

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

MERCHANT GOLD.

GOLD, red gold, is a merchant old.
And from manhood's dawn has bought and sold,
In every country, and every clime,
The products and trophies of workman Time.
The broad, round world in his ledger page—
His invoices are of every age;
Nor breathes there a being who does not hold
The "promise to pay" of Merchant Gold.

The maiden who sits in her lonely bower,
And waits, heart-broken, the nuptial hour,
When merry bells, amid pomp and pride,
Shall ring to honor the rich man's bride—
Though he is not present she loves so well,
To look a long and last "farewell,"—
Is she not bargained for? is she not sold
To the selfish trader, Merchant Gold?

The Miser who steals, at the dead of night,
To count and gloat o'er his treasures bright—
Who, while others riot in lust, or sleep,
Adds something more to his shining heap—
Whose priest, whose God, whose law divine,
Is the yellow ore of the mint and mine—
Is he not bargained for? is he not sold
To the cunning trader Merchant Gold?

Feelings and friendship, love and truth,
Honor and virtue, age and youth,
Creeds and craftsmen, senates and kings,
Down to the meanest of human things—
Body and spirit, matter and mind,
Must go in their turns to "raise the wind."
For all are bargained for!—all are sold
To the ruthless trader, Merchant Gold.

THE CATERAN OF LOCHLOY.

"WERE I to lose sight of my native hills,
my heart would sink, and my arm would
wither like fern in the winter blast."—RON
ROY.

"And so, my dear lads, you wish me to re-
late my passage with the Caterans of Lochloy?"
said General Dangerfield.

"Do, father; you will so oblige me," replied
the younger of his two sons.

"Well, then," continued the General, laying
his hand upon the boy's head, "you shall have
it; but, remember, no interruption; I must tell
my story my own way."

"Agreed!" replied his eldest son—Edmund,
a fine youth of sixteen.

"Well—to begin at the beginning—I am a
native of Scotland—born on the Borders—of a
respectable family well known there—the Jar-
dines of that ilk. I entered the army young,
and continued there the best part of my days.
When quartered in England, I became ac-
quainted with your angel mother; and upon
her marriage with me, I was compelled by her
father to assume her name, in order that the
family estates might still be inherited by a
Dangerfield.

"I was on service during that lamentable re-
bellion in which so much blood was poured out
in an abortive attempt to restore a doomed
race to their kingly possessions. I fought at
Culloden; and well remember, and with hor-
ror witnessed, the cruelties that followed the
victory. The Saxons, as we were called, were
in consequence execrated; and the Highlanders
burned with a fierce desire to avenge their
slaughtered friends and kinsmen. So circum-
stanced, it is almost unnecessary to remark that
the Government troops were peculiarly obnox-
ious; and it was consequently very dangerous
for them to wander to any distance from their
respective stations; as, in many instances,
where they had been so foolhardy as to disregard
the strict injunctions on the subject, they never
returned to tell the tale.

"I had leave of absence for a short time; and
I therefore quitted my quarters, which were at
Inverness, in order to spend my Christmas with
my relations in Kelso—for I was not then mar-
ried. As is usual, where friends are happy and
comfortable, they were not fond of separating
too soon, and I was loath to leave the hospita-
ble board of my entertainers; so I lingered as
long as I could, and thus made it a matter of
necessity to proceed northwards with the ut-
most despatch. It is a long way between Kel-
so and Inverness; and I had to proceed on
horseback, accompanied by a single servant.—
We got on very well till we reached Glasgow,
after which the journey was both tedious and
vexatious.

"On the second day, after quitting the west-
ern metropolis, there came on a great fall of
snow, partially obstructing the roads, which, in
those days, were not in the very best state,
even in good weather; and, after pursuing, ap-
parently the proper route for at least a couple
of hours, I found that we had lost our way—
no very agreeable discovery, especially towards
the close of day. However, there is nothing
like putting the best face on a thing when you
cannot help it, so we boldly pushed on in the
vain hope of at last getting into the right path.
Vain it assuredly was; for, after wandering
about till it became dark, we made the impor-
tant discovery that we were just as far off as
ever from escaping from our difficulties.

"Is not yon a light, sir?" exclaimed my ser-
vant. "See! it is very high up."

I looked up, and, certainly, there was a light;
but from what it proceeded I could not con-
jecture. It could hardly be from a house, as it
was much too elevated. I desired my servant
to follow, and we made for the mysterious place,
which was, with some difficulty reached; and
where, to our infinite dismay, in place of find-
ing ourselves in the vicinity of a house, we dis-
covered that we were at the foot of a tremen-
dous precipice, and the light that had guided us
was still glimmering at an apparently inaccessible
height above our heads.

In this state of desperation, we hallooed, and
made as much noise as possible, and were speed-
ily answered by a human voice, inquiring why
we made such a disturbance, and what we want-
ed. I answered—
"Shelter for the night, and food; for we are
nearly dead from hunger."

To this no reply was made for a few moments,
when a voice again answered—

"Remain where you are, and I will descend
and remove you from this place of danger."

A man then descended from the rocks, and
desired us to follow him, which we did, with
some reluctance—more especially as we were
compelled to leave our horses below.

"Never mind the cattle; they will be taken
good care of," said our conductor, laying es-
pecial emphasis on the word "good."

I must confess I did not feel by any means
comfortable. But what was to be done? star-
vation stared us in the face, and the danger of
perishing by cold, or by falling into some of the
deep ravines that lay about me, was but too pro-
bable; so I mustered up all my courage, and
followed my unknown guide, who led me, by a
very precipitous and dangerous path, to a large
cavity in the centre of the rock. My servant
came last, and when we reached the place of our
destination, we beheld a vast pile of faggots light-
ed up in the middle of a prodigious cavity.—
The warmth, as you may readily suppose, was
very grateful to two travellers benumbed by
cold; and while we were standing by the fire,
the guide suddenly disappeared, but returned
some few minutes afterwards, from some con-
cealed part of the subterranean habitation, with
above fifty armed men.

At such a very unexpected, not to say dis-
agreeable spectacle, in circumstances otherwise
sufficiently alarming, both myself and servant
felt no small degree of fear. Our trepidation
was observed, and one of the number, who seem-
ed to have the command of the rest of the band,
addressed me to the following purport:—

"You can be at no loss to conjecture who we
are, and what our ordinary occupation is; but
you have nothing to fear; for, though we live
by what is called violence, we are not destitute
of humanity. Our depredations are never mar-
ked by cruelty, and seldom by blood; and those
whom necessity has thrown on our care have
never either been treated with barbarity or suffer-
ed to want. We extort only a little from those
who are able to spare it, and rather augment
than diminish the property of the poor. We
know, alas! too well what the consequences
would be were we to fall into the hands of the
rich and powerful; but we are resigned to our
fate. We can only die once, and our enemies
can inflict no greater vengeance upon us. Mi-
serable we may be; but we have a fellow feeling
for sufferers, and never take advantage of dis-
tress; in truth, it is from no sordid love of gain,
nor is it to pander to vicious habits or immoral
purposes, that we live in this manner. It is
because we have no other mode of support, for,
after the cruelties that have been perpetrated
upon their disarmed opponents, it were in vain
to expect assistance or relief at the hands of our
Hanoverian oppressors.

"You see our quarters, and shall have every ac-
commodation they can afford you; and, if you can
trust us, who have neither inclination nor reason
to deceive you, we give you a hearty wel-
come to these adamantine abodes, and that with
the most perfect sincerity. Our fare is homely
but wholesome; and our beds, though coarse,
are clean. Nor be under any concern for your
horses, they too shall share our protection and
hospitality. We have no hay; but they shall
not want. Stables we have none, but can shel-
ter them, for one night at least, from the incle-
mency of the weather."

This address revived our courage, which was
not a little augmented upon being handed a
bicker of whisky—mountain dew of the most de-
licious description; at least I thought so then,
and have never changed my opinion since. Talk
of the wines of Spain, or of France, or the Rhine,
I never felt from them half the delight I expe-
rienced in quaffing the nectar of the Gael.—
When we had finished, a supper was laid before
us which might have provoked the appetite of
an English alderman, and that is saying a good
deal. We had black cock and ptarmigan broil-
ed, or, as it is called in Scotland, brandered;
fine black faced Highland mutton done to a turn
in the live ashes; and a stew of snipe and wild
duck, the aroma of which was perfectly ambro-
sial. I did ample justice to the good cheer, and
ate with as much coolness and self-possession as
if I had been seated in Dolly's chop house; in
place of an apparently interminable cave sur-
rounded by caterans; for so the Highland ban-
ditti are termed.

After having satisfied my craving appetite, in
which example I had a worthy imitator in the
person of my servant, rest was the next thing of

which both of us stood in need. My generous
host then led me to an inner apartment in the
cave, which seemed at once to be the treasury
and the magazine. There two sackfuls of heat-
er were, by his orders, brought in and put on
end, with the flower uppermost. Then a rope
was fastened about the whole to keep it together,
and on the top of each was placed a double blan-
ket. On this simple contrivance, which formed
an exquisitely soft and delicious couch, we laid
ourselves down.

I had some notes of value about me, and
above twenty guineas in gold, besides a very
handsome gold watch, and other trinkets of no
inconsiderable value; but, as I had given them
up for lost, I made no attempt to secrete any of
them. My host, apparently divining my suspi-
cions, insisted upon mounting guard over us—a
proposal which I strenuously opposed; but he
told me plainly that, unless he kept by me; he
would not answer for the conduct of his com-
panions. Against this there was no appeal; he
remained beside us, on the bare, hard rock, all
night.

In the morning we found ourselves alone with
this singular being. Everything remained as it
had been the preceding evening, with this, to us
very pleasant exception, that the band of ate-
rans was nowhere to be seen. Another fire of
wood speedily kindled; and, as our host told us
that, before we could reach any place of refresh-
ment, we had to go twenty miles and a bitlick
—which, being interpreted, means somewhere
about five miles more—we took the precaution
to lay in a good stock of cakes, butter, and
cheese, which we washed down with a moderate
quantity of the nectar of the night preceding.

Our repast over, we descended the circuitous
path which led from the cavern, and which one,
united, might have searched for in vain; and,
at the bottom, found a lad or gilly holding our
horses, which had been well fed, and were in
fine spirits. Our host then declared his inten-
tion of putting us upon the right track, other-
wise, he said, we were sure of losing our way.—
I desired my servant to dismount and follow us
on foot; but this the stranger refused to allow,
assigning as a reason, that he preferred walking
and could, without the slightest difficulty, keep
up with the horses. In this way, therefore, we
proceeded nearly three miles; and, it was evi-
dent that, but for his friendly assistance, the
chances of getting out of our difficulties would
have been very problematical. At last, he stop-
ped, and said—

"Pursue that path for half a mile farther, and
you will enter upon the great road, after which
you can have no difficulty in journeying to the
place of your destination."

I was quite overpowered with this kindness,
and felt reluctant to part with my new friend
without, at least, showing how much I appreci-
ated his services.

"Sir," said I, I am deeply affected by the whole
of your conduct towards me and my servant.—
I can only hope that, some day or other, I may
have it in my power to serve you. I have
been treated like a prince, when I expected, if
not to have my throat cut—which I once
thought was inevitable—at least, to have been
robbed of everything about me. At present I
can only offer you a small remuneration, which I
trust you will accept. I am only sorry that it
is not more." As I said this I drew forth my
purse with the intention of giving him all the
gold I had about me, but he stayed my hand.

"Sir!" exclaimed the unknown, "you have
seen the way in which I and my companions
live, and you may easily guess that to us gold
can be no object. I thank you for the free
and liberal way in which it was proffered; but
I most respectfully beg to decline accepting it.
In serving you I merely followed a precept,
which I ever—though a cateran—keep in view
—to do to others as I would be done by my-
self. You were in distress, and I relieved you;
there was no merit in doing what I knew was
merely my duty; and Ranaid More will take
no reward for having done that which his heart
told him it was right to do."

"Heavens!" I cried, "are you Ranaid More?"

"I am!"

"Why," I rejoined, "your name is a terror to
all the country round."

"I know it; but what care I? Let the
bloodhounds take me if they can."

"Are you aware that a reward is offered for
your apprehension?"

"Perfectly."

"Why, then, should you trust yourself alone
with two armed men?"

To shew that he was perfectly regardless of
fear, he merely pointed to his Claymore, and
I must confess that I should not have been an-
xious for a single combat, and even with the as-
sistance of my servant, I am not quite sure that
we might not have come off second best.

"But," continued the cateran, "you are a gen-
tleman and a man of honor. My secret is safe
with you. Bid your servant ride on a few
paces." I gave the necessary order; and when we
were alone, the cateran proceeded to narrate
to me the following particulars of his life:—

"I was born in the higher ranks of society;
but circumstances, which I need not recapitu-
late, reduced me to the humble condition of a
peasant. Early misfortunes compelled me to
conceal my name and family, and I enlisted as
a private soldier. My conduct in the army at-

attracted the attention of my superiors; but I
had no interest to rise higher than a halbert,
and was discharged with the regiment in which
I served. When Prince Charles landed on his
native shores, I refused to join him, as I con-
sidered myself in a manner bound, by my former
services, to his opponent. I took therefore,
no further interest in this civil broil than to
give my humble assistance to many of those
persecuted men whom the bloody mandates of
the Duke of Cumberland had marked out for
destruction. In this way I have gradually col-
lected round me a band of gallant fellows, who
are ready to follow me on any enterprise, how-
ever desperate. It was not choice but neces-
sity that compelled me to my present way in
life. Some day or other I shall, in all human
probability, be taken, and made an example of
to deter others from following the like courses.
All I ask, when you hear of my death—in what-
ever way that may happen—that you will not
forget that you owed your life to him who
never took one but in the cause of his country,
when he fought for his king, and exposed his
own. Farewell."

Then pressing my proffered hand in his, he
turned away; and in a few minutes, the High-
lander Cateran was out of sight.

Did you never see him again, father! inquired
Edmund.

"I did; but in circumstances extremely
painful; although to the last interview I had
with him, I owe that portion of happiness with
which providence was graciously pleased to
bless me."

(To be continued.)

AN ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

THERE we were, right in the midst of it.—
The country, and such a country, green, drip-
ping, glistening, gorgeous! We stood dumb-
stricken by its levelness, as from the bleak
April and bare boughs we had left at home,
broke upon us that English May—sunny, leafy,
blooming May—in an English lane; with
hedges, English hedges, hawthorn hedges, all
in blossom; homely old farmhouses, quaint
stables, and haystacks; the old church-spire
over the distant trees; the mild sun beaming
through the watery atmosphere, and all so
quiet, the only sounds the hum of bees and the
crisp grass-tearing of a silken skinned, real, un-
imported Hereford cow, over the hedge! No
longer excited by daring to think we should see
it, as we discussed the scheme round the old
home fire; no longer cheering ourselves with
it in the stupid, tedious ship; no more forget-
ful of it in the bewilderment of the busy town;
but there we were right in the midst of it!—
Long time silent, and then speaking softly, as
if it were enchantment indeed, we gazed upon
it, and breathed it—never to be forgotten!—
At length we walked on, rapidly, but frequen-
tly stopping, one side and the other, like chil-
dren in a garden; hedges still, with delicious
fragrance, on each side of us, and on, as far as
we can see, true farm-fencing hedges; nothing
trim, stiff, nice, and amateur-like, but the ver-
dure broken, tufty, low, and natural. They are
set on a ridge of earth thrown out from a ditch
beside them, which raises and strengthens them
as a fence. They are nearly all hawthorn, which
is now covered in patches, as if after a slight fall
of snow, with clusters of white or pink blossoms,
over its light green foliage. Here and there a
holly bush, with bunches of scarlet berries, and
a few other shrubs mingle with it. A cart
meets us—a real, heavy, big wheeled English
cart; and English horses—real big, shaggy hoof-
ed, sleek, heavy English cart horses; and a car-
ter—a real apple faced, smock frocked, red
headed, wool-hatted carter—breaches, stock-
ings, hob-nailed shoes, and "Gee-up Dobbin"
English carter. Little birds hop along in the
road before us; and we guess at their names,
first of all electing one to be Robin Redbreast.
We study the flowers under the hedge, and de-
termine them nothing else than primroses and
buttercups. Through the gates we admire the
great, fat, clean-licked, contented faced cows, and
large, white, long-wooled sheep. What else
was there? I cannot remember; but there
was that altogether that made us forget our fa-
tigue, disregard the rain, thoughtless of the way
we were going—serious, happy and grateful.—
And this excitement continued many days. —An
American in England.

DONKEY-RIDING IN EGYPT.

I like donkey-riding in Cairo. I never tried
it out of Egypt, except for a few miles in Pa-
lestine; but I do not suppose it is the same
thing anywhere else. The creatures are full of
activity, and their amble is a pleasant pace in
the streets. The little rogues of donkey boys
were always ready and eager, close by the ho-
tel, hustling each other to get the preference,
one displaying his English with "God save the
Queen ros biff;" another smiling amiably in one's
face; and others kicking and cuffing, as people
who had a prior right, and must relieve us of
encroachers. Then off we went briskly through
the Esbekeeyah, under the acacias, past the wa-
ter carriers with their full skins on their left
shoulder; and the left hand holding the orifice of
the neck, from which they could squirt water
into the road, or quietly fill a jar at pleasure;
past the silent smoking nargh, with their long
chibouques, or serpentine narghels; past the