

.H. The fallow didna pay eighteen-  
 e to the pound—and there was three  
 and gaen out of my five! It was nae  
 with a young family, to talk of living on  
 interest o' our money now: 'We maun  
 a farm,' says I; and baith Jeanie and her  
 her saw the necessity: so I took a farm,  
 it took the thick end of eight hundred  
 ds to stock it: however, I found mysel'  
 pair at home, for I had employment for  
 mind and hands, and Jeanie made an  
 ellent farmer's wife: we couldna exactly  
 we were making siller, yet we were losing  
 ing, and every year laying by a little:—  
 e was a deepish burn ran near the on-  
 al: our youngest lassie was about nine  
 us auld: it was the summer time: and  
 had been paidling in the burn, and soom-  
 feathers and bits of sticks; I heard an  
 o' noise, and bairns screamin'. I looked  
 and I saw them running and shouting:  
 'Miss Jeanie!' I rushed out to the barn-yard  
 'That is't, bairns?' cried I. 'Miss Jeanie!  
 Jeanie!' said they, pointing to the barn  
 fairly flew: the burn, after a spate on  
 hills, often cam awa wi' a fury that nae-  
 could resist. The flood had come awa  
 in my bairn—and there as I ran did I see  
 bonny yellow hair whirled round an'  
 a, sinking out o' my sight, and carried  
 a down the stream. There was a linn  
 at thirty yards frae where I saw her, and  
 how I rushed to snatch a grip of her  
 e she was carried ower the rocks!—but  
 poor little Jeanie was baith felled and  
 wned, I plunged into the wheel below  
 linn, and got her out in my arms. I ran  
 her to the house, an' I laid my drowned  
 on her mother's kneec. Every thing  
 could be done was done, and a doctor  
 brought frae Dunse; but the spark o' life  
 out o' my bit Jeanie. Jeanie took our  
 n's death far sairer to heart than I did:  
 several years she was never hersel again  
 and just seemed dwining awa. Sea-bath-  
 was strongly recommended, and as she  
 a friend in Portobello, I got her to gang  
 e: Margaret was now about eighteen,  
 her brother Andrew about fifteen, and  
 king it would do them good, I allowed  
 m to gang wi' their mither: but it was  
 ear bathing to me. Margaret was an al-  
 lassie a'thegither: she used to be as  
 e as a lark in May, and now there was  
 getting her to do ony thing; but she sat

couring and unhappy, and seighin' every  
 handel-a-while, as though she were misera-  
 ble: it was past my comprehension, and her  
 mother could assign nae particular reason for  
 it: as for Andrew he did naething but yam-  
 mer, yammer, frae morn till night, about the  
 sea—or sail boats rigged with lead and paper  
 sails, in the burn: he had been down about  
 Leith, and had seen the ships, and naething  
 wad do but he would be a sailor—but me and  
 his mother wadna hear tell o't: we had suffer-  
 ed enough frae the burn at our door, not  
 to trust our only son upon the ocean. Ae  
 night he didna come in as usual for his four  
 hours, and supper time cam, and we sent a'  
 round about to seek him, but with no success  
 —it struck me at once he had gane to sea—  
 and I set out immediately for Leith, but did  
 nae get any trace o' him: this was a terrible  
 trial, and it was mair than a twelvemonth  
 before we heard of him. The first letter  
 frae him was from Bengal. But Andrew's  
 rinnin' awa was no the only trial that we had  
 to bear up against. As I was tellin' ye there  
 was an unco change ower Margaret since  
 she had come frae the bathin': and a while  
 after a young lad that her mother said they  
 had met wi' at Portobello, began to come  
 about the house. He was the son of a mer-  
 chant in Edinburgh, and pretended that he  
 had come to learn to be a farmer wi' a neigh-  
 bour o' ours. He was a wild, thoughtless,  
 foppish-looking lad, and I didna like him:—  
 but Margaret, silly thing, was clean daft  
 about him. Late and early I found him  
 about the house, and I tauld him I couldna  
 allow him nor ony person to be within my  
 doors at any such hours. Weel, this kind of  
 wark was carried on for mair than a year;  
 and a' that I could say or do, Margaret and  
 him were never separate, till at last he drap-  
 ped aff coming to the house, and our daugh-  
 ter did naething but seigh and greet. After  
 bringing her to the point o' marriage, he ei-  
 ther wadna or durstna fulfil his promise, un-  
 less I wad pay into his loof a thousand  
 pounds as her portion. I could afford my  
 daughter nae sic sum, and especially no to  
 be thrown awa on the like o' him. But Jean-  
 ie cam to me wi' the tears on her cheeks  
 and 'O David!' says she, 'there's naething  
 for't but parting wi' a thousand pounds on the  
 ae hand, or our bairn's death—and her—  
 shame! on the ither!. Oh, if a knife had  
 been driven through my heart, it couldna