

"It's a' over wi' us," exclaimed Andrew, "I'm a done carle no, that's ay sure."

"That's a truth," said the king.

When he had said it, Andrew recollected that if he had a good sword-hand, he had a pair of as good heels; and if he trusted to the one a few minutes before, he would trust to the other now, and away he bounded like a startled deer, with his sword in his hand.

Some seconds elapsed before the astonished servants of the king recovered presence of mind to pursue him. As he fled, the dense crowd that encircled the amphitheatre surrounded him; but many of them knew him; none had forgotten his terrible courage—and although they heard the cry re-echoed by the attendants of the monarch, they opened an avenue when he approached, and permitted him to rush through them. Though, perhaps, the fear of the sword which he brandished in his hand, and the terrible havoc of which they had all witnessed, contributed not less than the admiration of his courage, to procure him his ready exit through their ranks.

He immediately ran to the sea-banks, and suddenly disappeared where they seemed precipitous, and was lost to his pursuers; and after an hour's search they returned to the king, stating that they had lost trace of him, and could not find him.

"Go back, ye bull-dogs!" exclaimed our monarch, angrily; "seek him—find him—nor gain enter our presence until ye again bring him bound before us at Holyrood."

They therefore again proceeded in quest of the unfortunate fugitive; and the monarch having conducted his royal bride to the pavilion, cast off his jacket of black velvet, and arrayed himself in one of cloth of gold, withappings of purple and of sable fur. His favourite steed, caparisoned to carry two, and with its panoply embroidered with jewels, was brought before his pavilion. The monarch approached the door, leading his queen by his hand. He lightly vaulted into the saddle—he again took the hand of his bride, and placed her behind him; and in this manner a hundred peers and nobles following in his train, the King of Scotland conducted his young queen through the land, and to the place of his fathers. The people shouted as the royal cavalcade departed, and Scottish and English voices joined in the cry of "long live Scotland's king and queen." Yet there

were some who were silent, and who thought that poor Andrew, the fisherman, the champion of the day, had been cruelly treated, though they knew not his offence. Those who know him, said—

"It bangs a'! we're sure Andrew never saw the king in his life before. He never was ten miles out o' Eyemouth in his days—we ha'e kenned him since a callant, and never heard a word laid against his character. The king must have taken him for somebody else—and he was foolish to run for it."

But, while the multitude shouted, and joined in the festivities of the day, there was one that hurried through the midst of them wringing her hands, and weeping as she went—even poor Janet. At the moment when she was roused from the stupefaction of feeling produced by the horrors of the conflict, and when her arms were outstretched to welcome her hero, as he was flying to them in triumph, she had seen him led before his prince, to receive his praise and his royal gifts; but, instead of these, she heard him denounced as a traitor, as the king's words were echoed round. She beheld him fly for safety, and armed men pursuing him. She was bewildered—wildly bewildered. But every motion gave place to anguish; and she returned to her mother's house alone, and sank upon her bed, and wept.

She could scarce relate to her parent the cause of her grief; but others, who had been witnesses of the regal festival, called at Widow Hewitt's for refreshment, as they returned home, and from them she gathered that her intended son-in-law had been the champion of the day; but that, when he had been led forward to receive the purse from the hands of the king, the monarch, instead of bestowing it, denounced him as a traitor; "and when he fled," added they, "his majesty ordered him to be brought to him dead or alive!"—for, in the days of our fathers, men used the *license* that is exemplified in the fable of the Black Crows, quite as much as it is used now. The king certainly had commanded that Andrew should be brought to him; but he had said nothing of his being brought *dead*.

Nancy lifted her hands in astonishment as high as the ceiling, (and it was not a high one, and was formed of rushes)—"Preserve us, sirs!" said she, "ye perfectly astonish me a'thegither! Poor child! I'm sure Andrew