

the teacher withdrawn, than, fixing her admiring eyes on her son, she said—

"O Peter, man, what a delivery ye hae!—an' sae fu' o' the dictioner! 'Troth but ye wad cut a finger i' the poopit! There wad nae dust gather on your cushion--there wad be nae sleeping, nodding, or snoring, while my Peter was preachin'. An', oh, hinny, but ye will mak me a glad mother, if ye'll consent to gang to the college! Ye wadna be lang o' gettin' a kirk, my man—I can tell ye that: an' if ye'll only consent to gang, ye shanna want pocket-money that your faither kens naething about; my bairn shall appear wi' the best o' them. For syne ever ye was an infant, it has aye been my hope an' my prayer, Peter, to see ye a minister; an' I ne'er sent a hunder eggs or a basket o' butter to the market, but Peter's pennies were aye laid aside, to keep his pockets at the college."

Peter was, in the main, a most dutiful and most affectionate son; but on this point he was strangely stubborn; and he replied;

"Wheesht, mother! wheesht! nae mair about it."

"Nae mair aboot it, bairn!" said she; "but I maun say mair aboot it; man! wad ye fling awa your learnin' at a dyke-side, an' yer talents at a plough-tail? Wad ye just break yer mother an' faither's heart? O Peter! Peter, man, hae ye nae spirit ava? What is yer objection?"

"Weel, keep your temper, mother," said he, "an' I'll tell ye candidly: the kirk puts a straight-jacket on a body that I wadna hae elbow-room in!"

"What do ye mean, ye graceless?" added she, in a voice betokening a sort of horror.

"Oh, naething particular; only, for example, sic bits o' scandal as, the Reverend Peter Paterson was called before the session for shooting on his ain glebe; or, the Reverend Peter Paterson was summoned before the presbytery for leistering a salmon at the foot o' Tammy the Miller's dam; or, the Reverend Peter Paterson was ordered to appear before the General Assembly for clappin' Tammy the Miller's servant lassie on the shoulder, an' ca'ing her a winsome quean—or!"

"Or!" exclaimed his impatient and mortified mother; "Oh, ye forward an' profane rascal ye! how daur ye speak in sic a train; or wad ye be guilty o' sic unministerial conduct? wad ye disgrace the coat by sic ungodly behaviour?"

"There's nae sayin', mother," added he: "but dinna be angry; I'm sure, if I did either shoot, leister, or clap a bonny lassie on the shoulder, ye wadna think it unlike your son Peter."

"Weel, weel," said the good natured matron, softened down by his manner; "it's true your faither says, 'it's nae use striving aganest the stream: an' a' gifts arena graces. But if ye'll no be a minister, what will ye be? Wad ye no like to be a writer or advocate?"

"Worse an' worse, mother! I wad rather beg than live on the misery of another."

"Then, caillan," added Betty, shaking her head, and sighing as she spoke; "I dinna ken what we'll do wi' ye. Will ye no be a doctor?"

"What!" said Peter, laughing, and assuming a theatrical attitude; "an apothecary! make an apothecary of me! and cramp my genius over a pestle and mortar? No, mother; I will be a farmer, like my father before me."

"Oh, ye ne'er-do-weel, as your maister ca's ye!" said his mother, as she rose and left the room in a passion; "ye'll be a play actor yet, an' that will be baith seen an' heard tell o', an' bring disgrace on us a'."

Peter was, however, spell-bound to the vicinity of Foxlaw by stronger ties than an aversion to the college or a love for farming: he was about seventeen, when a Mr. Graham, with his wife and family, came and took up his residence in one of the respectable looking houses adjacent to the village. Mr. Graham had been a seafaring man; it was repeated the master of a small privateer; and in that capacity had acquired, as the villagers expressed it, "a sort of money." He had a family of several children: but the eldest was a lovely girl called Ann, about the same age as Peter Paterson. Mr. Graham was fond of his gun, and so was Peter: they frequently met on the neighbouring moors, and an intimacy sprang up between them. The old sailor also began to love his young companion: for though a landsman, he had a bold, reckless spirit: he could row, reef, and steer, and swim like an amphibious animal: and though only a boy, he was acknowledged to be the only boxer, and the best leaper, runner, and wrestler in the country side: moreover, he could listen to a long yarn over a glass of old grog, toss on his heel-taps like a man; and these qualifications drawing the heart of the skipper toward him, he invited him to his house. But here a change