

MEMOIRS AND RESOLUTIONS
OF
A D A M G R A E M E
OF MOSSGRAY.

INCLUDING SOME CHRONICLES OF THE BOROUGH
OF FENDIE.

BY

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"So he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman." — TENNYSON.

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BOOK I.

THE HISTORY OF ADAM GRAEME.

. . . . To some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies.
. . . . Your virtues, gentle Master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
As You like It.

ADAM GRAEME OF MOSSGRAY.

CHAPTER I.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises with us, our Life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.—WORDSWORTH.

The first thing which I can record concerning myself is, that I was born.

That I was born! I who now sit in this remote and solitary study, of whose mysteries my good neighbours speak reverently with doubt and wonder, encompassed with things immortal!—the everlasting elements without, the stream, the hills, the fruitful earth, which has been and shall be until the end of time; within with things of life, instinct and inherent, fated perchance to live longer than this present world, the books of men—the Book of God—that out of darkness and sleep and unconsciousness, I was born!