

districts, was not in force in the country where his cottage stood. Had he recollected it, he might have deemed his excuse sufficient to prevent the full penalty, but not sufficient to save him from the annoyance of the police, and interrogations before a magistrate, and most probably confinement at the police station at least for the night. The soft brilliancy of the summer moon had lighted up the landscape, which, seen from this road, is allowed by all travellers, to be of surpassing beauty. Heedless of the scenery Robin hurried on; and along the road, which appeared vividly white in the moon beam, he soon descried a group of approaching figures. It was not until the group had arrived within a few yards of him, that he discovered by their caps and bayonet points, that they were the Police! The forgotten insurrection act came at once to his astonished mind. He paused irresolutely—the Police saw his agitation, and mistaking it for guilt, took a more hurried pace to come up to him. The foremost man was within a step or two, when the faithful Carlo, sensible of his master's alarm, rushed forward, and with a determined growl, placed himself in the way of danger; the Police man's bayonet was the next moment buried in the faithful creature's breast, and the howl of his expiring companion roused Robin like an electric shock: his son's favorite, his own good old servant slain in an instant before his face, and in his defence! all the fire of his nature was up, and forgetting every circumstance but the one, he exclaimed—"thunamon deel you cowardly rascal what's that for?"—and twirling his cudgel, it descended with the rapidity of lightning on the head of the sanguinary Police man—the official hero reeled for a moment, and then fell clattering, musket and all, to the ground. Robin was in an instant surrounded and dragged forward by the enraged band, and in the space of a few minutes he found himself immured in their lock up room. This was a dreadful blow to the old man, the great object of his day's solicitude was, to see Kitty on that first evening of her flight—and he finds a prison's walls unexpectedly shut him from his wishes and hopes. Poor and deserted as he was in the morning, he felt with a child's simplicity, that he still possessed his faithful dog, and the little cottage, where his best years were spent; now he has seen his poor servant butchered in his defence, and by his delay from home, his little cottage and household affairs may go to destruction. He lay for awhile in a state of abstracted despair in his prison, but as the moon lighted up the distant hills, and as the breeze moaned by the bars of his window, he felt a frenzied wish to regain his freedom; and gasped with the rage and strength of an untamed lion on being detained from his mountain path, and his intended pursuits. He clenched his trusty stick firmly in his hand, and tried the fastening and strength of the prison door; all was in vain: well aware of the impetuosity of "the boys when they find themselves in a Polis crib," the Blacksmith and Carpenter had done their duty on the apartment. He next tried the iron casement of the window, and with a ma-