

never had a son amissing on the field of battle, or he never would have written an anxious and sorrowing father such a cold scrawl. He did not even say that if they got any tidings concerning my son that they would make me acquainted with them. He was only commanded to teil me that they did not know, what I was, beyond every thing else on earth, desirous to ascertain. Though perhaps I ought to admit, that in the time of war the clerks in the War Office had something else to do, than enter particularly into the feelings of every father that had a son in the army, and to answer all his queries.

From the Colonel, however, I received a long, and a very kind letter. He said many flattering things in praise of my gallant laddie, and assured me that the whole regiment deplored his being separated from them. He, had no doubt but that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy, and that in some exchange of prisoners, or in the event of a peace, he would be restored to his parents and country again.

This letter gave us some consolation. It encouraged us to cherish the hope of pressing our beloved son again to our breasts. Three years passed and no tidings of him. Anxiety preyed sadly upon Agnes' health and spirits, and I could not drive away a settled melancholy.

About that time a brother of mine, who was a bachelor, died in the East Indies, and left me four thousand pounds. This was a great addition to our fortune, and we hardly knew what to do with it. I may say that it made us uunhappy for we thought that we had nobody to leave it to, and he who ought to have inherited it, and whom it would have made independent, we knew not whether he was in the land of the living, or strange corpse in a foreign grave. Yet I resolved that for his sake I would not spend one farthing of it, but let it lie at interest; and I even provided in a will which I made, that unless he cast up, and claimed it, no one should derive any benefit from either principal or interest until fifty years after my death.

I have said, that the health of Agnes had broken down beneath her weight of sadness,

and as she had a relation, who was a gentleman of much respectability, that then resided in the neighborhood of Kelso, it was agreed that we should spend a few weeks at his house in the summer. I entertained the hope that that society, and the beautiful scenery around Kelso, with the white chalky braes\* overlaid with trees, and the bonny islands in the Tweed, with mansions, palaces, and rocks all embosomed in a paradise as fair and fertile as ever land could boast of, would have a tendency to cheer her spirits, and ease, if not remove, the one heavy and continuing sorrow, which lay like an everlasting night upon her heart, weighing her to the grave.

Her relation was a well-educated man—he had been an officer in the army in youth, and had seen foreign parts. He was also quite independent in his worldly circumstances, and as hospitable as he was independent. There was at that period a number of French officers, prisoners, at Kelso, and several of them who were upon their parole, were visitors at the house of my wife's relation.

There was one amongst them, a fine, stern looking man of middle age, and who was addressed as Count Berthe. He spoke our language almost as well as if he had been a native. He appeared to be interested when he heard that my name was Goldie, and one day after dinner, when the Count was withdrawn, and my wife's relation had ordered the punch upon the table—"Goldie! Goldie!" said the Count repeating my name, "I can tell one story which concerns me much, concerning one Monsieur Goldie. When I was governor of castle La-Land (he called it by some foreign name, which I cannot repeat to you)—there was brought me (he added) to be placed under my charge, a young British officer whose name was Charles Goldie. I do not recollect the number of his regiment, for he was not in uniform when he came to me. He was a handsome man, but represented as a terrible, who made a violent attempt to escape after being taken prisoner, and his desperate bravery in the field was also recorded. I was requested to treat him with the respect due to a brave man, but

\*It is evidently from the beautiful chalk cliff near Ednam House, though now a very prominent object) that Kelso derives its name—as is proved by (the very ancient spelling,