

glen that opens into the deer-park. But oh, the fright that was amang the deer! They had been lyin' asleep on the knolls, by sixes an' sevens; an' up they a' started at ance, and gaed driving aff to the far end o' the park as if they couldna be far enough frae my faither an' the laird. Weel, my faither stood again, an' the laird beckoned an' beckoned as afore; but, Gude tak' us a' in keeping! whan my faither looked up in his face, he saw it was the face o' a corp: it was white an' stiff, an' the nose was thin an' sharp, an' there was nae winking wi' the wide-open een. Gude preserve us! my faither didna ken where he was stan'in, — didna ken what he was doin'; an', though he kept his feet, he was just in a kind o' swarf like. The laird spoke twa or three words to him, — something about the orphans, he thocht; but he was in such a state that he couldna tell what; an' when he cam' to himsel' the apparition was awa'. It was a bonny clear nicht when they had crossed the Canon; but there had been a gatherin' o' black cluds i' the lift as they gaed, an' there noo cam' on, in the clap o' a han', ane o' the fearsomest storms o' thunder an' lightning that was ever seen in the country. There was a thick gurlly aik smashed to shivers owre my faither's head, though nane o' the splinters steered him; an' whan he reached the river, it was roaring frae bank to brac like a little ocean; for a water-spout had broken amang the hills, an' the trees it had torn down wi' it were darting alang the current like arrows. He crossed in nae little danger, an' took to his bed; an', though he raise an' went about his wark for twa or three months after, he was never, never his ain man again. It was found that the laird had departed no five minutes afore his apparition had come to the ferry; an' the very last words he had spoken — but his mind was carried at the time — was something about my faither."