THE

# ANTIQUARY.

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY" AND "GUY MANNERING."

I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,
Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And pleased again by toys which childhood please;
As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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# ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present Work completes a series of fictitious narratives, intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods. WAVERLEY embraced the age of our fathers, GUY MANNERING that of our own youth, and the ANTIQUARY refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century. I have, in the two last narratives especially, sought my principal personages in the class of society who are

the last to feel the influence of that general polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations. Among the same class I have placed some of the scenes, in which I have endeavoured to illustrate the operation of the higher and more violent passions; both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with Mr Wordsworth, that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, peculiarly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have long been familiar. The antique

force and simplicity of their language often tinctured with the oriental eloquence of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief, and dignity to their resentment.

I have been more solicitous to describe manners minutely, than to arrange in any case an artificial and combined narration, and have but to regret that I felt myself unable to unite these two requisites of a good Novel.

The knavery of the Adept in the following sheets may appear forced and improbable; but we have had very late instances of the force of superstitious credulity to a much greater ex-

tent, and the reader may be assured, that this part of the narrative is founded on a fact of actual occurrence.

I have now only to express my gratitude to the public, for the distinguished reception which they have given to works, that have little more than some truth of colouring to recommend them, and to take my respectful leave, as one who is not likely again to solicit their favour.

THE

# ANTIQUARY.

## CHAPTER X.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And none are wakeful but the dead;
No bloodless shape my way pursues,
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys,
Visions more sad my fancy views,—
Visions of long-departed joys.

W. R. SPENSER.

WHEN they reached the Green Room, as it was called, Oldbuck placed the candle on the toilet-table, before a huge mirror with a black japanned frame, surrounded by dressing-boxes of the same, and looked around him with something of a disturbed expression of countenance. "I am seldom in this apartment," he said, "and

never without yielding to a melancholy feeling—not, of course, on account of the childish nonsense that Grizel was telling you, but owing to circumstances of an early and unhappy attachment. It is at such moments as these, Mr Lovel, that we feel the changes of time. The same objects are before us—those inanimate things which we have gazed on in wayward infancy and impetuous youth, in anxious and scheming manhood—they are permanent and the same; but when we look upon them in cold unfeeling old age, can we, changed in our temper, our pursuits, our feelings, —changed in our form, our limbs, and our strength,—can we be ourselves called the same? or do we not rather look back with a sort of wonder upon our former selves, as beings separate and distinct from what we now are? The philosopher, who appealed from Philip inflamed with wine to Philip in his hours of sobriety, did not chuse a judge so different, as if he had appealed from Philip in his youth to Philip in his old age. I cannot but be touched

with the feeling so beautifully expressed in a poem which I have heard repeated:*

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirr'd,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in these days I heard.

Thus fares it still in our decay;
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what time takes away,
Than what he leaves behind.

Well, time cures every wound, and though the scar may remain and occasionally ache, yet the earliest agony of its recent infliction is felt no more."—So saying, he shook Lovel cordially by the hand, wished him good night, and took his leave.

Step after step Lovel could trace his host's retreat along the various passages, and each door which he closed behind

* Probably Wordsworth's Lyrical Ballads had not as yet been published.

him fell with a sound more distant and dead. The guest, thus separated from the living world, took up the candle and surveyed the apartment. The fire blazed cheerfully. Mrs Grizel's attention had left some fresh wood, should he chuse to continue it, and the apartment had a comfortable, though not a lively, appearance. It was hung with tapestry, which the looms of Arras had produced in the sixteenth century, and which the learned typographer, so often mentioned, had brought with him as a sample of the arts of the continent. The subject was a hunting-piece; and as the leafy boughs of the forest-trees, branching over the tapestry, formed the predominant colour, the apartment had thence acquired its name of the green chamber. Grim figures, in the old Flemish dress, with slashed doublets, covered with ribbands, short cloaks, and trunk-hose, were engaged in holding greyhounds or stag-hounds in the leash, or cheering them upon the objects of their

game. Others, with boar-spears, swords, and old-fashioned guns, were attacking stags or bears whom they had brought to bay. The branches of the woven forest were crowded with fowls of various kinds, each depicted with its proper plumage. It seemed as if the prolific and rich invention of old Chaucer had animated the Flemish artist with its profusion, and Oldbuck had accordingly caused the following verses, from that ancient and excellent poet, to be embroidered, in Gothic letters, on a sort of border which he had added to the tapestry:—

Lo! here be oakis grete, streight as a line,
Under the which the grass, so fresh of line,
Be'th newly sprung—at eight foot or nine.
Everich tree well from his fellow grew,
With branches broad laden with leaves new,
That sprongen out against the sonné sheene,
Some golden red, and some a glad bright green.

And in another canton was the following similar legend:

And many an hart, and many an hind,
Was both before me and behind.

Of fawns, sownders, bucks, and does,
Was full the wood, and many roes,
And many squirrells that ysate
High on the trees and nuts ate.

The bed was of dark and faded green, wrought to correspond with the tapestry, but by a more modern and less skilful hand. The large and heavy stuff-bottomed chairs, with black ebony backs, were embroidered upon the same pattern, and a lofty mirror, over the antique chimney-piece, corresponded in its mounting with that on the old-fashioned toilet.

"I have heard," thought Lovel, as he took a cursory view of the room and its furniture, "that ghosts often chose the best room in the mansion to which they attached themselves, and I cannot disapprove of the taste of the disembodied printer of the Augsburg Confession." But he found it so difficult to fix his mind upon the stories which had been told him of an apartment, with which they seemed so singularly to correspond, that he al-

most regretted the absence of those agitated feelings, half fear half curiosity, which sympathize with the old legends of awe and wonder, from which the anxious reality of his own hopeless passion at present detached him.

> Ah! cruel maid, how hast thou changed
> The temper of my mind!
> My heart, by thee from all estranged,
> Becomes like thee unkind.

He endeavoured to conjure up something like the emotions which would, at another time, have been congenial to his situation, but his heart had no room for these vagaries of imagination. The recollection of Miss Wardour, determined not to acknowledge him when compelled to endure his society, and evincing her purpose to escape from it, would have alone occupied his imagination exclusively.—But with this were united recollections more agitating if less painful—her hair-breadth escape—the fortunate assistance

which he had been able to render her—Yet, what was his requital?—She left the cliff while his fate was yet doubtful—while it was uncertain whether her preserver had not lost the life which he had exposed for her so freely.—Surely gratitude, at least, called for some little interest in his fate—But no—she could not be selfish or unjust—it was no part of her nature. She only desired to shut the door against hope, and, even in compassion to him, to extinguish a passion which she could never return.

But this lover-like mode of reasoning was not likely to reconcile him to his fate, since the more amiable his imagination presented Miss Wardour, the more inconsolable he felt he should be rendered by the extinction of his hopes. He was, indeed, conscious of possessing the powers of removing her prejudices on some points; but, even in extremity, he determined to keep the original determination which he had formed, of ascertaining that she desired an expla-

nation ere he intruded one upon her. And turn the matter as he would, he could not regard his suit as desperate. There was something of embarrassment as well as of grave surprise in her look when Oldbuck presented him, and, perhaps, upon second thoughts, the one was assumed to cover the other. He would not relinquish a pursuit which had already cost him such pains. Plans, suiting the romantic temper of the brain that entertained them, chaced each other through his head, thick and irregular as the motes in the sun-beam, and, long after he had laid himself to rest, continued to prevent the repose which he greatly needed. Then, wearied by the uncertainty and difficulties with which each scheme appeared to be attended, he bent up his mind to the strong effort of shaking off his love "like dew-drops from the lion's mane," and resuming those studies and that career of life which his unrequited affection had so long and so fruitlessly interrupted. In this last resolution, he endeavoured to for-

tify himself by every argument which pride, as well as reason, could suggest. "She shall not suppose," he said, "that, presuming on an accidental service to her or to her father, I am desirous to intrude myself upon that notice, to which, personally, she considered me as having no title. I will see her no more. I will return to the land which, if it affords none fairer, has at least many as fair, and less haughty than Miss Wardour. To-morrow I will bid adieu to these northern shores, and to her who is as cold and relentless as her climate." When he had for some time brooded over this sturdy resolution, exhausted nature at length gave way, and, despite of wrath, doubt, and anxiety, he sunk into slumber.

It is seldom that sleep, after such violent agitation, is either sound or refreshing. Lovel's was disturbed by a thousand baseless and confused visions. He was a bird—he was a fish—or he flew like the one, and swam like the other,—qualities

which would have been very essential to his safety a few hours before. Then Miss Wardour was a syren, or a bird of Paradise; her father a triton, or sea-gull; and Oldbuck alternately a porpoise and a cormorant. These agreeable imaginations were varied by all the usual vagaries of a feverish dream; the air refused to bear the visionary, the water seemed to burn him—the rocks felt like down-pillows as he was dashed against them—whatever he undertook failed in some strange and unexpected manner—and whatever attracted his attention, underwent, as he attempted to investigate it, some wild and wonderful metamorphosis, while his mind continued all the while in some degree conscious of the delusion, from which it in vain struggled to free itself by awaking—feverish symptoms all, with which those who are haunted by the night-hag, whom the learned call Ephialtes, are but too well acquainted. At length these crude phantasmata arranged themselves into some-

thing more regular, if indeed the imagination of Lovel, after he awoke, (for it was by no means the faculty in which his mind was least rich) did not gradually, insensibly, and unintentionally, arrange in better order the scene, of which his sleep presented, it may be, a less distinct outline. Or it is possible that his feverish agitation may have assisted him in forming the vision.

Leaving this discussion to the learned, we will say, that, after a succession of wild images, such as we have above described, our hero, for such we must acknowledge him, so far regained a consciousness of locality as to remember where he was, and the whole furniture of the green chamber was depicted to his slumbering eye. And here, once more, let me protest, that if there should be so much old-fashioned faith left among this shrewd and sceptical generation, as to suppose that what follows was an impression conveyed rather by the eye

than by the imagination, I do not impugn their doctrine. He was then, or imagined himself, broad awake in the green chamber, gazing upon the flickering and occasional flame which the unconsumed remnants of the faggots sent forth, as, one by one, they fell down upon the red embers, into which the principal part of the boughs to which they belonged had crumbled away. Insensibly the legend of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, and his mysterious visits to the inmates of the chamber, awoke in his mind, and with it, as we often feel in dreams, an anxious and fearful expectation, which seldom fails instantly to summon up before our mind's eye the object of our fear. Brighter sparkles of light flashed from the chimney with such intense brilliancy, as to enlighten all the room. The tapestry waved wildly on the wall, till its dusky forms seemed to become animated. The hunters blew their horns—the stag seemed to fly, the boar to resist, and the hounds to assail the one and pur-

sue the other; the cry of deer, mangled by throttling dogs—the shouts of men, and the clatter of horses' hoofs, seemed at once to surround him—while every group pursued, with all the fury of the chace, the employment in which the artist had represented them as engaged. Lovel looked on this strange scene devoid of wonder, (which seldom intrudes itself upon the sleeping fancy,) but with an anxious sensation of awful fear. At length an individual figure among the tissued huntsmen, as he gazed upon them more fixedly, seemed to leave the arras and to approach the bed of the slumberer. As he drew near, his figure appeared to alter. His hunting-horn became a brazen clasped volume; his hunting-cap changed to such a furred head-gear as graces the burgo-masters of Rembrandt; his Flemish garb remained, but his features, no longer agitated with the fury of the chace, were changed to such a state of awful and stern composure, as might best

pourtray the first proprietor of Monkbarns, such as he had been described to Lovel by his descendants in the course of the preceding evening. As this metamorphosis took place, the hubbub among the other personages in the arras disappeared from the imagination of the dreamer, which was now exclusively bent on the single figure before him. Lovel strove to interrogate this awful person in the form of exorcism proper for the occasion, but his tongue, as is usual in frightful dreams, refused its office, and clung, palsied, to the roof of his mouth. Aldobrand held up his finger, as if to impose silence upon the guest who had intruded on his apartment, and began deliberately to unclasp the venerable volume which occupied his left hand. When it was unfolded, he turned over the leaves hastily for a short space, and then raising his figure to its full dimensions, and holding the book aloft in his left hand, pointed to a passage in the page which he thus displayed. Although

the language was unknown to our dreamer, his eye and attention were both strongly caught by the line which the figure seemed thus to press upon his notice, the words of which appeared to blaze with a supernatural light, and remained rivetted upon his memory. As the vision shut his volume, a strain of delightful music seemed to fill the apartment—Lovel started, and became completely awake. The music, however, was still in his ears, nor ceased till he could distinctly follow the measure of an old Scottish tune.

He sate up in bed, and endeavoured to clear his brain of the phantoms which had disturbed it during this weary night. The beams of the morning sun streamed through the half-closed shutters, and admitted a distinct light into the apartment. He looked round upon the hangings, but the mixed groups of silken and worsted huntsmen were as stationary as tenter-hooks could make them, and only trembled slightly as

the early breeze, which found its way through an open crevice of the latticed window, glided along their surface. Lovel leapt out of bed, and, wrapping himself in a morning-gown, that had been considerately laid by his bed-side, stepped towards the window, which commanded a view of the sea, the roar of whose billows announced it still disquieted by the storm of the preceding evening, although the morning was fair and serene. The window of a turret, which projected at an angle with the wall, and thus came to be very near Lovel's apartment, was half open, and from that quarter he heard again the same music which had probably broken short his dream. With its visionary character it had lost much of its charms—it was now nothing more than an air on the harpsichord, tolerably well performed—such is the caprice of imagination as affecting the fine arts. A female voice sung, with some taste and great simplicity, something be-

tween a song and a hymn, in words to the following effect:—

"Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and grey?
Dost thou its former pride recal,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?"—

"Know'st thou not me!" the Deep Voice cried;
"So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused?

"Before my breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away;
And changing empires wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

"Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless thy joy or grief,
When TIME and thou shalt part for ever!"

While the verses were yet singing, Lovel had returned to his bed; the train of ideas which they awakened was romantic and pleasing, such as his soul delighted in, and, willingly adjourning, till more broad

day, the doubtful task of determining on his future line of conduct, he abandoned himself to the pleasing languor inspired by the music, and fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which he was only awakened at a late hour by old Caxon, who came creeping into the room to render the offices of a valet-de-chambre.

" I have brushed your coat, sir," said the old man, when he perceived Lovel was awake, " the callant brought it frae Fairport this morning, for that ye had on yesterday is scantly feasibly dry, though it's been a' night at the kitchen fire—and I hae cleaned your shoon—I doubt ye'll no be wanting me to tie your hair, for a' (with a gentle sigh) the young gentlemen wear crops now—but I hae the curling-tangs here to gie it a bit turn ower the brow, if ye like, before ye gae down to the leddies."

Lovel, who was by this time once more on his legs, declined the old man's professional offices, but accompanied the refusal

with such a *douceur* as completely sweetened Caxon's mortification.

"It's a pity he disna get his hair tied and pouthered," said the ancient *frizeur*, when he had got once more into the kitchen, in which, on one pretence or other, he spent three parts of his idle time—that is to say, of his *whole* time—"it's a great pity, for he's a comely young gentleman."

"Hout awa', ye auld gowk," said Jenny Rintherout, "would ye creesh his bonny brown hair wi' your nasty ulyie, and then moust it like the auld minister's wig?—Ye'll be for your breakfast, I'se warrant?—hae, there's a soup parridge for ye—it will set ye better to be slaistering at them and the lapper-milk than middling wi' Mr Lovel's head—ye wad spoil the maist natural and beautifaest head o' hair in a' Fairport, baith burgh and county."

The poor barber sighed over the disrespect into which his art had so universally fallen, but Jenny was a person too important to offend by contradiction; so sitting

quietly down in the kitchen, he digested at once his humiliation, and the contents of a bicker which held a Scotch pint of substantial oatmeal porridge.

## CHAPTER XV

" Be this letter delivered with haste—haste—post-haste!—
Ride, villain, ride,—for thy life—for thy life—for thy life!"
*Ancient Indorsation of Letters of Importance.*

LEAVING Mr Oldbuck and his friend to enjoy their hard bargain of fish, we beg leave to transport the reader to the back-parlour of the postmaster's house at Fairport, where his wife, he himself being absent, was employed in assorting for delivery the letters which had come by the Edinburgh post. This is very often in country towns the period of the day when gossips find it particularly agreeable to call on the man or woman of letters, in order, from the outside of the epistles,

and, if they are not belied, occasionally from the inside also, to amuse themselves with gleaning information, or forming conjectures about the correspondence and affairs of their neighbours. Two females of this description were, at the time we mention, assisting, or impeding, Mrs Mailsetter in her official duty.

"Preserve us, sirs," said the butcher's wife; "there's ten, eleven—twal letters to Tennant & Co.—thae folk do mair business than a' the rest o' the burgh."

"Aye; but see, lass," answered the baker's lady, "there's twa o' them faulded unco square, and sealed at the tae side—I doubt there will be protested bills in them."

"Is there ony letters come yet for Jenny Caxon?—the lieutenant's been awa' three weeks."

"Just ane, on Tuesday was a week."

"Was't a ship-letter?"

"In troth was't."

"It wad be frae the lieutenant then—I never thought he wad hae lookit ower his shouther after her."

"Odd, here's another," quoth Mrs Mailsetter. "A ship-letter—post-mark, Sunderland."—All rushed to seize it.—"Na, na, leddies," said Mrs Mailsetter, "I hae had aneugh o' that wark—Ken ye that Mr Mailsetter got an unco rebuke frae the secretary at Edinburgh, for a complaint that was made about the letter of Aily Bisset's that you opened, Mrs Shortcake?"

"Me opened!" answered the spouse of the chief baker of Fairport; "ye ken yoursel, madam, it just cam open o' free will in my hand—What could I help it?—folk suld seal wi' better wax."

"Weel I wot that's true, too," said Mrs Mailsetter, who kept a shop of small wares, "and we have got some that I can honestly recommend, if ye ken ony body wanting it. But the short and the lang o't is, that we'll lose the place gin there's ony mair complaints o' the kind."

"Hout, lass; the provost will take care o' that."

"Na, na; I'll neither trust to provost nor baillie—but I wad aye be obliging and neighbourly, and I'm no again your looking at the outside of a letter neither—See, the seal has an anchor on't—he's done't wi' ane o' his buttons I'm thinking."

"Shew me! shew me!" quoth the wives of the chief butcher and chief baker; and threw themselves on the supposed love-letter, like the weird sisters in Macbeth upon the pilot's thumb, with curiosity as eager and scarcely less malignant. Mrs Heukbane was a tall woman, she held the epistle up between her eyes and the window. Mrs Shortcake, a little squat personage, strained and stood a tiptoe to have her share of the investigation.

"It's frae him, sure aneugh—I can read Richard Taffril on the corner, and it's written, like John Tamson's wallet, frae end to end."

"Haud it lower down, madam," exclaimed Mrs Shortcake, in a tone above the prudential whisper which their occupation required—"haud it lower down—Div ye think naebody can read hand o' writ but yoursel?"

"Whisht, whisht, sirs, for God's sake!" said Mrs Mailsetter, "there's somebody in the shop,"—then aloud—"Look to the customers, Baby?"

Baby answered from without in a shrill tone—"It's naebody but Jenny Caxon, ma'am, to see if there's ony letters to her."

"Tell her," said the faithful postmistress, winking to her compeers, "to come back the morn at ten o'clock, and I'll let her ken—we have na had time to sort the mail letters yet—she's aye in sic a hurry, as if her letters were o' mair consequence than the best merchant's o' the town."

Poor Jenny, a girl of uncommon beauty and modesty, could only draw her cloak about her to hide the sigh of disappoint-

ment, and return meekly home to endure for another night the sickness of the heart occasioned by hope delayed.

"There's something about a needle and a pole," said Mrs Shortcake, to whom her taller rival in gossiping had at length yielded a peep at the subject of their curiosity.

"Now, that's downright shamefu'," said Mrs Heukbane, "to scorn the poor silly gait of a lassie, after he's keepit company wi' her sae lang, and had his will o' her, as I make nae doubt he has."

"It's but ower muckle to be doubted," echoed Mrs Shortcake;—"to cast up to her that her father's a barber, and has a pole at his door, and that she's but a manty-maker hersel! Fy for shame!"

"Hout, tout, leddies," cried Mrs Mailsetter, "ye're clean wrang—It's a line out o' ane o' his sailors sangs that I have heard him sing, about being true like the needle to the pole."

"Weel, weel, I wish it may be sae—

but it doesna look weel for a lassie like her to keep up a correspondence wi' ane o' the king's officers."

"I'm no denying that," said Mrs Mailsetter; "but it's a great advantage to the revenue of the post-office thae love letters —See, here's five or six letters to Sir Arthur Wardour—maist o' them sealed wi' wafers and no wi' wax—there will be a downcome there, believe me."

"Aye; they will be business letters, and no frae ony o' his grand friends, that seals wi' their coats of arms, as they ca' them," said Mrs Heukbane; "pride will hae a fa'—he hasna settled his account wi' my gudeman, the deacon, for this twalmonth—he's but slink, I doubt."

"Nor wi' huz for sax months," echoed Mrs Shortcake—"He's but a brunt crust."

"There's a letter," interrupted the trusty postmistress, "from his son, the captain, I'm thinking—the seal has the same things wi' the Knockwinnock carriage. He'll be coming hame to see what he can save out o' the fire."

The baronet thus dismissed, they took up the esquire—"Twa letters for Monkbarns—they're frae some o' his learned friends now—See sae close as they're written down to the very seal—and a' to save sending a double letter—that's just like Monkbarns himsel. When he gets a frank he fills it up exact to the weight of an unce, that a carvy-seed would sink the scale—but he's ne'er a grain abune it. Weel I wot I wad be broken if I were to gie sic weight to the folk that come to buy our pepper and brimstone and sweetmeats."

"He's a shabby body the laird o' Monkbarns," said Mrs Heukbane,—"he'll make as muckle about buying a fore quarter o' lamb in August, as about a backsey o' beef. Let's taste another drap o' the sinning—(perhaps she meant *cinnamon*)—waters, Mrs Mailsetter, my dear—Ah! lassies, an' ye had kend his brother as I did—mony a time he wad slip in to see me wi' a brace o' wild deukes in his pouch, when my first

gudeman was awa' at the Falkirk tryst—weel, weel—we'se no speak o' that e'enow."

"I winna say ony ill o' this Monkbarns," said Mrs Shortcake; "his brother ne'er brought me ony wild deukes, and this is a douce honest man—we serve the family wi' bread, and he settles wi' huz ilka week—only he was in an unco kippage when we sent him a book instead o' the *nick-sticks*, whilk, he said, were the true ancient way o' counting between tradesmen and customers, and sae they are, nae doubt."

"But look here, lassies," interrupted Mrs Mailsetter, "here's a sight for sair e'en!—What wad ye gie to ken what's in the inside o' this letter?—this is new corn—I hae nae seen the like o' this—For William Lovel, Esquire, at Mrs Hadoway's, High-street, Fairport, by Edinburgh, N. B. This is just the second letter he has had since he was here."

"Lord's sake, let's see, lass! Lord's sake, let's see!—that's him that the hale town

kens naething about—and a weel-fa'ard lad he is—let's see, let's see." Thus ejaculated the two worthy representatives of mother Eve.

"Na, na, sirs," exclaimed Mrs Mailsetter; "haud awa'—bide aff I tell you—this is nane o' your fourpenny cuts that we might make up the value to the post-office amang ourselves if ony mischance befell it—the postage is five and twenty shillings—and here's an order frae the Secretary to forward it to the young gentleman by express, if he's no at hame. Na, na, sirs, this manna be roughly guided."

"But just let's look at the outside o't, woman."

Nothing could be gathered from the outside, except remarks on the various properties which philosophers ascribe to matter—length, breadth, depth, and weight. The packet was composed of strong thick paper, imperviable by the curious eyes of the gossips, though they stared as if they would burst from their sockets. The seal was a

deep and strong impression of arms, which defied all tampering.

"Odd, lass," said Mrs Shortcake, weighing it in her hand, and wishing, doubtless, that the too, too solid wax would melt and dissolve itself, "I wad like to ken what's in the inside o' this, for that Lovel dings a' that ever set foot on the plainstanes o' Fairport—naebody kens what to make o' him."

"Weel, weel, leddies," said the postmistress, "we'se sit down and crack about it—Baby, bring ben the tea-water—Mickle obliged to ye for your cookies, Mrs Shortcake—and then we'll steek the shop, and cry ben Baby, and take a hand at the cartes till the gudeman comes hame—and then we'll try your braw veal sweet-bread that ye were so kind as send me, Mrs Heukbane."

"But winna ye first send awa' Mr Lovel's letter?" said Mrs Heukbane.

"Troth I kenna wha to send wi't till the gudeman comes hame, for auld Caxon

tell'd me that Mr Lovel stays a' the day at Monkbarns—he's in a high fever wi' pu'ing the laird and Sir Arthur out o' the sea."

"Silly auld doited carles," said Mrs Shortcake; "what gar'd them gang a douking in a night like yestreen?"

"I was gi'en to understand it was auld Edie that saved them," said Mrs Heukbane; "Edie Ochiltree, the Blue-gown, ye ken—and that he pu'd the hale three out of the auld fish pond, for Monkbarns had threepit on them to gang in till't to see the wark o' the monks lang syne."

"Hout, lass, nonsense," answered the postmistress; "I'll tell ye a' about it as Caxon tell't it to me. Ye see, Sir Arthur and Miss Wardour, and Mr Lovel, suld hae dined at Monkbarns"——

"But, Mrs Mailsetter," again interrupted Mrs Heukbane, "will ye no be for sending awa' this letter by express?—there's our poney and our callant hae gane expresses for the office on now, and the po-

ney hasna gane abune thirty mile the day —Jock was sorting him up as I came ower bye."

"Why, Mrs Heukbane," said the woman of letters, pursing up her mouth, "ye ken my gudeman likes to ride the expresses himsel—we maun gie our ain fish-guts to our ain sea-maws—it's a red half-guinea to him every time he mounts his mare—and I dare say he'll be in sune—or I dare to say, it's the same thing whether the gentleman gets the express this night or early next morning."

"Only that Mr Lovel will be in town before the express goes off," said Mrs Heukbane, "and whare are ye then, lass?—but ye ken yere ain ways best."

"Weel, weel, Mrs Heukbane," answered Mrs Mailsetter, a little out of humour, and even out of countenance, "I am sure I am never against being neighbour-like, and living, and letting live, as they say, and since I hae been sic a fule as to show you the post-office order—ou, nae doubt, it

maun be obeyed—but I'll no need your callant, mony thanks to ye—I'll send little Davie on your poney, and that will be just five-and-threepence to ilka yane o' us."

"Davie! Lord help ye, the bairn's no ten year auld; and to be plain wi' ye, our poney reists a bit, and it's dooms sweer to the road, and naebody can manage him but our Jock."

"I'm sorry for that," answered the post-mistress gravely, "it's like we maun wait then till the gudeman comes hame, after a'—for I wadna like to be responsible in trusting the letter to sic a callant as Jock—our Davie belangs in a manner to the office."

"Aweel, weel, Mrs Mailsetter, I see what ye wad be at—but an ye like to risk the bairn, I'll risk the beast."

Orders were accordingly given. The unwilling poney was brought out of his bed of straw, and again equipped for service—Davie (a leathern post-bag strapped across his shoulders) was perched upon the saddle,

with a tear in his eye, and a switch in his hand. Jock good-naturedly led the animal out of the town, and, by the crack of his whip, and the hoop and halloo of his too well-known voice, compelled it to take the road towards Monkbarns.

Meanwhile the gossips, like the sybils after consulting their leaves, arranged and combined the information of the evening, which flew next morning through an hundred channels, and in an hundred varieties, through the world of Fairport. Many, strange, and inconsistent, were the rumours to which their communications and conjectures gave rise. Some said Tennant and Co. were broken, and that all their bills had come back protested—others that they had got a great contract from government, and letters from the principal merchants at Glasgow, desiring to have shares upon a premium. One report stated that Lieutenant Taffril had acknowledged a private marriage with Jenny Caxon—another that he had sent her a letter, upbraiding her

with the lowness of her birth and education, and bidding her an eternal adieu. It was generally reported that Sir Arthur Wardour's affairs had fallen into irretrievable confusion, and this rumour was only doubted by the wise, because the report was traced to Mrs Mailsetter's shop, a source more famous for the circulation of news than for their accuracy. But all agreed that a packet from the Secretary of State's office had arrived, directed for Mr Lovel, and had been forwarded by an orderly dragoon, dispatched from the head-quarters at Edinburgh, who had galloped through Fairport without stopping, except just to enquire the way to Monkbarns. The reason of such an extraordinary mission to a very peaceful and retired individual, was variously explained. Some said Lovel was an emigrant noble, summoned to head an insurrection that had broken out in La Vendee—others that he was a spy—others that he was a general officer, who was vi-

siting the coast privately—others that he was a prince of the blood, who was travelling *incognito*.

Meanwhile the progress of the packet, which occasioned such speculation, towards its destined owner at Monkbarns, had been perilous and interrupted. The bearer, Davie Mailsetter, as little resembling a bold dragoon as could well be imagined, was carried onwards towards Monkbarns by the poney, so long as the animal had in its recollection the crack of its usual instrument of chastisement, and the shout of the butcher's boy. But feeling how Davie, whose short legs were unequal to maintain his balance, swung to and fro upon his back, the poney began to disdain further compliance with the intimations he had received. First, then, he slackened his pace to a walk. This was no point of quarrel between him and his rider, who had been considerably discomposed by the rapidity of his former motion, and who now took the opportunity of his abated pace to gnaw a piece of gingerbread,

which had been thrust into his hand by his mother, in order to reconcile this youthful emissary of the post-office to the discharge of his duty. Bye and bye the crafty poney availed himself of this surcease of discipline to twitch the rein out of Davie's hands, and apply himself to brouze on the grass by the side of the lane. Sorely astounded by these symptoms of self-willed rebellion, and afraid alike to sit or to fall, poor Davie lifted up his voice and wept aloud. The poney, hearing this pudder over his head, began apparently to think it would be best both for himself and Davie to return from whence they came, and accordingly commenced a retrograde movement towards Fairport. But, as all retreats are apt to end in utter rout, so the steed, alarmed by the boy's cries, and by the flapping of the reins, which dangled about his forefeet—finding also his nose turned homeward, began to set off at a rate which, if Davie kept the saddle, (a matter extremely dubious) would soon have presented him at Heukbane's

stable door, when, at a turn of the road, an intervening auxiliary, in the shape of old Edie Ochiltree, caught hold of the rein, and stopped his farther proceeding. "Wha's aught ye, callant? what an a gate's that to ride?"

"I canna help it!—they ca' me little Davie."

"And where are ye gaun?"

"I'm gaun to Monkbarns."

"Stirra, this is no the road to Monkbarns."

But Davie could only answer the expostulation with sighs and tears.

Old Edie was easily moved to compassion where childhood was in the case. "I wasna gaun that gate," he thought, "but it's the best o' my way o' life that I canna be weel out o' my road. They'll gie me quarters at Monkbarns readily aneugh, and I'll e'en hirple awa' there wi' the wean, for it will knock it's harns out, puir thing, if there's no somebody to guide the poney. —Sae ye hae a letter, hinney? will ye let me see't?"

"I'm no gaun to let naebody see the letter," blubbered the boy, "till I gie't to Mr Neville, for I am a faithfu' servant o' the office—if it were na for the poney."

"Very right, my little man," said Ochiltree, turning the reluctant poney's head towards Monkbarns, "but we'll guide him atween us, if he's no a' the sweerer."

Upon the very height of Kinprunes, to which Monkbarns had invited Lovel after their dinner, the Antiquary, once more reconciled to the once-degraded spot, was expatiating upon the topics the scenery afforded for a description of Agricola's camp at the dawn of morning, when his eye was caught by the appearance of the mendicant and his protegé. "What the devil!—here comes old Edie, bag and baggage, I think."

The beggar explained his errand, and Davie, who insisted upon a literal execution of his commission by going on to Monkbarns, was with difficulty prevailed upon to surrender the packet to its pro-

per owner, although he met him a mile nearer than the place he had been directed to. "But my minnie said, I maun be sure to get twenty shillings and five shillings for the postage, and ten shillings and sixpence for the express—there's the paper."

"Let me see—let me see," said Oldbuck, putting on his spectacles, and examining the crumpled copy of regulations to which Davie appealed. "Express, per man and horse, one day, not to exceed ten shillings and sixpence.—One day? why, it's not an hour——Man and horse? why, 'tis a monkey on a starved cat!"

"Father wad hae come himsel," said Davie, "on the muckle red mare, an ye wad hae bidden till the morn's night."

"Four-and-twenty hours after the regular date of delivery!—You little cockatrice egg, do you understand the art of imposition so early?"

"Hout, Monkbarns, dinna set your wit against a bairn," said the beggar; "mind

"Do so, do so, Edie;" and, rummaging for some time in his huge waistcoat pocket till he found the object of his search, the Antiquary added, "there's sixpence to ye to buy sneeshin."

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

Red glared the beacon on Pownell,
On Skiddaw there were three;
The bugle-horn on moor and fell
Was heard continually.

JAMES HOGG.

THE watch, who kept his watch on the hill, and looked toward Birnam, probably conceived himself dreaming when he first beheld the fated grove put itself into motion for its march to Dunsinane. Even so, old Caxon, as, perched in his hut, he qualified his thoughts upon the approaching marriage of his daughter, and the dignity of being father-in-law to Lieutenant Taffril, with an occasional peep towards the signal-post, with which his own corresponded, was not a little surprised by ob-

serving a light in that direction. He rubbed his eyes, looked again, adjusting his observation by a cross staff which had been placed so as to bear upon the point. And behold, the light increased, like a comet to the eye of the astronomer, "with fear of change perplexing nations."

"The Lord preserve us!" said Caxon, "what's to be done now?—But there will be wiser heads than mine to look to that, sae I'se e'en fire the beacon."

And he lighted the beacon accordingly, which threw up to the sky a long wavering train of light, startling the sea-fowl from their nests, and reflected far beneath by the reddening billows of the sea. The brother warders of Caxon being equally diligent, caught and repeated his signal. The lights glanced on headlands and capes and inland hills, and the whole district was alarmed by the signal of invasion.

Our Antiquary, his head wrapped warm in two double night-caps, was quietly enjoying his repose, when it was suddenly

broken by the screams of his sister, his niece, and two maid-servants.

"What the devil is the matter?" said he, starting up in his bed,—"womankind in my room at this hour of night!—are ye all mad?"

"The beacon, uncle," said Miss M'Intyre——

"The French coming to murder us!" screamed Miss Griselda.

"The beacon, the beacon!—the French, the French!—murder, murder! and waur than murder!" cried the two handmaidens like the chorus of an opera.

"The French?" said Oldbuck, starting up,—"get out of the room, womankind that you are, till I get my things on—And, hark ye, bring me my sword."

"Whilk o' them, Monkbarns?" cried his sister, offering a Roman faulchion of brass with the one hand, with the other an Andrea Ferrara without a handle.

"The langest, the langest," cried Jen-

ny Rintherout, dragging in a two-handed sword of the twelfth century.

"Womankind," said Oldbuck, in great agitation, "be composed, and do not give way to vain terror—Are you sure they are come?"

"Sure!—sure!" exclaimed Jenny,—"ower sure!—a' the sea fencibles, and the land fencibles, and the volunteers and yeomanry, are on fit, and driving to Fairport as hard as horse and man can gang—and auld Mucklebacket's gane wi' the lave—muckle gude he'll do!—Hegh, sirs! he'll be missed the morn wha wad hae served king and country weel!"

"Give me," said Oldbuck, "the sword which my father wore in the year forty-five—it hath no belt or baldrick—but we'll make shift."

So saying, he thrust the weapon through the cover of his breeches pocket. At this moment Hector entered, who had been to a neighbouring height to ascertain whether the alarm was actual.

"Where are your arms, nephew?" exclaimed Oldbuck—"where is your double-barrelled gun that was never out of your hand when there was no occasion for such vanities?"

"Pooh! pooh! sir," said Hector, "who ever took a fowling-piece on action?—I have got my uniform on, you see—I hope I will be of more use if they will give me a command, than I could be with ten double barrels.—And you, sir, must get to Fairport, to give directions for the quartering and maintaining the men and horses, and preventing confusion."

"You are right, Hector,—I believe I shall do as much with my head as my hand too—But here comes Sir Arthur Wardour, who, between ourselves, is not fit to accomplish much either one way or other."

Sir Arthur was probably of a different opinion; for, dressed in his lieutenancy uniform, he was also on the road to Fairport, and called in his way to take Mr Oldbuck with him, having had his origi-

nal opinion of his sagacity much confirmed by late events. And in spite of all the entreaties of the womankind that the Antiquary would stay to garrison Monkbarns, Mr Oldbuck, with his nephew, instantly accepted Sir Arthur's offer.

Those who have witnessed such a scene can alone conceive the state of bustle in Fairport. The windows were glancing with a hundred lights, which, appearing and disappearing rapidly, indicated the confusion within doors. The women of lower rank assembled and clamoured in the streets. The yeomanry, pouring from their different glens, galloped through the streets, some individually, some in parties of five or six as they had met on the road. The drums and fifes of the volunteers beating to arms, were blended with the voice of the officers, the sound of the bugles, and the tolling of the bells from the steeple. The ships in the harbour were lit up, and boats from the armed vessels added to the bustle, by landing

men and guns, destined to assist in the defence of the place. This part of the preparations was superintended by Taffril with much activity. Two or three light vessels had already slipped their cables and stood out to sea, in order to discover the supposed enemy.

Such was the scene of general confusion, when Sir Arthur Wardour, Oldbuck, and Hector made their way with difficulty into the principal square, where the town-house is situated. It was lighted up, and the magistracy, with some of the neighbouring gentlemen, were assembled. And here, as upon other occasions of the like kind in Scotland, it was remarkable how the good sense and firmness of the people supplied almost all the deficiencies of inexperience. The magistrates were beset by the quarter-masters of the different corps for billets for their men and horses.

"Let us," said Baillie Littlejohn, "take the horses into our warehouses, and the men into our parlours,—share our supper

with the one, and our forage with the other. We have made ourselves wealthy under a free and paternal government, and now is the time to shew we know its value."

A loud and cheerful acquiescence was given by all present, and the substance of the wealthy, with the persons of those of all ranks, were unanimously devoted to the defence of the country.

Captain M'Intyre acted upon this occasion as military adviser and aid-de-camp to the principal magistrate, and displayed a degree of presence of mind, and knowledge of his profession, totally unexpected by his uncle, who, recollecting his usual *insouciance* and impetuosity, gazed at him with astonishment from time to time, as he remarked the calm and steady manner in which he explained the various measures of precaution that his experience suggested, and gave directions for executing them. He found the different corps in good order, considering the irregular ma-

terials of which they were composed, in great force of numbers, and high confidence and spirits. And so much did military experience at that moment overbalance all other claims to consequence, that even old Edie, instead of being left, like Diogenes at Sinope, to roll his tub when all around were preparing for defence, had the duty assigned him of superintending the serving out of ammunition, which he executed with much discretion.

Two things were still anxiously expected—the presence of the Glenallan volunteers, who, in consideration of the importance of that family, had been formed into a separate corps,—and the arrival of the officer before announced, to whom the measures of defence on that coast had been committed by the commander-in-chief, and whose commission would entitle him to take upon himself the full disposal of the military force.

At length the bugles of the Glenallan yeomanry were heard, and the Earl him-

self, to the surprise of all who knew his habits and state of health, appeared at their head in uniform. They formed a very handsome and well-mounted squadron, formed entirely out of the Earl's lowland tenants, and were followed by a regiment of five hundred men, completely equipped with the Highland dress, whom he had brought down from the upland glens, with their pipes playing in the van. The clean and serviceable appearance of this band of feudal dependants called forth the admiration of Captain M'Intyre; but his uncle was still more struck by the manner in which, upon this crisis, the ancient military spirit of his house seemed to animate and invigorate the decayed frame of the Earl, their leader. He claimed, and obtained for himself and his followers, the post most likely to be that of danger, displayed great alacrity in making the necessary dispositions, and shewed equal acuteness in discussing their propriety. Morning broke in upon the military councils of

Fairport, while all concerned were still eagerly engaged in taking precautions for their defence.

At length a cry among the people announced, "There's the brave Major Neville come at last, with another officer;" and their post-chaise and four drove into the square, amidst the huzzas of the volunteers and inhabitants. The magistrates, with their assessors of the lieutenancy, hastened to the door of their town-house to receive him; but what was the surprise of all present, but most especially that of the Antiquary, when they became aware, that the handsome uniform and military cap disclosed the person and features of the pacific Lovel! A warm embrace, and a hearty shake of the hand, were necessary to assure him that his eyes were doing him justice. Sir Arthur was no less surprised to recognise his son, Captain Wardour, in Lovel's, or rather Major Neville's company. The first words of the young officers were a positive assurance to all

present, that the courage and zeal which they had displayed were entirely thrown away, unless in so far as they afforded an acceptable proof of their spirit and promptitude.

"The watchman at Halket-head," said Major Neville, "as we discovered by an investigation which we made in our route hither, was most naturally misled by a bonfire which some idle people had made on the hill above Glenwithershins, just in the line of the beacon with which his corresponded."

Oldbuck gave a conscious look to Sir Arthur, who returned it with one equally sheepish, and a shrug of the shoulders.

"It must have been the machinery which we condemned to the flames in our wrath," said the Antiquary, plucking up heart, though not a little ashamed of having been the cause of so much disturbance—"the devil take Dousterswivel with all my heart!—I think he has bequeathed us a legacy of blunders and mischief, as if

he had lighted some train of fireworks at his departure—I wonder what cracker will go off next among our shins.—But yonder comes the prudent Caxon.—Hold up your head, you ass—your betters must bear the blame for you—And here, take this what-d'ye-call-it"—(giving him his sword)—"I wonder what I would have said yesterday to any man, that would have told me I was to stick such an appendage to my tail."

Here he found his arm gently pressed by Lord Glenallan, who dragged him into a separate apartment. "For God's sake, who is that young gentleman who is so strikingly like"——

"Like the unfortunate Eveline," interrupted Oldbuck. "I felt my heart warm to him from the first, and your Lordship has suggested the very cause."

"But who—who is he?" continued Lord Glenallan, holding the Antiquary with a convulsive grasp.

"Formerly, I would have called him

Lovel, but now he turns out to be Major Neville."

"Whom my brother brought up as his natural son—whom he made his heir—Gracious Heaven! the child of my Eveline!"

"Hold, my Lord—hold!" said Oldbuck, "do not give too hasty way to such a presumption—what probability is there?"

"Probability? none! There is certainty! absolute certainty. The agent I mentioned to you wrote me the whole story—I received it yesterday, not sooner—Bring him, for God's sake, that a father's eyes may bless him before he departs."

"I will; but, for your own sake and his, give him a few minutes for preparation."

And, determined to make still farther investigation before yielding his entire conviction to so strange a tale, he sought out Major Neville, and found him expediting the necessary measures for dispersing the force which had been assembled.

"Pray, Major Neville, leave this business for a moment to Captain Wardour and to Hector, with whom, I hope, you are thoroughly reconciled, (Neville laughed, and shook hands with Hector acros the table,) and grant me a moment's audience."

"You have a claim on me, Mr Oldbuck, were my business more urgent," said Neville, "for having passed myself upon you under a false name, and rewarded your hospitality by injuring your nephew."

"You served him as he deserved"—said Oldbuck; "though, by the way, he shewed as much good sense as spirit to-day—Egad, if he would rub up his learning and read Cæsar and Polybius, and the *Stratagemata Polyæni*, I think he would rise in the army, and I will certainly lend him a lift."

"He is heartily deserving of it," said Neville; "and I am glad you excuse me, which you may do the more frankly, when

you know that I am so unfortunate as to have no better right to the name of Neville, by which I have been generally distinguished, than to that of Lovel, under which you knew me."

"Indeed! then, I trust, we shall find out one for you to which you shall have a firm and legal title."

"Sir! I trust you do not think the misfortune of my birth a fit subject"——

"By no means, young man," answered the Antiquary, interrupting him,—"I believe I know more of your birth than you do yourself—and, to convince you of it, you were educated and known as a natural son of Geraldin Neville of Neville's-burgh, in Yorkshire, and, I presume, as his destined heir?"

"Pardon me—no such views were held out to me; I was liberally educated, and pushed forward in the army by money and interest; but I believe my supposed father long entertained some ideas of marriage, though he never carried them into effect."

"You say your *supposed* father?—What leads you to suppose Mr Geraldin Neville was not your real father?"

"I know, Mr Oldbuck, that you would not ask these questions on a point of such delicacy for the gratification of idle curiosity. I will, therefore, tell you candidly, that last year, while we occupied a small town in French-Flanders, I found in a convent, near which I was quartered, a woman who spoke remarkably good English—She was a Spaniard—her name Teresa D'Acunha. In the process of our acquaintance, she discovered who I was, and made herself known to me as the person who had charge of my infancy. She dropped more than one hint of rank to which I was entitled, and of injustice done to me, promising a more full disclosure in case of the death of a lady in Scotland, during whose lifetime she was determined to keep the secret. She also intimated that Mr Geraldin Neville was not my father. We were attacked by the enemy and driven from the

town, which was pillaged with savage ferocity by the republicans. The religious orders were the particular objects of their hate and cruelty. The convent was burned, and several nuns perished, among others Teresa—and with her all chance of knowing the story of my birth—tragic by all accounts it must have been."

"*Raro antecedentem scelestum*, or, as I may here say, *scelestam*," said Oldbuck, "*deseruit pœna*—even Epicureans admitted that—and what did you do upon this?"

"I remonstrated with Mr Neville by letter, and to no purpose—I then obtained leave of absence, and threw myself at his feet, conjuring him to complete the disclosure which Teresa had begun. He refused, and, on my importunity, indignantly upbraided me with the favours he had already conferred; I thought he abused the power of a benefactor, as he was compelled to admit he had no title to that of a father, and we parted in mutual dis-

pleasure. I renounced the name of Neville, and assumed that under which you knew me.—It was at this time, when residing with a friend in the north of England who favoured my disguise, that I became acquainted with Miss Wardour, and was romantic enough to follow her to Scotland. My mind wavered on various plans of life, when I resolved to apply once more to Mr Neville for an explanation of the mystery of my birth. It was long ere I received an answer; you was present when it was put into my hands. He informed me of his bad state of health, and conjured me, for my own sake, to enquire no farther into the nature of his connection with me, but to rest satisfied with his declaring it to be such and so intimate, that he designed to constitute me his heir. When I was preparing to leave Fairport to join him, a second express brought me word that he was no more. The possession of great wealth was unable to suppress the remorseful feelings with which I now re-

garded my conduct to my benefactor, and some hints in his letter appearing to intimate that there was on my birth a deeper stain than that of ordinary illegitimacy, I remembered certain prejudices of Sir Arthur."

"And you brooded over these melancholy ideas until you were ill, instead of coming to me for advice, and telling me the whole story?" said Oldbuck.

"Exactly; then came my quarrel with Captain M'Intyre, and my compelled departure from Fairport and its vicinity."

"From love and from poetry — Miss Wardour and the Caledoniad."

"Most true."

"And since that time you have been occupied, I suppose, with plans for Sir Arthur's relief?"

"Yes, sir; with the assistance of Captain Wardour at Edinburgh."

"And Edie Ochiltree here—you see I know the whole story. But how came you by this treasure?"

"It was a quantity of plate which had belonged to my uncle, and was left in the custody of a person at Fairport. Sometime before his death he had sent orders that it should be melted down. He perhaps did not wish me to see the Glenallan arms upon it."

"Well, Major Neville, or—let me say—Lovel, being the name in which I rather delight, you must, I believe, exchange both of your *alias's* for the stile and title of the honourable William Geraldin, commonly called Lord Geraldin."

The Antiquary then went through the strange and melancholy circumstances concerning his mother's death.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that your uncle wished the report to be believed, that the child of this unhappy marriage was no more—perhaps he might himself have an eye to the inheritance of his brother—he was then a gay wild young man—But of all intentions against your person, however much the evil conscience

of Elspeth might lead her to suspect him from the agitation in which he appeared, Teresa's story and your own fully acquit him. And now, my dear sir, let me have the pleasure of introducing a son to a father."

We will not attempt to describe such a meeting. The proofs on all sides were found to be complete, for Mr Neville had left a distinct account of the whole transaction with his confidential steward in a sealed packet, which was not to be opened until the death of the old Countess; his motive for preserving secrecy so long appearing to have been an apprehension of the effect which the discovery, fraught with so much disgrace, must necessarily produce upon her haughty and violent temper.

In the evening of that day, the yeomanry and volunteers of Glenallan drank prosperity to their young master. In a month afterwards, Lord Geraldin was married to Miss Wardour, the Antiquary ma-

king the lady a present of the wedding ring, a massy circle of antique chasing, bearing the motto of Aldobrand Oldenbuck, *Kunst macht gunst*.

Old Edie, the most important man that ever wore a blue gown, bowls away easily from one friend's house to another, and boasts that he never travels unless on a sunny day. Latterly, indeed, he has given some symptoms of becoming stationary, being frequently found in the corner of a snug cottage between Monkbarns and Knockwinnock, to which Caxon retreated upon his daughter's marriage, in order to be in the neighbourhood of the three parochial wigs, which he continues to keep in repair, though only for amusement. Edie has been heard to say, "This is a gay bean place, and it's a comfort to hae sic a corner to sit in in a bad day."

It is thought, as he grows stiffer in the joints, he will finally settle there.

The bounty of such wealthy patrons as Lord and Lady Geraldin flowed copiously

upon Mrs Hadoway and upon the Mucklebackets. By the former it was well employed, by the latter wasted. They continue, however, to receive it, but under the administration of Edie Ochiltree; and they do not accept it without grumbling at the channel through which it is conveyed.

Hector is rising rapidly in the army, and has been more than once mentioned in the Gazette, and rises proportionally high in his uncle's favour. And, what scarcely pleases the young soldier less, he has also shot two seals, and thus put an end to the Antiquary's perpetual harping upon the story of the Phoca. People talk of a marriage between Miss M'Intyre and Captain Wardour, but this wants confirmation.

The Antiquary is a frequent visitor at Knockwinnock and Glenallan-house, ostensibly for the sake of completing two essays, one on the mail-shirt of the Great Earl, and the other on the left-hand gauntlet of Hell-in-Harness. He regular-

ly enquires whether Lord Geraldin has commenced the Caledoniad, and shakes his head at the answers he receives. *En attendant*, however, he has completed his notes, which, we believe, will be at the service of any one who chuses to make them public, without risk or expence to THE ANTIQUARY.

# GLOSSARY.

[The following Glossary, it is hoped, will be found to contain all, or very nearly all, the Scottish words requiring explanation in the Novels of Waverley, Guy Mannering, and the Antiquary. It must be premised, however, that the explanations here hazarded, are not intended to embrace *all* the various senses in which the words defined may be understood; but to convey that sense, or those senses, only, in which they are used in those three works. For example; the word CANNY, according to Dr Jamieson, is used in no fewer than *eighteen* different senses; but, in the following Glossary, we have only ascribed to it *four* of these senses, because it is in these four only, that the word is used in the works in question.

There are many Scottish words which we conceive to require no explanation; because they differ from the corresponding English words merely in the spelling. Thus, such words as *ain*, *nane*, *a'*, &c. are so obvious in their meaning, that it appeared altogether unnecessary to explain them by the words *own*, *none*, *all*, &c. But all those words, the meaning of which is difficult, and is not rendered clear by the context, we believe will be found in this Glossary.]

## A.

*Afterhend.* Afterwards.

*Aiblins.* Perhaps.

*Aits.* Oats.

*Anentz.* Respecting.

*Auld-warld.* Old-fashioned, antique.

*Aweel.* Well.

*A'wheen.* A collection, number of. *A wheen bonny lasses.*

*Atmous.* Alms.

*Awcilzie.* Acquit.