

(ORIGINAL.)

## HENRY LAWSON.

A SCOTTISH STORY.

BY A. R.

"HAVE you invited Henry Lawson to your party?" said Helen Morrison to her sister Margaret, as they were sitting at an open window, apparently very busy with the needle.

"Certainly, Helen," replied Margaret; "I was obliged to invite him, out of respect to our friend Mrs. Allison."

"And your friend George Allison,"—interposed Helen.

"You know well, Helen," continued Margaret, scarcely heeding the interruption, "that Henry Lawson's father was one of Mrs. Allison's dearest friends, and it would ill become us to shew a disrespect to Mrs. Allison, or to her guest; besides I have heard my father speak of Henry's parents in the highest terms, and I know he would not like George Allison to be invited here without Henry."

"So you have invited George to please yourself, and his friend to please father, I suppose, that's the way; but do you know, Jane Somers told me, yesterday, that Henry Lawson is a dull, pale-faced creature, that scarcely speaks or smiles; and you know I always disliked such people."

"Jane is so excellent a judge," replied Margaret, smiling, "that I do not wonder at your surrendering your judgment into her hands; but how does Jane know all this, for Henry only came to see George Allison the day before yesterday, and he cannot have had much opportunity as yet, of exhibiting his conversational powers?"

"Oh, as for that I don't know; Tom called with Jane on Mrs. Allison, and although they were introduced to Henry, he scarcely spoke a word all the time they stayed; and Jane said it was so dull, that she was glad when her brother came to her relief, for she could not find a word to say."

"Henry must have been dull indeed," said Margaret, "if Jane Somers could not find anything to say, but whether dull or not we could not avoid asking him when George Allison was coming."

"Well, well, Margaret, I'll say nothing about him; I hope you will have a pleasant party, seeing it is your birth-day," and she began to hum half aloud a stanza from the well-known ballad,

"I'm just out o' my teens,  
An nae a' ane to woo."

"Time enough yet," said Margaret, "but for all your jesting, there's Tom Somers and the young good-man of Saplin' Brae."

"The good-man of Saplin' Brae! Margaret, you need not say he comes to see me, when you know he comes to speak to father or William, about corn or cattle, or something of that kind; besides you know I never liked him, and as for Tom Somers—but I declare," continued she, looking out of the window, "here's Tom and my brother George coming up the lane; I dare say they have some wise thing or other on foot, for they seem in high glee."

They were not long left to conjecture, as in a few minutes, Tom and George entered the room, Tom saluting the ladies with the air of an old acquaintance; not was it long before they were informed of the subject which had engaged their thoughts, for George, turning to Helen, remarked:

"And do you know, Helen, what plan Tom and I have been thinking of for to-morrow forenoon?"

"Nay, George," replied Helen, "of course I can't foresee what your plan is; but from the well-known discretion of yourself and Tom—('Hear, hear,' in a whisper, from Tom to Margaret)—I have no doubt it will prove worthy of its distinguished authors. But do let us know what may be the result of your sage cogitations; indeed we have a right to command your obedience, seeing we are parties concerned."

"Aye, do take pity," said Tom, "you know the elegant couplet of Moore;

'He that keeps a lady waitin',  
Well deserves a good batin.'

"I perceive you improve in your quotations, Tom," said George, "but our plan is nothing more than a ride up by the Erae o' Bessie, to the Stanin' Stanes, and then round home by the Brig of Deer in time for the evening party."

"What a harsh outline you have given," added Tom, "of the most delightful ride that can be conceived, and on horseback too. Why did you not dwell on the beauty of a ride on a fine day through the heather hills, and the long moors, to say nothing of the groves, which need only the presence of fair divinities to make them absolutely enchanting. Oh, that you had a spark of poetry in you, George!"