

you like a little smart service ; come, my lad, take the head oar, while we heard a me of those French bum-boats under the batteries ! I could'nt say no. We pulled ashore, made a bonfire of one of their craft, and were setting fire to a second, when a deadly fire of small-shot from the gun-son scuttled our boat, killed our commanding officer with half of the crew, and the few who were left of us were made prisoners. It is of no use bothering you by telling how we escaped from French prison. We did escape ; and Tom will once more fill his vacant chair."

Should any of our readers wish farther acquaintance with our friends ; all we can say is, the new year was still young when Adam Bell bestowed his daughter's hand upon the heir of Marchlaw, and Peter beheld the once vacant chair again occupied, and a namesake of the third generation prattling on his knee.

TIBBY FOWLER.

" Tibby Fowler o' the glen,
A' the lads are wooin' at her."—OLD SONG.

All our readers have heard and sung of " Tibby Fowler o' the glen ;" but they may not be all aware that the glen referred to lies within about four miles of Berwick. No one has seen and not admired the romantic amphitheatre below Edrington Castle, and through which the Whitadder coils like a beautiful serpent glittering in the sun, and sports in fantastic curves beneath the pasture clad hills—the gray ruin—the mossy and precipitous crag—and the pyramid of woods, whose branches, meeting from either side, bend down and kiss the glittering river, till its waters seem lost in their leafy bosom.—Now, gentle reader, if you have looked upon the scene we have described, we shall make plain to you the situation of Tibby Fowler's cottage, by a homely map, which is generally at hand. You have only to bend your arm ; and suppose your shoulder to represent Edrington Castle, your hand Clarabad, and near the elbow you will have the spot where " ten cam' rowin' owre the water ;" a little nearer to Clarabad, is the " lang dyke side," and immediately at the foot of it is the site of Tibby's cottage, which stood upon the Edrington side of the river ; and a little to the west of the cottage, you will find a shadowy row of palm trees, planted, as tradition testifies, by the hands of Tibby's father—old Fowley, of whom many speak until this day. The locality of the song was known to me ; and if any should be inclined to in-

quire how we became acquainted with the other particulars of our story, we have only to reply, that that belongs to a class of questions to which we do not return an answer. There is no necessity for a writer of tales taking for his motto—*idem indendere vero*. Tibby's parents had the character of being " bien bodies ;" and together with their own savings, and a legacy that had been left them by a relative, they were enabled at their death to leave their daughter in possession of five hundred pounds. This was esteemed a fortune in those days, and would afford a very respectable foundation for the rearing of one yet. Tibby, however, was left an orphan, as well as the sole mistress of five hundred pounds, and the proprietor of a neat and well furnished cottage, with a piece of land adjoining, before she had completed her nineteenth year ; and when we add that she had hair like the raven's wings when the sun glances upon them, cheeks where the lily and the rose seemed to have lent their most delicate hues, and eyes like twin drops glistening beneath a summer moonbeam, with a waist and an arm rounded like a model of a sculptor, it is not to be wondered at that " a' the lads cam' wooin' at her." But she had a woman's heart as well as a woman's beauty and a portion of an heiress. She found her cottage surrounded, and her path beset, by a herd of grovelling, pounds, shillings, and pence hunters, whom her very soul loathed. The sneaking wretches, who profaned the name of lovers, seemed to have money written on their very eyeballs ; and the sighs they professed to heave in her presence sounded to her ears like stifled groans of—your gold—your gold ! She did not hate them, but she despised their meanness ; and as one by one they gave up persecuting her with their addresses, they consoled themselves with retorting upon her the words of the adage, that—" her pride would have a fall !" But it was not from pride that she rejected them ; but because her heart was capable of love—of love, pure, devoted, unchangeable, springing from being beloved ; and because her feelings were sensitive as the quivering aspen, which trembles at the rustling of an insect's wing. Amongst her suitors there might have been some who were disinterested, but the meanness and sordid objects of many caused her to regard all with suspicion ; and there was none among the number to whose voice her bosom responded as the needle turns to the magnet, and frequently from a cause as inexplicable. She had resolved that the man