

Here the victim of procrastination finished his narrative. The storm had passed away, and the sun again shone out. The man had interested me, and we left the gardens together. I mentioned that I had to go into the city: he had business there also, and asked me to accompany me. I could not refuse him. From the door by which we left the gardens, our route lay by way of Oxford Street. As we proceeded down Holborn, the church bell of St. Sepulchre's began to toll: and the crowd, collected round the top of Newgate Street, indicating an execution. As we approached the place, the criminal was brought forth. He was a young man about nineteen

years of age, and had been found guilty of an aggravated case of housebreaking. As the unhappy being turned round to look upon the spectators, my companion gave a convulsive shriek, and, springing from my side exclaimed—'Righteous Heaven! my Willie! my murdered Willie!'—He had proceeded but a few paces, when he fell with his face upon the ground. In the wretched criminal he discovered his lost, his only son. The miserable old man was conveyed, in a state of insensibility, to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, where I visited him the next day: he seemed to suffer much, and, in a few hours, died with a shudder, and the word *Procrastination* on his tongue:

THE BRIDE OF BRAMBLEHAUGH.

It has been stated by the greatest critics of the world ever saw—whose names we would mention, if we did wish to avoid interfering with the simplicity of our humble annals—that no fictitious character ought to be made once virtuous and unfortunate; and the reason given for it is, that mankind, having a natural tendency to a belief of an adjustment, even in this world, of the claims of virtue and deserts of vice, are displeased with a representation which at once overturns this belief and creates dissatisfaction with the works of Providence. This may be very true criticism, and we have no wish to find fault with it as applied to works intended to produce a certain effect on the minds of readers; but so long as Nature and Providence are represented with machinery whose secret springs are hid from our view, and evince—doubtless for wise purposes—a disregard of the adjustment of rewards and punishment for virtue and vice, we shall not want higher authority than the critics for exhibiting things as they are, and portraying them on the page of truth, wet with unavailing tears, goodness that went ungraved, not only unrewarded, but struck with griefs that should have dried the eyes and grizzled the hairs of the wicked.

A little haugh that runs parallel to the road—at a part of its course not far from the sea, and through which there creeps a bed of white pebbles, a little burn,

whose voice is so small, except at certain places where a larger stone rises its 'sweet anger' to the height of a tiny 'buller,' that the lowest note of the goldfinch drowns it and charms it to silence—there stood, about the middle of the last century, a cottage, whose white walls and dark roof, with some white roses and honeysuckle flowering on its walls, bespoke the humble retreat of contentment and comfort. The place went by the name of Bramblehaugh, from the sides of the small burn being lined, for several miles, with the wild plant whose name has entered into the composition of that of the hollow or haugh where it grew. The sloping collateral ground was covered with shrubs and trees of various kinds, which harbored, in the summer months, a great collection of birds—the blackbird, the starling, the mavis, and others of the tuneful choir—whose notes rendered harmonious the secluded scene where they sang unmolested. The spot is one of which scattered sparingly over a wild country, woo the footsteps of lovers of nature, and, by a few months of their simple charms, regenerate the health, while they quicken and gratify the business clouded fancies of the denizens of smoky towns.

The cottage we have now described was occupied by David Mearns, and his wife Elizabeth, called, by our national contraction, Betty. The individuals earned a live-