

orable gamekeeper? "seize him instantly."

"Slave!" cried Peter, raising his hand and grasping the other by the throat.

"Help! help, in the king's name!" shouted the provincial executors of the law, each seizing him by the arm.

"Be quiet, Peter, my man," said his father, clapping his shoulder, and a tear stole down his cheek as he spoke; "dinna mak bad worse."

"A rescue, by Harry! a rescue!" cried the old skipper.

"No, no," returned Peter: "no rescue: if it cam to that, I wad need nae assistance. Quit my arms, sirs, and I'll accompany ye in peace. Ann, love, fareweel the noo, an' Heaven bless you, dearest! but dinna greet, hinny: dinna greet!" And he pressed his lips to her: "help her, faither: help her," added he; "see her hame, and try to comfort her."

The old man placed his arm tenderly round her waist: she clung closer to her bridegroom's neck: and as they gently lifted up her hands, she uttered a heart-piercing, and, it seemed, a heart broken scream, that rang down the valley, like the wail of desolation: her head dropped upon her bosom. Peter hastily raised her hand to his lips, then turning to the myrmidons of the law, said sternly, "I am ready, sirs: lead me where you will."

I might describe to you the fears, the anguish, and the agony of Peter's mother, as, from the door of Foxlaw, she beheld the bridal party return to the village. "Bless me, are they back already! can oynthing hae happened the minister?" was her first exclamation: but she saw the villagers collecting around them in silent crowds: she beheld the women raising their hands, as if stricken with dismay: the joy that had greeted them a few minutes before was dead, and the very children seemed to follow in sorrow. "Oh, bairn!" said she to the serving maid, who stood beside her. "saw ye e'er the like o'you? Rin doun an' see what's happened: for my knoes are sinking under me." The next moment she beheld her husband and Captain Graham supporting the unwedded bride in their arms. They approached not to Foxlaw; but turned to the direction of the Captain's cottage. A dinness came over the mother's eyes—for a moment they sought her son, but found him not. "Gracious Heaven!" she cried, wringing her hands, "what's this come o'er us!" She rushed forward, the

valley, the village, and the joyless bridal party, floated round before her; her heart was sick with agony, and she fell with her face upon the earth.

The next day found Peter in Greenlaw jail. He had not only been detected in the act of poaching; but a violent assault, as it was termed, against one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, was proved against him; and, before his father or his friends could visit him, he was hurried to Leith, and placed on board a frigate about to sail from the Roads. He was made of sterner stuff than to sink beneath oppression; and, though his heart yearned for the mourning bride from whose arms he had been torn, and he found it hard to brook the imperious commands and even insolence of men "dressed in a little brief authority;" yet, as the awkwardness of a landsman began to wear away, and the tumult of his feelings to subside, his situation became less disagreeable; and, before twelve months had passed, Peter Paterson was a favorite with every one on board.

At the time we we speak of, some French privateers had annoyed the fishing smacks employed in carrying salmon from Scotland to London; and the frigate on board of which Peter had been sent, was cruising to and fro in quest of them. One beautiful summer evening, when the blue sea was smooth as a mirror, the winds seemed dead, and the very clouds slept motionless beneath the blue sky, the frigate lay becalmed in a sort of bay within two miles of the shore. Well was that shore known to Peter; he was familiar with the appearance of every rock: with the form of every hill: with the situation of every tree: with the name of every house and its inhabitants. It was the place of his birth; and, before him, the setting sun shed its evening rays upon his father's house, and upon the habitation of her whom he regarded as his wife. He leaned anxiously over the proud bulwarks of the vessel, gazing till his imprisoned soul seemed ready to burst from his body, and mingle with the objects it loved. The sun sank behind the hills: the big tears swelled in his eyes: indistinctness gathered over the shore: he wrung his hands in silence and in bitterness: he muttered in agony the name of his parents, and the name of her he loved: he felt himself a slave: he dashed his hand against his forehead; "O Heaven!" he exclaimed aloud, "thy curse upon mine enemy!"

"Paterson!" cried an officer, who had ob-