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## THE RAID OF ROXBURGH.

It is an old saying, as to the origin of which a good deal of controversy has taken place among quotation hunters, that him whom Jupiter wishes to destroy, he first deprives of reason; and, doubtless, it is a noble maxim, containing much knowledge of mankind, and indicating, in a few words of startling import, that imprudence is the author of the greater part of our misfortunes. The quotation, however, carries more than this, for it implies that the imprudence which proves prejudicial to our interests and happiness in this world, results from the attempted gratification of some ungovernable passion, which blinds us to the view of what is good for us, and drives us on through the dark valley of vice, until we are destroyed in the gulf of misery which lies yawning at its termination. This moral is often exhibited by the actions of the deluded votaries of sin; and one memorable instance we are now to submit to our readers, where the effects of evil passions not only proved destructive to an individual, but injurious to the community over which he enjoyed a jurisdiction.

In the town of Roxburgh there lived, a long time ago, a young man of the name of George Belford, by trade a cattle dealer, but who sometimes joined to that more extensive business, the occupation of killing the animals he could not sell, and retailing their carcasses in a shop in the town, which, in consequence of not being a freeman, he kept under the name of another person. Belford, though apparently a very plain and simple man, was ambitious of being known only as pursuing the more respectable part of the craft of procuring food for his fellow-men—a pride he derived from his ancestors, who were Yorkshire graziers, and plumed themselves on being never condescending, except for their own private use, to invert the nature of their business, by killing in place of rearing.

Belford, tho' possessed of this little failing of pride, was a good honest fellow—as big as a giant, as simple as a child, and, if a pair of roddy cheeks are of any importance to a eauty, as fair as the fisherman whom she apphloved, but who would not return the love of the little brown poetess. He was one of those people who generally disappear in a country in the progress of the art in getting

rich—a person who lived more for others than himself; reversing the original law of self-love, and endeavouring to do as much to his friends and his acquaintances as was in his power; while his broad good-humoured cheeks and ready laugh carried on a continual warfare against their melancholy, and plainly told that he himself did not know what the long, liquid, lugubrious word was meant to convey. The good nature he disseminated amongst all his acquaintances, was not so much a consequence of wit or humour—for he was too blunt and simple to have much of either—as of his unchangeable equability of temper—his openness, candour, and honesty—his perfect contentedness, and readiness to contribute to whatever might conduce to the happiness of those around him.

Such people as George Belford may truly be said to be benefactors of mankind. Ever happy themselves, they are the cause of much of that happiness that is in others.—The laugh of pure good-nature, disregarding the mere impulses of artificial humour, forces its way to the heart of lank melancholy, and makes the hypocondriac gather up his leathery cheeks into a reluctant smile. To few are awarded the blessings of simplicity and good-nature to the extent enjoyed by Belford; for, indeed, it must be admitted that it is not often that, amidst the depraving effects of worldly interests and seductions, the heart of a man is kept pure enough to be pleased at all times with himself and his own actions. But, in proportion as these children of nature are scarce, they are, by all good men, the more prized; and Belford was, accordingly, sought after by both young and old—the one to enjoy his laugh, from youthful sympathy, and the other to court an oblivion of cares amidst the effusions of a harmless merriment.

Not very distant from the place where Belford carried on his business, there lived an old widow woman of the name of Pringle, who had a daughter called Lucy, an interesting girl of about eighteen years of age. To this young woman great court was paid by the young men of the town, in consequence of her amiable character and engaging appearance. The dutiful and kind attentions

she bestowed on her aged parent, was a theme of praise to the neighbours, and a subject of envy to mothers who had not experienced similar regard from their children. The frailty of her parent, who had long been in tender health, had, no doubt, strengthened the sympathies of Lucy; but the kindness she extended to her mother was only a concentration of that feeling of universal goodwill and friendship which she felt for all with whom she was acquainted. The sweetness of her manners; her imperturbable good-nature; her kind offices, ready on every occasion and for every friend; the softness and gentleness of her speech and conduct; her total freedom from vanity or self-will—all set off by beauty of no ordinary kind—obtained for this young maiden the universal favour of the inhabitants, the affection of her friends, the loves of the young men, and the emulation, untainted by envy, of the young women.

As a good daughter generally makes a faithful and obedient wife, it was not to be wondered at that Lucy Pringle had many admirers. Among these might be reckoned George Belford, who held the first place in her affections. Her heart was also solicited by no less a personage than the youngest bailie of Roxburgh, called Walter Paxton, a man the very reverse of his less illustrious but more favoured rival. Paxton had been in London; and it was even said he had visited Paris—a journey, in those days, of no less importance, and reflecting nearly as great honour on those who had the good fortune to have accomplished it, as a voyage to China, in these space-annihilating times.

In these foreign excursions, Paxton had laid down his Scotch manners and Scotch accent, and received in exchange, those of England. His Scotch honesty, if he ever possessed any, was left behind him at Paris. His temperance he had parted with before he left his country; having, perhaps, considered it as a vulgar appendage in a place like Paris, where licentiousness had, even at that early period, begun to ape the legalized and respectable character of a household virtue. The conduct of one who made vicious indulgences a system formed on authority, could not fail to cause much speculation in a small town which had only yet known the crimes which follow the chariot

of war. Paxton was, therefore, soon pointed out as a profligate, who erected for his private sacrifices an altar to vicious pleasures of every kind which could for a moment gratify a depraved appetite. But the most remarkable part of his character, was his total want of feeling for the miseries of those who attempted to oppose the front of a virtuous resolution against the gratification of his desires. Every man or woman that came in the way of his pleasure, was set down as his enemy; and such was the perversity of his mind, that the hatred he nourished against the often unconscious disturbers of his pleasures, was considered by him as legitimate and proper as it had been directed towards public criminals. His revenge was deadly, fruitful of endless expedients, and apparently insatiable. The person who incurred his displeasure might well be called unfortunate; for while the powers of injury are innumerable, and the desire of inflicting pain constant and unremitting, it is difficult, if not impossible, even in high civilized times, for the destined victim of a disciplined avenger to escape the snares laid for his destruction.

It may be well wondered at, that such a man as Walter Paxton should ever have filled the situation of magistrate in such a country as Scotland; but it is much to be feared that his country, though boasting of the possession of a good stock of private morals, has never, at an time, been remarkable for the purity of its official characters. Indeed a poor country runs always a great risk of having its public stations occupied by bad men. The power of money is felt there with greater effect; and bribery and poverty are only the counterparts of public venality and corruption. What is applicable to the higher departments of the state is, in this respect, not unsuited to the insignificant dominations of town magistracies. Paxton's money, assuming the form of a golden key, opened for him the doors of the Council Chamber of Roxburgh, which, otherwise, would have been shut against his open and flagrant breaches of public morals and private obligations. The patron of vice sat in the chair of judgment; and it would be difficult to condemn it as a virtue, or censure it as a crime, that the vices which he openly practised, and encouraged his fellow citizens to commit, were punished by him with a severity which deserved the character of

cruelty. It may well be supposed that his punishments were not applied to check vice; they were the mere result of a natural love of witnessing pain, whether that was experienced in the victim of the arm of the law, or that of the private avenger of his own fancied wrongs.

Paxton had seen and admired Lucy Pringle, as he passed from his house to the Council Chamber. He had no sooner felt the power of her charms, than he set to work to devise some mode of obtaining an interview with the young woman. Though a man of unprincipled character, he had no objections to a wife; and such was the effect produced on him by the appearance of this artless girl, that he had serious thoughts of marrying her, provided he ascertained that, upon an interview, her conversation and manners accorded with her appearance, and that he succeeded in gaining her affections. Such, however, was the bad character of the man, that, even when he intended good, nobody would believe that he was bent on anything but evil; and, as he intended, in this instance, first to gain her affections, and then to declare his honourable purpose, he found an obstacle in his own character, which was productive of such effects as a bad reputation generally is found to be. He first resorted to his power of external charming, by decking himself out with his most showy apparel, exhibiting some of those gems which he had purchased when abroad, and filling the air through which he conveyed his precious body, with sweet effluvia of costly perfumes. To these flimsy attributes of wealth and fantastic conceit, he endeavoured as he passed the house of the unconscious widow, to attract the attention of her daughter; but he had yet to learn that a woman might be found out of Paris who could distinguish between external ornaments and internal worth—the things which adorn the human body, and the qualities that sanctify and elevate the human heart—the fabrics of man, and the work of the Almighty. All his efforts only tended to make the innocent girl avert from him her eyes. What he fancied would produce admiration and love, only excited disapprobation. Too amiable to nourish ideas of indignation at what she conceived to be impudence, she contented herself with awarding to a man who could not appreciate

her gentleness, the simple boon of pity. Her imperturbable ease, and apparent unconsciousness of being even an object of his attention, stung him with greater pain than could have been the effect of the strongest expressions of disgust and anger; and so, indeed, it ever is, that he who can bear reproach is seldom proof against the keener weapons of neglect.

Finding every endeavour to attract the attention of the young girl unavailing, Paxton one day, while loitering about the neighbourhood to catch an opportunity of at least feasting his eyes on her person, observed that the house in which the old widow lived was ticketed for sale. A thought struck him, that he might purchase the dwelling, and trust to the connection which would thereby be produced between landlord and tenant for the means of an introduction to the object of his affections, if not of the acquisition of a power over the fortunes of the unprotected inmates which he could turn to an advantageous account. The boldness of the man set at defiance the common difficulties and obstructions that stood in the way of the accomplishment of his objects. Having inquired who the landlord of the dwelling was, he waited upon him, struck an immediate bargain, and purchased the house, with the condition of having a right to the rent for the current half-year, which was about expiring.—The reason why the seller disposed of the dwelling was, that he could not get payment of his rent from the poor widow; and his sympathy for her and Lucy prevented him from turning them out. The motive of the purchaser, again, was in truth the object of the seller. The poorer the tenant, the worse for the one, the better for the other. It is seldom, indeed, that the views of contracting parties are so nicely fitted; yet how different were the aims of the two individuals!

Lucy's kind friend and lover George Bedford, was the first person who heard of the sale of her mother's house; and knowing the character of Paxton, as well as his endeavours to get introduced to his interesting companion, and altogether ignorant of his real intentions, he hurried to her residence to communicate the disagreeable intelligence, with such consoling and cheering observations as his simple heart enabled him to make. When the unwelcome intelligence

was made known, the poor widow conceived she saw at once, without the aid of prophetic vision, who was the object and what would likely be the consequence of this transaction. She acknowledged that she would not be able to pay her half-year's rent; and to sue for indulgence to a person of so bad a character, was what her spirit, broken as it was with age and poverty, would not permit her to do. These dim prospects roused the feelings of the gentle maiden, who throwing her arms round her mother's neck, wept and ejaculated with fervour—

"The world mither, is to me at least—though you are lang past the poor o' helpin yersel—open and free for the winnin. If I've been the cause o' this misfortune, I may also be the cure; and thae hands may mak amend for the ills that hae been caused by my unworthy face. If men thocht nae mair o' me than I do o' mysel, they would save me muckle pain, and themselves nae sma' trouble; but there is at least ae consolation, we hae in oor poverty—and that is, whatever misfortunes may come o' my blue een, which men concern themselves mair aboot than they hae ony richt in my opinion to do, there's nane can ever come o' my heart, which will ever justify my sayin wi' yer auld prophet Esdras, that, o' a' the flowers o' the earth ye hae chosen to yersel ae lily, and o' a' the fowls that are created ye hae still left ye ae dove. I will work my dear mither, for oor support, an' my arm will wax strong, when I think I am workin out oor liberation frae the wiles o' a villain."

"Lucy, Lucy," replied the grateful and tender mother, "ye are indeed to me the ae lily and the ae dove; but the frosts o' winter may nip the ane, and the ruthless hawk is aye on the still and noiseless wing, watchin for the ither. That unworthy magistrate may be to you the ruthless hawk, and yet a mother's fears ought not to cast a doubt on the faith o' a dochter in whase heart the grain o' evil seed that was sawn in Adam's in the beginning has shewn fewer tokens o' its murky blumes, than my experience has ever seen. But, kind and guid as ye hae been to me, your remedy for oor threatened evil is indeed an evil itsel; for what though I hae bread and independence, if I want my Lucy—a few years, it may be days, will sever us for ever, and the moments that are in mercy still allowed us, may surely be un-

clouded by separation. Your wark could do but little for our support, and God be praised I hae a higher trust—ay, even that o' the son o' Sirach, wha said—"I have had but little labour, and have gotten unto me much rest." Our guid freend, George, may yield us some assistance against the schemes o' this man, whose loins are girded with the fine gold o' Aphaz, but whas heart has nae mair o' the qualities o' the beryl than its hardness."

"My guid auld freend," replied George—"an' I wish I could ca' ye by some mair kindly name—I can only gie ye the advice I tak to mysel—keep up the spirit, an' the body will take care o' itsel. My freends seek me to kill their care by my guid humour; and, accustomed to that way o' curin melancholy, I kenna how to heal the sorrows o' them wha are beyond that remedy. But what I tak I may weel gie. I am also ane o' Paxton's victims. I hae twa fauts: the ane is that I love Lucy, and the ither that I'm not a freeman o' the town. But let him try his hand. He may ruin me; but it's no in the power o' mere man to brak the heart that's in love.—Dry up your tears. In heaven ye hae a freend wha is stronger than a' the enemies o' earth, and even in that scene o' strife ye hae also ae freend."

"George, ye're a pair comforter," cried Lucy, looking at him, wistfully. "Our trust in heaven we needna be reminded o'. The silent night, and my mother's prayers, in which I join, as we kneel before we commence ourself to His keeping, are guid remembrances o' the faith we hae in the greatest o' a' the freends o' unhappy mortals. You hae added to oor sorrows, George. I dinna blame ye; but my heart smites me sair when I think that you are also to suffer for my worthless sake. The mither that bare me, and the man wha loves me—my only freends on earth! Is it possible—can it be in the ways o' heaven—that I, a pair, helpless creature, can be the cause o' ruining them I wad gladly dee to save?"

Overcome by these feelings, she burst into tears, and hung upon the neck of her mother. There was now a silence in the cottage; for there was a sacredness in the love and sorrow of the young girl that bound up the mouths of both her mother and lover. The old woman, pushing her gently away, recommended again faith in heaven.

"You shall not be the cause o' our ruin, Lucy, she continued. "Sae fair a vessel was never yet made the instrument o' wrath against the guid. The daughter o' Merari did weaken Holofernes with the beauty o' her countenance, her anointed eyebrows, and the tire that bound her hair; and that weakness was verily the death o' the tyrant. The Lord made beauty the instrument o' the destruction o' him wha sought it unlawfully; and that bonny face, peradventure as fair as Judith's, may be the cause o' ruin to ane wha is less than the general o' the army o' Assur.

"But Judith did dress for Holofernes," said Lucy, innocently. "She put sandals upon her feet, and put about her her bracelets, and her chains, and her rings, and her earrings, and all her ornaments, and decked herself bravely, to find favour in his sight.—These things I never did; and, if the fond thocht is false, that oot o' this evil guid may come, I am guiltless o' claimin the affections o' this man."

"And therefore is that I think ye are an instrument in the hands o' the Almighty," said the mother; "for, though He sometimes worketh with evil instruments, He delighteth in the first fruits of holy things. It's ane o' the chosen punishments o' the wicked that their eyes inflame at the sight o' 'the sacrifice of sanctification,' and their hearts burn at the thought o' the righteousness o' them they seek after for evil. This man canna bear the sight o' the virtuous love that warms the pure hearts o' you, my bairns; and so would he pollute the temple wi' the luttinous and impure gods o' Egypt. But his ain gods will devour him; for, will I not say with Cyrus, 'Seest thou not how much they eat and drink every day?'"

"Now you have spoken my sentiments," said George, "Let the wicked go on. Heed hem nae mair than ye do the blast that laws by ye, and spends it force on the face o' the rock; only to lie quietly and dee in the alley. He canna harm ye, Lucy,—neither can he harm me; for if he tak frae me my shop, and fine me in the freedom fees, I will work to replace my loss; and, if you only wile on me, I will hae my reward. So will Paxton hae his. The people o' Roxburgh will be roused against him for oppression, and he'll hae faes around him, within him, and aboon him."

"Let him do his warst," cried Lucy, deeply affected by George's sentiments, and flinging herself on his neck. "With my mither as our counsellor, you as my friend and lover, and God as the protector o' us a', we may be as the face o' that rock ye hae mentioned, and the winds that break upon it may change into 'the silence o' the valley o' peace."

The hint thrown out by Belford, in his reply to the widow, had some foundation in truth; for, one day when Paxton was parading before Lucy's door, his ears were greeted with George's good-natured laugh; which—though not directed towards him—having resulted from a conversation in which he was engaged with some neighbours, the haughty bailie conceived to have been intended to cast ridicule upon him, and lower him in the estimation of the public. He had known previously that Belford was Lucy's lover, and it may be imagined that little more was required to call forth the usual indications of his malignant spirit. He soon discovered that Belford's shop was within the royalty; and that the person in whose name the business was carried on, had no interest in the profits, but was a mere servant in the employment of Belford, and receiving from him wages in that capacity. In these circumstances, his quick eye soon saw that Belford was liable to a prosecution for infringing on the rights of the burgh; and he resolved, though not till he saw the issue of his suit with Lucy, to prosecute him for damages and interdict the further prosecution of his business within the burgh.

Some time after the purchase of the house, the new landlord called at Widow Pringle's, with the object of feeling his way, and laying a proper foundation for putting forward his suit. He found Lucy sitting by her mother reading to her a portion of Scripture; and with his usual impudence, disregarding the impression which he knew his former conduct must have produced on his hearers, accosted them thus—

"You will be aware, my good lady, that you are now my tenant; and I am glad, indeed, that Providence has placed you under a protection which cannot fail to be of importance to age, when that, as your former landlord tells me, is allied to poverty. He sold to me the house because you could not pay his rent; and, as I have often heard of

your worth, I could not think of allowing you to be bro't under the griping exactions of a purchaser who would not want his money; and therefore took upon myself the risk of a purchase, that I might have it in my power to give you that indulgence of which you stand in need."

The poor woman lifted up her eyes, and directed them, in the fulness of curiosity, on the face of the speaker. She was for a moment thrown off her guard, and was about to reply thankfully to this speech of proffered kindness, when she met the looks of her daughter, who did not seem to participate in her feelings. She, therefore gently bowed her head, and said that she had received from her former landlord great indulgence, and had no reason to speak of him otherwise than with gratitude.

Not in any degree put out of countenance by the dry remark of the widow, Paxton proceeded—

"I do not admire pretences in any one; and empty promises are like early buds, which have drawn too liberally on the beams of an early sun. I wish to shew you that I am sincere; and have accordingly written out a paper, which I have now in my hands, whereby I will agree to your paying your next rent at any time before the feast of St. John, which will give you ample time; and, if I get it then, it will be equally convenient for me. It will be necessary that you sign the paper, agreeing to pay the rent at that period; and I will even promise that this indulgence will not be exclusive of an additional one, if you shall, when the day of payment comes, require it.

Paxton knew well the answer that would be given to his request—viz. that the old woman could not write; and that answer was accordingly given. Prepared for this, he asked the name of the old woman, and was apparently pleased to hear that it was the same as her daughter's. He then promptly said, that the young woman could adhibit to the document the name of the mother.—Lucy saw no objection to this; and her mother having requested to hear the paper read, and stated that she saw nothing in it that could be turned to her disadvantage, her daughter wrote under it the words Lucy Pringle, as her mother's name—forgetful, simple girl, that it was also her own, and

she being the writer of it, must be held to be the true subscriber.

The moment the paper was signed, Paxton seized it eagerly and put it into his pocket. He then endeavoured to direct to him the attention of Lucy; but he still failed to make the slightest impression on her. His fervent glances fell on a piece of marble, his eloquent language was replied to by cold, yet suitable and well-bred remarks. He could neither excite her admiration nor rouse her anger; and the exasperation such neglect produces in proud minds was gradually gaining ground upon him, notwithstanding the determination he had made before he entered, to withstand all temptations to anger or reproach; yet what he most felt, was the want of a proper subject of complaint, for such was the elevation of mind of the humble girl, that she did not stoop to shew that she considered him worthy even of her anger. The accession of his love, and the workings of hurt pride, were reciprocal; but the passion of the moment overcame him, and he taxed the young woman with ingratitude and want of feeling for the interests of her mother, whom he had benefited by the paper he had accepted of her hands.

Even this charge did not produce any effect on the philosophic Lucy. She coldly answered that, where there was no favor solicited, no gratitude was due for an obligation conferred, when the party apparently favoured could put a construction on the gift different from that which the giver claimed. Yet she admitted that she was grateful for his proffered kindness, and would not adopt the uncharitable construction until she saw what time would prove in favour of a declared wish to do good to her parents. This sensible and well-timed remark again threw Paxton off his guard, and he felt inclined, like the wolf in the fable, to force upon the innocent lamb the indictment which he was the originator and the judge. At this moment Belford came in, and Lucy thanked heaven for the relief. The simple good-humoured lover, felt no indignation against Paxton—for he saw no danger in his attempts to win the affections of Lucy; and the milk of human kindness flowed so plentifully in his veins, that he could harbour no hatred even against an enemy. He accosted Paxton at once with his usual salutation—



"I am glad, yer Honour," said he, "that ye hao expressed yerseel kindly to my twa unprotected friends, wha are truly worthy o yer best regard. The auld widow was airaid ye would be to her a harsh landlord; but I tauld her to keep up her spirits, for God protects his ain—as we say on the hills, the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb; and what reason could yer Honour hae for oppressing twa defenceless women, wha never injured ye? The wolf is only cruel because he is hungry—the cu' lion has nae anger; and it's weel kenned yer Honour's rich. I think nae ill o' any o' God's creatures; but, though I wero to be deceived in this instance, can e'en mend the faut, by paying the next all year's rent mysel. I would think mysel weel paid, by a smile o' that bonny face o' Lucy's, though I ken she never expects any turn for sic a favour, but a smile o' mine—my reward indeed, and to her a waefu' gain."

As George spoke, he laughed in Lucy's ee; and she, notwithstanding the presence Paxton gave him in return a melancholy smile. The contrast between her reception of George's compliments and that of the angry man with jealousy and vexation, the good-nature of Belford, it was impossible to get over. There was not afforded a single spot on which to hang the charge of a fault. The angry waves chafe themselves on the land often smiling banks on which they sh, Paxton's anger increased in proportion to the ease and good-humour with which he was treated. The innocence and simplicity of the lamb incensed the wolf more than his anger chafed him. He felt himself under the unfavourable operation of a contrast, the innocence on the one side and villainy on the other. He attempted to restrain his feelings, but found that what his tongue concealed, his fiery eye and trembling hand betrayed, and, darting on Belford a glance of hatred, he suddenly left the house.

Next day, Belford received a summons, at the instance of the magistrates, to make payment of a large sum of damages, asserted to have been occasioned to the town by the excessive possession he, an unfreeman, had of a shop within the royalty, under the name of another person; and to desist from carrying on his business in that quarter, or in any other place situated

within the burgh privileges. This step was the act of Paxton, who saw that, unless he disabled Belford, he could derive no advantages from having purchased the property; because the latter, by affording his promised assistance to the widow and daughter, would operate as a valve to save the effects of his pressure. In this he would serve two objects: he would revenge himself on the good-natured Belford who had done him the grievous injury of forestalling the affections of the interesting Lucy, and whose laughing face and contentedness spoke a satire on his morose and dark manners, and disturbed mind; he would also be more sure of his lovely victim, who unprotected by her lover, would fall into his hands, a prey of necessity and villany.

Belford was not much disconcerted by this proceeding of Paxton's. He could not fail to see that it was a piece of gratuitous spleen; but it is doubtful if his open and unsuspecting mind comprehended the whole extent of the profligate scheme. He viewed the prosecution as a misfortune which could not be alleviated by mourning over it; and having appointed a man of business to defend him, continued the ordinary well-contented tenor of his way, keeping before his eyes continually the happy day, not far distant, when he would be enabled to make Lucy Pringle his wife. His attentions to her were unremitting; and it was his usual practice to take her to witness the amusements of the times, among which the fairs of Roxburgh held a prominent place, in consequence of the great influx of the English, who came there for the double purpose of enjoying themselves and carrying on traffic. On the next of these occasions, Belford and Lucy had resorted to that part of the town where the tents were erected, and the greatest concourse of people had collected.

The scene of the fair was of the most stirring character; and, indeed, it might safely be alleged that the Roxburgh fairs of those days were the finest specimens of merry-making in the kingdom. The proximity to the more civilized country of England gave the town an advantage over all the others in the kingdom in this respect; and mountebanks of all grades—including rope dancers, posture-makers, morris-dancers, merry-andrews and jugglers—performed their leats

and evolutions, and played off their tricks and fooleries, in the midst of admiring multitudes. Plays, too, were enacted, by what were termed the English vagabonds; and Scottish minstrels, excited by the emulation produced by the foreign performers of the histrionic art, strained their memories and their lungs to gather around them those crowds without which all the genius of improvisation could avail them nothing.

As Belford and Lucy stood in the middle of this gay, noisy, motley scene, they saw a large party of the English, who had come from Roxburgh Castle, mixing with the retainers of that powerful Earl of March who in those days imitated the style and grandeur of a king. Between these parties there existed old deep-rooted prejudices, the smouldering fires of old enmity, ready, in a moment, to burst forth on the application of a passing blast. Many of the English were intoxicated, and applied to the Scotch many degrading epithets, which were answered by others of an equally aggravating kind. The consequence was what might have been expected. A scuffle ensued, in the midst of which Belford was separated from his terrified companion, and implicated in the broil, by receiving a severe blow in the face, which stung him with so much pain that he involuntarily pressed forward to seize the person who had inflicted it. At the very moment when he had come up to his enemy, an Englishman who had been also pursuing him for a similar purpose, stabbed the stranger to the heart, and he fell in the arms of Belford, who, getting the dead victim of another person's crime thus forced upon his charge, trembled to contemplate the consequences of being thought to be himself the perpetrator of a murder. To add to his embarrassment and distress, the persons who gathered around him discovered the murdered man to be an esquire of the Earl of March; and a loud shout of revenge broke from the infuriated populace.

As Belford stood with the corpse leaning on his breast, Lucy Pringle came running up, breathless and terrified, and at her side appeared Paxton, who had watched the moment of separation of her and Belford, with the view of attaching her to him; but she, excited by the danger in which her lover was placed, and tortured by the importunities of her tormentor, repulsed him with more

than ordinary spirit. At that moment a shout arose, and many voices bawled out that Belford had killed March's equery. Lucy screamed and ran forward, and Paxton accompanied her, crying, with a loud voice, which mixed strangely with the shrieks of the maiden, to seize Belford, the murderer, on his, a magistrate's authority. The scene was wild and impressive. The head of the dead man hung over Belford's arm. The blood from the corpse had sprung up into his face, where grief, terror, and despair strove for mastery. Lucy bounded forward and hung upon his neck; and Paxton, dragging her away, still cried to the crowd to secure the murderer. In the midst of this extraordinary scene, March's followers rushed forward and relieved Belford of his burden. The crowd now split into two parties. One division, headed by Paxton, insisted on Belford being the murderer; but another division, which was the stronger, maintained that the perpetrator was an Englishman. A scuffle again ensued, and an uproar of a fearful kind filled the town with terror and dismay.

In the confusion produced by the contention of the two parties, Belford escaped followed by Lucy, who had kept her eye upon him wherever he went. They met at the turn of a narrow lane, up which they hastened, and were soon out of sight of the men whom Paxton had instructed to guard his rival. By the time they reached home, the noise had, to a great extent ceased; and a number of people from the crowd hurried forward to inform Belford that the people of the town were now all satisfied that the person who had committed the murder was an Englishman. His sword, wet with blood, had been secured, though the culprit had found refuge in Roxburgh Castle. Belford himself had no sword; and this circumstance tended in a great measure to satisfy the people that he was entirely innocent of the crime. Paxton was said to be in a great rage when the crowd turned against him, and many went so far as to accuse him of wishing to implicate an innocent man against whom he bore a grudge, on a charge of the commission of a crime of which the united voice of the public declared him innocent.

This affair died away. The public authorities made no inquiries after Belford; but indelible traces of the effect of the affa-

were left on the revengeful heart of his persecutor, and rendered visible by the fury with which he now pushed on the civil action against the man who had never injured him—he had heard that Belford and Lucy were soon to be united; and in order to secure the judgment of the town clerk in his favour, and within the earliest possible time that the forms of court would permit, bribed him, by sending to his wife a handsome present of plate. He was determined that whether he secured the object of his affection or not, she should never insult him by becoming the wife of another.

Paxton, however, in the midst of his love and rage, had penetration enough to enable him to foresee obstacles in the accomplishment of his designs against the fortunes and liberty of his rival. The debt brought out against him he might be able to pay; and if he could also free Lucy of her obligation to him for the rent, they might bid him defiance, defeat his schemes of love and revenge, and become united and happy in spite of his efforts to entail upon them misery. He resolved, therefore, on having an alternative scheme of persecution. He had not forgotten the affair of the murder, and had been devising various modes of turning it to account against his rival. He knew that in consequence of the universal good opinion that Belford enjoyed in the town and country, and of the prevailing belief that he was entirely innocent of the crime, he could not dare to indict him before the southern justiciar for murder. The public prosecutor had, indeed, already satisfied himself that no blame attached to Belford, independently of his excellent character, and no ground of quarrel with March'squire, and wore no weapon by which the death-blow could have been dealt. Another scheme was, therefore, resorted to.

It had been surmised in the town that March had been greatly incensed at the murder of his favourite, and was anxious to discover the author of the crime. Paxton heard the report, and proceeded to take advantage of his official situation in communicating to the Earl. He got up a number of plausible statements, by various individuals, tending to make out that Belford was the author of the crime. One person stated that the esquire had struck Belford, which was a fact, and that the latter was seen to follow

his victim, who in a moment after fell.—Many spoke to the blood seen on Belford, and to having received the dead body in his arms as it fell—and some were bribed to say they saw the blow struck by the hand of Belford himself. These concocted instruments were dispatched by Paxton to the Earl, with a letter, stating that he himself was satisfied that Belford was the man who had deprived the Earl of his favourite retainer, and recommending to him to send and take vengeance on the culprit, who would otherwise escape, as the public authorities had refused to punish him.

Leaving this communication to work its expected effects, Paxton, still inflamed with his passion for Lucy, took every opportunity of calling at the widow's house, to speak of repairs, or any other invented subject which might afford a pretence for a visit. Belford he often met, and was surprised to find him not only apparently oblivious of his unfriendly conduct on the occasion of the murder, but retaining his good humour, and by no means disposed to charge him with his inimical designs. This only tended to increase his anger. In a short time decree was pronounced against Belford, ordaining him to pay one hundred and fifty merks of damages, and interdicting and prohibiting him from "breaking or vending flesh, within burgh, in all time coming." Unable to pay this large sum, the debtor was thrown into jail—and his persecutor saw with exultation the ground clear for his attack upon the unfortunate girl, who was now inconsolable for the loss of her lover.

The prosecution of poor Belford having been conducted in name of the town, Paxton thought that his hand in it would not be observed. On the day after his apprehension he accordingly called at the house of the widow, under the pretence of intimating to her that the feast of St. John approached, to which period he had indulged her in the payment of her rent. The old woman, who had been trusting to Belford to pay for this small sum, with tears in her eyes for the fate of her friend, and the consequent misfortunes which that fate was likely to entail on her and her daughter, told him that she would not be in a situation to satisfy his demand for some time longer, and requested another period of indulgence.

"I hae nae reason," she said, "to complain

o' the ways o' Him wha has protected me for sae many years. I thought I and my daughter hae suffered meikle sorrow, I winna say wi' Job that the Lord shall not visit me every morning, and try me every moment—for misfortunes are his visits and his trials, and my heart, as weel as my dochter's, has experienced the sanctifying sweets o' tribulation.— Though our guid freend George Belford is in the custody o' the scribes, I shall yet trust in his means o' savin us—for though the fig tree was struck dead, and did wither, because it carried nothing but leaves, the fruit o' his charity is only bound up for a season in the frosts o' an unlawfu persecution, which Justice will, in God's own time, melt wi' her summer smiles."

"If it is to Belford you trust, my good woman," said Paxton, "your faith is in a broken reed—for I understand that his effects, when sold, as they are shortly to be, will not pay the debt he owes to the town for the unwarrantable encroachment he made on the burgh privileges; but as I had no hand in his prosecution, I should like to be accessary to his liberation. I bear no ill will to him—and if your daughter Lucy would call at my house to-morrow evening, I shall, in the meantime, try and devise some plan for his benefit, and communicate the result of my deliberations to her, that she may lend a hand in the good work, and free the man who is also to benefit me by paying me your rent."

This wily speech, made for the purpose of drawing Lucy to his house, threw the old woman off her guard. She recommended her daughter to go—and the latter, anxious to contribute to the liberation of her lover, promised to wait on him at the time stated—and the dissembler departed in high hopes of reaping the benefit of his multifarious schemes for bringing ruin on an innocent girl and her honourable lover. Lucy had, however, formed a resolution, in her own mind, first to see Belford before visiting Paxton. She expected no great assistance in the way of advice from her unsuspecting lover—but she wished to know from his own lips the state of his affairs, and the probability, if any existed, of his power to extricate himself from prison, and her and her mother from the tender mercies of her dishonourable admirer.

Next morning, accordingly, Lucy having offered up a prayer to the Author of all mercies for the success of her mission, went to

the jail to ask permission to see her lover. She was told by the jailor that she could not be admitted, as he had got particular instructions from Bailie Paxton not to allow her in particular to see the prisoner. This communication satisfied the unfortunate girl that the imprisonment of Belford was a part of the plan laid by Paxton to get her within his power. She hesitated now about trusting herself, unprotected, within the walls of his house—but her courage, which resulted from conscious rectitude, was as she thought far greater than his, which was grounded on villainy—the physical weakness of a female form was not greater than the moral palsy of a remorse-stricken heart—and the proud attitude of innocence carried a power which vice has often been forced to feel and acknowledge. Such were the sentiments which induced the high minded maiden to visit her enemy in his own den.

In the evening she went at the hour appointed. She was astonished to find, when knocking at the gate, that the servants had been sent out of the way. Paxton himself opened the gate, and held out his hand to welcome her, with all the sweetness which he was capable of assuming. The room which he led her was, like his person, arrayed and perfumed, so as best to set off the contrast of luxury and humble poverty. Yet how ignorant often are conceited men, who plume themselves on their knowledge of weak women, of the true and natural springs of the human heart! Lucy sighed for a cottage of which George Belford would be the humble lord—and the glittering splendour with which her eyes were attempted to be glaucoured, seemed to her only the gold and silver scale of the serpent, which nature has arrayed in deceptive beauty. The lover commenced his operations by handing Lucy a chair, and seating himself by her side.

"If you knew," he began, "my charming maiden, how much pain you have produced to me since first I saw you, I would dare to hope that she who has received so many of nature's gifts, and cannot be presumed to want pity, would extend a kind and assuasive hand—even as the royal touch is applied in mercy to the cure of otherwise irremediable diseases—to alleviate my misery."

"It was my understanding, sir," replied Lucy, with a voice and manner which indicated that the speech of Paxton had been

heard unheeded, "that oor meeting this day concerned an unfortunate man now confined in the jail o' Roxburgh, and whose liberty concerns my happiness and my mither's independence. I dinna choose to use either my tongue or my ears in ony ither behalf—and if it's no your inclination or interest to abide by the subject in hand, I can gae the road I cam—and trust to a higher Power for the succor o' the distressed."

"Your interest in this vulgar man," said Paxton, biting his lips, but still master of himself, "but ill becomes your beauty and understanding, and the fame of both, in a town where beauty has carried off the prize from its neighboring burghs. If his liberation is sought so anxiously by you, that he may be able to pay your mother's rent—which he may as well do in prison—this object may be gained by a shorter process—for you have only to smile upon me, and the debt is discharged: yea, a kindness suitable to my love would be received by me, your devoted lover, as a recompense for the house itself, which would be welcome to your mother as her exclusive property for life."

"I hae anither and mair important interest in George Belford's liberation than the payment o' my mither's rent," replied Lucy—"though, doubtless, that, to a dochter wha loves her parent, as duty requires, is o' nae sma' avail."

"It is, perhaps, of more avail than you are aware of," said Paxton, getting angry at her hinted attachment to Belford—"for you know my proud beauty, that you yourself are my debtor. I hold a document signed by your hand and bearing your name, for payment of my rent. The jail o' Roxburgh (attempting to laugh) would be an unsuitable place for the residence of a beauty."

"There would, at least, be nae rent demanded frae me there," replied Lucy, naturally, though without any intention to be sarcastic.

"A truce to these unfriendly observations," cried Paxton. "I love you, Lucy, as never man loved. Say you will favour my suit, and Belford shall be free, your rent discharged, and your mother made happy for her life.—You shall be mistress of my heart and fortunes—my wife—the regulator of my actions—and the dispenser of my happiness. "Unbend, I entreat"—throwing himself on his

knees and endeavouring to kiss her hand—"these unseemly frowns, which deform a face fairer than an angel's, and reward me with one moment's bliss for months of misery and anguish."

This warm appeal produced no effect upon the high minded maiden. Though she believed Paxton's mention of a wife to be a mere attempt to engage her favour, she acted no part of affected resentment, exhibited no starts or emotion of any kind, but rising calmly said, that he himself had now given the signal for her departure. A collected courtesy, as she receded, evinced her superiority to an exhibition of offended pride, and cut her lover to the heart, who expected no result from his suit but kindness or anger. Her coolness was a neglect which roused him beyond a proper command of himself—and Lucy seeing the storm gathering quickly opened the door, and before he recovered himself, escaped to the street.

The effect of this interview was to introduce into Paxton's mind a desire for revenge. His fair means having failed, he bethought himself of the resources of force. The jailor of Roxburgh was one of his creatures; and if he had Lucy fairly under the keeping of his iron grasp, she would be within his power, and there was to his mind a pleasure in the contemplation of having free access to her under the very roof where his rival was confined. He had a few days to wait until the arrival of the day of payment of the rent stipulated in Lucy's obligation, which he had so treacherously got her to sign. He would then bribe the town clerk to give him an expeditious decree, and the consummation of his wishes would be complete.

His intention was carried in effect. A decree was pronounced in a short time against Lucy Pringle, to make payment to Walter Paxton of the rent of the house occupied by her mother. No intimation of this step was ever made to Lucy—for although the law requires what is technically called a citation to be given to a debtor before any judgment can pass against him, Paxton had taken care by getting the officer to put the citation into his hands, to prevent it ever reaching those of Lucy. One night, as she sat by her mother's side, reading to her a chapter of her favourite prophet, two officers entered the house, and exhibited to the unfortunate inmates a warrant for committing the per-

son of Lucy Pringle, younger, to the Jail of Roxburgh.

"It is not my dochter," ejaculated the old woman, "wha is uwin the rent o' this dwellin. I took the hoose, and it is meet that the burden should fa' on the back o' her wha became bound to bear it. The auld sinner, wha is to be made acceptable to the Lord through the furnace o' adversity, will be a gainer by this judgment; and her prayers, like Jeremiah's, will be heard frae a low dungeon.—*Make me your prisoner—affliction and misery, and wormwood and gall, are for the eild, wha can dree the bale and dule o' worldly punishments—but leave, oh, leave to the young, the fair, and the innocent, the light o' that sun whilk only in the heydey o' youth shews nae shadow on the dial o' their pleasures.—Ye are auld men yersels, and surely ken that adversity brings frae the auld heart prayers and frae the young anes. To the ane a prison in a tabernacle, to the ither a Gehennah. Judge, for the sake o' Heaven—judge the fatherless, and hear the appeal o' the widow."*

As the poor old woman uttered these sentiments with the revived spirit of a dead enthusiasm, she held forth her hands in a beseeching attitude to the messengers—but they were requested to spend no time in negotiation, and without giving more time than allowed Lucy to throw a cloak over her. They hurried her away, regardless of the fall of the old mother, who came to the ground with a loud scream, as she saw her daughter—her last stay and support—carried away to a jail.

Lucy having been safely lodged in prison, and put under the custody of a man whose office depended on obeying the commands of Paxton, and who was otherwise well paid for pandering to his purposes, was, as Paxton thought, in a fair way for being brought to reason on the absurdity of her choice, in preferring a boor to a gentleman. Another attempt, by fair means, to get her to bestow upon him some part of her regard, he conceived might, after she had left the horrors of a jail, rendered more terrible by the efforts of the jailer, be attended with success—but it was necessary to allow her indignation to subside (he had still to learn that her only feeling was pity) before he presented himself to renew his suit. In the meantime, his communication to the Earl of March would, per-

haps, have the effect of getting rid of Belford, whose confinement was now becoming a theme of conversation, and a subject of sympathy. March's retainers could easily be let into the jail, under the pretence of breaking it open—and the fierce customs of those days would leave the poor prisoner little chance of escaping from them with his life.

It was indeed true that March did intend to act upon the information given by Paxton;—but not perhaps in the way the latter contemplated. His Lordship had secretly set on foot a rigid system of inquiry as to the murderer of his esquire. Regular communications were made to him by his emissaries, and the whole history of the persecution of Belford and Lucy had reached him, as connected with the impeachment of the former by Paxton, as the guilty person of whom March was in search. The result of his inquiries was, that his esquire was killed by the English, and that Paxton could not fail, as a magistrate, to know this as well as himself. The schemes of the bailie were laid bare, and the anger of the Earl against the slayers of his esquire was only equalled by his disgust at the villainy of Paxton, who had endeavoured to direct a nobleman's vengeance against an innocent citizen to gratify a base object. Those conclusions were, of course, kept secret from Paxton, and indeed from every inhabitant of Roxburgh—the Earl's designs being inconsistent with a discovery to any one not connected with their accomplishment.

The situation of Lucy in prison was made as uncomfortable as the cruelty of the jailer could effect, by the aid of a wicked invention—her couch was on the floor, and she had not covering sufficient to protect her from the gusts of wind that found their way through the grating, which afforded her a dim light to assist her in her devotions. Her food was stinted, and her only drink brackish water, brought from a distance, that its impurity might be undoubted. The conduct of the jailer was intentionally brutal. The object of all this cruelty was to set off, by contrast, the blessings which were promised her by her persecuting admirer—but she bore all with the determination and equability of a saint—her unbounded confidence in a rectifying and requiting Providence, sustained her through all—and she received Paxton, when he had summoned up courage to call, not only without any appearance of ill nature, but with

something like an indication of good breeding and amenity of temper which she always exhibited, and which he ever felt bitterly, as a satire on his conduct and a mockery of his designs.

The fair usually held at the feast of Saint Lawrence now approached, and Paxton fixed upon that day to bring his resolutions regarding Lucy to a crisis. On that day, accordingly, he repaired to the jail. On his way thither he was pointed at by various of the citizens, who had begun to see through the schemes of their civic dignitary;—but the pride of the man construed the marks of attention into the demonstrations of respect.—As he turned the corner of the street where the jail stood, he saw Lucy's mother sitting weeping on a stone at a small distance from the place of confinement of her daughter, and so as probably to be in the view of the lonely prisoner, as she looked through the small grated hole that afforded a scanty light to her dungeon. Every now and then the old mother turned her longing eyes up to the small aperture, and the tears stole down her cheeks as she thought of the persecutions to which her daughter was exposed. Spurned from the prison door by the creature of her persecutor, she had sat down there to gratify the yearnings of a mother's heart, by feasting her eyes on the castellated tenement that contained all that was dear to her on earth.—Several people standing by seemed to know the cause of her sorrows—but the dreaded power of the magistrate prevented them from exhibiting their sympathy.

"Stop, sir!" cried the mother, as she started up and seized the magistrate by the hem of his cloak in which he was wrapped. "Whither fliest thee, 'as the eagle that hasteth to the prey? Give me up my dochter, wha is under the iron keys of thine iniquity. It is I wha am your debtor, and here I sit to wait my day into that house which was never intended for keepin the sun frae the cheeks o' youth and innocence. Tak me, or tak us baith and the just shall live, and the unjust shall perish. These are the words of the prophet near and tremble. Give: my dochter—my bairn—my support and consolation on earth—and I will pray for ye wi' the expiring breath o' a Christian."

And she clung to him, in spite of his endeavours to shake her off. Several of the neighbours gazed on the extraordinary scene, and

the magistrate, angry and ashamed, by a hurried effort flung her from him. In the struggle she fell on her knees, and in this attitude cried, holding up her hands—

"He hath laid my vine waste, and barked my fig tree clean bare, clean bare—and with withered leaves has he made it, and cast it away. Men, men o' Roxburgh, where is your auld spirit? Is there nae justice i' the land? Tell ye your children of it, and let your children tell their children, and their children another generation. The widowed mother has cried in vain for her bairn, and the Council Chaumer o' Roxburgh is turned to the judgment ha' o' Nicanor."

The concluding part of her speech was cried in a loud voice broken by sobs, and pierced Paxton's ear, as he hurried away, like the sting of an adder—but it rather goaded him on his career than called up conscience, and turning up a by-lane he reached the jail door unobserved by the people.

On entering, he was greeted by his prisoner with the usual tokens of an unbroken temper and perfect calmness—but as he began to approach her with a familiarity which her knowledge of his character made her fear—her spirit rose to the pitch of virtuous enthusiasm, and she stood boldly up in defence of her dearest rights.

"They tell us," cried she, "that the defence o' weak woman lies in the heart o' man. So thought I, and up to this hour I hae acted on the maxim. I trusted to it when I treated your rudeness with gentleness, and your boldness with a calm confidence. I see that I was wrang. Stand aff, or ye may learn that I trust to anither defence than the generosity o' oor natural protectors."

"You may rue this haughtiness, madam," he said—"long before you reap the benefit of your affected pride. You have spurned my love, rejected me as a husband, defied me as a just creditor, and insulted me as a magistrate. What does all this deserve?"

"What it merits," responded Lucy—"what an honest man will say it merits, when he knows I never asked yer love, never made ye my creditor, and never refused honour to ye as a magistrate, till ye dishonoured yoursel."

"Again and again more insults, in place of love!" cried he—"but a kiss, they say, extracts all the poison out of a woman's heart."

"And sometimes sends power into her arm,"

replied she, retiring farther back, and seizing an iron bar that stood in the corner of the jail—"This," she continued, "was forged as an instrument o' oppression—but I may find in its hardness mair o' a woman's defence than lies in man's heart. Offer me the rudeness that will turn ae hair o' my locks, and ye may ken the strength o' a woman when she has to defend her honour."

"A heroine! a heroine!" exclaimed the magistrate, rushing forward to seize the bar. A severe stroke on the arm rendered him furious. He cried loudly for the jailor—but at this moment a loud shout was heard from the street—people were running in all directions—the clash of arms resounded from various quarters—and the screams of the people apparently dying struck the ear of the astonished Paxton. Letting go his hold of Lucy, he stood and listened. A huge battering ram struck the prison door, making the walls of

the crazy house shake from their foundation—loud cries of "March!" rent the air, and the whole town seemed to be in a state of intestine war. The prison door gave way, and a party of March's men entered the cell where Lucy stood, contemplating the craven face of her unfortunate lover. Her clothes were torn, and a part of the blood which had flowed from his wound besmeared her lovely face. The scene told all that was required to the soldiers. They instantly seized the culprit, and, having carried him down to the street, the mob, who, by this time, had got possession of the whole story, and become infuriated, inflicted on him such wounds that he died within a few hours.

The horrors of the sacking of Roxburgh have become matter of history; but it remains for us to chronicle the marriage and happiness of George Belford and Lucy Pringle.

### THE DOMINIE'S CLASS.\*

"Their ends as various as the roads they take  
In journeying through life."

There is no class of men to whom the memory turns with more complacency, or more frequently, than to those who "taught the young idea how to shoot." There may be a few tyrants of the birch, who never inspired a feeling save fear or hatred; yet their number is but few, and I would say that the schoolmaster *is abroad* in more senses than that in which it is popularly applied. He is abroad in the memory and in the affections of his pupils; and his remembrance is cherished wheresoever they may be. For my own part, I never met with a teacher whom I did not love when a boy, and reverence when a man; from him before whom I used to stand and endeavour to read my task in his eyes, as he held the book before his face, and the page was reflected in his spectacles; and from his spectacles I spelled my qu—to him, who, as an elder friend, bestowed on me my last lesson. When a man has been absent from the place of his nativity for

years, and when he returns and grasps the hands of his surviving kindred, one of his first questions to them (after family questions are settled—"Is Mr. —, my old schoolmaster, yet alive?") And if the answer be in the affirmative, one of the first on whom he calls is the dominie of his boyhood, and he enters the well-remembered school—and his first glance is to the seat he last occupied—as an urchin opens the door and admits him, as he gently taps at it, and cries to the master, (who is engaged with a class) when the stranger enters—

"Sir, here one wants you."

Then steps forward the man of letters, looking anxiously—gazing as though he had right to gaze in the stranger's face; and, throwing out his head, and particularly his chin, while he utters the hesitating interrogative—"Sir?" And the stranger replies—"You don't know me, I suppose? I am such-an-one, who was at your school at such

\* This tale has been written from the circumstance of "Tales of the Borders" having already been adopted as a lesson-book in several schools.



a time." The instiller of knowledge starts: "What!" cries he, shifting his spectacles, "you Johnnie (Thomas, or Peter, as the case may be) So-and-so?—it's not possible! O man, I'm glad to see ye! Ye'll mak me an auld man, whether I will or no. And how hae ye been, an' where hae ye been?" And, as he speaks, he flings his tawse over to the corner where his desk stands. The young stranger still cordially shakes his hand, a few kindly words pass between them, and the teacher, turning to his scholars, says—"You may put by your books and slates, and go for the day;" when an instantaneous movement takes place through the school; there is a closing of books, a clanking of slates, a pocketing of pencils, a clutching for hats, caps, and bonnets—a springing over seats, and a falling of seats—a rushing to the door, and a shouting when at the door—a "hurra for play!"—and the stranger seems to have made a hundred happy, while the teacher and he retire, to

"Drink a cup o' kindness  
For auld langsyne."

But to proceed with our story of stories.—There was a Dr. Montgomery, a native of Innan, who, after he had been for more than twenty years a physician in India, where he had become rich, visited his early home, which was also the grave of his fathers there were but few of his relations in life when he returned—for death makes sad havoc in families in twenty years—but, after he had seen them, he inquired if his old teacher, Mr. Grierson, yet lived?—and being answered in the affirmative, the doctor proceeded to the residence of his first instructor. He found him occupying the same apartments in which he resided thirty years before, and which were situated on the south side of the main street, near the bridge.

When the first congratulations—the shaking of hands and the expressions of surprise had been got over, the doctor invited the mimic to dinner; and after the cloth was withdrawn, and the better part of a bottle of it had vanished between them, the man of medicine thus addressed his ancient preceptor:—

"Can you inform me, sir, what has become of my old class-fellows?—who of them are yet the land of the living?—who have caught

the face of fortune as she smiled, or been rendered the 'sport of her slippery ba'?" Of the fate of one of them I know something, and to me their history would be more interesting than a romance."

"Do ye remember the names that ye used to gie ane anither?" inquired the man of letters, with a look of importance, which shewed that the history of the whole class was forthcoming.

"I remember them well," replied the doctor; "there were seven of us: Solitary Sandy—Glaikit Willie—Venturesome Jamie—Cautious Watty—Leein' Peter—Jock the Dunce—and myself."

"And hae ye forgot the lounderings that I used to gie ye, for ea'm' ane anither such names?" inquired Mr. Grierson, with a smile.

"I remember you were displeas'd at it," replied the other.

"Weel, doctor," continued the teacher, "I believe I can gratify your curiosity, an' I am not sure but you'll find that the history of your class-fellows is not without interest.—The career of some of them has been to me as a recompense for all the pains I bestowed on them, and that o' others has been a source o' grief. Wi' some I hae been disappointed, wi' others surprised; but you'll allow that I did my utmost to fleech and to thrash your besetting sins out o' ye a'. I will first inform ye what I know respecting the history of Alexander Rutherford, whom all ye used to ca' Solitary Sandy, because he wasna a hempy like yoursels. Now, sir, hearken to the history of

### SOLITARY SANDY.

I remarked that Sandy was an extraordinary callant, and that he would turn out a character that would be heard tell o' in the world; though that he would ever rise in it, as some term it, or become rich in it, I did not believe. I dinna think that e'er I had to raise the tawse to Sandy in my life. He had always his task as ready by heart as he could count his fingers. Ye ne'er saw Sandy looking over his book, or nodding his head before his face. He an' his lessons were like twa acquaintances—fond o' each other's company.

I hae observed frae the window, when the rest o' ye would hae been driving at the hand-ba', cleeshin' your peerie-taps, or endangerin' your legs wi' the duck-stane, Sandy wad been sitting on his hunkers in the garden, looking as earnestly on a daisy or ony bit flower, as if the twa creatures could hae held a crack wi' ane anither, and the bonny leaves o' the wee silent things whispered to Sandy how they got their colours, how they peeped forth to meet the kiss o' spring, and how the same power that created the lowly daisy called man into existence, and fashioned the bright sun and the glorious firmament. He was once dux, and aye dux. From the first moment he got to the head o' the glass, there he remained as immoveable as a mountain. There was nae trapping him; for his memory was like clock-wark. I canna say that he had a great turn for mathematics; but ye will remember, as weel as me, that he was a great Grecian; and he had screeds o' Virgil as ready aff by heart as the twenty-third psalm. Mony a time hae I said concerning him, in the words o' Butler--

' Latin to him's no more difficil,  
Than for a blackbird 'tis to whistle.'

The classics, indeed, were his particular hobby; and though I was proud o' Sandy, I often wished that I could direct his bent to studies o' greater practical utility. His exercises shewed that he had an evident genius for poetry, and that o' a very high order; but his parents were poor, and I didna see what poetry was to put in his pocket. I, therefore, by no means encouraged him to follow out what I conceived to be a profitless though a pleasing propensity; but, on the contrary, when I had an opportunity o' speakin' to him by himsel, I used to say to him--

' Alexander, ye have a happy turn for versification, and there is both boldness and originality about your ideas--though no doubt they would require a great deal of pruning before they could appear in a respectable shape before the world. But you must not indulge in verse-writing. When you do it, let it only be for an exercise, or for amusement when ye have nothing better to do. It may make rhyme jingle in your ears, but it will never make sterling coin jink in your pockets. Even the immortal Homer had to

sing his own verses about the streets; and ye have heard the epigram--

' Seven cities now contend for Homer dead,  
Thro' which the living Homer begged his bread.

Boethius, like Savage in our own days, died in a prison; Terence was a slave, and Plautus did the work of a horse. Cervantes perished for lack of food, on the same day that our great Shakspeare died; but Shakspeare had worldly wisdom as well as heavenly genius. Camoens died in an alms house. The magical Spenser was a supplicant at Court for years for a paltry pension, till hope deferred made his heart sick, and he vented his disappointment in these words--

" I was promised, on a time,  
To have reason for my rhyme:  
From that time unto this season,  
I received not rhyme nor reason."

Butler asked for bread, and they gave him a stone. Dryden lived between the hand and the mouth. Poor Otway perished through penury--and Chatterton, the inspired boy, terminated his wretchedness with a penny-worth of poison. But there is a more striking example than these, Sandy. It was but the other day, that our immortal countryman, Robbie Burns--the glory o' our age--sank at our very door, neglected and in poverty, wi' a broken heart, into the grave. Sandy, added I, ' never think o' being a poet. If ye attempt it, ye will embark upon an ocean where, for every one that reaches their desired haven, ninety and nine become a sunken wreck.'

On such occasions, Sandy used to listen most attentively, an' crack to me very affably. Well, sir, it was just after ye went to learn to be a doctor, that I resolved to try an' do something to push him forward myself, as his parents were not in ability--and I made application to a gentleman on his behalf to use his influence to procure him a bursary in one o' the universities, when Sandy's father died, and, poor man, left hardly as much behind him as would pay the expenses o' his funeral. This was a death blow to Sandy's prospects and my hopes. He wasna seven teen at the time, and his widowed mother had five bairns younger. He was the only one in the family that she could look up to as a bread winner. It was about harvest, at which time the shearing commenced he went off wi' others an' took his place on the rig--

it was his first year, an' as he was but a learner his wages were but sma'—but sma' as they were, at the end o' the season he brought them hame, an' my puir blighted scholar laddie thought himsel a man, when he placed his earnings, to the last farthing, in his mother's hand.

I was sorry for Sandy. It pained me to see one by whom I had had so much credit, and who, I was conscious, would make one o' the brightest ornaments o' the pu'pit that ever entered it, throwing his learning and his talents awa, an' doomed to be a labouring man. I lost mony a night's sleep on his account—but I was determined to serve him if I could, and I at last succeeded in getting him appointed tutor in a gentleman's family o' the name o' Crompton, owre in Cumberland. He was to teach twa bits o' laddies English and arithmetic, Latin and Greek. He wasna out eighteen when he entered upon the duties o' his office—and great cause had I to be proud o' my scholar, and satisfied wi' my recommendation—for before he had been six months in his situation, I received from the gentleman himself a letter intimating his esteem for Sandy, the great progress his son had made under his tuition, and expressing his gratitude to me for recommending such a tutor. He was, in consequence, kind and generous to my auld scholar, and he doubled his wages, and made him presents aside; so that Sandy was enabled to assist his mother and his brethren.

But we ne'er hae a sunny day, though it be the longest day in summer, but sooner or later a rainy one follows it. Now, then, Mr. Crompton had a daughter somewhat about a year younger than Sandy. She wasna what people would ca' a pretty girl, for I hae seen her; but she had a sony face and intelligent air. She also, forsooth, wrote sonnets to the moon, and hymns to the rising sun. She, of women, was the maist likely to bewitch our Sandy—and she did bewitch him. A strong liking sprang up between them—they couldna conceal their partiality for ane another. He was every thing that was perfect in her een, an' she was an angel in his. Her name was Ann—and he had celebrated it in every measure, from the hop-and-step line of our syllables to that o' fourteen, which rollicks like the echoing o' a trumpet.

Now, her faither, though a ceevil and a

kind man, was also a shrewd, sharp-sighted and determined man—and he saw the flutter that had risen up in the breasts o' his daughter and the young tutor. So he sent for Sandy, and without seeming to be angry wi' him, or even hinting at the cause—

'Mr. Rutherford,' said he, 'you are aware that I am highly gratified with the manner in which you have discharged the duties of tutor to my boys—but I have been thinking that it will be more to their advantage that their education, for the future, be a public one and to-morrow I intend sending them to a boarding-school in Yorkshire.'

'To-morrow!' said Sandy, mechanically, scarce knowing what he said, or where he stood.

'To-morrow,' added Mr. Crompton. 'And, I have sent for you, sir, in order to settle with you respecting your salary.'

This was bringing the matter home to the business and the bosom of the scholar somewhat suddenly. Little as he was versed in the ways of the world, something like the real cause for the hasty removal of his pupils to Yorkshire began to dawn upon his mind.—He was stricken with dismay and great agony, and he longed to pour out his soul upon the gentle bosom of Ann. But she had gone on a visit, with her mother, to a friend in a different part of the country, and Mr. Crompton was to set out with his sons for Yorkshire on the following day. Then, also, would Sandy have to return to the humble roof of his mother. When he retired to pack up his books and his few things, he wrung his hands—yea, there were tears upon his cheeks, and in the bitterness of his spirit he said—

'My own sweet Ann! and shall I never see thee again—never hear thee—never hope! And he laid his hand upon his forehead and pressed it there, repeating as he did so, 'never! oh, never!'

I was surprised beyond measure when Sandy came back to Annan, and wi' a woe-begone countenance, called upon me. I tho't that Mr. Crompton was not a man of discernment and sagacity that I had given him credit to be, and I desired Sandy not to lay it so sair to heart, for that something else would cast up. But in a day or two I received a letter from the gentleman himself, shewing me how matters stood, and giving me to understand the *why* and the *wherefore*.

'O the gowk!' said I, 'what business had he to fa' in love, when he had the bairns an' his books to mind.'

So I determined to rally him a wee thought on the subject, in order to bring him back to his senses; for when a haffins laddie is labouring under the first dizziness o' a bonny lassie's influence, I dinna consider that he is capable o' either seeing, feeling, hearing or acting, wi' the common-sense discretion o' a reasonable being. It is a pleasant heating and wandering o' the brain. The next time, therefore, I say him,

'Sandy,' says I, 'wha was't laid Troy in ashes? He at first started and stared at me, rather vexed like, but at last he answered, wi' a sort o' forced laugh--

'A woman.'

'A woman, was it?' says I; 'and wha was the cause o' Sandy Rutherford losing his situation as tutor, an' being sent back to Annan?'

'Sir!' said he, and he scowled down his eye-brows, and gied a look at me that would hae spained a ewe's lamb. I saw that he was too far gone, and that his mind was in a state that it would not be safe so trifle wi'; so I tried him no more upon the painful subject.

Weel, as his mother, puir woman, had quite enough to do, and couldna keep him in idleness, and as there was naething for him in Annan, he went to Edinburgh to see what would cast up, and what his talents and education would do for him there. He had recommendations from several gentlemen, and also from myself. But month after month passed on, and he was like to hear of nothing. His mother was becoming extremely unhappy on his account, and the more so because he had given up writing, which astonished me a great deal, for I could not divine the cause of such conduct as not to write to his own mother, to say that he was well or what he was doing; and I was the more surprised at it, because of the excellent opinion I had entertained of his character and disposition. However, I think it would be about six months after he had left, I received a letter from him--and as that letter is of importance in giving you an account of his history, I shall just step along to the school for it, where I have it

carefully placed in my desk, and shall bring it and any other papers that I think may be necessary in giving you an account of your other school-fellows."

Thus saying, Dominie Grierson, taking up his three-cornered hat and silver mounted walking-stick, stalked out of the room. And as people like to have some idea of the sort of person who is telling them a story, I shall here describe to them the appearance of Mr. Grierson. He was a fine looking old man, about five feet nine inches high--his age might be about three score fifteen, and he was a bachelor. His hair was as white as the driven snow, yet as fresh and thick as though he had been but thirty. His face was pale. He could not properly be called corpulent, but his person had an inclination that way. His shoes were fastened with large silver buckles--he wore a pair of the finest black lamb's-wool stockings--breeches of the same colour, fastened at the knees by buckles, similar to those in his shoes. His coat and waistcoat were also black, and both were exceedingly capacious--for the former, with its broad skirts, which descended almost to his heels, would have made a great coat now-a-days--and in the kingly flaps of the latter which defended his loins, was cloth enough and to spare to have made a modern vest. This, with the broad brimmed round-crowned, three cornered hat, already referred to, a pair of spectacles, and the silver mounted cane, completed the outward appearance of Dominie Grierson, with the exception of his cambric handkerchief, which was whiter than his own locks, and did credit to the cleanliness of his housekeeper.

In a few moments he returned with Sandy's letter, and other papers in his hand, and helping himself to another glass of wine, he rubbed the glass of his spectacles with his handkerchief, and said--

"Now, doctor, here is poor Sandy's letter--listen and ye shall hear it.

*Edinburgh, June 10, 17--.*

'Honoured Sir--I fear that, on account of my not having written to you, you will, ere now, have accused me of ingratitude; and when I tell you that, until the other day, I have not for months even written to my mother, you may think me undutiful as well as ungrateful. But my own breast holds me

guiltless of both. When I arrived here I met with nothing but disappointments, and those I found at every hand. For many weeks I walked the streets of this city in despair, as hopeless as a fallen angel. I was hungry, and no one gave me to eat—but they knew that I was in want. Keen misery held me in its grasp—ruin caressed me, and laughed at its plaything. I will not pain you by detailing a catalogue of the privations I endured, and which none but those who have felt and fathomed the depths of misery, can imagine. Through your letter of recommendation I was engaged to give private lessons to two pupils, but the salary was small, and that was only to be paid quarterly. While I was teaching them I was starving, living on a penny a day. But this was not all. I was frequently without a lodging—and being expelled from one for lack of the means of paying for it, it was many days before I could venture to inquire for another. My lodging was on a common stair or on the bare sides of the Calton; and my clothes, from exposure to the weather, became unsightly. They were no longer fitting garments for one who gave lessons in a fashionable family. For several days I observed the eyes of the lady of the house where I taught, fixed with a most suspicious and scrutinizing expression upon my shabby and unfortunate coat. I saw and felt that she was weighing the shabbiness of my garments against my qualifications, and trembled for the consequence. In a short time my worst fears were realized—for one day, calling as usual, instead of being shewn into a small parlour, where I gave my lessons, the man servant who opened the door, admitted me stand in the lobby, and in two minutes returned with two guineas upon a silver plate, intimating, as he laid them before me, that ‘the services of Mr. Rutherford were no longer required.’ The sight of the two guineas took away the bitterness and mortification of the abrupt dismissal. I soon pocketed them, and engaged a lodging; and ever, until that night, did I know or feel the exquisite luxury of a deep, dreamless sleep. I was bathing in Lethe, and rising refreshed—having no consciousness save the grateful cooling of the cooling waters of forgetfulness around you. Having, some weeks ago, translated an old deed, which was written in Latin, for a gentleman who is what is called an in-door advocate, and who has an extensive

practice, he has been pleased to take me into his office, and has fixed on me a liberal salary. He advises me to push my way to the bar, and kindly promises his assistance. I shall follow his advice, and I despair not that I may one day solicit the hand of the only woman I ever have loved, or can love, from her father, as his equal. I, am, yours, very indebtedly,

ALEX. RUTHERFORD.

Now, sir, (continued the dominie) about three years after I had received this letter, my old scholar was called to the bar, and a brilliant first appearance he made. Bench, bar, and jury, were lost in wonder at the power o’ his eloquence. A Demosthenes had risen up amongst them. The half o’ Edinburgh spoke o’ nathing but the young advocate. But it was on the very day that he made his first appearance as a pleader, that I received a letter from Mr. Crompton, begging to know if I could gie him any information respecting the old tutor o’ his family, and stating, in the language of a broken hearted man, that his only daughter was then upon her death-bed, and that before she died she begged she might be permitted to see and to speak with Alexander Rutherford. I enclosed the letter, and sent it off to the young advocate. He was sitting at a dinner party, receiving the homage of beauty, and the congratulations of learned men, when the fatal letter was put into his hands. He broke the seal—his hand shook as he read—his cheeks grew pale—and large drops of sweat burst upon his brow.—He rose from the table. He scarce knew what he did. But within half an hour he was posting on his way to Cumberland. He reached the house, her parents received him with tears, and he was conducted into the room where the dying maiden lay: she knew his voice as he approached.

‘He is come! he is come! he loves me still!’ cried the poor thing, endeavouring to raise herself upon her elbow.

Sandy approached the bedside—he burst into tears—he bent down and kissed her pale and wasted cheeks, over which death seemed already to have cast its shadow.

‘Ann! my beloved Ann!’ said he, and he took her hand in his, and pressed it to his lips; ‘do not leave me; we shall yet be happy! happy!’

Her eyes brightened for a moment—in them

joy struggled with death, and the contest was unequal. From the day that he had been sent from her father's house, she had withered away as a tender flower that is transplanted to an unkindly soil. She desired that they would lift her up, and she placed her hand upon his shoulder, and gazing anxiously in his face said—

'And Alexander still loves me—even in death!'

'Yes, dearest—yes!' he replied. But she had scarce heard his answer, and returned it with a smile of happiness, when her head sank upon his bosom, and a deep sigh escaped from hers. It was her last. Her soul seemed only to have lingered till her eyes might look on him. She was removed a corpse from his breast; but on that breast the weight of death was still left. He became melancholy; his ambition died; she seemed to have been the only object that stimulated him to pursue fame and to seek for fortune. In intense study he sought to forget his grief; or rather he made them companions, till his health broke under them; and in the thirtieth year of his age, died one who possessed talents and learning that would have adorned his country, and rendered his name immortal. Such, sir, is the brief history o' yer auld class fellow, Solitary Sandy.

In the history o'

### GLAIKIT WILLIE,

(continued Mr. Grierson) the only thing remarkable, is, that he has been as fortunate a man as he was a thochtless laddie. After leaving the school, he flung his Greek and Latin aside, and that was easily done, for it was but little that he ever learned, and less that he remembered, for he paid so little attention to anything he did, that what he got by heart one day he forgot the next. In spite o' the remonstrances o' his friends, naething would haud Willie but he would be a sailor. Weel, he was on board o' an American trader, and for several years there was naething heard o' concerning him; but accidents that had happened him, and all through his glaikitness. Sometimes he was fa'ing owre a boat and was mostly drowned; and at other times we heard o' him fa'ing headlong into the ship's hold; and o' his tumbling overboard in the middle o' the great Atlantic; and, at

last, o' his fa'ing from the mast upon the deck, and having his legs broken. It was the luckiest thing that ever happened him. It brought him to think, and gied him leisure to do it; he was laid up for twelve weeks, and during part o' the time he applied himself to navigation, in the elements o' which science I had instructed him. Soon after his recovery, he got the command o' a vessel, and was very fortunate, and for several years he has been sole owner of a number of vessels, and is reputed to be very rich. He also married weel, as the phrase runs, for the woman had a vast o' money, only she was, a mulatto. That, sir, is a' I ken concerning William Armstrong, or as ye ca'd him, Glaiokit Willie; for he was a callant that was so thochtless when under my care, that he never interested me a good deal. And noo, sir, I shall gie ye a' the particulars I know concerning the fate o'

### VENTURESOME JAMIE.

Ye will remember him best o' any o' them, I remember even when ye were baith bits o' callants, there was a sort o' rivalry between ye for the affections o' bonny Kate Alison, the loveliest lassie that ever I had at my school. I hae frequently observed the looks o' jealousy that used to pass between ye when she seemed to shew mair kindness to ane than anither; and when ye little thocht I saw ye, I hae noticed aye o' ye pushing oranges into her hand, and anither sweeties. When she got a bit comb, too, to fasten up her gowden hair, I weel divined whose pennies had purchased it; for they were your, Doctor. I remember, also, hoo ye was aye a greater favourite wi' her than Jamie, and hoo he challenged ye to secht him for her affections, and owre cam' ye in the battle, and sent ye to the school next day wi' your face a' disfigured—and I, as in duty bound, gied each o' ye a heartier threshin' than ye had gien ane anither. Katie hung her head a' the time, and when she looked up, a tear was rowin' in her bonnie blue een. But ye left the school and the country side, when ye was little mair than seventeen; and the next thing that we heard o' ye was that ye had gane oot to India about three years afterwards. Yer departure evidently removed a load from Jamie's breast. He followed Katie like her shadow, though with but little success, as far as I could perceive, and as it was generally given out.

But ye must remember, in his case, the name o' Venturesome Jamie was well applied—never in my born days did I know such a callant. He would have climbed the highest trees as though he had been speelin' owre a common yett, and swung himself by the heels frae their tapmost branches. Oh, he was a terrible laddie! When I hae seen ye a' bating in the river, sometimes I used to tremble for him. He was a perfect amphibious animal. I have seen him dive from a height o' twenty or thirty feet, and remain under the water till I almost lost my breath with anxiety for his uprising; and then he would have risen at as many yards distant from the place where he had dived. I recollect o' hearing o' his permitting himself to be suspended owre a precipice aboon a hundred feet high, wi' a rope fastened round his oxers, and three laddies like himsel hauling on by the ither end o't—and this was done merely to harry the nest o' a water-wagtail. 'ad the screams o' the callants, who fund it awfully heavy for them, and that they were unable to draw him up again, not brought some ploughmen to their assistance, he must have been precipitated into eternity. However, as I intended to say, it was shortly after the news arrived o' your having sailed for India, that a fire broke out in the dead o' light in a house occupied by Katie Alison's mother. Never shall I forget the uproar and consternation o' that terrible night. There was not a countenance in the town but was pale wi' terror. The flame roared and raged on every window, and were visible through every part in the roof. The great black clouds o' smoke seemed rushing from the crater of a volcano. The floors o' the second story were falling, and crashing, and cracking, and great burning sparks, some o' them big as a man's hand, were rising in thousands and tens o' thousands from the flaming mass, and were driven by the wind, like a shower o' fire, across the heavens. It was the most fearsome sight I had ever beheld.—at this was not the worst o't; for at a window in the third story, which was the only one in the house from which the flames were not bursting, stood bonny Katie Alison, wringing her hands and screaming for assistance, while her gowden hair fell upon her shouthers, and her cries were heard aboon the raging o' the conflagration. I heard her crying distinctly—'My father! my father! will

nobody save my father!' for he lay ill of a fever in the room where she was, and was unconscious of his situation. But there was none to render them assistance. At times the flames and the smoke, issuing from the windows below, concealed her from the eyes of the multitude. Several had attempted, but all of them had been forced to retreat, and some of them scorched fearfully; for in many places the stairs had given way, and the flames were bursting on every side. They were attempting to throw up a rope to her assistance—for the flames issued so fiercely from the lower windows, that, though a ladder had been raised, no man could have ascended it—when at that moment, my old scholar, James Johnstone. (Venturesome Jamie, indeed!) arrived. He heard the cries o' Katie—he beheld her hands outstretched for help—'Let me past! let me past! cowards! ye cowards!' cried he, as he eagerly forced his way through the crowd. He rushed into the door, from which the dense smoke and the sparks were issuing as from a great furnace. There was a thrill o' horror through the crowd, for they kenned his character, and they kenned also his fondness for Katie—and no one expected to see him in life again.—But in less than ten seconds from his rushing in at the door, he was seen to spring forward to the window where Katie stood—he flung his arm round her waist, and in an instant, both disappeared—but within a quarter of a minute he rushed out at the street door, thro' the black smoke and the thick sparks, wi' the bonny creature that he adored in his arms—O doctor had ye heard the shout that burst frae the multitude!—there was not a soul amongst them at that moment that could not have hugged Jamie to his breast. His hands were sore burned, and on several places his clothes were on fire. Katie was but little hurt; but on finding herself on the street, she cast an anxious and despairing look towards the window from which she had been snatched, and again wringing her hands, exclaimed in accents of bitterness that go through my heart to this day—

'My father! oh, my father!—is there no help for him?—shall my father perish?'

'The rope! gie me the rope!' cried Jamie. He snatched it from the hand of a bytander—and again rushed into the smoking ruins. The consternation of the crowd became greater, and their anxiety more intense than

before. Full three minutes passed, and nothing was seen of him. The crowded street became as silent as death; even those who were running backward and forward carrying water, for a time stood still. The suspense was agonizing. At length he appeared at the window, with the sick man wrapt up in his bed clothes, and holding him to his side with his right arm around him. The hope and fear of the people became indescribable. Never did I witness such a scene!—never may I witness such again! Having fastened one end of the rope to the bed, he flung the other from the window to the street; and by grasping it with his left hand, he drew himself out at the window, with Katie's father in his arm, and crossing his feet around the rope, he slid down to the street, bearing his burden with him! Then, sir, the congratulations o' the multitude were unbounded.—Every one was anxious to shake him by the hand; but what with the burning his right hand sustained, and the worse than burning his left hand had suffered wi' the sliding down a rope frae the third story wi' a man under his arm, I may say that my venturesome and gallant auld scholar hadna a hand to shake.

Ye canna be surprised to hear—and at the time o' life ye've arrived at, ye'll be no longer jealous—besides, during dinner, I think ye spoke o' having a wife and family—I say, therefore, doctor, that ye'll neither be jealous nor surprised to hear that from that day Katie's drynes to Jamie melted down:—Moreover, as ye had gane out to India, where ye would be mair likely to look after siller than think o' a wife, and as I understand ye had dropped correspondence for some length o' time, ye couldna think yoursel in any way slighted. Now, folk say that 'ninereen *nay* says are half a *yes*.' For my part, [and my age is approaching the heels o' the patriarchs] I never put it in the power o' woman born to say *No* to me. But, as I have heard and believe, Katie had said *No* to Jamie before the fire, not only nineteen times, but thirty-eight times twice told, and he found seventy six, which is about my age, nae nearer a *yea* than the first *nay*. And folk said it was a' on account o' a foolish passion for the doctor laddie that had gane abroad. But Katie was a kind, gratefu' lassie. She couldna look wi' cauldness upon the man that had not only saved her life, but her father's also,

and I ought to have informed you, that within two minutes from the time o' her father's being snatched from the room where he lay, the floor fell in, and the flames burst from the window where Katie had been standing a few minutes before.

Her father recovered from the fever, but he died within six months after the fire, and leaving her a portionless orphan, or what was next door to it. Jamie urged her to make him happy, and at last she consented, and they were married. But ye remember that his parents were in affluent circumstances, they thought he had demeaned himself by his marriage, and they shut their door upon him, and disowned him a'thegither. As he was his father's heir, he was brought up to no calling or business whatsoever; and when the auld man not only vowed to cut him off wi' a shilling, on account o' his marriage, but obstinately got his will altered accordingly, what did the silly lad do, but, in desperation, list into a regiment that was gaun' abroad.—'The laddie has done in in a fit o' passion,' said I, 'and what will become o' poor Katie's Weel, although it was said that the lassie never had any particular affection for him, but just married him out o' gratitude, and although several genteel families in the neighbourhood offered her respectable and comfortable situations, for she was universally liked, yet the strange creature preferred to follow the hard fortunes o' Jamie, who had been disowned on her account, and she implored the officers o' the regiment to be allowed to accompany him. It is possible that they were interested with her appearance, and what they had heard of his connexions, and the manner in which he had been treated, for they granted her request; and about a month after he enlisted, the regiment marched from Carlisle, and Katie accompanied her husband. They went abroad some where; to the East or West Indies, I believe.—but from that day to this, I have never heard a word concerning either the one or the other, or whether they be living or no. All I know is, that the auld man died within two years after his son had become a soldier, and keeping his resentment to his late breath, actually left his property to a brother son. And that, sir, is all that I know o' the venturesome Jamie, and your old sweetheart Katie.'

The doctor looked thoughtful—exceeding



thoughtful; and the auld dominie, acquiring additional loquacity as he went on, poured out another glass, and added—

"But come, doctor, we will drink a bumper, 'for auld langsyne,' to the lassie w' the gowden locks, be she dead or living."

"With my whole heart and soul," replied the doctor, impassionedly; and pouring out a glass, he drained it to the dregs.

"The auld feelings is not quenched yet, doctor," said the venerable teacher, "and I'm sorry for it; for, had I known, I would have spoken more guardedly. But I will proceed to gie ye an account o' the rest o' your lass-fellows, and I will do it briefly. There was Walter Fairbairn, who went amongst o' by the name o'

### CAUTIOUS WATTY.

He was the queerest laddie that ever I had in my school: he had neither talent nor clemency; but he made up for both, and I may say more than made up for both, by method and application. Ye would have said that nature had been in a miserly humour when she made his brains; but if it had been niggardly in the quantity, it certainly had spared pains in placing them properly. He was a very reserve o' Solitary Sandy. I never had get Watty to scan a line or construe a sentence right in my born days. He did not seem to understand the nature o' words—or, at least in so far as applied to sentiment, idea, or the writing. Figures were Watty's alphabet; and from his earliest years, pounds, shillings and pence, were the syllables by which he joined them together. The abstract points of mathematics were beyond his intellect; but he seemed to have a liking for the certainty of the science, and he manifested a wish to master it. My housekeeper then was, has informed me that when she first o' ye wad hae been selling your papers as waste paper, for *taffy*, or what some folks call *candy*, Watty would only part with his to the paper purchaser for money; and when ony o' ye took a greenin' for the sweet things o' the shopkeeper, with a half-penny to purchase one, Watty would volunteer to lend ye the money until a week's day, upon condition that ye would pay him a penny for the loan o' his half-penny. But he exhibited a grand trait o'

this disposition when he cam'to learn the rule o' *Compound Interest*. Indeed, I need not say he *learned* it, for he literally *devoured* it. He wrought every question in Dilworth's Rule within two days; and when he had finished it, for he seldom had his slate away from my face, and I was half tired wi' saying to him, 'that will do, sir,' he came up to my desk, and says he, wi' a face as earnest as a judge—

'May I go through this rule again, sir?'

'I think ye understand it, Watty,' said I, rather significantly.

'But I would like to be perfect in it sir,' answered he.

'Then go through it again, Watty' said I, 'and I have nae doubt but ye will be perfect in it very quickly.'

I said this wi' a degree o' irony which I was not then, and which I am not now, in the habit of exhibiting before my scholars; but, from what I had observed and heard o' him, it betrayed to me a trait in human nature that literally disgusted me. But I have no pleasure in dwelling upon his history. Shortly after leaving the school, he was sent up to London to an uncle; and, as his parents had the means o' setting him up in the world, he was there to make choice o' a profession. After looking about the great city for a time, it was the choice and pleasure o' Cautious Watty to be bound as an apprentice to a pawnbroker. He afterwards commenced business for himself, and every day in his life indulged in his favourite study, *Compound Interest*, and, as far as he durst, putting it in practice, he, in a short time, became rich. But, as his substance increased, he did not confine himself to portable articles, or such things as are usually taken in pledge by the members of his profession; but he took estates in pledge, receiving the title-deeds as his security, and in such cases he did exact his *Compound Interest* to the last farthing to which he could stretch it. He neither knew the meaning of generosity nor mercy. Shakspeare's beautiful apostrophe to the latter god-like attribute in the "*Merchant of Venice*," would have been flat nonsense in the estimation of Watty. He had but one answer to every argument and to every case, and which he laid to his conscience in all his transactions, (if he had a conscience,) and that was

—'A bargain's a bargain!' This was his ten times repeated phrase every day. It was the doctrine by which he swore, and Shylock would have died wi' envy to have seen Watty exacting his 'pound o' flesh.' I have only to tell ye that he has been twice married. The first time was to a widow four years older than his mother, wi' whom he got ten thousand. The second time was to a maiden lady who had been a coquette and a flirt in her day, but, when the deep crow's feet upon her brow began to reflect sermons from her looking-glass, became a patroniser of piety and religious institutions. Watty heard o' her fortune, and o' her disposition and habits. He turned an Episcopalian because she was one. He became a sitter and a regular attendant in the same pew in the church. He began his courtship by opening the pew door to her when he saw her coming, before the sexton reached it. He next sought her out the services for the day in the prayer-book—he had it always open, and ready to put in her hand. He dusted the cushion on which she was to sit, with his handkerchief, as she entered the pew. He, in short, shewed her a hundred little pious attentions. The sensibility of the converted flirt was affected by them. At length he offered her his arm from the pew to the hackney coach or sedan-chair which waited for her at the church door; and, eventually, he led her to the altar in the seventy-third year of her age; when, to use his own words, he married her thirty thousand pounds, and took the old woman before the minister as a witness. Such, sir, is all I know concerning Cautious Watty.

"The next o' your auld class-mates that I have to notice, (continued Mr. Grierson,) is

#### LEEIN' PETER.

Peter Murray was the cause o' mair grief to me than ony scholar that ever was at my school. He could not tell a story the same way in which he heard it, or give ye a direct answer to a positive question, had it been to save his life. I sometimes was at a loss whether to attribute his grievous propensity to a defect o' memory, a preponderance o' imagination over baith memory and judgment, or to the natural depravity o' his heart, and the force o' abominable habits early acquired. Certain it is, that all the thrashing that I could thrash. I couldna get the laddie to speak the truth. His parents were perpetually coming to me to lick him soundly for

this lie and the other lie; and I did lick him, until I saw that bodily punishment was of no effect. Moral means were to be tried, and I did try them. I tried to shame him out o' it. I reasoned wi' him. I shewed him the *fool* and the enormity o' his offence, and also pointed out its consequences—but I might as weel hae spoken to the stane in the wa'. He was Leein' Peter still. After he left me, he was a while wi' a grocer, and a while wi' a haberdasher, and then he went to a painter, and after that he was admitted into a writer's office; but, one after another, they had to turn him away, and a' on account o' his unconquerable habit o' uttering falsehoods. His character became so well known, that nobody about the place would take him to be anything. He was a sad heart-break to his parents, and they were as decent people as ye could meet wi'. But, as they had respectable connections, they got him into some situations about Edinburgh, where his character and his failings were unknown. But it was altogether useless. He was turned out of one situation after another, and a' on account o' his incurable and dangerous habit, until his friends could do no more for him. Noo, doctor, I daresay ye may have observed, that a confirmed drunkard, rather than want drink, will steal to procure it—and, as sure as that is the case, tak my word for it, that, in nine cases out of ten, he who begins by being a habitual liar, will end in being a thief. Soe was the case wi' Leein' Peter. After being disgraced and turned from one situation to another, he at last was caught in the act o' purloining his master's property and cast into prison. He broke his mother's heart, and covered his father's grey hairs wi' shame and he sank from one state o' degradation to another, till now, I believe, he is one o' the prowlers and pests o' society, who are to be found in every large town, and who live nobody can tell how, but every one can tell that it cannot be honestly. Such, sir, has been the fate o' Leein' Peter.

There is only another o' your book-mate that I have to make mention o', and that John Mathewson, or

#### JOCK THE DUNCE.

Many a score o' times hae I said that Jock's head was as impervious to learnin as a mill-stane. It would hae been as easy to be driven Mensuration into the head o' an' as instruction into the brain o' Jock Mathewson.

son. He was a born dunce. I fleeced him, and I coaxed him, and I endeavoured to divert him to get him to learn, and I kicked him, and I cuffed him; but I might as well hae kicked my heel upon the floor, or fleeced the fireplace. Jock was knowledge-proof. All my efforts were o' no avail. I could get him to learn nothing, and to comprehend nothing. Often I had half made up my mind to turn him away from the school, for I saw that I never would have any credit by the blockhead. But what was most annoying was, that here was his mother at me, every hand-awhile, saying—

'Mr. Grierson, I'm really surprised at ye. My son, John, is not comin on ava. I really wish ye wad tak mair pains wi' him. It is an unco thing to be payin' you guid money, and the laddie to be getting nae guid for it. I wad hae ye to understand, that his faither besna make his money sae easily—no by sitting on a seat, or walking up and down a room, as ye do. There's such a ane's son wa into the Latin, nae less, I understand, and my John no out o' the Testament. But depend upon it, Mr. Grierson, if ye dinna try o do something wi' him, I maun tak him awa from your school, and that is the short end the lang o't.'

'Do sae, ma'm,' said I, 'and I'll thank ye. Mercy me! it's a bonny thing, indeed—do ye suppose that I had the makin o' your son? Nature has formed his head out o' a whin-stane, can I transform it into marble? Your ma would try the patience o' Job—his head thicker than a door-post. I can mak nae thing o' him. I would sooner teach a hundred to be troubled wi' him.'

'Hundred here, hundred there!' said she, a lift; 'but it's a hard matter, Mr. Grierson, for his faither and me to be payin' ye money for naething; an' if ye dinna try to mak something o' him, I'll tak him frae your school, an' that will be baith seen an' heard o' it!'

So saying, away she would drive, tossing her head wi' the airs o' my lady. Ye canna receive, sir, what a teacher has to put up wi'. Thomson says—

'Delightful task

To teach the young ideas how to shoot !'

Wish to goodness he had tried it, and a mother's specimen o' its delights would have fleeced him, and instead o' what he has written, he would have said—

Degrading thought

To be each snivelling blockhead's parent's slave!

Now, ye'll remember that Jock was perpetually snifering and gaping wi' his mouth, or even sucking his thumb like an idiot. There was nae keeping the animal cleanly, much less instructing him; and then, if he had the book in his hand,—there he sat staring owre it, wi' a look as vacant and stupid as a tortoise. Or, if he had the slate before him, there was he drawing scores on't, or amusing himsel wi' twirling and twisting the pencil in the string through the frame. Never had I such a lump o' stupidity within the walls o' my school.

After his leaving me, he was put as an apprentice to a bookseller. I thought, of all the callings under the sun, that which had been chosen for him was the least suited to a person o' his capacity. But—would ye believe it, sir?—Jock surprised us a'. He fairly turned the corner on a' my calculations. When he began to look after the lassies, he also began to "smart up." He came to my night-school, when he would be about eighteen, and I was perfectly astonished at the change that had taken place, even in the appearance o' the callant. His very nose, which had always been so stuffed and thick-like, was now an ornament to his face. He had become altogether a lively, fine-looking lad; and, more marvellous still, his whole heart's desire seemed to be to learn; and he did learn with a rapidity that both astonished and delighted me. I actually thought the instructions which I had endeavoured to instil into him for years, and apparently without effect, had been lying dormant, as it were, in the chambers o' his brain, like a cuckoo in winter—that they had been sealed up as fast as I imparted them, by some cause that I did not comprehend, and that now they had got vent, and were issuing out in rapid and vigorous strength, like a person refreshed after a sleep.

After he had been two years at the night school, so far from considering him a dunce, I regarded him as an amazing clever lad. From the instance I had had in him, I began to perceive that precocity o' intellect was nae proof o' its power. Well, shortly after the time I am speaking o', he left Annan for Glasgow, and, after being a year or twa there, he commenced business upon his own account. I may safely say, that never mau

was more fortunate. But, as his means increased, he did not confine himself to the business in which he had been brought up, but he became an extensive ship-owner; he also became a partner in a cotton-mill concern. He was elected a member of the town council, and was distinguished as a leading member and orator of the guild. Eventually, he rose to be one of the city magistrates. He is now also an extensive landed proprietor; and I even hear it affirmed, that it is in contemplation to put him in nomination for some place or another at the next election. Such things happen, doctor—and wha would hae thoct it o' Jock the Dunce?

Now, sir, (added the dominie,) so far as I have been able, I have given you the history o' your class-fellows. Concerning you, doctor, I have known less and heard less than o' ony 'o them. You being so far away, and so long away, and your immediate relations about here being dead, so that ye have dropped correspondence, I have heard nothing concerning ye; and I have often been sorry on that account; for, believe me, doctor—(here the doctor pushed the bottle to him, and the old man, helping himself to another glass and drinking it, again continued)—I say, believe me, doctor, that I never had two scholars under my care, o' whose talents I had greater opinion than o' Solitary Sandy and yourself; and it has often vexed me that I could hear naething concerning ye, or whether you were dead or living. Now, sir, if ye'll favour me wi' an account o' your history, from the time o' your going out to India, your auld dominie will be obliged to ye; for I like to hear concerning ye all, as though ye had been my ain bairns."

"There is little of interest in my history, sir, said the doctor, "but, so far as there is any, your wish shall be gratified." And he proceeded as is hereafter written.

### THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

"In your history, sir, of Venturesome Jamie, which you are unable to finish; you mentioned the rivalry that existed between him and me, for the affections o' bonny Katie Alison. James was a noble fellow. I am not ashamed that I had such a rival. In our youth I esteemed him while I hated him.—But, sir, I do not remember the time when Katie Alison was not as a dream in my heart

—when I did not tremble at her touch. Even when we pulled the cowans and the cowslips together, though there had been twenty present, it was for Katie that I pulled mine.—When we plaited the rushes, I did it for her. She preferred me to Jamie, and I knew it.—When I left your school, and when I proceeded to India, I did not forget her. But, as you said, men go there to make money—so did I. My friends laughed at my boyish fancy—they endeavoured to make me ashamed of it. I became smitten with the eastern disease of fortune-making, and though I did not forget her, I neglected her.

But, sir, to drop this; I was not twenty-one when I arrived in Bombay—nor had I been long there till I was appointed physician to several Persee families of greath wealth—with but little effort, fortune opened before me. I performed a few surgical operations of considerable difficulty, with success. In several desperate cases I effected cures, and my name was not only spread through the city, but throughout the island. The riches I went to seek I found. But even then, sir, my heart would turn to your school, and to happy hours I had spent by the side of bonnie Katie Alison.

However, it would be of no interest to enter into the details of my monotonous life. I shall dwell only upon one incident, which is, of all others, the most remarkable that ever occurred to me, and which took place about six years after my arrival in India. I was in my carriage, and accompanying the remains of a patient to the burial ground—for you know that doctors cannot cure, when Death is determined to have its way. The burial ground lies about three miles from Bombay, across an extensive and beautiful plain, and the road to it is by a sort of an avenue, lined and shaded on each side by cocoa-nut trees, which spread their branches over the path, and distil their cooling juice into the cups which the Hindoos have placed around them to receive it. You can form but a faint conception of the clear azure of an Indian sky, and never had I seen it more beautiful than on the day to which I refer, though some of the weather-prophets about Bombay were predicting a storm.

We were about the middle of the avenue I have described when we overtook the funeral of an officer who had held a commission in a corps of Sepoys. The coffin was carried

upon the shoulders of four soldiers—before it marched the Sepoys, and behind it, seated in a palanquin, borne by four Hindoos, came the widow of the deceased. A large black veil thrown over her head, almost enveloped her person. Her head was bent upon her bosom, and she seemed to weep bitterly.—We followed behind them to the burial-place—but, before the service was half concluded, the heavens overcast, and a storm, such as I had never witnessed, burst over our heads, and hurled its fury upon the graves. The rain poured down in a fierce and impetuous torrent—but you know not, in this country, what a torrent of rain is. The thunder seemed tearing heaven in twain. It rolled, reverberated, and pealed, and rattled with its tremendous voice over the graves of the dead, as though it were the outbursting of eternity—the first blast of the archangel's trumpet—announcing the coming judgment! The incessant lightnings flashed through the air, like spirits winged with flame, and awakening the dead.

The Sepoys were in terror, and hastened to the city, to escape the terrible fury of the storm. Even those who accompanied my friend's body fled with them, before the earth was covered over the dead that they had followed to the grave. But still, by the side of the officer's grave, and unmindful of the storm, stood his poor widow. She refused to leave the spot till the last sod was laid upon her husband's bosom. My heart bled for her—within three yards from her, stood a veteran English sergeant, who, with the Hindoos that bore her palanquin, were all that remained in the burial-place.

Common humanity prompted me to offer her a place in my carriage back to the city. I inquired of the sergeant who the deceased was. He informed me that he was a young

Scotch officer—that his marriage had offended his friends—that they had denounced him in consequence—that he had enlisted—and that the officers of the regiment which he had first joined, had procured him an ensigncy in a corps of Sepoys, but that he had died leaving the young widow who wept over his grave, a stranger in a strange land. And," added the sergeant, "a braver fellow never set foot upon the ground."

When the last sod had been placed upon the grave, I approached the young widow. I respectfully offered to convey her and the sergeant to the city in my carriage, as the violence of the storm increased.

At my voice, she started—she uttered a suppressed shriek—she raised her head—she withdrew her handkerchief from her eyes—I beheld her features!—and, gracious Heaven!—whom, sir!—whom did I see, but my own Katie Alison!"

"Doctor! Doctor!" exclaimed the old dominie, and starting from his seat, "what do I hear?"

"I cannot describe to you," continued the other, "the tumultuous joy, combined with agony, the indescribable feelings of that moment. We stood—we gasped—we gazed upon each other; neither of us spoke. I took her hand—I led her to the carriage—I conveyed her to the city."

"And, O doctor, what then?" inquired the dominie.

"Why, sir," said the doctor, "many days passed—many words were spoken—mutual tears were shed for Jamie Johnstone—and bonny Katie Alison, the lassie of my first love, became my wife, and is the mother of my children. She will be here in a few days and will see her old dominie."

## WELLINGTON.

BY L. E. L.

The conqueror of a thousand fields!  
Not as in olden time,  
When carnage urged its crimson path,  
And conquest was a crime—  
But in a universal war  
For every right sublime.

The laurel that he wears should have  
In English hearts its birth;  
His victories kept inviolate  
Our island's sacred earth;  
They were the glorious ransom given  
For every English heart.

## EXTRACT FROM THE MEMOIRS OF A CADET.

[From the Metropolitan.]

In the month of May we were visited by the most terrific hail-storm I ever witnessed in the plains of India. It came from the north-east and must have been cradled in the mountainous regions of that *dirt*. At about 4, P. M. the north-eastern horizon darkened to pitchy blackness. The air was still, and not a sound disturbed the breathless tranquillity, save an occasional low growl of thunder very distant. The dark mass at first advanced so slowly that the motion was not perceptible, and we were only conscious that it *did* approach, in a manner that we are aware the hour-hand of a clock has moved after an interval of time.

Suddenly a flash of lightning clove the thick gloom, which for an instant only disclosed a gulf of liquid and living fire, that made the succeeding darkness more intense; a crash of thunder followed, that shook the habitations of men to their very foundations.

It seemed as if this first discharge were the signal for a general storm, which came on rapidly; the lightning gradually become one flashing stream of fire, the thunder an almost unceasing roar above and around us, accompanied by a tremendous fall of hail.

There appears to be a general depression of nature, animate and inanimate, during a thunder-storm, and the wildest spirits seem attempered to seriousness. It is felt as the voice of the Ruler of all worlds, that will be heard and listened to with solemn awe and deep reverence by all his creatures; and I have seen the most reckless scoffers at religion abide with blanched cheek and in solicitous anxiety the duration of a storm, and the boldest hold his breath while the voice of the Lord of all things has spoken in thunder.

The storm lasted in its fullest violence for about two hours, and after it had ceased, an evening so calm, so cool, so ethereally beautiful, succeeded, that words would utterly fail in an attempt to describe it.—Those who have witnessed such a storm will also have experienced the calm relief and joyousness of spirit which succeeds when the storm has passed away, and the agitated air again sighs itself to rest, refreshed and purified. In this

storm several of the natives were killed by the lightning, and the flagstaff was shattered to pieces.

The time of our sojourn at Berhampore had now nearly expired. A fortunate increase in the army had given lieutenantcies to all the ensigns of my standing, and the order arrived which posted us finally to regiments.—Those of us whose destination were attainable by water communication, were, by the kind and considerate permission of government, allowed to remain at Berhampore until the rise of the river should render the shallow places navigable.

The water in the various rivers of India begins slowly to rise about the month of April, although the rainy season does not commence in Upper Hindostan till late in June. This is consequent, in the first place, on the heavy falls of rain and hail in the mountains during March and April; and, secondly, on the meeting of the snow in the higher regions, when the sun becomes more vertical, and which appears to me to be one of the most striking and beautiful arrangements of Divine Providence which can be imagined.

Almost the whole of Upper Hindostan is one vast plain, so level, that the fall of the Ganges, after quitting the mountains, is by survey averaged at no more than four inches in the mile. From the breaking up of the rainy season, in the latter end of September to its re-commencement late in June, rain is scarcely known to fall, excepting in a few very light showers occasionally about Christmas. It may be well imagined, therefore that the burning tropical sun, pouring its unceasing heat for nearly nine months successively upon the sandy soil of India, would dry up the rivers and calcine the surface of the land with all its vegetable produce to dust; had not the omniscient Creator caused the very agent of destruction itself to be its own corrector, even from the moment that the work of destruction would otherwise commence; for the self-same heat that parches the plains opens exhaustless fountains of water in the mountains, by dissolving the snows, and the rivers are thus unceasingly supplied.

It was not till the commencement of Jul

that we were able to leave Berhampore, as we were detained by the commanding officer of the station to perform the local duties, in consequence of the paucity of officers, until the arrival of a new corps finally relieved us.

We commenced our voyage under the auspices of a fine easterly wind, which carried us rapidly up the Bhagritty.\* On the third evening we entered the mighty Ganges, which appeared like an ocean rolling its waves along. We came to for the night a few miles beyond the village of Sootee, where we found two budgerows with their attendant boats already moored. On inquiry, we ascertained that they were tenanted by a party of officers proceeding to Agra, my promised land.

Introductions are speedily effected in India—especially in the army. Milden and I sent a message with our cards to Captain Morland and his brother, a young lieutenant, reporting that we should be happy to wait for them in their boat, if perfectly agreeable to them. A polite answer came, that they would be glad to see us: we accordingly went and introduced ourselves to the captain and his brother. The captain then performed the same ceremony between us and a third gentleman, who was in their company.—This was a Lieutenant Lake. Such was my first meeting with these officers, with whom I became consequently on terms of great intimacy. Captain Morland was the officer whose return from England had been awaited by the native servant Seurage, as formerly mentioned. This man was with him, and recognizing me, came to make his salutation.

Our voyage on the Ganges was one of peculiar interest. There is a remarkable feature which attaches to that river throughout its whole course, from its entrance into the Bay to the sea; one of its banks is invariably high, while the other is a mere low sandy plain, extending for some miles inland when the low bank becomes elevated, which generally does abruptly, the opposite one varying as suddenly falls, so that during the rainy season the river has always sufficient space for expansion either to the right

or left along the lower line of country. This would be a complete safety valve, as it were, for the protection of the towns and villages on the higher bank, were the latter composed of hard and durable material; but this is not the case, the soil is sandy, and consequently, when the current is strong during the flood season, the banks become rapidly undermined, and large masses fall continually into the water with a great noise. This causes, in a very few years, a material change in the course of the river, and particularly affects landed property. In a single season large estates become completely embedded, and new ones created from fresh deposits of alluvion. The Ganges, during the rains, is so muddy, that Major Rennell says—"The quantity of sand held in suspension by its waters is so great, that in the year 1794, one of the mouths of the Bhageruttee, '(Ganges)' at Sadigunge, full five miles in length, was in the course of a week filled up very nearly to a level with the contiguous country, although it must have contained about nine hundred millions solid feet. In the neighbourhood of Colgong, where the depth of the river is in many places upwards of seventy feet, new islands have risen to more than twenty feet above the level of the stream.—At about two hundred and forty miles from the sea by the river, there is a variation in its height of thirty-one feet at different seasons."

This is immense, when we consider the amazing increase in the breadth of water for each foot of elevation in so level a country.

I have thought it advisable to give the above sketch of the Ganges, as it may render the narrative of my journey along its devious course more intelligible.

About noon on the second day after our departure, we discovered right ahead a large fleet of boats, like our own, proceeding upwards. These contained detachments of European soldiers, with their officers, who were *en route* to join their various regiments stationed in the interior. As their vessels were for the most part much heavier sailers than ours, we rapidly gained upon them, and had nearly closed in with the rear, when our

\* The first stream that leaves the main river to find its own way to the Bay of Bengal. This stream, though a comparative rivulet, carries away with it all the holiness from the native Gunga which, after this separation, is by the natives called Pudda.

manjhee (both pilot and helmsman,) advised us to run ashore with all speed, and moor awhile, as the heavy squall appeared brewing to windward. To this we immediately acceded, as it is very dangerous to thwart these people in their wishes on such occasions.

Many young men have lost their lives, or property, or both, by so doing. Not only ourselves, but the whole fleet, appeared actuated almost simultaneously by the same impulse; and we had all well nigh snugly sheltered ourselves, when a rush of wind swept suddenly across the river, that was perfectly irresistible. One boat only, a heavy sluggish barge, had not yet attained the shore, and it was upset in an instant. It contained soldiers, with some women and children, besides the boatmen. Fortunately, the vessel had succeeded in getting clear away from the strong current of the river, and lay in almost still though deep water at the distance of perhaps twenty yards from the shore. The boatmen (who are almost amphibious) and

the soldiers who could swim, made their way to land—but the remainder, with the women, were in the most perilous situation. The poor creatures were seen clinging, as their only hope, to the wreck, which was momentarily yielding to the violence of the storm, and must inevitably go to pieces very shortly. The boatmen offered no aid, and the soldiers who were able to swim, were struggling in the waves for their own lives.

At this moment a young sepoy belonging to the native guard which accompanied the detachment, "a strong swimmer," plunged in from the shore, made his way to the heaving vessel with astonishing speed, and returned ashore with one saved. This he repeated eight or nine times, each successive time rescuing a perishing fellow-creature from a watery grave, till at length the wreck went to pieces, and one soldier and two children sank to rise no more.

The humane sepoy was soon after promoted to the rank of *naick* (corporal.)

To the Publisher—

Sir—Thinking that the following picture of Highland festivity and manners, would be acceptable to many of the "Sons of the Mountain and Flood," and remind them of the scenes of their early youth, I request you will give it an insertion. EVAN.

"My father was the family piper at "Glendeisiridh," as his predecessor, my grandfather, was before him. I may say we were born pipers—every one of us, and as for myself, I have not a son who could not handle a whistle before he was weaned, as natural as the kid makes for the rock. But as I was about to remark, it was customary to the "Laird of Glendeisiridh," on New-Year's-Eve, to invite all his tenants—their families, servants, widows and stepmothers, cousins and cousins-german—and for that purpose Evan Bane, the officer, came round the farms, and gave proper and special invitations to each family a day or two at least before the time. 'Lads,' said Evan, as he came his round on the occasion in question, 'have your clubs ready for New-Year's-Day; and it is the wish of the

family that the New-Year should be kept after ancient manner.' Rest assured such an invitation as this was a matter of joy among the young men; nor was there any exceptions made save "Calum Dubh," the general, and "Evan Mor Nan Claus" children. This exception, depend on it, was not made without some satisfactory cause,—from the night they were disgraced in the country, and to screen themselves from disgrace they were obliged to abscond.

"My father set out for Glendeisiridh long about mid-day, in full Highland costume with the silver-hilted sword he wore at G. loden by his side, and I, then a little boy, accompanied him, carrying his bagpipe. He arrived at the house; and, think you, can't heart be ever so light and buoyant as it was on that day? The young ladies met us in the green, with knots of streaming ribbons. My father's pipe, and after a glass of whisky and refreshments, he played before the house as a signal that Hogmanay was begun. The young men gathered as if by the charms of magic, and the sun and hilarity of the evening were commenced. 'Who is to carry



"hide" this year?" says Evan Bane, the officer. "Who but Patrick Mor," answered one, "Who but Ian ban Leathaun," said another. Out with the "hide," Patrick," said the officer, "and you, Ian Ban, stand by his shoulder in case he should stumble." They were not long in getting the hide from off the joists, with all the soot and ashes that lay on it since the time the red bull fell over the precipice sometime in October.

"Patrick Mor drew his hide over his head, and who knew better?) with the tail twisted only round his fist. 'Fingallian weight,' said he, passing over to the Laird who stood on the porch door with a club in his hands. 'Here's for you, you old hag,' answered the Laird, and gave the hide a blow with his club. Off Patrick set—and if he did he was ill set after. In spite of his swiftness, the kais of the glen kept fast on his rear. You could imagine that all the flails in the country were on one thrashing-floor, and every man's son, with the New-Year rhyme in his mouth, laying as well as he could on the heels; "a Challuinu a bhuidge bhuidhe bhoidhe, bual an craicinn; a challuinn so!

They went round the house and offices many times right ways. 'Piper,' said the officer, 'blow up; and when the men have settled themselves, let them retire to the rent-chamber.' My father played the 'Prince's Welcome;' and although there was none in the kingdom possessed of more loyal principle and affection to the family on the throne than the Laird of Glendeisiridh, yet he had no national sympathy to the Prince's Well-Being. Often have I seen him with tears in his eyes, listening to the music which stirred the ancestors to avow a cause in which they had both their men and effects.

He went to the rent-chamber, where the family and gentry received us. The Laird himself, our host, at the head of the table, and his winsome lady by his side. The other members of the family, ladies and gentlemen, stood ranged beside them, and the "a-a-Choire" (the oldest son) kept sentry by the door, lest any person should slip in

without having first repeated the New-Year rhyme, and receiving a glass of mountain dew from "Ian ban nam buideal," who also attended at the door with a bottle in his hand for that purpose. There were none on that night who could not repeat the rhyme, except "Ian mor Gallda," and a modest young lad who had been for a year or two in Glasgow, where he forgot the customs of the country.

"After some conversation, the songs commenced. The Laird himself gave us a song—and well he could. The Fox-hunter gave us the Elegy on the Gray Dog; and Aonghas Mor'nan Aoirean, a story of the Fingalians. After the songs succeeded the dance—but not the smooth effeminate steps which are in vogue now-a-days. At first, one woman only made her appearance, in the dress of a stout strong hussey of a housewife, with a prodigious bunch of keys dangling at her waist, and laughter in her countenance. The woman sung to her "Cailleach-an-dudain." I warrant me she danced it rightly. Then was danced the "Dubh-luidneach," the "Sword Dance," the "Poor's Dance," and the "Thorny Croft."

"The time of separating came, after a night of social conviviality, and the gentry saluting us with kindness, pledged us in a bumper to the happy New-Year. 'Lads,' said the Laird, as we were departing, 'show yourself brave men tomorrow, for the people of the Strath boast they shall won the stakes at the "Cam-mag Match" this year. In this manner we passed the Hogmanay; and old as my father is, he never recollects of having seen any thing like impropriety or misdemeanour. But since the Highland proprietors have forgot to countenance the sociality and friendship of their tenants; since they will hardly deign to meet them on such occasions, and study to cultivate their acquaintance, it cannot be expected, but men naturally inclined to inebriety, will imbibe a partiality for the public house, and all the entailed miseries which attend its votaries. In my younger days it was an occasion of sadness to the man whom his Laird did not invite to spend the New-Year's-Eve."

## ORIGIN OF NIAGARA FALLS.

Written in the Diary at the Falls, in July, '37.

Upon a time, the date of which is not ascertained, the three rival Deities, Jupiter, Mars, and Neptune, ambitious of evincing their superiority to each other in the work of

Creation, Jupiter built Olympus to frighten the world with his thunder—Pluto set fire to Mount Etna—and Neptune, with a dash of his trident, made the Cataract of Niagara!

W. A. STEPHENS.

## LINES

[Suggested while listening one evening, in Toronto, to the harmony of female voices engaged in Sacred Song:]

Oft when the joys of Heav'n we sing,  
Our fancies take a glorious flight—  
Our hearts ascend, with equal wing,  
Beyond the utmost bounds of night.

Up to the throne of God! where all  
The radiant hosts of Heav'n combine  
To do him homage as they fall,  
And sing in melody divine.

The wonders of redeeming love—  
The glories of a heav'nly world—

So far below—so far above—  
Our thoughts—how e'er so wide unfurl'd

Hark! how the swelling anthem's roll  
The vast circumference along—  
Kind'ling in every heart and soul  
The glorious ecstasy of song!

And millions, moved with kindred flame,  
Shall join the bright celestial choir,  
Who celebrate that glorious name,  
Which all their hearts and songs inspire

## TO A LADY.

On the death of a young and lovely child.

Vain! is a mother's tender care—  
Vain! a mother's warmest pray'r—  
In vain she clasps thee to her bosom,  
Her latest and her only blossom:  
Vain! the physician's healing power  
To save thee, lovely little flow'r!  
It came to twine around the heart,  
And then like morning gems depart:  
Sweet pleasure, like a happy sprite,  
Play'd around her features bright—

A transcript of its mother's charms,  
'Twas infancy in *Beauty's Arms!*

But, now, how chang'd that sunken cheer  
'Tells the tale we need not speak—  
While ev'ry throb, with keener smart,  
Is mirrored in the mother's heart:

Till snatch'd from earthly pains and joy  
It soars to bloom in bow'rs above.

W. A. STEPHENS.

## ON SEEING

In the distance a light in the window of "Home."

Yon lamps that illumine on high  
The magnificent concave of night.  
Throw their radiance around thro' the sky,  
But I see a more heart-cheering sight:

Yon glimmering light, far below  
The vault of Night's luminous dome,  
Its feebler lustre does throw  
Round the social endearments of Home.

The blaze of ambition may lead  
The youthful aspirant afar—  
Where nodding plumed warriors bleed!  
Mid the triumphs and struggles of war!  
*Esquising.*

He may follow its blaze through the sky  
O'er the wide rolling billows of foam  
But its lustre, oh never! may chain,  
Like the social endearments of Home

Lo! Byron, has donn'd his bright cross  
On the dazzling summit of Fame!  
While the trumpet of lofty renown  
The triumphs of Genius proclaim!

He may gather the incense of praise,  
And thro' the visions of glory may roam  
But, hark! 'mid the laurels and bays,  
He mourns the lost *Pleasures of Home.*

W. A. STEPHENS.

## "I JUST DID."

From the Christian Intelligencer.

Yes, you did—and did wrong! How many have had to regret, that *just did* the very things they ought not to have done.

A little girl *just* left the baby *one minute*, sitting alone on the chair, while she went to get a pin. Before she returned, the baby had fallen from the chair, and was severely injured on the head.

The cook *just* left the street door open one minute, while she ran down to the corner grocery—and when she returned the hall lamp was stolen.

A hack driver *just* left his horses one minute, while he went into a store to get a "glass." Before he had half drunk his rum his horses were frightened, running down the street, broke the coach in pieces, and injured many people who could not get out of the way.

A servant girl *just* left a salver filled with

china one minute, on the edge of a while she ran to the door. A little girl, passing by, *just* pulled the salver upon the floor. The china was broken, the little girl hurt, and the servant lost her place through carelessness.

Some boys thought they would *just* take a little sail in a boat, on Sabbath afternoon. A sudden flaw of wind struck the sail, the boat, and only two boys escaped alive.

A man, who had a lighted cigar in his mouth, *just* stepped into a barn one morning, and did not notice that a spark had fallen amongst the hay on the floor. In half an hour, the barn, and many loads of hay and grain, were all burned to the ground.

How many more such careless acts I cannot mention, I cannot tell now; but I have you enough to make you more careful. You don't only *just* read this, lay it down, and think of it no more.

## PERSEVERE.

If a seaman should put about every time he encounters a head wind, he would never make a voyage. So he who permits himself to be baffled by adverse circumstances, will never make the voyage of life. A sailor uses every wind to propel—so should the man learn to trim his sails and guide his bark, that even adverse gales should not belayed canvass, and send it forward on its onward course.

## THE NEWSPAPER.

And what is that? Poetry, sentimental, spirit-stirring, pleasing, gentle; patriotic and despotic tales; rural economy, and pecuniary profit; pointed jokes, blunt retorts, and expressive hints; arguments for the politician, and facts and documents for the statesman; social converse with subscribers, and keen encounters with brother editors; the latest passing news, and the chit-chat of the day; deaths for the aged, anxious to precede them to their long home, and they outlive; marriages for blooming youths, watching, with curious eyes at the young hearts, the exits of their happy parents from the selfish state, and longing to see them; and advertisements, a mirror of business, his wants and possessions: these are the varied contents of a newspaper.