

came over the spirit of reckless, roving Peter. He saw Ann; and an invisible hand seemed suddenly to strike him on the breast. His heart leaped to his throat. His eyes were riveted. He felt as if a flame passed over his face. Mr. Graham told his longest stories, and Peter sat like a simpleton: hearing every word, indeed, but not comprehending a single sentence. His entire soul was fixed on the fair being before him: every sense was swallowed up in a sight. Ringlets of a shining brown were parted over her fair brow; but Peter could not have told their colour; her soft blue eyes occasionally met his, but he noted not their hue. He beheld her lovely face, where the rose and the lily were blended; he saw the almost sculptured elegance of her form: yet it was neither on these, on the shining ringlets, nor the soft blue eyes, that his spirit dwelt, but on Ann Graham, their gentle possessor: he felt as he had never felt before, and he knew not wherefore.

Next day, and every day, found Peter at the house of Captain Graham: and often as love's own hour threw its grey mantle over the hills, he was to be seen wandering with the gentle Ann by his side, on the sea planks by the beach, and in the unfrequented paths. Again and again, when no eye saw them, and when no ear heard them, he had revealed the fulness of his heart before her! and in the rapture of the moment, sealed his truth upon her lips, while she, with affection too deep for words, would fling her arm across his shoulder, and hide her face on his breast to conceal the tear of joy and of love.

His parents looked upon Ann as their future daughter; and, with Peter, the course of "true love ran smooth." A farm had been taken in an adjoining parish, on which he was to enter at the following Whitsunday; and on taking possession of his farm, Ann Graham was to become his bride. Never did exile long more ardently for his native land, than did Peter Paterson for the coming Whitsunday; but, ere it came, the poetical truth was verified, that

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Contiguous to the farm of Foxlaw, lay the estate of one Laird Horslie—a young gentleman but little known in the neighbourhood; for he had visited it but once, and that only for a few weeks since it came into his possession. All that was known of him was, that he wrote J. P. after his name—that he was

a hard landlord, and had the reputation of spending his rents faster than his factor could forward them to him. To him belonged the farm that had been taken for Peter; and it so happened that before the Whitsunday which was to make the latter happy arrived, the laird paid a second visit to his estate. At the kirk, on the Sunday, all eyes were fixed on the young laird. Captain Graham was one of his tenants, and occupied a pew immediately behind the square seat of the squire. But while all eyes were fixed upon Laird Horslie, he turned his back upon the minister and gazed and gazed again upon the lovely countenance of Ann Graham. All the congregation observed it. Ann blushed and hung her head; but the young squire, with the privilege of a man of property, gazed on unabashed. What was observed by all the rest of the congregation, was not unobserved by Peter. Many, with a questionable expression in their eyes, turned them from the Laird, and fixed them upon him. Peter observed this also, and his soul was wroth: his face glowed like a furnace; he stood up in his seat, and his teeth were clenched together: his fist was once or twice observed to be also clenched; and he continued scowling on the laird, wishing in his heart for ability to annihilate him with a glance.

Next day the squire called upon the old skipper, and he praised the beauty of Ann in her own presence, and in the presence of her parents. But there was nothing particular in this; for he called upon all his tenants, he chatted with them, tasted their bottle, paid compliments to their daughters, and declared that their sons did honour to

"Scotland's glorious peasantry."

Many began to say that the Laird was a "nice young gentleman"—that he had been "wickedly misca'd; and the factor "got the wyte o' a." His visits to Mr. Graham's cottage, however, were continued day after day; and his attentions to Ann became more and more marked. A keen sportsman himself, he was the implacable enemy of poachers, and had strictly prohibited shooting on his estate; but to the old skipper the privilege was granted of shooting when and where he pleased.—Instead, therefore, of seeing Peter Paterson and the old seaman in the fields together, it was no uncommon thing to meet the skipper and the squire. The affection of the former indeed had wonderfully cooled towards his intended son-in-law. Peter saw and felt this