

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
						✓					

NOVEMBER.

VOLUME I.---NUMBER I.

CABINET OF LITERATURE.

COMMENCING WITH
WILSON'S BORDER TALES.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Vacant Chair.....	1
Tibby Fowler.....	7
My Black Coat, &c.....	10
We'll have another.....	13
The Soldiers's Return.....	19
The Red Hall.....	21
Grizel Cox rane.....	22
Sayings of Peter Paterson.....	25

Toronto:

PRINTED BY JAMES GEDD & Co.

160, KING-STREET.

1838.

WILSON'S BORDER TALES.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

You have all heard of the Cheviot mountains. If you have not, they are a rough, rugged, majestic chain of hills, which a poet might term the Roman wall of nature; crowned with snow, belted with storms, surrounded by pastures and fruitful fields, and still dividing the northern portion of Great Britain from the southern. With their proud summits piercing the clouds, and their dark rocky declivities frowning upon the glens below, they appear symbolical of the wild and untameable spirits of the Borderers who once inhabited their sides. We say, you have all heard of the Cheviots, and know them to be very high hills, like a huge clasp riveting England and Scotland together; but we are not aware that you may have heard of Marchlaw, an old, grey-looking farm-house, substantial as a modern fortress, recently, and, for aught we know to the contrary, still inhabited by Peter Elliot, the proprietor of some five hundred surrounding acres. The boundaries of Peter's farm, indeed, were defined neither by fields, hedges, nor stone walls. A wooden stake, here, and a stone there, at considerable distances from each other, were the general land marks; but neither Peter nor his neighbours considered a few acres worth quarrelling about; and their sheep frequently visited each other's pastures in a friendly way, harmoniously sharing a family dinner, in the same spirit as their masters made themselves free at each other's tables.

Peter was placed in very unpleasant circumstances, owing to the situation of Marchlaw House, which, unfortunately, was built immediately across the "ideal line," dividing the two kingdoms; and his misfortune was, that, being born within it, he knew not whether he was an Englishman or a Scotchman. He could trace his ancestral line no farther back than his great-grandfather, who it appeared from the family Bible, had, together with his grandfather and father, claimed Marchlaw as their birth place. They, however, were not involved in the same perplexities as their descendant. The parlour was distinctly acknowledged to be in Scotland, and two-thirds of the kitchen were as certainly allowed to be in England: his three ancestors were born in the room over the parlour, and, therefore, were Scotchmen beyond question; but Peter, unluckily, being brought into the world before the death of his grandfather, his parents occupied a room immediately over the debatable boundary line which

crossed the kitchen. The room, though scarcely eight feet square, was evidently situated between the two countries; but, no one being able to ascertain what portion belonged to each, Peter, after many arguments and altercations upon the subject, was driven to the disagreeable alternative of confessing he knew not what countryman he was.—What rendered the confession the more painful was, it was Peter's highest ambition to be thought a Scotchman. All his arable land lay on the Scotch side; his mother was collaterally related to the Stuarts; and few families were more ancient or respectable than the Elliots. Peter's speech, indeed, betrayed him to be a walking partition between the two kingdoms, a living representation of the Union; for in one word he pronounced the letter *r* with the broad, masculine sound of the North Briton, and in the next with the liquid *burr* of the Northumbrians.

Peter, or, if you prefer it, Peter Elliot, Esquire, of Marchlaw, in the counties of Northumberland and Roxburgh, was, for many years, the best runner, leaper, and wrestler, between Wooler and Jedburgh. Whirled from his hand, the ponderous bullet whizzed through the air like a pigeon on the wing; and the best putter on the Borders quailed from competition. As a feather in his grasp, he seized the unwieldy hammer, swept it round and round his head, accompanying with agile limb its evolutions, swiftly as swallows play around a circle, and hurled it from his hands like a shot from a rifle, till antagonists shrunk back, and the spectators burst into a shout. "Well done, Squire! the Squire for ever!" once exclaimed a servile observer of titles. "Squire! what are ye squiring at?" returned Peter. "Confound ye! where was ye when I was christened Squire? My name's Peter Elliot—your man, or anybody's man, at whatever they like!

Peter's soul was free, bounding, and buoyant, as the wind that carolled in a zephyr, or shouted in a hurricane, upon his native hills; and his body was thirteen stone of healthy, substantial flesh, steeped in the spirits of life. He had been long married, but marriage had wrought no change upon him. They who suppose that wedlock transforms the lark into an owl, offer an insult to the lovely beings who, brightening our darkest hours with the smiles of affection, teach us that that only is unbecoming in the husband which is disgraceful in the man. Nearly

twenty years had passed over them; but Janet was still as kind, and, in his eyes, as beautiful, as when, bestowing on him her hand, she blushed her vows at the altar; and he was still as happy, as generous, and as free. Nine fair children sat around their domestic hearth, and one, the youngling of the flock, smiled upon its mother's knee. Peter had never known sorrow; he was blest in his wife, in his children, in his flocks. He had become richer than his fathers. He was beloved by his neighbours, the tillers of his ground, and his herdsmen; yea, no man envied his prosperity. But a blight passed over the harvest of his joys, and gall was rained into the cup of his felicity.

It was Christmas-day, and a more melancholy-looking sun never rose the 25th of December. One vast, sable cloud, like a universal pall, overspread the heavens. For weeks, the ground had been covered with clear dazzling snow; and as, throughout the day, the rain continued its unwearied and monotonous drizzle, the earth assumed a character and appearance melancholy and troubled as the heavens. Like a mastiff that has lost its owner, the wind howled dolefully down the glens, and was re-echoed from the caves of the mountains, as the lamentations of a legion of invisible spirits. The frowning, snow-clad precipices were instinct with motion, as avalanche, the larger burying the less, crowded downward in their tremendous journey to the plain. The simple mountain rills had assumed the majesty of rivers; the broader streams were swollen into the wild torrent, and gushing forth as cataracts, in fury and in foam enveloped the valleys in an angry flood. But, at Marchlaw, the fire blazed blithely; the kitchen groaned beneath the load of preparations for a joyful feast; and glad faces glided from room to room.

Peter Elliot kept Christmas, not so much because it was Christmas, as in honour of its being the birth day of Thomas, his first-born, who, that day, entered his nineteenth year.—With a father's love, his heart yearned for all his children; but Thomas was the pride of his eyes. Cards of apology had not then found their way among our Border hills; and, as all knew that, although Peter admitted no spirits within his threshold, nor a drunkard at his table, he was, nevertheless, no niggard in his hospitality, his invitations were accepted without ceremony. The guests were assembled; and the kitchen being the only apartment in the building large enough to contain them, the cloth was spread upon a long, clear, oaken table, stretching from England into Scotland. On the English end of

the board were placed a ponderous plum-pudding, studded with temptation, and a smoking sir-loan; on Scotland, a savoury and well-seasoned haggis, with a sheep's-head and trotters; while the intermediate space was filled with good things of this life, common to both kingdoms and to the season.

The guests from the north, and from the south, were arranged promiscuously. Every seat was filled—save one. The chair by Peter's right hand remained unoccupied.—He had raised his hands before his eyes, and besought a blessing on what was placed before them, and was preparing to carve for his visitors, when his eyes fell upon the vacant chair. The knife dropped upon the table.—Anxiety flashed across his countenance, like an arrow from an unseen hand.

"Janet; where is Thomas?" he enquired; "hae nae o' ye seen him?" and, without waiting an answer, he continued—"How is it possible he can be absent at a time like this? And on such a day, too? Excuse me a minute, friends, till I step out and see if I can find him. Since ever I kept this day, as mony o' ye ken, he has always been at my right hand, in that very chair; and I canna think o' beginning our dinner while I see it empty."

"If the filling of the chair be all," said a pert young sheep-farmer, named Johnson, "I will step into it till Master Thomas arrive."

"Ye're not a faither, young man," said Peter, and walked out of the room.

Minute succeeded minute, but Peter returned not. The guests became hungry, peevish, and gloomy, while an excellent dinner continued spoiling before them. Mrs. Elliot, whose good-nature was the most prominent feature in her character, strove, by every possible effort, to beguile the unpleasant impressions she perceived gathering upon their countenances.

"Peter is just as bad as him," she remarked, "to hae gane to seek him when he kened the dinner wouldna keep. And I'm sure Thomas kened it would be ready at one o'clock to a minute. It's sae unthinking and unfriendly like to keep folk waiting."—And, endeavoring to smile upon a beautiful black-haired girl of seventeen, who sat by her elbow, she continued, in an anxious whisper—"Did ye see naething o' him, Elizabeth?"

The maiden blushed deeply; the question evidently gave freedom to a tear, which had for some time, been an unwilling prisoner in the room; and the monosyllable, "No," that trembled from her lips, was audible only to

the ear of the inquirer. In vain Mrs. Elliot despatched one of her children after another, in quest of their father and brother; they came and went, but brought no tidings more cheering than the moaning of the hollow wind. Minutes rolled into hours, yet neither came. She perceived the prouder of her guests preparing to withdraw, and observing that "Thomas's absence was so singular and unaccountable, and so unlike either him or his father, she didna ken what apology to make to her friends for such treatment; but it was needless waiting, and begged they would use no ceremony, but just begin."

No second invitation was necessary. Good humour appeared to be restored, and silious, pies, pasties, and moor-fowl, began to disappear like the lost son. For a moment, Mrs. Elliot apparently partook in the restoration of cheerfulness; but a low sigh at her elbow again drove the colour from her rosy cheeks. Her eye wandered to the farther end of the table, and rested on the unoccupied seat of her husband, and the vacant chair of her first-born. Her heart felt heavily within her; all the mother gushed into her bosom; and, rising from the table, "What in the world can be the meaning o' this?" said she, as she hurried, with a troubled countenance, towards the door. Her husband met her on the threshold.

"Where hae ye been, Peter?" said she, eagerly; "hae ye seen naething o' him?"

"Naething! naething!" replied he; "is he no cast up yet?" And, with a melancholy glance, his eyes sought an answer in the deserted chair. His lips quivered, his tongue altered.

"Gude forgie me!" said he; "and such a day for even an enemy to be out in! I've been up and down every way that I can sink on, but not a living creature has seen or heard tell o' him. Ye'll excuse me, neighbours," he added leaving the house; "I must awa again, for I canna rest."

"I ken by mysel', friends," said Adam Bell, a decent-looking Northumbrian, "that father's heart is as sensitive as the apple o' his eye; and, I think we would shew a want o' natural sympathy and respect for our worthy neighbour, if we didna every one get a foot into the stirrup, without loss o' time, and assist him in his search. For, in my rough, country way o' thinking, it must be something particularly out o' the common that could tempt Thomas to be missing.—I needna say tempt, for there could be no inclination in the way. And our hills

he concluded in a lower tone, "are not owre chancy in other respects besides the breaking up o' the storm."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Elliot, wringing her hands, "I have had the coming o' this about me for days and days. My head was growing dizzy with happiness, but thoughts come stealing upon me like ghosts, and I felt a lonely sighing about my heart, without being able to tell the cause; but the cause is come at last! And my dear Thomas—the very pride and staff o' my life—is lost!—lost to me for ever!"

"I ken, Mrs. Elliot," replied the Northumbrian, "it is an easy matter to say compose yourself for them that dinna ken what it is to feel. But at the same time, in our plain, country way o' thinking, we are always ready to believe the worst. I've often heard my father say, and I've as often remarked it myself, that, before any thing happens to a body, there is a something comes owre them, like a cloud before the face o' the sun; a sort o' dumb whispering about the breast from the other world. And, though I trust there is naething o' the kind in your case, yet, as you observe, when I find myself growing dizzy, as it were, with happiness, it makes good a saying o' my mother's, poor body!—'Bairns, bairns,' she used to say, 'there is owre muckle singing in your heads to-night; we will have a shower before bedtime.' And I never, in my born days, saw it fail."

At any other period, Mr. Bell's dissertation on presentiments would have been found a fitting text on which to hang all the dreams, wraiths, warnings, and marvellous circumstances, that had been handed down to the company from the days of their grandfathers; but, in the present instance, they were too much occupied in consultation regarding the different routes to be taken in their search.

Twelve horsemen, and some half dozen pedestrians, were seen hurrying in divers directions from Marchlaw, as the last faint lights of a melancholy day were yielding to the heavy darkness which appeared pressing in solid masses down the sides of the mountains.—The wives and daughters of the party were left alone with the disconsolate mother, who alternately pressed her weeping children to her heart, and told them to weep not, for their brother would soon return; while the tears stole down her own cheeks, and the infant in her arms wept because its mother wept. Her friends strove with each other to inspire hope, and poured upon her their mingled and loquacious consolation. But one remained silent. The daughter of Adam Bell

who sat at Mrs. Elliot's elbow at table, had shrunk into an obscure corner of the room.— Before her face she held a handkerchief wet with tears. Her bosom throbbed convulsively—and, as occasionally her broken sighs burst from their prison-house, a significant whisper passed among the younger part of the company.

Mrs. Elliot approached her, and taking her hand tenderly within both of hers—"O hiny! hiny!" said she, "yer sighs gae through my heart like a knife! An' what can I do to comfort ye? Come, Elizabeth, my bonny love, let us hope for the best. Ye see before ye a sorrowin' mother!—a mother that fondly hoped to see you an'—I canna say it!—an' am ill qualified to gie comfort, when my own heart is like a furnace! But, oh! let us try and remember the blessed portion, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chastiseeth,' an' inwardly pray for strength to say, 'His will be done!'"

Time stole on towards midnight, and one by one the unsuccessful party returned. As foot after foot approached, every breath was held to listen. "No, no, no!" cried the mother, again and again, with increasing anguish, "it's no the foot o' my ain bairn;" while her keen gaze still remained riveted upon the door, and was not withdrawn, nor the hope of despair relinquished, till the individual entered, and, with a silent and ominous shake of his head, betokened his fruitless efforts. The clock had struck twelve; all had returned save the father. The wind howled more wildly; the rain poured upon the windows in ceaseless torrents; and the roaring of the mountain rivers gave a character of deeper ghastliness to their sepulchral silence; for they sat, each rapt in forebodings, listening to the storm; and no sounds were heard, save the groans of the mother, the weeping of her children, and the bitter and broken sobs of the bereaved maiden, who leaned her head upon her father's bosom, refusing to be comforted.

At length, the barking of the farm-dog announced footsteps at a distance. Every ear was raised to listen, every eye turned to the door; but, before the tread was yet audible to the listeners—"Oh, it is only Peter's foot!" said the miserable mother, and, weeping, arose to meet him.

"Janet! Janet!" he exclaimed, as he entered, and threw his arms around her neck, "what's this come upon us at last?"

He cast an inquisitive glance around his dwelling, and a convulsive shiver passed over his manly frame, as his eye again fell on the vacant chair, which no one had ventured to

occupy. Hour succeeded hour, but the company separated not; and low, sorrowful whispers mingled with the lamentations of the parents.

"Neighbours," said Adam Bell, "the morn is a new day, and we will want to see what it may bring forth; but, in the meantime, let us read a portion o' the Divine word, an' kneel together in prayer, that, whether or not the day-dawn cause light to shine upon this singular bereavement, the Sun o' Righteousness may arise w' healing on his wings, upon the hearts o' this afflicted family, an' upon the hearts o' all present."

"Amen!" responded Peter, wringing his hands; and his friend, taking down the Ha' Bible, read the chapter wherein it is written—"It is better to be in the house of mourning than in the house of feasting;" and again the portion which sayeth—"It is well for me that I have been afflicted, for, before I was afflicted, I went astray."

The morning came, but brought no tidings of the lost son. After a solemn farewell, all the visitants, save Adam Bell and his daughter, returned every one to their own house; and the disconsolate father, with his servants, again renewed their search among the hills and surrounding villages.

Days, weeks, months, and years, rolled on. Time had subdued the anguish of the parents into a holy calm—but their lost first-born was not forgotten, although no trace of his fate had been discovered. The general belief was, that he had perished on the breaking up of the snow; and the few in whose remembrance he still lived, merely spoke of his death as a "very extraordinary circumstance," remarking that—"he was a wild, venturesome sort o' lad."

Christmas had succeeded Christmas, and Peter Elliot still kept it in commemoration of the birthday of him who was not. For the first few years after the loss of their son, sadness and silence characterised the party who sat down to dinner at Marchlaw, and still at Peter's right hand was placed the vacant chair. But, as the younger branches of the family advanced in years, the remembrance of their brother became less poignant.—Christmas was, with all around them, a day of rejoicing, and they began to make merry with their friends; while their parents partook in their enjoyment, with a smile, half of approval and half of sorrow.

Twelve years had passed away; Christmas had again come. It was the counterpart of its fatal predecessor. The hills had not yet cast off their summer verdure; the sun, al-

though shorn of its heat, had lost none of its brightness or glory, and looked down upon the earth as though participating in its gladness—and the clear blue sky was tranquil as the sea sleeping beneath the moon. Many visitors had again assembled at Marchlaw. The sons of Mr. Elliot, and the young men of the party, were assembled upon a level green near the house, amusing themselves with throwing the hammer and other Border games, while himself and the elder guests stood by as spectators, recounting the deeds of their youth. Johnson, the sheep farmer, whom we have already mentioned, now a brawny and gigantic fellow of two-and-thirty, bore away in every game the palm from all competitors. More than once, as Peter beheld his sons defeated, he felt the spirit of youth glowing in his veins, and, "Oh!" muttered he, in bitterness, "had my Thomas been spared to me, he would hae thrown his heart's bluid after the hammer, before he would hae been beat by e'er a Johnson in the country!"

While he thus soliloquized, and with difficulty restrained an impulse to compete with the victor himself, a dark, foreign-looking, strong-built seaman, unceremoniously approached, and, with his arms folded, cast a look of contempt upon the boasting conqueror. Every eye was turned with a scrutinizing glance upon the stranger. In height he could not exceed five feet nine, but his whole frame was the model of muscular strength; his features were open and manly, but deeply sun-burnt and weather-beaten; his long, glossy, black hair, curled into ringlets by the breeze and the billow, fell thickly over his temples and forehead—and whiskers of a similar hue, more conspicuous for size than elegance, gave a character of fierceness to a countenance otherwise possessing a striking impress of manly beauty. Without asking permission, he stepped forward, lifted the hammer, and, swinging it around his head, hurled it upwards of five yards beyond Johnson's most successful throw. "Well done!" shouted the astonished spectators. The heart of Peter Elliot warmed within him, and he was hurrying forward to grasp the stranger by the hand, when the words groaned in his throat, "It was just such a throw as my Thomas would have made!—my own lost Thomas!" The tears burst into his eyes, and, without speaking, he turned back, and hurried towards the house, to conceal his emotion.

Successively, at every game, the stranger had defeated all who ventured to oppose him; when a messenger announced that dis-

ner waited their arrival. Some of the guests were already seated, others entering—and, as heretofore, placed beside Mrs. Elliot, was Elizabeth Bell, still in the noontide of her beauty—but sorrow had passed over her features, like a veil before the countenance of an angel. Johnson, crest-fallen and out of humour at his defeat, seated himself by her side. In early life, he had regarded Thomas Elliot as a rival for her affections; and, stimulated by the knowledge that Adam Bell would be able to bestow several thousands upon his daughter for a dowry, yet he prosecuted his attentions with unabated assiduity, in despite of the daughter's aversion and the coldness of her father. Peter had taken his place at the table—and still by his side, unoccupied and sacred, appeared the vacant chair, the chair of his first-born, whereon none had sat since his mysterious death or disappearance.

"Bairns," said he, "did nane o' ye ask the sailor to come up and tak a bit o' dinner wi' us?"

"We were afraid it might lead to a quarrel with Mr. Johnson," whispered one of the sons.

"He is come without asking," replied the stranger, entering—"and the wind shall blow from a new point if I destroy the mirth or happiness of the company."

"Ye're stranger, young man," said Peter, "or ye would ken this is no a meeting o' mirth-makers. But, I assure ye, ye are welcome, heartily welcome. Haste ye, lassie," he added to the servants; "some o' ye get a chair for the gentleman."

"Gentleman, indeed!" muttered Johnson between his teeth.

"Never mind about a chair, my hearties," said the seaman—"this will do!" And, before Peter could speak to withhold him, he had thrown himself carelessly into the hallowed, the venerated, the twelve-years-unoccupied chair! The spirit of sacrilege uttering blasphemies from a pulpit could not have smitten a congregation of pious worshippers with deeper horror and consternation, than did this filling of the vacant chair the inhabitants of Marchlaw.

"Excuse me, Sir! excuse me, Sir!" said Peter, the words trembling upon his tongue, "but ye cannot—ye cannot sit there!"

"O man! man!" cried Mrs. Elliot, "get out o' that! get out o' that!—take my chair!—take ony chair i' the house!—but dinna, dinna sit there! It has never been sat in by mortal being since the death o' my dear bairn!—and to see it fill'd by another is a thing I canna endure!"

"Sir! Sir!" continued the father—"ye have

done it through ignorance, and we excuse ye. But that was my Thomas's seat! twelve years this very day—his birth-day—he perished—Heaven kens how! He went out from our sight, like the cloud that passes over the hills—never—never to return. And, O Sir, spare a father's feelings! for to see it filled wrings the blood from my heart!"

"Give me your hand, my worthy soul!" exclaimed the seaman; "I revere—nay, hang it! I would die for your feelings! But Tom Elliot was my friend, and I cast anchor in this chair by special commission. I know that a sudden broadside of joy is a bad thing; but, as I don't know how to preach a sermon before telling you, all I have to say is—that Tom an't dead."

"Not dead!" said Peter, grasping the hand of the stranger, and speaking with an eagerness that almost choked his utterance; "O Sir! Sir! tell me how!—how!—Did ye say living?—Is my ain Thomas living?"

"Not dead, do ye say?" cried Mrs. Elliot, hurrying towards him and grasping his other hand—"not dead! And shall I see my bairn again? Oh! may the blessings o' Heaven, and the blessings o' a broken-hearted mother be upon the bearer o' the gracious tidings! But tell me—tell me, how is it possible! As ye would expect happiness here or hereafter, dinna, dinna deceive me!"

"Deceive you!" returned the stranger, grasping, with impassioned earnestness, their hands in his—"Never!—never! and all I can say is—Tom Elliot is alive and hearty."

"No! no!" said Elizabeth, rising from her seat, "he does not deceive us; there is that in his countenance which bespeaks a falsehood impossible." And she also endeavoured to move towards him, when Johnson threw his arm around her to withhold her.

"Hands off, you land-lubber!" exclaimed the seaman, springing towards them, "or shiver me! I'll shew daylight through your timbers in the turning of a handspike!" And clasping the lovely girl in his arms, "Betty! Betty! my love!" he cried, "don't you know your own Tom? Father, mother, don't you know me? Have you really forgot your own son? If twelve years have made some change on his face, his heart is sound as ever."

His father, his mother, and his brothers, clung around him, weeping, smiling, and mingling a hundred questions together. He threw his arms around the neck of each, and, in answer to their inquiries, replied—"Well! well! there is time enough to answer questions, but not to-day—not to-day!"

"No, my bairn," said his mother, "we'll ask you no questions—nobody shall ask ye

any! But how—how were ye torn away from us, my love? And, O huncy! where—where hae ye been?"

"It is a long story, mother," said he, "and would take a week to tell it. But, howsoever, to make a long story short, you remember when the smugglers were pursued, and wished to conceal their brandy in our house, my father prevented them; they left muttering revenge—and they have been revenged. This day twelve years I went out with the intention of meeting Elizabeth and her father, when I came upon a gang of the party concealed in Hell's Hole. In a moment half a dozen pistols were held to my breast, and, tying my hands to my sides, they dragged me into the cavern. Here I had not been long their prisoner, when the snow, rolling down the mountains, almost totally blocked up its mouth. On the second night they cut through the snow, and hurrying me along with them, I was bound to a horse, between two; and, before day-light, found myself stowed, like a piece of old junk, in the hold of a smuggling lugger. Within a week I was shipped on board a Dutch man of war; and for six years was kept dogging about on different stations, till our old yawning hulk received orders to join the fleet which was to fight against the gallant Duncan at Camperdown. To think of fighting against my own countrymen, my own flesh and blood, was worse than to be cut to pieces by a cat-o'-nine tails; and under cover of the smoke of the first broadside, I sprang upon the gunwale, plunged into the sea, and swam for the English fleet. Never, never shall I forget the moment that my feet first trod upon the deck of a British frigate! My nerves felt as firm as her oak, and my heart free as the pennant that waved defiance from her mast-head! I was as active as any one during the battle; and when it was over I found myself again among my own countrymen, and all speaking my own language, I fancied—nay, hang it! I almost believed—I should meet my father, my mother, or my dear Bess, on board of the British frigate.—I expected to see you all again in a few weeks at farthest; but, instead of returning to Old England, before I was aware, I found it was helm about with us. As to writing, I never had an opportunity but once. We were anchored before a French fort; a packet was lying alongside ready to sail; I had half a side written, and was scratching my head to think how I should come over writing about you, Bess, my love, when, as bad luck would have it, our lieutenant comes to me, and says he, 'Elliot,' says he, 'I know

you like a little smart service ; come, my lad, take the head oar, while we heard a me of those French bum-bears under the batteries ! I could'nt say no. We pulled ashore, made a bonfire of one of their craft, and were setting fire to a second, when a deadly fire of small-shot from the garrison scuttled our boat, killed our commanding officer with half of the crew, and the few who were left of us were made prisoners. It is of no use bothering you by telling how we escaped from French prison. We did escape ; and Tom will once more fill his vacant chair."

Should any of our readers wish farther acquaintance with our friends ; all we can say is, the new year was still young when Adam Bell bestowed his daughter's hand upon the heir of Marchlaw, and Peter beheld the once vacant chair again occupied, and a namesake of the third generation prattling on his knee.

TIBBY FOWLER.

" Tibby Fowler o' the glen,
A' the lads are wooin' at her."—OLD SONG.

All our readers have heard and sung of " Tibby Fowler o' the glen ;" but they may not be all aware that the glen referred to lies within about four miles of Berwick. No one has seen and not admired the romantic amphitheatre below Edrington Castle, and through which the Whitadder coils like a beautiful serpent glittering in the sun, and sports in fantastic curves beneath the pasture clad hills—the gray ruin—the mossy and precipitous crag—and the pyramid of woods, whose branches, meeting from either side, bend down and kiss the glittering river, till its waters seem lost in their lealy bosom.—Now, gentle reader, if you have looked upon the scene we have described, we shall make plain to you the situation of Tibby Fowler's cottage, by a homely map, which is generally at hand. You have only to bend your arm ; and suppose your shoulder to represent Edrington Castle, your hand Clarabad, and near the elbow you will have the spot where " ten cam' rowin' owre the water ;" a little nearer to Clarabad, is the " lang dyke side," and immediately at the foot of it is the site of Tibby's cottage, which stood upon the Edrington side of the river ; and a little to the west of the cottage, you will find a shadowy row of palm trees, planted, as tradition testifieth, by the hands of Tibby's father—old Ned Fowler, of whom many speak until this day. The locality of the song was known to me ; and if any should be inclined to in-

quire how we became acquainted with the other particulars of our story, we have only to reply, that that belongs to a class of questions to which we do not return an answer. There is no necessity for a writer of tales taking for his motto—*idem imdendere vero*. Tibby's parents had the character of being " bien bodies ;" and together with their own savings, and a legacy that had been left them by a relative, they were enabled at their death to leave their daughter in possession of five hundred pounds. This was esteemed a fortune in those days, and would afford a very respectable foundation for the rearing of one yet. Tibby, however, was left an orphan, as well as the sole mistress of five hundred pounds, and the proprietor of a neat and well furnished cottage, with a piece of land adjoining, before she had completed her nineteenth year ; and when we add that she had hair like the raven's wings when the sun glances upon them, cheeks where the lily and the rose seemed to have lent their most delicate hues, and eyes like twin drops glistening beneath a summer moonbeam, with a waist and an arm rounded like a model of a sculptor, it is not to be wondered at that " a' the lads cam' wooin' at her." But she had a woman's heart as well as a woman's beauty and a portion of an heiress. She found her cottage surrounded, and her path beset, by a herd of grovelling, pounds, shillings, and pence hunters, whom her very soul loathed. The sneaking wretches, who profaned the name of lovers, seemed to have money written on their very eyeballs ; and the sighs they professed to heave in her presence sounded to her ears like stifled groans of—your gold—your gold ! She did not hate them, but she despised their meanness ; and as one by one they gave up persecuting her with their addresses, they consoled themselves with retorting upon her the words of the adage, that—" her pride would have a fall !" But it was not from pride that she rejected them ; but because her heart was capable of love—of love, pure, devoted, unchangeable, springing from being beloved ; and because her feelings were sensitive as the quivering aspen, which trembles at the rustling of an insect's wing. Amongst her suitors there might have been some who were disinterested, but the meanness and sordid objects of many caused her to regard all with suspicion ; and there was none among the number to whose voice her bosom responded as the needle turns to the magnet, and frequently from a cause as inexplicable. She had resolved that the man

to whom she gave her hand should wed her for herself—and for herself only. Her parents had died in the same month: and, about a year after their death, she sold the cottage and the piece of ground, and took her journey towards Edinburgh, where the report of her being a “great fortune,” as her neighbours termed her, might be unknown. But Tibby, although a sensitive girl, was also, in many respects, a prudent one. Frequently she had heard her mother, when she had to take but a shilling from the legacy, quote the proverb—that it was

“Like a cow in a clout,
That soon wears out.”

Proverbs we know are in bad taste; but we quote it because, by its repetition, the mother produced a deeper impression on her daughter's mind than could have been effected by a volume of sentiment. Bearing, therefore, in her memory the maxim of her frugal parent, Tibby deposited her money in the only bank, we believe, that was at that period in the Scottish capital, and hired herself as a child's-maid in the family of a gentleman who occupied a house in the neighbourhood of Restalrig. Here the story of her fortune was unknown, and Tibby was distinguished only by a kind heart and a lovely countenance. It was during the summer months, and Leith Links became her daily resort, and there she was wont to walk, with a child in her arms, and another leading by the hand, for there she could wander by the side of the sounding sea, and her heart still glowed for her father's cottage and its fairy glen, where she had often heard the voice of its deep waters; and she felt the sensation which, we believe, may have been experienced by many who have been born within hearing of old ocean's roar—that, wherever they may be, they hear the murmur of its billows as the voice of a youthful friend; and she almost fancied, as she approached the sea, that she drew nearer the home which sheltered her infancy. She had been but a few weeks in the family we have alluded to, when, returning from her accustomed walk, her eyes met those of a young man habited as a seaman. He appeared to be about five-and-twenty, and his features were rather manly than handsome. There was a dash of boldness and confidence in his countenance; but as the eyes of the maiden met his, he turned aside as if abashed and passed on. Tibby blushed at her foolishness; but she could not help it; she felt interested in the stranger. There was an expression—a language—an inquiry in his

gaze, she had never witnessed before. She would have turned round to cast a look after him, but she blushed deeper at the thought, and modesty forbade it. She walked on for a few minutes, upbraiding herself for entertaining the silly wish, when the child, who walked by her side, fell a few yards behind. She turned round to call him by his name—Tibby was certain that she had no motive but to call the child; and though she did steal a sidelong glance towards the spot where she had passed the stranger, it was a mere accident—it could not be avoided—at least so the maiden wished to persuade her conscience against her conviction; but that glance revealed to her the young sailor, not pursuing the path on which she had met him, but following her within the distance of a few yards; and until she reached her master's door, she heard the sound of his footsteps behind her. She experienced an emotion between being pleased and offended at his conduct, though, we suspect, the former eventually predominated; for the next day she was upon the Links as usual, and there also was the young seaman, and again he followed her to within sight of her master's house. How long this sort of dumb-love making, or the pleasures of diffidence, continued, we cannot tell. Certain it is that at length he spoke, wooed and conquered: and about a twelvemonth after their first meeting, Tibby Fowler became the wife of William Gordon, the mate of a foreign trader. On the second week after their marriage, William was to sail upon a long, long voyage, and might not be expected to return for more than twelve months. This was a severe trial for poor Tibby, and she felt as if she would not be able to stand up against it. As yet her husband knew nothing of her dowry: and for this hour she had reserved its discovery. A few days before their marriage she had lifted her money from the bank and deposited it in her chest.

“No, Willie—my ain Willie,” she cried, “ye maunna—ye winna leave me already: I have neither father, mother, brother, nor kindred—naebody but you, Willie—only you in the wide world: and I am a stranger here, and ye winna leave your Tibby. Say that ye winna, Willie.” And she wrung his hand, gazed in his face, and wept.

“I maun gang, dearest—I maun gang,” said Willie; and pressed her to his breast: “but the thocht o' my ain wife will mak the months chase ane anither like the moon chasing shadaws owre the sea. There's nae

danger in the voyage, hinny : no a grain o' danger ; sae dinna greet : but come an' kiss me, Tibby ; and when I come hame I'll mak ye leddy o' them a."

"O no, no, Willie !" she replied : "I want to be nae leddy : I want nuething but my Willie. Only say that ye'll no gang ; and here's something here—something for you to look at." And she hurried to her chest, and took from it a large leathern pocket-book that had been her father's ; and which contained her treasure, now amounting to somewhat more than six hundred pounds. In a moment she returned to her husband : she threw her arms around his neck ; she thrust the pocket-book into his bosom. "There, Willie—there," she exclaimed : "that is yours ; my faither placed it in my hand wi' a blessing, and wi' the same blessing I transfer it to you—but dinna, dinna leave me." Thus saying she hurried out of the room. We will not attempt to describe the astonishment—we may say the joy of the fond husband—on opening the pocket book and finding the unlooked for dowry. However intensely a man may love a woman, there is little chance that her putting an unexpected portion of six hundred pounds into his hands will diminish his attachment ; nor did it diminish that of William Gordon. He relinquished his intention of proceeding on the foreign voyage, and purchased a small coasting vessel, of which he was both owner and commander. Five years of unclouded prosperity passed over them, and Tibby had become the mother of three fair children. William sold his small vessel and purchased a larger one ; and in fitting it up all the gains of his five successful years were swallowed up. But trade was good. She was a beautiful brig, and he had her called the 'Tibby Fowler.' He now took a fond farewell of his wife and little ones, upon a foreign voyage, which was not calculated to exceed three months, and which held out high promise of advantage. But four, eight, twelve months passed away, and there were no tidings of the 'Tibby Fowler.' Britain was then at war : there were enemies' ships and pirates upon the sea ; and there had been fierce storms and hurricanes since her husband left ; and Tibby thought of all these things and wept : and her lisping children asked her when their father would return, for he had promised presents to all, and she answered—to-morrow—and to-morrow ; and turned from them and wept again. She be-

gan to be in want ; and at first she received assistance from some of the friends of their prosperity : but all hope of her husband's return was now abandoned ; the ship was not insured, and the mother and her family were reduced to beggary. In order to support them she sold one article of furniture after another until what remained was seized by the landlord in security for his rent. It was then that Tibby and her children, with scarce a blanket to cover them, were cast friendless upon the streets ; to die or to beg. To the last resource she could not yet stoop : and from the remnants of former friendship she was furnished with a basket and a few trifling wares, with which, with her children by her side, she set out, with a broken and a sorrowful heart, wandering from village to village. She had travelled in this manner for some months, when she drew near her native gleam—and the cottage that had been her father's, that had been her own, stood before her. She had travelled all the day and sold nothing. Her children were pulling by her tattered gown, weeping and crying : "Bread ! mother ! give us bread !" and her own heart was sick with hunger.

"Oh ! wheesht, my darlings ! wheesht !" she exclaimed, and she fell upon her knees and threw her arms round the necks of all the three ; "you will get bread soon ; the Almighty will not permit my bairns to perish : no ! no ! ye shall have bread."

In despair she hurried to the cottage of her birth. The door was opened by one who had been a rejected suitor. He gazed upon her intently for a few seconds ; and she was still young, being scarce more than six and twenty ; and in the midst of her wretchedness yet lovely.

"Gude gracious, Tibby Fowler !" he exclaimed, "is that you ? Poor creature ! are ye seeking charity ? Weel, I think ye'll mind what I said to you, now : that your pride would have a fa' !"

While the heartless owner of the cottage yet spoke, a voice behind her was heard exclaiming—"It is her ! it is her ! my ain Tibby and her bairns !"

At the well-known voice Tibby uttered a wild scream of joy, and fell senseless on the earth : but the next moment, her husband, William Gordon, raised her to his breast. Three weeks before he had returned to Britain, and traced her from village to village, till he found her in the midst of their chil-

dren, on the threshold of the place of her nativity. His story we need not here tell. He had fallen into the hands of the enemy; he had been retained four months on board their vessel: and when a storm had arisen and hope was gone he had saved her from being lost and her crew from perishing. In reward for his services, his own vessel had been restored to him, and he was returned to his country, after an absence of eighteen months, richer than when he left, and laden with honours. The rest is soon told. After Tibby and her husband had wept upon each other's neck, and he had kissed his children, and again their mother, with his youngest child on one arm, and his wife resting on the other, he hastened from the spot that had been the scene of such bitterness and transport. In a few years more William Gordon having obtained a competency, they re-purchased the cottage in the glen, where Tibby Fowler lived to see her children's children, and died at a good old age in the house in which she had been born; the remains of which, we have only to add, for the edification of the curious, may be seen until this day.

MY BLACK COAT;

OR,

THE BREAKING OF THE BRIDE'S CHINA.

Gentle reader, the simple circumstances I am about to relate to you, hang upon what is termed—a bad omen. There are few amongst the uneducated who have not a degree of faith in omens; and even amongst the better educated and well informed, there are many who, while they profess to disbelieve them, and, indeed, do disbelieve them, yet feel them in their hours of solitude. I have known individuals who, in the hour of danger, would have braved the cannon's mouth, or defied death to his teeth, who nevertheless, would have buried their head in the bedclothes at the howling of a dog at midnight, or spent a sleepless night from hearing the tick, tick, of the spider, or the untiring song of the kitchen-fire musician—the jolly little cricket. The age of omens, however, is drawing to a close: for Truth in its progress is trampling delusion of every kind under its feet; yet, after all, though a belief in omens is a superstition, it is one that carries with it a portion of the poetry of our nature. But to proceed with our story.

Several years ago, I was on my way from

B—— to Edinburgh; and being as familiar with every cottage, tree, shrub, and whin-bush on the Dunbar and Lauder roads, as with the face of an acquaintance, I made choice of the less frequented path by Longformacus. I always took a secret pleasure in contemplating the dreariness of the wild spreading desolation; and, next to looking on the sea, when its waves dance to the music of a hurricane, I loved to gaze upon the heath-covered wilderness, where the blue horizon only girded its purple bosom. It was no season to look upon the heath in the beauty of barrenness, yet I purposely diverged from the main road. About an hour, therefore, after I had descended from the region of the Lammermoors, and entered the Lothians, I became sensible I was pursuing a path which was not forwarding my footsteps to Edinburgh. It was December; the sun had just gone down; I was not very partial to travelling in darkness, neither did I wish to trust to chance for finding a comfortable resting-place for the night. Perceiving a farm steading and water-mill about a quarter of a mile from the road, I resolved to turn towards them, and make inquiry respecting the right path, or, at least, to request to be directed to the nearest inn.

The "town," as the three or four houses and mill were called, was all bustle and confusion. The female inhabitants were cleaning and scouring, and running to and fro. I quickly learned that all this note of preparation arose from the "maister" being to be married within three days. Seeing me a stranger, he came from his house towards me. He was a tall, stout, good-looking, jolly-faced farmer and miller. His manner of accosting me partook more of kindness than civility; and his enquiries were not free from the familiar, prying curiosity which prevails in every corner of our island, and, I must say, in the north in particular.

"Where do you come fra, na—if it be a fair question?" inquired he.

"From B——," was the brief and merely civil reply.

"An' hae ye come frae there the day?" he continued.

"Yes," was the answer.

"Ay, man, an' ye come frae B——, do ye?" added he; "then, nae doot, ye'll ken a person they ca Mr.——?"

"Did he come originally from Dunse?" returned I, mentioning also the occupation of the person referred to.

"The very same," rejoined the miller;

"are ye acquainted wi' him, Sir?" "I ought to be," replied I; "the person you speak of is merely my father."

"Your father?" exclaimed he, opening his mouth and eyes to their full width, and standing for a moment the picture of surprise—"Gude gracious! ye dinna say sae!—is he really your faither? Lash, man, do you no ken, then, that I'm your cousin? Ye've heard o' your cousin, Willie Stewart."

"Fifty times," replied I.

"Weel, I'm the vera man," said he—"Gie's your hand; for, 'odsake man, I'm as glad as glad can be. This is real extraordinary. I've often heard o' you—it will be you that writes the buiks—faith ye'll be able to mak something o' this. But come awa into the house—ye dinna stir a mile fur'er for a week at ony rate."

So saying, and still grasping my hand, he led me to the farm-house. On crossing the threshold—

"Here, lassie," he cried, in a voice that made roof and rafters ring, "bring ben the speerits, and get on the kettle—here's a cousin that I ne'er saw in my life afore."

A few minutes served mutually to confirm and explain our newly discovered relationship.

"Man," said he, as we were filling a second glass, "ye've just come in the very nick o' time; an' I'll tell ye how. Ye see I am gann to be married the day after the morn; an' no haein' a friend o' ony kin-kind in this quarter, I had to ask an acquaintance to be the best man. Now, this was vexin' me mair than ye can think, particularly, ye see, because the sweetheart has aye been hinting to me that it wadna be lucky or me no to hae a bluid relation for a best man. For that matter, indeed, luck here, luck there, I no care the toss up o' a ha'penny 'bout omens mysel'; but now that ye've fortunately come, I'm a great deal easier, an' 't will be ae craik out o' the way, for it will please her; an' ye may guess, between you an' me, that she's worth the pleasin', or I wadna had her; so I'll just step over an' tell the ither lad that I hae a cousin come to be my best man, an' he'll think naething o't."

On the morning of the third day, the bride and her friends arrived. She was the only child of a Lammermoor farmer, and was in rith a real mountain flower—a heath blossom; for the rude health that laughed upon her cheeks approached nearer the hue of the rather-bell, than the rose and vermillion of

which poets speak. She was comely withal, possessing an appearance of considerable strength, and was rather abov'e the middle size—in short, she was the very *belle ideal* of a miller's wife!

But to go on. Twelve couple accompanied the happy miller and his bride to the manse, independent of the married, middle-aged, and grey-haired visitors, who followed behind and by our side. We were thus proceeding onward to the house of the minister, whose blessing was to make a couple happy, and the arm of the blooming bride was through mine, when I heard a voice, or rather let me say a sound, like the croak of a raven, exclaim—

"Mercy on us! sav ye e'er the like o' that!—the best man, I'll declare, has a *black coat* on!"

"An' that's no lucky!" replied another

"Lucky!" responded the raven voice—"just perfectly awfu'! I wadna it had happened at the weddin' o' a bairn o' mine for the king's dominions."

I observed the bride steal a glance at my shoulder; I felt, or thought I felt, as if she shrunk from my arm; and when I spoke to her, her speech faltered. I found that my cousin, in avoiding one omen, had stumbled upon another, in my black coat. I was wroth with the rural prophetess, and turned round to behold her. Her little grey eyes, twinkling through spectacles, were wink, winking upon my ill-fated coat. She was a crooked, (forgive me for saying an ugly,) little, old woman; she was "bearded like a pard," and walked with a crooked stick mounted with silver. (On the very *Spot** where she then was, the last witch in Scotland was burned.) I turned from the grinning sibyl with disgust.

On the previous day, and during part of the night, the rain had fallen heavily, and the Broxburn was swollen to the magnitude of a little river. The manse lay on the opposite side of the burn, which was generally crossed by the aid of stepping-stones; but, on the day, in question, the tops of the stones were barely visible. On crossing the burn, the foot of the bridge slipped, and the bridegroom, in his eagerness to assist her, slipped also—knee-deep in the water. The raven voice was again heard—it was another omen.

The kitchen was the only room in the manse large enough to contain the spectators assembled to witness the ceremony, which passed over smoothly enough, save that when the

*The last person burned for witchcraft in Scotland, was at "Spot"—the scene of our present story.

clergyman was about to join the hands of the parties, I drew off the glove of the bride a second or two before the bridesmaid performed a similar operation on the hand of the bridegroom. I heard the whisper of the crooked old woman, and saw that the eyes of the other women were upon me. I felt that I had committed another omen, and almost resolved to renounce wearing "blacks" for the future. The ceremony, however, was concluded; we returned from the manse, and every thing was forgotten, save mirth and music, till the hour arrived for tea.

The bride's mother had boasted of her "daughter's double set o' real china" during the afternoon; and the female part of the company evidently felt anxious to examine the costly crockery. A young woman was entering with a tray and the tea equipage—another, similarly laden, followed behind her. The sneer of the door caught the handle of the tray, and down went china, waiting-maid, and all! The fall startled her companion; their feet became entangled; both embraced the floor, and the china from both trays lay scattered around them in a thousand shapes and sizes! This was an omen with a vengeance! I could not avoid stealing a look at the sleeve of my black coat. The bearded old woman seemed inspired. She declared the luck of the house was broken! Of the double set of real china, not a cup was left, not an old saucer. The bridegroom bore the misfortune as a man; and, gently drawing the head of his young partner towards him, said—

"Never mind them, hinny—let them gang --we'll get maic."

The bride, poor thing, shed a tear; but the miller threw his arm round her neck, stole a kiss, and she blushed and smiled.

It was evident, however, that every one of the company regarded this as a real omen. The mill loft was prepared for the joyous dance; but scarce had the fantastic toes (some of them were not light ones) begun to move through the mazy rounds, when the loft-floor broke down beneath the bounding feet of the happy miller; for, unfortunately, he considered not that his goodly body was heavier than his spirits. It was omen upon omen—the work of breaking had begun; the "luck" of the young couple was departed.

Three days after the wedding, one of the miller's carts was got in readiness to carry home the bride's mother. On crossing the

unlucky burn to which we have already alluded, the horse stumbled, fell, and broke its knee, and had to be taken back, and another put in its place.

"Mair breakings!" exclaimed the now almost heart-broken old woman. "Oh, dear sake! how will a' this end for my puir bairn!"

I remained with my new found relatives about a week; and while there, the miller sent his boy for payment of an account of thirty pounds, he having to make up money to pay a corn-factor at the Haddington market, on the following day. In the evening the boy returned.

"Weel callant, inquired the millers, "hae ye gotton the siller?"

"No," replied the youth.

"Mercy me!" exclaimed my cousin, hastily, "hae ye no gotten the siller? Wha' did ye see, or what did they say?"

"I saw the wife," returned the boy; "an' she said: 'Siller! laddie, what's brought ye here for siller: I dare say your maister's daft! Do ye no ken we're broken! I'm sure a' body kens that we broke yesterday!'"

"The mischief break them!" exclaimed the miller, rising and walking hurriedly across the room; "this is breaking in earnest."

I may not here particularize the breakings that followed. One misfortune succeeded another, till the miller broke also. All that he had was put under the hammer, and he wandered forth with his young wife, a broken man.

Some years afterwards, I met with him in a different part of the country. He had the management of extensive flour mills. He was again doing well, and had money in his master's hands. At last there seemed to be an end of the breakings. We were sitting together, when a third person entered with a slow and timid step and rueful countenance.

"Willie," said he, with the tone of a speaking sepulchre, "hae ye heard the news?"

"What news, now?" inquired the miller, seriously.

"The maister's broken!" rejoined the other,

"An' my fifty pounds?" responded my cousin, in a voice of horror.

"Are broken wi' him," returned the stranger. "Oh, gude gracious!" cried the young wife, wringing her hands, "I'm sure I wish I were out o' this world! will ever thir breakings be done! what tempted my mother to buy me the cheena?"

"r me to wear a black coat at your wedding," thought I.

A few weeks afterwards a letter arrived, announcing that death had suddenly broken the thread of life of her aged father, and her mother requested them to come and take charge of the farm which was now theirs. They went. The old man had made money upon the hills. They got the better of the broken china, and of my black coat. Fortune broke in upon them. My cousin declared that omens were nonsense, and his wife added, that she "really thought there was naething in them. But it was lang an' mony a day," she added, "or I could get your black coat and my mother's cheena out o' my mind."

They began to prosper, and they prosper still.

WE'LL HAVE ANOTHER.

When the glass, the laugh, and the social "crack" go round the convivial table, there are few who may not have heard the words, "We'll have another!" It is an oft repeated phrase; and it seems a simple one; yet simple as it appears, it has a magical and fatal influence. The lover of sociality yieldeth to the friendly temptation it conveys, nor dreameth that it is a whisper from which scandal catcheth its thousand echoes: that it is a phrase which has blasted reputations: withered affection's heart: darkened the fairest prospects: ruined credit: conducted to the prison-house! and led to the grave. When our readers again hear the story, let them think of our present story.

Adam Brown was the eldest son of a poor widow, who kept a small shop in a village near the banks of the Teviot. From infancy Adam was a mild retiring boy, and he was seldom seen to join in the sports of his school-mates. On the winter evenings he would sit poring over a book by the fire, while his mother would say; "Dinna stir up the fire, bairn; ye dinna mind that coals are dear; and I'm sure ye'll 't yourself wi' pore, poring owre yer books—for they're never out o' yer hand." In the summer, too, Adam would steal away from the noise of the village to some favourite shady nook by the river side; and there, on the gowany brae, he would, with a standard author in his hand, "crack wi' kings," or "hold converse with the mighty dead." He was about thirteen when his father died; and the Rev. Mr. Douglas, the

minister of the parish, visiting the afflicted widow, she said, "she had had a fair bereavement, yet she had reason to be thankful that she had ae comfort left, for her poor Adam was a great consolation to her; every night he had read a chapter to his younger brothers: and, oh sir, it wad make your heart melt to have heard my bairn pray for his widowed mother." Mr. Douglas became interested in the boy: and finding him apt to learn, he placed him for another year at the parish school at his own expense. Adam's progress was all that his patron could desire. He became a frequent visiter at the manse; and was allowed the use of the minister's library. Mr. Douglas had a daughter who was nearly of the same age as his young protege. Mary Douglas was not what could be called beautiful; but she was a gentle and interesting girl. She and Adam read and studied together. She delighted in a flower-garden, and he was wont to dress it; and he would often wander miles and consider himself happy when he obtained a strange root to plant in it.

Adam was now sixteen. It was his misfortune, as it has been the ruin of many, to be *without an aim*. His mother declared that she was at a loss what to make him: "But," added she, "he is a guid scholar, that is ae thing, and *Can Do* is easy caried about." Mr. Douglas himself became anxious about Adam's prospects: he evinced a dislike to be apprenticed to any mechanical profession; and he was too old to remain longer a burden upon his mother. At the suggestion of Mr. Douglas, therefore, when about seventeen, he opened a school in a neighbouring village. Some said that he was too young; others that he was too simple: that he allowed the children to have all their own way; and a few even hinted that he went too much back and forward to the manse in the next parish, to pay attention to his school. However these things might be, certain it is the school did not succeed: and after struggling with it for two years, he resolved to try his fortune in London.

He was to sail from Leith, and his trunk had been sent to Hawick to be forwarded by the carrier. Adam was to leave his mother's house early on the following morning: and on the evening preceding his departure paid a farewell visit to the manse. Mr. Douglas received him with his wonted kindness: he gave him one or two letters of recommenda-

tion, and much wholesome advice, although the good man was nearly as ignorant of what is called the world as the youth who was about to enter it. Adam sat long and said little; for his heart was full and his spirit heavy. He had never said to Mary Douglas in plain words that he loved her: he had never dared to do so; and he now sat with his eyes anxiously bent upon her, trembling to bid her farewell. She, too, was silent. At length he rose to depart: he held out his hand to Mr. Douglas; the latter shook it affectionately, adding; "Farewell, Adam! May Heaven protect you against the numerous temptations of the great city!" He turned towards Mary—he hesitated, his hands dropped by his side—"Could I speak wi' you a moment?" said he, and his tongue faltered as he spoke: with a tear glistening in her eyes, she looked towards her father, who nodded his consent, and she arose and accompanied Adam to the door. They walked towards the flower garden—he had taken her hand in his—he pressed it, but he spoke not, and she offered not to withdraw it. He seemed struggling to speak; and at length in a tone of earnest fondness, and he shook as he spoke, he said: "Will you not forget me, Mary?"

A half smothered sob was her reply; and a tear fell on his hand.

"Say you will not," he added, yet more earnestly.

"O Adam!" returned she, "how can you say forget! Never! Never!"

"Enough! enough!" he continued, and they wept together.

It was scarce daybreak when Adam rose to take his departure, and to bid his mother and his brethren farewell. "Oh!" exclaimed she, as she placed his breakfast before him, "is this the last meal that my bairn's to eat in my house?" He ate but little; and she continued weeping as she spoke: "Eat hinny, eat; ye have a lang road before ye. And, oh, Adam, aboon every thing earthly, mind that ye write to me every week; never think o' the postage: for though it should tak my last farthing, I maun hear frae ye."

He took his staff in his hand and prepared to depart. He embraced his younger brothers and tears were their only and mutual adieu. His parent sobbed aloud: "Fareweel, mother!" said he, in a voice half choked with anguish; "Fareweel!"

"God bless my bairn!" she exclaimed, wringing his hand; and she leaned her head

upon his shoulder and wept as though her heart would burst. In agony he tore himself from her embrace and hurried from the house; and during the first miles of his journey, at every rising ground, he turned anxiously round, to obtain another lingering look of the place of his nativity; and in the fulness and bitterness of his feelings, he pronounced the names of his mother and his brethren, and of Mary Douglas, in the same breath.

We need not describe his passage to London nor tell how he stood gazing wonder struck, like a graven image of amazement, as the vessel wended up the Thames, through the long forest of masts, from which waved the flags of every nation.

It was about mid day, early in the month of April, when the smack drew up off the Hermitage Stairs, and Adam was aroused from his reverie of astonishment by the sight of a waterman who had come upon deck, and who, pulling him by the button hole, said; "Boat, master? boat?" Adam exactly did not understand the question; but seeing the other passengers getting their luggage into the boats, he followed their example. On his landing he was surrounded by a group of porters, several of whom took hold of his trunk, all inquiring, at the same moment where he wished it taken to. This question he could not answer. It was one he had never thought of before. He looked confused and replied; "I wadna."

"Wadna!" said one of the Cockney burden bearers—"Wadna!—there arn't such a street in all London."

Adam was in the midst of London, and he knew not a living soul among its million of inhabitants. He knew not where to go; but recollecting that one of the gentlemen to whom Mr. Douglas had recommended him was a Mr. Davison, a merchant in Cornhill, he inquired—

"Does ony o' ye ken a Mr. Davison, a merchant in Cornhill?"

"Vy, I can't say as how I know him," a porter replied; "but if you wish your luggage taken there, I will find him for you instantly."

"An' what wad ye be asking to carry the bit box there?" said Adam, in a manner that betokened an equal proportion of simplicity and caution.

"Hasking?" replied the other; "vy, I'm blessed if you get any one to carry it for less than four shillings."

"I canna afford four shillings," said Adam,

"and I'll be obleeged to ye if ye'll gie me a lift on to my shouther w'th, and I'll carry it mysel'."

They uttered some low jests against his country, and left him to get his trunk upon his shoulders as he best might. Adam said truly that he could not afford four shillings; for, after paying his passage, he had not thirty shillings left in the world.

It is time, however, that we should describe Adam more particularly to our readers. He was dressed in a coarse grey coat, with his trowsers of the same colour, a striped waistcoat, a half worn broad brimmed hat, and thick shoes studded with nails, which clattered as he went. Thus arrayed, and with his trunk upon his shoulders, Adam went tramping and clattering along East Smithfield, Towerhill, and along the Minories, inquiring at every turning—"If any one could direct him to Mr. Davison's the merchant in Cornhill?" There was many a laugh and many a joke at poor Adam's expense, as he went trudging along, and more than once the trunk fell to the ground, as he came in contact with the crowds who were hurrying past him. He had been directed out of his way; but at length arrived at the place he sought. He placed his burden on the ground: he rang the bell: and again and again he rang, but no one answered: his letter was addressed to Mr. Davison's counting house; it was past business hours, and the office was locked up for the day: Adam was now tired, disappointed and also perplexed: he wist not what to do: he wished to know of several "decent people," as he said, they could recommend him to a lodging? He was shewn several, but the rent per week terrified Adam. He was sinking under his burden, when near the corner of Newgate street, he inquired of an old Irish orange woman, if "she could inform him where he could be likely to obtain a lodging at the rate of eighteen pence or two shillings a week.

"Sure, and it's I who can, jewel," replied he; "and an illigant room it is, with a bed at his Holiness might rest his blessed bones on; and never a one slapes in it at all but my wi' boy Barney; and barring when Barney's a drink; and that's not above twice a week you'll make mighty pleasant sort of company together."

Adam was glad to have the prospect of a resting place of any sort before him at last, and with a lighter heart and a freer step he followed the old orange woman. She con-

ducted him to Green Dragon Court, and desiring him to follow her up a long, dark, dirty stair, ushered him into a small, miserable looking garret, dimly lighted by a broken skylight, while the entire furniture consisted of four wooden posts without curtains which she termed a bed, a mutilated chair, and a low wooden stool. "Now, darlint," said she, observing Adam fatigued, "here is a room fit for a prince; and, sure you won't be thinking half a crown too much for it?"

"Weel," said Adam, for he was ready to lie down any where, "we'll no quarrel about a sixpence."

The orange woman left him, having vainly recommended him "to christen his new tenement with a drop of the cratur." Adam threw himself upon the bed, and, in a few minutes, his spirit wandered in its dreams amidst the "bonny woods and braes" of Teviotdale. Early on the following day he proceeded to the counting house of Mr. Davison, who received him with a hurried sort of civility: glanced over the letter of introduction—expressed a hope that Mr. Douglas is well—said he would be happy to serve him—but he was engaged at present, and, if Mr. Brown would call again, if he should hear of any thing, he would let him know. Adam thanked him, and, with his best bow, (which was a very awkward one,) withdrew. The clerks in the outer office tittered as poor Adam, with his heavy hobnailed shoes, trampled through the midst of them. He delivered the other letter of introduction, and the gentleman to whom it was addressed received him much in the same manner as Mr. Davison had done, and his clerks also smiled at Adam's grey coat, and gave a very peculiar look at his clattering shoes, and then at each other. Day after day he repeated his visits to the counting houses of these gentlemen—sometimes they were too much engaged to see him, at others they simply inform him that they were sorry they had heard of nothing to suit him, and continued writing, without noticing him again; while Adam, with a heavy heart would stand behind their desk, brushing the crown of his brown broad brimmed hat with his sleeve. At length, the clerks in the outer office merely informed him their master had heard of nothing for him. Adam saw it was in vain—three weeks had passed, and the thirty shillings which he had brought to London were reduced to ten.

He was wandering disconsolately down Chancery Lane, with his hands thrust in his pockets, when his attention was attracted to a shop, the windows and door of which were covered with written placards, and on these placards were the words, "Wanted, a Book-keeper"—"Wanted, by a Literary Gentleman, an Amanuensis"—in short, there seemed no sort of situation for which there was not a person wanted, and each concluded with "inquire within." Adam's heart and his eyes overflowed with joy. There were at least half a dozen places which would suit him exactly—he was only at a loss now which to choose upon; and he thought also that Mr. Douglas' friends had used him most unkindly in saying they could hear of no situation for him, when here scores were advertised in the streets. At length he fixed upon one. He entered the shop. A sharp, Jewish looking little man was writing at a desk; he received the visiter with a gracious smile.

"If ye please, sir," said Adam, "will ye be so good as to inform me where the gentleman lives that wants the book keeper?"

"With pleasure," said the master of the register office; "but you must give me five shillings, and I will enter your name."

"Five shillings!" repeated Adam, and a new light began to dawn upon him. "Five shillings, sir, is a deal o' money, an', to tell ye the truth, I can very ill afford it; but, as I am much in want o' a situation, may be ye wad tak' half a crown."

"Can't book you for that," said the other; "but give me your half crown, and you may have the gentleman's address."

He directed him to a merchant in Thames street. Adam quickly found the house; and, entering with his broad brimmed hat in his hand, and scraping the nob nails along the floor—"Sir," said he, "I'm the person Mr. Daniels o' Chancery Lane has sent you as a book keeper."

"Mr. Daniels—Mr. Daniels?" said the merchant; "don't know any such person—have not wanted a book keeper these six months."

"Sir," said Adam, "are ye no Mr. Robertson o' 54, Thames street?"

"I am," replied the merchant; "but," added he, "I see how it is. Pray, young man, what did you give this Mr. Daniels to recommend you to the situation?"

"Half a crown sir," returned Adam.—"Well," said the other, "you have more money than wit. Good morning, sir, and take care of another Mr. Daniels."

Poor Adam was dumfounded; and, in the bitterness of his spirit, he said London was a den o' thieves. I might tell you how his last shilling was expended: how he lived upon bread and water: how he fell into arrears with the orange woman for the rent of his garret: how she persecuted him: how he was puzzled to understand the meaning of the generous words, "money lent;" how the orange woman, in order to obtain her rent taught him the mystery of the *three golden balls*; and how the shirts which his mother had made him from a web of her own spinning, and his books, and all that he had, save the clothes upon his back, were pledged; and how, when all was gone, the old landlady turned him to the door, houseless, friendless, penniless, with no companion but despair. We might have dwelt upon these things, but must proceed with his history.

Adam, after enduring privations which would make humanity shudder, obtained the situation of assistant porter in a merchant's office. The employment was humble, but he received it joyfully. He was steady and industrious, and it was not long until he was appointed warehouseman: and his employer, finding that, in addition to his good qualities he had received a superior education, made him one of his confidential clerks. He held the situation about two years. The rust as his brother clerks said, was now pretty well rubbed off Scotch Adam. His hodde grey was laid aside for the dashing green, his hob-nailed shoes for fashionable pumps, and his broad brimmed hat for a narrow crowned beaver; his speech, too, had caught a sprinkling of the southern accent; but, in other respects, he was the same inoffensive, steady, and serious being as when he left his mother's cottage.

His companions were wont to "roast Adam, as they termed it, on what they called his Methodism. They had often urged him to accompany them to the theatre; but, for two years, he had stubbornly withstood their temptations. The stage was to Adam what the tree of knowledge was to his namesake and progenitor. He had been counselled against it; but had never been within the walls of a theatre. The Siddons, and his brother John Kemble, then in the zenith of fame, were filling not only London but Europe

with their names. One evening they were to perform together—Adam had often heard of them—he admired Shakspeare—his curiosity was excited, he yielded to the solicitations of his companions, and accompanied them to Covent Garden. The curtain was drawn up. The performance began. Adam's soul was riveted, his senses distracted. The Siddons swept before him like a vision of immortality—Kemble seemed to draw a soul from the tomb of the Cæsars; and as the curtain fell, and the loud music pealed, Adam felt as if a new existence and a new world had opened before him, and his head reeled with wonder and delight.

When the performances were concluded, his companions proposed to have a single bottle in an adjoining tavern; Adam offered some opposition, but was prevailed upon to accompany them. Several of the players entered—they were convivial spirits, abounding with wit, anecdote, and song. The scene was new, but not unpleasant to Adam. He took no note of time. He was unused to drink, and little affected him. The first bottle was finished. "We'll have another," said one of his companions. It was the first time Adam had heard the fatal words, and he offered no opposition. He drank again—he began to expatiate on divers subjects—he discovered he was an orator. "Well done, Mr Brown," cried one of his companions, "there's ope of you yet—we'll have another, my boy three's band!" A third bottle was brought; Adam was called upon for a song. He could sing, and sing well too; and taking his glass in his hand he began—

"Stop, stop, we'll ha'e anither gill,
Ne'er mind a lang-tongued belldame's yatter;
They're fools wha'd leave a glass o' yill
For ony wife's infernal clatter.

"There's Bet, when I gang hame the night,
Will set the hail stair-head a ringin'—
Let a' the neebors hear her flyte,
Ca' me a brute, and stap my singin',
She'll yelp about the bairns rags—
Ca' me a drucken gude for-naethin'!
She'll curse my throat an' drouthy bags,
And at me thraw their duddy claethin'!

"Chorus, gentlemen—chorus!" cried Adam, and continued—

"The fiest a supper I'll get there;
A dish o' tongues is a' she'll gie me!
She'll shake her nieve and rug her hair,
And wonder hoo she e'er gaed wi' me!
She vows to leave me, and I say,
Gang, gang! for dearsake!—that's a blessin'!
She rins to get her claes away,
But—o' the kist the key's amissin'!

"The younkens a' set up a skirl,
They shriek and cry—O dinna, mither!
I slip to bed, and fash the quarrel
Neither ae way nor anither.
Bet creeps beside me unca dour,
I clap her back, and say—'My dawtie'
Quo' she—'Weel, weel, my passion's owre,
But dinna gang a drinkin', Watty.'"

C

"Bravo, Scotchy!" shouted one. "Your health and song, Mr. Brown," cried another. Adam's head began to swim—the lights danced before his eyes—he fell from his chair. One of his friends called a hackney coach; and half insensible of where he was, he was conveyed to his lodgings. It was afternoon on the following day before he appeared at the counting house, and his eyes were red, and he had the languid look of one who has spent a night in revelry. That night he was again prevailed upon to accompany his brother clerks to the club-room, "just," as they expressed it, "to have one bottle to put all right." That night he again heard the words—"We'll have another," and again he yielded to their seduction.

But we will not follow him through the steps and through the snares by which he departed from virtue and became entangled in vice. He became an almost nightly frequenter of the tavern, the theatre, or both, and his habits opened up temptations to grosser viciousness. Still he kept up a correspondence with Mary Douglas, the gentle object of his young affections, and for a time her endeared remembrance haunted him like a protecting angel, whispering in his ear and saving him from depravity. But his religious principles were already forgotten; and when that cord snapped asunder, the fibre of affection that twined around his heart did not long hold him in the path of virtue. As the influence of company grew upon him, her remembrance lost its power, and Adam Brown plunged headlong into all the pleasures and temptations of the metropolis.

Still he was attentive to business—he still retained the confidence of his employer—his salary was liberal—he still sent thirty pounds a-year to his mother; and Mary Douglas yet held a place in his heart, though he was changed, fatally changed. He had been about four years in his situation when he obtained leave for a few weeks to visit his native village. It was on a summer afternoon when a chaise from Jedburgh drove up to the door of the only public house in the village. A fashionably dressed young man alighted; and in an affected voice desired the landlord to send a porter with his luggage to Mrs. Brown's. "A porter, sir?" said the innkeeper—there's naethin' o' the kind in the town; but I'll get twa callants to tak it along."

He hastened to his mother's: "Ah! how d'ye do?" said he, slightly shaking the hands of his younger brothers; but a tear gathered in his eye as his mother kissed his cheek.—

She, good soul, when the first surprise was over, said "she hardly kenned her bairn in sic a fine gentleman." He proceeded to the manse, and Mary marvelled at the change in his appearance and manner; yet she loved him not the less; but her father beheld the affectation and levity of his young friend, and grieved over them.

He had not been a month in the village when Mary gave him her hand, and they set out for London together. For a few weeks after their arrival, he spent his evenings at their own fireside, and they were blest in the society of each other. But it was not long until company again spread its seductive snares around him. Again he listened to the words—"We'll have another"—again he yielded to their temptation, and again the force of habit made him its slave. Night followed night, and he was irritable and unhappy, unless in the midst of his boon companions. Poor Mary felt the bitterness and anguish of a deserted wife; but she upbraided him not—she spoke not of her sorrows: health forsook her cheeks, and gladness had fled from her spirit; yet as she nightly sat hour after hour waiting his return, as he entered, she welcomed him with a smile, which not unfrequently was met with an imprecation or a frown. They had been married about two years. Mary was a mother, and oft at midnight she would sit weeping over the cradle of her child, mourning in secret for its thoughtless father.

It was her birth-day, her father had come to London to visit them; she had not told him of her sorrows, and she had invited a few friends to dine with them. They had assembled; but Adam was still absent. He had been unkind to her; this was an unkindness she did not expect from him. They were yet waiting, when a police-officer entered. His errand was soon told. Adam Brown had become a gambler, as well as a drunkard; he had been guilty of fraud and embezzlement; his guilt had been discovered, and the police were in quest of him. Mr. Douglas wrung his hands and groaned. Mary bore the dreadful blow with more than human fortitude. She uttered no scream: she shed no tears; for a moment she sat motionless—speechless. It was the dumbness of agony: with her child at her breast, and in the midst of her guests, she flung herself at her father's feet. "Father!" she exclaimed, "for my sake!—for my helpless child's sake—save! oh, save my poor husband!"

"For your sake, what I can do, I will do dearest," groaned the old man.

A coach was ordered to the door, and the miserable wife and her father hastened to the office of her husband's employer.

When Adam Brown received intelligence that his guilt was discovered from a companion, he was carousing with others in a low gambling-house. Horror seized him, and he hurried from the room; but he returned in a few minutes. "We'll have another!" he exclaimed, in a tone of frenzy; and another was brought. He half filled a glass: he raised it to his lips; he dashed into it a deadly poison, and ere they could stay his hand, the fatal draught was swallowed. He had purchased a quantity of arsenic when he rushed from the house.

His fellow-gamblers were thronging around him, when his injured wife and her greivous father entered the room. "Away tormenters!" he exclaimed, as his glazing eyes fell upon them, and he dashed his hands before his face.

"My husband! my dear husband!" cried Mary, flinging her arms around his neck.

"Look on me; speak to me! All is well!" He gazed on her face; he grasped her hand. "Mary, my injured Mary!" he exclaimed convulsively, "can you forgive me, you, you O God! I was once innocent! Forgive me, dearest? for our child's sake, curse not its guilty father!"

"Husband! Adam!" she cried, wringing his hand; "come with me, love, come! leave this horrid place: you have nothing to fear: your debt is paid."

"Paid!" he exclaimed, wildly: "Ha! ha! Paid!" They were his last words—convulsions came upon him: the film of death passed over his eyes, and his troubled spirit fled.

She clung round his neck; she yet cried "Speak to me!" She refused to believe that he was dead, and her reason seemed to have fled with his spirit.

She was taken from his body and conveyed home. The agony of grief subsided into stupor approaching imbecility. She was unconscious of all around: and within three weeks from the death of her husband, the broken spirit of Mary Douglas found rest, and her father returned in sorrow with his helpless orphan to Teviotdale.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Seven or eight years ago, I was travelling between Berwick and Selkirk; and having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbotsford, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently fatigued as myself, leaning upon a walking stick, and gazing intently on the fairy palace of the magician whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater's; yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plaid Highland bonnet, and a coarse grey great-coat, buttoned to the throat. His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks; but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language, in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His height might exceed five feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks; but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a ruddy hue, and imprinted untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the classic scenery around us; and we had pleasantly journeyed together for two or three miles, when we arrived at a little sequestered burial-ground by the way side, near which there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thinly covered with turf, and we sat down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.

"Here," said he, "sleep some of my father's children, who died in infancy."

He picked up a small stone from the ground—and throwing it gently about ten yards, "That," added he, "is the very spot. But, thank God! no grave-stone has been raised during my absence! It is a token I shall find my parents living; and," and continued with a sigh, "may I also find their love! 'Tis hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned against his own child."

He dropped his head upon his breast for a few moments, and was silent; and hastily raising his forefinger to his eyes, seemed to wash away a solitary tear. Then turning to me, he continued—"You may think, sir, this weakness in a common soldier; but human hearts beat beneath a red coat. My father, whose name is Campbell, and who was brought from Argyleshire while young, is a wealthy farmer in this neighbourhood.—Twenty years ago I loved a being gentle as the light of a summer moon. We were chil-

dren together, and she grew in beauty on my sight, as the star of evening steals into glory through the twilight. But she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a mean shepherd. Our attachment offended my father. He commanded me to leave her for ever. I could not, and he turned me from his house. I wandered—I knew not, and I cared not, whither. But I will not detain you with my history. In my utmost need, I met a sergeant of the forty-second, who was then upon the recruiting service, and in a few weeks I joined that regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the invitation to the wolf and the raven rang at midnight through the streets. It was the herald of a day of glory and of death. There were three Highland regiments of us—three joined in one, joined in rivalry, in love, and in purpose; and, thank Fate! I was present when the Scots Greys, flying to our aid, raised the electric shout, 'Scotland for ever!' 'Scotland for ever!' returned our tartaned clansmen: 'Scotland for ever!' reverberated as from the hearts we had left behind us; and 'Scotland for ever!' re-echoed 'Victory!' Heavens! added he, starting to his feet, and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past gushed back upon his soul, "to have joined in that shout was to live an eternity in the vibration of a pendulum!"

In a few minutes the animated soul that gave eloquence to his tongue, drew itself back into the chambers of humanity, and resuming his seat upon the low wall, he continued: "I left my old regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served in the West Indies; but I have heard nothing of my father, nothing of my mother, nothing of her I love!"

While he was yet speaking the grave digger, with a pick-axe and spade over his shoulder, entered the ground: he approached within a few yards of where we sat: and he measured off a narrow piece of earth; it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to mark out the burial-place of his family. Convulsion rushed over the features of my companion; he shivered: he grasped my arm: his lips quivered: his breathing became short and loud: the cold sweat trickled from his temples: he sprang over the wall; he rushed towards the spot.

"Man!" he exclaimed in agony, "whose grave is that?"

"Hoot! awa wi' ye!" said the grave digger, starting back at his manner; "whatna way is that to gliff a body! are ye daft?"

"Answer me," cried the soldier, seizing his

hand; "whose grave: whose grave is that?"

"Mercy me!" replied the man of death, "ye're surely out o' yer head: it's an auld body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave: now, are ye onything the wiser for spierin'?"

"My father!" cried my comrade, as I approached him; and clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of his father to the wind; and he had died in an humble cottage, unlamented and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.

At the request of my fellow-traveller, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across a table near the window. A few white hairs fell over the whiter face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather than from age. The son pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit, and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed, inquiringly—"My mother?"

The wondering peasants started to their feet, and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward; he fell upon his knees by the bed-side.

"My mother! Oh, my mother!" he exclaimed, "do not you, too, leave me! Look at me—speak to me—I am your son—your own Willie—have you forgot me, mother?"

She, too, lay upon her death-bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembered voice of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes; she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered; they seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy, and of blessing. For several minutes he bent over the bed, and wept bitterly: he held her withered hand in his; he started; and as we approached him, the hand he held was stiff and lifeless: he wept no longer: he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother; his eyes wandered wildly from the one to the other; he smote his hand upon his brow, and threw himself upon a chair, while misery transfixed him, as if a thunder-bolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funerals, and the solitary mourner.—The father's obsequies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave.

Several months passed away before I gained

information respecting the sequel of my little story. After his parents were laid in the dust William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart, made inquiries after Jeanie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom we have already alluded: for several weeks his search was fruitless; but at length he learned that considerable property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same garb which I have already described, the soldier set out upon his journey—with little difficulty he discovered the house—it resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered: he proceeded along the passage—he heard voices in an apartment on the right—again he knocked, but was unheeded: he entered uninvited. A group were standing in the middle of the floor; and amongst them a minister, commencing the marriage service of the Church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and tears were stealing down her cheeks—she was his own Jeanie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angrily, and inquired—"What do ye want, sir?" but instantly recognising his features, he seized him by the breast, and in a voice half-choked with passion, continued; "Sorrow tak ye for a scoundrel! What's brought ye here—and the mair especially at a time like this! Get out o' my house, sir! I say, Willie Campbell, get out o' my house, and never darken my door again wi' yer ne'er-do-weel countenance!"

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jeanie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridesmaid.

She remained for a long time unconscious of all around her.

"Peace, Mr. Leslie!" said the soldier, pushing the old man aside; "since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell, for auld langsyne—you cannot deny me that."

He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke not: she moved not: he took her hand; but she seemed unconscious of what he did. And as he again gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face. The very language he had acquired during their separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love, and won her heart.

"Jeanie!" said he, pressing her hand be

between his, "it's a sair thing to say *farewell*; but at present I maun say it. This is a scene I never expected to see; for O Jeanie! I could have trusted to your truth and to your love, as the farmer trusts to seed-time and to harvest, and is not disappointed. O Jeanie, woman! this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow. But ye maun be anither's now: *fareweel! fareweel!*"

"Not no! my ain Willie!" she exclaimed, recovering from the action of stupefaction: "my hand is still free, and my heart has aye been yours: save me, Willie!" And she threw herself into his arms.

The bridegroom looked from one to another imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder; but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old grey coat of the soldier, and almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath, to the astonished company, a richly laced uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and at the same time dropping his wrath, exclaimed, "Mr. Campbell! or what are ye? will you explain yourself?"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy middle-aged man, without a heart, left the house, gnashing his teeth.—Badly as our military honours are conferred, merit is not always overlooked even in this country, where money is every thing, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved. Jeanie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Captain Campbell, of his Majesty's—regiment of infantry, to whom, long years before, she had given her young heart.

THE RED HALL;

OR

BERWICK IN 1296.

Somewhat more than five hundred years ago, and Berwick-upon-Tweed was the most wealthy and flourishing city in Great Britain. Its commerce was the most extensive, its merchants the most enterprising and successful. London in some measure strove to be its rival, but possessed not a tenth of the natural advantages, and Berwick continued to bear the palm alone—being styled the Alexandria of the nations, the emporium of commerce, and one of the first commercial cities in the world. This state of prosperity it owed almost solely to Alexander III. who did more for Berwick than any sovereign that has since claimed its allegiance. He brought over a colony of wealthy Flemings, for whom he erected an immense building, called the

Red Hall, (situated where the Wool-market now stands,) and which at once served as dwelling houses, factories, and a fortress.—The terms upon which he granted a charter to this company of merchant, were, that they should defend, even unto death, their Red Hall against every attack of an enemy, and of the English in particular. Wool was the staple commodity of their commerce; but they also traded extensively in silks and in foreign manufactures. The people of Berwick understood *Free Trade* in those days. In this state of peace and enviable prosperity, it continued until the spring of 1296. The bold, the crafty, and revengeful Edward I. meditated an invasion of Scotland; and Berwick, from its wealth, situation, and importance, was naturally anticipated to be the first object of his attack. To defeat this, Baliol, whom we can sometimes almost admire—though generally we despise and pity him—sent the chief men of Fife and their retainers to the assistance of the town. Easter week arrived, but no tidings were heard of Edward's movements, and business went on with its wonted bustle. Amongst the merchants of the Red Hall, was one known by the appellation of William the Fleming, and he had a daughter, an heiress and only child, whose beauty was the theme of Berwick's minstrels, when rhyme was beginning to begin. Many a knee was bent to the rich and beautiful Isabella; but she preferred the humble and half-told passion of Francis Scott, who was one of the clerks in the Red Hall, to all the chivalrous declarations of prouder lovers. Francis possessed industry and perseverance; and these, in the eyes of her father, were qualifications precious as rubies. These, with love for his daughter, overcame other mercenary objections, and the day for their marriage had arrived.—Francis and Isabella were kneeling before the altar, and the priest was pronouncing the service—the merchant was gazing fondly over his child—when a sudden and a hurried peal from the Bell Tower broke upon the ceremony—and cries of "The English! to arms!" were heard from the street. The voice of the priest faltered—he stopped—William the Fleming placed his hand upon his sword—the bridegroom started to his feet, and the fair Isabella clung to his side.—"Come, children," said the merchant, "let us to the Hall—a happier hour may bless your nuptials—this is no moment for bridal ceremony." And, in silence, each man grasping his sword, they departed from the chapel, where the performance of the marriage rites

was broken by the sounds of invasion. The ramparts were crowded with armed citizens, and a large English fleet were seen bearing round Lindisferne. In a few hours the hostile vessels entered the river, and commenced a furious attack upon the town. Their assault was returned by the inhabitants as men who were resolved to die for liberty. For hours the battle raged, and the Tweed became as a sheet of blood. But, while the conflict rose fiercest, again the Bell Tower sent forth its sounds of death. Edward, at the head of thirty-five thousand chosen troops, had crossed the river at Coldstream, and was now seen encamping at the foot of Halidon Hill. Part of his army immediately descended upon the town, to the assistance of his fleet. They commenced a resolute attack from the north, while the greater part of the garrison held bloody combat with the ships in the river. Though thus attacked upon both sides, the besieged fought with the courage of surrounding lions, and the proud fleet was defeated and driven from the river. The attacks of the army were desperate, but without success, for desperate were the men who opposed them. Treachery, however, that to this day remains undiscovered, existed in the town; and, at an hour when the garrison thought not, the gates were deceitfully opened, and the English army rushed like a torrent upon the streets. Wildly the work of slaughter began. With the sword and with the knife, the inhabitants defended every house, every foot of ground. Mild mothers and gentle maidens fought for their thresholds with the fury of hungry wolves—and delicate hands did deeds of carnage. The war of blood raged from street to street, while the English army poured on like a ceaseless stream. Shouts, groans, the clang of swords, and the shrieks of woman mingled together. Fiercer grew the close and the deadly warfare; but the numbers of the besieged became few. Heaps of dead men lay at every door, each with his sword glued to his hands by the blood of an enemy. Of the warriors from Fife, every man perished; but their price was a costly sacrifice of the boldest lives in England. The streets ran deep with blood: and, independent of slaughtered enemies, the mangled and lifeless bodies of seventeen thousand of the inhabitants paved the streets. The war of death ceased only from lack of lives to prey upon. With the exception of the Red Hall, the town was an awful and a silent charnel-house. Within it were the thirty brave Flemings, pouring their arrows upon the triumphant besiegers, and resolved to defend

it to death. Amongst them was the father of Isabella, and by his side his intended son-in-law, his hands, which lately held a bride's, dripping with blood. The entire strength of the English army pressed around the Hall; and fearful were the doings which the band of devoted merchants, like death's own marksmen, made in the midst of them.—What the besiegers, however, failed to effect by force, they effected by fire; and the Red Hall became enveloped in flames—its wool, its silks, and rich merchandise blazing together, and causing the fierce element to ascend like a pyramid. Still the brave men stood in the midst of the conflagration, unquailed, hurling death upon their enemies; and, as the fire raged from room to room, they rushed to the roof their Hall; discharging their last arrow on their besiegers, and waving their swords around their heads, with a shout of triumph. There, also, stood the father, his daughter, and her lover, clasping and embracing each other in death.—Crash succeeded crash—the flames ascended higher and higher—and the proud building was falling to pieces. A loud crash followed, the fierce element surrounded the brave victims—the gentle Isabella, leaning on her bridegroom, was seen waving her slender hand in triumph round her head—the hardy band waved their swords and shouted "Liberty!" and in one moment more, the building fell to the earth, and the heroes, the bridegroom, and his bride, were buried in the ruins of their fortress and their factory.

Thus fell the Red Hall, and with it the commercial glory of Berwick. Sir William Douglas surrendered the castle to Edward, and the town was given up to plunder and brutality. Its trade in wool and in foreign merchandise was transferred to its rival, London—and need we say that it has not recovered it?

GRIZEL COCHRANE.

A TALE OF TWEEDMOUTH MOOR.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpations was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the present Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their fortunes to the cause of its chieftains. The same doom encompassed Sir John Cochrane. He was surrounded by the King's troops—long,

deadly, and desperate was his resistance; but, at length, overpowered by numbers, he was taken prisoner, tried, and condemned to die upon the scaffold. He had but a few days to live, and his jailer waited but the arrival of his death-warrant to lead him forth to execution. His family and his friends had visited him in prison, and exchanged with him the last, the long, the heart-yearning farewell. But there was one who came not with the rest to receive his blessing—one who was the pride of his eyes, and of his house—even Grizel, the daughter of his love. Twilight was casting a deeper gloom over the gratings of his prison-house, he was mourning for a last look of his favorite child, and his head was pressed against the cold damp walls of his cell, to cool the feverish pulsations that shot through it like stings of fire, when the door of his apartment turned slowly on its unwilling hinges, and his keeper entered, followed by a young and beautiful lady.—Her person was tall and commanding, her eyes dark, bright, and tearless; but their very brightness spoke of sorrow too deep to be wept away; and her raven tresses were parted over an open brow, clear and pure as the polished marble. The unhappy captive raised his head as they entered—

“My child! my own Grizel!” he exclaimed, and she fell upon his bosom.

“My father! my dear father!” sobbed the miserable maiden, and she dashed away the tear that accompanied the words.

“Your interview must be short—very short,” said the jailer, as he turned and left them for a few minutes together.

“God help and comfort thee my daughter!” added the unhappy father, as he held her to his breast, and printed a kiss upon her brow. “I had feared that I should die without bestowing my blessing on the head of my own child, and that stung me more than death; but thou art come, my love—thou art come! and the last blessing of thy wretched father!”

“Nay! forbear! forbear!” she exclaimed; “not thy last blessing! not thy last! My father shall not die!”

“Be calm! be calm, my child!” returned he; “would to Heaven that I could comfort thee! my own! my own! But there is no hope: within three days and thou and all my little ones will be”——

Fatherless, he would have said, but the words died on his tongue. “Three days!” repeated she, raising her head from his breast, but eagerly pressing his hand; “three days! then there is hope: my father shall live! Is

not my grandfather the friend of Father Petre, the confessor and the master of the King: from him he shall beg the life of his son, and my father shall not die.”

“Nay! nay, my Grizel,” returned he; “be not deceived: there is no hope; already my doom is sealed: already the King has signed the order for my execution, and the messenger of death is now on the way.”

“Yet my father shall not! shall not die?” she exclaimed emphatically, and clasping her hands together; “Heaven speed a daughter’s purpose!” she exclaimed; and turning to her father, said calmly; “We part now, but we shall meet again.”

“What would my child?” inquired he eagerly, gazing anxiously on her face.

“Ask not now; my father—ask not now; but pray for me, and bless me—but not with thy last blessing.”

Again he pressed her to his heart, and wept upon her neck. In a few moments the jailer entered, and they were torn from the arms of each other.

On the evening of the second day after the interview we have mentioned, a wayfaring man crossed the drawbridge at Berwick, from the north, and proceeding down Marygate, sat down to rest upon a bench by the door of an hostelry on the south side of the street, nearly fronting where what was called the “Main-guard” then stood: he did not enter the inn; for it was above his apparent condition, being that which Oliver Cromwell had made his head-quarters a few years before, and where, at a somewhat earlier period, James the Sixth had taken up his residence when on his way to enter on the sovereignty of England. The traveller wore a coarse jerkin fastened round his body by a leathern girdle, and over it a short cloak, composed of equally plain materials: he was evidently a young man; but his beaver was drawn down so as almost to conceal his features. In the one hand he carried a small bundle, and in the other a pilgrim’s staff: having called for a glass of wine, he took a crust of bread from his bundle, and after resting for a few minutes rose to depart. The shades of night were setting in, and it threatened to be a night of storms. The heavens were gathering black, the clouds rushing from the sea, sudden gusts of wind were moaning along the streets, accompanied by heavy drops of rain, and the face of the Tweed was troubled.

“Heaven help thee, if thou intendest to travel far in such a night as this!” said the sentinel at the English gate, as the traveller passed him and proceeded to cross the bridge.

In a few minutes he was upon the borders

of the wide, desolate, and dreary moor of Tweedmouth, which, for miles, presented a desert of whins, fern, and stunted heath, with here and there a clingle covered with thick brushwood: he slowly toiled over the steep hill, braving the storm which now raged in wildest fury. The rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled as a legion of famished wolves, hurling its doleful and angry echoes over the heath. Still the stranger pushed onward, until he had proceeded about two or three miles from Berwick, when, as if unable longer to brave the storm, he sought shelter amidst some crab and bramble bushes by the way-side. Nearly an hour had passed since he sought this imperfect refuge, and the darkness of the night and the storm had increased together, when the sound of a horse's feet was heard, hurriedly plashing along the road. The rider bent his head to the blast. Suddenly his horse was grasped by the bridle, the rider raised his head, and the traveller stood before him, holding a pistol to his breast.

"Dismount!" cried the stranger, sternly.

The horseman, benumbed and stricken with fear, made an effort to reach his arms; but, in a moment, the hand of the robber, quitting the bridle, grasped the breast of the rider, and dragged him to the ground. He fell heavily on his face, and for several minutes remained senseless. The stranger seized the leathern bag which contained the mail for the north, and flinging it on his shoulder, rushed across the heath.

Early on the following morning, the inhabitants of Berwick were seen hurrying, in groups, to the spot where the robbery had been committed, and were scattered in every direction around the moor; but no trace of the robbery could be obtained.

The mail which contained his death warrant had been robbed; and before another order for his execution could be given, the intercession of his father, the Earl of Dundonald, with the King's confessor, might be successful. Grizel now became almost his constant companion in prison, and spoke to him words of comfort. Nearly fourteen days had passed since the robbery of the mail had been committed, and protracted hope in the bosom of the prisoner became more bitter than his first despair. But even hope, bitter as it was, perished. The intercession of his father had been unsuccessful—and the second time the bigoted, and would-be despotic monarch, had signed the warrant for his death, and within a little more than another day that warrant would reach his prison.

"The will of Heaven be done!" groaned the captive.

"Amen!" returned Grizel, with wild vehemence; "but my father *shall* not die!"

Again the rider of the mail had reached the moor of Tweedmouth, and a second time he bore with him the doom of Cochrane:—he spurred his horse to its utmost speed; he looked cautiously before, behind, and around him; and in his right hand he carried a pistol ready to defend himself. The moon shed a ghostly light across the heath, rendering desolation visible, and giving a spiritual embodiment to every shrub. When turning the angle of a straggling copse, his horse reared at the report of a pistol, the fire of which seemed to dash into its very eye. At the same moment his own pistol flashed, and the horse rearing more violently, he was driven from the saddle. In a moment the foot of the robber was upon his breast, who, bending over him, and brandishing a short dagger in his hand, said, "Give me thine arms, or die!"

"The heart of the King's servant failed within him; and without venturing to reply, he did as he was commanded.

"Now go thy way," said the robber sternly, "but leave with me thy horse, and leave with me the mail, lest a worse thing come upon thee." The man therefore arose, and proceeded towards Berwick, trembling; and the robber, mounting the horse which he had left, rode rapidly across the heath.

Preparations were making for the execution of Sir John Cochrane, and the officers of the law waited only for the arrival of the mail with his second death-warrant, to lead him forth to the scaffold, when the tidings arrived that the mail had again been robbed. For yet fourteen days, and the life of the prisoner would be again prolonged: he again fell on the neck of his daughter, and wept, and said; "It is good: the hand of Heaven is in this!" "Said I not," replied the maiden; and for the first time she wept aloud; "that my father should not die."

The fourteen days were not yet past, when the prison doors flew open, and the old Earl of Dundonald rushed to the arms of his son: his intercession with the confessor had been at length successful; and after twice signing the warrant for the execution of Sir John, which had as often failed in reaching its destination, the King had sealed his pardon: he had hurried with his father from the prison to his own house; his family were clinging around him shedding tears of joy; and they were marvelling with gratitude at the mys-

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF PETER PATERSON.

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

merer, would give a sort of significant nod to his fist suddenly clenched upon the open page; and when the teacher stamped his foot, and cried, "Speak, sir!" the trembler whimpered, "I daurna, sir." "Ye daurna!" the enraged dominie would cry—"Why?" "Because—because, sir," was slowly stammered out—"Peter Paterson wud lick me!" Then would the incensed disciplinarian spring upon Peter; and, grasping him by the collar, whirl his *taws* in the air, and bring them with his utmost strength round the back sides, and limbs of Peter; but Peter was like a rock, and his eyes more stubborn than a rock; and, in the midst of all, he gazed in the face of his tormentor with a look of imperturbable defiance and contempt. Notwithstanding this course of education, when Peter had attained the age of fifteen, the village instructor found it necessary to call at Foxlaw, and inform Robin Paterson that he could do no more for his son, adding that—"He was fit for the college; and, though he said it, that should not say it, as fit for it as any student that ever entered it." These were glad tidings to a father's heart, and Robin treated the dominie to an extra tumbler. He, however, thought his son was young enough for the college—"We'll wait anither year," said he; "an' Peter can be improvin' himsel at hame; an' ye can gie a look in, Maister, an' advise us to ony kind o' books ye think he should hae—we'll ay be happy to see ye, for ye've done yer duty to him, I'll say that for ye."

So another year passed on, and Peter remained about the farm. He was now sometimes seen with a book in his hand; but more frequently with a gun, and more frequently still with a fishing rod. At the end of the twelve months, Peter positively refused to go to the College. His mother entreated, and his father threatened; but it was labor in vain. At last—"It's o' nae use striving against the stream," said Robin—"ye canna gather berries off a winbush. Let him e'en tak his ain way, an' he may live to rue it." Thus, Peter went on reading, shooting, fishing, and working about the farm, till he was eighteen. He now began to receive a number of epithets from his neighbours. His old schoolmaster called him "Ne'er-do-weel Peter;" but the dominie was a mere proser; he knew the moods and tenses of a Greek or Latin sentence, but he was incapable of appreciating its soul. Some called him "Poeti-

cal Peter, and a few "Prosing Peter;" but the latter were downright bargain-making, pounds-shillings-and-pence-men, whose souls were dead to—

"The music of sweet sounds;"

and sensible only of the jink of the coin of the realm. Others called him "*Daft Peter*," for he was the leader of frolic, fun, and harmless mischief; but now the maidens of the village also began to call him "*Handsome Peter*." Yet, he of whom they thus spoke, would wander for hours alone by the beach of the solitary sea, gazing upon its army of waves warring with the winds, till his very spirit took part in the conflict; or he could look till his eyes got blind on its unruffled bosom, when the morning sun flung over it, from the horizon to the shore, a flash of glory; or, when the moonbeams, like a million torches shooting from the deep, danced on its undulating billows—then would he stand, like an entranced being, listening to its everlasting anthem, while his soul, awed and elevated by the magnificence of the scene, worshipped God, the Creator of the great sea. With all his reputed wildness, and with all his thoughtlessness, even on the sea-banks, by the wood, and by the brae side, Peter found voiceless, yet to him eloquent companions. To him the tender primrose was sacred as the first blush of opening womanhood; and he would converse with the lowly daisy, till his gaze seemed to draw out the very soul of—

"Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower."

It, however, grieved his mother's spirit to see him, as she said, "Just idling awa his time, and leaving his learning at his heels." His father now said—"Let him just tak his sling an' find his ain weight—an' he'll either mak a spoon or spoil a horn, or my name's no Robin Paterson." But, from Peter's infancy, it had been his mother's ambition and desire to love to see him, as she expressed it, "wag his pow in a poopit," or, at any rate, to see him a gentleman. On one occasion, therefore, when Robin was at Dunse hiring-market, the schoolmaster having called on his old pupil, "Ne'er-do-weel Peter," the two entered into a controversy in the presence of Peter's mother, and, in the course of the discussion, the man of letters was dumfounded by the fluency and force of the arguments of his young antagonist. Silent tears of exultation stole into Betty's eyes, to hear, as she said, "her bairn expawtiate equal—ay, superior to ony minister;" and no sooner had

the teacher withdrawn, than, fixing her admiring eyes on her son, she said—

“O Peter, man, what a delivery ye hae!—an’ sae fu’ o’ the dictioner! Troth but ye wad cut a finger i’ the poopit! There wad nae dust gather on your cushion—there wad be nae sleeping, nodding, or snoring, while my Peter was preachin’. An’, oh, hinny, but ye will mak me a glad mother, if ye’ll consent to gang to the college! Ye wadna be lang o’ gettin’ a kirk, my man—I can tell ye that: an’ if ye’ll only consent to gang, ye shanna want pocket-money that your faither kens naething about; my bairn shall appear wi’ the best o’ them. For syne ever ye was an infant, it has aye been my hope an’ my prayer, Peter, to see ye a minister; an’ I ne’er sent a hunder eggs or a basket o’ butter to the market, but Peter’s pennies were aye laid aside, to keep his pockets at the college.”

Peter was, in the main, a most dutiful and most affectionate son; but on this point he was strangely stubborn; and he replied;

“Wheesht, mother! wheesht! nae mair about it.”

“Nae mair aboot it, bairn!” said she; “but I maun say mair aboot it; man! wad ye fling awa your learnin’ at a dyke-side, an’ yer talents at a plough-tail? Wad ye just break yer mother an’ faither’s heart? O Peter! Peter, man, hae ye nae spirit ava? What is yer objection?”

“Weel, keep your temper, mother,” said he, “an’ I’ll tell ye candidly: the kirk puts a straight-jacket on a body that I wadna hae elbow-room in!”

“What do ye mean, ye graceless?” added she, in a voice betokening a sort of horror.

“Oh, naething particular; only, for example, sic bits o’ scandal as, the Reverend Peter Paterson was called before the session for shooting on his ain glebe; or, the Reverend Peter Paterson was summoned before the presbytery for leistering a salmon at the foot o’ Tammy the Miller’s dam; or, the Reverend Peter Paterson was ordered to appear before the General Assembly for clappin’ Tammy the Miller’s servant lassie on the shouter, an’ ca’ing her a winsome quean—”

“Or!” exclaimed his impatient and mortified mother; “Oh, ye forward an’ profane rascal ye! how daur ye speak in sic a train; or wad ye be guilty o’ sic unministerial conduct? wad ye disgrace *the coat* by sic ungodly behaviour?”

“There’s nae sayin’, mother,” added he: “but dinna be angry; I’m sure, if I did either shoot, leister, or clap a bonny lassie on the shouter, ye wadna think it unlike your son Peter.”

“Weel, weel,” said the good natured matron, softened down by his manner; “it’s true your faither says, ‘it’s nae use striving aganest the stream: an’ a’ gifts arena graces. But if ye’ll no be a minister, what will ye be? Wad ye no like to be a writer or advocate?”

“Worse an’ worse, mother! I wad rather beg than live on the misery of another.”

“Then, cailant,” added Betty, shaking her head, and sighing as she spoke; “I dinna ken what we’ll do wi’ ye. Will ye no be a doctor?”

“What!” said Peter, laughing, and assuming a theatrical attitude; “an apothecary! make an apothecary of *me!* and cramp my genius over a pestle and mortar? No, mother; I will be a farmer, like my father before me.”

“Oh, ye ne’er-do-weel, as your maister ca’s ye!” said his mother, as she rose and left the room in a passion; “ye’ll be a play actor yet, an’ that will be baith seen an’ heard tell o’, an’ bring disgrace on us a’.”

Peter was, however, spell-bound to the vicinity of Foxlaw by stronger ties than an aversion to the college or a love for farming: he was about seventeen, when a Mr. Graham, with his wife and family, came and took up his residence in one of the respectable looking houses adjacent to the village. Mr. Graham had been a seafaring man; it was repeated the master of a small privateer; and in that capacity had acquired, as the villagers expressed it, “a sort of money.” He had a family of several children: but the eldest was a lovely girl called Ann, about the same age as Peter Paterson. Mr. Graham was fond of his gun, and so was Peter: they frequently met on the neighbouring moors, and an intimacy sprang up between them. The old sailor also began to love his young companion: for though a landsman, he had a bold, reckless spirit: he could row, reef, and steer, and swim like an amphibious animal: and though only a boy, he was acknowledged to be the only boxer, and the best leaper, runner, and wrestler in the country side: moreover, he could listen to a long yarn over a glass of old grog, toss on his heel-taps like a man; and these qualifications drawing the heart of the skipper toward him, he invited him to his house. But here a change

came over the spirit of reckless, roving Peter. He saw Ann; and an invisible hand seemed suddenly to strike him on the breast. His heart leaped to his throat. His eyes were riveted. He felt as if a flame passed over his face. Mr. Graham told his longest stories, and Peter sat like a simpleton: hearing every word, indeed, but not comprehending a single sentence. His entire soul was fixed on the fair being before him: every sense was swallowed up in a sight. Ringlets of a shining brown were parted over her fair brow; but Peter could not have told their colour; her soft blue eyes occasionally met his, but he noted not their hue. He beheld her lovely face, where the rose and the lily were blended; he saw the almost sculptured elegance of her form: yet it was neither on these, on the shining ringlets, nor the soft blue eyes, that his spirit dwelt, but on Ann Graham, their gentle possessor: he felt as he had never felt before, and he knew not wherefore.

Next day, and every day, found Peter at the house of Captain Graham: and often as love's own hour threw its grey mantle over the hills, he was to be seen wandering with the gentle Ann by his side, on the sea planks by the beach, and in the unfrequented paths. Again and again, when no eye saw them, and when no ear heard them, he had revealed the fulness of his heart before her! and in the rapture of the moment, sealed his truth upon her lips, while she, with affection too deep for words, would fling her arm across his shoulder, and hide her face on his breast to conceal the tear of joy and of love.

His parents looked upon Ann as their future daughter; and, with Peter, the course of "true love ran smooth." A farm had been taken in an adjoining parish, on which he was to enter at the following Whitsunday; and on taking possession of his farm, Ann Graham was to become his bride. Never did exile long more ardently for his native land, than did Peter Paterson for the coming Whitsunday; but, ere it came, the poetical truth was verified, that

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

Contiguous to the farm of Foxlaw, lay the estate of one Laird Horslie—a young gentleman but little known in the neighbourhood; for he had visited it but once, and that only for a few weeks since it came into his possession. All that was known of him was, that he wrote J. P. after his name—that he was

a hard landlord, and had the reputation of spending his rents faster than his factor could forward them to him. To him belonged the farm that had been taken for Peter; and it so happened that before the Whitsunday which was to make the latter happy arrived, the laird paid a second visit to his estate. At the kirk, on the Sunday, all eyes were fixed on the young laird. Captain Graham was one of his tenants, and occupied a pew immediately behind the square seat of the squire. But while all eyes were fixed upon Laird Horslie, he turned his back upon the minister and gazed and gazed again upon the lovely countenance of Ann Graham. All the congregation observed it. Ann blushed and hung her head; but the young squire, with the privilege of a man of property, gazed on unabashed. What was observed by all the rest of the congregation, was not unobserved by Peter. Many, with a questionable expression in their eyes, turned them from the Laird, and fixed them upon him. Peter observed this also, and his soul was wroth: his face glowed like a furnace; he stood up in his seat, and his teeth were clenched together: his fist was once or twice observed to be also clenched; and he continued scowling on the laird, wishing in his heart for ability to annihilate him with a glance.

Next day the squire called upon the old skipper, and he praised the beauty of Ann in her own presence, and in the presence of her parents. But there was nothing particular in this; for he called upon all his tenants, he chatted with them, tasted their bottle, paid compliments to their daughters, and declared that their sons did honour to

"Scotland's glorious peasantry."

Many began to say that the Laird was a "nice young gentleman"—that he had been "wickedly misca'd; and the factor "got the wyte o' a." His visits to Mr. Graham's cottage, however, were continued day after day; and his attentions to Ann became more and more marked. A keen sportsman himself, he was the implacable enemy of poachers, and had strictly prohibited shooting on his estate; but to the old skipper the privilege was granted of shooting when and where he pleased.—Instead, therefore, of seeing Peter Paterson and the old seaman in the fields together, it was no uncommon thing to meet the skipper and the squire. The affection of the former indeed had wonderfully cooled towards his intended son-in-law. Peter saw and felt this

—and the visits of the squire were wormwood to his spirit. If they did not make him jealous they rendered him impatient ; impetuous, miserable.

He was wandering alone upon the shore, at the hour which Hogg calls, "between the gloamin' and the mirk," in one of these impatient, impetuous, and unhappy moods, when he resolved not to live in a state of torture and anxiety until Whitesunday, but to have the sacred knot tied at once : having so determined, Peter turned towards Graham's cottage : he had not proceeded far when he observed a figure gliding before him on the footpath, leading from the village to the cottage. Darkness was gathering fast, but he at once recognised the form before him to be that of his own Ann. She was not a hundred yards before him, and he hastened forward to overtake her ; but, as the proverb has it, there is much between the cup and the lip.—A part of the footpath ran through a young plantation and this plantation Ann Graham was just entering, when observed by Peter : he had also entered the wood, when his progress was arrested for a moment by the sudden sound of voices. It was Ann's voice, and it reached his ear in tones of anger and reproach ; and these were tones so new to him as proceeding from one whom he regarded as all gentleness and love, that he stood involuntarily still. The words he could not distinguish ; but after halting for an instant, he pushed softly but hastily forward, and heard the voice of the young laird reply—

"A rose-bud in a fury, by the goddesses ! Nay, frown not, fairest," continued he, throwing his arm around her, and adding—

"What pity that so delicate a form
Should be devoted to the rude embrace
Of some indecent clown !"

Peter heard this, and muttered an oath or an ejaculation which we will not write.

"Sir," said Ann, indignantly, and struggling as she spoke, "if you have the fortune of a gentleman, have, at least, the decency of a man." "Nay, sweetest ; but you, having the beauty of an angel, have the heart of a woman." And he attempted to kiss her cheek.

"Laird Horslie !" shouted Peter, as if an earthquake had burst at the heels of the squire—"hands off ! I say, hands off !"

Now, Peter did not exactly suit the action to the word ; for while he yet exclaimed—"hands off !" he, with both hands, clutched the laird by the collar, and hurling him across

the path, caused him to roll like a ball against the foot of a tree.

"Fellow !" exclaimed Horslie, furiously, rising on his knees, and rubbing his sores—

"Fellow !" interrupted Peter—"confound ye, sir, dinna fellow me, or there'll be fellin' in the way. You can keep yer farm, and be hanged to ye : and let me tell ye, sir, if ye were ten thousand lairds, if ye dared to lay yer ill-fair'd lips on a sweet-heart o' mine, I wad twist yer neck about like a turnip-shaw ! Come awa, Annie, love," added he, tenderly, "and be thankfu' I cam in the way."

Before they entered the house, he had obtained her consent to their immediate union ; but the acquiescence of the old skipper was still wanting ; and when Peter made known his wishes to him ;

"Belay !" cried the old boy ; "not so fast, Master Peter ; a craft such as my girl, is worth a longer run, lad. Time enough to take her in tow, when you've a harbour to moor her in, Master Peter. There may be other cutters upon the coast, too, that will give you a race for her, and that have got what I call *shot* in their lockers. So you can take in a reef, my lad ; and if you don't like it, why, helm about, that's all."

"Captain Graham," said Peter, proudly and earnestly, "I both understand and feel your remarks ; and but for Ann's sake, I would resent them also. But, sir, you are a father ; an affectionate one ; dinna be a deluded one. By a side-wind, ye hae flung my poverty in my teeth ; but, sir, if I hae poverty, and Laird Horslie riches, I hae loved yer dochter as a man ; he seeks to destroy her like a villian."

"'Vast, Peter, 'vast !" cried the old man ; "mind I am Ann's father ; tell me what you mean ?"

"I mean, sir, that ye hae been hoodwinked," added the other ; "that ye hae been flung aff yer guard, and led to the precipice o' the deep dark sea o' destruction an' disgrace—that a villian has hovered round yer house like a hawk round a wood pigeon's nest, waiting an opportunity to destroy her peace for ever ! Sir, to use a phrase of yer ain, wad ye behold yer dochter driven a ruined wreck upon the world's bleak shore, the discarded property o' the lord o' the manor ? If ye doubt me as to the rascal's intentions, ask Ann."

"'Sdeath, Peter, man !" cried the old tar, "do ye say that the fellow has tried to make a marine of me ? that a lubber has got the weathergage of Bill Graham ? Call in Ann."

Ann entered the room where her father

and Peter sat. "Ann, love," said the old man, "I know you are a true girl; you know Squire Horslie, and you know he comes here for you; now, tell me at once, dear—I say, tell me what you think of him?"

"I think," replied she, bursting into tears; "I know he is a villain!"

"You know it," returned he; "blow me, have I harboured a shark! What! the salt water in my girl's eyes, too! If I thought he had whispered a word in your ear, but the thing that was honourable—hang me! I would warm the puppy's back with a round dozen with my own hand."

"You have to thank Peter," said she sobbing, "for rescuing me to-night from his unmanly rudeness."

"What! saved you from his rudeness!—you didn't tell me that, Peter; well, well, my lad, you have saved an old sailor from being drifted on a rock. There's my hand; forgive me; get Ann's, and God bless you!"

Within three weeks all was in readiness for the wedding. At Foxlaw old Betty was, as she said, up to the elbows in preparation, and Robin was almost as happy as his son: for Ann was loved by every one. It was Monday evening, and the wedding was to take place next day. Peter was too much of a sportsman, not to have game upon the table at his marriage feast: he took his gun, and went among the fields: he had traversed over the fifty acres of Foxlaw in vain, when, in an adjoining field, the property of his rival, he perceived a full grown hare holding his circuitous gambols. It was a noble looking animal. The temptation was irresistible: he took aim; and the next moment bounded over the low hedge: he was a dead shot; and he had taken up the prize, and was holding it, surveying it before him, when Mr. Horslie and his gamekeeper sprang upon him, and ere he was aware, their hands were on his breast. Angry words passed, and words rose to blows. Peter threw the hare over his shoulders, and left the squire and his gamekeeper to console each other on the ground: he returned home; and nothing said of his second adventure with Laird Horslie.

The wedding day dawned; and, though the village had no bells to ring, there were not wanting demonstrations of rejoicing; and as the marriage party passed through its little street to the manse, children shouted, women waved ribbons, and smiled, and every fowling-piece and pistol in the place sent forth a joyful noise; yea, the village Vulcan him-

self, as they passed his smithy, stood with a rod of red hot iron in his hand, and having his stithies ranged before him like a battery, and charged with powder, saluted them with a rustic but hearty *feu d'joie*. There was not a countenance but seemed to bless him: Peter was the very picture of manly joy;—Ann of modesty and love. They were within five yards of the manse, where the minister waited to pronounce over them the charmed and holy words, when Squire Horslie's gamekeeper and two constables intercepted the party. "You are our prisoner," said one of the latter, producing his warrant, and laying his hand upon Peter. Peter's cheek grew pale; he stood silent and motionless, as if palsy had smitten his very soul. Ann uttered a short, sudden scream of despair, and fell senseless at the feet of the "best man." Her cry of agony recalled the bridegroom to instant consciousness; he started round—he raised her in his arms, he held her to his bosom. "Ann! my ain Ann!" he cried; "look up: oh; look up, dear! It is me, Ann! ther canna, they daurna harm me."

Confusion and dismay took possession of the whole party. "What is the meaning of this, sirs?" said Robin Paterson, his voice half choked with agitation; "what has my son done, that ye choose sic an untimous hour to bring a warrant against him?"

"He has done, old boy, what will give him employment for seven years," said the gamekeeper, insolently. "Constables, do your duty."

"Sirs," said Robin, as they again attempted to lay hands upon his son, "I am sure he has been guilty o' nae crime; leave us noo, an', whatever be his offence, I, his faither, will be answerable for his forthcoming, the last penny in my possession."

"And I will be bail to the same amount, master constables," said the old skipper; "for, blow me, d'ye see, if there an't black work at the bottom o' this, and somebody shall hear about it, that's all."

Consciousness had returned to the fair bride. She threw her arms around Peter's neck—"They shall not—no, they shall not take you from me!" she exclaimed.

"No, no, dear," returned he; "dinna put yourself about."

The minister had come out of the manse, and offered to join the old men as security for Peter's appearance on the following day.

"To the devil with your bail! you are no justices, master constable," replied the inc-

orable gamekeeper? "seize him instantly."

"Slave!" cried Peter, raising his hand and grasping the other by the throat.

"Help! help, in the king's name!" shouted the provincial executors of the law, each seizing him by the arm.

"Be quiet, Peter, my man," said his father, clapping his shoulder, and a tear stole down his cheek as he spoke; "dinna mak bad worse."

"A rescue, by Harry! a rescue!" cried the old skipper.

"No, no," returned Peter: "no rescue: if it cam to that, I wad need nae assistance. Quit my arms, sirs, and I'll accompany ye in peace. Ann, love, fareweel the noo, an' Heaven bless you, dearest! but dinna greet, hinny: dinna greet!" And he pressed his lips to her: "help her, faither: help her," added he; "see her hame, and try to comfort her."

The old man placed his arm tenderly round her waist: she clung closer to her bridegroom's neck: and as they gently lifted up her hands, she uttered a heart-piercing, and, it seemed, a heart broken scream, that rang down the valley, like the wail of desolation: her head dropped upon her bosom. Peter hastily raised her hand to his lips, then turning to the myrmidons of the law, said sternly, "I am ready, sirs: lead me where you will."

I might describe to you the fears, the anguish, and the agony of Peter's mother, as, from the door of Foxlaw, she beheld the bridal party return to the village. "Bless me, are they back already! can oynthing hae happened the minister?" was her first exclamation: but she saw the villagers collecting around them in silent crowds: she beheld the women raising their hands, as if stricken with dismay: the joy that had greeted them a few minutes before was dead, and the very children seemed to follow in sorrow. "Oh, bairn!" said she to the serving maid, who stood beside her. "saw ye e'er the like o'you? Rin doun an' see what's happened: for my knoes are sinking under me." The next moment she beheld her husband and Captain Graham supporting the unwedded bride in their arms. They approached not to Foxlaw; but turned to the direction of the Captain's cottage. A dinness came over the mother's eyes—for a moment they sought her son, but found him not. "Gracious Heaven!" she cried, wringing her hands, "what's this come o'er us!" She rushed forward, the

valley, the village, and the joyless bridal party, floated round before her; her heart was sick with agony, and she fell with her face upon the earth.

The next day found Peter in Greenlaw jail. He had not only been detected in the act of poaching; but a violent assault, as it was termed, against one of His Majesty's Justices of the Peace, was proved against him; and, before his father or his friends could visit him, he was hurried to Leith, and placed on board a frigate about to sail from the Roads. He was made of sterner stuff than to sink beneath oppression; and, though his heart yearned for the mourning bride from whose arms he had been torn, and he found it hard to brook the imperious commands and even insolence of men "dressed in a little brief authority;" yet, as the awkwardness of a landsman began to wear away, and the tumult of his feelings to subside, his situation became less disagreeable; and, before twelve months had passed, Peter Paterson was a favorite with every one on board.

At the time we we speak of, some French privateers had annoyed the fishing smacks employed in carrying salmon from Scotland to London; and the frigate on board of which Peter had been sent, was cruising to and fro in quest of them. One beautiful summer evening, when the blue sea was smooth as a mirror, the winds seemed dead, and the very clouds slept motionless beneath the blue sky, the frigate lay becalmed in a sort of bay within two miles of the shore. Well was that shore known to Peter; he was familiar with the appearance of every rock: with the form of every hill: with the situation of every tree: with the name of every house and its inhabitants. It was the place of his birth; and, before him, the setting sun shed its evening rays upon his father's house, and upon the habitation of her whom he regarded as his wife. He leaned anxiously over the proud bulwarks of the vessel, gazing till his imprisoned soul seemed ready to burst from his body, and mingle with the objects it loved. The sun sank behind the hills: the big tears swelled in his eyes: indistinctness gathered over the shore: he wrung his hands in silence and in bitterness: he muttered in agony the name of his parents, and the name of her he loved: he felt himself a slave: he dashed his hand against his forehead; "O Heaven!" he exclaimed aloud, "thy curse upon mine enemy!"

"Paterson!" cried an officer, who had ob-

served him, and overheard his exclamation; "are you mad? See him below," continued he, addressing another seaman; "the fellow appears deranged."

"I am not mad, your honor," returned Peter, though his look and his late manner almost belied his words; and, briefly telling his story he begged permission to go on shore. The fugate, however, was considered as his prison and his place of punishment: when sent on board, he had been described as "a dangerous character;" his recent bitter prayer or imprecation went far in confirmation of that description: and his earnest request was refused.

Darkness silently stretched its dull curtain over earth and sea—still the wind slept as a cradled child, and the evening star, like a gem on the bosom of night, threw its pale light upon the land. Peter had again crept upon the deck; and while the tears yet glistened in his eyes, he gazed eagerly towards the shore, and on the star of hope and of love. It seemed like a lamp from heaven suspended over his father's house: the home of his heart, and of his childhood. He felt as though it at once invited him to the scene of his young affections, and lighted the way. For the first time, the gathering tears rolled down his cheeks. He bent his knees—he clasped his hand in silent prayer—one desperate resolution had taken possession of his soul; and the next moment he descended gently into the silent sea. He dived by the side of the vessel; and ascending at the distance of about twenty yards, strained every nerve for the shore.

It was about day-dawn, when Robin Paterson and his wife were aroused by the loud barking of their farm-dog; but the sound suddenly ceased, as if the watch-dog were familiar with the intruder; and a gentle tapping was heard at the window of the room where they slept.

"Wha's there?" inquired Betty.

"A friend, an old friend," was replied in a low and seemingly disguised voice.

But there was no disguising the voice of a lost son to a mother's ear.

"Robin! Robin!" she exclaimed, "it is *him*! Oh, it is *him*! Peter! my bairn!"

In an instant, the door flew open, and Peter Paterson stood on his parents' hearth, with their arms around his neck, while their tears were mingled together.

After a brief space wasted in hurried exclamations, inquiries, and tears of joy and

surprise, "Come hinnie," said the anxious mother, "let me get ye changed, for ye're wet through and through. Oh, come, my man, and we'll hear a' thing by and by, or ye'll get yer death o' cauld, for ye're droukit into the very skin. But, preserve us, bairn! ye hae neither a hat to yer head, nor a coat to yer back! O Peter, lunny, what is't; what's the matter? tell me what's the meaning o't."

"O mother, do not ask me! I have but a few minutes to stop. Faither, ye can understand me, I maun go back to the ship again; if I stay, they will be after me."

"O Peter! Peter, man!" exclaimed Robin, weeping as he spoke, and pressing his son's hand between his, "what's this o't! yes, yes, yer faither understands ye! But is it no possible to hide?"

"No, no, faither!" replied he: "dinna think o't."

"O bairn!" cried Betty, "what is't ye mean? Wad ye leave yer mother again? Oh! if ye kened what I've suffered for your sake, ye wadna speak o't."

"O mother!" exclaimed Peter, dashing his hand before his face, "this is worse than death! But I must! I must go back, or they would tear me from you. Yet before I do go I would see my poor Ann."

"Ye shall see her; see her presently," cried Betty, "and baith her and yer mother will gang down on oor knees to ye, Peter, if ye'll promise no to leave us."

"Haste ye, then, Betty," said Robin anxiously: "rin awa owre to Mr. Graham's as quick as ye can: for though ye no understand it, I see there's nae chance for poor Peter but to tak horse for it before the sun's up."

And hastily the weeping mother flew towards Mr. Graham's. Robin, in spite of the remonstrances of his son, went out to saddle a horse on which he might fly. The sun had not yet risen when Peter beheld his mother, his betrothed bride, and her father, hurrying towards Foxlaw: he rushed out to meet them—to press her he loved to his heart.

A loud huzza burst from a rising ground between them and the beach. The old skipper started round. He beheld a boat's crew of the frigate, with their pistols levelled towards himself, his unhappy daughter, and her hapless bridegroom!

"O Ann, woman!" exclaimed Peter, wildly, "this is terrible! it is mair than flesh and blood can stand!"

[Concluded in our next.]

BRIEF NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

THE CABINET OF LITERATURE, as now offered to the British American public, will be found to contain some of the richest productions of human genius.

“ WILSON'S BORDER TALES ” will be read by all, and especially by Britons, with that deep interest which simplicity of diction, combined with a profound knowledge of human nature, never fail to excite.

This work will be issued in monthly parts, in a cheap and commodious form, each number containing 32 closely printed pages. And no exertion shall be wanting on the part of the proprietors to secure to the public a cheap and valuable periodical—and to themselves a liberal patronage.

TERMS—Seven-pence half-penny, per No. (exclusive of postage) payable on delivery. A liberal discount made to responsible agents.

W. J. COATES'S PRINTING OFFICE,

(OPPOSITE THE COMMERCIAL BANK)

NO. 160, KING-STREET, TORONTO,

Where all kinds of BOOK and LETTER-PRESS PRINTING

will be executed with neatness and despatch,

on the most reasonable terms.