

**THE ABDUCTION, OR, THE
ADVENTURES OF MAJOR
SARNEY:
A STORY OF THE TIMES OF
CHARLES THE SECOND, VOL. III**

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The Abduction, or, The adventures of Major Sarney: a story of the times of Charles the Second,
Vol. III by Various

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VARIOUS

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A STORY OF THE TIMES OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

IN THREE VOLUMES. x

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THE ABDUCTION.

CHAPTER I.

You would go hang her now for a witch,
Because she will not let you play round-Robin ;
And you'll go sour the citizen's cream 'gainst Sunday,
That she may be accused for't, and condemned
By a Middlesex jury, to the satisfaction
Of their offended friends the Londoner's wives
Whose teeth were set on edge by it.

The Devil is an Ass.

A FEW days after the battle of Pentland Hills, Sir Ludovic was informed of the detention of Alice O'Brian, and the facts she had communicated to his attorney Birley. He accordingly gave directions to his factor, and the learned person aforesaid, to levy a posse of the tenantry, and scour the country in search of the gipsies and the stolen child. In the interim, Patrick Ramsay posted to Edinburgh, to lay the confession of the nurse before the public prosecutor, and obtain his interference for the apprehension of the parties implicated; while the baronet

himself, conceiving that his presence might be required, departed for Glasgow.

It was in the grey gloaming of a Sunday evening, when he reached the arched barrier of Saint Mungo's solitary bridge, which was closed, as well on account of its being the sabbath, as to prevent the entrance into the city of any of those stragglers, disorderlies of the Gorbals or otherwise, whom the disorganization of the times sent abroad after night-fall. The iron clapper of the cathedral bell, mimicked by its contemporary of the Tolbooth, struck the hour of seven; and although the night was young, yet divine service being over, the country people returned home, and few persons moving from street to street, but such as were of the lowest description of denizens, the only regular sabbath-breakers of those days, the authorities had made a rule that no one should have ingress or egress to or from the city, at the bridge, or at the different ports, but such as could satisfactorily account for themselves.

The Baronet desired his servant to knock at the gate, and provoke the Cerberus who guarded it from his den, a small dorture on one side of the gateway. Hobbes Jenkinson, no gentle tapper in his gentlest mood, laid the heavy steel hilt of his falchion so pithily against the rivets

of the barricade, as made the narrow mouldering arches of the bridge shake to their foundation, and brought forth the warden in a state of trepidation, as if it had been Dalzel and his troopers come to sack the shrines of Saint Mungo. After he had somewhat recovered himself, and had time to lay down the bible, which in the confusion he had brought out in his hand instead of the key, and after he had surveyed the intruders through the wicker, and found that the noise had proceeded from two persons only, he considered his official dignity to be insulted, and in consequence rather churlishly demanded, "Wha may ye be wha daud sae rampantly on the Lord's day, an' at sic untimous hours?"

"Unbolt the barricade, fellow!" bawled Hobbes, in a voice of thunder.

"Fallow! Better lang'age, Englisher, gif ye like! It's may be necessar you sud ken that guid manners picks nae quarrels; an' that unless ye keep a caumer tongue in your head, the de'il a ae fit, Gude forgive me for swearing! sal ye pass the brig o' Glasgae till the morning."

"Murrain on thee! Unlock instantly, or I'll——"

"Ay! What wad ye just dae?" interrupted the guardian of the arches, grinning sarcastically through the wiry aperture; "what wad ye dae,

my man, I wad like to ken, though the bolt were na drawn till daylight or sunrise? Keep, aye, a mannerfu' tongue for your betters, my lad, an' tell me your name, an' whaur ye're gaun, an' whaur ye come frae, an' what may be your business in Glasgae; an' aiblins gin ye tell a reasonable story, wi' as few lees in't as possible, ye sall be allooed to pass the brig for ance, but nae itherwise mind, or ma' name's no Ninian Yukeshoodder."

Sir Ludowic put an end to the conference, by informing the warden in a calm tone, that he was an officer in his Majesty's service. Ninian asked no more. The word *officer* made the ghosts of the dead Pentland whigs dance before his eyes. The barricade flew open with the speed of lightning; and our hero once more found himself in the midst of the Western capital, and in the yard of the then well-known Black Bull Inn, in the Spoutmouth of the Gallowgate.

The night was dark, and neither lamp nor link-boy illumined the deserted streets; but the lusty voice of Hobbes soon aroused the drowsy attendants of the hostelry, who at once guessed their guest to be of more than ordinary rank from the imperious tone of his servant. As Sir Ludowic walked up the few whitened steps which graced the entrance of the inn, amid the

lights of the domestics, and the salaams of mine host, he felt something tug the skirt of his riding-cloak, and presently a voice behind uttered a hideous shriek, accompanied by the words, "But I'll e'en see his honour, and speak wi' him tae, Jock Rublegs."

"D—n that haveril idowat!" shouted another; "this is the third time I've kicked him out o' the yard the day, an' he'll no stay awa' for't a'."

Kennedy turned round, and saw a rough hairy-capped lout, whom he afterwards learned was first ostler of the Black Bull, cuffing unmercifully at a ragged creature, sprawling on the stones, and screeching in a most terrific manner.

"Who—what is this?" enquired the officer, pointing to the creature on the ground.

"He's a pair natural, Sir," answered the landlord, "frae the upperward, that's been haunting the yard here thir twa or three days, and speiring for ane Sir Maister o' Kennedy; but the thing's crazed."

"An' is he to be kicked i' the laggan because he is crazed?" exclaimed a female, stepping forward to the light, and displaying to Sir Ludovic the face, form, and habiliments of the old woman, in whose house he had quartered at Lanerie before the battle.