

the return of his lord. He readily promised to do as he was bid, and the young adventurer turned away, and sauntered through the streets, looking with great interest upon all whom he met. His secluded life, in the quiet of the country, had not prepared him for the variety he was to encounter in this great city, to which all nations sent their representatives: the gay and gaudy Frenchman, the dark and sombre Spaniard, the stolid Hollander, were all there; and all were recognised by him, by their peculiar costume and physiognomy; and as he gazed around he felt that these crowded thoroughfares, through which he was wending his way, were teaching him almost his first lesson in worldly knowledge.

Nor did he pass unnoticed, for his face and air were peculiarly attractive, and his garb marked him for a stranger, for the extravagance of the court had not penetrated to the vallies of bonnie Scotland, and his dress was simple in comparison to that of the young nobles, whose slashed doublets, pointed and curved shoes, and extreme length of ruff and rapier, marred, rather than improved, their persons. Indeed, to such a height was the extravagance in these things carried at that time, that the Royal James, who took rather an unkingly interest in the most minute trifles, was about issuing sumptuary laws, regulating the style of dress, and forbidding, among other things, the wearing shoes so long, that they were obliged to be chained to the knee, which fashion had become a very prevalent one, rendering it extremely difficult to walk with grace, besides the danger of entangling the long rapier in the links of gold, which were put to what seemed so unhonoured a purpose.

During his walk, Robert met many of his countrymen, for they had flocked in multitudes to the metropolis, hoping the king would consider their claims to preferment before those of his English subjects; and the city was deluged by them: their high cheek bones, and broad accent, rendering them conspicuous among the more polished Southrons. But amid the passing crowd, in vain did Carre look for a familiar face; all were strangers to him, his thoughts turned to his poor Alice, and he bent his steps to the hostelry, thinking to wile away the time, which was already beginning to hang heavily, by writing her an account of his adventures. He was but a poor scribe, for his education, as was that of many others of even higher rank in those days, had been very imperfect; he had preferred hunting the wild deer, or roaming the vallies with Alice, to the confinement of study, and he now felt the want of that facility in writing which cultivation of the art would have given him.

He had hoped before the day closed he should

hear from Lord Hay; his impatient spirit could not make allowance for the necessary delays of a courtier's life, and as he laid his head on the pillow that night, he accused his father's friend of ingratitude, and began to form some plans in his own mind, independent of him. But he was not doomed to wait long in vain; the next morning, while at breakfast, a note was brought him from Lord Hay, who, warm-hearted and truly faithful to all early attachments, had gratefully cherished the remembrance of Sir John Carre, and had always wished it might at some period be in his power to prove that he had not forgotten the service rendered to him in his youth. The note simply contained a brief welcome to London, and a request that the young man would favour him with an interview before the hour of noon.

Robert's heart bounded with joy, and renovated hope, as with unusual care he performed his toilet on this important morning, for he was fully sensible how much depended upon first impressions, and instructed by his walk through the streets, of the importance attached to decking the outer man, he felt as if he must rely for success, less than he had heretofore done, on his own intrinsic merit. He therefore sent Edmund, his servant, to purchase him a short Spanish cloak, which he had observed to be much worn, and which he thought would, in part, conceal the unfashionable cut of his doublet; and throwing it carelessly over his handsome person, he set out, attended by his single follower, for Hay House.

On arriving, he was immediately ushered into Lord Hay's presence, from whom he received a most cordial and friendly welcome. So courteous and kindly were his manners, that they soon put the young man, who had been at first abashed by the superior elegance of every thing about him, entirely at his ease, and he was even able to converse familiarly with the old lord, who enquired with great interest about his father's family, as also respecting his own views and purposes in coming to London.

Robert told him that he had formed no distinct plan of action; he trusted to fortunate circumstances to carve out for him his destiny, and he was ready to seize upon anything that promised him honour and advancement. It was his desire to render illustrious the name he bore, and neither mental toil nor personal danger, should place obstacles in his path, if he could but discern the true way to achieve his object.

His beautiful face glowed with animation, as he spoke of his hopes, and Lord Hay gazed with pitying interest upon its expresion—unsullied, as yet, by the vice and deceit which is acquired in intercourse with the world.

"Poor lad!" said he, laying his hand upon the