

(For the News.)

GOOD-NIGHT.

(From Korner.)

Good-night!
Rest ye weary from your pain,
Silently the day is dying
Ended now your care and sighing
Till the morning break again.
Good-night!

Rest awhile!
Let the weary eyelids close!
Over all a stillness falleth—
Hearken, 'tis the watchman calleth!
Night hath solace for our woes.
Rest awhile!

Slumber now!
Dream a dream of happy meeting!
Thou who art by love forsaken
Shalt in fancy re-awaken
To the loved one's greeting.
Slumber now!

Good-night!
Slumber till the break of dawn;
Slumber till you hear the warning
Whispered by the breath of morning.
God is watching; slumber on!
Good-night!

GOWAN LEA.

THAT LITTLE CUTTY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

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CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Ay, ay, my lamb, that's just what it is," said the nurse in her croon, "thy father has wrought her great annoy.—She's just a poor sacrificed lamb herself! my bonnie, bonnie bairn; and eh, if she but kent what's happening the night, or the morn's morn—Baloo my boy, thy mother's joy—oh, if she but kent what's happening the night, or the morn's morn!"

Here Jeanie leapt upon the woman like a young deer, and seized her by the arm—"Janet, what do you mean? What is going to happen that I ought to know!—tell me, for I will hear!"

"Miss Jeanie—I'm meaning Mistress Sinclair, my bonnie lamb; oh, my dearie, take you care or you'll waken the bairn!"

Jeanie grasped her arm violently—"What is it, what is it?" she cried, "that is happening to-night, or the morn's morn!"

"Oh, my bonnie darlin'," cried the nurse, "it was an auld sang I was singing; and, there you see, you've wakened the bairn!"

"What is the bairn to me?" cried Jeanie wildly, "what is that is happening to-night, or the morn's morn?"

"You maun satisfy her yersel' mem," said the nurse, turning to Mrs. Pillans, who came into the room in alarm. "I canna look in my bairn's face and tell her lees about her man, no me! and I have this innocent to look to—you maun satisfy her yersel'."

Jeanie turned upon her mother like a wild creature, seizing her by both her hands. "What is it about Edward, mother. He's ill—he was like a ghost when he went away—or you know something that has never been told me. What do I care for baby or anything! Dinna speak to me, dinna speak to me about the bairn!—Edward—what is happening to Edward?—oh, it's cruel, cruel, to keep it from me!"

"My darling," said Mrs. Pillans, "my bonnie Jeanie; that is what I always said. I would not have done it; but, my pet, it was for our good, to save you a sad, sore parting—it was to save you—it was for your good."

"Parting!" Jeanie cried, with a shriek. The poor little girl was half crazed. She pushed her mother away from her, and flew out of the room without another word. As she did so, she ran almost into her father's arms. Edward would have reached Kinghorn; he would be crossing the Firth by this time, Mr. Pillans thought. His heart smote a little for what he had done, but he said in his heart, as his wife was saying, that it was all for her good. Far better for her to remain safe in her father's house, than to sail away in a miserable troop ship to the end of the world, following a regiment. He meant to come in very quietly, and slip away to his room, and pretend to be very busy with his papers—for he did not feel that he could confront the poor little victim to-night.

But there she was, wild with despair and fury, clutching him with her two little strained hands. "Edward!" she cried, "where is my Edward, father?—I'll not be parted from him—I am going with him—I am going after him—I am going to my husband. No, no! I'll not hear a word—you have cheated me already. And where's my Edward, where is he? Good-bye to you all, for I'm going away."

"Jeanie," cried her father, grasping her in his arms, "what is it you have heard about Edward? There is nothing wrong with Edward. If he has not told you, it was not our place to meddle."

"Patrick!" cried his wife, in a tone of warning. "Oh, my darling, come back, come back to your darling baby! Listen to him, awakened and crying for his mother. Come back to your little bairn!"

"But Jeanie would hear no more. She struggled with her father, twisted her slender frame out of his grasp, with the strength of passion."

"Oh, what do I care for my baby!" she cried. "I am going after my husband. You've

cheated me, and blinded me, and I will never trust you more. Let me go, father, let me go! I'm not going to stay with you, nor with HIM, nor anybody but my husband. No, I want no clothes; I want nothing. I'll not wait the night. Do you think I could sleep, and Edward away? Oh, what would you say, mother, if it was you, and they had taken your man from you! Dinna speak to me!—Good-bye to you all—I'm going after my husband!" she cried, bursting from her father's hold, and flying out wildly into the road.

Poor Jeanie was distraught. She rushed along, her hair flying behind her, along the road to Kinghorn; and it was not till the first impulse had failed her, and her steps began to flag, that, in her passion and terror, she became capable of thought, and reflected that she could not run all the way to Kinghorn. And she met some of the village people, who stared at her, thinking her mad. And then the poor little girl stopped breathless, and tried to think and to recollect herself. She had almost started off again, when she saw her father close behind her.

Mr. Pillans was a humbled and broken-down man.

"Do not shrink from the sight of me," he said. "Jeanie, you'll never get to him like that; come back and we'll think what's best to be done."

"I'll not think," cried Jeanie; "no, no! I'll not think, nor go back; unless you promise me to get a chaise this moment, and take me after him—this moment or I'll walk all the way. I'm strong enough and I'm not frightened for the dark and I know it's not more than ten miles, and a straight road to Kinghorn."

"Jeanie! Jeanie! Will you break your mother's heart? and think of your baby. There's no boat to-night. Come in and go to your bed, and the night will bring counsel. You shall do what you like, I give you my word, in the morning."

"Jeanie looked at him indignantly, with her blue eyes blazing.

"The morning," she said, "when Edward's gone! I am going now! I'm a married woman; I can get a chaise for myself, and I need nobody to take care of me. You'll maybe let Janet bring me my bonnet and shawl to put about me. The folk would think me daft if I crossed the Firth without a hat upon my head or a thing on my shoulders. Good-bye father; you need not trouble yourself any more about me."

There was nothing for it now but to yield. It was not difficult to engage a boat to make the passage. Jeanie sat in the bottom of the boat with her shawl wrapped round her—for it is cold on the Firth in the middle of the night, even in July—and fixed her eyes upon the lights opposite, never moving, scarcely answering when her father spoke to her. They reached Leith in the first gray of the morning, just in time to see the embarkation of the regiment, which was going to London first, no small voyage of itself. On the pier young Sinclair was standing, very pale, shivering, and disconsolate, watching his men as they marched on board. He turned round at the first sound of Jeanie's voice, and clutched at her with a cry of joy.

"I never believed you would let me go," he cried, with a confidence which made the angry, downcast father feel as if he had received a blow. What good is it to be a father—to be a mother—to love your children and bring them up so tenderly? the first stranger that takes their fancy is more to them than father and mother. This was what Mr. Pillans said to himself, as, with a very brief leavetaking, he went away.

CHAPTER III.

It may be supposed that this was a night of much agitation in the little sea-side house which had been deprived so suddenly of its chief inmate. Mrs. Pillans was in a state of indescribable commotion. A kind of cruel satisfaction was in her mind which wounded her, yet gave her a certain pleasure. She had known it would be so. She had never approved the plan or believed in it. Deception could never come to any good, she said a hundred times; and in her heart she could not help a painful approval of Jeanie, and sympathy with her; though how she could leave the baby was incomprehensible to the mother. And though she thought it impossible that she could sleep, she still did so, with the baby in her arms; and the morning was not so dreadful to her as she expected when she woke, and all the events of the night returned to her mind. In the forenoon Mr. Pillans came back, very gloomy and depressed, to give her the news of the sailing of the transport with Jeanie on board. The regiment was bound for Chatham, or some such place; thence to be drafted to another ship, and take its way across the seas.

The parents sat and talked it all over mournfully enough. "Did she never ask for HIM?" Mrs. Pillans said. "Never a word," replied her husband. This was the one thing the mother could not understand. "She is young—not much more than a bairn herself," she said apologetically; and then she took her husband by the arm and said, "Come ben and see HIM. He'll have to be yours and mine, Patrick, since he's deserted, poor lamb." In truth the situation was cruel enough for the poor baby; but HE was none the wiser; he crowed at them in his nurse's arms, and a thrill of pleasure ran through their wounded hearts. Jeanie had left them her representative, and if ever there was a child assured of love to shield and care for it,

Jeanie's deserted baby was that child. They went back to Brunsfield very shortly after, the reason for their absence from home being removed by Jeanie's flight, and there the baby grew and flourished, suffering no harm from its mother's departure.

The voyage to the Thames was a good one, but the sea did not continue to be like glass all the way, and even in this respect Jeanie was miserable enough. As long as she could keep upon deck, clinging to her husband's arm, the case was bearable; and Edward, poor fellow, did everything he could to make up to her for the want of all ministrations but his own. When Jeanie, however, saw the poor soldiers' wives—forsaken enough, poor souls, though they were the privileged women of the little band, permitted to accompany their husbands—with their babies (and they all seemed to have babies)—the sight was more than she could bear. She would disappear again almost as soon as she had come on deck, and throw herself into her little narrow berth, and cry till her pretty eyes were blurred out of all shape and colour, and her very heart sick. She made a heroic effort to hide from Edward what she was suffering, and so long as he was with her it was possible to keep up; but he had his duty to do, and when she was alone the poor little thing broke her heart unreservedly, and was as miserable as ever a girl of her years was. "Oh, my baby! Oh, my bonnie little man! Oh, my bairn—my little bairn!" the poor young creature would moan. When they got to their destination it turned out that there would still be weeks to wait before the transport was ready, and the battalion was one while at Chatham and another at Portsmouth lingering and weary, till it received final orders to embark. Perhaps the novelty of these movements helped her to conquer herself, and it is certain that she made a heroic effort to represent to herself that HE would be better off—far better, with her mother, now that he had lost his natural food. How was a baby like that to support a long voyage? Edward was very soon brought to this view of the case. He had been very proud of his child, and delighted with him; but to have Jeanie back again with no divided interest, able to go with him wherever he went, without leaving half her thoughts behind was a still greater happiness to the young fellow. And he acquiesced with a philosophy which instantly woke in her the germs of rebellion. They had been sitting talking of HIM. "My mother," Jeanie was saying, with a quiver in her voice, "has no reason to complain. If I've come away, I've left her something better than myself. Oh, my bonnie little man! He was taking much notice! If I only passed him he would laugh to me and put out his bonnie arms; and never so happy as when I took him. I think I feel him, with his wee head down close, and his cheek like velvet."

"My darling!" said Edward, "but think, we owe your mother something for your running away. He will be all to her that he was to you. He will be like her very own. She will have all his bonnie little ways to cheer her."

"But he's not her very own!" cried Jeanie, with a start. "He's my bairn—nobody's in the world but mine. Oh, my little baby! She's only his granny, after all."

"Yes, my own love," said Edward soothingly; "but think what a comfort to her; and it will be far better for him—the quiet and the good air, and the cow; fancy! instead of our long voyage and no comforts. If you were taking him with you, my darling, and doing everything for him, it would make me wretched—it would wear you out."

"Make you wretched! to have your own son—your own bairn? Oh, men are not like women," cried Jeanie, springing to her feet. "I thought different once; but now I see my mother's right, and Janet and everybody. You're no like women; you've no heart for your children. Edward, I canna live without him! Oh, my little baby—my own little bairn! I cannot live without him! I will go out of my senses if I do not get back my boy!"

And when this agony had once burst out there was no stopping it. Edward had as little power over the mother's passion as Mr. Pillans had over the impetuous despair of the young wife; and to tell the truth, it was not difficult to reawaken in his own boyish bosom a longing for the baby, which had been so delightful a toy, and so great an object of pride. The two sat down and wrote an imploring, commanding, beseeching, threatening letter requiring that the baby should be sent or brought at once to his longing parents.

But, instead of Mrs. Pillan's arrival with the child, which Jeanie had made sure of—which she had even posted herself at the window to watch for, while Edward, still more sanguine, went to the coach office to wait the arrival of the coach—there came a letter—the kindest, most tender and loving of letters, but Jeanie thought the most cruel misdeed ever sent out by a tyrannical parent. Both the father and mother wrote to say that the child was far better in their hands; that Jeanie would have enough to do to take charge of her own comfort on the dismal journey—that to care for her child besides would be to kill her, and a hundred arguments more. Jeanie read this with a white and rigid countenance—with cries of fury and pain. She was transformed into a little angel—or, if you prefer it, demon—of passion. When Edward, poor fellow, tried to soothe her, and to echo the arguments (which had been her own arguments) about the advantages to the child of remaining at home she flung away from him

with a blaze of indignation. He was almost glad that he had to leave her for his duty though he went to that with a heavy heart. He did not know what might be going to happen to him that day when he went back to the lodgings, which had been a little paradise as long as Jeanie was there.

His worst fears seemed to be realized when he went in. A little travelling bag stood on the table, open, crammed with things thrust into it anyhow; and Jeanie's cloak was thrown over a chair. She met him with a pale and resolute face. Poor Edward did not know what to do. It seemed to be his to take the passive part, to endure, as women generally have to do. Something swelled in his throat, so that he could scarcely speak. "I have brought it all upon you," he cried piteously. "I cannot forbid you though I am your husband. Are you going to give me up?" the young man exclaimed with a bitter cry.

Then she began to cry in her excitement. "Give him up! Me leave him! oh, do ye hear him speaking! that's all he knows. I'll never give you up, Edward, if I was to be cut in little pieces; but you must not say a word—not a word—you must let me do it or I will die. I am going to bring my boy."

"Jeanie! you! and I cannot get away; a journey like that, days and days! you cannot do it, it will kill you! Jeanie, Jeanie do you mind how young you are, and how delicate? No, no, I cannot let you kill yourself—you must not do it!"

"But I will!" said the girl. She looked about fifteen as she stood beside him in her simple frock, with her fair hair knotted up for the journey, and her blue eyes blazing; but Edward, proud of her even in this bold rebellion, thought she looked like a general ready for some daring expedition.—And what was there more to be said? Jeanie carried out her intention.—There was not in any of these people who loved her strength enough to subdue the energy and the force of this passionate nature. That evening, with many fears, Edward went with her to the coach and put her in, anxiously looking for some female fellow-traveller who would have a care of her.—But Jeanie scorned all such preparations. She feared nothing. "I will be back in a week, and I will bring HIM, and we'll never be parted more," she said.

The household at Brunsfield did not know what was happening, but, without knowing it, they were very uneasy. When they read in the papers that the regiment was to set sail on the 20th their hearts were in their mouths, as Mrs. Pillans said. What if they might be driving their own child to despair? As soon as a step of this kind had been taken the mind begins to rebel against it—to suggest a hundred evils that may follow. "Oh, how dare I, how dare I take pleasure from my own lassie!" Mrs. Pillans said to herself, when she sat with the baby on her knee.

And so the days went on; they were terrible days to everybody concerned. No sooner was his wife gone than Edward heard, with unspeakable terror that there were good hopes that the transport might be ready sooner than was anticipated. Good hopes! The young man was more miserable than can be described. He would desert, he thought, like one of the men, if Jeanie did not arrive in time. And the parents, though they knew nothing, were excited and anxious, wondering if their decision would make their child wretched—compunctious and remorseful, longing, yet terrified for the next letter. The weather had changed, too, to make things worse; it rained persistently day after day, as sometimes happens in autumn, and from being warm became at once unseasonably cold, damp, dark and miserable.

The letters were delivered late at Brunsfield. It was in the afternoon that they came, and Mrs. Pillans had been watching at the parlour window for a long time before the hour on the day of the return post, her heart sick with her thoughts of what Jeanie might say. She left the parlour and went to the cheerful fire-lighted room which the baby inhabited, feeling at once the wrong of depriving her child of it. As she looked out at the side window in passing, she saw a little figure in a cloak, dragging feebly along the back way through the garden in the darkness and the rain. Her heart was touched by the feeble step, the drenched clothes, the forlorn appearance altogether. She stopped for a moment at the kitchen door as she passed. "Turn nobody from the door this miserable night," she said; "if any poor body comes give them a warm drink and a seat at the fire. There's somebody coming by the green walk now. If you cannot be happy yourself, it's aye a comfort to make some poor body happy." Mrs. Pillans added to herself, as she went into the warm nursery, where the firelight was leaping in happy reflection about the walls, and the child drowsing in his nurse's arms. She folded back her gown and took the baby on her knee, and forgot for a moment her anxieties and troubles. "Look till the bairn, mem—how he turns his bonnie eyes to the door," cried old Janet, "ye would think he was looking for somebody." At this Mrs. Pillans recollected herself, and gave a heavy sigh.

Oh, how it rained! pouring down from the muddy skies, pattering on all the leaves, bowing down every bower and bush, turning the gravel into something like a wet and glistening beach; and oh! how the poor little limbs ached that had been imprisoned in a coach for so many days and nights. Jeanie, more discouraged by her loneliness and her youth and helplessness than she could have thought possible, had