

terious providence that had twice intercepted the mail, and saved his life, when a stranger craved an audience. Sir John desired him to be admitted—and the robber entered.—He was habited, as we have before described, with the coarse cloak and coarser jerkin; but his bearing was above his condition. On entering, he slightly touched his beaver, but remained covered.

"When you have perused these," said he, taking the papers from his bosom, "cast them in the fire!"

Sir John glanced on them, started, and became pale—they were his death-warrants.

"My deliverer," exclaimed he, "how shall I thank thee—how repay the saviour of my life! My father—my children—thank him for me!"

The old Earl grasped the hand of the stranger; the children embraced his knees; and he burst into tears.

"By what name," eagerly inquired Sir John, "shall I thank my deliverer?"

The stranger wept aloud; and raising his beaver, the raven tresses of Grizel Cochrane fell upon the coarse cloak.

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the astonished and enraptured father—"my own child!—my saviour!—my own Grizel!"

It is unnecessary to add more—the imagination of the reader can supply the rest; and, we may only add, that Grizel Cochrane, whose heroism and noble affection we have here hurriedly and imperfectly sketched, was, tradition says, the grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart of Allanbank, and great-great-grandmother of Mr. Coutts, the celebrated banker.*

* Since the author of the "Tales of the Borders" first published the Tale of "Grizel Cochrane," a slightly different version of it appears in *Chambers' Journal*. There is no reason to doubt the fact of her heroism; but we believe it is incorrect, as is generally affirmed, to say that she was the grandmother of the late Sir John Stuart of Allanbank. Some weeks ago, the author of these Tales received a letter from Sir Hugh Stuart, son of Sir John referred to, stating that his family would be glad to have such a heroine as Grizel connected with their genealogy, but that they were unable to prove such connection.

ing and evening, Robin Paterson and his wife Betty called in their man-servant and their maid-servant into what now-a-days would be styled their parlour, and there the voice of Psalms, of reading the Word, and of prayer, was heard; and, moreover, their actions corresponded with their profession.—I say also they were respectable; for Robin Paterson rented a farm called Foxlaw, consisting of fifty acres, in which, as his neighbors said, he was "making money like hay"—for land was not three or four guineas an acre in those days. Foxlaw was in the south of Scotland, upon the east coast, and the farm-house stood on the brae-side, within a stone-throw of the sea. The brae on which Foxlaw stood, formed one side of a sort of deep valley or ravine; and at the foot of the valley was a small village, with a few respectable-looking houses scattered here and there in its neighborhood. Robin and Betty had been married about six years, when, to the exceeding joy of both, Betty brought forth a son, and they called his name Peter—that having been the Christian name of his paternal grandfather. Before he was six weeks old, his mother predicted he would be a prodigy; and was heard to say—"See, Robin, man, see!—did ye ever ken the like o' that?—see how he laughs!—he kens his name already! And Betty and Robin kissed their child alternately, and gloried in his smile. "O Betty," said Robin—for Robin was no common man—"that smile was the first spark o' reason glimmerin' in our infant's soul!—Thank God! the bairn has a' its faculties." At five years old Peter was sent to the village school, where he continued till he was fifteen; and there he was more distinguished as a pugilist than as a book-worm. Nevertheless, Peter contrived almost invariably to remain dux of his class; but this was accounted for by the fact, that, when he made a blunder, no one dared to *trap* him, well knowing that if he had done so, the moment they were out of school, Peter would have made his knuckles acquainted with their seat of superior knowledge. On occasions when he was fairly puzzled, and the teacher would put the question to a boy lower in the class, the latter would tremble and stammer, and look now at his teacher, and now squint at Peter, stammer again, and again look from the one to the other, while Peter would draw his book before his face, and, giving a scowling glent at the stam-

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF PETER PATERSON.

An every-day biographer would have said that Peter Paterson was the son of pious and respectable parents; and he would have been perfectly right, for the parents of Peter were both pious and respectable. I say they were pious; for, every week-night, as duly as the clock struck nine, and every Sabbath morn-