lad, a ship-mate o' Willie's, dated frae Sheerness, where the sloop put in for repairs after a severe fecht wi' a French ship, the letter also telt o' puer Willie's death, being killed in that fecht;—but we didna get the letter till a month after his death.

Weel Sir, the neist day after the marriage, puer Peggy was in a ragin' fever, and the doctor for mony days didna think she would live. She kepet ca'in on Willie to come till her, and tak her hame, for she didna ken either her faither or mither, and didna even think it was their hoose.

Sair, sair, did her faither now regret his cruelty to her and Willie. He tried to mak excuse by sayin' what a' body kens—that we Newhaven folks, like the Gipsies, dinna like to marry out o' our ain folks; he tried to mak as believe that that was the eause o' his hatred o' Willie, but we a' kent better.

After three weeks illness, nature and a good constitution prevailed, but the fever left her a comple wreck o' what she had been. She was still beautiful, but wasted and spent to a skeleton; and wuar than a' that, her mind was a complete wreck, as weel as her body. She would stroll for hours along the shore, aye lookin' out for Willie's ship.

But yae nicht, when the moon was at the full she slipped out and sat doon on a stane by the shore; when she was missed, her faither went after her and saw her sittin'.— Suddenly she started up, and extendin' her arms towards the sea, gave a lang and piercing scream. Her faither ran up till her, and took hold o' her, but she pushed him awa, and pointing wi' her puer thin finger out to sea, cried—"Look, look faither, there is puer Willie a' covered wi' bluid, and he is waving me to come till him. You hae murdered him! You hae murdered him! Let me gang till him," she cried—and breakin' frae him, she rushed intil the sea. He rushed after her, and wi' the help o' some men wha ran out on herin' her screams, he got her hame mair dead than alive, and a' wet wi' the sea.

She was now completely crazy, and never after was her ain-sel again.

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