

suspected that she would get a thram of te whisky, or te rroom, or te phrandy at least; and may pe a shilling into hersporran.' 'And what did you see when you arrived?' 'Hersel saw Mr Campbell's two dhogs sitting with their tails upon te ground, and one of them was poo-hoing; and then when she came ddown, there was Mr Campbell himself lhying, and great stream of blood running down from his pody.' 'And was he quite dead then?' 'Hoo, yes, him was very dhead.' 'And did you see any other person in the Correi that day?' 'Nho; she saw'd no other pody but Mr M'ulloch, who was running very strong up the Balloch.' 'Was it towards his own house that he was running?' 'Nho!—such a question! It would pe llong before running up to Balloch would take him to his own house. His own house lies down there, and he was running here.' 'And what did he do when you came to the corpse?' 'He turned back again, and came to me, and desired me to go with all haste to Kilcagar, and tell Mrs Campbell that her husband was lying in te Correi shot and dhead, and mhoordered, which I did with a heavy heart; for Mr Campbell was a good and kind man.' 'Did you never hear of a great beauty, named Anne Gillespie, who did not bear the best character in the country?' 'Hoo! hersel will be telling you whatever she has seen with her own eyes, but she will swear to no reports.' 'Was she not lost about the time of Mr Campbell's death, and was it not suspected that she too had been made away with?' 'Hersel has never saw'd her dhead or alive since that day, so that she may pe mhoordered, and dhead, and buried, or trown into te sea, and ealten up with te creat fushes, or she may pe living, and as peautiful as ever, for any ting tat hersel does know.' 'You say you have never seen hersince that day—did you see her on that day?' 'Hersel saw—saw—saw oich aillidh running down Corrie-Deach.' 'What is oich aillidh, if you please?' 'Hersel not have it in te tongue.' A gentleman here explained to the judges that M'Nichol meant a comely well-dressed young woman. 'And was that handsome young woman Mrs Anne Gillespie?' 'It might pe her and it might not pe her; she could not say. Tere were words aproad.' 'How far were you from her?' 'Hoo, hersel was very near; not above two or three miles from her.' 'That is a great distance.' 'Oh, it pe no distance in te Highland. If we had been any nhearer we would have been together.' 'Did you know Mrs Anne Gillespie personally?' 'Hoo, yes, she knowed her very well.' 'And what sort of a woman was she?' 'She was a very ghood, and a very peautiful, and a very plessed lhad; but she loved the sheentlemans like other womans.' 'Did you hear two shots from the Balloch, or only one that morning?' 'Hersel was hearing two shots, one pefore and another ather.'

A great many more witnesses were examined, but their evidences were greatly at variance, and nothing more could be elicited, save that it was certain Mrs Anne Gillespie was a person of doubtful character, and that she was lost, and that many suspected she had got foul play for her life. Finally, the counsel for the crown demanded a verdict of guilty against Mr M'ulloch; but one of the judges, in summing up the evidence, expressed his doubts. He acknowledged that the circumstantial evidence was very strong against Mr M'ulloch, yet still, taking his character, temper, and disposition altogether into view, he could hardly conceive that evidence to be thoroughly conclusive. It was true he was the only man observed in the Balloch, and was discovered running away; and when he saw that discovery was made, he turned again. His hands were bloody and his gun was discharged. Mr Campbell had been killed by a species of shot which was found to be the very same kind as that contained in Mr M'ulloch's lead-bag. All these circumstances, taken together, formed a mass of strong evidence. But whence could spring the motive for the one friend murdering the other?—and how was Ann Gillespie concerned in the matter? He confessed he could not see his way through such a mesh. He therefore had some faint hopes that the prisoner really was not guilty. He was far from exculpating him, for it was a dark and mysterious affair, and the evidence was grievously against him; but if the honorable jury viewed the matter with the same doubts as he did, he begged they would give the prisoner the advantage of them. There was one thing he was bound to remind them of—that it was quite manifest the person who shot Mr Campbell had been close to him. Now, if the thing had taken place by accident, which was the most likely thing in the world, the prisoner would have acknowledged it, and then no blame would have attached to him; but as he pre-emptorily denies it, you are obliged either to return a verdict of *not proven*, or of *wilful murder*. I must, therefore, leave him in the hands of his countrymen, and may God influence their hearts to return a just and true verdict.

Mr M'ulloch appearing at that time very much affected, and like to faint, he was removed, and had

something to drink. He asked the guards how they thought the verdict would go, and was answered that there was every probability it would go against him. He said he thought so too; for had he been a jurymen on any other criminal, he thought he should have given it against him. The jury were enclosed, and continued in fierce and angry discussion for five hours and twenty minutes, and then returned a verdict of GUILTY, by a majority of two. M'ulloch was again brought into court, and the Justice-Clerk asked him if he had any thing to say why judgment of death should not be pronounced against him. He said he had only one very simple reason, which was, that he was as innocent of his friend's death as his own child that sat on her mother's knee. He neither blamed the judges nor the jury, for every word of the evidence was true. There was not a false word against him, and it was singular how strongly they all tended to corroborate an innocent man's guilt. Had he been a jurymen on the same trial, he would have voted with the majority. Therefore, he had no reasons to urge why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him; only he begged for a distant day, as he was certain the Almighty would not suffer an innocent man to die an ignominious death, and his family to be disgraced and ruined, without bringing to light something relating to that horrid transaction. He was sentenced to be executed that day six months, on the 27th of October.

Mr M'ulloch received all the admonitions of the several divines towards confession with the greatest indignation, remaining obstinate to the last, and still no light was thrown on the mysterious murder of Mr Campbell, save that, on the day after the trial, a great burly Highlander demanded a word of the Lord Justice Clerk, who, being a proud man, received him churlishly, saying, 'What do you want with me, you ruffian looking dog?' 'Hersel just pe wanting to tell you judgeship tat you must reverse te sentence on honest Mr M'ulloch instantly, for it is not a fair one, and cannot pe a fair one.' 'What do you mean sir?' 'What do I mean? Hubabub! Did you not see tat tere was six Campbells on the jury? Te judge hersel was a Campbell, te man who was shot was a Campbell, and how could any man get justice? If you had not been what you are, a Campbell, you could have easily seen trough tat tere could be no shustice. And hersel could tell you, had it been a Gillespie, a Stuart, or a M'Donald, tat had been shot, and a Campbell who had shot him, with te same judge and jury, tere would have been no word of guilty. Now I tell you tat you, and your jury of Campbell's, are both knaves and fools, else you might have seen with your mouths, suppose you had no eyes in te heads of yourselves, that Mr M'ulloch was no more guilty of shooting his friend John Campbell than you were.' 'Then I tell you that you are a knave, a ruffian, and a madman. Take him out, and give him into custody.' 'Just stop, if you please, till I tell you honor's glorious majesty, tat I can give my pown oath tat when te shot was fired that killed John Campbell, Duncan M'ulloch was half a mile off, and out of sight too.' 'And how do you know that?' 'Pecause I saw it with my own eyes at a great distance.' 'Who else could it be then that shot him?' 'Hoo, but let you and your Campbell's with your wise heads find out tat! Tat pe your business and none of mine. Only I will swear tat it was not Duncan M'ulloch.' 'Hersel will swear that py all te oaths tat ever was made in helen or earth. So you have no ting to do with all your wisdom, but send word over to te prison to let him forth.' 'Oh, the man is mad! stark staring mad. What flummery is this? Seize him, force him out and see that he be properly secured.'

The attendants then seized the fellow and forced him out, while he continued calling over his shoulder, 'O you creat pig plunderer of a shudge! If you do not take tent of what I say, and let Mr M'ulloch go free, tat Cot's creat shoogement will come over you, and you will—'

Here his anathemas were lost in the hubub at the door, and the thing was totally disregarded by the proper authorities. It created however a sensation among the bystanders, and a petition was got up for a reprieve to M'ulloch. Who it was signed by, or by whom presented, I do not know; but it had not the desired effect. Reprieves and pardons were not so common in those days as now, and Duncan M'ulloch was left for execution.

Now, it so happened that the day appointed for M'ulloch's execution, the 27th of October, was the very one preceding the opening of the autumn western circuit; and on that morning, as the Lord Justice-Clerk and the Lord Provost of Glasgow were sitting at an early breakfast, the attendants stated to them that there was a very blackguard ruffian-looking fellow at the door, who demanded an audience of their lordships; that they had repulsed him several times, but he would take no refusal, saying that his message was one of life and death and he must and would speak with them.

No, no—tell him we have nothing to do with him.'

said the Justice-Clerk. 'I like not such ruffians intruding themselves into our presence. There is danger in it.' 'There shall be no danger to you my lord, I answer for it,' said the provost. 'And since it is an affair of life and death, I think we had better hear what the fellow has to say. With all these attendants and ourselves we have nothing to fear from one man; so I think with your permission we will admit him.'

'Let him be searched then, that he has no arms about him?' 'Yes my lord.' The fellow was then searched and admitted, and a frightful-looking figure he was. His form was emaciated; his face the colour of clay; his beard sticking out all around like a bottle-brush; his tufted hair protruding far beyond the rim of his crabbed Argyleshire bonnet, which he did not even deign to lay aside, but stepping up to the Lord Justice Clerk, he addressed him thus—'Does your honour's clorious mhajesty know mbe?' 'No sir, I know nothing about you, nor do I wish to know any thing; keep your distance.' 'Then sir, if you don't know me, you don't know a man who has ten times more truth and honour than yourself, for all te pride and wisdom tat is below tat creat pig mealy wig of yours. Did not I tell you this day six months tat Mr M'ulloch was no more guilty of te death of John Campbell of Kilcagar than you was? And did you tink tat a true Highlander was coming to tell you a pown lie for nothing? And yet you are suffering tat poor honest sheentleman to be dragged to the gallows this day and hanged like a dog, for a crime of which you know he was not guilty; for did I not tell you so, and was not that enough? But here am I, Pheader Gillespie, who will not suffer an innocent sheentleman to die for a crime in which he had no hand. I was loth to give up the murderer before; but since it must pe so, it must pe so. I then tell you, sheentlemans, that it was I myself that shot John Campbell.' 'You who shot John Campbell?' cried the Lord Provost, starting to his feet; 'I declare that this surpasses all that I ever heard or witnessed in my life! My Lord this is a very serious matter indeed. We must take it upon ourselves to defer the execution of Mr M'ulloch until the truth of the circumstance be ascertained, and a reprieve can be obtained.' 'No no,' said the Justice Clerk; 'the man is deranged and knows not what he is saying. Justice must have its way—the sentence must be executed.' 'Oh you creat stupid bhast of a shudge, have you no fear of Cot before your eyes!' cried the Highlander, with great vehemence, which rather looked like madness from such a figure. 'Remember, if you murder an innocent man, you shall have to answer for it. Did I not tell you long ago that Duncan M'ulloch was innocent, and do I not tell you now that it was I who shot John Campbell of Kilcagar. Yes; it was I who shot him trough te pody and te heart; and I was nof like you, for I had te fear of Cot pefore mine eyes, and I knowed that his heverlasting tamm would fall upon me if I left an innocent man to suffer in my stead. And here I am, to take te shustice of Cot and man; so if one must suffer according to the mandate of te great Campbell's, why then come pind my hands behind my pack, and hang me, for I, and I alone, did the deed for which he is contemned to suffer. But I'll first be tried by a jury of my countrymen, not by you nor by your clan, although we were once the same. No; I'll object to every man whose name is Campbell; but I will not retract one word that I have uttered. I shot John Campbell, and I did it with all my heart and soul; and were it to do now, I would do it still.'

'You are a braver, an honest, and a better man than your appearance bespeaks you Gillespie,' said the Lord Provost; 'there is something truly noble in this voluntary confession of yours, and whatever may be the issue, you shall not want my best interests. But an innocent man shall not suffer under my jurisdiction. I must go and take measures for the preservation of M'ulloch's life instantly, for his time is nearly run. In the meantime, Gillespie, I must commit you to prison.' 'You may, if you please, my lord; but hersel tinks, after what she has done tere pe little occasion for it. If Duncan M'ulloch is once fairly released and restored to his family, I may run away if I can, but not till then.' 'Well, I think I have a right to take your word, for a more gallant immolation I never witnessed, and never read of. Remain in my house, under guard, until I take measures regarding you; in the meantime, I must hasten to the sheriff and the prison, for I have no time to lose.' When the Lord Provost entered the prison, the head keeper opened the door, announced him. He found the condemned man sitting on his straw pallet, with his wife on one side, and his eldest daughter, a girl about fifteen, on the other, both leaning on his bosom, and crying until their hearts were like to break. 'I am quite resigned, and ready to go with you, my lord,' said he; 'you will just release me from a scene which no husband and father's heart can long sustain. I am quite ready.' 'I am very happy to hear it, Mr. M'ulloch; but I am happier still to inform you, that a very singular piece