

Having therefore partaken of his repast, he proposed that they should again fill the stoup to friendship's growth; and although Andrew was wroth and jealous because of the words which he had spoken, and the attention he had shewn to fair Janet, he was not made of materials to resist the proposition to have another cup. But while they were yet drinking it, Andrew's pony, which had repeatedly raised its fore foot and struck it heavily on the ground, as if calling on its master to "come," being either scared, or its patience being utterly exhausted, set off at a canter from the door. He had rushed out without his bonnet, but before he reached the road, it was full forty yards a-head of him, and the louder he called on it, the nearer did the pony increase its pace to a gallop.

Andrew had scarce reached the door, when the stranger drew out a well-lined purse, and after jerking it in his hand, he again placed it in his pocket, and more boldly than before renewed his gallantries to fair Janet. Emboldened, however, by what he conceived to have been his recent success, he now overshoot the mark; and as Andrew again reached the house, he was aroused by the cries of—

"Mother! Mother!—O Andrew! Andrew!"

Old Nancy's voice, too, broke upon his ears at its highest scolding pitch; but he could only distinguish the word "Scoundrel!"

He rushed into the room, and there he beheld his own Janet struggling in the embrace of the stranger.

"Villain!" cried Andrew, and the other started round—but with our fisherman at all times, it was but a word and a blow—and his blood, which before had been heated and fermenting, now boiled—he raised his hand and dealt a blow at his companion, which, before he could parry it, laid him prostrate on the floor.

"Base loon!" cried the stranger, starting to his feet, "ye shall rue that blow." And he flung off his bonnet as if to return it.

"Hooley, billy," said Andrew, "there is as little manliness in fighting afore women, as there was in your conduct to my bit Janet.—But naething will gie me mair satisfaction than a round wi' ye—so wi' a' my heart—come to the door, and the best man for it."

Blood was issuing from the lips of the stranger, but he seemed nothing loath to ac-

company his quondam friend to the door.—Janet, however, flung her arms around Andrew, and the old woman stood between them, and implored them, for her sake, to keep the peace towards each other.

"O sir!" cried she, "let there be nae such carryings on in my house. My dochter and me are twa lone women, and the disgrace o' such an on-carrying, and at such a time, too, when the king and a' the gentry are in the neighbourhood, might be attended by there's nae saying what consequences to me and mine. Andrew, man, I wonder that ye haena mair sense."

"Sense!" returned Andrew, "I hae haith sense and feeling; and had it been the king himsel that I saw layin' a hand upon my Janet, I would hae served him in the same way that I did that man."

"Ye brag largely and freely, neighbour," said the stranger, throwing down a noble upon the table to pay for his entertainment; "but we shall meet again where there are no women to interlere."

"Tak up your gowd, sir," replied Andrew, "for though I can boast o' nae sic sille coppers will pay for a' that we have had. I brought you in here to treat ye, and our quarrel shall make nae difference as to that. Set up your gowd again; and as to meetin' ye—I will meet ye the night, the mornin', any place, or at any time."

"I shall ask ye to meet me before ye dare," said the stranger; and leaving the coin upon the table as he left the house, "the gowd" added he, "will buy a gown and a bodice for the bosom of bonny Janet."

"I insist, sir, that you tak back the silver," said Andrew.

"Dearsake, Andrew," said old Nancy, "he's no offering it to you! It's no you that has ony right to refuse it." And taking the piece, she examined it with a look of dissatisfaction, turning it round and round in her fingers—wrapped it in a small piece of fine rag, which lay in a corner of the room, and mechanically slipped it into her pocket. But it was neither every day, every week, nor every year, that Nancy Hewitt saw a coin of gold.

On the third day after the encounter between Strong Andrew and the stranger, the last and great day of the festivities at Lamberton took place—for on that day the royal bride was to arrive. The summer se-