

to hospitality and benevolence." And from such expressions, parts of which he always eagerly caught, George inferred that his brother was to be placed in a state of dependence upon himself, and that, of course, he must heir his uncle's property; for he had not yet learned, that mutual assistance are equally essential to happiness among the rich and poor.

Conscious of the vicissitudes of life, though a hale and vigorous man, Mr. Carlisle had made his will and arranged all his affairs, when the late war with the United States broke out. His father had been an officer in the service of his King; and the military spirit of the family was so far from being extinguished, that, tho' Mr. C. was exempt from military duty, he turned out promptly, and heading a company of volunteers, led them to the defence of their frontier.

James deeply impressed with the justice of our cause, and emulous of military renown, caught the enthusiasm of his ancestors; and he possessed the ability to impart that flame to others. Soon after the departure of Mr. Carlisle, and through his influence at head quarters, his nephew obtained authority to raise a volunteer corps under his own command: and he soon succeeded in marshalling a company of the flower of the country, who after taking leave of their homes, their relations, and, perchance, many whom they held still more dear, followed their gallant commander to the field of war.

George, either from real or affected indisposition, declined entering the service. His effeminate soul probably shrunk from the scenes of blood and carnage which floated in his imagination. Spleen, too, arising from the distinction of his brother, might have determined him not to serve in a lower capacity; and because he possessed not enterprise enough to attain the same rank, he chose rather to owe his protection to spirits and sinews more worthy of their country.

Other considerations, perchance, constrained the envious brother to linger treacherously in the background. James had long and tenderly loved Julia Wilmot, who was every way worthy of his heart. And though she was poor, like himself, in fortune, they were both rich in that which would have reconciled them to a hut, a hermitage, or a desert, could their hands, and names, and destinies have been one. And although George had never evinced any partiality for Julia, yet he often betrayed his envy of that felicity which his brother derived from her unwavering love; and now that there was twofold grounds for envy, he resolved to attempt the rivalship of her absent suitor.

(Remainder in our next.)

Selected.

JAMIE LAWDIE.

Eccentricities of character have afforded the theme of many a lengthy and grave dissertation on human nature; but from the little story I have to tell you to day, it is not my object to deduce propositions or to draw conclusions of any kind. I had almost forgotten my old friend, Jamie Lawdie, and an odd circumstance recalled him to my mind the other evening. As I was taking a walk in a retired wood, some distance from Alesbury, my attention was arrested by the sound of music, which as it mingled with the whistle of the winds among the branches of the trees around, softly fell upon my ear and created within me a resistless curiosity to see whence it originated. I followed in the direction from which it came, and having reached an open space on the side of the great road, a spectacle presented itself too ludicrous for description. A huge brawny figure, with arms and legs like handspikes, flying in every direction, was dancing what, for aught I know, was a "Highland walloch" on the green turf, to the sound of a bagpipe, which ever and anon a black looking fellow squeezed under his left arm. At the foot of a large tree sat a scowling dame, by the side of a large hand-basket, and near her the dancing Goliath's hat, coat and shoes were deposited. I observed that whenever a tune was ended the piper sung out, "Will ye hae anither Jamie?" and "Ay mon, anither, anither," was the constant reply, in spite of all the guide wife, for so she was, could say, though she as often repented, "Come now and gang hame Jamie Lawdie!" with an air that betokened small hope was hers.

How long this game was kept up to the joy of old Jamie, and the diversion of the piper, and the vexation of the poor woman, I know not, but I returned home determined to neglect Jamie no longer, whose deeds, were they all related, would place him upon the shelf with the most renowned heroes of romance.

Jamie Lawdie came to Alesbury many years since, a poor man from the highlands of Scotland, and, taking up his residence not far distant, soon became as famous as any one for turning a penny. He had at that time all the eccentricities of the land o' cakes about him, and tho' years have sprinkled snow drops on his head, he is the same being as Jamie Lawdie of thirty-five was.

Jamie was engaged, at first, in farming, and soon became so reputable a character, that he was up at the market among the finest beaux in all the country, and time proved him to be no loon a bidding neither; for it was not long before he fixed his eye upon the very finest belle in Alesbury. Jennie Shaw, as he used to call her, had been wooed by almost every youngster within half a dozen miles, and had at one time or another refused them all. Every little miss wished her married, and at least half the young masters were heartily jealous of every visit she received,

lest they should be finally left in the lurch. Amid such a combination of difficulties, any one but Jamie might have shrunk aghast. But these only put springs to his ambition and added fire to his love. She would not have received him as a lover, but she could not refuse his visits as a friend; and instead of making love the usual way, he amused the fair one by telling of the bogles and brownies, and elfins, of "auld Scotia." Often, when his wonderful tales were told of an evening, she looked wistfully round her if the door cracked or the cat mewed, and many a sleepless night had she on Jamie's account, not thinking, indeed, of him, but of the dread half human, half spiritual things which haunted the glens and danced over the the floods and sang in the mountains of his Scotland.

Jamie lost no opportunity of making a complete convert of poor Jane to his country's faith in this respect, and he was equally successful. When convinced of this, he suffered his coldness very gradually to wear off, and professed himself the suitor. He was soon, however, given to understand, that he need not trouble himself upon that score, for she could have the squire's son, or the doctor's son, or dominie's son, when he was old enough, if, indeed, she did not refuse them all and take the young merchant who was coming from the city, as she heard, to spend the summer in Alesbury; and Jamie went away, as little disheartened, however, as could have been expected.

A few evenings after this, Jamie learning that his Jane was at a neighboring house, from which, on her return home, she would have to pass a low piece of swamp and meadow, resolved to put a plan he had long been preparing, in execution. The old horse was brought up—half a dozen geese were caught, tied in a string, and thrown across him, and Jamie, horribly metamorphosed in a huge cap and cloak, mounted and rode to the wood by the side of the meadow that Jane was to pass. He had not waited long before she came tripping over, as fast as her feet could carry her; and as soon as he saw her opposite, forth he rushed, and urging his horse over two or three deep ditches, was beside the frightened girl directly; and while the geese cried and flapped their wings, and the horse reared and snorted he said, in a shrill tone, "Jennie Shaw, ye see a bogle!"—"Oh Lord deliver us!" cried Jennie, as she fell upon her knees before him. "Nay, I will na harm ye! gin ye'll heed what I hae to say at ye! ye knaw Jamie Lawdie; that he loes ye, and ye sall marry him Jennie!"—"I will, I will," said Jane. "An' ye sall na coquet wi' him Jennie at a'!"—"No, no!" replied Jane. "An' ye sall na tell your mither that ye sawed me, Jennie!"—"Never! never!" said Jane, breathless with terror. "Then gae an' mind that I say at ye, or ye'll hear from me again Jennie!"—"I will! I will!" said she, and Jamie Lawdie made his exit in a twinkling.

The next evening he walked over to the