

ROB ROY,

THE

Celebrated Highland Freebooter;

OR,

MEMOIRS

OF THE

OSBALDISTONE FAMILY.



GLASGOW:

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FRANK OSBALDISTONE, a young man of a respectable family, had been several years at Bourdeaux, for the purpose of being instructed in the mercantile profession, when he was suddenly recalled by his father. During his residence abroad, Frank had devoted more time to the pursuits of literature than the ledger, and, therefore, when interrogated by his father with regard to the state of commerce in France, he discovered so much ignorance, that the old gentleman was highly displeased, and blamed Mr. Dubourg, to whose charge he had been committed. Frank exculpated that gentleman from all blame, and said that it was his own fault, as he felt no inclination for business. However, as he intended Frank to take a management in his own extensive concerns, Mr. Osbaldistone wished to put him under the charge of Mr. Owen, who had been long his own principal clerk, and had now a small share in the banking business; but Frank professed his dislike to the profession, and refused to comply with his father's wishes. Mr. Osbaldistone then asked his son what his own grave projects were; and on Frank saying he should like, either to travel for a few years, or attend the university, or obtain a commission in the army, he told him, in a rage, that unless he consented to his wishes, his nephew should inherit all his property, and gave him a month to consider of the proposal. During this interval, Mr. Owen tried to prevail with Frank, by every argument he could adduce, to come into his father's terms; but it was to no purpose; for, on the day appointed, he repeated to his father the aversion he had to the mercantile profession, hoping, at the same time, that by his refusal he would not forfeit the affection of a parent. Mr. Osbaldistone, on hearing Frank's ultimatum, told him, that since he refused to remain at home, he should immediately go to his uncle's, at Osbaldistone Hall, in Yorkshire, until some other arrangements were made.

Accordingly, next day, Frank set off on horseback for Yorkshire, with fifty guineas in his pocket. During the journey, he began to reflect that he had probably made himself an outcast from his family, and lost the affection of his father by his stubbornness; but, although he regretted what he had done, yet his pride would not allow him to return, and he continued his journey in very depressed spirits.

In the country through which he passed there were few objects to amuse a young traveller, except the conversation of a few strangers, such as country parsons, farmers, graziers, merchants, travellers, and now and then a recruiting officer; from whom Frank received information about creeds and tithes, cattle and

corn, price of commodities, and a description of battles. A leading topic with all of them was robberies ; and such details were given, as to raise serious apprehensions of being attacked. There was one man in particular, with whom Frank travelled a day and a half, who was very much afraid of highwaymen ; and the man had a large portmanteau, which he always carried into the inns himself, suffering no one to touch it. Frank, in order to amuse himself, inquired the weight and contents of his portmanteau ; which alarmed the man so much, that he grew pale, his teeth chattered, and his hair stood erect ; but on approaching Darlington his fears subsided, and they soon arrived in safety at the sign of the Black Bear.

Formerly, it was the custom of travellers to rest on the Sunday, and for the landlords of inns, on that day, to invite all their guests to a family dinner. Frank and his companion having taken up their quarters for the Sunday at the above inn, sat down to a public dinner with the other guests, among whom there was a Scotchman of hardy features and athletic figure. Frank had been early prejudiced against Scotsmen by the stories of his nurse, and he regarded him with a settled dislike ; but the shrewd remarks, ready answers, and confidently-delivered opinions of the Scotchman, Mr. Campbell, gave him no small importance on the present occasion. A quarrel having taken place about politics the dispute was referred to and settled by Mr. Campbell over another bottle, and then the company separated.

Next day Frank pursued his journey, and was delighted with the fine diversified scenes that everywhere met his view till he came in sight of Osbaldistone Hall, a huge antique castle, surrounded by stately oaks. He was only at a short distance from the mansion, when the blast of a French horn was heard, and a pack of fox-hounds crossed the road, followed by the hunters. Frank drew up his horse to let them pass without interruption, and had an opportunity of examining the whole group, which consisted of five young men and a very handsome female, all well mounted and well dressed. In passing, the lady's horse started out of the course, and Frank hastened to offer his services ; but there was no occasion, for she easily brought the animal to order, and galloped off. Frank followed her, and soon heard the signal of the fox's death ; but the young lady, on reaching her companions, drew their attention towards Frank, and requested one of her cousins to speak to him. However, as the young man declined it, she rode up to Frank, and inquired, if, in the course of his travels, he had met with a Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, whom they expected at the Hall.

On Frank acknowledging himself to be the person, the lady informed him that her name was Diana Vernon, a relation of his uncle's, and then introduced him to Squire Thorncliffe

Osbaldistone, his cousin. As Miss Vernon accompanied Frank to the castle, she interrogated him by the way without any ceremony, and on their reaching the gate, put the bridle of her horse into his hand.

After waiting a considerable time, he was at last relieved by one of the huntsmen, who took the horses, and a servant conducted him into a hall, where he met with his uncle Sir Hildebrand, and was introduced to the rest of the family. After dinner, the bottle was circulated so freely, that the company soon exhibited a scene of boisterous mirth and intoxication; but Frank, being temperate in his habits, made his escape into the garden.

When Frank returned to the castle, and had retired to his apartment for the night he began to reflect seriously on his situation. The society of his cousins would furnish him with little or no entertainment, as they delighted only in horses, hounds, and drinking; but he anticipated much pleasure from the company of the lively Miss Vernon, who had made a deep impression on his heart. Next morning Frank accompanied his cousins and Miss Vernon on a hunting expedition, and when the party were engaged in pursuing the fox, Miss Vernon told Frank she had something particular to communicate, and taking him to the summit of an adjoining hill, she pointed out Scotland, which she said he might reach in two hours. Frank asked, why she wished him to go there? "To provide for your safety," answered Miss Vernon; "you are accused of having robbed one Morris, whom you travelled with to Darlington." Frank was startled at so unfounded a charge, and begged to know before whom this extraordinary accusation was laid, that he might instantly refute it. Miss Vernon told him, that the information had been lodged with Squire Inglewood, whose house was only a few miles distant, whither she would accompany him. Frank remonstrated with her on the impropriety of the proposal; but the young lady would have her own way, and accordingly they proceeded towards the residence of the justice.

On arriving at Inglewood Place, they found Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone and Rashleigh in the court-yard. Miss Vernon accosted the latter, and asked whether he had been talking to the Justice about Frank's affair? Rashleigh replied that he had been exerting all his influence to serve his cousin; and then turning to Frank, said that it would be more advisable for him to retreat into Scotland till the business could be "smoothed over," than appear before the Justice when presumptions were so strong against him. Frank, indignant at Rashleigh for recommending such a subterfuge, and entertaining suspicions of his criminality, replied, that he would have the matter investigated, and his character cleared from such a vile calumny. Rashleigh insisted that Miss Vernon at least should not interfere in the

business; but when he found her determined to remain till it was fully settled, he left them; and the young lady conducted Frank into the house. Frank had followed Miss Vernon up stairs to the door of the dining-room, where she left him to find a servant to introduce her; but, being tired with waiting, Frank opened the door, and told the justice that his name was Osbaldistone, and that he had come to inquire into a charge, which some scoundrel had laid against him for alledged robbery. It so happened that Morris was present at dinner, and the Justice inquired of him, whether this was the gentleman he implicated? Morris, alarmed at Frank's resolute appearance, replied, that "he charged nothing against the gentleman," at the same time whispered, that he withdrew his accusation against Frank, as he did not know "how many rogues might be in the house to back him." Miss Vernon now entered the room, where she was kindly received by the old Justice, and telling him her errand, requested to hear the charge against Frank. It stated, that the declarant, Mr. Morris, had been attacked by two highwaymen in masks, who took his portmanteau from him, and that he heard one of them call the other Osbaldistone, whom he suspected to be the same person who accompanied him to Darlington. Frank protested against the evidence, as incompetent to prove that he was the robber, and was offering to produce arguments to shew his innocence of the charge, when a servant entered and told the Justice that a strange gentleman wished to see him.

This stranger was Mr. Campbell, the cattle-dealer, whom Morris and Frank had met at Darlington, who, having heard that Frank was unjustly accused, had come to relieve him from the prosecution. He stated, that Morris accompanied him several miles on the road towards Scotland, where he was attacked by two highwaymen, who carried off his portmanteau; but that one of them, whom his companion addressed by the name of Osbadistone, was a much shorter and thicker man, and had a different complexion and visage from the young gentleman present. After delivering this deposition, he asked Morris if he would not forego his prosecution of Mr. Osbaldistone; to which Morris consented, and Campbell offering to conduct him safely home, they departed together. Matters being thus settled, Miss Vernon and Frank also took leave of 'Squire Inglewood, who was happy in having got rid of this troublesome business.

Next day, at breakfast, Sir Hildebrand congratulated Frank on his escape, and advised him to be more cautious of his future conduct. Frank could not help expressing indignation at the suspicions which his uncle entertained, and Rashleigh was apparently displeas'd at his father also; but the old gentleman looking stedfastly at Rashleigh, told him "he was a sly loon," but that "two faces under one head was not true heraldry," and

instantly left the room. Frank, being left alone with Rashleigh, signified to him the unpleasant nature of his situation, in living with an uncle who believed him guilty of so disgraceful a crime, and said that he was determined to leave Osbaldistone Hall immediately. Rashleigh approved of his resolution, and said, that from Frank's attainments in literature, he might soon make a figure in the world; but his own case was still more deplorable, for his father had resolved that he should follow the mercantile profession. After some conversation on these subjects, Frank requested Rashleigh to give him some information; but it was with evident reluctance that he complied. He told Frank, that he had been formerly more intimate with Miss Vernon; but had thought it prudent to withdraw as much as possible from the company of a susceptible girl, whose heart must be either given to the cloister, or to a betrothed husband; that, by a family contract, she was destined to marry one of Sir Hildebrand's sons, and that Thorncliffe had been pitched upon by his father as her partner; but that, if he, Rashleigh, acquired wealth in the mercantile profession, he would marry her himself.

Frank, being strongly attached to Miss Vernon, was much mortified to find that she was the destined wife of another, and, after reproaching himself for becoming the dupe of her artifices, and blaming her for not informing him of the situation in which she stood with the Osbaldistone family, came down to dinner in a very bad humour. At table, Miss Vernon, as usual, began to play off her raillery upon Frank; but he returned it with such acrimony, that she was offended, and, accusing him of impoliteness to a female who wished to be on good terms with him, she soon after left the room. Frank began to regret the shameful manner in which he had behaved to Miss Vernon, and, in order to stifle his reflections, drank till he became so intoxicated, that he quarrelled with his cousins, and struck Rashleigh, who, however, did not think it worth while to resent the outrage. Thorncliffe challenged Frank to decide their quarrel with the sword; but, after exchanging one or two thrusts, the combatants were separated, and Frank was carried off and locked in his apartment, from which he in vain attempted to break out. In the morning his passion had abated, and, sensible of the impropriety of his conduct, he made an apology to Rashleigh, which was accepted in a very gracious manner. This disagreeable business being settled amicably, Frank next thought of procuring an explanation with Miss Vernon, who anticipated his wish, by requesting his attendance in the library to expound an obscure passage in Dante which she had met with. On reaching the library, Miss Vernon began to rally Frank most unmercifully upon the exhibition he had made at table the night before, and, in a strain of irony, complimented him for the want of courage he had dis-

played in his attack on Rashleigh, and in his combat with Thorncliffe, at the same time expressing her extreme sorrow that such an unpleasant affair had happened. Frank apologized for his behaviour, by alleging, that the provocation he received had urged him to resent it in an unguarded moment, when his passions were roused by the influence of liquor. Miss Vernon then spoke of the indiscretion with which he had treated her during dinner, and inquired if he had heard anything to lessen her in his estimation. Frank, confounded at this question, at first declined giving any reply; but she persisted in demanding an explanation, and particularly, whether Rashleigh had said anything prejudicial to her character. However, he evaded her request, on the pretext that it was improper to disclose the subject of a private conversation, which was delivered in confidence; but she grew so importunate, that Frank at last related all that he had heard from Rashleigh. Miss Vernon, shuddering with indignation, said, that she would rather die than marry such a villain as Rashleigh; and disclosed the methods which he had employed to corrupt her moral principles in the course of her juvenile education, and the artifices he afterwards employed to seduce her. On discovering Rashleigh's intentions, she withdrew from his society, and had ever after regarded him with detestation. Frank, astonished at this disclosure, drew his sword, and was preparing to leave the room in order to take vengeance on Rashleigh, but was prevented by Miss Vernon.

In a few days after this, Rashleigh set out for London, and Frank then enjoyed the company of Diana Vernon without reserve; and being intrusted to superintend the finishing of her education, he found her one of the most intelligent and accomplished of her sex.

Frank now endeavoured to render himself as agreeable as possible to the family at Osbaldistone Hall, and succeeded in gaining the good graces of his uncle, by assisting in settling his accounts; and he became a still greater favourite with his cousins, by joining in their amusements. As Frank was often strolling about, he occasionally took a walk into the garden, where he was much diverted with the remarks of Andrew Fairservice. One day Andrew informed him, that he had met with one Pate Macready, a pedlar, who told him that the affair of Morris and his portmanteau had been brought before the Parliament at *Iannan*, and also, that 'Squire Inglewood, Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, and some other folks besides, had been mentioned; and that, after much altercation, the business had been dismissed as a false and calumnious libel. Frank expressed a wish to see Macready; which Andrew immediately gratified, by bringing him to the garden. Macready related to Frank the particulars of the trial, from which it appeared, that the depositions of Morris were

contradictory, that they could not be received as competent evidence. Frank was both vexed and perplexed that this affair should have become so notorious; and after ordering the pedlar to send him some articles, and giving a small present to Andrew Fairservice for his trouble, he returned home, deliberating how he should vindicate his character.

As Frank's mind could not be at ease while the robbery of Morris was laid to his charge, he determined on setting out for London to explain the whole affair to his father, and take his advice respecting the most effectual means of disproving the calumny. Before departing, however, he wrote to his father the object of his visit; and, while delivering his letter at the post-office, he received one from Owen, endorsing a draft for £100, to supply his present necessities. On returning to Osbaldistone Hall, Frank found that the family had gone to Trinlay-knowe, and he sauntered into the garden to hear if Fairservice had picked up any fresh news. While engaged in conversation, they observed the door of a small room in the corner of the garden half open, and were at a loss to conjecture who could be there, as it was never frequented by any of the family but Rashleigh. Andrew supposed that it was then occupied by Father Vaughan, a grave old Catholic priest, a particular acquaintance of Rashleigh's, and a confidant of Miss Vernon, with whom he had frequent interviews. Frank could not comprehend this mysterious intercourse, and suspected that the priest was either giving her religious instruction, or preparing her for the cloister; and these conjectures made him very unhappy, from the attachment he entertained for that lady. Frank now began to watch every motion of Miss Vernon with minute attention, which gave her great offence; yet they never came to an explanation. One day, as they were sitting in the library, she inquired if he had lately heard from his father. On Frank replying in the negative, she observed that it was very strange, for his father had gone to Holland on some urgent business, leaving Rashleigh with the sole management of his affairs till he returned, and she urged him to set off immediately for London, lest his cousin should involve his father's business in irretrievable ruin. Frank expressed his concern at this intelligence, and great reluctance to leave her, whom he loved above all the world; but Miss Vernon told him, that his affections were misplaced, as she had resolved to spend the remainder of her days in a convent. After quitting the apartment, Frank retired to his own, where the thoughts of his father's affairs, and the resolution of Miss Vernon, prevented him from enjoying any rest the ensuing night; but he determined, before leaving Osbaldistone Hall, to find out the reason, if possible, or her mysterious conduct, and ascertain her real character.

Accordingly, one Sunday evening, he took his station in the

garden. After waiting impatiently for some time, he saw the glimmering of a candle, and he entered the library, where he found Diana alone and much flurried. On her inquiring the cause of his visit at so unseasonable an hour, he pretended to have come for Orlando Furioso, and turning over some books, he descried a man's glove lying on the table. Diana, blushing deeply, said it was her grandfather's, which she kept as a relic; but as this explanation did not satisfy Frank, she told him that it belonged to a friend whom she honoured, esteemed, and loved. Frank made some sarcastic observations, and Miss Vernon told him that she would discover no more than she had already done; but that, as they were soon to part for ever, she begged that they might still be *friends*, and gave him a letter she had received from London, containing the intelligence of Rashleigh having carried off bills to a very large amount belonging to his father, with which he had departed for Scotland, and that Frank's relatives wished him to repair to Glasgow in search of the fugitive.

Next morning Frank prepared to leave Osbaldistone Hall; but his feelings were much agitated, both by the state of his father's affairs, and on account of his separation from Miss Vernon. At Glasgow, he was to meet with Owen, who had already gone there in pursuit of Rashleigh; but, being unacquainted with the road to Scotland, he repaired to Andrew Fairservice for instruction respecting the route he should pursue, and found him reading a volume of Dr. Lightfoot aloud, to *frighten away the ghaists*, as he said, by godly exercise. Andrew offered to accompany him, as he had been long thinking of *fitting* from Osbaldistone Hall; and, accordingly, it was agreed that they should set off together next morning by five o'clock. Frank was up by two o'clock, and, after leaving a letter on the table for his uncle, he saddled his horse, and arrived at the cottage of Andrew Fairservice, who was already mounted on a *naig*, and waiting to attend him. Frank ordered him to ride as quickly as possible, and Andrew pushed on his *naig* at the rate of eight or ten miles an hour, by unfrequented paths, through moors and bogs, and over hill and dale, without diminishing his speed. Frank, unable to keep up with him, halloed in vain to him to stop; but on threatening to blow out his brains, Andrew drew up his *naig*, and apologized for riding so fast, by saying, that "he had taken a stirrup-cup of brandy at parting with his o'd cronies, which made him a little *flighty* that morning." Having arrived at Glasgow on a Sunday, when the people were all in church, they alighted at an inn, and Frank inquired at the landlady for Messrs Macvittie, Macfin, and Company, from whom he expected to hear of Mr. Owen; but he was told that these good people would be attending public worship at the Barony Laigh Kirk. Frank proceeded thither, accompanied by Andrew Fairservice, and was

struck with admiration at the magnificent appearance of that ancient edifice, which Andrew informed him had been saved from destruction at the Reformation, by the townsmen agreeing to deliver up the idolatrous statues of the *sants*.

Frank looked round the congregation, to see if he could discover Owen among them, but in vain; and was just about to leave the church to go in quest of him, when he heard a voice from behind a pillar whisper distinctly in his ear, "You are in danger in this city." He startled at this mysterious caution, especially as he could not perceive from whence it proceeded, and resolved to remain, to afford the unknown monitor an opportunity of renewing his warning. In a few minutes the voice repeated, "You are in danger in this place—so am I;—meet me on the brig at twelve precisely;—keep at home till the gloaming, and avoid observation." Frank saw and attempted to follow the stranger down stairs; but as he could not overtake him, he waited till the congregation was dismissed.

When Frank reached the inn, he reflected seriously on the admonition given him, and whether he ought to keep the appointment with the stranger; but, after some consideration, he determined to meet his mysterious counsellor. Having walked about till twelve o'clock, Frank entered upon the bridge, and saw a person wrapped up in a cloak, who told him that he was the person whom he came to meet; and desired him to follow, that he might see with his own eyes what was of importance for him to know. Frank was rather unwilling to accompany the stranger; but, lest he should be thought a coward, he followed his conductor. As they passed along the streets, the stranger gave such a suspicious account of himself, that Frank would hardly consent to go farther, till he urged the necessity of his proceeding in order to learn from a person in prison the danger of his own situation. On arriving at the prison gate the stranger knocked; and, after saying something to the turnkey, which Frank did not understand, they both entered the jail, where a friendly conversation took place betwixt his guide and the turnkey, who seemed to be old acquaintances. The turnkey then gave a sign to Frank to follow him, and led him up several stairs, till they came to a small apartment, where he observed a person asleep. This was poor Mr. Owen, who, on recognising Frank, conjectured he was also brought to jail, and he began to lament the misfortunes which had befallen his father; but Frank interrupted him, by inquiring the cause of his imprisonment. Owen told him, that immediately on his arrival at Glasgow, he had called on Messrs Macvittie, Macfin, and Company, with whom Mr. Osbaldistone, his father, did most of his business, to consult them about the state of his affairs; but, on finding that the house of Osbaldistone and Tresham was considerably indebted to them, they behaved very

ll, and had thrown him into jail, on account of his being a partner of the London firm: that, in these deplorable circumstances, he had sent an account of his situation to Bailie Nicol Jarvie, a Glasgow merchant, with whom Mr. Osbaldistone sometimes did business; but that he had no sanguine expectations from that quarter.

However, in this Owen was agreeably disappointed; for, all though the Bailie was going to bed when the letter came, he immediately dressed himself, and set out for the prison, where he arrived shortly after Frank's introduction to Owen. The noise which the Bailie made at the door alarmed Frank's guide, who attempted to make his escape; but the worthy magistrate prevented him, by giving orders to the captain of the jail, when he came in, to lock the door and allow no one to pass upon his peril. The stranger entered their apartment before the Bailie; and the latter, after some conversation with Owen on the affairs of Mr. Osbaldistone, and blaming him for extending his speculations so far, produced his own ledger, from which it appeared that the London house owed him also a large balance. Nevertheless, the Bailie told Owen, that, as it was impossible for him to *redd* up the business in prison, he should find caution for his appearance, and then he would be set at liberty; but, as Owen said he knew of no one to whom he could apply, the Bailie generously offered to become bail himself.

While conversing with Owen, the Bailie had taken no notice of Frank and his conductor; but, when about to leave the apartment, he examined the stranger, and then exclaimed, "Ye robber, ye cateran, ye born deevil, that ye are, can this be you?" "E'en as you say," replied he. The Bailie continued his abuse, and even added threats of punishment; but the stranger told him, calmly, that he would never put them in execution, for the sake of auld langsyne, for their relationship, and for fear of the consequences. The honest Bailie was reproaching him for his acts of theft-boot, black-mail, spreaghs, and gill-ravaging, when the stranger requested he would not speak more on these subjects, and his "counting-room should not be cleaned out when the Gillan-a-naillie came to *redd* up the Glasgow *buiths*." The Bailie consented not to inform against him, and then pointing to Frank, inquired if that was not some gill-ravager he had listed into his service? Owen said it was Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, the only son of his worthy master. The Bailie observed, that he had heard of the hopeful youth before; and then reproached Frank for renouncing the mercantile profession to become a poet and a gentleman, and asked if his poetry would "procure him five thousand pounds to answer his father's bills, which would be due in ten days?" Frank was displeas'd at the Bailie's taunt; but, while musing on what he heard, he hastily drew out a letter

given him by Diana Vernon, which was not to be opened till within ten days of any emergency. Another letter was enclosed, which fell at the feet of the Bailie, who took it up, and, seeing it was addressed to Robert Campbell (the unknown stranger), he delivered it into his hands. Frank was confounded to recognise in his guide his old acquaintance the drover, and wondered what could be the purport of Miss Vernon's letter to him; but conjecturing that it might be sent to entreat Campbell to discover the retreat of Rashleigh, he was led to enquire where his kinsman was. Campbell gave an indirect answer, but requested Frank and the Bailie to meet him at the clachan of Aberfoyle, where he would disclose something that might be of service to them both, and he would pay Bailie Jarvie a thousand pounds Scots which he then owed him. After giving their consent to pay Rob a visit, they all left the prison, and Frank accompanied the Bailie to his house, where, being warned by him not to keep company wth *Hielandmen and thae wild cattle*, he received an invitation to breakfast next morning, and then took his leave.

Next morning, Owen and Frank breakfasted with the Bailie, and in the course of conversation, Frank made some inquiries about Mr. Campbell. The Bailie said, that Rob, as he called him, had once been a Highland drover, but was now a gentleman, and commanded "thirty *waur* cattle;" and he declined entering farther into his history, saying, it was more necessary to examine his father's accounts. After putting on his spectacles, he looked into the ledger, and found that the sum which Osbaldistone and Company owed him was considerable; but, with great generosity, he said, that if he should lose by them, he had also gained, and therefore he would just "lay the head of the sow to the tail of the grice."

Meditating on his present prospects, and projecting schemes for his future conduct, Frank strolled first into the College, and then into a solitary adjoining walk, at the end of which he observed three men in earnest conversation. To his surprise, he found them to be Rashleigh, Maevittie, and Morris, the two last of whom went away, and afforded him an opportunity of accosting Rashleigh, who was much confused at the rencounter. Frank demanded an account of the property with which he had absconded, or to go before a magistrate; but as Rashleigh declined doing either, he insisted on satisfaction, and they retired to a more remote place to settle the quarrel with their swords. They fought with equal skill and courage for some time, until Frank's foot slipped, and then Rashleigh made a home-thrust at him, which grazed his ribs. The pain it occasioned made Frank furious, and grappling with his adversary, he was attempting to run him through the body, when they were stopt by the powerful arm of Campbell, who swore he would "cleave to the brisket

the first that minted another stroke." After trying in vain to bring about a reconciliation between them; Campbell forcibly disengaged Frank's hand from his antagonist's collar, and desired Rashleigh to leave them. At departing, Rashleigh said, that as the quarrel had not been settled, they would meet again at some future opportunity; and Frank was for following him but Campbell mentioned that Rashleigh had engaged Morris to renew his accusation against him for the robbery, therefore Frank thought it prudent to desist. Campbell warned him to keep out of the sight of Rashleigh, Morris, and Macvittie, and then, after renewing his invitation to visit him at the clachan of Aberfoyle, he went away.

Frank called at an apothecary's to get his wound dressed, and then went to dine with the Bailie. Frank related his meeting with Rashleigh, and mentioned what he had learned from Campbell; to which the Bailie and Owen listened with amazement. He then asked the worthy magistrate's advice regarding the propriety and safety of visiting Campbell. The Bailie, highly pleased at being consulted, thought that it would be advisable, that Frank should leave Glasgow for a while; and described the Highlanders as an uncivilized and lawless set: That Robert Campbell alias Rob Roy Macgregor, was once a great drover, or grazer and dealer in cattle, a business followed by gentlemen of property in the Highlands, and had by his bold speculations suffered some severe losses, which so reduced him that he became a levier of the black-mail, a customary tributary tax, imposed by those lawless depredators, of four pounds Scots on one hundred pounds of vauled rent, to secure property from Skaith, or to recover any cattle that were stolen: That any one refusing to pay this tribute was certain of being plundered by Rob, who could raise five hundred men, all devoted to his service; and that, although Morris suspected him of the robbery, he was afraid to accuse him. The Bailie added, That as Frank's father, had granted bills for a great quantity of wood bought in the Highlands, which he had no means of retiring, unless the assets and money carried off by Rashleigh to some of the Highland *haulds* could be recovered, and that it was in Rob Roy's power to do this if he liked; but as this could not be done in time to save his father's credit, that he had got three individuals in Glasgow to advance a sum sufficient for the purpose. The Bailie undertook to accompany Frank to Aberfoyle, where, by representing the matter to Rob, who had a good heart, he hoped, through his means, to gain possession of it.

Accordingly, next morning, at five o'clock, he was equipped in his *trot-cosey*, jack-boots, and other *riding-gear*, ready to mount, when Frank arrived at his door. After some delay, occasioned by the knavery of Andrew Fairservice, and by the

Bailie's housekeeper, Mattie, tying a silk handkerchief round her master's neck, they set out for the Highlands, and the party in due time arrived at the clachan of Aberfoyle.

Having drawn up their horses at the inn, the sound of several voices made them hesitate to alight; at last they rapped, but the landlady refused to admit them, saying, "her house was ta'en up wi' them that wadna like to be intruded on wi' strangers." The Bailie was unwilling to enter; but Frank insisted, that he must have some refreshment, and therefore ordered the horses to be put into the stable. On entering the principal room of this paltry inn, they saw a blazing fire of turf, near which sat three men, drinking and engaged in conversation; two of them dressed in the Highland costume, and the other in the Lowland, all bold-looking, stout men, equipped with swords and pistols, and their naked dirks were stuck upright on the table, while another Highlander lay slumbering on the floor. Frank and his two comrades having seated themselves near the fire, desired the landlady to give them something for supper. The three men turned round, and after staring at them for a few minutes, one of them asked how they could have the assurance to break in upon "gentlemens that had taken up the public-house on their ain business." Frank and the Bailie apologized, by saying that they meant no offence, and had come to the inn to get some refreshment but this explanation not satisfying them, the Highlander, unsheathing his broad-sword, desired them to draw; and as they were three to three, he advanced to Frank, who put himself in a posture of defence. The other Highlander, with his sword drawn, confronted the Bailie, who in vain tried to pull out his sword, which was so rusted in the sheath from long disuse, that he was forced to look about for some other weapon of defence. However, as a substitute, he drew a red-hot poker from the fire, and brought it against his antagonist with such effect, that he set his plaid in a blaze. Andrew immediately took to his heels, and his antagonist, the Lowlander, crying out, "fair play," would take no part in the fray, but remained neuter. Frank and the Bailie were still maintaining the contest, when the sleeping Highlander, who was no other than Dougal, the turnkey, started up to their assistance, and said he would "fight for Bailie Jarvie," at the same time he attacked his countryman. This auxiliary, with the assistance of the Lowlander, soon succeeded in separating the combatants, and in effecting a reconciliation between the parties, the Bailie promising to send the Highlander a new plaid to replace the one he had burnt. When supper was nearly ready, Frank missed Andrew Fairservice, who had not been seen since the beginning of the fray, and he was going out to seek him in the stable, when the landlady took him aside, and put into his hand a written communication from

Rob Roy to this effect: That he durst not meet the Bailie and him at the clachan of Aberfoyle, as the night-hawks were abroad; but that the bearer of the letter was trusty, and would guide them to a place where he could meet them with safety.—In the stable he found Andrew, who was in great dismay, as he had seen one of Rob's gillies give the letter to the landlady for his master. During supper, Frank overheard them concerting the best means of catching Rob Roy, and expressing their impatienc, for the arrival of some red-coats, who were to assist them. Their discourse was interrupted by the entrance of an officer, who inquired if they were the gentlemen he was appointed to meet with there; and, on their answering in the affirmative, he shewed them a warrant which he had received, "to search for and arrest two persons accused of treasonable practices." On looking at the Bailie and Frank, he observed, that they answered the description exactly; and, notwithstanding their protestations to the contrary, he caused them to be searched. The only paper found on Frank was Rob Roy's letter, which made the officer suspect that they were his confederates, and therefore he ordered them into custody till further inquiry.

Frank and his companion having retired to rest, they were roused from their slumber in the middle of the night, by the noise of soldiers dragging in a culprit. This prisoner was poor Dougal, the ex-turnkey, whom they found, on examination, to be one of Rob Roy's accomplices, and by his own confession to have parted with him about an hour before. The officer threatened to hang Dougal on the next tree unless he discovered Rob Roy's retreat, and a piece of cord being actually prepared before his eyes, the poor creature was obliged to consent to conduct them. Having drawn up his men, the officer forced Frank and the Bailie to join them, and then the whole set out under the guidance of Dougal. The road was at first open, but it afterwards took a winding direction among the hills, and led to a narrow pass, scarcely sufficient to admit the troops. Here they made a halt, as they found a commanding position of the path before them occupied by Highlanders, and heard the sound of bagpipes in their rear; but Captain Thornton, the officer, having resolved to force the pass, seized his pike from one of the soldiers, and putting himself at their head, gave the word to march forward. The party had advanced within twenty yards of the spot which was occupied by the enemy, when they observed the Highlanders, with their bonnets and long guns, crouching among the brushwood on the eminence, and were stopped by the sudden appearance of a female on the summit of a rock, who ordered them to stand, and demanded what they sought in the country of the Macgregor. Captain Thornton replied, that he came in search of Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell, and if any resistance

was made to prevent him, he was determined to force his way. The strange female, who was no other than Rob's wife, told him, that, not content with depriving her and her family of every comfort, they were now come to seek their lives; but notwithstanding her remonstrances, the Captain ordered his men to march forward, and the soldiers were attempting to gain the ascent, when a volley of musketry from the heights killed three of the soldiers. The king's troops returned the fire of their concealed enemies, but with little effect; yet, being overpowered by numbers, they at last laid down their arms, and submitted at discretion. During the conflict, Dougal and Frank had escaped from danger, by creeping into a thicket which overhung the road, and then ascended the rocks; but the Bailie, in clambering up after them, had fallen down, and would have perished, had not the branch of a tree caught hold of his coat, and supported him in a hanging posture. Here the worthy magistrate dangled like the pendulum of a clock, till he was observed by Dougal, who, by cutting the tails from his coat, extricated him from this perilous situation.

When the battle was over, Frank sallied out to see what was become of his companions, and, having descried the Bailie sitting under the covert of a rock on the bank, ascended up the height till he reached his friend. On looking around, they saw Andrew Fairservice surrounded by some Highlanders, who stripped him of all his wearing apparel, and gave him some old clothes in return. Frank and the Bailie were dragged from their retreat, and would likely have shared the fate of Andrew, had not Dougal prevented it. They were carried before Helen Campbell, whom the Bailie accosted as his cousin, and endeavoured to prove himself her kinsman, by mentioning a long list of ancestors; at the same time expressing his regret, that any of his relations should have disgraced themselves by becoming freebooters. Helen disdained to acknowledge him as her kinsman, and, being piqued at the reproaches he had uttered, gave orders to throw Frank and the Bailie into the adjoining loch; but at this crisis Dougal interposed to save their lives. He had scarcely finished his supplications in their favour, when the sound of a pibroch was heard at a distance, and instantly a troop of thirty Highlanders came towards them. They brought the melancholy news, that her husband was taken prisoner by Galbraith's militia; but that his men had carried off a captive, whom they intended to keep as an hostage for Macgregor's safety. This hostage was Frank's accuser, Morris, whom Helen commanded to be dragged before her; and he, anticipating the fate which awaited him, pleaded hard for his life, and protested that he was only the agent of Rashleigh. However, the vindictive Helen would not listen to his entreaties; but commanded him to be rolled in a plaid, with a stone round his neck and thrown into the adjoining lake. Her

orders were instantly executed, and the poor wretch sunk to rise no more.

Helen Macgregor now ordered Frank before her, and interrogated him. On his giving satisfactory answers to her inquiries, Helen said, that being a neutral person, he was not liable to be detained a prisoner, and therefore she would send him with a message to the commander of the party who had taken her husband. The purport of this communication was, that if her enemies put to death, or even maltreated, Rob Roy Macgregor Campbell, she would not only take vengeance on the whole country, but slay all the prisoners in her possession. After some explanation on the subject, Frank, attended by Andrew Fair-service, having Rob's youngest son for a guide, travelled a considerable distance, before he arrived at the station of the king's troops, where he found the Duke of Montrose, and delivered the message. He immediately ordered the prisoner to be brought before him, and Rob made his appearance, with his arms buckled tight down to his body with a horse-girth, and on each side a non-commissioned officer had a hold of him, besides a file of men before and another behind, with their bayonets fixed, to prevent the possibility of his escape.

On entering, he bowed to the Duke, who observed, that it was long since they had met, and accused him of being the oppressor and terror of the country by his depredations; but that he was now drawing near the end of his career. Rob, in turn, accused the Duke of being the author of his misfortunes, by driving him to that kind of life which he now led, and said, that if he suffered death, many would lose their lives in return.

In order to secure the prisoner, the Duke had caused him to be placed on horseback behind one of the strongest men in the troop, whose name was Ewan of Brigglands, and both were buckled on so tightly, that it was impossible for Rob to escape. The cavalcade pursued their journey, till they came to a ravine, down which one horseman only could descend after another in succession; and while apart from the rest, Rob whispered to his companion, that it was barbarous "to carry an auld friend to death like a calf to the shambles;" begging him to cut the thong which bound him. After much solicitation, Ewan cut the leather, while they were crossing the Forth, and his prisoner slipped from the horse and plunged into the river. The Duke had reached the opposite side, and, by the waning light, was engaged in putting his troops in order as they landed, and directing the prisoners to be brought over when he heard the plunge. He immediately suspected the cause, and finding on Ewan's landing, that his suspicions were verified, he cried out, "Rascal, where's the prisoner?" and then fired a pistol at him, vociferating, "Gentlemen, disperse and follow him; a hundred guineas to him that

secured Rob Roy." All was confusion; some of the troopers fearlessly rushed into the water, while others rode up and down the banks to discover where he would land, and firing at every object which attracted their notice; but, as a great part of them wished to favour his escape, the search was not made with sufficient eagerness. At one time, being closely pursued, he disengaged himself from his plaid, which he allowed to float down the stream and deceived his pursuers. However, the evening began to grow darker, and the banks so precipitous, that it was found impossible to continue the pursuit. The commanding officer therefore, ordered a retreat to be sounded. Frank now heard some one inquiring where the English stranger was, and then exclaiming that he had given Rob Roy the knife to cut the belt. This exclamation was followed by threatenings of vengeance on him, and finding there was some risk of his being shot on the spot, he leapt off his horse, and hid himself in some bushes. When the noise of the troopers had subsided, and all was quiet, Frank left his hiding-place, with the determination of making the best of his way to Aberfoyle. On his way thither he was overtaken by two strangers on horseback, one of whom accosted him, and inquired, in the English tongue, where he was bound for, and if the passes were open. Frank, who had been whistling, told where he was going, but could not say whether the passes were open or not, and advised them to turn back, as there had been some disturbance in that quarter. After some further conversation, the other rider said, in a voice which vibrated through all his nerves, "When Mr. Francis Osbaldistone does not wish to be discovered, he ought to refrain from whistling his favourite airs." Frank discovered the last speaker to be Dianna Vernon, who was disguised in a horseman's cloak. Some conversation ensued, in which Frank discovered his jealousy of her companion. Miss Vernon took out a small case, which she gave to Frank, telling him it was the property that Rashleigh had carried off from his father, and which he had been forced to give up. She then, after many expressions of endearment and sorrow, with tears in her eyes, bade him farewell for ever, and rode off with her companion, leaving poor Frank in a state of stupefaction.

On recovering from his stupor, Frank, feeling a strong desire to see her again, quickened his pace to reach Aberfoyle, where he supposed they must stop for the night. While hurrying forward, he was accosted, in a deep voice, by a Highlander, with, "There's a braw night, Maister Osbaldistone;" and in the speaker he immediately recognised Rob Roy, who had got clear off from his pursuers. Frank congratulated him on escaping from his enemies. Rob inquired the particulars of all that had happened to him since he left Glasgow, and Frank recounted the affray at the clachan of Aberfoyle, the arrest of the Bailie and himself by

Captain Thornton, the skirmish at the pass, and, lastly, the recovery of his father's property from Rashleigh.

Rob was highly diverted on hearing the Bailie's exploits with the red-hot poker at Aberfoyle, and observed, that his cousin, Nicol Jarvie, had got some good blood in his veins, although bred to a mechanical business. He told Frank, that his enemies were laying snares to catch him (Rob Roy) on his return from Glasgow, of which he had been apprized; therefore he found it impossible to meet the Bailie and him at the clachan of Aberfoyle.

They had nearly reached the village, when three armed Highlanders sprung upon them; but Rob uttering the word Gregarach they recognised him, and burst into joyful acclamations. After an extravagant but kindly embrace, two of them ran off to communicate the pleasing intelligence; and so speedily did the information spread, that, before Frank and he could reach the inn at Aberfoyle, they were surrounded by a multitude. When Rob had satisfied the curiosity of his friends, by relating the story above a dozen times, they were suffered to enter the house, where they found the Bailie seated at the fireside. The welcomes, apologies, and congratulations, being over, the Bailie, after filling up a stoup of brandy, which held above three ordinary glasses, drank it off to the health of Rob and his family, and then began to descant on the impropriety of Rob's bringing up his sons in the same wicked ways with himself; and he proposed to take them, without any apprenticeship, and to discharge the debt of 1000 pounds Scots which he owed him. Rob, in high indignation, rejected the proposal; and ordering one of his retainers to bring in his sporan, he took out 1000 pounds Scots, which he gave to the Bailie. With great formality the Bailie produced the bond for the debt, regularly discharged, which he wished to get attested by witnesses; but Rob laid hold of the paper, and threw it into the fire, saying, it was the way he settled accounts in the Highlands. Next morning, the Bailie was observing, that they should immediately set out for Glasgow, when Rob entered, and persuaded them to visit his abode. Frank learned from Rob, that Rashleigh, finding he could not get Diana, and then being obliged to give up Mr Osbaldistone's papers, was so irritated, that he posted to Stirling, and betrayed all the plans of King James' adherents to the commander, who was induced to send the detachment by whom Rob was taken prisoner. Rob concluded his information with the most deadly threats of vengeance on Rashleigh, and at the time, frowning darkly, he grasped the handle of his dirk. They had now proceeded along the sides of the Lake about six miles, when they came to a number of Highland huts, and found a numerous party of the Macgregors assembled to receive them, with Rob's wife and two sons at their head. Helen gave them a kindly but dignified welcome, and apologizing for

the rough manner in which they had been formerly treated, invited them to partake of a plentiful repast on the Green. On rising to take their leave, Helen bade the Bailie farewell, and then turning to Frank, put into his hand a ring, which, she said, had been given to her by Miss Vernon, accompanied with these words, "Let him forget me for ever." At a late hour they arrived in Glasgow; and Frank, after consigning the Bailie to the care of Mattie, proceeded to his former residence, where he found there was still a light in the window. On knocking, the door was opened by Andrew Fairservice, who, giving a loud cry of joy, ran up stairs, and Frank followed him into a parlour, where, to his great surprise, he found his father and Owen, both of whom embraced him tenderly. Mr Osbaldistone, who had arrived in London shortly after Owen left it, only waited there till he collected sufficient funds to pay every demand on the house, which, from his extensive resources, he easily accomplished, and then had posted to Scotland for the purpose of bringing Rashleigh to justice, and putting his affairs in order in that quarter. His arrival with sufficient funds to fulfil all his engagements was a dreadful blow to Macvittie and Company, who tried, by the most servile apologies, to gain his favour; but he paid the balance owing them, and closed their account.

Andrew Fairservice, who, after undergoing an examination, had been sent back to Glasgow by the Duke, only reached the inn a few hours before Frank, gave such an account of the dangerous situation of his master to Mr Osbaldistone, that he resolved to set out for the Highlands in the morning, and endeavour to get his son liberated.

Next day Mr Osbaldistone waited on Bailie Jarvie to thank him for his kindness, and for the trouble he had taken to recover the papers, and then offered him that part of his business which Macvittie and Company formerly transacted. The Bailie accepted the offer with gratitude; and, after conversing a while with Mr Osbaldistone, took Frank aside to request of him not to speak a word about the queer adventures they met with in the Highlands; for if Bailie Graham heard of him fighting with Highlandmen, and singeing their plaids, and the suspension by the coat-tails, "it wad be a sair hair in his neck as lang as he lived."

As the object of their journey was accomplished, Frank and his father, after spending a comfortable day with Bailie Jarvie, took their leave, and began to prepare for leaving Glasgow. The Bailie continued to thrive in business, adding to his wealth and credit, and, in due time, attained the office of chief magistrate, but, growing tired of the life of a bachelor, he married his house-keeper, Mattie, whom he considered to be a proper wife for him, because "she w^{as} akin to the Laird of Limmerfield."

One morning, before Mr Osbaldistone and Frank had left Glasgow, they were alarmed by Andrew Fairservice bursting into the parlour, to communicate the intelligence of a rebellion having broken out in the West Highlands to restore King James; that the clans had all risen to a man, and that Rob Roy and all his petticoat bands would be there in twenty-four hours. Andrew's news was not without foundation, for it proved to be the beginning of the great Rebellion of 1715, which was headed by the Earl of Mar, and involved in ruin so many noblemen and gentlemen, both in Scotland and England. The rebellion having extended to England, Frank's uncle, Sir Hildebrand, joined the insurgents; but, lest his estates should be confiscated, he left it to all his sons in succession, except Rashleigh, whom he cut off with a shilling; and, in the event of their death, it was to descend to Frank. It is somewhat strange, that all Sir Hildebrand's sons died, or were killed, a short time afterwards. By his uncle's will Frank succeeded to Osbaldistone Hall, and he set off, attended by Andrew Fairservice; but, as his right to the property was disputed by Rashleigh, before going there, he called on his old friend Justice Inglewood, the holder of his uncle's original will, from whom he met with a kind reception. The will being produced after dinner,

Frank found that every thing was correct; and when they had drunk a few glasses, the Justice insisted on a bumper to Mistress Vernon's health, which led to some conversation about that lady. From him Frank learned, that it was Diana's father, Sir Frederick Vernon, who accompanied her to the Highlands, and who had assumed the disguise of Father Vaughan at Osbaldistone Hall: that he was a rigid Roman Catholic, and had formerly been tried and condemned for high treason; but he made his escape to France, and a report of his death was circulated, which every one believed, until he returned to Britain as the agent of King James: that Rashleigh, being privy to Sir Frederick's concealment, kept poor Diana in awe lest he should betray him to government: that her father had solemnly engaged to Sir Hildebrand that she should either marry one of his sons or take the veil, and she had positively refused to marry any one of her cousins. The loss of Diana, together with the wresting of the property of Osbaldistone and Company from him, had so irritated Rashleigh, that he deserted the cause of the rebels, and turned informer.

Frank having heard that Rashleigh was at Mr Jobson's house, in the neighbourhood, he, next morning, accompanied by Andrew Fairservice, directed his course to Osbaldistone Hall; and on drawing near it, the recollection that all its late inhabitants were buried in the grave, excited in his mind those melancholy feelings which local associations leave of those who are no more. When they reached the Hall, Andrew knocked loudly at the door, at which the aged butler, appeared, and inquired their business.

Frank having explained to him the purport of Sir Hildebrand's will, and his own right to inherit the property and mansion-house of Osbaldistone Hall, the old man admitted them, though with apparent reluctance. The butler asked where his honour would please to have a fire lighted and Frank requested it might be put on in the library; but he made many excuses, that the room smoked, and that the daws had built up the chimney, in order to deter him from going. However, Frank insisted on being instantly shewn there, and the butler was forced to comply with his orders. On entering the library, Frank was not a little astonished at finding a good fire, and every thing having the appearance of being lately occupied; but, anxious to enjoy his own reflections, he desired the land-steward to be called, and the butler, with evident reluctance, withdrew to execute his orders.

As Frank knew of Rashleigh being in the neighbourhood, and that he was capable of any desperate action, he made Andrew Fairservice bring two stout fellows to guard the premises. After convincing the steward, who had come immediately on receiving the summons, of the validity of his titles to the property, Frank, being left alone, sat down by the fire, and, in a reverie, uttered these words: "Is this, then, the progress and issue of human wishes?" He had scarcely finished these words, when a sigh issued from the other side of the room, and Diana Vernon presented herself, leaning on her father's arm. Frank was almost petrified with terror, as he believed them to be phantoms of his own imagination, till Sir Frederick Vernon accosted him, and begged he might protect them from the imminent danger that threatened them. Frank replied, with great emotion, that he could never forget their kindness in recovering his father's property, and that no exertions would be wanting on his part to provide for their safety. Sir Frederick now explained the causes of his present situation; that he had joined the Earl of Mar in Scotland to support King James; that he had afterwards followed Lord Derwentwater into England; that, after the defeat at Preston, he had retired northward, and taken refuge at Osbaldistone Hall, till a trusty friend should find a vessel to convey them to France. Sir Frederick then expatiated on his daughter's virtues; and having declared his intention to devote her to the service of her Maker, he withdrew along with her behind the tapestry.

After their departure, Frank fell into a long train of painful reflections; at one time accusing Sir Frederick for his bigotry, at another time Diana for yielding to his wishes; and, last of all, himself for loving one who seemed determined not to become his wife. In such a state of mind he could not sleep; and in the middle of the night was alarmed by a loud knocking at the door. This was occasioned by Justice Standish, who came with a war-

rant to apprehend Sir Frederick Vernon, Diana, and Frank himself, for high treason. Frank having learned this intelligence, informed Sir Frederick and his daughter, for whom he procured the key of the garden, where they might hide themselves. But Rashleigh had observed their movements, and soon brought them back into the house, where he also found Frank, who, he said, must instantly quit Osbaldistone Hall, as he had come to take possession of it. Rashleigh also told them, that he would convey them away in his carriage to a place of safety; and, in the meantime, dismissed Andrew Fairservice, to get rid of his blustering noise. Andrew strolled up the avenue in search of a night's quarters from an old acquaintance, when he fell in with a number of Highlanders, who obliged him to tell them the late transactions at Osbaldistone Hall. When they heard that a carriage was to carry away Diana, Sir Frederick, and Frank, they cut down trees, and laid across the road, to intercept its passage. When the carriage, escorted by Rashleigh, had arrived at the place where the Highlanders were, some of his attendants dismounted to remove the trees, when a scuffle ensued betwixt the two parties. Rashleigh attacked the leader of the band, who wounded him severely; and, taking hold of him, asked if he would beg forgiveness. "No, never;" said Rashleigh; upon which his antagonist (who was Rob Roy) plunged his sword into his bowels. Rob then handed out Miss Vernon from the carriage, and conducted her and Sir Frederick into the forest, accompanied by his troop of Highlanders. Frank then directed his whole attention to Rashleigh, who was instantly conveyed by the carriage to Osbaldistone Hall, and placed in an easy chair till a surgeon should be sent for to dress his wounds. Rashleigh begged that they would save themselves the trouble, as he was a dying man; and, addressing Frank, declared, that he hated him, for having thwarted him in all his projects of love, ambition, and interest; and now that the estate would become his, "Take it," he said, "and may the curse of a dying man cleave to it." Shortly after, Rashleigh breathed his last. After the funeral obsequies were performed, Frank repaired to London, where he received a letter from Miss Vernon, informing him of their escape under the guidance of Macgregor, towards the west of Scotland, and their safe conveyance by a vessel to France, where she was placed in a convent. Frank now determined, if possible, to marry Miss Vernon; and having procured his father's consent to the match, he succeeded in gaining her affections, and making her his wife. They long lived happily together, a blessing to all the country round.

FINIS.