

courage and humanity, but they could not prove that he had not been engaged in the affray in which the murder had been committed.

Captain Hartly strove anxiously to undo the impression which his evidence had already produced; but it was too late.

The judge addressed the jury, and began to sum up the evidence: he remarked upon the knife with which the deed was perpetrated, being proved and acknowledged to be the property of the prisoner--of its being seen in his hand on the same day, and of his admitting the fact--on the resemblance of his figure to that of the individual who was seen to strike the blow, and on his inability to prove that he was not that individual: he was proceeding to notice the singular scene that had occurred, with regard to the principal witness and the prisoner, when a shout was heard from the court-door, and a gentleman, dressed as a clergyman, pressed thro' the crowd, and reaching the side of the prisoner, he exclaimed--"My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner, Henry Teasdale, is innocent!"

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Captain Hartly.

The spectators burst into a shout, which the judge instantly suppressed, and desired the clergyman to be sworn, and to produce his evidence. "We are here to give it," said two others who had followed behind him.

The clergyman briefly stated, that he had been sent for on the previous evening to attend the deathbed of an individual whom he

named, and who had been wounded in the affray with Captain Hartly's crew, and that in his presence, and in the presence of the other witnesses who then stood by his side, a deposition had been taken down from his lips an hour before his death. The deposition, or confession, was handed into court; and it set forth, that his hand struck the fatal blow, and with Harry Teasdale's knife, which he had found lying upon the stern of his boat on the afternoon of the day on which the deed was committed; and farther, that Harry was not upon the beach that night.

The jury looked for a moment at each other--they instantly rose, and their foreman pronounced the prisoner, "Not Guilty!" A loud and spontaneous shout burst from the multitude. Captain Hartly sprang forward--he grasped his hand.

"I forgive thee, lad," said Harry.

Hartly led him from the dock; he conducted him to Fanny, whom he had taken to an adjoining inn.

"Here is your father! he is safe! he is safe! my love!" cried Augustus, as he entered the room where she was.

Fanny wept on her father's bosom, and he kissed her brow, and said, "Bless thee."

"And canst thou bless me, too," said Augustus, "after all that I have done?" "Well, well, I see how it is to be," said Harry; and he took their hands and placed them in each other. I need only add, that Fanny Teasdale became the happy wife of Augustus Hartly; and Harry, having acquired a competency, gave up the trade of a smuggler.

## THE GIPSY LOVER.

"Mary, my dear," said Mrs. Blair, approaching her daughter's bedside early one morning, (it was the morning of the fair of Bucklyvie in Stirlingshire, formerly a very important one) "ye maun get up, and gang wi' yer brother to the fair the day. He's to sell the brown pony; and ye maun bring hame the siller, as he's gaun to Stirling after the fair, and winna be hame for a day or twa, and there's a bill to pay the morn."

Delighted with the mission, Mary instantly arose and dressed herself; and when she had done so, broad Scotland could not have pro-

duced a more lovely or more captivating face and figure. Mary Blair was about nineteen years of age, and though not tall of stature, her form was perfect in its symmetry, while her countenance beamed with gentleness and love. Many were the suitors who sought to win her heart; but "there was ane, a secret ane," who stood between them and her affections, and rendered all their efforts fruitless. But none knew who this one was; nor did any know even that her love was already disposed of. She durst not avow it; for the favoured lover was of a race with any of the