

Lizzy thought for a moment, then burst into a loud laugh, and said—

"Oh! I daresay I did; but, dear me, sir, I meant the goat—oor ain goat, Tam—wha had been abusin a' my claes wi' his dirty feet."

The minister laughed, and John stared in amazement. Need we say more? All was made up, and the two lovers were afterwards married.

THE ROYAL BRIDAL; OR, THE KING MAY COME IN THE CADGER'S WAY.

Early in July, in the year of grace 1503, Lamberton Moor presented a proud and right noble spectacle. Upon it was spread a city of pavilions, some of them covered with cloth of the gorgeous purple and glowing crimson, and decorated with ornaments of gold and silver. To and fro, upon brave steeds, richly caparisoned, rode a hundred lords and their followers, with many a score of gay and gallant knights and their attendant gentlemen. Fair ladies, too, the loveliest and the noblest in the land, were there. The sounds of music from many instruments rolled over the heath. The lance gleamed, and the claymore flashed, and war-steeds neighed, as the notes of the bugle rang loud for the tournament. It seemed as if the genius of chivalry had fixed its court upon the earth.

It may be meet, however, that we say a word or two concerning Lamberton, for tho' now-a-days, it may lack the notoriety of Gretna in the annals of matrimony, and though its "*run of business*" may be of a humbler character, there was a time when it could boast of prouder visitors than ever graced the Gretna blacksmith's temple. To the reader, therefore, who is unacquainted with our eastern Borders, it may be necessary to say, that, at the northern boundary of the lands appertaining to the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and about three miles, a urlong, and few odd yards from this oft recorded good town, a dry stone wall, some thirty inches in height, runs from the lofty and perpendicular sea-banks over a portion of what may be termed the fag-end of Lammermoor, and now forming a separation between the laws of Scotland and the jurisdiction of the said good town; and on crossing to the northern side of this humble but important stone-wall you stand on the lands of Lamberton. Rather more than a stone-throw from the sea, the great north road between

London and Edinburgh forms a gap in the wall aforesaid, or rather "dyke;" and there on either side of the road, stands a low house in which Hymen's high priests are ever ready to make one flesh of their worshippers. About a quarter of a mile north of these, may still be traced something of the ruins of the kirk, where the princess of England became the bride of the Scottish king, and the first link of the golden chain of Union, which eventually clasped the two nations in one, may be said to have been formed.

The gay and gallant company were assembled on Lamberton, for within the walls of its kirk, the young, ardent, and chivalrous James IV. of Scotland was to receive the hand of his fair bride, Margaret of England, whom Dunbar describes as a

"Fresche rose, of cullor reid and white."

The wild heath presented all the splendour of a court, and the amusements of a crowded city. Upon it were thousands of spectators, who had come to witness the royal exhibitions and the first durable bond of amity between the two rival nations. Some crowded to behold the tourneyings of the knights with sword, spear, and battle-axe; others to witness the representation of plays, written "expressly for the occasion;" while a third party were delighted with the grotesque figures and positions of the morris-dancers; and a fourth joined in, or were spectators of, the humbler athletic exercises of wrestling, leaping, putting the stone, and throwing the hammer.

All, too, were anxious to see the young king, whose courage and generosity were the theme of minstrels, and of whom one sayeth,

"And ye Christian princes, whosoever ye be,
If ye be destitute of a noble captainye,
Take James of Scotland for his audacity
And proved manhood, if ye will laud attayne."

But the young monarch was as remarkable for his gallantry and eccentricity, as for his