

a man over whom agony of soul has brought a stupor, with my eyes vacantly fixed upon the curtain which screened me from the breakfast parlour. Sir Peter entered it, and the sound of his foot-steps broke my reverie. I could perceive him approach the fire, draw forward a chair, and place his feet on each side of the grate. He took out his tobacco-box, and began to enjoy the comforts of his morning pipe in front of a 'green fire,' shivering—for the morning was cold—and edging forward his chair, until his knees almost came in contact with the mantelpiece. His pipe was finished, and he was preparing to fill it a second time. He struck it over his finger to shake out the dust which remained after his last whiff; he struck it a second time, (he had been half dreaming like myself,) and it broke in two and fell among his feet. He was left without a companion. He arose and began to walk across the room; his countenance bespoke anxiety and restlessness. I heard him utter the words—

'I will marry her!—yea I will!—my sweet Catherine!' Every muttered word he uttered was a dagger driven into my bosom.—At that moment, Sir William entered the parlour.

'Sir,' said Sir Peter, after their morning salutations, 'I have been thinking it is a long way for me to come over from Roxburgh to her—and he paused, took out his snuff-box, opened the lid, and added—'Yes Sir, it is a long way'—he took a pinch of snuff, and continued—'Now, Sir William, I have been thinking that it would be as well, indeed a great deal better, for you to come over to my lodge at a time like this.' Here he paused, and placed the snuff-box in his pocket.

'I can appreciate your kind intentions,' said Sir William, 'but—'

'There can be no *buts* about it,' returned the other; 'I perceive ye dinna understand me, Sir William. What I mean is this'—but here he seemed at a loss to explain his meaning; and, after standing with a look of confusion for a few moments, he took out his tobacco-box, and added, 'I would thank you, Sir, to order me a pipe.' The pipe was brought—he put it in the fire, and added—'I have been thinking, Sir William, very seriously have I been thinking, on a change of life. I am no great bairn in the world now; and, I am sure, Sir, none knows better than

you, (who for ten years was my guardian, that I never had such a degree of thoughtlessness about me as to render it possible to suppose that I would make a bad husband to any woman that was disposed to be happy. Once more he became silent, and taking his pipe from the fire, after a few thoughtful whiffs, he resumed—'Servants will bathe their own way' without a mistress over them and I am sure it would be a pity to see any thing going wrong about my place, for everybody will say, that has seen it, that the *ex docena* waken the birds to throw the air of music over a lovelier spot, in a' his journey round the globe. Now, Sir William he added, 'it is needless for me to say it, if every person within twenty miles round is aware that I am just as fond o' Miss Catherine as the laverock is o' the blue lift; and it is equally sure and evident to me, that I care for naebody but myself.'

Lewis! imagine my feelings when I hear him utter this! There was a word that may not write, which filled my soul and most burst from my tongue. I felt agony and indignation burn over my face. Again I heard him add—

'When I was over in the middle o' her last, ye remember that, in your presence I put the question fairly to her; and although she hung down her head and said nothing yet that, Sir, in my opinion, is just what a virtuous woman ought to consent. I perceive that it shewed true affection, and sterling modesty; and, Sir, what I am thinking is this—Catherine is very little short of one and twenty, and I, not so young as I have been, am every day drawing nearer to my serf and yellow leaf; and I perceive it would be great foolishness—yea so yourself—to be putting off time.'

'My worthy friend,' said Sir William, 'you are aware that the union you speak of is one from which my consent has not been withheld; and I am conscious that, in complying with your wishes, I shall bestow my daughter's hand upon one whose heart is as worthy of her affections, as his actions and principles are of her esteem.'

Sir Peter gave a skip (if I may call a skip of eight feet by such a name) across the room, he threw the pipe into the grate, and, with the hand of Sir William, exclaimed—

'Oh, joy supreme! oh, bliss beyond compare! My cup runs ower—Heaven's bounty can't mair!'