

been so called after his own relations. His earnings did not exceed eight or nine shillings a week, but even out of this sum he did not permit the one half to go to the support of his family, and that half was doled out most reluctantly, penny by penny. For 20 years he had never entrusted his wife with the management or the keeping of a single sixpence. With her, of a verity, money was but a *sight*, and that generally in the smallest coins of the realm. She seldom had an opportunity of contemplating the gracious countenance of his Majesty, and when she had it was invariably upon copper. If she needed but a penny to complete the cooking of a dinner, the children had to run for it to the fields, the quarry, or the hedge-side where their father might be at work, and then it was given with a lecture against their mother's extravagance! Extravagance indeed! to support seven mouths for a week out of five shillings! I have spoken of dinners, and I should tell you that bread was seen in the house but once a day, and that only of the coarsest kind. Potatoes were the staple commodity, and necessity taught Mrs. Donaldson to cook them in twenty different ways; and although butcher meat was never seen beneath Andrew's roof, with the exception of pork of their own feeding, in a very small portion once a week, yet the kindness of the cook in the squire's family, who occasionally presented her with a jar of *kitchen-fee*, enabled her to dress up her potatoes in modes as various and palatable to the hungry, as they were creditable to her own ingenuity and frugality. Andrew was a man of no expensive habits himself; he had never been known to spend a penny upon liquor of any kind but once, and that was at the christening of his youngest child, who was baptized in the house, when it being a cold and stormy night, and the minister having far to ride, and withal being labouring under a cold, he said he would thank Andrew for a glass of spirits. The frugal father thought the last born of his flock had made an expensive entry into existence, but handing two pence to his son Paul, he desired him to bring a glass of spirits to his reverence. The spirits were brought in a milk-pot, but a milk-pot was an unsightly and an unseemly vessel out of which to ask a minister to drink.— The only piece of crystal in the house was a footless wine-glass out of which a grey innet drank, and there was no alternative but to take it from the cage, clean it, pour the spirits into it, and hand it, bottomless as it was,

to the clergyman, and this was done accordingly. For twenty years this was all that Andrew Donaldson was known to have spent on ale, wine, or spirits; and as from the good that his children had been able to do, he had not contributed a single sixpence to his earnings towards the maintenance of a house, it was generally believed that he could not be worth less than two or three hundred pounds. Where he kept his money, how often, or who was his banker, no one could tell. Some believed that he was saving in order to emigrate to Canada and purchase land, but this was only a surmise. For weeks and months he was frequently wont to manifest the deepest anxiety. His impatience was piteous to behold, but why he was anxious and impatient no one could tell. The fits of anxiety were as frequently succeeded by others of the deepest despondency, during both his wife and children feared to look in his face, to speak or move in his presence. As his despondency was wont to wear away, his penuriousness in the same degree increased, and at such periods a penny for the most necessary purpose was obstinately refused.

Such was the life and habits of Andrew Donaldson, until his son Paul, who was the chief of his family, had attained the age of three and twenty, and his daughter Rebecca, the youngest, was seventeen, when on Saturday evening he returned from the market town, so changed, so elated, (though evidently not with strong drink,) so kind and happy, and withal so proud, that his wife and his sons and daughters marvelled, and looked at each other with wonder. He walked backward and forward across the street with his arms crossed upon his breast, his head thrown back, and he stalked with majestic stride of a stage-king in a tragee. He took the fragment of a mirror, which he had fastened in pieces of parchment against the wall and endeavoured as he walked to see his own face, and as its size and its half-triangular form would admit, to survey himself from head to foot. His family gazed at him and at each other with increased astonishment.

"The man's possessed!" whispered Mrs. Donaldson in terror.

He thrust his hand into his pocket, he drew out a quantity of silver.

"Go, Miss Rebecca," said he, "and on your way to John Bell of the King's Head to send Mr. Donaldson a bottle of brandy, and a bottle of his best wine, instantly."