

the other suddenly changed his feet, favoured Robin with a "Devonian kick," and suddenly dashing his bended knee against his person, Robin lost his footing, and fell upon his back with the stranger above him.

The spectators shouted—and Andrew, remounting his pony, exclaimed aloud—

"Weel dune, stranger—I'm as glad as though I had gotten a gowden coin."

Now, it is but justice to Andrew to say, that he had repeatedly defeated Meikle Robin, both at wrestling, cudgel-playing, and every athletic exercise; but I shall give the reader an account of his having done so upon one occasion, in his own words, as it is necessary for the forwarding of our narrative.

Andrew went to Lamberton with his fish on the following day, and again he found a profitable market—and some words had again passed between him and Meikle Robin—but, as he was returning home, he overtook the stranger by whom Robin had been defeated.

"Losh, man!" said Andrew, pulling up his pony, "is this ye? I canna tell ye hoo glad I am to see ye, for I've dune naething but thocht o' ye ever since yesterday, when I saw ye tak the brag out o' Meikle Robin just as easily as I would bend a willow wand. Now, I hope, sir, although ye are a stranger, ye no think ill o' my familiarity?"

"Think ill, comrade," said the other, "why should I do so?"

"Why, I watna," said Andrew, "but there seems to be sae mony kind o' butterflies getting about the court now, wi' their frills and their gold laced jackets, from what I can judge o' their appearance for some days past on the Moor, that I wasna sure but it might be like-master like-man wi' ye, and I was uncertain how to speak to ye. I didna ken but that, in some things, ye might imitate your superiors, and treat a cadger body as though they hadna been o' the same flesh and blood wi' yourself."

The stranger laughed, and repeated the stage—

"Why—the king may come in the cadger's way."

"Very true, sir," said Andrew, "and maynd him a man mair like himsel than he imagines. But, sir, what I was gaun to say to you—and it is connected wi' your defeat-

ing o' Meikle Robin yestorday. (At least I wish to make it connected with it.) Weel, just five days syne, I was at Lamberton—it was the very day after the royal party arrived—and Robin was there. Perhaps you was there yoursel; but the tents were there, and the games, and the shows, and every thing were going on, just the same as ye saw them yesterday. But, as I was telling ye, Meikle Robin was there. Now, he gets the brag o' being the best cudgeller, putter, and wrestler, in Berwickshire—and, between you and I that is a character I dinna like to hear gaun past mysel. However, as I was saying, the day after the royal party arrived, at the Moor, and the games were begun, he had the ball fairly at his foot, and fient a' ane durst tak him up ava. He was terribly insulting in the pride o' his victoriousness, and in order to humble him, some were running frae tent to tent to look for Strong Sandy—(that is me, ye observe; for they ca' me that as a sort o' nickname—though for what reason I know not.) At last they got me. I had had a quegh or twa, and I was gay weel on—(for I never in my born days had such a market for my fish; indeed, I got whatever I asked, and I was wishing, in my heart, that the king's marriage party would stop on Lammer Moor for a twelvemonth)—but tho' I had a drappie owre the score, Robin was as sober as a judge; for plague tak him! he kenned what he was doing—he was owre cunnin' to drink, and laid himsel out for a quarrel. It was his aim to carry the 'gree' owre a' upon the Moor at every thing, that the king, who is said to be as fond o' thae sort o' sports as any body, might tak notice o' him, and do something for him. There was a cowardice in the very way of such conduct—it shewed a fox's heart in the carcass of a bullock. Weel, those that were seeking me got me, and clean off hand I awa to the tent where he was making a' his great braggadocio, and, says I to him, 'Robin,' says I, 'I'm your man at ony thing ye like, and for whatever ye like. I'll run ye—or, I'll jump ye—I'll putt the stone wi' ye—or, I'll fight ye—and, if ye like it better, I'll wrestle ye—or try ye at the cudgels—and dinna be cutting your capers there owre a wheen callants.' Weel, up he got, and a ring was made aback o' the tent. He had an oak stick as thick as your wrist, and I had naething but the bit half switch that I hae in my hand the now, for driving up the Galloway.—