

air and bathing, and the Spa Well, (though it had not then gained its present fashionable popularity,) when a post chaise drove to the door of our lodgings. An elderly gentleman stepped off from the dicky beside the driver, and out of the chaise came a young lady, a gentleman, and two bonny bairns. In a moment I discovered the elderly gentleman to be my old friend the French Count. But O! how! how shall I tell you the rest! I had hardly looked upon the face of the young stranger when I saw my own features in the countenance of my long lost Robbie! The lady was his wife, the Count's bonny daughter, and the bairns their bairns. It is in vain for me to describe to you the feelings of Ag-

nes; she was at first speechless and saw and then she threw her arms round Rob and she threw them round his wife, and took his bairns on her knee—and O! but was proud at seeing herself a grandmother. We have all lived together in happiness from that day to this; and the more I see Robie's wife, the more I think she is like an angel; and so thinks his mother. I had only to inform ye that bold Johnathan Lowman was forced to leave the country shortly after his valiant display of courage and since then, nobody in Dunse has heard whether he be dead or living, and not cares. This is all I have to tell ye regarding the *false alarm*, and I hope ye are satisfied.

THE HIGHLANDER.

Stern! nursed among his Highland hills!
 Sequestered glens and mountain rills—
 With fearless eye and hardy form,
 He revels in the winter storm:
 While nature, with her music wild,
 Inspires her free-born darling child,
 To earn upon the fields of fame
 The glory of a deathless name.

Where fiery wars loud thunders roll,
 He breathes the ardour of his soul;
 And foremost on the field of death,
 Bears from the foe the Victor's Wreath:
 Nor timid fear, nor peril quells,
 The pride that high his bosom swells,
 For o'er the world to spread the fame
 Of his own honoured Highland name!

In distant lands, o'er burning soil,
 Where fainting nature shrinks from toil
 Onward, in honour's bright career,
 He presses like the mountain deer—
 While science sheds upon his way
 Her richest charms, her purest ray,
 Or art or commerce plenteous spreads
 Their treasures wheresoe'er he treads.

Give me, where other friends depart,
 The friend that bears a Highland heart
 Give me, where other loves decay,
 The heart where Highland feelings play
 True to the last, and fond and free,
 Highland love's the love for me:
 Though mist may gather 'round his face,
 No mist his Highland bosom chills.