

UPS AND DOWNS, OR DAVID STUART'S ACCOUNT OF HIS PILGRIMAGE.

Old David Stuart was the picture of health a personification of contentment. When I knew him his years must have considerably exceeded threescore; but his good-natured face was as ruddy as health could make it; his hair, though mingled with grey, was as thick and strong as if he had been but twenty—his person was still muscular and active; and moreover he yet retained in all their freshness, the feelings of his youth, and no small portion of the simplicity of his childhood. I loved David, not only because he was a good man, but because there was a great deal of character or originality about him; and though his brow was cheerful, the clouds of sorrow had frequently rested upon it. More than once when seated by his parlour fire, and when he had finished his pipe, and his afternoon tumbler stood on the table beside him, I have heard him give the following account of the ups and downs—the trials, the joys, and sorrows—which he had encountered in his worldly pilgrimage; and to preserve the interest of the history, I shall give it in David's own idiom, and in his own words.

"I ne'er was a great traveller," David was wont to begin: "through the length o' Edinburgh, and as far south as Newcastle, is a' that my legs ken about geography. But I've had a good deal o' crooks and thraws, and ups and downs, in the world, for a' that.—My faither was in the droving line, and lived in the parish o' Coldstream. He did a great deal o' business, baith about the fairs on the Borders, at Edinburgh market, every week, and sometimes at Morpeth. He was a bachelor till he was five-and forty, and he had a very decent lass keep'd his house, they ca'd Kirsty Simson. Kirsty was a remarkably weel-faur'd woman, and a number o' the farm lads round about used to come and see her, as weel as trades' chields frae about Coldstream and Birgham—no that she gied them ony encouragement, but that it was her misfortune to hae a gude-looking face. So, there was ae night that my faither cam' hame frae Edinburgh, and according to his custom he had a drap in his e'e—yet no sae meikle but that he could see a lad or twa hingin' about the house. He was very angry; and,

'Kirsty,' said he, 'I dinna like thae youngsters to come about the house.'

'I'm sure, Sir,' said she, 'I dinna encourage them.'

'Weel, Kirsty,' said he, 'if that's the way if ye hae nae objections, I'll marry yemyse.'

'I dinna see what objections I should ha' said she, and without ony mair courtship, a week or twa they were married; and course o' time I was born. I was sent school when I was about eight years an' but my education ne'er got far'er than i' Rule o' Three. Before I was fifteen, I assisted my faither at the markets, and in a short time he could trust me to buy and sell—there was one very dark night in the month o' January, when I was little mair than seventeen, my faither and me were gaun to Morpeth, and we were wishing to get forward wi' i' beasts as far as Whittingham; but just as we were about half a mile down the loan frae Glanton, it cam' awa ane o' the dredest storms that e'er mortal was out i'. The snaw, literally, fell in a solid mass, at every now and then the wind cam' roarin' and howlin' frae the hills, and the fury o' the drift was terrible. I was driven stupid an' half suffocated. My faither was on a straggler mare, and I was on a bit powney, and among the cattle there was a cramstairy-three-year-old bull, that wad neither hup nor drive—we had it tied by the fore-leg and the horn, but the moment the drift broke owre us, the creature grew perfectly unmanageable; it wadna gang. My faither had struck it when the mad animal plunged its horns into the side o' the mare, and he fell on the ground. I could just see what had happened, and that was a'. I jumped aff the powney and ran forward. 'O Faither!' says I, 'ye're no hurt, are ye?' He was trying to rise, but before I could reach him—indeed, before I had the words weel out o' my mouth—the animal made a drive at him. 'O Davy!' he cried, and he never saw mair! We generally carried pistols, and had the presence o' mind to draw ane out o' the breast-pocket o' my big coat, and shot the animal dead on the spot. I tried to raise my faither in my arms, and dark as it was I could see his blood upon the snaw—and