

His countenance was a thoughtful blank, and he stretched out his huge collection of fingers to shake hands with me.

you will allow me such an expression.— He had large, grey, fixtured-like, unmeaning eyes; and his hair was carefully combed back and plaited behind, to show his brow to best advantage. He gave two familiar glances across the floor, and he either did not see me, or he cared not for seeing me.

'A good Easter to ye, Catherine, my love,' said he, 'still employed wi' works o' love and duty? How have ye been dear?' And he lifted her fair hand to his long blue lips.

Catherine was silent—she became pale, deadly pale. I believe her hand grew cold at his touch, and that she would have looked me; but she could not—she dared not.—*nothing forbode it.* But with me the spell was broken—the chain that bound me to her father's house, that withheld me from accompanying you to Edinburgh, was revealed.—An uncouth stranger tore the veil from my eyes—he shewed me my first glance of love in the mirror of jealousy. My teeth grated at her—my eyes flashed—drops of sweat fell upon my forehead. My first impulse was to dash the intruder to the ground; but to hide my feelings, I rose from my seat, and about to leave the room.

Sir, I ask your pardon,' said he, 'I did not perceive that ye was a stranger, but that accounts for the uncommon dryness o' my K-

Yet, Sir, ye mustna think that though I am as modest as a bit daisy peeping out from beneath a clod to get a blink o' the sun, that we can ha'e our ain crack by oursel's for a' that.'

Sir Peter Blakely,' said Catherine, rising with a look expressive of indignation and confusion, 'what mean ye?'

Oh, no offence, Miss Catherine—none in the world,' he was beginning to say, when, unluckily, her father entered, as I found that I had advanced a step towards the stranger, with I scarce know what intention; it was not friendly.

'Sir Peter,' said Sir William, 'allow me to introduce you to my young friend, Mr. Fleming; he is *one of us*, a supporter of the same cause.'

He introduced me in like manner. I bowed—trembled—bowed again.

I am very happy to see you, Mr. Fleming,' said Sir Peter, 'very happy, indeed;'

My eyes glared on his, and I felt them burn as I gazed on him. He evidently quailed, and would have stepped back, but I grasped his hand, and, scarce knowing what I did, I grasped it as though a vice had held it.—The blood sprang to his thin fingers, and his glazed orbs started farther from their sockets.

'Save us a'! friend! friend! Mr. Fleming! or what do they ca' ye?' he exclaimed in agony; 'is that the way ye shake hands in your country? I would ha' ye to mind my fingers arena made o' could iron.'

The cold and the snow had done half the work with his fingers before, and the grasp I gave them squeezed them into torture; and he stood shaking and rattling them in the air; applying them to his lips and again to the fire, and finally, dancing round the room, swinging his tormented hand, and exclaiming—

'Sorrow take ye! for I dianna ken whether my fingers be off or on!'

Sir William strove to assure him it was merely the effect of cold, and that I could not intend to injure him, while, with difficulty, he kept gravity at the grotesque contortions and stupendous strides of his intended son-in-law. Even Catherine's countenance relaxed into a languid smile, and I, in spite of my feelings, laughed outright, while the object of our amusement at once wept and laughed to keep us company.

You will remember that I slept in an apartment separated only by a thin partition from the breakfast parlour. In the partition which divided my chamber from the parlour was a door that led to it, one half of which was of glass fell a piece of drapery. It was not the door by which I passed from or entered my sleeping room, but through the drapery I could discover (if so minded) whatever took place in the adjoining apartment.

Throughout the night I had not retired to rest; my soul was filled with anxious and uneasy thoughts, and they chased sleep from me. I felt how deeply, shall I say how madly, I loved my Catherine, and in Sir Peter Blakely I beheld a rival who had forestalled me in soliciting her hand, and I hated him. My spirit was exhausted with its own bitter and conflicting feelings; and I sat down as