

THE FAA'S REVENGE.

A TALE OF THE BORDER GIPSIES.

Brown October was drawing to a close; breeze had acquired a degree of sharpness too strong to be merely termed bracing, the fire, as the saying is, was becoming the best flower in the garden, for the hardest of the latest plants had either shed their leaves, or their flowers had shrivelled at the approach of winter, when a stranger drew his seat towards the parlour fire of Three-Half-Moons Inn, in Rothbury.— He had sat for the space of half-an-hour, when a party entered who like himself, (as inferred from their conversation,) were strangers, or rather visitors of the scenery, antiquities, and antiquities in the vicinity.— One of them having ordered the waiter to bring each of them a glass of brandy and water, without appearing to notice the appearance of the first mentioned stranger, after a few remarks on the objects of interests in the neighbourhood, the following conversation took place amongst them:—

"Why," said one, "but even Rothbury, secluded as it is from the world, and shut out from the daily intercourse of the world, is a noted place. It was here that the great and famous northern bard, and unrivalled ballad writer, Bernard Rummy, was bred; and died. Here, too, was born Dr. Home, who like Young and Home, united the characters of divine and dramatist, and the author of '*Barbarossa*,' '*The Cure of the King*,' and other works, of which posterity in his country are proud. The immediate neighbourhood, also, was the birth place of the inspired boy, the heaven-taught mathematician, George Cougran, who knew no bounds, and who bid fair to eclipse the glory of Newton, but whom death struck down ere he had reached the years of manhood."

"Why I can't tell," said another, "I don't know much about what you've been talking; but I know for one thing, that Rothbury was a noted place for every sort of games, and at Fasten's E'en times the rule was, every inhabitant above eight years of age to be at a shilling, or out to the foot-ball. It was for its game-cocks too—they were the best bred on the Borders."

"May be so," said the first speaker, "but though I should be loath to see the foot-ball or any other innocent game which keeps up a manly spirit put down, yet I do trust that the brutal practice of cock-fighting will be abolished not only on the Borders, but throughout every country which professes the name of christian; and I rejoice that the practice is falling into disrepute. But although my hairs are not yet honoured with the silver tints of age, I am told enough to remember, that when a boy at school on the Scottish side of the Border, at every Fasten's E'en which you have spoken of, every schoolboy was expected to provide a cock for the battle or main, and the teacher or his deputy presided as umpire. The same practice prevailed on the southern Border. It is a very old, savage amusement, even in this country; and perhaps the preceptors of youth, in former days, considered it *classical*, and that it would instil into their pupils a sentiment of emulation, inasmuch as the practice is said to have taken rise from Themistocles perceiving two cocks tearing at and fighting with each other, while marching his army against the Persians, when he called upon his soldiers to observe them, and remarked, that they neither fought for territory, defence of country, nor for glory, but they fought because the one would not yield to, or be defeated by the other, and he desired his soldiers to take a moral lesson from the barn-door fowls. Cock-fighting thus became among the heathen Greeks a political precept and a religious observance—and the christian inhabitants of Britain, disregarding the *religious and political moral*, kept up the practice, adding to it more disgusting barbarity for their amusement."

"Coom," said a third, who from his tongue appeared to be a thorough Northumbrian, "we wur talking about Rothbury, but you are goin' to give us a regular sarmin on cock-fighting. Let's hae none o' that. You was saying wif at clever chaps had been born here; but none o' ye mentioned Jemie Allan, the gipsey and Northumberland piper, who was born here as weel as the best o' them. But I have heard that Rothbury, as well as Yeth-