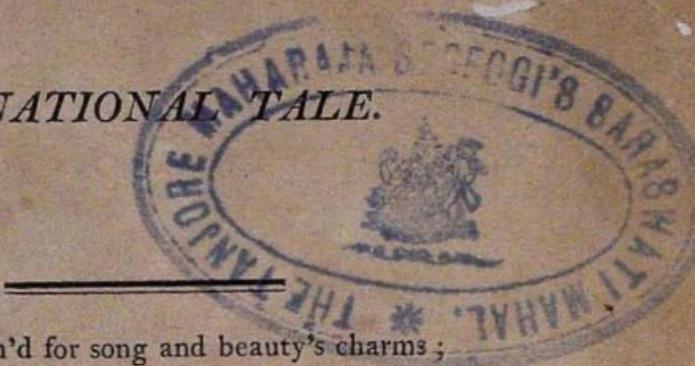


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# CLAN-ALBIN:

A NATIONAL TALE.



A nation fam'd for song and beauty's charms ;  
Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;  
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;  
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms.

BEATTIE.

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IN FOUR VOLUMES.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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# CLAN-ALBIN,

## A NATIONAL TALE.

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### CHAP. XX.

“—————A little while  
Was I a wife : A mother not so long.”

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“ And yet methinks, when wisdom shall assuage,  
The griefs and passions of our greener age ;  
Though dull the close of life, and far away  
Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day ;  
Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,  
The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe,  
With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill,  
And weep their falsehood, though she love them still !”

CAMPBELL.

“ You already know the story of my family,” said Lady Augusta. “ Of eight children I was the youngest, and the only female. I was the twin-sister of Norman. I was consequently the idol of a large and happy family ; the little divinity of a numerous and devoted clan.

“ My mother was descended from that house

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CLAN ALBIN,

which gave kings to Scotland, a circumstance she was unwilling to forget. My brothers were devoted to the service of the exiled royal family; and when I had attained my fifteenth year, it was resolved that I should be sent to France for the completion of my education. Three of my brothers were already in that country, and I was accompanied thither by my twin brother Norman."

"Alas, alas!" cried Moome; "well can I remember that day, while you rode down the glen with the Chief, your four gallant brothers, and all the gentlemen of the clan. Still do I see you as you looked then, taking the bowl of cream as you passed my door.—' You will soon forget Glenalbin, Lady,' said I, weeping, as great reason I had. 'Oh no, never!' said you, looking round the glen so lovelily. And no more you did;—though it is the wound of this heart, that far, far from Glenalbin, lie those that loved Glenalbin as truly, and as dearly!"

Lady Augusta seemed greatly affected by this allusion to her brothers. Yet she conquered her own feelings, to soothe her venerable friend; and, when the curiosity of Moome had predominated over this burst of sorrow, she resumed her story.

“ We embarked in a little smuggling vessel on the coast, and had a very favourable voyage. In France, we were welcomed by many friends of my mother’s family, who had followed the fortunes of him they esteemed their prince; and caressed by many of the French nobility, who remembered that Britain had been governed by a Stuart, and now saw a probability of that family again recovering their lost sway. We were then on the eve of the fatal 1745.”

“ Norman joined his brothers in the army; and distant, very distant from my mind were the rival interests of the houses of Stuart and Brunswick; for, with all the ardour of juvenile feeling, I was rushing into the vortex of Parisian folly. Charmed by the fascination and elegance of the French nobility,—their taste, their vivacity, their genius; bewitched by that mixture of splendour, chivalry, and frivolity, so intoxicating to high-toned, but inexperienced minds; I enjoyed the pleasures of that gay society with an absorbing delight, and fancied I had never lived but in France. Moome, I forgot Glenalbin! but I was punished for forgetfulness. That society still existed, which I fancied contained every charm, and every grace; but I out-lived the capacity of enjoying its pleasures;—I have out-lived its very existence!

In one short year I beheld that structure demolished, which it had taken ages to rear, to polish, and to decorate; and learned, amid the fluctuation of all I once admired, that the things which are to come alone are real and stable,—the reward of virtue, the hope of immortality.

“ The generous folly of my family now tempted ruin. The period of 1745 was arrived. The fate of my father you all know; my mother did not long survive him: in the same perilous enterprise I lost my elder brothers. Let me hope that a time will come, when beings of the same nature, and the same destiny, will no longer destroy each other, and desolate this fair earth, which was given them to inhabit, in settling the *mere* question, whether this man, or the other, shall be called their king.

“ My situation was now greatly altered: of my feelings I will not speak. I was dependent on a lady related to my mother, who is well known, in the history of those times, as a woman of political intrigue, and a partizan of the house of Stuart. She was a zealous Catholic, without the feelings of devotion;—tenacious of appearances, yet destitute of reason or sound principle. I had the misfortune to be regarded with a sentiment of preference by the heir

of a powerful French family; but my heart, nearly broken by the misfortunes of my family, was then first soothed and charmed by the affection of him who afterwards became my husband, and I rejected the addresses of his rival.

“ My patroness, who had negotiated this marriage-treaty with infinite dexterity, unknown even to the family of this infatuated young man, was enraged at my folly and presumption. That a destitute girl of seventeen should have a will, nay, assert that will, and reject a splendid alliance, which was calculated to promote the interests of her native prince, seemed truly astonishing!—I was then of the age to admire kings; but I even then thought the happiness of a whole life too much to sacrifice to loyalty.

“ I was sent to a convent, that in solitude I might learn to bend my will to my interest, and the wishes of my friends. De Valmont, for so was he who became my husband called, joined his regiment. He was altogether dependent on his family, and we could only hope for better times. Meanwhile I was contented, for I had the consolation of his letters, and a solitude where I could weep in peace.

“ I had lived three months in the convent of English Benedictine nuns, when I was one day

surprised by a visit from my patroness. She took me home with her ; she was all courtesy and kindness ; and, instead of renewing the old topic, assured me that my charms were worthy of a more brilliant destiny.

" Next day was Sunday, and after her public morning devotions were over, she presided at my toilet with anxiety as troublesome as inexplicable. When my dressing was finished to her satisfaction, we drove to Versailles ; and, on the way, she informed me that she had obtained a place for me in the household of the Duchess De —— ; and that I was, on this evening, to thank the king for my appointment in his private cabinet.

" I had no ambition of becoming a courtier ; yet, desolate and dependent as I was, I could not be insensible to the advantage I must derive from the patronage of the Duchess. I was, however, overwhelmed and overawed at the idea of encountering the splendours of majesty.

" I had been presented at Versailles, and I was afterwards seen by the monarch, when the court hunted at Fontainebleau. My Highland garb had attracted attention, and a transient compliment afterwards repeated to my patroness, made her see the king at my feet,

and at her own power, wealth and honours. A party that was become disgusted with the insolence of the reigning favourite, whom they at once hated, despised, and courted, were anxious to have a counterpoise to her power; and after many intrigues, my important audience was obtained. I alone was ignorant of its nature. I thank God that I was born in a country, where the sovereign has no patronage to tempt the luxurious and needy to become unprincipled and base. I had been educated in innocence and honour, and was slow to believe in that debasing profligacy which characterised many of the nobility of France. It seemed a libel on human nature to think that mothers, husbands, and brothers, had waited the issue of an interview like mine, trembling lest the daughter, the wife, or the sister, had not the good fortune to captivate the king. Yet it was true as strange.

“ When the terrible moment arrived, my patroness, as much agitated as myself, exhorted me to exert all my talents to captivate the monarch, and assured me, that if I succeeded in interesting him, the De Valmont family would receive me with open arms, and my brothers obtain any rank they chose.

Truth now flashed on my mind ; tears of indignation started to my eyes, and I was about to upbraid her for the treachery she had practised, when the king was heard to approach. As she flew out, clasping her hands in the attitude of supplication, he entered by a private door ; and unable to articulate, I threw myself at his feet, to intreat his protection and pity. He raised me up, seemed to compassionate my alarm, which, I doubt not, he imputed to the awfulness of majesty, and said a few words to soothe me. An awkward silence ensued, while I sat pale and trembling, only kept from insensibility by my peculiar situation.

“ The king had little of the gallantry of a Frenchman. He was accustomed to be wooed, and I had neither the inclination nor the power to captivate. Some very silly questions on his part, answered by monosyllables on mine, ended the interview. He graciously saluted me, and retired, saying I should hear from him in the following week.

“ Indignation restrained the tears which offended delicacy had drawn to my eyes. I joined my false friend, who, judging from my sullen appearance, that all her expectations were frustrated, loaded me with abuse, and

bitterly accused me of folly and ingratitude. I heard her in silence.

" After midnight, the person who, next to herself, was most interested in my success, arrived from Versailles. He had seen the king at his *couché*. The king had found me *naïve*, but charming;—he sent me his picture, and appointed a second interview. I will not disgust my young friends with the indecent joy of this profligate pair. I was now as much flattered and caressed, as I had been upbraided and reproached; and every supposed objection was over-ruled, by a solemn assurance, that my *honour* would be saved, by an immediate marriage with any young nobleman about the court, who was so fortunate as to meet my approbation. Such conversation was unworthy of reply. Next day, I communicated my situation to De Valmont, who fortunately was in Paris. His feelings I need not describe, for he was a lover, and a man of honour. My brothers were in very distant places. I had no friend on whom I could rely but himself; yet I could not consent to the union he urged, certain as I was, that it must ruin him with his family, and draw upon him the displeasure of the court. Yet the necessity of taking some decisive mea-

sure was every moment more urgent : I resolved to seek shelter and safety in my native glen. England did not war on women ; and I determined to throw myself on the generosity of my countrymen. We escaped from Paris, and De Valmont accompanied me to the coast. Now came the moment of perhaps an eternal separation ; hitherto I had resisted his impassioned pleadings, and the no less powerful importunities of my own heart. But now that the time for resolution and fortitude was come, I was dissolved in tenderness and tears. Seldom, my dear young friends, are the bands of ardent attachment entwined by the finger of prudence ; the objections which opposed our union, the very necessity of renouncing our ill-starred love, determined our choice, and hastened the consummation of our fate. Deeply did we expiate our mutual error. The moment of separation became that of destiny. De Valmont had escorted me to Dieppe, as the wedded partner of his life. I returned with him to Paris.

“ My husband was the younger son of a very powerful French family. His rank was as far beyond my hopes, as my wishes ; for I loved him for himself. His mother, the haughtiest woman of her age, was a native of

Spain. In both kingdoms his connexions were equally powerful, and there was no rank in the army, the cabinet, or the church, to which, through their interest, he might not have aspired. His elder brother had already succeeded to the titles and estates of the family, but the Chevalier was expected to raise himself to fame by his sword, and to fortune by a lucrative alliance. He had ever been the favourite of his mother. The future fortunes of her eldest son had never excited either fear or hope. He was born a nobleman, and was likely to descend to the grave the same privileged and negative character; but De Valmont's was another destiny: he was the man, whose heroism and talents were to reach those heights of ambition round which her haughty spirit continually hovered. The Count was the representative of the family honours, but the Chevalier was her *son*, and the instrument of her pride.

Eagerly had she watched the developement of his character, assiduous to cultivate his talents, and stimulate his ambition; with pride she observed the masculine energy of his mind, with pleasure the athletic form, and lofty deportment of a Spanish Cavalier. All her intriguing talents were exerted for the

advancement of this much-loved son ; I was fated to thwart plans interwoven with the very constitution of her mind, and on me was exhausted her remorseless vengeance.

" Her connexion with the court of Madrid rendered her a very useful agent to the cabinet of Versailles : she directed the force of a masculine intellect to advance the oblique designs of an intriguing statesman ; and her success, like her influence, was unbounded. The enchanting softness, and fine sensibilities, which adorn the feminine character, were lost amid the dark intrigues of faction. The contemplation of suffering, cruelty, and crime, had blunted her natural sympathies, while the perpetual necessity of mean compliance, and the substitution of political expediency for honour and justice, had debased a mind once lofty in its principles, and generous in its feelings.

" My husband was but too well acquainted with the violent character of his mother, and he anxiously concealed our rash union, till time had gained him friends who might protect us from her power and her vengeance. He conducted me to an old and tenantless chateau in the Upper Limosin, and gave me as much of his society as military duty, and the man-

date of his mother (who soon remarked his frequent absences) would permit. This fleeting period was the short, bright noon of my existence. The visits of my husband abundantly repaid the splendour and gaiety I had abandoned, and reconciled me to the solitude his society alone enlivened.

“ The chateau, and the domain on which it stood, belonged to a friend and brother-officer of De Valmont’s. The grey-headed *concierge* who managed the domain, and inhabited the chateau, with his good old wife, were my sole companions. They amused me with stories of their former masters ; and I delighted to think them the *Moome* and *Piper* of a Highland family. The good *curé* of the adjacent parish was my only visitor. Though our religions differed, he was mild and tolerant. He delighted to amuse us with little stories of his bees, his plants, and his children,—for so he named his parishioners ; or to elevate and soothe our minds with the consolations of his faith. Such were my companions ; but when De Valmont arrived, how forcibly, in those halcyon days, did I feel, that solitude, shared, enlivened, brightened by the object of our dearest affections, excels all the society the world can afford !

" You have all heard of the singular beauty of the province which I then inhabited. France ! gay region of my youthful hopes ! Still does my heart cling round thee. Still does the eye of memory linger on the dark, magnificent chesnut woods which crowned the chateau St. Maur; the vine-clad slopes ; the beautiful stream sweeping round the steep lawn, and winding through meadows of the richest verdure. Still do I pause with complacent feelings on the variegated landscape of that lovely land, where the loadened vine-branch twines round the olive and the pomegranate, and the ripening corn rustles the apple-blossom.

" I had been married about six months, when, in a bright evening towards the end of autumn, I strolled along the avenue which led from the chateau to the high-way, expecting the arrival of De Valmont. Insensibly I wandered on, attracted by a group of lively peasants, engaged in the primitive labour of treading out the corn. They were all talking of the arrival of a stranger, who for some days had remained at the little *auberge* of the neighbouring village, and who seemed anxious for concealment. I became alarmed for the safety of my husband, yet I knew not what to fear ; and hastened home, torturing my fancy to

every form of evil. When old Blanche entered with lights, I requested her to take them away.—‘I will not suffer you to make night till he come,’ said I.—His coming brought endless night!

“ By the light of the moon-beams, that quivered through the mingled honey-suckle and jessamine which embowered my casement, I spread the supper-table with wine and fruit. I placed De Valmont’s chair opposite my own. Fond fool! my idol was made the instrument of my punishment. Midnight came without De Valmont. On that calm night, and at that still hour, I listened with that intense, agonizing anxiety, which converts the throbbing of the heart, and the beating of the temples, into distant voices, and approaching feet. At times I struggled with these overpowering feelings. I tried to beguile the time with singing, and to soothe down my feelings by the nameless arts to which the unhappy have recourse.

“ ‘When I have sung, *Och, och ma rhami*, he will surely be arrived,’ thought I. Eternity cannot efface the terrible association formed in my mind with that sorrow-breathing melody. I heard a distant noise; it was not my own heart, yet that throbbed wildly.—I heard

the trampling of horses, the angry voices of men, and the clash of swords.

“ I flew towards the place whence it proceeded, the wood echoing to my screams. I found my husband supporting in his arms the bleeding body of a gentleman. His clothes were besmeared with blood; but when he had hastily assured me of his own safety, and conjured me to retire, I became more tranquil, and the courage of humanity made me eager to assist the dying man—*he was my twin brother!*”

“ With the wild shriek that accompanied this fatal recognition, sensibility left me.—Had that stupor been the sleep of death, I would have died ere I had known mortal sorrow, for till then I was a stranger to remorse. But I was reserved for the evil to come;—I soon learned that the wedded, loved, idolized partner of my heart, was the murderer of my brother!—Still I lived.

“ When the efforts of Blanche and the unhappy De Valmont had recalled me to maddening recollection, I burst from them, and flew to my brother. I threw myself before him. I prayed him to pity me! to pardon me! to live for me!—Life was ebbing fast, but the strong passions of his soul gave his countenance a

ghastly energy. Contempt, hatred, and scorn, shot from the dim eye: revenge and indignation pointed to me its last withering glance. He tore himself from my embrace with supernatural violence: with the effort his wounds burst out, and, muttering curses on me, he expired in agony !

“ My errors are renounced, repented, and forgiven,” continued Lady Augusta mildly; “ I feel the blest assurance of Heaven’s peace, in the serenity of my soul; but memory shudders, as I still behold the curse that lurked in the dying eye of Norman:—an eternity of moments like that might realize the dread punishment of the reprobate of God!—This was but the prelude to my misery;—for he who sympathised in my grief, and my remorse, he who soothed my anguish for the loss of my brother—*he* was that brother’s murderer.

“ At the commencement of this fatal period, I retained my senses. This was my direst punishment. Horrible state! when a creature, endowed with the best attribute of an immortal mind, welcomes madness as a refuge from misery more extreme. Yet mine was madness, but it had method;—mine was despair, but it had activity. Every faculty of my mind, with new and overpowering vehemence, administer-

ed to the frenzy of my soul. My heart was divided against itself. The blood of nature, rolling through my veins, thirsted for vengeance. Now I could have plunged a dagger into the heart of my brother's murderer; and in a few moments, my wild feelings, exhausted by their internal struggle, would subside into softness and pity,—I would turn and weep on the bosom of my husband.

“ Thus love and hatred, revenge and compassion, fondness and remorse, predominated in my soul with agonizing alternation, till the powers of nature shrunk from the dark communing of my distracted spirit. I sunk into lingering disease.

“ De Valmont was comparatively guiltless of my brother's death. I gave the wound which struck deepest. Norman had never seen my husband. Our letters had not reached him. He was made acquainted with my elopement by the distorted and false representations of an artful woman, panting for vengeance. He discovered my residence, watched the arrival of my husband, compelled him to defend himself, and fell the first victim of my rash imprudence.

“ De Valmont's confidential servant alone, was acquainted with the manner of Norman's

death. He religiously kept the secret we thought not of enjoining; and, when wonder and curiosity had exhausted themselves, the murdered Englishman was forgotten. Religion forbade his burial in consecrated ground. He was buried in the wood of Chateau St. Maur. Terrible days, and nights more dreadful, did I sit on that grave, cursing the hour of my birth, and invoking the indignant spirit of my brother. At this time, I allowed myself to cherish the idea of suicide. I brooded over the time, the place, the manner of my catastrophe, with gloomy delight, and savage resolution:—when I had given birth to my infant; —at the hour of midnight, on the grave of Norman, I would seek a refuge from despair in death!"

A slight spasm contracted the features of Lady Augusta as she spoke; her audience were drowned in tears: she seemed in mental prayer: then, clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "O proud and rebellious wretch! who thought to elude the punishment of error, by throwing off mortality,—to escape the dread presence of that God who filleth all space, by madly 'rushing on the thick bosses of his buckler!' This I must ever consider as the guiltiest time of my life;—I have since lived long, and Heaven has

given me fortitude to say, ‘ All my appointed days will I wait, till my change come.’

“ I was spared for repentance. The habitual image of death, and all its attendant circumstances, by amusing my attention, reconciled me to life. I thought I had strained my courage to the sticking place, and the sufferings I had the resolution to terminate, I found fortitude to endure. Thus did I presumptuously reason. But the smiles, the helpless innocence of my new-born infant, soon inspired me with more humanized feelings, and awakened in my heart a new sense of enjoyment. Slowly I became tranquil; happy I could never be. At least I hoped so; and every emotion of pleasure that lightened my mind, I bitterly dismissed, as incompatible with the endless, useless grief, I owed to the memory of my brother.

“ The manly sorrow of De Valmont, was a far different feeling from mine. His was the contrition of a pure and tender heart;—the deep, lasting, hidden regret, of a well-regulated, but keenly-feeling mind. Mine was the impotent rage of vengeance, the gnawing of remorse, and the uncontrollable effusion of nature’s bleeding sympathies. After the death of Norman, my husband never left me. Time, the mighty magician, to whom all things are

possible, assuaged our sorrows. We wept our mutual misfortune together; and the blood of Norman seemed even to cement our union.

“The serenity in which our days now flowed on, aided by pensive regrets for an event which time could never remedy, determined De Valmont to abandon his splendid prospects, and to choose a life of retirement. I was fond to enthusiasm of this plan. It promised all of happiness I could now hope to enjoy,—the constant society of my husband. He alone could share the sentiments which filled my heart, and would accompany me to the grave. It was necessary that De Valmont should make a journey to Paris, in furtherance of our intended scheme of retirement to my native land. An unaccountable absence of nearly two years, could not fail to excite the astonishment of his friends, and the anxiety of his mother, though he had often assured her of his welfare. His presumption in raising his thoughts to a woman the ‘king delighted to honour,’ was whispered in Paris; and it was a matter of course to conclude, that he was expiating this crime in some distant Bastile. His mother alone knew better, though the fidelity of his friend, and the obscurity of our retreat, made it impossible for even her arts to discover us. But

now he was seen in Paris. Dearly as he loved his own child, could he leave his country without once seeing the mother who had carried him in her bosom? He was transmitting his property to England. The suspicions of the Countess were roused, her toils were around us; letters were intercepted, servants were bribed; and it was discovered that he had a wife and a son in a distant province. The rage of the haughty woman was scarcely equal to her disappointment. But I was a stranger, friendless, a Protestant,—and consequently not the *legal* wife of her son. Hope again sprung up; the Countess ‘trampled on impossibilities,’ and ordered her carriage to the minister’s. Imitating the caution of De Valmont, she studiously concealed the information she had so meanly acquired, till her plans were matured, and her vengeance complete. Perhaps some remaining goodness made her anxious to retain the respect of her son: while she plotted his misery and my dishonour, she wished to retain his regard, and suffered him to leave the capital unmolested.

“He flew to me on the wings of affection; we had met, never to part again. A little week would place us beyond the reach of violence, if any were intended; and, with endearing con-

fidence, we arranged the manner of our future simple life. Hope again shed her soft, but bright tints, on the picture which fancy drew. We spoke of this glen, of this isle, of a life of domestic pleasure; elegance without wealth, plenty without profusion, retirement without gloom; humble, but faithful friends, affectionate and amiable children.

“ ‘ My mother will pardon me when she knows our story,’ said De Valmont; and he retired at an early hour, fatigued by a long ride. With our little Norman slumbering on his bosom, he sunk to quiet repose. The perturbation of spirits, occasioned by his arrival, took from me all inclination to sleep; and I sat by the bedside, gazing on the treasure of my doating heart.

“ The rattling of carriage-wheels, hoarse voices, and a loud knocking at the gate, filled me with great alarm. My prophetic heart told me all; five of those legalized ruffians, whose grim visages are the index to their dark character,—the brutal executioners of a despot’s mandate, entered our chamber. De Valmont started up, and seized his sword.

“ A *lettre-de-cachet* announced his fate. He was the king’s prisoner. Lifeless was I torn from his arms. I saw him no more!

" Returning sense restored me to that agony which I blessed as the welcome assurance of approaching death. When a few minutes had elapsed, I remembered my child. I had last seen him in the arms of De Valmont, clasping his little hands, and imploring the hard-hearted ones for '*Grace pour Maman.*' It was the prayer I had taught him to repeat at the grave of his uncle. I longed to take from his little lips the lingering kiss of his father. My child also was gone ! And now was my misery complete as the remorseless cruelty of my destroyer. Joy has its limits ; but the human mind, the young mind, knows not its own capacities for suffering. I fancied that mine touched on the utmost verge of mortal endurance, at the death of my brother. But now !—Oh the deep, deep, overpowering agony of those moments, when the distracted mind has wandered from the enjoyment of reason, and not yet reached the bliss of madness !—when no tear cools the burning eye, when no sigh relieves the suffocating bosom !—when sorrows crowd round the heart in overwhelming concentration !—when frightful visions gleam on the sight !—when the brain grows dizzy, while intervals of hideous sense deepen its horrors ! This state was mine ; this wild, indescribable state, in which the

mind feels, if I may so speak, all the excruciating pangs of the soul's thirst.

" You are greatly affected, my kind young friends. It is a proof of the excellence of your natures. Yet I would relate, not my sufferings, but the punishment of my errors. I had led a son from his mother's arms, perhaps I deserved to lose my own. I still cleaved to my idols, so I was permitted to sorrow for their loss as one who had no hope. Do not weep for me, my sweet Monimia: you now see me calm, soothed, confiding, and able to say,—'It is good for me that I have been afflicted.'

" As the paroxysms of mental suffering abated, I began to form some plans for the future. I was still surrounded by the emissaries of the Countess, who informed me, that the Chevalier was in the hands of his family, till measures had been taken to dissolve his illegal marriage. Adversity had now emptied her quiver against me. I was not only wretched, but dishonoured. Money was offered me, on condition of retiring from France. Though my heart was broken, my spirit was still lofty and unconquerable. I vindictively spurned the mean-souled agent of the woman who dared to calculate the price of my honour, and to offer a

sordid, beggarly compensation for my husband's, and my infant's love.

" Hitherto I had retained some feeling of respect for the mother of De Valmont, but every evil passion of my nature was roused by this attempt to dishonour me; and my soul was filled with the most malignant hatred,—the most uncontrollable desire of vengeance. Alone, and moneyless, I journeyed to Paris. With the wildness of a maniac, I forced myself into the saloon of the Countess;—my fears were lost in despair,—my timid soul was armed with nature's strongest instincts. I raved like a lioness robbed of her young. I was nerved by those powerful energies which rouses the feeblest animal to attack the most ferocious. What had a mother to fear who pleaded for her child,—a wife who intreated for the husband of her heart? For a few minutes, all was confusion. I touched, nay, I shook the guilty soul of that merciless woman, but I confirmed her cruel purpose. On this evening, as it happened, her hotel was splendidly illuminated for an entertainment in honour of the royal mistress. The company were beginning to arrive; repeatedly she ordered me to be gone. Whither could I go?—I threw myself at her feet, I humbled myself before her. I intreated to

have but my child restored, and I would renounce my husband. O the obduracy of that heart which could resist my prayer ! But my upbraiding still rankled in her's. She furiously struck down my supplicating hands, while she exclaimed, ' No ! not if the little wretch could save your soul from perdition ! ' At the same instant, a group of company entered the brilliant saloon, and she called loudly to her servants to force out the mad woman. Surely, surely I was indeed frantic, ere Heaven permitted me to raise my desperate hand against the life its mercy had bestowed. With supernatural energy, I burst from the servants, and, snatching a gentleman's sword from its scabbard, aimed at her heart. Daily, hourly, do I thank Heaven, that my soul was spared the guilt of blood. My uncontroled passions had hurried me towards a dreadful goal, but my arm was held back.

" From long, deep midnight of the soul, I at length emerged. As reason returned, I remembered that I had been a wife and a mother. But four years had elapsed : my child was no more ; my husband was married ! A written instrument, which announced the dissolution of my marriage, seemed to confirm the latter statement ; of the former I had pain-

ful confirmation. With De Valmont I renounced the world. I ought to say *it forsook me.* I was still young, but I sickened at life. My earthly destiny was already accomplished. The world had been to me a vale of tears; and I was forced to turn my eyes on the bright vista that opens beyond it. I hoped that I had not long to live; and that, when I died, De Valmont would pity and regret me. Long, very long, did these bitter and perverse thoughts cling to my mind, but I lived to subdue them.

“ The dark period of my life was passed in a large gloomy building among the mountains of Catalonia, belonging to the Spanish estates of the Countess. As I began to recover, I found that I was watched more and more strictly; and this alone, I believe, inspired me first with impatience of restraint, and then with the desire of liberty. I acquired as much of the Catalan tongue, as enabled me to converse with the solitary Pyrenean shepherd I sometimes met, in the course of my permitted rambles through the sublime solitudes around me.

“ A countryman of ours has said, that Highlanders, pipes, blue bonnets, and oat-meal, are to be found in the mountains of Auvergne, Suabia, and Catalonia; and I shall add, that

wherever Highlanders are to be found, there may be found warm affections, good faith, and generosity.

“ Why should I occupy your happy hours with the story of my life’s vicissitudes?—Long, very long, I prayed for ‘ a lodge in some vast wilderness;’ and at length I obtained my wish. Poor, and a heretic as I was, my sorrows affected the mountain shepherd, and he assisted me to escape. I got to Barcelona, and from thence to England,—to Scotland,—to Glenalbin!—What a change awaited me there!”

Moome here seized the hand of the Lady, with all the quick sensibility of youth; and, weeping over it, bitterly exclaimed, “ Oh Lady, Lady! that God himself should permit such suffering to you!”

“ It was for good, my tried, kind friend,” said Lady Augusta.—“ It led me to trust in HIM, and that trust relieved me.

“ I took up my sepulchral abode in Eleen-alin. I was very poor, but my friends were of the kindest. At first my life was gloomy and desolate. I experienced the hopeless, cheerless solitude of that heart ‘ which has nothing to love, nothing to care for; nothing to dream about, and be happy.’ I was often wild, visionary, and superstitious; for my ill-regulated

sensibility was still painfully acute. But I fought the good fight, and I was enabled to conquer. Time and reason subdued improper feelings; faith opened a heavenward prospect to my forlorn hopes, and, even on earth, blessed me with that humble hope which is the pledge of immortal peace.

“ As I conquered selfish feelings, my heart again began to own the kinsman’s, the *clansman’s* claim. Year after year made me more poor, and more rich; for I lost another, and another brother. And at last all were lost. To meliorate the condition of my humble friends, now became the pleasant duty of my life: so again I numbered days of usefulness, and nights of serenity; and I became reconciled to life, for I felt that I did not live in vain.”

CHAP. XXI.

---

" Al me ! for aught that I could ever read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth."

SHAKSPEARE.

A

I SHALL not attempt to describe the powerful and various feelings to which this narrative of Lady Augusta gave rise. She alone who had been the sufferer was calm ; yet at times memory would burst the flood-gates of sorrows long past, but never forgotten, and her mind would sink under gushing tenderness, or overwhelming grief.

Lady Augusta's was a story which could bear no commentary. In few words she pointed out its moral ;—the fatal effects of passions, however laudable, indulged in defiance of reason and prudence. Her young auditors thought her judgment severe, but they were silent ; and Moome uttered only her usual eja-

culatory, “*Och hone, och hone!*” Long silence ensued; every one absorbed in reflection. Norman, who, in spite of the interdiction of reason, clung to the hope of alliance with his venerable friend, began to fancy that he might be the son, the nephew, or the grandson, of one of her brothers. Moome thought the same thing; and as her foster-child was the favourite, she made him the grandson of Donald.

In a few minutes more, the horn was sounded from Kenanowen, as a signal for the boat; and the feelings of the party were relieved by the arrival of Montague.

“ So, so,” said he; “ you all look glum. Well, I have brought you some news to brighten your faces.”

“ What new impertinence from Castlebane!” thought Monimia.

“ You see, Ma’am, there is no man more friendly than your humble servant, when I can serve a good neighbour, without harming my own family, Ma’am. So, as Minia’s admirer, Sir Archibald, dined with me to-day, says I, ‘ Sir Archibald,—pray, what think you of my young friend Macalbin?—Is he not a fine, tall, good-looking fellow?—Don’t you think a pair of colours would become him?’—Sir Archibald asked farther about him;—his inclination

for the army, and all that ;—and said it was a pity he should waste his days in retirement ; and added, that, for his own sake, and *my recommendation*, Ma'am, a pair of colours were very much at Norman's service. In the meanwhile, he would be glad to see him over to Castlebane with me, Ma'am ; and—”

“ And so the whole was concluded,” interrupted Monimia ; who fancied she saw the purport of this manœuvre, and felt as indignant at the patronage of Sir Archibald, as at the officious impertinence of Montague.

“ It was, Monimia, very much to my satisfaction ;—and if Lady Augusta should need a *small* sum advanced for the equipment of our young friend, she would oblige me much—”

Lady Augusta was scanning the eloquent features of Norman. They were strongly expressive of distress and anxiety.

“ I am certainly very much obliged by your well-meant kindness,” said she ; “ but I have other views for Norman.”—Norman raised his radiant eyes to her face, and, pressing her hand, whispered,—‘ Bless you for that.’

“ Other views, Ma'am !—Other views !” cried Montague, rising, and sossing down again.—“ O ho !—Pray let me ask what these views may be ?—But let me tell you, too,

Ma'am, I can see as far before me as another. Two words to a bargain all over the world, Ma'am!"

Lady Augusta could not perceive whither all this pointed; but the glowing cheeks of Monimia, and the resentful eyes of Norman, indicated more information.

"My views are neither very ambitious, nor very romantic," replied the Lady mildly; "but I shall spare him as long as I can the most painful of all obligations,—gratitude to a man he can neither esteem nor love."

Monimia looked up delightedly, while Montague sulkily said,—"Meaning Sir Archibald, no doubt, Ma'am?"

"My meaning cannot easily be mistaken," replied the Lady, smiling softly; "you are right in believing us very poor people, Mr Montague; and you know it is imprudent in poor people lightly to increase their debts. But we cannot be insensible to your kindness. And now, if you please, we will call another question."

"O, whatever you please, Ma'am.—To be sure I might have known what thanks to expect from serving a *gentleman*;—for Highlanders must all be gentlemen!—all gentlemen, though they want shoes to their feet."

Monimia, colouring with indignation at this rude speech, was about to make a very smart reply, when Norman, with a good-natured smile, said,—“ It would be a sad thing to want both good shoes and good manners.”

“ Well, well, I have no fault to find with your manners,” replied Montague, somewhat softened ; “ and I am sure you must all know, I could have no possible motive for wishing Norman off the country, but his own good ;—and no more could Sir Archibald.”

Montague said too much ; Monimia, in a glow of youthful generosity, turned round and replied ; “ I am sure you *ought* to have none ;—when that time does come, we shall all regret it.”

“ Aye, aye,” said Montague ; “ but you see the mist is rising on the lake ;—so you had best come home.”—Monimia rose, and, inviting the party to what she called her concert, to-morrow evening, in the Druid’s isle, went away.

After attending them to the boat, Norman began to pace along the pebbly beach, ruminating sweet and bitter fancies. That he loved,—ardently loved, he could no longer conceal from himself ; and his spirits being wasted with the melancholy recital of the

Lady, he gloomily pictured a life of obscure and fruitless toil, embittered by hopeless affection,—hopeless, because honour, pride, and the generosity of pure attachment, forbade even the desire of hope. He already saw that Montague, with the sordid calculation peculiar to gross minds, suspected not only himself, but Lady Augusta, of designs as degrading as base. His spirit revolted from even the unmerited imputation of selfish baseness, and he tasked his reason to the control of his growing love,—not to its extinction; for, like most other philosophers of twenty-one, Norman saw no propriety in eradicating a passion his reason could command.

“ I must deny myself the witchery of her society,” thought he; and, resolving to *resolve* to-morrow, (unless something made his absence remarkable), to be absent from the Druid’s isle, he was joined by Hugh.

“ So Gordon was wishing to commission yourself, dear ?” cried the Piper, breaking at once into what occupied all his thoughts.

“ So it seems,” replied Norman, who never now heard the name of the baronet without a mental spasm.

“ But the Lady *faced* Montague for it, as

Moome understood.—The Gordons had always impudence enough to take any thing upon themselves:—that they should dare to offer us their commissions!—No, no, darling, you shall be the King's soldier, rather than Gordon's officer.”——“I hope so;—but let me assure you the Lady's reply was very civil.—I don't know what you call *facing*.”

“O, too civil by half, I daresay.—Thank God, however, it is herself has the true spirit of Macalbin's *dochter*; or, ill as it would become me, I would have *faced* even herself—seeing there are few of my name now left to know what a Macalbin should feel for a Gordon.—Painting and pampering at Castlebane too, as I am told,—for I scorn to ask,—for Mrs Montague. But, as Moome says, she has more sense and pride than stoop to a Gordon.—She has taken my own advice before now; and I shall not be slack myself to tell her of the Gordons.—They must not think to take every thing from us either;—black whigs!”

Norman laughed outright at the angry violence of the Piper, and the influence he possessed with Mrs Montague; and asked him what he would say to her.

"O, I shall say,—‘Sure there is no haste for your own marriage, darling, that I can see. You are not *ould* yet; and who knows what God himself may turn up for us? I know him myself who loves you better than his own life. He is not to be named with a Gordon:—so I hope, and trust—”

“Meaning yourself, Hugh?” said Norman, trying to smile, while a thrill of delighted consciousness ran through his frame.—“No, meaning *yourself*, Norman.”

“Ah! Hugh, Hugh,” cried he, shaking his head, while a sweet, sad sigh, burst from his bosom,—“you forget that poor Norman is a beggar,—if even otherwise he durst lift his thoughts.”

“A beggar!” cried Hugh, reddening. “A poor man perhaps;—but thank God, no Macalbin ever was a beggar.”

“I—I am not even a—” Norman was unable to finish the mortifying sentence; and the Piper, eagerly clasping his hand, exclaimed, in a quivering voice,—“You are, you are a Macalbin, dear darling Norman;—and if I were a lady myself, as young, lovely, and rich, as herself,—which however I am not,—I would—”

“You would be in love with me,” cried

Norman, laughing. And, placing his hand on the lips of the Piper, to stop the futher effusion of his affectionate folly, he softly added, —“ Though neither very young, nor rich, nor lovely, your love is very precious to me;—so don’t wish yourself a lady;—I like you better as you are, Hugh.” He walked hastily away, while Hugh murmured blessings on him.

Norman saw that Moome and the Piper had already, in the abundance of their love, bestowed Monimia upon himself. He could not quarrel with a gift so desirable; and he knew that, when the heat of their displeasure against the Gordons was abated, innate delicacy would restrain the advice of which the Piper was now so lavish. When he returned to the cottage, and again beheld the mild, pale, penetrating countenance of his all-enduring friend, beaming with kindness on himself, with cheerful benevolence on all around, his own trivial griefs appeared but as dust in the balance; and he blushed that he had felt them such.

The proposition of Montague naturally led the conversation at supper to the future prospects of Norman. The Lady lamented the necessity which compelled her to receive

Montague's friendly offices so ungraciously ; and felt somewhat surprised that Norman, whose young heart was so ardent in gratitude, seemed insensible to his coarse, but well-intended kindness.

“ Whatever be the fate of my soldier of fortune,” said she, smiling kindly on him, “ I can never regret that he has attained the *mature* age of twenty-one, before he enters on his perilous profession. Often, with deep compassion, have I seen young boys transplanted from the bosom of their families to the army, and made responsible as men and officers, for all the follies of children. If these young creatures are pleasing and amiable, they are sure to be initiated into premature libertinism by the pernicious indulgence of their seniors ;—if they are petulant and assuming, it is equally certain that the dawning spirit of even generous ambition will be crushed by perpetual sneers and mortifications ; and a foundation often laid for future bad temper, and malignity of heart.”

“ But—but,—” cried Norman ; and the rapidity of his ideas out-ran the powers of speech. The Lady again smiled on him.—“ Aye ; you would no doubt tell us of your hero. A splendid exception, I grant ; but had he been a

common officer, he could not have been Norman's model. Besides, you cannot forget the education of this illustrious soldier, and his extraordinary father. In our age, rich and various talents go to the formation of a great military character;—and splendid indeed are the talents that military glory attracts. Would that more useful glory were as alluring! But that time will come," added Lady Augusta cheerfully; for she who trusted in God, could not despair of the happiness of man.

" And do you think war will ever cease, Lady?" said Norman.

" I hope it will, in a great measure. Society advances with slow, but sure progress. Human passions too often retard its march, and sometimes make it retrograde; but still it gains ground. When I see how much *man* has gained even during my span of life, I rejoice with sanguine hope. I have seen slaves emancipated, tortures abolished, education diffused, laws ameliorated; that dark tribunal which long filled Europe with terror, nearly swept from the countries it enfeebled and disgraced. Many evils, no doubt, somewhat counterbalance these blessings; and nations, like individuals, are apt to pause upon the calamity, and to overlook the benefit; though

I trust that the former will be temporary, and the latter permanent. In the last twenty eventful and perilous years, though Frenchmen have lost, and Englishmen suffered, I trust mankind has gained."

" It would be misery to think otherwise," said Norman.

" Then good-night, Norman. May all your young hopes be fulfilled; for I am sure you can never be other than the soldier of freedom and your country,—the soldier of defence."

CHAP. XXII.

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" Full sixty years the world had been her trade,  
The wisest wretch much time had ever made."

POPE.

" So these very extraordinary persons have declined our intended kindness," said Lady Gordon, leading her nephew, Sir Archibald, to the far corner of her dressing-room in Castlebane, and speaking in a low tone, as if she remembered that "walls have ears,"—an excellent maxim, whether in national or domestic diplomacy.

" Nay, *rejected* it, Madam, and rudely too," replied the Baronet angrily, as if he wished to resent to his aunt the offence of these extraordinary persons.

" Matchless ingratitude!—They must be convinced that my offer proceeded from nothing but the purest generosity:—but such are the returns benevolence may expect. Lady

Augusta, poor woman, has lived so long among low people, that she has confounded all received ideas of proper and improper.—I am told the young man is rather tall, and well-looking too, for one in his way.”

“ Tall enough,” returned Sir Archibald, “ I believe there is no end of him. I know nothing about his looks,—he looks insolent enough, I think.”

“ I daresay.—Apropos, how goes on your affair with my little favourite, the pretty Montague?”

Sir Archibald saw nothing very apropos in this question; but, after muttering somewhat like “ Confound her!” he more articulately added,—“ I think very little about the pretty Montague.”

“ I fear so,” sighed Lady Gordon; “ perhaps, too, she insists on being cruel a little longer. Well,—my nephew is too gallant to wish to shorten a young lady’s day of power; and indeed, indeed, I sadly fear her desire corresponds but too much with his own;—I fear he is at least as unwilling to abridge his own day of freedom!”

This obliging construction had all the effect on the mind of Sir Archibald it was intended to produce. How Mrs Montague presumed

to reject the addresses of a man of his figure and consequence, was as unaccountable as provoking; and his self-love was gratified in believing, that her affected coldness proceeded from his real indifference, and reluctance to surrender what he called his freedom.

"Who dares question your penetration, Madam?" said he, with a smile which indicated returning good-humour.

"Sad fellow!" sighed Lady Gordon, affecting to suppress a smile; "I am willing that this should go a certain length; but you know how very, very anxious I am for your marriage. She is really, after all, an exquisite creature; very much admired, as you know, and possessed of every quality that can do honour to your family and choice. No doubt, her youth and beauty makes her assume a little in her day; but your masculine sense, and knowledge of the world, teaches you to overlook all that; and even, I see, sad fellow! to find amusement in the pretty airs she gives herself with the man to whose authority she must ultimately bend. Alas, our poor sex! But my nephew is too generous to punish the dear haughty creature for errors which are rather to be imputed to her age than herself."

Sir Archibald, thus invested with power,

forgot that he was the man who, in a paroxysm of rage, had sworn never to re-enter Dunalbin,—that he was the same person whom Mrs Montague had, as she said, finally rejected,—whom she avoided by leaving her home,—and to whom she perhaps preferred a needy, obscure, and nameless adventurer. His pride, his vanity, his revenge, triumphed; and, in spite of the generous pleadings of his good-natured aunt, he secretly vowed to punish, severely punish, the “dear haughty creature” he longed to obtain; and whose beauty, fashion, fortune, and fine qualities, were to illustrate himself and his family. Lady Gordon saw all this, and, in another apropos question,—she understood that he meant to be the way of Dunalbin, and hoped he would take charge of some music for Mrs Montague.

This brought to recollection the last scene at Dunalbin, and he sullenly replied,—“I don’t know that I shall be that way to-day.”

“Will you not?” said the Lady carelessly; and she perceived her ground was again lost; “A servant shall take it. Perhaps you are going by Loanbane:—by the way, I am told Buchanan’s girl is grown up a prodigious beauty. What does the judge say?”

"That she is indeed extremely lovely," exclaimed Sir Archibald with great animation.

O,—you have already discovered that, have you?—I know you have a hawk's eye for beauty:—but let me conjure you—I am serious now, nephew—to be merciful. The father is a decentish sort of man; and her mother was a person of family;—besides, if the fair Montague take it into her pretty little head to be jealous,—“Lord have mercy upon us!” and the lady held her hands, and threw up her eyes, ludicrously ejaculating such a terrible consequence, while gratified nephew smiled in conscious power.

He resolved to be merciful to Flora, at least he present; for, though a jealous mistress early as amusing and gratifying as a jealous, the jealousy of the former may lead to very troublesome consequences; and Lady Gordon made another “apropos” remark about a certain mortgage, called in the family the Marshall mortgage.”

These rupees are certainly very charming things, Sir Archibald; and the dear creature has such immense expectations from that overpowering person, her brother-in-law; besides, I could not wonder if the fortunes of her own family centre in her. Her cousin was always a drowsy thing; I had a letter only yesterday from

my good friend Dr B—, for I can be indifferent to nothing likely to affect the interest of the dear girl."

" And I should not wonder if Miss Sinclair thwarted her a little," said Sir Archibald, who, now that his hopes revived, began to resent the double game that lady was playing.

" Who, Ursy?" said Lady Gordon, with a smile of calm contempt ; " You have nothing to fear from poor Ursy."

But Sir Archibald recollect ed, that, at the age of seventeen, the matured charms of Miss Sinclair, and her still more matured talents, had nearly deprived him of the freedom he now valued so highly ; and he secretly blessed the memory of his vigilant tutor, while he thought Ursy no contemptible rival even to his aunt.

" Pardon me, Madam, but, in cunning and meanness, Miss Sinclair is nearly equal to any body I know."

Lady Gordon coloured at this ill-constructed sentence, while she hastily returned,— " She cannot deceive me, however ;—she dare not. I disdain all cunning and meanness ; but I trust penetration and honesty will be sufficient to traverse all the arts of Miss Sinclair. God help a person of my candid, unsuspecting temper, opposed to low, artful people!" and the

Lady sighed deeply; but, seeing her nephew about to depart, she quickly recovered.

"Have you seen Macpherson about the farm of Loanbane?—I think he offers very handsomely.—He is really an industrious kind of person—well deserving of encouragement;—so I presume you do not hesitate about *warning* the Loanbane people?—but it is for you to decide."

"Surely, Madam; but they make a cursed whining about crossing the Atlantic, and travelling in winter—"

"Foolish creatures! they would be ready to begin work against the season," interrupted Lady Gordon.

"So I don't care if I indulge them," continued Sir Archibald,—“as it will not be convenient for Macpherson to enter till Whitsuntide."

"O, pray do indulge them, poor creatures! The storms of a winter passage must needs be terrible.—By the way, how does your friend Mansel like Castlebane?—I hope he finds it agreeable.—I assure you I wish our Belle no better fortune;—he is really a very pleasant young man. I suppose I am not to be let into gentlemen's secrets; but yet I

should like to know how that lady stands in his good graces. I would be far from advising a breach of confidence, but we are all friends,—all have the same interests—”

“ Then I believe Maria has the best chance in the end,” cried Sir Archibald bluntly; for, now that his own affairs were discussed, he cared very little about his sister’s.—“ She has him all to herself for six weeks to come; if she does not make him in love up to matrimony in that time, she does not deserve the opportunity I have given her.”

“ O fie! fie! nephew,” cried Lady Gordon.—“ But you think it is Maria he is partial to?—Dear creature, all frankness and vivacity, wearing her soul in her face—”

“ Poh! you forget that I am only her brother,” cried Sir Archibald; and Lady Gordon was so much accustomed to puff the beauty, talents, and fine qualities of her nieces, that she had indeed almost forgotten.

“ A sad saucy brother,” said she smiling; “ but see, who comes yonder?”

“ That fat soul Montague; sosse, sossing on his horse, like a package of his own pins: pray let me escape by the back of the house.”

“ Do, and take a dinner with the minister; for, if you are at home, he will stay till he

sicken us all, good man. But, don't you esteem that young lady very fortunate, who, throwing off her wild falcon in a pet, finds a good, convenient, fat man, to spare her pride, and 'lure the tassel-gentil back again?'— Go, go, coxcomb," added the Lady, smilingly pushing him into a closet, which opened to the passage,—“ I shall promise for you.”— Sir Archibald kissed her hand, and escaped, as Montague entered by the other door.

“ Well, my Lady, I am come to learn your commands, as you sent a second time,” said Montague; “ though I have no very agreeable news, I can tell you—”

“ Hush! hush! my dear sir;—I will not hear a single word, till you have taken refreshments after your long ride;” and, looking into the closet to see if the coast was clear, she found that important post already occupied by Miss Sinclair.—“ So, Ursy!” said she; and, turning to her guest,—“ How miserable will Sir Archibald be at missing you; but, if I hope to be forgiven, I must send to the hill in search of him.—It was but this morning that he made us almost expire with laughing at your excellent joke on Macpherson.—Poor Ursy got such a fit of coughing, as raised her asthma and wheezing.—I was sadly afraid, I

can tell you, for the good creature wears  
apace."

" Miss Sinclair wheezing !" cried Montague ; " I thought she was too young for that yet."

" O, she is not old, Sir ;—not much beyond your own years, I think ;—I have heard her called more ;—but I don't think she can be much above fifty."

" Fifty !" cried Montague, petrified ; " I would not have thought her thirty-five."

" O dear sir !" replied the lady, smiling,—  
" I am sorry I let out secrets, if that be the case ; but you know, maiden ladies have many little ways of preserving their bloom ;—and very pardonable it is, Sir."

" Aye, aye," said Montague, shaking his head, and breathing a most important discovery through his nose, while he pressed his lips together.—" But now, my Lady, as I am here, I must just say, once for all, shake hands, and part friends. Monimia will not hear of Sir Archibald ; and I am worn out with pouting and sulking at her. We who used to be so agreeable, like father and child, —never to meet but to tease each other,—I can't bear it, I can tell you. I may say I

have not had a peaceable, comfortable meal this fortnight."

" Then you shall to-day, my dear Sir. Nay, I will take no refusal. We have uncommonly fine potted moor-game, and excellent five-year-old heath mutton. As you are a breeder yourself, I must insist on the opinion of so good a judge. So, pray drop all these odious matters.—O my dear, worthy Mr Montague, what anxiety do these young folks give to us! —Were Sir Archibald to become the dupe of any artful, needy girl,—and there are many such persons, both men and women, let me tell you,—I would die of shame and mortification.—By the way, that young man would not accept my nephew's offer. Was not that very strange, Sir?—I am quite at a loss, I profess, to account for his reasons. Does it not seem very strange, Sir?"

" Rather;—but I have done what I could, my Lady, to see Monimia happy, and settled in a proper station; and if she does continue obstinate, what can I do more? I would be glad to see Sir Archibald at all times, were it only that he is a good neighbour; but if she will be displeased, what can I do?—However, as you insist, I will give my opinion of

the mutton, though I am but a poor judge, for all your flattering.”

“ I never flatter, Mr Montague.”

“ No more you do, my Lady, or I promise you, I would not have the opinion of you I have.”

“ Allowing I could flatter, Sir,—an art I detest,—I should be very cautious how I employed flattery with a person of your penetration.”

“ Aye ;—it would be a poor thing, if, at my time of life, I could not see through a flatterer. I only wish my Minia could see some folks with her brother’s eyes.”

“ I wish she could,” said Lady Gordon, very sincerely.

“ Now I should thank you, I believe, Miss Sinclair,” said Montague, as that Lady entered with refreshments, “ for the syrup you sent for my cold, and your civil card ;—I assure you a fine business-like hand she writes, Lady Gordon.” Lady Gordon darted a very gracious look at her humble companion.

“ I have orders to look on every thing in this house as belonging to the family at Dunalbin,” said Miss Sinclair, and Montague gave thanks where thanks were due ; and, though Lady Gordon had never before heard

either of the syrup, or the *business-like* card,—she rejoiced at the good effects it had on Mr Montague's cold, and ordered Ursy to send other two pots to Dunalbin.

When Montague had ate of the grouse, and the heath mutton, and given his opinion, he found himself so comfortable, and in such good-humour with Castlebane and its inmates, that he resolved to make another attack on his invulnerable sister, and at least compel her to attend the Northern Meeting, which the ladies painted in colours so attractive. But he took leave, without once inviting the baronet to Dunalbin. A person less fruitful in expedients might have been somewhat disconcerted with this oversight; but, as Lady Gordon, with her own honourable fingers, tied a silk handkerchief over the cravat of the ci-devant pin-maker, she whispered in his ear, “Now, my dear Sir, I am going to do a very silly thing;—I believe there is some truth in what you men accuse us of; we cannot keep a secret,—at least from those we esteem. If you tell tales, I shall be sadly rated. Our young men are resolved to have a fishing-tent pitched in Glenalbin. They have laid out a delightful week in angling, shooting, boating, and giving rural entertainments to

the ladies. The girls know nothing of it, and you must be equally secret with Mrs Montague, till you lead the dear creature to the tent, and give her a gay surprise. Now be secret, or I am a ruined woman;—but I am sure I may depend on your prudence."

Montague was delighted with the idea of gay society without expense, entertainments, secrets, surprises, and his implied superiority over the clever Lady Gordon; for Montague did not know that most women, like most men, will very vigilantly guard a secret, when they have any interest in doing so. He promised perfect secrecy, and rode off with very complacent feelings towards himself, Lady Gordon, the heath mutton, and the projected alliance. And the discovery, too, into which his cleverness had betrayed Lady Gordon, was subject of self-congratulation; for the housewifery talents of Miss Sinclair, her *business-like* hand, and, above all, her unremitting, but unobtrusive attention to his comforts, and his opinions, were beginning to sap some of the outworks suspicion had reared round his bachelor heart.

When Mrs Montague first appeared in the circles of Bath, Lady Gordon resided in that city. The birth, fashion, and, above all,

reputed fortune of the young beauty, attracted the attention of her Ladyship, who was looking out for a wealthy alliance for her nephew. Sir Archibald, who, for reasons no less cogent than endless debts, mortgaged estates, and the wishes of his aunt, (who was ill-natured enough to refuse to advance another shilling, even for what he called his most necessary occasions), was obliged to think of marrying, graciously said, “Let this be the woman.” It was sooner said than done, however; but, after the death of Mr Montague, and the report of Monimia’s pecuniary disappointment, matters assumed a more favourable aspect; the love of Sir Archibald was now perfectly *disinterested*, and this circumstance could not fail to influence a young, open, and generous nature.

Mr Montague, who left his beloved charge exposed to the many perils attending the high, but dangerous gifts of beauty and talent, was anxious to save her from the still greater evils attracted to the head of youthful inexperience, by the uncontrouled possession of great wealth; and the real disposition of his fortune was to remain a secret, even to herself, till she had reached her twenty-first year. If this secret was to remain such, it was necessary that it should be kept from the family of

Monimia ; and Montague alone was acquainted with the romantic, but well-meant project of his dying brother. When Monimia recovered from the first agony attending her irreparable loss, she was surprised, and even hurt, at the neglect her deceased friend had shown. Her whole fortune consisted of six thousand pounds, vested in her own name, when Mr Montague first judged it necessary to fix her private income. This appeared a very paltry sum to one accustomed to indulge in unbounded expense, and unbounded expectations ; but Monimia felt the unkind neglect which left her thus poor, much more than her actual poverty ; and the selfish rapacity discovered by her relations, who loaded the memory of her benefactor with the most illiberal abuse, by rousing her generous energies to his defence, soon restored her to juster, and happier feelings ; and she saw that she was still rich, if she chose to consider herself so, for she still possessed the power of doing good.

“ How much is done with incomes even narrower than mine ! ” thought she ; “ How many clergymen, and well-born, well-educated men, rear families to respectability, and even to fame, on more slender incomes ! How many

persons, nurtured in all the habitudes of polite society, and addicted to its most humanizing and delightful pursuits, live, and give pleasure, and enjoy it, with far less command of money!"

Thus happily reasoned Monimia, while her active fancy pourtrayed a life of cheerful solitude among the peasants of her beloved native country. She saw her sober, maidenly board, sometimes embellished by the presence of the refined and enlightened; while around her, education was diffused, morals improving, habits of industry forming, and the taste for order, comfort, and decency, rapidly followed by their existence and enjoyment.

Meanwhile, Montague gave her the warmest assurances of kindness and protection; and, as she firmly refused all pecuniary obligation, he could only contribute to what he thought her happiness, by expensive and useless presents, and by throwing around her, as far as he could, the same appearance of splendour which had distinguished her during the life of his brother. These, and some other circumstances, excited suspicion in her mind; she formed conjectures not very far from the truth, and anticipated, with benevolent malice,

her future triumphant refutation of the calumnies of her relations, and the pride she would feel in showing them, that he who made her rich, had also made her happy by well-judged concealment.

Lady Gordon was not less penetrating. That a man, so dotingly fond as Mr Montague, should leave the bulk of his fortune to an *illegitimate* brother, already rich beyond all his capacities of enjoying wealth, while he left the lovely young creature, for whom he had lived and died, dependant on that coarse-minded brother, seemed impossible: and by her peculiar industry, that lady soon arrived at the truth. But, when an inquest of dowagers and matrons sat on the character of the deceased Nabob, and loudly declared him guilty of injustice, Lady Gordon said, "that his fortune was his own, and no doubt he had his own reasons."

These ladies could have easily overlooked his neglect of Miss Glanville; but, that he had neglected her who had been for a few hours his wife, and who was consequently his widow, roused all their sympathies; for many ladies, not much younger than their husbands, are haunted and tormented by the melancholy idea, "what shall become of them when deprived of

the dear good man they cannot survive?"—Now, every body knows, that "what shall become of me?" means, nine times out of ten, "what shall I do for money?"

The desertion of the world, and the unkindness of her own relations, who never saw her, but to traduce the memory of her husband, and to exhort her to *cultivate* his brother, made Monimia feel, with lively gratitude, the little, nameless, soothing attentions of Lady Gordon, who had admired her when prosperous, and, now that she was otherwise, said she loved her; and she eagerly accepted of Dunalbin as a temporary residence. It was described as remote, solitary, inaccessible to strangers, and never visited by the family of Gordon. Monimia found it all, and more than she had anticipated; and here she resolved to abide, and carry into practice her scheme of benevolence. So Montague took the castle, and a farm, in lease from Sir Archibald; and Lady Gordon secretly blessed the romance of the "dear creature," which permitted her to enjoy her town parties, and push the interest of her nieces, with the least possible detriment to interests more important.

But when she heard of a tall, handsome young man, who had dropped as it were from

the clouds, to become the daily and hourly companion of her niece-elect; when she understood, from the correspondence of her old and faithful servant Macpherson, that the fine dark eyes, and rich and ever-mantling bloom of this Adonis, were conveying unutterable things to the young solitary, she resolved to push northward with all convenient speed, and to renew the disinterested addresses of her nephew.

Monimia was now enlightened as to the real views of Lady Gordon. She had often heard her characterized as an heir and heiress hunter; one of those persons, by no means uncommon in high life, who, to the utmost indifference about their relations, unite great attachment to their *family*, and restless ambition for the aggrandizement of those they do not even love. The family of Gordon was her Ladyship's own family; and Sir Archibald was the son of her sister, as well as the nephew and heir of her husband. She had intrigued as violently for the honour and glory of the husband she hated, as she now did for the aggrandizement of the nephew she despised; and for the same reason,—they were *her's*.

By well-timed, skilful employment of flattery, threats, reproaches, and promises, Lady

Gordon had led her nephew to acquire some knowledge of those sciences attempted by men of fortune; and she now employed the same means to rouse that perverse, obstinate something in his character, which made him slight every good in his power, and pant after whatever seemed unattainable. Her Ladyship had seen a horse, a dog, a groom, or a mistress, in the possession of another man, convert her indolent nephew into a little Alexander; and when the prize was gained, the satiated hero would sit down and yawn, that there were not more admired dogs, horses, and mistresses, to struggle for, and win. Now, Lady Gordon rightly concluded persevering ambition an infallible means of success, whether in the pursuits of the school-boy, or the grown gentleman; and she hoped that Sir Archibald would yet yawn as heartily over the possession of the haughty Monimia and her fine fortune, as he now did over Highflyer, and “La Piquante.”

When Sir Archibald and his friend returned from the hill, on the day that Montague dined at Castlebane, her Ladyship, using the privileges of her age, joined them in the little parLOUR, where they devoured their late dinner.

“Mr Mansel, I have to beg that you will give Maria no more of your verses. They ab-

solutely turn the girl's head. She has sung and played me deaf, trying to set them, and really she has been very successful; but the cadences are remarkably harmonious, and—”

“ She does me too much honour, Madam,” interrupted the poet, smiling complacently; “ but I shall certainly obey your Ladyship's injunction.”

“ If you wish Maria to keep her senses, you must. Apropos, we have been talking all day of your charming idea of the fishing-tent in Glenalbin. There is poetry in that too. Landscape, boating, music, shooting,—it is really delightful. Pray, where did a town-beau like you acquire that rich fancy, and elegant invention?”

Mr Mansel smiled, and bowed, while he disclaimed these high gifts; “ but really the idea of the fishing-tent had escaped his recollection. It might, however, be very pleasant.”

“ It was certainly your idea; but Maria is perhaps more tenacious of these things than yourself. You know the love of romance is a little pardonable at eighteen. So I must indulge the girls:—therefore arrange your plan; and, as the idea was your own, let the execution be the same. Command us all;—you are master here.”

"I value the honour of your commands too much, not to exert myself to the utmost, Madam," said Mansel, bowing on the Lady's hand, as he flew to give orders.

"We shall be a gallant little society," resumed the lady; "Sir Archibald and his sisters, the charming Montague, and her Macalbin beau."

"Her Macalbin beau!" cried Mansel, laughing, and looking back, while Sir Archibald angrily raised his eyes from his plate.

"Oh!—you thought Sir Archibald was the happy man?" replied the Lady; "I assure you I was equally deceived,—till very, very lately. Poor Sir Archibald is fairly cut out, for all his pretensions, and knowledge of the sex. Mrs Montague is beyond Sir Archibald's reach, I fear."

"Still your kind fears, Madam," said the baronet, with a resolute fierceness that delighted his aunt; "Mrs Montague is as much in Sir Archibald's reach, as he chooses to make her."

"Hey-day!—here is boasting, Mr Mansel. Well, if the vain wretch do not make good his threats, we shall certainly enjoy a laugh against him."

Mr Mansel retired to change his hunting-

dress, a ceremony he had not used for the last week, and Lady Gordon followed him up stairs. As his chamber door stood open, he heard her Ladyship exhorting Maria to leave the grand piano forte, which that young lady refused to do.

“ Maria, I command you to come and make tea for me ;—I shall really lock up these verses.”

“ Well, if I must, I must,” replied the young lady ; who used the pretext of her frankness and vivacity, to declare violent admiration for many young men of a certain fortune. “ But is he returned ?—What a charming fellow!—Oh heavens !”

Maria did not know that she was overheard, but her aunt believed it was possible ; nay, she hoped it ; and she chid her frank niece, not so much for her feelings, as the giddy avowal of them.

“ Fond little pug,” thought Mansel, “ so she is in for it too ;”—and he brushed down his hair in a thicker shade over his forehead and eyes, and hastened to the drawing-room ; and the new air was played and sung twenty times over ; if an air may be called new, which was newly written down from the singing of an old Highland woman.

Mansel continued to dance, sing, flirt, and

romp with Maria, and to give her verses; Bella was jealous and sullen, a circumstance very propitious to the duration of his love; Sir Archibald was as determined to gain Monimia from the obscure Macalbin, as he had ever been to obtain "*La Piquante*" from the Duke of —; and Lady Gordon thought herself a woman of no mean talents.

## CHAP. XXIII.

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“ After all, I verily believe that your Lordship and I are of the same religion, if we were thoroughly understood by one another ; and that all honest and reasonable Christians would be so, if they did but talk enough together every day, and had nothing to do together, but to serve God, and live in peace with their neighbours.”

*Pope's Letter to the Bishop of Rochester.*

ABOUT this time Buchanan returned from the low country. He had most conscientiously raised the cry of “ No Popery,” but no one responded ; and he complained loudly of a general deadness of public feeling. Greater personages have uttered a similar complaint, but with less reason, for Buchanan’s “ Babylon Exposed” remained unsold ; and, what was worse, no Catholic priest, no shadow of a priest, for that would have been enough, disturbed the grateful tenants of Craig-gillian.

Before returning home with her father, Flora went from Eleenalin, to spend a day of happy-

ness with her friend. It was the day after Montague had given his opinion of the heath mutton at Castlebane.

"Most opportunely come," cried Monimia, as she entered the breakfast parlour; "you will see my brother sublime;—in his third manner, as the painters say."

Mr Montague seemed indeed very much disturbed, and Flora fancied that his bad humour extended even to herself. Instead of the familiar chuck under the chin, and the kiss with which he sometimes met her, accompanied by a friendly caution not to form extravagant hopes, as he was not a marrying man, he sulkily replied to her inquiry after his health, and, without looking up, continued his breakfast. She also thought Monimia more gay than cheerful, and she was right;—for Monimia, ashamed to feel that a person who possessed so little power to confer delight, should be able to interrupt her tranquillity, strove to conceal, beneath the thin guise of artificial gaiety, the uneasiness she could not banish from her mind.

Montague had much of that hard peremptoriness, which often adheres even to a good-natured man, accustomed to no society save his own menials, and whom neither interest, duty, affection, nor good-breeding, have trained to

habits of gentle compliance, or graceful yielding to the feelings of others. But Monimia was neither his shopman nor his kitchen-maid, and she was indifferent about being his heir; therefore, with her, his power was powerless, and his persuasions vain, and he became importunate. He, however, wanted that cool, obdurate, muleish pertinacity, with which the domestic tormentor continues that ceaseless, meaningless importunity, which often enables a weak mind to wear out a stronger and more amiable one, and triumphantly to wring forth the half-angry, half-disgusted,—“For God’s sake, do as you please;” and, whenever he became angry, or, as he termed it, lost patience, Monimia withdrew, and, by prohibiting all conversation on the subject, escaped solicitation, till another visit to Castlebane stimulated his vanity to a new attempt. He possessed another agreeable quality, in common with many persons who pride themselves on a greater share of sincerity than their neighbours; under pretence of “telling his mind,” and abhorring every thing that savoured of deceit, he vented every suggestion of a narrow vulgar spirit, and covered his offensive rudeness with the specious veil of superior honesty and frankness. The implied threat of employing this amiable quality

against the family at Eleenalin, and another, nearly akin to it, though of less pretension, which he called being—"as plain as pleasant," had obtained from Monimia many little compliances, alike repugnant to her judgment and inclination. It is somewhat unfortunate, that persons whose sincerity is thus uncontrollable, should oftener have occasion to offend the feelings of others, than to discover any thing very candid or amiable in their own transparent minds. Now, this formidable class of persons prove very troublesome companions, when offended with those whom delicacy or good-breeding will not permit to usurp similar privileges; and Monimia often felt it so. The stale and ungenerous threat was again held out, as she firmly refused to attend Lady Gordon to Inverness.

"So you won't go—won't you?—You won't go?—Well, I shall be at the bottom of this before I eat or sleep,—I shall see who take upon themselves to advise you, and deceive you, for their own wicked ends;—I shall tell some folks a piece of my mind."

Monimia, too angry to fear, indignantly exclaimed,—“Surely!—and welcome. Tell what you please, Sir.—But let me first tell you, that I have no adviser,—in this affair I need

none. I can see whither all this altercation tends,—you do not even seek to conceal it: and as ‘telling minds’ is the order of the day, let me now tell you—I will never be more to Lady Gordon than I at present am. Now, go to Eleenalin, if you can do it, disgrace yourself and me, and insult Lady Augusta Macalbin by the most unworthy suspicions. Long have I tried to save you the shame of outraging the feelings of that excellent lady—more I ought not to do. But I will tell her the truth—the whole truth, and she, who is all candour and indulgence, will acquit me of intentional error;—of the wish to offend her, she never can suspect *me*, for she knows that *I* at least have been bred in the habits of a gentlewoman.”

Monimia had never said any thing so harsh, and the benevolence of her nature was shocked at the momentary violence of her resentment.

“ So I suppose the habits of a gentleman teach folks to say what they don’t think?—Well, thank God, I am no gentleman,” said Montague sulkily.

“ Not so,” said Monimia; “ the habits” of a gentleman sometimes restrain the expression of offensive thoughts, but they still oftener prevent illiberal surmises from pollut-

ing the mind itself. A gentleman speaks delicately, because he thinks nobly."

Though Montague was displeased at hearing his frankness and sincerity represented in their true colours, of rudeness and ill-breeding, he was more alarmed at the high tone his refractory sister had assumed; and he began to deprecate the indignation he had excited. Many are the advantages the calm and the firm possess over the passionate. Their patient forbearance is as certain to provoke, as their firmness is to over-awe; and every way they triumph. Even the puny malice of the lesser imps of evil, when compelled to minister to the gracious being they hate and obey, affords momentary amusement to the benevolent master-spirit. Monimia, though not ill-natured, was often entertained with the whimsical irritation her good temper and forbearance produced in her brother-in-law, who chafed the more loudly that nothing opposed him.

In this state of things, Flora entered. Montague, alarmed at the open defiance which met his threat,—at seeing the hobgoblin which frightened the naughty child, discovered to be a man of straw, and contempt succeeding

terrified obedience, thought all was lost, and kept a sullen, plodding silence.

Monimia, who was reluctant to entertain her friends with her domestic broils, found employment for Flora, till breakfast was over, in taking a sketch of a particular scene opposite a distant window. When some minutes had elapsed in the same inauspicious silence, she approached her sulky brother, and, taking his hand, said, in a coaxing voice,—“ Why, my dear Sir, should you wish that poor, tender *I*, should be the first dish served up to the gossips at Inverness. I am quite sure they will find Miss Sinclair and yourself much more substantial fare.” Monimia knew, that, though Montague resolved against marriage, nothing pleased him more than to hear it was possible he might marry and have children, and so disappoint all expectants, herself included; for, Queen-Elizabeth-like, he showed abundant caprice with regard to his successor. He smiled feebly, and she added,—“ You know turtle and venison always precede sweet-meats.”

“ Meaning yourself for the sweetmeats, no doubt?”

“ Certainly.”

“ Aye, you are sweet, God knows,—very

sweet!"—and he shook his head, and twirled his thumbs, pleased to fancy himself a very ill-used man, whom a vigorous effort of prudence enabled to conceal his just indignation, lest its expression should drive its object to measures still more desperate. The sullen fit, however, went off, and he was desirous to speak, though he scorned to make advances.

"Oh, sister Anne, see you any body coming?" cried Monimia at length, as Flora still gazed through the casement.—"Yes, yonder is Williams."

"And the letters," cried Monimia; "now for a rise of stocks, or a tender billet from the dear one, as I hope for smiles and good humour: the first, my husband, when I get him, and when he gets into Parliament, shall daily and nightly repay with his vote; and for the last, Miss Sinclair——"

"Don't Miss Sinclair me, Madam,—though it's hard to say what I may do, if heartily provoked,—I am but fifty years old myself."

"Or, by'r lady, inclining to three-score."

"No, fifty-six only;—make it a day more if you can. But, if perverseness make me do a foolish thing, it shan't be with a Scotchwoman, I can tell you;—so let me hear no more of

that Miss Sinclaiar ;—there's too many rings in her horn for me."

" So marriage is the foolish thing—and a Scotchwoman too ;—and then the elegant figure borrowed from your grazing trade,—O gallant Englishman !"

" Have done now, Monimia, I won't be made a fool of, I say : let me hear no more of Miss Sinclair."

" Flora," said Monimia, " you know Miss Sinclair is justly proud of the Celtic blood that flows in her noble veins, pure and unmixed since Julius Cæsar made her ancestors retire to the mountains. Now, I fear my brother thinks her of Pictish origin, for every little child in Scotland knows that short race had very long arms."

" And painted faces too, Monimia, had they not ?" inquired Montague, who, in common with many persons educated in humble life, entertained a sort of religious horror at a woman who painted her face ; and, not contented with despising it as a folly, regarded it as a vague, undefined crime, deserving execration and abhorrence.

" Oh no ! she is no Pict in that sense,—I must do her that justice, for she once did as much for me."

"I am sure," said the bewildered Montague, "Lady Gordon told me as much."

"Aye, she daubs pretty freely herself—in the dark style; so she wishes to spoil poor Miss Sinclair's preferment.—I suppose she added rings to her horn too—did she?—Her Ladyship is somewhat of a jockey, I know."

"Truly I can't say, but I should think Miss Sinclair does not look nearly so much as fifty. However, women are a mystery to me, and to any plain man, as I take it;—so the less one has to do with them the better, I believe."

"Your very humble, and thrice obliged servant," cried Monimia, curtseying ludicrously, as she retired with her friend, who had agreed to remain at Dunalbin for that day, and on the next to accompany her to a fair in the neighbourhood, and afterwards to visit a cascade in a distant valley, which Norman had represented as a scene of unmatched beauty.

Gaily anticipating the same pleasure from this little excursion, which they had often experienced in similar ones, the young friends rose with the bright sun of the following morning. Horses were ordered; and in a short time they were joined by Norman and

the Piper, the latter carrying a basket of cold provisions, that they might make their mid-day repast in any pleasant spot among the hills. It was the delight of old Moome to fill this basket with rural dainties, and her pride to be told, that no low-country cook nearly equalled herself in curing mutton hams, and making Highland sausages. When Monimia's servant had added some wine to the contents of this basket, and a hunter's bottle of brandy for the sole use of the carrier, they set out, Norman on foot, attended by a favourite wolf-dog, the ladies on horseback, and Hugh closing the procession. After emerging from Glenalbin, and ascending for some time by an unformed mountain path, they entered the elevated, wide, and dreary moor, on which the fair was held, and which was regarded as the most centrical point in a district of nearly fifty miles in circumference. Monimia attended at this fair, that her presence might encourage the rude manufacture she had endeavoured to establish. She had no hope of any purchaser save herself; and when the young, and hitherto unemployed girls, gathered round her, triumphantly displaying the gay-patterned gowls and shawls just obtained from the low-country pedlars, in exchange for coarse woollen stock-

ings and caps,—her eyes sparkled, her cheeks glowed, the habitual benevolence of her nature rose to momentary rapture, and she eagerly exclaimed, “ Ah ! this is delightful ! this is something like a developement of the principle of industry,—feeble and imperfect indeed,—but it is still something. Yonder is Mr Buchanan advancing with a *preaching* face, to tell us of the influx of luxury and vanity ; but I really think the pleasure these good girls derive from their novel finery, is a very honest pride in their conscious efforts.—I am quite sure,” added she, in her imperfect Gaelic,—“ I am quite sure, Catharine, you are as proud of winning your gown as of wearing it ?”

“ That I am, Lady,” replied the Highland girl to whom this inquiry was addressed ; “ any body might wear a gown.”

“ Aye indeed, Catharine, but you have won it,” said the mother of the girl, pressing forward ; “ and God bless herself who taught you how to do that ;—many might have given you a gown, but that is once and away, and an obligation to the bargain ;—where that lady has put you on earning when you please, and what you please ;—and don’t think the worse of Kate, Lady, because it is put out on herself, for she would have put all out on us, had we

allowed her; but her father would not suffer her till next fair."

" You are a good girl, Catharine, a very good girl, and I love and honour your affectionate spirit," said Monimia, kindly looking on the blushing girl; " and your mother is quite right—nothing can do us any permanent good, but what we do for ourselves. To assist and direct you all, how you may best struggle for yourselves,—if I were able to do it,—would be my dearest pleasure."

She then entered into conversation with the humble merchants at that remote fair, and was rejoiced to hear, that if the goods were of equal quality, they could not fail to find purchasers, and even an increasing demand, while they were afforded at so cheap a rate.

Norman, having gallantly presented his fair companions with ribbons of the " Clan-Albin tartan," to tie down their cottage straw bonnets, was honoured with permission to fix them on; and Hugh was made equally happy, when the considerate bounty of Monimia permitted him to treat all the women and children with *fairings*, and to carry home a shawl for Moomé, and gawdy glass beads for little Mary Fitzconnal.

" You rob yourself, Hugh," said Monimia:

" now, since you treat every body, and reserve nothing for yourself, I must be permitted to treat you ;—tell me what you love best ?"

" Yourself, darling," replied Hugh, gallantly lifting the old ribbon Norman had just displaced ;—" and this is all I will take—if with your leave I may ;—proud I shall be to tie it to the chanter of my own pipe."

" You are as gallant as disinterested," returned Monimia ; " so your's be the trophy, Hugh." — Hugh bowed, when thus endowed, with all the courtesy of a knight of chivalry.

— " It shall not leave that, darling, till the day you marry, when you will give me a new streamer with your own hands—of the Mac-Albin tartan too—for that is my darling chequer."

The cheeks of Monimia glowed with rosy confusion, her heart throbbed with strange, new, and delighted feelings, her eye sought the ground, while that of Norman for a moment triumphed in her emotion, and a quivering sigh burst from a heart surcharged with bliss. In a moment she recovered, and turned away, affecting to laugh while she said, " Truly you are a gallant Piper ! And I promise you, we shall never quarrel about the chequer of a ribbon."

"I hope not, dear—I hope not," replied the Piper, rubbing his hands, and regarding Norman with an arch look, which Monimia fortunately did not perceive.

"Monimia sprung lightly on horseback, afraid at that moment to receive the least assistance from the man who had awakened the fearful beatings of her heart; and, followed by blessings and adieus from all the poor people gathered at the fair, the young party proceeded to the "Cascade of the Goshawk," so named in the language of the country, from one of these rare birds having long frequented the lofty cliffs that overhang the waterfall.—After rapidly crossing the dreary and far extending moor, they ascended other mountains, and at length entered a deep, narrow, unpeopled glen, the haunt of the eagle and the roe; and beheld a landscape of wild and picturesque beauty, not the less attractive that it had hitherto escaped the vigilance of tourists,—never been visited by tittering parties, peeped at through opera-glasses, nor sketched in red morocco portefeuilles.

When they had long lingered round this enchanting scene with that heartfelt, and nearly silent admiration, which precludes the necessity of conjuring up raptures, and turgid bursts

of wonder and enthusiasm, Hugh turned the horses loose to graze, and spread the contents of his basket in a sweet recess, sheltered by fantastic rocks and shrubs, and preserved in the liveliest verdure by a clear, brawling stream. As they reclined round their mossy board, the joyous spirits of Monimia broke forth without restraint. A light, versatile, and fugitive charm, pervaded her manner and her conversation; playful grace marked every movement, and fascination lurked in every smile; and at times, the blushing softness of new-born passion threw round her a spell yet more dangerous and irresistible. Norman forgot all his wisdom and resolutions, and his heart tenderly echoed her romantic wish—"living for ever under these shades with those she loved."

While Flora mingled her sweet, full voice with the sound of the rushing stream, singing many snatches of old melodies, Monimia amused her companion with rearing a little ideal cottage on every picturesque point, and, at the head of the glen, the mansion of him who was to rule in love, and diffuse through his sylvan territory, industry and intelligence—all the lowly virtues, and all the virtues that follow in their train. To Monimia no scene was so lovely as the picture of human happiness;—the

felicity of mankind was the most attractive of all sights; and the accompaniment of blue smokes rising among the trees, domestic animals browsing on the slopes,—the mill, the smithy, the hamlet-school, and the fairy group paddling in the stream, were all wanting to complete her favourite landscape. While, with the magic of fancy, she created these, and imparted warmth and cheerfulness to the lovely void, Hugh came forward, and, as he had done every thing the most vigilant affection could suggest for the accommodation of his young friends,—“wondered how the market would be going?” Norman easily understood this hint, for he well knew the Piper’s fondness for markets; and, after a courtly affectation of reluctance to leave the party, Hugh went back to the fair.

They continued to stray through these romantic solitudes, at every advancing step catching some enchanting feature of the landscape, till gaiety subsided into that soothing and tender complacency, ever awakened in feeling minds by the tranquil and minute contemplation of beautiful nature. From soft and indulged reverie,—the visions of the painter, and the raptures of the poet,—they were suddenly roused by the baying of dogs, the cheering of

huntsmen, and the thick beating of approaching steps ; and a hunted deer, plunging through a thicket, threw himself in despair among the party, as if from them it sought protection from its enemies.

“ Oh save it, save it ! ” cried Monimia, in great alarm ; while Norman called off the dogs, which had now nearly come up with the exhausted animal. He was joined by the huntsmen, who, though somewhat dissatisfied at the loss of the game which their dogs had accidentally started, assisted him in calling them off from pursuit ; and, ere their masters approached, the panting deer had darted down the steeps, crossed the stream, and, bounding up the opposite heights, sought his mountain haunts. The strangers were Sir Archibald Gordon, Mr Mansel, and some other gentlemen, with a long train of servants and dogs. Monimia would gladly have spared so many witnesses to her romantic expedition, but it was now too late to escape ; and she quietly listened to the apologies offered for the late alarm, and congratulations on so fortunate a rencontre.

Motives of curiosity had led the strangers to a Highland fair, and there they had been informed by Montague, that his sister, and an-

other young lady, were visiting “the cascade of the *goosehawk*.” The same idleness and ennui which brought them to the fair, made them follow Sir Archibald to a glen, a waterfall, and two young ladies. But a rarer sight rewarded their toil; and Sir Archibald encountered an object which infinitely surpassed the young beauties, who now, in the height of agitation and alarm, appeared in a blaze of loveliness,—this was the wolf-dog of Norman. This animal was uncommonly large, handsome, and docile, and a very great favourite with Norman and the family of Eleenalin, for he was the last gift of the emigrants of Glenalbin; who, from respect to their Chiefs, had preserved the national breed, when it was nearly extinct in every other part of the Highlands.

The family of Gordon was not originally Highland; but Sir Archibald, when in England, affected the Chieftain, as that character procured observation, if not distinction. He accordingly kept a Piper, two or three fierce-looking servants in the Highland garb, which he sometimes, at balls and masquerades, assumed himself, the better to assert and keep alive his feudal dignity. Now, the possession of a Fingalian dog was a most important element in the composition of a Chieftain; and

was, besides, a quite new thing, calculated to excite interest, envy, and curiosity,—long denied to the vulgar acquisitions of Arabian horses, Irish hounds, Italian singers, curious wines, and Spanish jennets. He therefore accosted the dog's master with great politeness, expressed surprise that he had not favoured him with a visit at Castlebane, and unbounded admiration of his fine dog. Norman, though gratified by the praise bestowed on his favourite, was deaf to the baronet's plainest hints; and when Sir Archibald declared a vehement desire to possess such another dog, and inquired whether it were possible to obtain one, answered, that he feared it was not possible,—“my poor Luath is the last of his race,” said he, caressing the animal which recalled so many soft recollections; “he was bestowed on me as a pledge of parting friendship; he is all that remains of what was once very dear to me.”

Sir Archibald said no more, but he secretly resolved to obtain the dog, by whatever means.

As the party, before their departure, stood to admire the cascade, its glittering arch of foam reflecting every bright, changeful, and splendid colour, in the beams of the evening sun,

the wild birds were seen to flutter round, and brush the spray, as they sought their aerial dwelling. The elegant species of falcon from which the cascade took its name, was become so extremely rare, that Sir Archibald was instantly fired with the desire of becoming the envied possessor of a gos-hawk. The wish to oblige, and to render happy every sentient thing that he met, was one of Norman's strongest principles, and most cherished habits; and, to console the baronet for the want of the wolf-dog which had captivated his fancy, he determined to procure him a young gos-hawk. He knew that no one could, with such ease and safety as himself, scale or descend the steep and fearful precipices where the falcons nestled; and stealing away unperceived, he entered on his perilous enterprise.

Surprised at this abrupt absence, Monimia looked anxiously round on every hand, and, through the boles of the tangled underwood, perceived the daring adventurer suspended in mid-air, by the frail support of the shrubs which sprung from the ledges or crevices of the rocks. Her colour faded, and a sickening horror seized her heart, but distressing consciousness held her silent; while Flora, to whom she pointed out the appalling spectacle, wildly

proclaimed her fears, and earnestly intreated her to turn back. The whole party paused for an instant; but Sir Archibald, affecting to treat the enterprise as in no wise hazardous, urged them to proceed, his servants having already found the ladies' horses. Flora, however, refused to advance, and ran towards the base of the cliffs, whither Monimia, secretly blessing her, gained courage to follow; and the gentlemen, thus compelled, also turned back.

Norman had now attained the object of his perilous pursuit; and, bowing and smiling from the dizzying height where he stood, to re-assure Flora, he quickly descended the cliffs, and darting down the tangled steeps, joined the party at the foot of the cataract. With a side-long glance, Monimia tenderly reproached his temerity, and expressed her joy at his safety.

"I little thought to alarm you so much, my dear Flora," said he; "I imagined that you were going on, and that I would soon overtake you;"—and he gracefully presented the young gos-hawk to the now delighted baronet.

Sir Archibald's pride in this desirable acquisition lasted only for a moment. When he had admired the bird, and felt that it was his own beyond the power of chance, he turned to Norman, saying,—“What pity, Sir,—as you

were at the nest,—but you had taken the whole."

" Though I feel little remorse for taking one member from the family of the 'Rock Pirate,'" replied Norman, smiling,—“ these ladies would never have forgiven me for robbing a poor bird of all its young.”

It had been well if the affair had dropped here; but Sir Archibald, piqued at the indifference Norman showed to his implied request, prepared to scale the cliff himself. The more he was dissuaded from so dangerous an exploit, the more obstinate he became; and it was now evident, that, to gratify his spleen, he was determined to hazard his neck. Having an idea that the best cure for this very common species of noble daring, is entire indifference to both the danger and the glory, Monimia affected total unconcern, and proposed going on, concluding that the self-willed hero would care little for a solitary triumph.

“ Oh, no, no!” cried Flora; and, with all the simplicity of innocent inexperience, she implored him to desist, not aware that the heroism of some men owes its origin to the fears of women, and that, when the latter cease to be cowards, the former forget to be brave. Imputing her humane concern to a

softer reason, the baronet graciously soothed this “amiable and very flattering alarm;” and, without attempting to allay her fears, by lessening the danger, made light of encountering it. Though tempted to smile at the simplicity of her friend, Monimia pinched her arm, and attempted to drag her away, but Flora would not stir; and, had every one deserted the hero, she would have remained alone to watch for his safety.—Her fears added a new motive to the desire of obtaining a bird, opposing the intreaties of friends, and spiting, (as he imagined) the man who had just hazarded his life to oblige him. Sir Archibald sprung forward.

Norman had hitherto kept very quiet, but he now begged the baronet to oblige him, by waiting till to-morrow, as the ladies were so desirous of getting home. Sir Archibald would not wait a minute, and was certain the ladies would excuse him.

“Then I must get the birds for you,” said Norman, very gravely; “I cannot suffer you even to attempt it.”

“Not *suffer* me!” exclaimed the baronet angrily; “and why not?”

“Because you cannot go with safety;—all my life I have been accustomed to range

among these cliffs,—and when on them, my head and my footing must be steadier than yours."

Instead of admitting the truth of this probable statement, Sir Archibald answered only with a look of disdain, and proceeded; and Norman followed him. Monimia, who had now lost all desire to leave the cataract, heard this altercation in an agony of fear—the more distressing that delicacy and timid consciousness forbade its expression, and forbade her to assume the mien of indifference, while every nerve was on the rack. But, when she perceived that Norman was rapidly following the headstrong baronet, she bitterly repented her silence, and wished that she had used the intreaties her heart whispered, and to which it also promised success.—“ And could my cold pride hazard a life so precious, rather than speak one little word ?” thought she, while she gazed in that awful suspense which almost arrests every function of life, and keeps the soul fixed in the agony of intense expectation.

For some time Sir Archibald ascended with great agility, proudly declining all aid from him whom the pure spirit of benevolence attracted to his steps, and rudely commanding him to go back. Norman disobey-

ed in silence. They had now reached a considerable height; and Sir Archibald, looking down on the yawning chasm, and upward on the impending, rugged cliffs, became giddy, staggered, and, grasping the foot of Norman, they fell together, breaking down the branches that shot over the abyss with a tremendous crash.

A deep groan burst from every bosom; and, after an agonizing pause, every one sprung forward, the strangers to Sir Archibald, and Monimia to find the mangled body of her friend, while Flora sunk nerveless on the grass;—forgotten was the woman's delicacy, forgotten the strangers' presence, as Monimia in distraction threw herself by the insensible Norman, clasping him in her arms, and by wild starts pouring forth all the eloquent ravings of passionate tenderness and vehement grief.

As if her voice had power over death, Norman opened his eyes, to see her he loved hanging over him with undisguised tenderness; and, pressing the hand on his late still, but now delighted heart, he feebly smiled, while he whispered—“My blessed Monimia, compose yourself;—I am not hurt.”

“Are you not, Norman, my own dear,

dear friend?" cried she incoherently, and streaming tears relieved concentrated agony.—"Oh! I fancied you murdered in my presence;—merciful God, what a blessed providence!"—and her heart shivered within her at the immensity of the danger he had escaped, and from which she could scarcely yet believe him free.

Even at that solemn moment, the heart of Norman throbbed with transport, and a sweet delirium involved every sense, as he dropped his wounded head on her shoulder, and whispered his ardent thanks. His next idea was Sir Archibald; but Monimia was prevented from answering his inquiry, by one of the gentlemen who came to his assistance.

"I see, Sir," said he, pointing to Norman's clotted hair, "the innocent have come worst off;"—Monimia started, and turned pale; "but thank God it is no worse with us."

"It would be foolish in a man to complain of a broken head, who has just escaped a broken neck," replied Norman, smiling;—"and I am truly glad Sir Archibald has escaped so easily,—these blessed branches saved us both."

Monimia was not easily alarmed, where pain only, without danger, was apprehended;

and, exerting her spirits, she cut off the clotted hair, and assisted the stranger to wash and bind up the wound, which, though long, was not deep.

When the stranger returned to his party, Monimia still hovered round her patient.—“Who would not choose to be wounded every day, to engage the cares of so sweet a physician?” said he tenderly.

Monimia had now recovered all her self-command; and though she smiled on him with great softness, she replied with some gaiety—“There is more chivalry than wisdom in that wish; but chivalry has long been the excuse of folly:—and tell me, how could such a *preux chevalier* enter on any enterprise without the sanction of his lady?—Flora forbade—” and starting, she for the first time recollected Flora—“My poor Flora!” cried she, running to meet her, and lavishing on her all the kindness of an overflowing heart. Weeping and laughing, chiding and congratulating, Flora threw herself into the arms of Norman, whom she kissed with all the innocent familiarity of their early days; and they walked together towards the bank where Sir Archibald was seated, surrounded by his friends. They congratulated the

baronet on his fortunate escape, and he coldly returned the same compliment to Norman; and again thanked Flora for the very flattering interest she had manifested in his safety.

" You owe me no thanks indeed," replied Flora, with simple earnestness; " I could not help feeling the same anxiety for any human creature in the like danger."

Sir Archibald by no means relished this rustic declaration. To be refused a dog, to fail in the attempt of climbing a rock, to lose a nest of birds; and, above all, to be levelled with—" any human creature,"—might have ruffled his temper even in his calmest hours, and now excited the deepest displeasure.

He sullenly persisted in escorting Monimia home, though, from the moment they emerged from the glen of the Gos-hawk, and that the strangers took leave, he exchanged not one word with the remaining party. There are few minds that can discharge themselves from the restraint and uneasiness produced by the ill-humour of companions; and the young friends, if not equally angry, were at least as silent as himself.

When they reached Dunalbin, he alighted, and, uninvited, followed Monimia into the house; while Norman took leave, and has-

tened to the Piper, who was waiting his arrival on the beach.

Hugh had heard from the servants, of the alarming accident at the cascade; and, after demonstrating his joy at the escape of his beloved young friend by a very cordial shake of the hand, he gently chid him for venturing his life for a Gordon.—“Had he broken his neck, it is little more than he deserves;—I wonder myself who would mourn him?”

“I would,” said Norman, “had I not endeavoured to prevent it.”

“It is a pity!” replied Hugh sarcastically;—“And he wants our poor Luath too, I’m told;—but you would surely see him cursed first!—confounded Whigamore!”

“I am fortunately reduced to no such alternative,” returned Norman, laughing; and, to end the discourse, he inquired the news of the fair.—“Oh, little but Mrs Montague’s marriage with him;—all full of that!”—and Norman perceived the cause of Hugh’s bad humour.

“People must talk of something,” said Norman, with affected carelessness.

“Aye, so they must;—so you don’t believe it, dear?—No more do I,—I *faced*

every one who said it.—He attended her home though."

When they landed, they were met by Moome, eager for news from the market.

"O! nothing but buying of low-country round hats and trowsers," cried Hugh indignantly; "scarce a bonnet or philabeg to be seen now;—bad luck to them! throwing off the garb of fathers they will never be like.—What will the countries come to at last, I wonder?—Even our own Lady,—and I never went over the cords with her but then,—severe frost and snow it was, I grant,—the very winter you went first to Ballyruag.—‘My good Piper,’ says she, ‘let me beg of you to wear trowsers and a hat to defend yourself from the cold, at least till summer;—poor creature, I shiver to look at you!’—Norman Macalbin, I cannot tell you whether I was most grieved or angry to hear Macalbin’s *dochter* speak to me in the manner. She who should have known better than to affront any of my name by calling him a *poor cratur!* and supposing that I,—unworthy as I am of those I come off,—would shrink like a Saxon sloung from a blast of cold, or a whirl of snow-drift;—but I faced her for it, and told her

that, with her leave, *deevil* a low-country comfort, or a breeches, should ever go on my Highland limbs. To be sure, I did get the rheumatism that year, but what signified that? Moome herself took it very ill of the Lady."

"By Mary, yes! that I did," cried Moome; "part with your philabeg!—turn a low-country mongrel!—you could not be such a dog. Och my heart, that her father's *dochter* could advise you!—but she was not long of that mind, I warrant;—no, Hugh Piper, Mach-piper, sooner would I lay a stone to your cairn, than see you disgracing yourself and your clan with a low-country breeches."

Norman smiled at the imaginary insult offered to the blood of Macalbin, and left his affronted friends to condole with each other, while he hastened to amuse his other solitary friend with the adventures of the day. More than usually silent in mixed society, it was in the little domestic circle his social feelings found utterance. For the entertainment of the Lady did he treasure up every trait of individual character, generous sentiment, or playful wit: to strangers he was known only by the good-humoured facility, and open smile expressive of pleasure, at their efforts to be wise or witty; to her

by great powers of observation, and those delightful conversational talents which amuse, gladden, or improve the circle of the parlour fire, but languish and fail to charm, when transplanted to the colder atmosphere of the drawing-room.

CHAP. XXIV.

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“ I know thou can’t never be mine,  
I know even hope is denied ;  
Yet it’s sweeter for thee despairing  
Than aught in the world beside.”

BURNS.

FLORA was now returned to her home, and in the following weeks, Norman had abundant opportunity to act on his honourable and wise, though painful resolution, of avoiding the society of her who occupied so large a share in his thoughts. As if she understood and approved his motives, Monimia also visited Eleenalin less frequently ; and, except on the Sunday mornings, when she was in the habit of reading the Church service to the Lady, they seldom met, and never but in company.

The gay pennons of the fishing-tent were now seen streaming among the cliffs of Kena-

nowen, and the romantic swell, or dying murmur, of distant wind instruments, were undulating in every breeze; while the inhabitants of Eleenalin devoted themselves to more than ordinary seclusion. From boyhood, one of Norman's greatest pleasures had been the cultivation of a little garden, which he had enriched with many rare plants from the mountains; and, while the gay party occupied his solitary and favourite haunts, he divided his time between his books, music, and the management of this spot, where he gave Hugh a very beneficial example of industry, neatness, and arrangement, and almost shamed him out of the half-lazy, half-proud—"I can't be troubled,"—the national reproach from the banks of the Tweed to John o'Groat's House.

Yet Norman often delighted to listen to the enchanting melody flung back from the rocks and hanging woods, or trembling on the wave, from which it stole new sweetness. Still oftener did his eyes wander round the walls of Dunalbin, and seek "the dweller of his secret soul," among the gay throng that daily resorted to the tent; for Mansel, by diligently studying the useful hints of Colonel Thornton, had united good cheer, and comfortable accommo-

dation, to more sportsman-like pleasures, and thus attracted all the ladies and officers from the neighbouring fort. Meanwhile, Hugh's daily interchange of newspapers, books, and notes, was all the intercourse between the castle and Eleenalin; and his sarcasms on "gentlemen hunters, afraid of wetting their feet," the only intelligence between the islanders and their fashionable neighbours. The character of the present dwellers in Glenalbin, did not harmonize with the Piper's ideas of society and neighbourhood, and he daily felt greater impatience for their departure.

The sporting party had remained ten days, when the Piper, landing one evening in Eleenalin, joyfully accosted his young friend,—

" Well ! the gentlemen hunters are to decamp at last ;—joy go with them, and with her who sent them away."

" How do you mean ?" inquired Norman, somewhat anxiously. " O ! only Miss *Ri* run off with the Lieutenant, Miss Ursy's cousin,—that's all—Pretending to be going the way of Glenalbin, and set off for Glen Moriston, where the chaplain of the regiment married them in her nurse's. But every body says he had *oaths* of her long since, though her aunt wanted her to deny it. When two days were

gone, news came to Castlebane, where there was a strong party of ladies and gentlemen. The Lady was from faint to faint, crying out her eyes; Gordon, raging and swearing, calling for his pistols to shoot the Lieutenant; and Mansel, quite affronted, and in a high passion, setting off whatever the lady could do; —for she would marry him to Belle, or herself, rather than lose him, they say."

" That is all very wonderful," replied Norman; " but, in the mean time, where is Luath?"

" Luath!" exclaimed Hugh, " is he not with yourself?—My good Father! the Gordons have stolen him. Did I not tell you, dear, how I stopped a few minutes at the New Inns to hear the news of Castlebane, and taste one glass with Gordon's groom?—since, I never saw him."

The wolf-dog was indeed lost, and his master nearly inconsolable; though, in pity to the anguish and self-upbraidings of Hugh, he suppressed his feelings, and spoke of hope. All the evening was the shrill whistle of the Piper heard among the dells and hills of the glen; but Luath was far from Glenalbin, and at midnight, Norman forced his disconsolate attendant to return home. Next day the search was re-

newed, and, taking different courses, they trac-ed a wide tract of country, but with no better success ; and, exhausted and forlorn, Hugh again returned to Eleenalin, exhibiting a very ludicrous picture of distress, as he went about and wrung his hands, exclaiming,—“ My Luath, my darling, my dog of dogs ! a bad meeting to them that set their evil eyes upon my darling !”

Norman would not permit himself to think that any person, pretending to the name of gentleman, could stoop to so base an action as stealing a dog, yet his regret for the favourite animal was not the less poignant ; and the remembrance of Luath was only effaced by more important interests. On reaching home, he saw Monimia’s fairy shallop anchored to the decayed willow ; and, with a thrill of joyful expectation, hastened to the cottage. He found her in earnest conversation with the Lady, trembling and agitated, her face wear-ing the glister of newly shed tears. He would have instantly withdrawn, but, starting up, she pressed the hand of the Lady to her lips and her bosom, emphatically pronounced the word “ Remember ;” and, while tears streamed down her face, gave him her hand in silence, and then hurried from the room. Norman

rose to follow, but the Lady called him back, and made some frivolous inquiries about Luath.

"I see your eloquent eyes are imploring explanation," said she, at length; "we are doomed to lose our amiable friend,—at least for some time." Norman covered his face with his hands, and leaned his head on the table, while he faintly uttered,—"I am sorry to hear it."—"It is impossible that her family could remain insensible to her many virtues and fine qualities. They have claimed her from solitude, and the improper protection of Mr Montague, to introduce her to that society she was born to benefit and grace." The Lady could not fail to perceive the overwhelming distress of Norman. Her heart felt every pang she was forced to inflict, and warmly sympathized in the suffering she could not remove. She saw the stifled heaving of his bosom, and withdrew, to afford his young grief the relief of tears and sobs. Still concealing his convulsed features, he also arose, and, rushing to his boat, pushed off to the middle of the lake, where, abandoning it to the waves, he gave himself up to momentary despair. Monimia, lost to him for ever, was the overwhelming suggestion which tore off every disguise, and discovered the fearful extent of her power, and of his

misery. How easy, till now, had been the practice of a delusive self-denial!—till now, he could hover unseen round her,—at sun-rise brush the dews from the path where she had wandered at twilight, and inhale the fragrance of the wild-flower which sprung beneath her steps. At sun-set he could gaze on the distant blazing windows of her chamber, and, lover-like, image to himself her successive studies, pleasures, and occupations. But the unknown dreaded future was to be a dreary blank, from which fancy could draw no image to cheer or to solace.

When he had obtained the ascendancy of his tumultuous feelings, he steered for the isle of the Druid, to indulge the gentler mood of his sadness, and seek its antidote amid the lonely scenes of recollected felicity. A volume of Shakspere lay open on the table of the little rustic bower; for, in the woes of her favourite female character,—the tender, trustful, and all-enduring Imogen,—Monimia had been trying to forget her own peculiar griefs. The leaf was folded down at that beautiful passage,—

“ I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most charming things to say; ere I could tell him  
How I would think on him at certain hours  
Such thoughts, and such; or have charged him

At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, and midnight,  
T' encounter me with orisons," &c.

While Norman run his eye eagerly over these pathetic lines, still wet with the sympathetic tears of Monimia, and placed this precious volume in his bosom, something resembling hope sprung up in his heart; and, at his return, the lady had the satisfaction to see him calm, if not contented.

Norman did not sorrow alone. The reported departure of Monimia was the cause of universal regret;—Moome lamented, and Hugh mourned; Montague by turns fretted and expostulated; and the Lady of Castlebane forgot Maria in concerns more momentous.—“Do I owe this stroke also to Ursy?” thought she, when intelligence was brought, that a superior female domestic had arrived from the Glanville family, to escort Monimia to England; “she must have found means to inform these mercenary creatures of the supposed fortune, either from pure malice, to thwart my family-plans, or to facilitate her own design on that grinning idiot Montague;—probably both.” Her Ladyship almost stamped with the fury of impotent passion. For Miss Sinclair was now beyond her power, having established herself, for the

winter, in the house of a clergyman to whom she was related; and Monimia, having yielded her own secret feelings to a sense of propriety, and gratitude for the tardy, but still welcome kindness of her family, was not likely to be influenced by the desires of the Lady of Castle-bane. Finding herself thus out-witted by her own creature, her Ladyship could only resolve on hastening to England, to support, by her own presence, the report of Monimia's engagements with her nephew; though, in doing so, she left the "pin-man's" fortune exposed to the machinations of Miss Sinclair.

As the kind letters of her relations urged Monimia to an immediate journey, she had bidden farewell to her maternal friend on her late visit to Eleenalin. In the overflowing tenderness of that parting moment, her inmost feelings had burst forth, and, amid tears, sobs, and all the agonies of a delicate mind, she had, in broken sentences, poured the confidence of her bursting heart into the indulgent bosom of the Lady; and was betrayed into that confession so terrible to a female nature,—that her happiness,—her peace,—was in another's keeping.

"To you, dearest Lady," cried she, still burying her face in the bosom of Lady

Augusta,—“ to you I confide all my weakness —to you give up the conduct I can no longer govern ;—yet, dearest Lady, do not despise me. I could not have been so mean, had I not sometimes imagined that *his* tenderness invited and sanctioned my—my esteem. Oh no ! all good, all amiable as he is, I could have died sooner than given my unsought heart even to him.”

“ Daughter of my affection !” said the Lady, pressing the tear-swoln face of Monimia still closer to her bosom,—“ may Heaven accomplish all your sweet hopes ; or, should its wisdom require a sacrifice so painful, give you strength to renounce them, and to find happiness in obedience to its will. Did the fate of both rest with me, it would be the blessing of my age to unite two hearts already united in mine.—But I must not talk so idly ; your ingenuous avowal, my dearest love, though very precious, is also very alarming to me. Young—unconnected—without a profession ;—my best Monimia, respect the honourable struggle of the man—since it must be said—to whom you are most dear.”

“ Ah ! Lady Augusta, were I so happy as to believe that !” cried Monimia, while for a moment every obstacle, every fear, every doubt, disappeared, and her heart beat with the rap-

ture of being beloved ; “ But I do, I do sincerely respect him—even for trying to forget me. And now, dearest Lady, I throw myself on you—you are my friend, and the friend of my sex ; conceal the fatal extent of my weakness ;—and yet, dearest Lady Augusta, should you ever see the anguish of a parting, doubting hour like this, say I will never,—no, never, never forget Eleenalin !—say, you are sure I never will !” Lady Augusta gently smiled over this unconscious artfulness—this tender compromise between the maiden’s delicacy and the maiden’s love ; and soothed her with the promise of watching for her good : and, as Monimia could see nothing of good but what comprehended the interest of her affection, she was soothed, and the sunny smiles of hope dried up the bitterest tears she had ever shed.

The Lady recommended that they should not meet again, anxious to spare them the pang of separation. “ I will not seek a meeting,” said Monimia ; “ but forgive me, dearest Lady, if I cannot seem so unkind as to avoid him, should he wish to see me.” The Lady smiled, in token of acquiescence ; and at the same instant Norman entered, and Monimia hurried away, as has been related.

On the following day, Flora came to Eleen

alin, on her way to pay a farewell visit to her friend, and insisted that Norman should accompany her to Dunalbin. He faintly refused, while he consulted the eyes of the Lady, as if he wished her to bid him go. “ If you wish it, my dear Norman,” said his indulgent friend.—“ Can you doubt that ? ” replied Norman, in a tone of tender reproach, while he veiled his moist eyes with his hand.—“ Can you doubt it indeed ? ” cried Flora in a voice of astonishment ; “ It would be very extraordinary, should he not wish to see Mrs Montague before she goes ; ” and she placed his hat on his head, and pulled his arm within her own.

A glow of pleased surprise overspread the face of Monimia, when Flora entered so accompanied, and her betrayed heart felt more than its wonted flutterings, when she saw the pale face, and deep, calm dejection which evinced her triumph, and awakened all her latent tenderness. “ Oh that I durst speak peace to that warm and noble heart ! ” thought she,—“ bid it repose all its cares on me, and seek their oblivion in my true regard ! ”

When Flora had for some time endeavoured to support a continually decaying conversation, she rose and went to the piano-forte. “ I think,” said she,—“ it was prince Eugene

who preferred music to bad company ; I am quite of his mind. If you won't speak, you shall sing ;" and she handed Norman his favourite Scottish song, "*Here's a health to ane I lo'e dear,*" inviting him to accompany her playing.—“ Not to-night, Flora,” said he ; “ I cannot sing that to-night.”—“ You must, and shall sing it,” replied Flora,—“ after I have been so *civil* as to tumble over all the books to find your favourite.”

“ Aye, come do let us have the song till the candles are lighted,” said Montague, “ to cheer us, for I am fit to cry.”

The air was Jacobite. Norman sung all these airs, and sung them well ; and, when thus urged, the associations he had formed with that song, made him fancy farther refusal indelicate. The eyes may be cast down, —the countenance averted, but the lover’s voice is the immediate and uncontrollable organ of his soul, vibrating to its every movement. Yet Norman got over the first stanza of his song with little difficulty, though the allusion was even then beating at his heart ; but at that beautiful and impassioned exclamation, “ it’s sweeter for thee despairing,” —every nerve thrilled, his voice shook, and its passionate intonations uttered the language

of his soul. As he stood leaning on Flora's chair, his downcast eye caught the wandering, agitated glance of Monimia. Blushing and trembling, she shrunk beneath that wild, sad, but momentary gaze; and, unable to support himself, he sat down, leaning his forehead on his arm.—“Bravo!” cried Flora;—“you have excelled yourself—go on.” Norman durst not trust his voice at that moment with a denial, and, in a low and fluttering tone, he murmured,

“I can guess by the dear angel smile,  
I can guess by the love-melting e'e;  
But why urge the tender confession,  
'Gainst fortune's fell, fickle decree?”

There was one stanza in this song, beautiful though it is, which the delicacy of Norman's nature forbade him to hazard in the presence of any woman,—far less in her's whom he loved. So his painful task was finished; and he never once looked up, till he heard the footstep of Monimia stealing over the carpet. He saw her face streaming with tears, and quickly averted his eyes.

In a few minutes, she returned with apparent composure. Nor had any one, save

Norman, perceived her absence; for Flora was still playing, and Montague had gone to sleep.

"I can never hear that last exquisite effusion of unfortunate genius, and think of the scene which so soon followed, without very painful feelings," said Monimia, trying to apologize, or rather to account for her emotions.—"Besides, my feelings have been so variously agitated these two days—with the bustle of preparing for travelling, I mean,—that I am sadly nervous:—which is rather unfortunate too, for hitherto I have been almost as lucky as the old lady who was born before nerves came into fashion."

"Eh! nerves!" said Montague, rubbing his eyes,—"I assure you I am become nervous myself;—and no wonder, considering what I have suffered, and must still suffer; left alone in this horrid country. Were it not for one thing—that vile farm,—one post-chaise should take us all, I can tell you:" and he almost wept at the thought of his forlornness.

"I shall soon return, you know," said Monimia with affected cheerfulness;—"and then you will have learned to value me, and prize me as you ought."

"You need not go for that," replied

Montague in a husky voice,—“ you need not go for that, I say;—we all love you enough already. But don’t tell me of your coming back,—who would leave London for this poor place, after knowing it, unless they had a farm going to ruin?”—“ Or a brother they love,” said Monimia; and she added, turning to Norman,—“ you perhaps recollect the interesting anecdote of the Otaheitean so generously received in England, when about to leave it for a dearer land; ‘ No horse there, no cow,’ said poor Omai,—‘ no pippin, no dish of tea:—*I always so content there, though.*’ I am like that poor Omai.”—While Monimia related this little anecdote, with tearful eyes and a shaking voice, she had involuntarily turned to Norman. Her words spoke hope and comfort to his heart, and he ventured to press the snowy hand extended towards him as the pledge of sincerity; and then, alarmed at his own presumption, turned away. With woman’s quick intuitive sense of propriety, or rather with that rapidity of reasoning, which arrives at just conclusions without appearing to travel over the preliminary steps,—with that address which, in the artful, is art, but, in the ingenuous, seems the simple instinct of modesty,—Monimia had laid

her hand also in Montague's, while he blubbered,—“ Well, we shall see that. I never yet knew you worse than your word ; though it is not in nature to prefer this wilderness to England, I feel that by myself.”

Twilight was now gradually advancing, and it became necessary to cross the lake ere darkness set in. Flora withdrew to adjust her dress for the voyage, and Montague was called out to speak with his shepherds. Leaning on a distant casement, Norman stood trying to summon the fortitude necessary to repeat that little word “ farewell.” The footstep of Flora was heard descending the stairs ; he abruptly advanced, and bowing, murmured —“ Then farewell !” “ God bless you !” said Monimia, stretching out her hand, and averting her overflowing eyes. “ God for ever bless you !” repeated Norman in an emphatic voice, as, bending on one knee, he for a moment rested his lip on that precious little hand—and then springing up, he again bowed, and precipitately fled towards the beach.

Before Flora joined him, he had regained the mastery of his feelings ; but, when she talked of seeing Monimia again on the morrow, he felt that he would never, never see

her more ; and his heart sunk into that chill, dark void, which overwhelms the stunned spirit, when those we yesterday saw blooming in health, sparkling with vivacity, and glowing with generous affections, are to-day swept from our sight, cold, inanimate, and hidden in the earth.

But the mind of Norman, habitually influenced by a lively sense of its immortal and accountable nature, could not long remain in prostrate imbecility. He had lost, probably for ever, the dearest hope which ever taught a young heart to thrill with rapture ; but he still had duties to perform, faculties to improve, and affections to cherish ; and in their unremitting exercise he sought peace, and gradually recovered happiness.

The arrival of a servant from Dunalbin on the following morning, with a variety of books and papers, which Monimia had left in charge to the Lady, announced her departure, and condemned her friends to sorrow.

“ Och hone, och hone !” cried Moome, raising her apron to her eyes ; “ we are not alone who shall regret her, and that heightens my own sorrow.”

“ Her’s was the heart to call down the bless-

ing," said the Piper, coughing to conceal his tremulous voice.

"She is indeed an admirable young creature," said Lady Augusta; "so feeling, yet so reasonable; so indulgent, yet so just; blending the gaiety and enthusiasm of youth with the wisdom of age:—never have I met with a young character so happily tempered,—so many useful virtues, adorned by so many fine accomplishments:—pity, indeed, that Monimia should waste her sweetness in a desert. The world has need of her."

"And so tender, so sweet," added Flora, weeping; "her heart overflowing with sympathy to every human thing.—Ah! we shall never, never see her like again!" Norman alone was silent.

"And her's was genuine, unaffected sympathy," said the Lady. "Softness and humanity are so peculiarly the attributes of refined women, that delicacy and affability are become as necessary appendages to a modern fine lady, as a mistress and a squire were to the knights of chivalry. They are, to fashionable females, what religion was to the fanatics of the past age. As it is impossible for any creature to exist in the eternal fervours of devotion or of feeling, canting was the suppiement in their

times, as whining is in ours. I loved Monimia, because she was pious without cant, and tender without whine. She possessed the reality, and needed not the counterfeit."

"Are there, then, two kinds of pity?" said Flora; "or is there any harm in weeping at a tale of distress?"

"None, my dear girl, provided nothing better can be done: but the genial shower is useless, my dear Flora, unless industry has first prepared the soil, and deposited the seed. You ask if there are two kinds of pity? I shall tell you a story;—for I should like to see you compassionate without weakness, selfishness, or affectation. I knew a little soft-hearted girl, who shed abundant tears over the shocking details of the man-trade. I told her how she might befriend the poor Africans; and, though a lover of sweets, she heroically abstained from sugar, and exhorted all her companions to do the same." Flora smiled and blushed, for she was that little girl. "It was little," continued the Lady, "but it was all she could do; and it proved her compassion genuine and unaffected. Engaged in that trade was a Captain \_\_\_\_\_, said to be one of the most humane men concerned in it. One day, in the middle passage, he heard a poor African bewailing her

captivity and misery in a song of such heart-rending pathos, that his feelings were powerfully affected, and he was compelled to have her flogged into silence.—Here was feeling, Flora. He could drag that miserable mother from all that affection holds most dear, consign her to unheard-of cruelties, and finally sell her for a slave; but his feelings could not stand her song;—the lash compelled silence. Was not that man humane, Flora?"

"Oh no! a base hypocrite!" said Flora, in a glow of youthful indignation.

"Surely no hypocrite," returned the Lady, smiling at Flora's heat. "Well, akin to Captain \_\_\_\_\_'s feelings, is that fine-lady sensibility, which recoils from the misery it would rather forget than remove;—that barren, sickly, squeamish humanity,—begot in weakness, fostered by affectation and caprice,—which banishes real wretchedness from its sight, and seeks out elegant distresses for the indulgence of its natural selfishness."

The good sense, benevolence, and active spirit of Monimia, had shed sweet influence round her, during her short residence in the country; and never was the departure of even a native Highlander more deeply regretted. Her humanity neither dwelt in sickly nerves, a

watery eye, nor a squeamish ear. It was an active, animating principle, grounded in reason; uniform in its operation, resolute in its purposes; not soon disgusted, and never disheartened. The character of the Highlanders, influenced by great respect for rank, and habitual confidence in the wisdom and goodness of their superiors, had been considerably favourable to her views; yet, even among them, there was prejudice to remove, ignorance to instruct, and many serious difficulties to obviate. The proud were jealous of whatever savoured of interference; the suspicious saw selfish design in every attempt to serve them; and the most numerous class, the lazy and the idle, still debased by the dregs of ancient feelings of vas-salage, chose rather to depend on their talents for flattery, than on industrious exertion. But when it was perceived that no system of troublesome interference was meditated, and that they only who assisted themselves, were permanently benefited, half the difficulty vanished, and time promised the removal of all that remained.

The generous elevation which characterized the mind of Monimia, her strong sense of the natural dignity of man, and of his original equality in every noble attribute and privilege

of humanity, made her intercourse with her lowly neighbours depend on principles widely different from those which sometimes regulate the charities of very respectable persons. She had hitherto fortunately escaped that rage for legislating, controuling, and directing, which frequently seizes on the best minds, and too often counteracts their benevolent designs, by exciting that pardonable jealousy which impels an untaught, but honest spirit, to spurn even a good which is forced on its acceptance. The phrases,—“ My good woman, I *must* have you do this ; Lady ——’s poor do it ; the Society recommend it ;”—had never yet been found on her lips ; nor had she ever discovered the puerile impatience of a child who plants a bean, drenches it with water, hovers continually round it, calls on his companions to admire, and the next half hour digs it up, to see—“ why it is not growing.”

A limited command of money had taught her extreme caution in its distribution, and called into exercise that vigorous penetration which enabled her to comprehend the great interests, and the minute details, of a life very remote from her immediate condition, and to appropriate her benefits with a discrimination which doubled their nominal value. It would,

however, be too much to expect that a young and gentle-hearted woman should have studied Smith and Turgot before she ventured to open her purse, and obey the spontaneous impulse of compassion, warming at the appeal of misery. Yet was Monimia much less the giver of gold, than the redresser of wrongs ;—less the patroness, than the friend of her neighbours.

She had been told by him who formed her mind to goodness, and her heart to love, that nothing is better calculated to pauperize and degrade the spirit of a free people, than wresting from them in taxes, and giving them back in charity ; so she was happier to see education training to habits of industry, caution, and foresight, and good laws securing to the working man the entire enjoyment of his hard-earned gains, than charitable establishments, and casual benefactions, however splendid and liberal.

But the wretchedness she could not remove, she sought to alleviate ; and, as her conduct was actuated by the purest and simplest motives, discouraged every expression of that spurious gratitude which money excites, at the peril of destroying the native independence which Monimia admired as the peculiar charm of the Highlander, and valued as the surest pledge of

all his hardy virtues. Disdaining, from her inmost soul, that cringing homage which marks the sordid compact between affluent vanity and indigent baseness, she endeavoured to knit the social band, which links the different classes of the same great family, in a manner more wise and generous. Her gifts were the reward of merit, or the offering of friendship; not the humiliating boon which abject misery extorts from revolting, contemptuous, disgusted pity. Often, with satisfaction infinitely greater than was ever derived from being hailed the Benefactress, the Lady Bountiful, of a whole tribe of those lazy and importunate sycophants, who hate the giver, while, with insatiable avidity, they seize the gift,—often had Monimia gazed on the sun-burnt face of a young Highland girl, as it glowed with the honest exultation of nature, when, on coming to the castle to gather the first-fruits of industry, her heart beat with the united pleasures of usefulness and generosity. Heedless, almost forgetful, of the person who bestowed a reward, which was chiefly valued as it was due to her merit, the young Highlander appeared only to anticipate the joy of relieving the wants, or contributing to the comforts, of an aged mother, a widowed sister, or a beloved kinswoman:—a joy enhan-

ced by the ennobling consciousness, that personal independent industry was its source.

For the aged, the orphan, and the infirm, Monimia had a small, but undecaying fund. Yet even from these she received little gratifying services, rare plants, varieties of heath, rude dye-stuffs, or wild berries ; for, like Yorick, she never dropped a *sous* into the hand of a poor man, without taking a pinch from his box ; —and, like Yorick's, her last act was more esteemed than the first.

CHAP. XXV.

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" When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
But in battalions."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE approaching winter was the last which Norman was to spend in inactivity; and he diligently applied to study, for the double purpose of forgetting the past, and preparing for the future. But even in the most abstracted pursuits, the master feeling of his soul found scope; and a thousand lover-like devices multiplied around him the idea of Monimia. The letters composing her name were employed instead of the *A*'s and *B*'s used in demonstrating mathematical propositions; and whenever he took up his pencil to form a diagram, involuntarily he traced her features, with the exquisite delight which we feel, when the images hid in our hearts spring up under our creative fingers.

"I am truly at a loss to know what property of the triangle you find in the waving lines of Mrs Montague's face," said Lady Augusta, one day as she looked over his shoulder.

"One must always be scratching at something, you know," replied Norman, blushing like a girl, and rubbing out the sketch.— "And I have often so lively a recollection of that face. Yet I often forget it too," added he hastily; "and the more I think of it, the more confused my ideas become." Lady Augusta could easily believe this.

"That is, I presume, what artists call *a study*," said she, in a tone almost ironical.— "It is one eminent advantage of mathematics, that they lead to no confusion of ideas." Norman lowered his head, and again began to prove, that the triangle M. O. N. was equal to the triangle N. I. A.

Youthful ambition owns no stimulant more powerful than ardent attachment; and when the devoted mind catches its impulse from superior excellence in the beloved being, it can feel none more pure. It is this that creates and fosters that generous and gallant spirit, which may be called the chivalry of nature,— more reasonable in its origin than what flows from heroic institutions,—as lofty in its ten-

dency, and altogether exempt from its manifold affectations and fopperies. Lady Augusta wished rather to modify than eradicate the ambitious aspirations of Norman,—rather to discipline than subdue that rapture of love which, in his mind, seemed identified with the enthusiasm of excellence.

Notwithstanding her salutary warnings against “distraction of ideas,” reveries of glory and distinction insensibly mingled with his severest studies; connecting the laborious present with the happy future, and softening the toil they promised finally to reward. He would recal the bright, short gleams of intelligence which he had enjoyed with Monimia. Her smiles had been rapture; but her tears still glittered to the rays of hope, like the arch of Heaven’s promise. Thus did love colour the illusions of imagination, till Monimia appeared the leading star of his destiny, and all became possible and easy to him who aspired to her regard.

For some weeks, Monimia wrote frequently short, but very affectionate letters; and some slight notice, or inquiry, in “the Lady’s postscript,” showed that she still remembered Norman. Hearing extracts read from these letters, formed one of his dearest pleasures; and in-

sensibly the time flowed on till the month of December, when the sudden and violent indisposition of Lady Augusta banished every other consideration, and plunged her family into great sorrow and alarm.

Flora hastened to Eleenalin on the first summons, and shared in every filial care and tender solicitude of Norman.

The life of Lady Augusta was protracted, as if to reward their affection and assiduity. She gradually recovered health, and, to appearance, cheerfulness; but Norman fancied he saw more deeply. He could not help connecting her illness with a letter which she had received; and, as Monimia had since been silent, a vague fear took place of his late blooming hopes, and his mind, still agitated by the danger of the Lady, sunk into the despondency natural to a sick-chamber,—caught its gloomy hue from dimseen evils which threatened it. Yet he suffered in silence; and the absence of no care, attention, or solicitude, ever evinced that his thoughts strayed beyond the apartment of his sick friend. Often, while supporting the Lady across the chamber, in her first feeble attempts to walk, would Flora gaze with glistening eyes on the interesting pair. The tall and finely formed figure, bending with the most lively filial

solicitude; the blooming, youthful countenance, now expressively revealing watchful tenderness, and now energetically denoting the varying emotions of fear, hope, and joy, or mantling with an animated glow, when quick-sighted affection had anticipated any latent wish,—heightened, by contrast, the mild, pale, sorrow-fixed features, and ruined grandeur of form, which distinguished her who fondly leaned on his arm, sometimes pausing, and gazing on him with a melancholy look of blended love, pity, and anxiety. Norman had seldom seen the meek serenity of that countenance displaced by any emotion, save that of benevolence or compassion. The former brightened her features with the tempered joy of a superior being, and the latter moulded them to that celestial expression which might characterize the guardian spirit of the just. The mind of Lady Augusta had long been the organ of all her wants, and the medium of all her enjoyments. Its tranquil elevation placed her far beyond those trivial cares, and petty necessities, which harass the selfish and the grovelling. Exempt from cares, hopes, or anxieties for herself, she was still vulnerable through her affection for others. Her regard was fixed on the

child of her benevolence, and for him she now trembled.

Norman could not fail to perceive her feelings, and even to trace them to himself;—"She scans my thoughts," said he; "she anticipates the punishment of my presumption. She pities me, and I have need of pity; though, even from her, I know not how to receive it."

It was on one of those evenings she informed him, that Hugh was to make a journey to the low-country, about some trifling business. A journey undertaken by Hugh, in the depth of winter, could be about no trifling business. He immediately connected it with the letter, the illness of the Lady, the anxiety which sometimes suddenly knitted her brow, and the pensive looks she cast upon himself. He ventured to inquire farther,—for in this little family there had hitherto been no mysteries,—but the Lady evaded his question; and he went to Moome's hut to interrogate the Piper. Hugh sat forlorn and melancholy, leaning his head on his hands, and resting these on the bed.

"Norman, darling," cried Moome, who was trying to scold Hugh out of his intended journey,—"did you hear of the folly of the Piper?—going to the low-country, and the ground covered with snow;—I believe myself

he is mad."—Hugh was ever sufficiently communicative of his own affairs, but on this occasion he was obstinately silent; and Norman, impelled by very powerful interests, urged him to unfold his business, and, skilled in touching his kind spirit, gently reproached this unfriendly shyness.

"Will you be so cruel to myself?" cried Hugh, coughing to conceal his emotion.—"Have I not to hide it from herself? Has she not enough to grieve her already, and you too? Why will you kill me,—and me dying of this bad cold already?" and he coughed again, to suppress his sobs.

"My dear Hugh," said Norman, pressing the hand of the Piper between his own,—"I am sorry your cough is so painful, yet it becomes you, too;—now forgive me, and I will ask no more questions."

"Well, don't, for it would go to my own heart to refuse your dog, if you had one;—my poor Luath, too, would have been my companion!" and Hugh was seized with another fit of coughing. Norman spent this evening with the Piper, making a generous effort to inspire him with the hope he wanted for himself; for, though Hugh concealed the cause

of his distress, its effects were painfully conspicuous.

Since the indisposition of the Lady, every trifle awakened the anxiety of Norman ; and when he retired on this night, he perceived that she was not yet gone to rest, as a light gleamed below the door of her chamber. Alarm, or perhaps a slight feeling of curiosity, made him peep through the glass of a locked-up door, which had once connected their sleeping rooms, and he saw her writing. Seldom had he seen her so engaged ; and now her hand shook as much from the tremor of her mind as the weakness of her nerves. From time to time she stopped, and raised her eyes to Heaven, as if imploring its aid in the performance of a painful duty, and then recommenced her employment.

When she had finished her writing, she unlocked an ancient cabinet which stood in her chamber, and, from its most secret compartments, took out a small box, on which she gazed for a few moments, as if fearful to look on its contents. Her eloquent features swiftly conveyed her feelings to the unseen spectator ; and when she drew forth the glittering relics of her former splendour, Norman had already anticipated the event. Among several

antique trinkets, he perceived the miniature portraits of a gentleman and a child. Many years had rolled by since the Lady had trusted herself with the sight of these loved resemblances ; even yet a single tear slowly trickled down her furrowed cheek, as the dim images of past times stole over recollection.

"I shall go to them, but they cannot come to me!" whispered she, as, for the last time, she indulged the melancholy luxury of gazing on her husband and her child. Norman started at the unexpected sound of her voice ; and when he looked again, he saw her quietly disengaging these portraits from their rich settings. She made up a small packet of the jewels scattered about, addressed it to some unknown person, and laying it calmly aside, proceeded to the performance of her customary devotions. In the elevated sentiment of glorious immortality, which at this moment stamped the countenance of Lady Augusta with a divine character, in the enthusiasm of devotion which beamed from her eyes, Norman beheld Heaven revealed, and the pure and holy spirit returning to the bosom of its Creator. With a slight sensation of trembling, he threw himself on the bed. While his soul caught the inspiration of her's, he

shrunk from intruding on the hallowed privacy of her sublime piety.

And now came the hour of bitter retrospection, for Norman now comprehended the motive of this sudden journey. To administer to the necessities of a friendless orphan, whom her benevolence had rescued from ignorance, and reared to an existence destined to embitter her own, Lady Augusta surrendered the last vestiges of her family magnificence, and sacrificed all those nice and inscrutable affections which consecrate and endear even the inanimate symbols of our departed happiness. The mind of Norman revolved round this single idea, till the exaggeration naturally produced by violent emotion, made him see the suffering of Lady Augusta extreme, and himself its cause. The ease in which he had hitherto been maintained, abridged, then, the comforts of her he would have died to serve? He supinely counted over the idle hours of an ignoble life, and basely beheld her stripping herself of those mementos of affection preserved amid all the vicissitudes of time and fortune!

The musing of many sleepless hours was followed by a rash project of leaving the country on the following day. The generous

perversion of a fervid mind found consolation only in its voluntary sufferings. Norman longed to expiate the errors he could not remedy.

His little chamber seemed too bounded for his violent emotions. He sought a wider range, and, gently stealing down stairs, wandered over the island.—It was a clear, frosty night. Myriads of stars were sparkling in a deep blue sky, which no vapour stained; and the thinness of the atmosphere gave a brilliancy to the planets, and a lustre to the moon, which might have rivalled their resplendence in a tropical climate. The surrounding scenery, now shrouded in universal white, was sweetly sleeping in the moon-light, save where a heavy mass of shadow marked the abrupt outline of the breaks and defiles of the mountains. Fantastic frost-work, pendant from every rock and shrub, glittered in the moon-beams like the enchanted creations of oriental fancy. This romantic scene was beautifully reflected in the lake; and Norman, looking above and beneath, seemed to stand in the centre of a transparent globe. On such nights, the innumerable wild-fowl, driven from northern regions by the severity of the season, delighted to plunge through the sparkling tide

in wanton gaiety, as if, shunning the eye of man, they threw themselves on the protection of nature. Their lively cries, as they dashed out into the lake in pursuit of each other, were all that disturbed the deep repose of this wild landscape. But the mind of Norman was neither in unison with the images of repose, nor of enjoyment. Restless and agitated, he wandered about, while the very necessity of forming an instant resolution deprived him of the power. He at last became so cold, that he was forced to take refuge in Moome's hut,—for he saw that she was not yet gone to rest.

Surprised, but pleased with so late a visit, she courteously presented him her favourite stool of bent ropes, fashioned somewhat in the form of a bee-hive, and lighted a torch of the last wrecks of the *Sylva Caledonia*.

" You see, dear, the way I sat, was to finish the worsted ere Hugh went. It would be a poor thing if he went so far empty-handed.—So I send a blue cheese, and this to poor Morag at the cotton-mills, for stockings to herself and the *childer*?"

" You are always a kind considerate Moome," said Norman.

" Sure, darling, you know Morag is a

Macalbin?" replied Moome, astonished to hear so simple an action pompously rated. "But did you hear, darling, how Miss Ursy is at the castle? She is a fine maker of good things, you know, and they say the churl is very good to himself."

A person at once glutinous and inhospitable, seemed, in Moome's estimation, to touch on the very acmé of vileness.—"A poor creature indeed, to fill the place of the darling who was before her;—God forgive me! she is a country-woman of mine too. But did you hear, my jewel, what the sweet creature said to myself in the letter? Sure we shall get another soon,—but I have known the low-country spoil as warm a heart as ever beat. How long is it now, Norman, darling?"

"Four weeks," replied Norman, sadly.

"Aye, so it is;—the very day Hugh tore his *cassock* helping the Altlarish people with the cow that bogged. When I began to scold, he held up the letter, poor Hugh!—But is it not very long, dear?" Norman rose, and, unable to answer, walked to the door, whither Moome courteously followed.

The moon was sunk, and the night was now cloudy and dark; but, on turning to the North-west, what a spectacle of grandeur met

the gaze of Norman ! The wavy coruscations of the Northern Aurora were undulating over half the hemisphere. Quivering, flashing, uniting, and again starting away in every fantastic shape, and tinted by every aerial hue ;—now blazing forth in vivid flame, and now swallowed up in darkness—their rapid transitions mocked the eye of the gazer. Wrapped in silent admiration, Norman contemplated these magnificent fire-works of heaven, while Moome drew presages of the weather.

The “Merry Dancers” afforded her little amusement,—but she oracularly predicted very good, or very bad weather, after so brilliant a display of the Northern-Lights ;—for the experience of fourscore years had taught her to admit no medium, and she trembled for her “poor Hugh.”

“Do you remember, dear,—but sure you cannot,—when a little babe, you cried to catch the streamers, and would not sleep till we promised to give them to you to-morrow ?”

“Always the fool of to-morrow,” said Norman, shaking his head,—and, at the same instant, he started at seeing the shadow of a man gliding along the waters of the bay. The figure, as if alarmed at the sound of

voices, retired behind a cliff, whither Norman ran fearless and impatient. When darting round it, a man suddenly advanced, and Norman saw and recognized “Hector the Hunter!”

“Norman of Dunalbin!” exclaimed this spectral figure, and, fixing on the youth an eye whose terrible expression spoke fear, doubt, horror, and astonishment,—he staggered, and fell into the arms of Norman. As he recovered, his features gradually relaxed,—he withdrew himself, and looked as if his vision was turned from Norman to contemplate what was passing in his own soul.

Moome, though greatly alarmed, gained strength from fear, and following Norman, now stood trembling by his side.

“You are Unah of Bruachrua,” said the Hunter, sternly; “tell me who this is?” and he pointed to Norman.

Moome dropped a very low curtsey: though she often talked very familiarly of the visionary hunter, she by no means relished so abrupt an interview.

“That, with your leave, is Norman,” said she,—“our own Norman, who has great respect for yourself.”

The hunter folded his arms on his bosom,

slowly walking along the beach, and then entered the hut, whither Moome and Norman followed.

"Oh! darling, I am all of a shake," whispered Moome;—"Poor soul, God help him! but don't, dear, make him angry." At another season, Norman could have smiled,—now, all his faculties were employed in examining the spectral figure which stalked before him. The features of the hunter were almost obscured by his matted hair and neglected beard. His eye alone was visible.—And what an eye! Norman had never met a glance so powerful. It emanated at once the wildness of the maniac, the ferocity of the savage, and the grandeur of that spirit, which, having subdued itself, counted on the subjugation of all nature. His stature, seen in this dubious light, was almost gigantic, and he was distinguished by a gloomy severity of aspect, and a loftiness of deportment, which spoke the habit and the consciousness of authority. But the deer of the wild, and the eagle of the rock, were all the subjects of Hector. This savage figure was poorly habited in skins of deer, and his feet were covered with the rude buskin formerly worn in the Highlands.

"Alas, alas!" said Moome, curtseying as he again advanced,—“that he could not live like another Christian. Christ save him from those who have power over him!"

"This is the son of Norman!" said the Hunter, bending towards Moome; "Norman of Dunalbin! my soul knew him."

Moome durst not presume to contradict; and, dropping another curtsey, she replied,—“With your leave, the same,—and great regard, and a warm heart he has to yourself, and all of your name." Hector placed his hand on the shoulder of Norman.

"My blessing rest with thee, son of my friend —Norman of Dunalbin!" and leaving the hut, he sprung into a rude boat framed of wicker-work and skins, and pushed into the lake. Norman made a motion as if to follow, but Moome held him back, and Hector waved him to be gone. With the rapidity of a bird, the frail vessel cut the waves, and the hunter disappeared.

"Poor soul!" exclaimed Moome; "But did he not say you were the child of Norman? Who but he should know? Does *she* not tell him all? Did he not call you clansman?—Oh, that it were day, to give her own heart the delight of knowing it!" and Moome wept over

the hand of Norman. Momentary visions of distinguished birth danced before his eyes, and banished even the singular being he had just beheld.

"I must be of *her* blood," thought Norman; —"but I shall die, and never know how related. The hunter perceived the resemblance. Oh the happiness of having a legitimate claim to the affection of my best friends!"

After assisting Moome to convey into the hut the tributary deer of the hunter, Norman retired to his chamber. In a few minutes, he heard Moome tapping at the door of the Lady's bed-room.—"Lady dear, are you awake?" cried she; "I have such strange things to tell you." The Lady invited her in, and she began the story of the hunter and Norman. "I am neither a prophet nor a prophet's *dochter*," said Moome," yet I always said he was no stranger to Macalbin's blood; and I knew that by the way my own heart warmed to him from the first. For these arms received him from her who is now in the presence of the Highest. And did she not say to Ronald—'I am going to Dun-albin?' knowing, no doubt, there were friends before her; and that there was!" The Lady sighed deeply.

"Surely he does resemble my family," said

she ;—“ but I am contented, I could not love him more.”

“ Oh, my mother !” cried Norman, running in, and throwing himself by her bed-side. He burst into tears of gratitude and tenderness.—“ What should that love leave me to wish for ?”

“ My dear son !” said the Lady, placing her hand on his head, and gently stroking it ;—“ But why are you up so late ?” Norman thought at that moment, with shame and self-reproach, of his insane project of abruptly abandoning his friends and his home ; and now secretly vowed to her service, that life her generous and vigilant affection alone had rendered valuable.

Hugh was in a few hours to depart, and Moome renewed her intreaties with the Lady, to use her authority in preventing the journey. During this conversation, Norman looked on Lady Augusta with something so conscious and sorrowful, that she perceived her secret was divined, and, with a grave smile, said in French,—

“ I am not so cunning as I fancied. In truth, secrets were always painful to me ; so, my dear young friend, send Hugh to me ; and when you

return from escorting him so far, you shall be my confidant."

Norman hastened to obey; and when the Piper had taken a melancholy leave of his friends, they walked together to the Ivy-cliff; here they paused.

"Am I never to cross this fatal barrier?" said Norman, while his eyes filled.

"See," said Hugh, "how lovely the blue smoke of our own home rises among the bare trees this still morning. Ah! Norman, did I not leave you to comfort them, you whom they love so much, it would break my poor heart to go on; so go home, darling; the Lady will be waiting breakfast, and Moome scolding myself for taking you so far."

It was in fact so. The Lady sat by an untouched breakfast, comforting Moome, by carelessly remarking the hardy constitution of the Piper, and his excellence in walking. She was more than serene,—she seemed animated by the consciousness of some concealed happiness, and Norman could only suppress his anxiety by reflecting—"Well, I shall soon know."

When breakfast was ended, she addressed him thus:—"My dear Norman, I am about to give you the greatest proof of my esteem. I use no preparation in acquainting you with a

recent misfortune, for I rely on your education and your principles. You know adversity is the test of character.—Nay, I perceive you apprehend some evil much worse than the reality. My slender fortune is for the present lost—that is the whole ;—but your health, your talents, your affection, is left me, and I still am rich,—ah, how rich !”

A load was removed from the heart of Norman ; he threw himself on his knees, and, while his tears fell on the bosom which had cherished him, breathed out vows of never-ending gratitude and devotion. Lady Augusta tenderly kissed his forehead, and, when his emotion subsided, informed him that—Many years ago, she had withdrawn her money from the public funds, to increase the capital of a young man, a native of the Highlands, who had begun business in Glasgow as a manufacturer, that he might be able to educate the orphan family of his father. For a long period, his success had been equal to his enterprise and good conduct; but extensive and unfortunate speculations to South America had lately reduced him to bankruptcy.

“ I am confident,” said the Lady, “ poor Macdonald feels it more on my account than on his own. If the commercial interests of the

country prosper, I hope every thing from his skill and perseverance ;—if not, the world will learn to value as it ought, the talents and integrity of my Norman ; and that God, whose mercy is over all his works, who feeds the young ravens, and clothes the lilies of the field, will not, at old age, forsake those who humbly trust in *Him.*” Lady Augusta raised her eyes, as if in mental prayer, and then proceeded—

“ You know, the sanguine folly of our poor friend Buchanan led him to borrow a sum of money from Macpherson. The motives of that artful man are now revealed. The youth and loveliness of Flora have prevailed over his avarice ; he demands from the unhappy father the sacrifice of his only child, or the alternative of prosecution and a jail. Poor Buchanan !—the ridicule attending his ill-advised scheme, his shame, remorse, and disappointment, embitter his life, and will soon, I am afraid, deprive Flora of her natural protector. When I understood these circumstances, I endeavoured to satisfy that bad man Macpherson ; for I wished to spare the gentle nature of Flora the shock of learning that at such a time a proposal had been made, on which, I well knew, she would never hesitate, but from affection to her

father. Flora is no wife for that man ;—that glowing cheek confirms my opinion. Flora shall not be the victim of her virtues. When Hugh has disposed of the few valuables I possessed, we will get rid of the importunity of that merciless man, and pour balm into the wounded heart of our poor friend. We shall also, then, be rich enough to wait for better fortune. In this little territory, we may live very cheaply. We have plenty of fuel in the wood and the mosses ;—we have our gardens, our grazings, and the treasures of the lake and the moors. And Hugh is so diligent, when inspired by affection ! Then the letters of my sweet Monimia, and our young soldier, will so cheer our loneliness ;—for you will be gone then, my dear Norman, and that is the only evil which admits of no consolation.” A tear trembled on the eye of Norman, but a smile dimpled his cheek ; for fairy visions of what he could achieve, when stimulated by gratitude and affection, danced before his eyes, and for a moment blinded him to the poverty and desolation which hung over the aged inhabitants of Eleenalin. He kissed the hand of the Lady in silence, and withdrew, while the habitual sentiments of respect he cherished for his venerable friend rose almost to adoration.

Next morning he visited Buchanan. Flora perceived him at a distance, and ran to meet him. Her first inquiry was for letters from Monimia; and when Norman returned a melancholy negative, she affected great anger and grief. Yet her's was not a grief that deeply touched the heart, and he wished that she had kept silent.

"How neglectful!" said she; "among her balls and her beaux, she never, I daresay, thinks of such a poor lonely place as Eleenalin.—But I am so happy, for all that. My father has given up the prophets and the revelations, and all his stupid books, and is become so social. He sent, yesterday, for Craig-gillian; they conversed long in private, and parted the best of friends. Oh, how good a man is Craig-gillian! and I am so happy,—though my poor father has a very bad cold too." Norman suffered her to run on; but when he heard that her father had sent for Craig-gillian, and saw poor Buchanan pale and emaciated, striving to support the appearance of health and vivacity, his feelings were dreadfully shocked, and he feared that the worst apprehensions of the Lady were but too well founded.

To be brief, the feelings, and perhaps the pride of Buchanan, had sustained a shock

from which they never recovered. The uncommon severity of the season seemed to shake his exhausted frame to dissolution. For some weeks he languished in almost imperceptible decay, till he was at length confined to his bed; and Norman remained constantly with him, and shared, with the weeping Flora, the task, pleasing, though sad, of smoothing the pillow of sickness, and soothing the enfeebled mind. The visits of the benevolent Craig-gillian were now peculiarly comfortable to Buchanan. In these awful moments, when time mingles with eternity, the poor distinctions of Papist and Protestant were lost; and the last breathings of Buchanan were those of a mild and truly catholic spirit.

One morning he found himself a little better, and intimated a desire to get up.

"I think I should like once more to look on Ben \_\_\_\_\_," said he, faintly smiling; and Flora prepared for his rising with the alacrity of renovated hope.

It was a clear day of keen frost. His chair was placed opposite the window, and the beams of the wintry sun seemed to cheer him. He pressed the hand of Norman, who hung over him in the absence of Flora, who prepared his drink.

"When you remember him who was the friend of your childhood, you will not forsake her who was the idol of his age," said he; "be a friend to my poor orphan girl, when her father is no more."

"Witness for me, thou bright sun!" exclaimed Norman, while his eyes overflowed; "let yon grey heap be the testimony of my covenant, that, while life warms my veins, I will watch over the beloved pledge of your confidence with the honour of a man, and the love of a brother."

"It is enough," sighed Buchanan; and calling Flora towards him, he leaned his head on her bosom, and in that attitude quietly sunk to eternal repose!

I shall not attempt to describe the grief of Norman, or the despair of Flora, on this melancholy occasion. When the last offices had been performed to poor Buchanan, Norman led the orphan to Eleenalin,—to the soothing comforts of sympathy and protection; and then only did he recollect the silence of Monimia, and also the lengthened absence of Hugh.

Another and another week of that cheerless winter glided on; Monimia was still silent, and Hugh came not; and Macpherson made a harsh and peremptory demand for his money,

for Buchanan's property had already been seized by other creditors. Regret for the dead was now swallowed up in inexpressible alarm for the living; and Norman earnestly intreated permission to go in quest of the Piper, which the Lady at last reluctantly granted. On the evening of the last day which they had agreed to wait, the joyful sound of Hugh's horn was heard, and Norman flew across the lake, while Moome and Flora waited on the beach. He hugged the Piper to his breast with unrestrained emotion; but his joyous feelings were chilled, when he perceived the sunken, spiritless eye, the squalid features, naked feet, and tattered garb of poor Hugh.

"Hugh, dear Hugh,—" said he, but he was unable to finish the question; and, wringing the frozen hands of the Piper, he led him to the boat. Hugh blew on his fingers, and took an oar.

"Nay, you shall enjoy yourself to-day," cried Norman, seizing the oars; "this is a jubilee to us all, we have so pined for your return." Hugh burst into tears; his hitherto unconquered spirit seemed completely broken; —he threw himself on the neck of Norman, and sobbed convulsively.—"Oh, my own Lady!" cried he; "tell me, is she well?" Nor-

man assured him of her welfare ;—“ and your Moome too,” added he, “ and your pipe ;—Moome has kept it at the foot of her bed every night since you went from us.” Hugh smiled mournfully ;—and when he saw the black habit of Flora, he looked in the face of his companion, as if he already knew her loss.

The sudden alteration of Flora’s countenance, shocked Norman nearly as much as the miserable figure before him. The words of congratulation died on her lips ; and she abruptly turned away, unable, in the weak state of her spirits, to witness such wretchedness. Fortunately Moome was not so quick-sighted. After a cordial embrace, she wiped her eyes, remarking there was few now left of his name ; and then inquired for Morag and her children. Norman insisted on the Piper swallowing a double dose of his favourite Fairntosh ; and Moome also administered a dram of the same liquor, in which she had infused some medicinal herbs, and which she regarded as a sovereign remedy in all diseases of the body, and a cordial in all troubles of the mind.

When Hugh arrived at Glasgow, to dispose of the jewels of the lady, his office, so much at variance with his appearance, excited suspicions unfavourable to his honesty, which were

increased by the perplexed account he gave of himself; for he firmly resolved, at whatever hazard, to conceal from the Lowlanders the impoverishment of his Lady, who, he was quite sure, all the world knew. The man to whom he applied, had him conveyed before a magistrate. Unacquainted with the forms of justice, secure in conscious innocence, and, above all, zealous for the dignity of his clan, Hugh's answers had an air of inconsistency, which might have perplexed a clearer intellect than that of the good magistrate, who was at least as intent on discovering a rogue, as in distinguishing the truth. Poor Hugh was easily discovered to be an old offender. One was sure he was an Irishman, (which of itself was a sort of crime), another had seen him whipped for stealing off a cart, and from the shop of a third he had stolen a cheese. He was finally committed to the House of Correction as a vagrant; and the jewels were lodged in a place of security, to be given up when claimed by the rightful owner, and all expenses paid.—“But I vowed, if they should kill me, never to tell your name, Lady,” said Hugh, “though every drop of blood in my body was boiling; and I tried to curse them in English, but the words came faster than I could utter, and I cursed them in

Gaelic,—and they are cursed !” Here Hugh wiped his brows, and then continued ; “ Well, they read papers over me, and scolded me, and saw I was a rogue, all by my face, (though there never was an honest face in Inverness-shire, or else it belies me), and sent me to prison. Thank God, they never knew my name, though !”

Conscious innocence, though the sweetest palliative of unmerited suffering, is hardly able to sustain even an educated and well-regulated mind, in a situation degrading to the pride of virtue ; and the ardent feelings of the Piper were strained to desperation. Nor was he more affected by his ignominious punishment, than by the distress and embarrassment his ill success, and long absence, must occasion to his Lady. When these thoughts rushed through his mind, he became so wild and frantic, that the keeper of the prison judged it necessary to give him an opportunity of escape ;—and, naked and starving, he hastened to Eleenalin.

“ Yes, yes ! you all love me !” cried Hugh, on witnessing the deep sympathy of his friends, at the relation of his cruel wrongs ; “ yet I was thought a liar and a thief ;—oh, my God, it sticks here !—I will never get above it—a thief !”—and he smiled with bitter irony. The Lady

gave way to the first violence of his emotion ; and Hugh, exquisitely susceptible of kindness, when thus surrounded by the caressing attentions of all he loved, gradually recovered a gentler tone of mind, though he could not soon forgive the Magistrate who presumed to question the virtue of a Macalbin.

But the joy of the Piper's return was speedily obliterated, for next day Macpherson made another insolent demand for payment ; and when the Lady, with some effort, intreated him to have patience with her for a few days, he informed her, with considerable circumlocution, that the time, and even the liquidation of the debt, depended on his success with Flora, with whom he craved her good offices.

A faint and momentary flush tinged the cheek of the Lady, while she coldly replied—“ I think you are a stranger to me, Sir ; and you greatly mistake my character, if you imagine that I will even mention your proposal, till our business is at an end ; when that time comes, Miss Buchanan is at liberty to decide for herself.”

“ Then the sooner it is at an end the better,”—cried Macpherson, flinging off ; and the threats he durst not utter in her venerable presence, were vented on Hugh, who

stood on the beach. It were impossible to describe the almost frenzied rage of the Piper, when any thing that even threatened insult assailed his Lady. In a transport of indignation, he fiercely and scornfully defied the power of the innkeeper, while he bitterly cursed his insolence ; and when the threats of execution and imprisonment were repeated, without much ceremony he knocked him down.—“ There, you dog !” cried Hugh, shaking his fist over the prostrate lover ; “ and I promise you twice as much the next time you dare to set a foot where her scullion would be.”

Just then Norman, who had seen Macpherson land, hastened forward, and eagerly inquired the meaning of this scene, for Macpherson was still on the ground.—“ Only that tawny-moor dwarf would marry Flora ;—that’s all !”—cried Hugh contemptuously.

“ Surely, Mr Macpherson, you have not presumed to offer any insult to Lady Augusta Macalbin,”—said Norman, colouring.

“ Oh no ! ” answered Hugh, “ Macpherson,—if a Macpherson he be,—crouches in her presence like the dog he is.”

A livid hue overspread the features of Macpherson, who had now risen, and, with a dia-

bolical laugh, and a look of the blackest malice, he whispered—" Before long, you shall feel who I am ;"—and he stepped into Montague's boat, which was waiting for him.

The last insulting speech of Hugh was, in that country, a more deadly injury than the blow which preceded it ; for Macpherson's right to the name he bore was very ambiguous. The scarcities often felt in the Highlands before the introduction of potatoes, were severe to an almost incredible degree. The natives still point out seven different sorts of roots, such as earth-nuts, wild-carrots, &c. which their ancestors used to eat ; and so extreme was the famine attending bad seasons, that, on the coast and in the isles, infants were not unfrequently landed from boats, and exposed. Though these foundlings received the common name of the clan among whom they happened to be thrown, their origin was never forgotten ; and many poor families are still exposed to the dreadful imputation of springing from an unknown stock, and of having no legitimate claim to that name which is the chief pride of their compatriots. Hugh, then, had wounded the self-love of the inn-keeper, beyond all hope of forgiveness ; and Norman, unable to blame the honest resentment of

his warm nature, was for some minutes overwhelmed with the appalling perspective before him. All that he had ever felt was bliss compared to the excruciating agony of that moment, which pictured Lady Augusta torn from her home,—her grey hairs insulted ;—imprisoned, starving, and himself denied the power of averting or softening her fate.—“ Oh ! I could rob or murder !” cried he in anguish, as, with a desperate step, he hurried along the beach.

But this was a time for decision and action, not for barren lamentations ; and, conjuring Hugh to observe the most profound secrecy on what had passed, he ordered him to convey himself to Dunalbin. Had Craig-gillian been at home, Norman’s trial would have been light ; but he was gone to England to see an only son, who, after spending many years in India, was ordered to Sicily without being permitted to visit his family.

Were he to go to the low-country to retrieve the error of Hugh, might not the vengeful and mean-souled Macpherson take advantage of his absence to drag to prison——. He shuddered, and could not even mentally finish the sentence. Monimia now rose to his dark mind like a beam of hope :—true, she had

been forgetful,—at least she appeared so;—but when informed of the evil which menaced the Lady, and, through her, a devoted family, could he who adored her, doubt of her zeal, her activity, her enthusiasm, in the cause of virtue and misfortune?

To solicit Montague's friendly offices with the implacable Macpherson for a short respite, and also to obtain the address of Monimia, Norman visited Dunalbin, where he had not been for many weeks before. His woe-struck features and anxious eye, too fully explained his errand. The petty pride of Montague enjoyed the humiliation of those “wonderful folk” who had so often excited his jealousy; and, though indifferent to the society of Norman, self-love was disposed to resent his seeming inattention.

“What wind has blown so mighty a stranger this way?” cried he, as Norman entered;—“to inquire for my rheumatism, no doubt?—Well, as I was saying, our friends will come to see us when they want any thing of us:—hey, Miss Ursy?” and he winked very significantly to Miss Sinclair, who bowed and smiled in return. Norman coloured violently, and after a mental struggle, replied,—

“If I have not been able to do myself the

honour of inquiring for you as often as I wished, you know how sadly I have been engaged of late."

"Aye, true ; Buchanan, poor man ! I was greatly shocked at his death myself, for he was just about my own time of life, I think." This was said in a grave tone, but he briskly added,—"Well, but I hope you found your Christmas venison good ? Thank you, too, for the haunch that came to Dunalbin ;—hey, Miss Ursy ?" and the lady, with whom he had so good an understanding, forced a laugh at this master-stroke of wit.

"Is it possible ?—" exclaimed Norman ; but he checked himself, and replied ;—"The Christmas feelings of Eleenalin have been little in unison with festivity, Mr Montague." This was said in a tone of such heart-felt grief, that his plain and pleasant host appeared somewhat softened ; and, as dinner was just then announced, he invited Norman to take a place at the table ; but, as if fearful of being too gracious, he added—"Though I can promise you none of *them* wild-geese about the lake."

"You know I was always happy to be your game-keeper," replied Norman mildly,—"till compelled to take a more sorrowful employment. But I hope you will again com-

mand my services, for I am very idle, and have no pleasure so great as fowling."

"O dear!—I am only joking," cried Montague; "but as we are so far from markets—" Norman made the necessary reply; and when they sat down to dinner, he had the additional pleasure of seeing Miss Sinclair occupy the place of Monimia.

When the Lady withdrew, Montague, as usual, turned the conversation to his own affairs; and, while the subject nearest his heart hovered on the lips of Norman, he shrunk from disclosing his feelings to a being so gross and open in his selfishness.

The smoke of tobacco which so much annoyed Mrs Montague, was fragrance to Miss Sinclair. The drawing-room of Monimia had, with laudable economy, been converted into a wool-loft; and the gentlemen found her successor in the smoking parlour, knitting stockings for Montague, as busily as if her bread depended on her labour.

"Ha! never a moment idle," cried Montague, measuring her work on his own leg; and Norman turned away in disgust from a scene of antique tenderness.

In the beginning of winter, Montague had

been seized with rheumatism ; and Miss Sinclair, who was waiting till some good angel should trouble the waters, flew on the wings of love to Dunalbin.

Montague was formed to be the slave of any one who could stoop to govern him ; and the arts which the high spirit of Monimia disdained, were successfully practised by Miss Sinclair. When she had for two months

“ Sauced his broth,  
And cut his roots in characters ;”

watched, and wept, and nursed, and fondled, and used all the *cajolerie* interest dictates to cunning, Montague became delighted with homage so new, so flattering, and at length so necessary ; and kindly invited her to remain mistress of his family, though he never dreamed of marriage. But this was no part of Miss Sinclair’s plan. She sighed, and blushed, and covered her face. Though it was death to go, she could not remain. When sick, and abandoned by his relatives, she had been unable to resist the impulse of friendship. She had sacrificed the decorums of her sex, and drawn on herself the malicious eyes of the world, &c. &c. &c.

Montague cared very little for all this, but

her management, her nursing, and, above all, her cooking, were nearly indispensable ;—and then he was so used to her. Besides, he was by no means displeased to understand that he was still young enough to be the hero of a tale of scandal ; and common decency prescribed some atonement for the injury done to the reputation of the lady. But, even to the hour of his marriage, he was haunted by suspicions of design, and was, after all, much less the dupe of Miss Sinclair's arts, than the slave of his own appetites and habits.

Norman would probably have left the castle without introducing the subject which led him thither, had not Miss Sinclair, with her usual fulsome affectation of fondness for Mrs Montague, began to speak of her. Admirably skilled in the polite art of “speaking daggers,” she gave a very lively account of entertainments at which Mrs Montague was present, of the admiration she met with, her expensive dresses, and her love of gay society.

“ Dear creature !” ended she,—“ ’tis no wonder her little head is turned, rushing at once, from the extreme of obscurity, into the very centre of London dissipation.”

She was then in London, her address was

still the same ; but the task of intruding on her gaiety, with the distresses of the friend she seemed to have forgotten, became every moment more formidable to Norman. When about to take leave, he made a desperate effort to interest the humanity of Montague ; and the pin-man, glad to hear that no demand was made on his purse, promised to beg a few days from his friend Macpherson.

Meanwhile Lady Augusta had drawn from the Piper (who was not a little vain of the *cowing* he had given Macpherson) an account of the quarrel. She could not torture Hugh with hinting her fears, in consequence of his ill-timed zeal, though she apprehended every suffering a vengeful and vulgar nature could inflict. She wished to prepare Norman for the worst that could happen ; but he would not listen with patience to any expression of the very fears his own fancy was perpetually suggesting.

“ Whatever that wretch were capable of,” said he, “ would he dare, in defiance of public opinion, to——Oh ! I cannot think of it.” But when he reflected on the character of Macpherson, sprung from the very dregs of the people ; originally an errand-boy in the kitchen of the Gordons, boasting of wealth,

acquired, in its first stage, by the petty savings of a cringing waiter, increased by the chicane and sordid calculation of one who, with the command of a trifling sum of ready money, lurks on the watch to seize every advantage from necessitous poverty :—when he thought of him, who never cast his baleful eyes on the little possession of a poor man, without trying to rob him of his household gods, and his happiness,—who enjoyed what had been the means of life to hundreds of exiled Highlanders ; and who, lately appointed a magistrate, was now particularly active in punishing those ejected vagrants who lingered round the scene of their vanished joys—all hope fled, and he yielded to momentary despair.

He locked himself into his chamber, and, with a few transient fears, but a strong hope of success, began, for the first time, to address Monimia. His letter was very short, but it breathed the eloquence of deep and powerful emotion ; and its lines were blistered with the tears of that personal sorrow he durst not venture to disclose. When he had given this letter to Hugh to convey to the nearest post-office, he threw himself on his bed, revolving the many dreadful probabilities his fancy painted. All at once, it struck on his

mind, that, by an uncommon exertion of speed, he might reach Glasgow, and return before the necessary forms of law could enable Macpherson to execute his threats. He started up, resisting the idea of a fruitless journey, hastily changed his dress, and, having left a note for Lady Augusta, ran towards the lake; and, before the hour expired, as he rather flew than walked, was some miles from the home of his infancy. All night he journeyed, lighted by a brilliant moon, and, all the next day, he never once halted, but to slack his thirst at some spring, or for the simple refreshment of a draught of milk, pressed on his acceptance by some hospitable countryman. On the evening of that day, it rained very hard, and he felt so sleepy and fatigued, that he for a moment hesitated on the kind offer of a mountain shepherd, who courteously invited him to take his potatoes and milk, and straw couch in his clay-built hut.—“ And will men, for some idle wager, perform such wonders, and I, with a motive like mine, be thus overcome?” thought he, and, springing up, he thanked the good shepherd, and again bounded on, almost unconscious of fatigue.

On the evening of the second day, he reached the place of destination. He immediately

applied to the unfortunate merchant who had unwillingly caused the ruin of Lady Augusta ; and, after the most provoking delays, succeeded in getting back the jewels. That moment repaid all his sufferings ; and, while the honest bankrupt tried to dispose of them, he endeavoured to obtain a short repose. But Norman could not sleep. The dream of broken slumbers represented Lady Augusta torn from her family,—dying in prison,—or Flora shrieking, and flying from Macpherson.

When the merchant returned, he found him up and dressed, impatient to depart. The money he had got was considerably less than was expected, but he said the bargain was not final, and more might be afterwards obtained. It was more than enough for Macpherson ; and, in spite of the intreaties and remonstrances of his new friend, he set off at a late hour in the evening. For the first three stages he rode ; but after that, no horse could be procured, and he pushed on, his flagging strength supported by the cordial, hope. The sight of the prison, as he passed through the county town, lent fresh stimulus to his exhausted spirits. For a moment he paused to gaze on its walls and grated windows, and, from the gloomy contemplation, caught a new impulse of activity.

Nearly sinking under incredible fatigue, on the fourth day Norman reached Glenalbin, and found Hugh's skiff moored among the rocks which skirted the burying-place. While his shrill whistle rung among these rocks, the Piper was seen hastening down the hill; and half his inquiries and congratulations were not made when he landed in Eleenalin. His arrival was indeed critical; for, on entering the house, he found Macpherson, surrounded by his servants and the officers of the law; Flora kneeling at his feet, and imploring compassion; Moome in the fixed attitude of unutterable despair; and the Lady, borrowing strength from misfortune, alternately soothing her friends, and struggling to attain the courage which might enable her to submit to her fate with the chastened dignity which became her character. What a scene was this for Norman! —who, springing forward, snatched Flora from her degrading posture, while his flaming eye sought an explanation. But he already knew all; and, taking from his pocket-book the precious reward of unparalleled exertion, he tossed the bills to Macpherson, haughtily telling him, that in a few minutes he would be at leisure to speak with him. He conducted his female friends into another apartment, leaving Hugh

to do the *dishonours* of the house to the inn-keeper.

The suppressed feelings of Lady Augusta now burst forth, and her first-felt weakness seemed to fly for protection to the newly-discovered strength of him on whom her age was henceforth to repose.—“Oh, my Norman! was not your’s a cruel kindness?” said she; “Still it was kindness, and my heart triumphs in your goodness.” Flora hung on his neck, bedewing it with tears; while Moome vented her powerful feelings in mingled sobs, thanksgivings, and blessings.

It was not for some days, nor indeed until this alarming affair was finally settled, that Norman felt his excessive fatigue, though even then he refused to confess it. Stretched on a couch in the Lady’s little parlour, Hugh leaning over him, Flora hovering around, the Lady seated by his side, and Moome at her feet, Norman, on this happy evening, forgot for a few hours, that Monimia had not yet written; that she had heard, with apparent indifference, of the sorrows of Flora, and the threatened sufferings of the Lady.

“Perhaps she is ill,” thought Norman for many weeks, but even this agonizing consolation was taken from him; for, after the birth-

day, the morning prints were daily recording fetes embellished by the presence of the beautiful Mrs Montague, or announcing her arrival in town, or her departure from it. “Glittering before the eye of the public,” thought he, “is this the delicate retiring Monimia,—so jealous of her sex’s honour—of her own dignity?”

The Lady, remarking the strong expression of vexation which marked his features, as he one day hunted after these odious paragraphs, inquired if he had met with any bad news.

“The departure of General —— for Sicily,” said he; “so ends all my hopes of preferment. You see, Lady Augusta, I am destined to succeed solely by my individual merit.”—He attempted to smile. This was the gentleman through whose interest Lady Augusta hoped to obtain a commission for her young friend; and while she returned the smile of Norman, she confessed that it seemed so; and, to his earnest intreaties to be allowed immediately to join the — regiment as a volunteer, she yielded a reluctant consent.

In the mean time, Lady Augusta lost not a day in retrenching her expenses, and in conforming her style of living to her now impoverished fortune. Those little personal sacrifices, which she performed with cheerful alacrity,

were bitterly felt by Norman, and loudly lamented by Moome, whom the Lady in vain attempted to deceive. When Moome sorrowfully inquired why she had given up the use of wine and tea, and other foreign luxuries, she would cheerfully reply,—“ Because I like a crogan of Maolodhan’s milk better.” But even this compliment to her favourite cow, could not satisfy the importunate affection of Moome; and, running into her hut, she brought forth the precious hoard—the little sum of many years savings, which decent pride had taught her, in common with all her race, to accumulate for the celebration of her funeral, and intreated the Lady, if she did not wish to see her die on the spot, to accept of it, and to use it.

Lady Augusta well knew the value of this sacrifice, and could feelingly appreciate the motives which induced it.

“ Who would not welcome the poverty which makes such goodness known to them ?” said she, gently closing the hand of Moome; and she consented to retain the money, and to use it when she saw occasion.

## CHAP. XXVI.

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"Enough! it boots not on the past to dwell;  
Fair scenes of other years, a long farewell!  
Rouse up, my soul! it boots not to repine;  
Rouse up, for worthier feelings should be thine;  
Thy path is plain and straight, that light is given;  
Onward in faith, and leave the rest to Heaven."

SOUTHEY.

IT was now the middle of April, and a mild season had rapidly advanced vegetation. Already were the woods, to which Norman paid many farewell visits, bursting into foliage, and the sheltered recesses round which he lingered, clothed with the primrose, the violet, and the snowy blossoms of the wild strawberry.

"Who shall gather the fruit of these sweet blossoms?"—thought he; but the feelings and reveries indulged in Glenalbin, were heroically combated in Eleenalin; and the day, so dreaded by every body, was seen to approach with greater composure than might have been ex-

pected. Hugh's strong inclination to have “one *skitch* of the world, and one spell at the French,” had long been subdued to the necessities of his Lady; while his divided heart vibrated between Eleenalin and his young friend, no murmur indicated his latent wish; and, when interrogated by the Lady, while tears filled his eyes, he indignantly replied,—“Sure, Lady, you cannot wish that I should leave you!”

When the sad morning at last arrived, Norman rose very early from his sleepless bed, and having long wandered over the island, returned to a mournful breakfast. That melancholy, constrained cheerfulness, which is perhaps more distressing to the feelings than openly-indulged grief, was feebly supported on all sides, till Hugh entering, in a doleful tone said,—“Now, dear, all is ready.”

“I suppose these are the very words, and that the tone, used to a criminal going to be executed,” said Flora, forcing herself to be gay; “and is his horse ferried?” inquired she hurriedly. “Yes, darling,” replied the Piper.

“My father’s mule, which thou mayest sell at Salamanca for ten or twelve good pistoles, and live upon the money till thou shalt be——”

“ Ah, Flora !” cried Norman, interrupting her ; but when he looked up, he perceived her swimming eyes and quivering lip. She caught his glance, and threw herself sobbing into his arms.

“ Bless you ! bless you ! my father’s friend, and mine own dear friend !” cried she, while he pressed her to his quick-beating bosom.

She flew to her chamber, while he flung himself before Lady Augusta, exclaiming,— “ When I was a little boy, I could not sleep without your blessing !—Bless me now,—Oh my mother !—let your blessing go with me, and I will go in peace.”

“ My blessing rest with thee, Norman, my dear, dear child !” said she ; “ The power of the Highest be around thee !”—She bent downward, and pressed her lips to his forehead ; he kissed the hands that had been stretched over him, and, rising in great agitation, left his home.

Flora ran to the window as she heard him leave the house, and saw him seated in the boat with Moome and the Piper, and the maid-servant beating back his grey-hound, which was whining to follow. Anxious to spare him this last pang, she called back the animal, and,

seating herself on the floor, threw her arms round it, and wept bitterly.

When they landed at Dunalbin, Moome stopped at the burying-ground to take leave. "Should you never see me more, you will find me here!" said she; and calmly added, "Had it been the will of the HOLIEST, I hoped that you, darling, would have laid my old head there, between Roban and my child; but it was not good for me!"—a single tear started to her eye. "Comfort yourself for this, my own dear love, though you are far away, I shall not be forgotten; and when I am called to your FATHER and my FATHER, I will tell your dear mother how you revered her memory, and were a blessing and a joy to all that loved you,—if the power is given me."

Moome spoke very calmly, but a slight sensation of terror and awe possessed the mind of Norman, at the solemn import of this message; he leaned his head on her shoulder, and softly repeated,—"Tell my dear mother!" and, after a shuddering pause, he whispered,—"Now, let your prayers follow me, my dear kind Moome!"

"My blessings and my prayers, beloved of my heart!" cried she, fervently embracing him; and seeing the wandering, agitated glance he

sent round the glen, she hastily exclaimed,— “ Thus did he look whose name you bear, on that sad morning; but oh!—‘ to the stones be it told !’ \*—not so looked Glenalbin!—It is the wound of my own heart, well, to remember that day. We were then at a shealing in Inishchomhraig, (the field of contests), and the *black-spald* had seized all the cattle of the glen;—we came all down to old Ronald’s house in Bealach-nan-creach, (the pass of spoils), to make the *forced fire*; † and there I first heard what I shall never cease to remember.”

Moome was now in the vein of lamentation; but checking her feelings, she again repeated her cordial benediction; and Hugh, gently touching the arm of Norman, led him forward.—“ She will always be talking of her own death,” said the Piper, glancing at the sadden-

\* When relating any thing calamitous, instead of a direct address to the person with whom they are conversing, the Highlanders tell it as an *apart*, exclaiming,—“ To the stones be it told !”

† When the cattle of any district were seized with this fatal distemper, the method of cure, or prevention, was to extinguish all the domestic fires, and rekindle them by *forced fire*, caught from sparks emitted from the axle of the great wool-wheel, which was driven furiously round by the people assembled.

ed countenance of his companion ; “ but I am sure one who has lived so decent a life, must have a decent departure,—so don’t sorrow about that, dear. As our own Lady says,—our people are more occupied about how they are to leave this world, than how they are prepared to enter the next ;—though not my aunt Unah—God forbid !”—Norman could not seem insensible to this intended comfort ; he tried to smile and to converse ; but, as they slowly proceeded down the glen, he often stopped to look back, and at length relapsed into total silence.

In the mean time, Moome was loitering among the ruins of the hamlet. In the course of the morning, she picked up a *fairy-hammer*, and gathered a four-leaved clover \* from one of those gently-swelling and verdant mounds, called, in the language of the country, *Tom-shee*, or the “ hillock of fairies.” The finder of

\* *Fairy-hammers* are pieces of green porphyry, shaped like the head of a hatchet, and which were probably used as such before the introduction of iron. They are not unfrequently found in the isles, and are preserved among other relicks with which the Highlanders medicate, or rather *charm* the water they drink, as a remedy in particular diseases. A four-leaved clover is called, in the Highlands, “ The shamrock of powers, or virtues.” The finder of either of these is esteemed very lucky.

such things is esteemed very fortunate; and Moome had a lively faith. Soothed, confiding, and almost happy, she hastened to Eleenalin, to impart her good fortune to the Lady.

“Are they not tokens of good!” said she; and the Lady looked on every thing which gave comfort to a tender and afflicted heart, not only as a good omen, but as a certain blessing.

Hugh had resolved to give his young friend an escort for fifty or sixty miles, which, with true Highland liberality with regard to latitude and longitude, he reckoned a very trifling distance. With the local and traditional history of the romantic country through which they journeyed he had a perfect acquaintance; and Norman felt no mean pleasure in listening to his stories, rhymes, and traditional anecdotes; and in beholding the wild scenes of those fabulous, but inspiring narratives, which had charmed his childhood.

On the second day of their march, they diverged a little from the road, to visit the celebrated Glencoe,—so well known to Europe as the scene of unparalleled atrocities,—to Highlanders as a region of wonderful sublimity, inhabited by a brave and gentle race, who were distinguished, even among the tuneful tribes of

their poetic country, by superior enthusiasm for music, song, dancing, and heroic story.

“ How humiliating, that the same Prince who gallantly resolved—‘ to see his country free, or to die in its last ditch,’—should, at least, have sanctioned the monstrous cruelties of Glencoe !” thought Norman. “ For the eve of St Bartholomew, or the Sicilian vespers, there was, at least, the excuse—a poor one—of mad zeal, and wild enthusiasm ; but here—cool, cruel, perfidious !” He recollect ed what he had often heard Lady Augusta say of the pernicious influence of the profession of arms on human character, and recalled a quotation she often repeated,—

“ Man, in society, is like a flower  
Blown in its native bed,” &c. &c.

Bands leagued “ against the charities of domestic life,” were melancholy ideas to a young soldier. Norman chose rather to listen to Hugh, who was zealously whistling that Jacobite air, known in the low-country by the name of “ *Awa’, Whigs, awa’*,” as he led forward the horses ; and to amuse himself by translating a rhyme which Hugh had chaunted when they entered the glen. It exhibits but a faint pic-

ture of that night of blood, which will never be blotted out from the memory of Highlanders.

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### THE MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.

BROAD set the sun o'er wild Glencoe,  
Red gleam'd the heights of drifted snow,  
And loud and hoarse the torrent's flow,  
Dashed through the drear domain.

Bright shines the hearth's domestic blaze,  
The dancers bound in wanton maze,  
And merry Minstrels tune their lays,  
Blythe o'er the mountain reign.

Yon level sun sinks down in blood,  
Lowering o'er dark ingratitude ;  
It warns the guileless and the good,  
Glencoe's wo-fated clan !

Each smiling host salutes his guest,  
“ Good night ! ” . . . that hand, so kindly prest,  
Shall plunge the dagger in thy breast  
Long ere the orient dawn !

All's still ! . . . but, hark ! from height to height,  
Comes rushing on the breeze of night,  
The startling shriek of wild affright,  
The hoarse assassin yell !

Is there no arm on high to save  
From foulest death the trustful brave? . . .  
. . . Each by his threshold found a grave,  
Or where he slumbered fell?

Red rose the sun o'er lone Glencoe,  
What eye shall mark that crimson'd snow?  
What ear shall list the torrent's flow,  
Dashing the dreary wild?

Round sheal and hamlet's sheltering rock  
High soars destruction's volumed smoke,  
But hushed the shriek which maddening broke  
From mother, maiden, child!

All's still!—save round yon mountain's head,  
Where men of blood the snow-path tread,  
Startling, lest voices from the dead  
A deed of hell proclaim.

Wo! for thy clan, thou wild Glencoe!  
Whose blood dyes deep the mountain snow;  
But deadlier bale, and deeper woe,  
Glenorchy, on thy name!

On the morning of the third day, Norman took a melancholy adieu of his last friend; and, on the evening of the same day, reached the borders of the Lowlands. He had seen, not looked at this country, on his late hasty journey; but now, as he finally emerged from the mountains, the first glimpse of the region of commerce was very favourable, for it com-

hended the beautiful vale of Leven, and the banks of the Clyde, studded with towns, and towers, and villages, rich in all the graces of cultivation, and smiling with plenty; while every soft image stole new beauty from the sublime back-ground of the distant Highlands.

All his pre-conceived ideas of the pomp and magnificence exhibited by a great city, were sadly disappointed in Glasgow. It was associated in his mind with nothing splendid or interesting in story; and taste, fashioned amid the sublimities of nature, found little to admire in the puny efforts of art.

Yet he was sensible that the fault lay in himself, and hastened on, saying,—“ I shall learn to admire fine cities.” And, when the landscape was no longer broken into irregular valleys, or bounded by retiring mountains, but spread far, far around, in an endless, flat expanse of tame cultivation, through which lagged a dark and lazy river,—“ How fatiguing,” he exclaimed,—“ eternal hedge-rows, square fields, sleek cows, and straight ridges!—and this is the boasted Lowlands !”

But, in skirting the upland parts of the shires of Lanark and Peebles, he again met with scenery more agreeable to his most cherished associations. Among the pastoral hills of Tweedale,

he again saw the narrow vale, haunted by its wizard stream ; the uncultured slope, gay with broom, and wild-flowers, and blossoming furze ; the hill-side farm-house, of primitive construction, sheltered and adorned by a tuft of trees, rendered conspicuous by surrounding nakedness. But he was still more interested in observing many little traits of the staid and simple manners, and serious and kindly feelings, which mark the unmixed low-country peasants. To the Poems of Burns, and to the exquisite descriptions of that excellent man, whose least praise was poetical genius—to the writings of Grahame, and the conversations of his own tutor, Norman owed a more intimate acquaintance with the Lowland peasantry, than most native Highlanders could boast ; and this had produced great respect for their virtues, and a warm sympathy in their feelings and enjoyments.

It was when travelling through this upland district, that Norman first heard the chime “ of a church-going bell,” with the rapturous feelings which that blessed symbol of civilized life is calculated to produce in minds constituted like his. Often, during the days in which he leisurely wandered through this pastoral country, would he dismount on reaching a remote *Kirk-*

*toun*, and gaze with soft complacency on the House of God, and the last dwelling of man ; on the scattered hamlet, the smithy, the rude shed of the rustic carpenter ; the—" thrifty house-wife at the burn-side green ;"—and the little children paddling in the mill stream. And often would he listen, with earnest gratified attention, to the busy hum proceeding from that little dwelling, whence education was diffused through the surrounding parish, and with it all that blesses and benefits humble life, and all that gives to Scotland its truest, proudest superiority.

These contemplations recalled a dearer land, and Norman would wander onward, indulging fairy visions of future happiness ; for, though he seldom built castles, he often constructed cottages—and he peopled them too ;—they stood in Glenalbin—Highlanders were their tenants ;—and Monimia,—she who delighted in promoting the happiness of her kind, who partook of his own indifference to mere ladies and gentlemen—of his own benevolence and veneration for the great and majestic family of man,—Monimia was in London, running the hackneyed course offashionable frivolity. However the reveries of Norman commenced, it was thus they terminated ; and a half-hour of en-

chantment was usually succeeded by a whole one of hard riding.

Norman now descended to a beautiful and luxuriant country, and, in another day, was in a new kingdom; surrounded by unknown modes of life,—a stranger among strangers. Here he saw a wonderful influx of wealth, producing many artificial wants; ingenious industry busily supplying them, and a degree of accommodation descending to the lowest ranks, which he had hitherto fancied incompatible with conditions so humble. Sometimes, too, when the spontaneous benevolence of his social nature was repelled by the uncouth and repulsive manners he perceived, and when his native enthusiasm was damped by the prejudice, coldness, and suspicion which every where assailed him, a strong sense of forlornness, and dissimilitude to all he saw, would lead him to lament, that what increased the external comforts of man, should degrade his intellectual nature, narrow his capacities, and lessen his best enjoyments.

As he looked round on the numerous smoky manufactories which rose in this prosaic region, and saw every stream polluted by the dirty puddle of some dye-vat or fulling-mill,

and regarded the “*Mange-rotis*” of the plains, as, at the warning of a bell, they marched to labour or refreshment,—a Highland feeling of contemptuous pity took possession of his mind.—“Man cannot live by bread alone!” was his indignant exclamation; and he recalled all he had formerly heard of the “division of labour,” and the “Wealth of Nations,” with an asperity which succeeding years softened down, but never wholly removed.

The evening of this day proved remarkably beautiful. Towards sun-set, Norman entered a narrow lane, winding through steep banks, shaded by fine trees, among the openings of which, he caught many transient views of a rich, and charmingly diversified country; and he began to feel that England did contain fine landscapes. In a few minutes he overtook a train of waggons, which completely blocked up the unsocial path; and as the waggoner, acting on the principle of Montague, would not step aside to permit the king to pass, unless he chose to be agreeable, and evidently enjoyed the inconvenience he occasioned to a person having the appearance of a gentleman, Norman resolved to make the best of

his situation, and, dismounting, attempted to begin a conversation. When the waggoner had gee-hoed and Dobbined for some minutes, without noticing his question, he deigned to answer, but in so strange a dialect, and in so repulsive a tone, that the young Highlander shrunk back, half amazed and half disgusted, at that perversion of mind which mistakes surly and disobliging manners, and a tone of fierce defiance, for sincerity and independence of character. While musing on this national trait, a middle-aged, desolate looking woman, came up, murmuring a plaintive song. It was in the language of Scotland : Norman started with pleased surprise, and listened with deep attention.

“ When I think o’ my ain green glen,  
And the hame that ance was mine,  
The salt tear dims my weary e’e,  
And my wae heart’s like to tine.

O, why think o’ my ain green glen,  
Where the birks bend o'er the burn,  
Or the happy days that I have seen,  
For alas ! they’ll ne’er return !

Sad, sad, and weary, still I roam,  
I have wandered mony a mile ;  
But my heart is in my father’s home  
‘Mang the hills of dear Argyle.

Now a wide wide world is a' before,  
And a wider roaring sea ;  
But the farther I roam from my father's home,  
The dearer it seems to me !”

The feelings expressed by this rude song, were very congenial to those which now swelled the heart of Norman ; and he kindly greeted this poor wanderer in her native language. A sudden gleam of joy brightened her emaciated features, while she exclaimed in Gaelic—“ Macalbin’s come home !—Do I indeed see a countryman ?” \*

“ And a clansman !” cried Norman, springing forward, and catching her hand with joy equal to her own ; for the exclamation she used declared her kindred. The waggoner now fairly stopped his horses, and addressing Norman, said,—“ If so be, master, as how you want to pass, do it now, as the honest woman will be passing at any rate.” Norman respected the motive of this tardy and churlish kindness, and he thanked the blunt waggoner, who replied to his acknowledgements by saying,—“ It made no odds, as the woman was passing at any rate.”

\* The common exclamation of surprise used by the poor people of Mull still is, “ *Maclean’s come home!* ” though that clan has long had no chief.

This forlorn woman was a poor widow, who had formerly lived in Glenalbin. As her family was large, she had not been able to cross the Atlantic with her neighbours; and at the time of the emigration she had gone to a cotton-mill in the Lowlands. When Norman had answered her numerous questions, he ventured to inquire for her children; some of them had been his play-fellows.

"Ah!" cried this unhappy mother, bursting into tears,—“you know not what I lost in losing my share of Dunalbin. You know how the first years of my time of suffering were spent,—how much I endured, how hard I toiled;—but my children were with me, and I was happy.—I was so for some years after I came to this: but they grew up among the crowd of yon mill; without the benefits of education, and corrupted by evil example. My youngest son fell in Holland; his brother, who bore the name of his father—my dear Donald!—returned blind from Egypt. My daughters!—would that they too had died!” The poor woman wept the conclusion of her Gaelic story, and Norman shared the grief he knew not how to console. When he spoke of Glenalbin, it reminded her of past happiness; when of America, she lamented that her children

had not been able to accompany their friends, that, like them, they might still have enjoyed the pride and the peace of virtue.

The evening was now far advanced; and Norman, compelled to seek a shelter for the night, shared his slender purse with his clanswoman, and received her eloquent thanks and adieus. He who had ever been approached with courteous frankness and respectful interest,—who had ever been accustomed to reciprocate friendly greetings, and all the nameless kindnesses of polished life,—was peculiarly vulnerable to the offensive roughness, or chilling reserve of the people he now occasionally encountered; and he gazed after Morag, exclaiming, “Ah! when shall I again be greeted by the graceful and heart-cheering felicitations of my beloved country, when soothed by its lingering and tender adieus!”

This period was not so distant as Norman then imagined; for, on reaching the town where he understood the regiment he meant to join was quartered, he learnt that it had just been ordered to *Ireland*,—a kindred land. This was a misfortune for which he easily consoled himself; and accordingly, having crossed the country to Liverpool, he sold his horse, and took a passage to Dublin in a merchant vessel.

CHAP. XXVII.

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"I saw Gaul in his armour, and my soul was mingled with his, for the fire of battle was in his eyes."

OSSIAN.

AN extensive encampment was to be formed during the summer in the south-west of Ireland; and when Norman landed in Dublin, he found that the regiment he sought had already gone thither. He followed it; and his social nature, which had languished in the chilling climate of English inns and manufacturing towns, was again refreshed and invigorated amid the smoky warmth of the mud cabins of Ireland. Here he found the same language, the same manners, the same graceful frankness, and open-hearted hospitality, that distinguished his native land. The resemblance was striking, but it was not complete. The sterile hills, and gloomy valleys of the Highlander, had never tempted the rapacity of the

stranger. “ He dwelt among his own people,” under the fostering protection of that recognized and patriarchal leader it was his pride to aggrandize, and his privilege to obey :—no unknown tongue grated on his ear ;—never had the rites of a strange faith usurped the place of his national worship ;—nor had foreign domination roused the fierce passions of his nature, and inflamed a spirit keenly alive to kindness and to unkindness :—and the Highlander was wiser and more gentle than the Irishman, only because he had been less unfortunate.

On a fine evening in the latter end of May, Norman reached the encampment. It extended for some miles along a level sea-shore, on which the soldiers were now performing their exercises. A green plain, mottled with white tents, gay with banners and pennons, and groups of females, and of military, formed a very animating picture ; and as Norman approached, his heart throbbed faster and faster. The regularity of the evolutions, performed throughout the far-extended line, next attracted his attention ; and the perfection of discipline, which pervaded every department, filled him with pleased astonishment. Hitherto he had heard only the rolling of drums, and the

firing of muskets; but now, a full regimental band struck up, and that inspiring march, "In the garb of Old Gaul," burst forth in a tide of overwhelming harmony, and awakened all his patriotic enthusiasm. It was the first time that he had ever heard military music; and as he advanced along the line in a kind of measured step, the beating of his heart increased almost to suffocation, and his tears burst forth in an agony of pleasure. At length the music ceased; and, heartily ashamed of his inflammable fancy and unintelligible feelings, Norman began to think of the future. Perceiving a very soldier-like young man, in the dress of an officer, walking near him, he accosted him, and begged to know where he might find the colonel of the —— regiment. The officer answered with much civility, and also said, that as he was walking that way, he would do himself the pleasure to point out the tent. As they went forward together, they discovered that they were from the same country; and the young officer ventured to inquire, if Norman was the new ensign they expected from Scotland. A feeling of mortification seized the mind of the young candidate for arms, as he replied, "I am not so fortunate; I mean to offer myself as a volunteer in his regiment, if Colonel Grant will accept of me." —

“A volunteer for glory!” exclaimed the other, with a smile half incredulous, and half satirical; but Norman looked so grave, that he added, “You do well to join the ranks, if you wish for the society of gentlemen. I have at present the honour of serving under the son of a tailor, and of seeing in the ranks the only son of an Irish chief.” This young man had an appearance of manly frankness, which found ready access to the heart of Norman; and he ventured again to speak on the subject round which his mind was fluttering. “If you are really resolved, and anxious to be accepted as a volunteer, I am the very man to do your business. Were General — here, he would be so rejoiced to hear that the age of chivalry is not quite gone, and that something is left on earth to resemble himself, that you would be received with enthusiasm; but my uncle, Lieut.-Col. Grant, is the stiffest old soul alive. Unless you can shew a line from your father and your mother, your old aunts, and the parish minister, stating that they do not forbid the banns between—whom?”—“Norman Macalbin,” said Norman, smiling;—“Norman Macalbin and Dame Glory, he will have nothing to do with you, believe me.” Norman briefly informed his companion, that his intention was

approved by his friends, and that his situation determined his choice, not of the military profession, but of the rank he must for some time hold in the army. He then hesitated, his heart swelled, and he added, in a faltering voice, "The sentiments by which I am actuated must, to my own mind, dignify my obscure rank." The young officer felt for what he imagined the pride of fallen greatness; he said something kind and complimentary, and added, "Had you not best stop till I speak to my uncle? It might put you to your blushes, you know, to hear all I have to say in your favour." Norman gladly consented to this considerate arrangement; and he had not walked many minutes before the tent, when he was rejoined by his new acquaintance, who immediately introduced him to the colonel of the regiment. This was an elderly, keen, rigid-looking man, who examined the young stranger with a degree of worldly earnestness, which made the colour deepen in his cheeks; but, quickly averting his eyes, the colonel apologised for his rudeness, by a compliment to the handsome figure of his young countryman, whom he afterwards received with the most flattering politeness. Highland imaginations have still some mysterious idea of inseparable

union between lofty stature and a commanding character, strength of body and generosity of soul; and the small share of imagination that Colonel Grant possessed, was quite Highland. The hero of the multitude is indeed generally six feet high. Colonel Grant had a paternal pride in the size and beauty of his officers and soldiers, and a very imperfect conception of that intellectual superiority, which places, in the mind of one man, the force and the fortunes of thousands. He was therefore highly pleased with this new acquisition. After a few minutes of general conversation, he recommended the stranger to the care of his nephew; and informed him, that, on the ensuing day, a person would wait on him, to instruct him in the duties of his profession.

Norman was charmed with this termination of what had weighed so heavily on his mind, and he warmly thanked his new acquaintance, Captain Drummond, for his good offices, as they retired together. This young man made a polite reply, and added, "The old hero did not ask us to sup with him. He is obliging enough to consider my weariness of the *talkee, talkee*, of his lieutenants, and my anxiety to hear how the Highland hills and the Highland lasses are looking. I hope you will not

be less kind?"—Thus invited, Norman attended Captain Drummond to his tent; and, in a conversation of four hours, the young men made very great progress towards intimacy. He found the young officer polite, animated, and friendly, fond of his profession, and full of pleasing recollections of their common country.

When they parted, Norman added a few lines to his Eleenalin journal, and on this night slept more soundly than he had done since he had left his home.

Next morning, as he walked about the encampment, he found himself the object of general attention; and half ashamed, half offended, at the scrutiny he underwent from the officers of the different regiments scattered around, he was about to return to his tent, when he was accosted by Captain Drummond. "Do you know," cried the latter, after the compliments of the morning, "that though but a dozen hours in the camp, you are already the occasion of as many bets, and, for aught I know, of as many challenges. We are dying to know what the devil you are, or where the deuce you come from;—whether the Count —, or one of the French princes,—the son of a royal duke,—or a descendant of the man

with the iron mask. My uncle says, mysteriously enough, that he is not quite sure himself. One thing we all know, and that is, you are no fit associate for us ; so keep your own counsel, and no one will venture to intrude upon you. Bred in the army as I have been, I have small merit in being acquainted with the composition of a mess-room. Though it is somewhat singular that a man clothed in scarlet, and trained to glory, should be a little-minded, unmannered creature, such wonders are daily to be seen. Let me therefore beg of you to allow us the pleasure of discovering who you are, without at all assisting our conjectures."

Every species of deception was painful to the mind of Norman, and he was about to protest against this tacit deceit, when a party of officers lounged up, arm in arm, who were evidently examining the graceful stranger with respectful, but anxious attention. Drummond immediately bowed very low, and respectfully took leave ; while, with an air of vexed displeasure, Norman slightly returned his bow.

"'Pon my soul, my doubts are solved," cried one ; "see with what hauteur he treats Drummond. He is a man of the first rank, depend upon it ; and I believe you'll allow that I know a little of these matters." Norman overheard

this affected whisper as he passed. It was indeed intended for his ear. His cheek flushed with shame and confusion, and, turning hastily round, he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, let me beg of you to believe that I am exactly what I seem, a Scotch Highlander,—a soldier of fortune,—for such is the simple truth." He slightly touched his hat, and moved on; while Drummond and his thunderstruck companions bowed profoundly, almost overwhelmed with the unexpected honour done them, and each vowed that he had never presumed to form a different opinion, though each was now perfectly convinced, that the new volunteer was a person of very great distinction.

The belief continued for some time to distress Norman, and delight Captain Drummond, who enjoyed the double pleasure of quizzing his brother officers, and saving, as he fancied, the pride of his countryman. Wherever Norman went, the glance and whisper of curiosity followed, till at length he almost confined himself to his tent. When Captain Drummond was interrogated, he always answered, "Let me beg of you to believe he is just what he seems,—a soldier of fortune." "Well, to be sure that is one proof," said the major of the regiment; "but after all, would a man of such rank

live as he does, without servants or horses ; with the fare and accommodations of a common soldier ?—’tis damned strange !”—“ My dear major,” replied Drummond, “ I could have forgiven one of these raw lads such an observation, but a man of your knowledge of the world, and standing in the service, fie, fie ! acquainted too, as you are, with the history of the Alexanders and the Cæsars, the Czars and the Charleses, to wonder at a hero following their steps.”

The major was pleased to think, that his *standing in the service* gave him a right to know, by intuition, all that human sagacity can discover. He remarked, that he had been the first to find out that Macalbin was not what he spelt himself, and Drummond readily conceded this honour. The major bowed lower and lower, whenever he casually met the soldier of fortune beyond the precincts of the camp ; Drummond laughed louder and louder ; and Norman became convinced, that it was as well to join in the laugh, since bad humour did him no good.

This foolish jest lasted till Sir Archibald Gordon, whose regiment was attached to the encampment, came to Ireland, and divulged the mighty secret, by declaring the young vo-

luncheon an over-educated adventurer from his estate in the Highlands. The good-natured among the officers enjoyed another laugh at the discovery of their own credulity, and Norman easily consoled himself for the altered looks of the mortified and the sullen.

The general officers belonging to the encampment were most rigid disciplinarians ; and their proximity had excited a spirit of rivalry which made the camp-duty very severe, and which completely banished the idleness and frivolity that is too often found in such situations. The soldiers were usually in the field with the rising sun, and it often went down before they had quitted arms.

Norman entered on the business of his new profession, with all the enthusiasm for excellence which marked his character ; and, though he was often tempted to think the toil he underwent useless and vexatious, he was compelled to acknowledge, that it had the happy effect of banishing, for the time, those gloomy recollections, and perplexing doubts, which too often haunted his mind.

The letters he from time to time received from Eleenalin possessed a soothing charm ; and little anecdotes of Moome, Flora, the

Piper, and even the grey-hound, were perused with the delighted interest those only can feel, who have wandered from the pleasures of a happy and far-distant home. Lady Augusta had not yet heard from Monimia ; but she had that just confidence in herself, and in those she honoured with her friendship, which forbade all doubt or anxiety. “ We do not deserve to be neglected,” said she, in writing to Norman. “ Monimia is herself too amiable to forget Eleenalin ; but we must allow for some slight abatement of enthusiasm ; we must give her time to call us to memory,—in her heart we shall always dwell.”

Norman endeavoured to think in the same manner ; and, during the first part of that long, long, though busy summer, he heroically struggled against enfeebling recollections, and, in the leisure afforded him by the indulgent kindness of Captain Drummond, applied, with great perseverance, to studies connected with his profession. About this time, his kind friend was ordered away on the recruiting service, and Colonel Grant went to attend a trial in another part of the island ;—a trial most interesting to military persons, and most afflicting, in its terrible consequences, not only to

the family of the gallant officer whose fate it involved, but to the whole army, as well as to the population of the Highlands of Scotland.

The absence of these gentlemen proved critical to Norman ; for at this time an event took place, which was to colour his future destiny.

Every person acquainted with the two countries, must have remarked a strong resemblance between a certain class of old Irish families, and those families to whom Scotland owes her bravest officers :—both are alike poor, gallant, well-born, and possessed of the pride of birth. Young Irishmen of this description formerly found honourable employment in the service of foreign princes ; but these times were gone, and lamentable prejudices had now fated them to an inactivity as pernicious to themselves, as alarming to their country. While the Highlander entered life with the most inspiring hopes, and directed the energies of youthful ambition to the promotion of his country's welfare, mutual distrust and aversion condemned the unfortunate Irishman to find happiness in carousing with the ragged peasants who acknowledged his imaginary superiority ; to employ his talents in cultivating the arts of vulgar popularity ; and to place his ambition in head-

ing brawls at fairs and funerals. Nothing but wisdom and conciliation can, for any length of time, be “retentive to the strength of spirit;” and it is not very surprising, if such persons sometimes displayed their prowess in enterprises even more desperate than beating excise-men and tythe-farmers, and carrying off young women.

Roderick Bourke lived in the province of Connaught, in a decayed house, which, by the courtesy of Ireland, was called Castle-Bourke. The heir to a barren sceptre, he was accustomed to hear himself addressed by his loving kernes, in a style which the Heralds' office decrees to a very different person. The same devoted people had often ventured life and limb in his service; and Roderick, who had the true spirit of an Irish prince, could not, in requital, do less than spend his last acre in regaling them with whisky and tobacco. Roderick died, after a short and tumultuous, but, on the whole, a glorious reign, and was splendidly buried by voluntary contribution; and his only son, whose immediate ancestors had been general officers in the service of all the Catholic princes in Europe, was now a private soldier in the regiment of Sir Archibald Gordon.

This young Irishman had entered the army at the age of seventeen ; in three quarters of the globe he had proved his bravery ; he was now in his twenty-seventh year, and in all the pride and strength of manhood. Gaiety of temper, drollery of manner, genuine Irish humour, and an exquisite talent for mimickry, extending to mind, as well as manner, rendered him the favourite of the whole camp. The drunken sailor, swaggering officer, strutting martinet, and awkward recruit, of Phelim Bourke, were the highest comic treat to the soldiers, who gathered round him ; and the officers of the different regiments, when over their wine, often sent for this graceful buffoon, delighted with his jovial *chanson à boire*, and the singular brilliancy of his repartee. Phelim also played finely on several instruments, and, in manly exercises, excelled all his companions. These fine qualities were all heightened by a warm and open spirit of military comradeship, and set off to the best advantage by a figure uncommonly handsome, even in Ireland ; a gay, gallant air, and a countenance so intelligent, in its saucy archness, that no one could look on it without being tempted to smile, even at its quietest expression. Every man was the friend of Phelim, and Phelim was the friend

of every *Irishman*; every woman admired “handsome Bourke,” and Phelim adored the whole sex.

Such did Phelim Bourke appear to the dullest observer whom his wit quickened, or his gaiety enlivened. But to the watchful scrutiny of Macalbin, he presented something far more striking:—a mind of the loftiest order, dallying with its own conscious powers, and mocking at its petty purposes,—hanging loose on life,—and turning, in half-affected scorn, from that high prize of virtuous achievement, which it despaired of attaining. Norman could perceive, that the laughing Carlini of the camp had very serious moments; at which times he treated those who depended for amusement on his wit, or his scenic excellence, with caprice equal to any spoiled actress of them all. It could not be doubted, but that, with the blood of his ancestors, he inherited that proud hate which, for centuries, they had cherished against those whom boyish folly had made his masters;—circumstances alone could reveal, whether this principle was extinguished, or only smothered in his bosom. But, in his darkest moods, if the trumpet sounded, or woman smiled, the intruding phantoms fled, and glory and gaiety reclaimed their slave.

The careless laugh of this young Irishman, and his frank and graceful salutation, had ever been peculiarly exhilarating to the spirits of Norman, for whom he performed many little offices of kindness, and whom he treated with all the respect a nature so gay and familiar could shew to any one, especially since he understood that Norman was neither a prince of the blood, nor of the half blood, but, like himself, "an unfortunate gentleman." They spent many of their leisure hours together with much pleasure, and some improvement.

At this time, there was a little black-eyed girl, a kind of toast among the heroes of the camp, to whom Phelim was paying his *devoirs*, and who had also attracted the regards of his colonel. That a soldier should presume to rival his colonel, was a thing almost unexampled in military annals; and for some time Sir Archibald was lost in astonishment. But when Phelim, though well apprised of the intentions of his superior, shewed no inclination to give up the pursuit, a favourite serjeant was sent to admonish him of his duty. Phelim would not believe that the articles of war forbade him to make love to Dora Tracey;—so he laughed at the messenger, ridiculed the message, and was more than ever determined on conquest.

Sir Archibald was equally resolved. His vanity, and other bad passions, were now powerfully excited; from a lover by proxy, he descended to woo in person; and both officers and soldiers anxiously watched the progress of the contending rivals.

Nature and habit had conspired to accomplish Phelim for enterprises of this kind; —his gallantry had ever been found resistless, but he now also contended for the honour of victory,—and he proved the happy conqueror. Phelim was not altogether insensible to his triumph; some of the officers ventured to rally Sir Archibald on his disappointment; and all saw the tempest grow darker and darker round the head of the thoughtless soldier.

A portentous week passed over; and Phelim, who neither foresaw nor dreaded danger, had forgotten every hostile feeling, and even the occasion of animosity. On a fine summer's evening, he sat by the door of his tent, with some of his comrades, gaily tossing off bumpers to “Love and war,” and carolling his last new song:

“ Such is the love of a true Irishman,  
That he loves all the lovely, he loves all he can,  
With his slips of shilelah,” &c.

Sir Archibald happened to pass. It was the anniversary of the battle of — ; and the officers had taken a holiday to themselves, and given a fete to as many of the soldiers as had been engaged in that affair. Sir Archibald knew nothing about this battle ; but he felt his heart boiling with ungovernable rage against Phelim Bourke, whom he instantly assailed with a torrent of military rhetoric, commanding him to remove from the spot where he sat, and threatening punishment for the excess he had already committed. Phelim disdained to answer ; and some of the men having explained the occasion of the festivity, Sir Archibald thought proper to walk on. “I see I’m a prodigious favourite,” said Phelim, smiling scornfully, and continuing his song. In a few minutes, the drum beat for evening parade, and Phelim hastened to his place. He had been under arms all the morning ; the day had been remarkably sultry, and he was still warm and fatigued. When standing at ease, as it is called, Phelim took off his grenadier cap, and began to fan himself ; and, as he was expected to do nothing like sober people, in performing this operation, he displayed all the coquetry and languishing airs of an affected lady. Sir Archibald Gordon was now walking along the

line, and the more enraged that he durst not vent his anger ; he sternly commanded the soldier to put on his cap, enforcing his command with the usual accompaniment of oaths, and Phelim obeyed ; but, still supporting his assumed character, threw into his fine features so exquisite an expression of mawkish languishment, that his companions burst into stifled laughter. This was throwing the last drop into the cup of Sir Archibald's wrath. Transported with mingled anger and mortification, he repeatedly struck the soldier ; while, as fast, and as coherently as he could, he cursed what he was pleased to call his “ damned Irish impudence.” It was not easy for Bourke to bear a *national* reflection from this man ; yet he stood with the coolest indifference, till he saw himself struck a second time. Phelim was a saucy, privileged offender ; his birth, and his fascinating qualities, had almost dispensed him from the slavish subordination of a soldier. He still, however, moved neither limb nor tongue to defend himself ; but, with a look of withering contempt, slightly blew on his arm, as if to puff away the puny stroke. The full force of that emphatic look fell on the exasperated spirit of the baronet, and again he furiously showered his blows on the soldier.

Phelim had, on this occasion, great command of temper ; he also knew the pains and penalties of his condition ; yet, thus provoked, he haughtily bowed to Sir Archibald, saying, “ Thank you, brave Sir ; this is the more generous, as you well know I cannot pay you back these eight good years.” The rage of Sir Archibald was, if possible, redoubled,—he rushed upon the soldier ; and Bourke, being a large and very powerful man, grasped him firmly in his arms, threw him down, and spurned him with his foot.

The officers immediately gathered round ; Phelim was surrounded, disarmed, and escorted to prison by a guard of Englishmen, and followed by many of his countrymen.

“ What has he done, Pat Leary ?—What has he done ?” was the universal cry. “ What the devil has he done, think ye ?” answered the Irishman who was following Phelim ; “ Sure it was no great matter to forget he was an English soldier, and remember he was an Irish gentleman.”—“ But, Bourke, they say you put off your Irish impudence to the colonel,” cried another soldier. “ Pray, what sort of impudence may that be ?”—“ Pat will tell you,” replied Phelim ; “ he has had most experience.”—“ Aye, do tell us,” cried all the

soldiers, laughing aloud. “Is it me?” said Pat; “Why, faith, I fancy it’s much the same as *your Scottish soberness*, and not very different from *your English sincerity*.”—“Right, Paddy,” cried Phelim, smiling in his turn; “all national virtues! Poor Ireland has her impudence! Well, England calls her sister;—the sister kingdom!”

Pat, who had been anxiously watching his opportunity, pressed up to Phelim, as they drew near the prison-door, whispering, “Phelim, jewel, if you would take leg-bail for it now, we make you as welcome as ever you was to your mother’s milk!—White be the place of her rest! By the holy—it’s ourselves would compass our ould shister’s boys, and by the same token we have done it before. Don’t ye mind them.” Phelim thanked his countryman, but he scorned to fly; and, besides, he had more good principle, than to purchase his own safety by the horror and blood which so wild a scheme might have occasioned to its good-hearted, though inconsiderate projectors. When they had seen him lodged in prison, they gave him a farewell cheer, in which they were joined by both the Scottish and English soldiers, to the great joy of Pat Leary, and the infinite indignation of Sir Archibald Gordon.

Bourke was a great and general favourite; but, in a military court, the colonel of a regiment must needs be a fearful odds against a private soldier. Anxiously, therefore, did Norman await the return of Colonel Grant and his nephew.

But they were both very distant,—and the sentence of a general court-martial condemned Bourke to expiate his offence by suffering five hundred lashes! His cheerful and manly spirit was at first completely overwhelmed by the idea of an ignominious punishment; he reminded the court of his birth,—he pleaded for honourable death. But he soon appeared to have recovered his customary gaiety; and when Norman visited him in prison, on the evening after his trial, and previous to his suffering, he found him gaily whistling, and caricaturing Sir Archibald Gordon, who, at this moment, was seen from the window exercising the drum-boys in flogging a large stone. He was working on the prison walls with a piece of red chalk, which he had ingeniously fixed in his *hand-cuffs*; the figures he had sketched possessed great spirit and force of expression, and the explanatory sentences all the point of Phelim's wit, when in his happiest vein.

“ You are a universal genius, Bourke,”

said Norman, looking with sincere admiration on this bold caricature ; “ but this display of your talents will do no good, so you must pardon me if I efface it ;” and he began to rub out the lines with his handkerchief, while Phelim looked on smiling. “ Mr Macalbin,” said he at length, in a grave and earnest tone, “ you are most kind ; I have ever found you all the soldier and the gentleman, and with my whole heart I love and honour you. Were it not for these damned bracelets,” and he clashed his *handcuffs* together, “ I hope you would permit me, condemned as I am, to shake your hand, and to bid you think kindly of me, when all is over with me !” Norman clasped the fettered hands within his own, saying, “ That shall not thwart our purpose.” He perceived the sunny eyes of Phelim glisten for a moment ;—but he again began to whistle, with his usual thoughtless hilarity, and Norman ventured to allude to his punishment. “ I am not only happy, but proud to see you bear yourself so manfully,” said he ; “ you know how much you are beloved,—you may count on every possible indulgence.” Phelim made an involuntary start,—his features changed with fearful celebrity, and he replied, “ Yes, I know that I am beloved,—I have a stout heart, too,—yet many

a stouter has dishonour broken,—mine, I trust, will bear me out bravely!”—and he struck his fettered hand on the seat of that manly heart,—and then, as if ashamed of his emotion, added laughingly, “I am sometimes obliged to knock it up, and to ask it how it does.”

In a few minutes Norman left him; and, when locked up for the night, he was still whistling and caricaturing.

Next morning Norman heard, with indescribable concern, that Phelim had attempted suicide during the night, by opening the jugular vein; but that he had been discovered, and that strong hopes were entertained of his recovery. Night and day he was watched in his cell, and he did recover.

At this time Colonel Grant returned to the camp, much dispirited by the result of the trial on which he had been witnessing. Norman knew his abhorrence of that horrid species of punishment, which is alike disgraceful to those who decree, and to those who suffer; and he ventured to plead for Phelim, as he knew a second court-martial was to be held, at which the colonel was likely to be present. Colonel Grant knew the temper of Sir Archibald Gordon too well to give Norman much hope; he also knew, that vulgar minds cannot separate

the idea of authority from the person in whom it is vested. To render the one contemptible, was to degrade the other. "Poor Bourke must suffer," said he; and Norman withdrew in bitterness of spirit.

On the day of the second trial, he hovered round the tent in which it was held, with Phelim's young mistress and her father, a veteran serjeant belonging to his own regiment. When Colonel Grant left the court, the old man accosted him, saying, "Is there any hope for that poor fellow?"—"None, Tracey, none!" cried the Colonel, in great agitation; "we have ordered him an additional hundred for his second sally;"—and he hastily passed on. The poor girl fell into the arms of her father; and Norman hastened to the sea-shore, to vent his feelings in solitude.

Phelim was now declared able to bear the punishment he would have died a thousand deaths to avoid; and, as the day drew near, Colonel Grant sent him a private message by Norman, bidding him be of good heart, as his punishment would be very lenient. "Does he think it is pain that *I* fear?" cried Phelim, indignantly tearing open his waistcoat, and exposing his honourable scars. When this was reported to Colonel Grant, his features suffer-

ed a sudden contraction ; and when the hour arrived, which was to expose the lacerated shoulders of Phelim to the eyes of his countrymen, the Colonel contrived to be absent himself, though he could not extend the same kindness to Norman. He was compelled to attend. He saw the man, for whom his soul was in agony, brought out, heavily ironed, more dead than alive, and brutally stripped, to undergo the most horrid of punishments. Nothing could make him witness more of this revolting spectacle. He closed his eyes, but he still heard the soldiers muttering around him,— “ That is the wound he got in Egypt,” said one. “ I tell you, no;” whispered another, “ it is the sabre cut he got defending the colours at Maida !” Though sights of this kind are unfortunately but too common to be much regarded, an awful stillness marked the strong sensation experienced by every individual in the little army, when the signal was at last given, and when the *leaden bullet*, \* which he indignantly rejected, was offered to Phelim Bourke. A death-like coldness crept through the veins of Norman ; he leaned heavily on his

\* In suffering this punishment, a leaden bullet is kept in the mouth, that the strong exertion of the teeth on this substance, may deaden the sensation of excruciating pain.

musquet;—in the next moment, the rocks of the sea-shore were resounding to the strokes of the lash!—he became dizzy and sick, and heard and saw no more.

When he recovered, he found himself supported in the arms of a soldier, and at a distance from the circle. “ Bourke is taken down, Sir,” said the man, who was pleased to see so great sensibility to the sufferings of a soldier; “ he got two hundred, and the *flogometer* said he must get the rest afterwards.”—“ What mean you?” said Norman. “ Oh, the surgeon who holds a man’s pulse, to see how many lashes he can take at a time, Sir; poor Bourke invented that name for him. Well, thank God, he never uttered one groan, nor shrunk a bit. Had he shrieked, we never could have borne it,—he was always such a merry fellow.”—“ What! do they then shriek?” cried Norman. “ Dreadfully, Sir, dreadfully!” replied the soldier, evidently shocked by personal recollections; “ can you doubt but they must?”

At this moment some soldiers were seen bearing the mangled, and almost inanimate body of Phelim Bourke across the field to the hospital tent. A few days back, and Norman had seen the gallant fellow so wild with life, so full

of talent and enjoyment!—“ My friend, I am faint again !” said he to the soldier ; and he hid his face in the grass.

For three succeeding days, Phelim shrouded his head in the bed-clothes, refusing to look on the light which had witnessed his disgrace, and obstinately rejecting food. While in this condition, Norman knelt by his bed-side, imploring that he would speak to him, and take nourishment and comfort ; but Phelim continued inflexibly silent. Only once did Norman catch a glimpse of his face ; and oh ! how changed were the once fine features, and radiant eyes, of Phelim ! He sadly recollect ed of Captain Drummond holding a dispute with the daughter of Colonel Grant, on the colour of Bourke’s eyes, and of that young lady saying, “ They were the colour of gladness.”

Norman, though somewhat astonished to find any thing make so deep, and, above all, so lasting an impression on his light and joyous nature, still persisted in attending Phelim, and in attempting to soothe a noble mind, writhing under unmerited dishonour. One evening, after having exhausted every argument to console the poor sufferer, who continued dumb and sullen, his head wrapt in the bed-clothes,

Norman tried to work on his generous temper by reproach and upbraiding.

"This cannot be that gay, good-natured Bourke," said he, "whom every one loved. He would not thus sullenly reject the sympathy of his friends."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Phelim, in a heart-piercing tone, "I am not that happy soldier! —A dishonoured wretch, insulted, degraded,—mangled by a scourge,—all that is man in me brutally violated. Why, then, should I live? Why, if you love me, do you look on me?" He immediately relapsed into silence, sullenly turned round, and told Norman to be gone. Recommending him to a catholic priest, who kindly attended him, Norman withdrew, much grieved, and even alarmed, at the strange perverseness and ferocity which a brutal punishment had wrought in the generous mind of this gallant Irishman.

Next morning, Phelim Bourke was missing. The whole encampment was, for some hours, in dismay and confusion; but the unfortunate soldier was never heard of. His comrades concluded that he had thrown himself into the sea,—a catastrophe which had sometimes happened in similar cases. At high water, Norman wandered along the shore, with Pat Leary,

and some kind-hearted Connaught-men, in hopes of finding the dead body of their friend. The sea rolled in with a heavy wave, but nothing was to be seen. “ Ah ! ” cried Norman, “ many a brave heart lies under thee.—Poor Phelim ! ”

## CHAP. XXVIII.

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" Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,  
Since sorrow never comes too late,  
And happiness so swiftly flies ?  
Thought would destroy their paradise :  
No more ; where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise."

GRAY.

OUR cadet had brought into life that inflamed fancy, to which every scene is *picture*, every image poetry ; that romantic enthusiasm, which expected to find a hero and a knight in every soldier, and in every female, the immaculate damsel of old romance, or the dignified matron of Roman story. Three short months, spent in the work-day world, did more to reduce his mind to the standard of sober thinking, than all the grave counsels of Lady Augusta, or the playful raillery of Monimia, who had made much greater progress in the science of life than our young soldier. But, though now fairly

disenchanted, he ever cherished that generous prepossession in favour of his species, and that benevolent indulgence for their failings, which, if not wisdom, was happiness. His first disappointment had been, to find that a Highland regiment,—a name consecrated to glory,—was composed of English, Irish, and Lowland Scots, and these not always the free-born, lofty-minded Englishmen of his fancy ; and still seldomer the quiet, intelligent, and amiable peasants, that Grahame, and Burns, and Buchanan, had taught him to expect. It was, in fact, like many other regiments,—a promiscuous horde, shaken from the encumbered lap of society, and mingled with the overflowing scum of her morbid ebullition. But his companions were still beings possessed of human feelings and affections, and all of them were highly gifted with the first virtues of private soldiers,—skill in arms, and courage in the field. With the powerful aids of imprisonment, flogging, and *piqueting*, they were kept in tolerable order, too ; and with this state of things, Norman strove to be contented ; and, till the death of Phelim Bourke, he had been not very unsuccessful.

When he returned from wandering on the shore, the glories of a resplendent sun-set were

streaming over the picturesque encampment, and flashing in a thousand radiant lines from rows of flickering spears. Every soft and every martial form caught new grace or grandeur from the rich tints of the evening.— Groups of females and of military were everywhere gliding around, and children, born to war, frolicked about with the airy grace of their happy age. At a considerable distance, a body of men, under arms, were still performing their evolutions, and sometimes marching across the plain, in motion, measured by a lofty strain of martial music. In its pause was heard the round, full-toned voice of the commander, or that soothing hum of mingled sounds which fluctuates on the summer air in a still evening. Norman gazed on this fine picture with a cold, practised eye; and of all the sounds that wooed his ear, he heard only the faint murmur of the heavy wave which rolled over Phelim Bourke.

“ ‘Tis a disenchanted scene!” thought he, as he leaned on the entrance of his tent. “ Will they drill these poor fellows all night, because they presumed to lament their countryman? to play the march he loved too,—cruel!”

He stood wrapt in musing sadness, when darkness had come on, and the camp-fires

ruddied the field, which was still graced by female, and enlivened by infant beauty. His comrades, gathered around these fires, were enjoying the passing hour with all the happy, and thrice happy thoughtlessness of their profession.

“Who would wish a soldier to be a thinking creature!” sighed Norman. “Poor Phe-lim! already is he forgotten! How was he wont to fling round his jests at an hour like this! Lady Augusta was right in saying, the world would soon apply the *fairy-ointment* to my eyes. Short, bright illusion!—all gone!”

Norman was recollecting a wild story, still told by the people about the *braes* of Balquhidder, which the Lady often applied to himself. A Highland woman was stolen by the fairies, and, in their enchanted clime, found every thing as bright and lovely as poetic fancy has feigned:

“ ‘Twas merry, ‘twas merry in fairy-land,  
When the fairy-birds were singing.”

But this did not long last. The happy, because enchanted woman, one day saw some of her fairy friends anointing their eyes with a particular composition, and on their turning round, foolishly applied it to one of her own

eyes. The quick return of her companions prevented her from touching the other eye. But, what was her astonishment to find, that while, to the enchanted eye, every thing still wore the charms of fairy-land, to the other the same objects, seen in their true light, appeared filthy and loathsome.

" 'Tis a disenchanted scene!" Again the enthusiast began to ruminant bitter fancies. " Poor fellows! defenders of their country! How dearly is its defence purchased, if this be the price? A soldier,—a being degraded below the level of humanity,—a man who has surrendered the high privileges of his nature, and placed his freedom in another's power;—a solitary part of a vast machine, estimated only by its aggregate force,—subservient to every impulse of perverted power,—the blind instrument of pitiful intrigue, or lawless ambition;—an unfortunate, thrust beyond the pale of social life, almost proscribed the intercourse of his species;—the limits which separate him from the citizen so obtrusively pointed out, so rigidly maintained;—a creature placed beyond the influence of those salutary restraints, imposed by the customs of society, and the observing eye of the world, with personal responsibility, losing all chance, all desire of acquiring the

esteem of his fellow-men. Poor fellow ! cruelty and force alone employed in enforcing that blind submission, and in exciting that animal ferocity, which seem to comprehend the whole of his duties,—duties which are perhaps incompatible with moral influence, since I never, never saw it tried !”

Norman now repeated, at full length, the quotation he had banished from his mind when passing through Glencoe :

“ Man, in society, is like a flower  
Blown in its native bed. ’Tis there alone  
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,  
Shine out ; there only reach their proper use.  
But man associated, and leagued with man,  
By regal warrant, or swarming into clans  
Beneath one head, for purposes of war,  
Like flowers selected from the rest, and bound  
And bundled close to fill some crowded vase,  
Fades rapidly, and, by compression marr’d,  
Contracts defilement not to be endur’d.”

So ended the soliloquy in a tent-door ; for it was now near midnight, and no sound was heard but the low voice of a centinel, who, after his day’s drilling was over, was carelessly humming,

“ Why soldiers, why ?  
Why be melancholy, boys ?  
Why soldiers, why ?  
Whose business is to die.”

as he paced the guard before the colonel’s tent. “ Blessed, blessed thoughtlessness !” cried Norman, throwing himself on his hard pallet, and trying to sleep, and to forget the portraits of Cowper, the Botany-bay Eclogues of Southey, and the mortifying train of images which haunted his fancy on this gloomy night.

Towards morning, he fell into an uneasy slumber, from which he was roused by the entrance of the serjeant who had the charge of the tents.

The friendship of Captain Drummond had procured for Norman the luxury of a separate tent. Though his fare was as coarse as that of any soldier in the regiment, he enjoyed the quiet and security of a home, and that without encroaching on the few remaining comforts of Lady Augusta. Here he had arranged his few books and drawings, and some specimens illustrative of natural history, which he had collected on his journey. Here he could pursue his studies undisturbed, and, what was still better, gaze for hours without interruption on the only treasure his small bureau contained,—the por-

trait of Monimia. It was a rough, light sketch, executed by himself, but full of genius and interest. Monimia personified the lovely Malvina, the tenderest theme of Ossian ; but, by a very pardonable anachronism, she was represented as leaning on his tomb in the valley of Glenalmond. She was arrayed in the appropriate costume of the mountains ; at her feet lay that broken harp, whose magic sounds mortal hand might never again dare to awaken. The likeness of Monimia was striking and animated : It was more ; the genius of the painter had penetrated the soul of the lovely object he pourtrayed ; and in the soul-illumined countenance, was displayed all its high-toned feelings and fine sensibilities. The upturned, ardent gaze, seemed to pursue the wild visions of poetic enthusiasm, and to reveal the triumphs of conscious inspiration.—“ *He is not here, he is risen !*” was the idea suggested to Lady Augusta by the sight of this beautiful figure, and the rude tomb on which it leaned. This picture was to Norman an exhaustless source of stolen enjoyment.

But we have forgotten who stood by Norman’s bed-side,—the serjeant,—who thus addressed him :

“ I have orders, Sir, to see this tent got in

order for Ensign Boyd—the Major's orders; I am very sorry for it, but you will require to leave it immediately, and lodge, till we go into quarters, with some of the men.” Norman heard this extraordinary message with surprise and vexation. To be not only deprived of his peaceful refuge, but also consigned to the society of the common soldiery, was a shock he could not for a few minutes surmount. He was, however, able to command his feelings before this man, who had done his duty as civilly as circumstances permitted, and at length replied, “It is very well: Tell me where it is proper that I should go, and in an hour I shall be ready.” “I see no cause of haste,” said the man, “only, Sir, the Major:—If you were to apply to the Colonel, Sir, I’m sure you might remain.” “I do not think it necessary to trouble Colonel Grant.”—“May-be, Sir: Well, I hope you do not blame me nor any body; ’tis only the Major,—he is such a crony of Sir Archibald Gordon’s, who, you know, since handsome Bourke”—“My good friend, I am not curious,” interrupted Norman; “only tell me when and where I must go.”—“I shall, Sir, as soon as I learn; but I believe he was more anxious to have you turned out, than to provide a place for you.”—“Very well, that’s

enough," said Norman ; " you will call as soon as possible." The man went away ; and he immediately rose, and began to pack up his books and papers. " This was poor revenge !" said he, sitting down when his business was ended, while a smile of calm contempt for a moment stole over his features.

In the evening of that day, he was placed in a tent with a number of soldiers ; and he found that Sir Archibald Gordon had reckoned with considerable accuracy, in imagining that this kind of society was likely to expose him to much disgust and uneasiness. Some of his new companions were good-natured and obliging, and, for the first few days, tried to save appearances ;—but, can the Ethiopian change his skin ? While their degraded condition palliated some of their vices, it could not lessen his abhorrence of the brutal depravity, the avidity of wickedness, which characterized his rude companions. His pure nature shrunk from the communion of beings who, in ceasing to be men, had become soldiers !

For some days he spent all his leisure hours in solitary rambles on the sea-shore, and in proud, uncomplaining despondency. But Norman had learned better things than to sit down and bemoan himself in listless apathy, because

he could no longer follow his favourite studies undisturbed ; or to sink without an effort into gloomy misanthropy, because his situation happened to be irksome, and his companions disagreeable. "I must make the best of it," was his reflection at the end of three days ; and he resolved to lose no more time.

The dignity, moderation, and gentleness of his character, had always commanded the respect of his companions ; and they were disposed to overlook the stately reserve of his manners, when they found, that, though seemingly cold, he took a very kindly interest in their prosperity, and promoted their real welfare by every means in his power. They had also sagacity enough to understand the species of persecution which had driven him among them, and sufficient good-nature to form many vague wishes of disappointing the malice of the enemies his humanity had made. If they were thus forbearing, Norman was equally indulgent. Man, the plastic being of circumstance, whose opinions are caught, whose manners are too often formed, by unfortunate imitation, destitute of any strong bias to goodness, and deprived of that cultivation of mind which leads to its practice, had his tenderest pity ; while his indignation was directed against the

pernicious system which propels his vices, and takes its measure of iniquity from the dreadful extent of the moral degradation it seems calculated to produce. He could not forget, that a few years back, and the most vile of the unfortunate beings around him had been smiling in innocence on a female bosom, the object of the softest affections and the fondest endearments ;—that a few years more, and this frail and erring creature would have gone to the mercy of his God ! To have lived in a state of hostility with his fellow-creatures, would have been to live in positive misery ; and such reflections gave a tone to his feelings as happy for himself, as indulgent towards them.

A soldier, even on the closest duty, has far more leisure than any ordinary mechanic ; and, a child of larger growth, mere activity of spirits often leads him to devote his spare moments to folly and mischief, from the want of something pleasant or profitable with which to occupy his vivacious mind.

When Norman returned from his eventide meditations, with the wise resolution of making the best of his condition, he found some of his comrades half-drunk, others half-asleep ; and the rest, who had been playing at Pitch-and-toss, till prevented by darkness, still quarrelling

about the game. Those philosophers who contend that happiness is nearly equal in all conditions, might have mentioned, that the soldier who holds the sixty-fourth share of a lottery-ticket, or hazards his day's pay at Pitch-and-toss, experiences the same powerful sensations, the same agonizing alternation of hope and fear, joy and despair, that distract the young nobleman who stakes half his revenue in a fashionable gaming-house. A sort of sullen, constrained silence, followed the entrance of Norman. "We all seem melancholy," said he: "Come, Ellis, you are an old soldier; tell us your adventures in Egypt." Thus challenged, Ellis would have belied his profession, had he refused to give a history of his campaign; and he began forthwith to relate tales of war and wonder. His account of the voyage,—the landing,—and the various movements of the army, was very correct; but he wanted language to describe the face of the country; and Norman, carelessly taking up a book which lay beside him, read a short but striking description of Alexandria, Rossetta, and Damietta,—of the inundation of the Nile, and the appearance of Egypt at that season.

Ellis was delighted to find his own rude conceptions so clearly unfolded by the language

of another. The book formed a text on which he expatiated, and the soldiers were greatly amused with the new and picturesque images of this singular country, which were rising in their misty minds, and highly interested in the fortunes of the war of which it had been the scene. At a late hour, they reluctantly ended the conversation, after agreeing to assemble earlier on the following evening, to hear the conclusion of Ellis's adventures.

Several of these soldiers had been in the East Indies, some of them in the West India Islands, others on the continent of America, and one or two in Gibraltar, Sicily, and Holland; and for many nights, Norman contrived to occupy them in hearing or relating personal adventures, intermixed with strange and confused accounts of the countries they had seen, which he compared with short passages from geographers and travellers. The soldiers were sometimes gratified to find their testimony agree with *printed books*, and to learn that they possessed such treasures of knowledge; and at other times, mortified to discover that so much was to be seen which they had not perceived.

While these evening amusements lasted, a pack of cards, in which no eyes but those of a soldier could have distinguished the brilliant

queen of hearts from her sable majesty of clubs, had been laid aside, and very few visits had been paid to the drinking-houses. But, unfortunately, every one had now told his story.

"As it is thought we are to be ordered to the Cape," said Norman, "what think ye of learning what like it may be? Why should we not know what to look for when we go abroad, as well as those fine fellows we have been reading?"

"That's impossible!" cried every one, though few thought it altogether so. "I can't see the impossibility," replied Norman: "You recollect the little story I was telling you last night, of 'Eyes and no eyes?'" "Aye," sighed a Scotsman, "A wise man's eyes are in his head, but a fool's are in the ends of the earth." "Ogh!" cried Pat Leary, "we will learn; Marshal gives scripture for it." "Come, then," said Norman, smiling; "here is the map, and the book, and a pretty picture of Cape-town." The soldiers crowded round; their route was traced, and every one triumphantly pointed out islands, promontories, and bays he had formerly seen; and often insisted on new situations for them, which Norman, happy to see that their curiosity was at length

roused, and their attention fixed, did not think it prudent to dispute.

The readings were begun. Norman had previously marked the book, and every thing tedious was passed over. Accounts of minerals and plants, grave reflections, political and philological disquisitions, were uniformly neglected; and his rude audience were bewildered in a gay tumult of lions, Dutch girls, Caffres, Hottentots, Bushmen, Steinboks, and ostrich feathers. Only once did he venture to dwell on any serious matter. It was a sweet picture of the little Hottentot settlement, formed by the apostolic labours of a good Moravian missionary.—Yes! there is something good in man!—“Long life to him!” cried Pat Leary. “He is a damned honest fellow!” said Ellis. “Though a Moravian, he seems to have had the root o’ the matter in him!” said Marshal, a sad backslider, who had been religiously educated; and Norman, smiling at these national praises, softly added, “He is a disciple of that blessed faith, which teaches ‘peace on earth, and good-will towards men.’ He is a CHRISTIAN, my good friends.” He had never before hazarded any observation so grave; a momentary embarrassment followed, and, with a serious smile, he recommenced his reading.

Whenever the hero of the adventures got into any danger or difficulty, from which courage or sagacity alone could extricate him, Norman stopped, saying, "What's to be done now, Ellis?" When every one had given his opinion in this important crisis, Norman read on, his comrades triumphing to find, that the contrivances they suggested were exactly similar to those adopted by the traveller.

With exemplary patience, did Norman bear much occasional coarseness of remark, and many a brilliant joke on the charms of the Hottentot beauties; and, when the travels at the Cape were ended, he ventured to read select stories from the Cheap Repository, the Evenings at Home, and the Popular Tales of Miss Edgeworth. He also employed Marshal to read, and contrived to make his comrades converse on what they were hearing. Pat Leary made admirable criticisms; Marshal was very acute at discovering faults; and though Ellis seldom spoke, whatever he did say was found well worthy of being attended to. Besides, adopting the expedient of Scheherazade, to keep alive curiosity, the least indication of yawning from Ellis, or whistling from Pat Leary, (who sometimes forgot his manners),

was warning to Norman to shut his book for the night.

Insensibly did these rude soldiers begin to acquire better habits and tastes. New sources of pleasures were opened to them,—quiet and good order became the inmates of their crowded abode; the turbulent were either awed into submission, or compelled to live in a state of proscription; and every one felt himself happier, richer, and more respectable, than he had ever before been as a soldier. Yet many transient deviations from the narrow path were unhappily made, for which there seemed no remedy but time. For instance, they often wandered from home in search of some learned clerk to write their letters. These letters were necessarily written in drinking-houses, and the scribe rewarded with spirits, which his employer did not always refuse to share.

One night, Marshal was reading the tale of Rosanna, while Norman amused himself with his pencil, though secretly fretting at the absence of Ellis and Leary, who had gone in search of their secretary. Leary's last epistle had cost him a week of riot, and a night's imprisonment, after a month of good behaviour; so it was not without reason that Norman now felt alarmed. In about an hour, the soldiers

returned; and, to his astonishment, both were perfectly sober. Ellis quietly sat down, his strongly-marked features expressed a strange mixture of obstinate endurance, sullenness, grief, and disappointment; but Leary would have been no Irishman, could he have felt either joy or grief, anger or satisfaction, without sharing it with his friends. "So there you are going on with that sweet creature, Rosy Gray, without me," cried he. "Really, Master Leary, it's a pity, indeed, but we had waited for you," said one. "Yes, you might. Confound that fellow, Barton; here have we hunted him up and down this hour, and found him at last rioting, and drunk as the Baltic. What a beastly thing it is to see a man drunk, Mr Macalbin!"

Mr Macalbin laughed, and so did Leary; and Marshal repeated the proverb about Satan reproving Sin. "Well, it does not signify for my letter; but what if poor Ellis's wife take it into her head to lie-in without his half-guinea?"—"Pshaw! never mind," cried Ellis, gruffly. "Indeed," said Norman, smiling, "I believe such cases do not admit of delay. So, suppose you employ me to-night, and learn to serve yourselves to-morrow. I'm astonished to see fellows so clever, submitting

to run up and down, imploring people to ask how their wives or their mothers do, when they could, with a little trouble, do it much better themselves. Why, Pat, man, your fingers are not all thumbs, any more than Barton's." Pat laughed heartily at this homely figure. "Bless your soul," cried he; "is it ~~we~~ learn to write? I had a smack of it once, though. But, you see, they wanted me to get the Protestant catechism, (*he became grave and earnest*), so I was *took* from school, being Catholic, and that put the devil on my *edication*."

Norman began to write the letters. Leary had so copious a flow of eloquence, and so much to tell his friends, that it was found necessary to put an abrupt termination to his epistle, by crowding in loves and remembrances to the whole generation of the Learys, and to half the population of his native parish. Not a word had Ellis to say, but that he was very well, thank God, and did not stand in need of *nothing*, so not to mind him. In dictating his letter, Pat had been dissolved in tenderness, and English Ellis, if possible, more stern than usual; but, when he reached over the solitary half-guinea, Norman fancied that he saw his hand tremble; his voice became husky, and he went to the tent-door.

"Poor fellows!" thought Norman, melting into womanish softness; "they have all hearts,—human hearts!"—and he could love any thing which had a heart, however rude or uncouth it might otherwise be. Norman had never felt the want of money so painfully, as at the moment he folded up Ellis's solitary half-guinea. He put his hand into his pocket, then drew it hastily back;—he knew, that if he hesitated, he was lost; for, though "be just before you are generous," is an obsolete maxim, it was a living statute with Norman.

The letters were franked and dispatched, and materials for writing collected. Leary, and another Irishman, began with all the eagerness of childhood; and Norman placed a seat for Ellis, and put a pen into his hand, saying, "Come now, Ellis." Every one went to work. To avoid the appearance of officious interference, Norman continued to draw, at the same time attending to his pupils; and Marshal went on with the story of Rosanna.

"But we will be ruined out of house and home for pens and paper," said Leary. "The price of a single glass of whisky would keep us in paper for a week," replied Norman. Pat laughed, but he blushed also,—a wonderful sign of grace; and Ellis likewise coloured, with

a look hesitating between a smile and frown, till sympathy, with Leary's mirth, turned the balance.

By the time the tale was ended, Ellis had made many stout and pretty fair strokes; and Pat, to shew his learning, had scrawled, fifty times over, *wan tudaye es wrth tu tomorrow—praktis mekes perfit, patrick leary.* Norman professed himself very much pleased with their efforts; and many succeeding evenings were spent in the same manner, till Pat Leary was able to send home a letter that might be read, and Ellis a very excellent one, in which the strong affections, which his proud and repulsive temper shrouded from the eye of strangers, flowed forth without fear or shame. The next books which these soldiers heard read, were abridged histories of England and of Rome, and biographical sketches of eminent military characters, intermixed with short attractive stories.

The spark of improvement was now spreading on all sides,—from tent to tent,—from regiment to regiment,—slowly indeed, and almost imperceptibly, but still gaining ground; and Norman began to hope, that, were it carefully fanned and cherished at this important crisis, something better might be expected than had

ever yet been seen among soldiers.—But his evil star was again predominant.

Sir Archibald Gordon had injured Phelim Bourke too deeply, ever to forgive those who had dared to shew him kindness while living, or to regret him when dead. He had originally disliked Norman from no very intelligible motive, but he now abhorred him for many good reasons: First, he had presumed to save his life at the cascade of the Gos-hawk; secondly, he was the real owner of a certain wolf-dog; thirdly, he had been taken for some very great personage; fourthly, he presumed to lament Phelim Bourke; fifthly, he was very popular among the soldiery; and, lastly, he dared to be useful to others, and happy in himself, in spite of the wrath of Sir Archibald Gordon.

One day that the regiment of this gentleman, and that of Colonel Grant, were in the field together, the regiment of the latter, owing to a mistake in the orders, fell into some blunder, which had the most unhappy effect on the violent temper of their commander. He was standing, swearing at their stupidity, when Sir Archibald rode up, and, with the most provoking sneer, said, “ My dear Colonel, compose yourself; how should *scholars* and *philosophers*

condescend to observe the trifling minutiae of regimental orders? Leave those things to my ignorant brutes, and do you console yourself with commanding politicians and readers,—if they are not too enlightened to be commanded."

—“Curse their reading!” cried Colonel Grant, affronted for himself and his men, and enraged at his insolent admonisher, who, with another sneering laugh, rode off.

## CHAP. XXIX.

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"It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usially talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear.

*Cade.* O monstrous !

*Smith.* We took him setting boys' copies.

*Cade.* Here's a villain ! Come hither, sirrah, till I examine thee :—Dost thou use to write thy name ? or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest, plain-dealing man ?"

SHAKSPEARE.

**C**OLONEL GRANT was a brave man, and, as far as regarded the details of regimental duty, a bustling and skilful officer. His chief ambition was to supply what he imagined deficiencies in the military code ; and so violent was his fondness for regulating every action, from the most important manœuvres, down to the blacking of shoes, and the whitening of belts, that, if it had been possible to fix the precise angle at which his men should look at each other, at a serjeant, an ensign, &c. &c. he would have formed a scale, and assigned

punishments corresponding to its degrees. But, though rigid and severe, he was perfectly devoid of caprice,—full of respect for the character of a soldier, and placing its perfection in a tall, square figure, fierce whiskers, a smart uniform, deliberate bravery, and exact observance of the laws he was daily enacting. He was convinced, that the existing institutions of the army were the most perfect work of man, and his own regiment the most complete exemplar of their consummate excellence; and still indulged a vague belief, that one of his soldiers could beat five Frenchmen, but, somehow, they never had a fair opportunity. In him, vehement passions were sometimes mistaken for energy of mind, and opinionativeness for promptness and decision of judgment; and there were many subalterns who pronounced Colonel Grant a very vigorous character, whenever he gave flagrant proofs of being a very furious man. Now, it sometimes happens, that this species of vigour is not quite concomitant with justice and wisdom. Yet, it must be confessed, that Colonel Grant's summary way of judging was attended with its peculiar advantages. It saved a world of time, hesitation, and inquiry, to declare whatever seemed bold or new in theory, “*damned nonsense;*” and

whoever differed from himself, either in speculation or practice, "*a damned fool.*" But, let it also be recorded, that whatever savoured of meanness in conduct, or baseness in mind, was most emphatically pronounced "*a most damnable shame.*" The same rigid ideas of discipline that guided his conduct at the head of his men, were carried into the bosom of his family :—an imperious master,—a stern husband,—at once the lawgiver and the judge, making his own *free-will* the infallible standard of opinion and manners,—and all the while led, if not absolutely governed, by an only child, a lively girl, whom he intended for the wife of Captain Drummond. Yet he was essentially humane, in a strange, rough way of his own. For instance, though hating all innovation, and abhorring every change, he often protested against military flogging. It was by no means timidity which made the Colonel thus fearful of improvement or innovation ; nor were his apprehensions at all general ;—though he perceived mutiny, desertion, and rebellion, as the certain consequence of permitting his soldiers to learn what sort of men Marlborough and Nelson were, he would, with great pleasure, have gone at the head of these same soldiers to disperse

a set of impertinent persons, who, because they are intrusted with the necessary power, do, on rare occasions, presume to interfere with the internal affairs of the army. It is true, he was not quite satisfied to see improper influence (if such a thing can exist) setting boys over heads grown grey in gallant service ; and he sometimes took the liberty to apply his favourite appellation to very exalted military personages : But then, he was altogether enraged at the insolence of those whom the country has empowered to correct faults and provide remedies, as often as they dared to express a similar sentiment, however decorously worded.

On the day in which Colonel Grant's regiment committed the unpardonable blunder of hearing one thing when another was said, he dined, by previous engagement, with Sir Archibald Gordon, and endured so much covert reproach, so many sneers and sarcasms against politicians and philosophers, that reading and performing military exercises badly were almost identified in his mind ; and he determined to adopt the most *vigorous* measures to put a stop to it among his soldiers.

Norman's comrades were employed on this evening in their usual manner ; Marshal in

reading the memoirs of Marlborough, Norman in drawing, and the rest in writing on their slates,—when the Colonel put his face within the tent-door, exclaiming in a very *vigorous* tone, “O ho! The school of Athens assembled! Wonderfully great scholars, truly, but damned bad soldiers! Mr Macalbin, will you please to speak with me a minute?” Norman bowed in silence, and followed him out.

“Old Muly seems in a big passion to-night,” said Pat Leary: “I’m afraid Gordon’s wine has soured on his stomach.” The Colonel was known among the soldiers by the name of that amiable person, Muly Moluc. “What does he mean by bad soldiers?” said Ellis, frowning. “Never mind,” replied Marshal, “his bark is worse than his bite.”—“He is Scotsman any way,” cried Leary; “and by the same token you would have something to say for him, were he the devil himself.”

When Norman had followed the Colonel a few paces, that angry gentleman turned abruptly round, saying, “Is it Jacobins or Methodists you intend to make these fellows?” “Neither,” replied Norman, smiling: “I can make them nothing; but I hope they intend to make themselves better and happier men.”

“You hope,—and they intend.—And were

they not quite good and happy enough before, pray?"

"I trust they may be better men, and equally good soldiers," replied Norman: "That surely is their first duty."

"I am thinking it is. Come, come, Macalbin, I once took you for a good, sensible fellow,—you see we must give up all this. I'll have no whining and canting about me, I'm resolved. Was I not tormented out of existence once before with their praying clubs?—cold, pitiful, sneaking rascals." Norman very modestly ventured to observe, that in this case, the soldiers were only spending their idle hours in miscellaneous reading. "Well, reading be it,—I'll have no reading: Let scholars read, and get knowledge, and virtue, and all that,—we have no use for these things in the army. Soldiers must obey and fight; that is all we care for;—and if mine cannot learn that without book, damn me but I'll find a way to teach 'em!" and the Colonel struck his cane forcibly on the ground, by way of clinching the argument. Norman, with great moderation and softness, began to explain the occasion of the blunder into which the men had inadvertently fallen, and paid them many handsome and well-merited compliments, proudly

resenting the imputations of ignorance or neglect of duty. This was a grateful topic to Colonel Grant; and when he was somewhat conciliated, Norman ventured to insinuate, that he could perceive no necessary connexion between courage and ignorance. But the Colonel hastily lifted up his hand, moving it as if to close the lips of the speaker, and crying, "Not another word. The soldiers are still good, as you say; and it is my business to keep them so.—I'll have no *new philosophy*,—I made up my mind on all these matters forty years ago.—Reading and writing!—*damned nonsense!*" And he walked off in a high passion, expecting Norman to follow; which, however, he did not think necessary.

Grieved and mortified, he returned to the tent. "The Colonel thinks it improper for us to read," said he, with an air of vexation which he found it impossible to conceal: "Put aside your book, Marshal;—Ellis, I'll hang up your slate for you."

The brows of the Englishman contracted into a most portentous frown, while Leary exclaimed: "So Muly thinks it better sport to see us amusing ourselves as formerly, does he?"

"I must not hear Colonel Grant so spoken of," said Norman: "He may have good

reasons for what he does. At any rate, it is our duty to obey; and I hope we shall do so manfully and cheerfully."—"Och, surely, Sir," said Pat Leary : " My own idleness and bad manners be all on his own head, and I'll be merry any way."—And so, for the present moment, ended a scheme which had cost Norman much labour, and afforded him much enjoyment,—and with it all hopes of a peaceful home, or reasonable associates.

So forcible is habit, that for three whole weeks, these soldiers lounged about in a kind of listless harmlessness. At the end of that time, Pat Leary, who was too generous to hoard his gains at pitch-and-toss and the black cards, treated his comrades in the drinking-tent. A man who ceases to cherish self-respect, seldom has much regard to the feelings of others. When the natural rudeness of these soldiers was inflamed by ardent spirits, they insulted each other, quarrelled, and fought; and Norman was the indignant spectator of a scene of broken heads and bloody noses, too humiliating to be described. Colonel Grant is not the only legislator who has found it much easier to punish than to prevent crimes. The soldiers were sent to the guard-house; and after undergoing a due quantity of punishment,

released, to run the same wretched circle of folly, guilt, and suffering. The situation of Norman was now extremely comfortless. He was thrown into the intimate society of men, whose vices, taking the stamp of their characters, were gross and brutal; he had lost every hope of usefulness, and, with that hope, the powerful motive which had enabled him to overlook many causes of disgust and mortification. He relapsed into his former cold and forbidding reserve. Captain Drummond, after an absence of three months, was now returned; but, instead of receiving his young countryman with his former frank and encouraging kindness, he was barely civil when they chanced to meet, and seemed desirous to avoid all occasions of meeting.

Norman had lost his *caste*! He had anticipated life so fondly, and found it so barren,—the past, the present, and the future, abounded with so many dark images of blasted hopes, and frustrated ambitions,—the world appeared so cold, so cheerless, so void,—that he began to feel himself unfit for its pursuits, too fastidious for its common enjoyments, and for ever cut off from those he was formed to relish. Again he haunted the sea-shore, indulging the most melancholy and enervating

reveries ; brooding over his sorrows, till, in spite of his natural good sense and cheerful tone of mind, he was in danger of yielding to that voluptuous and seducing sadness, that strange and morbid delight in powerful misery, which is too often the easily-besetting sin of the highest order of minds.

Musing alone in his tent one day, he happened to turn over the leaves of a book, which presented this sublime burst of creative genius :

“ Be hush’d, my dark spirit, for wisdom condemns  
When the faint and the feeble deplore ;  
Be strong as the rock of the ocean, that stems  
A thousand wild waves on the shore.  
  
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,  
May thy front be unalter’d, thy courage elate ;  
Yea, even the *name* I have worshipp’d in vain,  
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again ;  
To bear, is to conquer our fate.”

“ Blessed be the lay which comes home with consoling power to the bosom of sorrow !” cried Norman ; “ Thrice blessed that which rouses the spirit of a man to struggle with adversity, and to subdue misfortune by bravely bearing it !”—The lines he had been reading struck on his raised fancy like the encouraging voice of heaven ; and, while they floated in mists before his eyes, their strength was throbbing at his heart, animating it to a noble com-

bat, and communicating dignity to his mind, and firmness to his purposes. But this haughty and stoical mood was only another symptom of the same disease ;—five minutes afterwards, and Norman felt how far inferior this gloomy, heroic grandeur of soul, was to the calm, deep, equable flow of soft affections !—how poor, compared with the soothing kindness of one true friend !—Captain Drummond hastily entered the tent, making many hurried apologies for his apparently inconsistent behaviour, protesting that he had been greatly imposed on, and eagerly craving pardon and reconciliation. Norman was too noble-natured, ever to have felt any resentment at the unaccountable alienation of his friend :—He thought he had been deceived in Captain Drummond ; and he wished to cherish as much reasonable pride, as should place his tranquillity beyond the influence of any man's caprice ; but now his heart melted into tenderness, and, had he followed its impulse, he would have clasped that friend to his bosom, whose hand he warmly pressed between his own, exclaiming, “ Oh ! I never was displeased. If I was a little grieved to find you so cold and changed, I sought the cause in my own situation, and now this more than repays it all.”

" You are the best of fellows," said Drummond ; " and, ' setting my manhood and soldiership aside,' I could almost cry ; your ladies of the creation are too boastful of excessive emotion ; your lords too much ashamed of it : —But we, however, have the privilege of cursing, which will answer me every whit as well just now."

After a sweeping preamble, Drummond went on : " We have all been confoundedly abused by that—son of a tailor ! I won't call my major a worse name. But my heart is bursting with a thousand matters. You know I was applying for a long-promised justice. 'Tis a fine thing, let me tell you, to be connected with an army tailor. They used to say, ' Better a friend at the court than a penny in the purse ;'—they were quite wrong, begging Chesterfield's pardon for quoting a proverb. A well-filled cellar,—a well-stored purse,—these are brave things,—tangible excellencies,—come home to men's business and bosoms,—great men's. What signifies a poor fellow being of the ' pure breed, purer than milk,' if he can't ' put money in his pocket ! ' What though he be as brave as the sword he wears, if he can't ' put money in his pocket ! ' Nay, what although he were the dignified heir of a

Highland Chief, whose '*chateau avoit une porte et des fenetres*,' without money in his pocket!"

Norman laughed, and so did Drummond, who then resumed: "I hope now, Macalbin, you will give up your old position, and acknowledge that all mankind,—at least on this side of the Forth and Clyde,—are a set of poor, paltry, degenerate scoundrels; bad from the first, indeed, but now run to the mere lees.

—Men?—*manikins*, i' faith! It began with giants, and has ended thus. Well, I suppose, when I have been marched about a few more years, and have got a few more bullets lodged in my body, I may go home to the Highlands with a captain's half-pay,—take a farm, and Mary Grant; and so turn shepherd and shepherdess in our old days! That would have done excellently well ten years ago. 'Tis devilish cold quarters, to repose under the shade of laurels, with half a dozen naked children. But even that poor comfort is denied me, (for I am a brave fellow, willing to run all risks), for that old cross Colonel of yours won't suffer poor Mary to kiss off my tears, till I am a major, forsooth; that is, till I have none to shed. Admire the carefulness of fathers! Not that I am a puling lover; God forbid! but every man has some foolish scheme of happy-

ness, fashioned as pleases him best. Mary was educated by my mother; and I can still remember the time when I was as great a fool as any other boy of seventeen; that is long since past. I have been in and out, and out and in, of love, a hundred and fifty times since that, in every corner of Europe, with the most lovely women. But that little cock-nose is knit to my Highland heart by so many small links, mingled with so many wild recollections that hang on deep glens, and roaring streams, fine sun-rises, and sweet songs at the evening fold,—for I was vastly poetical once,—that somehow I could never forget her; she still kept her place in the inmost sanctuary, nestling among the Penates, I presume,—my idol gods, Macalbin.” Drummond seemed as much affected as any soldier chuses to appear. He walked about a few minutes, and then continued: “But I have forgot the major. I am a vile egotist,—so are we all. Grant me, then, that you admire a downright, bold-faced, honest liar, a thousand degrees beyond a sneaking, jesuitical, equivocating slave. A liar only imposes on the world, but these scoundrels would also cheat the devil and their own consciences, by \_\_\_\_.” “I believe, without the confirmation of an oath,” interrupted Norman, laughing.—“I

crave your pardon. I do believe you are almost as delicate as many a lady—pretends to be. Well, the major contrived,—or permitted,—I hate harsh words,—Colonel Grant to believe you voluntarily herded with the common soldiers, to teach them jacobinism and insubordination, to the imminent danger, at some future time, of liberty, property, and social order. Pat Leary explained the matter to me. Now, do forgive the good old soul, and me likewise. You see he was born just in time to remember the ghosts of the Pope, and the Pretender, and the Protestant succession, and all that ; so he is haunted by a double number of bugbears. Do you know, he lives so much in the past time, that when drinking a malediction on the great Napoleon, he sometimes forgets, and mentions our good friend the Grand Monarque. This comes of living too long. When I am an old woman, besides the last new fashion of alarm, I shall always be tormented about jacobinism and social order.—Pray do forgive my uncle.”

“ Were there any thing to be forgiven, I could forgive much to Colonel Grant,” said Norman. “ There’s a brave fellow,” cried Drummond: “ Well, all is past, and you return to your old quarters; since you are so

dangerous among the men, your doughty major must approve of that, surely. Though I am sulking at my uncle just now, because he won't suffer Mary and me to be happy in our own way, I must forgive him by and by, I suppose. Gordon is off for Dublin, crowding all sail after a wonderful widow. His faithful Achates will soon follow, and we shall all be happy,—you with your geometry, and I sporting my new boots."

"Whither has Sir Archibald gone?" inquired Norman, in a faltering voice.

"To be married, Sir;—redoubtable alike in love and war!—Pray God, Phelim's ghost stand at the foot of his bridal bed. Yet, if an angel can protect him, she is the heavenliest creature! I was in love a whole month with that virgin widow;—wild, raving, making woful ballads to her eye-brow;—and if it had but pleased her to shew a little more good taste—Mary Grant, I give you fair warning—'Who could with fate and *two dark eyes* contend?' Pon my honour, I believe Gordon is safe in Monimia's arms after all, for Phelim's must be a gallant ghost."

While Captain Drummond delivered this rhapsody, he stood adjusting his neckcloth at a piece of bright tin-plate which Pat Leary, who,

like the good old Scotswoman, took what he had and never wanted, had stuck up by way of a looking-glass. That done, he turned round and beheld Norman leaning against the canvas of the tent, which was dyed with blood, and blood still gushing from his mouth and nostrils.

After uttering an exclamation of grief and alarm, Captain Drummond laid his friend on a bed, and flew for assistance. In a few minutes, several surgeons were in the tent. Norman had burst a blood-vessel. The usual remedies were applied,—and the usual prognostics made. As it was found dangerous to remove the patient in this alarming state, Captain Drummond dismissed the soldiers from the tent, and also sent to his uncle's lodgings, in the neighbouring town, for several articles requisite to the comfortable accommodation of his friend, by whom he watched, in silent anxiety, till the hour of evening parade. One of the surgeons took his place till public duty was finished, and then he resumed his post. Norman, ill, very ill, in mind as well as in body, could only press the hand of this kind friend, and raise his expressive eyes full of gratitude,—of sweetness,—of patient suffering.

Late in the evening, Pat Leary, who had been his nephew's servant, took the liberty to trouble his honour, the Colonel, for leave to attend Mr Macalbin. Colonel Grant was now undeceived in many particulars respecting his young volunteer, and he had also a sympathetic regard for any one the Major disliked.

"I would willingly grant that, Leary; but I think he will prefer Marshal."

"Och, is it he?" cried Leary; "if I should never stir out of this bit, now, the last words he said were these to Captain Drummond, when he made offer of Marshal—devil a word of a lie I am telling your honour—says he, 'Commend me to Marshal for my stewart, Ellis for my butler, but Paddy Leary for my nurse, I thank ye,—barring a woman.'—I allow he did say, 'barring a woman.'"

"You base liar!" cried Colonel Grant, lifting his hand; "the man that has not been able to speak a word to-day." Leary moved his body and arm,—at the same time shrinking back, as if to avoid an impending blow; but when he perceived that the Colonel could hardly refrain from laughing, he quickly seized the advantage, and again renewed his pleading.

"Get along, you dog," cried Colonel Grant, "and see that you take good care of him."

"God bless your honour for that now, and long life to you! And sure, if he did not *say* it, he *thought* it;—so it's all one in the Greek."

Leary had other difficulties to obviate; for Captain Drummond, fearing that some of his fooleries might tempt Norman to laugh, and thus renew the effusion of blood, refused to admit him within the tent, till he had sworn by all the saints in the calendar, "That Mr Macalbin had never smiled at any thing he had ever said or done, and never would while he lived or breathed."

Captain Drummond could no longer withstand the kindness of Leary. He was admitted into the tent, and continued to discharge the arduous duties entrusted to him with great tenderness and fidelity.

CHAP. XXX.

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“ Wise without learning, kind and good,  
And come of Scotland’s *gentler* blood.”

SCOTT.

HAVING left our hero under the care of friends so intelligent and devoted, we now return to Eleenalin. It was six months since Lady Augusta had received any letters from Monimia, and a long time since she had even heard of her; for Montague, in obedience to the high authority of his wife, the ci-devant Miss Sinclair, was now in Edinburgh.

A little week had converted this lady, from a fawning slave, into an imperious tyrant; breathing hatred and revenge against her former patroness, and the whole family of Castlebane; and embittering the existence of poor Montague, by the uncontrolled workings of a temper depraved by mortifications, cruelly inflicted, and tamely endured,—by wanton in-

juries, exciting deep, though long-smothered resentments.

The grief of Lady Augusta at the apparent neglect of her young friend, was increased by the situation of Flora. For her, Mrs Montague had ever expressed a very warm regard; and, now that she was a destitute orphan, thrown on the cold bounty of distant relatives, the kindness of Monimia was become peculiarly valuable.

Lady Augusta was too well acquainted with the character of fine ladies, to wish to see Flora in that amphibious situation, known by the name of a companion. In this situation had Miss Sinclair lived, without any decided rank or duties; neither an equal nor a servant,—toiling to fulfil the offices of both, reaping the rewards of neither. The tool, the butt, the spy, the confident, the double, the flatterer, the slave, of a family divided against itself, but united against the world. Was a dun to be civilly dismissed,—a new credit solicited before an old bill was discharged,—an opportune hint to be given,—a necessary lie to be told,—a fine story invented and circulated, whether to save the reputation, traduce the rivals, or magnify the greatness, wealth, beauty, or virtue of the family,—all, in the executive

department, was left to the industry of the companion.

To lose good days, that might be better spent  
To waste long nights in pensive discontent ;  
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow ;  
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow ;  
To fret thy soul with crosses, and with cares ;  
To eat thy heart, through comfortless despairs ;  
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run ;  
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

Such is a dependant's life ; and this miserable and degraded life had Miss Sinclair endured, for the mere privilege of following the Castlebane family from London to Brighton, and from Brighton to the Highlands ; and of being permitted to say, “ My worthy friend, Lady Gordon, and the dear amiable young ladies.” Where religion, patriotism, and all the higher virtues, can boast a single martyr, it must be confessed that ambitious vanity numbers its thousands.

That lady, having now formed the charitable design of presenting Flora Buchanan to Lady Gordon, as the wife of her darling nephew, which she justly concluded would go a great way towards discharging ancient obligations, anxiously wished to obtain this beautiful orphan for her companion ; and accordingly

made the most liberal offers, both to herself and Lady Augusta.

"No, my dear girl," said the Lady, "I cannot consent to this. Educated as you have been, gentle and obliging as you are, many a sensible mother, who is the guardian of her children's education, will be happy to obtain your society. To a situation of this kind, the friendship of Monimia will introduce you; let us then have patience."

But Monimia was still silent; and Flora, soft and timid even to weakness, prone to imagine fanciful ills, and to exaggerate the real evils of a world she knew only by the painting of her fears, saw the time approach when Hugh was to conduct her to the temporary protection of a female relation; a coarse-minded and violent woman, whose temper and manners she recollect ed with mingled terror and disgust.

Unable to disguise her feelings, she often retired to a shaded seat in the garden, to mourn over her cheerless prospects; and here the Lady would find her weeping, and gently chide the indulgence of unavailing sorrow. "Ah, Lady, how can I chuse but weep, to think how often I have seen you sit here and knit, Norman's woodbine arching over, and clustering

so richly around you,—the delicate tendrils of Monimia's passion-flower wreathing round that, and my own brier-rose loading the air with sweets,—and Moome spinning and singing at your feet, and old Braan stretched at her's, and basking in the sun ! Ah, Lady, how can I chuse but weep !” The Lady smiled, and soothed this soft-hearted girl ; cheered her with better hope, and spoke also of her future condition. “ Why, my dear Flora,” said she, “ will you afflict yourself, and increase the grief I feel at being compelled to lose you ? You must, my dear girl, conquer this unfounded dislike of common-place characters,—learn to bear with occasional perversity, and to overlook occasional rudeness. The struggle may be easier than your fears represent, but nothing can exempt us from the attempt.” Flora promised to overcome her fears,—but she wept to think she had any fears to subdue ; and, in the present state of her feelings, she felt more comfort from the sympathy of Moome, than in the consolations of the Lady. “ Well may you weep, my darling,” would Moome say, “ leaving our own Lady, and even the country itself :—Well may you weep,—great reason you had, and all of us. Hugh Macalbin, too, away the way of Craig-gillian, and

letting my own flax rot in the hole. Macpherson, indeed, my dearest, to *even* himself to your mother's *dochter*!—and your father was a decent man, too. An evil meeting to that sloung !—Ah ! if they were alive it is the grief of my heart to think upon, soon would he go trooping from Macalbin's lands. Aye, you had reason to weep, my poor girl, for the Low-country is bad enough, I warrant you. Alas ! it can chill the warmest heart, that *herself* should be the one to forget us. But dry up your tears, my sweetest Flora, and let your poor heart be comforted, for there is a merciful Father above, and a dear lad on earth, who love you, and will never forsake you." And thus did Moome allay the tempest of grief which she had raised.

In the afternoon of this day, Hugh came home, accompanied by Craig-gillian,—“ good Craig-gillian ;”—for by this epithet he was known in the country. Craig-gillian had been left, by civil convulsions, a destitute and uneducated orphan ; but ancient prejudice taught him to reverence in himself the descendant of men of family and of honour.—His Highland neighbours never forgot this claim ; and a pretty correct idea of the attributes of a gentleman, together with an entire conviction that

himself was such, went a very great way in training his individual character to the model of his fancy. None of the abominable arrogance of upstart pride attended his elevation ; for he felt that he had only regained his place.

"There he comes!" said Moome, her old eyes shooting a gleam of joy and welcome ; "the best of fathers, of masters, and of countrymen. Poor though he was, as times now go, alas ! did he not contrive to give his boy the best of *edication*? Though he gets home few Low-country *commissions*, indeed, is not his house the abode of comfort, and rough and round country plenty ? There you will always meet with hospitality and gentility, *ould* cheese and *new* butter. Day and night, late and early, clansmen or tenants, strangers or gentlemen, all are welcome to Craig-gillian. The tenants send their *chilfer* to serve there as to a school ;—and, as he was loved while he lived, did he die to-night, there would not be a dry eye in these countries."

The object of this flourishing eulogy now approached ; and Moome, with mingled smiles, curtsies, inquiries, and kindly welcomes, introduced him into the lady's parlour, and withdrew. When he had paid his compliments to the lady, he turned to Flora with a smile of

fatherly goodness. "So, Flora, the Piper tells me you are to leave the country; but I won't suffer that; surely, if Lady Augusta permits you to quit her, we have the next best right to you."—Flora's heart beat with increased pulsation, while she raised her sweet blue eyes in mute gratitude.—"Aunt Margaret, (a maiden-sister who had managed Craig-gillian's house since he had lost his wife), Aunt Margaret grows very *frail*, and we have great need of you at Craig-gillian. You will have enough to do among us, I can tell you; but, for all that, we must have you. So go, my dear, and tell Unah, that the shepherd's wife wants the *charm* for her child; and I promised the foolish woman to bring it. Go, while I beg a loan of you from the Lady."—Flora pressed the old man's hand to her quivering lip, ran to Moome's hut, and threw herself, sobbing, on the neck of this indulgent friend, telling, in short incoherent sentences, her good fortune and her happiness,—and Moome mingled her tears with Flora's. "Good right he had to you, indeed," cried Unah; "God bless him with it. Was not the great grandmother of your late mother, and the late Craig-gillian's grandmother, both sister's *dochters* of the Ardmore family? Namely beauties they were in their own day: Flora

the Fair, whose yellow hair met round her waist twice,—few such heads of hair now; and Mary the dark-eyed, on whom a son of the Morar family, when in the German wars, made the song you love so much; and sure there is not finer, *deeper* Gaelic, in any song of Ossian's;”—and here Moome, as is very customary in Highland conversation, repeated, with great sensibility, some verses, breathing the very spirit of wild tenderness and inspired nationality.

In about half an hour Craig-gillian and the Lady entered the hut, and Moome, so gratified, and so proud, insisted that he should “break bread beneath her roof,” to which he consented; and while she hastened, with hospitable alacrity, to prepare her barley-cakes and her cream, he begged that Flora would get ready to go home with him. “Aunt Margaret has sent her own horse,” said he, “and what is more, her own saddle! I would not have hurried you so much, however, if it were not that my people begin the hay-harvest to-morrow, so I could not get away for a week or two; and if I had trusted you alone with Hugh, what if Macpherson had run away with you as you crossed Ben-vulla?”—Craig-gillian, whose weakness it was

to find more difficulty in suppressing one bad joke than in performing twenty good actions, pinched the chin of the blushing, smiling girl, who ran away in high spirits to prepare for her journey.

Yet she sobbed bitterly when she bade adieu to the Lady; she wept as she kissed Moome, and again when she embraced the Piper, who, according to custom, had *trotted* three miles by the side of her horse. The Piper also coughed and hemmed, and, at parting, said, “he would make a *start* over (*ten miles*) to-morrow, to see how she was liking it.”—“Go where you will, darling,” added the cunning Piper, with a glance at Craig-gillian, “a blessing must follow you. It’s the likes of yourself should be in a great house; for a warmer-hearted, freer-handed *cratur* than your father’s *dochter* never entered Glen-gillian, and that’s a proud word.” “Go, you flattering Piper,” replied Flora, smiling, “don’t frighten Craig-gillian; I am not to be his almoner.”—“No, but his house-keeper. I understand you.—But you are going to no churl’s house. It would be no son of his worthy father’s, could he *churl* the poor.” And with this they parted; and for the next six miles, Flora was amused by the remarks of the jocular old gentle-

man. But when they turned abruptly from the broad strath into the rugged defile, over which hung that tremendous crag, from which Craig-gillian's paternal valley took its name, her spirits fluttered with momentary anxiety, and she looked eagerly and almost fearfully round.

Highland scenery owes half its charms to the bold, fantastic lights, and the deep and flitting shadows, of sun-rise or sun-set—to the sunny glimpses of a lowering noon, or the light, white mists of a bright morning. It was almost sun-set when Flora entered the narrow, unploughed valley, which inclosed her future home. She paused, and looked every way around. Steep hills, with craggy summits, inclosed her on three sides, and on the fourth the huge *Crag-gillian* shut out the adjoining strath, and hid the rock-hewn path by which she had entered. A low, white-walled mansion, with a neat porch, stood on a gentle slope fronting the south, surrounded by crags and low-spreading copses, and more nearly by a few tall birch trees; a quick, sparkling rivulet swept round this slope, its wavy course marked by thin tufts of aller, white thorn, and grey willow, and skirted by a stripe of rushy meadow, still gay with sum-

mer flowers. The *offices*, and the huts inhabited by the weaver and married servants attached to the family, were scattered round in pleasing irregularity; the deep green of their potatoe-gardens, and the delicate shades of the little patches of flax, (the housewife's crop), as it twinkled to the softest breeze, affording a fine contrast to the solemn hue of this russet valley. A little farther up the glen, the stream, half seen through thickets of hazel, white-thorn, and mountain-ash, dashed down some craggy steeps in a number of beautiful cascades, turning a little mill, and laving the walls of a ruinous castellated building,—the ancient home of the family. Flora sent round another glance, but more in admiration than anxiety. Every object in the bottom of the glen was now nearly involved in soft obscurity; but a bright flush of parting day, shooting past Crag-gillian, still glowed on the shrubby cliffs, and tinted the light mists, which, in slow and graceful convolution, played around them. Groups of cattle were reposing under these rocks; some goats were still browsing on their summits; the *cotter's* children, who had ventured to wade across the shallow summer stream, were gathering *blaeberries* and wild rasps in their recesses, and all

their echoes were alive and joyous with the bleating of kids, the imitative cries of children, the shouts of the shepherd-boy, and the picturesque notes of *cro-challin*, *lilted* by the milk-maids as they wound down the glen from the evening fold.

"How lovely! how sweet is evening on the *braes* of Glen-gillian!" exclaimed Flora, while tears of rapture swelled in her eyes; and Craig-gillian smiled in sympathy with her young enthusiasm. "How delightful a picture of tranquillity and retreat, of rural plenty, of the pastoral life in all its joys and elegance!"—But Flora, who, if not very wise, was at least very modest, only thought this.—"And are you not afraid that these wild hills will hide you from the world?" said Craig-gillian. "So sweetly romantic is the scene they bosom, that if here were the dear-loved few, Oh! how happy should I be to forget all beyond these hilles!" *thought* Flora; but she said, "Oh! no, I am not afraid," and smiled.

It is very certain, that, even in this commercial nation, kindness, and love, and gratitude, cannot be purchased. So small is the wages of female servants in distant places of the Highlands, that their parents furnish

the greater part of their clothing. In fact, the houses of country gentlemen may rather be called schools of manners and duties, than situations of profitable service, in the common acceptation of the word. So cheaply are they maintained, that every family swarms with female domestics; and to a *gentle* stranger, nothing can be more pleasing than the air of animated interest, and respectful attachment, with which these kind-hearted beings approach the guests of their masters; because nothing surely can be more afflicting than the hireling sullenness,—the mien of conscious inferiority,—the alacrity of sordid expectation, which, in other situations, excite our disgust, and which would justify our contempt, did we not look deeper for the true causes of consequences so humiliating, and find pity taking place of scorn.

In the patriarchal dwelling of Craig-gillian, there were certainly much loftier notions of family greatness than in most lowland houses; yet the heart of Flora, who doated on the very appearance of kindness and attachment, was refreshed by the view of his affectionate people pressing familiarly round the horses, with smiles and welcomes, and extended hands, and offers of service. In the porch, the young

stranger was met by “ aunt Margaret,”—a stately perpendicular maiden, verging on sixty years, who, in memory of a hero fallen at Bergen-op-zoom, had made a cruel vow of living on in single blessedness. This high-blooded maiden dropped a very formal curtsey, and seemed to expect that Flora’s knees were equally flexible ;—but she also kissed the damsel, and the warmth of the embrace took off the chill which the more formal salutation had thrown over the heart of Flora.

The inside of the dwelling corresponded to its outward appearance. A profusion of mahogany furniture, substantial even to heaviness ; large home-made carpets ; stoves in which half the neighbouring moss seemed blazing ; home-made candles, lighting a board groaning beneath the mutton and game of the surrounding hills ; trout from the next stream, fowl from the barn-door ;—in short, every department of an extensive farm, whose produce was all consumed on the spot, contributed to that rough, unambitious, unlaborious plenty, which distinguished the days of chieftainship and clannish hospitality.

When she retired for the night, she was attended by aunt Margaret to a neat and airy attic chamber, which she was told to look on

as her own ; and next morning, before breakfast, the same notable maiden led her through overflowing stores of wool, flax, yarn, household linen, cheese, butter, hams, &c. and very formally invested her with the keys of office.

Among a very numerous family of servants, and in the complicated business of a large farm, and many home manufactures, Flora had no time for *ennui*. But she rose with the first ray the sun darted over Benbrisgean, and, when her household business was accomplished, found no small delight in listening to the family history, with which aunt Margaret would graciously entertain her as they sat together knitting, or spinning, or winding ; till evening brought her reading or her music, or the weekly epistle to Eleenalin,—and twilight, her enchanted reveries by the *burn-side*, where she would saunter, till summoned to supper by the halloo of Craig-gillian ringing among the cliffs. And often, in the lovely nights of the northern midsummer, which seem but a softer day, would she again steal out and wander by that haunted stream, till the morning star trembled on its bosom, and the sweet notes of the wood-lark, the nightingale of Scotland, had admonished her of the long-fled hour of midnight.

Flora every day gained on the good-will of her protectors and their numerous attendants. The *bonhomie* of Craig-gillian found something to admire in all she did, and even Margaret sometimes smiled stiffly in approbation. Craig-gillian had the national taste for music and poetry ; and, though he fancied that Flora often sung too slowly, he loved to listen to Gaelic songs, as she walked up the glen with him at sun-rise, when he went to look at his young cattle. Though neither himself nor his sister cared much for reading, they respected Flora's taste, for it was also his, who, in their eyes, was all goodness and perfection,—the son, the benefactor, the preserver of the family of Craig-gillian.—“ He is more my father than my child,” would the grey-haired man say, while his eyes glistened with tenderness and triumph ; and Flora would strive to recollect the tall, grave lad, who used to call her his little wife, and contribute to all her childish pleasures from his own scanty means.

A stranger, in the situation of Flora, would have found much to remark, and to wonder at ; but to her, every thing appeared natural and proper. To hear that the *dairy* had last night composed a satirical song on the

shepherd awkwardly losing his brogues in the moss, when crossing the hill to visit his sweet-heart,—that a young woman in the glen, had made a dirge on her brother, lately drowned in crossing a swollen ford in the pine-forest,—or that old Donald, who *travelled the countries*, had composed both the words and music of an exquisite lament on Major —, who had lately fallen in battle,—filled her with neither contempt nor astonishment. The *song* was probably lively and poignant; the *dirge* tender and beautiful; the *lament* wild and plaintive, abounding in fine images, happy local allusions, and heart-rending bursts of impassioned grief, or overcoming tenderness.—These effusions swiftly spread from glen to glen, and were sung by Flora and all her compatriots, till something newer came out, to which they gave place; unless superior excellence made them be treasured up among the celebrated lyric productions of this original people.

A stranger might probably have been equally surprised to find the secondary kitchen of that “*white house*,” continually crowded with an influx of wandering guests;—persons who, to use the gentle phrase of the Highlanders, “*travelled the countries*.” These wandering

mendicants are generally decayed tenants, or scallags no longer fit for labour, whom a ruthless *factor*, or modern tacksman, has turned out of doors in their old age. After disposing of their small remaining property, they literally “take up their beds, and walk.”—With a blanket or two, packed in a bag of sheep skin or interwoven bents, they roam from farm to farm, and from glen to glen, remaining a week in one place, and a fortnight in another, as is found convenient. As they are mighty fetchers and carriers of news, songs, and tales, they are every-where welcome. They arrive with blessings and embraces in the kitchens of gentlemen, and depart with solid marks of ancient bountifulness. In the cottage of the tenant they are equally welcome. They eat with their hosts,—make their beds in the warmest corner of the hut,—amuse the elder part of the family with their legendary lore,—and instruct the little children in the tales and rhymes of the country, and in the Lord’s Prayer and the Creed. As their kindred are well known, their name and their blood almost sacred, they are treated with great respect, and addressed by the usual high-sounding appellation of *beanusale*, or *duineusale*, (*lady* or *gentleman*), which the poorest High-

landers employ when they meet each other. These travellers, who naturally strive to acquire such accomplishments as may render them more acceptable to their hosts, are no contemptible substitutes for the ancient bards and senachies. There is a higher description of travellers, who possess nearly the same accomplishments,—decayed gentlefolks, or their descendants, who are parlour-guests in great houses. These are generally females of very lofty pretensions, who, after remaining a long time in one house, are sent to the next on horseback, with proper attendants. The habits and poverty of the country, which sends every gentleman to the army, leave very many of these high-blooded single-sisters in the Highlands; and it is not wonderful, that these unfortunate ladies have very tenacious recollections of the former splendour of their families, and a perfect acquaintance with every tale, and song, and anecdote, in which its grandeur is recorded. Let it be understood, that these ladies do not “travel the countries,”—they only visit their friends. Nor do they ever deign to enter the door of a tenant, unless he be of their family, and evince, by presents of wool, or cheese, or cloth, or a sheep, that he has a due sense of the “honour her father’s doch-

ter did him and his, by standing beneath his roof."—Persons unacquainted with the habits of monarchical society, might feel a little mortified to see such presents sometimes looked for with mean avidity, did they not perceive, that these exalted personages contrive to indemnify their pride by the dignified scorn with which these humble offerings are accepted.

Flora Buchanan had been about two months in the family of Craig-gillian, when, on a fine day in July, all the people of the glen went to the neighbouring moss, with the exception of the ladies and the *calliach nan ceark*, (the hen-wife, a most important personage in Highland nursery tales), who was left to take care of the young children. After a very busy morning, Flora was congratulating herself on a quiet afternoon, spent in listening to the traditional history of Dame Margaret, when, happening to approach a window, which commanded a view of the hills that bounded the head of the glen, she perceived men, women, and children, horses and dogs, all returning from the moss, shouting and hallooing with tumultuous joy; and a young lad running on before, who soon rushed into the house, exclaiming,—

“Hector! Hector! Major Hector is come home!”

Flora reddened and trembled,—sat down, and rose up,—ran to the window, and again sat down; while Aunt Margaret applied her handkerchief to her eyes with great decorum.

Young Craig-gillian entered with his father; and, when released from the arms of his aunt, he bowed to the beautiful girl, whose light, and finely-rounded figure, formed a striking contrast to the flat, perpendicular maiden, behind whom she screened herself.

“An ill meeting to the fellow!” said Craig-gillian, in Gaelic, while he gave his son a good-humoured push towards Flora; “Is it you are to bring Low-country fashions to your father’s house?”

Thus reproached, young Craig-gillian touched, with his lip, the glowing cheek of the stranger. “Is it possible that you don’t know her?” cried Craig-gillian, laughing; and Hector looked, and looked again at the lovely girl, whose soft blue eyes,—their liquid brightness subdued by the rich curls of silky brown hair through which they glanced,—were, with bashful archness, turned on himself. He was trying to recollect every young lady he had left in the country, without remembering that it was

twelve years since he had visited the country, when a sly wink from Craig-gillian called forth all the laughing dimples which lurked round the little mouth of Flora.

“ Is it possible !” cried Hector ; “ my old little wife !”—and he pressed his lips to the dimpling mouth, which so sweetly revealed that his favourite play-thing had grown up into this lovely young woman.

“ It is just your wife, it seems, but not so very old, I think,” said Craig-gillian, laughing ; while, covered with blushes, Flora flew to her chamber ; and Hector began to express his astonishment at the marvellous change which twelve years had produced, scarcely able to persuade himself that it was not something altogether out of the ordinary course of nature, which made the heart of a man palpitate at the touch of his “ little wife.” “ A mere child !” said he. “ But surely you did not expect she was always to continue a child ?” answered Craig-gillian. “ Flora, my darling, come down stairs, and convince this unbeliever that you are not changed by the fairies.”

Flora stood in the middle of her room, pressing her hand against her bosom, and accusing herself of something like coquetry in the airy reception she had given to this stranger.

This, then, was that wonderful "Hector," that "good son," to whom every thing she had seen, or heard, or performed, for the last two months, had the closest relation,—whose image was blended with all her duties and pleasures, interwoven with the whole tissue of her life. "He is certainly very plain-looking," thought Flora; "swarthy, and lean, and sunburnt; and I am sure I am not much better, with this ugly stuff gown. I am always sure to be ill-dressed when any stranger comes to the house."

Though sorely tempted, Flora did not improve her dress. She hastened to obey the summons of Craig-gillian, and dealt out good things for a rustic festival, in honour of the welcome stranger. Him she found on the esplanade before the door, which the Highlanders choose to call a *rampar*, surrounded by the scallags and sub-tenants of his father, and their wives and children. Every one of these contrived to be closely related to him. One was his *cho-alt*; another the *cho-alt* of his father, or grandfather, or aunt; a third claimed him as his *gosti*; \* a fourth was of the

\* *Gosti*, a gossip. This tie, similar to that which is known in Ireland by the term *gossi pred*, is most zealously adhered to

*family*; a fifth, a name-sake; a sixth, his name-son; and, at worst, he was their “young master,” or “Hector Craig-gillian.”

“Miss Buchanan,” said Hector, again secretly admiring the wonder-working hand of time, “did you ever know a man so happy in a rich recollection of relations? Hear how these ragged men, and old smoke-dried women, with worsted petticoats hung round their shoulders, *cho-alt* me, and *gosti* me. Kind old souls! Yet, how much better do they look than the miserable creatures I have seen to-day!—Thanks to my good father!”

in the Highlands. Besides the connexion formed between the parents of the child and the god-father, there is also a relation formed between the god-father and god-mother.

## CHAP. XXXI.

“ Yet, always wishing for retreat,  
Oh, could I see my country seat !

\* \* \*

O charming noons, and nights divine !  
Or when I sup, or when I dine ;  
My friends above, my folks below,  
Laughing and tattling all a-row.  
The beans and bacon set before 'em,  
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum ;  
Each willing to be pleased and please,  
And e'en the very dogs at ease !  
Here no man talks of idle things ;  
How this or that Italian sings.”

SWIFT.

THE younger Craig-gillian was, at this period, upwards of thirty years of age. The time he had been in the service, was spent in India; and his attainments in Oriental languages had rapidly and honourably advanced his fortune. After passing a few weeks at his paternal home, he intended to rejoin his regiment; though his father, who was growing old, earnestly wished

him to settle in the country. "We are still too poor to be happy," would Hector reply, shaking his thoughtful head, and pointing to the ruined home of his ancestors, and to the mean-looking huts of his people. "It is long since I thought myself rich enough," said Craig-gillian; "and if your son be like mine, you will think so too. So I'll just tell aunt Margaret to look out for a wife for you, and have done with that India."—Hector replied only with a smile.

High-spirited, polite, and generous, possessed of much latent, though subdued enthusiasm, and, above all, gifted with the first of Highland qualities, a *warm heart*, young Craig-gillian was not more the delight of his family, than the pride of his dependants, to whom the rumour of his arrival had been a jubilee-trumpet. Crowds of poor people, from many distant places, hastened to congratulate the representative of an ancient and beloved family; and for every one Hector had a kindly welcome, and an overflowing shell. There is something peculiarly pleasing in the air of interest which surrounds an amiable young man, born to fortune, when in the midst of those who have every thing to hope from his future goodness. The complacency of a being, whom

riches have not yet rendered cold, selfish, and calculating,—who feels that he shall yet be powerful, and resolves to make that power the instrument of his benevolence,—awakens a kindred feeling in every bosom; and Flora felt, that no period of her life had been so happy, as the three weeks Hector spent at Craig-gillian.

In the first week, he attended her in a visit to Eleenalin; and the rest of the time had been devoted to receiving visits from families in distant places of the country, and to returning them. But now he remained mostly at home, spending his mornings on the hills, and his evenings in the bosom of that patriarchal family, to whom his society gave new life, and a new sense of enjoyment. Though habitually taciturn and reserved, he had now so much to tell, and to hear, and each party listened with an air of interest so animated, that Flora was continually saying to herself, “Can this be the cold, grave Hector,—that the stiff aunt Margaret?”

“Surely, Hector, you will not think of leaving us,” was the usual observation of Craig-gillian, at the end of every happy domestic evening; and Flora’s eyes so sweetly repeated, “Surely, Hector, you will not think

of leaving us," that Hector gave up the grave shake of his ambitious head, and began to sigh most profoundly, and to calculate the amount of his rents and half-pay, and the probability of increasing his resources, even in the country.

Regularly every morning, as soon as Flora had left the breakfast-table, did Hector receive a grave exhortation from his aunt on marriage, and settling in the country; and, above all, on remembering the state of the Craig-gillian family. At first, Hector, with equal gravity, promised to send her home half a dozen yellow children from India; but at length, he began to listen with more seriousness, and one day laughingly inquired, "Who she thought would have him?" Margaret's eyes sparkled with joyful alacrity, while she began thus:—"Any lady in the *countries* may be proud to become the lady of Craig-gillian. But our family have so often got wives from the Altlarish family, and the Altlarish family have so often got wives from the family of Craig-gillian"—but here Hector snatched up his hat, recollecting an engagement.

In the evening, Margaret communicated this piece of success to her brother, and ordered her horse to be got ready next morning, to

carry the news to Altlarish. "Softly, sister," said the sagacious Craig-gillian; "Hector has never said he will stay at home; yet the children have certainly got through the vaccine,—that keeps him no longer. What think ye if he has catched some disease himself, poor fellow? Look here, Margaret,"—and he pointed to the *burn-side*, whither Hector had followed Flora.

Margaret received this hint with great dissatisfaction, and indignantly replied, "Don't tell me, brother, that the only son of the Craig-gillian family would so *demean* himself,—and the girl is a good enough girl." Craig-gillian shrugged up his shoulders. Flora was at best of mixed blood; besides, though lovely and elegantly formed, her figure had been thrown in a smaller and softer mould than suited Craig-gillian's ideas of beauty. Now, the family of Craig-gillian had long been remarkable for tall, stout, fine-looking sons, and Amazonian daughters; and, in common with many Highland families, they were not a little vain of the distinction, and, consequently, anxious enough to keep up this distinguished breed. "Yet, blood is thicker than water, Margaret," said the thoughtful Craig-gillian; "and all the water in the Monzievar could

not wash our blood from her's. But I grant what you say is right, too; though I shall be thankful to my God for whatsoever means HE may employ to keep my good son near me in my old days. Flora is a good girl, and the child of an honest man,—and that is a good ancestry, sister Margaret."

Margaret allowed this. She wiped her eyes, and gravely said, "Craig-gillian's wife will always be my niece;"—yet she sighed to think of Miss Sibella Altlarish, the daughter of a real old Catholic family, five feet ten inches in height, with the largest bone, and the longest yellow-reddish hair, in the countries. The pride of old Craig-gillian was also in Miss Sibella, but his affections were placed on Flora; and, in a heart so good, pride could not long resist the stirrings of better feelings. Unconscious of this important conversation, Hector had joined Flora in her customary twilight walk.

"Miss Buchanan," said he, "shall I tell you the history of these three solitary elms on that little peninsula?"—"If you please," replied Flora. "'Tis an old story," said Hector, "and, like other old stories, takes a strong hold of the memory. About fourteen years ago, when I was a rough boy at Bally-

ruag school, Norman and Flora were little solitary things, almost as wild as the twin fawns of the roe, and loving each other as dearly. Both were my play-things, but Flora was my pet. Many a kiss she gave me then for nuts, and *blaeberrries*, and necklaces of *rowans*, and more from pure affection ; for Flora loved me once."—"I don't like digressions," said Flora, laughing, and blushing. "But digressions—such digressions are the charm of old stories," replied Hector, with a look so emphatic, that Flora began to pull the golden cinque-foil from the crevices of the rocks which impended over the path; and he resumed.—"One fine autumnal day,—I shall never forget it,—succeeding life has no days like that!—I was permitted to carry these babes of the wood to gather nuts in Glen-gillian. How proud, and how careful was I, leading forward the borrowed horse, on which they were slung, like gipsey children, in opposite panniers, while Hugh Piper brought up the rear-guard! Flora clapped her little dimpled hands, exclaiming, 'Happy day! happy day! going with Hector to Glen-gillian!'"

Flora again coloured, and smiled, and pulled another tuft of wild flowers.

"Glen-gillian was not then Hector's father's,

but the old shepherd, and the *calliach-nan-ceark* kindly entertained Hector's guests. She took a little barley-meal from a bag of sheep-skin, and made us cakes, and toasted them against a stone, and roasted eggs and potatoes in the ashes, and gave us the milk of her two ewes. Flora, I have since been at princely banquets!—but you don't like digressions. I shewed you all my lost treasures, and the ruined home of my fathers; doubtless, you neither cared nor understood, but I was silly enough to be pleased,—I am so still! The person who possessed Glen-gillian was planting that hill. I got some plants from the servants, and we planted these three elms. This in the middle is Flora's; for her little manly brother said, as they grew up, Hector's and Norman's would shelter her's. Flora! I have been in the farthest land the sun shines on, and I have visited many a lovely scene;—but these wild rocks,—that wandering stream,—those stunted trees!—” He paused, and then abruptly added, “ Durst I prefer a selfish prayer to Heaven, it would be,—that when my remaining years have been sweetened by the affection of a being gentle as Flora, they might wave over my grave!”

He pressed the hand he had taken, and

walked away; while Flora's eyes, glistening through tears of unmixed tenderness, followed his unequal steps.

These three elms had acquired new interest with Flora. Another, and another evening, she returned to visit them, and Hector was still by her side; sometimes he recalled little traits of school-day friendship, and sometimes his confidence won on hers, and she talked of all those she loved, and felt that at such moments she loved him the more.

These twilight conversations, gay, tender, poetical, and sometimes verging on love, became at last so interesting, that Flora, in great alarm, resolved to give up her evening rambles,—“ till Hector should leave the country,—till Hector has left the country !” Flora sighed deeply to the anticipated blankness of that period. Craig-gillian and aunt Margaret had many of his virtues, but they wanted his spirit, his youth, and his accomplished mind; Flora might have added, the captivations of that dawning passion which threw a charm around his manners, which her heart was unable to resist.—She now indulged long reveries on those happy days, when Hector, at eighteen, had been all protecting love, and herself, at five, all innocent fond-

ness.—“Succeeding life has no days like these!” sighed Flora.

The jokes that Craig-gillian was continually passing on his son and the formidable Miss Sibella Altlarish, were now become intolerable; and the hopeless attempt to smile was often followed by showers of secret tears, the source of which Flora did not dare to trace.

As soon as Flora gave up her twilight walks, Hector became an early riser, diligently attending her and his father in their usual morning rambles over the farm, and professing to feel great benefit and delight from these early excursions. “I see you farmers have many pleasures we lazy folks know nothing about,” said Hector, gently drawing the hand of Flora within his arm, and following his father through a beautiful glade, while the morning star still trembled in the purpling sky, and the hoarse call of the *corn-craik*, issuing from the dew-drenched grass, awoke the songs of the lark and the black-bird.

“But you will find them all out bye and bye,”—replied Craig-gillian, (who had found a new subject for his jests, as embarrassing as Miss Sibella, though by no means so painful),—“if you will only stay at home, and take Flora for your teacher.”

On this morning, Flora happened to find a little helpless leveret, which she accused her bloody-minded companion of having rendered an orphan. He denied the charge; but between them it was conveyed home, to be nursed by Flora. When Craig-gillian entered the breakfast-parlour, he saw the leveret nestling on Flora's arm, close to her bosom, and his grave son on his knees caressing it, as if to atone for the injury he had caused it. Both rose in manifest confusion, while Flora exclaimed,—“I can't think where I have laid my keys.”—Craig-gillian broke out into a long, deliberate, and, as Flora thought, a very provoking and ill-timed fit of laughter, and then said,—“Girls, when they first fall in love, are always losing the keys.”—“In love!” cried Flora faintly, while she eagerly looked for the keys, affected to smile, and held away her head to conceal the throbbing bosom, and the deep and varying colour.—“Aye, as you with our friend Hector, for instance.” “Oh! Craig-gillian,” cried Flora, involuntarily clasping her hands, with a look at once supplicating and indignant; “or else you are a very ungrateful girl, for even blind Finlay can see he is dying in love with you.” “Father!” cried Hector, smiling and colouring.—“Well,

son? I suppose you won't deny it. So, Flora, my darling, get in love with him as fast as ever you can—and out again; for, though courtship, as I am told, is very pleasant to lovers, it is not quite so comfortable to other people, particularly when the keys are lost, and they hungry for breakfast. I'll leave Hector to help you to find them; and see if you can be clever enough to earn the smart gown I am to bring home from the fair, by persuading him to stay at home, and nurse leverets."

Craig-gillian walked out, and mounted his horse, resolving to breakfast elsewhere.

"Flora, my dearest Flora!" said Hector, "you must forgive my father; you know he is a mighty joker."

"Oh yes!" replied Flora, trembling and weeping, and attempting to withdraw. "And you will follow his injunctions also,—the first part at least,—will you not, dear lovely creature, and make me the happiest and most grateful of men?"

"Oh yes!" sighed the bewildered Flora, while a tender smile played upon her agitated features.—Hector in rapture folded her to his bosom. His wild thanks, and expressions of endearment, betrayed the extent of the promise she had made,—but she felt no wish

to take it back. She burst into another flood of tears, but they fell on the bosom of Hector. "Craig-gillian has been strangely cruel to me," whispered she, "but kind also; very, very kind!"

In the course of the day, Flora recovered at least the semblance of composure, and made a point of finding her keys; and when the good old father returned in the evening, they were ostentatiously, though silently displayed. But Craig-gillian perceived them not,—he saw only the sweet bashful glance of Flora, shrinking beneath the affectionate gaze of his son. His servant followed him into the parlour with the new gown. When the man had withdrawn, he folded it down, gaily inquiring if Flora had earned it.—"If she has not, I have for her," said Hector; "I have prevailed with her to *let* me remain."—Craig-gillian threw the cloth around them, and drew them towards him. They fell at his feet. He leaned his silvered head on their shoulders; then clasping their united hands within his own, pressed them to his bosom.—"Be to her such a husband as you have been a son," said he; "and, O Flora! remember, that if ever man deserved the blessing of a good wife, it is my Hector."—"And he has

obtained that first of blessings," exclaimed the enraptured lover, pressing his lips to the pale cheek of his bride. Aunt Margaret next paid her compliments, applied a handkerchief to her own eyes, and conducted Flora to her chamber with great decorum. How relieved would the feminine heart of Flora have been, could she have thrown herself on the maternal bosom of the Lady or old Moome, there to have sobbed away the overwhelming fears and tumultuous joys which alternately swayed her mind ! though not even to them could she have revealed the first enchantments of that blissful tenderness which glowed on her cheek, panted in her bosom, and thrilled with rapturous sensation through every nerve of her frame.

"That *he* should think of me," she sobbed out; "that Hector, so admired, so beloved, to think of poor orphan me ! My heart is too narrow for its happiness !"

Love, even the first love of a female bosom, is a feeble sentiment compared with the passion which Flora now cherished, combined as it was of respect, esteem, pride in the talents and in the virtues of her lover, an admiration which regarded him as the first of human

beings, and a gratitude which felt him to be the best of men.

The necessary arrangements for remaining at home were now gladly made. Hector willingly agreed to give up his commission; and Flora gave him all she had to bestow, and all he now coveted,—herself.

Flora was married at Eleenalin; and when Hugh had attended her home, in spite of every intreaty and remonstrance, he instantly returned to his Lady.—“Thank God,” said he, looking back from Craig-gillian on the sweet retreat it inclosed, “thank God, *there* is one care off my mind. Were the other *one* as well settled, this world has no griefs for me.”

When he came home, he entered the parlour, where Moome sat with her Lady.—“Unah Macalbin!” said he. “Well, dear,” was the reply.

“Did not I, here where I stand, make the hay, reap the barley, cut the peats, mend the thatch, cut *sticks* for a new roof to the cow-house, caulk the boat, mend the nets, make new hooks, build up the garden-wall, tan Maclolhan’s hide, and make yourself brogues, make a new ladder to the hen-roost, and help

yourself to make potatoe-starch and candles?" "That you did, dear, I'll swear for you."

"Did I not dig *rue* and lilly-roots for your lyeing, and gather as much lichens and heather as would dye all the cloth in the countries, and make you plenty of fern-ashes? and when the Lady herself would be saying, "My poor Hugh, you will kill yourself, work less hard, command you," did I not say; "Never mind, Lady, I'll have a good play for this before Christmas?"

"Son of my brother, that you did!" said Moome in Gaelic, and lost in astonishment. Hugh twirled round his bonnet, and betrayed many symptoms of confusion and anxiety. "Well, seeing all is done my poor hands can do, and that black Archy is to come over twice every week to see what is needed, if the Lady would have no objections that I should make a start out few days see how the boy is liking it, as these stockings you knit for his boots must be sent at any rate, and your own spectacle wanting a new eye."

"Och, God himself bless you for a true-hearted *cratur*, and a kind!" cried Moome "refuse you she cannot. Yes, go, dear, go in God's own name!" The Lady could not indeed

refuse this hard-earned indulgence, earned by exertions impossible to every thing but attachment like that of the Piper's. But she mentioned the great distance, and consequent fatigue.—“ I will easily get a cast in some boat going from the isles for salt or *Inishone*,” said Hugh, who, in obtaining her consent, had obviated every difficulty ;—“ after that it will only be a walk to me.”

“ And a namely walker you was, in your own day,” added Moome ; “ and many is the wild dream I had of *him*, of late, and of *her*, who has, I fear, forgotten us and ours. But Hugh, dear, since you are going, you will take *her* the pearls.”—“ That I will ! God forgive us for blaming her ; for no doubt, a lady like her has many things to mind, more nor the likes of us.”

In a considerable stream, which flowed round the height on which stood the castle, pearls were found ; and many of these Hugh had fished and treasured up in an old stocking, that Moome might one day present them to Monimia,—that Monimia who never came,—never wrote,—and perhaps never thought of any thing in Eleenalin. The Lady represented the great improbability of his meeting with Mrs Mon-

tague ; but Moome's ideas of geography were not quite so accurate as those of Lady Augusta ; and Hugh secretly thought, " What if I should follow on few miles when I am out, give her the Lady's, and Moome's, and Mrs Hector Monro's compliments ; I will see her servant, at any rate, and little Mary."—So both gently insisted, that, " with the Lady's leave," the pearls should be taken.

" But sure you would not affront a lady like her with your *ould* stocking ?" said the notable Moome.

" God help me, what sense have I about what a lady would require ?" replied Hugh, who almost idolized the sagacity and politeness he despaired of ever being able to attain. " To be sure you never lived in the family," said Moome, smiling with harmless vanity. " Little right had I to be proud, considering my advantages ; few of my day had the like. But Hugh, dear, now you are going among strangers, have done with your awkwardness ; behave proper, and be a credit to your name,—for I know you are a good *cratur*."—Both were good, were affectionate creatures. All night long did they sit up, preparing for the journey ; in the morning, Hugh got a packet from the Lady ; he next

went to Craig-gillian, and then set out for the island of Tiree, from whence he found a boat going to Ireland. After being a day and a night at sea, he landed in Loch-Foyle, and began to cross the island on foot.

END OF VOL. II.

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