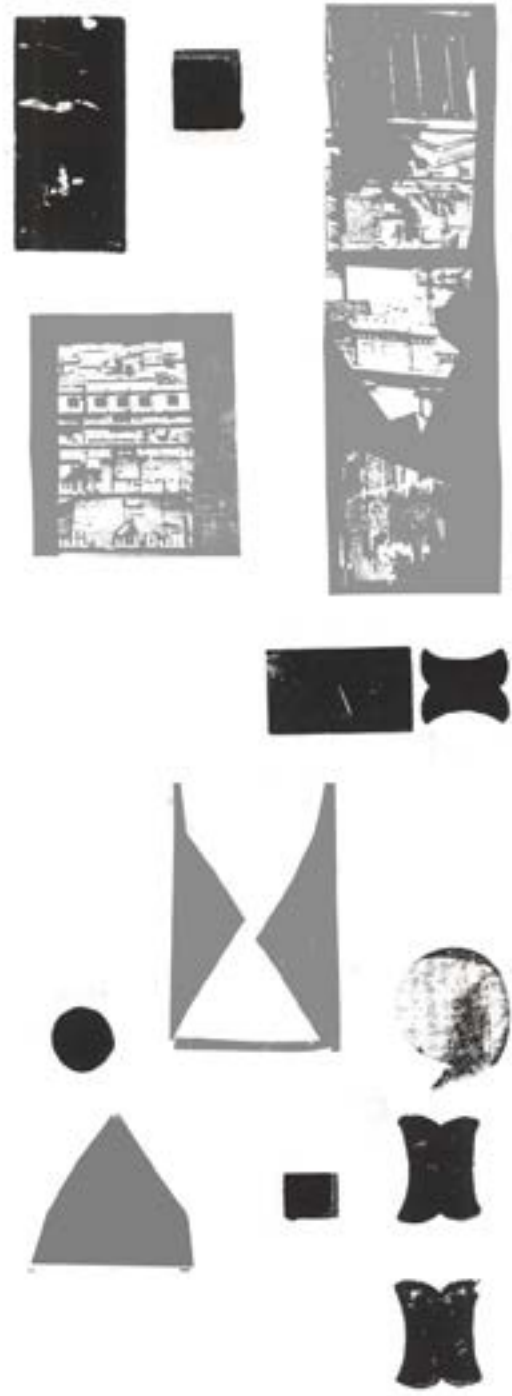


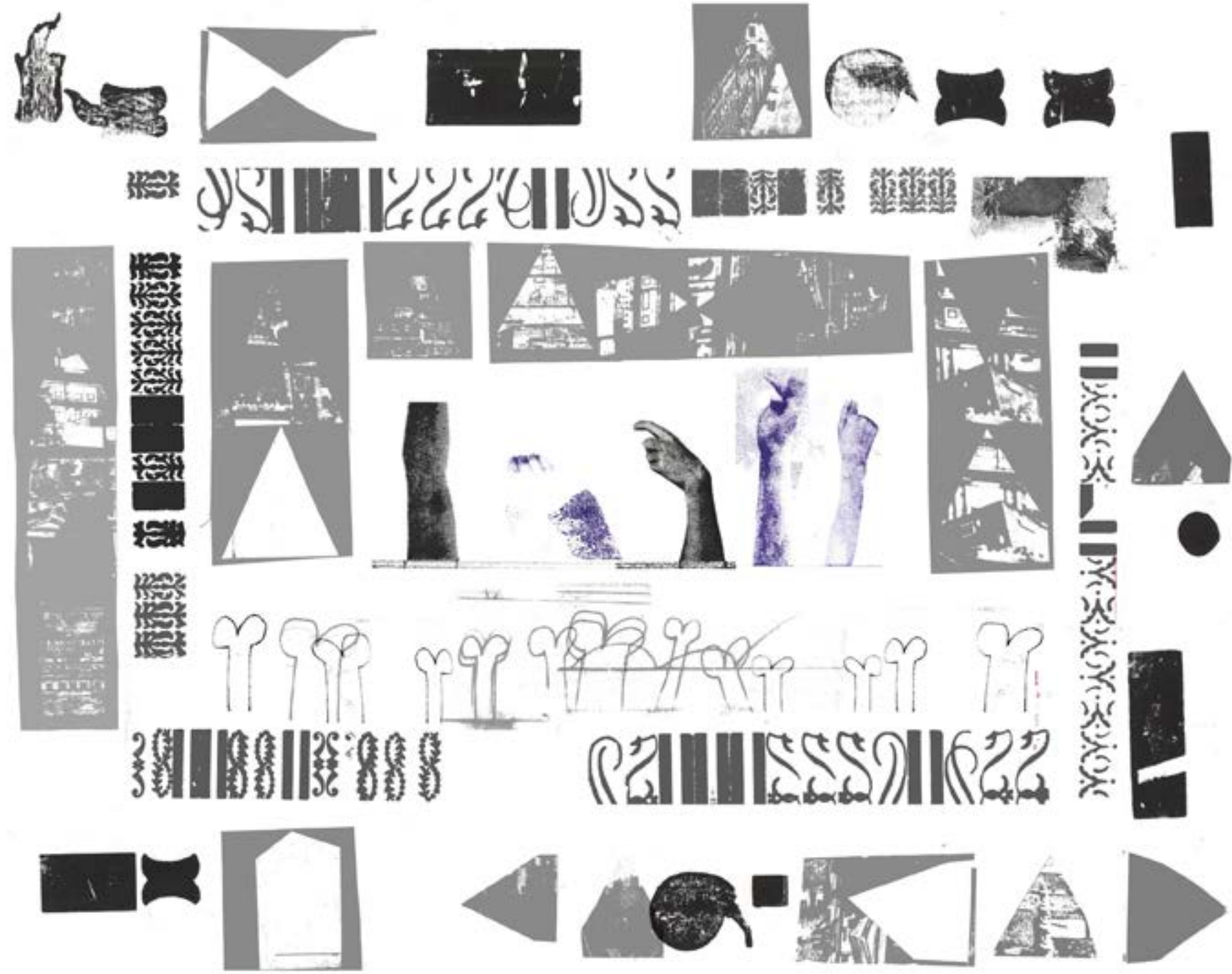
Stage 3 Illustration students of Edinburgh College of Art with the support of James Hutcheson, Creative Director at Birlinn/Polygon and lecturer Harvey Dingwall have created a series of double page spreads for James Hogg's novel *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*, first published in 1824. James has an ongoing fascination with the novel, its very contemporary narrative structure and existential dark thriller qualities.


Each student was given a section of the novel and asked to illustrate it with pull quotes and imagery. They are presented in the order of the book but as the story plays with narrator and descriptive imagery of the same events an engaging confusion is compounded with these series of spreads. We ask you to enjoy the imagery and how each spread evokes elements of the book – if you have not read the novel then hopefully this will be an inspiration to do so!

Cover design by George Douglas.




The Private Memories and Confessions of a Justified Sinner by James Hogg Illustrated by ECA Stage 3 Illustration





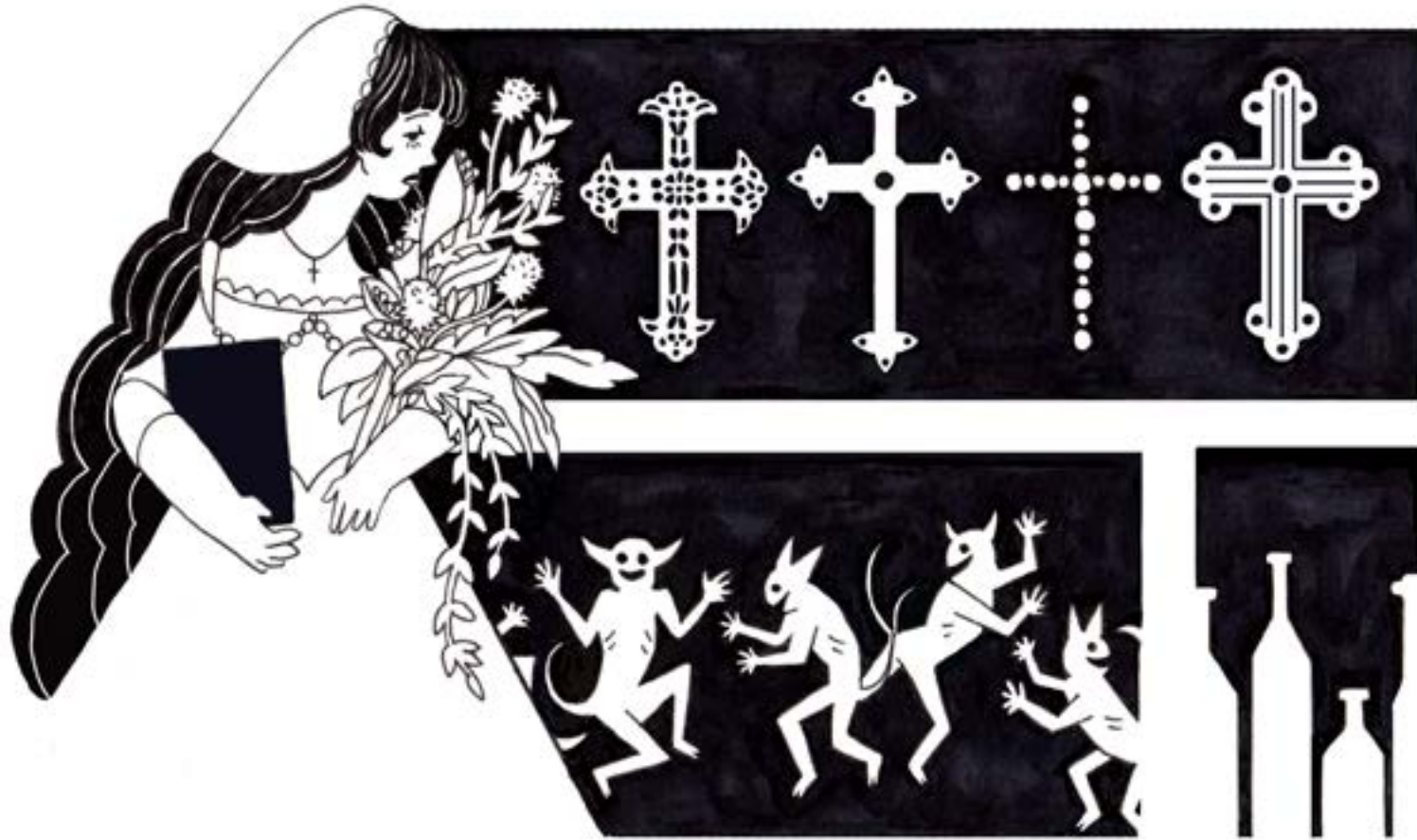
**THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS
and CONFESSIONS
OF A
JUSTIFIED SINNER**



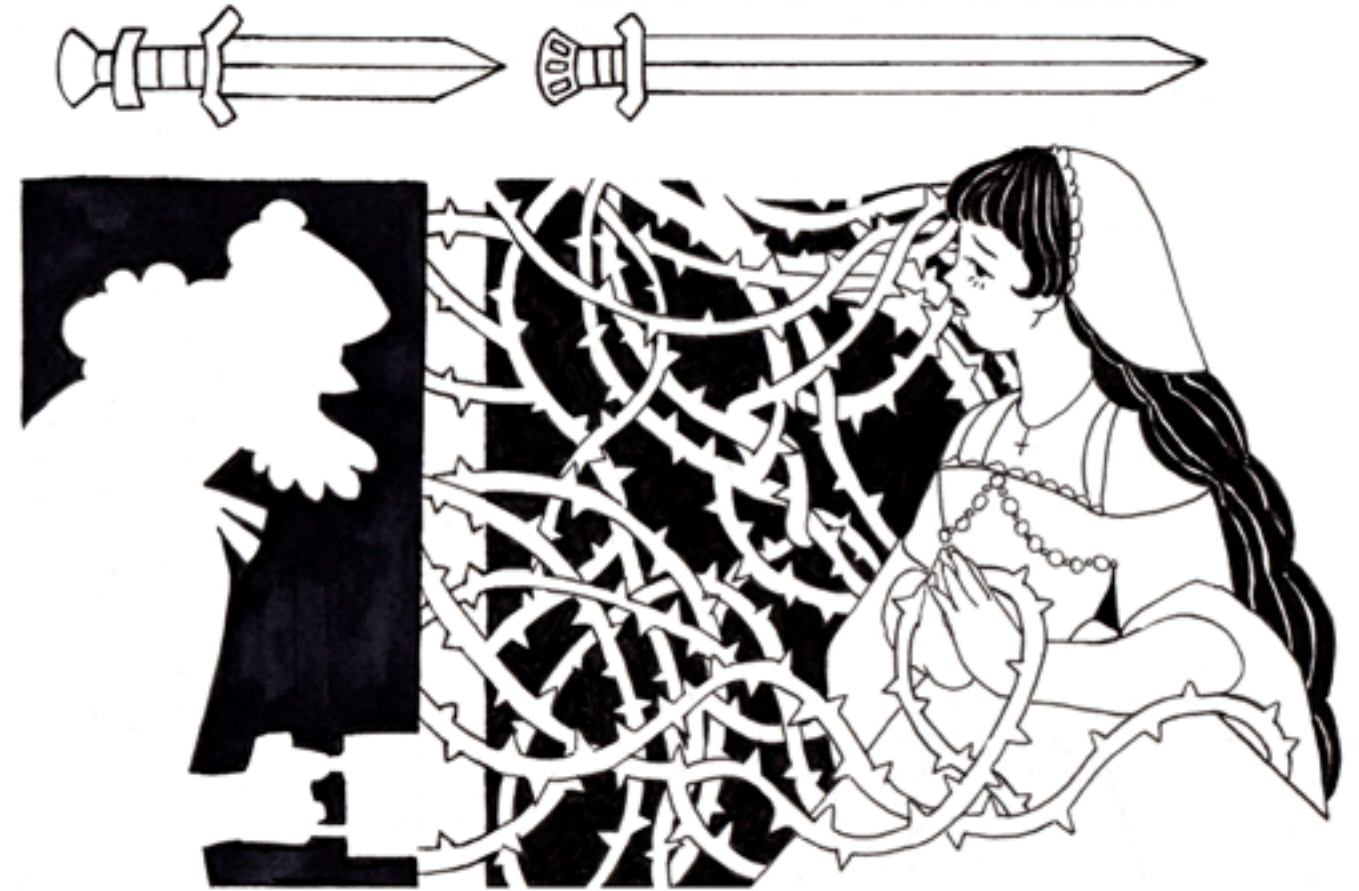
Written by
James Hogg

Illustrated by
ECA Stage 3 Illustration

Melanie Cohen	Thomas Shek
Sophie Robinson	Laura Sayers
Anna Dixon	Will Hughes
Elle Mckee	Grace Pow
Anoushka Schellekens	Lily Mullan
Mikael Heikkanen	Arran Stamper
Ryan Hamill	Kirsty Oxley
Cael O'Sullivan	Rachel Donaldson
Emma Rhodes	India Pearce
Augusta Kirkwood	Scott Davies
Ann Macleod	



For his lady was the most severe and gloomy of all bigots to the principles of the reformation. There was feasting, dancing piping, and singing: the liquors were handed, around in great fullness, the ale in large wooden bickers, and the brandy in capacious horns of oxen.



But there she sat at the head of the hall in still and blooming beauty, absolutely refusing to read a single measure with any gentleman there. The only enjoyment in which she appeared to partake was in now and then stealing a word of sweet conversation with her favorite pastor about divine things.



It was customary, in those days for the bride's-man and maiden, and a few select friends, to visit the new married couple after they had retired to rest, and drink a cup to their health's, their happiness, and a numerous posterity.



The laird went up to caress her; but she turned away her head, and spoke of the follies of aged men, [...] One Scripture text followed another, not in the least connected, till th laird lost his patience, and tossing, himself into bed, said carelessly that he would leave that duty upon her shoulders for one night.

They being poor children of Adoption, and secured from falling into Slaves, or Annals under the power of the wicked one, it was their custom, on each visit, to sit up a night in the same Apartment, for the sake of sweet spiritual converse; but that time, in the course of the night, they differed so materially in a small point somewhere between justification and final election that the minister in the heat of his Zeal, sprung from his seat, paced the floor, and maintained his point with such ardour that Martha was alarmed, and thinking they were going to fight, and that the minister would be a hard match for her mistress, she put on some clothes, and twice left her bed and stood listening at the back of the door, ready to bust in should need require it.







Set thou
the **WICKED** over
him, and upon his right
hand give thou his
greatest **ENEMY**,
even **Satan**, leave to
stand.

And when by thee he shall be **JUDGED**, let him
remembered be and let his prayer by turned
to **Sin** when he shall call on thee.
Few be his days, and in his room his charge
another take, his children let be fatherless, his
wife a **WIDOW** make.

Let god his fathers **WICKEDNESS** still to
remembrance call, and never let his **MOTHERS**
Sin be blotted out at all.

As he in **CURSING** pleasure took so let it to
him fall, as he delighted not to bless,
so **BLESS** him not at all.





A friend of
more Malignant
aspect was ever
at his elbow, in
the form of his
brother.



In the midst of it the

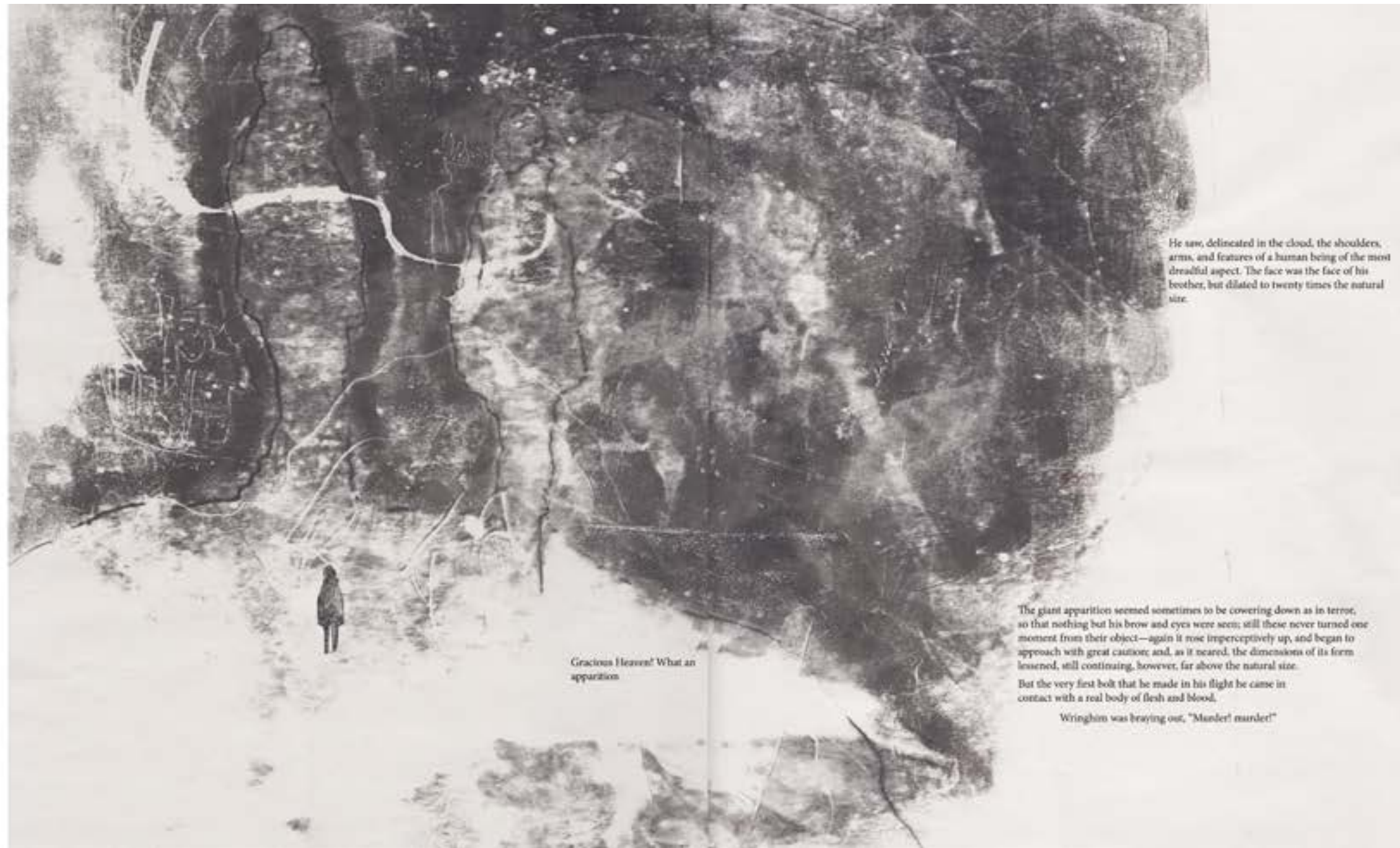
respiration was the most

refreshing and delicious.





He seated himself on the pinnacle of the rocky precipice, a little within the top of the hill to the westward, and, with a light and buoyant heart, viewed the beauties of the morning, and inhaled its salubrious breeze. "Here," thought he, "I can converse with nature without disturbance, and without being intruded on by any appalling or obnoxious visitor."



He saw, delineated in the cloud, the shoulders, arms, and features of a human being of the most dreadful aspect. The face was the face of his brother, but dilated to twenty times the natural size.

Gracious Heaven! What an apparition

The giant apparition seemed sometimes to be cowering down as in terror, so that nothing but his brow and eyes were seen; still these never turned one moment from their object—again it rose imperceptively up, and began to approach with great caution; and, as it neared, the dimensions of its form lessened, still continuing, however, far above the natural size.

But the very first bolt that he made in his flight he came in contact with a real body of flesh and blood.

Wringham was bawling out, "Murther! murther!"

Suffice it that, before evening, George was apprehended, and lodged in jail, on a criminal charge of an assault and battery, to the shedding of blood, with the intent of committing fratricide. His son's case looked exceedingly ill, owing to the former assault before witnesses.



On his first declaration before the sheriff, matters looked no better; but then the sheriff was a Whig. It is well known how differently the people of the present day, in Scotland, view the cases of their own party-men and those of opposite political principles. But this day is nothing to that in such matters, although, God knows, they are still sometimes barefaced enough. It appeared, from all the witnesses in the first case, that the complainant was the first aggressor—that he refused to stand out of the way, though apprised of his danger; and, when his brother came against him inadvertently, he had aimed a blow at him with his foot, which, if it had taken effect, would have killed him. But as to the story of the apparition in fair day-light—the flying from the face of it—the running foul of his brother pursuing him, and knocking him down, why the judge smiled at the relation, and saying: "It was a very extraordinary story," he remanded George to prison, leaving the matter to the High Court of Justiciary.

When the case came before that court, matters took a different turn. The constant and sullen attendance of the one brother upon the other excited suspicions; and these were in some manner confirmed when the guards at Queensberry House reported that the prisoner went by them on his way to the hill that morning, about twenty minutes before the complainant, and, when the latter passed, he asked if such a young man had passed before him, describing the prisoner's appearance to them; and that, on being answered in the affirmative, he mended his pace and fell a-running.

The Lord Justice, on hearing this, asked the prisoner if he had any suspicions that his brother had a design on his life.

He answered that all along, from the time of their first unfortunate meeting, his brother had dogged his steps so constantly, and so unaccountably, that he was convinced it was with some intent out of the ordinary course of events; and that if, as his lordship supposed, it was indeed his shadow that he had seen approaching him through the mist, then, from the cowering and cautious manner that it advanced, there was no little doubt that his brother's design had been to push him headlong from the cliff that morning.

A conversation then took place between the judge and the Lord Advocate; and, in the meantime, a bustle was seen in the hall; on which the doors were ordered to be guarded, and, behold, the precious Mr. R. Wringhim was taken into custody, trying to make his escape out of court. Finally it turned out that George was honourably acquitted, and young Wringhim bound over to keep the peace, with heavy penalties and securities.



All was wrapt in a chaos of confusion and darkness; but at last, by dint of a thousand sly and secret inquiries. She had hopes of having discovered a clue, which, if she could keep hold of the thread, it would lead her through darkness to the light of truth.



The day arrived—the party of young noblemen met, and were as jovial as men could be. George was never seen so brilliant, and exulting to see so many gallant young chiefs about him, who all gloried in the same principles of loyalty (perhaps this word should have been written disloyalty), he gave toasts, and sung songs, all leaning slyly to the same side, until a very late hour. By that time he had pushed the bottle so long and so freely that its fumes had taken possession of every brain to such a degree that they held Dame Reason rather at the staff's end, overbearing all her counsels and expostulations; and it was imprudently proposed by a wild inebriated spark, and carried by a majority of voices, that the party should adjourn to a bagnio. They had not been an hour in that house till some altercation chanced to arise between George Colwan and a Mr. Drummond. It was casual, and no one thenceforward, to this day, could ever tell what it was about, if it was not about the misunderstanding of some word or term that the one had uttered.



However it was, some high words passed, followed by threats, and, in less than two minutes from the commencement of the quarrel, Drummond left the house in apparent displeasure, hinting to the other that they two should settle that in a more convenient place. The company looked at one another, for all was over before any of them knew such a thing was begun. "What the devil is the matter?" "Don't know."—"Can't tell, on my life."—"He has quarrelled with his wine, I suppose, and is going to send it a challenge." Such were the questions, and such the answers that passed in the jovial party, and the matter was no more thought of.

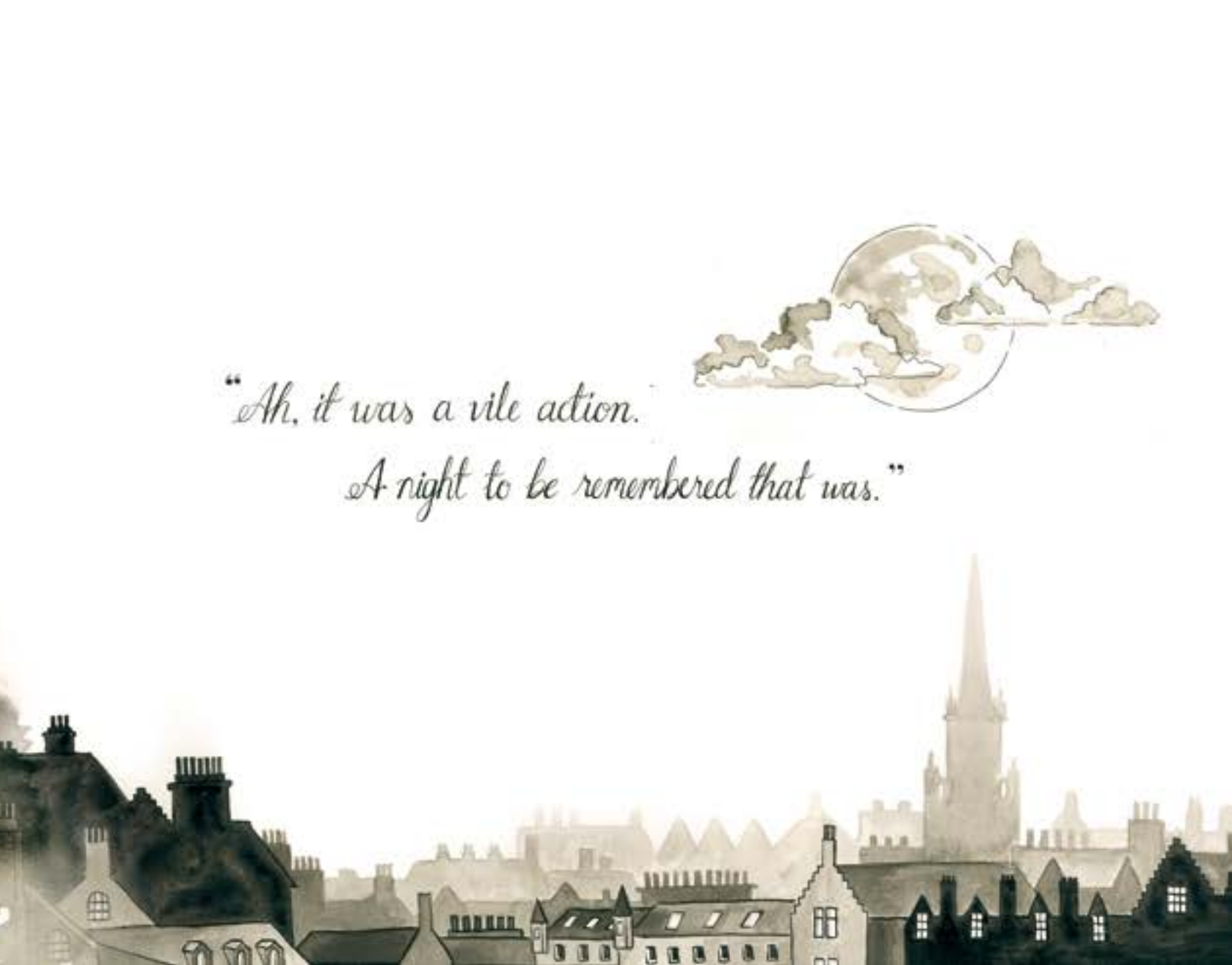
No more of the circumstance till the morning, that the report had spread over the city that a young gentleman had been slain..



"So you are indeed Bell Calvert, so called once. Well, of all the world you are the woman whom I have longed and travailed the most to see. But you were invisible; a being to be heard of, not seen."


"There have been days, madam," returned she, "when I was to be seen, and when there were few to be seen like me. But since that time there have indeed been days on which I was not to be seen. My crimes have been great, but my sufferings have been greater. So great that neither you nor the world can ever either know or conceive them. I hope they will be taken into account by the Most High. Mine have been crimes of utter desperation. But whom am I speaking to? You had better leave me to myself, mistress."

"Leave you to yourself? That I will be loth to do till you tell me where you were that night my young master was murdered."



"Ah, it was a vile action.

A night to be remembered that was."



*“It was at the foot of one of
the north wynds of Edinburgh.”*

“How long is it since Mrs. Calvert and you became acquainted?”

“About a year and a half.”

“State the precise time, if you please; the day, or night, according to your remembrance.”

“It was on the morning of the 28th of February, 1705.”

“What time of the morning?”

“Perhaps about one.”

“So early as that? At what place did you meet then?”

“It was at the foot of one of the north wynds of Edinburgh.”

“Was it by appointment that you met?”

“No, it was not.”

“For what purpose was it then?”

“For no purpose.”

“How is it that you chance to remember the day and hour so minutely, if you met that woman, whom you have accused, merely by chance, and for no manner of purpose, as you must have met others that night, perhaps to the amount of hundreds, in the same way?”

“I have good cause to remember it, my lord.”

“What was that cause?—No answer?—You don’t choose to say what that cause was?”

“I am not at liberty to tell.”

DOWN CAME THE HONOURABLE THOMAS
DRUMMOND, WITH HASTY AND
IMPASSIONED STRIDES.

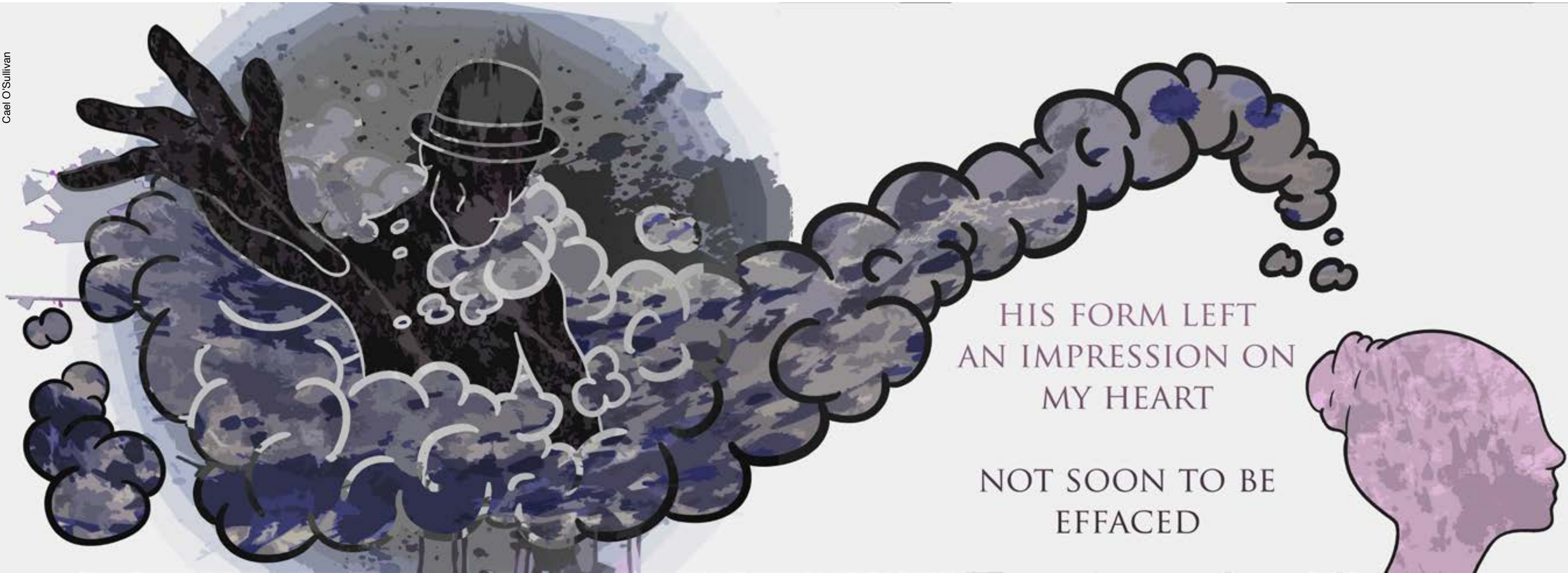
"AS I LIVE, THERE STANDS
AN APPARITION!"



THAT MOMENT THE FELLOW IN BLACK
RUSHED FROM HIS COVER WITH
DRAWN RAPIER, AND GAVE BRAD
YOUNG DALCASTLE TWO DEADLY
WOUNDS IN THE BACK, AS FAR
AS ARM COULD THRUST, BOTH
OF WHICH I THOUGHT PIERCED
THROUGH HIS BODY HE FELL
AND ROLLING HIMSELF ON
HIS BACK, HE PERCEIVED
IT WAS THAT HAD SLAIN HIM
THUS FOULEY, AND SAID WITH
A DYING EMPHASIS, WHICH I
NEVER HEARD EQUALLED

"OH DOG OF HELL,
IT IS YOU WHO
HAS DONE THIS!"



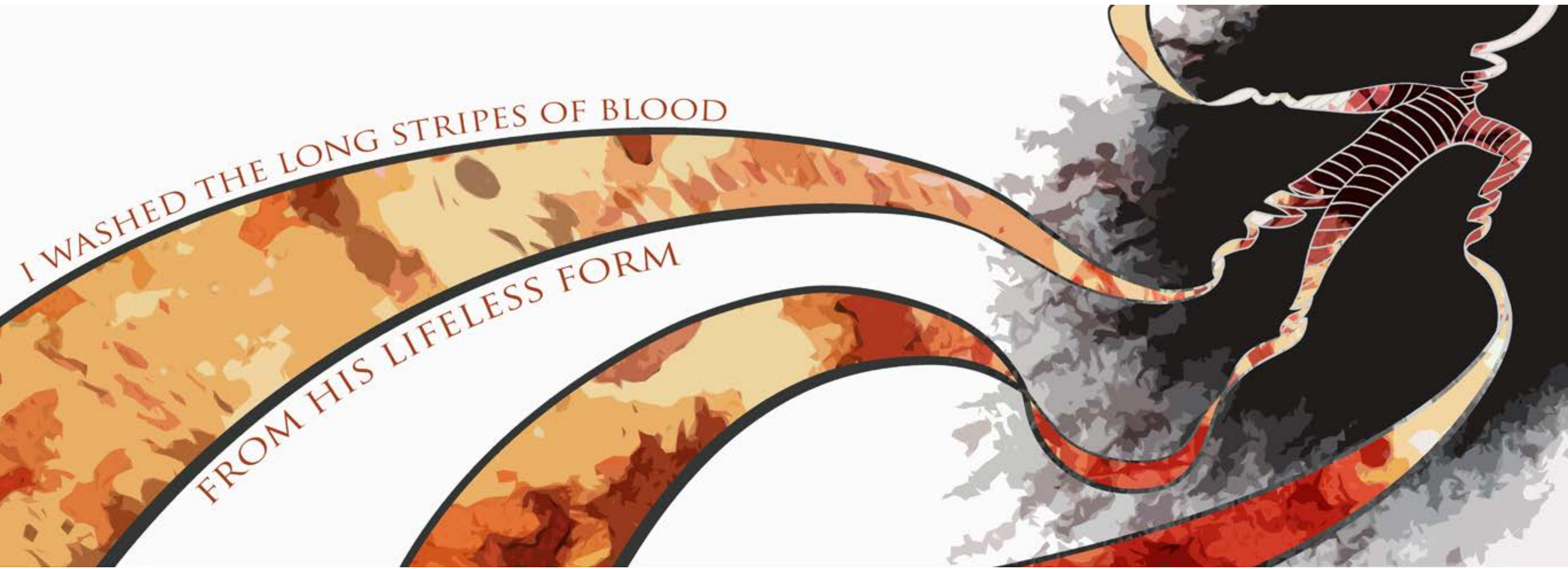


HIS FORM LEFT
AN IMPRESSION ON
MY HEART

NOT SOON TO BE
EFFACED

I WASHED THE LONG STRIPES OF BLOOD

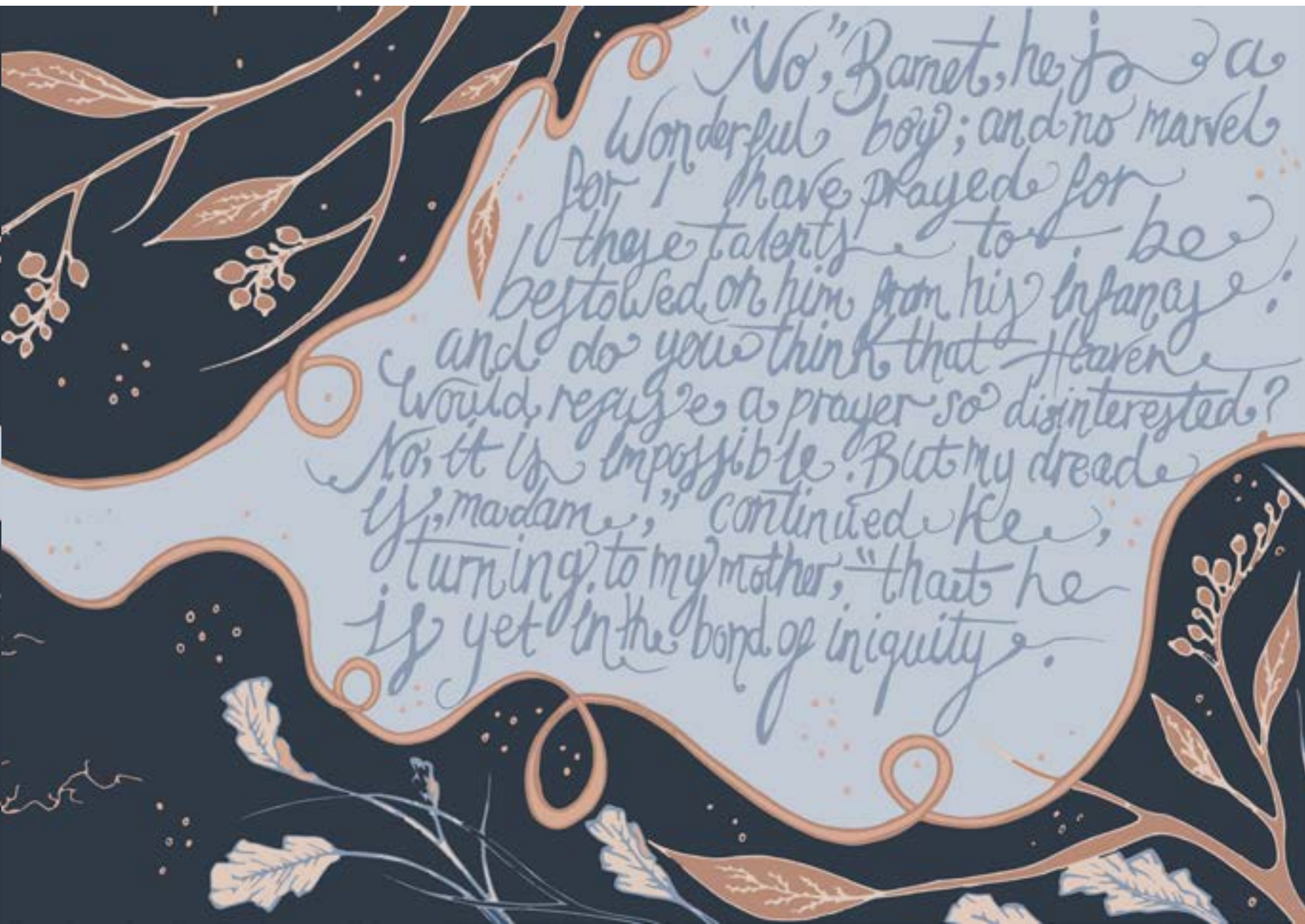
FROM HIS LIFELESS FORM

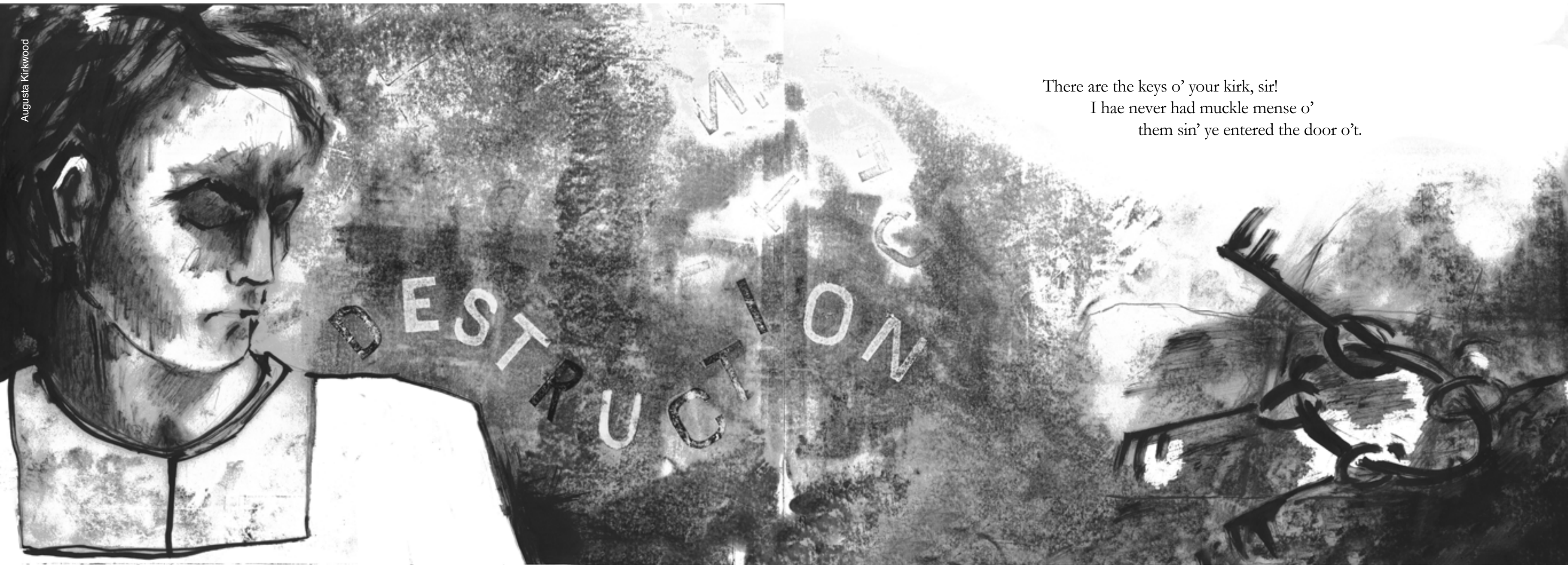


I never in my life saw any human being," said Mrs. Calvert, whom I thought so like a fiend. If a demon could inherit flesh and blood that youth is precisely such a being as I could conceive that demon to be. The depth and malignity of his eye is hideous.

Emma Rhodes







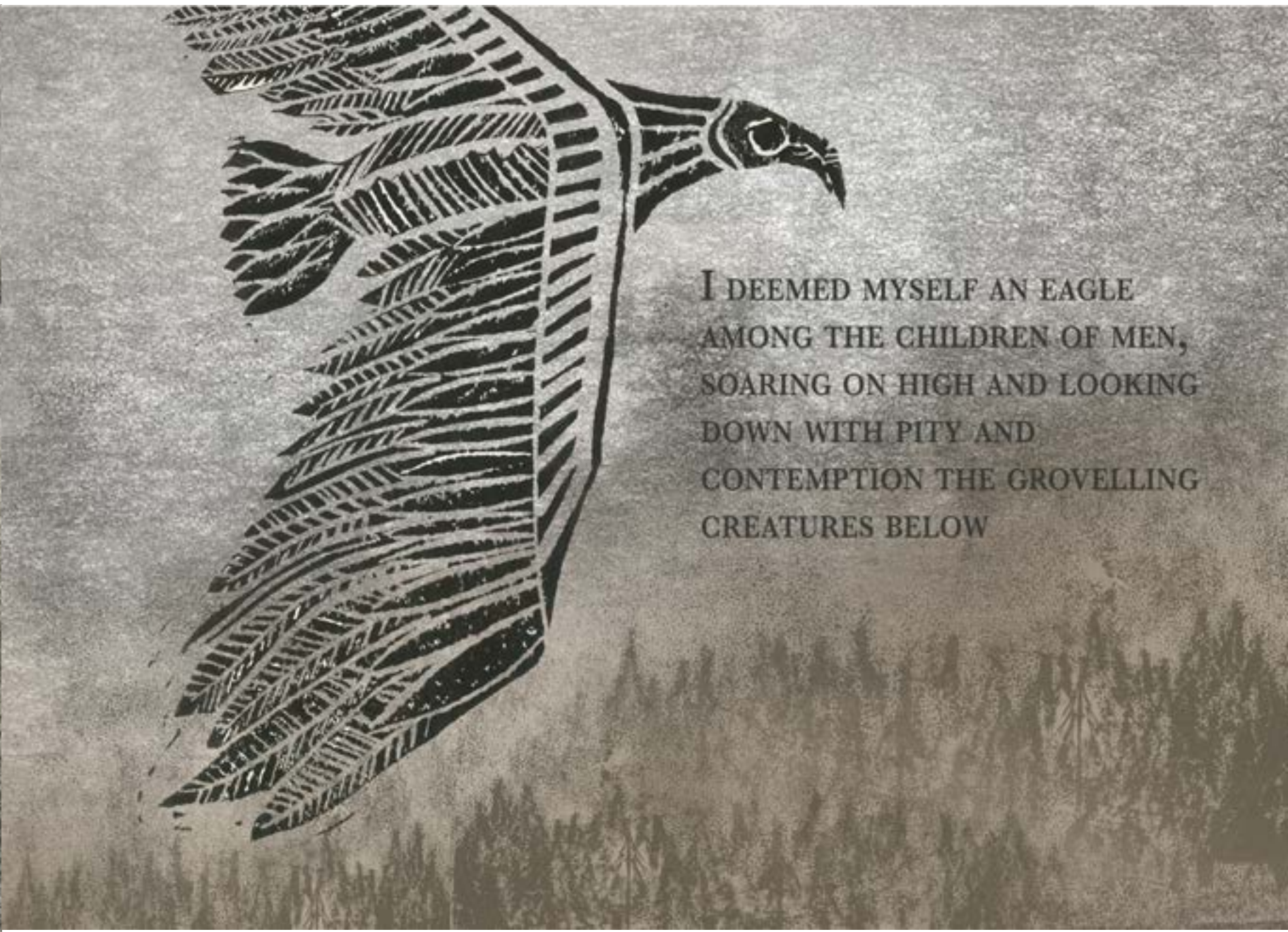
There are the keys o' your kirk, sir!
I hae never had muckle mense o'
them sin' ye entered the door o't.

I determined (as i knew him for a wicked person, and
one of the devils handfasted children)
to be revenged on him.





I REMEMBER NOTHING FURTHER
IN THESE EARLY DAYS...



I DEEMED MYSELF AN EAGLE
AMONG THE CHILDREN OF MEN,
SOARING ON HIGH AND LOOKING
DOWN WITH PITY AND
CONTEMPTION THE GROVELLING
CREATURES BELOW



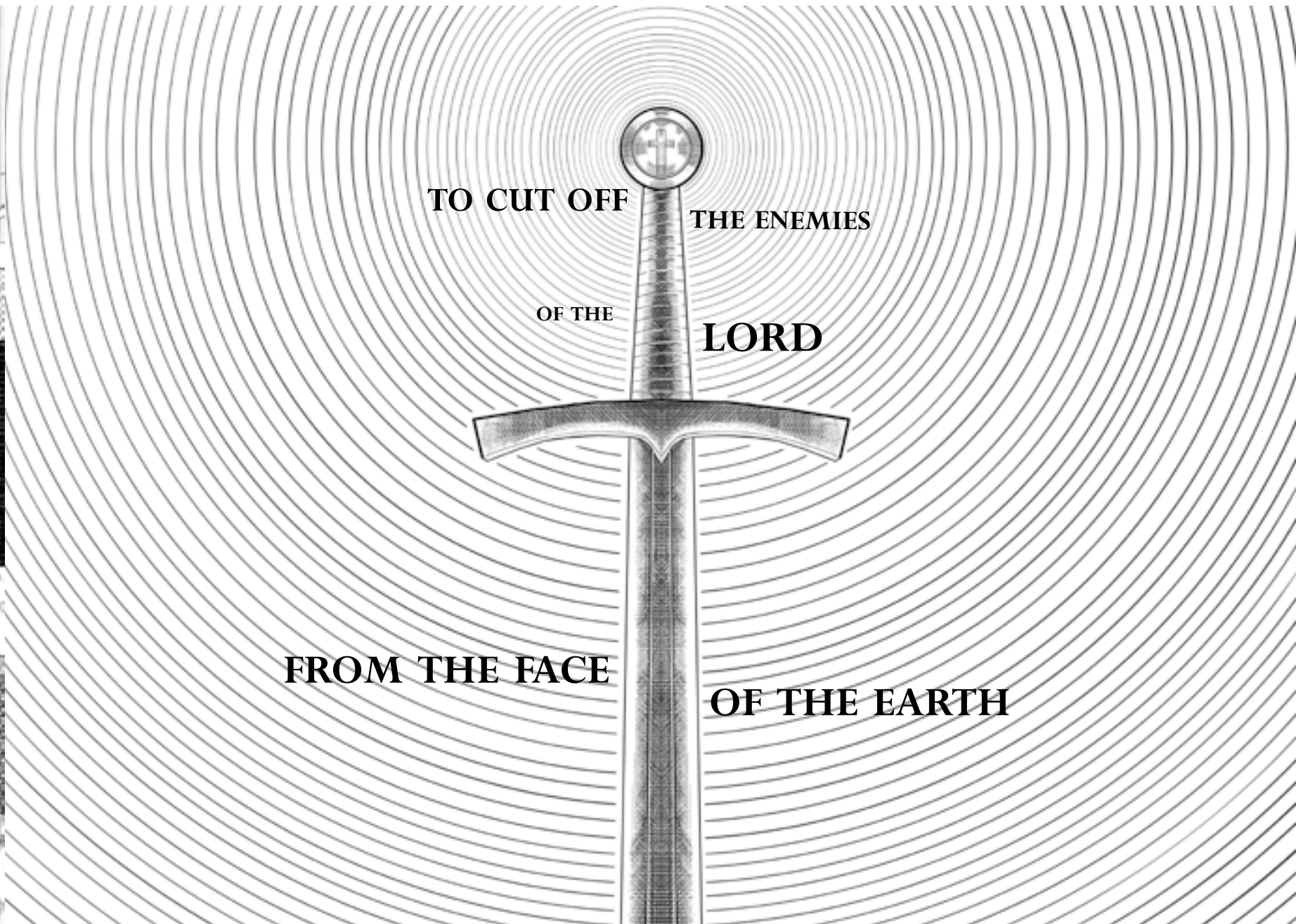
I FEAR SATAN HAS BEEN BUSY WITH YOU





How much more wise
would it be, thought I,
to begin and cut sinners
off with the sword

Gabriel Hernandez



TO CUT OFF THE ENEMIES
OF THE LORD

FROM THE FACE
OF THE EARTH



YOU HAVE THE
CHAMELEON ART
OF CHANGING
YOUR APPEARANCE
YOU APPEAR TO
BE SOMEHOW AT
A LOSS. HAD NOT
YET YOU AND I
SOME SWEET COM-
MUNION AND FEL-
LOWSHIP YESTER-
DAY?



YOU ARE DEDICATED TO THE GREAT WORK OF THE LORD FOR
WHICH REASONS I HAVE RESOLVEVD TO ATTACH MYSELF AS
CLOSELY TO YOU AS POSSIBLE





Thomas Shek

I felt greatly strengthened and encouraged that night, and the next morning I ran to meet my companion, out of whose eye I had now no life. He rejoiced at seeing me so forward in the great work of reformation by blood, and said many things to raise my hopes of future fame and glory; and then producing two pistols of pure beaten gold, he held them out and proffered me the choice of one, saying: "See what thy master hath provided thee!" I took one of them eagerly, for I perceived at once that they were two of the very weapons that were let down from Heaven in the cloudy veil, the dim tapestry of the firmament; and I said to myself: "Surely this is the will of the Lord."



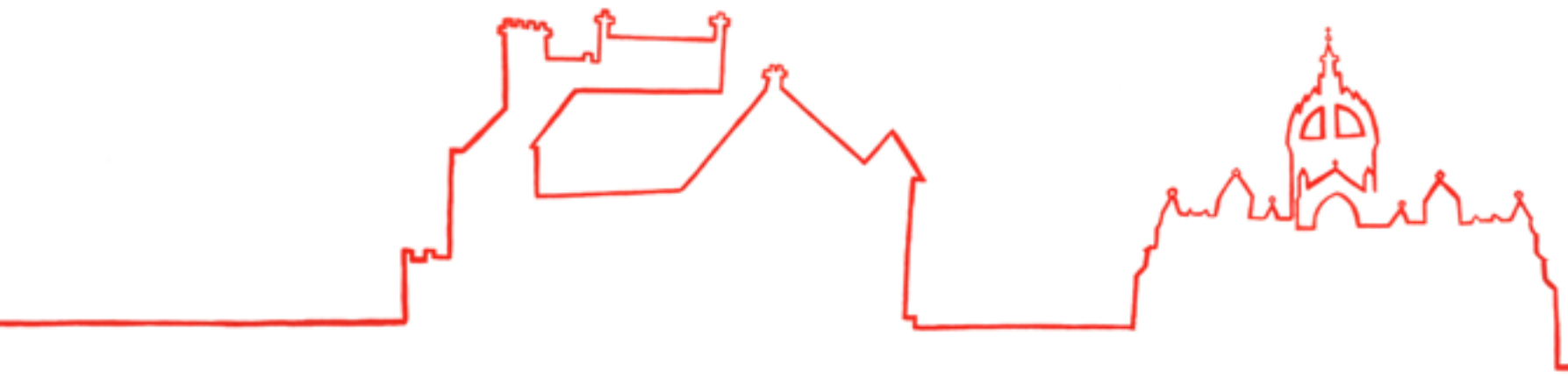
“I MAY EITHER FORGIVE
YOU BEFORE I DIE, OR
CURSE YOU IN THE
NAME OF THE
LORD”

The wounded man raised himself from the bank in a sitting posture, and I beheld his eyes swimming; he however appeared sensible, for we heard him saying in a low and rattling voice: "Alas, alas! whom have I offended, that they should have been driven to an act like this! Come forth and shew yourselves, that I may either forgive you before I die, or curse you in the name of the Lord." He then fell a-groping with both hands on the ground, as if feeling for something he had lost manifestly in the agonies of death; and, with a solemn and interrupted prayer for forgiveness, he breathed his last.

He arose in wrath, and struck me with the
mallet which he held in his hand, until my
blood flowed copiously;
and from that moment
I vowed his destruction
in my heart.



But I chanced to have no weapon at that time, nor any means of
inflicting due punishment on the caitiff, which would not have been
returned double on my head by him and his graceless associates. I
mixed among them at the suggestion of my friend, and, following them
to their den of voluptuousness and sin, I strove to be admitted
among them, in hopes of finding some means of accomplishing my great
purpose, while I found myself moved by the spirit within me so to do.



My jailer came to me, and insulted me. He was a rude unprincipled fellow, partaking of the loose and carnal manners of the age; but I remembered of having read, in the Cloud of Witnesses, of such men formerly having been converted by the imprisoned saints; so I set myself, with all my heart, to bring about this man's repentance and reformation.

But I was not only debarred, but, by the machinations of my wicked brother and his associates, cast into prison. I was not sorry at being thus honoured to suffer in the cause of righteousness, and at the hands of sinful men; and, as soon as I was alone, I betook myself to prayer, deprecating the long-suffering of God towards such horrid sinners.



Immediately after this i was seized with a strange distemper, which neither my friends nor physicians could comprehend.



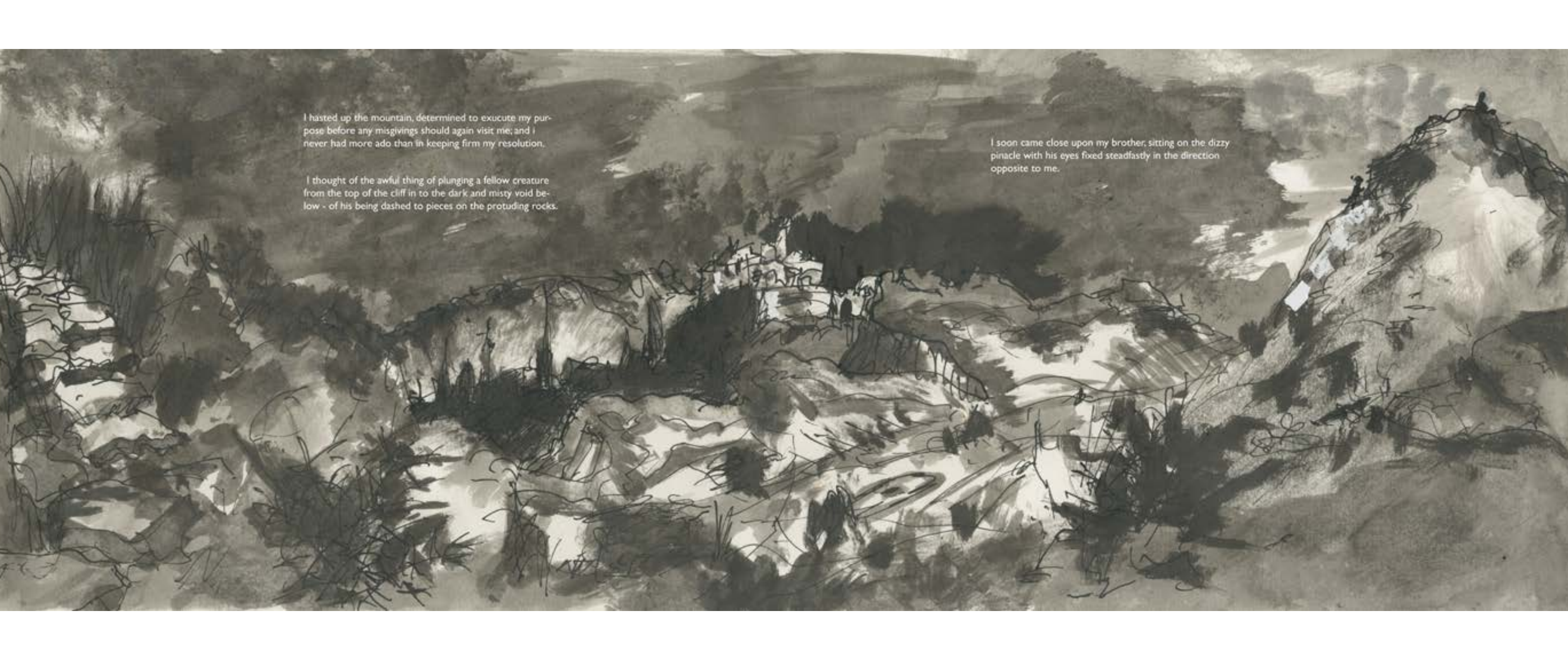
I was bewitched and my relatives were at the ground of it.

This victory of the wicked one over me kept me confined in my chamber at Mr. Millar's house for nearly a month, until the prayers of the faithful prevailed and i was restored.

There were plenty who attested on oath that i saw my brother everyday during this period; that i persecuted him, with my presence day and night, while all the time i never saw his face save in a delusive dream.



I cannot comprehend what manouvres my illustrious friend was playing off with them about this time; for he having the art of personating whom he chose, had peradventure decieved them.

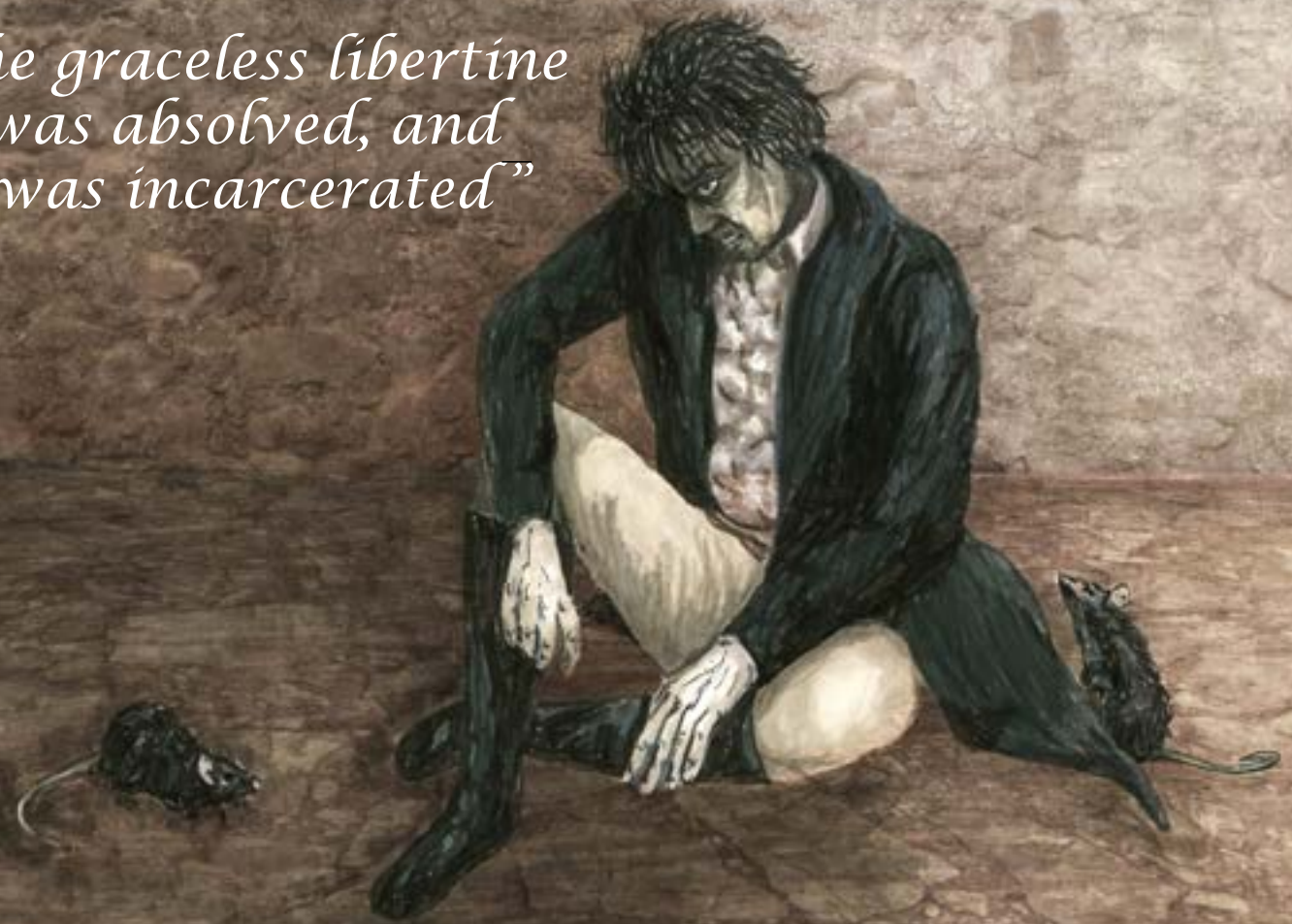


I hastened up the mountain, determined to execute my purpose before any misgivings should again visit me; and I never had more ado than in keeping firm my resolution.

I thought of the awful thing of plunging a fellow creature from the top of the cliff in to the dark and misty void below - of his being dashed to pieces on the protruding rocks.

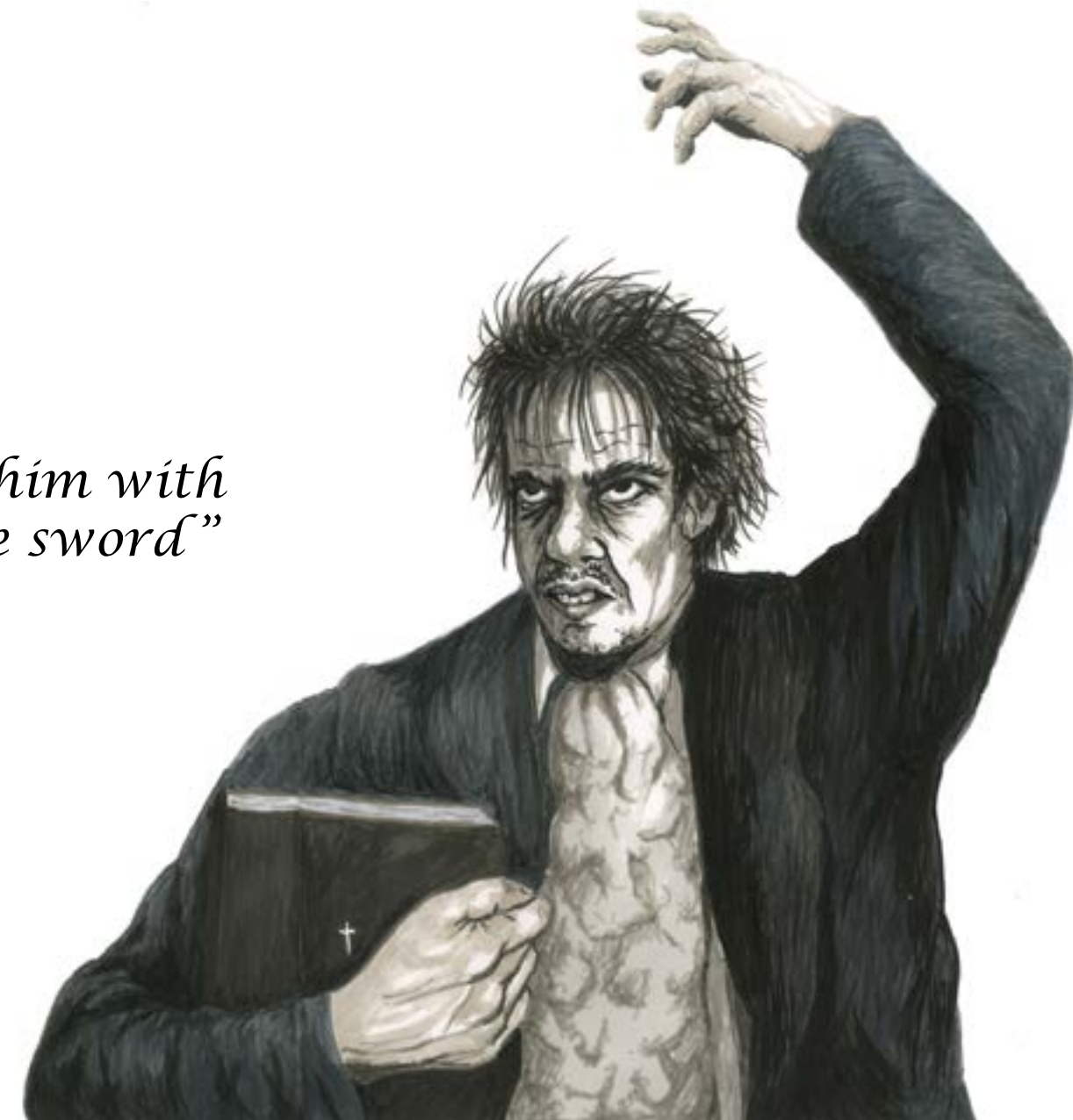
I soon came close upon my brother, sitting on the dizzy pinnacle with his eyes fixed steadfastly in the direction opposite to me.

*“the graceless libertine
was absolved, and
I was incarcerated”*



Mark how different was the result! From the shifts and ambiguities of a wicked Bench, who had a fellow-feeling of iniquity with the defenders, my suit was lost, the graceless libertine was absolved, and I was incarcerated, and bound over to keep the peace, with heavy penalties, before I was set at liberty.

*“I shall smite him with
the edge of the sword”*



“I see the deed must be done, then,” said I, “and, since it is so, it shall be done. I will arm myself forthwith, and from the midst of his wine and debauchery you shall call him forth to me, and there will I smite him with the edge of the sword, that our great work be not retarded.”

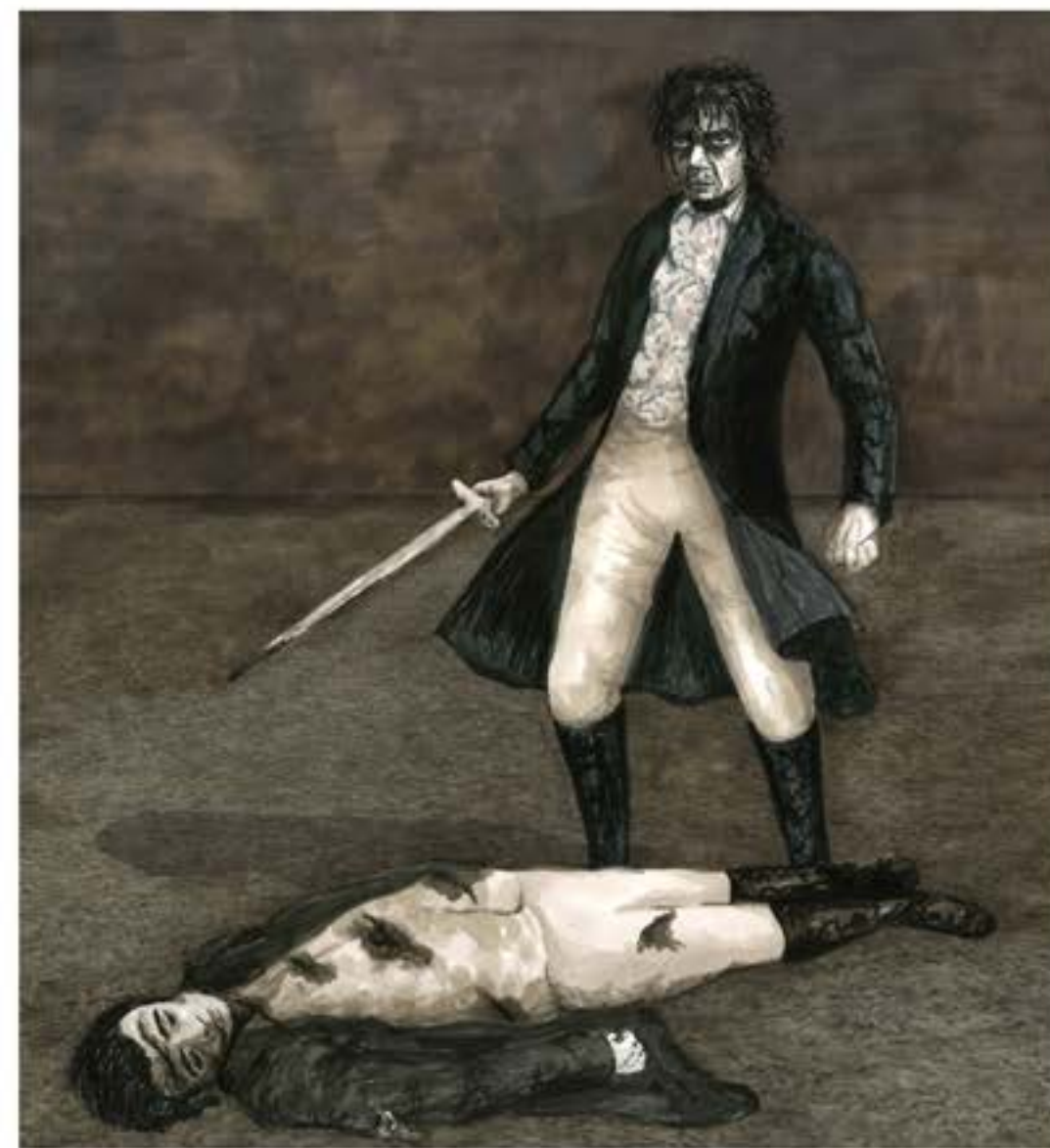


“He bade me remain there in secret and watch the event”

And, the sentiments of our great covenanted reformers being on his side, there is not a doubt that I was wrong. He lost all patience on hearing what I advanced on this matter, and, taking hold of me, he led me into a darksome booth in a confined entry; and, after a friendly but cutting reproach, he bade me remain there in secret and watch the event. “And, if I fall,” said he, “you will not fail to avenge my death?”

“The duel was fierce; but the might of Heaven prevailed”

Wouldst thou lay thine hand on the Lord's anointed, or shed his precious blood? Turn thee to me, that I may chastise thee for all thy wickedness, and not for the many injuries thou hast done to me!” To it we went, with full thirst of vengeance on every side. The duel was fierce; but the might of Heaven prevailed, and not my might. The ungodly and reprobate young man fell covered with wounds, and with curses and blasphemy in his mouth, while I escaped uninjured.



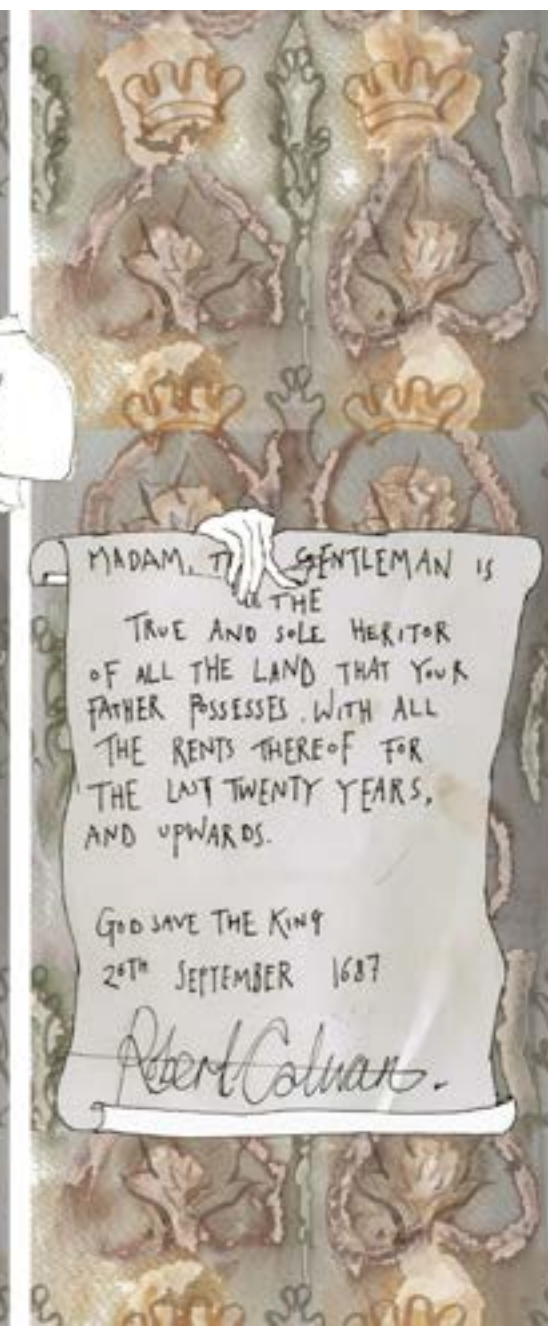
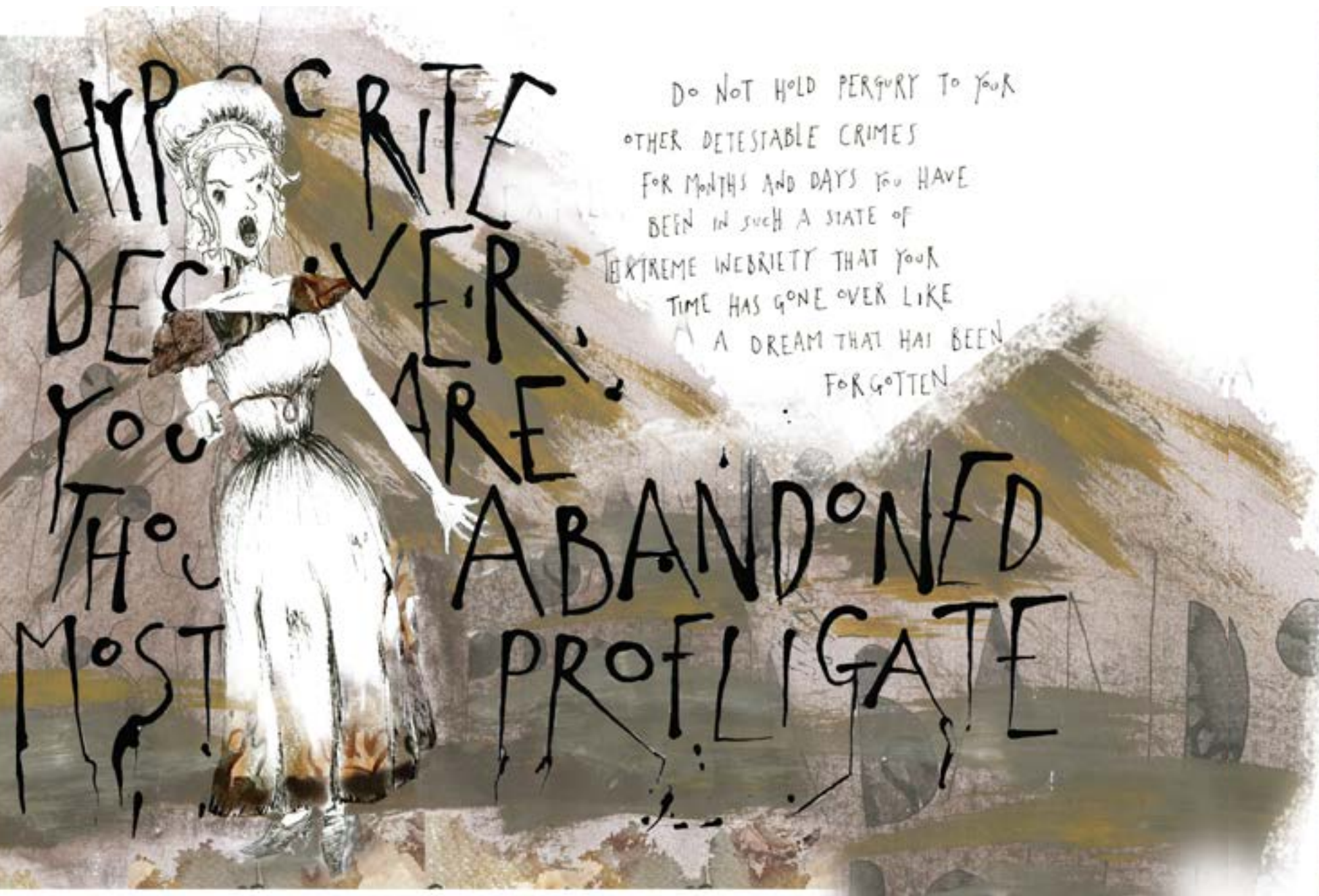
MY FRIEND AND I WENT TO
DALCASTLE, AND TOOK UNDISPUTED
POSSESSION OF THE HOUSES, LANDS
AND EFFECTS THAT HAD BEEN MY
FATHER'S.

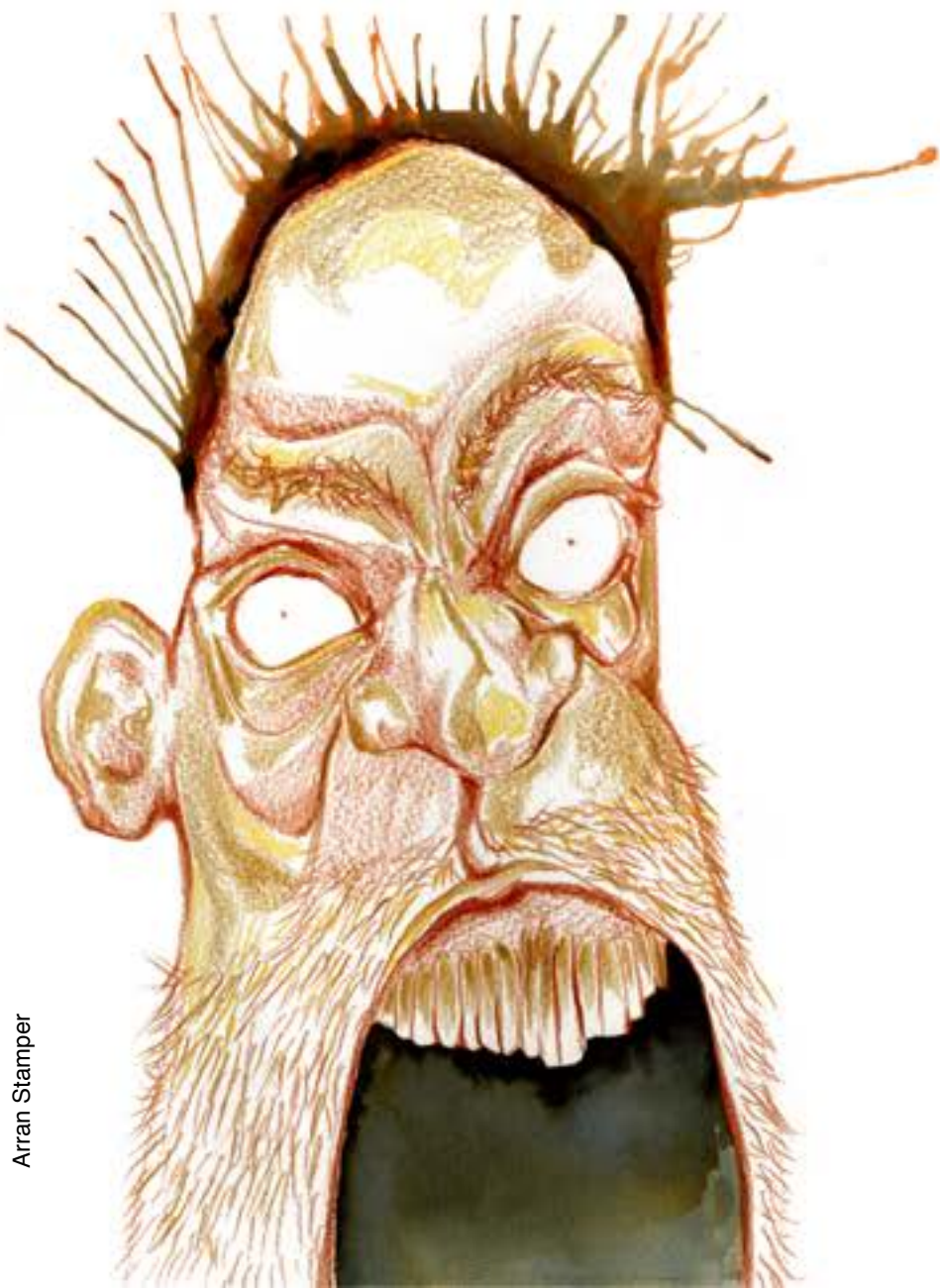
I IMMEDIATELY SET ABOUT
DOING ALL THE GOOD I WAS
ABLE

I WAS MISTAKEN



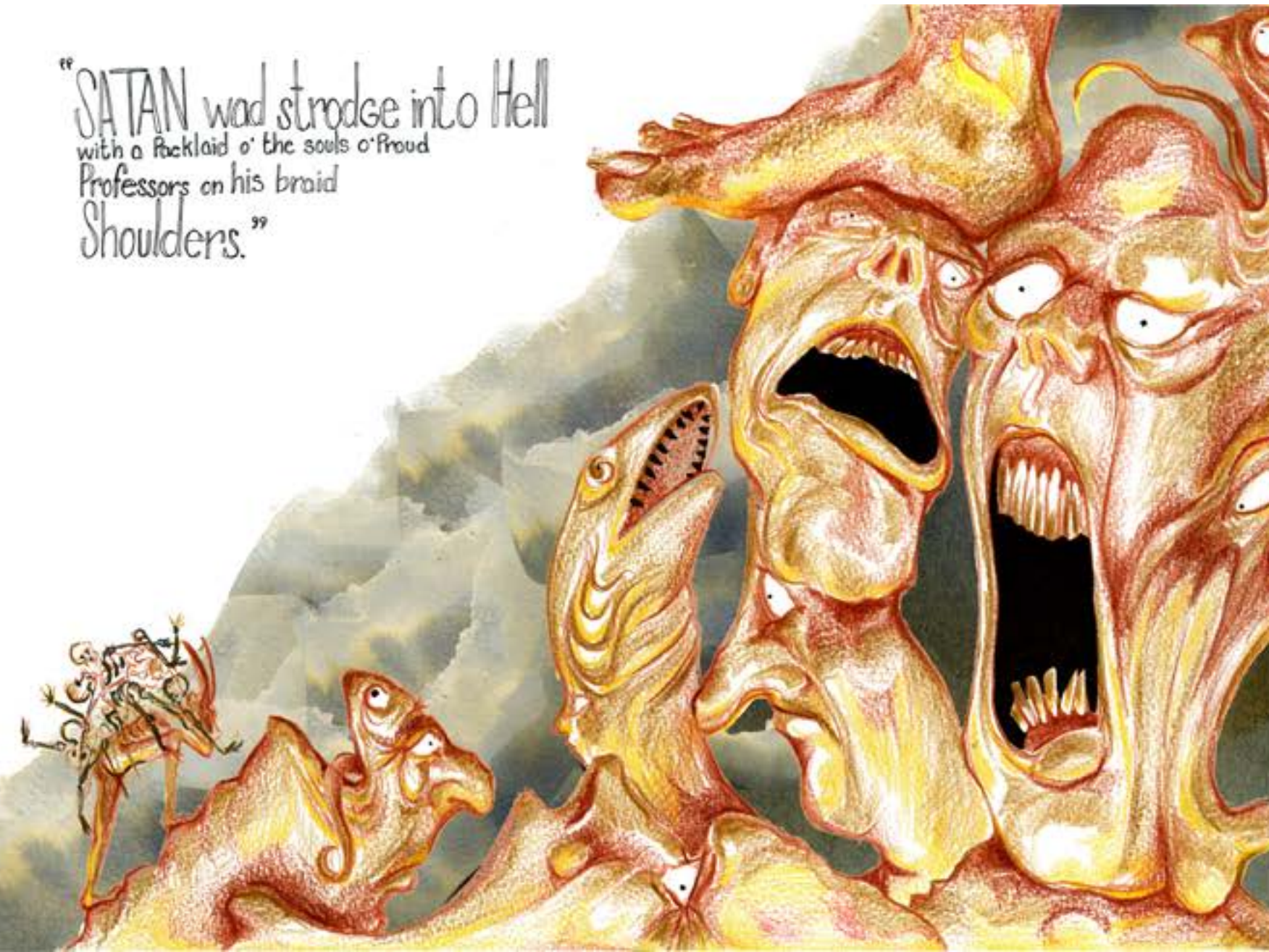
THERE WAS
A LADY IN THE
BACK CHAMBER
WHO WANTED TO
SPEAK TO ME.





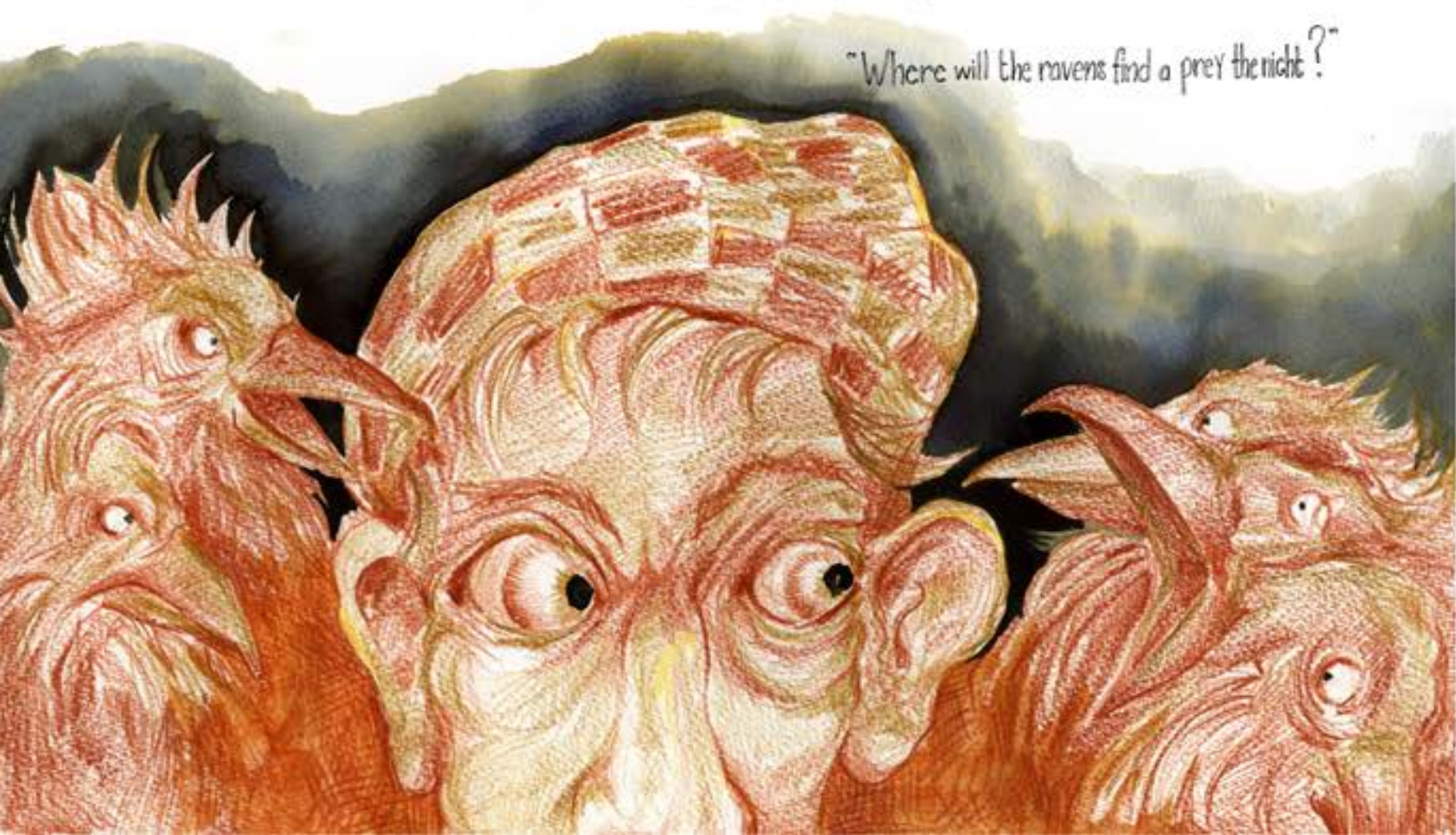
YE MAY AS WEEL SAY, MASTER,
 THAT WATER'S NO WATER, OR THAT, STONES
 ARE NO STONES. BUT THAT'S JUST
 YOUR GATE, AN' IT'S A GREAT PITY, AYE
 TO DO A THING AN' PROFESS
 THE CLEAN CONTRAIR. WEEL
 THEN, SINCE YOU HAVEN' PAID ME ONY
 WAGES, AN' I CAN PROVE DAY AND
 DATE WHEN I WAS HIRED, AN' CAME
 HOME TO YOUR SERVICE, WILL
 YOU BE SO KIND AS TO PAY ME NOW
 ?
 THATS THE BEST WAY O' CURING A MAN O'
 THE MORTAL DISEASE O' LEASING-MAKING
 THAT I KEN O' 99

"SATAN WAD STRODGE INTO HELL
 WITH A BACKLAD O' THE SOULS O' PROUD
 PROFESSORS ON HIS BRAID
 SHOULDERS."



The moment that Robin saw them, he keened, by their movements, that they were crows or some iither world than this; so he signed himself, and crep into the middle o' his bourack. The corbie crows came a' an' sat down round about him, an' they poukit their black sooty wings, an' spread them out to the breeze to cool; and Robin heard ae corbie speaking, an' another answering him; and the tane said to the bither:

"Where will the ravens find a prey the night?"



"A' the auld wives an weavers o' Auchtermuchty

fell down wi' affright, an' betook them to their

Prayers aince again,"



One time in particular, on pretence of gratifying my revenge on that base woman, he knew so well where she lay concealed that he led me to her, and left me to the mercy of two viragos who had very nigh taken my life. My time of residence at Dalcastle was wearing to a crisis. I could no longer live with my tyrant, who haunted me like my shadow; and, besides, it seems there were proofs of murder leading against me from all quarters. Of part of these I deemed myself quite free, but the world deemed otherwise; and how the matter would have gone God only knows, for, the case never having undergone a judicial trial, I do not. It perhaps, however, behoves me here to relate all that I know of it, and it is simply this:

On the first of June, 1712 (well may I remember the day), I was sitting locked in my secret chamber, in a state of the utmost despondency, revolving in my mind what I ought to do to be free of my persecutors, and wishing myself a worm, or a moth, that I might be crushed and at rest, when behold Samuel entered, with eyes like to start out of his head, exclaiming: "For God's sake, master, fly and hide yourself, for your mother's found, an' as sure as you're a living soul, the blame is gawn to fa' on you!"

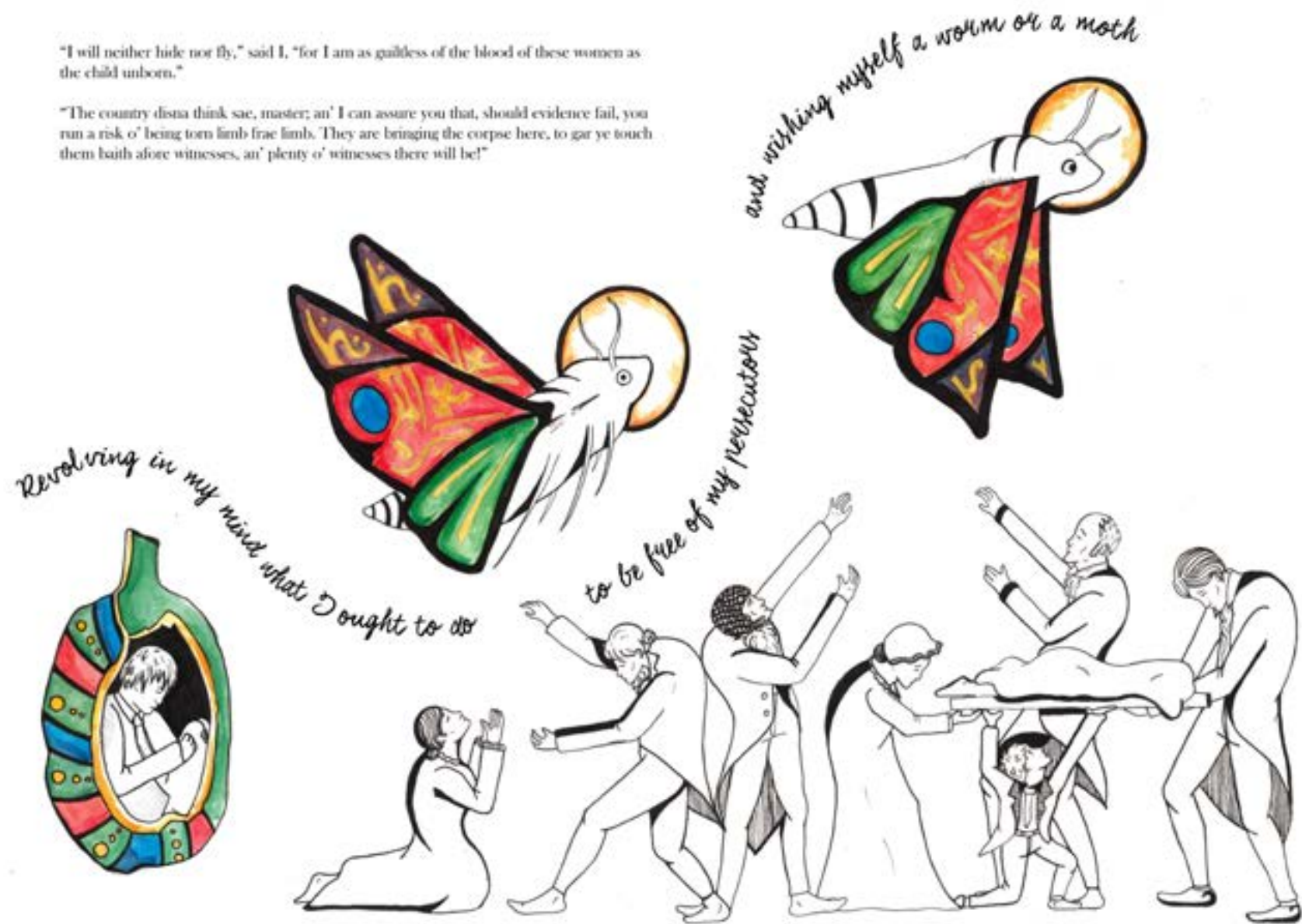


"My mother found!" said I. "And, pray, where has she been all this while?" In the meantime, I was terribly discomposed at the thoughts of her return.

"Been, sir! Been? Why, she has been where ye put her, it seems—lying buried in the sands o' the linn. I can tell you, ye will see her a frightsome figure, sic as I never wish to see again. An' the young lady is found too, sir; an' it is said the Devil—I beg pardon, sir, your friend, I mean—it is said your friend has made the discovery, an' the folk are awy to raise officers, an' they will be here in an hour or two at the farthest, sir; an' sae you hae not a minute to lose, for there's proof, sir, strong proof, an' sworn proof, that ye were last seen wi' them baith sae, unless ye can gie a' the better an account o' baith yoursel an' them either hide or flee for your bare life."

"I will neither hide nor fly," said I, "for I am as guileless of the blood of these women as the child unborn."

"The country disna think sae, master; an' I can assure you that, should evidence fail, you run a risk o' being torn limb frae limb. They are bringing the corpse here, to gar ye touch them baith afore witnesses, an' plenty o' witnesses there will be!"



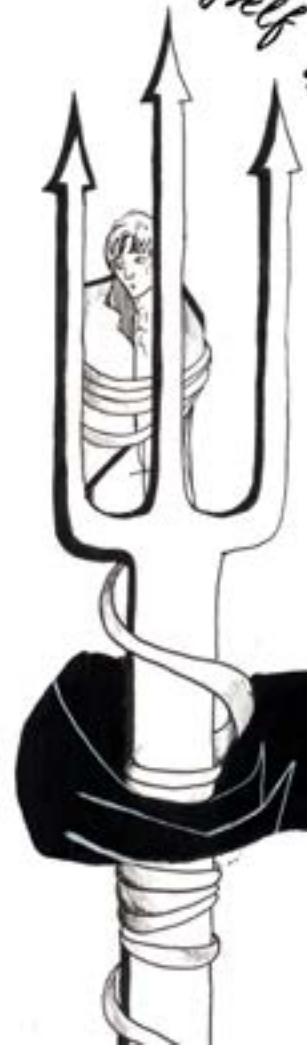
Revolving in my mind what I ought to do

and wishing myself a worm or a moth

to be free of my persecutors

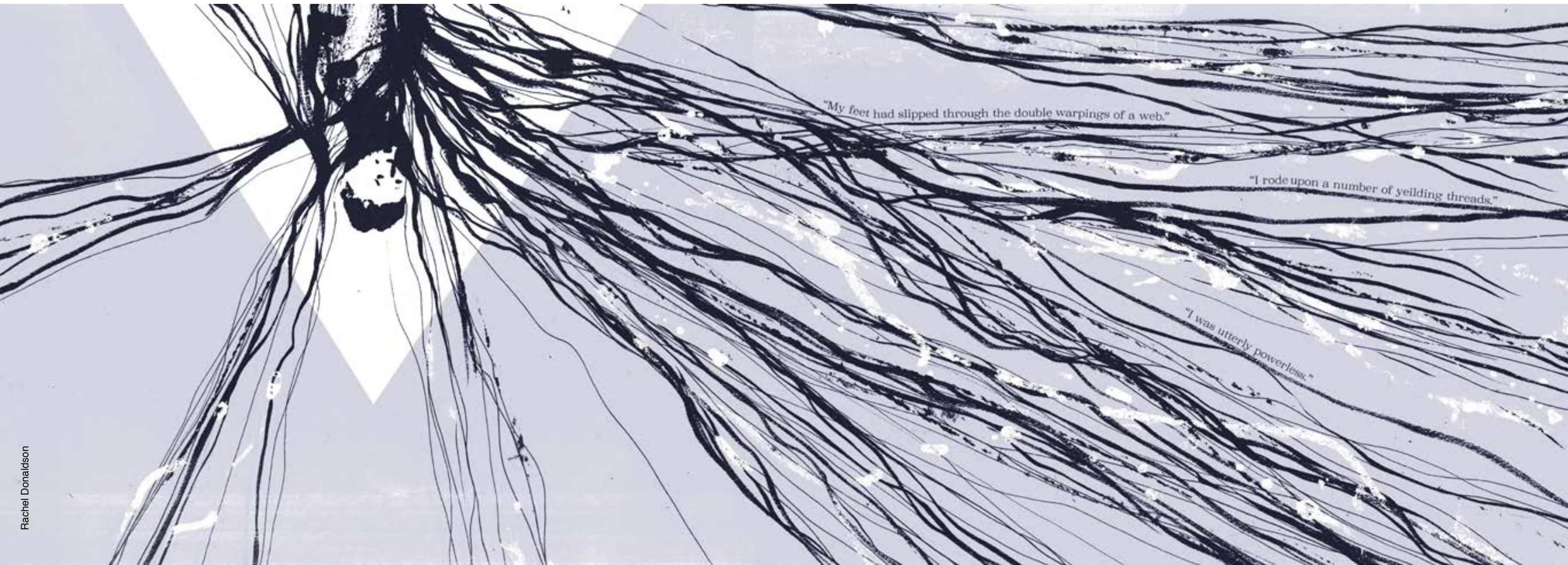
I was conducted into the other end of the house, among looms, treadles, pirns, and confusion without end; and there, in a sort of box, was I shut up for my night's repose, for the weaver, as he left me, cautiously turned the key of my apartment, and left me to shift for myself among the looms, determined that I should escape from the house with nothing. After he and his wife and children were crowded into their den, I heard the two mates contending furiously about me in suppressed voices, the one maintaining the probability that I was the murderer, and the other proving the impossibility of it. The husband, however, said as much as let me understand that he had locked me up on purpose to bring the military, or officers of justice, to seize me. I was in the utmost perplexity, yet for all that, and the imminent danger I was in, I fell asleep, and a more troubled and tormenting sleep never enchain'd a mortal frame. I had such dreams that they will not bear repetition, and early in the morning I awaked, feverish, and parched with thirst.

*I entangled myself
and could not get out*



I went to call mine host, that he might let me out to the open air, but, before doing so, I thought it necessary to put on some clothes. In attempting to do this, a circumstance arrested my attention (for which I could in no wise account, which to this day I cannot unriddle, nor shall I ever be able to comprehend it while I live): the frock and turban, which had furnished my disguise on the preceding day, were both removed, and my own black coat and cocked hat laid down in their place. At first I thought I was in a dream, and felt the weaver's beam, web, and treadle-strings with my hands, to convince myself that I was awake. I was certainly awake; and there was the door locked firm and fast as it was the evening before. I carried my own black coat to the small window and examined it. It was my own in verity; and the sums of money that I had concealed in case of any emergency, remained untouched. I trembled with astonishment; and on my return from the small window went dozing in amongst the weaver's looms, till I entangled myself, and could not get out again without working great delay amongst the coarse linen threads that stood in warp from one end of the apartment unto the other.





"My feet had slipped through the double warpings of a web."

"I rode upon a number of yeilding threads."

"I was utterly powerless."

My state both of body and mind was now truly deplorable. I was hungry, wounded, and lame, an outcast and vagabond in society.





The landlord and I accordingly retired to our homely bed, and conversed for some time about indifferent matters, till he fell sound asleep. Not so with me; I had that within which would not suffer me to close my eyes; and, about the dead of night, I again heard the same noises and contention begin outside the house as I had heard the night before, and again I heard it was about a sovereign and peculiar right in me. At one time the noise was on the top of the house, straight above our bed, as if the one party were breaking through the roof, and the other forcibly preventing it; at another it was at the door, and at a third time at the window; but still mine host lay sound by my side, and did not waken. I was seized with terrors undefinable, and prayed fervently, but did not attempt rousing my sleeping companion until I saw if no better could be done. The women, however, were alarmed, and, rushing into our apartment, exclaimed that all the devils in hell were besieging the house. Then, indeed, the landlord awoke, and it was time for him, for the tumult had increased to such a degree that it shook the house to its foundations, being louder and more furious than I could have conceived the heat of battle to be when the volleys of artillery were mixed with groans, shouts, and blasphemous cursing. It thundered and lightened; and there were screams, groans, laughter, and execrations, all intermingled.

I lay trembling and bathed in a cold perspiration, but was soon obliged to bestir myself, the inmates attacking me one after the other.

"Oh, Tam Douglas! Tam Douglas! haste ye an' rise out fra' yont that incarnal devil!" cried the wife. "Ye are in ayont the wad ane himsel, for our lass Tibbie saw his cloven cloots last night."

"Lord forbid!" roared Tam Douglas, and darted over the bed like a flying fish. Then, hearing the uneasy tumult with which he was surrounded, he turned to the side of the bed, and addressed me thus, with long and fearful intervals:

"If ye be the Deil, rise up, an' depart in peace out o' this house—stee the bedittrae take kldling about ye, an' than it'll maybe be the waur for ye. Get up—an' gang awa out among your cronies, like a good lad. There's nae body here wishes you any ill. D'ye hear me?"

"Friend," said I, "no Christian would turn out a fellow creature on such a night as this and in the midst of such a commotion of the villagers."

"Na, if ye be a mortal man," said he, "which I rather think, from the use you made of the holy book. Nane o' your practical jokes on strangers an' honest foks. There are some o' your Oxford tricks, an' I'll thank you to be ower wi' them. Gracious heaven, they are brikkin through the house at a' the four corners at the same time!"

The lass Tibby, seeing the innkeeper was not going to prevail with me to rise, flew towards the bed in desperation, and, seizing me by the waist, soon landed me on the floor, saying, "Be ye deil, be ye chiel, ye's no lie there till bath the house an' us be swallowed up!"

Her master and mistress applauding the deed, I was obliged to attempt dressing myself, a task to which my powers were quite inadequate in the state I was in, but I was readily assisted by every one of the three, and, as soon as they got my clothes thrust on in a loose way, they shut their eyes lest they should see what might drive them distracted, and thrust me out to the street, cursing me, and calling on the fiends to take their prey and be gone.

The scene that ensued is neither to be described nor believed if it were. I was momentarily surrounded by a number of hideous fiends, who gnashed on me with their teeth, and clenched their crimson paws in my face, and at the same instant I was seized by the collar of my coat behind, by my dreaded and devoted friend, who pushed me on and, with his gilded rapier waving and brandishing around me, defended me against all their united attacks. Horrible as my assailants were in appearance (and they all had monstrous shapes) I felt that I would rather have fallen into their hands than be thus led away captive by my defender at his will and pleasure without having the right or power to say my life, or any part of my will, was my own. I could not even thank him for his potent guardianship, but hung down my head, and moved on I knew not whither, like a criminal led to execution and still the infernal combat continued till about the dawning, at which time I looked up, and all the fiends were expelled but one, who kept at a distance; and still my persecutor and defender pushed me by the neck before him.

My hour is at hand Almighty God, what is
this that I am about to do! The hour of
repentance is past, and now my fate is
inevitable.
Amen for ever!

Exhibit A
Suicide Note of Robert Colman
September 18, 1712



On the top of a wild height called Cowan's-Croft, where the lands of three proprietors meet all at one point, there has been for a long and many years the grave of a suicide marked out by a stone standing at the head and another at the feet. Often have I stood musing over it myself, when a shepard on one of the farms, of which it formed the extreme boundary, and thinking what could induce a young man, who had scarcely reached the prime of life, to brave his Maker, and rush into His presence by an act of his own erring hand, and one so unnatural and preposterous.



We soon reached the spot, and I confess I felt a singular sensation when I saw the grey stone standing at the head, and another at the feet, and closed up again as had been described. I could still scarcely deem the thing to be wet, but a kind of dry rotten moss. On looking around, we found some fragments of a reality, for the ground did not appear to be new-dug, and the one half of the grave manifestly had not been returned into the grave: when the body had last been raised, for it had been twice raised before this, but only from the loins upwards.

sensation when I saw the grey stone standing at the head, and another at the feet, and closed up again as had been described. I could still scarcely deem the thing to be wet, but a kind of dry rotten moss. On looking around, we found some fragments



"I have often wondered how it was that
this man's corpse has been miraculously
preserved frae decay."

The pamphlet was wrapped so close together
and so clamp, rotten and yellow.

written
as follows:-
**THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS
AND CONFESSIONS OF A
JUSTIFIED SINNER**
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

All his clothes that were
sewed with linen yarn.

His stockings grey and wanting the feet



