

year or two, been intrusted with the humble charge of the cattle at Wedderlie; and, for the last two years, he had been employed about the garden and grounds at *the Place*, as the laird's mansion was called. He was naturally of a lively and ardent temperament, and the effects of his peculiar circumstances upon such a mind may easily be imagined. Subjected often to the most painful reflections, his sympathies were cultivated and enlarged; whilst his spirit was too buoyant to permit his reflections to produce any permanent depression or gloom, his mind was neither callous to suffering, nor wrapt up in its own. His employment at *the Place* formed, in his own estimation, the first step towards his future greatness; and his honest neighbors regarded it as a piece of great good luck, which he was likely to improve.

"Sic a carefu', weel doin', guid natured lad," they said; "he's weel worthy o't; and certis, he'll make the maist o't."

During the last two years, he had often seen and admired Jannet Graham. He had found many opportunities of showing little marks of attention and good nature to her parents—the most direct road to Janet's heart. He had sought occasions to pay frequent visits to the cottage; and he was altogether such a youth as was likely to gain the esteem and affection of such a family. He could talk sensibly with Walter, feelingly with Janet, and mingle his good feeling with merry jokes and a kind of unintentional simple flattery to her mother, who was not slow to perceive his growing regard for her beloved Janet—

"Weel pleased to see her bairn respected like the lave."

Janet was not slow to return the youth's regard, with a warmth she durst not acknowledge, even to herself, without many maiden fears and self reproaches. We need not detail the particulars of their growing intimacy—all our readers can imagine how they came to feel their hopes, their interests and their fates united. Her evening rambles were not less interesting, it will be believed, when they were accompanied by one she loved so much, and in whom she reposed so many hopes. She was certainly more happy now, that her anxieties were all relieved by her confidence in Henry Nichol; her melancholy cheered by the communion of his spirit, which, whilst it lent a ready sympathy, communicated also the influence of hope and buoyancy. Her solicitude about her parents became insensibly less painful, whilst her affection for them was not diminished; for Henry did not call away her affection from them when he increased her esteem for himself, by the tender interest he exhibited in all that concerned them. To him, the situation in which their attachment placed them, was peculiarly novel. He had, from his earliest years, had no parents to demand his regard, farther than in respect for their memory and regret for their loss. He had had no one to supply their place, none on whom he might bestow the overflowing sympathies of his heart, farther than the ordinary neighbors and companions who shared his general kindness and civility. Now he had found one to absorb every wish and aspiration of his soul, and give a direction to all his feelings. In Walter Arnott and his wife he found a father and mother; for he respected them for their own account, and loved them as a son for Janet's sake. He listened to all she said regarding them, as if it concerned himself, and participated all her solicitude about their welfare. Their welfare had all along been the favorite object of her contemplation—a desire for that amounted almost to a passion in her; and it naturally became a frequent subject of her conversation with one who possessed her unreserved confidence, and who delighted to enter into all her views and feelings. It became the subject of Henry's day-dreams; and her heart beat high when he talked, with warmth and confidence, of the ease and comfort that should yet crown their old age. He persuaded himself too, that nature had formed his Janet, for something better than the rank

of a peasant. Thus, his disposition to speculate on futuro prosperity and advancement was not checked—it had only received a new direction and impulse; and the desire to secure Janet's happiness, by relieving her parents from their embarrassments, and securing their independence, outstripped his power and his opportunities—outstripped his prudence too; for it prepared him to hazard all in any project that promised a speedy reward. In his arder, he saw no obstacle in the way, and even Janet's sober, chastened spirit, became animated by a portion of his enthusiasm, as he described in glowing colours, the happiness they should enjoy, when he had reached what seemed to her the objects of a lofty ambition. At times, indeed, they both (though unknown to each other) shrank from the prospect. She would sometimes venture to wish that they could have enjoyed, in calm and repose, the lot to which she deemed herself born. In his mind, too, the greater distance to which his schemes removed the prospect of their union, sometimes produced a gentle inclination towards the content and retirement of a lowlier fortune. But the contemplation of a higher destiny had become a habit with him; and the idea he had formed of Janet's character, as well as the situation of her parents, whose difficulties were not likely to be speedily relieved by the exertions of a peasant, gave a strength to this habit which he could not resist. For her, wealth had no attractions in itself, but, as she never doubted her lover's ability to accomplish all he proposed, she gave way to the pleasing delusion, and dwelt with delight on the prospect of seeing her parents enjoying ease and comparative affluence, and her Henry occupying the station to which, in her eyes, his virtues and talents entitled him. She was content in the contemplation of futuro happiness, which diverted her mind from the privations, but not from the duties of her present situation. She was happy in the enthusiastic affection of her own youthful and chosen lover, which sustained all her hopes and soothed all her cares.

While they were thus satisfied with the contemplation of a future good, the time present, and the course of events, though unwatched, was not delayed. The affairs of Walter Arnott had reached a crisis; a failure of his crop decided, at once, his wavering fortune. He waited upon the laird with a heavy heart, and sorely did it wound the old man's honest pride to acknowledge that he must retire from the struggle indebted to any man.

"Nay, be of good heart, Walter," said the laird; "indebted to me ye arena lang and faithfully hae ye tenanted the bit ground, an' sair hae ye fouchion to avoid this day, an' I may rather say that I regard myself as your debtor, for thirty years' tried worth, an' honest attachment to our ancient family. It grieves me that I cannot better reward it. Ye are free, however, from a' obligation to me. If ye think ye can do nan better, I shall only be payin' part o' my debt, when I offer ye a coo's grass in the bog park, a bit house, an' ony little employment ye can pit yer hand to about the place. I wish I could do mair," he said, with a sigh for the declining fortunes of his "ancient family," as he delighted to call it. Though offered with the best of feeling, it was accepted not without some feeling of abasement, but with the warmest gratitude; and Walter returned to his anxious wife and daughter, comforted, and in some measure, at ease.

Walter's errand to *the Place* had been observed by one individual with deep emotion. This was Henry Nichol. The young man reproached himself now with inactivity, and felt the necessity of instant exertion. Reports of the rapid success of many adventurers at a time when the awakening energies of society were daily rendering foreign trade more and more important and lucrative engagement, had reached our youth, even in the retirement of that moorland home. These reports were, perhaps, not a little exaggerated, either by the ignorance and admiration of his informants, or by the ardour of his own

disposition. The perils of such undertakings were little understood by him, and were, it may be, still less regarded; and he at once determined to embark all his darling hopes (he had nothing more to risk) in the chance. Poor Janet, amid her visions of happiness, never once inquired into the means by which it was to be achieved. Of a separation she had never once dreamed; and when he came, at length, after many an effort, to unfold his purpose to her, it came upon her like an electric shock: his absence—the thousand dangers to which he would be exposed—all was distraction to her. She yielded, at last, to the influence he possessed over her mind. She endeavoured to regard it as a thing that *must be*; and summoned all her woman's fortitude and endurance to submit to what she considered the arrangement of Providence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE LATE DR EDWARD MILLIGAN.—The surviving friends of the late Dr Milligan, and more particularly the numerous pupils he initiated into the theory of medicine, located as they now are in every part of the world, will be gratified to learn—should ever this notice meet their eyes—that a handsome monument has been erected to his memory, in Kirkbean church-yard, where his ashes repose, by his venerable father, who still moves about, wonderfully hale, with his faculties entire, although in the 86th year of his age. This monument was designed and executed by Mr Andrew Crombie, Dumfries, and is esteemed by all a chaste and tasteful specimen of monumental architecture. Technically it is called a Grecian tablet, and has the following inscription: In memory of Edward Milligan, M. D., born 1786, died 1st December, 1833. A man of general erudition, embracing even the abstrusest studies; remarkable for application, memory, and classical taste; an able mathematician, and a renowned teacher of the theory of medicine; the architect of his own status in society, who left behind him fame as well as fortune; one, in short, who opened for himself a path to distinction amidst obstacles as formidable as the compact granite of his native Criffel. As regard the public and private relations of life, more need not be said, than that for many years he supported his father comfortably, gave his brother's family a liberal education, and for many years before his death, scuttled a liberal sum on the poor of his native parish, who yet remember their benefactor with grateful hearts; and besides many donations to useful institutions, &c., he enjoyed all the comforts of life, thereby showing that he was not of a niggardly disposition. At his death he left a sum of not less than fifteen thousand pounds, to be distributed among his friends and favorites. What a bright example to young men to persevere in the study of science till they overcome obstacles.

The Halifax Gazette, of the 14th inst., says, A London Paper of the 6th ult. was brought by the Tory. The House of Lords, by a majority of 77, had deferred the consideration of the Irish Municipal Bill, in Committee until the 9th June.

The paper represents the Royal Exchange as in a gloomy state on the 6th May—the reduced value of produce of all kinds—the embarrassment of American Merchants, and of those trading with the East-Indies and China, are the causes assigned for the prevailing depression.

DEFINITIONS.—Latin—A language that is learned with great pain in early life, only to be afterwards forgotten.

Light of Nature.—Sun, moon, and stars.