

to whom she gave her hand should wed her for herself—and for herself only. Her parents had died in the same month: and, about a year after their death, she sold the cottage and the piece of ground, and took her journey towards Edinburgh, where the report of her being a “great fortune,” as her neighbours termed her, might be unknown. But Tibby, although a sensitive girl, was also, in many respects, a prudent one. Frequently she had heard her mother, when she had to take but a shilling from the legacy, quote the proverb—that it was

“Like a cow in a clout,
That soon wears out.”

Proverbs we know are in bad taste; but we quote it because, by its repetition, the mother produced a deeper impression on her daughter's mind than could have been effected by a volume of sentiment. Bearing, therefore, in her memory the maxim of her frugal parent, Tibby deposited her money in the only bank, we believe, that was at that period in the Scottish capital, and hired herself as a child's-maid in the family of a gentleman who occupied a house in the neighbourhood of Restalrig. Here the story of her fortune was unknown, and Tibby was distinguished only for a kind heart and a lovely countenance. It was during the summer months, and Leith Links became her daily resort, and there she was wont to walk, with a child in her arms, and another leading by the hand, for there she could wander by the side of the sounding sea, and her heart still glowed for her father's cottage and its fairy glen, where she had often heard the voice of its deep waters; and she felt the sensation which, we believe, may have been experienced by many who have been born within hearing of old ocean's roar—that, wherever they may be, they hear the murmur of its billows as the voice of a youthful friend; and she almost fancied, as she approached the sea, that she drew nearer the home which sheltered her infancy. She had been but a few weeks in the family we have alluded to, when, returning from her accustomed walk, her eyes met those of a young man habited as a seaman. He appeared to be about five-and-twenty, and his features were rather manly than handsome. There was a dash of boldness and confidence in his countenance; but as the eyes of the maiden met his, he turned aside as if abashed and passed on. Tibby blushed at her foolishness; but she could not help it; she felt interested in the stranger. There was an expression—a language—an inquiry in his

gaze, she had never witnessed before. She would have turned round to cast a look after him, but she blushed deeper at the thought, and modesty forbade it. She walked on for a few minutes, upbraiding herself for entertaining the silly wish, when the child, who walked by her side, fell a few yards behind. She turned round to call him by his name—Tibby was certain that she had no motive but to call the child; and though she did steal a sidelong glance towards the spot where she had passed the stranger, it was a mere accident—it could not be avoided—at least so the maiden wished to persuade her conscience against her conviction; but that glance revealed to her the young sailor, not pursuing the path on which she had met him, but following her within the distance of a few yards; and until she reached her master's door, she heard the sound of his footsteps behind her. She experienced an emotion between being pleased and offended at his conduct, though, we suspect, the former eventually predominated; for the next day she was upon the Links as usual, and there also was the young seaman, and again he followed her to within sight of her master's house. How long this sort of dumb-love making, or the pleasures of diffidence, continued, we cannot tell. Certain it is that at length he spoke, wooed and conquered: and about a twelvemonth after their first meeting, Tibby Fowler became the wife of William Gordon, the mate of a foreign trader. On the second week after their marriage, William was to sail upon a long, long voyage, and might not be expected to return for more than twelve months. This was a severe trial for poor Tibby, and she felt as if she would not be able to stand up against it. As yet her husband knew nothing of her dowry: and for this hour she had reserved its discovery. A few days before their marriage she had lifted her money from the bank and deposited it in her chest.

“No, Willie—my ain Willie,” she cried, “ye maunna—ye winna leave me already: I have neither father, mother, brother, nor kindred—naebody but you, Willie—only you in the wide world: and I am a stranger here, and ye winna leave your Tibby. Say that ye winna, Willie.” And she wrung his hand, gazed in his face, and wept.

“I maun gang, dearest—I maun gang,” said Willie; and pressed her to his breast: “but the thocht o' my ain wife will mak the months chase ane anither like the moon chasing shadows owre the sea. There's nae