

as an ensign. I thought the money well spent, as it tended to promote the respectability and prospects of my son.

Four years afterwards his mother and I had the satisfaction of reading in the public papers, that he had been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant upon the field for his very. On the following day we received a letter from himself confirming the tidings, which gave us great joy. Nevertheless our joy was mingled with fears, for we were always apprehensive, that some day or other we would find his name among the list of the dead and wounded. And always the first thing his mother said to me when I took up the papers, was—"Read the list of the killed and wounded." And I always did so with a slow, hesitating, and faltering voice, fearing that the next I should mention would be the name of my son Lieutenant Goldie.

There was very severe fighting at the front and every post was bringing news concerning the war. One day, (I remember it was a king's fast day) several neighbors and I were leaning against a dyke, upon the footpath opposite my house and waiting for the postman coming from Ayton, to hear what was the news of the day. As he approached I thought he looked very demure and was not as usual, for he was as cheerful looking a little man as you could possibly see.

"Well Hughie," said I to him, holding out my hand for the papers, "ye look dull like to-day; I hope ye have no bad news?" "I would hope not, Mr. Goldie," said he, giving me the paper walked on.

At a moment that Agnes saw that I had got the paper she came running out of the house, to hear what was the news of the day. I read a list of the killed and wounded and, as my neighbors gathered round about me. I had been, I ought to tell ye, a severe battle, and both the French and our army had the victory; from which we may see that there was no great triumph on either side. But agreeably to my wife's wish, I first read over the list of the killed, and then the missing. I got over the two lists mentioned; but O! at the sight of the name upon the missing list, I clasped my hands together, and the paper dropped to the ground.

"Robbie! my son! my son!" I cried

Agnes uttered a piercing scream, and cried, "O my bairn!—what has happened to my bairn? Is he dead? Tell me, is my Robbie dead?"

Our neighbors gathered about her and tried to comfort her, but she was insensible to all that they could say. The first name on the missing list was that of my gallant son. When the first shock was over, and I had composed myself a little, I also strove to console Agnes; but it was with great difficulty that we could convince her that Robin was not dead, and that the papers did not say he was wounded.

"O then," she cried, "what do they say about him. Tell me at once. Roger Goldie! how can ye, as the father of my bairn, keep me in suspense?"

"O, dear Agnes," said I, "endeavor, if it be possible, to moderate your grief; I am sure ye know I would not keep you in suspense if I could avoid it. The papers only say that Robin is *amissing*."

"And what mean they by that?" she cried.

"Why," said I to her, "they mean that he pursued the enemy too far,—or possibly that he may have fallen into their hands and be a prisoner; but that he had not cast up when the accounts came away."

"Yes! yes!" she exclaimed with great bitterness, "and it perhaps means that his body is lying dead upon the field, but hasna been found."

And she burst out into louder lamentations, and all our endeavors to comfort her were in vain. Though, in fact, my sufferings were almost as great as hers.

We waited in the deepest anxiety for several days, always hoping that we would hear some tidings concerning him, but none came. I therefore wrote a letter to the War Office, and I wrote also to his Colonel. From the War Office I received a letter from a clerk, saying that he was commanded to inform me, that they could give me no information relative to Lieutenant Goldie, beyond what was contained in the public prints.—The whole letter did not exceed three lines. You would have said that the writer had been employed to write a certain number of letters in a day, at so much a day, and the sooner he got through his work the better.—I set it down in my mind that he had