

body was fastened to that of the trooper.— In this manner he was conducted to Edinburgh, where he was cast into prison to await his doom.

Within two days, Janet and her mother were seized also, at the very moment when the former was preparing to set out to implore his pardon—and accused of harbouring and concealing in their house one whom the king had denounced as guilty of treason.

Janet submitted to her fate without a murmur, and only said, "weel, if Andrew be to suffer upon my account, I am willing to do the same for his. But surely neither you nor the king can be sae cruel as to harm my poor old mother!"

"Oh, dear! dear!" cried the old woman to those who came to apprehend her—"Was there ever the like o' this seen or heard tell? Before I kenned wha the king was, I took him to be a kind lad and a canny lad, and he canna say but I shewed him every attention, and even prevented Andrew frae striking him again; and what gratification can it be to him to tak awa the life o' a lone widow, and a bit helpless lassie?"

But, notwithstanding her remonstrances, Nancy Hewitt and her beautiful daughter were conducted as prisoners to the metropolis.

On the fourth day of his confinement, Andrew was summoned before King James and his nobles, to receive his sentence, and undergo his punishment. The monarch, in the midst of his lords, sat in a large apartment of the castle; armed men, with naked swords on their hands, stood around; and the frown gathered on his face as the prisoner was led to his presence.

Andrew bowed before the monarch, then raised his head and looked around, with an expression on his countenance which shewed that, although he expected death, he feared not.

"How now, ye traitor knave!" said the king, sternly; "do ye deny that ye raised your hand against our royal person?"

"No!" was the brief and bold reply of the cadger and fisherman.

"Ye have heard, kinsmen," continued the king, "the confession of his guiltiness from his own lips—what punishment do ye award him?"

"Death! the traitor's doom!" replied the nobles.

"Nay, truth," said James, "we shall be somewhat more merciful; and because of his brave bearing at Lammermoor, his life shall be spared—but, certes, the hand that was raised against our person shall be struck off—bring in the block!"

Now, the block was brought into the midst of the floor, and Andrew was made to kneel, and his arm was placed upon it—and the executioner stood by with his sword, waiting the signal from the king to strike off his hand, when the fair young queen, with her attendants, entered the apartment. The king rose to meet her.

"What would my fair queen?"

"A boon! a boon! my liege," playfully replied the blooming princess; "that ye strike not off the hand of that audacious man, but that ye chain it for his life."

"Be it so, my fair one," said the king; and taking the sword of the executioner in his hand, he slapped the kneeling culprit on the shoulder with it, saying—"Arise ye, Sir Alexander Gut-thrie, and thus do we chain thy offending hand!"—the young queen at the same moment raised a veil with which she had concealed the features of bonny Janet—and the king taking her hand, placed it in Andrew's.

"My conscience!" exclaimed Andrew, "am I in existence!—do I dream, or what?—O Jenny, woman! O yer Majesty! what shall I say?"

"Nothing," replied the monarch, "but the king cam' in the cadger's way—and Sir Andrew Gut-thrie and his bonny bride shall be provided for."

It was intended, in the original plan of this publication, not to interrupt the continuous succession of "Wilson Border Tales," but as many of its readers have manifested much satisfaction that the Tales are not brought to a conclusion in each number, the publisher has concluded (when a story does not fill up the number) to close up the deficiency with original articles—and which, both prose and poetical, he has the promise of being furnished with.—*Publisher.*