

her infancy she had been denied in her by the studies she had pursued to solace her
 The unfeigned piety and example of grief. Till her death she was a devout mem-
 ber of her son-in-law's flock, and is yet re-
 membered to have been heard talked of as
 the Good Lady.

ARCHY ARMSTRONG.

For thirty years, Sandy Armstrong of the Cleughfoot had been one of the most daring and successful freebooters of his clan: his name was a sound of terror on the Borders, and was alike disagreeable to Scotch and English ears; for like Esau, Sandy's hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him: his clan had been long broken, and without a leader, and the Armstrongs were regarded as outlaws by both nations. Cleughfoot, in which Sandy resided, was a small square building of prodigious strength—around it was a court-yard, or rather an enclosure for cattle, surrounded by a massy wall, in which was an iron gate opening as the wall itself. The door of the dwelling was also of iron, and the windows, which were scarce larger than loop-holes, were barred. It was generally known by the name of "Lang Sandy's Keep," and was situated on the side of the Tarras, about ten miles from Langholm. Around it was a desolate morass, the passes of which were only known to Sandy and his few followers, and round the morass was a decaying but almost impenetrable forest. Sandy, like his forefathers, knew no law, save

"The good old law—the simple plan—
 That they should take who have the power,
 And they should keep who can."

He had had seven sons, and of these five had been while following him in the foray, the other had been devoured by a blood-hound, and he had but one, Archy, his youngest son, to whom he could bequeath his strong-bay, a fleet steed, and his sword. Land he had none, and he knew not its value: he thought it more profitable to levy black-mail, to the right and to the left, on Englishman and Scot; and he laughed at the authority of

Elioth and of James, and defied the power of the Wardens of their Marches—"Bess may be Queen o' England," said he, "and book-learned Jamie, King o' braid Scotland, but Sandy Armstrong is lord o' the wilds o' Tarras."

On the death of Elizabeth, Sandy and his handful of retainers had been out in the raid to Penrith; in that desperate attempt some of them had fallen, and others had been seized and executed at Carlisle. But Sandy had escaped, driving his booty through the wilds before him to Cleughfoot. On one side of the court-yard stood a score of oxen and six fleet steeds, and on the other was provender for them for many days. On the flat roof of Cleughfoot Keep sat Sandy Armstrong—before him was a wooden stoup filled with aqua vitae, and in his hand he held a small quegh neatly hooped round, and formed of wood of various colours. It had a short handle for the finger and thumb, was about two inches in diameter, and three quarters of an inch in depth, and out of this vessel Sandy, ever and anon, quaffed his strong potations, while his son, Archy, a boy of twelve years old, stood by his side, receiving from his parent a Borderer's education. But leaving the freebooter and his son on the turret of their fastness, we shall also, for a few moments, leave Dumfriesshire, and carrying back our narrative for some weeks, introduce the reader to the ancient town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

On Wednesday the 8th of April, every soul in the good town of Berwick was up by day break—wife and maiden flaunted in their newest gowns with ample fardingals, and the sweating mechanic looked as spruce in his well brushed "jack," as a courtly cavalier. By sunrise, the cannon thundered from the