

spirits on the strength of the resolution. I had transmitted the manuscript of my legendary work, several months before, to Sir Thomas Dick Lauder ; and as he was now on terms, in its behalf, with Mr. Adam Black, the well-known publisher, I took the liberty of waiting on him, to see how the negotiation was speeding. He received me with great kindness ; hospitably urged that I should live with him so long as I resided in Edinburgh, in his noble mansion, the Grange House ; and, as an inducement, introduced me to his library, full charged with the best editions of the best authors, and enriched with many a rare volume and curious manuscript. "Here," he said, "Robertson the historian penned his last work,—the *Disquisition* ; and here," opening the door of an adjoining room, "he died." I, of course, declined the invitation. The Grange House, with its books, and its pictures, and its hospitable master, so rich in anecdote, and so full of the literary sympathies, would have been no place for a poor pupil-accountant, too sure that he was to be stupid, but not the less determined on being busy. Besides, on calling immediately after at the bank, I found that I would have to quit Edinburgh on the morrow for some country agency, in which I might be initiated into the system of book-keeping proper to a branch bank, and where the business transacted would be of a kind similar to what might be expected in Cromarty. Sir Thomas, however, kindly got Mr. Black to meet me at dinner ; and, in the course of the evening, that enterprising bookseller agreed to undertake the publication of my work, on terms which the nameless author of a volume somewhat local in its character, and very local in its name, might well regard as liberal.

Linlithgow was the place fixed on by the parent bank as the scene of my initiation into the mysteries of branch banking ; and, taking my passage in one of the track-boats which at that time plied on the Canal between Edinburgh and Glasgow, I reached the fine old burgh as the brief winter day was coming to a close, and was seated next morning at my desk, not a hundred yards from the spot on which Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh had taken his stand when he shot the good Regent. I