

der that ye no¹ ken that Ann, poor woman, an' her father, an' her mother, an' the family, a' gaed to about America mair than a year and a-half syne, and I'm surprised ye haena seen them."

"Ann in America!" cried Peter. He was unable to read the remainder of his mother's letter. He again flung his pack upon his shoulder, but not so much to barter and to sell, as to seek his betrothed bride. He visited almost every city in the States, and in the provinces of British America. He advertised for her in more than fifty newspapers; but in his search, the world prospered with Peter: his pack had made him rich. He opened a store in New-York. He became also a shareholder in canals, and a proprietor of steam-boats; in short, he was looked upon as one of the most prosperous men in the city. But his heart yearned for his native land; and Peter Paterson, Esq., turned his property into cash, and embarked for Liverpool.

Ten long years had passed since the eyes of Betty Paterson had looked upon her son; and she was busied, on a winter day, leading her poultry in the barn-yard, when she observed a post-chaise drive through the village and begin to ascend the hill towards Foxlaw.

"Preserve us, Robin!" she cried, as she bustled into the house, "there's a coach comin' here—what can folk in a coach want wi' the like o' us? Haed awa out an' see what they want, till I fling on a clean mutch an' an apron, an' mak mysel wiselike."

"I watna wha it can be," said Robin, as he rose and went towards the door.

The chaise drew up—a tall genteel-looking man alighted from it—at the first glance he seemed nearly forty years of age, but he was much younger. As he approached, Robin started back—his heart sprang to his throat—his tongue faltered.

"Pe—Pe—Peter!" he exclaimed. The stranger leaped forward, and fell upon the old man's neck.

Betty heard the word *Peter*!—the clean cap fell from her hand, she uttered a scream of joy, and reached to the door, her grey hairs falling over face; and the next moment her arms encircled her son.

I need not tell you of the thousand anxious questions of the fond mother, and how he wept as he hinted at the misfortunes he had encountered, and smiled and wept, and grasped his hand again, as he dwelt upon his prosperity.

"Did I no aye say," exclaimed she, "that

I would live to see my Peter a gentleman?"

"Yet, mother," said Peter, "riches cannot bring happiness—at least not to me, while I can hear nothing of poor Ann. Can no one tell to what part of America her father went?—for I have sought them everywhere."

"Oh, forgie me, hiiny," cried Betty, bitterly; "it was a mistake o' yer mother's a'thegither. I understand, now, it wasna America, they gaed to; but it was Jamaica, or some ca, and we hear they're back again."

"Not America!" said Peter: "and back again!—then, where—where shall I find her?"

"When we wrote to you, that, after leaving here, they had gaen to America," said Robin, "it was understood they had gaen there—at any rate, they went abroad someway—and we never heard, till the other week, that they were back to this country, and are now about Liverpool, where I'm very sorry to hear they are very ill off; for the world, they say, has gaen a' wrang wi' the auld man."

This was the only information Peter could obtain. They were bitter tidings; but they brought hope with them.

"Ye were saying that ye was in Liverpool the other day," added the mother; "I wonder ye didna see some o' them!"

Peter was sad, yet he almost smiled at the simplicity of his parent; and he resolved to set out in quest of his betrothed on the following day.

Leaving Foxlaw, we shall introduce the reader to Sparling Street, in Liverpool.—Amongst the miserable cellars where the poor are crowded together, and where they are almost without light and without air, one near the foot of the street was distinguished by its outward cleanliness; and in the window was a ticket with the words—"A Girl's School kept here.—by A. Graham." Over this humble cellar was a boarding-house, from which, ever and anon, the loud laugh of jolly seamen rang boisterous as on their own element. By a feeble fire in the comfortless cellar, sat an emaciated, and apparently dying man; near him sat his wife, engaged in making such articles of apparel as the slop-dealers send to the West Indies, and near the window was a pale but beautiful young woman, instructing a few children in needle-work and the rudiments of education. The children being dismissed, she began to assist her mother; and, addressing her father, said—

"Come, che-r up, dear father—do not give way to despondency—we shall see better times. Come, smile now, and I will sing your favourite song."