

Mine was a mere bog-reed to his; independent o' its being fully six inches shorter—and, if ye ken ony thing about cudgelling, that was a material point. 'Od, sir, I found I couldna cope wi' him. My stick, or rather switch, was nae better than half a dozen o' rashes plaited together. 'Will ony o'ye lend me a stick, gentlemen?' cried I to the bystanders, while I keepit guarding him off the best way I could. Aboon a dozen were offered in an instant. I gript at the nearest. Now, 'Heaven hae mercy on ye!' said I, and gied him a whissel beneath the elbow, and before ye could say Jock Robinson! cam' clink across his knee. I declare to ye, sir, he cam' spinning down like a totum. He talked nae mair o' wrestling, or cudgelling, or ony thing else that day. I settled him for four-and-twenty hours at ony rate. Weel, sir, I was perfectly delighted when I saw you lay him on the broad o' his back yesterday; and I saw nae mair o' him, to speak to, frae the day that I humbled him, until about four hours syne, when I met in wi' him on the Moor, amang three or four o' his cronies, at his auld trade o' boasting again. I had nae patience with him. But he had a drop owre meikle, and, at ony rate, I thought there could be nae honour in beating the same man twice. But says I to him, 'ye needna craw sae loud, for independent o' me bringing ye to the ground at cudgelling, and makin' ye no worth a doit, I saw a youngster that wrestled wi' ye yesterday, twist ye like a barley-s-rae.' And to do him justice, sir, he didna attempt to deny it, but said that ye wud do the same by me, if I would try ye, and offered to back ye against ony main in the twa kingdoms. Now, sir, I looked about all the day in the crowd, just to see if I could clap my een on ye, and to ask ye, in a friendly way, if ye would let me try what sort o' stuff ye were made o'; and now I'm really glad that I hae met wi' ye—and as this is a gay level place here, and the ground is not very hard, what do ye say to try a thraw, in a neighbourly way; and after that, we can cut a bit branch frae ane o' the allers, for a cudgelling bout. Ye wil really very particularly oblige me, sir, if ye will."

The stranger readily replied, "with all my heart, friend—he it so."

Andrew cast off his jacket and bonnet, and throwing them on the ground, his large wa-

ter dog, which was called Cæsar, placed itself beside them.

"Dinna thraw till I get a grip," cried Andrew, as the stranger had him already lifted from his feet—"that's no fair—it's no our country way o' thraving."

The request was granted, and only granted when Andrew measured his length upon the ground, and his dog sprang forward to attack the victor.

"Get back, Cæsar!" shouted his master—"It was a fair fa', I canna deny it! Sorrow tak me if I thought there was a man in ten parishes, could hae done the like! Gie's yer hand," said he, as he rose to his feet; "I thraw nor cudgel nae mair wi' you; but as sure as my name's Andrew, I would bite my last coin through the middle, to gie ye the half o't, should ye want it. I like to meet wi' a good man, even if he should be better than myself—and in the particular o' wrestling, I allow that ye do bang me—though I dinna say how we might stand in other respects for they've no been tried. But it was a fair fa'. 'Od, ye gied me a jirk as though I had been kissed by a lightning."

Before reaching Eyemouth, they came to a change-house by the wayside, which was kept by a widow, called Nancy Hewitt, as who was not only noted on account of the excellence of the liquor with which she supplied her customers, but who also had a daughter, named Janet, whose beauty rendered her the toast of the countryside.

"I am always in the habit," said Andrew, "o' stopping here for refreshment, and if ye hae nae objections, we'll toom a stoup together."

"Cheerily, cheerily," answered his companion.

The fair daughter of the hostess was met home when they entered, and Andrew inquired after her with a solicitude that bespoke something more between them than mere acquaintanceship. The stranger slightly intimated that he had heard of her, and after a few seemingly indifferent questions respecting her, for a few minutes became silent as thoughtful.

"Hoot, man," said Andrew, "I'm vexed to see ye sae dowie—gie could care a kix like a foot ba'. This is nae time to be so when the king is merry, and the country merry and we're a' happy thegither. Cheer