prime a buttock of beef as e'er hungry man stuck fork in."

So saying he eagerly whetted his knife, assumed his seat of empire at the head of the board, and loaded the plates of his sundry guests with his good cheer.

This was the first time I had heard the Scottish accent, and it was with an impression of dislike that I contemplated the first Scotchman I chanced to meet in society. There was much about him that coincided with my previous conceptions. He had the hard features and athletic form said to be peculiar to his country, together with the national intonation and slow, pedantic mode of expression arising from a desire to avoid peculiarities of idiom or dialect. I could also observe the caution and shrewdness of his country in many of the observations which he made, and the answers which he returned. But I was not prepared for the air of easy self-possession and superiority with which he seemed to predominate over the company into which he was thrown, as it were by accident. His dress was as coarse as it could be, being still decent; and at a time when great expense was lavished upon the wardrobe, even of the lowest who pretended to the character of gentlemen, this indicated mediocrity of circumstances, if not poverty. His conversation intimated that he was engaged in the cattle-trade,—no very dignified professional pursuit. And yet, under these disadvantages, he seemed, as a matter of course, to treat the rest of the company with the cool and condescending politeness which implies a real, or imagined, superiority over those towards whom it is used. When he gave his opinion on any point, it was with that easy tone of confidence used by those superior to their society in rank or information, as if what he said could not be doubted, and was not to be questioned. Mine host and his Sunday guests, after an effort or two to support their

consequence by noise and bold averment, sank gradually under the authority of Mr. Campbell, who thus fairly possessed himself of the lead in the conversation.

The landlord failed not to acquaint the company that, for as peaceable a gentleman as Mr. Campbell was, he was, moreover, as bold as a lion,—seven highwaymen had he defeated with his single arm, that beset him as he came from Whitson-Tryste.

"Thou art deceived, friend Jonathan," said Campbell, interrupting him; "they were but barely two, and two cowardly loons as man could wish to meet withal."

"And did you, sir, really," said my fellow-traveller, edging his chair (I should have said his portmanteau) nearer to Mr. Campbell, "really and actually beat two highwaymen yourself alone?"

"In troth did I, sir," replied Campbell; "and I think it no great thing to make a song about."

"Upon my word, sir," replied my acquaintance, "I should be happy to have the pleasure of your company on my journey,—I go northward, sir."

This piece of gratuitous information concerning the route he proposed to himself, the first I had heard my companion bestow upon any one, failed to excite the corresponding confidence of the Scotchman.

"We can scarce travel together," he replied, drily. "You, sir, doubtless, are well mounted, and I, for the present, travel on foot, or on a Highland shelty that does not help me much faster forward."

So saying, he called for a reckoning for the wine, and throwing down the price of the additional bottle which he had himself introduced, rose as if to take leave of us. My companion made up to him, and taking him by the button, drew him aside into one of the windows. I

could not help overhearing him pressing something,—I supposed his company upon the journey, which Mr. Campbell seemed to decline.

"I will pay your charges, sir," said the traveller, in a tone as if he thought the argument should bear down all opposition.

"It is quite impossible," said Campbell, somewhat contemptuously; "I have business at Rothbury."

"But I am in no great hurry; I can ride out of the way, and never miss a day or so for good company."

"Upon my faith, sir," said Campbell, "I cannot render you the service you seem to desiderate. I am," he added, drawing himself up haughtily, "travelling on my own private affairs; and if ye will act by my advice, sir, ye will neither unite yourself with an absolute stranger on the road, nor communicate your line of journey to those who are asking ye no questions about it." He then extricated his button, not very ceremoniously, from the hold which detained him, and, coming up to me as the company were dispersing, observed, "Your friend, sir, is too communicative, considering the nature of his trust."

"That gentleman," I replied, looking towards the traveller, "is no friend of mine, but an acquaintance whom I picked up on the road. I know neither his name nor business, and you seem to be deeper in his confidence than I am."

"I only meant," he replied hastily, "that he seems a thought rash in conferring the honour of his company on those who desire it not."

"The gentleman," replied I, "knows his own affairs best, and I should be sorry to constitute myself a judge of them in any respect."

Mr. Campbell made no further observation, but merely wished me a good journey, and the party dispersed for the evening.

Next day I parted company with my timid companion, as I left the great northern road to turn more westerly in the direction of Osbaldistone Manor, my uncle's seat. I cannot tell whether he felt relieved or embarrassed by my departure, considering the dubious light in which he seemed to regard me. For my own part, his tremors ceased to amuse me, and, to say the truth, I was heartily glad to get rid of him.

CHAPTER IV.

I APPROACHED my native North, for such I esteemed it, with that enthusiasm which romantic and wild scenery inspires in the lovers of nature. No longer interrupted by the babble of my companion, I could now remark the difference which the country exhibited from that through which I had hitherto travelled. The streams now more properly deserved the name, for, instead of slumbering stagnant among reeds and willows, they brawled along beneath the shade of natural copsewood; were now hurried down declivities, and now purled more leisurely, but still in active motion, through little lonely valleys, which, opening on the road from time to time seemed to invite the traveller to explore their recesses. The Cheviots rose before me in frowning majesty, huge, round-headed, and clothed with a dark robe of russet, gaining, by their extent and desolate appearance, an influence upon the imagination, as a desert district possessing a character of its own.

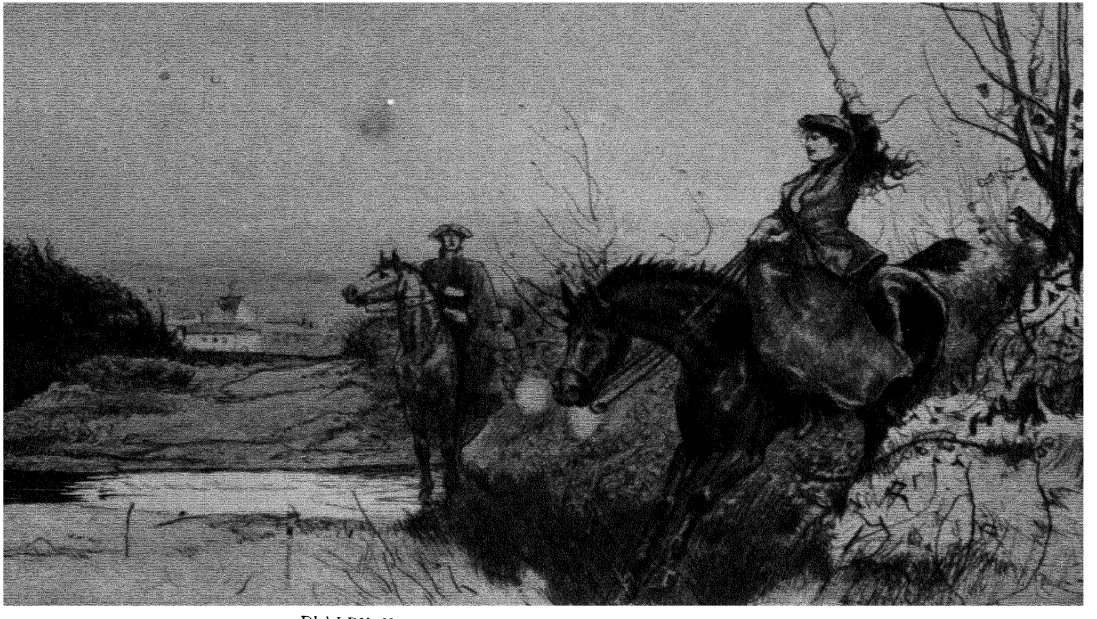
The abode of my fathers, which I was now approaching, was situated in a glen, or narrow valley, which ran up among those hills. Extensive estates, which once belonged to the family of Osbaldistone, had been long dissipated by the misfortunes or misconduct of my ancestors; but enough was still attached to the old mansion to give my uncle the title of a man of large property. This he employed (as I was given to understand by some inquiries which I made on the road) in maintaining the prodigal hospitality of a Northern squire of the period, which he deemed essential to his family dignity.

From the summit of an eminence, I had already had a distant view of Osbaldistone Hall,—a large and antiquated edifice, peeping out from a grove of huge oaks; and I was directing my course towards it, as straightly and as speedily as the windings of a very indifferent road would permit, when my horse, tired as he was, pricked up his ears at the enlivening notes of a pack of hounds in full cry, cheered by the occasional bursts of a French horn, which in those days was a constant accompaniment to the chase. I made no doubt that the pack was my uncle's, and drew up my horse with the purpose of suffering the hunters to pass without notice, aware that a hunting-field was not the proper scene to introduce myself to a keen sportsman, and determined, when they had passed on, to proceed to the mansion-house at my own pace, and there to await the return of the proprietor from his sport. I paused, therefore, on a rising ground, and expected with some eagerness the appearance of the huntsmen.

The fox, hard run, and nearly spent, first made his appearance from the copse which clothed the right-hand

side of the valley. His drooping brush, his soiled appearance, and jaded trot, proclaimed his fate impending; and the carrion crow, which hovered over him, already considered poor Reynard as soon to be his prey. He crossed the stream which divides the little valley, and was dragging himself up a ravine on the other side of its wild banks, when the headmost hounds, followed by the rest of the pack in full cry, burst from the coppice, followed by the huntsman, and three or four riders. The dogs pursued the trace of Reynard with unerring instinct, and the hunters followed with reckless haste, regardless of the broken and difficult nature of the ground. They were tall, stout young men, well mounted, and dressed in green and red,—the uniform of a sporting association formed under the auspices of old Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone. "My cousins!" thought I, as they swept past me. The next reflection was, "What is my reception likely to be among these worthy successors of Nimrod? and how improbable is it that I, knowing little or nothing of rural sports, shall find myself at ease or happy in my uncle's family." A vision that passed me interrupted these reflections.

It was a young lady, the loveliness of whose very striking features was enhanced by the animation of the chase and the glow of the exercise, mounted on a beautiful horse, and wearing, what was then something unusual, a coat, vest, and hat, resembling those of a man, which fashion has since called a riding-habit. The mode had been introduced while I was in France, and was perfectly new to me. Her long black hair streamed on the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the ribbon which bound it. Some very broken ground, through which she guided her horse with the most



DI VERNON AND FRANK.—Drawn by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.

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admirable address and presence of mind, retarded her course, and brought her closer to me than any of the other riders had passed. I had, therefore, a full view of her uncommonly fine face and person, to which an inexpressible charm was added by the wild gaiety of the scene, and the romance of her singular dress and unexpected appearance. As she passed me, her horse made, in his impetuosity, an irregular movement, just while, coming once more upon open ground, she was again putting him to his speed. It served as an apology for me to ride close up to her, as if to her assistance. There was, however, no cause for alarm,—it was not a stumble, nor a false step; and if it had, the fair Amazon had too much self-possession to have been deranged by it. She thanked my good intentions, however, by a smile, and I felt encouraged to put my horse to the same pace, and to keep in her immediate neighbourhood. The clamour of "Whoop, dead, dead!" and the corresponding flourish of the French horn, soon announced to us that there was no more occasion for haste, since the chase was at a close. One of the young men whom we had seen approached us, waving the brush of the fox in triumph, as if to upbraid my fair companion

"I see," she replied,—"I see; but make no noise about it; if Phœbe," she said, patting the neck of the beautiful animal on which she rode, "had not got among the cliffs, you would have had little cause for boasting."

They met as she spoke, and I observed them both look at me and converse a moment in an undertone, the young lady apparently pressing the sportsman to do something which he declined shyly, and with a sort of sheepish sullenness. She instantly turned her horse's head towards me, saying, "Well, well, Thornie, if you

won't, I must, that's all.—Sir," she continued, addressing me, "I have been endeavouring to persuade this cultivated young gentleman to make inquiry of you whether, in the course of your travels in these parts, you have heard anything of a friend of ours, one Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, who has been for some days expected at Osbaldistone Hall?"

I was too happy to acknowledge myself to be the party inquired after, and to express my thanks for the obliging inquiries of the young lady.

"In that case, sir," she rejoined, "as my kinsman's politeness seems to be still slumbering, you will permit me (though I suppose it is highly improper) to present to you young squire Thorncliff Osbaldistone, your cousin, and Die Vernon, who has also the honour to be your accomplished cousin's poor kinswoman."

There was a mixture of boldness, satire, and simplicity in the manner in which Miss Vernon pronounced these words. My knowledge of life was sufficient to enable me to take up a corresponding tone as I expressed my gratitude to her for her condescension, and my extreme pleasure at having met with them. To say the truth, the compliment was so expressed that the lady might easily appropriate the greater share of it, for Thorncliff seemed an arrant country bumpkin, awkward, shy, and somewhat sulky withal. He shook hands with me, however, and then intimated his intention of leaving me, that he might help the huntsman and his brothers to couple up the hounds,—a purpose which he rather communicated by way of information to Miss Vernon than as apology to me.

Miss Vernon then led me to my uncle's old Hall, where we were soon joined by my cousins.

CHAPTER V.

If Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone was in no hurry to greet his nephew, of whose arrival he must have been informed for some time, he had important avocations to allege in excuse. "Had seen thee sooner, lad," he exclaimed, after a rough shake of the hand, and a hearty welcome to Osbaldistone Hall, "but had to see the hounds kennelled first. Thou art welcome to the Hall, lad. Here is thy cousin Percie, thy cousin Thornie, and thy cousin John,—your cousin Dick, your cousin Wilfred, and—stay, where's Rashleigh?—ay, here's Rashleigh,—take thy long body aside, Thornie, and let's see thy brother a bit,—your cousin Rashleigh.—So, thy father has thought on the old Hall and old Sir Hildebrand at last—better late than never. Thou art welcome, lad.—Where's my little Die? Ay, here she comes. This is my niece Die, my wife's brother's daughter,—the prettiest girl in our dales, be the other who she may.—And so now let's to the sirloin."

Miss Vernon contrived that I should sit betwixt Thorncliff and herself at dinner.

"I want to speak with you," she said, "now tell me how you like us all."

"A very comprehensive question, Miss Vernon, considering how short while I have been at Osbaldistone Hall."

"Oh, the philosophy of our family lies on the surface; there are minute shades distinguishing the individuals, which require the eye of an intelligent observer; but the species, as naturalists I believe call it, may be distinguished and characterised at once."

"My five elder cousins, then, are, I presume, of pretty nearly the same character."

"Yes, they form a happy compound of sot, gamekeeper, bully, horse-jockey, and fool; but as they say there cannot be found two leaves on the same tree exactly alike, so these happy ingredients, being mingled in somewhat various proportions in each individual, make an agreeable variety for those who like to study character."

"Give me a sketch, if you please, Miss Vernon."

"You shall have them all in a family-piece, at full length,—the favour is too easily granted to be refused. Percie, the son and heir, has more of the sot than of the gamekeeper, bully, horse-jockey, or fool. My precious Thornie is more of the bully than the sot, gamekeeper, jockey, or fool. John, who sleeps whole weeks amongst the hills, has most of the gamekeeper. The jockey is powerful with Dickon, who rides two hundred miles by day and night to be bought and sold at a horse-race. And the fool predominates so much over Wilfred's other qualities that he may be termed a fool positive."

"A goodly collection, Miss Vernon, and the individual varieties belong to a most interesting species. But is there no room on the canvas for Sir Hildebrand?"

"I love my uncle," was her reply; "I owe him some kindness (such it was meant for, at least); and I will leave you to draw his picture yourself, when you know him better."

"You have not included Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldistone in your domestic sketches," said I.

She shrank, I thought, at this remark, and hastily answered, in a much lower tone, "Not a word of Rashleigh! His ears are so acute, when his selfishness

is interested, that the sounds would reach him even through the mass of Thorncliff's person, stuffed as it is with beef, venison-pasty, and pudding."

"Yes," I replied; "but peeping past the living screen which divides us, before I put the question, I perceived that Mr. Rashleigh's chair was empty,—he has left the table."

"I would not have you be too sure of that," Miss Vernon replied. "Take my advice, and when you speak of Rashleigh, get up to the top of Otterscope Hill, where you can see for twenty miles round you in every direction,—stand on the very peak, and speak in whispers, and, after all, don't be too sure that the bird of the air will not carry the matter. Rashleigh has been my tutor for four years; we are mutually tired of each other, and we shall heartily rejoice at our approaching separation."

"Mr. Rashleigh leaves Osbaldistone Hall, then?"

"Yes, in a few days,—did you not know that? Your father must keep his resolutions much more secret than Sir Hildebrand. Why, when my uncle was informed that you were to be his guest for some time, and that your father desired to have one of his hopeful sons to fill up the lucrative situation in his counting-house, which was vacant by your obstinacy, Mr. Francis, the good knight held a council of all his family, including the butler, housekeeper, and gamekeeper. This reverend assembly of the peers and household officers of Osbaldistone Hall was not convoked, as you may suppose, to elect your substitute, because, as Rashleigh alone possessed more arithmetic than was necessary to calculate the odds on a fighting-cock, none but he could be supposed qualified for the situation. But some solemn

sanction was necessary for transforming Rashleigh's destination from starving as a Catholic priest, to thriving as a wealthy banker; and it was not without some reluctance that the acquiescence of the assembly was obtained to such an act of degradation."

"I can conceive the scruples; but how were they got over?"

"By the general wish, I believe, to get Rashleigh out of the house," replied Miss Vernon. "Although youngest of the family, he has somehow or other got the entire management of all the others; and every one is sensible of the subjection, though they cannot shake it off. If any one opposes him, he is sure to rue having done so before the year goes about; and if you do him a very important service, you may rue it still more."

"At that rate," answered I, smiling, "I should look about me; for I have been the cause, however unintentionally, of his change of situation."

"Yes! and whether he regards it as an advantage or disadvantage, he will owe you a grudge for it. But here come cheese, radishes, and a bumper to Church and King,—the hint for chaplains and ladies to disappear; and I, the sole representative of womanhood at Osbaldistone Hall, retreat, as in duty bound."

She vanished as she spoke, leaving me in astonishment at the mingled character of shrewdness, audacity, and frankness which her conversation displayed.

CHAPTER VI.

She was the first person I thought of in the morning, when waked at dawn by the cheerful notes of

'he hunting-horn. To start up, and direct my horse to be saddled, was my first movement; and in a few minutes I was in the court-yard, where men, dogs, and horses were in full preparation. I hastened to salute Miss Vernon, who advanced cordially to meet me. Some show of greeting also passed between my cousins and me; but as I saw them maliciously bent upon criticising my dress and accoutrements, from the cap to the stirrup-irons, and sneering at whatever had a new or foreign appearance, I exempted myself from the task of paying them much attention, and assuming an air of the utmost indifference and contempt, I attached myself to Miss Vernon as the only person in the party whom I could regard as a suitable companion. By her side, therefore, I sallied forth to the destined cover, which was a dingle or copse on the side of an extensive common. As we rode thither, I observed to Diana that I did not see my cousin Rashleigh in the field; to which she replied: "Oh, no; he's a mighty hunter, but his game is man."

The dogs now brushed into the cover, with the appropriate encouragement from the hunters; all was business, bustle, and activity. A fox was at length found, who led us a chase of two hours, in the course of which I sustained my character as a horseman to the admiration of my uncle and Miss Vernon, and the secret disappointment of those who expected me to disgrace it. Reynard, however, proved too wily for his pursuers.

"See how the dogs puzzle about there," said Miss Vernon. "Come, Mr. Frank, they won't recover the scent there this while; follow me, I have a view to show you."

And she cantered up to the top of a gentle hill, commanding an extensive prospect. Casting her eyes around, to see that no one was near us, she drew up her horse beneath a few birch-trees, which screened us from the rest of the hunting-field,—"Do you see yon peaked, brown, heathy hill, having something like a whitish speck upon the side?"

"Terminating that long ridge of broken moorish uplands?—I see it distinctly."

"That whitish speck is a rock called Hawkesmore-crag, and Hawkesmore-crag is in Scotland."

"Indeed? I did not think we had been so near Scotland."

"It is so, I assure you, and your horse will carry you there in two hours."

"I shall hardly give him the trouble; why, the distance must be eighteen miles as the crow flies."

"You may have my mare, if you think her less blown.—I say that in two hours you may be in Scotland."

"And I say that I have so little desire to be there that if my horse's head were over the Border, I would not give his tail the trouble of following. What should I do in Scotland?"

"Provide for your safety, if I must speak plainly. Do you understand me now, Mr. Frank?"

"Not a whit; you are more and more oracular."

"Then, on my word, you either mistrust me most unjustly, and are a better dissembler than Rashleigh Osbaldistone himself, or you know nothing of what is imputed to you; and then no wonder you stare at me in that grave manner, which I can scarce see without laughing."

"Upon my word of honour, Miss Vernon," said I,

with an impatient feeling of her childish disposition to mirth, "I have not the most distant conception of what you mean. I am happy to afford you any subject of amusement, but I am quite ignorant in what it consists."

"Nay, there's no sound jest after all," said the young lady, composing herself, "only one looks so very ridiculous when he is fairly perplexed; but the matter is serious enough. Do you know one Murray, or Morris, or some such name?"

"Not that I can at present recollect."

"Think a moment. Did you not lately travel with somebody of such a name?"

"The only man with whom I travelled for any length of time was a fellow whose soul seemed to lie in his portmanteau"

"Well, that man has been robbed, and he has lodged an information against you, as connected with the violence done to him."

"You jest, Miss Vernon!"

"I do not, I assure you; the thing is an absolute fact."

"And do you," said I, with strong indignation, which I did not attempt to suppress, "do you suppose me capable of meriting such a charge?"

"You would call me out for it, I suppose, had I the advantage of being a man. You may do so as it is, if you like it,—I can shoot flying, as well as leap a five-barred gate."

"And are colonel of a regiment of horse besides," replied I, reflecting how idle it was to be angry with her. "But do explain the present jest to me!"

"There's no jest whatever," said Diana; "you are accused of robbing this man, and my uncle believes it as well as I did."

"Upon my honour, I am greatly obliged to my friends for their good opinion!"

"Now do not, if you can help it, snort, and stare, and snuff the wind, and look so exceedingly like a startled horse. There's no such offence as you suppose; you are not charged with any petty larceny or vulgar felony,—by no means. This fellow was carrying money from Government, both specie and bills, to pay the troops in the North; and it is said he has been also robbed of some despatches of great consequence."

"And so it is high treason, then, and not simple robbery, of which I am accused?"

"Certainly,—which, you know, has been in all ages accounted the crime of a gentleman. And now what do you propose to do?"

"Instantly to refute this atrocious calumny. Before whom," I asked, "was this extraordinary accusation laid?"

"Before old Squire Inglewood, who had sufficient unwillingness to receive it He sent tidings to my uncle, I suppose, that he might smuggle you away into Scotland, out of reach of the warrant. But my uncle would do no such thing, so make the best of your way before they can serve the warrant."

"That I shall certainly do; but it shall be to the house of this Squire Inglewood. Which way does it lie?"

"About five miles off, in the low ground behind yonder plantations,—you may see the tower of the clock-house."

"I will be there in a few minutes," said I, putting my horse in motion.

"And I will go with you and show you the way," said Diana, putting her palfrey also to the trot.

"Do not think of it, Miss Vernon," I replied. "It is not—permit me the freedom of a friend—it is not proper in you to go with me on such an errand as I am now upon."

"I understand your meaning," said Miss Vernon, "it is plainly spoken, and, I believe, kindly meant."

"It is indeed, Miss Vernon. Can you think me insensible of the interest you show me, or ungrateful for it?" said I, with even more earnestness than I could have wished to express. "Yours is meant for true kindness, shown best at the hour of need. But I must not for your own sake, suffer you to pursue the dictates of your generosity; this is so public an occasion,—it is almost like venturing into an open court of justice."

"And if it were not almost, but altogether entering into an open court of justice, do you think I would not go there, if I thought it right, and wished to protect a friend? You have no one to stand by you,—you are a stranger; and here, in the outskirts of the kingdom, country justices do odd things. My uncle has no desire to embroil himself in your affair; Rashleigh is absent, and were he here, there is no knowing which side he might take; the rest are all more stupid and brutal one than another. I will go with you, and I do not fear being able to serve you. I am no fine lady, to be terrified to death with law books, hard words, or big wigs."

"But, my dear Miss Vernon—"

"But, my dear Mr. Francis, be patient and quiet, and let me take my own way; for when I take the bit between my teeth, there is no bridle will stop me."

Soon we found ourselves in front of Inglewood Place, a handsome, though old-fashioned building, which showed the consequence of the family.

CHAPTER VII.

Our horses were taken by a servant in Sir Hildebrand's livery, whom we found in the court-yard, and we entered the house. In the entrance-hall I was somewhat surprised, and my fair companion still more so, when we met Rashleigh Osbaldistone, who could not help showing equal wonder at our rencontre.

"Rashleigh," said Miss Vernon, without giving him time to ask any question; "you have heard of Mr. Francis Osbaldistone's affair, and you have been talking to the justice about it?"

"Certainly," said Rashleigh, composedly; "it has been my business here. I have been endeavouring," he said, with a bow to me, "to render my cousin what service I can. But I am sorry to meet him here."

"As a friend and relation, Mr. Osbaldistone, you ought to have been sorry to have met me anywhere else, at a time when the charge of my reputation required me to be on this spot as soon as possible."

"True; but, judging from what my father said, I should have supposed a short retreat into Scotland—just till matters should be smoothed over in a quiet way—"

I answered, with warmth, that I had no prudential measures to observe, and desired to have nothing smoothed over; on the contrary, I was come to inquire into a rascally calumny, which I was determined to probe to the bottom.

"Mr. Francis Osbaldistone is an innocent man, Rashleigh," said Miss Vernon, "and he demands an investigation of the charge against him; and I intend to support him in it."

"You do, my pretty cousin? I should think, now, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone was likely to be as effectually, and rather more delicately, supported by my presence than by yours."

"Oh, certainly; but two heads are better than one, you know."

"Especially such a head as yours, my pretty Die," advancing, and taking her hand with a familiar fondness which made me think him fifty times uglier than nature had made him. She led him, however, a few steps aside; they conversed in an under voice, and she appeared to insist upon some request, which he was unwilling or unable to comply with. I never saw so strong a contrast betwixt the expression of two faces. Miss Vernon's from being earnest became angry. Her eyes and cheeks became more animated, her colour mounted, she clenched her little hand, and, stamping on the ground with her tiny foot, seemed to listen with a mixture of contempt and indignation to the apologies, which, from his look of civil deference, his composed and respectful smile, his body rather drawing back than advanced, and other signs of look and person, I concluded him to be pouring out at her feet. At length she flung away from him, with "I *will* have it so."

"It is not in my power; there is no possibility of it. —Would you think it, Mr. Osbaldistone?" said he, addressing me—

"You are not mad?" said she, interrupting him.

"Would you think it?" said he, without attending to her hint. "Miss Vernon insists, not only that I know your innocence (of which, indeed, it is impossible for any one to be more convinced), but that I must also be acquainted with the real perpetrators of the outrage on

this fellow,—if, indeed, such an outrage has been committed. Is this reasonable, Mr. Osbaldistone ? "

"I will not allow any appeal to Mr. Osbaldistone, Rashleigh," said the young lady ; "he does not know, as I do, the incredible extent and accuracy of your information on all points."

"As I am a gentleman, you do me more honour than I deserve."

"Justice, Rashleigh,—only justice ; and it is only justice which I expect at your hands."

"You are a tyrant, Diana," he answered, with a sort of sigh,—"a capricious tyrant, and rule your friends with a rod of iron. Still, however, it shall be as you desire. But you ought not to be here,—you know you ought not ; you must return with me "

Then, turning from Diana, who seemed to stand undecided, he came up to me in the most friendly manner, and said, "Do not doubt my interest in what regards you, Mr Osbaldistone. If I leave you just at this moment, it is only to act for your advantage. But you must use your influence with your cousin to return ; her presence cannot serve you, and must prejudice herself."

"I assure you, sir," I replied, "you cannot be more convinced of this than I ; I have urged Miss Vernon's return as anxiously as she would permit me to do."

"I have thought on it," said Miss Vernon, after a pause, "and I will not go till I see you safe out of the hands of the Philistines. Cousin Rashleigh, I dare say, means well ; but he and I know each other well.—Rashleigh, I will NOT go.—I know," she added, in a more soothing tone, "my being here will give you more motive for speed and exertion."

"Stay, then, rash, obstinate girl," said Rashleigh ;

"you know but too well to whom you trust;" and hastening out of the hall, we heard his horse's feet a minute afterwards in rapid motion.

"Thank Heaven, he is gone!" said Diana. "And now, let us seek out the justice."

"Had we not better call a servant?"

"Oh, by no means: I know the way to his den,—we must burst on him suddenly; follow me."

I did follow her accordingly, as she tripped up a few gloomy steps, traversed a twilight passage, and entered a sort of ante-room hung round with old maps, architectural elevations, and genealogical trees.

"Stay you here," said Diana; "I know the house, and I will call a servant: your sudden appearance might startle the old gentleman even to choking;" and she escaped from me, leaving me uncertain whether I ought to advance or retreat.

But, growing tired of waiting for some one to announce me, I presented myself to the company in the dinner apartment, just as my accuser Mr. Morris, for such, it seems, was his name, was uplifting a stave of a doleful ballad. The high tone, with which the tune started, died away in a quaver of consternation on finding himself so near me, and he remained silent, with a mouth gaping as if I had brought the Gorgon's head in my hand.

The justice, whose eyes had closed under the influence of the somniferous lullaby of the song, started up in his chair as it suddenly ceased, and stared with wonder at the unexpected addition which the company had received, while his organs of sight were in abeyance. The clerk, as I conjectured him to be from his appearance, was also commoved; for, sitting opposite to Mr. Morris, that

honest gentleman's terror communicated itself to him, though he wotted not why.

I broke the silence of surprise occasioned by my abrupt entrance. "My name, Mr. Inglewood, is Francis Osbaldistone; I understand that some scoundrel has brought a complaint before you, charging me with being concerned in a loss which he says he has sustained."

"Sir," said the justice, somewhat peevishly, "these are matters I never enter upon after dinner. There is a time for everything, and a justice of the peace must eat as well as other folks."

The goodly person of Mr. Inglewood, by the way, seemed by no means to have suffered by any fasts, whether in the service of the law or of religion.

"I beg pardon for an ill-timed visit, sir; but as my reputation is concerned, and as the dinner appears to be concluded—"

"It is not concluded, sir," replied the magistrate; "man requires digestion as well as food, and I protest I cannot have benefit from my victuals unless I am allowed two hours of quiet leisure, intermixed with harmless mirth and a moderate circulation of the bottle."

"If your honour will forgive me," said Mr. Jobson, who had produced and arranged his writing implements in the brief space that our conversation afforded, "as this is a case of felony, and the gentleman seems something impatient, the charge is *contra pacem domini regis*—"

"Well," said the justice, "let us to this gear then, and get rid of it as fast as we can.—Here you, sir,—you, Morris, you, knight of the sorrowful countenance,—is this Mr. Francis Osbaldistone the gentleman whom you charge with being art and part of felony?"

"I, sir?" replied Morris, whose scattered wits had hardly yet re-assembled themselves,—"I charge nothing; I say nothing against the gentleman."

"Then we dismiss your complaint, sir, that's all, and a good riddance.—Push about the bottle; Mr. Osbaldistone, help yourself."

Jobson, however, was determined that Morris should not back out of the scrape so easily. "What do you mean, Mr. Morris? Here is your own declaration,—the ink scarce dried,—and you would retract it in this scandalous manner!"

"How do I know," whispered the other, in a tremulous tone, "how many rogues are in the house to back him? I have read of such things in Johnson's 'Lives of the Highwaymen.' I protest the door opens—"

And it did open, and Diana Vernon entered.

"You keep fine order here, Justice,—not a servant to be seen or heard of."

"Ah!" said the justice, starting up, with an alacrity which showed that he was not so engrossed by his devotions to Themis or Comus as to forget what was due to beauty,—"Ah, ha! Die Vernon, come to see how the old bachelor keeps house?—Art welcome, girl, as flowers in May."

"A fine, open, hospitable house you do keep, Justice, that must be allowed,—not a soul to answer a visitor."

"Ah! the knaves, they reckoned themselves secure of me for a couple of hours. But why did you not come earlier? Your cousin Rashleigh dined here, and ran away after the first bottle was out. But you have not dined; we'll have something nice and ladylike—sweet and pretty, like yourself—tossed up in a trice."

"I may eat a crust in the ante-room before I set out,"

answered Miss Vernon,—"I have had a long ride this morning; but I can't stay long, Justice. I came with my cousin, Frank Osbaldistone, there, and I must show him the way back again to the Hall, or he'll lose himself in the wolds. If you will be a good kind justice, and despatch young Frank's business, and let us canter home again, I'll bring my uncle to dine with you next week, and we'll expect merry doings."

"And you shall find them, my pearl of the Tyne. I must not keep you just now, I suppose?—I am quite satisfied with Mr. Francis Osbaldistone's explanation; here has been some mistake which can be cleared at greater leisure."

"Pardon me, sir," said I, "but I have not heard the nature of the accusation yet."

Just then a servant, opening the door, announced, "A strange gentleman to wait upon his honour;" and the party whom he thus described entered the room without further ceremony.

CHAPTER VIII.

"A STRANGER!" echoed the justice,—"not upon business, I trust, for I'll be—"

His protestation was cut short by the answer of the man himself. "My business is of a nature somewhat onerous and particular," said my acquaintance Mr. Campbell,—for it was he, the very Scotchman whom I had seen at Northallerton,—"and I must solicit your honour to give instant and heedful consideration to it. —I believe, Mr. Morris," he added, fixing his eye on that person with a look of peculiar firmness and almost

ferocity,—"I believe you know well what I am; I believe you cannot have forgotten what passed at our last meeting on the road?" Morris's jaw dropped, his countenance became the colour of tallow, his teeth chattered, and he gave visible signs of the utmost consternation. "Take heart of grace, man," said Campbell, "and don't sit clattering your jaws there like a pair of castanets! I think there can be no difficulty in your telling Mr. Justice that you have seen me of yore, and know me to be a cavalier of fortune and a man of honour. You know full well you will be some time resident in my vicinity, when I may have the power, as I will possess the inclination, to do you as good a turn."

"Sir—sir—I believe you to be a man of honour, and, as you say, a man of fortune—Yes, Mr. Inglewood," he added, clearing his voice, "I really believe this gentleman to be so."

"And what are this gentleman's commands with me?" said the justice, somewhat peevishly. "One man introduces another, and I get company without either peace or conversation!"

"Both shall be yours, sir," answered Campbell, "in a brief period of time. I come to release your mind from a piece of troublesome duty, not to make increment to it."

"Body o' me! then you are welcome as ever Scot was to England,—and that's not saying much But get on, man, let's hear what you have got to say at once."

"I presume this gentleman," continued the North Briton, "told you there was a person of the name of Campbell with him when he had the mischance to lose his valise?"

"He has not mentioned such a name from beginning to end of the matter," said the justice.

"Ah! I conceive, I conceive," replied Mr. Campbell. "Mr. Morris was kindly afraid of committing a stranger into collision wi' the judicial forms of the country; but as I understand my evidence is necessary to the vindication of an honest gentleman here, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, who has been most unjustly suspected, I will dispense with the precaution.—Ye will, therefore," he added, addressing Morris with the same determined look and accent, "please tell Mr. Justice Inglewood whether we did not travel several miles together on the road, in consequence of your own anxious request and suggestion, reiterated once and again, both on the evening that we were at Northallerton, and there declined by me, but afterwards accepted, when I overtook you on the road near Cloberry Allers, and was prevailed on by you to resign my own intentions of proceeding to Rothbury, and, for my misfortune, to accompany you on your proposed route."

"It's a melancholy truth," answered Morris, holding down his head, as he gave this general assent to the long and leading question which Campbell put to him, and seeming to acquiesce in the statement it contained with rueful docility.

"And I presume you can also asseverate to his worship that no man is better qualified than I am to bear testimony in this case, seeing that I was by you and near you constantly during the whole occurrence?"

"No man better qualified, certainly," said Morris, with a deep and embarrassed sigh.

"And why the devil did you not assist him, then," said the justice, "since, by Mr. Morris's account, there were but two robbers?—so you were two to two, and you are both stout likely men."

"Sir, if it please your worship," said Campbell, "I have been all my life a man of peace and quietness, no ways given to broils or batteries. Mr. Morris, who belongs, as I understand, or hath belonged, to his Majesty's army, might have used his pleasure in resistance, he travelling, as I also understand, with a great charge of treasure; but for me, who had but my own small peculiar to defend, and who am, moreover, a man of a pacific occupation, I was unwilling to commit myself to hazard in the matter."

I looked at Campbell as he uttered these words, and never recollect to have seen a more singular contrast than that between the strong, daring sternness expressed in his harsh features, and the air of composed meekness and simplicity which his language assumed. There was even a slight ironical smile lurking about the corners of his mouth, which seemed, involuntarily as it were, to intimate his disdain of the quiet and peaceful character which he thought proper to assume, and which led me to entertain strange suspicions that his concern in the violence done to Morris had been something very different from that of a fellow-sufferer, or even of a mere spectator.

Perhaps some such suspicions crossed the justice's mind at the moment, for he exclaimed, as if by way of ejaculation, "Body o' me! but this is a strange story."

The North Briton seemed to guess at what was passing in his mind; for he went on, with a change of manner and tone, and with a more frank and unconstrained air, "To say the truth, I am just one o' those folks who care not to fight but when they have got something to fight for, which did not chance to be my predicament when I fell in with these fellows. But that

your worship may know that I am a person of good fame and character, please to cast your eye over that billet."

Mr. Inglewood took the paper from his hands, and read half loud :—

"These are to certify that the bearer, Robert Campbell of ———, [of some place which I cannot pronounce," interjected the justice], "is a person of good lineage and peaceable demeanour, travelling towards England on his own proper affairs, etc., etc., etc. Given under our hand, at our Castle of Inver—Invera—rara.

"ARGYLE."

"A slight testimonial, sir, which I thought fit to ask for from that worthy nobleman," here he raised his hand to his head, as if to touch his hat, "MacCallum More."

"MacCallum who, sir ?" said the justice.

"Whom the Southern call the Duke of Argyle."

"I know the Duke of Argyle very well to be a nobleman of great worth and distinction, and a true lover of his country. I wish we had more noblemen like him. He was an honest Tory in former days, and has acceded to the present Government, as I have done myself, for the peace and quiet of his country ; for I cannot presume that great man to have been actuated, as violent folks pretend, with the fear of losing his places and regiment. His testimonial, as you call it, Mr. Campbell, is perfectly satisfactory ; and now, what have you got to say to this matter of the robbery ?"

"Briefly this, if it please your worship, that Mr. Morris might as well charge it against the babe yet to be born, or against myself even, as against this young gentleman, Mr. Osbaldistone ; for I am not only free to

depone that the person for whom he took him was a shorter man and a thicker man, but also—for I chanced to obtain a view of his visage, as his mask slipped aside—that he was a man of other features and complexion than those of this young gentleman, Mr. Osbaldistone. And I believe," he added, turning round with a natural, yet somewhat sterner, air to Mr. Morris, "that the gentleman will allow I had better opportunity to take cognisance who were present on that occasion than he, being, I believe, much the cooler o' the two."

"I agree to it, sir, I agree to it perfectly," said Morris, shrinking back, as Campbell moved his chair towards him to fortify his appeal. "And I incline, sir," he added, addressing Mr. Inglewood, "to retract my information as to Mr. Osbaldistone; and I request, sir, you will permit him, sir, to go about his business, and me to go about mine also. Your worship may have business to settle with Mr. Campbell, and I am rather in haste to be gone."

"Then there go the declarations," said the justice, throwing them into the fire.—"And now you are at perfect liberty, Mr. Osbaldistone. And you, Mr. Morris, are set quite at your ease."

"Ay," said Campbell, eyeing Morris as he assented, with a rueful grin, to the justice's observations, "much like the ease of a toad under a pair of harrows. But fear nothing, Mr. Morris; you and I must leave the house together. I will see you safe—I hope you will not doubt my honour when I say so—to the next highway, and then we part company; and if we do not meet as friends in Scotland, it will be your own fault."

With such a lingering look of terror as the condemned criminal throws when he is informed that the cart awaits

him, Morris arose; but when on his legs, appeared to hesitate. "I tell thee, man, fear nothing," reiterated Campbell; "I will keep my word with you. Why, thou sheep's heart, how do you know but we may pick up some tidings of your valise, if you will be amenable to good counsel? Our horses are ready. Bid the justice farewell, man, and show your Southern breeding."

Morris, thus exhorted and encouraged, took his leave, under the escort of Mr. Campbell, but, apparently, new scruples and terrors had struck him before they left the house, for I heard Campbell reiterating assurances of safety and protection as they left the ante-room. "By the soul of my body, man, thou'rt as safe as in thy father's garden. Zounds! that a person with such a black beard should have no more heart than a hen-partridge! Come on with you, like a frank fellow, once and for all."

The voices died away, and the subsequent trampling of their horses announced to us that they had left the mansion of Justice Inglewood, who then saluted and dismissed Miss Vernon, and took an equally kind farewell of me.

In a short time we arrived at Osbaldistone Hall, where we found the family far advanced in the revels of the evening.

"Get some dinner for Mr. Osbaldistone and me in the library," said Miss Vernon to a servant.—"I must have some compassion upon you," she added, turning to me, "and provide against your starving in this mansion of brutal abundance; otherwise I am not sure that I should show you my private haunts. This same library is my den,—the only corner of the Hall-house where I am safe from the Ourang-Outangs, my cousins. They never

venture there, I suppose, for fear the folios should fall down and crack their skulls; for they will never affect their heads in any other way. So follow me."

And I followed through hall and bower, vaulted passage and winding stair, until we reached the room where she had ordered our refreshments.

CHAPTER IX.

"You think this place somewhat disconsolate, I suppose?" said Diana, as I glanced my eye round the forlorn apartment; "but to me it seems like a little paradise, for I call it my own, and fear no intrusion. Rashleigh was joint proprietor with me while we were friends."

"And are you no longer so?" was my natural question.

Her forefinger immediately touched her dimpled chin, with an arch look of prohibition.

"We are still *allies*," she continued,—"bound, like other confederate powers, by circumstances of mutual interest; but I am afraid, as will happen in other cases, the treaty of alliance has survived the amicable dispositions in which it had its origin. At any rate, we live less together; and when he comes through that door there, I vanish through this door here; and so, having made the discovery that we two were one too many for this apartment, Rashleigh has generously made a cession of his rights in my favour; so that I now endeavour to prosecute alone the studies in which he used formerly to be my guide."

"And what are those studies, if I may presume to ask?"

"Indeed you may, without the last fear of seeing my forefinger raised to my chin. Science and history are my principal favourites; but I also study poetry and the classics."

"And the classics? Do you read them in the original?"

"Unquestionably; Rashleigh, who is no contemptible scholar, taught me Greek and Latin, as well as most of the languages of modern Europe. I assure you there has been some pains taken in my education, although I can neither sew a tucker nor work cross-stitch, nor make a pudding, nor, as the vicar's fat wife, with as much truth as elegance, good-will, and politeness, was pleased to say in my behalf, do any other useful thing in the world. But Rashleigh has resigned the library in my favour, and never enters without leave had and obtained; and so I have taken the liberty to make it the place of deposit for some of my own goods and chattels, as you may see by looking round you."

"I beg pardon, Miss Vernon, but I really see nothing around these walls which I can distinguish as likely to claim you as mistress."

She pointed to the carved oak-frame of a full-length portrait by Vandyke.

"I think I can discover a family likeness to you," I said. "What ease and dignity in the attitude; what richness of colouring, what breadth and depth of shade! Who is the person here represented?"

"My grandfather,—he shared the misfortunes of Charles I.: and, I am sorry to add, the excesses of his son. Our patrimonial estate was greatly impaired by his

prodigality, and was altogether lost by his successor, my unfortunate father. But peace be with them who have got it,—it was lost in the cause of loyalty."

"Your father, I presume, suffered in the political dissensions of the period?"

"He did indeed; he lost his all. And hence is his child a dependent orphan, eating the bread of others, subjected to their caprices, and compelled to study their inclinations; yet prouder of having had such a father than if, playing a more prudent, but less upright part, he had left me possessor of all the rich and fair baronies which his family once possessed."

As she spoke, the entrance of the servants with dinner cut off all conversation but that of a general nature,

When our hasty meal was concluded, and the wine placed on the table, the domestic informed us that Mr. Rashleigh had desired to be told when our dinner was removed.

"Tell him," said Miss Vernon, "we shall be happy to see him if he will step this way, place another wine-glass and chair, and leave the room.—You must retire with him when he goes away," she continued, addressing herself to me. "Even *my* liberality cannot spare a gentleman above eight hours out of the twenty-four; and I think we have been together for at least that length of time."

"The old scythe-man has moved so rapidly," I answered, "that I could not count his strides."

"Hush!" said Miss Vernon, "here comes Rashleigh;" and she drew off her chair, to which I had approached mine rather closely, so as to place a greater distance between us.

Rashleigh came in and sat down and filled his glass,

glancing his eye from Diana to me with an embarrassment which his utmost efforts could not entirely disguise. I thought he appeared to be uncertain concerning the extent of confidence she might have reposed in me, and hastened to lead the conversation into a channel which should sweep away his suspicion that Diana might have betrayed any secrets which rested between them "Miss Vernon," I said, "Mr. Rashleigh, has recommended me to return my thanks to you for my speedy disengagement from the ridiculous accusation of Morris; and, unjustly fearing my gratitude might not be warm enough to remind me of this duty, she has put my curiosity on its side, by referring me to you for an account, or rather explanation, of the events of the day."

"Indeed?" answered Rashleigh; "I should have thought," looking keenly at Miss Vernon, "that the lady herself might have stood interpreter," and his eye, reverting from her face, sought mine, as if to search, from the expression of my features, whether Diana's communication had been as narrowly limited as my words had intimated. Miss Vernon retorted his inquisitorial glance with one of decided scorn; while I, uncertain whether to deprecate or resent his obvious suspicion replied, "If it is your pleasure, Mr. Rashleigh, as it has been Miss Vernon's, to leave me in ignorance, I must necessarily submit; but pray do not withhold your information from me on the ground of imagining that I have already obtained any on the subject. For I tell you, as a man of honour, I am as ignorant as that picture of anything relating to the events I have witnessed to-day, excepting that I understand from Miss Vernon that you have been kindly active in my favour."

"Miss Vernon has overrated my humble efforts," said

Rashleigh, "though I claim full credit for my zeal. The truth is, that as I galloped back to get some one of our family to join me in becoming your bail, which was the most obvious, or, indeed, I may say, the only way of serving you which occurred to my stupidity, I met the man Cawmil—Colville—Campbell, or whatsoever they call him. I had understood from Morris that he was present when the robbery took place, and had the good fortune to prevail on him (with some difficulty, I confess) to tender his evidence in your exculpation, which I presume was the means of your being released from an unpleasant situation."

After some further conversation, Rashleigh and I took leave of Miss Vernon and retired to our rooms.

CHAPTER X.

[*Rashleigh has arrived in London. One evening Frank receives news from a pedlar that the robbery of Mr Morris has been discussed in Parliament, and that his name has been mentioned in connection with the affair, though Morris's accusation was not believed.*]

After exhausting a sleepless night in meditating on the intelligence I had received, I was at first inclined to think that I ought, as speedily as possible, to return to London, and by my open appearance repel the calumny which had been spread against me. But I hesitated to take this course on recollection of my father's disposition, singularly absolute in his decisions as to all that concerned his family. He was most able, certainly, from experience, to direct what I ought to do, and from his acquaintance with the most distinguished statesmen then in power, had influence enough to obtain a hearing for

my cause. So, upon the whole, I judged it most safe to state my whole story in the shape of a narrative addressed to my father; and as the ordinary opportunities of intercourse between the Hall and the post-town recurred rarely, I determined to ride to the town, which was about ten miles' distance, and deposit my letter in the post-office, with my own hands.

Indeed, I began to think it strange that though several weeks had elapsed since my departure from home, I had received no letter either from my father or Owen, although Rashleigh had written to Sir Hildebrand of his safe arrival in London, and of the kind reception he had met with from his uncle Admitting that I might have been to blame, I did not deserve, in my own opinion at least, to be so totally forgotten by my father; and I thought my present excursion might have the effect of bringing a letter from him to hand more early than it would otherwise have reached me. But before concluding my letter concerning the affair of Morris, I failed not to express my earnest hope and wish that my father would honour me with a few lines, were it but to express his advice and commands in an affair of some difficulty, and where my knowledge of life could not be supposed adequate to my own guidance. I found it impossible to prevail on myself to urge my actual return to London as a place of residence, and I disguised my unwillingness to do so under apparent submission to my father's will, which, as I imposed it on myself as a sufficient reason for not urging my final departure from Osbaldistone Hall, would, I doubted not, be received as such by my parent. But I begged permission to come to London, for a short time at least, to meet and refute the infamous calumnies which had been circulated concerning me in so public

a manner. Having made up my packet, in which my earnest desire to vindicate my character was strangely blended with reluctance to quit my present place of residence, I rode over to the post-town and deposited my letter in the office. By doing so, I obtained possession, somewhat earlier than I should otherwise have done, of the following letter from my friend Mr. Owen :—

DEAR MR. FRANCIS,—Yours received per favour of Mr. R. Osbaldistone, and note the contents. Shall do Mr. R. O. such civilities as are in my power, and have taken him to see the Bank and Custom-house. He seems a sober, steady young gentleman, and takes to business, so will be of service to the firm. Could have wished another person had turned his mind that way, but God's will be done. As cash may be scarce in those parts, have to trust you will excuse my enclosing a goldsmith's bill at six days' sight, on Messrs Hooper and Girder of Newcastle, for £100, which I doubt not will be duly honoured.—I remain, as in duty bound, dear Mr. Frank, your very respectful and obedient servant.

JOSEPH OWEN.

Postscriptum.—Hope you will advise the above coming safe to hand. Am sorry we have so few of yours. Your father says he is as usual, but looks poorly.

From this epistle, written in old Owen's formal style, I was rather surprised to observe that he made no acknowledgment of that private letter which I had written to him, with a view to possess him of Rashleigh's real character, although from the course of post, it seemed certain that he ought to have received it. Yet I had sent it by the usual conveyance from the Hall, and had no reason to suspect that it could miscarry upon the road. As it comprised matters of great importance both to my father and to myself, I sat down in the post-office, and again wrote to Owen, recapitulating the heads of my former letter, and requesting to know, in course of post,

if it had reached him in safety. I also acknowledged the receipt of the bill, and promised to make use of the contents, if I should have any occasion for money. I thought, indeed, it was odd that my father should leave the care of supplying my necessities to his clerk; but I concluded it was a matter arranged between them. At any rate, Owen was a bachelor, rich in his way, and passionately attached to me, so that I had no hesitation in being obliged to him for a small sum, which I resolved to consider as a loan, to be returned with my earliest ability, in case it was not previously repaid by my father; and I expressed myself to this purpose to Mr. Owen. A shopkeeper in a little town, to whom the post-master directed me, readily gave me in gold the amount of my bill on Messrs. Hooper and Girder, so that I returned to Osbaldistone Hall a good deal richer than I had set forth. This recruit to my finances was not a matter of indifference to me, as I was necessarily involved in some expenses at Osbaldistone Hall; and I had seen, with some uneasy impatience, that the sum which my travelling expenses had left unexhausted at my arrival there, was imperceptibly diminishing. This source of anxiety was for the present removed.

CHAPTER XI.

One day Miss Vernon and I were sitting together in the library, when she asked, "Have you heard from your father lately?"

"Not a word," I replied; "he has not honoured me with a single line during the several months of my residence here."

"That is strange; you are a singular race, you bold Osbaldistones. Then you are not aware that he has gone to Holland to arrange some pressing affairs which required his own immediate presence?"

"I never heard a word of it until this moment."

"And farther, it must be news to you, and I presume scarcely the most agreeable, that he has left Rashleigh in the almost uncontrolled management of his affairs until his return?"

I started, and could not suppress my surprise and apprehension.

"You have reason for alarm," said Miss Vernon, very gravely; "and were I you, I would endeavour to meet and obviate the dangers which arise from so undesirable an arrangement"

"And how is it possible for me to do so?"

"Everything is possible for him who possesses courage and activity," she said; "and to the timid and hesitating everything is impossible, because it seems so."

"And what would you advise, Miss Vernon?" I replied, wishing, yet dreading, to hear her answer.

She paused a moment, then answered firmly: "That you instantly leave Osbaldistone Hall and return to London. You have perhaps already," she continued, in a softer tone, "been here too long: that fault was not yours. Every succeeding moment you waste here will be a crime,—yes, a crime; for I tell you plainly that if Rashleigh long manages your father's affairs, you may consider his ruin as consummated."

"How is this possible?"

"Ask no questions," she said; "but, believe me, Rashleigh's views extend far beyond the possession or increase of commercial wealth. He will only make the

command of Mr. Osbaldistone's revenues and property the means of putting in motion his own ambitious and extensive schemes. While your father was in Britain this was impossible; during his absence, Rashleigh will possess many opportunities, and he will not neglect to use them."

"But how can I, in disgrace with my father, and divested of all control over his affairs, prevent this danger by my mere presence in London?"

"That presence alone will do much. Your claim to interfere is a part of your birthright, and is inalienable. You will have the countenance, doubtless, of your father's head-clerk and confidential friends and partners. Above all, Rashleigh's schemes are of a nature that"—she stopped abruptly, as if fearful of saying too much—"are, in short," she resumed, "of the nature of all selfish and unconscientious plans, which are speedily abandoned as soon as those who frame them perceive their arts are discovered and watched. Therefore, in the language of your favourite poet—

> To horse! to horse! urge doubts to those that fear."

A feeling, irresistible in its impulse, induced me to reply, "Ah! Diana, can *you* give me advice to leave Osbaldistone Hall?—then indeed I have already been a resident here too long!"

Miss Vernon coloured, but proceeded with great firmness: "Indeed, I do give you this advice,—not only to quit Osbaldistone Hall, but never to return to it more. You have only one friend to regret here," she continued, forcing a smile, "and she has been long accustomed to sacrifice her friendships and her comforts to the welfare of others. In the world you will meet a hundred whose

friendship will be as disinterested, more useful, less encumbered by untoward circumstances,—less influenced by evil tongues and evil times"

"Never!" I exclaimed, "never! The world can afford me nothing to repay what I must leave behind me."

"This is folly!" she exclaimed,—"this is madness! Leave me instantly; we will meet here again, but it must be for the last time"

My eyes followed the direction of hers as she spoke, and I thought I saw the tapestry shake, which covered the door of the secret passage from Rashleigh's room to the library. I conceived we were observed, but prudence and the necessity of suppressing my passion and obeying Diana's reiterated command of "Leave me! leave me!" came in time to prevent any rash action.

I left the apartment in a wild whirl and giddiness of mind, which I in vain attempted to compose when I returned to my own.

CHAPTER XII.

My evening visits to Miss Vernon in the library had seldom been made except by appointment and under the sanction of old Dame Martha's presence Of late, however, Miss Vernon and I had never met in the evening at all. She had therefore no reason to suppose that I was likely to seek a renewal of these interviews, and especially without some previous notice or appointment betwixt us, that Martha might, as usual, be placed upon duty. But the library was open to me, as to the other members of the family, at all hours of the day and night, and I could

not be accused of intrusion, however suddenly and unexpectedly I might make my appearance in it. My belief was strong that in this apartment Miss Vernon occasionally received some person, by whose opinion she was accustomed to regulate her conduct, and that at times when she could do so with least chance of interruption. The lights which gleamed in the library at unusual hours; the passing shadows which I had myself remarked; the footsteps which might be traced in the morning dew from the turret-door to the postern-gate in the garden; sounds and sights which some of the servants had observed and accounted for in their own way,—all tended to show that the place was visited by some one different from the ordinary inmates of the Hall. Connected as this visitant must probably be with the fates of Diana Vernon, I did not hesitate to form a plan of discovering who or what he was,—how far his influence was likely to produce good or evil consequences to her on whom he acted; above all, though I endeavoured to persuade myself that this was a mere subordinate consideration, I desired to know by what means this person had acquired or maintained his influence over Diana, and whether he ruled over her by fear or by affection. It was with a burning desire of discovering, or rather of detecting, such a person that I stationed myself in the garden to watch the moment when the lights should appear in the library windows.

I waited with impatience the time of sunset and of twilight. It had hardly arrived, ere a gleam from the windows of the library was seen, dimly distinguishable amidst the still enduring light of the evening. I marked its first glimpse, however, as speedily as the benighted sailor descries the first distant twinkle of the lighthouse

which marks his course. The feelings of doubt and propriety which had hitherto contended with my curiosity and jealousy, vanished when an opportunity of gratifying the former was presented to me I re-entered the house, and, avoiding the more frequented apartments with the consciousness of one who wishes to keep his purpose secret, I reached the door of the library, hesitated for a moment as my hand was upon the latch, heard a suppressed step within, opened the door, and found Miss Vernon alone.

Diana appeared surprised,—whether at my sudden entrance, or from some other cause, I could not guess; but there was in her appearance a degree of flutter which I had never before remarked, and which I knew could only be produced by unusual emotion. Yet she was calm in a moment; and such is the force of conscience that I, who studied to surprise her, seemed myself the surprised, and was certainly the embarrassed, person.

"Has anything happened?" said Miss Vernon. "Has any one arrived at the Hall?"

"No one that I know of," I answered, in some confusion; "I only sought the 'Orlando.'"

"It lies there," said Miss Vernon, pointing to the table.

In removing one or two books to get at that which I pretended to seek, I was, in truth, meditating to make a handsome retreat from an investigation to which I felt my assurance inadequate, when I perceived a man's glove lying upon the table. My eyes encountered those of Miss Vernon, who blushed deeply.

"It is one of my relics," she said, with hesitation, replying, not to my words, but to my looks,—"it is one of the gloves of my grandfather, the original of the superb Vandyke which you admire."

As if she thought something more than her bare assertion was necessary to prove her statement true, she opened a drawer of the large oaken table, and taking out another glove, threw it towards me. I cast a hasty glance on both gloves, and then replied gravely: "The gloves resemble each other, doubtless, in form and embroidery; but they cannot form a pair, since they both belong to the right hand."

She bit her lip with anger, and again coloured deeply. "You do right to expose me," she replied, with bitterness; "some friends would have only judged from what I said that I chose to give no particular explanation of a circumstance which calls for none,—at least to a stranger You have judged better, and have made me feel, not only the meanness of duplicity, but my own inadequacy to sustain the task of a dissembler. I now tell you distinctly that that glove is not the fellow, as you have acutely discerned, to the one which I just now produced. It belongs to a friend yet dearer to me than the original of Vandyke's picture,—a friend by whose counsels I have been, and will be, guided; whom I honour,—whom I—" She paused.

I was irritated by her manner, and filled up the blank in my own way. "Whom she *loves*, Miss Vernon would say."

"And if I do say so," she replied haughtily, "by whom shall my affection be called to account?"

"Not by me, Miss Vernon, assuredly. I entreat you to hold me acquitted of such presumption. *But*," I continued, with some emphasis, for I was now piqued in return, "I hope Miss Vernon will pardon a friend, from whom she seems disposed to withdraw the title, for observing—"

"Observe nothing, sir," she interrupted, with some vehemence, "except that I will neither be doubted nor questioned. There does not exist one by whom I will be either interrogated or judged; and if you sought this unusual time of presenting yourself in order to spy upon my privacy, the friendship or interest with which you pretend to regard me is a poor excuse for your uncivil curiosity."

"I relieve you of my presence," said I, with pride equal to her own; for my temper has ever been a stranger to stooping, even in cases where my feelings were most deeply interested,—"I relieve you of my presence. I awake from a pleasant, but a most delusive dream, and— But we understand each other."

I had reached the door of the apartment, when Miss Vernon, whose movements were sometimes so rapid as to seem almost instinctive, overtook me, and, catching hold of my arm, stopped me with that air of authority which she could so whimsically assume, and which, from the naiveté and simplicity of her manner, had an effect so peculiarly interesting.

"Stop, Mr. Frank," she said, "you are not to leave me in that way neither. I am not so amply provided with friends that I can afford to throw away even the ungrateful and the selfish Mark what I say, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone. You shall know nothing of this mysterious glove," and she held it up as she spoke, "nothing, —no, not a single iota more than you know already; and yet I will not permit it to be a gauntlet of strife and defiance betwixt us. My time here," she said, sinking into a tone somewhat softer, "must necessarily be very short; yours must be still shorter. We are soon to part, never to meet again; do not let us quarrel, or make

any mysterious miseries the pretext for farther embittering the few hours we shall ever pass together on this side of eternity. Here is a letter directed for you, Mr. Osbaldistone, very duly and distinctly, but which, notwithstanding the caution of the person who wrote and addressed it, might perhaps never have reached your hands, had it not fallen into the possession of a certain Pacolet, whom I retain in my secret service."

I opened the letter and glanced over the contents: the unfolded sheet of paper dropped from my hands, with the involuntary exclamation of "Gracious Heaven! my folly and disobedience have ruined my father!"

Miss Vernon rose with looks of real and affectionate alarm—"You grow pale,—you are ill: shall I bring you a glass of water? Be a man, Mr. Osbaldistone, and a firm one. Is your father—is he no more?"

"He lives," said I, "thank God! but to what distress and difficulty—"

"If that be all, despair not. May I read this letter?" she said, taking it up.

I assented, hardly knowing what I said. She read it with great attention.

"Who is this Mr. Tresham, who signs the letter?"

"My father's partner" (your own good father, Will); "but he is little in the habit of acting personally in the business of the house."

"He writes here," said Miss Vernon, "of various letters sent to you previously."

"I have received none of them," I replied.

"And it appears," she continued, "that Rashleigh, who has taken the full management of affairs during your father's absence in Holland, has some time since left London for Scotland, with effects and remittances

to take up large bills granted by your father to persons in that country, and that he has not since been heard of."

"It is but too true."

"And here has been," she added, looking at the letter, "a head-clerk, or some such person,—Owenson,—Owen,—despatched to Glasgow, to find out Rashleigh, if possible, and you are entreated to repair to the same place and assist him in his researches."

"It is even so, and I must depart instantly."

"Stay but one moment," said Miss Vernon. "It seems to me that the worst which can come of this matter will be the loss of a certain sum of money, and can that bring tears to your eyes? For shame, Mr. Osbaldistone!"

"You do me injustice, Miss Vernon," I answered. "I grieve not for the loss, but for the effect which I know it will produce on the spirits and health of my father, to whom mercantile credit is as honour, and who, if declared insolvent, would sink into the grave, oppressed by a sense of grief, remorse, and despair like that of a soldier convicted of cowardice, or a man of honour who had lost his rank and character in society. All this I might have prevented by a trifling sacrifice of the foolish pride and indolence which recoiled from sharing the labours of his honourable and useful profession. Good Heaven! how shall I redeem the consequences of my error!"

"By instantly repairing to Glasgow, as you are conjured to do by the friend who writes this letter."

"But if Rashleigh," said I, "has really formed this base and unconscientious scheme of plundering his benefactor, what prospect is there that I can find means of frustrating a plan so deeply laid?"

"The prospect," she replied, "indeed, may be uncertain; but, on the other hand, there is no possibility of your doing any service to your father by remaining here. Remember, had you been on the post destined for you, this disaster could not have happened; hasten to that which is now pointed out, and it may possibly be retrieved.—Yet stay,—do not leave this room until I return."

She left me in confusion and amazement,—amid which, however, I could find a lucid interval to admire the firmness, composure, and presence of mind which Miss Vernon seemed to possess on every crisis, however sudden.

In a few minutes she returned with a sheet of paper in her hand, folded and sealed like a letter, but without address. "I trust you," she said, "with this proof of my friendship, because I have the most perfect confidence in your honour. If I understand the nature of your distress rightly, the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a certain day,—the 12th of September, I think, is named,—in order that they may be applied to pay the bills in question; and, consequently, that, if adequate funds be provided before that period, your father's credit is safe from the apprehended calamity."

"Certainly,—I so understand Mr. Tresham." I looked at your father's letter again, and added, "There cannot be a doubt of it."

"Well," said Diana, "in that case my little Pacolet may be of use to you.—You have heard of a spell contained in a letter. Take this packet; do not open it until other and ordinary means have failed: if you succeed by your own exertions, I trust to your honour

for destroying it without opening or suffering it to be opened. But if not, you may break the seal within ten days of the fated day, and you will find directions which may possibly be of service to you.—Adieu, Frank; we never meet more,—but sometimes think on your friend Die Vernon."

She escaped to the door which led to her own apartment, and I saw her no more.

CHAPTER XIII

I SET myself seriously to consider your father's letter. It was not very distinct, and referred for several particulars to Owen, whom I was entreated to meet with as soon as possible at a Scotch town called Glasgow; being informed, moreover, that my old friend was to be heard of at Messrs. Macvittie, Macfin, and Company, merchants in the Gallowgate of the said town. It likewise alluded to several letters, which, as it appeared to me, must have miscarried or have been intercepted, and complained of my obdurate silence in terms which would have been highly unjust, had my letters reached their purposed destination. I was amazed as I read. That the spirit of Rashleigh walked around me, and conjured up these doubts and difficulties by which I was surrounded, I could not doubt for one instant; yet it was frightful to conceive the extent of combined villainy and power which he must have employed in the perpetration of his designs. Let me do myself justice in one respect: the evil of parting from Miss Vernon sank into a subordinate consideration when I thought of the dangers impending over my father. I did not myself set a high

estimation on wealth, but in my father's case, I knew that bankruptcy would be considered as an utter and irretrievable disgrace, to which life would afford no comfort, and death the speediest and sole relief.

My mind, therefore, was bent on averting this catastrophe, and the result of my deliberation was a firm resolution to depart from Osbaldistone Hall the next day, and wend my way without loss of time to meet Owen at Glasgow. I did not hold it expedient to intimate my departure to my uncle otherwise than by leaving a letter of thanks for his hospitality, assuring him that sudden and important business prevented my offering them in person. I knew the blunt old knight would readily excuse ceremony, and I had such a belief in the extent and decided character of Rashleigh's machinations that I had some apprehension of his having provided means to intercept a journey which was undertaken with a view to disconcert them, if my departure were publicly announced at Osbaldistone Hall.

I therefore determined to set off on my journey with daylight in the ensuing morning, and to gain the neighbouring kingdom of Scotland before any idea of my departure was entertained at the Hall; but one impediment of consequence was likely to prevent that speed which was the soul of my expedition. I did not know the shortest, nor indeed any road to Glasgow; and as, in the circumstances in which I stood, dispatch was of the greatest consequence, I determined to consult Andrew Fairservice, the gardener, as the nearest and most authentic authority within my reach. Late as it was, I set off with the intention of ascertaining this important point, and after a few minutes' walk reached the dwelling of the gardener.

As I approached I heard a noise, which led me to think that Andrew, according to the decent and meritorious custom of his countrymen, had assembled some of his neighbours to join in family exercise, as he called evening devotion. The noise, however, when I listened to it more accurately, seemed to proceed entirely from the lungs of the said Andrew; and I interrupted it by entering the house.

"Andrew," I said, "I wish to know whether you can direct me the nearest way to a town in your country of Scotland called Glasgow?"

"A town called Glasgow!" echoed Andrew Fairservice. "Glasgow's a city, man—And is it the way to Glasgow ye were asking if I knew?—What should ail me to know it?—What may your honour be going to Glasgow for?"

"Particular business," replied I.

"That's as much as to say, ask no questions, and I'll tell ye no lies.—To Glasgow?"—he made a short pause: "I am thinking ye would be the better o' some one to show you the road."

"Certainly, if I could meet with any person going that way."

"And your honour, doubtless, would consider the time and trouble?"

"Unquestionably; my business is pressing, and if you can find any guide to accompany me, I'll pay him handsomely."

"This is no a day to speak o' carnal matters," said Andrew, casting his eyes upwards; "but if it were not Sabbath at e'en, I would ask what ye would be content to give to one that would bear ye pleasant company on the road, and tell ye the names of the gentlemen's and

noblemen's seats and castles, and count their kin to ye ? "

"I tell you, all I want to know is the road I must travel; I will pay the fellow to his satisfaction,—I will give him anything in reason."

"Anything," replied Andrew, "is nothing; and this lad that I am speaking o' knows a' the short cuts and queer bye-paths through the hills, and—"

"I have no time to talk about it, Andrew; do you make the bargain for me your own way."

"Aha! that's speaking to the purpose," answered Andrew.—"I am thinking I'll be the lad that will guide you myself."

"You, Andrew ?—how will you get away from your employment ? "

"I tell'd your honour a while since that it was long that I have been thinking o' flitting from Osbaldistone Hall; and now I am o' the mind to go in good earnest."

"You leave your service then ? But will you not lose your wages ? "

"No doubt there will be a certain loss; but then I have some money in my hands; I'm thinking also the wage will be in a manner decently made up. Doubtless your honour will consider my risk of loss when we reach Glasgow. And ye'll be for setting out forthwith ? "

"By day-break in the morning," I answered.

"That's something o' the suddenest,—where am I to find a nag ? Stay,—I know just the beast that will answer me."

"At five in the morning, then, Andrew, you will meet me at the head of the avenue."

"Ay," replied Andrew very briskly; "and if I might

advise, we would be off two hours earlier. I know the way, dark or light."

I highly approved of Andrew's amendment on my original proposal, and we agreed to meet at the place appointed at three in the morning. I then left Andrew's habitation, and returned to the Hall.

I made the few preparations which were necessary for my proposed journey, examined and loaded my pistols, and then threw myself on my bed, to obtain, if possible, a brief sleep before the fatigue of a long and anxious journey. Nature, exhausted by the tumultuous agitations of the day, was kinder to me that I expected, and I sank into a deep and profound slumber, from which, however, I started as the old clock struck two from a turret adjoining to my bedchamber. I instantly arose, struck a light, wrote the letter I proposed to leave for my uncle, and leaving behind me such articles of dress as were cumbrous in carriage, I deposited the rest of my wardrobe in my valise, glided downstairs, and gained the stable without impediment. Without being quite such a groom as any of my cousins, I had learned at Osbaldistone Hall to dress and saddle my own horse, and in a few minutes I was mounted, and ready for my sally.

As I paced up the old avenue, on which the waning moon threw its light with a pale and whitish tinge, I looked back with a deep and boding sigh towards the walls which contained Diana Vernon, under the despondent impression that we had probably parted to meet no more. "She is lost to me already," thought I, as my eye wandered over the dim and indistinguishable intricacies of architecture offered by the moonlight view of Osbaldistone Hall,—"she is lost to me already, ere I have left the place which she inhabits! What hope is

there of my maintaining any correspondence with her when leagues shall lie between ? "

While I paused in a reverie of no very pleasing nature, the " iron tongue of time told three upon the drowsy ear of night," and reminded me of the necessity of keeping my appointment with a person of a less interesting description and appearance,—Andrew Fairservice.

At the gate of the avenue I found a horseman stationed in the shadow of the wall ; but it was not until I had coughed twice, and then called " Andrew," that the horticulturist replied, " I'se warrant it's Andrew."

" Lead the way, then," said I ; " and be silent if you can till we are past the hamlet in the valley."

Andrew led the way accordingly, and we reached the open heath and the barren hills which divide England from Scotland, and pursued our journey to the north-westward. One chain of barren and uninteresting hills succeeded another, until the more fertile vale of Clyde opened upon us, and with such dispatch as we might we gained the town, or, as my guide pertinaciously termed it, the city of Glasgow.

CHAPTER XIV.

ANDREW and I arrived on a Saturday evening too late to entertain thoughts of business of any kind. We alighted at the door of a jolly hostler-wife, by whom we were civilly received.

On the following morning the bells pealed from every steeple, announcing the sanctity of the day. Notwithstanding, however, what I had heard of the severity with which the Sabbath is observed in Scotland, my first

impulse, not unnaturally, was to seek out Owen; but on inquiry I found that my attempt would be in vain "until kirk-time was ower." Not only did my landlady and guide jointly assure me that "there would not be a living soul either in the counting-house or dwelling-house of Messrs. MacVittie, Macfin, and Company," to which Owen's letter referred me, but, moreover "far less would I find any of the partners there. They are serious men, and would be where all good Christians ought to be at such a time, and that was in the Barony Laigh Kirk." To the Barony Laigh Kirk then did Andrew and I direct our steps.

I followed my guide through a small low-arched door, secured by a wicket, which a grave-looking person seemed on the point of closing, and descended several steps, as if into the funeral vaults beneath the church. It was even so; for in these subterranean precincts, why chosen for such a purpose I knew not, was established a very singular place of worship

Here I found a numerous congregation engaged in the act of prayer. The Scotch perform this duty in a standing, instead of a kneeling posture—more perhaps, to take as broad a distinction as possible from the ritual of Rome than for any better reason, since I have observed that in their family worship, as doubtless in their private devotions, they adopt, in their immediate address to the Deity, that posture which other Christians use as the humblest and most reverential. Standing, therefore, the men being uncovered, a crowd of several hundreds, of both sexes and all ages, listened with great reverence and attention to the extempore, at least the unwritten, prayer of an aged clergyman who was very popular in the city. Educated in the same religious persuasion, I

seriously bent my mind to join in the devotion of the day, and it was not till the congregation resumed their seats that my attention was diverted to the consideration of the appearance of all around me.

At the conclusion of the prayer most of the men put on their hats or bonnets, and all who had the happiness to have seats sat down. Andrew and I were not of this number, having been too late of entering the church to secure such accommodation. We stood among a number of other persons in the same situation, forming a sort of ring around the seated part of the congregation. Behind and around us were low, dark vaults; before us the devout audience, dimly shown by the light which streamed on their faces through one or two low Gothic windows, such as give air and light to charnel-houses. By this were seen the usual variety of countenances which are generally turned towards a Scotch pastor on such occasions, almost all composed to attention, unless where a father or mother here and there recalls the wandering eyes of a lively child, or disturbs the slumbers of a dull one. The high-boned and harsh countenance of the nation, with the expression of intelligence and shrewdness which it frequently exhibits, is seen to more advantage in the act of devotion, or in the ranks of war, than on lighter and more cheerful occasions of assemblage. The discourse of the preacher was well qualified to call forth the various feelings and faculties of his audience.

My mind, however, was otherwise engaged. I endeavoured, in the lowest whisper I could frame, to request Andrew to obtain information whether any of the gentlemen of the firm of MacVittie and Company were at present in the congregation. But Andrew, wrapped in profound attention to the sermon, only

replied to my suggestion by hard punches with his elbow, as signals to me to remain silent. I next strained my eyes, with equally bad success, to see if, among the sea of upturned faces which bent their eyes on the pulpit as a common centre, I could discover the sober and business-like physiognomy of Owen. But nowhere could I see anything resembling the decent periwig, starched ruffles, or the uniform suit of light-brown garments appertaining to the head clerk of the establishment of Osbaldistone and Tresham. My anxiety now returned on me with such violence as to overpower, not only the novelty of the scene around me, but also my sense of decorum. I pulled Andrew hard by the sleeve, and intimated my wish to leave the church, and pursue my investigation as I could. Andrew for some time deigned me no answer, and it was only when he found I could not otherwise be kept quiet that he condescended to inform me that, being once in the church, we could not leave it till service was over, because the doors were locked so soon as the prayers began. Having thus spoken in a brief and peevish whisper, Andrew again assumed the air of intelligent and critical importance, and attention to the preacher's discourse.

While I endeavoured to make a virtue of necessity, and recall my attention to the sermon, I was again disturbed by a singular interruption. A voice from behind whispered distinctly in my ear, "You are in danger in this city." I turned round as if mechanically.

One or two ordinary-looking mechanics stood beside and behind me, stragglers, who, like ourselves, had been too late in obtaining entrance. But a glance at their faces satisfied me, though I could hardly say why, that none of these was the person who had spoken to me.

Their countenances seemed all composed to attention to the sermon, and not one of them returned any glance of intelligence to the inquisitive and startled look with which I surveyed them. A massive round pillar, which was close behind us, might have concealed the speaker the instant he uttered his mysterious caution; but wherefore it was given in such a place, or to what species of danger it directed my attention, or by whom the warning was uttered, were points on which my imagination lost itself in conjecture. It would, however, I concluded, be repeated, and I resolved to keep my countenance turned towards the clergyman, that the whisperer might be tempted to renew his communication, under the idea that the first had passed unobserved.

My plan succeeded. I had not resumed the appearance of attention to the preacher for five minutes, when the same voice whispered, "Listen, but do not look back." I kept my face in the same direction. "You are in danger in this place," the voice proceeded; "so am I. Meet me to-night on the Brigg, at twelve preceesely; keep at home till the gloaming, and avoid observation."

Here the voice ceased, and I instantly turned my head. But the speaker had, with still greater promptitude, glided behind the pillar, and escaped my observation. I was determined to catch a sight of him, if possible, and, extricating myself from the outer circle of hearers, I also stepped behind the column. All there was empty; and I could only see a figure wrapped in a mantle, whether a Lowland cloak or Highland plaid I could not distinguish, which traversed, like a phantom, the dreary vaults of the church.

I made a mechanical attempt to pursue the mysterious form, which glided away, and vanished in the

vaulted cemetery, like the spectre of one of the numerous dead who rested within its precincts. I had little chance of arresting the course of one obviously determined not to be spoken with; but that little chance was lost by my stumbling and falling before I had made three steps from the column. The obscurity which occasioned my misfortune covered my disgrace,—which I accounted rather lucky, for the preacher, with that stern authority which the Scottish ministers assume for the purpose of keeping order in their congregations, interrupted his discourse to desire the "proper officer" to take into custody the causer of this disturbance in the place of worship. As the noise, however, was not repeated, the beadle, or whatever else he was called, did not think it necessary to be rigorous in searching out the offender; so that I was enabled, without attracting farther observation, to place myself by Andrew's side in my original position. The service proceeded, and closed without the occurrence of anything else worthy of notice.

As the congregation departed and dispersed, my friend Andrew exclaimed, "See, yonder is worthy Mr. MacVittie and Mrs. MacVittie, and Miss Alison MacVittie, and Mr. Thomas MacFin, that they say is to marry Miss Alison; she'll have riches enough, if she's none too pretty."

My eyes took the direction he pointed out. Mr. MacVittie was a tall, thin, elderly man, with hard features, thick grey eyebrows, light eyes, and, as I imagined, a sinister expression of countenance, from which my heart recoiled. I remembered the warning I had received in the church, and hesitated to address this person, though I could not allege to myself any rational ground of dislike or suspicion.

I was yet in suspense, when Andrew, who mistook my hesitation for bashfulness, proceeded to exhort me to lay it aside. "Speak to him, speak to him, Mr. Francis; he's no provost yet, though they say he'll be my lord next year. Speak to him, then; he'll give ye a decent answer for as rich as he is, unless ye were wanting money from him,—they say he's a close-fisted man."

It immediatedly occurred to me that if this merchant were really of the churlish and avaricious disposition which Andrew intimated, there might be some caution necessary in making myself known, as I could not tell how accounts might stand between my father and him. This consideration came in aid of the mysterious hint which I had received, and the dislike which I had conceived at the man's countenance. Instead of addressing myself directly to him, as I had designed to have done, I contented myself with desiring Andrew to inquire at Mr. MacVittie's house the address of Mr. Owen, an English gentleman; and I charged him not to mention the person from whom he received the commission, but to bring me the result to the small inn where we lodged. This Andrew promised to do.

CHAPTER XV.

FULL of sinister augury, for which, however, I could assign no satisfactory cause, I shut myself up in my apartment at the inn, and set myself seriously to consider what were best to be done. I never was what is properly called superstitious; but I suppose all men, in situations of peculiar doubt and difficulty, when they

have exercised their reason to little purpose, are apt, in a sort of despair, to abandon the reins to their imagination, and be guided either altogether by chance, or by those whimsical impressions which take possession of the mind, and to which we give way as if to involuntary impulses. There was something so singularly repulsive in the hard features of the Scotch trader that I could not resolve to put myself into his hands; while, at the same time, the warning voice, the form which flitted away like a vanishing shadow through those vaults, which might be termed "the valley of the shadow of death," had something captivating for the imagination of a young man, who was also a young poet.

If danger was around me, as the mysterious communication intimated, how could I learn its nature, or the means of averting it, but by meeting my unknown counsellor, to whom I could see no reason for imputing any other than kind intentions. Rashleigh and his machinations occurred more than once to my remembrance; but so rapid had my journey been that I could not suppose him apprised of my arrival in Glasgow, much less prepared to play off any stratagem against my person. In my temper also I was bold and confident, strong and active in person, and in some measure accustomed to the use of arms, in which the French youth of all kinds were then initiated. I did not fear any single opponent; assassination was neither the vice of the age nor of the country; the place selected for our meeting was too public to admit any suspicion of meditated violence. In a word, I resolved to meet my mysterious counsellor on the bridge, as he had requested, and to be afterwards guided by circumstances. Let me not conceal from you, Tresham, what at the time I endeavoured

to conceal from myself,—the subdued, yet secretly cherished hope that Diana Vernon might—by what chance I knew not, through what means I could not guess—have some connection with this strange and dubious intimation, conveyed at the time and place and in a manner so surprising. She alone,—whispered this insidious thought,—she alone knew of my journey; from her own account, she possessed friends and influence in Scotland; she had furnished me with a talisman whose power I was to invoke when all other aid failed me: who, then, but Diana Vernon possessed either means, knowledge, or inclination for averting the dangers by which, as it seemed, my steps were surrounded? This flattering view of my very doubtful case pressed itself upon me again and again.

Evening had now closed, and the growing darkness gave to the broad, still, and deep expanse of the brimful river, first a hue sombre and uniform, then a dismal and turbid appearance, partially lighted by a waning and pallid moon. The massive and ancient bridge which stretches across the Clyde was now but dimly visible. The low-browed arches, seen as imperfectly as the dusky current which they bestrode, seemed rather caverns which swallowed up the gloomy waters of the river, than apertures contrived for their passage. With the advancing night the stillness of the scene increased. There was yet a twinkling light occasionally seen to glide along by the stream, which conducted home one or two of the small parties, who, after the abstinence and religious duties of the day, had partaken of a social supper,—the only meal at which the rigid Presbyterians made some advance to sociality on the Sabbath. Occasionally, also, the hoofs of a horse were heard, whose rider, after spending the

Sunday in Glasgow, was directing his steps towards his residence in the country. These sounds and sights became gradually of more rare occurrence. At length they altogether ceased, and I was left to enjoy my solitary walk on the shores of the Clyde in solemn silence, broken only by the tolling of the successive hours from the steeples of the churches.

But as the night advanced, my impatience at the uncertainty of the situation in which I was placed increased every moment, and became nearly ungovernable. I began to question whether I had been imposed upon by the trick of a fool, the raving of a madman, or the studied machination of a villain, and paced the little quay or pier adjoining the entrance to the bridge in a state of incredible anxiety and vexation. At length the hour of twelve o'clock swung its summons over the city from the belfry of the metropolitan church of St. Mungo, and was answered and vouched by all the others like dutiful diocesans. The echoes had scarcely ceased to repeat the last sound when a human form—the first I had seen for two hours—appeared passing along the bridge from the southern shore of the river. I advanced to meet him with a feeling as if my fate depended on the result of the interview, so much had my anxiety been wound up by protracted expectation. All that I could remark of the passenger as we advanced towards each other was that his frame was rather beneath than above the middle size, but apparently strong, thickset, and muscular; his dress a horseman's wrapping coat. I slackened my pace, and almost paused as I advanced, in expectation that he would address me. But, to my inexpressible disappointment, he passed without speaking, and I had no pretence for being the first to address one who, notwithstanding

his appearance at the very hour of appointment, might nevertheless be an absolute stranger. I stopped when he had passed me, and looked after him, uncertain whether I ought not to follow him. The stranger walked on till near the northern end of the bridge, then paused, looked back, and, turning round, again advanced towards me. I resolved that this time he should not have the apology for silence proper to apparitions, who, it is vulgarly supposed, cannot speak until they are spoken to. "You walk late, sir," said I, as we met a second time.

"I bide tryste," was the reply, "and so I think do you, Mr. Osbaldistone."

"You are then the person who requested to meet me here at this unusual hour?"

"I am," he replied. "Follow me, and you shall know my reasons."

"Before following you, I must know your name and purpose," I answered.

"I am a man," was the reply; "and my purpose is friendly to you."

"A man!" I repeated. "That is a very brief description."

"It will serve for one who has no other to give," said the stranger. "He that is without a name, without friends, without coin, without country, is still at least a man; and he that has all these is no more."

"Yet this is still too general an account of yourself, to say the least of it, to establish your credit with a stranger."

"It is all I mean to give, howsoe'er; you may choose to follow me, or to remain without the information I desire to afford you."

"Can you not give me that information here?" I demanded.

"You must receive it from your eyes, not from my tongue,—you must follow me, or remain in ignorance of the information which I have to give you."

There was something short, determined, and even stern in the man's manner, not certainly well calculated to conciliate undoubting confidence.

"What is it you fear?" he said impatiently. "To whom, think you, your life is of such consequence that they should seek to bereave you of it?"

"I fear nothing," I replied firmly, though somewhat hastily. "Walk on,—I attend you."

We proceeded, contrary to my expectation, to re-enter the town, and glided like mute spectres, side by side, up its empty and silent streets. Our walk was for some minutes in perfect silence. At length my conductor spoke.

"Are you afraid?"

"I retort your own words," I replied: "wherefore should I fear?"

"Because you are with a stranger,—perhaps an enemy,—in a place where you have no friends and many enemies."

"I neither fear you nor them; I am young, active, and armed."

"I am not armed," replied my conductor; "but no matter, a willing hand never lacked weapon. You say you fear nothing; but if you knew who was by your side, perhaps you might feel a tremor."

"And why should I?" replied I. "I again repeat, I fear nought that you can do."

"Nought that I can do?—Be it so. But do you not

fear the consequences of being found with one whose very name, whispered in this lonely street, would make the stones themselves rise up to apprehend him,—on whose head half the men in Glasgow would build their fortune as on a found treasure, had they the luck to grip him by the collar; the sound of whose apprehension were as welcome at the Cross of Edinburgh as ever the news of a field stricken and won in Flanders?"

"And who then are you whose name should create so deep a feeling of terror?" I replied.

"No enemy of yours, since I am conveying you to a place where, were I myself recognised and identified, iron to the heels, and halter to the neck, would be my fate."

I paused and stood still on the pavement, drawing back so as to have the most perfect view of my companion which the light afforded, and which was sufficient to guard me against any sudden motion of assault.

"You have said," I answered, "either too much or too little: too much to induce me to confide in you as a mere stranger, since you avow yourself a person amenable to the laws of the country in which we are; and too little, unless you could show that you are unjustly subjected to their rigour."

As I ceased to speak, he made a step towards me. I drew back instinctively, and laid my hand on the hilt of my sword.

"What," said he, "on an unarmed man, and your friend?"

"I am yet ignorant if you are either the one or the other," I replied; "and, to say the truth, your language and manner might well entitle me to doubt both."

"It is manfully spoken," replied my conductor; "and I respect him whose hand can keep his head.—I will

be frank and free with you,—I am conveying you to prison."

"To prison!" I exclaimed; "by what warrant, or for what offence? You shall have my life sooner than my liberty. I defy you, and I will not follow you a step farther."

"I do not," he said, "carry you there as a prisoner. I am," he added, drawing himself haughtily up, "neither a messenger nor a sheriff's officer; I carry you to see a prisoner from whose lips you will learn the risk in which you presently stand. *Your* liberty is little risked by the visit; mine is in some peril,—but that I readily encounter on your account, for I care not for risk, and I love a free young blood that knows no protector but the cross o' the sword."

While he spoke thus, we had reached the principal street, and were pausing before a large building of hewn stone, garnished, as I thought I could perceive, with gratings of iron before the windows

"Much," said the stranger, whose language became more broadly national as he assumed a tone of colloquial freedom,—"Much would the provost and bailies o' Glasgow give to have him sitting with iron garters to his hose within their tolbooth, that now stands wi' his legs as free as the red-deer's on the outside on't. And little would it avail them; for if they had me there wi' a stone's weight o' iron at every ankle, I would show them an empty room and a lost lodger before to-morrow. But come on. Why do you hang back?"

As he spoke thus, he tapped at a low wicket, and was answered by a sharp voice, as of one awakened from a dream or reverie, "Wha's that?—and what the devil

want ye at this hour at e'en? Clean against rules,—clean against rules, as they ca' them."

The protracted tone in which the last words were uttered, betokened that the speaker was again composing himself to slumber. But my guide spoke in a loud whisper, "Dougal, man! have ye forgotten it is a MacGregor that speaks to you?"

There was a ready and lively response, and I heard the internal guardian of the prison-gate bustle up with great alacrity. A few words were exchanged between my conductor and the turnkey, in a language to which I was an absolute stranger. The bolts revolved, but with a caution which marked the apprehension that the noise might be overheard, and we stood within the vestibule of the prison of Glasgow,—a small, but strong guard-room, from which a narrow staircase led upwards, and one or two low entrances conducted to apartments on the same level with the outward gate, all secured with the jealous strength of wickets, bolts, and bars. The walls, otherwise naked, were not unsuitably garnished with iron fetters, and other uncouth implements which might be designed for purposes still more inhuman, interspersed with partisans, guns, pistols of antique manufacture, and other weapons of defence and offence.

At finding myself so unexpectedly, and, as it were, by stealth, introduced within one of the legal fortresses of Scotland, I could not help recollecting my adventure in Northumberland, and fretting at the strange incidents which again, without any demerits of my own, threatened to place me in a dangerous and disagreeable collision with the laws of a country which I visited only in the capacity of a stranger.

CHAPTER XVI.

At my first entrance I turned an eager glance towards my conductor; but the lamp in the vestibule was too low in flame to give my curiosity any satisfaction by affording a distinct perusal of his features. As the turnkey held the light in his hand, the beams fell more full on his own scarce less interesting figure. He was a wild, shock-headed looking animal, whose profusion of red hair covered and obscured his features, which were otherwise only characterised by the extravagant joy that affected him at the sight of my guide. In my experience I have met nothing so absolutely resembling my idea of a very uncouth, wild, and ugly savage adoring the idol of his tribe. He grinned, he shivered, he laughed, he was near crying, if he did not actually cry. He had a "Where shall I go? What can I do for you?" expression of face; the complete, surrendered, and anxious subservience and devotion of which it is difficult to describe, otherwise than by the awkward combination which I have attempted. The fellow's voice seemed choking in his ecstasy, and only could express itself in such interjections as "Oigh, oigh! Ay, ay! it's long since I've seen ye!" and other exclamations equally brief, expressed in the same unknown tongue in which he had communicated with my conductor while we were on the outside of the jail door. My guide received all this excess of joyful gratulation much like a prince too early accustomed to the homage of those around him to be much moved by it, yet willing to requite it by the usual forms of royal courtesy. He extended his hand

graciously towards the turnkey, with a civil inquiry of "How's a' wi' you, Dougal?"

"Oigh, oigh!" exclaimed Dougal,—"Oigh, to see you here, to see you here!"

But my mysterious stranger cut his acquaintance's ecstasies short by again addressing him in what I afterwards understood to be the Irish, Erse, or Gaelic, explaining, probably, the services which he required at his hand. The answer, "Wi' a' my heart, wi' a' my soul," with a good deal of indistinct muttering in a similar tone, intimated the turnkey's acquiescence in what he proposed. The fellow trimmed his dying lamp, and made a sign to me to follow him.

"Do you not go with us?" said I, looking to my conductor.

"It is unnecessary," he replied; "my company may be inconvenient for you, and I had better remain to secure our retreat."

"I do not suppose you mean to betray me to danger," said I.

"To none but what I partake in doubly," answered the stranger, with a voice of assurance which it was impossible to mistrust.

I followed the turnkey, who, leaving the inner wicket unlocked behind him, led me up a winding stair, then along a narrow gallery; then, opening one of several doors which led into the passage, he ushered me into a small apartment, and casting his eye on the pallet bed which occupied one corner, said, with an under voice, as he placed the lamp on a little deal table, "She's sleeping."

"She! Who? Can it be Diana Vernon in this abode of misery?"

I turned my eye to the bed, and it was with a mixture of disappointment, oddly mingled with pleasure, that I saw my first suspicion had deceived me. I saw a head neither young nor beautiful, garnished with a grey beard of two days' growth, and accommodated with a red nightcap. The first glance put me at ease on the score of Diana Vernon; the second, as the slumberer awoke from a heavy sleep, yawned, and rubbed his eyes, presented me with features very different indeed,—even those of my poor friend Owen. I drew back out of view an instant, that he might have time to recover himself,—fortunately recollecting that I was but an intruder on these cells of sorrow, and that any alarm might be attended with unhappy consequences.

Meantime Owen, raising himself from the pallet-bed with the assistance of one hand, and scratching his cap with the other, exclaimed, in a voice in which as much peevishness as he was capable of feeling, contended with drowsiness, "I'll tell you what, Mr. Dugwell, or whatever your name may be, the sum total of the matter is, that if my natural rest is to be broken in this manner, I must complain to the lord mayor."

"Shentlemans to speak wi' her," replied Dougal, and, turning on his heel, left the apartment

It was some time before I could prevail upon the unfortunate sleeper awakening to recognise me; and when he did so, the distress of the worthy creature was extreme at supposing, which he naturally did, that I had been sent thither as a partner of his captivity.

"Oh, Mr. Frank, what have you brought yourself and the house to? I think nothing of myself, that am a mere cipher, so to speak; but you, that was your father's sum total,—you that might have been the first man in

the first house in the first city, to be shut up in a nasty Scotch jail where one cannot even get the dirt brushed off their clothes."

He rubbed, with an air of peevish irritation, the once stainless brown coat, which had now shared some of the impurities of the floor of his prison-house,—his habits of extreme punctilious neatness acting mechanically to increase his distress.

"Oh, Heaven be gracious to us!" he continued. "What news this will be on 'Change! There has not the like come there since the battle of Almanza, where the total of the British loss was summed up to five thousand men killed and wounded, besides a floating balance of missing; but what will that be to the news that Osbaldistone and Tresham have stopped!"

I broke in on his lamentations to acquaint him that I was no prisoner, though scarce able to account for my being in that place at such an hour. I could only silence his inquiries by persisting in those which his own situation suggested; and at length obtained from him such information as he was able to give me. It was none of the most distinct; for however clear-headed in his own routine of commercial business, Owen was not very acute in comprehending what lay beyond that sphere.

The sum of his information was that of two correspondents of my father's firm at Glasgow, where, owing to engagements in Scotland formerly alluded to, he transacted a great deal of business, both my father and Owen had found the house of MacVittie, MacFin, and Company the most obliging and accommodating. They had deferred to the great English house on every possible occasion; and in their bargains and transactions acted the part of the jackal, who only claims what the lion is

pleased to leave him. However small the share of the profit allotted to them, it was always, as they expressed it, "enough for the like of them;" however large the portion of trouble, "they were sensible they could not do too much to deserve the continued patronage and good opinion of their honoured friends in Crane Alley."

The dictates of my father were to MacVittie and MacFin the laws of the Medes and Persians, not to be altered, innovated, or even discussed; and the punctilios exacted by Owen in their business transactions— for he was a great lover of form, more especially when he could dictate it *ex cathedra*—seemed scarce less sanctimonious in their eyes. This tone of deep and respectful observance went all currently down with Owen; but my father looked a little closer into men's bosoms, and whether suspicious of this excess of deference, or, as a lover of brevity and simplicity in business, tired with these gentlemen's long-winded professions of regard, he had uniformly resisted their desire to become his sole agents in Scotland. On the contrary, he transacted many affairs through a correspondent of a character perfectly different,—a man whose good opinion of himself amounted to self-conceit, and who, disliking the English in general as much as my father did the Scotch, would hold no communication but on a footing of absolute equality; jealous, moreover; captious occasionally; as tenacious of his own opinions in point of form as Owen could be of his; and totally indifferent, though the authority of all Lombard Street had stood against his own private opinion.

As these peculiarities of temper rendered it difficult to transact business with Mr. Nicol Jarvie; as they occasioned at times disputes and coldness between the

English house and their correspondent, which were only got over by a sense of mutual interest; as, moreover, Owen's personal vanity sometimes suffered a little in the discussions to which they gave rise,—our old friend threw at all times the weight of his influence in favour of the civil, discreet, accommodating concern of MacVittie and MacFin, and spoke of Jarvie as a petulant, conceited Scotch pedlar with whom there was no dealing.

It was also not surprising that in these circumstances, which I only learned in detail some time afterwards, Owen, in the difficulties to which the house was reduced by the absence of my father and the disappearance of Rashleigh, should, on his arrival in Scotland, which took place two days before mine, have recourse to the friendship of those correspondents, who had always professed themselves obliged, gratified, and devoted to the service of his principal. He was received at Messrs. MacVittie and MacFin's counting-house with all outward marks of respect and consideration. But alas! this sunshine was soon overclouded, when, encouraged by the fair hope which it inspired, he opened the difficulties of the house to his friendly correspondents, and requested their counsel and assistance. MacVittie was almost stunned by the communication; and MacFin, ere it was completed, was already at the ledger of their firm, and deeply engaged in the multitudinous accounts between their house and that of Osbaldistone and Tresham, for the purpose of discovering on which side the balance lay. Alas! the scale depressed considerably against the English firm; and the faces of MacVittie and MacFin, hitherto only blank and doubtful, became ominous, grim, and lowering. They met Mr. Owen's request of assistance with a counter-demand of instant security against imminent

hazard of eventual loss; and at length, speaking more plainly, required that a deposit of assets, destined for other purposes, should be placed in their hands for that purpose. Owen repelled this demand with great indignation, as dishonourable to his constituents, unjust to the other creditors of Osbaldistone and Tresham, and very ungrateful on the part of those by whom it was made.

The Scotch partners gained, in the course of this controversy, an opportunity and pretext for putting themselves in a violent passion, and for taking, under the pretext of the provocation they had received, measures to which some sense of decency, if not of conscience, might otherwise have deterred them from resorting.

Owen had a small share, as I believe is usual, in the house to which he acted as head clerk, and was therefore personally liable for all its obligations. This was known to Messrs. MacVittie and MacFin; and with a view of making him feel their power, or rather in order to force him, at this emergency, into those measures in their favour to which he had expressed himself so repugnant, they had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seems the law of Scotland (therein surely liable to much abuse) allows to a creditor who finds his conscience at liberty to make oath that the debtor meditates departing from the realm. Under such a warrant had poor Owen been confined to durance on the day preceding that when I was so strangely guided to his prison-house.

Thus possessed of the alarming outline of facts, the question remained, What was to be done? and it was not of easy determination. I plainly perceived the perils with which we were surrounded, but it was more

difficult to suggest any remedy. In this dilemma I asked Owen if he had not thought of having recourse to my father's other correspondent in Glasgow, Mr. Nicol Jarvie.

He had sent him a letter, he replied, that morning; but if the smooth-tongued and civil house in the Gallowgate had used him thus, what was to be expected from the cross-grained crab-stock in the Salt Market? You might as well ask a broker to give up his percentage as expect a favour from him without the *per contra*. He had not even, Owen said, answered his letter, though it was put into his hand that morning as he went to church. And here the despairing man of figures threw himself down on his pallet, exclaiming, "My poor dear master! My poor dear master! Oh, Mr. Frank, Mr. Frank, this is all your obstinacy!—But God forgive me for saying so to you in your distress! It's God's disposing, and man must submit."

My philosophy, Tresham, could not prevent my sharing in the honest creature's distress, and we mingled our tears,—the more bitter on my part, as the perverse opposition to my father's will, with which the kind-hearted Owen forbore to upbraid me, rose up to my conscience as the cause of all this affliction.

In the midst of our mingled sorrow we were disturbed and surprised by a loud knocking at the outward door of the prison. I ran to the top of the staircase to listen, but could only hear the voice of the turnkey, alternately in a high tone, answering to some person without, and in a whisper, addressed to the person who had guided me hither: "She's coming, she's coming," aloud; when in a low key, "O hon-a-ri! O hon-a-ri! what'll she do now? Go up the stair, and hide yourself behind the

Sassenach shentleman's bed.—She's coming as fast as she can.—It's my lord provost, and the bailies, and the guard,—and the captain's coming down stairs too.—God bless you! go up ere he meets you.—She's coming, she's coming."

While Dougal unwillingly, and with as much delay as possible, unaid the various fastenings to give admittance to those without, whose impatience became clamorous my guide ascended the winding stair and sprang into Owen's apartment, into which I followed him. He cast his eyes hastily round, as if looking for a place of concealment, then said to me, "Lend me your pistols,—yet it's no matter, I can do without them. Whatever you see, take no heed, and do not mix your hand in another man's feud. This affair is mine, and I must manage it as well as I can; but I have been as hard bested, and worse, than I am even now."

As the stranger spoke these words, he stripped from his person the cumbrous upper coat in which he was wrapt, confronted the door of the apartment, on which he fixed a keen and determined glance, drawing his person a little back to concentrate his force, like a fine horse brought up to the leaping bar. I had not a moment's doubt that he meant to extricate himself from his embarrassment, whatever might be the cause of it, by springing full upon those who should appear when the doors opened, and forcing his way through all opposition into the street; and such was the appearance of strength and agility displayed in his frame, and of determination in his look and manner, that I did not doubt a moment but that he might get clear through his opponents, unless they employed fatal means to stop his purpose.

It was a period of awful suspense betwixt the opening

of the outward gate and that of the door of the apartment, when there appeared—no guard with bayonets fixed, or watch with clubs, bills, or partisans, but a good-looking young woman, holding a lantern in her hand. This female ushered in a more important personage, in form stout, short, and somewhat corpulent, and by dignity, as it soon appeared, a magistrate, bobwigged, bustling, and breathless with peevish impatience. My conductor, at his appearance, drew back, as if to escape observation; but he could not elude the penetrating twinkle with which this dignitary reconnoitred the whole apartment.

"A pretty thing indeed, that I should be kept at the door half an hour, Captain Stanchells," said he, addressing the principal jailor, who now showed himself at the door, as if in attendance on the great man, "knocking as hard to get into the tolbooth as anybody else would to get out of it, could that avail them, poor fallen creatures!—And how's this? How's this? Strangers in the jail after lock-up hours, and on the Sabbath evening!—I shall look after this, Stanchells, you may depend on't.—Keep the door locked, and I'll speak to these gentlemen presently. But first I must have a talk with an old acquaintance here.—Mr. Owen, Mr. Owen, how's all with you, man?"

"Pretty well in body, I thank you, Mr. Jarvie," drawled out poor Owen, "but sore afflicted in spirit."

"No doubt, no doubt,—ay, ay, it's an awful trial; and for one that held his head so high, too,—human nature, human nature. Ay, ay, we're all subject to a downcome. Mr. Osbaldistone is a good honest gentleman; but I always said he was one o' them would make a spoon or spoil a horn, as my father the worthy deacon

used to say. The deacon used to say to me, 'Nick,—young Nick' (his name was Nicol as well as mine; so folk called us young Nick and old Nick),—'Nick,' said he, 'never put out your arm farther than ye can draw it easily back again.' I have said so to Mr. Osbaldistone, and he did not seem to take it altogether so kind as I wished; but it was well meant, well meant."

This discourse, delivered with prodigious volubility, and a great appearance of self-complacency, as he recollected his own advice and predictions, gave little promise of assistance at the hands of Mr Jarvie Yet it soon appeared rather to proceed from a total want of delicacy than any deficiency of real kindness; for when Owen expressed himself somewhat hurt that these things should be recalled to memory in his present situation, the Glaswegian took him by the hand and bade him "Cheer up, man! D'you think I would have come out at twelve o'clock at night, and almost broken the Lord's day, just to tell a fallen man of his backslidings? No, no, that's not Bailie Jarvie's way, nor was't his worthy father the deacon's before him. Why, man! it's my rule never to think on worldly business on the Sabbath; and though I did all I could to keep your note that I got this morning out o' my head, yet I thought more on it all day, than on the preaching. And it's my rule to go to my bed wi' the yellow curtains precisely at ten o'clock,—and here have I sat up reading good books, and gaping till it struck twelve, which was a lawful hour to give a look at my ledger just to see how things stood between us; and then, as time and tide wait for no man, I made the lass get the lantern, and came slipping my way here to see what can be done anent your affairs. Bailie Jarvie can command entrance into the tolbooth

at any hour, day or night; so could my father the deacon in his time, honest man, praise to his memory."

Although Owen groaned at the mention of the ledger, —leading me grievously to fear that here also the balance stood in the wrong column.—and although the worthy magistrate's speech expressed much self-complacency, and some ominous triumph in his own superior judgment, yet it was blended with a sort of frank and blunt good-nature, from which I could not help deriving some hopes. He requested to see some papers he mentioned, snatched them hastily from Owen's hand, and sitting on the bed, while his servant girl held up the lantern to him, ran over the writings it contained.

Seeing him fairly engaged in this course of study, the guide who had brought me hither seemed disposed to take an unceremonious leave He made a sign to me to say nothing, and intimated, by his change of posture, an intention to glide towards the door in such a manner as to attract the least possible observation. But the alert magistrate (very different from my old acquaintance Mr. Justice Inglewood) instantly detected and interrupted his purposes. "I say, look to the door, Stanchells,—shut and lock it, and keep watch on the outside."

The stranger's brow darkened, and he seemed for an instant again to meditate the effecting his retreat by violence; but ere he had determined, the door closed, and the ponderous bolt revolved. He muttered an exclamation in Gaelic, strode across the floor, and then, with an air of dogged resolution, as if fixed and prepared to see the scene to an end, sate himself down on the oak table and whistled a strathspey.

Mr. Jarvie, who seemed very alert and expeditious in

going through business, soon showed himself master of that which he had been considering, and addressed himself to Mr. Owen in the following strain · "Well, Mr. Owen, well, your house are owing certain sums to Messrs. MacVittie and MacFin (shame on them! they made that and more out of a bargain about the oak-woods at Glen-Cailziechat, that they took out between my teeth,—with help o' your good word, I must needs say, Mr. Owen; but that makes no difference now). Well, sir, your house owes them this money; and for this they have put a double turn of Stanchells' great key on you Well, sir, you owe this money,—and maybe you owe some more to some other body too,—maybe you owe some to myself, Bailie Nicol Jarvie."

"I cannot deny, sir, but the balance may of this date be brought out against us, Mr. Jarvie," said Owen; "but you'll please to consider—"

"I have no time to consider now, Mr. Owen. So near Sabbath at e'en, and out of one's warm bed at this time of night, and a sort of chill in the air besides,—there's no time for considering.—But, sir, as I was saying, you owe me money,—you owe me money, less or more, I'll stand by it. But then, Mr. Owen, I cannot see how you, an active man that understands business, can set right the business ye're come down about, and clear us a' off, —as I have great hope ye will,—if ye're kept lying here in the tolbooth of Glasgow. Now, sir, if you can find caution *judicio sisti*, that is, that you will not flee the country, but appear and relieve your caution when called for in our legal courts, you may be set at liberty this very morning."

"Mr. Jarvie," said Owen, "if any friend would become surety for me to that effect, my liberty might be

usefully employed, doubtless, both for the house and all connected with it."

"Well, sir," continued Jarvie, "and doubtless such a friend would expect you to appear when called on, and relieve him o' his engagement."

"And I should do so as certainly, bating sickness or death, as that two and two make four."

"Well, Mr. Owen," resumed the citizen of Glasgow, "I do not doubt you, and I'll prove it, sir,—I'll prove it. I am a careful man, as is well known, and industrious, as the whole town can testify; and I can win my crowns, and keep my crowns, and count my crowns with anybody in the Salt Market, or it may be in the Gallowgate. And I'm a prudent man, as my father the deacon was before me; but rather than an honest civil gentleman, that understands business, and is willing to do justice to all men, should lie by the heels this way, unable to help himself or anybody else,—why, conscience, man! I'll be your bail myself. But ye'll mind it's a bail *judicio sisti*, as our town-clerk says, not *judicatum solvi*,—ye'll mind that; for there's much difference."

Mr. Owen assured him that, as matters then stood, he could not expect any one to become security for the actual payment of the debt, but that there was not the most distant cause for apprehending loss from his failing to present himself when lawfully called upon.

"I believe you, I believe you. Enough said, enough said. We will have your legs loose by breakfast time.—And now let's hear what these comrades of yours have to say for themselves, or how they got here at this time of night."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE magistrate took the light out of his servant-maid's hand, and advanced to his scrutiny. The first whom he approached was my mysterious guide, who, seated on a table, as I have already described him, with his eyes firmly fixed on the wall, his features arranged into the utmost inflexibility of expression, his hands folded on his breast with an air betwixt carelessness and defiance, his heel patting against the foot of the table, to keep time with the tune which he continued to whistle, submitted to Mr. Jarvie's investigations with an air of absolute confidence and assurance, which, for a moment, placed at fault the memory and sagacity of the acute and anxious investigator.

"Ah!—Eh!—Oh!" exclaimed the bailie. "My conscience!—it's impossible—and yet—no!—Conscience, it cannot be!—and yet again—Devil have me! that I should say so—Ye robber, ye born devil that ye are, to all bad ends and no good one,—can this be you?"

"E'en as ye see, Bailie," was the laconic answer.

"Conscience! *you*, you rogue, *you* here on your venture in the tolbooth o' Glasgow? What d'ye think's the value o' your head?"

"'Umph! why, fairly weighed, it might weigh down one provost's, four bailies', a town-clerk's, six deacons', besides stentmasters—"

"Ah, ye villain!" interrupted Mr. Jarvie. "But tell over your sins, and prepare ye, for if I say the word—"

"True, Bailie," said he who was thus addressed, folding his hands behind him with the utmost *nonchalance*, "but ye will never say that word."

"And why should I not, sir?" exclaimed the magistrate,—"why should I not? Answer me that,—why should I not?"

"For three sufficient reasons, Bailie Jarvie: First, for auld langsyne; second, for the sake of the old woman beside the fire at Stuckavrallachan, that has a cousin wi' accounts, and yarn, and looms, and shuttles, like a mere mechanical person; and lastly, Bailie, because if I saw a sign of your betraying me, I would plaster that wall with your brains ere the hand of man could rescue you!"

"Ye're a bold, desperate villain, sir," retorted the undaunted Bailie; "and you know that I know you to be so, and that I would not stand a moment for my own risk."

"I know well," said the other, "ye have gentle blood in your veins, and I would be loath to hurt my own kinsman But I'll go out here as free as I came in, or the very walls o' Glasgow tolbooth shall tell o't these ten years to come."

"Well, well," said Mr. Jarvie, "blood's thicker than water; and it lies not in kith, kin, and ally, to see motes in each other's eyes if other eyes see them not. It would be sore news to the old woman below the Ben of Stuckavrallachan that you, ye Highland rogue, had knocked out my brains, or that I had hung you from the gallows. But you'll own, you devil, that were it not your very self, I would have arrested the best man in the Highlands."

"Ye would have tried, Cousin," answered my guide, "that I know well; but I doubt if you would have come off victorious."

"Well, well," said the Bailie, "But where's the good thousand pound Scots that I lent you, man, and when am I to see it again?"

ROB ROY IN THE TOLBOOTH.—Drawn by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.

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"Where it is," replied my guide, after the affectation of considering for a moment, "I cannot justly tell,—probably where last year's snow is."

"And that's on the top of Schehallion, you Highland dog," said Mr. Jarvie; "and I look for payment from you where you stand."

"Ay," replied the Highlander, "but I keep neither snow nor dollars in my purse. And as to when you'll see it,—why, just when the king enjoys his own again, as the old song says."

"You are a daring villain, Rob," answered the Bailie, "and ye will be hanged, that will be seen and heard tell o'; but I will ne'er be the ill bird and foul my nest.—And what the devil's this?" he continued, turning to me,—"some robber that you have enlisted, I dare say. He looks as if he had a bold heart to the highway, and a long neck for the gibbet."

"This, good Mr. Jarvie," said Owen, who, like myself, had been struck dumb during this strange recognition, and no less strange dialogue, which took place betwixt these extraordinary kinsmen,—"This, good Mr. Jarvie, is young Mr. Frank Osbaldistone, only child of the head of our house, who should have been taken into our firm at the time Mr. Rashleigh Osbaldistone, his cousin, had the luck to be taken into it (Here Owen could not suppress a groan) But, howsoever——"

"Oh, I have heard of that fellow," said the Scotch merchant, interrupting him; "it is he whom your principal, like an obstinate old fool, would make a merchant of, would he or would he not, and the lad turned a strolling stage-player, in pure dislike to the labour an honest man should live by.—Well, sir, what say you to your handiwork? Will Hamlet the Dane,

or Hamlet's ghost, be good security for Mr. Owen, sir ? "

"I don't deserve your taunt," I replied, "though I respect your motive, and am too grateful for the assistance you have afforded Mr. Owen, to resent it. My only business here was to do what I could (it is perhaps very little) to aid Mr. Owen in the management of my father's affairs. My dislike of the commercial profession is a feeling of which I am the best and sole judge."

"I protest," said the Highlander, "I had some respect for this lad even before I knew what was in him ; but now I honour him for his contempt of weavers and spinners and such-like mechanical persons and their pursuits."

"Ye're mad, Rob," said the Bailie, "mad as a March hare. And this young smart fellow here, that ye're leading on the shortest road to the gallows and the devil, will his stage-plays and his poetries help him here, d'ye think, any more than your deep oaths and drawn dirks, ye reprobate that ye are ?—Will his poets tell him where Rashleigh Osbaldistone is ? or Macbeth, and all his followers, and your own to boot, Rob, procure him five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fall due ten days hence ? "

"Ten days ? " I answered, and instinctively drew out Diana Vernon's packet ; and the time being elapsed during which I was to keep the seal sacred, I hastily broke it open. A sealed letter fell from a blank enclosure, owing to the trepidation with which I opened the parcel. A slight current of wind, which found its way through a broken pane of the window, wafted the letter to Mr. Jarvie's feet, who lifted it, examined the address with unceremonious curiosity, and, to my

astonishment, handed it to his Highland kinsman, saying, "Here's a wind has blown a letter to its right owner, though there were ten thousand chances against its coming to hand."

The Highlander, having examined the address, broke the letter open without the least ceremony. I endeavoured to interrupt his proceeding.

"You must satisfy me, sir," said I, "that the letter is intended for you before I can permit you to peruse it."

"Make yourself quite easy, Mr. Osbaldistone," replied the mountaineer, with great composure; "remember Justice Inglewood, Clerk Jobson, Mr. Morris,—above all, remember your very humble servant, Robert Campbell, and the beautiful Diana Vernon. Remember all this, and doubt no longer that the letter is for me."

I remained astonished at my own stupidity. Through the whole night, the voice, and even the features, of this man, though imperfectly seen, haunted me with recollections to which I could assign no exact local or personal associations. But now the light dawned on me at once,—this man was Campbell himself. His whole peculiarities flashed on me at once,—the deep strong voice; the inflexible, stern, yet considerate cast of features; the Scottish brogue, with its corresponding dialect and imagery, which, although he possessed the power at times of laying them aside, recurred at every moment of emotion, and gave pith to his sarcasm, or vehemence to his expostulation. Rather beneath the middle size than above it, his limbs were formed upon the very strongest model that is consistent with agility, while, from the remarkable ease and freedom of his movements, you could not doubt his possessing the latter quality in a high degree of perfection. Two points in his person

interfered with the rules of symmetry,—his shoulders were so broad, in proportion to his height, as, notwithstanding the lean and lathy appearance of his frame. gave him something the air of being too square in respect to his stature ; and his arms, though round, sinewy, and strong, were so very long as to be rather a deformity. I afterwards heard that this length of arm was a circumstance on which he prided himself ; that when he wore his native Highland garb, he could tie the garters of his hose without stooping ; and that it gave him great advantage in the use of the broadsword, at which he was very dexterous. But certainly this want of symmetry destroyed the claim he might otherwise have set up, to be accounted a very handsome man,—it gave something wild, irregular, and, as it were, unearthly, to his appearance, and reminded me involuntarily of the tales of the old Picts who ravaged Northumberland in ancient times, who, according to tradition, were a sort of half-goblin half-human beings, distinguished, like this man, for courage, cunning, ferocity, the length of their arms, and the squareness of their shoulders.

When, however, I recollected the circumstances in which we formerly met, I could not doubt that the billet was most probably designed for him. He had made a marked figure among those mysterious personages over whom Diana seemed to exercise an influence, and from whom she experienced an influence in her turn. It was painful to think that the fate of a being so amiable was involved in that of desperadoes of this man's description ; yet it seemed impossible to doubt it. Of what use, however, could this person be to my father's affairs ?—I could think only of one. Rashleigh Osbaldistone had, at the instigation of Miss Vernon,

certainly found means to produce Mr. Campbell when his presence was necessary to exculpate me from Morris's accusation: was it not possible that her influence, in like manner, might prevail on Campbell to produce Rashleigh? Speaking on this supposition, I requested to know where my dangerous kinsman was, and when Mr. Campbell had seen him. The answer was indirect.

"It's a difficult part she has given me to play, but yet it's fair play, and I will not baulk her. Mr. Osbaldistone, I dwell not very far from hence,—my kinsman can show you the way. Leave Mr. Owen to do the best he can in Glasgow,—do you come and see me in the glens, and it's like I may pleasure you, and stead your father in his extremity. I am but a poor man; but wit's better than wealth.—And, Cousin," turning from me to address Mr. Jarvie, "if ye dare venture so much as to eat a dish of Scotch collops and a leg o' red-deer venison wi' me, come ye wi' this Sassenach gentleman as far as Drymen or Bucklivie, or the Clachan of Aberfoil will be better than any o' them, and I'll have somebody waiting to show ye the way to the place where I may be for the time. What say you, man?—I'll ne'er deceive thee."

"No, no, Robin," said the cautious burgher, "I seldom like to leave the Gorbals; I have no freedom to go among your wild hills, Robin, and your wild fellows,—it does not become my place, man."

"The devil damn your place and you both!" reiterated Campbell. "The only drop o' gentle blood that's in your body was our great grand-uncle's that was executed at Dumbarton, and you set yourself up to say you would derogate from your place to visit me! Hark thee, man, I'll pay up your thousand pound Scots,

to the last penny, if ye'll be an honest fellow for once, and just come up wi' this Sassenach."

"Away wi' your gentility," replied the Bailie; "carry your gentle blood to the Cross, and see what you'll buy with it. But, if I *were* to come, would you really pay me the money?"

"I swear to ye," said the Highlander, "upon the holy name of him that sleeps beneath the grey stone at Inch-Cailleach."

"Say no more, Robin, say no more; we'll see what may be done. But you must not expect me to go over the Highland line,—I'll go beyond the line at no rate. You must meet me about Bucklivie or the Clachan of Aberfoil, and should not forget the needful."

"No fear, no fear," said Campbell, "I'll be as true as the steel blade that never failed its master. But I must be budging, Cousin, for the air of Glasgow tolbooth is not over-salutary to a Highlander's constitution."

"Troth," replied the merchant, "and if my duty were to be done, you could not change your atmosphere. Oh, that I should ever be concerned in aiding and abetting an escape from justice! It will be a shame and disgrace to me and mine, and my very father's memory, for ever."

"Tut, tut, man, let bygones be bygones," answered his kinsman. "Your father, honest man, could look over a friend's fault as well as another."

"You may be right, Robin," replied the Bailie, after a moment's reflection; "he was a considerate man the deacon,—he knew we had all our frailties, and he loved his friends.—Ye'll not have forgotten him, Robin?" This question he put in a softened tone, conveying as much at least of the ludicrous as the pathetic.

"Forgotten him!" replied his kinsman; "what

should ail me to forget him? A wapping weaver he was, and wrought my first pair o' hose.—But come awa', kinsman, I dare not stay longer here,—

> Come fill up my cap, come fill up my can,
> Come saddle my horses, and call up my man;
> Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
> I daurna stay langer in bonny Dundee."

"Whisht, sir," said the magistrate in an authoritative tone,—"lilting and singing so near the latter end o' the Sabbath! This house may hear ye sing another tune yet.—Stanchells, open the door."

The jailor obeyed, and we all sallied forth. Stanchells looked with some surprise at the two strangers, wondering, doubtless, how they came into these premises without his knowledge; but Mr. Jarvie's "Friends o' mine, Stanchells,—friends o' mine," silenced all disposition to inquiries. We now descended into the lower vestibule, and hollowed more than once for Dougal, to which summons no answer was returned; when Campbell observed, with a sardonic smile, "That if Dougal was the lad he knew him, he would scarce wait to get thanks for his own share of the night's work, but was in all probability on the full trot to the pass of Ballamaha—"

"And left us—and, above all, me, myself, locked up in the tolbooth all night!" exclaimed the Bailie, in ire and perturbation. "Call for fore-hammers, sledge-hammers, pinches, and coulters; send for Deacon Yettlin, the smith, and let him know that Bailie Jarvie's shut up in the tolbooth by a Highland blackguard whom he'll hang up as high as Haman—"

"When ye catch him," said Campbell, gravely; "but stay, the door is surely not locked."

Indeed, on examination we found that the door was

not only left open, but that Dougal in his retreat had, by carrying off the keys along with him, taken care that no one should exercise his office of porter in a hurry.

"He has glimmerings of common-sense now, that creature Dougal," said Campbell; "he knew an open door might have served me at a pinch."

We were by this time in the street.

"I tell you, Robin," said the magistrate, "if you live the life you do, ye should have one o' your followers door-keeper in every jail in Scotland, in case o' the worst."

"One of my kinsmen a bailie in each burgh will just do as well, Cousin Nicol,—so good-night, or good-morning, to you, and forget not the Clachan of Aberfoil."

And without waiting for an answer, he sprang to the other side of the street, and was lost in darkness.

My road lying the same way with the honest magistrate's, I profited by the light of his lantern, and he by my arm, to find our way through the streets, which, whatever they may now be, were then dark, uneven, and ill-paved. Age is easily propitiated by attentions from the young. The Bailie expressed himself interested in me, and added, "That since I was none o' that play-acting and play-going generation, whom his soul hated, he would be glad if I would breakfast with him the morn, and meet my friend Mr Owen, whom, by that time, he would place at liberty."

"My dear sir," said I, when I had accepted of the invitation with thanks, "how could you possibly connect me with the stage?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Jarvie; "it was Fairservice that told me who you were, and how you were sent from your father's house, because you would not

be a dealer, that you might not disgrace your family by going on the stage. I, like you, man," he continued: "I like a lad that will stand by his friends in trouble,—I aye did it myself, and so did the deacon my father, rest and bless him! But you should not keep over much company wi' Highlandmen and those wild fellows. Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled?—aye mind that. No doubt, the best and wisest may err. Once, twice, and thrice have I backslidden, man, and done three things this night,—my father would not have believed his eyes if he could have looked up and seen me do them"

He was by this time arrived at the door of his own dwelling. He paused, however, on the threshold, and went on in a solemn tone of deep contrition: "Firstly, I have thought my own thoughts on the Sabbath; secondly, I have given security for an Englishman; and in the third and last place, well-a-day! I have let an ill-doer escape from the place of imprisonment. But there's balm in Gilead, Mr. Osbaldistone.—Mattie, I can let myself in,—see Mr. Osbaldistone to Luckie Flyter's, at the corner of the street."

CHAPTER XVIII.

AGREEABLE to appointment, I went the next morning to Bailie Nicol Jarvie's, where a comfortable morning's repast was arranged in the parlour, which served as an apartment of all hours, and almost all work, to that honest gentleman The bustling and benevolent magistrate had been as good as his word. I found my friend Owen at liberty, and, conscious of the refreshments and purification of brush and basin, was of course a very

different person from Owen a prisoner, squalid, heart-broken, and hopeless. Yet the sense of pecuniary difficulties arising behind, before, and around him, had depressed his spirit, and the almost paternal embrace which the good man gave me was embittered by a sigh of the deepest anxiety. And when he sat down, the heaviness of his eye and manner, so different from the quiet, composed satisfaction which they usually exhibited, indicated that he was employing his arithmetic in mentally numbering up the days, the hours, the minutes which yet remained as an interval between the dishonour of bills and the downfall of the great commercial establishment of Osbaldistone and Tresham. It was left to me, therefore, to do honour to our landlord's hospitable cheer,—to his tea, right from China, which he got in a present from some eminent ship's-husband at Wapping; to his coffee, from a snug plantation of his own, as he informed us with a wink, called Salt-market Grove, in the island of Jamaica; to his English toast and ale, his Scotch dried salmon, his Lochfine herrings, and even to the double damask tablecloth, "wrought by no hand, as you may guess," save that of his deceased father the worthy Deacon Jarvie.

Having conciliated our good-humoured host by those little attentions which are great to most men, I endeavoured, in my turn, to gain from him some information which might be useful for my guidance, as well as for the satisfaction of my curiosity. We had not hitherto made the least allusion to the transactions of the preceding night,—a circumstance which made my question sound somewhat abrupt, when, without any previous introduction of the subject, I took advantage of a pause when the history of the tablecloth ended, and that of the

napkins was about to commence, to inquire, "Pray, by the by, Mr. Jarvie, who may this Mr. Robert Campbell be whom we met with last night?"

The interrogatory seemed to strike the honest magistrate, to use the vulgar phrase, "all of a heap;" and instead of answering, he returned the question, "Who's Mr. Robert Campbell?—ahem—ahay!—Who's Mr. Robert Campbell, do you say?"

"Yes," said I, "I mean who and what is he?"

"Why, he's—ahay!—he's—ahem!—Where did ye meet with Mr. Robert Campbell, as ye call him?"

"I met him by chance," I replied, "some months ago, in the North of England."

"Oh! then, Mr. Osbaldistone," said the Bailie, doggedly, "ye'll know as much about him as I do."

"I should suppose not, Mr. Jarvie," I replied; "you are his relation, it seems, and his friend."

"There is some kinship between us, doubtless," said the Bailie, reluctantly; "but we have seen little of each other since Rob gave up the cattle line of dealing, poor fellow!"

"All this explains nothing to me, Mr. Jarvie, of Mr. Campbell's rank, habits of life, and means of subsistence," I replied.

"Rank?" said Mr. Jarvie; "he's a Highland gentleman, no doubt,—better rank need none to be; and for habit, I judge he wears the Highland habit among the hills, though he has breeks on when he comes to Glasgow; and as for his subsistence, what needs we care about his subsistence, so long as he asks nothing from us? But I have no time for gossiping about him e'en now, because we must look into your father's concerns with all speed."

So saying, he put on his spectacles, and sat down to examine Mr. Owen's states, which the other thought it most prudent to communicate to him without reserve. I knew enough of business to be aware that nothing could be more acute and sagacious than the views which Mr. Jarvie entertained of the matters submitted to his examination; and, to do him justice, it was marked by much fairness, and even liberality. He scratched his ear indeed repeatedly, on observing the balance which stood at the debit of Osbaldistone and Tresham in account with himself personally.

"It may be a dead loss," he observed; "and, conscience! whate'er one o' your Lombard Street goldsmiths may say to it, it's a severe one in the Salt Market o' Glasgow. It will be a heavy deficit, I think. But what then?—I trust the house will not be upset for all that's come and gone yet; and if it does, I'll never bear so base a mind as those ravens in the Gallowgate. If I am to lose by you, I will ne'er deny I have won by you many a fair pound sterling: so, if it come to the worst, I will e'en lay the head o' the sow to the tail o' the grice."

I did not altogether understand the proverbial arrangement with which Mr. Jarvie consoled himself, but I could easily see that he took a kind and friendly interest in the arrangement of my father's affairs, suggested several expedients, approved several plans proposed by Owen, and, by his countenance and counsel, greatly abated the gloom upon the brow of that afflicted delegate of my father's establishment.

As I was an idle spectator on this occasion, and, perhaps, as I showed some inclination more than once to return to the prohibited, and, apparently, the puzzling subject of Mr. Campbell, Mr. Jarvie dismissed me with

little formality, with an advice to "go up the gate to the college, where I would find some fellows could speak Greek and Latin well,—and where I might read a spell o' the worthy Mr. Zachary Boyd's translation o' the Scriptures: better poetry need none to be, as he had been tell'd by them that know, or should have known, about such things." But he seasoned this dismissal with a kind and hospitable invitation "to come back and have some refreshment, at one precisely; there would be a leg of mutton, and, it might be, a tup's head, for they were in season;" but, above all, I was to return at "one o'clock precisely,—it was the hour he and the deacon his father always dined at; they put it off for nothing nor for nobody."

CHAPTER XIX.

[*In the College-yard Frank meets with Rashleigh and provokes him to a duel. The two are forcibly separated by Mr. Campbell. Frank then returns to Mr. Jarvie's*]

"WHAT made you so late?" said Mr. Jarvie, as I entered the dining-parlour of that honest gentleman; "it struck one the best part of five minutes ago."

I made a suitable apology for my breach of punctuality and was soon seated at table, where Mr. Jarvie presided with great glee and hospitality, compelling, however, Owen and myself to do rather more justice to the Scottish dainties with which his board was charged, than was quite agreeable to our Southern palates. I escaped pretty well, from having those habits of society which enable one to elude this species of well-meant persecution. But it was ridiculous enough to see Owen, whose ideas

of politeness were more rigorous and formal, and who was willing, in all acts of lawful compliance, to evince his respect for the friend of the firm, eating, with rueful complaisance, mouthful after mouthful of singed wool, and pronouncing it excellent, in a tone in which disgust almost overpowered civility.

When the cloth was removed, Mr. Jarvie compounded with his own hands a very small bowl of brandy-punch, —the first which I had ever the fortune to see. We found the liquor exceedingly palatable, and it led to a long conversation between Owen and our host on the opening which the Union had afforded to trade between Glasgow and the British colonies in America and the West Indies, and on the facilities which Glasgow possessed of making up *sortable* cargoes for that market.

"But this is very poor entertainment for you, Mr. Osbaldistone," said Mr. Jarvie, observing that I had been for some time silent, "but you know cadgers must always be speaking about cart-saddles."

I apologised, alleging the painful circumstances of my own situation, and the singular adventures of the morning, as the causes of my abstraction and absence of mind. In this manner I gained what I sought,—an opportunity of telling my story distinctly and without interruption. I only omitted mentioning the wound I had received, which I did not think worthy of notice. Mr. Jarvie listened with great attention and apparent interest, twinkling his little grey eyes, taking snuff, and only interrupting me by brief interjections. When I came to the account of the rencounter, at which Owen folded his hands and cast up his eyes to heaven, the very image of woeful surprise, Mr. Jarvie broke in upon the narration with "Wrong now,—clean wrong; to draw a sword on

your kinsman is inhibited by the laws o' God and man; and to draw sword on the streets of a royal burgh is punishable by fine and imprisonment; and the college-yards are no better privileged,—they should be a place of peace and quietness, I trow. But come awa' wi' your tale,—what fell next?"

On my mentioning the appearance of Mr. Campbell, Jarvie arose in great surprise, and paced the room, exclaiming, "Robin again!—Robert's mad,—clean mad, and worse; Rob will be hanged and disgrace all his kindred, and that will be seen and heard tell o'. Ay, ay, poor Robin is in a fair way o' being hanged.—But come away, come away, let's hear the rest o't."

I told the whole story as pointedly as I could; but Mr. Jarvie still found something lacking to make it clear, until I went back, though with considerable reluctance, on the whole story of Morris, and of my meeting with Campbell at the house of Justice Inglewood. Mr. Jarvie inclined a serious ear to all this, and remained silent for some time after I had finished my narrative.

"Upon all these matters I am now to ask your advice, Mr. Jarvie, which, I have no doubt, will point out the best way to act for my father's advantage and my own honour."

"Ye're right, young man, ye're right," said the Bailie. "Always take the counsel of those who are older and wiser than yourself. But I must hear nothing about honour,—we know nothing here but about credit. Honour is a homicide and a bloodspiller, that goes about making frays in the street; but Credit is a decent, honest man that sits at home and makes the pot boil."

"Assuredly, Mr. Jarvie," said our friend Owen,

"credit is the sum total; and if we can but save that, at whatever discount—"

"You are right, Mr. Owen, ye are right; ye speak well and wisely. But touching Robin, I am of opinion he will befriend this young man if it is in his power. He has a good heart, poor Robin; and though I lost a matter of two hundred pounds wi' his former engagements, and have not much expectation ever to see back my thousand pounds Scots that he promises me now, yet I will never say but what Robin means fair by all men."

"I am then to consider him," I replied, "as an honest man?"

"Umph!" replied Jarvie, with a precautionary sort of cough,—"Ay, he has a kind of Highland honesty; he's honest after a sort, as they say."

"But do you think," I said, "that this man will be able to serve me 'after a sort,' or should I trust myself to this place of rendezvous which he has given me?"

"Frankly and fairly, it's worth trying. Ye see yourself there's some risk in your staying here. This fellow Morris has got a custom-house place down at Greenock,—that's a port on the Firth down by here; and tho' all the world knows him to be but a two-legged creature, with a goose's head and a hen's heart, yet if he lodge an information,—oh, no doubt a man in magisterial duty must attend to it, and you might come to be clapped up between four walls, which would be inconvenient to your father's affairs."

"True," I observed; "yet what service am I likely to render him by leaving Glasgow, which, it is probable, will be the scene of Rashleigh's machinations, and committing myself to the doubtful faith of a man of whom

I know little but that he fears justice, and has doubtless good reasons for doing so; and that for some secret, and probably dangerous purpose, he is in close league and alliance with the very person who is like to be the author of our ruin?"

"Ah, but you judge Rob hardly," said the Bailie,—"you judge him hardly, poor fellow; and the truth is that you know nothing about our hill country, or Highlands, as we call them They are clean another set from the like of us; there's no bailie-courts among them,— no magistrates like myself and other present magistrates in this city; and never another law have they but the length of their dirks,—the broadsword is pursuer, or plaintiff, as you Englishers call it, and the target is defender; the stoutest head bears longest out,—and there's a Highland plea for you."

Owen groaned deeply; and I allow that the description did not greatly increase my desire to trust myself in a country so lawless as he described these Scottish mountains.

"Now, sir," said Jarvie, "we speak little o' these things, because they are familiar to ourselves; and where's the use o' vilifying one's country, and bringing a discredit on one's kin, before Southrons and strangers? It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest."

"Well, sir, but as it is no impertinent curiosity of mine, but real necessity, that obliges me to make these inquiries, I hope you will not be offended at my pressing for a little farther information. I have to deal, on my father's account, with several gentlemen of these wild countries, and I must trust your good sense and experience for the requisite light upon the subject."

This little morsel of flattery was not thrown out in vain.

"Experience!" said the Bailie; "I have had experience, no doubt. And since you say you are willing to be guided by the Glasgow weaver-body's advice, I am not the man that will refuse it to the son of an old correspondent, and my father the deacon was none such before me. These Highlands of ours, as we call them, gentlemen, are but a wild kind of world by themselves, full of heights and hollows, woods, caverns, lochs, rivers, and mountains, that it would tire the very devil's wings to flee to the top o' them. And in this country, and in the isles, which are little better, or, to speak the truth, rather worse than the mainland, there are about two hundred and thirty thousand persons. The military array of this Highland country, were all the men-folk between eighteen and fifty-six brought out that could bear arms, could not come well short of fifty-seven thousand five hundred men. Now, sir, it's a sad and awful truth that there is neither work, nor the very fashion nor appearance of work, for the one half of these poor creatures; that is to say, that the agriculture, the pasturage, the fisheries, and every species of honest industry about the country, cannot employ the one moiety of the population, let them work as lazily as they like, and they do work as if a plough or a spade burnt their fingers. Well, sir, this moiety of unemployed bodies, amounting to—"

"To one hundred and fifteen thousand souls," said Owen, "being the half of the above product."

"You have it, Master Owen, you have it,—whereof there may be twenty-eight thousand seven hundred able-bodied fellows fit to bear arms, and that do bear arms,

and will touch or look at no honest means of livelihood even if they could get it,—which, lack-a-day, they cannot."

"But is it possible," said I, "Mr. Jarvie, that this can be a just picture of so large a portion of the island of Britain? It makes me shudder to think of their situation."

"Sir," replied the Bailie, "you would perhaps shudder more if you were living near-hand them. For, admitting that the one half of them may make some little thing for themselves honestly in the Lowlands by shearing in harvest, droving, hay-making, and the like, ye have still many hundreds and thousands o' long-legged Highlanders that will neither work nor want, and must go thigging and sorning about on their acquaintance, or live by doing the laird's bidding, be't right or be't wrong. And more especially, many hundreds o' them come down to the borders of the low country, and live by stealing, lifting cows, and the like depredations!—a thing deplorable in any Christian country; the more especially that they take pride in it, and reckon it a gallant, manly action, and more befitting of pretty men (as such fellows will call themselves) than to win a day's wages by any honest thrift. And the lairds are as bad as their followers; for if they do not bid them to plunder and harry, they by no means hinder them; and they shelter them, or let them shelter themselves, in their woods and mountains and strongholds whenever the thing's done. And every one o' them will maintain as many o' his own name, or his clan, as we say, as he can rap and rend means for,— or, which is the same thing, as many as can in any fashion, fair or foul, maintain themselves; and there they are with gun and pistol, dirk and dourlach, ready

to disturb the peace o' the country whenever the laird likes . and that's the grievance of the Highlands, which are, and have been for this thousand years past, a band o' the most lawless, unchristian scoundrels that ever disturbed a quiet, God-fearing neighbourhood, like this o' ours in the West here."

"And this kinsman of yours, and friend of mine, is he one of those great proprietors who maintain the household troops you speak of ?" I inquired.

"No, no," said Bailie Jarvie, "he's none o' your great grandees o' chiefs, as they call them, neither."

"But if he is not," I resumed, "one of their chiefs or patriarchal leaders, whom I have heard my father talk of, this kinsman of yours has, at least, much to say in the Highlands, I presume ?"

"Ye may say that,—no name better known between the Lennox and Breadalbane. Robin was once a well-doing, painstaking drover. It was a pleasure to see him in his belted plaid and brogues, with his target at his back, and claymore and dirk at his belt, following a hundred Highland bulls and a dozen o' the gillies, as rough and ragged as the beasts they drove. And he was both civil and just in his dealings, and if he thought his merchant had made a hard bargain, he would give him a luck-penny in addition. I have known him give back five shillings out o' the pound sterling."

"Twenty-five per cent," said Owen,—"a heavy discount."

"He would give it though, sir, as I tell you, more especially if he thought the buyer was a poor man, and could not stand by a loss. But the times came hard, and Rob was venturesome. It was not my fault, it was not my fault; he cannot blame me. I always told him

o't. And the creditors, more especially some great neighbours o' his, deprived him of his living and land; and they say his wife was turned out o' the house to the hill-side, and cruelly ill-treated as well. Well, Rob came home, and found desolation, God pity us! where he left plenty; he looked east, west, south, north, and saw neither home nor shelter; so he e'en put the bonnet over his brow, belted the broadsword to his side, took to the hill-side, and became a broken-man."

The voice of the good citizen was broken by his contending feelings. He obviously, while he professed to contemn the pedigree of his Highland kinsman, attached a secret feeling of consequence to the connection, and he spoke of his friend in his prosperity with an overflow of affection which deepened his sympathy for his misfortunes, and his regret for their consequences.

"Thus tempted, and urged by despair," said I, seeing Mr. Jarvie did not proceed in his narrative, "I suppose your kinsman became one of those depredators you have described to us."

"No so bad as that," said the Glaswegian,—"not altogether so bad as that; but he became a levier of black-mail, wider and farther than ever it was raised in our day, all through the Lennox and Menteith, and up to the gates o' Stirling Castle."

"Black-mail? I do not understand the phrase," I remarked.

"Oh, ye see, Rob soon gathered a large band of blue-bonnets at his back; and as it grieved him (he said) to see such plunder and waste and depredation to the south o' the Highland line, why, if any landlord or farmer would pay him four pounds Scots out of each hundred

pounds of valued rent, which was doubtless a moderate consideration, Rob engaged to keep them scatheless. Let them send to him if they lost so much as a single clout by thieving, and Rob engaged to get them again, or pay the value; and he always kept his word,—all men allow Rob keeps his word."

"This is a very singular contract of assurance," said Mr. Owen.

"It's clean against our statute law, that must be owned," said Jarvie,—"clean against law; the levying and the paying black-mail are both punishable. But if the law cannot protect my barn and byre, why should I not engage with a Highland gentleman that can? Answer me that."

"But," said I, "Mr. Jarvie, is this contract of black-mail, as you call it, completely voluntary on the part of the landlord or farmer who pays the insurance? or what usually happens, in case any one refuses payment of this tribute?"

"Aha, lad!" said the Bailie, laughing, and putting his finger to his nose, "you think you have me there. Troth, I would advise any friends o' mine to agree with Rob; for, watch as they like, and do what they like, they are sore apt to be harried when the long nights come on. Some o' the Grahame and Cohoon gentry stood out: but what then?—they lost their whole stock the first winter; so most folks now think it best to come into Rob's terms. He's easy with anybody that will be easy with him; but if you provoke him, you had better provoke the devil."

I now followed up my investigation, by inquiring what means of influence this Mr. Robert Campbell could

STEALING CATTLE.—Drawn by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.

Face page 124.

possibly possess over my affairs or those of my father. But it was not easy to get a direct answer to this from the Bailie.

What he said, however, led me to believe that if the papers stolen away by Rashleigh were in possession of this Highland adventurer, it might be possible to induce him to surrender what he could not keep with any prospect of personal advantage; and I was conscious that the presence of his kinsman was likely to have considerable weight with him. I therefore cheerfully acquiesced in Mr. Jarvie's proposal that we should set out early next morning.

That honest gentleman was indeed as vivacious and alert in preparing to carry his purpose into execution as he had been slow and cautious in forming it. He roared to Mattie to "air his trot-cosey, to have his jack-boots greased and set before the kitchen-fire all night, and to see that his beast be corned, and a' his riding gear in order." Having agreed to meet him at five o'clock next morning, and having settled that Owen, whose presence could be of no use to us upon this expedition, should await our return at Glasgow, we took a kind farewell of this unexpectedly zealous friend. I installed Owen in an apartment in my lodgings contiguous to my own, and, giving orders to Andrew Fairservice to attend me next morning at the hour appointed, I retired to rest with better hopes than it had lately been my fortune to entertain.

CHAPTER XX.

[*Mr. Jarvie and Frank start the next morning, and arrive at an inn at the close of the day. Here Frank receives a letter from Rob, telling him that he and Mr. Jarvie should put themselves under the guidance of the man who brings the letter, and go to the place to which he takes them Just as they are about to start, an English officer followed by a few soldiers comes in and says he has had instructions from Government to put Mr. Jarvie and Frank under arrest They also arrest the bearer of the letter from Rob to Frank This fellow promises to show the officer the place where Rob is in hiding, and leads him and his men and Mr. Jarvie and Frank to a narrow pass where the soldiers are defeated by a band of Highlanders. In the meanwhile Rob himself falls into the hands of the Government forces, having been betrayed by Mr. Morris, but manages to escape. Mr. Morris is taken prisoner, and by the orders of Rob's wife is drowned in the lake as a punishment for his betrayal of her husband Frank has a strange meeting with Diana Vernon, from whom he receives the papers stolen away by Rashleigh Rob meets Frank and rejoins his followers, who have Mr. Jarvie in their charge, at the inn which was the scene of the events of the previous night.*

On arrival before the hospitable wigwam, I found power and popularity had its inconveniences in the Highlands, as everywhere else; for before MacGregor could be permitted to enter the house where he was to obtain rest and refreshment he was obliged to relate the story of his escape at least a dozen times over, as I was told by an officious old man, who chose to translate it at least as often for my edification, and to whom I was in policy obliged to seem to pay a decent degree of attention. The audience being at length satisfied, group after group departed to take their bed upon the heath or in the neighbouring huts, all agreeing that the escape of Rob Roy himself lost nothing in comparison with the exploit of any one of their chiefs since the days of the founder of his line.

The friendly outlaw, now taking me by the arm, conducted me into the interior of the hut, where the Bailie, who was seated on a stool by the fireside, received, with

a sort of reserved dignity, the welcomes of Rob Roy, the apologies which he made for his indifferent accommodation, and his inquiries after his health.

"I am pretty well, kinsman," said the Bailie, "indifferent well, I thank you, and for accommodations, one cannot expect to carry about the Salt-Market at his tail, as a snail does his cap; and I am glad that you have got out of the hands o' your enemies."

"Well, well, then," answered Roy, "what is't ails ye, man? All's well that ends well! The world will last our day. Come, take a cup o' brandy; your father the deacon could take one now and then."

"It might be he might do so, Robin, after fatigue,—which has been my lot more ways than one this day. But," he continued, slowly filling up a little wooden stoup which might hold about three glasses, "he was a moderate man in drinking, as I am myself. Here's wishing health to you, Robin;" a sip," and your welfare here and hereafter;" another taste, "and also to my cousin Helen; and to your two hopeful lads, of whom more anon."

So saying, he drank up the contents of the cup with great gravity and deliberation, while MacGregor winked aside to me, as if in ridicule of the air of wisdom and superior authority which the Bailie assumed towards him in their intercourse, and which he exercised when Rob was at the head of his armed clan in full as great, or greater, degree than when he was at the Bailie's mercy in the Tolbooth of Glasgow. It seemed to me that MacGregor wished me, as a stranger, to understand that if he submitted to the tone which his kinsman assumed, it was partly out of deference to the rights of hospitality, but still more for the jest's sake.

Having set down the cup, the Bailie turned to me and said, "I will speak to your matters anon; I must begin, as in reason, with those of my kinsman.—I presume, Robin, there's nobody here will carry aught of what I am going to say, to the town-council or elsewhere, to my prejudice or to yours?"

"Make yourself easy on that head, Cousin Nicol," answered MacGregor; "the one half of the fellows here will not know what you say, and the other will not care. Besides that, I would cut the tongue out of the head of any of them that should presume to say over again any speech held wi' me in their presence."

"Well, cousin, such being the case, and Mr. Osbaldistone here being a prudent youth and a safe friend, I will plainly tell you, you are breeding up your family to go an evil way." Then, clearing his voice with a preliminary hem, he addressed his kinsman, "Here are your two sons, Hamish and Robin, which signifies, as I'm given to understand, James and Robert. I trust you will call them so in future. These two lads have not so much as the ordinary grounding, man, of liberal education; they do not know the very multiplication-table itself, which is the root of all useful knowledge; and they did nothing but laugh and mock at me when I told them my mind on their ignorance. It's my belief they can neither read, write, nor cipher, if such thing could be believed of one's own connections in a Christian land."

"If they could, kinsman," said MacGregor, with great indifference, "their learning must have come of free will, for where the devil was I to get them a teacher? Would you have had me put on the gate o' your Divinity Hall at Glasgow College, 'Wanted, a tutor for Rob Roy's bairns'?"

"No, kinsman," replied Mr. Jarvie; "but you might have sent the lads where they could have learned the fear o' God, and the usages of civilised creatures. They are as ignorant as the cattle you used to drive to market, or the very English churls that ye sold them to, and can do nothing whatever to purpose."

"Umph!" answered Rob; "Hamish can bring down a black-cock when he's on the wing with a single bullet, and Rob can drive a dirk through a two-inch board."

"So much the worse for them, cousin! So much the worse for them both!" answered the Glasgow merchant, in a tone of great decision; "if they know nothing better than that, they had better not know that neither. Tell me yourself, Rob, what has all this cutting, and stabbing, and shooting, and driving of dirks, whether through human flesh or wood, done for yourself? And were you not a happier man when you were in an honest calling, than ever ye have been since, at the head of your Highland bands?"

I observed that MacGregor, while his well-meaning kinsman spoke to him in this manner, turned and writhed his body like a man who indeed suffers pain, but is determined no groan shall escape his lips; and I longed for an opportunity to interrupt the well-meant, but, as it was obvious to me, quite mistaken strain in which Jarvie addressed this extraordinary person. The dialogue, however, came to an end without my interference.

"And so," said the Bailie, "I have been thinking, Rob, that it would be a pity to bring up two hopeful lads to such a godless trade as your own, and I would be glad to take them for prentices at the loom, as I began myself and my father the deacon before me, though,

praise to the Giver, I only trade now as wholesale dealer. And—and—"

He saw a storm gathering on Rob's brow, which probably induced him to throw in, as a sweetener of an obnoxious proposition, what he had reserved to crown his own generosity, had it been embraced as an acceptable one—"and Robin, lad, ye need not look so glum, for I'll pay the prentice-fee, and never plague you for the thousand merks neither."

"A hundred thousand devils!" exclaimed Rob, rising and striding through the hut. "My sons weavers! but I would see every loom in Glasgow, beam, traddles, and shuttles, burnt in hell-fire sooner!"

With some difficulty I made the Bailie, who was preparing a reply, comprehend the risk and impropriety of pressing our host on this topic, and in a minute he recovered, or reassumed, his serenity of temper.

"But you mean well, ye mean well," said he; "so give me your hand, Nicol, and if ever I put my sons apprentice, I will give you the refusal o' them. And, as you say, there's the thousand merks to be settled between us. Here, Eachin MacAnaleister, bring me my sporran."

The person he addressed, a tall, strong mountaineer, who seemed to act as MacGregor's lieutenant, brought from some place of safety a large leathern pouch such as Highlanders of rank wear before them when in full dress, made of the skin of the sea-otter, richly garnished with silver ornaments and studs.

"I advise no man to attempt opening this purse till he has my secret," said Rob Roy; and then twisting one button in one direction, and another in another, pulling one stud upward, and pressing another downward, the

mouth of the purse, which was bound with massive silver-plate, opened and gave admittance to his hand. He made me remark, as if to break short the subject on which Bailie Jarvie had spoken, that a small steel pistol was concealed within the purse, the trigger of which was connected with the mounting, and made part of the machinery, so that the weapon would certainly be discharged, and in all probability its contents lodged in the person of any one, who, being unacquainted with the secret, should tamper with the lock, which secured his treasure. "This," said he, touching the pistol,—"this is the keeper of my privy purse."

The Bailie put on his spectacles to examine the mechanism, and when he had done returned it with a smile and a sigh, observing, "Ah! Rob, had other folk's purses been as well guarded, I doubt if yours would have been as well filled as it appears to be by the weight"

"Never mind, kinsman," said Rob, laughing, "it will always open for a friend's necessity, or to pay a just due; and here," he added, pulling out a rouleau of gold, "here is your ten hundred merks,—count them, and see that you are full and justly paid."

Mr. Jarvie took the money in silence, and weighing it in his hand for an instant, laid it on the table, and replied, "Rob, I cannot take it,—there can no good come of it. Ill-got wealth ne'er prospered; and, to be plain wi' you, I will not meddle wi't,—it looks as there might be blood on 't."

"Oh!" said the outlaw, affecting an indifference which perhaps he did not altogether feel, "it's good French gold, and ne'er was in Scotchman's pouch before mine; look at them, man,—they are all louis d'ors, bright and bonnie as the day they were coined."

The Bailie produced the original bond for the debt, on the back of which he had written a formal discharge, which, having subscribed himself, he requested me to sign as a witness. I did so, and Bailie Jarvie was looking anxiously around for another, the Scottish law requiring the subscription of two witnesses to validate either a bond or acquittance. "You will hardly find a man that can write, save ourselves, within these three miles," said Rob, "but I'll settle the matter easily;" and, taking the paper from before his kinsman, he threw it in the fire. Bailie Jarvie stared in his turn; but his kinsman continued, "That's a Highland settlement of accounts. The time might come, cousin, were I to keep all these charges and discharges, that friends might be brought into trouble for having dealt with me."

The Bailie attempted no reply to this argument, and our supper now appeared in a style of abundance, and even delicacy, which, for the place, might be considered as extraordinary. At the same time I remarked that Rob Roy's attention had extended itself to providing us better bedding than we had enjoyed the night before. Two of the least fragile of the bedsteads, which stood by the wall of the hut, had been stuffed with heath, then in full flower, so artificially arranged that the flowers, being uppermost, afforded a mattress at once elastic and fragrant. Cloaks and such bedding as could be collected, stretched over this vegetable couch, made it both soft and warm. The Bailie seemed exhausted by fatigue. I resolved to adjourn my communication to him until next morning; and therefore suffered him to betake himself to bed so soon as he had finished a plentiful supper. Though tired and harassed, I did not myself

feel the same disposition to sleep, but rather a restless and feverish anxiety, which led to some farther discourse betwixt me and MacGregor.

CHAPTER XXI.

MacGregor first broke silence, in the tone of one who takes up his determination to enter on a painful subject. "My cousin Nicol Jarvie means well," he said, "but he presses over hard on the temper and situation of a man like me, considering what I have been, what I have been forced to become, and, above all, that which has forced me to become what I am."

He paused; and though feeling the delicate nature of the discussion in which the conversation was likely to engage me, I could not help replying that I did not doubt his present situation had much which must be most unpleasant to his feelings. "I should be happy to learn," I added, "that there is an honourable chance of your escaping from it."

"You speak like a boy," returned MacGregor, in a low tone that growled like distant thunder,—"like a boy. who thinks the old gnarled oak can be twisted as easily as the young sapling. Can I forget that I have been branded as an outlaw, stigmatized as a traitor, a price set on my head as if I had been a wolf, my family degraded and insulted,—the very name which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil with?"

As he went on in this manner, I could plainly see that,

by the enumeration of his wrongs, he was lashing himself up into a rage, in order to justify in his own eyes the errors they had led him into. In this he perfectly succeeded; his light grey eyes contracting alternately, and dilating their pupils until they seemed actually to flash with flame, while he thrust forward and drew back his foot, grasped the hilt of his dirk, extended his arm, clenched his fist, and finally rose from his seat.

"And they *shall* find," he said, in the same muttered but deep tone of stifled passion, "that the name they have dared to proscribe—that the name of MacGregor—*is* a spell to raise the wild devil withal. *They* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs.—But why do I speak of all this?" he said, sitting down again, and in a calmer tone. "Only you may opine it frets my patience, Mr. Osbaldistone, to be hunted like an otter, or a seal, or a salmon upon the shallows, and that by my very friends and neighbours; and to have as many sword-cuts made, and pistols flashed at me, as I had this day while escaping from my enemies, would try a saint's temper, much more a Highlander's, who are not famous for that good gift, as you may have heard, Mr. Osbaldistone.—But one thing bides with me of what Nicol said. I'm vexed for the bairns; I'm vexed when I think of Hamish and Robert living their father's life." And yielding to despondence on account of his sons, which he felt not upon his own, the father rested his head upon his hand.

I was much affected by this. All my life long I have been more melted by the distress under which a strong, proud, and powerful mind is compelled to give way, than by the more easily excited sorrows of softer dispositions. The desire of aiding him rushed strongly on my mind,

notwithstanding the apparent difficulty, and even impossibility, of the task.

"We have extensive connections abroad," said I; "might not your sons, with some assistance,—and they are well entitled to what my father's house can give,—find an honourable resource in foreign service?"

I believe my countenance showed signs of sincere emotion; but my companion, taking me by the hand as I was going to speak farther, said, "I thank—I thank you, but let us say no more of this. I did not think the eye of man would again have seen a tear on MacGregor's eyelash." He dashed the moisture from his long grey eyelash and shaggy red eyebrow with the back of his hand. "To-morrow morning," he said, "we'll talk of this, and we will talk, too, of your affairs; for we are early starters in the dawn, even when we have the luck to have good beds to sleep in. Will ye not pledge me in a grace-cup?" I declined the invitation.

"Then I must pledge myself;" and he poured out and swallowed at least half a quart of wine.

I laid myself down to repose, resolving to delay my own inquiries until his mind should be in a more composed state. Indeed, so much had this singular man possessed himself of my imagination that I felt it impossible to avoid watching him for some minutes after I had flung myself on my heath mattress to seeming rest. He walked up and down the hut, crossed himself from time to time, muttering over some Latin prayer of the Catholic Church, then wrapped himself in his plaid, with his naked sword on one side, and his pistol on the other, so disposing the folds of his mantle that he could start up at a moment's warning, with a weapon in either hand, ready for instant combat. In a few minutes his

heavy breathing announced that he was fast asleep. Overpowered by fatigue, and stunned by the various unexpected and extraordinary scenes of the day, I, in my turn, was soon overpowered by a slumber deep and overwhelming, from which, notwithstanding every cause for watchfulness, I did not awake until the next morning.

When I opened my eyes and recollected my situation, I found that MacGregor had already left the hut. I awakened the Bailie, who, after many a snort and groan, and some heavy complaints of the soreness of his bones, in consequence of the unwonted exertions of the preceding day, was at length able to comprehend the joyful intelligence that the assets carried off by Rashleigh Osbaldistone had been safely recovered. The instant he understood my meaning he forgot all his grievances, and, bustling up in a great hurry, proceeded to compare the contents of the packet which I put into his hands, with Mr. Owen's memorandums, muttering as he went on, "Right, right—we have got the stuff, and may leave this doleful country."

"I am sorry, cousin," said MacGregor, who entered the hut during the last observation, "I have not been altogether in the circumstances to make your reception such as I could have desired; nevertheless, if you would condescend to visit my poor dwelling—"

"Much obliged, much obliged," answered Mr. Jarvie, very hastily. "But we must be going,—we must be jogging, Mr. Osbaldistone and me; business cannot wait."

"Well, kinsman," replied the Highlander, "you know our fashion. You cannot return by Drymen; I must set you on Loch Lomond, and boat you down to the Ferry o' Balloch, and send your nags round to meet you

there. It's a maxim of a wise man never to return by the same road he came, providing another's free to him." So saying, he whistled to Dougal, who appeared before the door of the cottage mounted on the Bailie's horse and leading mine. He received his last orders from his master to avoid certain places where he might be exposed to suspicion, to collect what intelligence he could in the course of his journey, and to await our coming at an appointed place near the Ferry of Balloch.

At the same time MacGregor invited us to accompany him upon our own road, assuring us that we must necessarily march a few miles before breakfast, and recommending a dram of brandy as a proper introduction to the journey—in which he was pledged by the Bailie, who pronounced it "an unlawful and perilous habit to begin the day with spirituous liquors, except to defend the stomach (which was a tender part) against the morning mist; in which case his father the deacon had recommended a dram by precept and example."

"Very true, kinsman," replied Rob; "for which reason we, who are Children of the Mist, have a right to drink brandy from morning till night."

The Bailie, thus refreshed, was mounted on a small Highland pony; another was offered for my use, which, however, I declined, and we resumed, under very different guidance and auspices, our journey of the preceding day.

Our escort consisted of MacGregor and five or six of the handsomest, best armed, and most athletic mountaineers of his band, whom he had generally in immediate attendance upon his own person.

When we approached the pass, the scene of the skirmish of the preceding day, and of the still more

direful deed which followed it, MacGregor hastened to speak, as if it were rather to what he knew must be necessarily passing in my mind, than to anything I had said,—he spoke, in short, to my thoughts, and not to my words.

"You must think hardly of us, Mr. Osbaldistone, and it is not natural that it should be otherwise. But remember, at least, we have not been unprovoked. We are a rude and an ignorant, and it may be a violent and passionate, but we are not a cruel, people; the land might be at peace and in law for us, did they allow us to enjoy the blessings of peaceful law. But we have been a persecuted generation."

"And persecution," said the Bailie, "maketh wise men mad."

"What must it do then to men like us, living as our fathers did a thousand years since, and possessing scarce more lights than they did? Can we view their bloody edicts against us,—their hanging, heading, hounding, and hunting down an ancient and honourable name, as deserving better treatment than that which enemies give to enemies? Here I stand, have been in twenty frays, and never hurt man but when I was in hot blood; and yet they would betray me and hang me, like a masterless dog, at the gate of any great man that has an ill will at me."

I replied, that the proscription of his name and family sounded in English ears as a very cruel and arbitary law; and having thus far soothed him, I resumed my propositions of obtaining military employment for himself, if he chose it, and his sons in foreign parts. MacGregor shook me very cordially by the hand, and detaining me, so as to permit Mr. Jarvie to precede us,—a manœuvre for

which the narrowness of the road served as an excuse,—he said to me, "You are a kind-hearted and an honourable youth, and understand, doubtless, that which is due to the feelings of a man of honour. But the heather that I have trod upon when living, must bloom over me when I am dead; my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink and wither like fern in the frost, were I to lose sight of my native hills; nor has the world a scene that would console me for the loss of the rocks and cairns, wild as they are, that you see around us. And Helen,— how could she bear to be removed from these scenes, where the remembrance of her wrongs is always sweetened by the recollections of her revenge? I was once so hard put at by my great enemy, as I may well call him, that I was forced e'en to give way to the tide, and remove myself and my people and family from our dwellings in our native land, and to withdraw for a time into MacCallum More's country; and Helen made a Lament on our departure, so piteously sad that our hearts almost broke as we sate and listened to her,—it was like the wailing of one that mourns for the mother that bore him. The tears came down the rough faces of our gillies as they hearkened; and I would not have the same touch of heartbreak again, no, not to have all the lands that ever were owned by MacGregor."

"But your sons," I said, "they are at the age when your countrymen have usually no objection to see the world?"

"And I should be content," he replied, "that they pushed their fortune in the French or Spanish service, as is the wont of Scottish cavaliers of honour, and last night your plan seemed feasible enough. But I'll have need of all the hands I can get, and King James has the

best right to Hamish and Rob, being his natural-born subjects."

We pursued the margin of the lake for about six English miles, through a devious and beautifully variegated path until we attained a sort of Highland farm, or assembly of hamlets, near the head of that fine sheet of water called, if I mistake not, Lediart, or some such name.

We ascended about two hundred yards from the shores of the lake, guided by a brawling brook, and left on the right hand four or five Highland huts, with patches of arable land around them so small as to show that they must have been worked with the spade rather than the plough, cut as it were out of the surrounding copsewood, and waving with crops of barley and oats. Above this limited space the hill became more steep, and on its edge we descried the glittering arms and waving drapery of about fifty of MacGregor's followers. They were stationed on a spot, the recollection of which yet strikes me with admiration. The brook, hurling its waters downwards from the mountain, had in this spot encountered a barrier rock, over which it had made its way by two distinct leaps. The first fall, across which a magnificent old oak, slanting out from the farther bank, partly extended itself, as if to shroud the dusky stream of the cascade, might be about twelve feet high; the broken waters were received in a beautiful stone basin almost as regular as if hewn by a sculptor, and after wheeling around its flinty margin, they made a second precipitous dash, through a dark and narrow chasm at least fifty feet in depth, and from thence, in a hurried, but comparatively a more gentle course, escaped to join the lake.

With the natural taste that belongs to mountaineers, and especially to the Scottish Highlanders, whose feelings are often allied with the romantic and poetical, Rob Roy's wife and followers had prepared our morning repast in a scene well calculated to impress strangers with some feelings of awe. They are also naturally a grave and proud people, and, however rude in our estimation, carry their ideas of form and politeness to an excess that would appear overstrained, except from the demonstration of superior force which accompanies the display of it; for it must be granted that the air of punctilious deference and rigid etiquette which would seem ridiculous in an ordinary peasant, has, like the salute of a *corps-de-garde,* a propriety when tendered by a Highlander completely armed. There was, accordingly, a good deal of formality in our approach and reception.

The Highlanders, who had been dispersed on the side of the hill, drew themselves together when we came in view, and, standing firm and motionless, appeared in close column behind three figures, whom I soon recognised to be Helen MacGregor and her two sons. MacGregor himself arranged his attendants in the rear, and, requesting Mr. Jarvie to dismount where the ascent became steep, advanced slowly, marshalling us forward at the head of the troop. As we advanced, we heard the wild notes of the bagpipes, which lost their natural discord from being mingled with the dashing sound of the cascade. When we came close, the wife of MacGregor came forward to meet us. Her dress was studiously arranged in a more feminine taste than it had been on the preceding day, but her features were the same lofty, unbending, and resolute character. As we approached she said, "Kinsman, you are welcome. And you too,

stranger," she added, "you also are welcome. You came to our unhappy country when our bloods were chafed, and our hands were red. Excuse the rudeness that gave you a rough welcome, and lay it upon the evil times, and not upon us." All this was said with the manner of a princess, and in the tone and style of a court. Nor was there the least tincture of vulgarity about the speech. There was a strong provincial accentuation, but otherwise the language uttered by Helen MacGregor was graceful, flowing, and declamatory.

She invited us to a refreshment spread out on the grass, which abounded with all the good things their mountains could offer, but was clouded by the dark and undisturbed gravity which sat on the brow of our hostess, as well as by our deep and anxious recollection of what had taken place on the preceding day. It was in vain that the leader exerted himself to excite mirth; a chill hung over our minds as if the feast had been funereal, and every bosom felt light when it was ended.

"Adieu, cousin," she said to Mr. Jarvie, as we rose from the entertainment; "the best wish Helen MacGregor can give to a friend is, that he may see her no more.—For you, stranger," she said, turning to me, "I have a token from one whom you can never—"

"Helen," interrupted MacGregor, "what means this?"

"MacGregor," she replied, "I have forgotten nought that is fitting for me to remember.—Young man," she said, presenting me with a ring, which I well remembered as one of the few ornaments that Miss Vernon sometimes wore, "this comes from one whom you will never see more. If it is a joyless token, it is well fitted to pass through the hands of one to whom joy can never be

known. Her last words were: 'Let him forget me for ever.'"

"And can she," I said, almost without being conscious that I spoke, "suppose that is possible?"

"All may be forgotten," said the extraordinary female who addressed me, "all—but the sense of dishonour and the desire of vengeance."

"Strike up!" cried the MacGregor, turning to his men. The bagpipes sounded, and, with their thrilling and jarring tones, cut short our conference. Our leave of our hostess was taken by silent gestures; and we resumed our journey, with an additional proof on my part that I was beloved by Diana, and was separated from her for ever.

CHAPTER XXII.

Our route lay through a dreary, yet romantic country, which the distress of my own mind prevented me from remarking particularly, and which, therefore, I will not attempt to describe The lofty peak of Ben Lomond, here the predominant monarch of the mountains, lay on our right hand, and served as a striking landmark. I was not awakened from my apathy until, after a long and toilsome walk, we emerged through a pass in the hills, and Loch Lomond opened before us. This noble lake, boasting innumerable beautiful islands, of every varying form and outline which fancy can frame,—its northern extremity narrowing until it is lost among dusky and retreating mountains, while, gradually widening as it extends to the southward, it spreads its base around the indentures and promontories of a fair and

fertile land,—affords one of the most surprising, beautiful, and sublime spectacles in nature. The eastern side, peculiarly rough and rugged, was at this time the chief seat of MacGregor and his clan, to curb whom a small garrison had been stationed in a central position betwixt Loch Lomond and another lake. The extreme strength of the country, however, with the numerous passes, marshes, caverns, and other places of concealment or defence, made the establishment of this little fort seem rather an acknowledgement of the danger than an effectual means of securing against it.

On more than one occasion, as well as on that which I witnessed, the garrison suffered from the adventurous spirit of the outlaw and his followers. These advantages were never sullied by ferocity when he himself was in command; for, equally good-tempered and sagacious, he understood well the danger of incurring unnecessary odium. I learnt with pleasure that he had caused the captives of the preceding day to be liberated in safety; and many traits of mercy, and even generosity, are recorded of this remarkable man on similar occasions.

A boat waited for us in a creek beneath a huge rock, manned by four lusty Highland rowers; and our host took leave of us with great cordiality, and even affection. Betwixt him and Mr. Jarvie, indeed, there seemed to exist a degree of mutual regard which formed a strong contrast to their different occupations and habits. After kissing each other very lovingly, and when they were just in the act of parting, the Bailie, in the fulness of his heart, and with a faltering voice, assured his kinsman "that if ever an hundred pounds, or even two hundred, would put him or his family in a settled way, he need but just send a line to the Salt-Market;" and Rob, grasping

his basket-hilt with one hand, and shaking Mr. Jarvie's heartily with the other, protested "that if ever anybody should affront his kinsman, if he would but let him know, he would cut his ears out of his head, were he the best man in Glasgow."

With these assurances of mutual aid and continued good-will, we bore away from the shore, and took our course for the south-western angle of the lake, where it gives birth to the river Leven. Rob Roy remained for some time standing on the rock from beneath which we had departed, conspicuous by his long gun, waving tartans, and the single plume in his cap, which in those days denoted the Highland gentleman and soldier; although I observe the present military taste has decorated the Highland bonnet with a quantity of black plumage, resembling that which is borne before funerals. At length, as the distance increased between us, we saw him turn and go slowly up the side of the hill, followed by his immediate attendants, or body-guard.

We performed our voyage for a long time in silence, interrupted only by the Gaelic chant which one of the rowers sung in low, irregular measure, rising occasionally into a wild chorus, in which the others joined.

My own thoughts were sad enough; yet I felt something soothing in the magnificent scenery with which I was surrounded, and thought, in the enthusiasm of the moment, that had my faith been that of Rome, I could have consented to live and die a lonely hermit in one of the romantic and beautiful islands amongst which our boat glided.

The Bailie had also his speculations, but they were of somewhat a different complexion, as I found when, after about an hour's silence, during which he had been

mentally engaged in the calculations necessary, he undertook to prove the possibility of draining the lake, and "giving to plough and harrow many hundred, ay, many a thousand acres, from which no man could get earthly good now."

At length we neared our distant place of landing, adjoining to the ruins of an ancient castle, and just where the lake discharges its superfluous waters into the Leven. There we found Dougal waiting for us.

The Bailie and I mounted our horses, and proceeded on the road to Glasgow. When we had lost the view of the lake and its superb amphitheatre of mountains, I could not help expressing, with enthusiasm, my sense of its natural beauties, although I was conscious that Mr. Jarvie was a very uncongenial spirit to communicate with on such a subject.

"You are a young gentleman," he replied, "and an Englishman, and all this may be very fine to you; but for me who am a plain man, and know something of the different values of land, I would not give the first glimpse o' the Gorbals o' Glasgow for the finest sight we have seen in the Highlands; and if I were once there, it should not be every fool's errand, begging your pardon, Mr. Francis, that should take me out o' sight o' St. Mungo's steeple again!"

The honest man had his wish; for, by dint of travelling very late, we arrived at his own house that night, or rather on the succeeding morning. Having seen my worthy fellow-traveller safely consigned to the charge of the considerate and officious Mattie, I proceeded to Mrs. Flyter's, in whose house, even at this unwonted hour, light was still burning. The door was opened by no less a person than Andrew Fairservice himself, who,

upon the first sound of my voice, set up a loud shout of joyful recognition, and without uttering a syllable, ran upstairs towards a parlour on the second floor, from the windows of which the light proceeded. Justly conceiving that he went to announce my return to the anxious Owen, I followed him upon the foot. Owen was not alone, there was another in the apartment,—it was my father.

The first impulse was to preserve the dignity of his usual equanimity,—"Francis, I am glad to see you." The next was to embrace me tenderly,—"My dear, dear son!" Owen secured one of my hands, and wetted it with his tears, while he joined in gratulating my return. These are scenes which address themselves to the eye and to the heart rather than to the ear. My eyelids still moisten at the recollection of our meeting.

When the tumult of our joy was over, I learnt that my father had arrived from Holland shortly after Owen had set off for Scotland Determined and rapid in all his movements, he only stopped to provide means of discharging the obligations incumbent on his house. By his extensive resources, with funds enlarged and credit fortified by eminent success in his Continental speculation, he easily accomplished what perhaps his absence alone rendered difficult, and set out for Scotland to exact justice from Rashleigh Osbaldistone, as well as to put order to his affairs in that country. My father's arrival in full credit, and with the ample means of supporting his engagements honourably, as well as benefiting his correspondents in future, was a stunning blow to MacVittie and Company, who had conceived his star set for ever. Highly incensed at the usage his confidential clerk and agent had received at their hands,

Mr. Osbaldistone refused every tender of apology and accommodation; and, having settled the balance of their account, announced to them, that, with all its numerous contingent advantages, that leaf of their ledger was closed for ever.

My father's first care, when he arose the next morning, was to visit Mr. Jarvie, for whose kindness he entertained the most grateful sentiments, which he expressed in very few, but manly and nervous terms. He explained the altered state of his affairs, and offered the Bailie, on such terms as could not but be both advantageous and acceptable, that part in his concerns which had hitherto been managed by MacVittie and Company. The Bailie heartily congratulated my father and Owen on the changed posture of their affairs, and, without affecting to disclaim that he had done his best to serve them when matters looked otherwise, he said: "He had only just acted as he would be done by; that as to the extension of their correspondence, he frankly accepted it with thanks. Had MacVittie's folk behaved like honest men," he said, "he would have liked it ill to have come in behind them, and out before them, in this way. But it's otherwise, and they must e'en stand the loss."

We spent one hospitable day with the Bailie, and took leave of him, as this narrative now does. He continued to grow in wealth, honour, and credit, and actually rose to the highest civic honours in his native city.

CHAPTER XXIII.

[*The Rebellion of the Highlanders and the Jacobites, known from its date as "The Fifteen," breaks out. Frank's uncle, Sir Hildebrand, and his sons (except Rashleigh) join the rebel ranks and are killed Frank succeeds to Osbaldistone Hall.*]

THERE are few more melancholy sensations than those with which we regard scenes of past pleasure, when altered and deserted. In my ride to Osbaldistone Hall, I passed the same objects which I had seen in company with Miss Vernon on the day of our memorable ride from Inglewood Place. Her spirit seemed to keep me company on the way; and when I approached the spot where I had first seen her, I almost listened to the cry of the hounds and the notes of the horn, and strained my eye on vacant space, as if to descry the fair huntress again descend like an apparition from the hill. But all was silent, and all was solitary. When I reached the Hall, the closed doors and windows, the grass-grown pavement, the courts, which were now so silent, presented a strong contrast to the gay and bustling scene I had so often seen them exhibit, when the merry hunters were going forth to their morning sport, or returning to the daily festival. The joyous bark of the foxhounds as they were uncoupled, the cries of the huntsmen, the clang of the horses' hoofs, the loud laugh of the old knight at the head of his strong and numerous descendants, were all silenced now and for ever.

While I gazed round the scene of solitude and emptiness, I was inexpressibly affected, even by recollecting those whom, when alive, I had no reason to regard with affection. But the thought that so many youths of goodly presence, warm with life, health, and confidence,

were within so short a time cold in the grave, by various yet all violent and unexpected modes of death, afforded a picture of mortality at which the mind trembled. It was little consolation to me that I returned a proprietor to the halls which I had left almost like a fugitive. My mind was not habituated to regard the scenes around as my property, and I felt myself an usurper, at least an intruding stranger, and could hardly divest myself of the idea that some of the bulky forms of my deceased kinsmen were, like the gigantic spectres of a romance, to appear in the gateway and dispute my entrance.

While I was engaged in these sad thoughts, my follower, Andrew, whose feelings were of a very different nature, exerted himself in thundering alternately on every door in the building, calling, at the same time, for admittance, in a tone so loud as to intimate that *he*, at least, was fully sensible of his newly acquired importance as squire of the body to the new lord of the manor. At length, timidly and reluctantly, Anthony Syddall, my uncle's aged butler and major-domo, presented himself at a lower window, well fenced with iron bars, and inquired our business.

"We are come to take your charge off your hand, my old friend," said Andrew Fairservice; "you may give up your keys as soon as you like,—every dog has his day. You have had your own time of it, Mr. Syddall, and now is come mine."

Checking with some difficulty the forwardness of my follower, I explained to Syddall the nature of my right, and the title I had to demand admittance into the Hall, as into my own property. The old man seemed much agitated and distressed, and testified manifest reluctance to give me entrance, although it was couched in a humble

and submissive tone. I 'allowed for the agitation of natural feelings, which really did the old man honour, but continued peremptory in my demand of admittance, explaining to him that his refusal would oblige me to apply for Mr. Inglewood's warrant and a constable.

"We are come from Mr. Justice Inglewood's this morning," said Andrew, to enforce the menace; "and I saw Archie Rutledge, the constable, as I came up by. The country's not to be lawless as it has been, Mr. Syddall, letting rebels go on as they best liked."

The threat of the law sounded dreadful in the old man's ears, conscious as he was of the suspicion under which he himself lay, from his religion and his devotion to Sir Hildebrand and his sons. He undid, with fear and trembling, one of the postern entrances, which was secured with many a bolt and bar, and humbly hoped that I would excuse him for fidelity in the discharge of his duty. I reassured him, and told him I had the better opinion of him for his caution.

"Now light a fire in the library," I said.

"In the library!" answered the old man. "Nobody has sat there this many a day, and the room smokes, for the daws have built in the chimney this spring, and there were no young men about the Hall to pull them down."

"His honour likes the library, Mr. Syddall," said Andrew.

Very reluctantly, as it appeared to me, the butler led the way to the library and, contrary to what he had given me to expect, the interior of the apartment looked as if it had been lately arranged, and made more comfortable than usual. There was a fire in the grate, which burned clearly, notwithstanding what Syddall had reported of the vent. Taking up the tongs, as if to arrange the wood,

but rather perhaps to conceal his own confusion, the butler observed, "it was burning clear now, but had smoked woundily in the morning"

Wishing to be alone till I recovered myself from the first painful sensations which everything around me recalled, I desired old Syddall to call the land-steward, who lived at about a quarter of a mile from the Hall. He departed with obvious reluctance. I next ordered Andrew to procure the attendance of a couple of stout fellows upon whom he could rely, since Sir Rashleigh, who was capable of any desperate enterprise, was in the neighbourhood. Andrew Fairservice undertook this task with great cheerfulness, and went away.

Wardlaw the land-steward now made his appearance. He was a man of sense and honesty, without whose careful management my uncle would have found it difficult to have maintained himself a housekeeper so long as he did. He examined the nature of my right of possession carefully, and admitted it candidly. To any one else the succession would have been a poor one, so much was the land encumbered with debt and mortgage. Most of these, however, were already vested in my father's person, and he was in a train of acquiring the rest; his large gains, by the recent rise of the funds, having made it a matter of ease and convenience for him to pay off the debt which affected his patrimony.

I transacted much necessary business with Mr. Wardlaw, and detained him to dine with me. We preferred taking our repast in the library, although Syddall strongly recommended our removing to the Stone Hall, which he had put in order for the occasion. Meantime Andrew made his appearance with his true-blue recruits, whom he recommended in the highest terms, as "sober,

decent men, and, above all, as bold as lions." I ordered them something to drink, and they left the room.

Mr. Wardlaw having remained with me until the evening was somewhat advanced, at length bundled up his papers and removed himself to his own habitation, leaving me in that confused state of mind in which we can hardly say whether we desire company or solitude. I had not, however, the choice betwixt them; for I was left alone in the room of all others most calculated to inspire me with melancholy reflections.

As twilight was darkening the apartment, I trimmed the wood fire, and placing myself in one of the large leathern chairs which flanked the old Gothic chimney, I watched unconsciously the bickering of the blaze which I had fostered. "And this," said I alone, "is the progress and the issue of human wishes! Nursed by the merest trifles, they are first kindled by fancy, nay, are fed upon the vapour of hope till they consume the substance which they inflame; and man, and his hopes, passions, and desires, sink into a worthless heap of embers and ashes!"

There was a deep sigh from the opposite side of the room, which seemed to reply to my reflections. I started up in amazement: Diana Vernon stood before me, resting on the arm of a figure so strongly resembling that of the portrait so often mentioned that I looked hastily at the frame, expecting to see it empty. My first idea was, either that I had gone suddenly distracted, or that the spirits of the dead had arisen and been placed before me. A second glance convinced me of my being in my senses, and that the forms which stood before me were real and substantial. It was Diana herself, though paler and thinner than her former self; and it was no tenant of the

grave who stood beside her, but her father, Sir Frederick Vernon, in a dress made to imitate that of his ancestor, to whose picture his countenance possessed a family resemblance. He was the first that spoke, for Diana kept her eyes fast fixed on the ground, and astonishment actually riveted my tongue to the roof of my mouth.

"We are your suppliants, Mr. Osbaldistone," he said, "and we claim the refuge and protection of your roof till we can pursue a journey where dungeons and death gape for me at every step."

"Surely," I articulated with great difficulty, "Miss Vernon cannot suppose—you, sir, cannot believe—that I have forgotten your interference in my difficulties, or that I am capable of betraying any one, much less you?"

"I know it," said Sir Frederick; "yet it is with the most inexpressible reluctance that I impose on you a confidence, disagreeable perhaps,—certainly dangerous,—and which I would have specially wished to have conferred on some one else. But my fate, which has chased me through a life of perils and escapes, is now pressing me hard, and I have no alternative."

"You now understand my mystery," said Miss Vernon; "you know, doubtless, how near and dear that relative is who has so often found shelter here, and will be no longer surprised that Rashleigh, having such a secret at his command, should rule me with a rod of iron."

Her father added that it was their intention to trouble me with their presence as short a time as was possible. I entreated the fugitives to waive every consideration but what affected their safety, and to rely on my utmost exertions to promote it. This led to an explanation of the circumstances under which they stood.

"I always suspected Rashleigh Osbaldistone," said Sir Frederick; "but his conduct towards my unprotected child, which with difficulty I wrung from her, and his treachery in your father's affairs, made me hate and despise him. In our last interview I concealed not my sentiments, as I should in prudence have attempted to do; and in resentment of the scorn with which I treated him, he added treachery and apostasy to his catalogue of crimes. I at that time fondly hoped that his defection would be of little consequence. The Earl of Mar had a gallant army in Scotland, and Lord Derwentwater, with Forster, Kenmure, Winterton, and others, were assembling forces on the Border. As my connections with these English nobility and gentry were extensive, it was judged proper that I should accompany a detachment of Highlanders, who, under Brigadier MacIntosh of Borlum, crossed the Firth of Forth, traversed the low country of Scotland, and united themselves on the Border with the English insurgents. My daughter accompanied me through the perils and fatigues of a march so long and difficult."

"And she will never leave her dear father!" exclaimed Miss Vernon, clinging fondly to his arm.

"I had hardly joined our English friends when I became sensible that our cause was lost. Our numbers diminished instead of increasing, nor were we joined by any except of our own persuasion. The Tories of the High Church remained in general undecided, and at length we were cooped up by a superior force in the little town of Preston. We defended ourselves resolutely one day. On the next, the hearts of our leaders failed, and they resolved to surrender at discretion. To yield myself up on such terms were to have laid my head on

the block. About twenty or thirty gentlemen were of my mind. We mounted our horses, and placed my daughter, who insisted on sharing my fate, in the centre of our little party. My companions, struck with her courage and filial piety, declared that they would die rather than leave her behind. We rode in a body down a street called Fishergate, which leads to a marshy ground, or meadow, extending to the river Ribble, through which one of our party promised to show us a good ford. This marsh had not been strongly invested by the enemy, so that we had only an affair with a patrol of Honeywood's dragoons, whom we dispersed and cut to pieces. We crossed the river, gained the high road to Liverpool, and then dispersed to seek several places of concealment and safety. My fortune led me to Wales, where there are many gentlemen of my religious and political opinions. I could not, however, find a safe opportunity of escaping by sea, and found myself obliged again to draw towards the North. A well-tried friend has appointed to meet me in this neighbourhood and guide me to a seaport on the Solway, where a sloop is prepared to carry me from my native country for ever. As Osbaldistone Hall was for the present uninhabited, and under the charge of old Syddall, who had been our confidant on former occasions, we drew to it as to a place of known and secure refuge. I resumed a dress which had been used with good effect to scare the superstitious rustics or domestics who chanced at any time to see me; and we expected from time to time to hear by Syddall of the arrival of our friendly guide, when your sudden coming hither, and occupying this apartment, laid us under the necessity of submitting to your mercy."

Thus ended Sir Frederick's story, whose tale sounded to me like one told in a vision; and I could hardly bring myself to believe that I saw his daughter's form once more before me in flesh and blood, though with diminished beauty and sunk spirits. The buoyant vivacity with which she had resisted every touch of adversity, had now assumed the air of composed and submissive, but dauntless resolution and constancy. Her father, though aware and jealous of the effect of her praises on my mind, could not forbear expatiating upon them.

"She has endured trials," he said, "which might have dignified the history of a martyr; she has faced danger and death in various shapes; she has undergone toil and privation from which men of the strongest frame would have shrunk; she has spent the day in darkness, and the night in vigil, and has never breathed a murmur of weakness or complaint. In a word, Mr. Osbaldistone," he concluded, "she is a worthy offering to that God to whom," crossing himself, "I shall dedicate her, as all that is left dear or precious to Frederick Vernon."

There was a silence after these words, of which I well understood the mournful import. There was, then, no prospect of my ever being able to wed Diana.

"We will now," said he to his daughter, "intrude no farther on Mr. Osbaldistone's time, since we have acquainted him with the circumstances of the miserable guests who claim his protection."

I requested them to stay, and offered myself to leave the apartment. Sir Frederick observed that my doing so could not but excite my attendant's suspicion, and that the place of their retreat was in every respect commodious, and furnished by Syddall with all they could possibly want. "We might perhaps have even con-

trived to remain there, concealed from your observation; but it would have been unjust to decline the most absolute reliance on your honour."

"You have done me but justice," I replied. "To you, Sir Frederick, I am but little known; but Miss Vernon, I am sure, will bear me witness that—"

"I do not want my daughter's evidence," he said politely, "since I am prepared to believe all that is worthy of Mr. Francis Osbaldistone. Permit us now to retire; we must take repose when we can, since we are absolutely uncertain when we may be called upon to renew our perilous journey."

He drew his daughter's arm within his, and, with a profound reverence, disappeared with her behind the tapestry.

CHAPTER XXIV

I FELT stunned and chilled as they retired. Imagination, dwelling on an absent object of affection, paints her not only in the fairest light, but in that in which we most desire to behold her. I had thought of Diana as she was, when her parting tear dropped on my cheek, when her parting token, received from the wife of MacGregor, augured her wish to convey into exile and conventual seclusion the remembrance of my affection. I saw her; and her cold, passive manner, expressive of little except composed melancholy, disappointed, and in some degree almost offended me. In the egotism of my feelings I accused her of indifference, of insensibility. I upbraided her father with pride, with cruelty, with fanaticism, forgetting that both were sacrificing their interest, and

Diana her inclination, to the discharge of what they regarded as their duty.

Sir Frederick Vernon was a rigid Catholic, who thought the path of salvation too narrow to be trodden by an heretic; and Diana, to whom her father's safety had been for many years the principal and moving spring of thoughts, hopes, and actions, felt that she had discharged her duty in resigning to his will, not alone her property in the world, but the dearest affections of her heart. But it was not surprising that I could not, at such a moment, fully appreciate these honourable motives; yet my spleen sought no ignoble means of discharging itself.

"I am contemned, then," I said, when left to run over the tenor of Sir Frederick's communications,—"I am contemned, and thought unworthy even to exchange words with her. Be it so; they shall not, at least, prevent me from watching over her safety. Here will I remain as an outpost, and, while under my roof at least, no danger shall threaten her, if it be such as the arm of one determined man can avert."

I summoned Syddall to the library. He came, but came attended by the eternal Andrew, who, dreaming of great things in consequence of my taking possession of the Hall and the annexed estates, was resolved to lose nothing for want of keeping himself in view; and, as often happens to men who entertain selfish objects, overshot his mark, and rendered his attentions tedious and inconvenient.

"I shall sleep here, sir," I said, giving them directions to wheel nearer to the fire an old-fashioned day-bed, or settee. "I have much to do, and shall go late to bed."

Syddall, who seemed to understand my look, offered to procure me the accommodation of a mattress and some bedding. I accepted his offer, dismissed my attendant, lighted a pair of candles, and desired that I might not be disturbed till seven in the ensuing morning.

The domestics retired, leaving me to my painful and ill-arranged reflections, until nature, worn out, should require some repose.

In a short time I fell into a deep slumber, from which I was awakened by a violent knocking at the gate. I leaped from my couch in great apprehension, took my sword under my arm, and hastened to forbid the admission of any one. But my route was necessarily circuitous, because the library looked not upon the quadrangle, but into the gardens. When I had reached a staircase, the windows of which opened upon the entrance court, I heard the feeble and intimidated tones of Syddall expostulating with rough voices, which demanded admittance, by the warrant of Justice Standish and in the king's name, and threatened the old domestic with the heaviest penal consequences if he refused instant obedience. Ere they had ceased, I heard, to my unspeakable provocation, the voice of Andrew bidding Syddall stand aside, and let him open the door.

It was in vain I accelerated my pace downstairs; I heard bolt after bolt withdrawn by the officious scoundrel, while all the time he was boasting his own and his master's loyalty to King George; and I could easily calculate that the party must enter before I could arrive at the door to replace the bars. Devoting the back of Andrew Fairservice to the cudgel so soon as I should have time to pay him his deserts, I ran back to the library, barricaded the door as I best could, and hastened to that by which

Diana and her father entered, and begged for instant admittance. Diana herself undid the door. She was ready dressed, and betrayed neither perturbation nor fear.

"Danger is so familiar to us," she said, "that we are always prepared to meet it. My father is already up,—he is in Rashleigh's apartment. We will escape into the garden, and thence by the postern-gate (I have the key from Syddall in case of need) into the wood,—I know its dingles better than any one now alive. Keep them a few minutes in play. And, dear, dear, Frank, once more fare thee well!"

She vanished like a meteor to join her father, and the intruders were rapping violently, and attempting to force the library door by the time I had returned to it.

"You robber dogs!" I exclaimed, wilfully mistaking the purpose of their disturbance, "if you do not instantly quit the house I will fire my blunderbuss through the door."

"Ah, no!" said Andrew Fairservice. "It's Mr. Clerk Jobson, with a legal warrant—"

"To search for, take, and apprehend," said the voice of that execrable pettifogger, "the bodies of certain persons in my warrant named, charged with high treason under the 13th of King William, chapter third."

And the violence on the door was renewed. "I am rising, gentlemen," said I, desirous to gain as much time as possible. "Commit no violence: give me leave to look at your warrant, and if it is formal and legal, I shall not oppose it."

"God save great George, our King," ejaculated Andrew. "I told you that you would find no Jacobites here."

Spinning out the time as much as possible, I was at length compelled to open the door, which they would otherwise have forced.

Mr. Jobson entered, with several assistants, and exhibited his warrant, directed not only against Frederick Vernon, an attainted traitor, but also against Diana Vernon, spinster, and Francis Osbaldistone, gentleman, accused of misprision of treason. It was a case in which resistance would have been madness; I therefore, after capitulating for a few minutes' delay, surrendered myself a prisoner.

I had next the mortification to see Jobson go straight to the chamber of Miss Vernon, and I learned that from thence, without hesitation or difficulty, he went to the room where Sir Frederick had slept. "The hare has stolen away," said the brute, "but her form is warm,—the greyhounds will have her by the haunches yet."

A scream from the garden announced that he prophesied too truly. In the course of five minutes, Rashleigh entered the library with Sir Frederick Vernon and his daughter as prisoners. "The fox," he said, "knew his old earth, but he forgot it could be stopped by a careful huntsman. I had not forgot the garden gate, Sir Frederick,—or, if that title suits you better, most noble Lord Beauchamp."

"Rashleigh," said Sir Frederick, "thou art a detestable villain!"

"Whose villainy is masked by hypocrisy," said I.

"Ha! my gentle cousin," said Rashleigh, holding a candle towards me, and surveying me from head to foot, "right welcome to Osbaldistone Hall! I can forgive your spleen, it is hard to lose an estate and a mistress in one night; for we shall take possession of this poor manor-

house in the name of the lawful heir, Sir Rashleigh Osbaldistone."

While Rashleigh braved it out in this manner, I could see that he put a strong force upon his feelings, both of anger and shame. But his state of mind was more obvious when Diana Vernon addressed him. "Rashleigh," she said, "I pity you; for, deep as the evil is which you have laboured to do me, and the evil you have actually done, I cannot hate you so much as I scorn and pity you. What you have now done may be the work of an hour, but will furnish you with reflection for your life,—of what nature I leave to your own conscience, which will not slumber for ever."

Rashleigh strode once or twice through the room, came up to the side-table, on which wine was still standing, and poured out a large glass with a trembling hand; but when he saw that we observed his tremor, he suppressed it by a strong effort, and, looking at us with fixed and daring composure, carried the bumper to his head without spilling a drop.

"It is my father's old burgundy," he said, looking to Jobson; "I am glad there is some of it left. You will get proper persons to take care of the house and property in my name, and turn out the doating old butler and that foolish Scotch rascal. Meanwhile, we will convey these persons to a more proper place of custody. I have provided the old family coach for your convenience," he said, "though I am not ignorant that even the lady could brave the night air on foot or on horseback, were the errand more to her mind."

Andrew was turned out of the house, together with Syddall, without being allowed to conclude his lamentation. His expulsion, however, led to some singular con-

sequences. Resolving, according to his own story, to go down for the night where Mother Simpson would give him a lodging for old acquaintance' sake, he had just got clear of the avenue, and into the old wood, as it was called, though it was now used as pasture-ground rather than woodland, when he suddenly lighted on a drove of Scotch cattle, which were lying there to repose themselves after the day's journey. At this, Andrew was in no way surprised, it being the well-known custom of his countrymen, who take care of those droves, to quarter themselves after night upon the best unenclosed grass-ground they can find, and depart before daybreak to escape paying for their night's lodgings. But he was both surprised and startled when a Highlander, springing up, accused him of disturbing the cattle, and refused him to pass forward till he had spoken to his master. The mountaineer conducted Andrew into a thicket, where he found three or four more of his countrymen. "And," said Andrew, "I saw soon they were over many men for the drove; and from the questions they put to me, I judged they had come on other business."

They questioned him closely about all that had passed at Osbaldistone Hall, and seemed surprised and concerned at the report he made to them.

"And troth,' said Andrew, "I told them all I knew; for dirks and pistols were what I could never refuse information to in all my life."

They talked in whispers among themselves, and at length collected their cattle together, and drove them close up to the entrance of the avenue, which might be half a mile distant from the house. They proceeded to drag together some felled trees which lay in the vicinity, so as to make a temporary barricade across the road,

about fifteen yards beyond the avenue. It was now near daybreak, and there was a pale eastern gleam mingled with the fading moonlight, so that objects could be discovered with some distinctness. The lumbering sound of a coach, drawn by four horses, and escorted by six men on horseback, was heard coming up the avenue. The Highlanders listened attentively. The carriage contained Mr. Jobson and his unfortunate prisoners. The escort consisted of Rashleigh and several horsemen, peace-officers, and their assistants. So soon as we had passed the gate at the head of the avenue, it was shut behind the cavalcade by a Highlandman, stationed there for that purpose. At the same time the carriage was impeded in its farther progress by the cattle, amongst which we were involved, and by the barricade in front. Two of the escort dismounted to remove the felled trees, which they might think were left there by accident or carelessness. The others began with their whips to drive the cattle from the road.

"Who dare abuse our cattle?" said a rough voice. "Shoot him, Angus."

Rashleigh, instantly called out, "A rescue,—a rescue!" and, firing a pistol, wounded the man who spoke.

"*Claymore!*" cried the leader of the Highlanders, and a scuffle instantly commenced. The officers of the law, surprised at so sudden an attack, and not usually possessing the most desperate bravery, made but an imperfect defence, considering the superiority of their numbers. Some attempted to ride back to the Hall, but on a pistol being fired from behind the gate, they conceived themselves surrounded, and at length galloped off in different directions. Rashleigh meanwhile, had dismounted, and

on foot had maintained a desperate and single-handed conflict with the leader of the band. The window of the carriage, on my side, permitted me to witness it. At length Rashleigh dropped.

"Will you ask forgiveness for the sake of God, King James, and old friendship?" said a voice which I knew right well.

"No, never," said Rashleigh, firmly.

"Then, traitor, die in your treason!" retorted MacGregor, and plunged his sword in his prostrate antagonist.

In the next moment he was at the carriage door, handed out Miss Vernon, assisted her father and me to alight, and dragging out the attorney, head foremost, threw him under the wheel.

"Mr. Osbaldistone," he said, in a whisper, "you have nothing to fear; I must look after those who have. Your friends will soon be in safety. Farewell, and forget not the MacGregor."

He whistled, his band gathered round him, and, hurrying Diana and her father along with him, they were almost instantly lost in the glades of the forest. The coachman and postilion had abandoned their horses, and fled at the first discharge of firearms; but the animals, stopped by the barricade, remained perfectly still,—and well for Jobson that they did so, for the slightest motion would have dragged the wheel over his body. My first object was to relieve him, for such was the rascal's terror that he never could have risen by his own exertions. I next commanded him to observe that I had neither taken part in the rescue, nor availed myself of it to make my escape, and enjoined him to go down to the Hall, and call some of his party, who had been left there, to assist

the wounded. But Jobson's fears had so mastered and controlled every faculty of his mind that he was totally incapable of moving. I now resolved to go myself, but in my way I stumbled over the body of a man, as I thought, dead or dying. It was, however, Andrew Fairservice, as well and whole as ever he was in his life, who had only taken this recumbent posture to avoid the slashes, stabs, and pistol-balls, which, for a moment or two, were flying in various directions. I was so glad to find him that I did not inquire how he came thither, but instantly commanded his assistance.

Rashleigh was our first object. He groaned when I approached him, as much through spite as through pain, and shut his eyes, as if determined to speak no word more. We lifted him into the carriage, and performed the same good office to another wounded man of his party, who had been left on the field I then with difficulty made Jobson understand that he must enter the coach also, and support Sir Rashleigh upon the seat. He obeyed, but with an air as if he but half comprehended my meaning. Andrew and I turned the horses' heads round, and, opening the gate to the avenue, led them slowly back to Osbaldistone Hall.

Some fugitives had already reached the Hall by circuitous routes, and alarmed its garrison by the news that Sir Rashleigh, Clerk Jobson, and all their escort, save they who escaped to tell the tale, had been cut to pieces at the head of the avenue, by a whole regiment of wild Highlanders. When we reached the mansion, therefore, we heard such a buzz as arises when bees are alarmed and mustering in their hives. Mr. Jobson, however, who had now in some measure come to his senses, found voice enough to make himself known. He was the more

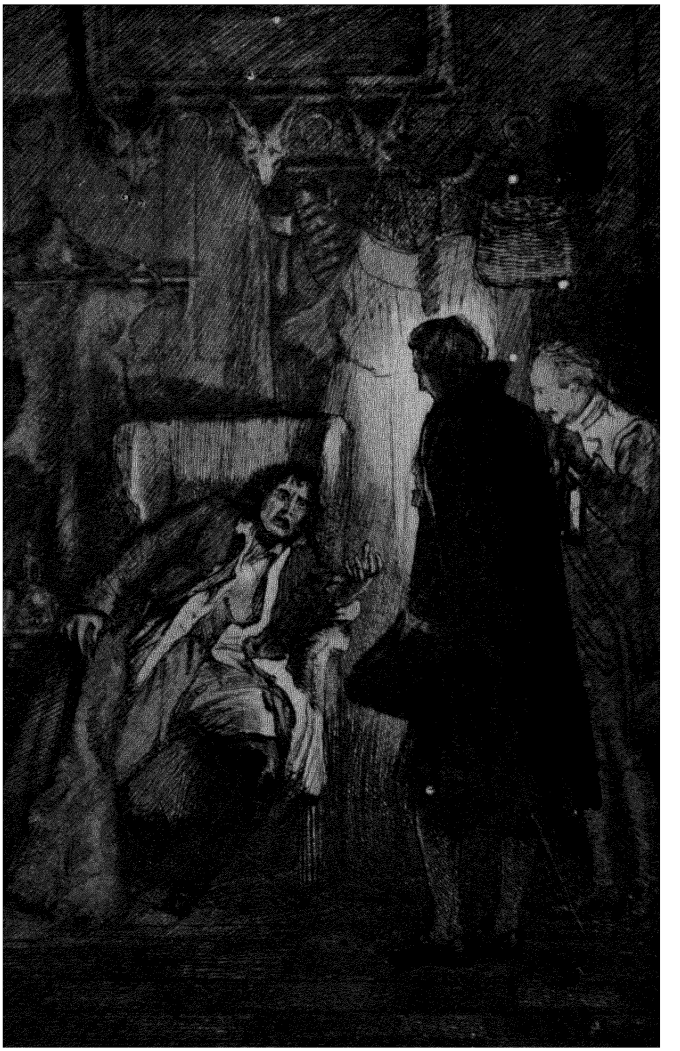
anxious to be released from the carriage as one of his companions (the peace-officer) had, to his inexpressible terror, expired by his side with a hideous groan.

Sir Rashleigh Osbaldistone was still alive, but so dreadfully wounded that the bottom of the coach was filled with his blood, and long traces of it left from the entrance-door into the Stone Hall, where he was placed in a chair, some attempting to stop the bleeding with cloths, while others called for a surgeon, and no one seemed willing to go to fetch one.

"Torment me not," said the wounded man; "I know no assistance can avail me. I am a dying man." He raised himself in his chair, though the damps and chill of death were already on his brow, and spoke with a firmness which seemed beyond his strength. "Cousin Francis," he said, "draw near to me." I approached him as he requested. "I wish you only to know that the pangs of death do not alter one iota of my feelings towards you. I hate you!" he said, the expression of rage throwing a hideous glare into the eyes which were soon to be closed for ever—"I hate you with a hatred as intense, now while I lie bleeding and dying before you, as if my foot trod on your neck."

"I have given you no cause, sir," I replied, "and for your own sake I could wish your mind in a better temper."

"You *have* given me cause," he rejoined; "in love, in ambition, in the paths of interest, you have crossed and blighted me at every turn. I was born to be the honour of my father's house,—I have been its disgrace; and all owing to you. My very patrimony has become yours. Take it," he said, "and may the curse of a dying man cleave to it!"



DEATH OF RASHLEIGH.—Drawn by R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A.

In a moment after he had uttered this frightful wish, he fell back in the chair; his eyes became glazed, his limbs stiffened, but the grin and glare of mortal hatred survived even the last gasp of life. I will dwell no longer on so painful a picture, nor say any more of the death of Rashleigh, than that it gave me access to my rights of inheritance without farther challenge, and that Jobson found himself compelled to allow that the ridiculous charge of misprision of high treason was made with the sole purpose of removing me from Osbaldistone Hall.

I returned to London when I had put my affairs in order at Osbaldistone Hall, and felt happy to escape from a place which suggested so many painful recollections. My anxiety was now acute to learn the fate of Diana and her father. A French gentleman who came to London on commercial business was intrusted with a letter to me from Miss Vernon, which put my mind at rest respecting their safety.

It gave me to understand that the opportune appearance of MacGregor and his party was not fortuitous. The Scottish nobles and gentry engaged in the insurrection, as well as those of England, were particularly anxious to further the escape of Sir Frederick Vernon, who, as an old and trusted agent of the house of Stewart, was possessed of matter enough to have ruined half Scotland. Rob Roy, of whose sagacity and courage they had known so many proofs, was the person whom they pitched upon to assist his escape, and the place of meeting was fixed at Osbaldistone Hall. You have already heard how nearly the plan had been disconcerted by the unhappy Rashleigh. It succeeded, however, perfectly; for when once Sir Frederick and his

daughter were again at large, they found horses prepared for them, and, by MacGregor's knowledge of the country, —for every part of Scotland and of the North of England was familiar to him,—were conducted to the western sea-coast and safely embarked for France. The same gentleman told me that Sir Frederick was not expected to survive for many months a lingering disease, the consequence of late hardships and privations. His daughter was placed in a convent; and although it was her father's wish she should take the veil, he was understood to refer the matter entirely to her own inclinations.

When this news reached me, I frankly told the state of my affections to my father, who was not a little startled at the idea of my marrying a Roman Catholic. But he was very desirous to see me "settled in life," as he called it; and he was sensible that, in joining him with heart and hand in his commercial labours, I had sacrificed my own inclinations. After a brief hesitation, and several questions asked and answered to his satisfaction, he broke out with, "I little thought a son of mine should have been lord of Osbaldistone Manor, and far less that he should go to a French convent for a spouse. But so dutiful a daughter cannot but prove a good wife. You have worked at the desk to please me, Frank, it is but fair you should wive to please yourself."

How I sped in my wooing, Will Tresham, I need not tell you. You know, too, how long and happily I lived with Diana. You know how I lamented her. But you do not, cannot, know how much she deserved her husband's sorrow.

I have no more of romantic adventure to tell, nor, indeed, anything to communicate farther, since the latter incidents of my life are so well known to you who

have shared, with the most friendly sympathy, the joys, as well as the sorrows, by which its scenes have been chequered. I often visited Scotland, but never again saw the bold Highlander who had such an influence on the early events of my life. I learned, however, from time to time that he continued to maintain his ground among the mountains of Loch Lomond, in despite of his powerful enemies, and that he even obtained, to a certain degree, the connivance of Government to his self-elected office of Protector of the Lennox, in virtue of which he levied black-mail with as much regularity as the proprietors did their ordinary rents. It seemed impossible that his life should have concluded without a violent end. Nevertheless, he died in old age and by a peaceful death, some time about the year 1733, and is still remembered in his country as the Robin Hood of Scotland, the dread of the wealthy, but the friend of the poor, and possessed of many qualities, both of head and heart, which would have graced a less equivocal profession than that to which his fate condemned him.

Old Andrew Fairservice used to say that "There were many things over bad for blessing, and over good for banning, like ROB ROY."

NOTES.

P. 1, l 1 **I.** Frank Osbaldistone, who tells his own story himself. *Redgauntlet* is the only other novel by Scott in which the hero is represented as relating his own story.

4. **You.** Will Tresham, the son of the partner in business of Frank Osbaldistone's father

11. **the features . . . wrinkles.** Cf.

> "Let it *stamp wrinkles* in her brow of youth."
> *King Lear*, Act I. Sc. iv.

19. **discompose,** disturb.

P. 2, l. 3. **bureau,** writing-desk with drawers

33. **perspicuity,** clearness of expression

P. 3, l. 9. **where . . . impossibility,** where there is nothing morally wrong in your doing as I wish.

17. **stiff,** formal.

19. **to which,** etc , which is nowadays unknown.

28. **explain my no-meaning,** find a meaning in the meaningless things I said.

29. **retreat, manœuvres.** Military terms, used metaphorically here.

30. **pettish,** ill-tempered, peevish.

P 4, l. 3. **correspondent,** a person having regular business relations with another in another country.

25. **politician,** used here in a bad sense to mean a schemer, a man of artifice and cunning.

P. 5, l. 17. **Crane Alley,** a business street in old London.

19 **tripod,** a three-legged stool.

27. **testy,** irritable.

P. 6, l. 6. **agio,** percentage charged on the exchange of paper-money for cash, or of an inferior currency for another more valuable ; exchange business.

7. **tariffs,** duties paid on exports or imports.

tare and tret, arithmetical rule for computing tare, or the allowance made for weight of the box, etc., in which goods are packed. Tret is the allowance made for waste or refuse matter in the consignment after tare has been deducted.

P. 6, l. 9. **depreciation,** falling off in value, due to the mixing of baser metals with the gold in the coin.

10. **louis d'or,** French gold coin worth about twenty francs.

negotiation, conversion into cash or notes.

bill of exchange, an order or draft by which accounts or debts between parties living at a distance from one another may be settled without the use of actual money.

19. **prodigious . . . for his time,** remarkable for his age.

27. **quarter-day,** the day on which quarterly payments are made.

P. 7, l 1. **sharp,** artful, cunning

26. **ethic rule of three,** the moral rule, or rule of conduct, for personal relations, which acts as the 'rule of three' does for mathematical relations.

P. 8, l. 1 **to recover the lost ground.** To make up for lost opportunity.

8. **unadvised,** thoughtless.

P. 9, l. 9 **a commonplace book,** a note-book in which records are made of things worth remembering, such as striking passages from literature, etc.

16 **the pen had discharged,** etc , my mind had not been occupied with what my pen was writing

20. **traffic,** here means trade or business

P. 10, l. 23 **Gazette,** an official journal published twice a week by Government, and containing the names of bankrupts, etc.

P 11, l. 4. **sage projects,** said ironically.

12. **To put yourself,** etc Note Mr. Osbaldistone's contempt for learning and culture.

13. **Jacobites.** At this time the Universities, Oxford in particular, were hotbeds of Jacobitism. Jacobus is the Latin form of James, the name of the deposed Stuart king, and the aim of the Jacobites was the restoration of this family to the throne.

15. **take to,** etc., become a schoolboy again.

Lilly's Grammar. W. Lilly (1468-1523) instituted a private school in London, and was the first to teach Greek in that city. His *Grammar* was a standard text-book for many years.

16. **birch,** a bunch of twigs used in whipping refractory pupils. Cf. "Six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thraldom of book, birch and pedagogue." "The Stage-Coach," in W. Irving's *Sketch Book.*

P. 12, l. 10. **no drone shall feed,** etc. I will let no good-for-nothing idler come into possession of the property I have worked hard to acquire.

15. **Let Mr. Francis,** etc. Before you make up your mind once for all, give him some time to reflect on the wisdom of complying with your wish.

P 12, l 16. **run up,** add up (columns of figures)

18 **to the per contra,** when he thinks over his duty to you *as against* other considerations, as though he were balancing an account.

P. 13, l. 10. **tenor,** general course and subject.

20. **rustication,** here means temporary banishment from home. The term is applied to the punishment of a student by making him leave the institution for a time.

P. 14, l. 3 **a private commission,** entrusted him with an errand the nature of which has been kept secret

16. **pride, the source of so much that is evil.** Cf.

> "Of all the causes which conspire to blind
> Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
> What the weak head with strongest bias rules,—
> Is pride, the never-ending vice of fools."
>
> Pope, *Essay on Criticism.*

P 16, l 10 **fitted account,** an account in which the total on the credit side tallies with the total on the debit side.

Note that old Mr Owen can speak only in the language of accounts and book-keeping.

21. **pillion,** a pad or seat behind the rider's saddle

26. **ostlers,** grooms.

P. 17, l. 4. **stage,** halting-place on the road

5. **bait,** stop for rest or refreshment.

7. **neighbourhood,** here means company.

15. **cockade,** badge worn in the hat, generally indicating military or naval service.

P. 18, l. 3. **gentlemen of the pad,** highwaymen.

pad, an old word for road, akin to path

9. **I trow,** believe

15. **there was never known,** etc, an instance of the wish being father to the thought. His anxiety for a safe journey through Scotland makes him say things to reassure himself.

20. **gaugers and supervisors,** excise officers The introduction of these officers was one of the great grievances of the Scottish nation, though a natural consequence of the Union with England (1707). A gauger's duty is to measure or gauge the contents of casks.

23. **native professors,** humorous for Scottish thieves.

24. **Mr. Campbell,** Robert Macgregor Campbell, otherwise known as Rob Roy.

29. **bought and sold,** cheated.

32. **prime,** first-rate, excellent. Lat. *primus,* first.

P. 19, l. 3. **cheer,** food. What are the other meanings of the word ?

P. 19, l 33. **to support their consequence,** to keep up their importance, do credit to their position.

P. 20, l 1 **averment,** assertion.

8 **Whitson-Tryste,** a fair held at Whitsuntide at Wooler, to the south of Berwick.

11. **loons,** stupid rogues.

17 **to make a song about,** to make a fuss about

27 **shelty,** a Shetland pony, a small horse

P 21, l. 4 **charges,** here means expenses

10 **never miss a day,** never think that I have wasted a day, never count a day lost.

29. **a thought rash,** somewhat rash

P 22, l 17 **The streams . . . brawled,** ran rapidly and noisily. Cf.

"He lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood"
As You Like It, Act II. Sc 1.

21. **purled,** flowed with a murmuring sound

26. **russet,** reddish brown. Cf

"But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward hill"
Hamlet, Act I Sc. 1

P. 23, l. 20. **in full cry,** in full pursuit of the fox

P 24, l 1. **brush,** the bushy tail of the fox

10. **Reynard,** a fox, from the name given to the fox in the famous beast epic of German origin, *Reynard the Fox*

19. **Nimrod,** great hunter or sportsman See *Genesis* x. 8, 9.

28 **mode,** fashion

P. 25, l. 1 **address,** here means skill

13 **Amazon.** According to mythology, one of a race of female warriors and hunters said to have dwelt in Scythia.

22. **waving the brush,** etc The hunter first 'in at the death' gets the brush as a trophy, along with the animal's head, which is called the 'mask.'

25 **Phoebe,** the name of her horse

P. 26, l. 3. **cultivated young gentleman,** said ironically

25. **arrant,** downright, unmitigated Cf. arrant nonsense.

bumpkin, an awkward country fellow.

29. **couple up,** fasten together in couples or pairs by means of a leash or strap.

P. 27, l. 10. **take thy long body aside,** stand aside, so that we can see your brother

P. 27, l. 18. **sirloin,** corrupt form of *surloin*, the upper part of loin of beef with meat both above and below the bone. The first syllable of the word has been modified by confusion with *Sir*, and "a ludicrous anecdote tells how an English king once knighted a loin of beef in enthusiastic appreciation of the national dish."

P. 28, l. 11. **family-piece,** a portrait of all the members of the family.

14. **gamekeeper, bully,** etc. Note how witty and clever Diana is. Of her Andrew Lang says, "Surely there was never, in story or in song, a lady so loving and so light of heart, save Rosalind alone . . . This lady, so gay, so brave, so witty and fearless, so tender and true . . . is as immortal in men's memories as the actual heroine of the White Rose, Flora Macdonald. Her place is with Helen and Antigone, with Rosalind and Imogen, the deathless daughters of dreams. She brightens the world as she passes, and our own hearts tell us all the story when Osbaldistone says, "You know how I lamented her." (See Chapter XXIV.)

P. 29, l. 4. **the living screen.** Thornie.

23. **hopeful,** used ironically, as in 'young hopeful'

P. 30, l. 2. **from starving,** etc. Note the antithesis.

21. **bumper,** a cup of wine filled to the brim for drinking a toast.

P. 31, l 15. **cover,** wood sheltering game.

21. **brushed,** thrust their way through.

P. 32, l. 17. **as the crow flies,** in a straight line.

18. **blown,** out of breath, exhausted.

P. 33, l. 14. **whose soul,** etc., whose mind was full of anxious thoughts as to the safety of his portmanteau

24. **call me out for it,** challenge me to fight a duel for having said it.

28. **regiment of horse,** Diana's cousins; said humorously.

P. 34, l. 8 **specie,** actual cash.

P. 35, l. 10. **true kindness . . . need.** Cf. "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

26. **wig,** an artificial head of hair, still worn by judges and lawyers.

29. **take the bit between my teeth,** as a horse does when it bolts; resolve on acting in my own way, disregarding all control.

P. 36, l. 6. **rencontre,** unexpected meeting.

P. 38, l. 28. **Philistines,** enemies. The Philistines were a warlike people in South Palestine who harassed the Israelites.

P. 39, l. 12. **elevation,** architectural drawings of a structure seen in perpendicular, as distinguished from the ground-plan.

21. **stave,** part of a piece of music.

23. **quaver of consternation.** Being a coward, he was seized with terror at the sight of me, and his voice trembled.

P 39, l 25. **Gorgon.** Accordi.g to Greek mythology, Medusa, the frightful female monster slain by Perseus. She had serpents for hair, and she was so terrible to look upon that the sight of her turned the beholder to stone.

33. **commoved,** excited

P 40, l 2 **wotted,** knew. Anglo-Saxon *witan*, to know

27. **contra pacem domini regis,** against the peace of our lord the king.

29. **gear** (obsolete), affair.

33. **being art and part,** being concerned in either by art or part, *i.e.* either by *art* in contriving or by *part* in actual execution, participating.

P. 41, l. 9. **declaration,** statement made as complainant or plaintiff.

14. **Johnson's 'Lives of the Highwaymen,'** published at Birmingham in 1742.

21. **Themis,** Greek goddess of Justice.

Comus, Greek god of Mirth.

26. **that must be allowed,** one is bound to admit (said satirically)

27. **secure,** lit. free from care

32. **tossed up,** prepared hastily.

in a trice, in an instant (Spanish *tris*, clink of breaking glass) Only used in this phrase

P. 43, l. 6. **Take heart of grace,** pluck up courage.

8 **castanets,** a musical instrument consisting of two pieces of shell or hard wood, struck rapidly together by the vibration of the hand.

31. **valise,** portmanteau

P. 44, l. 1. **conceive,** understand why.

2. **committing a stranger,** etc, involving him in judicial proceedings.

21. **leading question,** a question so put to a witness as to suggest the answer that is desired or expected from him.

26. **I was by you,** etc. As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Campbell (Rob Roy) himself who committed this robbery.

P. 45, l. 3. **broils,** disputes, quarrels.

batteries. (Legal) assault. Cf. Assault and battery.

8. **peculiar,** private property.

P. 46, l. 2. **fame,** repute.

3. **billet,** a little note

21. **Tory,** in English politics the old nickname of the Conservative party, as opposed to the progressives, who were known as Whigs (now Liberals). The Tories of this date upheld the old régime against the new.

P. 47, l. 1. **depone,** to state under oath.

P 47, l 20. **declarations,** papers filed by you as plaintiff.

26 **like the ease of a toad,** etc., that is to say, in acute discomfort

33. **the cart,** that in which criminals were taken to the gallows.

P. 48, l 4. **sheep's heart,** coward

P. 49, l 1 **folios,** large volumes A folio (from *folium*, a leaf) is the largest page in general use among printers

2 **they will never affect,** etc My cousins will never be able to read and understand these books.

20 **the treaty of alliance,** etc We are no longer the good friends we were before But we still take care not to let out each other's secrets

24 **we two were one too many,** etc , humorous way of saying "we did not like each other's company."

P 50, l 13 **tucker,** piece of linen or lace covering neck and shoulders of women in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries

cross-stitch, stitch in the form of a cross.

P. 51, l. 27 **the old scythe-man.** Father Time, generally represented as bearing an hour-glass and scythe Cf Longfellow's 'The Reaper and the Flowers'

28 **I could not,** etc I did not note the passing of time

P 52, l 12. **She has put curiosity,** etc In asking you for an explanation of the day's events, I shall be certain to thank you for the part you played. My curiosity will thus stimulate my gratitude

20 **had been as narrowly,** etc , had said only so much and nothing more

P 53, l 22 **by my open appearance,** by presenting myself in person openly.

P. 54, l. 3 **the ordinary opportunities,** etc., few letters were sent to or received from the post-town

16 **my present excursion,** my going to the post-town and posting the letter myself.

P. 55, l 15. **goldsmith's bill.** Goldsmiths formerly received money on deposit, having facilities for its safe-keeping, made loans, acted as financial agents and issued a form of money-order called a goldsmith's note (or bill), the original of the banknote. In this case a note issued by the London goldsmiths was enclosed in the letter addressed to Frank, and the Newcastle firm would cash it for him.

at six days' sight, within six days after presentation.

P. 56, l. 27. **Not a word,** etc All the letters addressed to Frank had been intercepted by Rashleigh

P 57, l. 29. **as consummated,** as complete

P. 58, l 11 **inalienable,** cannot be taken away, or transferred to anyone else.

21. **To horse ! to horse !** etc. *Richard II* , Act II. Sc. 1.

P 58 l 29 **only one friend,** Diana herself

P 60, l. 10. **postern-gate,** a small back gate or private entrance

P. 61, l. 13. **flutter,** confusion, mental agitation

16. **such is the force,** I was so conscious of having come with a purpose I could not admit, that the embarrassment was on my side.

17. **studied,** tried hard.

22. **the 'Orlando,'** the *Orlando Furioso* of Tasso

25 **meditating,** etc, considering how to give up gracefully an investigation for which I had not enough self-confidence.

30. **one of my relics,** an heirloom I cherish

33 **superb Vandyke,** the magnificent portrait painted by Vandyke, a celebrated Flemish painter (1599-1641)

P 62, l. 9. **coloured deeply,** another sign of Miss Vernon's confusion.

16. **inadequacy,** incapacity.

30. **piqued,** irritated

31 **from whom,** etc, whom she seems inclined to regard no longer as a friend.

P 63, l. 6. **the friendship or interest,** etc Note the haughty manner in which she questions Frank's right to pry into her secrets

14. **we understand,** etc Frank persuades himself that Miss Vernon has had secret talks with someone who is his rival.

26. **You shall know nothing,** etc I refuse to tell you anything about this glove or its owner, but I do not wish that to spoil our friendship.

29. **a gauntlet of strife and defiance,** the knights of old used to throw down their glove or gauntlet as a sign of defiance and challenge to combat. Anyone who accepted the challenge would pick up the gauntlet

P. 64, l. 8. **Pacolet,** a dwarf who was a messenger of the Lady Clerimonde in the old tale of Valentine and Orson.

29 **I have received,** etc., they had, of course, been intercepted by Rashleigh.

33 **effects and remittances,** actual cash, or property as good as cash.

P. 65, l. 1 **to take up bills.** Rashleigh's object was the furtherance of the Jacobite cause by stirring up a rebellion in Scotland. The money was due to merchants in Glasgow and other towns in Scotland. If it was not paid, the merchants would have to press other creditors for prompt payment Among these were many Highland chiefs who, not being able to pay, would feel inclined to take up arms in the hope of profiting by a general upheaval, as well as for higher political motives.

P. 67, l. 15. **Gallowgate,** one of the chief business thoroughfares in Glasgow.

P. 68, l. 25. **soul** = essence Cf. Brevity is the soul of wit."

P. 69, l. 14. **What should ail me to know it?** What could prevent me from knowing it?

29. **carnal,** opposed to *spiritual.*

31 **Sabbath at e'en,** Sunday evening

P. 70, l. 30. **answer me,** suit my purpose.

P. 71, l. 26. **boding,** full of foreboding, expressing a sense of coming disaster.

P. 72, l. 4 **the 'iron tongue,'** etc Cf.

> "The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve"
> *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* Act V. Sc. 1.

11. **horticulturist,** gardener.

24 **hostler-wife,** landlady of an inn.

28. **severity,** strictness.

P. 73, l. 3. **kirk-time,** church-time.

10. **Barony Laigh Kirk.** "The Laigh Kirk or Crypt of the Cathedral of Glasgow served for more than two centuries as the church of the Barony parish, and for a time was converted into a burial-place." It is somewhat dark in places, and one particularly massive pillar is pointed out as answering to the description in the story, and is known as 'Rob Roy's pillar.'

16. **vault,** subterranean chamber of interment beneath the church.

21. **the Scotch perform,** etc. "This is no longer universally true. In many Scotch churches the congregation kneels at prayers, and stands up, instead of sitting, to sing."—A. Lang.

P. 74, l. 14 **Gothic windows,** pointed windows, characteristic of the Gothic style of architecture.

15. **charnel-house,** vault in which dead bodies are deposited.

P. 75, l. 7 **periwig,** more usually *wig,* an artificial head of hair **starched,** made stiff by means of starch and ironing.

8. **ruffle,** frill of lace, etc., worn at opening of garment, especially about wrist or breast or neck.

11. **to overpower,** to make me forget.

24. **to make a virtue of necessity,** to do with a good grace what one is compelled to do. Frank could not go out, the doors having been closed; so he attended to the sermon.

P. 76, l 2. **not one of them,** etc. No one showed any sign of understanding why I looked round.

20. **Brigg,** bridge.

21. **gloaming,** evening, twilight.

29. **plaid,** outer article of Highland costume.

P. 77, l. 6. **The obscurity,** etc. The darkness which had caused me to stumble saved me from public attention and reproof.

P. 77, l. 29. **sinister,** etc., malignant or villainous look. Sinister, lit. *left*, opposed to dexter, *right*.

from which, etc., which awakened an instinctive dislike.

P. 78, l. 4. **provost,** head of a Scotch municipal corporation.

6 **for as rich,** etc., observe the way in which Andrew suggests what a miserly man he is.

23. **sinister augury,** a presentiment of coming trouble

P. 79, l. 4. **whimsical impressions,** unsupported fancies.

9. **the warning voice,** which said, "You are in danger in this city."

11 **'the valley of the shadow of death.'** Cf. *Psalms*, xxiii. 4

P. 80, l. 9 **a talisman,** viz. the letter she had given Frank

25 **With the advancing night,** etc. Cf

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

Gray's *Elegy*.

P. 81, l. 13. **villain.** "Originally signified *a farm-labourer*. It is derived from the Latin *villa*, 'farmhouse,' through *villanus*, 'a slave attached to one's country-place' It was at first merely a descriptive term for a particular station in life, replacing the word *churl* (A S. *ceorl*) which had the same sense Soon, however, it became a term of contempt for one who did not belong to the gentry Gradually *villain* was applied to a 'low fellow' in general, and *villainy* was used for low conduct A king, as well as a peasant, may be described as a villain, if he is morally wicked"

17. **St. Mungo,** the patron saint of Glasgow

was answered and vouched, etc. The lesser churches all copied and confirmed their chief, like obedient clergy following the example of their bishop

19. **diocesans,** clergy under a metropolitan or bishop.

24. **wound up,** roused to a high pitch.

P. 82, l. 9. **vulgarly,** by common people

cannot speak until, etc Cf.

"It is the fate of a woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence."

Longfellow, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, Part VI.

12. **I bide tryste.** I am keeping an appointment.

29. **to establish,** etc., to make a stranger trust you.

P. 83, l. 8. **to conciliate,** etc, to make one implicitly trust you

20. **retort,** throw back, repeat.

P. 84, l. 6. **the sound of whose apprehension,** the news of whose capture.

7. **Cross of Edinburgh,** a cross which originally stood in the chief part of the city.

P 84, l 8. **Flanders,** Belgium The events narrated in the story took place soon after the War of the Spanish Succession, in which Marlborough gained many victories in Flanders

12. **iron to the heels,** etc , imprisonment and hanging

P 85, l. 24 **Tolbooth,** prison.

l. 27. **I would show,** etc. I would manage to escape

P. 86. l. 21. **uncouth,** strange, lit. unknown.

22. **purposes still more inhuman,** torture, etc.

23. **partisan,** long-headed spear.

24 **legal fortress,** prison.

27. **my adventure in Northumberland,** where Mr Morris accused him of robbery.

29. **without any demerits,** etc , through no fault of my own.

P. 87, l. 7 **shock-headed,** having a thick, bushy head of hair.

P. 88, l. 7 **Erse,** a term applied by Lowland Scots to the speech of the Western Highlanders. At the present time *Erse* is the language of the Irish, *Gaelic* that of the Highlanders They are cognate languages

30 **She,** used by the Highlanders for *he*, *her* for *him*, and so for most other pronouns.

P. 90, l. 10. **on 'Change,** on the Stock Exchange.

11 **Almanza,** in Spain, where in 1707 the French defeated the English.

13 **floating balance,** a number not fixed or determined.

15. **have stopped,** have stopped payment to their creditors.

P 91, l 8 **laws of the Medes and Persians.** Cf *The Book of Daniel*, vi 12 "The Law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not."

9. **punctilio,** exact observance of forms

12. **ex cathedra,** Lat from the chair of office, authoritatively.

14 **went all,** etc , was always regarded by Owen as genuine To use a similar popular phrase, "he swallowed it all."

18. **long-winded,** expressed at tedious length.

26 **captious,** ready to take offence.

29. **Lombard Street,** in London, formerly occupied by Lombardy bankers, and still containing many of the chief London banks; also means the Money Market, or financiers as a body.

P. 92, l 8. **pedlar,** used contemptuously. **There was no dealing,** it was impossible to get on.

28. **the scale depressed,** etc., a large amount was due from the English firm.

P. 93, l 2 **deposit of assets,** the placing of goods or valuable commodities in their hands, sufficient to pay the amount due to them.

P 93, l 5. **his constituents,** the people he represented

22. **summary,** performed without ceremony, consideration or delay.

25 **finds his conscience at liberty,** etc., can bring himself to swear that the debtor is planning to leave the kingdom

27. **durance,** imprisonment.

P. 94, l 8. **cross-grained,** perverse, intractable

crab-stock, a rough, sour person. The crab tree bears a sour crab-apple.

10 **without the per contra,** without consideration or compensation in return.

32. **hon-a-ri,** a Gaelic exclamation of grief.

P 95, l 1 **Sassenach,** Saxon To the Gael all of English race are Sassenachs'

shentleman, gentleman.

17. **bested,** not best-ed, but be-sted, pressed, circumstanced

P 96, l 3 **bill,** a hook-shaped blade on a long handle A shorter form of it is used for cutting edges, and is called a billhook

7. **bobwigged,** wearing a small wig with short curls

32 **make a spoon,** etc , either do great things or prove a miserable failure Spoons used to be made of horn

33 **as my father the deacon,** etc , observe this is a mannerism with Mr Jarvie.

P. 97, l. 3. **Old Nick,** a jocular name for the devil.

4 **never put your arm,** etc , an instance of Scotch caution

12 **delicacy,** tact, consideration for others' feelings

28 **lawful hour,** etc Mr. Jarvie was a strict observer of the Sabbath He would not do any business on Sunday So he looked into the ledger only after twelve midnight, when Monday began.

P 98, l 32 **strathspey,** a Scottish dance-tune.

P. 99, l 8 **with help o' your good word,** for Mr. Owen had not been quite well-disposed towards him, as we know already.

28 **caution,** (Scotch) bail.

judicio sisti, bound to appear for trial when needed

deacon, the head of a trade corporation which used to control all engaged in that particular trade.

P. 100, l. 20. **judicatum solvi,** acquittal

P. 101, l. 12. **placed at fault the memory,** etc Rob's composure made the magistrate doubt his own memory and perception

19 **laconic,** brief The term was applied to the Spartans, who were noted for their curt speech When Philip of Macedon wrote to them "If I enter Laconia I will level Lacedaemon to the ground," the answer sent back was 'If.'

P 101, l 21 **What d'ye think,** etc Mr. Jarvie wishes to remind him that he is an outlaw and that "a price has been set on his head." But he affects to ignore it.

23. **weigh down,** weigh more than.

25 **stentmaster,** assessor of taxes to a town or parish

29. **nonchalance,** coolness.

P. 102, l 5. **auld langsyne,** days gone by, especially happy days; lang syne means long since Cf song by Robert Burns:

"For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne."

6. **wi' accounts,** etc, observe Rob's contempt for Mr. Jarvie's occupation.

9. **plaster that wall,** etc, knock your brains out against that wall

13. **stand a moment for my own risk.** I would not for a moment hesitate to arrest you out of mere fear for myself.

18. **the very walls,** etc., or make such a resistance as will long be remembered

20. **blood's thicker,** etc., the tie of kindred is stronger than other ties.

21. **to see motes,** to detect faults. Cf. *Luke,* vi 41.

22. **if other eyes,** etc. Note what an easy conscience Mr. Jarvie has.

32. **pound Scots.** The Scotch money was in all cases worth one-twelfth of the English of the same denomination.

P. 103, l. 4. **Schehallion,** one of the highest mountains in Scotland.

9 **when the king,** etc, when the Stuart kings are restored

13. **I will ne'er be the ill bird.** The proverb runs, "It's an ill bird that fouls its own nest," *i e.* makes its own nest dirty The Bailie means that he will never arrest Rob and so disgrace his own family.

16. **as if,** etc., as if he would turn highway robber and be hanged.

P. 104, l 15. **mad,** etc. Hares are proverbially wild in the month of March.

19. **dirk,** dagger

P. 107, l. 17. **collops,** slices of meat.

19. **clachan,** hamlet. Aberfoyle is a village on the Forth.

25. **Gorbals,** suburbs of Glasgow.

P. 108, l. 8. **Inch-Cailleach** is an island in Loch Lomond, where the clan of MacGregor were wont to be interred, and where their sepulchres may still be seen.

12. **the Highland line,** the line separating the Highlands from the Lowlands.

P. 108, l 14. **the needful,** the money

17. **budging,** moving.

the air, etc., said humorously.

20. **you could not,** etc., you would have to be kept here.

P. 109, l. 1. **wapping,** stout, strapping.

18. **hollowed,** hallooed, shouted

26. **fore-hammer,** heavy hammer

27. **pinches,** crowbars.

coulter, the fore-iron of a plough.

30. **high as Haman.** Cf *The Book of Esther*, v vi. and vii. Haman was hanged on a gallows fifty cubits high.

P. 111, l. 7. **aye mind that,** always keep that in mind.

19. **balm in Gilead,** consolation in religion Cf "Is there no balm in Gilead?" *The Book of Jeremiah*, viii 22.

P. 112, l. 16 **ship's husband,** the officer whose duty it was to attend to the provisioning, repairing, entering and clearing of vessels

Wapping, a riverside district of East London.

P. 113, l. 27 **habit.** Mr. Jarvie uses this word in the sense of *dress* Frank had used in the ordinary sense. Note how Mr Jarvie evades Frank.

P. 114, l. 2. **states,** statement of account.

13. **goldsmiths,** bankers. See note on 'Goldsmith's bill,' p 55.

21. **lay the head,** etc A Scottish proverb, meaning, "Take the good and the bad together"

grice, pig.

P. 115, l 10. **tup,** a ram.

P. 116, l. 4 **singed wool,** *i e* sheep's-head broth. It is still a favourite dish in many parts of Scotland and can be procured on certain days in Glasgow restaurants. The wool is all burnt or singed off.

8. **punch,** a drink of five ingredients, spirits, water, sugar, lemon-juice and spice. Sanskrit, *pancha*, five

15. **sortable,** suitable.

18. **cadgers,** etc., everyone loves to talk of his own trade A cadger is an itinerant merchant, a pedlar or carrier.

30. **rencounter** (rencontre), lit. meeting, especially in the sense of combat.

P. 117, l. 28. **must hear nothing about honour.** Cf.

"And honour sinks where commerce long prevails."
The Traveller, Goldsmith.

P. 118, l. 24. **two-legged,** etc., a stupid, cowardly fellow. Plato defined man to be "a two-legged animal without feathers."

P. 119, l. 9. **clean,** absolutely, entirely.

P 121, l 2 **lack-a-day,** alack the day, alas !

11 **shearing,** reaping.

14. **thigging and sorning,** "a kind of genteel begging, or rather something between begging and robbing, by which the needy in Scotland used to extort cattle or the means of subsistence from those who had any to give"

22. **pretty,** gallant The word 'pretty' is, or was, used in Scotch in the sense of the German *prachtig*, and meant a gallant, alert fellow, prompt and ready with his weapons

30. **rap and rend,** rob with violence.

33. **dearlach,** knapsack.

P. 12°, l. 14 **much to say,** great influence.

17. **Lennox,** the district lying between Loch Lomond and the Forth of Clyde.

Breadalbane, the central part of Perth

19 **brogue,** rough shoe of untanned leather.

target, a small shield

20 **claymore,** the Highland broadsword

21 **gillie,** Highland chief's follower

25. **luck-penny,** a discount on the money received, for luck next time.

P 123, l 1 **some great neighbours.** The Duke of Montrose. See Introduction.

9. **broken-man,** outlaw.

25 **Menteith,** close to Lennox

29. **blue-bonnet,** a blue-bonneted Highland peasant or soldier.

P. 124, l. 12. **byre,** cow-house

22 **Troth,** in truth.

25 **Grahame and Cohoon,** names of clans.

P. 125, l 16. **trot-cosey,** a riding-cloak covering the head and body.

jack-boots, boots reaching above the knee

P. 127, l 16 **stoup** (archaic), flagon, drinking-vessel

P 128, l 3. **I presume,** etc. Mr. Jarvie is anxious that nobody in Glasgow should know that he has had anything to do with Rob, the outlaw.

P 130, l 8 **prentice-fee,** premium, fee paid to the master for teaching the apprentices their trade.

9. **merk,** an old Scotch silver coin worth 13⅓d.

12. **traddles,** treadles, the part worked by the foot.

20. **I will give you the refusal,** etc. I will give you the first chance of accepting or refusing.

P. 131, l. 12. **keeper of the privy purse,** the title of the official in charge of the money set aside for the king's own use.

P 120, l 20. **rouleau,** roll

P. 135, l. 17. **pledge me,** drink to my health.

18 **grace-cup,** cup of wine passed round after grace is said; parting draught

P. 137, l 21. **Children of the Mist,** one of the branches of the MacGregors. See Sir W. Scott's *Legend of Montrose*, Chap XIV.

33 **still more direful deed,** the drowning of Morris

P. 138, l 17. **possessing scarce more lights,** hardly any more enlightened than they were.

19. **heading,** beheading.

27. **proscription of his name,** etc. See Introduction

P. 139, l. 9. **cairns,** heaps of stones to mark the place of some battle or grave.

18. **MacCallum More,** the Duke of Argyle.

P. 141, l. 13 **corps-de-garde,** guard of honour.

P. 143, l. 16. **distress,** on account of thoughts of Miss Vernon.

19. **the predominant monarch,** etc. Cf

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains" Byron's *Manfred*.

P. 145, l 1 **basket-hilt,** a sword with a metal covering wrought like basket-work to protect the hand.

12. **tartan,** woollen cloth, the characteristic dress of the Highlander, the chequered pattern of which varies in colours according to his clan.

P. 148, l 4. **that leaf,** etc He would have no more business dealings with them

9. **nervous,** vigorous, terse.

as he would be done by, he had treated others as he would wish to be treated himself.

28. **highest civic honours,** the office of Lord Provost of the city.

P. 150, l. 17. **squire of the body,** immediate personal attendant, body-servant.

20. **major-domo,** master of the household, one who has charge of all internal arrangements

P. 151, l. 23. **the daws,** etc, the nests built by the jackdaws obstruct the free passage of smoke through the chimney, and so the room smokes.

P. 152, l. 3. **woundily,** terribly.

17. **maintained himself a housekeeper,** remained in possession of the house.

23. **in a train of acquiring** (obsolete), about to acquire, on the way to acquiring.

P. 153, l. 14. **bicker,** flicker and splutter.

P. 154, l. 13. **forgotten your interference in my difficulties,** refers

to the occasion when Diana had restored to Frank the papers Rashleigh had taken.

P. 155, l. 8. **apostasy,** desertion from his faith.

10. **The Earl of Mar,** the leader of the rebel forces. He had formerly been Secretary of State to Queen Anne, but was left out of employment by George I. Hence his attempt to stir up rebellion After the battle of Sheriffmuir he and the Pretender deserted their army and escaped to France Lord Derwentwater, Forster and Winterton, were leaders of the rebel forces in England and took part in the engagement at Preston. Derwentwater and a few others were executed. Forster escaped from prison. Kenmure and Brigadier Macintosh were Scotch leaders who also fought at Preston.

32. **at discretion,** unconditionally.

P. 156, l. 1. **were of my mind,** agreed with me

10. **invested,** surrounded, hemmed in

P. 157, l. 19. **I shall dedicate her,** that is, I shall place her in a convent

P. 159, l. 3 **who thought the path,** etc , who thought that anyone not of his own religion was a lost soul.

12. **yet my spleen,** etc., although resentful, I would not act ignobly.

16. **contemned,** despised

27. **overshot his mark,** went too far ; lit. shot over or beyond his mark.

P. 160, l. 30. **Devoting the back,** etc., vowing to give him as soon as possible the thrashing he deserved

P 161, l. 10 **Keep them . . . in play.** Cf.

> "I with two more to help me
> Will hold the foe in play."
> Macaulay's *Lay of Horatius.*

18. **blunderbuss,** an old type of firearm which scattered a number of balls, and so need not be aimed accurately.

23. **pettifogger,** petty lawyer, rascally attorney.

P 162, l 6. **attainted,** deprived of civil rights

8. **misprision of treason,** knowledge of, and failure to give information about, treasonable practices or persons accused of treason.

16. **form,** the nest which the hare makes on the ground.

is warm, indicating that the quarry has only just left.

22. **earth,** the hole of a fox.

stopped, the huntsmen stop or block up such holes before a hunt, so that the fox cannot take refuge there too easily. When the fox finds a hole 'he goes to earth,' and the only way is to dig him out. Note that both Jobson and Rashleigh use the language of the chase.

P. 163, l. 28. **the lady could brave,** etc. Referring to Diana's past privations in her father's cause.

P. 165, l. 12. **cavalcade,** company of riders Lat *caballus*, horse.

27. **not usually possessing,** euphemistic, for *cowardly.*

P. 166, l. 6. **old friendship,** for Rashleigh had been Rob's friend in former days.

P. 169, l. 26. **possessed of matter enough,** etc , had documents that, if captured, would ruin many a Scottish family.

P. 170, l. 10. **take the veil,** become an inmate of a convent for life.

P. 171. l. 17. **the friend of the poor.** Cf.

> "For thou wert still the poor man's stay,
> The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand
> And all the oppress'd who wanted strength,
> Had thine at their command"
>
> Wordsworth, *Rob Roy's Grave.*

19. **equivocal,** dubious.

22. **over bad for blessing,** too bad to be approved of, and yet too good to be condemned.

QUESTIONS.

1 What do you learn from the book regarding the political and social condition of England and Scotland at the time of the story ?

2 "Cowards die many times before their death" To which character or characters in the story would this apply ?

3. Describe the daily life of Sir Hildebrand and his sons in Osbaldistone Hall.

4 Give an account of all that took place at Justice Inglewood's house.

5. "One may smile and smile and be a villain." Which characters illustrate the truth of this ?

6. Attempt a character-sketch of each of the following: Owen, Miss Vernon, the Bailie.

7. "Of all sad words of tongue or pen
The saddest are these—it might have been"

Who could have said this, and when ?

8. What suspicions had Frank entertained regarding the mysterious person who visited Miss Vernon in the library ? How and when did he surprise her ? What was the sequel ?

9. "Rashleigh is of a nature unusual in Scott. He is, perhaps, Sir Walter's nearest approach, for malignant egotism, to an Iago." Comment on this.

10. Narrate the adventures of Frank in Glasgow.

11 "If Andrew was the cause of trouble, he was also the cause of relief from trouble" How is this true ?

12. In what respects does Rob Roy resemble Robin Hood ?

13. "Critics have censured the construction, and especially the conclusion, of *Rob Roy*. They consider that the conclusion is 'huddled up,' that the sudden demise of all the young Osbaldistones is a high-handed measure." Do you agree with this criticism ?

14. "Francis does not achieve greatness, but it is to some extent thrust upon him." Is this view correct ?

15. How does the Rob Roy of the novel differ from the historical personage ? Can you assign any reason for the author's departure from history ?

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