

"But, oh! look at my chaynee;" said the widow, clapping her hands, and casting a look of despair at the shattered delf that lay scattered around her; "look at my chaynee!"

"And what *was* it brought *you* here?" said Oonah, facing round on Andy with a dangerous look, rather, in her bright eye. "Will you tell us that?—what *was* it?"

"I came to save my life, I tell you," said Andy.

"To put us in dhread of ours, you mane," said Oonah. "Just look at the *omadhaun* there," said she to her aunt, "standin' there with his mouth open, just as if nothin' happened, and he afther frightenin' the lives of us."

"Twas Mistor Dick, I tell you," said Andy.

"Bad scran to you, you unlooky hangin' bone thief!" cried the widow, seizing him by the hair, and giving him a hearty cuff on the ear, which would have knocked him down, only that Oonah kept him up by an equally well applied box on the other.

### The Highlander's Trial,

The appearance of the prisoner, on whom all eyes were now set, as he stood at the bar, was well calculated to increase the interest which many had felt for him from mere report. He seemed to be rather beyond fifty, stout and well formed, but of middle stature; he had the bold roving look and open eye of the free Gael; but the confinement which he had suffered, short as it had been, had already taken off a portion of that hardy hue which his face usually bore from the air of the mountains.

When the time drew near for asking him, according to the usual forms, his own verdict as to his guilt or innocence—the courts in these northern parts not being conducted with the dignity of ours in the south, several lawyers, and particularly that "loopy body," Willie Caption, before-mentioned, got round him with various advices; and in particular urged him at least to let nothing come from his own mouth that might serve as an acknowledgment of the truth of the indictment.

"What for'll she no tell the truth, and ban the lee," he said, "when her ain neck is in jeopardy, and when the auld men wi' the wigs hae come all the way frae Edinburgh to speer their speer? Joost let Duncan M'Naughton alane, an' no trouble her wi' ony bamboozlement, and she'll answer for hersel'."

"Prisoner, you have heard the indictment read," said the judge; "are you guilty or not of the charges therein laid?"

"Does her lordship mean to speer if she's done the deeds that the man read from the lang paper?"

His lordship signified his assent.

"It's o'er true, my lord, saving the twa or three lees that's here and there."

"Prisoner, I have to caution you as to what answer you give to my question."

"Is she no to speak the truth?"

"The law does not call upon any man to criminate himself."

"What will the law have to do if it's her lordship's pleasure?"

"Be silent and hear the issue of the trial."

"Oigh, her lordship doesna mean to hang her after all? God bless her auld wig?" and the simple Highlander leant himself carelessly back against the boards which enclosed the bar.

"Prisoner, it will be necessary for you to say guilty, or not guilty, to these allegations."

"Say, not guilty," whispered Caption the lawyer, speaking from behind.

"And what for wad she say that?"

"Because we'll maybe get you off by the law."

"Tam her law! If she'll no get aff without the law, she'll ne'er try it, an' she should swing on the ugly woodie yet. Haud her whisht about the law, an' she'll joost say a word to the auld man wi' the tippet round her neck."

"Prisoner! your answer to the court."

"Weel, her nainsel joost did the misdeeds that the man read out o' that paper, and mony others forbye."

"Then you plead guilty?"

"She'll no plead nothing; but her nainsel will ne'er gie her tongue to tell an auld man a lee afore the peoples; for all that this vile body," and he turned round and thrust his finger almost into the eye of the lawyer, "tries to blaw in her lug."

"Silence in the court," cried the officer, to suppress the titter.

"You are aware," said the condescending judge, "that you are accused of hamesucken and theft."

"I ken naething about the sooken; but did her lordship say a thief? she better mind her talk, afore she tell that to Duncan M'Naughton."

"Prisoner, I excuse your disrespect for the present; but I wish to make you understand that you are accused of theft and cattle-lifting."