

CHAPTER LXVI.

“Now is Cupid a child of conscience—he makes restitution.”—
SHAKSPEARE.

MR. DUNCAN MACWHEELIE, no longer Commissary or Bailie, though still enjoying the empty name of the latter dignity, had escaped proscription by an early secession from the insurgent party, and by his insignificance.

Edward found him in his office, immersed among papers and accounts. Before him was a large bicker of oatmeal-porridge, and at the side thereof a hornspoon and a bottle of two-penny. Eagerly running his eye over a voluminous law-paper, he from time to time shovelled an immense spoonful of these nutritive viands into his capacious mouth. A pot-bellied Dutch bottle of brandy which stood by, intimated either that this honest limb of the law had taken his *morning* already, or that he meant to season his porridge with such digestive; or perhaps both circumstances might reasonably be inferred. His night-cap and morning-gown had whilome been of tartan, but, equally cautious and frugal, the honest Bailie had got them dyed black, lest their original ill-omened colour might remind his visitors of his unlucky excursion to Derby. To sum up the picture, his face was daubed with snuff up to the eyes, and his fingers with ink up to the knuckles. He looked dubiously at Waverley as he approached the little green rail which fenced his desk and stool from the approach of the vulgar. Nothing could give the Bailie more annoyance than the idea of his acquaintance being claimed by any of the unfortunate gentlemen who were now so much more likely to need assistance than to afford profit. But this was the rich young Englishman—who knew what might be his situation?—he was the Baron's friend too—what was to be done?

While these reflections gave an air of absurd perplexity to the poor man's visage, Waverley, reflecting on the communication he was about to make to him, of a nature so ridiculously contrasted with the appearance of the individual, could not help bursting out a-laughing, as he checked the propensity to exclaim, with Syphax—

“Cato's a proper person to intrust
A love-tale with.”

As Mr. Macwheele had no idea of any person laughing heartily who was either encircled by peril or oppressed by poverty, the hilarity of Edward's countenance greatly relieved the embarrass-

ment of his own, and, giving him a tolerably hearty welcome to Little Veolan, he asked what he would choose for breakfast. His visitor had, in the first place, something for his private ear, and begged leave to bolt the door. Duncan by no means liked this precaution, which savoured of danger to be apprehended; but he could not now draw back.

Convinced he might trust this man, as he could make it his interest to be faithful, Edward communicated his present situation and future schemes to Macwheeble. The wily agent listened with apprehension when he found Waverley was still in a state of proscription—was somewhat comforted by learning that he had a passport—rubbed his hands with glee when he mentioned the amount of his present fortune—opened huge eyes when he heard the brilliancy of his future expectations—but when he expressed his intention to share them with Miss Rose Bradwardine, ecstasy had almost deprived the honest man of his senses. The Bailie started from his three-footed stool like the Pythoness from her tripod; flung his best wig out of the window, because the block on which it was placed stood in the way of his career; chucked his cap to the ceiling, caught it as it fell; whistled Tullochgorum; danced a highland fling with inimitable grace and agility; and then threw himself exhausted into a chair, exclaiming, “Lady Waverley!—ten thousand a-year, the least penny!—Lord preserve my poor understanding!”—

“Amen, with all my heart,” said Waverley; “but now, Mr. Macwheeble, let us proceed to business.” This word had a somewhat sedative effect, but the Bailie’s head, as he expressed himself, was still “in the bees.” He mended his pen, however, marked half a dozen sheets of paper with an ample marginal fold, whipped down Dallas of St. Martin’s Styles from a shelf where that venerable work roosted with Stair’s Institutions, Dirleton’s Doubts, Balour’s Practiques, and a parcel of old account-books—opened the volume at the article Contract of Marriage, and prepared to make what he called a “sma’ minute, to prevent parties frae resiling.”

With some difficulty, Waverley made him comprehend that he was going a little too fast. He explained to him that he should want his assistance, in the first place, to make his residence safe for the time, by writing to the officer at Tully-Veolan, that Mr. Stanley, an English gentleman, nearly related to Colonel Talbot, was upon a visit of business at Mr. Macwheeble’s, and, knowing the state of the country, had sent his passport for Captain Foster’s inspection. This produced a polite answer from the officer, with an invitation to Mr. Stanley to dine with him, which

was declined (as may easily be supposed), under pretence of business.

Waverley's next request was, that Mr. Macwheeble would dispatch a man and horse to —, the post-town at which Colonel Talbot was to address him, with directions to wait there until the post should bring a letter for Mr. Stanley, and then to forward it to Little Veolan with all speed. In a moment, the Bailie was in search of his apprentice (or servitor, as he was called Sixty Years since), Jock Scriver, and in not much greater space of time Jock was on the back of the white pony.

"Tak care ye gri'e him weel, sir, for he's aye been short in the wind since—ahem—Lord be gude to me! (in a low voice) I was gaun to come out wi'—since I rode whip and spur to fetch the Chevalier to redd Mr. Wauverley and Vich Ian Vohr; and an uncanny coup I gat for my pains.—Lord forgie your honour! I might hae broken my neck—but troth it was in a venture, mae ways nor ane; but this maks amends for a'. Lady Wauverley!—ten thousand a-year!—Lord be gude unto me!"

"But you forget, Mr. Macwheeble, we want the Baron's consent—the lady's—"

"Never fear, I'se be caution for them—I'se gie you my personal warrandice—ten thousand a-year! it dings Balmawhapple out and out—a year's rent's worth a' Balmawhapple, fee and life-rent! Lord make us thankful!"

To turn the current of his feelings, Edward inquired if he had heard anything lately of the Chieftain of Glennaquoich?

"Not one word," answered Macwheeble, "but that he was still in Carlisle Castle, and was soon to be panelled for his life. I dinna wish the young gentleman ill," he said, "but I hope that they that hae got him will keep him, and no let him back to this Hieland border to plague us wi' black-mail, and a' manner o' violent, wrongous, and masterfu' oppression and spoliation, both by himself and others of his causing, sending, and hounding out; and he couldna tak care o' the siller when he had gotten it neither, but flung it a' into yon idle quean's lap at Edinburgh—but light come light gane. For my part, I never wish to see a kilt in the country again, nor a red-coat, nor a gun, for that matter, unless it were to shoot a patrick:—they're a' tarr'd wi' ae stick. And when they have done ye wrang, even when ye hae gotten decreet of spuilzie, oppression, and violent profits against them, what better are ye?—they hae na a plack to pay ye; ye need never extract it."

With such discourse, and the intervening topics of business, the time passed until dinner, Macwheeble meanwhile promising to devise some mode of introducing Edward at the Duchran, where

Rose at present resided, without risk of danger or suspicion ; which seemed no very easy task, since the laird was a very zealous friend to Government.—The poultry-yard had been laid under requisition, and cockyleeky and Scotch collops soon reeked in the Bailie's little parlour. The landlord's corkscrew was just introduced into the muzzle of a pint bottle of claret (cribbed possibly from the cellars of Tully-Veolan), when the sight of the grey pony, passing the window at full trot, induced the Bailie, but with due precaution, to place it aside for the moment. Enter Jock Scriver with a packet for Mr. Stanley : it is Colonel Talbot's seal ; and Edward's fingers tremble as he undoes it. Two official papers, folded, signed, and sealed in all formality, drop out. They were hastily picked up by the Bailie, who had a natural respect for everything resembling a deed, and, glancing slyly on their titles, his eyes, or rather spectacles, are greeted with "Protection by his Royal Highness to the person of Cosmo Comyne Bradwardine, Esq., of that ilk, commonly called Baron of Bradwardine, forfeited for his accession to the late rebellion." The other proves to be a protection of the same tenor in favour of Edward Waverley, Esq. Colonel Talbot's letter was in these words:—

"MY DEAR EDWARD,

"I am just arrived here, and yet I have finished my business ; it has cost me some trouble though, as you shall hear. I waited upon his Royal Highness immediately on my arrival, and found him in no very good humour for my purpose. Three or four Scotch gentlemen were just leaving his levee. After he had expressed himself to me very courteously ; 'Would you think it,' he said, 'Talbot ? here have been half a dozen of the most respectable gentlemen, and best friends to Government north of the Forth, Major Melville of Cairnvreckan, Rubrick of Duchran, and others, who have fairly wrung from me, by their downright importunity, a present protection, and the promise of a future pardon, for that stubborn old rebel whom they call Baron of Bradwardine. They allege that his high personal character, and the clemency which he showed to such of our people as fell into the rebels' hands, should weigh in his favour ; especially as the loss of his estate is likely to be a severe enough punishment. Rubrick has undertaken to keep him at his own house till things are settled in the country ; but it's a little hard to be forced in a manner to pardon such a mortal enemy to the House of Brunswick.' This was no favourable moment for opening my business ; however, I said I was rejoiced to learn that his Royal Highness was in the course of granting such requests, as it emboldened me to present one of the like nature in my own name. He was very angry, but I persisted ; I

mentioned the uniform support of our three votes in the house, touched modestly on services abroad, though valuable only in his Royal Highness's having been pleased kindly to accept them, and founded pretty strongly on his own expressions of friendship and good-will. He was embarrassed, but obstinate. I hinted the policy of detaching, on all future occasions, the heir of such a fortune as your uncle's from the machinations of the disaffected. But I made no impression. I mentioned the obligations which I lay under to Sir Everard, and to you personally, and claimed, as the sole reward of my services, that he would be pleased to afford me the means of evincing my gratitude. I perceived that he still meditated a refusal, and, taking my commission from my pocket, I said (as a last resource), that as his Royal Highness did not, under these pressing circumstances, think me worthy of a favour which he had not scrupled to grant to other gentlemen, whose services I could hardly judge more important than my own, I must beg leave to deposit, with all humility, my commission in his Royal Highness's hands, and to retire from the service. He was not prepared for this; he told me to take up my commission; said some handsome things of my services, and granted my request. You are therefore once more a free man, and I have promised for you that you will be a good boy in future, and remember what you owe to the lenity of Government. Thus you see *my* prince can be as generous as *yours*. I do not pretend, indeed, that he confers a favour with all the foreign graces and compliments of your Chevalier errant; but he has a plain English manner, and the evident reluctance with which he grants your request, indicates the sacrifice which he makes of his own inclination to your wishes. My friend, the adjutant-general, has procured me a duplicate of the Baron's protection (the original being in Major Melville's possession), which I send to you, as I know that if you can find him you will have pleasure in being the first to communicate the joyful intelligence. He will of course repair to the Duchran without loss of time, there to ride quarantine for a few weeks. As for you, I give you leave to escort him thither, and to stay a week there, as I understand a certain fair lady is in that quarter. And I have the pleasure to tell you, that whatever progress you can make in her good graces will be highly agreeable to Sir Everard and Mrs. Rachel, who will never believe your views and prospects settled, and the three ermine^s passant in actual safety, until you present them with a Mrs. Edward Waverley. Now, certain love affairs of my own—a good many years since—interrupted some measures which were then proposed in favour of the three ermine^s passant; so I am bound in honour to make them amends. Therefore make

good use of your time, for, when your week is expired, it will be necessary that you go to London to plead your pardon in the law courts.

“Ever, dear Waverley, yours most truly,
“PHILIP TALBOT.”

CHAPTER LXVII.

Happy's the wooing
That's not long a-doing.

WHEN the first rapturous sensation occasioned by these excellent tidings had somewhat subsided, Edward proposed instantly to go down to the glen to acquaint the Baron with their import. But the cautious Bailie justly observed, that if the Baron were to appear instantly in public, the tenantry and villagers might become riotous in expressing their joy, and give offence to “the powers that be,” a sort of persons for whom the Bailie always had unlimited respect. He therefore proposed that Mr. Waverley should go to Janet Gellatley's, and bring the Baron up under cloud of night to Little Veolan, where he might once more enjoy the luxury of a good bed. In the meanwhile, he said, he himself would go to Captain Foster, and show him the Baron's protection, and obtain his countenance for harbouring him that night, and he would have horses ready on the morrow to set him on his way to the Duchran along with Mr. Stanley, “whilk denomination, I apprehend, your honour will for the present retain,” said the Bailie.

Certainly, Mr. Macwheeble; but will you not go down to the glen yourself in the evening to meet your patron?”

“That I wad wi' a' my heart; and mickle obliged to your honour for putting me in mind o' my bounden duty. But it will be past sunset afore I get back frae the Captain's, and at these unsonsy hours the glen has a bad name—there's something no that canny about auld Janet Gellatley. The Laird he'll no believe thae things but he was aye ower rash and venturesome—and feared neitha man nor deevil—and sae's seen o't. But right sure am I Sir George Mackenzie says, that no divine can doubt there are witches, since the Bible says thou shalt not suffer them to live; and that no lawyer in Scotland can doubt it, since it is punishable with death by our law. So there's baith law and gospel for it. An his honour winna believe the Leviticus, he might aye believe the Statute-book—but he may tak his ain way o't; it's a' ane to Duncan Macwheeble. However, I shall send to ask up auld Janet this e'en; it's best no to lightly them that have that character—and we'll want

Davie to turn the spit, for I'll gar Eppie put down a fat goose to the fire for your honours to your supper."

When it was near sunset, Waverley hastened to the hut; and he could not but allow that superstition had chosen no improper locality, or unfit object, for the foundation of her fantastic terrors. It resembled exactly the description of Spenser :

"There, in a gloomy hollow glen, she found
 A little cottage built of sticks and reeds,
 In homely wise, and wall'd with sods around,
 In which a witch did dwell in loathly weeds,
 And wilful want, all careless of her needs;
 So choosing solitary to abide
 Far from all neighbours, that her devilish deeds,
 And hellish arts, from people she might hide,
 And hurt far off, unknown, whomsoever she espied."

He entered the cottage with these verses in his memory. Poor old Janet, bent double with age, and bleared with peat smoke, was tottering about the hut with a birch broom, muttering to herself as she endeavoured to make her hearth and floor a little clean for the reception of her expected guests: Waverley's step made her start, look up, and fall a-trembling, so much had her nerves been on the rack for her patron's safety. With difficulty Waverley made her comprehend that the Baron was now safe from personal danger; and when her mind had admitted that joyful news, it was equally hard to make her believe that he was not to enter again upon possession of his estate. "It behoved to be," she said, "he wad get it back again; naeboddy wad be sae gripple as to tak his gear after they had gi'en him a pardon: and for that Inch-Grabbit, I could whiles wish mysell a witch for his sake, if I werena feared the Enemy wad tak me at my word." Waverley then gave her some money, and promised that her fidelity should be rewarded. "How can I be rewarded, sir, sae weel, as just to see my auld maister and Miss Rose come back and bruik their ain?"

Waverley now took leave of Janet, and soon stood beneath the Baron's Patmos. At a low whistle, he observed the veteran peeping out to reconnoitre, like an old badger with his head out of his hole. "Ye hae come rather early, my good lad," said he, descending; "I question if the red-coats hae beat the tattoo yet, and we're not safe till then."

"Good news cannot be told too soon," said Waverley; and with infinite joy communicated to him the happy tidings. The old man stood for a moment in silent devotion; then exclaimed, "Praise be to God!—I shall see my bairn again."

"And never, I hope, to part with her more," said Waverley.

“ I trust in God, not, unless it be to win the means of supporting her ; for my things are but in a truckle state ;—but what signifies world’s gear ! ”

“ And if,” said Waverley modestly, “ there were a situation in life which would put Miss Bradwardine beyond the uncertainty of fortune, and in the rank to which she was born, would you object to it, my dear Baron, because it would make one of your friends the happiest man in the world ? ” The Baron turned, and looked at him with great earnestness. “ Yes,” continued Edward, “ I shall not consider my sentence of banishment as repealed, unless you will give me permission to accompany you to the Duchran and—— ”

The Baron seemed collecting all his dignity to make a suitable reply to what, at another time, he would have treated as the propounding a treaty of alliance between the houses of Bradwardine and Waverley. But his efforts were in vain ; the father was too mighty for the Baron ; the pride of birth and rank were swept away ;—in the joyful surprise, a slight convulsion passed rapidly over his features, as he gave way to the feelings of nature, threw his arms around Waverley’s neck, and sobbed out,—“ My son ! my son ! if I had been to search the world, I would have made my choice here.” Edward returned the embrace with great sympathy of feeling, and for a little while they both kept silence. At length it was broken by Edward. “ But Miss Bradwardine ! ”

“ She had never a will but her old father’s ; besides, you are a likely youth, of honest principles, and high birth ; no, she never had any other will than mine, and in my proudest days I could not have wished a mair eligible espousal for her than the nephew of my excellent old friend, Sir Everard.—But I hope, young man, ye deal na rashly in this matter ? I hope ye hae secured the approbation of your ain friends and allies, particularly of your uncle, who is *in loco parentis* ? Ah ! we maun tak’ heed o’ that.” Edward assured him that Sir Everard would think himself highly honoured in the flattering reception his proposal had met with, and that it had his entire approbation ; in evidence of which he put Colonel Talbot’s letter into the Baron’s hand. The Baron read it with great attention. “ Sir Everard,” he said, “ always despised wealth in comparison of honour and birth ; and indeed he hath no occasion to court the *Diva Pecunia*. Yet I now wish, since this Malcolm turns out such a parricide, for I can call him no better, as to think of alienating the family inheritance—I now wish (his eyes fixed on a part of the roof which was visible above the trees) that I could have left Rose the auld hurley-house, and the riggs belonging to it.—And yet,” said he, resuming more cheerfully, “ it’s maybe as

weel as it is ; for, as Baron of Bradwardine, I might have thought 't my duty to insist upon certain compliances respecting name and bearings, whilk now, as a landless laird wi' a tocherless daughter, no one can blame me for departing from."

"Now, Heaven be praised !" thought Edward, "that Sir Everard does not hear these scruples ! The three ermines passant and rampant bear would certainly have gone together by the ears." He then, with all the ardour of a young lover, assured the Baron, that he sought for his happiness only in Rose's heart and hand, and thought himself as happy in her father's simple approbation, as if he had settled an earldom upon his daughter.

They now reached Little Veolan. The goose was smoking on the table, and the Bailie brandished his knife and fork. A joyous greeting took place between him and his patron. The kitchen, too, had its company. Auld Janet was established at the ingle-nook ; Davie had turned the spit to his immortal honour ; and even Ban and Buscar, in the liberality of Macwheeble's joy, had been stuffed to the throat with food, and now lay snoring on the floor.

The next day conducted the Baron and his young friend to the Duchran, where the former was expected, in consequence of the success of the nearly unanimous application of the Scottish friends of Government in his favour. This had been so general and so powerful, that it was almost thought his estate might have been saved, had it not passed into the rapacious hands of his unworthy kinsman, whose right, arising out of the Baron's attainder, could not be affected by a pardon from the crown. The old gentleman, however, said, with his usual spirit, he was more gratified by the hold he possessed in the good opinion of his neighbours, than he would have been in being "rehabilitated and restored *in integrum*, had it been found practicable."

We shall not attempt to describe the meeting of the father and daughter,—loving each other so affectionately, and separated under such perilous circumstances. Still less shall we attempt to analyze the deep blush of Rose, at receiving the compliments of Waverley, or stop to inquire whether she had any curiosity respecting the particular cause of his journey to Scotland at that period. We shall not even trouble the reader with the humdrum details of a courtship Sixty Years since. It is enough to say, that, under so strict a martinet as the Baron, all things were conducted in due form. He took upon himself, the morning after their arrival, the task of announcing the proposal of Waverley to Rose, which she heard with a proper degree of maiden timidity. Fame does, however, say that Waverley had, the evening before, found five minutes to apprise her of what was coming, while the rest of the company

were looking at three twisted serpents, which formed a *jet d'eau* in the garden.

My fair readers will judge for themselves ; but, for my part, I cannot conceive how so important an affair could be communicated in so short a space of time ; at least, it certainly took a full hour in the Baron's mode of conveying it.

Waverley was now considered as a received lover in all the forms. He was made, by dint of smirking and nodding on the part of the lady of the house, to sit next Miss Bradwardine at dinner, to be Miss Bradwardine's partner at cards. If he came into the room, she of the four Miss Rubricks who chanced to be next Rose, was sure to recollect that her thimble or her scissors, were at the other end of the room, in order to leave the seat nearest to Miss Bradwardine vacant for his occupation. And sometimes, if papa and mamma were not in the way to keep them on their good behaviour, the misses would titter a little. The old Laird of Duchran would also have his occasional jest, and the old lady her remark. Even the Baron could not refrain ; but here Rose escaped every embarrassment but that of conjecture, for his wit was usually couched in a Latin quotation. The very footmen sometimes grinned too broadly, the maid-servants giggled mayhap too loud, and a provoking air of intelligence seemed to pervade the whole family. Alice Bean, the pretty maid of the cavern, who, after her father's *misfortune*, as she called it, had attended Rose as *fille-de-chambre*, smiled and smirked with the best of them. Rose and Edward, however, endured all these little vexatious circumstances as other folks have done before and since, and probably contrived to obtain some indemnification, since they are not supposed, on the whole, to have been particularly unhappy during Waverley's six days' stay at the Duchran.

It was finally arranged that Edward should go to Waverley-Honour to make the necessary arrangements for his marriage, thence to London to take the proper measures for pleading his pardon, and return as soon as possible to claim the hand of his plighted bride. He also intended in his journey to visit Colonel Talbot ; but, above all, it was his most important object to learn the fate of the unfortunate Chief of Glennaquoich ; to visit him at Carlisle, and to try whether anything could be done for procuring, if not a pardon, a commutation at least, or alleviation, of the punishment to which he was almost certain of being condemned ; and, in case of the worst, to offer the miserable Flora an asylum with Rose, or otherwise to assist her views in any mode which might seem possible. The fate of Fergus seemed hard to be averted. Edward had already striven to interest his friend, Colonel Talbot, in his

behalf; but had been given distinctly to understand, by his reply, that his credit in matters of that nature was totally exhausted.

The Colonel was still in Edinburgh, and proposed to wait there for some months upon business confided to him by the Duke of Cumberland. He was to be joined by Lady Emily, to whom easy travelling and goat's whey were recommended, and who was to journey northward, under the escort of Francis Stanley. Edward, therefore, met the Colonel at Edinburgh, who wished him joy in the kindest manner on his approaching happiness, and cheerfully undertook many commissions which our hero was necessarily obliged to delegate to his charge. But on the subject of Fergus he was inexorable. He satisfied Edward, indeed, that his interference would be unavailing; but, besides, Colonel Talbot owned that he could not conscientiously use any influence in favour of that unfortunate gentleman. "Justice," he said, "which demanded some penalty of those who had wrapped the whole nation in fear and in mourning, could not perhaps have selected a fitter victim. He came to the field with the fullest light upon the nature of his attempt. He had studied and understood the subject. His father's fate could not intimidate him; the lenity of the laws which had restored to him his father's property and rights could not melt him. That he was brave, generous, and possessed many good qualities, only rendered him the more dangerous; that he was enlightened and accomplished, made his crime the less excusable; that he was an enthusiast in a wrong cause, only made him the more fit to be its martyr. Above all, he had been the means of bringing many hundreds of men into the field, who, without him, would never have broken the peace of the country.

"I repeat it," said the Colonel, "though Heaven knows with a heart distressed for him as an individual, that this young gentleman has studied and fully understood the desperate game which he has played. He threw for life or death, a coronet or a coffin; and he cannot now be permitted, with justice to the country, to draw stakes because the dice have gone against him."

Such was the reasoning of those times, held even by brave and humane men towards a vanquished enemy. Let us devoutly hope, that, in this respect, at least, we shall never see the scenes, or hold the sentiments, that were general in Britain Sixty Years since.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

To-morrow ! O that's sudden !—Spare him ! spare him !
SHAKSPEARE.

EDWARD, attended by his former servant Alick Polwarth, who had re-entered his service at Edinburgh, reached Carlisle while the commission of Oyer and Terminer on his unfortunate associates was yet sitting. He had pushed forward in haste, not, alas ! with the most distant hope of saving Fergus, but to see him for the last time. I ought to have mentioned, that he had furnished funds for the defence of the prisoners in the most liberal manner, as soon as he heard that the day of trial was fixed. A solicitor, and the first counsel, accordingly attended ; but it was upon the same footing on which the first physicians are usually summoned to the bedside of some dying man of rank ; the doctors to take the advantage of some incalculable chance of an exertion of nature—the lawyers to avail themselves of the barely possible occurrence of some legal flaw. Edward pressed into the court, which was extremely crowded ; but by his arriving from the north, and his extreme eagerness and agitation, it was supposed he was a relation of the prisoners, and people made way for him. It was the third sitting of the court, and there were two men at the bar. The verdict of GUILTY was already pronounced. Edward just glanced at the bar during the momentous pause which ensued. There was no mistaking the stately form and noble features of Fergus Mac-Ivor, although his dress was squalid, and his countenance tinged with the sickly yellow hue of long and close imprisonment. By his side was Evan Maccombich. Edward felt sick and dizzy as he gazed on them ; but he was recalled to himself as the Clerk of Arraignment pronounced the solemn words : “ Fergus Mac-Ivor of Glennaquoich, otherwise called Vich Ian Vohr, and Evan Mac-Ivor, in the Dhu of Tarrascleugh, otherwise called Evan Dhu, otherwise called Evan Maccombich, or Evan Dhu Maccombich—you, and each of you, stand attainted of high treason. What have you to say for yourselves why the Court should not pronounce judgment against you, that you die according to law ? ”

Fergus, as the presiding Judge was putting on the fatal cap of judgment, placed his own bonnet upon his head, regarded him with a steadfast and stern look, and replied in a firm voice, “ I cannot let this numerous audience suppose that to such an appeal I have no answer to make. But what I have to say, you would not bear to hear, for my defence would be your condemnation. Proceed, then, in the name of God, to do what is permitted to you. Yesterday,

and the day before, you have condemned loyal and honourable blood to be poured forth like water. Spare not mine. Were that of all my ancestors in my veins, I would have perill'd it in this quarrel." He resumed his seat, and refused again to rise.

Evan Maccombich looked at him with great earnestness, and, rising up, seemed anxious to speak; but the confusion of the court, and the perplexity arising from thinking in a language different from that in which he was to express himself, kept him silent. There was a murmur of compassion among the spectators, from the idea that the poor fellow intended to plead the influence of his superior as an excuse for his crime. The Judge commanded silence, and encouraged Evan to proceed.

"I was only ganging to say, my lord," said Evan, in what he meant to be in an insinuating manner, "that if your excellent honour, and the honourable Court, would let Vich Ian Vohr go free just this once, and let him gae back to France, and no to trouble King George's government again, that ony six o' the very best of his clan will be willing to be justified in his stead; and if you'll just let me gae down to Glennaquoich, I'll fetch them up to ye mysell, to head or hang, and you may begin wi' me the very first man."

Notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, a sort of laugh was heard in the court at the extraordinary nature of the proposal. The Judge checked this indecency, and Evan, looking sternly around, when the murmur abated, "If the Saxon gentlemen are laughing," he said, "because a poor man, such as me, thinks my life, or the life of six of my degree, is worth that of Vich Ian Vohr, it's like enough they may be very right; but if they laugh because they think I would not keep my word, and come back to redeem him, I can tell them they ken neither the heart of a Hielandman, nor the honour of a gentleman."

There was no further inclination to laugh among the audience, and a dead silence ensued.

The Judge then pronounced upon both prisoners the sentence of the law of high treason, with all its horrible accompaniments. The execution was appointed for the ensuing day. "For you, Fergus Mac-Ivor," continued the Judge, "I can hold out no hope of mercy. You must prepare against to-morrow for your last sufferings here, and your great audit hereafter."

"I desire nothing else, my lord," answered Fergus, in the same manly and firm tone.

The hard eyes of Evan, which had been perpetually bent on his Chief, were moistened with a tear. "For you, poor ignorant man," continued the Judge, "who, following the ideas in which you have

been educated, have this day given us a striking example how the loyalty due to the king and state alone, is, from your unhappy ideas of clanship, transferred to some ambitious individual, who ends by making you the tool of his crimes—for you, I say, I feel so much compassion, that if you will make up your mind to petition for grace, I will endeavour to procure it for you. Otherwise”—

“Grace me no grace,” said Evan; “since you are to shed Vich Ian Vohr’s blood, the only favour I would accept from you, is—to bid them loose my hands and gie me my claymore, and bide you just a minute sitting where you are!”

“Remove the prisoners,” said the Judge; “his blood be upon his own head.”

Almost stupified with his feelings, Edward found that the rush of the crowd had conveyed him out into the street, ere he knew what he was doing. His immediate wish was to see and speak with Fergus once more. He applied at the Castle where his unfortunate friend was confined, but was refused admittance. “The High Sheriff,” a non-commissioned officer said, “had requested of the governor that none should be admitted to see the prisoner excepting his confessor and his sister.”

“And where was Miss Mac-Ivor?” They gave him the direction. It was the house of a respectable Catholic family near Carlisle.

Repulsed from the gate of the Castle, and not venturing to make application to the High Sheriff or Judges in his own unpopular name, he had recourse to the solicitor who came down in Fergus’s behalf. This gentleman told him, that it was thought the public mind was in danger of being debauched by the account of the last moments of these persons, as given by the friends of the Pretender; that there had been a resolution, therefore, to exclude all such persons as had not the plea of near kindred for attending upon them. Yet, he promised (to oblige the heir of Waverley-Honour) to get him an order for admittance to the prisoner the next morning, before his irons were knocked off for execution.

“Is it of Fergus Mac-Ivor they speak thus,” thought Waverley, “or do I dream? Of Fergus, the bold, the chivalrous, the free-minded? the lofty chieftain of a tribe devoted to him? Is it he, that I have seen lead the chase and head the attack,—the brave, the active, the young, the noble, the love of ladies, and the theme of song,—is it he who is ironed like a malefactor; who is to be dragged on a hurdle to the common gallows; to die a lingering and cruel death, and to be mangled by the hand of the most outcast of wretches? Evil indeed was the spectre that boded such a fate as this to the brave Chief of Glennaquoich?”

With a faltering voice he requested the solicitor to find means to warn Fergus of his intended visit, should he obtain permission to make it. He then turned away from him, and, returning to the inn, wrote a scarcely intelligible note to Flora Mac-Ivor, intimating his purpose to wait upon her that evening. The messenger brought back a letter in Flora's beautiful Italian hand, which seemed scarce to tremble even under this load of misery. "Miss Flora Mac-Ivor," the letter bore, "could not refuse to see the dearest friend of her dear brother, even in her present circumstances of unparalleled distress."

When Edward reached Miss Mac-Ivor's present place of abode, he was instantly admitted. In a large and gloomy tapestried apartment, Flora was seated by a latticed window, sewing what seemed to be a garment of white flannel. At a little distance sat an elderly woman, apparently a foreigner, and of a religious order. She was reading in a book of Catholic devotion; but when Waverley entered, laid it on the table, and left the room. Flora rose to receive him, and stretched out her hand, but neither ventured to attempt speech. Her fine complexion was totally gone; her person considerably emaciated; and her face and hands as white as the purest statuary marble, forming a strong contrast with her sable dress and jet-black hair. Yet, amid these marks of distress, there was nothing negligent or ill-arranged about her attire; even her hair, though totally without ornament, was disposed with her usual attention to neatness. The first words she uttered were, "Have you seen him?"

"Alas, no," answered Waverley; "I have been refused admittance."

"It accords with the rest," she said; "but we must submit. Shall you obtain leave, do you suppose?"

"For—for—to-morrow," said Waverley; but muttering the last word so faintly that it was almost unintelligible.

"Ay, then or never," said Flora, "until"—she added, looking upward, "the time when, I trust, we shall all meet. But I hope you will see him while earth yet bears him. He always loved you at his heart, though—but it is vain to talk of the past."

"Vain indeed!" echoed Waverley.

"Or even of the future, my good friend," said Flora, "so far as earthly events are concerned; for how often have I pictured to myself the strong possibility of this horrid issue, and tasked myself to consider how I could support my part; and yet how far has all my anticipation fallen short of the unimaginable bitterness of this hour!"

"Dear Flora, if your strength of mind"—

"Ay, there it is," she answered, somewhat wildly; "there is, Mr. Waverley, there is a busy devil at my heart that whispers—but it were madness to listen to it—that the strength of mind on which Flora prided herself has murdered her brother!"

"Good God! how can you give utterance to a thought so shocking?"

"Ay, is it not so? but yet it haunts me like a phantom: I know it is unsubstantial and vain; but it *will* be present; will intrude its horrors on my mind; will whisper that my brother, as volatile as ardent, would have divided his energies amid a hundred objects. It was I who taught him to concentrate them, and to gage all on this dreadful and desperate cast. Oh, that I could recollect that I had but once said to him, 'He that striketh with the sword shall die by the sword;' that I had but once said, Remain at home; reserve yourself, your vassals, your life, for enterprises within the reach of man. But O, Mr. Waverley, I spurred his fiery temper, and half his ruin at least lies with his sister!"

The horrid idea which she had intimated, Edward endeavoured to combat by every incoherent argument that occurred to him. He recalled to her the principles on which both thought it their duty to act, and in which they had been educated.

"Do not think I have forgotten them," she said, looking up, with eager quickness; "I do not regret his attempt, because it was wrong! O no! on that point I am armed; but because it was impossible it could end otherwise than thus."

"Yet it did not always seem so desperate and hazardous as it was; and it would have been chosen by the bold spirit of Fergus, whether you had approved it or no; your counsels only served to give unity and consistence to his conduct; to dignify, but not to precipitate, his resolution." Flora had soon ceased to listen to Edward, and was again intent upon her needle-work.

"Do you remember," she said, looking up with a ghastly smile, "you once found me making Fergus's bride-favours, and now I am sewing his bridal-garment. Our friends here," she continued, with suppressed emotion, "are to give hallowed earth in their chapel to the bloody relics of the last Vich Ian Vohr. But they will not all rest together, no—his head!—I shall not have the last miserable consolation of kissing the cold lips of my dear, dear Fergus!"

The unfortunate Flora here, after one or two hysterical sobs, fainted in her chair. The lady, who had been attending in the ante-room, now entered hastily, and begged Edward to leave the room, but not the house.

When he was recalled, after the space of nearly half an hour, he found that, by a strong effort, Miss Mac-Ivor had greatly composed

herself. It was then he ventured to urge Miss Bradwardine's claim to be considered as an adopted sister, and empowered to assist her plans for the future.

"I have had a letter from my dear Rose," she replied, "to the same purpose. Scrow is selfish and engrossing, or I would have written to express, that, even in my own despair, I felt a gleam of pleasure at learning her happy prospects, and at hearing that the good old Baron had escaped the general wreck. Give this to my dearest Rose; it is her poor Flora's only ornament of value, and was the gift of a princess." She put into his hands a case containing the chain of diamonds with which she used to decorate her hair. "To me it is in future useless. The kindness of my friends has secured me a retreat in the convent of the Scottish Benedictine nuns in Paris. To-morrow—if indeed I can survive to-morrow—I set forward on my journey with this venerable sister. And now, Mr. Waverley, adieu! May you be as happy with Rose as your ami's dispositions deserve!—and think sometimes on the friends you have lost. Do not attempt to see me again; it would be mistaken kindness."

She gave him her hand, on which Edward shed a torrent of tears, and, with a faltering step, withdrew from the apartment, and returned to the town of Carlisle. At the inn he found a letter from his law friend, intimating that he would be admitted to Fergus next morning as soon as the Castle gates were opened, and permitted to remain with him till the arrival of the Sheriff gave signal for the fatal procession.

CHAPTER LXIX.

— A darker departure is near,
The death-drum is muffled, and sable the bier.

CAMPBELL.

AFTER a sleepless night, the first dawn of morning found Waverley on the esplanade in front of the old Gothic gate of Carlisle Castle. But he paced it long in every direction, before the hour when, according to the rules of the garrison, the gates were opened, and the drawbridge lowered. He produced his order to the sergeant of the guard, and was admitted.

The place of Fergus's confinement was a gloomy and vaulted apartment in the central part of the Castle, a huge old tower, supposed to be of great antiquity, and surrounded by outworks, seemingly of Henry VIII.'s time, or somewhat later. The grating of the large old-fashioned bars and bolts, withdrawn for the purpose of

admitting Edward, was answered by the clash of chains, as the unfortunate Chieftain, strongly and heavily fettered, shuffled along the stone floor of his prison, to fling himself into his friend's arms.

"My dear Edward," he said, in a firm, and even cheerful voice, "this is truly kind. I heard of your approaching happiness with the highest pleasure. And how does Rose? and how is our old whimsical friend the Baron? Well, I trust, since I see you at freedom—And how will you settle precedence between the three ermines passant and the bear and boot-jack?"

"How, O how, my dear Fergus, can you talk of such things at such a moment!"

"Why, we have entered Carlisle with happier auspices, to be sure—on the 16th of November last, for example, when we marched in, side by side, and hoisted the white flag on these ancient towers. But I am no boy, to sit down and weep because the luck has gone against me. I knew the stake which I risked; we played the game boldly, and the forfeit shall be paid manfully. And now, since my time is short, let me come to the questions that interest me most—the Prince? has he escaped the bloodhounds?"

"He has, and is in safety."

"Praised be God for that! Tell me the particulars of his escape."

Waverley communicated that remarkable history, so far as it had then transpired, to which Fergus listened with deep interest. He then asked after several other friends; and made many minute inquiries concerning the fate of his own clansmen. They had suffered less than other tribes who had been engaged in the affair; for, having in a great measure dispersed and returned home after the captivity of their Chieftain, according to the universal custom of the Highlanders, they were not in arms when the insurrection was finally suppressed, and consequently were treated with less rigour. This Fergus heard with great satisfaction.

"You are rich," he said, "Waverley, and you are generous. When you hear of these poor Mac-Ivors being distressed about their miserable possessions by some harsh overseer or agent of government, remember you have worn their tartan, and are an adopted son of their race. The Baron, who knows our manners, and lives near our country, will apprise you of the time and means to be their protector. Will you promise this to the last Vich Ian Vohr?"

Edward, as may well be believed, pledged his word; which he afterwards so amply redeemed, that his memory still lives in these glens by the name of the Friend of the Sons of Ivor.

"Would to God," continued the Chieftain, "I could bequeath to you my rights to the love and obedience of this primitive and brave

race.—or at least, as I have striven to do, persuade poor Evan to accept of his life upon their terms, and be to you, what he has been to me, the kindest,—the bravest,—the most devoted”——

The tears which his own fate could not draw forth, fell fast for that of his foster-brother.

“But,” said he, drying them, “that cannot be. You cannot be to them Vich Ian Vohr; and these three magic words,” said he, half smiling, “are the only *Open Sesame* to their feelings and sympathies, and poor Evan must attend his foster-brother in death, as he has done through his whole life.”

“And I am sure,” said Maccombich, raising himself from the floor, on which, for fear of interrupting their conversation, he had lain so still, that in the obscurity of the apartment Edward was not aware of his presence,—“I am sure Evan never desired or deserved a better end than just to die with his Chieftain.”

“And now,” said Fergus, “while we are upon the subject of clanship—what think you now of the prediction of the Bodach Glas?”—Then, before Edward could answer, “I saw him again last night—he stood in the slip of moonshine, which fell from that high and narrow window towards my bed. Why should I fear him, I thought—to-morrow, long ere this time, I shall be as immaterial as he. ‘False Spirit!’ I said, ‘art thou come to close thy walks on earth, and to enjoy thy triumph in the fall of the last descendant of thine enemy?’ The spectre seemed to beckon and to smile as he faded from my sight. What do you think of it?—I asked the same question of the priest, who is a good and sensible man; he admitted that the church allowed that such apparitions were possible, but urged me not to permit my mind to dwell upon it, as imagination plays such strange tricks. What do you think of it?”

“Much as your confessor,” said Waverley, willing to avoid dispute upon such a point at such a moment. A tap at the door now announced that good man, and Edward retired while he administered to both prisoners the last rites of religion, in the mode which the Church of Rome prescribes.

In about an hour he was re-admitted; soon after, a file of soldiers entered with a blacksmith, who struck the fetters from the legs of the prisoners.

“You see the compliment they pay to our Highland strength and courage—we have lain chained here like wild beasts, till our legs are cramped into palsy, and when they free us, they send six soldiers with loaded muskets to prevent our taking the castle by storm!”

Edward afterwards learned that these severe precautions had been taken in consequence of a desperate attempt of the prisoners to escape, in which they had very nearly succeeded.

Shortly afterwards the drums of the garrison beat to arms. "This is the last turn-out," said Fergus, "that I shall hear and obey. And now, my dear, dear Edward, ere we part let us speak of Flora—a subject which awakes the tenderest feeling that yet thrills within me."

"We part not *here!*" said Waverley.

"O yes, we do; you must come no farther. Not that I fear what is to follow for myself," he said, proudly. "Nature has her tortures as well as art; and how happy should we think the man who escapes from the throes of a mortal and painful disorder, in the space of a short half hour? And this matter, spin it out as they will, cannot last longer. But what a dying man can suffer firmly, may kill a living friend to look upon.—This same law of high treason," he continued, with astonishing firmness and composure, "is one of the blessings, Edward, with which your free country has accommodated poor old Scotland: her own jurisprudence, as I have heard, was much milder. But I suppose one day or other—when there are no longer any wild Highlanders to benefit by its tender mercies—they will blot it from their records, as levelling them with a nation of cannibals. The mummery, too, of exposing the senseless head—they have not the wit to grace mine with a paper coronet; there would be some satire in that, Edward. I hope they will set it on the Scotch gate though, that I may look, even after death, to the blue hills of my own country, which I love so dearly. The Baron would have added,

'Moritur, et moriens dulces reminiscitur Argos.'

A bustle, and the sound of wheels and horses' feet, was now heard in the court-yard of the Castle. "As I have told you why you must not follow me, and these sounds admonish me that my time flies fast, tell me how you found poor Flora?"

Waverley, with a voice interrupted by suffocating sensations, gave some account of the state of her mind.

"Poor Flora!" answered the Chief, "she could have borne her own sentence of death, but not mine. You, Waverley, will soon know the happiness of mutual affection in the married state—long, long may Rose and you enjoy it!—but you can never know the purity of feeling which combines two orphans, like Flora and me, left alone as it were in the world, and being all in all to each other from our very infancy. But her strong sense of duty, and predominant feeling of loyalty, will give new nerve to her mind after the immediate and acute sensation of this parting has passed away. She will then think of Fergus as of the heroes of our race, upon whose deeds she loved to dwell."

"Shall she not see you, then?" asked Waverley. "She seemed to expect it."

"A necessary deceit will spare her the last dreadful parting. I could not part with her without tears, and I cannot bear that these men should think they have power to extort them. She was made to believe she would see me at a later hour, and 'this letter, which my confessor will deliver, will apprize her that all is over."

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the Castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich. "I come," said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the Executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, as beseemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway, that opened on the drawbridge, were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther. "This is well GOT UP for a closing scene," said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, "These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however." The priest entreated him to be silent.

The sledge now approached, and Fergus, turning round, embraced Waverley, kissed him on each side of the face, and stepped nimbly into his place. Evan sat down by his side. The priest was to follow in a carriage belonging to his patron, the Catholic gentleman at whose house Flora resided. As Fergus waved his hand to Edward, the ranks closed around the sledge, and the whole procession began to move forward. There was a momentary stop at the gateway, while the governor of the Castle and the High Sheriff went through a short ceremony, the military officer there delivering over the persons of the criminals to the civil power. "God save King George!" said the High Sheriff. When the formality concluded, Fergus stood erect in the sledge, and with a firm and steady voice, replied, "God save King James!" These were the last words which Waverley heard him speak.

The procession resumed its march, and the sledge vanished from beneath the portal, under which it had stopped for an instant. The dead march was then heard, and its melancholy sounds were mingled with those of a muffled peal, tolled from the neighbouring cathedral. The sound of the military music died away as the procession moved on; the sullen clang of the bells was soon heard to sound alone.

The last of the soldiers had now disappeared from under the vaulted archway through which they had been filing for several minutes; the court-yard was now totally empty, but Waverley still stood there as if stupified, his eyes fixed upon the dark pass where he had so lately seen the last glimpse of his friend. At length, a female servant of the governor's, struck with compassion at the stupified misery which his countenance expressed, asked him if he would not walk into her master's house and sit down? She was obliged to repeat her question twice ere he comprehended her, but at length it recalled him to himself. Declining the courtesy by a hasty gesture, he pulled his hat over his eyes, and, leaving the Castle, walked as swiftly as he could through the empty streets, till he regained his inn, then rushed into an apartment, and bolted the door.

In about an hour and a half, which seemed an age of unutterable suspense, the sound of the drums and fifes, performing a lively air, and the confused murmur of the crowd which now filled the streets, so lately deserted, apprized him that all was finished, and that the military and populace were returning from the dreadful scene. I will not attempt to describe his sensations.

In the evening the priest made him a visit, and informed him that he did so by directions of his deceased friend, to assure him that Fergus Mac-Ivor had died as he lived, and remembered his friendship to the last. He added, he had also seen Flora, whose state of mind seemed more composed since all was over. With her and sister Theresa the priest proposed next day to leave Carlisle, for the nearest seaport from which they could embark for France. Waverley forced on this good man a ring of some value, and a sum of money to be employed (as he thought might gratify Flora) in the services of the Catholic church, for the memory of his friend. "*Fungarque inani munere,*" he repeated, as the ecclesiastic retired. "Yet why not class these acts of remembrance with other honours, with which affection, in all sects, pursues the memory of the dead?"

The next morning, ere daylight, he took leave of the town of Carlisle, promising to himself never again to enter its walls. He dared hardly look back towards the Gothic battlements of the fortified gate under which he passed (for the place is surrounded

with an old wall). They're no there," said Alick Polwarth, who guessed the cause of the dubious look which Waverley cast backward, and who, with the vulgar appetite for the horrible, was master of each detail of the butchery—"The heads are ower the Scotch yate, as they ca' it. It's a great pity of Evan Dhu, who was a very weel-meaning, good-natured man, to be a Highlandman; and indeed so was the Laird o' Glennaquoich too, for that matter, when he wasna in ane o' his tirrories."

CHAPTER LXX.

DULCE DOMUM.

THE impression of horror with which Waverley left Carlisle softened by degrees into melancholy, a gradation which was accelerated by the painful, yet soothing, task of writing to Rose; and, while he could not suppress his own feelings of the calamity, he endeavoured to place it in a light which might grieve her without shocking her imagination. The picture which he drew for her benefit he gradually familiarized to his own mind; and his next letters were more cheerful, and referred to the prospects of peace and happiness which lay before them. Yet, though his first horrible sensations had sunk into melancholy, Edward had reached his native country before he could, as usual on former occasions, look round for enjoyment upon the face of nature.

He then, for the first time since leaving Edinburgh, began to experience that pleasure which almost all feel who return to a verdant, populous, and highly cultivated country, from scenes of waste desolation, or of solitary and melancholy grandeur. But how were those feelings enhanced when he entered on the domain so long possessed by his forefathers; recognised the old oaks of Waverley-Chase; thought with what delight he should introduce Rose to all his favourite haunts; beheld at length the towers of the venerable hall arise above the woods which embowered it, and finally threw himself into the arms of the venerable relations to whom he owed so much duty and affection!

The happiness of their meeting was not tarnished by a single word of reproach. On the contrary, whatever pain Sir Everard and Mrs. Rachel had felt during Waverley's perilous engagement with the young Chevalier, it assorted too well with the principles in which they had been brought up, to incur reprobation, or even censure. Colonel Talbot also had smoothed the way, with great address, for Edward's favourable reception, by dwelling upon his gallant behaviour in the military character, particularly his bravery

and generosity at Preston ; until, warmed at the idea of their nephew's engaging in single combat, making prisoner, and saving from slaughter, so distinguished an officer as the Colonel himself, the imagination of the Baronet and his sister ranked the exploits of Edward with those of Wilibert, Hildebrand, and Nigel, the vaunted heroes of their line.

The appearance of Waverley, embrowned by exercise, and dignified by the habits of military discipline, had acquired an athletic and hardy character, which not only verified the Colonel's narration, but surprised and delighted all the inhabitants of Waverley-Honour. They crowded to see, to hear him, and to sing his praises. Mr. Pembroke, who secretly extolled his spirit and courage in embracing the genuine cause of the Church of England, censured his pupil gently, nevertheless, for being so careless of his manuscripts, which indeed, he said, had occasioned him some personal inconvenience, as, upon the Baronet's being arrested by a king's messenger, he had deemed it prudent to retire to a concealment called "The Priest's Hole," from the use it had been put to in former days ; where, he assured our hero, the butler had thought it safe to venture with food only once in the day, so that he had been repeatedly compelled to dine upon victuals either absolutely cold, or, what was worse, only half warm, not to mention that sometimes his bed had not been arranged for two days together. Waverley's mind involuntarily turned to the Patmos of the Baron of Bradwardine, who was well pleased with Janet's fare, and a few bunches of straw stowed in a cleft in the front of a sand-cliff : but he made no remarks upon a contrast which could only mortify his worthy tutor.

All was now in a bustle to prepare for the nuptials of Edward, an event to which the good old Baronet and Mrs. Rachel looked forward as if to the renewal of their own youth. The match, as Colonel Talbot had intimated, had seemed to them in the highest degree eligible, having every recommendation but wealth, of which they themselves had more than enough. Mr. Clippurse was therefore summoned to Waverley-Honour, under better auspices than at the commencement of our story. But Mr. Clippurse came not alone ; for, being now stricken in years, he had associated with him a nephew, a younger vulture (as our English Juvenal, who tells the tale of Swallow the attorney, might have called him), and they now carried on business as Messrs. Clippurse and Hookem. These worthy gentlemen had directions to make the necessary settlements on the most splendid scale of liberality, as if Edward were to wed a peeress in her own right, with her paternal estate tacked to the fringe of her ermine.

But before entering upon a subject of proverbial delay, I must remind my reader of the progress of a stone rolled down hill by an idle truant boy (a pastime at which I was myself expert in my more juvenile years :) it moves at first slowly, avoiding by inflection every obstacle of the least importance ; but when it has attained its full impulse, and draws near the conclusion of its career, it smokes and thunders down, taking a rood at every spring, clearing hedge and ditch like a Yorkshire huntsman, and becoming most furiously rapid in its course when it is nearest to being consigned to rest for ever. Even such is the course of a narrative like that which you are perusing. The earlier events are studiously dwelt upon, that you, kind reader, may be introduced to the character rather by narrative, than by the duller medium of direct description ; but when the story draws near its close, we hurry over the circumstances, however important, which your imagination must have forestalled, and leave you to suppose those things which it would be abusing your patience to relate at length.

We are, therefore, so far from attempting to trace the dull progress of Messrs. Clippurse and Hookem, or that of their worthy official brethren, who had the charge of suing out the pardons of Edward Waverley and his intended father-in-law, that we can but touch upon matters more attractive. The mutual epistles, for example, which were exchanged between Sir Everard and the Baron upon this occasion, though matchless specimens of eloquence in their way, must be consigned to merciless oblivion. Nor can I tell you at length, how worthy Aunt Rachel, not without a delicate and affectionate allusion to the circumstances which had transferred Rose's maternal diamonds to the hands of Donald Bean Lear, stocked her casket with a set of jewels that a Duchess might have envied. Moreover, the reader will have the goodness to imagine that Job Houghton and his dame were suitably provided for, although they could never be persuaded that their son fell otherwise than fighting by the young squire's side ; so that Alick, who, as a lover of truth, had made many needless attempts to expound the real circumstances to them, was finally ordered to say not a word more upon the subject. He indemnified himself, however, by the liberal allowance of desperate battles, grisly executions, and raw-head and bloody-bone stories, with which he astonished the servants'-hall.

But although these important matters may be briefly told in narrative, like a newspaper report of a Chancery suit, yet, with all the urgency which Waverley could use, the real time which the law proceedings occupied, joined to the delay occasioned by the mode of travelling at that period, rendered it considerably more than two

months ere Waverley, having left England, alighted once more at the mansion of the Laird of Duchran to claim the hand of his plighted bride.

The day of his marriage was fixed for the sixth after his arrival. The Baron of Bradwardine, with whom bridals, christenings, and funerals were festivals of high and solemn import, felt a little hurt, that, including the family of the Duchran, and all the immediate vicinity who had title to be present on such an occasion, there could not be above thirty persons collected. "When he was married," he observed, "three hundred horse of gentlemen born, besides servants, and some score or two of Highland lairds, who never got on horseback, were present on the occasion."

But his pride found some consolation in reflecting, that he and his son-in-law, having been so lately in arms against Government, it might give matter of reasonable fear and offence to the ruling powers, if they were to collect together the kith, kin, and allies of their houses, arrayed in effeir of war, as was the ancient custom of Scotland on these occasions—"And, without dubitation," he concluded, with a sigh, "many of those who would have rejoiced most freely upon these joyful espousals, are either gone to a better place, or are now exiles from their native land."

The marriage took place on the appointed day. The Reverend Mr. Rubrick, kinsman to the proprietor of the hospitable mansion where it was solemnised, and chaplain to the Baron of Bradwardine, had the satisfaction to unite their hands; and Frank Stanley acted as bridesman, having joined Edward with that view soon after his arrival. Lady Emily and Colonel Talbot had proposed being present; but Lady Emily's health, when the day approached, was found inadequate to the journey. In amends, it was arranged that Edward Waverley and his lady, who, with the Baron, proposed an immediate journey to Waverley-Honour, should, in their way, spend a few days at an estate which Colonel Talbot had been tempted to purchase in Scotland as a very great bargain, and at which he proposed to reside for some time.

CHAPTER LXXI.

"This is no mine ain house, I ken by the bigging o't."
Old Song.

THE nuptial party travelled in great style. There was a coach and six after the newest pattern, which Sir Everard had presented to his nephew, that dazzled with its splendour the eyes of one half of Scotland; there was the family coach of Mr. Rubrick;—both