

sed and died in it, we are certain, disturbed by a spirit. We hear the door open and shut at night, and strange noises startle us from our rest. Two visitors, one after the other, who attempted to sleep in it, were terrified almost out of their senses; and it is for this reason we could not offer it to you to sleep in.'

My curiosity was as much awakened by the vague account the good people gave me of the room in its present state, as my interest had been excited by the account of the poor outlaw. I am, I confess, not more brave than other people. I never courted danger for the love of it, or fled from it to meet dishonour; and, as for the reality of spectres, I neither believe nor disbelieve in them; having, in all my travels, never seen a legitimate one, nor troubled my head about them. As much through curiosity, I believe, as anything else—for I am sure it was not the love of a good bed, far less an adventure—I told my hosts I would with pleasure sleep in the room, if they would allow me; and, after some honest endeavours to dissuade me, they consented. Supper and family-worship being finished, we all three entered the apartment—the good woman insisting upon our company while she prepared my bed, and her husband going more cheerfully when I proposed to accompany them. All the little duties were done by the dame in a hurried, timid manner; and, while she was occupied, I looked round. The door was only fastened by a wooden latch, which opened by a string hung upon the outside. The whole interior had a simple, clean, neat look, which pleased me. After a hasty good-night and God be with you, they withdrew. When I was left alone, the account I had just heard of the strange individual who had, for so long a period, inhabited the apartment, passed over my mind; and who or what he could be, gave rise to many a conjecture. I became low-spirited at the thought of the many miseries that human nature is liable to, under reverses of fortune from which neither birth nor riches can protect us. In this frame of mind I retired to rest—the idea of anything supernatural never entering my mind, and no shade of fear discomposing my thoughts. I soon fell asleep. How long I had slept I know not; but I was awakened by a slight noise at the door of the room, as if some one had put their hand upon it. I now felt alarmed, and expected to witness some fearful sight. The door opened and shut with a faint clange. I heard a movement on the floor. A cold sweat came over me. I raised myself upon my elbow. All was dark—impenetrably dark, and I saw nothing; but the curtains at the foot of the bed shook violently.

'Who is there?' I attempted to inquire; but only a faint murmur escaped my lips.

A strange noise and movement on the floor again took place, and I bolted up and sat in the bed. The curtains again moved at the head; and, as I thought, were partially opened. Still nothing was to be seen, and I put forth my hand to grope. Something as cold as death touched it. This was more than I could endure. I sunk upon the bed, buried my head in the clothes, and would have cried out; but that terror had paralyzed every faculty. Whatever was the cause of my alarm, I now found that the object had come into the bed, and was either seated or lying between me and the wall. I dared not uncover my head, or put out my hands to ascertain what it might be. The icy feeling still thrilled through my frame; and thus I lay in mortal agony, under the conviction that the object still reclined immovable by my side. My firmness gradually began to return; and, with it, came calm reflection. I thought I heard a heavy breathing; and slowly uncovered my head to bear it better. Once more I summoned a desperate resolution to put forth my hand. What did my hand encounter?—the snaggy coat of a dog. A gentle whine followed; the next moment my hand was licked by a warm tongue. I smiled at my late alarm. It was Colin.

Soon after daybreak I was awakened by my host, who came to inquire how I had passed the night. He was agreeably surprised to find me safe and well. To his inquiries, I related the adventure of the night, without concealing my fears, and the chance there was of my having added one more testimony to the evil report of his apartment. The gratitude of the good people was extreme. They overwhelmed me with their thanks. They said I had rendered them a service they could not sufficiently repay. I had removed a cause of

dread which had cast a gloom over their minds for many months; and, continued William—

'How silly it was in me not to know or think that it might be Colin!—for both the people who fled the room in terror, gave the same account of the early part of the adventure. Colin, poor thing,' he said, as he patted the head of the dog, 'you little knew the evil you did your master and mistress. You and he that is gone were dear friends and inseparable companions. No Christian could have shewn more concern at his death. You never came out from beneath his bed while the body lay on it: and, when he was carried out, Grace had to hold you, to prevent your snapping at the company as they bore him away. For long you visited his grave, and sat for hours upon it. It is the remembrance of your old friend that makes you still visit his room when all is quiet at night. He that is now 'where the Lord will,' taught you to take the string in your mouth and pull the latch, that, always welcome, you might enter when you chose.'

During this address to the dog, he looked wistfully in the face of his master, as if he comprehended all that was said. The weather having now cleared up, the morning was beautiful. After breakfast. I bade adieu to my kind hosts, with a promise that if I ever passed that way I should make their house my home, and sleep in the room I had freed from its evil name.

As I moved cheerfully along the road, chanting some snatch of a song to keep up my spirits, my ears were assailed, at a sudden bend of the road, by a rough voice.

'Hollo, messmate, cast here a few coppers to help to revictual a hulk all the doctors in the world could not refit for sea!'

Turning my eyes to the road-side, I saw, seated upon a bank, two strange objects—a stout young man, in a tattered seaman's dress, with one arm off by the shoulder and the other by the elbow, and a young, good-looking, but tattered female by his side. In a moment my hand was in my pocket, and, drawing near to them, the female rose and held out her palm in dumb show.

'Not so fast, young woman,' said I, as I was putting a half-crown into his vest pocket; 'it is for Jack.'

'Bless your Honour,' said he, 'it's all one. That there young one is my wife; poor thing, she was struck dumb in real earnest. When she saw me come home to her thus maimed. Bless her pretty face, she did not forsake poor Bill for all that.'

While he spoke, a strong feeling came upon me that I had seen his face before; but when or where, I could not call to mind. As I stood gazing into his face, he looked as scrutinizingly at me.

'Were you ever in the East Indies?' inquired I.

'To be sure I was. In that place I lost my precious limbs,' replied he.

'Then you must be Bill Kay, whom Captain H——and I left at Bombay,' said I.

'And you are Jack Square,' said he. 'Give me your hand, old shipmate.' And he held up the stump to me, and burst out a-laughing as I shook the sleeve.

The female gave him an angry look, with so much more of meaning than anger, that I thought she knew all we said.

'Come, Betsy, don't be sulky,' said he; 'I wish to have a bit of a talk with my old mate. Come, be a good girl, and let us go back to Berwick. Jack Square, you will not be ashamed to walk home with us?'

The wife nodded a consent, and away we trudged to the town, from which we were only a small distance.

During our walk, I told him that I was on my way to London to look out for a vessel to India, as my fortune had been adverse in Scotland; and I was sick of the land, and careless what became of me.

'Never strike to an enemy, or quit the pumps while your vessel can float,' cried he. 'There are many ways of leading a jovial life. You were always my friend, and a good fellow. Give me your word, Jack, you will either stay and join us, or pass on and do us no harm, and I will have no secrets with you. Speak the word.'

'I know not what you mean,' I replied; 'as for joining you, I do not think, in the meantime, I shall, until I know better about it; and