

to the skreigh o' day, or the laird kens here his head lies."

Andrew would fain have refused this request, but he knew that it amounted to a command, and moreover, while he had been making with the chief of the tribe, the laird-servants of the household, who had allowed him and the other men-servants to the door, had divers of them been solicited by the females of the gang to have futurity revealed to them. And whether it indeed that curiosity is more powerful in woman than in man, (as is generally said to be,) I do not profess to determine, but certain it is that at the laird of Clennel's maid-servants, immediately on the hint being given by the seers, felt a very ardent desire to have a peep or two from the sibyl's leaves read to them, at least that part of them which related to their future husbands, and the time when they should obtain them. Therefore they backed the petition or command of king Willie, and said to Andrew—

"Really, Mr. Smith, it would be very christian-like to put poor wandering folk into old out-houses in a night like this, and as Willie says, there is room enough in the earth."

"That may be a' very true lassies," returned Andrew, "but only ye think what a discomfiture there would be, if the laird were to ken or get wit o'?"

"Fearna the laird," said Elspeth, the wife of king Willie, "I will lay a spell on him that he canna be roused frae sleep, till I at least wash my hands in Darden Lough."

The sibyl then raised her arms and waved them fantastically in the air, uttering as she waved them the following uncouth rhymes way of incantation—

Bonny queen Mab—bonny queen Mab,
Wave ye your wee bits o' poppy wings
O'er Clennel's laird, that he may sleep
Till I hae washed where Darden springs.

Thus assured, Andrew yielded to his fears and the wishes of his fellow servants, and ordered the Faas into his master's hall for the night. But scarce had they taken their seats upon the oaken forms around the fire, when

"Come," said the Faa king, "the night is a-pinching cold Mr. Smith; and while the fire warms without, is there naething in the cellar that will warm within? See to it

Andrew man—thou art no churl, or thy face is fause."

"Really sir," replied Andrew, and in spite of all his efforts to appear at ease, his tongue faltered as he spoke, "I am not altogether certain what to say upon that subject, for ye observe that our laird is really a very singular man; ye might as weel put your head in the fire there as displease him in the smallest; and though Heaven kens that I would gie it ye just as freely as I would take it to mysel', yet ye'll observe that the liquor in the cellars is not mine but his, and they are never sae well plenished but I believe he would miss a thimble-ful. But there is some excellent cold beef in the pantry, if ye could put up wi' the like o' it, and the home-brewed which we servants use."

"Andrew," returned the Faa king proudly, "castle have I none, flocks and herdshave I none, neither have I haughs where the wheat and the oats and the barley grow—but like Ishmael, my great forefather, every man's hand is against me and mine against them; yet when I am hungry, I never lack the flesh-pots o' my native land, where the moor-fowl and the venison make brown broo together.—Cauld meat agrees nae wi' my stomach, and servant's drink was never brewed for the lord o' little Egypt. Ye comprehend me Andrew?"

"O, I daresay I do sir," said the chief domestic of the house of Clennel, "but only as I have said, ye will recollect that the drink is not mine to give, and if I venture upon a jug, I hope ye winna think o' asking for another."

"We shall try it," said the royal vagrant.

Andrew with trembling and reluctance proceeded to the cellar, and returned with a large earthen vessel filled with the choicest home-brewed, which he placed upon a table in the midst of them.

"Then each took a smack
Of the old black-jack,
While the fire burned in the hall."

The Faa king pronounced the liquor to be palatable, and drank to his better acquaintance with the cellars of the laird of Clennel, and his gang followed his example.

Now I should remark that Willie Faa, the chief of the tribe, was a man of gigantic stature; the colour of his skin was the dingy brown peculiar to his race; his arms were of