

up to take my place. The prudent man appointed on the occasion was, I feared, tiding over the coming difficulty in some quiet corner ; but I continued my rounds, maugre the suspicion, in the hope of his appearance. And as I approached one of our most important stations,—that on the great highway which connects the town of Cromarty with Kestock Ferry, *there* was the Whig portion of the Inverness cavalcade just coming up. The newly-appointed sentinel stood aside, to let his officer deal with the Whig gentlemen, as, of course, best became both their quality and *his* official standing. I would rather have been elsewhere ; but I at once brought the procession to a stand. A man of high spirit and influence,—a banker, and very much a Whig,—at once addressed me with a stern—“By what authority, Sir?” By the authority, I replied, of five hundred able-bodied men in the neighboring town, associated for the protection of themselves and their families. “Protection against what?” “Protection against the pestilence;—you come from an infected place.” “Do you know what you are doing, Sir?” said the banker, fiercely. “Yes,—doing what the law cannot do for us, but what we have determined to do for ourselves.” The banker grew pale with anger ; and he was afterwards heard to say, that had he a pistol at the time, he would have shot upon the spot the man who stopped him ; but not having a pistol, he could not shoot me ; and so I sent him and his party away under an escort, to be smoked. And as they were somewhat obstreperous by the way, and knocked the hat of one of their guards over his nose, they got, in the fumigating process, as I was sorry to learn, a double portion of the sulphur and the chloride ; and came into court, to contend with the Tories, gasping for breath. I was aware I had acted on this occasion a very foolish part ; I ought to a certainty to have run away on the approach of the Inverness cavalcade ; but the running away would have involved, according to Rochester, an amount of moral courage which I did not possess. I fear, too, I must admit, that the rough tones of the banker’s address stirred up what had long lain quietly enough in my veins,—some of the wild buccanering blood of