

**THE ANTIQUARY, A
ROMANCE, IN TWO
VOLUMES, VOL. I**

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The Antiquary, a romance, in two volumes, Vol.I by Various

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VARIOUS

**THE ANTIQUARY, A
ROMANCE, IN TWO
VOLUMES, VOL.I**

LE
SASIPROVIA

Scott, Sir Walter

THE ANTIQUARY.

A ROMANCE.

COMPLETE IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY," &c. &c.

I knew Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent ;
 Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him ;
 But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
 And pleased again by toys which childhood please ;
 As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
 Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
 Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
 That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

Vol. I.

WAVERLEY NOVELS. 5.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE present Work completes a series of fictitious narratives, intended to illustrate the manners of Scotland at three different periods. *WAVERLEY* embraced the age of our fathers, *GUY MANNERING* that of our own youth, and the *ANTIQUARY* refers to the last ten years of the eighteenth century. I have, in the two last narratives especially, sought my principal personages in the class of society who are the last to feel the influence of that general polish which assimilates to each other the manners of different nations. Among the same class I have placed some of the scenes, in which I have endeavoured to illustrate the operation of the higher and more violent passions; both because the lower orders are less restrained by the habit of suppressing their feelings, and because I agree with Mr. Wordsworth, that they seldom fail to express them in the strongest and most powerful language. This is, I think, peculiarly the case with the peasantry of my own country, a class with whom I have long been familiar. The antique force and simplicity of their language, often tinged with the oriental eloquence of Scripture, in the mouths of those of an elevated understanding, give pathos to their grief, and dignity to their resentment.

I have been more solicitous to describe manners minutely, than to arrange, in any case, an artificial and combined narration, and have but to regret, that I felt myself unable to unite these two requisites of a good Novel.

The knavery of the Adept, in the following sheets, may appear forced and improbable; but we have had very late instances of the force of superstitious credulity to a much greater extent, and the reader may be assured, that this part of the narrative is founded on a fact of actual occurrence.

I have now only to express my gratitude to the public, for the distinguished reception which they have given to works that have little more than some truth of colouring to recommend them, and to take my respectful leave, as one who is not likely again to solicit their favour.

THE ANTIQUARY.

CHAPTER I.

“ Go call a coach, and let a coach be call'd,
And let the man who calleth be the caller ;
And in his calling let him nothing call,
But Coach ! Coach ! Coach ! O for a coach, ye gods !”

Chrononhotonthologos.

It was early in a fine summer's day, near the end of the eighteenth century, when a young man of genteel appearance, having occasion to go toward the north-east of Scotland, provided himself with a ticket in one of those public carriages which travel between Edinburgh and the Queensferry, at which place, as the name implies, and as is well known to all my northern readers, there is a passage-boat for crossing the Frith of Forth. The coach was calculated to carry six regular passengers, beside such interlopers as the coachman could pick up by the way, and intrude upon those who were legally in possession. The tickets, which conferred right to a seat in this vehicle of little ease, were dispensed by a sharp-looking old dame, with a pair of spectacles on a very thin nose, who inhabited a “ laigh shop,” *anglicé*, a cellar, opening to the High-street, by a straight and steep stair, at the bottom of which she sold tape, thread, needles, skeins of worsted, coarse linen cloth, and such feminine gear, to those who had the courage and skill to descend to the profundity of her dwelling, without falling headlong themselves, or throwing down any of the numerous arti-

cles which, piled on each side of the descent, indicated the profession of the trader below.

The written handbill, which, pasted on a projecting board, announced that the Queensferry Diligence, or Hawes Fly, departed precisely at twelve o'clock on Tuesday, the fifteenth July, 17—, in order to secure for travellers the opportunity of passing the Firth with the flood-tide, lied upon the present occasion like a bulletin; for although that hour was pealed from Saint Giles's steeple, and repeated by the Tron, no coach appeared upon the appointed stand. It is true, only two tickets had been taken out, and possibly the lady of the subterranean mansion might have an understanding with her Automedon, that, in such cases, a little space was to be allowed for the chance of filling up the vacant places—or the said Automedon might have been attending a funeral, and be delayed by the necessity of stripping his vehicle of its lugubrious trappings—or he might have staid to take a half-mutelikin extraordinary with his crony the hostler—or—in short, he did not make his appearance.

The young gentleman, who began to grow somewhat impatient, was now joined by a companion in this petty misery of human life—the person who had taken out the other place. He who is bent upon a journey is usually easily to be distinguished from his fellow-citizens. The boots, the great coat, the umbrella, the little bundle in his hand, the hat pulled over his resolved brows, the determined importance of his pace, his brief answers to the salutations of lounging acquaintances, are all marks by which the experienced traveller in mail coach or diligence can distinguish, at a distance, the companion of his future journey, as he pushes onward to the place of rendezvous. It is then that, with worldly wisdom, the first comer hastens to secure the best birth in the coach for himself, and to make the most convenient arrangement for his baggage before the arrival of his competitor. Our youth, who was gifted with little prudence of any sort, and who was, moreover, by the absence of the coach, deprived of the

power of availing himself of his priority of choice, amused himself, instead, by speculating upon the occupation and character of the personage who was now come to the coach office.

He was a good-looking man of the age of sixty, perhaps older, but his hale complexion and firm step announced that years had not impaired his strength or health. His countenance was of the true Scottish cast, strongly marked, and rather harsh in features, with a shrewd and penetrating eye, and a countenance in which habitual gravity was enlivened by a cast of ironical humour. His dress was uniform, and of a colour becoming his age and gravity; a wig, well dressed and powdered, surmounted by a slouched hat, had something of a professional air. He might be a clergyman, yet his appearance was more that of a man of the world than usually belongs to the kirk of Scotland, and his first ejaculation put the matter beyond question.

He arrived with a hurried pace, and, casting an alarmed glance towards the dial-plate of the church, then looking at the place where the coach should have been, exclaimed, "De'il's in it—I am too late after all."

The young man relieved his anxiety by telling him the coach had not yet appeared. The old gentleman, apparently conscious of his own want of punctuality, did not at first feel courageous enough to censure that of the coachman. He took a parcel, containing apparently a large folio, from a little boy who followed him, and, patting him on the head, bid him go back and tell Mr. B——, that if he had known he was to have had so much time, he would have put another word or two to their bargain,—then told the boy to mind his business, and he would be as thriving a lad as ever dusted a duodecimo. The boy lingered, perhaps in hopes of a penny to buy marbles, but none was forthcoming. Our senior leaned his little bundle upon one of the posts at the head of the staircase, and, facing the traveller who had first arrived, waited in silence for about five minutes the arrival of the expected diligence.