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JANUARY.

VOLUME 1.—NUMBER 3.

CABINET OF LITERATURE.

COMMENCING WITH

WILSON'S BORDER TALES.

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Toronto :

PRINTED BY JAMES GEDD.

160, KING-STREET.

1838.



Now, as my nevy is to be my heir, I think y duty to lay down a sort of chart—or it what you like—by which I would wish to shape his future conduct. I am glad ear that his head is of the right sort; let us have none of your fiddle ornaments t it. A lolly prow is not always the for a storm, and looks bad enough with itch stern. Beware, also, how you let to sea before his vessel is fairly rigged, ked, and waterproof—or, if you do, then out for his growing top-heavy, and cap- in the turn of a hand-spike. If you set off with a bare allowance of ballast, and out a single letter of credit—do you ex- him to bring home a cargo? It is stuff, —arrant stuff! All your boy exhibi- are downright swindling. Prodigies, oth!—why, parrots can speak, and jack- chatter. Or, to render myself intelli- to your agricultural senses, a tree blos- in its first year, and a selfish deluded plucks it up, exhibits it in the market,—the bud perishes, and the tree withers, e gaping lubbers wonder that it did not fruit! Now, Dick, this is exactly the with all your fast-selling miracles.— a boy the helm, and get him to the gery of the cabin again, if you can.

As to his love affurs, provided the girl of oice be virtuous, and tolerably pretty— gh neither very rich nor very intelligent e that you don't strike off at a tangent, like one of your own stupid cattle, run ter to his will. If you do, it will only en what you wish to prevent—or render rriage certain, which the young couple ight sufficiently doubtful. Besides, your sition might spoil a poor girl's reputation; I have always found that imputations, certain class, upon a man, are like marks upon the sand within a tide-mark; but a woman—a lovely, helpless woman—, adhere like a limpit to the rock. Be- this Dick, I am certain the most pow- d impression of moral rectitude you can int upon his heart, will be like a pistol d from a cock-boat, compared to the glo- and irresistible broadside of a seventy- when you contrast its influence upon ctions, with the delightful and conquer- emotions of love and esteem which he rtains for an amiable woman. Don't ch to me, Dick, for I know when the l, the world, and the flesh, war against better principles; and when early in- ctions, counsels, and all those sort of g, are fairly run down and drop astern. y, if a fellow just think for a moment of beautiful being, whose soul is as pure as blue sea on a summer day—if he just k of her— or of her last words—'Don't et me!'—Belay! is the word—about the helm—head round from the lee- e of inconsistency, and he is again qui- moored in the fair-way of virtue.

When he begins to shape into manhood, *Prudention* is the watchword; and what- he or others may think of his abilities, im douse *Presumption* and stow it be- hoist a *desire to please* at the fore-top, *Perseverance* at the helm, and *Civi- and Moderate Ambition* upon the watch. le say they like a plain-spoken, honest w, who says what he thinks. But it is

all a fudge. Just speak in the jack-blunt manner, which they praise, respecting themselves, and mark me, they will march off to another tune. Let any man practise this for a time, and he will soon be hated by every soul on board. I don't mean to advise dissimulation, but a man can get enemies enough without making them; therefore, where he has no good to say of a person, though they may have injured him, let him hold his tongue.

"Another thing, and an important one, for him to remember, is—he who is the king of good-fellows, and a 'good soul' amongst his associates, is styled by the public a thought- less man, and by his enemies a drunkard.— Now, Dick, in the world of business, a *good-fellow* simply means a *good-for-nothing*.— Therefore, see to it, and put my nevy on the look out; for, not to speak of the growing influence of habit, just attribute unsteadiness to a man, and you bring him a wind a-head—stop his credit, and hurl him to ruin head- long. Sobriety is his compass—sobriety is his passport.

"Again, Dick, I would neither wish to see him a booby nor a maw-worm; but I must tell you that the opinion the world forms of us is often cast upon very trivial circum- stances. A heedlessly committed action, which we forget in half an hour, others will remember to our disadvantage for twelve months. There is nothing like being well braced with circumspection; let him always look well to his bearing and distance, or he will soon find himself out in his latitude. No man of any ambition, or whether he was ambitious or not, ever loved a man who pre- sumed to be in all things wiser than himself. I don't wish to lecture upon humbug humi- lity, but diffidence and modesty should never be under the poop. Let him take good care not to dabble in politics or religion. Both concern him, and he must think and act upon both, but he must do so as becomes a man. I hate all your noisy boatswain poli- ticians, both aboard the Commons and out of it. The moment I see a lubberly fellow swinging his arms about and blowing a hur- ricane, whether he be endeavoring to blow a nation or a tavern in agitation—there rages a grand rascal, say I; his patriotism, and the froth which he scatters from his mouth, are of a piece. Now, as to his religious princi- ples, of all things, let him keep them to him- self. Every man is as much in the right, in his own estimation, as he is. Nothing will will procure a man more enemies than a real or affected singularity in matters of religion. For though there is a great deal of good sense afloat in the world, yet there is such a fry of feverish, canting, small craft, always skulking about, and peeping into our pees and *quies*, which, though they cannot sink your character, they annoy it with their spar- row-hail. In a word, Dick, every intelligent being's religion lies between his own con- science and his Maker. Give my nevy a Bible, with a father's best blessing—in it he will find the ennobling hopes of eternity, and learn to do unto others as he would wish others to do unto him; and this, from the bottom of my heart, is the advice of his uncle Jack.

"A sterling, upright, moral character, is

absolutely indispensable. If the heart be well-built, and kept in good sailing trim, he will have a tell-tale there which will keep all right aloft. As well set a seaman upon a voyage of discovery without a compass, as a young fellow upon the world without a character. But, d'ye see, because you can't go to sea without a compass of this kind, you are not to expect that, in all cases, it will insure you of reaching the Pole. No, Dick, it is rather like a pilot sent out to steer you in, when you are within sight of land, & without whose assistance you cannot reach the port.

"In conversation too, I hate to see a smooth-water puppy running at the rate of twelve knots, as if no vessel in the fleet could sail but his own. I have seen fellows of this sort, shewing off like gilded pinnaces at a regatta, while they were only shewing how little they had on board. Two things, in particular, I wish my nevy to avoid, namely, arguing in company, and speaking about himself. There is a time and a place for everything; and, though argument be well enough in its way, he who is always upon the look-out for one, is just as sure as he finds it, to find an enemy; and, as to speaking of one's self, independent of its ill-breeding, it is like a dose of salt water served round the company. The grand secret of conversation is, to say little in a way to please, and the moment you fail to do so, it is time to shove your boat off. Whenever you see a person yawn in your company, take your hat.

"Independent of these things, let him look well to his tide-table. Without punctuality, the best character becomes a bad one. The moment a man breaks his word, or becomes indifferent to his engagement, why, the confidence of his commodore is at an end; and, instead of being promoted to the quarter-deck, he may slave before the mast till the boatswain's last whistle pipe all hands to his funeral. Punctuality, Dick—systematical, methodical punctuality—is a fortune to a fellow ready made. Let him once listen to the syren voice of delay—neglect to weigh anchor with the tide, and if he don't drift back with the current, go to pieces on a sand-bank, or be blown to sticks by a foul wind, my name's not Jack. Let him keep a sharp eye upon the beginning, the middle, and the end of everything he undertakes. He must not tuck about, like a fellow on a cruise or a roving commission; but, whatever wind blows, maintain a straight course, keeping his head to the port. Burns, the poet, spoke like a philosopher, when he said it was the misfortune of his life to be without an aim. But I tell you what, Dick, we must not only have an object to steer to, but it must be a reasonable object. A madman may say he is determined to go to the North Pole, or the moon—but that's not the thing, Dick; our anticipations must be likelihoods, our ambitions probabilities; and when we have made frequent calculations, and find ourselves correct in our reckoning, though we have made but little way, then down with despondency, and stick to perseverance. I don't mean a beggarly, servile, grovelling perseverance, but the unsubdued determination of an unconquerable spirit, riding out the storm, and while small craft sink on every side, disdain- ing to take in a single reef.

"Now, having said thus much about shaping his course and laying in a freight, it is material that I drop a concluding word with regard to his rigging. Send him out with patched canvass, and the veriest punt that ever disgraced the water will clear out before him. A patch upon his coat will be an embargo on his prospects. People affect to despise tailors; but it is base ingratitude or shallow dissimulation. Not that I would let the world see my nevy an insignificant dandy—but remember the moment the elbows of your coat open, every door shuts.

"But my fingers are cramped with the long epistle, and, moreover, the paper is full, and with love to nevy George, to Nelly, and the little ones, I am, dear Dick,

— "Your affectionate Brother,
"JOHN ROGERS,
"Otherwise
"JACK THE RAMBLER."

All applauded this letter when they had heard it, and they vowed the captain was a clever fellow—a noble fellow—ay, and a wise one; and they drank his health and a happy New Year to him, though half of what he had written, from his nautical types and symbols, was as Greek and Latin unto those who heard it, and worse unto George—the genius who read it; though some parts of it all understood.

When the health of Captain Rogers had gone round, "I wonder in the world," said Richard, "what it can be that my brother's eye refers to about being unhappy? I've written to him fifty times to try to fathom it, but I never could—he never would give me any satisfaction."

"Why," said the seaman, as he sat leaning forward and turning round his shoulders between his knees, "I believe I know—or I can guess a something about the matter.—It's about ten years ago, according to my reckoning, we were coming down the Mediterranean—the captain was as fine a looking young fellow then as ever stood upon a deck. Well, as I was saying, we were coming down the Mediterranean, and at Genoa we took a gentleman and his daughter on board. She was a pretty creature; I've seen nothing like her neither before nor since. So, as I'm telling you, we took them on board at Genoa, for England, and they had not been many days on board, till every one saw, and I saw—though my eyes are none o' the smartest—that the captain could look on nothing but his lovely passenger. It wasn't hard to see that she looked much in the same way at him, and I have seen them walking on the deck at night with her arm through his, in the moonlight; and, let me tell you, a glorious sight it is—moonlight on the Mediterranean! It is

enough to make a man fall in love with moonlight itself, if there be nothing else beside him. Well, d'ye see, as I am saying, it wasn't long until the old gentleman, her father, say which way the land lay; and one day we heard the lady weeping; she never came out of her cabin during the rest of the voyage, nor did her father again speak to the master. We were laid up for a long time, and there was a report that the captain and her had got married, unknown to her father. However, we sailed on a long voyage; we weren't back to England again for more than twelve months; but the day after we landed, the captain shut himself up, and, for long and long, we used to find him sitting with the salt water in his eyes. We again heard the report that he had been married, and also that his lady had died in childbed; but whether the child was living or ever was living, or whether it was a boy or a girl, we didn't know; nor did he know; and, I believe, he never was able to hear any more about the old gentleman—so, as I say, that's all I know about the matter, poor fellow."

Now, the squinting sailor remained two days in the house of Richard Rogers, and he was such a comical man, and such a good-natured kind-hearted man, that Mrs. Rogers was certain he would be a lucky first-foot, even though he had a very unfortunate cross look with his eyes; and she was the more convinced in this opinion, because, in a conversation she had with him, and in which she had inquired, "What siller he thought the captain might be worth?" "Why, I'm saying," answered the sailor, "Captain Rogers is worth a round twenty thousand, if he be worth a single penny; and that, I'm thinking, is a pretty comfortable thing for Master George to be heir to!" "Ay, and so it is," responded Nelly. And there was no longer anything disagreeable in the sailor's quint.

Well, week followed week, and month succeeded month—spring came, and summer came, and harvest followed; and it was altogether a lucky year to Richard Rogers. Nelly declared that the squinting sailor had been an excellent first-foot.

Another year came, another, and another, until eight years passed round since they had been visited by the outlandish seaman. Nelly had had both lucky and unlucky first-foot. George the genius was now a lad of twenty, and the other children were well grown, but George was still a genius, and nothing but a genius. He was indeed a

good scholar; a grand scholar, as his mother declared; and a great one, as his father affirmed. He had been brought up to no profession, for it was of no use thinking of a profession for one who was heir to twenty thousand pounds, and, at any rate, his genius was sure to make him a fortune. In what way his genius was to do this, was never taken into consideration. Many people said, "If we had your genius, George, we could make a fortune." And George thought he would and could. The joiner in the next village, however, said, that "Wi' a' George's genius, he didna believe he could make an elshin heft, and stick him! and, in his opinion, there was mair to be made by making elshin-hefts than by writing ballants!"

As I have said, eight years had passed; it was again the last night of the old year, and a very dark and stormy night it was. Mr. Rogers, his wife, their son George, and the rest of their family, had again seen the old year out and the new year in, and exchanged with each other the compliments of the season, when the cuckoo-clock again announced the hour of twelve. Nelly had "happed up the fire" with her own hands—a thing that she always did on the last night of the old year, that it might not be out on a New Year's morning. She was again wondering who would be their first-foot, and expressing a hope that it would be a lucky one, when a chaise drew up before the house, and the driver, dismounting and knocking at the window, begged that they would favour him with a light, as the roads were exceedingly dark, and the lamps of the chaise had been blown out by the wind.

"A light!" exclaimed Betty, half petrified at such request; "preserve us! is the man beside himself! Do we imagine that any body is gaun to gie ye out a light the first thing in a New Year's morning! Gae awa! —gae awa!"

In vain the driver expostulated—he had met with similar treatment at other houses at which he had called. "Ye hae nae business to travel at siccan a time o' night," replied Betty, to all his arguments. Her husband said little, for he entertained some of his wife's scruples against giving a light at such a time. George mildly ridiculed the absurdity of the refusal; but, "I am mistress o' my ain house," answered his mother, "and I'll gie a light out o' when I please. Wi' a' yer learnin', George, ye wad be a great fool sometimes."

The voice of a lady was now heard at the

window with the driver, saying, "Pray, good people, do permit us to light the lamps, and you shall have any recompense." No sooner did George hear the lady's voice, than, in despite of his mother's frowns, he sprang to the door and unlocked it. With an awkward sort of gallantry he ushered in the fair stranger. She was, indeed, the loveliest first-foot that had ever crossed the threshold of Mrs. Rogers. She had no sooner entered, than Nelly saw and felt this, and, with a civility which formed a strange contrast to her answers to the driver, she smoothed down for her the cushioned arm-chair by the side of the fire. The young lady (for she hardly appeared to exceed seventeen) politely declined the proffered hospitality. "Sit down, my sweet young leddy; now, do sit down just to oblige me," said Nelly. "Ye are our first-foot, and I hope--I'm sure ye'll be a lucky ane; and ye wadna, ye canna gaun' out without tasting wi' us on a New Year's morning."

The young lady sat down; and Nelly hastened to spread upon the table little mountains of short bread, (of which she was a notable maker,) with her spice loaf, milk-scones, and her best ewe-cheese, and her cream-cheese, which was quite a fancy!--And while his mother was so occupied George produced three or four sorts of home-made wine of his own manufacture; for, in his catalogue of capabilities as a genius, it must be admitted that he had some which might be said to belong to the useful.

"Now, make yoursel at hame, my dear leddy," said Nelly; "need nae pressing. Or if ye wad like it better, I'll get ye ready a cup'a' tea in a minute or twa; the kettle's boiling; and it's only to mask, so dinna say no. Indeed, if ye'll only consent to stop a night, ye shall hae the best bed in the house, and we'll put the horses in the stable; for its no owre and aboon lucky to gie or tak a light on a New Year's morning."

A faint smile played across the lips of the fair stranger, at the mixture of Nelly's kindness and credulity; and she thanked her for her hospitality, but stated that she must proceed on her journey, as she was hastening to the deathbed of a near and only relative. The young lady, however, sat longer than she wist, for she had entered in conversation with George, how, she knew not, and he knew not; but they were pleased with each other; and there were times (though it was only at times) that George could talk like an inspired being; and this was one of those

times. The knowledge, the youth, the beauty of the lovely stranger, had kindled all the fires of his genius within him. Even his father was surprised, and his mother forgot that the chaise-driver was lighting the lamps--and how long the fair lady might have listened to George, we cannot tell, had not the driver hinted, "All's ready, Ma'am; the horses will get no good in the cold." So she arose and took leave of her entertainers; and George accompanied her to the chaise, and shook her hand and bade her farewell, though she had been an old and a very dear friend. He even thought, as she replied "Farewell," that there was a sadness in her tone, as if she were sorry to say it.

Richard and his spouse retired to rest; but still the thought of having given a light out of her house on a New Year's morning troubled her, and she feared that, after all, her lovely first-foot would prove an unlucky one. George laid his head upon his pillow to dream dreams, and conjure up visions of the fair stranger.

A short week had not passed, however--Richard was returning from Kelso market, the roads were literally a sheet of ice; it was said that bones are most easily broken in frosty weather; his horse fell and rolled over him, and he was carried home bruised, and with his leg broken. Nelly was loud in her lamentations, and yet louder in her upbraiding, against George and against herself that she permitted a light to be carried out of her house on a New Year's morning. "It was born in upon me," said she, "the leddy wadna be lucky, that something would come out of the gien the light!" But this was not all, before two months elapsed, and just as her husband was beginning to set his foot to the ground again, from friction and negligence together, the thrashing machine took fire.--It was still a severe frost, there was scarce a drop of water to be procured about the place, and, in spite of the exertions of all the people on the farm, and their neighbours who came to their assistance, the fierce flames roared, spread and rushed from stack to stack, until the barn, the stables, the stack-yard, and the dwelling-house, presented a heap of smoldering ashes and smoking ruins. Yet this was not the worst evil which had that day fallen upon Richard Rogers. He was one of those individuals who have an aversion to the very name of a bank, and he had the savings and the profits of twenty years, in fifty pound notes, and in five pound notes, and crown pieces, locked away in a strong drawer in his bedroom. In the confusion of

fire, and as he bustled, halting about, with the hope of saving some of his wheat-bags, (for wheat was selling high at the time,) he forgot the strong drawer and his twenty years' savings, until flames were seen bursting from the window of his bedroom.—The window had been left open, and some of the burning materials having been blown into the room, it was the first part of the house which caught fire.

"Oh! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!" cried Richard; "my sillar! my sillar! my hard won sillar!"

A rush was made to the bedroom; but before they reached it, the stairs gave way, the floor fell in, and a thick flame and suffocating smoke buried the fruits of poor Richard's industry—the treasure which he had laid up for his children.

"Now, I am a beggar!" groaned he, lifting up his hands, while the flames almost scorched his face.

"Oh, black sorrow take that leddy!" cried Mary, wringing her hands; "what tempted me to be my first foot!—or what tempted me to give her a light! George! George! it was you! We gied fire out o' the house, and now we've brought it about us! Waes me! Waes me! I'm a ruined woman! O Richard! what will we do! what was ye thinking about that ye didna mind the sillar?"

Richard knew nothing of the number of notes, and his riches had, indeed, vanished in a flash of fire! He was now obliged to take shelter with his family in an out-house, which had been occupied by a coter.

He had not heard from Captain Rogers for more than twelve months, and he knew not where he was, therefore he could expect no immediate assistance from him. It was now necessary that George should bring his genius into action—his father could no longer support him in idleness; and, as it had always been said, that he had only to exert his genius to make a fortune, George resolved that he would exert it, and he was pleased with the thought of setting his father on his feet in by the reward of his talents. He had seen somewhere in the writings of Dr. Johnson (and the Doctor had a good deal of experience in the matter,) that "genius was the best way to meet with its reward in London;" and, if the Doctor was sure of that, George was as sure that he was a genius, and therefore he considered the reward as certain.—George determined, as his uncle might have said many years, that he would go to London and make a fortune for himself, and to

assist his father in the meantime. A cow was taken to Kelso market and sold for eight pounds, and the money was given to George to pay his expenses to the metropolis, and to keep him there until his genius should put him in the way of making his anticipated fortune. His coat was not exactly such a one as his uncle desired he should be sent out into the world in—not that it was positively a bad coat, but it was beginning to be rather smooth and clear about the elbows, a lighter shade ran up on each side of the seams at the back, and his hat was becoming bare round the edges on the crown. To be sure, as his mother said, "he would aye hae ink beside him, and a dip o' ink would help to hide that." These, however, were things that could not be mended—the wardrobe of the whole family had been consumed at the fire; but these things did not distress George, for he did not consider it necessary for a genius to appear in a new coat. There were many tears shed on both sides when George bade adieu to his father, his mother, and his brethren, and took his journey towards London.

It was about the middle of March when he arrived in the metropolis; and, having spent two days wandering about and wondering at all he saw, without once thinking how his genius was to make the long-talked-of fortune, on the third day he delivered a letter of introduction, which he had received, to a broker in the city. Now, it so happened, that in this letter poor George was spoken of as an "extraordinary genius!"

"So you are a great genius, young man, my friend informs me," said the broker; "what have you a genius for?"

George blushed and looked confused; he almost said—"for everything;" but he hung down his head and said nothing.

"Is it a genius for making machines, or playing the fiddle, or what?" added the broker.

George looked more and more confused; he replied "that he could neither make machines, nor did he know anything of music."

"Then I hope it's not a genius for making ballads, is it?" continued the other.

"I have written ballads," answered George, hesitatingly.

"Oh, then ye must try the west end, you wont do for the city," added the broker; "your genius is an article that's not in demand here."

George left the office of the London citizen mortified and humiliated. For a dozen

long years everybody had told him he was a genius; and now, when the question was put to him, "What had he a genius for?" he could not answer it. This rebuff rendered him melancholy for several days, and he wandered from street to street, sometimes standing, unconscious of what he was doing, before the window of a bookseller, till, jostled by the crowd, he moved on, and again took his stand before the window of the print-seller, the jeweller, or the vender of caricatures. Still he believed that he was a genius, and he was a genius, and he was conscious that that genius might make him a fortune; only he knew not how to apply it; he was puzzled where to begin. Yet he did not despair.—He thought the day would come—but how it was to come, he knew not. He took out his uncle's letter, which his father had put into his hands when he left him, and he read it again, and said, it was all very good; but what was he the better of it?—it was all very true—too true, for he understood every word of it now; and he turned round his arm and examined his coat with a sigh, and beheld that the lining was beginning to shew its unwelcome face through the seams of the elbows. I should have told you that he was then sitting in a coffee-house, sipping his three halfpence worth of coffee, and *kitchening* his pennyworth of bread, which was but half a slice, slightly buttered—and a thin slice, too, compared with those of his mother's cutting. He was beginning to feel one of the first rewards of genius—*eating by measure*! To divert the melancholy of his feelings, and the gloom of his prospects, he took up a magazine which lay on the table before him. His eyes fell upon a review of a poem which had been lately published, and for which the author was said to have received a thousand guineas! "*A thousand guineas!*" exclaimed George, dropping the magazine—"A thousand guineas! I shall make a fortune yet!" He had read some of the extracts from the poem, he was sure he could write better lines, his eyes flashed with ecstasy, his very nostrils distended with delight, a thousand guineas seemed already in his pocket! Though, alas! out of the eight pounds which he had received as the price of his father's cow, with all his management and with all his economy, he had but eight shillings left. But his resolution was taken—he saw fortune hovering over him with her golden wings, he purchased a quire of paper and half a dozen quills, and hurried to his garret—for his lodging was a garret, in

which there was nothing but an old bed and an olden chair—not even an apology for a table—but sometimes the bed served the purpose of one, and at other times he sat upon the floor like a Turk, and wrote upon the chair. He was resolved to write an epic—for the idea of a thousand guineas had taken possession of all his faculties. He made a pen—he folded the paper—he rubbed his hands across his brow for a subject. He might have said with Byron, (had Byron then said it,)

"I want a hero!"

He thought of a hundred subjects, and with each the idea of his mother's beautiful but most unlucky first-foot was mingled!—At length he fixed upon one, and began to write. He wrote most industriously—in short, he wrote for a thousand guineas! He tasked himself to four hundred lines a day, and, in a fortnight, he finished a poem containing about five thousand. It was longer than that for which the thousand guineas had been given, but George thought, though he should get no more for his, that even a thousand guineas was very good payment for a fortnight's labor. Of the eight shillings which we mentioned his being in possession of when he began the epic, he had now but threepence, and he was in arrears for the week's rent of his garret. The landlady began to cast very suspicious glances at her lodger—she looked at him with the sides of her eyes. She did not know exactly what a genius meant, but she had proof-positive it did not mean a gentleman. At times, also, she would stand with his garret-door in her hand, as if she intended to say, "Mr. Rogers, I would thank you for last week's rent."

Scarce was the ink dry upon the last page of his poem, when George, folding up the manuscript, put it carefully into his coat pocket, and hurried to the bookseller of whom he had read that he had given a thousand guineas for a shorter work, and one too that, he was satisfied in his own mind, was every way inferior to his. We do not say that he exactly expected the publisher to fall down and worship him the moment he read the first page of his production, but he did believe that he would regard him as a prodigy, and at once offer terms for the copyright. He was informed by a shopman, however, that the publisher was engaged, and he left the manuscript, stating that he would call again. George did call again, and yet again trembling with hope and anxiety; and he began to discover that a great Lon-

don publisher was as difficult of access as his imperial mightiness the Emperor of China. At length, by accident, he found the Biblio-pole in his shop. He gave a glance at George—it was a withering glance—a glance at his coat and at his elbows. The unfortunate genius remembered, when it was too late, the passage in his uncle's letter—"the moment the elbows of your coat open, every door shuts." We have already mentioned that at the lining was beginning to peer through them, and, during the fervour of inspiration, or the *furor* of excitement in composing the epic, he had not observed that the rent had become greater, that the lining too had given way, and that now his linen (which was not of a snow colour) was visible. He inquired after his manuscript. "What is it?" asked the publisher.

"A poem," answered George—"an epic!" The man of books smiled; he gave another look at the forlorn elbows of the genius; it was evident he measured the value of his poetry by the value of his coat. "A poem!" replied he, "poetry's a drug! It is of no use for such as you to think about writing poetry. Give the young man his manuscript," said he to the shopman, and walked away.

The reader may imagine the feelings of our disappointed genius—they were bitter as the human soul could bear. Yet he did not altogether despair; there were more book-sellers in London. It is unnecessary to tell how he offered his manuscript to another and another, yea, to twenty more; how he examined what books they had published in their windows, and how he entered their shops with fear and trembling, for his hopes were coming fainter and more faint. Some opened it, others did not, but all shook their heads and said, nobody would undertake to publish poetry, or that it was not in their way; some advised him to publish by subscription, but George Rogers did not know a soul in London; others recommended him to try the magazines. It was with a heavy heart that he abandoned the idea of publishing his epic, and with it also his fond dream of obtaining a thousand guineas. He had resolved within himself, that the moment he received the money, he would go down to Scotland and rebuild his father's house; and that who knew him should marvel and hold up their hands at the fame and the fortune of George the Genius. But a hungry man does not indulge in day-dreams, and his visions by night are an aggravation of his misery; he therefore had to renounce the fond

delusion, that he might have bread to eat. His last resource was to try the magazines. His epic was out of the question for them, and he wrote songs, odes, essays, and short tales, on every scrap of paper, and on the back of every letter in his possession. With this bundle of "shreds and patches," he waited upon several magazine publishers. One told him he was overstocked with contributions; another, that he might leave the papers, and he should have an answer in two or three weeks. But three weeks was an eternity to a man who had not tasted food for three days. A third said "he could seldom make room for new contributors, poetry was not an article for which he gave money, essays were at a discount, and he only published tales by writers of established reputation." There was one article, however, which pleased him, and he handed George a guinea for it. The tears started in his eyes as he received it, he thought he would never be poor again, he was as proud of that guinea as if it had been a thousand! It convinced him more and more that he was a genius.—I need not tell how that guinea was husbanded, and how it was doled out, but although George reckoned that it would purchase two hundred and fifty-two penny loaves—and that that was almost as many as a man need to eat in a twelvemonth, yet the guinea vanished to the last penny before a month went round.

He had frequently called at the shop of his first patron, the publisher of the Magazine; and one day when he so called, "O Mr. Rogers," said the bookseller, "I have just heard of a little job which will suit you. Lord L—wishes me to find him a person to write a pamphlet in defence of the war. You are just the person to do it. Make it pungent and peppery, and it will be five or ten guineas for you, and perhaps the patronage of his lordship, and you know no bookseller will look at genius without patronage."

A new light broke upon George, he discovered why his epic had been rejected. He hurried to his garret. He began the pamphlet with the eagerness of frenzy. It was both peppery and passionate. Before the afternoon of the following day it was completed, and he flew with it to the house of the nobleman. Our genius was hardly, as the reader may suppose, in a fitting garb for the drawing-room or library of a British peer, and the pampered menial who opened the door attempted to dash it back in his face.

He, however, neither lacked spirit or strength, and he forced his way into the lobby.

"Inform his lordship," said George, "that Mr. Rogers has called with the pamphlet in Defence of the War!" And he spoke this with an air of consequence and authority.

The man of genius was ushered into the library of the literary lord who, raising his glass to his eye, surveyed him from head to foot with a look partaking of scorn and disgust; and there was no mistaking that its meaning was—"Stand back!" At length, he desired our author to remain where he was, and to read his manuscript. The chagrin which he felt at this reception, marred the effect of the first two or three sentences, but, as he acquired his self-possession, he read with excellent feeling and emphasis. Every sentence told. "Good! good!" said the peer, rubbing his hands—"that will do!—give me the manuscript."

George was stepping boldly forward to the chair of his lordship, when the latter, rising, stretched his arm at its extreme length across the table, and received the manuscript between his finger and thumb, as though he feared contagion from the touch of the author or fancied that the plague was sewed up between the seams of his threadbare coat. The peer glanced his eye over the title-page which George had not read—"A Defence of War with France," said he; "by—by who—George Rogers!—who is George Rogers?"

"I am, your lordship," answered the author.

"You are!—you!" said his lordship, "you the author of the *Defence*? Impertinent fool! had not you the idea from me? Am not I to pay for it? The work is mine!" So saying, he rang the bell, and addressing the servant who entered, added—"Give that gentleman a guinea."

George withdrew in rage and bewilderment, and his poverty, not his will, consented to accept the insulting remuneration. Within two days, he saw at the door of every bookseller, a placard with the words—"Just Published, A Defence of the War with France, by the Right Hon. Lord L——." George compared himself to Esau, who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage—he had battered his name, his fame, and the fruits of his genius for a paltry guinea.

He began to be ashamed of the shabbiness of his garments—the withering meaning of the word clung round him—he felt it as a festering sore eating into his very soul, and

he appeared but little upon the streets. It had been several weeks without a lodging, and though it was now summer, the winds of heaven afford but a comfortless blanket for the shoulders when the midnight dews fall upon the earth. He had slept for several nights in a hay-field in the suburbs, on the Kent side of the river; and his custom was to hit a few armfuls aside on a low rick, and laying himself down in the midst of it, gradually piling the hay over his feet, and the rest of his body, until the whole was covered. But the hay season did not last for ever; and one morning, when fast asleep in the middle of the rick, he was roused by a sudden exclamation of mingled horror and astonishment. He looked up, and beside him stood a countryman, with his mouth open and his eyes gazing wistfully. In his hand he held a hayfork, and on the prongs of the fork was one of the skirts of poor George's coat! He gazed angrily at the countryman, and ruefully at the fragment of his unfortunate coat; and, rising, he drew round the portion of it that remained on his back, to view "the rent the envious hayfork made."

"By goam! chap," said the countryman, when he regained his speech, "I have made thee a spencer; but I might have run the fork through thee, and it would have been no blame of mine."

They were leading the hay from the field, and the genius was deprived of his lodging. It was some nights after this, he was wandering in the neighbourhood of Poplar, fainting and exhausted—sleeping, starting, dreaming—as he dragged his benumbed and wearied limbs along; and, as he was crossing one of the bridges over the canal, he saw one of the long fly-boats, which ply with goods to Birmingham and Manchester, lying below it. George climbed over the bridge and dropped into the boat, and finding a quantity of painted sailcloth near the head of the boat, which was used as a covering for the goods, to protect them from the weather, he wrapped himself up in it, and lay down to sleep. How long he lay he knew not, for he slept most soundly; and, when he awoke, he felt more refreshed than he had been for many nights. But he started as he heard the sound of voices near him; and, cautiously withdrawing the canvass from over his face, he beheld that the sun was up; and, to increase his perplexity, fields, trees, and hedges were gliding past him. While he slept, the boatmen had put the horses to the barge, and were not on their passage to Birmingham,

and several miles from London; but though they had passed and repassed the roll of canvass, they saw not, and they suspected not, that they "carried Cæsar and his fortunes." George speedily comprehended his situation; and extricating his limbs from the folds of the canvass as quietly as he could, he sprang to his feet, stepped to the side of the boat, and, with a desperate bound, reached the bank of the canal.

"Hollo!" shouted the astonished boatmen. "Hollo! what have you been after?"

George made no answer, but ran with his utmost speed down the side of the canal.

"Hollo! stop thief!—stop thief!" bellowed the boatmen; and, springing to the ground, they gave chase to the genius. The boys, also, who rode the horses that dragged the boat, unlinked them and joined in the pursuit. It was a noble chase! But when George found himself pursued, he left the side of the canal, and took to the fields, clearing hedge, ditch, fence, and stonewall, with an agility that would have done credit to a first rate hunter. The horses were at fault in following his example, and the boys gave up the chase; and when the boatmen had pursued him for the space of half a mile, finding they were losing ground at every step, they returned, panting, and breathless to their boat. George, however, slackened his space a little until he arrived at the Edgeware road, and there he returned his wonted slow and melancholy saunter, and sorrowfully returned towards London. He now, poor fellow, sometimes shut his eyes to avoid the sight of his own shadow, which he seemed to regard as a caricature of his forlorn person; and, in truth, he now appeared miserably forlorn—I had almost said ludicrously so. His coat has been already mentioned, with its wounded seams, and imagine it now with the skirts which had been torn away with the hayfork, when the author of an epic was nearly forked on a cart as he reposed in a bundle of hay—imagine now the coat with that skirt awkwardly pinned to it—fancy also that the button-holes had become useless, and that all the buttons, save two, had taken leave of his miscoat—his trousers, also, were as smooth as the knees as though they had been glazed and hot-pressed, and they were so bare, so very bare, that the knees could almost be seen through them without spectacles.—Imagine, also, that this suit had once been black, and that it had changed colours with the weather, the damp hay, the painted canvas, and the cold earth on which he slept;

and, add to this, a hat, the brim of which was broken, and the crown fallen in—with shoes, the soles of which had departed, and the heels involuntarily gone down, as if ready to perform the service of slippers. Imagine these things, and you have a personification of George Rogers, as he now wended his weary way towards London.

He had reached the head of Oxford Street and he was standing irresolute whether to go into the city or turn into the Park, to hide himself from the eyes of man, and to lie down in solitude with his misery, when a lady and a gentlemen crossed the street to where he stood. Their eyes fell upon him—the lady started—George beheld her, and he started too—he felt his heart throb, and a blush burn over his cheek. He knew her at the first glance—it was the fair stranger—his mother's first-foot! He turned round—he hurried towards the Park—he was afraid—he was ashamed to look behind him. A thousand times had he wished to meet that lady again, and now he had met her, and he fled from her—the shame of his habiliments entered his soul. Still he heard footsteps behind him, and he quickened his pace. He had entered the Park, but yet he heard the sound of the footsteps following.

"Stop, young man!" cried a voice from behind him. But George walked on as tho' he heard it not. The word "stop!" was repeated; but, instead of doing so, he was endeavouring to hurry onward, when, as we have said, one of the shoes which had become slippers, and which were bad before, but worse from his flight across the ploughed fields, came off, and he was compelled to stop and stoop, to put it again upon his foot, or to leave his shoe behind him. While he stopped, therefore, to get the shoe again upon his foot, the person who followed him came up—it was the gentleman whom he had seen with the fair unknown. With difficulty he obtained a promise from George that he would call upon him at his house in Pimlico in the afternoon; and when he found our genius too proud to accept of money, he thrust into the pocket of the memorable skirt, which the hayfork had torn from the part of cloth, all the silver which he had upon his person.

When the gentleman had left him, George burst into tears. They were tears of pride, of shame, and of agony.

At length, he took the silver from the

pocket of his skirt; he counted it in his hand—it amounted to nearly twenty shillings.—Twenty shillings will go farther in London than in any city in the world with those who know how to spend it—but much depends upon that. By all the by-ways he could find, George wended his way down to Rosemary Lane, where the "*Black and Blue Reviewer*" worketh miracles, and where the children of Israel are its high priests.—Within an hour, wonderful was the metamorphosis upon the person of George Rogers. At eleven o'clock he was clothed as a beggar—at twelve he was shabby genteel. The hat in ruins was replaced by one of a newer shape, and that had been brushed and ironed till it was as clear as a looking-glass. The skirtless coat was thrown aside for an olive-coloured one of metropolitan cut, with a velvet collar, and of which, as the Israelite who sold it said, "*de glosk* was not off." The buttonless vest was laid aside for one of a light colour, and the place of the decayed trousers was supplied by a pair of pure white; yea, his feet were enclosed in sheep-skin shoes, which, he was assured, had never been upon foot before. Such was the change produced upon the outer man of George Rogers through twenty shillings; and, thus arrayed, with a beating and an anxious heart, he proceeded in the afternoon to the home of the beautiful stranger who had been the eventful first-foot in his father's house. As he crossed the Park by the side of the Serpentine, he could not avoid stopping to contemplate, perhaps I should say admire, the change that had been wrought upon his person, as it was reflected in the water as in a mirror. When he had arrived at Pimlico, and been ushered into the house, there was surprise on the face of the gentleman as he surveyed the change that had come over the person of his guest; but in the countenance of the young lady there was more of delight than of surprise. When he had sat with them for some time, the gentleman requested that he would favour them with his history and his adventures in London. George did so from the days of his childhood, until the day when the fair lady before him became his mother's first-foot; and he recounted also his adventures and his struggles in London, as we have related them; and, as he spoke, the lady wept. As he concluded, he said, "And, until this day, I have ever found an expression, which my uncle made in a letter,

verified, that 'the moment the elbows of my coat opened, every door would shut.'"

"Your uncle!" said the gentleman, eagerly; "who is he? what is his name?"

"He commands a vessel of his own in the merchant service," replied George, "and his name is John Rogers."

"John Rogers!" added the gentleman, "and your father's name?"

"Richard Rogers," answered George.

The young lady gazed upon him anxiously; and words seemed leaping to her tongue, when the gentleman prevented her saying, "Isabel, love, I wish to speak with this young man in private," and she withdrew. When they were left alone, the gentleman remained silent for a few minutes, at times gazing in the face of George, and again placing his hand upon his brow. At length he said, "I know your uncle, and I am desirous of serving you; he also will assist you, you continue to deserve it. But you must give up book-making as a business; and you must not neglect business for book-making. You understand me. I shall give you a letter to a gentleman in the city, who will take you into his counting-house; and if, at the expiration of three months, I find your conduct has been such as to deserve my approbation, you shall meet me here again."

He then wrote a letter, which, having sealed, he put it, with a purse, into the hands of George, who sat speechless with gratitude and astonishment.

On the following day, George delivered the letter to the merchant, and was immediately admitted as a clerk into his counting-house. He was ignorant of the name of his uncle's friend; and when he ventured to inquire at the merchant respecting him, he merely told him, he was one whose good opinion he would not advise him to forfeit. In this state of suspense, George laboured day by day at the desk; and although he was most diligent, active, and anxious to please, yet frequently, when he was running up figures, or making out an invoice, his secret thoughts were of the fair Isabel, the daughter of his uncle's friend, and his mother's first-foot. He regretted that he did not inform her father that he was his uncle's heir; he might then have been admitted to his house, and daily seen her on whom his thoughts dwelt. His situation was agreeable enough; it was paradise to what he had experienced; yet the three months of his probation seemed longer than twelve.

He had been a few weeks employed in the counting-house, when he received a letter from his parents. His father informed him that they had received a letter from his uncle, who was then in London; but, added he, "he has forgotten to give us his direction, where we may write to him, or where ye may find him." His mother added an important postscript, in which she informed him, that "She was sorry she was right after a', that there wasna luck in a squintin' first-foot; for he would mind o' the sailor that brought the letter, that said he was to be his uncle's heir; and now it turned out that his uncle had found an heir o' his ain."

It was the intention of George, when he had read the letter, to go to the house of his benefactor, and inquire for his uncle's address, or the name of the ship; but when he reflected that he might know neither—that he was not to return to his house for three months, nor until he was sent for—and, above all, when he thought that he was no longer his uncle's heir, and that he now could offer up no plea for looking up to the lovely Isabel, he resumed his pen with a stifled sigh, and abandoned the thought of finding out his uncle for the present.

He had been rather more than ten weeks in the office, when the unknown Isabel entered and inquired for the merchant. She smiled upon George as she passed him, the smile entered his very soul, and the pen shook in his hand. It was drawing towards evening, and the merchant requested George to accompany the young lady home. Joy and agitation raised a tumult in his breast. He seized his hat, he offered her his arm, but he scarce knew what he did. For half an hour he walked by her side without daring to without being able to utter a single word. They entered the Park; the lamps were lighted amidst the trees along the Mall, and the young moon shone over them. It was a lovely and an imposing scene, and with it George found a tongue. He dwelt upon the effect of the scenery; he quoted passages from his own epic, and he spoke of the time when his fair companion was his mother's first-foot. She informed him that she was then hastening to the deathbed of her grandfather, whom she believed to be the only relative that she had in life, that she arrived in time to receive his blessing, and that, with his dying breath, he told her her father yet lived, and, for the first time, she heard his name, and had found him. George would

have asked what that name was, but when he attempted to do so he hesitated, and the question was left unfinished. They spoke of many things, and often they walked in silence; and it was not until the watchman called, "Past nine o'clock," that they seemed to discover that instead of proceeding towards Pimlico, they had been walking backward and forward upon the Mall. He accompanied her to her father's door, and left her with his heart filled with unutterable thoughts.

The three months had not quite expired, when the anxiously-looked-for invitation arrived, and George Rogers was to dine at the house of his uncle's friend—the father of the fair Isabel. I shall not describe his feelings as he hastened along the streets towards Pimlico. He arrived at the house, and his hand shook as he reached it to the rapper. The door was opened by a strange-looking footman. George thought that he had seen him before: it was indeed a face that, if once seen, was not easily forgotten: the footman had not such large whiskers as Bill Somers, but they were of the same colour, and they certainly were the same eyes that first frightened his mother in the head of her first-foot. He was shewn into a room where Isabel and her father waited to receive him. "When I last saw you, sir," said the latter, "you informed me you were the nephew of John Rogers. He finds he has no cause to be ashamed of you. George, my dear fellow, your uncle Jack gives you his hand! Isabel, welcome your cousin!" "My cousin!" cried George. "My cousin!" said Isabel. What need we say more—before the New Year came, they went down to Scotland a wedded pair, to be his mother's first-foot in the farm house which had been rebuilt.

THE PERSECUTED ELECTOR;

OR,

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF SIMON GOURLAY.

Be not afraid, most courteous reader: you will find nothing of party politics in the following Passages from the Life of Simon Gourlay. Know, then, that Simon was a dounce, respectable member of the town-council in the burgh of L—: and it was his lot or his misfortune, as he affirmed to be a sorely persecuted elector. But we must allow Simon to narrate the history of his persecutions in his own words. "Weel," he was

to begin, " though I verily believe I am ane o' the moderate men breathing, and although I seldom or never fashed my head about either Whig or Tory, I am firmly persuaded there's no a man living that has suffered mair frae baith parties: they a kicked me about as though I had been a sort o' political footba'. Ye must understand that I am ane o' the principal men in our toun-council, o' which my faither was a distinguished member afore me. By virtue o' my office, I had a vote for a member o' parliament to represent our ancient burgh; and it had been the advice o' my worthy faither to me, owre an' owre again—' Simon,' he used to say, ' if ye some day live to hae the honour o' being called to the council, remember my maxim—aye vote for the wining side. Mind ye this, if ye wish yer kail to be weel lithed, or to enjoy the respect o' yer neighbours.' Now, as I hae said, my faither was a very respectable man; he was meikle looked up to in the town, and his word, I may say, was the law o' the council; indeed, he had a most wonderfully impressive manner o' delivering himself! and when he began to speak, ye wad said it was a minister preaching; but, in the coorse o' nature, he died, having adhered to his maxim through life, and I succeeded him in the business. Now, it was some years after this, and after I had been called to the council, there was an election took place for the burgh. There were two candidates—a Mr. Wood, and a Captain Oliver belonging to the navy. They were both remarkably pleasant weel-spoken gentlemen; as to their politics I knew very little about them, for, as my faither used to observe, it was a very unbecoming thing for the like o' us, that had only ae vote, to ask ony gentleman about his principles. Weel, it was at this election that my persecutions began; and sorry am I to say that they had their beginning, too, in my own family. One day, I was in the shop serving some customers, and, before I was aware, Mr. Wood's carriage stopped at the door. For onything I ken, his politics was the same as those o' Captain Oliver; but, somehow or other, he was exceedingly popular in the toun, and and the ladies had '*Wood for ever!*' written on the wa's and window-shutters, wi' bits o' chalk. There was a crowd came rinnin', and cheered round about the carriage at the shop door; for Mr. Wood generally threw awa a handful or twa o' siller amongst them. I wad hae slipped into the parlour to been out o' the way, had it no been that folk were in

the shop, and I saw there was naething for it but to stand fire. Weel, as I'm telling ye, Mr. Wood and twa or three ither gentlemen came into the shoo; and really he was a very pleasant, affable gentleman, wi' a great deal o' manners and condescension about him. I was much interested wi' his look, and a good deal at a loss what to say. There was nae pride about him whatever; but he just came in, and took my hand as familiarly as if I had been his equal, and we had been acquainted for twenty years.

' I have the honour of soliciting your vote and interest at the approaching election, Mr. Gourlay,' says he.

' Weel, really, sir,' says I, ' as my faither afore me used to observe, I'll tak the matter into consideration—it's best no to be in a hurry; but I'll be happy—that is, it will afford me a great deal o' pleasure—if I can oblige ye; but—I'm rather unprepared—ye hae ta'en me unawares.'

' Well, I trust I may reckon upon you as a friend,' said he—I shall be very proud o' Mr. Gourlay's support.'

' Why sir,' says I, ' as my worthy faither— And just as I said this, some o' the youngsters about the door set up a titter and a hiss. It was very provoking for a magistrate to be laughed at in his ain shop, by parcel o' idle, blackguard, half-grown laddies an', ' Ye young scoundrels,' says I, ' I'll put half-a-dizen o' ye into the blackhole.' And wi' this, the young persecutors hissed and tittered the mair, and set up a shout o' derision. It was vexatious beyond measure; and, as I was saying, I didna ken what to do, for there were folk in the shop; and, as Mr. Wood and the gentlemen that were wi' him, pressed me to say definitely whether I wad gie him a vote, I observed Persecution also shaking a neive at me frae the parlour! For, ye'll observe, that it was also my misfortune to be plagued wi' ane o' the sairest trials o' Job—an ill-tempered, domineering woman for a wife. She was my second wife, and mony time hae said, when she vexed me beyond what my spirit could bear, that I could gang to the kirkyard, and pick the remains o' my dear first partner frae the could grave, bawby bane, could it restore her to my bosom again, or free me frae the persecution o' her that had succeeded her. Weel, as I was saying, while Mr. Wood and his friends were pressing me, I threw a glent at the parlour door, which was half glass, wi' a curtain ahint it, and got a glance o' Mrs. Gourlay

standing shaking her head and her nieve, and meikle as to say, 'Gie him a vote at your peril, Simon?' Whether my face betrayed any visible tokens o' my inward agony or no, I canna say, but it so happened that the con-founded callants had got a peep at Mrs. Gourlay ahint the parlour door, as weel as me, and the young rascals, having seen her manoeuvres, cried out—'Three cheers for Mrs. Gourlay!' The cheers gaed through my ears like a knife—weel did I ken that they would be rung through them for a week to come! I can hardly tell you how Mr. Wood and the gentlemen left the shop; but their backs werena weel turned till a quick rap cam upon the glass at the parlour window; and a quicker voice cried—'Gourlay, ye're wanted.' I desired the lads to attend to the customers, and I slipped awa ben to the parlour. There sat her ladyship, just like a tempest ready to burst.

'Ay, man!—ye simpleton!—ye nosiewax!' cried she, 'and ye'll hae the impudence to gie a vote without consulting me!—ye'll say ye'r silly auld faither said'—

'Come, Mrs. Gourlay,' says I, 'ye may carry yer cantrips upon me as far as ye like, but ye shanna, in my hearing, breathe a word against the memory o' my worthy faither.'

'And ye sha'na vote for Wood,' cried she 'or I'll keep ye in het water to the end o' yer days.'

'Really, my dear,' says I, 'think ye keep me in het water as it is. But I hae gien nae vote as yet; and, as my worthy faither used to observe'—

The mischief tak ye and yer faither!' cried she; 'can ye no speak without aye bleth'rin' oot him!'

'Mrs. Gourlay!' says I, 'I've wanted ye'—
'Simon Gourlay!' cried she, 'I've cautioned ye'—

And just as the altercation was like to run ery high, and to become very unseemly, nother carriage drew up to the door, and out came Captain Oliver and his friends. The Captain was a pleasant gentleman, also, and very honest like. My wife flew and opened the parlour door; and in an instant he put on such a hypocritical, weel-pleased look. 'Mercy!' thinks I, 'what's that o't? a woman can change her countenance quicker than a northern light, which glimmers and vanishes before you can say, Jock Robinson!' Weel, I hastily rubbed my face wi' my pocket handkerchief, and made a step forward to the glass to see how I looked; for I thought

it would be very unbecoming in a member o' the council, and a magistrate o' the burgh, to be seen in a flurry, or as if he had been flytin' I watna whether the Captain had heard that 'the grey mare was the better horse,' in my house or no; for there were evil-disposed persons malicious enough to say such a thing; but he came straight forward to Mrs. Gourlay; and—

'I am most happy to see you, Mrs. Gourlay,' said he; 'I trust I shall have the honour of your interest. I know I have nothing to fear if I have the good wishes of the ladies upon my side; and, without vanity, Ma'am, I believe I have them.'

My termagant smiled and curtsied to the very floor. 'Pray, step in, Captain,' said she—'step in, gentlemen; Mr. Gourlay is within. I am sure you have our vote; I answer for that.'

My blood boiled; I felt indignation warm upon my face. I was stepping forward to pull her by the gown, when the Captain and his friends entered.

'I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Gourlay,' said he, 'for the handsome manner in which you have given me your support.'

'Not at all obliged to me, sir,' said I; 'but—but'—

Mrs. Gourlay gave me a look; and its meaning needed no words to interpret it.

'Thank you, sir—thank you, said the Captain; 'I am indeed obliged, very much obliged, for the frank and handsome manner in which you have given me your'—

'Excuse me, Captain,' says I; but I would wish a little time just to consider—to mak up my mind, as it were; for, as my faither'—

'Dinna detain the Captain,' interrupted my wife; 'he didna ken yer faither; ye must not mind my Goodman, gentlemen,' said she; 'he wad aye be considering and considering—but just put down his name, and nae mair about it. He daurna but vote for ye.'

'Daurna! Mrs. Gourlay,' says I; 'that's very improper language to use to the like o' me.'

Ay, he! us! the like o' you, indeed, Simon! said she. Just put down his name, as I'm telling ye, gentlemen.'

I kenned it would be imprudent in a man o' my respectability to flee into a passion, and so held my tongue; and the Captain, turning to me, said—

'Good morning, sir; and I assure you I am much obliged to you.' And, turning round to my wife, and shaking her hand, he

added—'And many thanks to you, Ma'am.'

'You are welcome, sir,' said she, 'very welcome to half a dozen votes, if we had them.'

What took place between us after the Captain and his party left, I will not relate to ye, for it was disgracefu'—I'm ashamed o' until this day; indeed, I carried the marks o' her nails upon my face for the space o' a fortnight, which looked particularly ill upon the countenance o' a magistrate. Weel, it was in the afternoon o' the same day, ane o' the gentlemen belonging to Mr. Wood's party, called again at the shop; and, me being in the haberdashery line, he wished to purchase a quantity o' ribbons for election favours. To the best o' my recollection, he bought to the amount o' between twa and three pounds' worth; and, to my surprise, he pulled out a fifty pound bank note to pay for them.

'I fear sir,' says I, 'I'm short o' change an' ye can pay for the ribbons ony day as ye're passing.'

'Oh, no,' says he, 'don't talk about the change—it can be got at any time.' And he laid the fifty pound note upon the counter. 'I trust, added he, we may now recon upon Mr. Gourlay's support.'

'Really, sir,' says I, 'I have not had time to weigh—that is, to turn over the subject in my mind properly; but I will consider o' it. I am sure, Mr. Wood has my good wishes.'

'Thank you, sir,' said the gentleman, leaving the shop, 'I shall inform Mr. Wood that he may reckon upon you.'

Now I would have called after him that he was by no means to reckon upon anything o' the sort, for I had not made up my mind; but I thought it would look ill, and I suffered him to leave with the impression that I was a supporter o' his party. I couldna think for a moment, that he proposed anything to a man like me by no taking the change o' the note, and, I intended to send it to the inn in the morning as soon as the Bank opened; but I happened to say, in the course o' conversation, to a neeber that dropped into the shop a short while after, that I thought Mr. Wood was very liberal and flush o' his siller; and I unthinkingly mentioned the circumstance o' the fifty pound note, and the change, and the ribbons. Weel, the person left the shop without making any particular remark upon the circumstance that I observed; but what was my horror, I may say my confusion and astonishment, when just on the edge o' the evening, (for it was in the summer time,) and just as we were shutting up the shop, here's a great gilravishing and a shouting at

the end o' the street, and along comes twa or three hundred callants, and and some young chields that were never out o' mischief; with the effigy o' a man tied to a pole; and they had the odious thing dressed as like me as possible; but what was worse than a', they had a great label on its breast, wi' the words, '*Fifty pounds for a pair o' ribbons!*' written on; and they had the audacity to stand shouting, and yelling, and to burn it afore my door—I was in such a passion as I believe man never was in afore! Me! a magistrate, an' ane o' the principal men o' the town-council to be thought guilty o' takin a bribe! It was horrible! horrible! I first seized the yard-wand, and I rushed into the crowd, and laid round me right and left, until it was shivered to pieces; and then I ran into the shop, where the mob kept hissing and yelling; and I took the fifty pound note, and gied it to ane o' the shop-lads—'Rin,' says I, 'rin wi' that to Mr. Wood, or to the gentleman that brought it, and tell them that I neither wish to see their money nor their custom.'

So the lad ran wi' the note to the inn, and did as I ordered him. But oh! I had a awfu' nicht wi' Mrs. Gourlay! There was na an ill name that she could get her tongue about that she didna ca' me. 'Silly Simon' and 'Simple Simon?' were the gentle terms that she u-ed. I was ashamed to show my face at the door, for I was in the town talk. But, still, notwithstanding a' the persecution I was sufferin', I was in a swither hoo to act, for I was determined, if possible to abide by my worthy father's advice, and vote wi' the winning side. However it was hard to say which would be the winning side for, though Mr. Wood was a great favourite wi' a majority o' the working-classes, an' even wi' a number o' the council, an' though he was very liberal an' lavish wi' his moneys as I have said, yet there was a great number o' respectable folk took a very warm interest for Captain Oliver. There were a vast o' my best customers on baith sides, and it was really a very delicate matter for me to decide hoo to act—for ye will observe I am the last man in the world that would offend onybody, and especially a person that I'm obliged to. Weel, just while I was pondering in which way my worthy father would have acted under similar circumstances, I received a letter in the name o' three or four leddies, from whom I had, first and last received a great deal o' siller—and who, at the same time, were gey deeply in my books—and they plainly informed me, that, unless I

oted for captain Oliver, they never, while they lived, would buy a sixpence worth o' goods in my shop again. I thought it was very hard for a respectable merchant and a town-councillor to be so persecuted and beset; and just while I was sitting very sair perplexed, in comes the postman wi' another letter. It was frae a Glasgow manufacturer that I had lang had dealings wi' and he trusted that I would oblige him by voting for his friend, Mr. Wood; or, if not, that I would make it convenient to pay off his bill within three days, or that he would find it necessary to adopt means to obtain payment. This was worse and worse; and I must inform you that the account which he had against me never would have been due but for the extravagance o' my second Mrs. Gourlay. I was in a state o' misery indescribable. I wished frae the bottom o' my heart that I had been a hand-loom weaver, workin' for a shilling a day, rather than town-councillor; for then I might hae been independent. However my wife seemed determined to tak the mastership in the business thegither; an', what wi' the talkin' o' the town, the threatening o' customers and creditors, and her everlasting scolding, I really was greatly to be pitied. The youngsters had bonfires round the town in honour o' the different candidates, and I had an excellent peat-stack behind the house. Weel, when I raeed out in the morning, what should be the first thing I observed, but that the half o' my peat-stack was carried off bodily! 'Confound ye for a parcel o' persecuting thieves,' said I to myself 'but some o' ye shall get transportation for this, as sure as I'm a magistrate!' However, upon second thoughts, and as I had nae doubt but they had been carried off for the bonfires, and as it was likely that they wad be kindling them that night again 'Sorrow tak ye', thinks I, 'but I'll gie me o' ye a sniffer! So what does I do but sends the shop-laddie awa to an ironmunger's for a pound o' pouter! 'Mortal man canna and it!' says I; I'll blow up the scoundrels! I acknowledge it wasna just becoming the dignity o' the leading man in the town-council to tak sic revenge. But I slipped awa and to the back o' the house wi' a big gimlet in my hand, and I bores holes in a dozen or twa o' the peats on the north side o' the stack, and filled them wi' pouter; and having closed the holes, I was just gaun to tell em in the house no to tak ony peats off the north side o' the stack, when a circumstance occurred that drove it completely out o' my

memory. Mrs. Gourlay had an idle, worthless, half-gentleman sort o' a brother, and, to my utter astonishment and dismay, I found him sitting in the parlour when I went in. 'Brother Simon,' said he, stretching out his hand, 'I shall never forget your kindness.' 'My kindness!' says I—'what do you mean?'

'Mean!' said my wife, in her usual snappy, disdainful manner; 'on account of our vote—which, it is believed, will be the casting vote—think o' that Simon Gourlay—Captain Oliver has promised my brother a place under government!'

'My stars!' says I, 'a place under government!—our vote!—I think ma'am, ye might hae consulted me before ye bought a place for your brother wi' my vote; and, as my worthy faither used to observe, I maun be sure about the winning side before I promise onething o' the sort.'

'Consult you!' cried she, like a firebrand—'consult you indeed!—I'll tell ye what, Councillor Gourlay, if ye had a spark o' natural affection, as you ought to have, for your lawful wife, ye wad scorn higgling about a paltry vote. But allow me to tell ye, sir, the thing is settled—ye shall vote for Captain Oliver; and, mair than that, I expect him and his friends to dine here this afternoon!'

"Dine here!" says I, and was perfectly dumfounded, as if a clap o' thunder had burst on my head. I felt it I really was becoming a cipher in my ain house.

'Yes sir—dine here,' continued she; 'and see that ye mak them welcome, and be proud o' the honour.'

I slipped awa into the shop, and I took out the Glasgow manufacturer's letter, and I thought it was a terrible thing to be in debt, but still worse to be henpecked; but to be baith henpecked and in debt, was warse than death itself. I remained in a state of stupefaction until about three o'clock, when I was ordered to dress for dinner. Between four and five o'clock, Captain Oliver and several o' his friends made their appearance. How I conducted myself, I'm sure I canna say—I was dowie enough, but I tried to put the best face upon it, that I could. Everything passed ower weel enough until after the cloth was withdrawn; and then wine was set upon the table, and speerits for them that preferred them, and the kett'le was put upon the fire to keep boiling for the taldy. The servant lassie put twa or three peats on the

fire; and just as she was gaun out o' the room, I remembered about the pouther! Nev-
er was human being in such a mortal state o' perturbation before. The sweat broke a' ovr me. I rose and intended to rin down stairs, just to say that 'I hoped in the name o' safety she hadna ta'en the peats off the north side o' the stack!' However, I had hardly reached the stair-head, and the sneek o' the door was still in my hand, when—good gracious!—sic an explosion!—sic a shout o' terror!—sic a tumblin' o' chairs and a breakin' o' glasses! I banged into the room; it was full of smoke, and the smell o' sulphur was dreadful. 'Are ony o' ye hurt?' says I. There was groanin' and swearin' on ilka hand; and some o' them cried 'Seize him!—'Seize me! cried I—'goodness, sirs! wad ye seize a magistrate in his ain house?' The lid o' the kettle was blown up the chimney; the kettle itself was driven across the table, wi' its boiling' contents scattered right an left, an' nae small portion o' them poured over the precious person o' Captain Oliver! Oh! it was terrible!—terrible!—sic a dilemma as I never witnessed in my born days. I was in a situation that was neither to be explained nor described. Some o' them were fearfully scalded and scorched, too; an' naething would satisfy them, but that I intended to blow up the Captain an' the company! It was a second 'Gunpouther Plot' to secure the election o' Mr. Wood! 'How did I answer,' said they, 'for the pouther being in the peats at all? and why did I leave the room in confusion, at the very moment it was, about to take place? 'Oh! thought I, as they put the questions, 'what a lamentable situation is mine for any man, but especially a magistrate, to be in!' As for Mrs. Gourlay, instead of sympathising for my distress, she flew at me like a teegar, an' seized me by the hair o' the head before them a'. Weel, the upshot was, that I was ta'en before my brother magistrates; and, sinking wi' shame as I was, I tauld the naked truth, an' was very severely admonished. I admitted I had acted very indiscreetly, an' very unbecoming a member o' the council; but I assured them, on my solemn oath, that I hadna dune sae wi' malice in my heart. They a'kenned me to be a very quiet, inoffensive man; an' the Captain's party agreeing that, if I voted for him the next day, they would push the matter no farther, I gied him my hand an' promise, an' the business was dropped. But the next day, the great day of

election, came. Until I had promised, the numbers o' the candidates were equal; an' sure enough, mine was the important—*casting* vote. Weel, just as I was stepping down to the town-house, we' my een fix upon the ground—for I was certain everybody was looking at me—some pers tapped me upon the shoulder, an' I looked; an' there was a sheriff's officer! A kind palsy ran ovr me frae head to foot in a moment! 'Mr. Gourlay,' said the man, 'I a' sorry to inform ye that ye are my prisoner.' 'Is it possible?' said I. 'Weel, if ye'll allow me to gang up an' vote, I'll see abail.

'Ye may come into the public-house here,' said he; 'but I canna allow ye to vote, an' to go out o' my sight.'

Weel, I was arrested for the debt that owed to the manufacturer. It was gey heavy, and during an election though it was found bail wasna to be had. I voted nae that day, an' that night I went to jail. It there about three months, an', when I g free, I found that I was also freed from a persecution o' Mrs. Gourlay, who had broke a blood-vessel in a fit o' passion, an', during my imprisonment, was buried by the side her relations: an' such are the particulars o' my persecution during an election; an', certainly, every reasonable an' feeling man wad admit I had just enough o' it, an' mair than I deserved."

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER

A STORY OF WARK CASTLE.

A little above Coldstream, on the south side of the Tweed, stands the village of Wark, where a walled mound is all that remains to point out where its proud Castle once stood. "We know that," some dwellers on the Borders may exclaim; "but what has Wark Castle to do with the Order of the Garter?" Our answer to this question simply is, that, if tradition may be trusted, or the historian Froissard believed, but for Wark Castle and there would have been no Order of the Garter. But this following story will shew. It was early in the autumn of 1346, that David Bruce, King of Scotland, led an army across the Borders, and laid waste the towns and villages of Northumberland, as far as Newcastle. The invading army seized upon the castle, the flocks, the goods, and the

old of the Northumbrians; and they were returning, overladen with spoils, when they passed within two miles of Wark Castle, which was then the property of the Earl of Salisbury. The Earl was absent; but, on the highest turret of the Castle, stood his Countess, the peerless Joan Plantagenet, daughter of the Earl of Kent, and cousin of King Edward. Her fair cheeks glowed, and her bright eyes flashed indignation, as she beheld the long line of the Scottish army pass by, laden with the plunder of her countrymen.

"Am not I a Plantagenet?" she exclaimed, "flows not the blood of England in my veins?—and shall I tamely behold our enemies tamely parade the spoils of my country before mine eyes? Ho! warden!" she continued, in a louder tone, "send hither Sir William Montague."

Sir William was the brother of her husband and the governor of the castle.

"Behold!" said she, sternly, as the governor approached, and pointing towards the Scottish army. "Is it well that we should look like imprisoned doves upon yon rebel host? Or shall ye, Sir Governor, discharge your duty to your sovereign, if ye strike not a blow for England and revenge?"

"Fair sister," returned the knight, "ere an hour after nightfall, and the cry—'For England and the Rose of Wark!' shall burst as the shout of death upon the ears of our enemies. A troop of forty horsemen wait but my word to become the messengers of vengeance."

"Good, my brother," she replied, while her former frown relaxed into a smile; "and each man who hath done his duty, shall on return, drink a cup of wine from the spoils of Joan Plantagenet."

Darkness began to gather round the turrets of the castle and on the highest the gentle voice of the Countess was still indistinctly heard; now walking round with impatient steps, and again gazing eagerly to obtain another glance of the Scottish army or count the fires which sprang up along the lines where it had encamped for the night when Sir William and forty of the garrison, mounted on fleet steeds, sallied from the gate of the castle wall.

"Our ladye speed ye, gailant hearts!" said fair Joan, as she beheld them sweep past a dark cloud on their work of blood.

The Scottish army were encamped a little distance from Carham, carousing around their fires

from flagons filled with the best wine they had found in the cellar of the Northumbrian nobility; over the fires, suspended from poles, were skins of sheep and of bullocks rudely sewed into the form of bags, and filled with water—these served them as pots, and the flesh of the animals was boiled in their own skins. Amongst the revellers were veterans who had fought by the side of Wallace and Bruce; and, while some recounted the deeds of the patriot, and inspired their comrades with accounts of his lion-like courage and prodigious strength, others, with the goblet in hand, fought Bannockburn o'er again. Thus, the song, the jest, the laugh, the tale of war, and the wine cup went round, amidst the bustle of culinary preparations, and each man laid down his arms aside and gave himself up to enjoyment and security.

Suddenly there arose upon their mirth the trampling and the neighing of war-steeds, the clang of shields, and the shouts of armed men, and naked swords gleamed through the fire-light. "For England and the Rose of Wark!" exclaimed Sir William Montague—"For England and our ladye!" echoed his followers. They rushed through the Scottish lines like a whirlwind, trampling the late revellers beneath their horses' feet, and fleshing their swords in the bodies of unarmed men. For a time they left carnage behind them, and spread consternation before them.

The surprise and panic of the Scottish army, however, were of short duration. "To horse!—to horse!" rang through the camp, and they began to enclose the small but desperate band of assailants on every side.

"England is revenged!—to the Castle with our spoils!" cried Sir William; and they retreated towards Wark, carrying with them a hundred and sixty horses laden with plunder, while the Scots pursued them to the very gates. The Countess hastened to the outer gate to meet them; and as, by the torches borne by her attendants, she surveyed the number of horses they had taken, and the rich booty which they bore—"Thanks, Sir William!" cried she—"thanks, my gallant countrymen—ye have done bravely; merry England hath still its chivalrous and stout hearis upon the Borders;—to night shall each man pledge his ladye love in the ruddy wine."

But there was one who welcomed Sir William Montague's return with silent tears—the gentle Madeline Aubrey, the companion

of Joan Plantagenet, and the orphan daughter of a valiant knight, who had won his golden spurs by the side of the first Edward, and laid down his life in defence of his imbecile son. Madeline was, perhaps, less beautiful than the Countess; but her very looks spoke love—love, ardent, tender and sincere. Hers was the beauty of the summer moon kissing the quiet lake, when the nightingale offers up its song—lovely and serene; Joan's was as the sun flashing upon the gilded sea—receiving the morning worship of the lark, and demanding admiration.

"Wherefore are ye sad, my sweet Madeline?" said Sir William, tenderly, as he drew off his gauntlet, and took her fair hand in his. "Joy ye not that I have returned sound in life and limb?"

"Yes, I joy that my William is safe," answered Madeline; "but will our safety last? Think ye not that ye have done desperately, and that the Scottish king, with to-morrow's sun will avenge the attack ye have made on his camp to night?"

"St. George! and I pray he may!" added Sir William. "I am the dependant of my brother, with no fortune but my sword; and I should glory, beneath the eyes of my Madeline, to win such renown as would gain a dowry worthy of her hand."

"When that hand is given," added she, "your Madeline will seek no honor but her William's heart."

"Well, sweetest," rejoined he, "I know that ye rejoice not in the tournament, nor delight in the battle-field; yet would ye mourn to see your own true knight vanquished in the one, or turn craven on the other. Let Scotland's king besiege us if he will, and then with this good sword shall I prove my love for Madeline."

"Madeline is an orphan," added she, "and the sword hath made her such. She knows your courage as she knows your love, and she asks no farther proofs. The deed of chivalry may make the ladye proud of her knight, but it cannot win her affection."

"Well, sweet one," said he, playfully, "I should love to see thy pretty face in a monk's cowl, for thou dost preach so sad—what troubles thee?"

"Think you, I fear," she replied. "I know your daring, and I know that danger threatens us; and, oh! Madeline's hands could not deck your bosom for the battle; though, in her own breast, she would receive the stroke of death to shield it. For my sake, be not to rash; for, oh! in the silent hours of

midnight—when the spirits of the dead waileth the earth, and the souls of the living mingle with them in dreams—I have seen my father and my mother, and they have seemed to weep over their orphan—they have called me to follow them; and I have thought of you, and the shout of the battle, and the clash of swords have mingled in my ears; and when I would have clasped your hands, a shroud has appeared my bridal garment.

"Come love, 'tis an idle fancy," said he tenderly; "dream no more. But that they have enwed me up in this dull castle, where honour seeks me not, and reward awaits me not, and ere now my Madeline had worn her wedding-garment. But cheer up; for ye sake, I will not be rash though for that I brow, I would win a coronet."

"'Tis an honour that I covet not," said she; nor would I risk thy safety for a moment to wear a crown."

Madeline was right in her apprehensions that King David would revenge the attack that had been made upon the rear of his army. When, with the morning sun, he held two hundred of his soldiers lying dead upon the ground—"Now, by my halberd," said he, "and for this outrage, I will leave one stone of Wark Castle upon another; but its ruins shall rise as a cairn over the graves of these men."

Before noon, the entire Scottish host was encamped around the castle; and the young King sent a messenger to the gates demanding the countess and Sir William to surrender.

"Surrender! boasting Scot!" said churlish Joan; "doth your boy king think the Plantagenet will yield to a Bruce! Be bold, and tell him that, ere a Scot among ye enters these gates, ye shall tread Joan Plantagenet in the dust; and the bodies of the bravest of your army shall fill the ditches of the Castle, that their comrades may pass over."

"I take not my answer from a woman's tongue," replied the herald; "what sayeth Sir Governor? Do ye surrender in peace, or choose ye that we raze Wark Castle with the ground?"

"If King David can, he may," was a brief and bold reply of Sir William Montague; "yet it were better for him that he should have tarried in Scotland until his beard was grown, than that he should attempt it."

"Ye speak boldly," answered the herald; "but ye shall not fare the worse, by reason of your free speech, when a passage shall

ade through these walls for the Scottish army to enter."

The messenger having intimated the refusal of the governor to surrender to his grace, preparations were instantly made to commence the siege. The besieged, however, did not behold the preparations of their enemies and remain inactive. Every means of defence was got in readiness. The Countess hastened from post to post, inspiring the garrison with words of heroism, and stimulating them with rewards. Even the gentle Madeline shewed that her soul could rise on the occasion worthy of a soldier's love; and she, too, went from man to man, cheering them on, and, with her sweet and silver tones, seemed to rob even death of half its terror. Sir William's heart swelled with delight as he beheld her mild eye lighted up with enthusiasm, and heard her voice, which was as music to his ear, giving courage to the faint-hearted, and heroism to the brave.

"Heaven bless my Madeline!" said he, kissing her hand; "ye have taught me to know what true courage is, and our besiegers shall feel it. They may raze the walls of the castle with the ground, as they have threatened; but it shall be at a price that Scotland can never forget; and even now, love; as night gathers round, we must again prepare to assume the part of our assailants."

"You must!—I know you must!" she replied; "yet be not to rash—attempt not more than a brave man ought—or all may be lost; you, too, may perish, and who, then, would protect your Madeline?"

He pressed her hand to his breast—again he cried, "Farewell!" and, hastening to a troop of horsemen who only waited his commands to sally from the gate upon the camp of their besiegers, the drawbridge was let down, and, at the head of his followers, he led upon the nearest point of the Scottish army. Deadly was the carnage which, for some time, they spread around; and, as they were again driven back and pursued to the bay, their own dead and their wounded were left behind. Frequently and suddenly were such sallies made, as the falcon watches its opportunity and darteth on its prey, as frequently were they driven back without never without leaving proof to the Scottish monarch, at what a desperate price Wark Castle was to be purchased. Frequently, too, as they rushed forth, the Countess eagerly and impatiently beheld them from the turrets; and, as the harvest moon shone upon their armour, she seemed to

watch every flash of their swords, waving her hand with exultation, or raising her voice in a strain of triumph. But, by her side, stood Madeline, gazing not less eagerly, and not less interested in the work of danger and despair; but her eyes were fixed upon one only—the young leader of the chivalrous band who braved death for England and their lady's sake. She also watched the flashing of the swords; but her eyes sought those only which glanced where the brightest helmet gleamed and the proudest plume waved. Often the contest was beneath the very walls of the castle, and she could hear her lover's voice, and beheld him dashing as a thunderbolt into the midst of his enemies.

Obstinate, however, as the resistance of the garrison was, and bloody as the price, indeed, seemed at which the castle was to be purchased, David had too much of the Bruce in his blood to abandon the siege. He began to fill the ditches, and he ordered engines to be prepared to batter down the walls. The ditches were filled, and, before the heavy and ponderous blows of the engines, a breach was made in the outer wall, and with a wild shout a thousand of the Scottish troops rushed into the outer court.

"Joan Plantagenet disdains ye still! cried the dauntless Countess. "Quail not brave hearts," she exclaimed, addressing the garrison, who, with deadly aim continued showering their arrows upon the besiegers; "before I yield, Wark Castle shall be my funeral pile!"

"And mine!" cried Sir William, as an arrow glanced from his hand, and became transfixed in the visor of one of the Scottish leaders.

Madeline glanced towards him, and her eyes, yet beaming with courage, seemed to say, "And mine!"

"And ours!" exclaimed the garrison—"and ours!" they repeated more vehemently; and, waving their swords, "Hurra!" cried they, "for our ladye, St. George and old merry England!"

It was the shout of valiant but despairing men. Yet, as the danger rose, and as hope became less and less, so rose the determination of the Countess. She was present to animate at every place of assault. She distributed gold amongst them; her very jewels she gave in presents to the bravest; but, though they had shed much of the best blood in the Scottish army, their defence was hopeless, and their courage could not save them.

Almost their last arrow was expended, and they were repelling their assailants from the inner wall with their spears, when *Wunt*, the most formidable enemy of the besieged, began to assail them from within.

It was now that the gentle Madeline, when Sir William endeavoured to inspire her with hope, replied—"I fear not to die—to die with you!—but tell me not of hope—it is not to be found in the courage of the brave garrison whom famine is depriving of their strength. There is one hope for us—only one; but it is a desperate hope, and I would rather die than the life of another."

"Nay, name it, dearest," said Sir William, eagerly; "and if the heart or hand of man can accomplish it, it shall be attempted."

Madeline hesitated.

"Speak, silly one," said the Countess, who had overheard them—"where lies your hope? Could true knight die in nobler cause? Name it; for I wot ye have a wiser head than a bold heart."

"Name it, do, dear Madeline," entreated Sir William.

"King Edward is now in Yorkshire," she replied; "could a messenger be dispatched to him, the castle might hold out until he hastened to our assistance."

"St. George! and 'tis a happy thought!" replied the Countess. "I have not seen my cousin Edward since we were children together; but how know ye that he is in Yorkshire? I expected that ere now, he was conquering the hearts of the dark-eyed dames of Brittany, while his arms conquered the country."

"In dressing the wounds of the aged Scottish nobleman," answered Madeline, "who was yesterday brought into the castle, he informed me."

"What think ye of your fair lady's plan for our deliverance, good brother" inquired the Countess, addressing the governor.

"Madeline said it would be a desperate attempt," replied he, thoughtfully—"and it would, indeed, be desperate—it is impossible."

"But *God thy knighthood, man!*" rejoined the Countess—"is this the far-famed chivalry of Sir William Montague? why, it is the proposition of your own fair ladye, whom, verily, ye cannot believe chivalrous to a fault. But is it to Joan Platanet that ye talk of impossibilities? I will stake thee my dowry against fair Madeline's, I find a hundred men in this poor garrison ready to dare what you declare impossible."

"You find not *two, fair sister,*" said Sir William, proudly.

"Oh, say not *one!*" whispered Madeline earnestly.

Upon every man in the castle did the Countess urge the dangerous mission—she entreated, she threatened, she offered the most liberal, the most tempting rewards; but the boldest rejected them with dismay.

The Scottish army lay encompassing the castle around—their sentinels were upon the walls almost at every step, and to venture beyond the gate of the castle seemed but to meet death and seek it.

"At midnight have my fleetest horse in readiness," said Sir William, addressing his attendant—"what no man dare, I will!"

"My brother!—thanks!—thanks!—exclaimed the Countess, in a tone of joy.

Madeline clasped her hands together—her cheeks became pale—her voice faltered—she burst into tears.

"Weep not loved one," said Sir William, "the heavens favour the enterprise which my Madeline conceived. Should the storm increase, there is hope—it is possible—it will be accomplished." And, while he yet spoke, the lightning glared along the walls of the castle, and the loud thunder pealed over the battlements. Yet Madeline wept, and repented that she had spoken of the possibility of deliverance.

As it drew towards midnight, the terror of the storm increased, and the fierce hail poured down in sheets and rattled upon the earth; the thunder almost incessantly roared louder and more loud; or, when it ceased, the angry wind moaned through the woods like a chained giant in the grasp of an enemy, and the impenetrable darkness was rendered more dismal by the blue glare of the lightning flashing to and fro.

Silently the castle gate was unbarred, and Sir William, throwing himself into the saddle, dashed his spurs into the sides of his courser, which bounded off at its utmost speed, followed by the adieus of his countrymen and the prayers and the tears of Madeline. The gate was scarce barred behind him ere he was dashing through the midst of the Scottish host. But the noise of the warping elements drowned the trampling of a horse's feet, or, where they were indistinctly heard for a few moments, the sound had ceased, and the horse and its rider were invisible, ere the sentinels, who had sought refuge from the fury of the storm in the tents, could perceive them.

he passed through the Scottish lines in safety; and, proceeding by way of Morpeth and Newcastle, on the third day he reached the camp of King Edward, near Knaresborough. The gay and chivalrous monarch, at the head of a portion of his army, like a knight, hastened to the relief of his distressed cousin.

David, however, having heard of the approach of Edward at the head of an army more numerous than his own, and his nobles representing to him that the rich and weighty booty which they had taken in their inroad on England, together with the oxen and the horses, would be awkward incumbrances in battle, he reluctantly abandoned the siege of the castle, and commenced his march towards Jed Forrest, about six hours before the arrival of Edward and William Montague.

Madeline took the hand of her lover as he rode, and tears of silent joy fell down her cheeks, but the Countess forgot to thank him, in her eagerness to display her beauty and her gratitude in the eyes of her sovereign and kinsman. The young monarch, enraptured, on the fair face of his lovely cousin; and it was evident while he gazed in her eyes, he thought not of gentle Philippe, the wife of his boyhood; nor was it evident that she, flattered by the gallantry of her princely relative, forgot her absent husband, though in the presence of his brother. Edward, finding that it would be imprudent to follow the Scottish army into the forest, addressing the Countess, said—"Our knights expected, fair coz, to have tried the temper of their lances on the Scottish shields, but as it may not be, in honour of your deliverance, to-morrow we proclaim a tournament to be held in the castle-yard, when a true knight shall prove, on the morion his antagonist, whose ladye-love is the best."

The eyes of the Countess flashed joy; and she smiled, well pleased at the proposal of her sovereign; but Madeline trembled as she heard it.

Early on the following morning, the castle-yard was fitted up for the tournament.—The monarch and the Countess were seated on a dais covered with a purple canopy, and the latter held in her hand a ring which shined as a morning star, and which the monarch had taken from his finger, that she might bestow it upon the victor. Near their side sat Madeline, an unwilling spectator of the conflict. The names of the combatants were known to the pursuivants only, and

each entered the lists armed with lance and spear, with their visors down, and having, for defence, a shield, a sort of cuirass, the helmet, gauntlet, and gorget. Several knights had been wounded, and many dismounted; but the interest of the day turned upon the combat of two who already had each discomfited three. They contended long and keenly; their strength, their skill, their activity seemed equal. Victory hung suspended between them.

"Our ladye!" exclaimed the monarch, rising with delight; "but they fight bravely! Who may they be? Were it not that he cannot yet be in England, I should say the knight in dark armour is Sir John Aubrey."

Madeline uttered a suppressed scream, and cast round a look of mingled agony and surprise at the monarch; but the half stifled cry was drowned by the spectators, who, at that moment burst into a shout; the knight in dark armour was unhorsed—his conqueror suddenly placed his lance to his breast, but as suddenly withdrew it; and, stretching out his mailed hand to the other, said—"Rise mine equal! 'twas thy horse's fault, and none of thine, that chance gave me the victory, though I wished it much." The conqueror of the day approached the canopy beneath which the monarch and the Countess sat, and, kneeling before the dais, received the ring from her hands. While she had held the splendid bauble in her hands during the contest, conscious of her own beauty, of which Border minstrel and foreign troubadour had sung, she expected, on placing it in the hands of the victor, to behold in a homage laid again at her feet. But it was not so. The knight, on receiving it, bowed his head, and, stepping back again, knelt before the more lowly seat of Madeline.

"Accept this, dear Madeline," whispered he; and she blushed and startled at the voice which she knew and loved. The Countess cast a glance of envy on her companion as she beheld the victor at her feet; yet it was but one, which passed away as the young monarch poured his practised flatteries in her ear.

The King commanded that the two last combatants should raise their visors. The victor, still standing by the side of Madeline, obeyed. It was Sir William Montague.

"Ha! Montague!" said the monarch, "it is you, Well, for your gallant bearing to-day, you shall accompany us to France—we shall need such hands as thine to secure the scop-

tre of our lawful kingdom. But what mo-
flower is this that ye deck with your
hard-won diamond?" added he, glancing
towards Madeline; and, without waiting a
reply, he turned to the Countess, saying, "Is
she of thy suite, dear coz? She hath a fair
face, worthy the handmaiden of Beauty's
Queen."

The countess liked not his enquiries; but,
nevertheless, was flattered by the compliment
with which he concluded; and she replied,
that she was the orphan daughter of her fa-
ther's friend, and the worshipful divinity of
Sir William. The other combatant now ap-
proached also; and kneeling in front of the
dais, raised his visor.

'Aubrey!' exclaimed the monarch.

"My brother!" cried Madeline, starting
to his side.

"Your brother?" responded Sir William.

"What! my little Madeline, a woman?"
replied the stranger. "Bless thee, my own
sister!"

"What!" exclaimed the monarch, "the
paragon of our tournament, the sister of bold
Aubrey!—And you, too, the combatant a-
gainst her chosen champion! Had ye spilled
blood on either side, this days sport might
have spoiled a bridal. But whence come ye,
Aubrey, and when?"

"My liege," replied the other, "having
arrived at Knarborough on the day after
the departure of your Majesty I hastened hie
ther to inform your grace that France lies
open to our arms, and our troops are eager
to embark."

In a few days, Edward left Wark, leaving
behind him a powerful garrison for the Cas-
tle, but he had left it desolate to poor Made-
line, for he had taken to accompany him, on
his invasion of France, her betrothed hus-
band and her brother. That brother whom
she had met but three days before, she had
not seen from childhood—nor was she certain
that he lived—for he had been a soldier from
his boyhood, and his life had been spent in
the camp and in foreign wars, while she had
been nurtured under the protection of the
Countess of Salisbury.

It was about seven years after the events
we have alluded to had occurred, that Ed-
ward, covered with all the fame of a conquer-
or, if not the advantages of conquest, return-
ed to England. During his victories and the
din of war, however, he had not forgotten the
beauty of his fair cousin, whose glances had
bewildered him at Wark Castle; and now,
when he returned, his admiration was re-
newed, and she appeared as the first favour-

ite of his court. He had provided a re-
banquet for the nobles and the knights who
had distinguished themselves during the
French wars. A thousand lights blazed
the noble hall—martial music peeled away
—and hundreds of the brightest eyes in En-
land looked love and delight. The fair
and the noblest in the land thronged the
assembly. Jewels sparkled, and studded
gorgeous apparel of the crowd. In the ma-
jesty of the hall, walked the gay and courtly ma-
rarch, with the fair Joan of Salisbury resting
on his arm. They spoke of their first meet-
ing at Wark, of the siege and the tourname-
nt, and again they whispered, and hands were
pressed, and looks exchanged; and, when
they walked together, a blue garter, decked
with gold, pearls, and precious stones, and
which, with a golden buckle, had fastened
the sandal of the fair Joan round the be-
turned ankle in the hall, became loose and
entangled among her feet. The Countess
blushed; and the monarch, with the ease
unembarrassment and politeness of a prac-
tised gallant, stopped to fasten the unfor-
tunate ribbon. As the nobles beheld the so-
vereign kneel with the foot of the fair Coun-
tess on his knee, a hardly suppressed sigh
ran through the assembly. But observing
the smile upon the face of his nobles, the ma-
rarch rose proudly, and, with the garter in
hand, exclaimed, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*."
—Shame be to him who thinks ill of it!" and
buckling the garter round his left knee,
added—"Be this the order of St. George,
and the proudest monarchs and the most val-
liant knights in Christendom shall be per-
mitted to be honoured with the emblem of thy gar-
ter, fair coz."

Scarce, however, was the royal banquet dis-
sipated when the voice of lamentation was heard
in every house, though the mourners went
about the streets; for the living feared to
follow their dead to the sepulchre. The
angel of death breathed upon the land—
he stretched out his wings and covered it—
his breath the land sickened—beneath the
shadow of his wings the people perished.
The green fields became as a wilderness
and death and desolation reigned in the
market places. Along the streets moved
cavalcades of the dead—the hearse of the
noble and the car of the citizen; and the
dead bodies of the poor were picked up upon
the streets! The churchyards rose as hills,
and fields were turned up for the dead.
The husband fled from his dying wife; the
mother feared to kiss her own child; and the

groom turned in terror from her who to have been his bride upon the morn. e was no cry heard but—"The Dead! ead!" The plague walked in silence, ping its millions from the earth, laugh- t the noisy slaughter of the sword, mak- kings to tremble, and trampling upon uerors as dust.

ch was the state of London, when Sir iam Montague and Sir John Aubrey od from France. In every street, they he long trains of the dead being borne er grave; but the living had deserted ; and, if they met an occasional pas- r, fear and paleness were upon his face. hurried along the streets in silence— ch would have concealed his thoughts the other—but the thoughts of both of Madeline; and the one trembled e should find his betrothed, the other his , with the dead! They proceeded to ouse of the Duchess of Salisbury; but were told that she had fled to seek a of refuge from the destroying glance of pestilence. From the domestics, how- they learned that Madeline had ceased the companion of the Duchess; but they also directed where they would find ith a friend in the city, if she yet lived!

added their informants, they had heard in the street which they named, the bitants died faster than the living could them. When the haughty Joan be- the acknowledged favorite of the King, was no longer a meet friend or protector the gentle Madeline; and the latter had up her residence in the house of a erchant, who, in his youth, had fought by r father's side; and where, if she enjoyed the splendor and the luxuries of wealth, r was she clothed with the trappin's me.

th anxious steps the betrothed husband he brother hastened to the dwelling of erchant. They reached it.

oth Madeline Aubrey reside here?" ed they in the same breath. "Does ve? Does she live?"

he doth reside here," answered the citi- "and—the saints be praised!—good line hath escaped, with my whole ; and I believe it is for her sake, though areth no more the breath of the pesti- , than though it were healthsome as the er breeze bearing the fragrance of the thorn. But, belike, ye would speak her, gentlemen—ye may step in, good — wait till she return."

brother started back.

Gracious Heaven! can my Madeline be abroad at a time like this!" exclaimed Sir William, "when men tremble to meet each other, and the hands of friends convey contagion! Can ye inform us, good man, where we shall find her?"

"Nay, that I cannot," answered he; "for, as I have told ye, sweet Madeline feareth not the plague, but waiteth abroad as though it existed not; and now, doubtless she is soothing the afflicted, or handing a cup of water to the dying stranger, whom his own kindred, have fled frome and forsaken when the evil came upon him. But, as ye seem acquainted with her, will not ye tarry till she come?"

They gazed towards each other with horror and with fear; yet, in the midst of their apprehensions and dismay, each admired the more than courage of her of whom Joan Plantagenet had said that she had more wisdom of head than boldness of heart.— They entered the house, and they sat down together in silence. Slowly, wearily the moments passed on, each strengthening anxiety, each pregnant with agony.

"She may never return!" groaned Sir William; "for the healthy have been smitten down upon the streets; and the wretched, hirlings, who make a harvest of death, have borne to the same grave the dying with the dead!"

At length, a light footstep was heard upon the stairs. They started to their feet. The door opened, and Madeline, more beautiful than ever they had beheld her, stood before them.

"My own!—my Madeline!" cried Sir William, hastening to meet her.

"My sister!" exclaimed her brother.

Her head rested on the bosom of those she loved, and, in the rapture of the moment, the pestilence and the desolation that reigned around were forgotten. At length, the danger to which she exposed herself recurring to his mind—

"Let us flee from this horrid charnel-house dearest," said Sir William, "to where our bridal may not be mingled with sights of wo, and where the pestilence pursueth not its victims. Come, my own—my betrothed—my Madeline—let us haste away."

"Wherefore would my William fly?" said she—and a smile of joy and of confidence played upon her lips; "have ye not defied death from the sword and the spear, and braved it as it sped with the swift flying arrow, and would ye turn and flee from the

pestilence which worketh only what the word performs, and what chivalry requires as a sacrifice to the madness of woman's folly? But whither would you flee to escape it? Be it south or north, it is there; and east or west, it is there also. If ye flee from the pestilence, would ye flee also from the eye of Him who sends it?"

Again they urged her to leave the city; and again she endeavoured to smile; but it died languidly on her lip—the rose on her cheek vanished, and her mild eyes in a moment became dim. She sank her head upon the bosom of her lover, and her hand rested on the shoulder of her brother. The contagion had entered her heart. A darkening spot gathered upon her fair cheek—it was the shadow of the finger of death—the sea of eternity!

"My Madeline!" cried Sir William—"merciful Heaven!—spare her!"

"Oh, my sister!" exclaimed her brother—"have I hastened to my native land, but to behold thee die?"

She feebly pressed their hands in hers—"Leave me—leave me, loved ones!—my William!—my brother! flee from me!—there is death in the touch of your Madeline!—We shall meet again!"

The plague-spot darkened on her cheek; and, in a few hours, Madeline Aubrey was numbered with its victims.

THE SEEKER.

Amongst the many thousand readers of these tales, there are, perhaps, few who have not observed that the object of the writer is frequently of a higher kind than that of merely contributing to their amusement.—He would wish "to point a moral," while he endeavours to "adorn a tale." It is with this view that he now lays before them the history of a Seeker. The first time he remembers hearing, or rather of noticing the term, was in conversation with a living author, respecting the merits of a popular poet, when his religious opinions being adverted to, it was mentioned that in a letter to a brother poet of equal celebrity, he described himself as a Seeker. I was struck with the word and its application. I had never met with the fool who saith in his heart that there is no God; and, though I had known many deniers of Revelation, yet a Seeker,

in the sense in which the word was applied, appeared a new character. But, on reflection, I found it an epithet applicable to thousands, and adopted it as a title to our present story.

Richard Storie was the eldest son of a dissenting minister, who had the pastoral charge of a small congregation a few miles from Hawick. His father was not what the world calls a man of talent, but he possessed what is far beyond talents—piety and humility. In his own heart he felt his Bible to be true—its words were as a lamp within him, and from his heart he poured forth its doctrines, its hopes, and consolations, to others, with a fervour and an earnestness which Faith only can inspire. It is not the thunder of declamation, the pomp of eloquence, the majesty of rhetoric, the rounded period, the glow of imagery, which can chain the listening soul, and melt down the heart of the unbeliever, as metals yield to the heat of the furnace. Shew me the hoary-headed preacher, who carries sincerity in his look and in his very tones, who is animated because faith inspires him, and out of the fullness of his own heart his mouth speaketh, and there is the man from whose tongue truth floweth as from the lips of an apostle, and the small still voice of conscience echoes to his words, while hope burns and the judgment becomes convinced. Where faith is not in the preacher, none will be produced in the hearer. Such a man was the father of Richard Storie. He had fulfilled his duty, and prayed with and for his children. He set before them the example of a Christian parent, and he rejoiced to perceive that the example was not lost upon them.

We pass over the earlier years of Richard Storie, as during that period he had not become a Seeker, nor did he differ from other children of his age. There was, indeed, a thoughtfulfulness and sensibility about his character; but these were by no means so remarkable as to require particular notice. They did they mark his boyhood in a peculiar degree. The truths which from his childhood he had been accustomed to hear from his father's lips, he had never doubted; but he felt their truth as he felt his father's love, both had been imparted to him together. He had fixed upon the profession of a physician, and, at the age of eighteen, he went to Edinburgh to attend the classes. He was a zealous student, and his progress realized the fondest wishes and anticipations.

parent. It was during his second session Richard was induced, by some of his fellow collegians, to become a member of a debating society. It was composed of many bold and ambitious young men, who, in the violence of their hearts, rashly dared to dabble with things too high for them. There were many amongst them who regarded it a proof of manliness to avow their scepticism, and who gloried in scoffing at the eternal truths which had lighted the souls of their fathers, when the darkness of death fell over their eyelids. It is one of the besetting sins of youth to appear wise above what they are. There were many such amongst them with whom Richard Storie now associated. From them he first heard the truths which had been poured into his infant ears by his father's lips attacked, and the tongue of the scoffer rail against them. His first feeling was horror, and he shuddered at the folly of his friends. He rose to combat their objections and refute their arguments, but he withdrew not from the society of the sceptic. Week succeeded week, and he became a leading member of the club. He was no longer filled with horror at the bold assertions of the avowed sceptic, nor did he manifest disgust at the ribald jest. As night silently and imperceptibly creeps through the air, deepening shade on shade, till the earth is buried in its darkness, so had the gloom of *Doubt* crept over his mind, deepening and darkening, till his soul was bewildered in the aimless wilderness.

The members acted as chairman of the society in rotation, and, in his turn, the office fell upon Richard Storie. For the first time, he seemed to feel conscious of the darkness which his spirit was enveloped; conscience led him as a hound followeth its prey; and all its small still voice whispered—

Who sitteth in the scorner's chair?"

Words seemed burning on his memory, he tried to forget them, to chase them away from his peak of, to listen to other things; but he could not—"Who sitteth in the scorner's chair?" rose upon his mind as if printed beam—as if he heard the words from his father's tongue—as though they would rise from his own lips. He was troubled—his conscience smote him—the darkness in which his soul was shrouded was made visible. He sought his companions—he hastened to his lodgings and wept. But his tears brought not the light which had been extinguished

within him, nor restored the hopes which the pride and the rashness of reason had destroyed. He had become the willing prisoner of *Doubt*, and it now held him in its cold and iron grasp, struggling in despair.

Reason, or rather the self-sufficient arrogance of fancied talent which frequently assumes its name, endeavoured to suppress the whisperings of conscience in his breast; and in such a state of mind was Richard Storie, when he was summoned to attend the death-bed of his father. It was winter, and the snow lay deep on the ground, and there was no conveyance to Hawick until the following day; but, ere the morrow came, eternity might be between him and his parent. He had wandered from the doctrines that parent had taught, but no blight had yet fallen on the affections of his heart. He hurried forth on foot; and, having travelled all night in sorrow and in anxiety, before daybreak he arrived at the home of his infancy. Two of the elders of the congregation stood before the door.

"Ye are just in time, Mr. Richard," said one of them mournfully, "for he'll no be lang now; and he has prayed earnestly that he might only be spared till ye arrived."

Richard wept aloud.

"Oh try and compose yourself, dear sir," said the elder. "Your distress may break the peace with which he's like to pass away. It's a sair trial, nae doubt—a visitation to us a'—but ye ken, Richard we must not mourn as those who have no hope."

"Hope!" groaned the agonized son as he entered the house. He went towards the room where his father lay—his mother and his brethren sat weeping around the bed.

"Richard!" said his afflicted mother as she rose and flung her arms around his neck. The dying man heard the name of his first-born, his languid eyes brightened, he endeavoured to raise himself upon his pillow, he stretched forth his feeble hand—"Richard!—my own Richard!" he exclaimed; "ye hae come my son—my prayer is heard and I can die in peace! I longed to see ye, for my spirit was troubled upon yer account—sore and sadly troubled; for there were expressions in yer last letter that made me tremble—that made me fear that the pride o' human learning was lifting up the heart o' my bairn, and leading his judgment into the dark paths o' error and unbelief—Lut oh! those tears are not the tears of an unbeliever!"

He sank back exhausted. Richard trembled. He again raised his head.

"Get the books," said he feebly, "and Richard will make worship. It is the last time we shall all join together in praise on this earth, and it will be the last time I shall hear the voice o' my bairn in prayer, and it is long since I heard it. Sing the hymn,

"The hour of my departure's come,"

and read the twenty-third psalm."

Richard did as his dying parent requested; and, as he knelt by the bedside, and lifted up his voice in prayer, his conscience smote him, agony pierced his soul, and his tongue faltered. He now became a Seeker, seeking mercy and truth at the same moment: and, in the agitation of his spirit, his secret thoughts were revealed, his doubts were manifested; A deep groan issued from the dying bed.—The voice of the supplicant failed him—his Amen died upon his lips—he started to his feet in confusion.

"My son! my son!" feebly cried the dying man, "ye hae lifted yer eyes to the mountains o' vanity, and the pride o' reason has darkened yer heart, but, as yet, it has not hardened it. O Richard! remember the last words o' yer dying father—'Seek, and ye shall find.' Pray with an humble and a contrite heart, and in yer last hour ye will hae, as I hae now, a light to guide ye thro' the dark valley of the shadow of death."

He called his wife and his other children around him—he blessed them—he strove to comfort them—he committed them to His care, who is the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless. The lustre that lighted up his eyes for a moment, as he besought a blessing on them, vanished away, his head sank back upon his pillow, a low moan was heard, and his spirit passed into peace.

His father's death threw a blight upon the prospects of Richard. He no longer possessed the means of prosecuting his studies; and, in order to support himself, and assist his mother, he engaged himself as tutor in the family of a gentleman in East Lothian. But there his doubts followed him, and melancholy sat upon his breast. He had thoughtlessly, almost imperceptibly, stepped into the gloomy paths of unbelief, and anxiously he groped to retrace his steps; but it was as a blind man stumbles; and, in wading through the maze of controversy for a guide, his way became more intricate, and the darkness of

his mind more intense. He repented that he had ever listened to the words of the scoffers, or sat in the chair of the scorner; but he permitted the cold mists of scepticism to gather round his mind, till even the affection of his heart became blighted by their influence. He was now a solitary man, shunning society; and at those hours when his pupils were not under his charge, he would wander alone in the wood or by the river, brooding over unutterable thoughts, and communing with despair—for he sought not, as is the manner of many, to instil the poison that he destroyed his own peace into the minds of others. He carried his punishment in his soul, and was silent—in the soul that was doubting its own existence! Of all hypocondriacs, to me the unbeliever seems the most absurd. For, can matter think, can reason, can it doubt? Is it not the thing that doubts which distrusts its own being? Often when he so wandered, the last words of his father—"Seek, and ye shall find"—were whispered in his heart, as though the spirit of the departed breathed them over him. Then would he raise his hands in agony, and his prayer rose from the solitude of the woods.

After acting about two years as tutor, he returned to Edinburgh, and completed his studies. He, after some difficulty, from the scantiness of his means, obtained his diploma, and commenced practice in his native village. His brothers and his sisters had arrived at manhood and womanhood, and his mother enjoyed a small annuity. Although from boyhood, he had been deeply attached to Agnes Brown, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer; and, about three years before he had commenced practice, she bestowed on him her hand. She was all that his heart could wish—meek, gentle, and affectionate; and her anxious love threw a gleam of sunshine over the melancholy that had sat upon his soul. Often, when he fondly gazed in her eyes, where affection beamed, there the light of immortality would flash through his gloom, for one so good, so made of all that a father's virtue dear, but to be born to die again, to be no more, he deemed impossible. They had been married about nine years, and Agnes had become the mother of five children, when, in one day, Death entered the dwelling, and robbed them of two of the little ones. Their neighbours had gathered together to comfort them, and the mother, in silent anguish wept over her babes; but

father stood tearless and stricken with grief, though his hopes were sealed up in the coffin of his children. In his agony, he uttered words of strange meaning. The doubts of the Seeker burst forth in the accents of despair. The neighbours gazed at each other. They had before had doubts of the religious principles of Dr. Storie, now those doubts were confirmed. In the bitterness of his grief, he had spoken of the grave as the eternal prison of the dead, and of futurity and resurrection as things he hoped for, but believed not.

His words were circulated through the village, and over the country; and, as they spread, they were exaggerated. Many began to regard him as an unsafe man to visit deathbed, where he might attempt to rob the dying of the everlasting hope which enables them to triumph over the last enemy.—His practice fell off, and the wants of his family increased. He was no longer able to maintain an appearance of respectability; his coat had assumed a melancholy hue; and he gave up assembling with his family amidst the congregation over which his father had been pastor. His circumstances aggravated the gloom of his mind; and, for a time, he became not a Seeker, but one who abandoned himself to callousness and despair. Even the affliction of his wife—which knew no change, but rather increased as affliction and misfortune came upon them—with the smiles and affection of his children, became irksome. Their love increased his misery. His own house was all but forsaken, and the blacksmith's shop became his consulting room, the village alehouse his laboratory. Misery and contempt heightened the "shadows, clouds; and darkness," which rested on his mind. To his anguish and excitement he had now added habits of intemperance—his health became a wreck, and he lay upon his bed, a miserable and a ruined man. The shadow of death seemed lowering over him, and he lay trembling, shrinking from its approach, shuddering and brooding over the cheerless, the horrible thought, *annihilation!* But, even then, his poor Agnes watched over him with a love stronger than death. She strove to cheer him with the thought that he would still live—that they would again be happy. "O my husband!" cried she, fondly, "yield not to despair; seek, and ye shall find!"

Hope mocks me, and the terrors of death only find me!"

"Kneel with me, my children," she cried; "let us pray for mercy and peace of mind for your poor father?" And the fond wife and her offspring knelt around the bed where her husband lay. A gleam of joy passed over the sick man's countenance, as the voice of her supplication rose upon his ear, and a ray of hope fell upon his heart. "Amen!" he uttered as she arose; and "Amen!" responded their children.

On the bed of sickness, his heart had been humbled; he had, as it were, seen death face to face, and the nearer it approached, the stronger assurances did he feel of the immortality he had dared to doubt. He arose from his bed a new man; hope illumined, and faith began to glow in his bosom. His doubts were vanquished, his fears dispelled. He had sought, and at length found—found the joys and the hopes of the Christian. He regained the esteem of men, and again prospered; and this was the advice of the Seeker to his children: "*Avoid trusting to reason when it would flatter you with your own wisdom; for it begetteth doubt; doubt, unbelief; unbelief, despair; and despair, death!*"

LOTTERY HALL.

I had slept on the preceding night at Brampton, and without entering so far into particulars as to say whether I took the road towards Carlisle, Newcastle, Anran, or to the south, suffice it to say that towards evening, and just as I was again beginning to think of a resting place. I overtook a man sauntering along the road with his hands behind his back. A single glance informed me that he was not one who earned his bread by the sweat of his brow, but the same glance also told me that he had not bread enough and to spare. His back was covered with a well-worn black coat, the fashion of which belonged to a period at least twelve years preceding the time of which I write. The other parts of his outer man harmonized with his coat so far as apparent age and colour went. His head was covered with a low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, and on his nose he wore a pair of silver-mounted spectacles. To my mind he presented the picture of a poor scholar, or of gentility in rags.

"O heavens, Agnes!" exclaimed he, "I have sought! I have sought! I have been a Seeker until now; but Truth flees from me,

The lappels of his coat were tinged a little,—but only a little, with snuff,—which *Flee-up*, or *Beggar's Brown* as some call it, is very apt to do. In his hands also, which as I have said were behind his back, he held his snuff box. It is probable that he imagined he had returned it to his pocket after taken a pinch, but he appeared from his very saunter to be a meditative man, and an idea having shot across his brain, while in the act of snuff-taking, the box was unconsciously retained in his hand and placed behind his back. Whether the hands are in the way of contemplation or not I cannot tell, for I never think, save when my hand holds a pen; yet have observed, that to carry the hands behind the back is a favorite position with *walking thinkers*. I accordingly set down the gentleman with the broad-brimmed hat, and silver-mounted spectacles to be a walking thinker, and it is more than probable that I should not have broken in upon his musings, (for I am not in the habit of speaking to strangers,) had it not been that I observed the snuff box in his hands, and that mine required replenishing at the time. It is amazing and humiliating to think how uncomfortable, fretful, and miserable, the want of a pinch of snuff can make a man! How dust longs for dust! I had been desiring a pinch for an hour, and here it was presented before me like an unexpected spring in the wilderness. Snuffers are like freemasons, there is a sort of brotherhood among them; the real snuffer will not give a pinch to the mere dipper into other people's boxes, but he will never refuse one to the initiated. Now I took the measure of the man's mind at a single glance. I discovered something of the pedant in his very stride; it was thoughtful, measured, mathematical; to say nothing of the spectacles, of his beard, which was of a dark colour, and which had not been visited by the razor for at least two days. I therefore accosted him in the hackneyed but pompous language attributed to Johnson;

"Sir," said I, "permit me to emerge the summits of my dignities in your pulveriferous utensil, in order to excite a grateful titillation in my olfactory nerves!"

"Cheerfully Sir," returned he, handling me the box, and for which by the way he first groped in his waistcoat pocket; "I know what pleasure it is—*nauribus aliquid haurire*."

I soon discovered that my companion, to whom a pinch of snuff had thus introduced

me, was an agreeable and well informed man. About a mile before us lay a village in which I intended to take up my quarters for the night, and near the village was a house of considerable dimensions, the appearance of which it would puzzle to describe. The architect had evidently set all orders of defiance,—it was a mixture of the castle and the cottage,—a heap of stones confusedly put together. Around it was a quantity of trees, poplars, Scotch firs, and they appeared to have been planted as promiscuously as the house was built. Its appearance excited my curiosity, and I inquired of my companion what it was called, or to whom it belonged.

"Why sir," said he, "people generally call it Lottery Hall, but the original proprietor intended that it should have been named Luck's Lodge. There is rather an interesting story connected with it, if you intend to hear it."

I discovered that my friend with the silver-mounted spectacles kept what he termed a "Establishment for young gentlemen" in the neighbourhood, that being the modern appellation for a boarding school, then judging from his appearance I did not suppose his establishment to be over-filled; and having informed him that I intended to remain for the night at the village inn, I requested him to accompany me, where, after I had made obeisance to a supper, which was a duty that a walk of forty miles strongly prompted me to perform, I should "enjoy mine ease" like the good old bishop, glad to hear his tale of Lottery Hall.

Therefore having reached the inn, and partaken of supper and a glass together, after priming each nostril with a separate pinch from the box aforesaid, he thus began:

Thirty years ago there dwelt within a village a man named Andrew Donald. He was merely a day labourer upon the estate of the squire to whom the village belongs, but he was a singular man in many respects, and one whose character very few were able to comprehend. You will be surprised when I inform you that the desire to become a Man of Fashion, haunted this day labourer like his shadow in the sun, and was the disease of his mind. Now since I am proceeding with my story, I shall make a few observations on this plaything of the ruler of the world called Fashion. I would describe Fashion to be a deformed little creature with a chameleon skin, bestriding the shoulders of public opinion. Though we

well, it has gradually usurped a degree of power that is well nigh irresistible; and this tyranny prevails in various forms, but with equal cruelty over the whole habitable earth. In the stream it bears along all ranks and conditions of men, all avocations and professions, and often principles. Fashion is that a notable courtier, bowing to the strong and flattering the powerful. Fashion is mere whim, a conceit, a foible, a toy, a folly, and withal an idol whose worshippers are universal. Wherever introduced, it generally assumes the familiar name of Habit, and many of your great and philosophical men, and certain ill-natured old women who appear at parties in their wedding gown, and dispense the very name of Fashion, are each slaves of sundry habits which once bore the appellation. Should Fashion miss the buttons of a man's coat, it is certain of seizing him by the beard. It is humiliating to the dignity of immortal beings, possessed of capacities the extent of which is yet unknown. I confess that many of them professing to be Christians, Jews, Mahomedans, or Pagans, are merely the followers in the stream of Fashion; and are Christians or Jews simply because such a religion was after the fashion of their fathers or country. During the present century it has been the cause of much infidelity and freethinking, or rather, as is more frequently the case with its votaries, of *no thinking*; this arose from wisdom and learning being the fashion, and a vast number of brainless people, who could neither be *out* of the service of their idol, nor yet endure the plodding labour and severe study necessary for the acquiring of wisdom and learning, and many of them not even possessing the requisite abilities; in order to be thought once wise men and philosophers, they pronounced religion to be a cheat, futurity a lie, and themselves organic clods.—Fashion indeed is as capricious as it is tyrannical; with one man it plays the infidel, and with another it runs the gauntlet of bible and missionary meetings, or benevolent societies. It is like the Emperor of Austria—a command of intolerable evil and much good. It attempts to penetrate the mysteries of metaphysics, and it mocks the calculations of the sagacious Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is the nod of Fashion, ladies change their dresses, and the children of the glove-makers in Worcester go without dinners. At its call they took the shining buckles from their shoes, and they walked in the laced boot, the slipper, or the tied shoe; individu-

ally it seemed a small matter whether shoes were fastened with a buckle or with ribbon; but the small-ware manufacturers found a new harvest, while the buckle-makers of Birmingham and their families in thousands, were driven through the country to beg, to steal, to coin, to perish. This was the work of Fashion, and its effects are similar to the present hour; if the cloak drive the shawl from the promenade, Paisley and Bolton may go in sackcloth. Here I may observe, that the cry of distress is frequently raised against *bad government*, assuming it to be the cause, when fickle Fashion has alone produced the injury. In such a matter, government was unable to prevent, and is unable to relieve—Fashion defying all its enactments, and the ladies being the sole governors in the case.—For although the world rules man and his business, and Fashion is the ruler of the world, yet the ladies, though the most devoted of its servants, are at the same time the rulers of Fashion. This last assertion may seem a contradiction, but is not the less true. With simplicity and the graces, Fashion has seldom exhibited any inclination to cultivate an acquaintance: now the ladies being in their very nature, form and feature, the living representatives of these virtues, I am the more surprised that they should be the especial patrons of Fashion, seeing that its efforts are more directed to conceal a defect by making it more deformed, than to lend a charm to elegance, or an adornment to beauty.—The lady of Fortune follows the tide of Fashion till she and her husband are within sight of the shores of poverty. The portionless or the poorly portioned maiden pressed on in its wake, till she find herself immured in the everlasting garret of an old maid.—The well-dressed woman every man admires—the fashionable woman every man fears. Then comes the animal of the male kind, whose coat is cut, whose hair is curled, and his very cravat tied according to the fashion. Away with such shreds and patches of effeminacy! But the fashion for which Andrew Donaldson, the day-labourer, sighed, aimed at higher things than this. It grieved him that he was not a better-dressed man and a greater man than the squire on whose estate he earned his daily bread. He was a hard and severe man in his own house—at his frown his wife was submissive and his children trembled. His family consisted of his wife,—three sons, Paul, Peter, and Jacob, and two daughters, Sarah and Rebecca. Though all scriptural names, they had all

been so called after his own relations. His earnings did not exceed eight or nine shillings a week, but even out of this sum he did not permit the one half to go to the support of his family, and that half was doled out most reluctantly, penny by penny. For 20 years he had never entrusted his wife with the management or the keeping of a single sixpence. With her, of a verity, money was but a *sight*, and that generally in the smallest coins of the realm. She seldom had an opportunity of contemplating the gracious countenance of his Majesty, and when she had it was invariably upon copper. If she needed but a penny to complete the cooking of a dinner, the children had to run for it to the fields, the quarry, or the hedge-side where their father might be at work, and then it was given with a lecture against their mother's extravagance! Extravagance indeed! to support seven mouths for a week out of five shillings! I have spoken of dinners, and I should tell you that bread was seen in the house but once a day, and that only of the coarsest kind. Potatoes were the staple commodity, and necessity taught Mrs. Donaldson to cook them in twenty different ways; and although butcher meat was never seen beneath Andrew's roof, with the exception of pork of their own feeding, in a very small portion once a week, yet the kindness of the cook in the squire's family, who occasionally presented her with a jar of *kitchen-fee*, enabled her to dress up her potatoes in modes as various and palatable to the hungry, as they were creditable to her own ingenuity and frugality. Andrew was a man of no expensive habits himself; he had never been known to spend a penny upon liquor of any kind but once, and that was at the christening of his youngest child, who was baptized in the house, when it being a cold and stormy night, and the minister having far to ride, and withal being labouring under a cold, he said he would thank Andrew for a glass of spirits. The frugal father thought the last born of his flock had made an expensive entry into existence, but handing two pence to his son Paul, he desired him to bring a glass of spirits to his reverence. The spirits were brought in a milk-pot, but a milk-pot was an unsightly and an unseemly vessel out of which to ask a minister to drink.— The only piece of crystal in the house was a footless wine-glass out of which a grey innet drank, and there was no alternative but to take it from the cage, clean it, pour the spirits into it, and hand it, bottomless as it was,

to the clergyman, and this was done accordingly. For twenty years this was all that Andrew Donaldson was known to have spent on ale, wine, or spirits; and as from the good that his children had been able to do, he had not contributed a single sixpence to his earnings towards the maintenance of a house, it was generally believed that he could not be worth less than two or three hundred pounds. Where he kept his money, how often, or who was his banker, no one could tell. Some believed that he was saving in order to emigrate to Canada and purchase land, but this was only a surmise. For weeks and months he was frequently wont to manifest the deepest anxiety. His impatience was piteous to behold, but why he was anxious and impatient no one could tell. The fits of anxiety were as frequently succeeded by others of the deepest despondency, during both his wife and children feared to look in his face, to speak or move in his presence. As his despondency was wont to wear away, his penuriousness in the same degree increased, and at such periods a penny for the most necessary purpose was obstinately refused.

Such was the life and habits of Andrew Donaldson, until his son Paul, who was the chief of his family, had attained the age of three and twenty, and his daughter Rebecca, the youngest, was seventeen, when on Saturday evening he returned from the market town, so changed, so elated, (though evidently not with strong drink,) so kind and happy, and withal so proud, that his wife and his sons and daughters marvelled, and looked at each other with wonder. He walked backward and forward across the street with his arms crossed upon his breast, his head thrown back, and he stalked with a majestic stride of a stage-king in a tragedy. He took the fragment of a mirror, which he had fastened in pieces of parchment against the wall and endeavoured as he walked to see his might, and as its size and its half-triangular half-circular form would admit, to survey himself from head to foot. His family gazed at him and at each other with increased astonishment.

"The man's possessed!" whispered Mrs. Donaldson in terror.

He thrust his hand into his pocket, he drew out a quantity of silver.

"Go, Miss Rebecca," said he, "and on John Bell of the King's Head to send Mr. Donaldson a bottle of brandy, and a bottle of his best wine, instantly."

wife gave a sort of scream, his children dived to their feet.

"O!" said he, stamping his foot and placing money in her hand; "go! I order

you to know his temper, that he was not to be warred, and Rebecca obeyed. He continued to walk across the floor with the same air of importance; he addressed his sons—Master Donaldson, Master Peter and Master Jacob, and Sarah, who was the best of the family, as Miss Donaldson. He walked to his wife, and with a degree of kindness such as his family had never witnessed before, he clapped her on the shoulder, and

"Catherine, you know the proverb, that who look for a silk gown always get a cotton,—I have long looked for one to you, now

"I'll mak' ye lady o' them a'!"

In his own unmusical way he sang a line or two from the "*Lass o' Gowrie*."

Then Mrs. Donaldson trembled from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot.—Her looks plainly told that she feared her husband had "gone beside himself." He continued his march across the floor, stately as an admiral on the quarter-deck, when Rebecca entered with the brandy and the wine.

"What!" said he, again stamping his foot, "did I not order you—to order John Bell to bring the bottles?"

Rebecca shook, but he took them from her hand, and ordered her to bring the glasses! He had already noticed the paucity of glass vessels at Rebecca's baptism. They were not more numerous now, and even the foot-glass out of which the linnet drank, had long ago with the linnet gone the way of all kind and of all glass, and Rebecca placed a teacup, scored and seamed with age, (there were but four in the house,) upon the

"What! a cup! a cup!" exclaimed he, stamping his foot more vehemently than before. "did I not order you to bring glasses!—Come! Mister Donaldson drink wine out of a teacup!" and he dashed the cup before the fire.

"Paul! Paul!" cried Mrs. Donaldson, kissing her first-born, "is your father mad!—will ye no naud him! Shall we send for the doctor, a strait jacket, or the lazar?"

Paul was puzzled; his father did not ex-

actly seem mad, but his conduct, his extravagance, was so unlike anything he had ever seen in him before, that he was troubled on his account, and he rose to reason with him.

"Keep your seat Master Donaldson," said his father, with the dignity of a duke—"Keep your seat Sir, your father is not mad, but before a week go round, the best hat in the village shall be lifted to him!"

Paul knew not what to think, but he had been taught to fear and to obey his father, and he obeyed him now. Andrew again handed money to his daughter, and ordered her to go and purchase six tumblers and six wine glasses. Mrs. Donaldson wrung her hands, she no longer doubted that her husband was "beside himself." The crystal, however, was brought, the wine and the brandy were sent round, and the day-labourer made merry with his children.

On the Monday following he went not out into the field, to his work as usual, but arraying himself in his Sunday attire, he took leave of his family, saying he would be absent for a week. This was as unaccountable as his sending for the wine, the brandy, and the crystal, for no man attended his employment more faithfully than Andrew Donaldson. For twenty years he had never been absent from his work a single day, Sundays and Fast-days alone excepted. His children communed together, and his wife shed tears; she was certain that something had gone wrong about his head; yet strange as his actions were, his conversation was rational, and though still imperious, he manifested more affection for them all than he had ever done before. They did not dare to question him as to the change that had come over him, or whether he was going, for at all times his mildest answer to all inquiries was, that "fools and bairns should never see things half done." He departed therefore without telling why or whether, simply intimating that he would return within seven days leaving his family in distress and bewilderment.

Sunday came, but no tidings were heard regarding him. With much heaviness of heart and anxiety of spirit his sons and daughters proceeded to the church, and while they with others yet stood in groups around the church-yard, a stranger gentleman entered. His step was slow and soldier-like. He carried a sliken umbrella to screen himself from the sun, for they were then little used as a protection from rain, few had at that time discovered that they could be so applied.—

His head was covered with a hat of the most fashionable shape. His hair was thickly powdered and gathered up behind in a *queue*. His coat, his vest, his breeches, were of silken velvet, and the colour thereof was the kingly purple—moreover, the knees of the last mentioned article were fastened with silver buckles, which shone as stars as the sun fell upon them. His stockings were of silk, white as the driven snow; and partly covering these, he wore a pair of boots of the kind called Hessian. In his left hand, as I have said, he carried an umbrella, and in his right he bore a silver mounted cane*. The people gazed with wonder as the stranger paced slowly along the footpath, as he approached the door, the sexton lifted his hat, bowed, and walking before him, conducted him to the squire's pew. The gentleman sat down; he placed his umbrella between his knees, his cane by his side, and from his pocket he drew out a silver snuff-box, and a bible in two volumes bound in crimson coloured morocco. As the congregation began to assemble, some looked at the stranger in the squire's seat with wonder. All thought his face was familiar to them. On the countenances of some there was a smile, and from divers parts of the church there issued sounds like the tittering of suppressed laughter. Amongst those who gazed on him were the sons and daughters of Andrew Donaldson—their cheeks alternately became red, pale, hot and cold. Their eyes were in a dream, and poor Sarah's head fell as though she had fainted away upon the shoulder of her brother Paul. Peter looked at Jacob, and Rebecca hung her head. But the squire and his family entered. They reached the pew,—he bowed to the stranger,—gazed,—started,—frowned,—ushered his family rudely past him, and beckoned for the gentleman to leave the pew. In the purple-robed stranger he recognized his field labourer, Andrew Donaldson! Andrew however, kept his seat, and looked haughty and unmoved. But the service began—the preacher looked often to the pew of the squire, and at length he too seemed to make the discovery, for he paused for a full half minute in the middle of his sermon, gazed at the purple coat, and all the congregation gazed with him, and breaking from his subject, he commenced a lecture against the wickedness of pride and vanity.

* To some this picture may appear exaggerated, but many readers of these Tales will recognise in it a faithful portraiture of the original.

The service being concluded, the sons and daughters of Andrew Donaldson proceeded home with as many eyes fixed upon them upon their father's purple coat. They were confounded and unhappy beyond the power of words to picture their feelings. They communicated to their mother all that they had seen. She, good soul, was more distressed than even they were, and she sat down and wept for "her poor Andrew." He came, and Paul, Peter and Jacob were about to be in quest of him, and they now thought in earnest of a straight-waistcoat, when John Bell's waiter of the King's Head entered and presenting Mr. Donaldson's compliments requested them to come and dine with him. His wife, sons and daughters were petrified!

"Poor man!" said Mrs. Donaldson, "tears forbade her to say more.

"O! my father! my poor father!" cried Sarah.

"He does not seem to be poor," answered the waiter.

"What in the world can have put that in your head?" said Jacob.

"We must try to soothe and humour him," added Paul.

The whole family, therefore, though ashamed to be seen in the village, went to the King's Head together. They were ushered into a room in the midst of which stood a table, drew, with divers trunks or boxes around it. His wife screamed as she beheld the transformation, and clasping her hands together, she cried—"Oh Andrew!"

"Catherine," said he, "ye must understand that ye are a lady now, and ye must not call me Andrew, but Mister Donaldson."

"A leddy!" exclaimed she in a tone mingled fear and astonishment, "O! what does the man mean! Bairns! bairns! can none o' ye bring your father to reason?"

"It is you that require to be brought to reason Mrs. Donaldson," said he, "but since I see that ye are all upon the rack, I will put you at your wits' end. I am sensible, baith you and your neighbours have all considered me in the light of a miser, neither you nor they knew my motive in saving. It has ever been my desire to become the richest, the greatest, and the most respectable man in the parish. But then you may think that I have pinched them each and wasted nothing on the back, but I knew I never could become out of the rags of nine shillings a week. Yet night and day I hoped, prayed, and believed it would be accomplished, and it is accomplished! yes, I repeat it is accomplished!"

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