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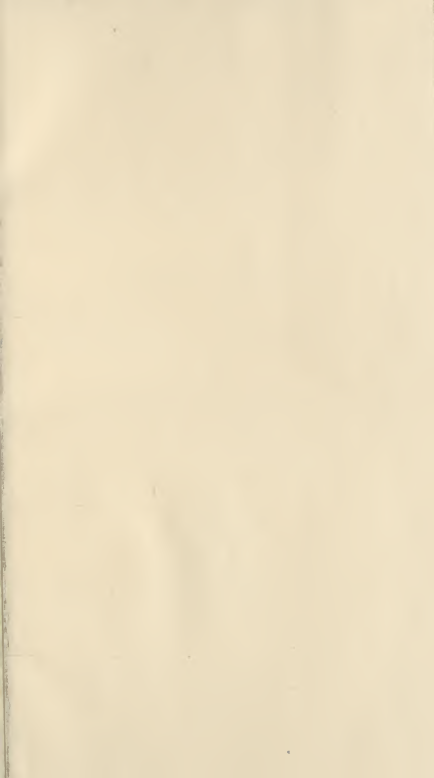
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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

REPORT OF THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

FOR THE YEAR 1954-55

BY THE DEPARTMENT

OF PHYSICS

CHICAGO, ILL.

1955

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ADVERTISEMENT.

It is with great diffidence that the author of the following tale ventures upon its publication. He is fully aware of the temerity of his attempt. All abridgments of the Waverley Novels, hitherto published, have failed to attain popularity; and even the dramatised versions retain possession of the stage only in virtue of the excellent music combined with them. In abridging a novel, such as "Guy Mannering," the difficulty lies in depicting its numerous characters and complicated incidents with proper spirit and fidelity, in language *brief* than that employed by the author himself. A masculine writer, such as Scott, is peculiarly difficult of abridgment, and the author of the following pages has only succeeded in making what he hopes will be found an interesting story, by bestowing more labour and time upon it than would have been sufficient for the production of an original work of much greater dimensions. He has not had merely the task of rejecting what appeared to him, comparatively speaking, as unimportant characters, useless incidents, and unnecessary descriptions, but he has been obliged to contrive *new scenes* and *new events*, susceptible of brief description, and fit to combine into a harmonious whole the condensed portions of the original. He trusts that those for whose benefit the labour has been undertaken—the class of society whose occupations permit them to devote but little time to the perusal of works of fiction, and where want of means prevents the purchase of valuable and expensive publications—will receive his production with favour.



THE
ASTROLOGER;

OR,

THE PREDICTION OF GUY MANNERING.

ONE dreary night, in the gloomy month of November, 17—, a student belonging to one of the English universities, who had, either from whim, or from some other reason equally powerful, been traversing the borders of the two kingdoms, knocked at the door of a lonely cottage, on the confines of Dumfriesshire, to inquire his way. The noise he made roused a sleeping cur from his lair, who set up such a barking as for some time drowned the sound of a female voice which attempted to give an answer to the request of the stranger. "Lie down, Bantie, and a misshanter to ye, wi' your yaff-yaffin'; I canna hear my ain word for ye, far less the man's that's speaking, ye stupid-like brute." "What are ye wanting frien', at this time o' nicht," continued the goodwoman, addressing the stranger. "Am I far from Kippletringan, my good dame?" "Kippletringan!!!" cried the woman in a tone of surprise; "losh man! you're aff the Kippletringan road a' thegither—you'll hae to gae back a' the way to the Whaap, and then keep by the Whaap till"—— "I fear, my good dame, returning will not do for me so late, besides my horse is completely knocked up; can you not accommodate me, some way or other, for the night?" "I can do naething o' that kind; the gudeman's at the fair wi' the beasts, and he wadna be weel pleased if I were to open the door to ony gangrels in his absence." "My good dame, I cannot sleep on the road all night; what am I to do?" "Trowth, it's no me that kens, unless you gang down to the "Place;" its just twa-three cat-loups frae this; and the laird is unco kind to a' decent folks, though I dare say you may find the family a wee confused the nicht, as the lady is just at the bye-fa'ing." "Under these circumstances," said Mannering, for such was the stranger's name, "I should be

sorry to intrude." " You needna think ony thing about that, in a muckle roomy house like the " Place," an antrin stranger will neither be here nor there. They've plenty o' beds, and routh o' blankets to put on them; and if you gang down there, you'll hae nae reason to compleen o' your buist." " I must follow your advice, good mother, but, as I am ignorant of the way, can I get some person to show it me? I will make it worth while." The prospect of reward gave a spur to the exertions of the cottagers, and, in a few minutes, a clumsy, white-headed urchin, about twelve years of age, had insinuated himself into the centre of his tattered calchies—a garment which, according to the then custom of the country, served the purpose of a whole suit, and was leading the stranger's horse by the bridle. After passing an old, ruinous, and romantic-looking castle overhanging the road, which, in former times, had been the residence of the lords of the soil, Mannering came in sight of a modern mansion where the descendant of the old lairds of Ellangowan had fixed his abode; at the door of which his guide rapped with much consequence, emboldened, no doubt, by the glimpse which he had got of the stranger on quitting the cottage; by which he was satisfied he had brought to the " Place " a guest of some importance. Mr Bertram, the proprietor of the mansion, soon made his appearance, and, on hearing the request of the stranger, at once tendered the hospitalities of his house, *in the kindest manner*. His horse was instantly attended to, while he himself was conducted into a genteel apartment where a comfortable supper was already smoking on the table. The company was limited to Mr Bertram and a person whose dress seemed to give him a sort of equivocal standing between that of a village schoolmaster and minister's assistant. The laird of Ellangowan, in character and appearance, seemed an easy, good-natured sort of man, and, though the representative of a long line of ancestors, who enjoyed in succession the estate of Ellangowan, and even traced their genealogy as high as the princes of Galloway, his mind was more devoted to objects of trifling importance than to those active field-sports which always had, and still have so many charms for the aristocracy of the country. His face was handsome, but strongly expressive of that listlessness of disposition which we have mentioned. This, however, be it remarked, was not the character of many of his forefathers, who, as existing records testify, were the veriest dare-devils of the whole border. The estate came into the hands of the present proprietor under great encumbrances, in consequence of the

agricultural speculations in which his father had left it involved; and to extricate himself from which he took perhaps the worst plan he could have thought of. Wanting the activity and spirit of his father to meet the emergencies of his affairs, he employed a law agent, named Glossin, to manage his business, after which his downward career was accelerated in a most astonishing degree. A fortunate marriage, however, which he contracted with a lady having £5,000 at her disposal, gave a temporary relief to his embarrassments, and warded off, for a time, the evil day that all seemed to consider close at hand. By a singular coincidence, the confinement of this lady of her first child, took place on the night Mannering made his appearance; and, while engaged at supper with Mr Bertram and his friend, an express was on the way to Kippletringan for the necessary assistance.

In the mean time, it may perhaps not be out of place to give the reader some little information respecting Mr Bertram's friend, into whose company we have thus introduced Mr Mannering. Mr Abel Sampson, or Dominic Sampson, as he was more generally called, was the son of poor parents, who, blinded by an ambition but too common among those in humble life in Scotland, determined to make their son a minister; and, for this purpose, no privation was too great, nor self-denial too grievous, for their endurance. The well-intentioned, but mistaken parents, however, were striving against nature, and they found, after a lapse of years, their painful and laborious exertions end in bitter disappointment. The ungainly figure, and incurably bashful habits of their son, rendered him unfit for the sacred office; and poor Abel, after a course of arduous, but unprofitable studies, returned to share the poverty of his disconsolate parents. That he had acquired much learning while attending college, was a fact known only by the report of those whose superior sagacity had discovered the means of making him disclose it. His taciturn disposition, and the inclination to laugh, which his manners and singular conformation of body seldom failed to provoke in all who approached him, made his learning useless to others, and profitless to himself, as "treasures hid from the sun." His only resource, therefore, was a school where he taught the children of the poor for nothing, and the sons of the farmers for whatever they were pleased to give. This scanty provision was helped a little, by Mr Bertram employing him occasionally in writing, and having him almost continually at his house as a companion; his quiescent habit admirably fitting

him for a good listener; a quality invaluable in the eyes of such a confirmed gossip as the laird of Ellangowan. In addition to this choice accomplishment, Mr Sampson could also stir the fire with a little dexterity, and keep time with his patron in finishing his drink at the proper season. He was sitting thus engaged, dressed in a seedy suit of black, with blue stockings darned half-way up the leg with much care and ingenuity; his feet being concealed in his large shoes, neatly patched, and ornamented with brass buckles: such was Mr Abel Sampson when he presented his tall, raw-boned, uncouth-looking figure, for the first time, to the eyes of Mannering.

For what deficiencies there might be in the hospitality of Ellangowan, ample apologies were made in regard to the condition of the lady; and an anxiety to wait and hear the result was made a very plausible pretext for producing another bottle of wine; a proposal which Mannering could not properly decline. While thus employed, a voice of rather questionable character was heard singing, on the stair, part of an old religious chaunt, usual on such occasions: the notes were at times too sonorous for those of a female, and again too sharp for a man. "I declare, Dominie, if I'm a living man, there's that devil's imp, Meg Merrilees," said the laird, addressing his silent friend, who replied by something that might be mistaken for a groan. "What ails ye, to grunt that way, Dominie, Meg's sangs are a' harmless." "And a' thriftless." The sound of these few words, the first he had heard from the Dominie, grated on the ear of Mannering as more harsh and discordant than any thing he had ever heard emitted by the human voice, and he had just turned round to observe the singular-looking being from whom they came, when the door opened, and the tall startling figure of Meg Merrilees stood before him. She was erect and rose full six feet; a man's great-coat covered her exterior, and the rest of her dress displayed a grotesque mixture of that of both sexes. Her dark locks were snaky, and twisted themselves in all directions, as if to escape from under a high-crowned, conical-shaped bonnet, which bore much resemblance to a salt basket; while her hand grasped a knotty and dangerous-looking piece of thorn. Her features were bronzed with the weather, and her eyes seemed as if the owner could at pleasure throw into them an expression either of wild insanity, or of deep and mysterious import. "Weel, laird," she cried, with an air of familiarity which indicated the footing she was on in the family, "this wad hae been a nice kettle o' fish, if your auld son had come hame, and me awa' at the fair o' Drun-

shorloch; it was weel I made a pair o' clean heels on the occasion, else wha was to hae kept awa' the *ill things*, and spaed the bairn's fortune." "There's a young gentleman come all the way from Oxford to tell the child's fortune, according to the stars," said Mr Bertram, looking significantly to Mannering, who at once entered into his humour, and went on with a long string of hard and learned terms, sufficient to confuse a much clearer head than any there present. "Weel, weel, laird, if that's the case, ye'll no refuse me a tass o' brandy for my good intentions," says Meg, casting an intelligent professional look towards Mannering.

Ere the laird could well express his assent to the request, the birth of an heir to the house of Ellangowan was intimated, and the happy father was summoned to the bed-room, while Meg set off in haste to secure to herself a comfortable share of the "*groaning-malt*," and other good things usually distributed on such occasions. Mannering having carefully noted the minute of the birth, requested to be shown to a room from which he could have a distinct view of the presiding stars; and the Dominie, full of surprise and incredulity, showed him to an apartment opening to a balcony, from whence he had an extensive prospect of both sea and sky. The moon shone out in full splendour, and the sparkling tenantry of the firmament presented, with the other objects in view, a scene of natural grandeur, such as Mannering had seldom witnessed. Having made the necessary observations he retired to bed, under the pretext of rising early to cast the nativity of the young stranger, thus evading the importunity of the landlord, who pressed the continuance of the festivities.

The opinion of Mannering, as to the truth or falsehood of judicial astrology, was undetermined, and though his natural good sense was at times inclined to regard the whole as groundless, and not warranted by the principles of science; yet, from being long under the instructions of a tutor, who, though a profound scholar, was a firm believer in the now almost exploded doctrines of Cornelius Agrippa, and other distinguished astrologers, who, so long expounded to kings and princes the "*mighty influences of the stars*," it is not surprising that he imbibed some of his tutor's prejudices, and was at times induced to exercise himself in drawing a horoscope and casting a nativity. Next morning, as soon as daylight permitted, he left his bed and began his operations by drawing his horoscope, and placing, according to the rules of the art, which he found that he had not yet forgot, the different planets in their various

houses.—Having finished his calculations, he discovered that three periods in the child's life, would be extremely hazardous if not fatal, namely, his fifth, tenth, and twenty-first years; but what struck Mannering as particularly singular in the above result, was, that having out of a frolic performed the same operations, respecting the nativity of a young lady, Sophia Wellwood, to whom he was deeply attached, he found that the position of the same planets threatened her with death, or captivity about her 39th year,—she had, at this time, reached her 18th, consequently the same year threatened the heir of Ellangowan, and Sophia Wellwood, with a similar calamity. On going over his calculations, he felt still further surprised and interested, when, not only the month, but likewise the same day, turned up as the critical period, dangerous alike to both. Mannering pondered on the strange coincidence, with feelings of no common interest, and seemed to be no less concerned in the fate of Ellangowan, as in that of Sophia Wellwood, whose destiny seemed, in this instance, so mysteriously linked with the young stranger. On the whole, the impression which the affair made on his mind was so extremely disagreeable that he resolved, from that day forth, to relinquish judicial astrology as a study more painful than pleasant; and, having formed this resolution, he felt averse to make any communication to Mr Bertram, on the subject of the horoscope. This, however, he found could not be avoided. The attention of the family had been drawn to his labours, and he saw that the shortest way to get quit of the subject was to be open and candid. In his communication to Mr Bertram he explained all; fully stating, however, his own doubts as to any dependence that could be placed on the principles of the science, and his own disbelief as to the truth of any of the results that could be drawn from it. Having thus put him on his guard respecting the degree of confidence to be placed in his prediction; he gave him an envelope enclosing the horoscope, with strict injunctions to avoid opening it till after the fifth November, in the fifth year of the boy's life; when the seal might be broken without any additional misfortune taking place. He was in hopes that if the first period passed safely over, no credit would afterwards be attached to it, and the circumstance be, in all likelihood, forgot. Having again imparted this injunction, Mannering, after breakfast, bid farewell to his kind friends at Ellangowan—mounted his horse, and proceeded homeward, leaving them to regret the uncertainty of his ever again appearing amongst them.

Great was the care with which the good lady of Ellangowan

watched over the important document left by Mannering; and, though anxious for a peep at its contents, yet the dread of what might ensue, kept her curiosity in check. A little velvet bag, of a neat device, was made, in which it was ingeniously suspended from the child's neck, where the doting mother intended it should remain, till the time had expired, when she might freely indulge in the examination of its contents. So much for the care of the lady of Ellangowan. The laird, not to be behind in his duties, endeavoured to procure him a learned and religious education; and, for this purpose, Dominie Samson was requested to give up his school, and to reside in the house, as tutor, on a small salary. By this arrangement, Mr Bertram secured a good, easy, listening companion to himself, and a cheap tutor and attendant to his son. Under this scheme of management, things went on, for some years at Ellangowan, in a very easy manner; till a change of ministry happening to take place, the laird found himself suddenly elevated to the bench of justices; and his agent, Mr Gilbert Glossin, whom we have already alluded to, advanced to the less honourable, but more lucrative employment of clerk to the peace. The dignity which had now been conferred, by no means improved the character, or increased the respect formerly entertained for the laird, amongst his poor neighbours; on the contrary, full of zeal for the duties of his new office, he exercised the power with which he was invested with a severity beyond that of any of his brethren of the *quorum*; and all vagrants, gypsies, and other useless idlers were astonished to find, all at once, a relentless persecutor, where they formerly experienced a mild, good-natured friend, and, on proper occasions, an influential protector. The laird, however, had become infected with the ambition of earning for himself the character of an active magistrate; and, while his activity in suppressing, banishing, and imprisoning those he formerly harboured, gained him the thanks of the bench, he was accumulating on his head the hatred and execrations of a vast proportion of his neighbours. The band of gypsies, also, to which Meg Merrilees was attached; and who, from a period beyond remembrance, had been allowed to rear their little cottages on a secluded part of the estate, were now ordered off by the ground-officer; an act which was so much at variance with what they had previously experienced at the hands of the family of Ellangowan, that they would not believe the intention implied to be serious, till a strong *posse* of constables set fire to the roofs of the cottages, for the purpose of burning them out. What likewise tended to increase the public

feelings against Mr Bertram, was the activity he now displayed to suppress smuggling, which had long been carried on by a daring character named Dirk Hatterick, and some other "free-traders," as they called themselves; who, with the assistance of the gypsies and other idlers; aided by concealments afforded by the woods on Ellangowan's estate, conducted their dangerous traffic with considerable security; but Mr Bertram having lately made a sort of boon companion of a supervisor, named Francis Kennedy, Dirk Hatterick, and those connected with him, now found it rather dangerous to frequent the vicinity of the mansion-house of Ellangowan. By this line of procedure, the laird, though he received the thanks of the board of excise, and his brother justices, was surrounding himself with secret enemies, where he formerly had nothing but friends.

It was just a few days before the first period mentioned in the prediction of the astrologer, that Mr Bertram, who had absented himself through the day, in order to avoid being a witness of the expulsion of his old friends, the gypsies, from their homes, was returning, that he met, what he was most anxious to avoid, namely, the entire cavalcade of mournful outcasts, on their way to seek shelter in more friendly bounds; the whole band, preceded by their asses, loaded with their little articles of rude furniture, and followed by their wives and children. The melancholy procession passed the laird without a single token of recognition. Sullen dejection was in every face; and the heart of Ellangowan felt a pang of regret as they passed him. He turned and looked after them,—and, while thus engaged, his attention was arrested by the well known voice of Meg Merrilees, who had lingered in the rear of her friends. She stood on a precipitous bank which overhung the road, from whence she rang a peal of bitter sarcasm in the ears of the crest-fallen laird. "Ride on your way," she exclaimed, "Godfrey Bertram, once the friend, but now the oppressor of the poor. You have done a deed, this day, enough to make the bones of thy long-buried ancestors to shake in their graves. You have quenched the fires on the hearth of those who would have shed the last drop in their veins for your sake, and driven them and their wives and little ones houseless, to the wilds, to shelter with the tod and the blackcock. No doubt the fire on your own hearth will burn the brighter for that. You have destroyed the cottages of your true-hearted dependents,—see that your own roof-tree stands more firmly for that. Our bairns are rocked by the cauld blasts of winter,—see that your cradle at home be warmer and fairer

spread down. Not that I wish ill to your innocent babe,— God forbid, and make him a blessing to the poor, and a wiser and better man than his father." So saying, she turned from him with a look of dignified contempt, while the laird, struck dumb with the stern reproach, stood rummaging his pockets for such a donation as might be acceptable. This the high-minded gypsy heeded not, but disdainng him and his money, strode on indignantly after her friends, while Ellangowan turned, mortified and dejected, towards his home.

It was not the enmity of the gypsies alone which the activity of Mr Bertram had drawn upon himself. The severe losses which Dirk Hatterick had lately incurred through the diligence of Kennedy, aided by the countenance of Ellangowan, highly exasperated this daring outlaw, and he swore oaths of deadly revenge against the supervisor and all his abettors. An oath of this kind a ruffian like him was not likely to forget. It happened, very singularly, that on the birthday of little Henry Bertram, the free trader, commanded by Dirk, again made her appearance on the coast; and Kennedy was again on the alert, riding about giving signals to the revenue cutters, who were soon in full pursuit of the smuggler, who was seen standing across the bay, with all her sails set, in order to escape from her pursuers, who kept firing on their chase. Kennedy, in a state of great excitement, called at Ellangowan, and begged the laird to run up to the top of the old castle and witness the affair. In the mean time, he threw himself on his horse, and rode off at full speed to be near the scene of action. The smuggler was fast getting ahead, having unshipped her cargo in order to facilitate her escape. On doubling a point, however, a shot struck her in the slings and laid her mainsail across the deck. The accident was fatal; but a projecting part of the rocky point hid the catastrophe from the view of the cutter, which having sailed too close on shore, lost wind, and had to tack in order to regain her course. All was bustle and anxiety ashore; at last a loud explosion and a dense smoke which rose over the top of the intervening objects told, too plainly, the fate of the unfortunate smuggler. While these doings were going on along shore, all was consternation at the house of Ellangowan. The young heir was nowhere to be seen; and, as we said before, this happened to be the first important day mentioned in the horoscope of the Astrologer. Their distress at his absence after the dinner hour expired was greatly increased. The account which Dominie Samson gave, with whom he was last seen, was that Frank Kennedy, while riding past, took him on behind him,

to give him a ride, and show him the expected fight, and this was done in violent opposition to the will of the tutor, who was, after a severe scolding from Mrs Bertram, sent off to aid in the search which was now going on in all directions. Night came on, but all that had been discovered was only the mangled body of the supervisor, who appeared to have been murdered among the rocks, as marks of a violent struggle appeared near the spot, in which several persons seemed to have been engaged. Not the slightest trace of Harry Bertram could be found, save the print of his little shoe amongst the footmarks of a larger size. Day after day the investigation of suspicious persons was carried on. The effect of the tidings on Mrs Bertram was fatal. She was prematurely taken in labour, and expired while giving birth to a daughter. The distress of the family awakened the sympathy of the neighbourhood, and every effort was made to detect the guilty parties. Meg Merrilees, though she made light, in her examination, of the fate of the exciseman, yet spurned with disdain the idea of injuring the child. We shall not trouble the reader with the details of the precognitions that were taken in the case. Suffice it to say, that nothing was elicited to criminate any one, and years rolled on till the affair became a tale for the nursery or the fireside of the peasant.

It was some seventeen years after the above catastrophe, on a cold night in November, that a loud knocking was heard at the door of the "Gordon Arms," Kippletringan. "Grizzy, ye lazy limmer, rin to the door," cried Mrs Candleriesh. The girl obeyed, and instantly returned, reporting to her mistress that it was a single gentleman, and asked if she would take him to the parlour. "No ae step,—travelling at this late hour without a servant,—it must be some English rider;" but before she could finish the ungracious remark the gentleman entered the kitchen. "I wish, madam," said he, "you would allow me to warm myself here, as the night is piercingly cold." The landlady, who was struck with the gentlemanly appearance of the stranger, replied to the modest request, that she had a very neat parlour, but it was engaged for a sick gentleman, Mr Bertram of Ellangowan, and his daughter, who were her neighbours, and had seen better days, and whom she expected every minute. In the mean time, she placed her own easy chair for the stranger, and made the other customers, who were regular comers, sit round in order to afford him as much comfort as possible. This arrangement had scarcely been effected, when the *clatter* of horses' feet was heard at the door, and a smartly dressed servant in livery pressed forward

with "Make a little room, good folks." But seeing the gentleman, his hand instantly caught his hat, which with an air of humility he slipped down towards his knee, he then presented a letter to his master. "Mr Bertram and his family, Sir, are, from sickness, unable at present to receive any visit."—"I know it," said the stranger, and turning to the landlady, "since your expected guests cannot come, I suppose I may now have the parlour you spoke of." "Certainly," said she, taking up the candle and showing the way with all the respectful attention which a practised hostess usually displays before a customer whom she delights to honour.

On leaving the kitchen, deacon Bearcliff, one of the nobbs of the village, filled up his glass, and pushed it towards the servant, "Ye'll no be the waur o' that, my man!" "Not a rush; my service to you, Sir!" "Now wha may your master be, frien'?" "What! the gentleman just gone? Lord bless you, Sir, that's the great colonel Mannering, Sir, from the East Indies." "What! him that the newspapers say so much of?" "The same; it was he did the business at Cuddieburn and at Chingalor, and beat the great Indian chief, Ram Jolli Bundleman; I was with him in all his battles." "Lord be about us," said the landlady, who had just returned as the servant finished his account, "I maun awa back and see what he'll hae for supper.—Only think o' my stupidity in setting him down here." "Oh! never mind that, mother," cried the servant, "he likes plain people. You can't think what a humble good soul our colonel is—although at times he has a spice of the devil in him for all that." On returning, Mrs Candlesh found the colonel pacing the little parlour in a fit of deep and pensive reflection. Having given his orders he requested the hostess to remain a little. "I think, madam," said he, after a pause, "if I rightly understood the conversation going forward in the kitchen, that Mr Bertram lost a child in the fifth year of his age?" "O yes, Sir, there was a great deal about that, and somebody rashly telling the lady, who was great with child at the time, she died o' grief, and the child she died o' is the same young ledy we expected here the nicht wi' her father. As for her father, poor man, he never had a day to do weel after it, but went back and back in the world, till now he has neither house nor ha'!" "Is it true then that the property of Ellangowan is to be sold?" "Alas! it's but owre true, and it will be sold the day after the morn, that's Monday, to the highest bidder." Colonel Mannering inquired who had the showing of the title deeds, and other particulars, and found that it was a gentleman of the name of M' Morland, who

bore a respectable character in the country. He requested that he might instantly be sent for, a commission which Mrs Candlish, much to the colonel's satisfaction, took upon herself, and immediately set off to discharge. In the mean time, Mannering sat down, in her absence, and wrote a long letter to an old friend of the name of Mervyn. Now as we had the privilege of glancing over the contents of this letter, we shall give such particulars from it as may be necessary to enable the reader to understand our story. To give more would, perhaps, be deemed a useless breach of confidence on our part.

After the worthy colonel describes his successful career in India; his succession to immense wealth in consequence of the death of his uncle, Sir Paul Mannering, and an extensive legacy by the death of another uncle, a bishop of the English church, he goes on to recount some domestic misfortunes which, in spite of the great fame and the large fortune he had acquired, continued to throw a gloom over his mind. Sophia Wellwood, whom we have already noticed, he had married and carried with him to India. She was innocent; but the gaiety of her disposition ill assorted with the gravity of his character. And by the treachery of a false friend of the name of Archer, who enacted the part of Iago in his domestic affairs, a quarrel was got up between Mannering and a young officer of the name of Brown, who had got an introduction to the wife and daughter of colonel Mannering during his absence on an expedition. A hostile meeting, beyond the walls of the fort, was the consequence, when Brown fell by the first shot, and Mannering, with Archer who acted as his second, was, before they could render him any assistance, surrounded by a troop of the native banditti, through which they had to fight their way. In the mean time Mrs Mannering, suspecting what was going on, had ordered her palanquin and quitted the fortress in search of her husband. In doing so she fell into the hands of another band of those marauders, and was only saved by the timely appearance of a body of British cavalry. The shock, however, joined to her previous anxiety, proved to be too much for a constitution which had always been delicate; she sunk under her distress, not however before a confession of Archer's had brought about a complete reconciliation with her husband, who now became aware that the attentions of Brown were directed to his daughter Julia, and not to his wife, as he had been induced to believe. This discovery, though he felt displeased at the presumption of Brown, was a relief to his mind in regard to his wife; and as Julia fell into bad health, he was induced to resign his commission and return to Europe.

Colonel Mannering had just closed his letter, which we may inform the reader was addressed to Mr Mervyn, under whose care, on coming to England, he had placed his daughter, when Mr M'Morland appeared with the title deeds. The respectability attached to colonel Mannering, and the professional honesty connected with the character of Mr M'Morland, enabled the parties to go immediately to business; in the course of which the former learned that the sale was pushed on for an interested purpose by a person, who from being the dependant or *protégé* of Mr Bertram, had raised himself to be his oppressor, and who had been the main cause of his ruin. The sale he wished to be effected before a certain time specified in the terms should expire, as in that case, if the heir of entail did not appear, the property was irredeemable; and as a large portion of the purchase money was to remain in the hands of the buyer, it was very convenient for Glossin, the intended purchaser, to get hold of a large estate without the trouble of paying the money. Colonel Mannering and Mr M'Morland consulted together in order to defeat this nefarious scheme; and for this purpose colonel Mannering proceeded on Monday to Ellangowan, but the scene he witnessed was truly distressing. The old domestics were in tears; Mr Bertram was paralytic, and being unable to move, had been wheeled in his easy chair to a secluded corner out of doors, in order to be away from the noise and bustle of the sale. Here the colonel found him attended by his daughter Lucy, and a young gentleman who seemed to take particular interest in both father and daughter. Dominic Samson stood at his side, but too much absorpt in the family distress to remember the stranger, who explained to Miss Bertram and young Hazlewood, the gentleman already alluded to, the deep interest he felt in Mr Bertram from having experienced his hospitality at an early period of life. His explanation, however, produced no signs of recognition on the part of the unfortunate gentleman, whose mind seemed to have given way beneath the pressure of his misfortunes. They were received, however, by Miss Bertram with a becoming diffidence and natural politeness, which very much prepossessed Mannering in her favour.

Whilst thus engaged, a visitor of a most unwelcome description made his appearance in the person of Glossin, at the hateful sight of whom the invalid was seized with a paroxysm of indignation, so violent, that nature, already reduced to her last extremity, gave way under the shock. Mr Bertram, after venting his feelings against the monster whom he considered the author of his misfortunes, dropped lifeless on the ground.

Colonel Mannering was not slow in rebuking the detested intruder, who retired covered with confusion, after a feeble attempt to brave the indignation he had provoked. As a natural consequence, the day of sale was postponed, and the company withdrew. M'Morland, being sheriff-substitute, took it upon him to fix another day of sale; and in the mean time gave up the use of the house and furniture to Miss Bertram and her friends till after the funeral should take place.

Col. Mannering, seeing no immediate use for his services, requested, before leaving the house, an interview with Dominie Samson, to whom in secret he intrusted a sum of money to be applied to the expenses of the family, as he might find necessary, without making Miss Bertram acquainted with the source from whence the supplies were derived; and being obliged to proceed to England on business of importance, he arranged with Mr M'Morland to send him, previous to the day of sale, a power of attorney to act for him in his absence. But alas! the day of sale arrived and no packet made its appearance till six o'clock in the evening, when a drunken messenger staggered into Mr M'Morland's office with a packet containing the wished for despatches, too late, as the reader may suppose,—the property having, according to law, been knocked down to the highest bidder, a few hours before. The worthy sheriff was indignant, and could scarcely be restrained from horse-whipping the drunken scoundrel that had been the cause of it, particularly when he observed by the colonel's letter that he ought to have had the packet some days before the sale. To Miss Bertram the disappointment was grievous; she could not brook the idea of living under a roof belonging to the betrayer and murderer of her parent. She prepared to quit Ellangowan on the instant. Mr M'Morland, who brought a carriage for her conveyance, was not slow in pressing the hospitality of his house upon her, which he did with a kindness and humanity which left no room for refusal, particularly as Mrs M'Morland, who was a genteel lady-like person, added her entreaties to those of her husband.

A painful duty had now to be discharged, in paying and taking farewell of the servants. On coming to Dominie Samson, Miss Bertram, after a few kind words which brought tears into the old man's eyes, slipped into his hand a paper covering some pieces of gold, and rose to retire. Mr Samson instantly got to his feet, and pushed the paper, which lay on the table, towards Mr M'Morland, who mistook the worthy man's feelings, and observed, "it is perhaps too little, Mr Samson, but consider that the circumstances of Miss Bertram are not what

they have been." The simple-hearted creature, in whose mind the idea of leaving his fair pupil had never for a moment found a place, had covered his face with his hands, while from between his fingers, the tears from a heart overflowing with affection, were fast making their way. After several attempts to speak, he managed, at last, in a voice broken and almost inaudible from emotion, thus to express himself. "It is not her fine gold I look for; it is not her lucre I covet; but, that I, who for twenty years have ate of her father's bread and drank of his cup, should leave her in her distress. No, Miss Lucy, it cannot be; my heart can break, but cannot part from you! Where you go I will go.—I will be no burden to you.—I have taken care for that. Neither fee nor reward will I take. But where thou dwellest I will dwell;—thy friends shall be my friends.—Where thou diest I will die, and there will I be buried. But part—part from thee, Lucy Bertram.—No, no, it cannot be. Nought but death can part us; for my love is not the love of an hireling." This burst of simple, honest, and fervent attachment deeply affected those present. The worthy sheriff, after having recourse several times to his snuff-box, mastered his feelings so far as to be able to explain to Miss Bertram and Mr Samson a little plan he had formed, by which the Dominie's services might be useful to him in his business, and where it would be necessary for him to occupy a room in his own house; an arrangement which met the approbation of all parties, and did away with any unpleasant feelings Miss Bertram might have on the occasion, as Mr M' Morland made Mr Samson's acceptance appear as a favour done to himself; and to do the worthy Dominie justice, the zeal and industry he displayed in his employment left Mr M' Morland no cause to regret the arrangement he had made.

The settlement of this plan for the present accommodation of Miss Bertram, was considered by that young lady as only temporary, as she had written to Miss Margaret Bertram, her father's nearest relation, detailing her misfortunes, and explaining her altered circumstances; and as this lady had long been supported by her father's benevolence, and only quitted his roof, on becoming possessed, by the death of a relation, of the estate of Singlesides, yielding about £400 per annum, that it was thought an opportunity of showing her gratitude to the daughter of her late kind friend, would have been gladly embraced, more especially as Miss Bertram at her years stood so much in want of a female friend, whose tie of relationship would give her an interest in her welfare. It was, however, with Lucy Bertram a time of disappointments. After a considerable delay, an

answer was received, containing a small donation of money, and a few expressions of sympathy of the most cold and common-place description. It was Miss Bertram's first intention to have returned the money; on second thoughts, however, she wrote that she would accept of it as a loan, which she trusted that she should soon be able to repay. On conning over the epistle of this cold-hearted relation, Miss Bertram felt much anxiety at the prospect of being a burden longer than she at first intended on Mr M'Morland and his good lady,—a worthy couple, who, she knew, were too generous to have accumulated much wealth. In the mean time, that good, and truly affectionate creature, Dominie Samson, was most unremitting in his exertions, and, on the first Saturday of his residence with Mr M'Morland, he entered that gentleman's chamber, and laid before him two guineas. "And pray, what is this for, Mr Samson," said the worthy man, with a look of surprise. "It is, in the first place, for the charges you have been at with me, and whatever may be left is for Miss Bertram." "But, my good Sir, your services more than repay me for any expense I am at." "Then let the 'fine gold' be altogether for Miss Lucy," said the Dominie, his face beaming with satisfaction. "But, in the name of goodness, where did this money come from?" Mr Samson, in his own awkward way, then explained that young Hazlewood "had covenanted" to give him "two pieces of fine gold" for twelve lessons of the learned languages, and that he met him in Mrs Candliesh's "public," to read with him every day. "Oho!" thought Mr M'Morland, "sits the wind in that quarter? I can now understand matters a little." "And pray, Mr Samson," said the lawyer, fixing his eyes on the face of the unsophisticated tutor, "is it only about the classics you converse, when you meet your pupil in Mrs Candliesh's?" To this question it was answered that Miss Bertram was often the subject of their conversation; which the Dominie seemed to think was done in compliment to him,—Mr Hazlewood knowing how much he was attached to the family of Ellangowan. In the course of a few more questions, Mr M'Morland found that it was the pupil's wish that the scene of their studies should be transferred to the Dominie's own room, under Mr M'Morland's roof,—an arrangement which that gentleman said he hoped Mr Samson would not think of making, before consulting with Miss Bertram. A task which he took upon himself to perform, and, in doing so, he found Miss Bertram was not only ignorant of the young gentleman's predilection for the classics, but gave her decided negative to

the plan proposed. This was no more than what might have been expected from the young lady's prudence,—and it met the approval of all, save the tutor and pupil. The simple-minded Dominie had no delicate scruples to trouble him in following up any plan which he thought honest, and which had the relief and comfort of his young mistress for its object.

We mentioned that, previous to the sale of Ellangowan, colonel Mannering was obliged, on some matter of importance, to start for England. His leaving Scotland so abruptly was in consequence of a letter from Mr Mervyn, the gentleman under whose care, as we have already observed, the colonel had placed his daughter Julia. The contents of the letter were sufficient to alarm the fears of a father delicately alive to the honour and welfare of his child. We have already alluded to the attentions paid by a young officer named Brown, which, from a mistake, aided by the mis-representations of a false friend, brought on a duel, in which Brown, it was supposed, fell mortally wounded by the shot of Mannering. It turned out, however, that his fate, though hard, was not so bad as was thought. Being carried off by the Indian banditti, by whom the duel, as we have already stated, was interrupted, after severe sufferings, and innumerable hardships among his savage captors, he recovered not only his health, but also his liberty; and, having joined his regiment, after the departure of colonel Mannering for Europe, he found in his new commander, a friend who lost no opportunity of forwarding his interest. He also found means to acquaint Miss Mannering of his safety, and of his determination never to relinquish those hopes in respect to her which, under the sanction of her mother, he had been led to form. Though an intimation of the safety of Brown, would have relieved the mind of Mannering from a load of distress, which, at times, he felt most painfully acute; yet so great was the awe with which Julia regarded her father, that she was constrained to be silent, lest her communication might lead to inquiries which she had not sufficient resolution to meet. This conduct she deemed no doubt the more prudent, as the regiment to which Brown was attached having been ordered home, she knew not how her father's disposition might be affected towards him in the event of their meeting before a reconciliation had taken place.

Brown, as might be expected, lost no time, on reaching Britain, to discover the retreat of the object of his affections. That he had been successful, we shall leave the reader to gather from the following extracts; one from Mr Mervyn's letter to colonel Mannering, and the other from Miss Julia herself to a female friend:—

Extract from Mr Mercyn's Letter.

“ During the last fortnight, on more than one occasion, I heard, late at night, or early in the morning, some one playing on the flagelet, the simple little Hindoo air, which has always been such a favourite with your daughter. Curious to know who the serenader might be, I stepped lightly towards the window, when the music began last night, and not only heard the tune distinctly, but also, when it ceased, two voices in earnest conversation,—and that one of them was Julia's, I cannot be mistaken. The other, which came from the lake beneath, was that of a stranger. The words I could not make out; but the sounds seemed tender and impassioned. On attempting to raise the window, that I might catch something of the subject, the noise I made alarmed the parties. Instantly the window of Julia's apartment was shut; and a little bark, with a single person on board, shot like an arrow along the surface of the lake. The swiftness with which it was impelled, showed a degree of strength and dexterity which bespoke the rower a proficient in the art. Perhaps the above circumstance may be of little importance, but as it so nearly concerns my charge, I thought it right to advise you.”

Extract from Miss Julia Mannering's Letter to Miss Matilda ———.

“ How shall I find words to disclose to you, my dear Matilda, the mysterious circumstance which has just occurred. I told you that Brown lived.—I am now assured of it on the very best authority, viz., himself. Last night, I felt restless and unhappy. For relief, I threw up my window, and stepped out on the balcony, which overlooks the lake behind the house. I had not been long there, before I heard the sound of a flagelet, played with such exquisite skill, that Brown, whose favourite instrument it was, came vividly to my remembrance. I listened, and, in a short time, through the silence of night, I heard the little Hindoo air, which he taught me, and which you often heard me play. A boat soon approached, and in it a figure, which I at once recognised as my long lost friend. He guided his boat under the balcony, but my agitation was so great that I knew not what he said. Alarmed by the barking of a dog, we hastily parted, after he had extorted a promise from me to meet him again to-night. Mysterious Heaven! Brown alive, and so near! How thankful ought I to be to that Providence that has not only preserved him

from so many dangers; but has also saved my honoured father from shedding the blood of one who would not have injured a hair of his head." We shall not trouble the reader with any further extracts on this matter. The above is enough to account for Mannering's abrupt departure from Scotland, as well as to make the reader a little acquainted with the state of Julia's feelings in respect to Brown.

On his journey south, Mannering mused on the line of conduct necessary for him to pursue, with regard to his daughter, provided he found matters as suspicious as his friend's letter gave him reason to fear. He had, at the suggestion of Mr M'Morland, hired for a season, the mansion of Woodbourne, a house which, though sufficiently commodious, yet, in appearance, corresponded more with the retired habits of Mannering, than with the extent of his fortune. To this spot he resolved on removing his daughter, and, as a suitable adviser, whose example might be useful, he bethought himself of Miss Bertram; a young lady, whose prudence he had reason to applaud, and whose manners and education rendered her every way an eligible companion for his daughter. This scheme naturally included Dominie Samson, whose services might be available in attending to his very extensive library, increased by the recent bequest of his uncle the bishop. Such was the plan which Mannering formed, in his own mind, while proceeding to the house of his friend Mervyn. On his arrival, he found his daughter, who seemed, from her manner, to guess at the cause of his unexpected visit, and to dread an interview with him, lest, we suppose, certain mysterious appearances on the lake, would be made the subject of inquiry. Mannering, however, who had every confidence in the high feeling of honour, and the virtuous disposition which formed the basis of Julia's character, prudently abstained from rashly alluding to any of those facts which his friend Mervyn had communicated. Though this reserve was maintained for some days, it was not without considerable trepidation that Julia, on the fifth day of his visit, attended his summons to a private *tête-a-tête*. What passed on this occasion alluded chiefly to the arrangements respecting Woodbourne house, the character of Miss Bertram, and the eccentricities of Dominie Samson, with all which the reader is already acquainted. To the injunction laid down by colonel Mannering, in reference to the line of conduct to be pursued towards these interesting appendages to his establishment, Miss Mannering listened with respectful attention, and promised dutiful obedience.

Under the management of Mr M'Morland and his good

lady, Woodbourne was, in due time, placed in excellent condition for the reception of colonel Mannering and his family. On the evening of the day of their arrival at their future residence, after Miss Mannering had been introduced to her new friend, Miss Bertram, and been made acquainted with the ungainly figure of Dominie Samson, her father requested to see her in private. "Well, Julia," said he, "what do you think of our new friends?" "Oh! Miss Bertram is every thing I could wish; and I feel much pleased that you have prevailed on her to accept our invitation,—but that chaplain,—oh! that chaplain! he is the most singular individual I ever beheld,—I fear no one will be able to look at him without laughing." "They must learn to do so, Miss Mannering, while under my roof, at least." "La, Papa, the very servants cannot contain themselves." "Then they must indulge their mirth without my livery on their backs,—for I invite no person, however humble, to my house, to afford amusement either for my family or my servants. Mr Samson is a man I value for his simplicity of manners, and benevolence of character." "How much he is possessed of these virtues," said the lady, with an arch smile, "you, papa, from longer acquaintance, are best able to judge. For me, I can vouch for his generosity, for he cannot put his hand to a dish at table without bestowing the *richest* part of its contents upon the dress of his neighbours; and though I don't think him quite a Chesterfield in the '*art of giving*,' yet I cannot withhold my hearty admiration from the extent, as he would say himself, of his '*prodigious*' liberality." "Julia, you are a mischievous madcap, but I hope you will keep your mirth within such bounds as may not only escape the notice of the worthy man himself, but also avoid hurting the feelings of Miss Bertram, who, I fear, would ill brook to see the old and attached friend of herself and her father made a subject of ridicule. With all his singularities, Mr Samson is a man I esteem, and I hope you will never fail to treat him as such; a little harmless jocularly, at proper seasons, can give no reasonable person offence, particularly when it comes from a lady; but beware lest it be done in such a manner as may encourage the servants to indulge in any improper liberties. I trust your discretion will not only be a restraint upon yourself, but also a check upon others." On finishing this well-timed admonition colonel Mannering retired to his bed-chamber, leaving his daughter impressed with the propriety of the caution he recommended.

The strangers being all fairly settled in Woodbourne house,

Mr and Mrs M'Morland, under whose management every thing had been arranged, took their leave, and returned to their own domicile, loaded with the thanks of their new friends. From the known respectability of Mannering, his house soon became the resort of the first families in the neighbourhood, so that the ladies had no reason to complain of the want of society. Having thus settled in comfortable winter quarters so many of the characters connected with our tale, it is but right to leave them a little to enjoy their comforts, in order to look after others who, we fear, may not be so well provided for.

The name of Miss Julia's lover was perhaps the least attractive to a romantic ear that could well be imagined; Brown, of itself sufficiently common-place, became perfectly intolerable with Van Beest attached to it. Unhappy, however, as the name may sound, yet on the young lady's account we feel ourselves constrained to pay some attention to the movements of Mr Van Beest Brown, a child of chance, brought up as an orphan, in the house of Vanbeest and Vanbruggen, merchants in Holland, and who afterwards raised himself by his merit to the rank of captain in the Indian army. Hearing of colonel Mannering's visit to Mr Mervyn, in Cumberland, and his intention to remove his daughter to Woodbourne, in Scotland, Brown determined to follow in such a leisured manner as might give time to the colonel to settle himself down in his place of retreat, without alarming him to a more extended flight. It was, therefore, on a clear frosty morning in November, that captain Brown set out on his journey to Scotland. His way lay over a long and widely extended tract of barren moorlands, through which the pathway was but faintly distinguished, amidst the stunted vegetation which lingers on such bleak and exposed districts at that advanced period of the year. The equipment of Brown was well adapted for a pedestrian excursion in such a country. In appearance it was of that dubious character, that the wearer might pass either for a gentleman travelling for amusement, or one of the natives in easy, though not affluent, circumstances; a parcel containing a few changes of linen was strapped on his back, and a rough terrier dog scampered playfully before him, while his fine athletic form, fully six feet high, and well-proportioned limbs, attracted the notice of all who met him on the road; and to all, whether buxom maid or country clown, he had always a frank kind word of recognition, which coming from a face radiant of good-humour, and highly expressive of health and manly beauty, never failed to produce not

only a courteous return, but frequently, particularly from the elderly females, a muttered benediction on himself and her that begat him; an expression of good-will which at times called forth a sigh from the train of painful reflections it awakened. On the present occasion, however, the spirits of Brown, from the exhilarating and bracing effects of the weather, as well as from the hopes he was led to indulge in of a happy termination of the romantic adventure in which he was engaged, rose above all annoyances that would otherwise have depressed them. Whistling to himself the little Hindoo air we have already alluded to, as a provocative to sweet and "thick coming fancies," he swept over the road with the speed of a greyhound, crashing the "infant frost," that had just "begun to bite," under his feet, and brushing, as he passed along, the new-born icicles from the twigs, where, like hypped Englishmen in the same gloomy month, they had begun to *suspend* themselves.

Let a man, however, walk as fast as he pleases, hunger will not fail to overtake him. This truth our active pedestrian discovered by the cravings which the sight of an ale-house, by the way-side, excited within him. Entering the kitchen, the first object that met his eye was a countryman of large mould, broad shoulders, and apparently of great personal prowess. He was busily engaged in diminishing the size of an enormous round of beef, taking occasionally a hearty pull from a mug of ale that stood beside him, and keeping his eye on a poney, a fine looking animal that was eating its provender in front of the window. The fire, according to the custom of the country, was on the stone hearth, in the midst of a capacious chimney-place with stone seats on each side of it; on one of which, smoking a small fragment of a blackened pipe which scarcely projected to the tip of her nose, sat a tall female, in whose figure, were we to attempt to describe it, (though altered by seventeen years of the hardships of life), our readers would still be able to recognize that of their old acquaintance Meg Merrilees; beside her, the goodwoman of the house was busy baking Border cakes. On hearing Brown asking for some refreshment the landlady came forward, and with her mealy apron having wiped part of the table where the countryman was, placed a plate with a knife and fork for him, and having drawn a mug of foaming ale, she pointed to the round of beef. Brown, understanding the hint, lost no time in following the example of his rustic partner. The two *contives* proceeded to display their masticatory powers, without appearing sensible of each other's presence, except when

the ale was lifted to their heads, when a slight but kindly sort of recognition passed between them, which seemed to indicate that they would be better acquainted by and bye, when they had more time. Mr Dinmont, for such was the name of the former, was the first to make a remark:—"That's a fine terrier o' yours, Sir," looking at Brown's dog, "and I'se warrant he has been weel entered wi' the vermine."—"I fear his education has not been much attended to, and beyond that of being a pleasant companion on the road, he knows but little."—"Man! that's a great pity, for now-a-days, beast or body without education are thought but little o'. Gie them education, an' ye put them up in a way o' doing for themselves. A man wi' a trade at his finger ends, and a dog that has been weel entered wi' the vermine, gang whare they like, they'll aye find somebody to take them by the hand and think them worthy their mouthfu'. I hae a fine following o' dogs at hame, Sir: six terriers, twa couple o' slow hounds, five grews, forbye a wheen other dogs, a' weel doin' dogs too; that's to say, dogs that if I were turning them off the night, they wadna' be lang in finding masters for themselves. Man! what think ye? the duke himself sent his gamekeeper a' the way to Charley's Hope—that's my farm ye maun ken, Sir—for one of Dandy Dinmont's terriers, and, my certie, but we had a day among the vermine. The founmarts, and the tods, and the rest o' our four-footed pests paid for't that day, and sic a spate o' drink as we had at night. My word on't, but it was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion."—"Is there much game on your farm?"—"Game! man, I often think if I had as mony sheep as I ha'e hares about me, I would ha'e a gaye heavy purse, and as for muirfowl and paitricks, they lie as thick as three in a bed, as they say about us. But did ye ever shoot a black cock, man?"—"No, I never even saw one except in a glass case."—"Weel, that's odd, few o' you folks frae the south ha'e seen a black cock. But if ye'll come and see me, Dandy Dinmont, at Charley's Hope, ye'll see a black cock, and shoot a black cock, and eat a black cock. What do ye say?"—"When I can find time I will be happy to call for you."—"Find time! what for no gang wi' me now, how do you travel?"—"On foot, and if that handsome poney be yours I fear I would not be able to keep up with you."—"Not unless you can step out at the rate of fourteen miles an hour. But I say, gudewife," crying to the hostess at the top of his voice, "can ye let my frien' ha'e the gudeman's meer as far as our place, and I'll be bound to see her safe home to ye the morn." The "meer," however, was "at the hill," and could

not be caught; so after extracting a promise from Brown to visit him next day, the worthy farmer was preparing to depart, in order, as he said, to "get owre the kittle bits o' the road as lang as there was a glimmer o' day to be had," when he was thus addressed by the tall woman we formerly alluded to, who sat silent during the above conversation with her eyes steadfastly fixed on Brown. "Ha'e ye been in Dumfries and Galloway, Mr Dinmont?"—"Deed ha'e I, my hinny, and a weary round I ha'e had o't."—"Ye'll ken Mr Bertram o' Ellangowan."—"I kent him weel eneuch, but he's dead, he died last week as I heard." The old woman now threw her pipe from her, and came forward with looks of surprise. "Dead, said ye, are you sure o' that?"—"Deed mistress there's nae doubt o't, and muckle noise it made at the time."—"Dead!" repeated the gypsy to herself, "weel, that clears a' scores, but did you say that he left nae heir?"—"Yes! and on that account the estate has been sold, which it's said they could not have done if there had been an heir."—"Sell't! and wha durst buy Ellangowan that was not of Bertram's blood?"—"Just ane o' thae souple-tongued lawyer chields; they ca' him Glossin, I think."—"Glossin!" cried the gypsy with a derisive scream, "Gibby Glossin buy the barony o' Ellangowan; my word, it's a pity but colley had a gravat; mony a time I've carried him in my creels, for his mother was as sib to the pock and the string as mysel!" This was followed by a long string of questions on the same subject, till the patience of the farmer was exhausted, and clapping a sixpence into her hand he mounted his poney, and taking farewell of Brown was about to set off, when she laid hold of the bridle and thus addressed him:—"I have asked you many questions, all of which you have kindly answered, and never once asked me why I did so in return. I'll give you a word of advice, which you must not neglect. Mumps, the landlady, is coming out wi' her stirrup dram, and she'll ask you if you are gawn by Willie's brae or through Conscouthart moss. Tell her ony o' them ye like, but be sure and tak' the ane ye *dinna* tell her." This was in a low impressive whisper, overheard only by Brown who stood by. Tib Mumps, as foretold, instantly came forth with her bottle and put the above question, when Brown took an opportunity to ask if he meant to profit by the gypsy's advice. "Deed no," said his companion, "there's no much to choose between them, and I would just as soon that Tib Mumps knew the road that I was taking as the other, but I advise you, on nae account, to stay a' night in the house." Having again repeated his wish to see him at Charley's Hope

next day, he set off at a round pace, while Brown returned to the house to settle his score, and prepare for resuming his journey, resolving within himself that there could be no harm in availing himself of the hint thrown out by his friend.

We have already mentioned the circumstance of the eye of the gypsy being intently fixed on Brown during his conversation with the farmer. While waiting for the change of a small piece of gold, which he had given in order to defray his bill, he found himself regarded by the same ardent and anxious gaze which had formerly attracted his notice, while his voice, and every motion he made, seemed to excite an unusual degree of interest in this singular woman. Brown, in his turn, became infected with her manner, and he almost fancied that the figure before him was one with which, at some period or another, he had been familiar; while he was pondering on the circumstance, and endeavouring to call up recollections of his past life, the gypsy came hastily towards him, and seizing him by the hand exclaimed, "In the name of God, tell me, young man, where you are from, and what is your name?" "My name is Brown, mother, and I come from the East Indies." "Alas!" said she, dropping his hand, with a sigh expressive of deep disappointment, "from the East Indies, then it cannot be. I am auld and foolish, and every one I look upon seems to be him whom I seek; but there is that in your face and voice which brings auld times and auld friends again before me. Good day; tarry not on the road, and if ye see strange folks on the road pass quickly, and they will do you nae harm." Brown put a shilling into her hand, and, quitting the house, followed in the direction taken by the farmer, the hoof-prints of whose horse he could plainly observe. The gypsy looked after him with an air of dissatisfaction, muttering to herself, "that young man and I maun ha'e mair words thegither. I maun gang to Ellangowan—the laird's dead. He was a kind man ance, and, since he sleeps in the mools, I will only think o' the days o' his kindness. The auld sheriff too is flitted to Edinburgh, and if I keep i' the lowne side o' the buss, there are few, I think, left to disturb me." While Meg was laying down this plan of proceeding to herself, he, in whom she felt so deeply interested, was making the best of his way, not altogether without hopes of overtaking his late companion; who, he observed, from the footmarks of his horse, had turned off the road at times to make calls, which would doubtless occasion his detention. The country, too, as he proceeded, became wilder and wilder, and exhibited an appearance much befitting, from its rugged and

desolate character, a tract which had been for centuries the boundary line between two fierce and often conflicting nations. This lonely aspect of the barren wilderness around him, led our traveller, as the shades of evening began to extend, to feel more anxious about overtaking Mr Dinmont, from whom he could get all necessary information respecting the road; he therefore increased his speed, and moved onward at a brisk rate, till he thought he heard the footsteps of his friends' horse before him. This was followed by a confused noise; and his little terrier, Wasp, sprung forward, barking with great fierceness. Brown hastened after him, and, on gaining the top of a small knoll, he found the dog's alarm occasioned by a violent conflict among three men, two of whom were assailing a third, whom Brown immediately discovered to be his honest friend whom he was so anxious to overtake. He, therefore, pressed forward to his aid, but before he could come to close quarters with his opponents, a blow from one of their cudgels had laid poor Dandy, to all appearance, senseless on the ground; and, while thus disabled, one of the robbers struck him several severe blows on the head. The other villain, running to meet Brown, called to his companion to follow him, for "that one," said he, "is a *mummy*," meaning that he was "mum" or speechless. Brown finding that one of the ruffians was armed with a bludgeon, and the other with a cutlass, and that they had no fire-arms, felt less reluctance in engaging with them, which he did with such hearty goodwill, that in a short time they called on him to "follow his nose" over the moor, as they wished to have nothing to say to him; a liberty which our sturdy pedestrian disdained to avail himself of, and the battle was about to recommence, when the farmer, who had recovered from the stunning effects of their blows, gathered himself up, and came hastily forward to support his friend; which the others seeing, and judging from the sample they already had of their customers, that with two such men they had little chance of victory immediately betook themselves to their heels, and fled across the moor with all the speed they were master of, pursued by Wasp, who, during the skirmish, had been extremely useful, in fiercely assailing the lower extremities of the robbers. "Deil's in't, sir, but your dog kens some thing about *vermine*, after a'," cried the farmer, laughing, as he came up, at his own joke, and quite regardless of the blood that flowed from several deep and ugly looking wounds about his head and face, for the state of which Brown expressed considerable alarm; the hardy borderer, however,

made light of them, as matters of not unfrequent occurrence, and only regretted that he had allowed himself, as he said, "to be brought to the ground by two such gallows' tassels as yon," shaking the butt end of his whip in the direction the robbers had fled. "But," continued he, "it was the lots of whisky I had had to drink since I parted with you that confused me, and gave them a' the advantage they can brag o'. But come, hinny, ye maun help me to catch the horse, and we maun get aff like a shot, or the hale body o' thae land-louping deevils will be down upon us. I see some ill-looking tykes hinging about the lip o' the bog, that it would be just as weel for us no to wait for." His surmises were but too true. The pony was soon caught, and Brown reluctantly got up behind, but not before the owner assured him that he could carry four men, provided his back was long enough. Being firmly seated, the spirited animal, true to its master's recommendation, set off at a round pace, which soon left their enemies far behind. Dinmont, who had now mastered the stupifying effects of the liquor, guided his horse over the inequalities of a road full of danger and difficulties of no ordinary nature. To the honour of Duple, however, be it said, that his knowledge of the way seemed equal, and his sagacity, at times, even superior to that of his master. On the present occasion he appeared to be fully aware of the necessity of exerting himself, and went over the ground with his load at a rate that soon placed his riders beyond the fear of their pursuers. They had now cleared the boggy part of the road, and entered on a rough but firm causewayed track, which had formerly been part of the Roman highway, along which they went forward at the rate of eight miles an hour. "We shall now be in Scotland in five minutes," said Dinmont, "and you'll gang up and tak yer bed at Charlie's Hope." Brown cheerfully accepted the invitation.

Night was coming on as they came to the margin of a fine transparent river, gliding along in silence through a beautiful pastoral land, whose verdant undulations were faithfully reflected in the passing stream. Had Brown been less fatigued, the scene which now lay before him would have been one of deep interest. It was his first sight of Scotland—a country which, somehow or other unknown to himself, mingled with his earliest recollections. But night was fast approaching, and Duple aware, no doubt, of his vicinity to home, quickened his pace, and, entering the river at the ford, soon reached the opposite bank; when setting off at a canter, he brought his load to the "steading" or town, as it was called, of Charlie's

Hope, where they were saluted by a whole tribe of curs, who had turned out to give tongue on the occasion, and poor Wasp would have met with a scurvy reception, had it not been for his two companions. In the mean time, Mrs Dinmont, a fine buxom-looking woman, made her appearance, and received her husband with an expression of tenderness which bespoke a heart overflowing with the kindest feelings. "Sorrow's in the wife," cried Dinmont, gently releasing himself from her embrace, "do ye no see the stranger gentleman?" The good woman turned, coloured, and made an apology. "Deed, sir, I was so weel pleased to see the gudeman, that I saw naething else. But what in the name o' wonder, hae ye been about?" she exclaimed, when she saw the blood upon Brown's clothes, and observed, for the first time, the gashes on her husband's face. "Ah! Dandy, Dandy, fechtin' again wi' the Bewcastle horse-couper. Oh! man, will you no reflect? Will you no think what a father's life is worth to a sma' family like yours?" The good dame's eyes filled with tears. "Dinna vex yoursel', gudewife," cried Dinmont, giving her at same time a hearty kiss, which *smacked* more of affection than of ceremony, "I'm no sae ill as ye think. My friend here, and a friend he has been to me this nicht, can tell ye how I was set upon by twa land-loupin' gypsies, when I had mair maut than meal in me, and would hae lost mair siller than I can weel spare." So saying, he drew out from the side of his greatcoat a well stuffed greasy looking pocket book, which he gave to his wife, saying, "There's a pickle sizeable notes, that ye'd maybe ne'er hae seen if it hadna been for him." "God bless the gentleman, but what can we do for him? meat and quarters is what we would give to the poorest gangrel that comes about." Here the goodwoman cast a meaning look to the pocket-book, which Brown understood, and appreciating her grateful feelings at their true value, hastened to relieve her, by mentioning that he was a captain in ——'s regiment of cavalry, and was travelling for pleasure, begging her, at same time, to attend to the state of her husband's wounds. Mrs Dinmont, who was more used to her husband's broken heads, than to the presence of a captain of dragoons, stood musing a little on the state of her larder, while Dinmont, by way of treating lightly the anxiety about his wounds, threw up his heels in imitation of some steps of the Highland fling. At her persuasion, however, he at last sat down, and submitted to the wished inspection. From the cuts that appeared the most dangerous she removed the clotted hair, and applied plaster. Those of less

magnitude she fomented with brandy; the first glass of which the patient seized, and nodding waggishly in his wife's face, observed, "Let the saw seek the sair, as the sutor's wife said, when she supped the poultice." So saying, he gulped down the contents, smacking his lips, and remarking "bits o' scarts on the pow were worth the meeting wi', when sic pleasing medicine was gien to heal them." Mrs Dinmont having finished her operation, and drawn a night-cap, much against his will, over the bandaged head of her husband, turned her attention towards Brown; but he assured her that all he wanted was a little water and a towel, as the blood on his clothes was got by coming in contact with her husband while riding. His request was soon complied with, and Mrs Dinmont, spreading a clean piece of napery on the table, set out a comfortable supper of substantial country fare, with plenty of home-brewed ale to wash it down. To the hospitality of the goodwife of Charlie's Hope, Brown found himself in trim to do justice, and with such a choice spirit as her husband, the conviviality might have been carried to an improper length had he not pleaded his being fatigued, an excuse which Dinmont, from the circumstances of the case, readily listened to. Brown was accordingly shown into a room, small indeed, but containing a bed remarkable for its neat and cleanly appearance, in which he soon sunk to profound and healthful repose. Next morning, he was early afoot, and was soon joined by Dandy himself, who, regardless of his recent bruises, had not only made his morning survey of his farm, but had also engaged with some of his neighbours to have a fox-chase, in the true Border style, as a compliment to his friend, the captain, who had agreed to remain a week with him. After breakfast, therefore, the day being favourable, a large muster of men and dogs took place, and much sport and high excitement ensued. After the exertions of the day were over, a number of the sportsmen returned, according to custom, to dine at Charlie's Hope. On their way home Brown rode for a considerable space by the side of the huntsman, a tall gypsy-looking man, who seemed shy of his company, although he caught him at times regarding him from under his shaggy eyebrows with a sinister expression, for which he could not account. Tired of his unsocial neighbour, he complimented him with a piece of money, and rode home with his landlord, where he found Mrs Dinmont had made ample provision for all comers; so that Brown had an opportunity of witnessing a Border festival as well as a Border hunt in the same day. We may briefly observe, that during the remainder of his visit, the time

was occupied with field and water sports peculiar to the country. The parting morning came at last, to the no small grief of the juvenile inmates of Charlie's Hope, whose little hearts the captain had, by the frank kindness of his manner, completely made his own. Mrs Dinmont herself seemed much affected, and on his rising to go away, offered, with the becoming modesty of the "olden time," her cheek to the salute of her departing guest. "Farewell, Sir," she said, "and may you never be less happy than we wish ye, and ye will be weel eneuch." Brown having hinted that in the rest of his journey he might find Wasp more troublesome than useful, Diamont insisted on his leaving him at Charlie's Hope, where he promised to have him regularly "entered wi' the vermine." "And now, captain," continued the honest farmer, grasping his friend by the hand, "Charlie's Hope has done well this year, the woo' has paid the rent, and if a hunder pound or twa would help to buy ye up a step in the regiment, a scart o' yer pen would just be as good to me as the siller, and ye can tak' yer ain time to the settlement." Brown heartily thanked him, and promised if he should require assistance of any kind he would let him know. With this understanding the two friends parted.

At the first inn he came to, Brown engaged a post-chaise to take him to Kippletringan. The stage was long, and he had not proceeded far before he was involved in a snow-storm, which increased to that degree that the driver drew up, and declared his inability to go on. Our traveller, therefore, got out for the purpose of making his way towards a light that gleamed from a distance. After most fatiguing exertions, from the nature of the road, he reached the wished for spot, where he had to explore his way amidst the ruins of cottages, and at last found that the light he was in search of came from a loop-hole in an old building, the form of which he could not make out. Within all seemed desolation; on a bed of straw lay a figure which appeared, from recent wounds, to be in the last stage of existence. At a little distance sat a female, whom Brown instantly recognized as the tall gypsy-woman he had seen at the English alehouse; she was singing a sort of death-rhyme in use among the superstitious race to which she belonged, her body keeping time to the cadence of the song. On finishing her wild strain, she rose and opened the door, when Brown presented himself before her; she instantly knew him, and her manner seemed to warn him that there was danger to be feared. He had little time to reflect. The noise of approaching voices was heard; he attempted to draw back from

what he considered a den of murderers. The gypsy grasped him with a muscular hand. "Here," said she, pulling him in, "is your only place of safety. Be silent, and no harm shall befall you." She made him crouch down in a recess, and having covered him over with straw, enjoined him to silence, whatever might occur. He had not been long in his concealment before several ruffian-looking men burst into the apartment, and ascertaining that their companion was dead, one of them pulled a keg of spirits from the corner, for the purpose of holding a *lykenwake*. The gypsy hastened to supply them with pipes and tobacco, in order to engage their attention. From the conversation which now took place, he learned that, by whatever means the deceased came by his death, the female at least was innocent. Having partaken of a little spirits, she withdrew from the party, and sat down on the straw, thus effectually screening her guest from observation. There she soon fell or affected to fall asleep, while the ruffians drew forth a portmanteau, which Brown had left in the chaise, and divided the contents among them; all which he had the philosophy to "see and be silent," what they had done with the driver being the object of his greatest anxiety. After drinking for some hours, the party got up, and wrapping the body in a sort of sea-cloak, to the inexpressible relief of Brown, left the house. The old woman instantly awoke from her sleep, and hastened to the door to be assured of their departure, she then returned, and told Brown in a whisper, to get up and follow her. He was instantly on his feet, and having appropriated to himself a cutlass, which one of the ruffians had left behind, he followed his guide with confidence. She stopped at last in sight of an extensive wood, and, pointing to it, said, "the road to Kippletringan lies beyond the trees. Make haste, for more depends on your life than you know of. You've lost your money, but here," said she, "take this, putting a clumsy-looking purse into his hand, many a good awmous hae I gotten from your house, and glad am I to be able to pay part of it back." "Insane she must be," thought Brown, "but there is no time to argue the matter." "In what manner shall I repay you this money, or recompense you for the kindness you have done me?" "I have twa favours to ask," said she, and her voice sunk to a low and mysterious tone; "one is, that you will never mention to human being what you saw among the ruins last night, and the other, that you will not quit this neighbourhood till you see me, and when I call for you, whether you be feasting or fasting, in kirk or in

market, at bridal or burial, you will instantly go with me."—"Why, good mother, that will do you little service."—"But it will do yourself much. I am neither crazy, nor doting, nor drunk, but know well what I am asking. God has preserved you amid strange dangers, and I shall be the instrument to place you in the station you was born to fill; so give me your promise, and consider that one who has already preserved your life deserves your confidence." Brown extended his hand to her as a token of his compliance, and then pressed her to say how he would return the purse. "Away, away," she exclaimed, waving her hand with much dignity; "think of your promise and not of the gowd. It's a'yer ain—go straight forward, and as you expect good at my hands, look not behind you." She then quickly disappeared among the brushwood that lined the sides of the deep ravine, while Brown proceeded towards the wood as directed, where he examined the contents of the gypsy's purse, and found it to consist chiefly of coins of different dates, rings, and jewels, worth, at least, one hundred pounds—a circumstance which gave him no little uneasiness, as he conceived a treasure of this kind could only have been acquired by the same nefarious means that deprived him of his own property. Though fully aware of the danger of having such suspicious valuables in his possession, his necessity compelled him to take a few guineas for his immediate expenses.

We shall now leave tracing the steps of Brown for a little to notice two occurrences at Woodbourne. A party of revenue officers, having seized a cargo of smuggled goods belonging to the "free-traders," were pursued by a large body of these ruffians, and fled in their extremity to the house of colonel Mannering—a gentleman, who, from principle as well as from his connexion with government, would not fail to protect them. Learning the case, Mannering, with the assistance of young Hazlewood, who was now a frequent and favourite visitant at Woodbourne, armed the servants, and put the house in the best possible state of defence, while the parties within calmly waited the approach of the enemy, who soon appeared, and, after a short parley, discharged three volleys which demolished most of the windows. The fire being returned from within, two of the leaders fell; the one by the practised hand of Mannering, and the other by that of young Hazlewood. The villains then made a rapid retreat, carrying their wounded companions along with them. The other circumstance alluded to was more nearly connected with Brown. This young gentleman, while reconnoitering in the

neighbourhood of Woodbourne, met unexpectedly in a narrow pathway Lucy Bertram and Julia Mannering, the latter having hold of young Hazlewood by the arm. Brown having heard of his attentions at Woodbourne House, and inflamed by jealousy, came hastily forward to address Miss Mannering, when she, alarmed at his unexpected appearance, uttered a loud scream. Hazlewood, mistaking his intentions, presented his fowling-piece, and ordered him in a haughty tone to retire; a command which Brown being in no humour to comply with, he seized the gun and attempted to disarm his opponent. In the scuffle the piece went off, and Hazlewood fell to the ground. The alarm brought a number to the spot, when our traveller was obliged to effect his escape without having an opportunity either to explain or to ascertain the extent of the injury committed. The hue and cry soon spread, and none seemed so anxious for the capture of the person charged with the murder as Glossin, who expected by his activity in such an emergency to ingratiate himself with the father of the young gentleman. His first application was made to Mrs Candlerish of the Gordon arms, with whom a person answering the description of the accused had taken up his quarters. Mrs Candlerish, who detested Glossin, was shy in giving any information respecting her lodger, till she was told of his being charged with the murder of young Hazlewood; she then disclosed the fact of his having confided to her care the purse already mentioned, which she produced along with the paper in which it was wrapped, which seemed to be part of a letter, the words V. Brown, Esq. being still legible. This address attracted more of the attention of Glossin than even the contents of the purse. Having got all the information which Mrs Candlerish had to give, he retired to follow out the pursuit he had begun. Anxious, however, as he was in the matter, the myrmidons in his employ were even more active than he wished; for, on reaching Ellangowan, he found they had in custody no less a personage than Dirk Hatterick himself, with whom Glossin had in past times some collusive transactions regarding the murder of Kennedy the supervisor, and the abduction of the heir of Ellangowan; the nature of which deeds it would suit neither Glossin nor his prisoner to have much inquiry made about. Glossin, therefore, dispensed with the presence of the constables at the examination of the prisoner, and a plan was privately formed between the *honest* "Justice" and the no less *trustworthy* "free-trader," by which the latter should be placed in a situation from which, during the night, he could effect his escape. An ample

allowance of spirits being "given in charge" to his keepers, a *trust* which Glossin from past experience had little hope of being *faithfully discharged*; we may also add that Glossin learned from his prisoner that the heir of Ellangowan was not only alive, but in the neighbourhood; news which filled him with consternation. The scene on that dreadful day when Kennedy was murdered rose with horrible distinctness to his "mind's eye," while the scream, "my bairn, my bairn," uttered by the agonized father, rung afresh in his ears, warning him, as it were, of the exposure and the infamy that awaited him, to avoid which he determined on the removal of Brown, by whatever means it could be effected. The goods captured from the smugglers, for the recovery of which the attack had been made on Woodbourne House, had been sent to the Custom-House at Portanferry. The mind of Glossin, ever fruitful in villanous expedients, instantly suggested the scheme of having Brown (who, from his conversation with Hatterick, and the words on the back of the letter he got from Mrs Candliesh, he was certain of being the person who had shot young Hazlewood,) apprehended and sent to the jail of Portanferry, and by instigating the smugglers to an attack, after, in his character of Justice of the Peace, he had managed to draw off the military, Dirk might then carry off his goods and Brown along with them: the latter to be disposed of in such a way as to give no further trouble to the purchaser of Ellangowan. This plan, in consideration of a bonus in addition to the chance of recovering the cargo, Hatterick was induced to accede to. His escape from his present confinement was therefore effected, and the circumstance made a handle of by Glossin for alarming the country gentlemen by reports of intended attacks similar to that on the house of colonel Mannerling. Having laid his train so far, his next object was to secure the person of Brown, and as the devil is said at times to assist his own, the helping hand of the "old gentleman," on the present occasion, was not wanting; for Brown, hearing that the wound of young Hazlewood was not so serious as given out, left his place of concealment for the purpose of giving such satisfaction or explanation as that gentleman might require; and in the course of his rambles chance led him to the ruins of Ellangowan castle, which he was exploring, surprised to find himself in a place which appeared to revive recollections of his earliest years, when Glossin, who had heard of a stranger being among the ruins, also made his appearance. Never stood man more aghast than when the stranger turned round, and presented to the conscience-stricken

lawyer what seemed to be the identical face and form of his late betrayed patron. His knees smote against each other, and his agitation was such that he remained for some time mute, unable to give notice to the constables whom he had taken the precaution to bring with him, to advance and secure their prisoner. On one of them attempting to collar Brown, he met such a rude reception that they both kept their distance; the stranger at the same time declaring, that he would not surrender till a warrant was produced. This being done, he accompanied them to Sir Robert Hazlewood's, who, being also in the commission of the peace, Glossin, for his own purposes, wished that he should at least share in the odium of the crime he meditated. With this object in view, he was taken for examination to the father of the person he was accused of having shot, and whose prejudice was sufficiently strong to induce him to listen to the sinister hints of Glossin, who, in order to advance himself in the good graces of the baronet, had volunteered to act as clerk on the occasion. We must, however, leave the prisoner to have his case investigated by these two *disinterested* individuals, and return to the good folks of Woodbourne House.

The affair of young Hazlewood, as might be expected, was the never-failing subject of conversation between Miss Mannerling and Miss Bertram. In the eyes of the latter, poor Brown was the most powerful savage-looking ruffian that had ever been seen, while the former, inwardly fretting at the language used by Miss Bertram, was, for reasons well known to the reader, obliged to keep her mind to herself. As for young Hazlewood, who was now able to visit them, he never failed to speak of his wound but as entirely accidental, a circumstance which raised him much in the esteem of Julia. While the parties were thus engaged, accounts were received of the death of Miss Margaret Bertram of Singlesides. As this lady was known at one time to have executed a deed in favour of Miss Lucy Bertram, leaving her the estate of Singlesides, Colonel Mannerling very handsomely volunteered his services to appear as mandatory for Miss Bertram at the reading of the will. For this purpose, in case he might require legal advice, Mr M'Morland furnished him with a letter of introduction to counsellor Pleydell, a gentleman who, in his official capacity of sheriff of the county, had investigated all the details of the murder of Kennedy, and the disappearance of the heir of Ellangowan. This circumstance made Mannerling the more anxious for his acquaintance.

It was on a Saturday night that, guided by a cadie, the

colonel made his way to the door of Mr Pleydell, which he found already preoccupied by a person of rather bulky dimensions, which, on the servant making her appearance with a light, our reader, had he been there, would have had no difficulty in recognizing as the *buirdly* gudeman of Charlie's Hope. From the servant, Mannering learned that Mr Pleydell, according to custom on Saturday nights, was engaged at the tavern with his professional brethren. To this resort he therefore requested his guide to conduct him—a proposal which Mr Dinmont thought proper to take the advantage of. On being ushered into the room, they found the party engaged playing "*High Jinks*," and the gentleman they were in search of, in his character of king, sitting on the table, with a chair for his throne, his head surmounted with a decanter slider, and his hand sceptred with a punch-ladle. It was a moment of excitement, and all was fun, whim, and good fellowship among them. Having read Mr M'Morland's letter, the king addressed the bearer in language suitable to his assumed character; to which Mannering, who instantly saw and entered into the spirit of those around him, replied in language equally appropriate, while poor Dandy, astonished to see his companion also infected with what he no doubt thought the folly of the company, turned up his eyes in wonderment and exclaimed, "de'il but this cows a'; it beats cock-fechting out and out." After a short time, Mr Pleydell ordered candles, and retired to give his visitors a private audience. Having dismissed Dinmont first, he discoursed at some length on the affairs of the family of Ellangowan, and the interest he felt, though unmixed with that mystery with which they were connected in the mind of Mannering, appeared equally intense. Arrangements for attending the funeral being made, and the colonel having promised to pass Sunday and such time as he had to spare in Edinburgh with his new friend, he retired for the night, having declined to return to the party, being, as he conceived, a cup too low for the state of elevation they appeared to have reached.

On the day of the interment, we shall merely mention that a deed subsequent to the one in favour of Miss Bertram was produced, by which the estate was left to the heir of Ellangowan, provided he was ever discovered; failing which it went to four charitable institutions, a destination which gave offence to all expectants, among whom appeared our friend Dandy Dinmont, who after giving vent to his disappointment, swore he would not return to Charlie's Hope empty-handed, and in order to make his words good, adopted an orphan whom the

deceased had left in a manner unprovided for, after patronizing her from childhood. The blunt good nature of the honest farmer was regarded by Mannering and Mr Pleydell with infinite satisfaction. The latter, with his snuff-box in his hand as an excuse for the tears that stood in his eyes, declared that it was "baith a feast and a fee to him to see such an excellent sample of good feeling in a countryman." Mannering having nothing farther to detain him, took leave of his legal friend, after exacting a promise that he would make him an early visit, and assist him in elucidating the mystery connected with the fate of the heir of Ellangowan.

We now return to the examination of Brown. Glossin lost no time in making the constables produce their prisoner before Sir Robert Hazlewood. This pompous individual proceeded to put his questions with that arrogance which might be expected from a person of limited knowledge, who had been suddenly raised to a place among the aristocracy of the country. Glossin, who had volunteered to act as clerk, affected to be very busy in arranging what he called documents necessary for the conviction of the prisoner, while Brown, between two constables, was placed at the bottom of the table, and awaited with apparent indifference the commencement of the farce which was about to be enacted. Sir Robert Hazlewood, in whose countenance a struggle for personal dignity and the austere gravity of the judge was displayed, after smoothing down his cravat thus proceeded to address the prisoner: "Hold up your head, sir, look me stedfastly in the face, and speak well out when you answer the questions I shall put to you." "Would it not be as well, sir, before you take the trouble of putting questions to me, to let me know who it is who takes so much interest in my affairs." "And pray, sir, what may that have to do with the questions I intend to ask?" "Nothing of importance perhaps; only it may enable me to decide as to the necessity of answering them." "Oh! then, sir, in that case you will please to know that it is Sir Robert Hazlewood of Hazlewood, and another gentleman, also in the commission of the peace, who find it their duty to become your interrogators, that's all."

As this information, delivered with much pomposity, produced no change on the cool indifference of Brown, Sir Robert, evidently piqued, thus proceeded: "Is your name Van Beest Brown, sir?" "It is." "Good, but how are we to describe you? What other designation do you bear?" "Captain in his majesty's ——— regiment of cavalry."

The baronet received this unexpected information with surprise, but felt relieved on seeing that Glossin treated the notice with a look of incredulity, accompanied by a low sort of whistle, expressive of contemptuous disbelief. "His majesty's cavalry!" said the baronet; "before we are done with you, friend, I fear we shall find you a more humble designation." "In that case," said Brown, "I shall cheerfully submit to be punished as an impostor." "*Nous verrons, nous verrons*, as they say in France," cried Sir Robert with a conceited chuckle. "In the mean time do you know young Hazlewood of Hazlewood?" "The gentleman who, I understand, bears that name I never saw but once, and I am sorry to say, it was under very disagreeable circumstances." "You mean to say, then, that you are the person who outrageously fired a deadly shot at young Hazlewood of Hazlewood, which lacerated his right shoulder, as well as hurt the feelings of his family." "Why, sir, I can only say that I am ignorant alike of the nature and extent of the danger which occurred to the young gentleman; we met by chance in a narrow path. He was walking with two ladies, having a servant behind him; and before I could either pass them or speak to them, he snatched a gun from his servant, and levelled it at my person, ordering me in a haughty tone to retire. I neither felt inclined to submit to his arrogance nor leave him the means of injuring me, which he seemed inclined to use in such a reckless manner. I therefore attempted to disarm him, when the piece accidentally went off, and unfortunately inflicted the wound you mention; a severer chastisement than I intended, though I rejoice to find it is not likely to prove more than his rash and unprovoked folly merited." "Indeed, sir," said the baronet, colouring and bristling up with all the offended dignity of a turkey cock, "so you acknowledge it was your intention, sir, your purpose, sir, your design, sir, your sole object, sir, the deliberate drift of your assault, sir, to— to deprive young Hazlewood of Hazlewood of his gun, his fowling-piece, or whatever it was, sir, on the king's highway. You confess all this, sir. I think this will do, Mr Glossin—we certainly ought to commit him." "No one is so good a judge of the propriety of a measure as yourself, Sir Robert," said Glossin in a wheedling tone of voice; "in the mean time, may I take the liberty of suggesting that there was, if my memory serves me right, something about smuggling mixed up with the atrocious attempt against the life of young Hazlewood of Hazlewood." "True, very true, my worthy neighbour. Now, Mr Van Beest Brown, since you have

confessed so much, confess that, instead of being a captain of dragoons, you are nothing more than the rascally mate of a pitiful smuggler." "You are a singular old gentleman, and seem to take all the privileges which your age entitles you to. You are under some strange infatuation respecting me, I perceive; and did I not suppose you far gone in your dotage, I should really feel very angry with you." "Ay! infatuation; really, sir, such language applied to one of my rank confirms me in the belief that I am rightly informed respecting your profession, whatever pretensions you may set up. Besides, how comes it, if you held such rank in his majesty's service, that you are wandering about the country without servants, without luggage, without letters of introduction; in short, without any thing that can establish your claims to the importance you assume? Answer me, sir? Ay, Glossin, let him answer that?" "True, Sir Robert," said the wily lawyer, "let him answer that, it will puzzle him I fear." "Of my clothes and other luggage I had the misfortune to be robbed ——." "O ho! now I come to understand who it is we have got. You are the very honourable gentleman who engaged a post-chaise from —— to Mrs Candler's at Kippletringan, and after going a few miles gave the driver the slip, and two of your companions came while the lad waited your return, and, after beating him, took away your luggage. Perhaps *they* too were captains, holding his majesty's commission?" "Their conduct at least," said Brown smiling, "did not bespeak them to be in the *commission of the peace*." "The honourable bench of justices," cried the baronet in a tone of high displeasure, having evidently mistaken the import of Brown's words, "is not to be insulted with impunity, or slandered by such questionable characters as you seem to be." "The bench," said Brown, "must have strange notions of their own dignity, if they would feel offended at any thing I have said respecting them." Here Glossin whispered to Sir Robert, who, after adjusting his wig, became sufficiently cool to proceed with his interrogatories. "Now, sir, let me ask you where you spent the night after you left the carriage amongst the snow, and why you did not return to see after your luggage and the poor lad you left behind you?" Here Brown, calling to mind his promise to the gypsy, remained silent; while the question was repeated by Glossin, who acted as clerk. "Both these questions," said the prisoner after a pause, "I decline answering." "I thought as much," said the baronet, giving an intelligent nod to Glossin. "I shall say this much," resumed Brown, "that on my arrival at

Kippletringan next day, I made every inquiry after the driver. Of the truth of this, the landlady of the Gordon Arms can inform you."

"I request you will tell me distinctly, did you or did you not spend the night in question amidst the ruins of Derncleugh?" "I have already told you distinctly that I will not answer that question." "So! then I must tell you that you will be held as confessed, and sent to prison as a reward for your contumacy. In the mean time look at these papers, and see if you are not the Van Beest Brown whom they refer to." These papers, it may be remarked, were artfully mixed up by Glossin with some documents belonging to Brown, and which were found by the constables scattered about the vault where his portmanteau was rifled by the smugglers. Brown, therefore, on examining them, stated "that some of them were his, and such as he had lost on the night he was robbed. Others," he said, "though they appeared to belong to some one of the same name, he knew nothing of." "Will you tell me how it comes that in all these papers there is not a single word in support of the rank you assume?" "Had all the documents contained in my portmanteau been produced, the evidence you desire would not have been wanting. I expect, however, in the course of a post or two to be able to furnish you with as much information respecting me as you have a right to demand."

Here Glossin submitted to Sir Robert that the prisoner should be called upon to explain in what manner he became possessed of the hanger found on his person at the time of his arrest. "For," said he, "one of the constables is ready to swear that it is one which he lost in a scuffle with a party of smugglers, when they attacked Woodbourne house. It would, therefore," continued Glossin, in a tone of irony, "be satisfactory if the young man can explain by what means he got possession of the weapon."

"A very proper question, Mr Glossin," said the baronet. "What do you say, young man?" "Nothing, but that it is a question I also decline answering." "Perhaps," said Glossin, "you may feel yourself at liberty to explain to Sir Robert Hazlewood by what turn of good fortune you fell in with the purse of old coins and other valuables which you placed in the hands of the landlady of the Gordon Arms." "On that subject I have also reasons for remaining silent." "Then, I fear, I must sign a warrant for committing you to prison." "If you choose to risk such a measure you may; but, in order that you may not plead ignorance as an excuse for your pro-

ceeding, I again inform you that I am an officer in his majesty's service, and but lately returned from India, and therefore cannot, by any possibility, have any knowledge of the characters that you attempt to connect me with. My lieutenant-colonel, as well as the major of the regiment I belong to, are both in England, and will readily vouch for my identity. I also refer you to the agent for the regiment, to whom you can write; and if these gentlemen do not certify the truth of my statement, I pledge myself to submit to any ignominy that you may choose to inflict." "This seems all fair enough," said Glossin, afraid of the impression which the candour of the prisoner would make upon Sir Robert, who did not much like the idea of committing an officer of dragoons to jail; "but is there no friend nearer who can make the necessary certificate respecting you." "I know only two persons in this country with whom I have any acquaintance; one of them is a sheep farmer in Liddesdale, but he knows little of me, save what I told him myself, and what you have already heard." "Well, this is mighty good, Sir Robert; I suppose you would be perfectly satisfied with the oath of this intelligent witness, who would no doubt swear through thick and thin to save a captain of dragoons? 'Tis an excellent joke, I must confess, Sir Robert, ha! ha! ha!" "Is your other friend equally respectable?" demanded the baronet. "The person I alluded to is Mr Dinmont of Charlie's Hope, a man who possesses more upright integrity of character than would serve a whole generation of knaves to laugh at for a century." Glossin frowned, and attempted a look of importance; his features, however, became unsteady, as he quailed beneath the indignant scowl of the prisoner. "My other friend," continued Brown, "is one who knew me in India, and though I feel reluctant to trouble him on the present occasion, yet I have no doubt he would speak to my character as a gentleman and a man of honour." "And who may this intelligent witness be, pray?—some half-pay quartermaster or full-pay serjeant, I suppose?" "The gentleman I speak of is colonel Mannering, late of the ——— regiment, in which regiment, as I have already told you, I have a troop." "Mannering!" muttered Glossin to himself, "who the mischief could have dreamed of that?" The baronet seemed bewildered, and spoke aside to Glossin. "My good friend, I find we have been sitting on the wrong egg here; the young man, though with a considerable share of impudence, has nevertheless the manner and appearance of a gentleman,

and if it should turn out that the colonel is his friend, we shall soon find ourselves on the windy side of the hedge."

"You are unquestionably the best qualified to judge, Sir Robert; but there is strong presumptive evidence against him, and his repeated refusal to answer questions which no innocent man ought to hesitate about, is suspicious. His story about colonel Mannering I take to be the bold and impudent attempt of a desperate man, a mere *ruse*, Sir Robert, in order to create intimidation. He knows that the colonel is not in this part of the country, and therefore takes advantage of his absence to gain, if possible, his liberation, and thereby effect his escape from the punishment of crimes too serious to bear investigation. By detaining him, therefore, in jail a few days, till the return of the colonel and the receipt of his pretended vouchers from England, little harm will be done, while it may relieve us from the heavy responsibility of allowing a criminal of his importance to escape." These, and other arguments of a similar nature, were brought under the notice of Sir Robert, by the wily and self-interested lawyer, with much apparent humility, and they were not without their effect; for the weak-minded and prejudiced baronet, overcome by the sophistry of his colleague, was induced to sign a warrant for committing Brown to the bridewell of Portanferry, a place of confinement which, as we have already explained, was every way adapted for the execution of the plans concocted between the new proprietor of Ellangowan and his worthy associate Dirk Hatterick.

The result of the examination of Brown was what might be expected where prejudice and knavery were combined, and a warrant for committing him to the jail of Portanferry was made out, which Glossin lost no time in having put in force; the possession of the person of the prisoner being, as we have already stated, the grand object of his plot. Illegal as the proceedings might be, he was resolved to brave the consequences as the lesser evil. He foresaw Brown's detention would only be temporary, and therefore that he had no time to spare. Accordingly, by working on the fears of old Hazlewood, the guard from the Custom-house was withdrawn, under the pretext of guarding that gentleman's house, and every thing else was put in trim for carrying into effect the attack at Portanferry.

Brown's situation in the jail of that place, unknown to himself, became more perilous every hour. Evening drew on—he had attempted to make his dinner of a greasy, ill-cooked beef-steak,

which gave him little expectation of comfort from what might be served up at supper; and he was reflecting on the miserable accommodation and wretched fare to which he was subjected though charged to him at an exorbitant price, when the train of his thoughts was broken in upon by the short and joyous bark of his dog Wasp, followed by the tread of a heavy foot on the stair. Instantly the door of his room was thrown open, and ere he was aware he found his hand in the firm grasp of that of his friend from Charlie's Hope. "In the name of wonder, how did you find me out here?" was the first question of Brown.—"Od," said Dandy, "it was queer eneuch, I had twa-three letters about ye, a' sayin' ye was here, and fewer friens about ye than ye were in need o', and gypsy Gibbie, that's our huntsman ye ken, wha saw ye in the Indies when he was in the sodgerin way, cam' to me wi' a message from his aunt, Meg Merrilees, sayin' that, if I had any regard for you I should be aff to Portanferry, and let nae grass grow at my heels. That there would be a collie-shangie about ye, and that ae frien' present would be worth a dozen absent. So I put Duple aneath me, and here I am, resolved to stay wi' ye a' nicht, and help ye to count broken heads if need be, for I maun tell ye, captain, there's a queer souch gaun about, and there's nae dragoons i' the toun." Brown was now satisfied that there was something more serious to apprehend than mere detention, and expressed himself grateful for the promptitude of his friend. He was about to relate the particulars of his case, when Dinmont observed, "Captain, if ye like, we'll ha'e nae mair talking till we ha'e some eating. I ordered supper for us at the inn where I put up the beast, and M'Guffog the jailor has agreed to let it in. He has a cook himsel' I ken, but I dread her hands, like our grumphies' feet, are better acquainted wi' dirt than wi' saip; so I thought a clean well-cooked check o' supper would be agreeable to you, and do me nae harm after my journey. Bless ye, Sir, I've trotted sixty miles the day, half o' the way; Wasp sat afore me, and keepit his seat as if he had been used to the saddle a' his days. Od Captain, your dog's a queer beast, an' a kindly beast too; there he lies, poor thing, licking your shoe, though his tongue is like to fa' asleep in his mouth wi' perfect fatigue." The servant now made her appearance with the supper, and the clean piece of napery in which it was wrapped being preferred to M'Guffog's dirty table-cloth, the two companions set themselves seriously to work, to make up for the discomforts of the day. Dinmont, who in his journey had by way of lunch discussed the matter of three pounds of cold

mutton, was the first to speak. "Weel Captain," said he, pushing the well-picked bones of a fowl from him, "that hen was na sic a bad ane to be fed on a town's middin, altho' it was na sae weel breasted nor sae heavy a-hin' as the gausy barn-door chuckies at Charlie's Hope."

The girl having cleaned the table, and put down the brandy and hot water, the two resumed their conversation, which they continued till interrupted by the gaoler, who came to warn Dinmont to retire, an intention which the sturdy farmer seemed in no hurry to comply with. "It is against all rule, Mr Dinmont." "Rule here, rule there, I'll no leave my friend to-night—ye ken me weel eneuch M'Guffog, and I'll be responsible for all consequences, besides paying you weel for my quarters, and that, tak' my word for't, will be better for you than the skinful o' sair bones ye'll get the next time ye put yer snout beyond Liddle Moat." "Od, Mr Dinmont, if that's to be the way o't, I maun just let ye tak' a tune on yer ain fiddle, but if I am blamed, I'll lay the wite on you." "E'en do sae, in the mean time warm yer mouth wi' that, (pushing the glass of brandy towards him), and gang awa' down the stairs, for we want to hae our ain crack." M'Guffog obeyed with alacrity, and the two friends continued to talk over their affairs till the lateness of the hour induced them to think of repose. Dinmont, turning down the bed-clothes of the berth he was to occupy, found appearances so suspicious, that he drew on his great-coat, and, throwing himself on the coverlet, was soon, from the fatigues of the day, fast asleep. Brown, following the example of his friend, without stripping, reclined himself on the top of the bed. Anxious in mind, and restless from the closeness of the room, he felt no inclination to sleep, but lay musing on his wayward fate, and counting the hours as they sounded on the neighbouring clock. While thus employed, a confused and distant noise broke upon his ear, which, as he listened, became more audible, till at last he distinctly heard the sound of voices from the shore, mingled with the dash of oars approaching from the sea. He rose and looked through the gratings of his little window, for by this time the glare of flambeaux was throwing gleams of light amidst the surrounding darkness. Little Wasp now began to bark with great bitterness, and his alarm being caught by the mastiff in the yard, he gave tongue with the utmost fury, rattling his chain as if he would break from his fastenings. Meantime the noise of axes and hammers told but too plainly that the assailants had attacked the doors of the Custom-house with a determination that promised them

speedy admittance. Brown now, with no small difficulty, awoke his companion, who seemed at first amazed and confused by the uproar without, and well he might, for from the shouts and the infuriated yells that were heard from hundreds of voices, it appeared but too plainly that the rabble of the town had joined the rioters. Showers of sparks, the crackling of burning timber, and the dark clouds of smoke which now rolled past them, indicated that the Custom-house was on fire, while amidst the flames, which enlightened the streets, groups of desperate-looking ruffians with pistols in their belts and hangers at their sides, were seen hurrying with packages of goods on their shoulders, and placing them on board of their boats, which, as soon as loaded, pulled off to a cutter anchored at a little distance from the shore. The fire now raged with fury, and the burning embers fell in such quantities, that Brown and his companion became seriously alarmed for their own safety. The latter began, at the top of his voice, to call for M'Guffog to let them out. This faithful guardian, however, had deserted his charge on the first appearance of danger, and the rioters were now in possession of the jail, and releasing the prisoners. Without, the tumult increased—the noise of cavalry rapidly advancing was heard, and soon the flashing of sabres was seen in the lurid light of the conflagration, while the strong and manly voice of the sheriff-substitute was heard above the execrations of the disappointed ruffians, proclaiming the riot act.

At this juncture Brown's apartment was burst open, and several figures entered; one of whom, laying his hand on Brown's arm, whispered in his ear to be silent and offer no resistance till he gave him the hint, and to make his friend keep close behind, and act as circumstances might call for. With one on each arm and Dandy close in the rear, he was now hurried down to the street, where the confusion was such that the rest of the party was soon separated from them. After making their way through the crowd for some time, Brown, on receiving the signal from his unknown friend, quickly disengaged himself from the grasp of the other, while a blow from the hand of the sturdy farmer laid him senseless on the ground, as if struck by a sledge-hammer. The three then hurried along, and taking down a bye-lane reached the outskirts of the town, where a coach and four was waiting. In this conveyance, they were ordered in all haste to seat themselves, and Wasp jumping in, the carriage drove rapidly off, while the tumult behind them soon died away in the distance. "Od, Captain," quoth Dinmont, re-

collecting his horse for the first time, "if I had Duple here we would be a' richt, at least we would be better than scowthering up by in yon hole o' M'Guffog's. But the wife at the inn kens me, and she'll no let Duple want meal and water till I send her word. But, Captain, whare are they taking us to, think ye?" "That's what I mean to know at our first stage." "Weel I agree to that, and if they are no gaun the richt road, I think they'll need twa-three stiff hands to keep you and me frae taking the road we like ourselves." To the resolution inferred in this remark of his sturdy associate Brown assented, and with this understanding they continued their progress in silence.

The friends who had been so active in warning Dinmont of the situation of his friend the captain, had been equally on the alert in sending notice to other quarters. By their means, Mr M' Morland had become acquainted with the plan of withdrawing the military from Portanferry; and, as our reader is aware, instantly ordered their return.

While the riot was at its height, colonel Mannering and Mr Pleydell were snugly seated in the parlour at Woodbourne. The evening had been spent in the most agreeable and amusing conversation between the facetious lawyer and the two young ladies; the vivacity of Miss Mannering forming a delightful contrast to the wit and ingenious playfulness of the Edinburgh *scavant*, while the good sense which distinguished the remarks of Miss Bertram, gave a pleasing variety to the sallies of her fair friend. As for colonel Mannering, he appeared more than usually grave, and there was a restless anxiety about him which at times attracted the notice not only of his daughter, but likewise of his guest. He at last rose from his seat, and, after pacing the room for a few minutes, retired from the company. A servant soon entered, requesting the presence of Mr Pleydell; bowing gracefully, the lawyer withdrew, leaving Dominie Samson to amuse the ladies till his return. "Mr Pleydell," said Mannering, as soon as that gentleman had shut the door, "at the risk of being thought a fool, I am going to mention a singular occurrence which has taken place; but before I proceed, please to read that scrawl." So saying, he put an awkwardly folded piece of paper in his hand, from which he managed to decipher words to the following import. "You that can read the stars, and tell the hour of peril, read what follows:—To-night, at ten o'clock, have a carriage waiting at the end of the crooked-dykes at Portanferry, and let it bring those to Woodbourne who shall ask, 'Are you there, in God's name?' Do this, and expect—

“Dark shall be light,
Wrong shall be right,
And Bertram’s right and Bertram’s might
Shall meet on Ellangowan’s height.”

“Mystic and brief. And what have you done?” said Pleydell, after reading the paper. “What, the deep interest I feel in the house of Ellangowan alone can excuse. I have obeyed orders, and the more so as these orders came from no less a personage than Meg Merrilees, who is a singular being, and has many strange fancies about her. She attacked Dominie Samson in the woods, and compelled him to carry her message almost at the expense of his senses. You may laugh, perhaps, but the chance of saving a family I so highly esteem made me think lightly of the ridicule I might incur.” “You have done well, colonel, and, depend upon it, Meg would not have troubled you, if she had not good reasons of her own. We can only wait the result. Meantime, we shall, if you please, return to the ladies.”

“Julia,” said Mannering on entering the parlour, “you must tell Mrs Household to make some addition to her larder, as I expect some strangers to-night; and as they may not be here before supper, let her order the gate at the top of the avenue to be left open. The men must not go to bed till ordered; and when the strangers come, let them be shown to the library?” “La! papa, who can be coming so late?” “I cannot yet say, my dear; but I hope, though late, they will not disappoint us.” “I will scarcely forgive them, if they break up our little party,” said Julia, who was quite taken with the manners of the old counsellor, who, to his other accomplishments, added a proficiency in music. He now proposed to accompany the ladies with his voice, thereby forming a little concert.

In this pleasing amusement they continued till supper was served up, during which the uneasiness of Mannering seemed to increase, and his ear was eagerly bent in the direction of every sound that was heard. All seemed disappointment; time passed slowly on; the table was at last cleared, the glasses set, and the wine put down: still no strangers appeared. Mannering again rose, and traversed the room with impatience. At Pleydell’s request the music was resumed. The step of the colonel became short and quick, and seemed to indicate the extreme agitation with which he was affected. The melancholy fate of Sophia Wellwood, on the day marked out in the horoscope, their singular connexion with the child of Mr Bertram, who had so mysteriously disappeared, with other

matters relating to himself, mixed up with conjectures as to who the strangers might be whom he was led to expect, were subjects which were presenting themselves in rapid succession to his mind, when he was startled by the distant sound of a carriage. The music was suspended. "They come at last," cried Pleydell, starting to his feet. "It has entered the avenue," said Mannering, with affected calmness. All listened; the vehicle approached, and soon drew up. Pleydell forgetting, for the moment, all his professional coolness, sprung forward to see the strangers. "Odds, my life," he exclaimed, "if here is not our worthy friend from Liddesdale." His announcement, however, was not attended to. Brown had unconsciously advanced a few steps into the parlour, where the light falling full on his person, Miss Bertram, instantly recognizing the person charged with shooting her lover, uttered a loud scream. Julia became pale, and trembled excessively, while Mannering stood rivetted to the spot, and motionless as a statue, his eyes fixed with astonishment on the man whom he thought had fallen by his hand in India. Brown seeing the effect of his presence, hastened to explain that his intrusion was involuntary. "You are, sir, if I mistake not," said Mannering gravely, "Mr Brown." "Yes, he whom you knew in India, and I trust nothing occurred there to prevent you vouching for my character as a gentleman and a man of honour." To this appeal, respectfully but firmly expressed, Mannering replied, "I have seldom, Mr Brown, been more surprised. To your conduct in India, you may, sir, at any time command my most ample testimony; and as to what took place between us, I am also ready to report in your favour." Brown made a dignified and respectful bow in return, while Mr Pleydell, who had led Dimmont forward after gazing with astonishment at the confusion the appearance of the strangers had created, turned to regard the cause of it. His eye had no sooner met that of Brown than he started back, muttering to himself, "By all that is good, the very picture of Mr Bertram;" and advancing to Lucy, laid hold of her arm. "Look," said he, "at that man, and say if you ever saw any thing so like your father. It is his very face, only more handsome and more intelligent." Miss Bertram, who thought of nothing save the affair of young Hazlewood, averted her face, and begged to be asked no questions about him. Here Dominie Samson, whose attention had been roused from the study of a musty old tome, came forward, and after regarding the stranger with increasing surprise, spoke aloud as if to himself, "If the dead be permitted to visit the living, there stands my

worthy old master." "I am right," cried Pleydell, and the gypsy has not deceived us. "Be seated, young gentleman." "Hold a little, my good sir," said Brown, "I am, I believe, in the house of colonel Mannering. The intrusion, on my part, was not intended. May I ask if my presence is not offensive, or if I am to consider myself welcome." Mannering stepped forward. "Most certainly you may, and the more so if you can point out how I can serve you. I have long been satisfied that I have injuries to redress towards you, and whatever may have occasioned your visit, I reckon the circumstance fortunate. Julia, you had better retire; Mr Brown will excuse you, he knows there are painful recollections connected with the past which it may be as well not to revive." Brown bowed, with an air of distant and polite acknowledgment of the formal courtesy of Mannering, and Julia, with her friend, Miss Bertram, rose and left the room. "Now, my good friends," said the counsellor, "let's to business. Draw all your seats round the table, and we'll begin our proceedings with a glass of wine. Colonel, you'll excuse my taking the command for a little; and Dominie, shut your mouth, and don't look as if you would swallow the young stranger." "Odd, Mr Pleydell," said Dinmont, "as I'm no that weel redd up the nicht, it would be better for me to leave ye to yer ain cracks, as this braw room and my coat doesna sort weel thegither."

Mannering who, in his surprise at the appearance of Brown, had overlooked that of the honest farmer, now came up, and gave him a most cordial welcome, recalling to his memory the circumstance of their meeting in Edinburgh; and "Mr Dinmont," continued he, "I am glad to see under my roof a man whose heart would do honour to the drawing-room of a prince." "Hoot, toot, colonel, ye're rinnin' awa wi' the harrows now; we're just plain up-and-down folks about Charlie's Hope, and can gie a lounder to a foe or a lift to a friend, as we happen to be in the tid; but if I thocht I wou'd hear ony thing good for my frien', the captain, I would like weel enuch to sit still among ye a wee." "Silence then in the court," cried Pleydell, with affected solemnity. "And now, sir," said he, turning to Brown, "I shall begin by asking, Who art thou?" "Indeed, sir, that is a question which I once thought I could answer; but I have come to a country, in which, though strange to me, the people seem to know more about me than I do of myself: this much I know, that I was called Van Beest Brown, was educated in Holland, and afterwards served as a cadet in the ——— regiment of dragoons,

under colonel Mannering;" "and I in truth can aver," said the colonel, "that you was regarded by all as a young man of talent and spirit." "So much for character," said Pleydell. "Now, where was you born?" "Somewhere in Scotland I have been told." "Tell us what recollections you have of your early years." "They are very indistinct. I have a vague idea of being treated with much tenderness by a lady-like woman, who must have been my mother; and of sitting astride on the knee of a good-natured gentleman, who, no doubt, was my father. I also remember a tall kindly sort of man in black, who taught me my letters, and walked with me often among woods. He was with me the last day——." Here the feelings of the Dominie became deeply affected. "Look at me," he cried, in a voice stifled with emotion, "and say if I am not the man. Look at me, Harry Bertram, and ——." "Harry Bertram!" exclaimed Brown, starting to his feet, and laying his hand on his forehead, as if to assist his recollection, "by that name I was once called, and by your voice and figure you must be my kind old master." The poor Dominie, satisfied that he had at last found his long lost charge, caught him round the neck, and wept aloud. His emotion became infectious; Mannering drew out his handkerchief, and hastily wiped away the moisture that had gathered in his eyes. Pleydell, as if the buckle of his shoe had got loose, stooped down to adjust it, though from the tell-tale drops that glittered on his cheeks, it was evident that the stoicism of the lawyer had been giving way to the feelings of the man. Dandy sat for some time compressing his lips, and twisting his broad honest countenance into all manner of shapes, till nature at last relieved herself by a loud blubbering explosion, "Deil's in the Dominie," he cried, clapping the cuff of his dreadnought to his eyes, "he's gart me play the bairn, a thing I hae na done this mony a day." "Mr Samson," cried Pleydell, "I have allowed you time for the expression of your feelings, now be silent, and our young friend will tell us what else he remembers." "The last day," said Bertram, for so we may now call Brown, "I was in Scotland, I remember being in a wood." "Yes, Warroch wood, my dear." "Silence, Dominie," said Pleydell, sharply. "I remember being in a wood, and on horseback; I remember a battle, and have a confused idea of blood and fighting. All at once I was thrown into the arms of a tall woman, who ran off with me; after which I remember nothing, till I found myself at sea a cabin boy, an ill-used starveling, whom nobody cared about, till I was taken a fancy to by the person whose

name I bear, who sent me to school, enjoining me however to make no inquiry after my relations, my father having been killed, and my mother being long dead. The truth of this I always doubted, but I could get no other information. "Now," said Pleydell, "what do you say as to shooting young Hazlewood." "It was altogether chance. I saw him with Miss Mannering, whom I knew in India; I approached to pay my respects, when he ordered me to keep back, with more *hauteur* than I was disposed to submit to. A scuffle ensued, and his gun went off by accident." "I thought as much; but from the manner you have been brought out of jail, a bail-bond must be lodged for your appearance. This can be done to-morrow; meantime let us go to bed." "Indulge me, sir, for a few moments; you have put many questions to me, all of which I have answered; may I now ask the name of one who has taken this trouble, and with what intent I have been interrogated?" "My name," said the counsellor, "is Pleydell, an advocate in practice at the Scottish bar, and my intention is to prove you Harry Bertram, Esquire, male heir to the estate of Ellangowan, and representative of one of the oldest families in the kingdom." Bertram remained silent from surprise, while colonel Mannering went over the details of his first acquaintance with the family of Ellangowan, to all which Bertram paid marked attention, till the colonel mentioned the circumstance of casting the nativity, and of his having learned that it was carefully suspended about the neck of the child. Bertram hastily undid the fastening of his shirt, and, untwisting a little bag, presented it to Mannering, whose hand trembled as he examined the contents. "This, Mr Bertram," said he, holding out a paper, "is to me, at least, full proof of your identity. It is my own hand, and I can't be mistaken. But how came it to be so long and so well preserved?" "It seems," said Bertram, "to have been impressed by some one or other on the minds of the superstitious men amongst whom I was cast, that it was a sort of talisman, and that storms and disasters would attend them if they deprived me of it; and, from early habit, I myself came to regard it with a sort of veneration, as the only relic of the unknown beings with whom I was connected." Time being far advanced, the party, though much interested in what they had heard, rose and retired to bed.

Next morning a most tender and affecting interview took place between Bertram and his sister; but as none happened to be present, save Dominie Samson, a person whose memory was neither very clear nor retentive, we shall leave the

reader to supply the particulars from his own imagination. At an early hour, Mannering and Pleydell waited on Sir Robert Hazlewood, whose mind having previously been primed by Glossin, their reception, in consequence, was cold and formal. Many frivolous objections were started to the acceptance of bail; and nothing but the dread of the consequences threatened by Pleydell, induced him at last to agree. This obstinacy of the old gentleman was in direct opposition to his son; but the withdrawal of the military from his house, by M'Morland, had hurt his pride, and the insinuations of Glossin aggravated his feelings to the prejudice of the accused.

Bertram, being now at large, was introduced by his sister to young Hazlewood, when a cordial reconciliation took place. After which, a walking party was proposed; but they had only reached a rising ground, from whence Miss Bertram was pointing out to her brother the ruins of the castle of Ellangowan, when a loud shout from Dinmont warned Bertram to stop. "Ye're wanted to speak to *her* ye ken yersel'." Julia coloured and looked surprised, when the tall figure of Meg Merrilees suddenly appeared on an elevated bank, waving him towards her. The ladies begged him not to go. He seemed for a moment to pause. The gypsy scowled. "Must your hour call you twice? Remember your pledge, and follow me," she cried, darting a look of displeasure towards the ladies. "Excuse me," cried Bertram in haste, "I am bound to attend this person for a little." So saying, he and Dinmont hurried off, leaving his friends to account for his departure as they best might.

Hazlewood seeing the anxiety of the ladies, offered to follow the absentees, and act as circumstances might require; to which Julia readily assented. Meantime the gypsy led her companions in haste to the ruins of Derncleuch, where, having furnished them with arms, she pointed to a table where some substantial refreshments were placed. "Eat," said she, "for you may have both a long fight and a long fast before you." Bertram partook slightly, while Dinmont was less ceremonious. "A fecht and a fast, said ye, luckie; odd, ane o' them's eneuch at a time," quoth he, sticking his fork in a large piece of beef. "Now, my good mother," said Bertram, "where may you be taking us to." "To do your own work; so be firm-hearted and stout-handed, for you have no child to deal with. Move not till ye hear me say, 'The hour is come, and the man is here;' then rush on your foe, but kill him not, for he belongs to the gibbet." They now left the vault,

making their way over bogs and through brushwood, till they reached a romantic little spot in the middle of a wood. The gypsy turned to Bertram. "Here," said she, "have you often sat on my knee while I sung you songs of the bold Bertrams of the "olden time." Don't you remember,

"Are these the links of Forth? said she,
Or are they the crooks of Dee;
Or the bonny woods of Warroch side,
Where I sae fain wad be?"

The words struck a chord in the heart of Bertram, who, catching the simple air, instantly responded,

"They're not the links of Forth, said he,
Nor yet the crooks of Dee;
But they're Bertram's wood of Warroch side,
Whose bride you soon shall be."

"Ah! Harry Bertram," she said in a doleful voice, "these were the songs of my happier days. But come on, I'll put your memory to a less pleasing test." So saying, she led the way down a path intricate from encroaching underwood, and darkened by the shade of lofty trees. The face of Bertram became gloomy and disturbed as he advanced. "Do you remember?" asked the gypsy. "Yes," said Bertram, "this is a spot I can never forget." "Here," said his guide, "the man was torn from his horse; loud were his cries for mercy, but his cries were vain. Behind that thorn you fell into my arms. Follow me and I will show you where I carried you!" "Do you go to the cave?" "Yes," said she, "observe how I enter, make no noise, but take your station in silence behind, where you can see me: be resolute, but stir not till you get the signal." The gypsy pushed forward, and parting some furze, made her way down what seemed to be a fissure in the rock. Bertram and Dinmont, after pausing a few moments, followed their guide, creeping headforemost into the cavern. Dandy, being hindmost, was nearly thrown off his guard by hearing some one behind him breathing hard. He was about to strike out his foot to repel the intruder, when the words, "'Tis I, a friend, young Hazlewood," reached his ear in a whisper. On reaching the bottom of the descent to the cavern, they found themselves in a spacious vaulted apartment, at the upper end of which, before a large smoky fire lay the Herculean figure of Dirk Hatterick. A broad leathern belt girded his waist, in which several dangerous-looking pistols were stuck. On the opposite side of the fire, and in front of a barrier of furze, stood Meg Merrilees, conversing with her ruffian associate. Bertram and his companions

stationed themselves quietly behind the screen which she appeared to have placed for them. "Donder and blitzen," cried Dirk, "You old hag, where have you been so long?" "Helping to spin the rope that's to hang you. Did I not tell you, you murdering vagrant, that 'blood would have blood?' Did I not warn you when you carried off the child, Harry Bertram, that he would return and bring your doom along with him?" "You certainly said so, mother; he and Glossin are like to be my ruin. My-crew are killed, my boats are lost, and I have no doubt but the lugger is taken, all through the schemes of that villain Glossin. Oh, that I had him by the throat." "You and he will soon have throttling to your heart's content." "How know ye that?" "Because," said the gypsy, in a voice that made the vault ring again, "*your hour is come, and the man is here!*" Bertram, who had stood quivering with rage, having recognized in the ruffian before him the most merciless of the tyrants of his tender years, sprung forward on hearing the signal. The wretch, seeing himself betrayed, drew a pistol and fired at the gypsy. The woman fell to the ground, exclaiming "this is the way I always said it would end." The next pistol was levelled at Bertram, and would have proved fatal had he not stumbled in his eagerness to close with his enemy. Before he recovered his footing, Dinmont had thrown the muscular villain on the ground, where the two were exerting their ponderous strength for the mastery, and Dirk had so far disengaged himself as to be in the act of drawing another pistol, when Bertram threw himself upon him and pinned him to the ground. He was now disarmed, and being effectually secured with ropes, sat in dogged silence, under the iron grasp of Dinmont, while Hazlewood set off for constables to conduct him to jail, there to await the serious charge recorded against him. In the mean time Bertram was engaged in examining the wound of the gypsy.

Sooner than might have been expected, Hazlewood returned, and in addition to the constables, brought with him a medical practitioner and the minister of the parish. But, alas! on examining the case, the doctor was forced to declare the faithful adherent of the house of Ellangowan beyond the reach of his art. She was therefore consigned to the pious attention of the clergyman; having been previously, at her own request, removed to the vault at the cairn of Derndeuch. Hatterick, who refused to walk, was carried to the outlet of the cavern, through which he was forced by main strength, and a carriage being procured, he was sent off under a strong

escort to Kippletringan, maintaining all the way a sullen silence, while a fiendish scowl hung on his guilty forehead.

"Weel, Captain," said Dinmont, as the carriage drove on, "that's as dour a looking devil's pennyworth as ever the craws had the picking o'. Will they hing him in chains, think ye? Weel I kent the man he murdered, Francie Kennedy, a gude chiel o'er a stoup o' brandy, but keen keen in the scent after a smuggler." "He must abide the septence of the law," said Bertram; "in the mean time we must to Derncleuch and see that proper attention is paid to our friend the gypsy in her last moments." "Poor Meg, poor hizzy, she had mair gude than ill about her, and after what she has done, it would not look weel for us to turn our backs upon her in the dead-throws." By the time the two friends had reached the vault, a large body of the tenantry had collected, and on the appearance of Bertram, the resemblance to his father, after a little Scotch caution, was acknowledged by the elderly part, and received by the younger with a loud and joyous shout. Bertram entered the vault just as the gypsy, on hearing the noise, had raised herself on her arm. "He's own'd," she cried in a shrill voice, "my work is done—for this I lived, and for this I die. I swore I would place him in his father's seat, though every step should be on a corpse. My own is the first, and there will be two more!" So saying, as if exhausted with the effort, she sunk back on the couch and expired, muttering to herself "come death—pass breath."

Bertram, after giving the necessary directions respecting Meg, returned to Woodbourne with young Hazlewood and Dinmont. The news of the exploit had already got before them. They had therefore little to do but receive the congratulations of their friends. The capture of the smuggler, and the dying declaration of the gypsy were considered of much importance by Pleydell. The examination of Hatterick and other witnesses which took place next day, greatly abridged the labours of the lawyer; as proofs of the identity of Bertram were not only elicited, but sufficient evidence produced of Glossin's guilty collusion in the murder of Kennedy to authorize his being included in a criminal warrant along with Hatterick. The villains were, in consequence, conveyed to jail, where a fearful catastrophe anticipated the vengeance of the law. The following morning, Glossin, who had bribed the jailor to give him admission to Hatterick's cell, was found a mangled and blackened corpse, having been sacrificed to the revenge of his savage associate, who had also managed to evade a shameful public death by committing suicide.

Glossin having died without issue, and no part of the price of Ellangowan having been paid, Pleydell anticipated little difficulty in negotiating with the creditors in behalf of the heir of entail. He therefore, along with M' Morland, laid their plan of procedure before Bertram. That young gentleman declared it to be his fixed determination that all his father's just debts should be paid in full, though he should even be obliged to return to India, a resolution Mannering no sooner heard, than he grasped him by the hand with a cordiality such as he had never before displayed. In the course of the evening, a long confidential conversation took place between them. That the subjects discussed were of a private nature, we may guess from the circumstance that orders were shortly after given for the repair and enlargement of the Mansion-house of Ellangowan, including, besides, an elegant suite of apartments for Mannering—ample accommodation for his extensive library, and an apartment for Dominie Samson. When the plan and elevation of the building was shown to the Dominie, that warm-hearted unsophisticated creature clasped his hands together, and raised his eyes in silent but expressive gratitude to him who had once more restored the house of his patron to its former flourishing condition, while his lips seemed to move as if imploring a benediction on the heads of those who had been made the instruments in bringing about the good work. On his own apartment, marked "Mr Samson's Room," being pointed out to him, he spread out his hands in astonishment, exclaiming, at the same time, **PRODIGIOUS!!!** in a tone of voice in which the grave and ludicrous were so singularly blended, that even the gravity of Mannering for a moment gave way, and in despite of the respect entertained for the character of the good old man, a burst of laughter exploded simultaneously from all present. The poor Dominie, astounded at a noise so little in accordance with his feelings, dropped his expansive hands, which, with their long extended fingers, seemed almost as broad as a pair of fanners, and threw his large goggle eyes round the company, inquiringly, as to the cause of their merriment. Seeing colonel Mannering laughing, a thing which he had never witnessed before, he once more opened his jaws, in wonderment, and again exclaimed "**PRODIGIOUS!!**" in a tone of increased surprise. This last exclamation was followed by a renewed fit of laughter, and Mannering, afraid of being betrayed a second time into a forgetfulness of that gravity which formed so striking a feature in his character, withdrew from the company.

Among the projected alterations, we may also mention that

of a group of neat little cottages at the ruins of Derncleugh, to be appropriated, along with comfortable annuities, to the best behaved and nearest of kin to the late Meg Merrilees, who should feel disposed either from age or inclination to leave off their predatory habits, and take shelter, as their forefathers had done, under the protecting wing of the house of Bertram. At this proposal, Dominie Samson shook his head despairingly, which Dinmont explained as meaning "Tods' bairns are ill to tame." "Very true, Mr Dinmont," said Bertram, "but remember that crab-apples improve by culture, the experiment at any rate, for the sake of the dead, shall be tried."

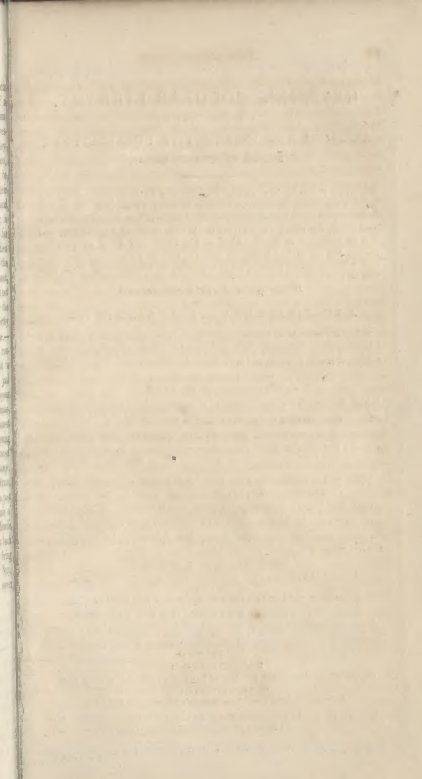
While these intended projects were under discussion, a splendid new equipage drove up to the door, and, in a few minutes, "Sir Robert Hazlewood, to wait upon captain Bertram," was announced. The old gentleman was, with due ceremony, shown into the library, where the heir of Ellangowan soon attended, to learn the purport of his visit. On entering the library, Bertram found his old inquisitor pacing the room with his hands behind his back, from one of which dangled his walking stick by its showy silk tassel, while the other held his three-cornered hat, partly concealed by the broad and richly ornamented lace frills in which his wrists were enveloped. His wig was combed back towards the crown, with a well-turned curl above and below each of his ears, and the tail enclosed in a bag. His coat was of a chocolate colour, edged with gold, according to the fashion of the day, with a very scanty allowance of neck, and made single-breasted, as if for the more ample display of a richly flowered waistcoat, with its capacious pockets, the flaps or covers of which were secured with buttons of gold. From the tail of the coat peeped forth the steel handle of his dress sword, while his white silk stockings, reaching nearly to his knee-pan, had their standing in a pair of glossy high-heeled shoes, fastened with broad gold buckles. All this finery, however, afforded rather an amusing contrast to the common-place countenance of the baronet, which, though redolent of high living, showed but few indications of high rank. A purple tinge prevailed over his cheeks and rather loosely hanging double chin, while a nose which, in colour and shape, had much the appearance of a ripe cherry, sunk modestly down between its two bluff neighbours. His eyes, devoid of intelligence, were large, and seemed to project somewhat like those of a frog. If the countenance of Sir Robert Hazlewood could be said to have any expression at all, it was that of vulgar good nature. With a face, therefore, brimful of this commodity, so useful in the interchange

of the courtesies of life, he came forward and paid his respects to captain Bertram. As the conversation soon became of a very confidential nature, we must be careful as to our communications, lest the reader set us down as guilty of eaves-dropping. We may, however, mention that counsellor Pleydell, with that prying curiosity peculiar to his profession, soon found out that not only a marriage settlement would be required between Julia Mannering and the new found heir of Ellangowan, but also that Bertram had promised the hand of his sister, with the estate of Singlesides as her dower, to young Hazlewood. The truth of these discoveries was so far acquiesced in by the parties concerned—that when the ladies retired after dinner, Pleydell ventured to be jocular on the subject. “Well, Liddesdale,” said he, addressing Dinmont, “when you were helping your friend out of jail, you did not think he was so soon to forfeit his liberty—so soon to tie the knot—the knot matrimonial you know, Dinmont!” The worthy farmer, taken by surprise, gave a long drawn-out whistle.—“Hoot, toot, is that the gate o’t? Od, Captain,” he continued, looking across the table to Bertram, “you ought to be unco thankfu’; for it’s no every ane ta’en out o’ a jail that gets a *tie* so much to their mind.” On such joyous occasions small jokes excite a wonderful degree of amusement; this attempt at wit, therefore, on the part of honest Dandy, was received with much applause, and the evening passed very pleasantly, save when the sturdy farmer announced his intention of starting in the morning for Charlie’s Hope. “You will return to see the ‘knot tied,’” said Bertram, smiling, “and bring Mrs Dinmont with you. I will send a post chaise for you.” “Na, na,” said Dinmont, “nae mair o’ your hurling in boxes, I’ll tak’ Duple, and the gudewife will sit ahint me, she can keep her place on a beast’s back wi’ the face o’ clay.” “Be sure,” said Pleydell, “to bring the children, and the colonel will *spae* their fortunes.” “Nay, nay,” said Mannering, shaking his head, “I shall never more play the ASTROLOGER.”



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