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CABINET OF LITERATURE.

COMMENCING WITH

WILSON'S BORDER TALES.

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BY S. HELON.

TORONTO:

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Corner of Church and Newgate Streets.

1839.

"That cannot 'be the daughter of a rude and ignorant smuggler," thought Augustus, "and how should such a creature be connected with them?" He noted the elegance of her form, and his imagination again began to dream. The mystery of his situation deepened around him, and he gazed anxiously on the thick and folded veil that concealed her features.

"Wilt thou amuse the poor gentleman with a song, love," said Harry, "for I fear he has but a dull time on't."

Fanny took the harp which stood in the corner—she touched the trembling chords—she commenced a Scottish melody; and, as Augustus listened to the music of her clear and silvery voice, blending with the tones of the instrument, it

"Came o'er the ear like the sweet south  
Breathing upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour."

It seemed the sweetest strain to which he had ever listened; and romance and mystery lent it their magic. His eyes kindled at the sounds—and when Harry saw the change that was produced on him, he was well pleased to observe it, and he was proud also of his daughter's performance, and, in the simplicity and fullness of his heart, he said—

"Thou mayest amuse the gentleman with thy music every day, child, or thou mayest read to him, to make him as comfortable as we can; only he must ask thee no questions, and thou must answer him none. But I can trust to thee."

From that moment, Augustus no longer wearied for the days of his captivity to pass away; and he retired to rest, or rather to dream of the veiled songstress, and to conjure up a thousand faces of youth and beauty which might be like her face—for he doubted not but her countenance was as lovely as her form was handsome; and he pictured lark eyes where the soul beamed, and the athen hair waved on the snowy temples, with the soft blue eyes where affection smiled, and the flaxen tresses were parted on the brow; but he knew not which might be like hers on whom his imagination dwelt.

Many days passed; and during a part of each, Fanny sat beside him to beguile his solitude. She read to him; they conversed together—and the words which fell from her

lips surprised and delighted him. She also taught him the use of the harp, and he was enabled to play a few tunes. He regarded her as a veiled angel, and his desire to look upon her features each day became more difficult to control. He argued, that it was impossible to love one whose face he had never seen—yet, when she was absent from his side, he was unhappy until her return; she had become the one idea of his thoughts—the spirit of his fancies; he watched her fair fingers as they glided on the harp—his hand shook when he touched them, and more than once he half raised it to untie the thick veil which hid her features from him.

But, while such feelings passed through his mind, others of a kindred character had crept into the bosom of Fanny, and she sighed when she thought that, in a few weeks, she would see him no more, that even her face he might not see, and that her name he must never know—and fears for her father's safety mingled with the feelings which the stranger had awakened in her bosom. She had beheld the anxiety that glowed in his dark eyes—she had listened to his impassioned words—she felt their influence; but duty forbade her to acknowledge that she felt it.

Eight weeks had passed—the wounds of Augustus had nearly healed—his health was restored, and his strength returned, and Harry said that, in another week, he might depart—but the announcement gave no joy to him to whom it was addressed. His confinement had been robbed of its solitariness, it had become as a dream in which he delighted, and he could have asked but permission to gaze upon the face of his companion to endure it for ever. About an hour after he received this intelligence, Fanny entered the apartment. He rose to meet her—he took her hand, and they sat down together. But her harp lay untouched—she spoke little—he thought she sighed, and he, too, was silent.

"Lady," said he, anxiously, still holding her hand in his, "I know not where I am, nor by whom I am surrounded—this only I know, that you, with an angel's care, have watched over me, that you have restored me to health, and rendered confinement more grateful than liberty; but, in a few days, we must part—part, perhaps, for ever—then, before I go, grant me but one request—let me look upon the face of her whose remembrance

will dwell in my heart as its dearest thought, while the pulse of life throbs within it."

"I must not—I dare not," said Fanny, and she paused and sighed—"tis not worth looking on," she added.

"Nay, dearest," continued he, "deny me not—it is a small request. Fear nothing—never shall danger fall upon any connected with you through me. I will swear then to you"——

"Swear not!" interrupted Fanny—"I dare not!—no!—no!" and she again sighed.

He pressed her hand more closely within his. A breathless silence followed, and a tear glistened in his eyes. Her bosom heaved—her countenance bespoke the struggle that warred in her breast.

"Do I look as one who would betray your friends—if they be your friends?" said he, with emotion.

"No," she faltered, and her head fell on her bosom.

He placed his hand across her shoulders—it touched the ribbon by which the deep folds of the veil were fastened over her head—it was the impulse of a moment—he unloosed it, the veil fell upon the floor, and the flaxen locks and the lovely features of Fanny Teasdale were revealed. Augustus started in admiration—for weeks he had conjured up phantoms of ideal beauty, but the fair face before him exceeded them all. She blushed—her countenance bespoke anxiety rather than anger—tears fell down her cheeks, and he kissed them away. He sat silently gazing on her features, drawing happiness from her eyes.

Again ten days had passed, and, during each of them, Fanny, in the absence of her father, sat unveiled by his side. Still he knew not her name, and, when he entreated her to pronounce it, she wept, and replied, "I dare not."

He had told her his. "Call me *your* Augustus," said he, "and tell me by what name I shall call *you*, my own. Come, dearest—do you doubt me still? Do you still think me capable of the part of an informer?"

But she wept the more, for she knew that to tell her name was to make known her father's also—to betray him, and to place his life in jeopardy. He urged her yet more earnestly, and he had sunk upon his knee, and

was pressing her hand to his lips, when Harry, in the disguise in which he had always seen him, entered the room. The smuggler started back.

"What!" cried he, sternly, "what hast thou done, girl?—shewn thy face and betrayed me?—and told thy name, and mine too, I suppose?"

"O no! no! dear father!" she exclaimed flinging her arms around him? "I have not, indeed I have not. Do not be angry with your Fanny."

"Fanny!" hastily exclaimed Augustus—"Fanny!"—bless thee for that word!"

"That thou mayest make it a clue to destroy her father!" replied the smuggler.

"No, sir," answered Augustus, proudly "but that I may treasure it up in my heart, as the name of one who is dearer to me than the life which thou hast preserved."

"Ay! ay!" replied Harry, "thou talkest like every hot headed youth; but it was an ungrateful return in thee, for preserving thy life, to destroy my peace. Get thee hence to the other room, Fanny, for thou'st been a silly girl."

She rose weeping, and withdrew.

"Now, Sir," continued Harry, "thou must remain nae langer under this roof. This very hour will I get a horse ready, and conduct thee to where ye can go to your friends or wherever ye like; and as ye were brought blindfolded here, ye maun consent to be taken blindfolded away."

"Nay, trust to my honour, Sir," said Augustus—"I am incapable of betraying you."

"I'm no sae sure about that," returned the smuggler, "and its best to be sure. I trusted to your honour that ye wad ask no questions while here—and how have you kept your honour? Na, lad, na!—what ye dinna see ye winna be able to swear to. So make ready." Thus saying, Harry left the apartment, locking the door behind him.

It was about an hour after nightfall, and within ten minutes the smuggler again entered the room. He carried a pistol in one hand, and a silk handkerchief in the other. He placed the pistol upon the table, and said—"I have no time to argue—allow me to bid thy eyes up, lest worse follow."

Augustus requested that he might see Fanny but for a few minutes, and he would comply without a murmur.

"No!" said Harry, sternly: "wouldst tamper with my child's heart, when her trusting in thee would place my life in thy power? Say no more—I won't hear thee," he continued, again raising the pistol in his hand.

Augustus, finding expostulation vain, submitted to have his eyes bound up—and as the smuggler was leading him from the house, the bitter sobs of Fanny reached his ear: he was almost tempted to burst from the grasp of his conductor and rush towards her; but, endeavoring to suppress the tumult of his feelings, he exclaimed aloud—

"Forget me not, dear Fanny!—we shall meet again."

"Never!" whispered Harry in his ear.

The smuggler's horse stood ready at the door. In a moment he sprang upon the saddle—(if saddle it could be called)—and taking Augustus by the hand, placed him behind him: and at a word spoken the well-trained animal started off, as though spurs had been dashed into its side. For several hours they galloped on, but in what direction Augustus knew not, nor wist he from whence he had been brought: at length the smuggler suddenly drew up his horse, and exclaimed—  
"Dismount!"

Augustus obeyed, but scarce had his feet touched the ground, when Harry, crying "Farewell," dashed away as an arrow shot from a bow—and before the other could unfasten the handkerchief with which his eyes were bound up, the horse and its rider were invisible.

It was drawing towards gray dawn, and he knew neither where he was nor in what direction to proceed: he remembered also that he was without money—but there was something heavy tied in a corner of the handkerchief, which he yet held in his hand: he examined it, and found ten guineas, wrapt in a scrap of paper, on which some words seemed to be written: he longed for day, that he might be enabled to read them, and as the light increased, he deciphered, written with a trembling hand—

"You may need money—think sometimes of me!"

"Heaven bless thee, my unknown Fanny!" cried he; "whoever thou art—never will I think of any but thee."

I need not tell about his discovering in what

part of the country the smuggler had left him—of his journey to his father's house in Devonshire, or his relation of what had befallen him; nor how he dwelt upon the remembrance of Fanny, and vainly endeavoured to trace where her residence was, or to discover what was her name beyond Fanny.

He was appointed to the command of a cutter, and four years passed from the period of the scenes that had been described, when, following in pursuit of a smuggling vessel, he again arrived upon the coast of Northumberland. Some of his crew, who had been on shore, brought him information that the vessel was delivering her cargo near Embleton, and ordering two boats to be manned, he instantly proceeded to the land. They came upon the smugglers—a scuffle ensued, and one of Captain Hartly's men was stabbed by his side with a clasp knife, and fell dead at his feet; and he wrenched the knife from the hand of the murderer, who, with his companions, effected his escape without being discovered.

But day had not yet broken when two constables knocked at the door of Harry Teasdale, and demanded admission. The servant-girl opened the door—they rushed into the house, and to the side of the bed where he slept. They grasped him by the shoulder, and exclaimed—

"You are our prisoner!"

"Your prisoner!" replied Harry, "for what, neighbours?"

"Weel dow ye know for what," was the answer.

Harry sprang upon the floor, and in the excitement of the moment, he raised his hand to strike the officers of the law.

"You are only making things worse," said one of them; and he submitted to have handcuffs placed upon his wrists.

Fanny sprang into the room, exclaiming—

"My father!—my father!" and flinging her arms around his neck—"Oh! what is it?—what is it?" she continued, breathless, and her voice choked with sobbing—"what do they say that you have done?"

"Nothing, love, nothing," said he, endeavoring to be calm—"it is some mistake, but some one shall answer for it."

His daughter's arms were forcibly torn from around his neck; and he was taken before a

neighbouring magistrate, by whom the deposition of Captain Hartly had been received. Harry was that morning committed to the county prison on a charge of murder. I shall neither attempt to describe his feelings, nor will I dwell upon the agony which was worse than death to his poor daughter. She knew her father innocent; but she knew not his accusers, nor the nature of the evidence which they would bring forward to prove him guilty of the crime which they imputed to him.

But the fearful day of trial came. Harry Teasdale was placed at the bar. The principal witness against him was Capt. Hartly. The colour came and went upon the prisoner's cheeks as his eye fell upon the face of his accuser. He seemed struggling with sudden emotion; and many who observed it, took it as a testimony of guilt: in his evidence Capt. Hartly deposed, that he and a part of his crew came upon the smugglers on the beach, while in the act of concealing their goods; that he and the seaman, who was murdered by his side, having attacked three of the smugglers, the tallest of the three, whom he believed to be the prisoner, with a knife, gave the mortal stab to the deceased—that he raised the weapon also against him, and that he only escaped the fate of his companion by striking down the arm of the smuggler, and wrenching the knife from his hand, who then escaped. He also stated, that, on examining the knife which was of great length he read the words, "Harry Teasdale," which were deeply burned into its bone handle, and which led to the apprehension of the prisoner. The knife was then produced in Court, and a murmur of horror ran through the multitude.

Other witnesses were examined, who proved, that, on the day of the murder, they had seen the knife in the hands of the prisoner; and the counsel for the prosecution, in remarking on the evidence, pronounced it to be

.. Confirmation strong as holy writ."

The judge inquired of the prisoner if he had anything to say, or ought to bring forward in his defence.

"I have only this to say, my lord," said Harry, firmly, "that I am as innocent of the crime laid to my charge as the child unborn. My poor daughter and my servant can prove that on the night when the deed was commit-

ted, I never was across my own door. And, added he, firmly, and in a louder tone, and pointing to Captain Hartly as he spoke, "I can only say, that he whose life I saved at the peril of my own, has through some mistake, endeavoured to take away mine; and his conscience will carry its punishment when he discovers his error."

Captain Hartly started to his feet—his cheeks became pale—he inquired in an eager tone, "have you seen me before?" The prisoner returned no answer; and at that moment the officer of the court called the name of "*Fanny Teasdale!*"

"Ha!" exclaimed the Captain, convulsively, and suddenly striking his hand upon his breast—"Is it so!"

The prisoner bowed his head and wept.—The Court were stricken with astonishment.

Fanny was led towards the witness-box, there was a buzz of admiration and of pity as she passed along. Captain Hartly beheld her; he clasped his hands together: "Gracious Heavens! my own Fanny!" he exclaimed aloud.

He sprang forward; he stood by her side her head fell on his bosom. "My lord! O my lord!" he cried, wildly addressing the judge, "I doubt; I disbelieve my own evidence! There must be some mistake. I cannot be the murderer of the man who saved me—of my Fanny's father!"

The most anxious excitement prevailed through the Court—every individual was moved; and on the bench faces were turned aside to conceal a tear.

The judge endeavoured to restore order.

The shock of meeting with Augustus, in such a place and in such an hour, though she knew not that he was her father's accuser, added to her agony, was too much for Fanny; and in a state of insensibility, she was carried out of the Court.

Harry's servant girl was examined; and although she swore, that on the night on which the murder was committed, he had not been out of his own house, yet, in her cross-examination, she admitted, that he frequently was out during the night without her knowledge, and that he *might* have been so on the night in question. Other witnesses were called, who spoke to the excellent character of the prisoner, and to his often-proved

courage and humanity, but they could not prove that he had not been engaged in the affray in which the murder had been committed.

Captain Hartly strove anxiously to undo the impression which his evidence had already produced; but it was too late.

The judge addressed the jury, and began to sum up the evidence: he remarked upon the knife with which the deed was perpetrated, being proved and acknowledged to be the property of the prisoner—of its being seen in his hand on the same day, and of his admitting the fact—on the resemblance of his figure to that of the individual who was seen to strike the blow, and on his inability to prove that he was not that individual: he was proceeding to notice the singular scene that had occurred, with regard to the principal witness and the prisoner, when a shout was heard from the court-door, and a gentleman, dressed as a clergyman, and pressed thro' the crowd, and reaching the side of the prisoner, he exclaimed—“My lord, and gentlemen of the jury, the prisoner, Henry Teasdale, is innocent!”

“Thank Heaven!” exclaimed Captain Hartly.

The spectators burst into a shout, which the judge instantly suppressed, and desired the clergyman to be sworn, and to produce his evidence. “We are here to give it,” said two others who had followed behind him.

The clergyman briefly stated, that he had been sent for on the previous evening to attend the deathbed of an individual whom he

named, and who had been wounded in the affray with Captain Hartly's crew, and that in his presence, and in the presence of the other witnesses who then stood by his side, a deposition had been taken down from his lips an hour before his death. The deposition, or confession, was handed into court; and it set forth, that his hand struck the fatal blow, and with Harry Teasdale's knife, which he had found lying upon the stern of his boat on the afternoon of the day on which the deed was committed; and farther, that Harry was not upon the beach that night.

The jury looked for a moment at each other—they instantly rose, and their foreman pronounced the prisoner, “Not Guilty!” A loud and spontaneous shout burst from the multitude. Captain Hartly sprang forward—he grasped his hand.

“I forgive thee, lad,” said Harry.

Hartly led him from the dock; he conducted him to Fanny, whom he had taken to an adjoining inn.

“Here is your father! he is safe! he is safe! my love!” cried Augustus, as he entered the room where she was.

Fanny wept on her father's bosom, and he kissed her brow, and said, “Bless thee.”

“And canst thou bless me, too,” said Augustus, “after all that I have done?” “Well, well, I see how it is to be,” said Harry; and he took their hands and placed them in each other. I need only add, that Fanny Teasdale became the happy wife of Augustus Hartly; and Harry, having acquired a competency, gave up the trade of a smuggler.

## THE GIPSY LOVER.

“Mary, my dear,” said Mrs. Blair, approaching her daughter's bedside early one morning, (it was the morning of the fair of Bucklyvie in Stirlingshire, formerly a very important one) “ye maun get up, and gang wi' yer brother to the fair the day. He's to sell the brown pony; and ye maun bring hame the siller, as he's gaun to Stirling after the fair, and winna be hame for a day or twa, and there's a bill to pay the morn.”

Delighted with the mission, Mary instantly arose and dressed herself; and when she had done so, broad Scotland could not have pro-

duced a more lovely or more captivating face and figure. Mary Blair was about nineteen years of age, and though not tall of stature, her form was perfect in its symmetry, while her countenance beamed with gentleness and love. Many were the suitors who sought to win her heart; but “there was ane, a secret ane,” who stood between them and her affections, and rendered all their efforts fruitless. But none knew who this one was; nor did any know even that her love was already disposed of. She durst not avow it; for the favoured lover was of a race with any of the

individuals of which it would have been reckoned foul disgrace to have held communion of any kind. This was not her opinion; but it was the opinion of the world, and she was so far compelled to bow to it as to keep close locked up in her heart the secret of her love.

Mary's mother, who was a widow, rented a small farm in Stirlingshire, and was in comparatively easy circumstances. She held the land on reasonable terms; and the judicious management of her only son, a fine young man of about five-and-twenty, enabled her to make the most of it, and to live, if not in affluence, at least in plenty.

On the occasion with which our story opens, Mary was mounted on the pony which it was intended should be sold; and, accompanied by her brother, who walked by her side, they set out for Bucklyvie at a suitable hour in the morning. The young maiden, who had never been at a fair before, was in high spirits at the prospect of being gratified by the sight of such a scene; every now and then playfully urging on her pony, in order to put her brother to his speed, and to laugh at his efforts to keep pace with her. This emulation soon brought them to their destination. On arriving at the scene of the fair, the unsophisticated girl was delighted with the joyous bustle and confusion which it exhibited: the shows, the music, the tents—every thing pleased her, because every thing was new to her; but above all was she pleased and flattered by the attention shewn her by the numerous acquaintances whom she met: these she encountered at every turn; and being a universal favourite, every one insisted on presenting her with a *favour*, until she was literally loaded with gifts of various kinds. Having remained in the crowd all the forenoon, and having seen all that was worth seeing, Mary was conducted by her brother to the house of a friend, where he left her until he should dispose of the pony, and return with the proceeds.

It was some time before he came back—and when he did, it was to say that he had sold the animal, but would not receive the price till towards the afternoon; and that his sister must, of necessity, wait till then. Mary was alarmed by the delay; for it would thus be dark before she could reach home, and her own fears, and her mother's last injunctions, warned her to be home with daylight. She

mentioned her uneasiness on this subject to her brother.

"But there's no help for it, Mary," was his reply, "and, besides, you have nothing to fear. Duncan McDonald will see you safe home."

On this proposal, Mary made no remark. To the escort of McDonald she made no objection to her brother, whom she knew to entertain a very different opinion of him from what she did: he was one of her numerous lovers, and, being in good circumstances, his addresses were favoured by her brother.—But Mary herself—over and above the reasons already assigned for her rejecting the suits of her numerous wooers, and of McDonald, amongst the rest—had an invincible aversion to him, on account of his coarse manner and fierce, irascible temper; but her gentleness rendering her unwilling to have any difference with her brother on this subject, she made no objection to his proposal of McDonald accompanying her.

In the course of the evening, Mary's brother again called, and handed over to her the price of the pony, which he had received; telling her, at the same time, that McDonald would call for her at eight o'clock. It was now about seven.

The hour appointed came, but McDonald came not with it. Another half hour passed away, and still he did not appear. Mary became restlessly and miserably impatient; her host, who was an intimate friend of hers, and her family, perceiving her unweariness, proposed to her to accept the convoy of E. nephew, (a young man of excellent character who lived in the immediate neighbourhood and to wait no longer on McDonald. With this proposal Mary thankfully closed, as she was anxious to get home; knowing that her mother would be in wretchedness till she returned. She was, besides, by no means displeased to escape the company of McDonald; her host's nephew was accordingly sent for and when he came, he, with great good will undertook to see her safely home. In a few minutes after, the two set out, and had proceeded for the distance of about a mile or so when they heard some one shouting behind them; and, turning round, they saw a man running towards them at his utmost speed: it was McDonald: he was the worse of liquor—considerably so—and in a state of furious excitement. On coming close up to Mary and



ner companion, the ruffian, without saying a word, instantly knocked the latter down with a bludgeon which he carried: he then seized Mary rudely by the arm, and was dragging her onwards, saying that he would see her home; but she resisted, and upbraiding him with the brutal act which he had just committed, refused to proceed with him.

"You won't go with me, then?" he said, fiercely confronting her.

"No, Duncan, I will not," replied Mary; "you have done a cruel and unmanly thing, and I will have no more of your company."

"So be it," said McDonald, turning on his heel; "but, Mary, if you do not dearly rue this yet"—saying which, he left her, and went off in the direction whence he had come.

On McDonald's departure, Mary ran towards her wounded companion—his head being severely cut—and kneeling down beside him, tenderly raised him, and asked if he was much hurt. The young man who had by this time recovered from the stunning effects of the blow, replied that he did not think he was, and instantly rose to his feet. At this instant two persons came up—a man and his wife. They lived within a mile of Mary's mother's, were decent people, and well known both to Mary and her companion. To these people she related what had occurred. The whole was then about to proceed on their way, when Mary insisted that her companion should return home, saying that he was now in perfectly safe hands. The young man for some time peremptorily refused to leave her; but, as she as peremptorily insisted that he should—for his face was streaming with blood, and he was otherwise greatly enfeebled by the severity of the blow he had received—he at length consented, and, bidding her good night, returned to Ucklyvie. Mary and her new escort now resumed their journey, and proceeded without any interruption until they arrived at a place called the 'Tinkers' Cove, when Mary proposed that they should there strike off the road, and take the short cut across the burn.

To this proposal her companions would by no means agree; alleging it to be unsafe to pass by the bivouac of the tinkers after nightfall—for we need hardly say that the place took its name from being a favourite resort of the gipsy race. We will not say that Mary

did not expect this objection on the part of her companions, far less shall we say that she did not hope for it at any rate. Mary, in truth, both expected and desired the refusal of her friends to take the "short cut" with her; and we need not say, therefore, that her disappointment on the occasion was but small.—Did she then insist on taking this "short cut" with her; and we need not say, therefore, that her disappointment on the occasion was but small. Did she then insist on taking this "short cut" alone? She did—and there was a reason for it.

Shortly after parting with her companions—for here she did part with them—she came on the encampment of the gipsies, as it lay directly in her route. It was situated in a sheltered and compact hollow, of which one side was formed by a wall of living rock. At the moment of her approach, the tinkers' fire was blazing brightly; and before it were seated two persons, father and son. The former was the principal or chief of the gang who just now occupied the Tinkers' Cove; none of whom, however, were present at this moment, excepting the two spoken of. His name was Wilson; and, notwithstanding his profession and mode of life, which might be supposed to have imparted an equivocal, if not absolutely unamiable expression to his countenance and manner, his appearance was venerable in a high degree, and the tones of his voice at once mild and cheerful. He was, in truth, a kind-hearted old man, and one who would wrong no one: his son, again, was a handsome young lad, of about three-and-twenty, and though born and bred a gipsy, possessed but little, either in habit or disposition, in common with the race from which he sprung: his manners were gentle; his spirit generous and elevated; and his affections warm and sincere. Young Wilson, in short, did not move in the sphere for which nature had designed him. Gipsy as he was, however, he was Mary's favoured lover. The secret is out, good reader—George Wilson, the tinker, was the chosen, over all others, of Mary Blair. Often had they sported together, when they were children, on the banks of the burn—for Geordie had come with his father and his party to the glen with the cuckoo and the green leaf for fifteen summers; and the thoughts of him, when absent, was the sunshine of Mary's soul. On her approach, on the occasion of which we have been speaking, old Wilson

arose, and, taking her kindly by the hand, said, with some surprise at her appearance at that late hour in so lonely a place—

“Whereaway noo, Mary, my dear? What in a’ the world has brocht you this way at this time o’ nicht?”

Mary, blushing as she spoke, informed him of her case; but said nothing of the motive which had directed her route by the Tinker’s Cove. It could hardly be expected that she should. There was one present, however, who guessed it, as might have been conjectured by his sparkling eye and the blush that overspread his fine expressive countenance.

“Then, Geordie” said the old man, addressing his son, “ye’ll see Mary safely owre the burn—and mind the crossin, for it’s an ugly place in the dark.”

We need not say how joyfully young Wilson acceded to his father’s proposal, nor need we say with what satisfaction Mary Blair concurred in it.

In a few minutes after, Mary and her gipsy lover set off, and, in somewhere about a quarter of an hour, arrived at the “crossin” to which the old man had so specially alluded. And it was not without reason that he had made such allusion, for the place was, indeed, rather a dangerous one in the dark—and it was so at this moment. The burn, at the particular spot alluded to, was crossed by two felled trees, stripped of their branches and laid parallel from side to side. The depth below was considerable—somewhere, perhaps, about twenty feet; and it was not the less formidable, probably, that it was almost dry, being covered at bottom with large stones and fragments of rock, instead of water.

On the side of the burn opposite that on which Mary and her lover approached it on the occasion of which we are speaking, the bank rose with great abruptness to a considerable height, and up this acclivity wound the steep, narrow path which conducted to and from the rude bridge already described. On reaching this, George took Mary by the hand, and having, with great care and tenderness, conducted her safely to the opposite side, he bade her good night, as she had now only to ascend the path alluded to, and to proceed a few hundred yards afterwarde, to reach her mother’s house.

On parting with Mary, George recrossed

the burn, and was bounding away on his return to the bivouac of his friends, when his progress was suddenly and fearfully arrested by a piercing shriek, which was instantly followed by a heavy fall, as if some one precipitated into the hollow of the burn. Frank with horror—for he had no doubt it was Mary who had fallen—he flew wildly back to the bridge, looked down into the abyss beneath and found his worst fears confirmed. Then, in the bottom of the ravine, amongst the stones and rocks, lay the form of his beloved Mary. Distracted with the horrifying sight, young Wilson was in an instant by the side of the unfortunate girl, and in the next her head was resting on his knee, and her face bedewed with his tears. But Mary was insensible to the sympathies of her lover. A consciousness had fled: her injuries were the most serious kind. In his distraction and helplessness, young Wilson called out in assistance; and his cries, though by mere chance, were heard. One of his own party, a young man about his own age, and who, moreover, happened to be provided with a lighted lantern, being at the moment in search of a stray pony, was within hearing: he flew to the spot, and was quickly by the side of his friend. With the assistance of this person the unfortunate girl, who was still insensible, was carried up to the level ground above.

“But how could she have fallen?” said young Wilson’s companion, after being told by the latter that he had seen her safe across the bridge. “It’s not so very dark, and I’m sure she knew the path well. I can understand how she should have lost her footing on the path.”

“Nor I either,” replied Wilson, with mingled air of wildness and thoughtfulness. “Nor I either—nor I either,” he repeated with fierce energy. Then, gazing steadily but silently in the face of his friend for a moment—his countenance, meanwhile, expressive of some violent internal workings—burst out loudly with—“I have it! I have Sandy!” which was the name of his associate: “Mary’s been murdered, she has been thrown down, and that villain McDonald has done it! I saw him pass about half an hour since; and just as I was parting with Mary I heard a rustling amongst the branches above us. It must have been he. Oh, but I will have sweet revenge! Dearly shall the villain rue this.” And, without saying

more, he bounded alongst the bridge, ascended the path on the opposite side with the speed of a chamois, and there, hidden amongst the brushwood, did indeed find McDonald, who, by the fatality which so frequently attends the commission of crime, still lingered on the scene of his guilt, although he might have escaped, at least for the time. But it is supposed that he had desired to return by the way which he had come; and that he was waiting for the disappearance of young Wilson, whose position at the bridge prevented him.

Be this as it may, in the place described the latter found him, when, springing on him with the ferocity of a tiger, he accused him of throwing Mary from the height: the ruffian in his drunkenness admitted the fact, with some confused qualification about a want of intention to injure her.

"Unintentionally or not, ruffian, you have murdered her, and dearly shall you pay for it!" shouted Wilson, fiercely; and in the next instant he dashed him to the earth, for young Wilson was an uncommonly powerful man, and seizing him by the throat, would have strangled him on the spot. But another thought suddenly struck him: he loosened his hold, and seizing McDonald (who was now almost wholly incapable of resistance, from the process of suffocation) he had underdone) by one of his legs, he dragged him down the path to the bridge. On arriving

there with him, Wilson called out, in a voice hoarse with agitation and excitement, to his friend to bring him the cord which he carried—it was to halter the pony of which the latter had been in quest: the cord was brought. Wilson, quick as thought, took a turn of it round the logs which formed the bridge, made a running noose at the other end, forced the latter over the head of his miserable victim, and precipitated him from the bridge, exhibited him suspended from it by the neck, and almost immediately over the identical spot where Mary had fallen.

The whole was the work of but a very few minutes. When the tragedy was completed, Wilson and his friend carried Mary home. She was still breathing, but still insensible. On the following morning she expired; but long ere this the fire at the gipsy encampment at the Tinkers' Cove was quenched, their canvass tents struck, and the inhabitants of those tents many miles away; and neither the cuckoo nor the green leaf ever again brought George Wilson or any of his party back to the verdant holms of Gartnavaran.

When the morning sun arose, it shone on the lifeless body of McDonald, still suspended in the air; and great was the horror of the neighbourhood at the dreadful spectacle; but when the truth became to be known, all allowed that it was a just and well-merited retribution.

## PROOF POSITIVE.

The families of John Brown and Thomas Moffat were near and dear neighbours.— They had been so for many years. John was master wright in the village of — in the best country; and though in but a small and homely way of business, had contrived to scrape together several hundred pounds. He was thus a *betn* body, and was, moreover, a decent, honest man. Thomas, again, was an equally respectable sort of a person; but he was not so well to do in the world as John: he had quite enough to live upon, and to live comfortably; but nothing more: there was not a penny over. Thomas was a weaver and owned a four-loom shop.

*Wives* of these two worthies, but are not quite sure if this be perfectly correct; for neither of them had any children, nor any other relative living with them. Their households consisted only of themselves and their better halves, namely, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Moffat, two decent, well-doing women. These two good matrons lived on the same friendly footing as their husbands; and the situations of their respective houses enabled them to cultivate this amiable understanding to the utmost, and to enjoy each other's society to the full. The access to their respective domiciles was by the same passage, an interior one; and their outer doors directly confronted each other. Thus pleasantly and commodiously situated, there was a constant inter-

We have spoken at the outset of the *fam-*

change of visits between them. In truth, each was to be found in the house of her neighbour almost as often as in her own. It was a pleasant thing to see this neighbourly and Christian love.

We have said that neither John Brown nor Thomas Moffat had any children; neither had they, although both had been married for a good many years. To the former this circumstance, namely, the having no offspring, was a source of great regret: he would have given the world to have had a little Brown to dandle on his knee, to be the stay of his house and the inheritor of his possessions. It was a very natural feeling for a man who had something to leave.

On this score, Mr. Moffat had some sensations too, occasionally; but they were not altogether so strong as those of his friend, John Brown; for he had no possessions to transmit to his posterity: yet he did often wish that he had an heir, if not to his fortunes, at least to his virtues. A little Moffat would have been very acceptable to him: he would have made him, he often thought, one of the best weavers in the county. In all these longings after this particular blessing, the worthy spouses of these worthy men fully participated. But it was to no purpose; it was a thing, apparently, not destined to be. Yet they were all near the fruition; we cannot say of their hopes, for they had long ceased to have any hopes on this subject, but of their desires; for lo! unto each was a male child born; and, singular enough, almost at the same moment of time. But we must go a little into detail on this particular: it is necessary to our story; in fact, would be no story at all unless we did so.

Well, then, on a certain evening, just about ten of the clock, both Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Moffat severally contributed an instalment of their debt to the state, in the shape of a thumping boy. The same professional lady attended on both. This worthy person being of opinion that Mrs. Brown's kitchen was the more comfortable and warm of the two; that is, that it was more so than Mrs. Moffat's; and knowing the intimacy that subsisted between the latter and her neighbour, did not hesitate to run with Mrs. Moffat's infant, the instant it was born, into the said kitchen, for the reason already assigned. The little squaller of Mrs. Brown had been brought there also just a second before. Here the

infants were hurriedly consigned, by the midwife, to the care of two good neighbours, who had volunteered their services on the occasion, while she herself hastened to bestow the necessary attention on their mothers.

The two worthy matrons on whom the charge was devolved of fitting the youngsters to make a creditable first appearance on the stage of life, were not wanting in their duty. They hustled about most actively—soused the little fellows in a tub of warm water—screamed, splashed, laughed, and scuttled away with the greatest delight and good-will imaginable, and finally ended by decking or the little strangers in their first finery. By these two good women both laughed and screamed a great deal more than was necessary. There was an unnatural elevation in their joy. They, in short, exhibited most unequivocal symptoms of having partaken a little too largely in the hospitalities of the occasion. They had evidently taken a superfluous cup; but it was excusable under the circumstances—the more especially that it did not hinder them doing every justice to their precious charges, in the way of tending and dressing them. This latter operation they had just completed, when in bounced the happy, the delighted John Brown: he had been abroad when the joyous event above related had taken place; he had just been informed of it. In he bounced then, we saw with a face radiant with joy, and demanded to see his young representative.

"Here it is, Mr. Brown!" shouted *both* the women; each at the same time thrusting to him her own particular charge.

"What!" exclaimed John in amazement—"two o' them! Are they baith mine?"

"No, no—just ane o' them; and *this is it*, and *this is it*," screamed again *both* the women, and each still pressing on him the infant she carried. The fact was, that, being somewhat oblivious, from the cause already hinted at, neither of them knew whose child it was she had; whether Brown's or Moffat's; and, to increase the perplexity of the case, the infants were as like as two peas.

"Mrs. Rhind, I believe ye've lost yer reason," said one of the women, addressing the other indignantly; "do ye no mind it was Mr. Brown's wean that was gien to me?"

"No, indeed, I do not," replied the person appealed to, with at least equal confidence.

and fully more resentment; "but I mind weel aneuch it was Mrs. Moffat's, and ye ought to be ashamed o'ysel to say anything else. Mr. Brown's wean was gien to me, and that I'll uphaud till the day o' my death."

We leave the reader to judge of poor Johnny Brown's feelings during this extraordinary altercation: he will readily believe they could not be very pleasant. It was, in truth, a most strange and most distressing predicament; and Johnny felt it to be so.—Entertaining, however, a pretty sanguine hope that the midwife would be able to clear up the mystery, Johnny, who, in the meantime, stoutly refused to accept of either of the children, desired her to be instantly sent for. When she came, Johnny asked her if she would be good enough to tell him which of these children was his; but, before she could make any reply—

"Didna ye gie't to me?" "Didna ye gie't to me?" screamingly interposed the two nurses.

"Hold your tongues, will ye," exclaimed John, angrily, "and let me get my wean oot o'yer hands, if it be possible." Then, more calmly, "Can ye tell me, Mrs. Somerville, whilk o' thae bairns is mine? It's a queer business this," he added, with a dismal expression of countenance. But John's query, even in the case of Mrs. Somerville, was one more easily put than answered. The conflicting appeals of the two assistants had sadly shaken her confidence, at no time very strong, in her ability to decide the point; and, to John's great horror, she too looked a little perplexed, and candidly confessed "that she really couldna just preceesely tell; that she was sae hurried at the time, and sae muckle taen up wi' their mithers," &c. &c. In short, it appeared she could give no information whatever on the subject; for, be it observed, she, too, honest woman, was a trifle confused with the various "wish-ye-joys" and "good-lucks" which she had drunk during the evening.

In the mean time, a violent altercation was going on between the two nurses, on the great question at issue. In this the midwife, who had finally fastened on one of the children as being, she was certain, Mr. Brown's, gradually joined, and there was every appearance of a general engagement taking place, when M. Moffat presented himself, and, not know-

ing the untoward state of matters, demanded a sight of his son and heir. But there was no such a thing for him; no child was offered to Mr. Moffat; the lot was reserved for Mr. Brown, to whom, it was still insisted, it belonged, entire as it stood.

"Is there name o' them mine?" said Mr. Moffat, in amazement, after he had once or twice asked in vain which of the two children were his.

His friend, Mr. Brown, answered the query, by telling him how matters stood. Mr. Moffat, who was a singularly good natured man, and withal a bit of a wag, was tickled with the oddness of the circumstance, and proposed that each should take a child upon chance, and leave it to the development of their features at a future period, to discover their identity through the medium of family likeness. Mr. Brown, who it will be recollected, had considerable property, did not by any means relish the idea of the possibility of leaving his money to the child of another, while it was beyond all doubt he had one of his own; yet, as matters stood, this was an exceedingly probable contingency. With regard to development of feature, that was but a vague and uncertain issue, and not at all to be depended on. Mr. Brown felt all this; and feeling all this, he at first peremptorily and sulkily refused to accede to Mr. Moffat's proposal, but insisted on having his own child and no other. All quite right and perfectly natural this of Mr. Brown; but how was it to be done? It was evident, as we have already said quite enough to shew, that neither midwife nor nurses could possibly tell which was which of the children; and further inquiry, in place of tending to clear matters up, only made them worse, by discovering that the children, during the operations of washing and dressing by their nurses, had changed hands a dozen times; so that all trace of their respective organs was thus completely lost. The confusion, in fact, was irretrievable. It was long, however, before the distressed Mr. Brown could be induced to consider the case as hopeless. He ran despairingly with the children, backwards and forwards, between the two mothers, to see, as nothing else would do, if natural instinct would discover the lawful owners of the living property, and help him to separate the claimants on his paternity. But in vain. Mere instinct, it appeared, could not do this, and the mothers,

till he himself produced them, had never seen their offspring, so that neither could they identify them by recollection.

The case, therefore, was perfectly hopeless; and John Brown at length, tho' reluctantly, acknowledged that it was so. In this frame of mind, he listened more patiently to a repetition of the proposal which his less concerned friend, Mr. Moffat, had formerly made to him. To this proposal the latter now added that, in trusting to the future development of the children's features for settling the point at issue, there was one feature on which he relied more than all the rest. This was the nose. And truly Mr. Moffat had good grounds for the remark; for his friend Mr. Brown's nose was one of the very largest dimensions. It was in truth, a magnificent article—a huge, veined proboscis, built elaborately after the regular Roman. It could instantly have been recognized by any one who had ever seen it, even once amongst ten thousand noses. There was no mistaking it, under whatever circumstances it might appear. Now, Mr. Moffat's nose, again, was after a very different model. It was a little, cocked-up snout—very little, and very much cocked—so much so as always to tempt you, when you saw it, to hang your hat upon it. Here, then, was an admirable sign—marked, distinctive, striking, and palpable—by which to ascertain the respective paternities of the infants, when they should have grown up a little; for it was presumed that, if Nature formed them in any way at all after the fashion of their papas, she would especially recollect the nose. *There*, it was thought, there would surely be a semblance, if in nothing else. The matter being finally placed on this footing, it was agreed that the children should be appropriated by a decision directed by hazard. It was accordingly so done—the way being as follows:—

One of the women present retired into an adjoining closet. She having done this, another placed her hand on one of the unconscious babes, and called out—

“Wha's wean is this?”

The reply from the person in the closet—and who, of course, did not know which of the children was indicated—was that of “Mr. Brown's.”

This settled the affair; the remaining child being, of course, Moffat's. Each now took

possession of the infant which chance had in this strange manner, thrown upon his hands; after which—all present having been previously enjoined secrecy in the affair, as it was one so very ridiculous—Moffat retired to his own house, with his share of the booty, leaving his neighbour, Brown, to find what satisfaction he might in his.

For a long while after this, the secrecy imposed on those who were privy to the odd incident just recorded was very faithfully kept—as a feeling of shame of their own conduct made them do so; and no one but those immediately concerned knew anything at all about it. But much did the neighbourhood marvel, as the children grew up, at the strange resemblance which Mr. Moffat's son began to bear to Deacon Brown, (we forgive to say before that he *was* a deacon) and *vice versa*, the very astounding likeness which the countenance of young Brown commenced exhibiting to that of Thomas Moffat. Every body was struck with these cross-purposes of simulation, and everybody wondered how, in all the world, they happened. They could not explain it; but we can, and so could the reader, we dare say; for he will, we have no doubt, at once conjecture that the chance which directed the destinations of the children, as already described, had quartered each on the wrong papa—that, in short, Johnny Brown had got his neighbour's son and heir, and that his neighbour had got his. Such, in truth, was the fact—a fact now appearing more and more manifest every day and leaving no doubt whatever that a decidedly wrong move had been made in the destinies of little Tommy Moffat, who should have been little Johnny Brown, with the certain prospect of inheriting, at his father's death, some six or eight hundred pounds whereas he was now likely to succeed only to a few crazy weaving looms. Perhaps however, his actual father, resorting to the understood condition on which the children were appropriated, would have remedied this by recognizing his own nose on the countenance of the boy, and leaving him, after all his successor. Perhaps, we say, he would have done this—nay, it is very probable he would; but in the meantime the good Deacon died, without having said or done any single thing to impugn the claims of the little pugnosed urchin who passed as his son, to be his heir; and it will readily be believed that

Mossat, who felt a suspicion, amounting to almost a conviction, that the saddle was on the wrong horse, said as little. He naturally wished his son well. The misfortune, therefore, of him who should have been Johnny Brown, junior, was apparently now without remedy. He must be content with the four-loom shop, instead of the eight hundred pounds. It was a hard case.

In the meantime, Tommy the Misnamed's nose grew apace, and carried, in its length and breadth, undeniable warranty of his lineage. But of what avail to him were its noble proportions? They developed themselves in vain. In vain the bridge rose with a curve like a leather cutter's knife—in vain the ample nostrils distended—in vain, in short, did nature now labour at that important feature on Tommy's face. It was toil and material quite thrown away. There had been a time when it might have done him good service; but not now. The nose of the unwitting usurper of his rights also got on, too, in the meantime, and equally faithful to its prototype, began to take a decided direction upwards. It first shot straight out, and then took the heavenward bend with a graceful curl; and was thus as distinct and undeniable a testimony to its originator as Tommy's was to his.

Thus, however, time passed on, and the boys both grew up; but as they did so, the mistake with regard to their allotment at their birth became so palpable to those concerned in that affair—we mean the midwife and her two assistants—and their consciences smote them, and urged them so strongly with a sense of the injustice to which their attention had exposed the son of the departed Deacon, that they resolved to keep the secret no longer, but to give him a hint of the affair. This was accordingly done. The young man was greatly surprised at the story, and said, to those who gave him the information, he had often, indeed, been told of his strong resemblance to Deacon Brown, but had never been aware or had suspected that there was such good reason for it.

Losing no time in communicating to his

friends the history of his real paternity, of which he had thus so unexpectedly obtained possession, he was advised by them all to try what the law could do for him in reinstating him in his own; each adding, that they had no doubt his nose alone would insure him success.

Encouraged by these assurances, the young man did finally determine on bringing the question and his nose together into a judicial court. He, in short, resolved, mainly on the strength of this organ, in which he was over and over again told he might have every confidence, to have his identity decided by the laws of his country, and of course his claims along with it: the opposite party, he of the cock nose, naturally resisted this attempt to oust him; and the consequence was, that the matter did actually go into court. It was a new and curious case: the midwife and her assistants swore to the facts of the disputed identity of the infants at their birth, and to the mode finally adopted of adjusting it; adding their firm belief that an erroneous distinction had been made. All the other witnesses for the plaintiff swore to his nose, stating it to be an exact copy of the late Deacon's very remarkable proboscis: the learned counsel for the plaintiff expatiated on his client's nose, and pressed it, in an eloquent and energetic speech, on the notice of the judge and jury; *wiping*, at the same time, the cocked-up stump of the defendant with successful irony: the judge, in summing up, dwelt on the plaintiff's nose, calling on the jury to observe that it was an important and prominent feature in the case; and, finally, the jury found the nose, collaterally supported as it was by other circumstances, as a good and sufficient ground for finding a verdict in favour of the plaintiff which they accordingly did, when the latter and his nose left the court in great triumph, amidst the acclamations of a crowd of sympathising friends.

Young Brown was in due time served heir to his father, and succeeded to possessions amounting altogether, in money and property, to somewhere about a thousand pounds; which sum he always afterwards maintained was the value of his nose.

## THE MISTAKE.

"O Tam, Tam! ye'll break my heart, and that'll be seen ere lang," was the exclamation of a pretty girl, the "servant lass" of a certain worthy minister whose manse was not at the distance of a hundred miles from Edinburgh. "Ye'll break my heart," she repeated, at the same time stooping down to lift some clothes which were spread out to bleach or dry on a small circular spot of grass in the middle of the garden behind the house. The reader will, of course, imagine that such expressions as these, uttered, as they were, with a long-drawn sigh by a young and good-looking girl could have reference only to some affair of the heart; and that the "Tam" thus pathetically and tenderly apostrophized, must be the favoured swain, albeit he seemed to be somewhat cruel in his love. We say the reader will naturally infer all this; and reluctant are we to spoil so pretty a little piece of sentiment; but it must be done, if we would speak truth, and truth we will speak at all hazards. This adherence to veracity, then, compels us to say that Lizzy Lumsden's apostrophe was addressed, not to a lover, but to a goat—yes, to a goat—a pet goat of the minister's, which had found its way into the garden, and had left its foot prints on the snow white linen which Lizzy had been labouring to purify; and it was the discovery of these "marks of the beast," whose name, by the way, was Tom, that had elicited the explanation with which our story opens. But great events oft spring from trivial things; and the incident we are about to record is another striking proof of the fact. We must, however, begin at the beginning. Be it known to the reader, then, that Lizzy Lumsden had been wooed, and was at this time fairly won, by a loving swain of the name of John Stobie. John was the "minister's man;" a decent fellow, and particularly useful to a gentleman of limited income, as he could turn his hand to any thing, and was very tolerably successful in every thing he attempted. In fact, John was invaluable. Now, John loved Lizzy with a sincere affection; and perhaps it was but a proof of this, that he was not a little jealous. Lizzy, as we have hinted, was a fresh, blooming country lass, and withal lively and sportive—a disposition in which she sometimes indulged at the expense of John's equanimity; for she certainly was wicked enough sometimes to take a delight in

teasing him. Add to this, that half the lads in the country were running after her, and it will be allowed that John was not without reasonable grounds of uneasiness in the matter of his affections. But of all those who sought to find favour in her eyes, there was not one whom he so thoroughly dreaded and detested as a certain Thomas Dowie, a jobber at country work, whom the minister had employed in delving and trenching the glebe. He strongly suspected this person of an underhand attempt to supplant him in the good graces of Lizzy. And perhaps he had some reason; for Tom was a good looking lad, and he had often seen him, or thought he had seen him; which is quite the same thing to persons in love; playing the agreeable to be amused: this he would at the time have resented; but he was not altogether so blinded by his jealousy as not to see that his grounds of quarrel were not sufficiently good to warrant his interference. He therefore contented himself with "nursing his wrath to keep warm," and with maintaining a sharp look out on the movements of his supposed rival Tam Dowie. Now, it behoves us, in justice to the said Thomas Dowie, to say that the suspicions of John Stobie were wholly unfounded, and that he had never, in words or deed, tampered with the fidelity of Lizzy Lumsden, or made the slightest attempt to divert her affections from that very irritable and jealous person. It is true Thomas thought her a very pretty girl, and in every respect a very nice creature; but he had never aspired to her love—never thought of it—for he knew the footing on which she and his neighbor John, stood, and that there was every probability of its being a marriage, and that very soon.

Having mentioned these particulars, we recur to the incident with which we commenced. It happened, on that occasion, and at that particular moment—that is, the particular moment when Lizzy expressed her affection in the way set forth at the outset—that John Stobie was at work delving a piece of ground on the outside of the garden wall on one side, and that Thomas Dowie was employed in digging a trench on the outside of the wall on the other side. All three were thus within a few yards of each other, in a straight line, although unaware of their vicinity, in consequence of the intervening walls, which hid them from each other. It was besides near



dark, rendering objects, at even a very short distance, indistinct. Thus situated, it will not appear surprising that Lizzy's apostrophe to "Tam" should have been distinctly heard both by Stobie and Dowie. They did hear it, and neither thinking at the moment of the goat, great was the sensation which it created in their minds; but as different was it as it was great. John instantly paused in his work, even while his spade was half buried in the soil, and grew as pale as death. His lips quivered, his head grew giddy. Oh who shall describe the agony of that dreadful moment, when he heard the faithless Lizzy, forgetful of her vows and promises, declare a secret passion for another, and that other—oh, unendurable thought!—Tam Dowie! the very man above all others who he feared and hated! The idea was maddening. He felt his blood boiling and whirling in his veins. It was lucky he had made the discovery in time—thus philosophically reasoned John Stobie with himself—just in time to save himself from an unhappy connection. "Nae hanks, however, to Tam Dowie for that. It wasna his fault that he wasna made miserable for life; and it *was* his fault that he was now suffering what he suffered." It was to him he was indebted for the annihilation of his dearest hopes. It was to him, and him alone, he owed the blight which had thus suddenly come over his happiness: the transition from disappointment to revenge was an easy and a natural one; and John, on the instant, determined to balance his account with his successful rival by the aid of the latter. Clenching his teeth together, in a paroxysm of rage—

"Confound me," he muttered to himself, "if dinna gie the villain his kail through the neck for this! I'll draw him owre the whins, my name's no John Stobie. I'll lay him in the breadth o' his back for ae month at my rate, if there's a stick in a' the parish 'll it."

So saying, John, who resolved that his vengeance should be as prompt and summary as severe, grasped a stout piece of paling that happened to be within his reach, and hurried away to a certain spot, which he knew his proposed rival must pass on his way home; and here lying perdu, he resolved to await his coming; and when he should come, to assail him with a taste of his paling.

To return to the intended but unconscious

victim of John's vengeance. We have said that Lizzy's unguarded apostrophe had been productive of very different effects on the feelings of these two worthies. Tam it raised to the third heaven—his face became suffused with a glow of delight, and his teeth were laid bare with the broad grin of satisfaction, by which the joy of his heart was expressed. He was, in truth, thrown into raptures by the tender admission of the fair maiden, which had just fallen on his entranced ear. It was more than he had ever dared to hope for, and little had he been aware of the deep impression which his charms had made on the susceptible bosom of Lizzy Lumsden. He had never dreamt of it till this moment: But now—oh, happiness inexpressible! he found he had been mistaken, and that he himself was, after all, the darling, though secret object of Lizzy's affections. Tom felt indeed, some qualms at the idea of interfering with John Stobie's claims in the matter. But was this consideration sufficient to induce him to see Lizzy dying by inches for love of him? By no means. He was by far too tender-hearted for that: come of it what would he determined not to see the girl miserable, if he could help it. The confession of an attachment to him, besides, had created a corresponding feeling on his part, and one so strong as to counterbalance all other considerations. Tom, in short, determined to follow up his advantage, and to make Lizzy a happy woman, by declaring that their love was reciprocal. Acting on the spur of the moment on this determination, for he generously resolved that Lizzy should not remain a moment in ignorance of the happiness in store for her—he thrust his head over the wall, with a most captivating smile on his countenance, to have a tete-a-tete with Lizzy; but Lizzy was gone, and was no where to be seen. This was a disappointment: but he consoled himself for it, by resolving to try and see her before he left for the night; and as it was now about time to drop work, he instantly set about this charitable purpose.

Going round to the kitchen window, he tapped at it, and then stared in through the glass, with the most winning look he could assume, and with the air of one who feels assured that he is a welcome visiter.

Lizzy was surprised at the visit—it being a liberty and an indication of familiarity which she could not think she had ever given Tom

any reason to believe would be agreeable to her. She, therefore, looked all the surprise she felt, and, banging up the window, vehemently asked Tom, in an angry tone, what he wanted. Tom, in his turn, was rather surprised at this reception; but, attributing it to maidenly coyness, he only tried to look more engaging. He, however, said nothing, not a word. The truth is, he did not know how or where to begin: but trusting, or rather having no doubt, that Lizzy would perfectly understand what he would say if he could, he continued smirking and staring at her, with the most tender and gracious look he could assume. Tom, himself, might have thought his appearance at this moment very interesting and very captivating, but to Lizzy he looked very like a fool, and there is no doubt the resemblance was exceedingly striking.

Provoked by his stupidity, and losing all patience with his obstinate silence, Lizzy angrily asked her lover what he wanted; and again her lover merely grinned a reply.— Finding it hopeless to elicit from him the purpose of his visit, Lizzy ordered him instantly to decamp, or she would, she said, throw a pail of water about him. Not believing for an instant that she was earnest, Tom still maintained his ground and his grin. Lizzy could stand it no longer. She lifted up a small tub of almost boiling water, in which she had been washing the tea dishes when her lover first appeared, soused it about his ears, pulled down the window, and closed the shutters.

On receiving this extraordinary treatment from his supposed sweetheart, the drenched lover stared at the shut window in amazement, and then began to trudge away homewards, in a very downcast and melancholy mood, tormenting himself with new speculations as to the cause of this extraordinary change, and moralizing in his peculiar way on the mutability of woman's affections, and of all the affairs of life. He had even begun a soliloquy on the cause of his unhappiness, when, just as he was about to clear a thicket of whins through which he had to pass, he was felled to the ground by a tremendous blow from a bludgeon on the back of the head. The stroke, however, though severe, and sufficient to take him from his feet, was not yet violent enough to deprive him of his senses. He recovered his perpendicular in an instant, and in the same instant confronted his assail-

ant, who, we need hardly say, was John Stobie, in an attitude that spoke forcibly of contemplated resistance. Tom, in fact, shewed fight; and the consequence was a long and deadly struggle, in which the faces of the combatants suffered severely. It was some time before Tom Dowie could possibly conjecture what he had been attacked for; but this was finally made manifest to him by the broken and breathless exclamations with which John Stobie ever and anon accompanied the blows which he directed at his person. These exclamations charged him with treacherously seeking to win Lizzy's favour, knowing the said favour to belong, by right of priority and of conquest, to John Stobie, and shewing the fact of his antagonist's want to be indisputable, by referring to Lizzy's speech in the garden. For some time the issue of the contest was doubtful; but at length the superior prowess of Tom prevailed—and so effectually, that the other belligerent fairly took to his heels, but not without carrying with him a couple of black eyes and a nose of greatly increased dimensions. Tom was also provided with a similar set of graces, and retired from the field with them in his entire possession.

In the mean time, little did Lizzy, the unwitting cause of all this fighting and evil-mindedness, dream of the mischief which she had occasioned; and we need hardly say, unless, if possible, did the poor goat know of his share he had in it. But in this happy ignorance the former was not now long to remain—not that she was soon to know precisely how she had come to be the cause of such unchristian like doings as those we have recorded, but that she was quickly to gather, by inference from certain circumstances, that she had, by some means or other to her unknown, destroyed the peace of mind of said John Stobie.

Fresh from the field of his glory, and countenance ornamented in the way we have described, that person now rushed into the kitchen of the manse, where was Mr. Lumsden. Horror-struck at his appearance, and yet unable to refrain from laughing at the odd mixture of the ludicrous with the tragic which it exhibited, Lizzy inquired, in a tone and with a manner which was a little calculated to mollify John's pre-feelings—"What in a' the world is the matter—what has happened?" John made no reply—but he threw a look at her that ought

have annihilated her where she stood. It was meant to tell her that she was a vile and faithless woman. But instead of doing this, it only made her laugh the louder. She could not help it, for her life, much as she really did feel for the battered condition of the unfortunate youth.

At length she said, with more gravity than she had hitherto been able to command—

“Hae ye been fechtin, John?”

John had again recourse to the look of expression; but, on this occasion, condescended also to speak:—

“Yes, I hae been fechtin,” he said sternly—“wad ye like to ken what it was fbr?”

“I’m nae way curious,” replied Lizzy, saucily—offended at John’s unwonted manner.

“No—I dare say no,” replied John. “I fancy ye think the less ye hear aboot it the better.”

“Indeed, I’m just o’ that mind, John,” said Lizzy, carelessly.

“Ye’re a fause-hearted woman,” replied John, emphatically, nettled at her cool effrontery, as he deemed; “and little credit hae ye by this nicht’s wark, tak my word fbr that—it says little for ye.”

“Oh, then, I’m thinking it should say less o’ you, John, wi’ thae scarfu een o’ yours. an, ye’re just a fricht to be seen.”

“An’vha has the wyte o’ that, ye faithless woman that ye are?” demanded John, triumphantly.

“Them that made ye that way, nae doot. ut wherein hae I been faithless to ye, my an, John?” replied Lizzy, laughing, and proceeding with her work.

“Ye deceitful woman that ye are!” exclaimed John, in the utmost indignation, “do ye mean to tell me to my face that ye dinna ken? Do ye mean to say that ye’re unconscious o’ hacin gien me ony offence; that ye aena been deceivin me; and while ye war ien me yer hand, gien yer heart to anither? ut it’s a Gude’s mercy I hae fand ye oot in me. Mind, Lizzy,” he added, with a manner which he meant to be awfully impressive, “I’ve dune wi’ ye frae this nicht oneforth. Ye shall never noo be wife o’ mine. That’s a’ owre; so you and Tam owie may buckle to whan ye like—and the

sooner ye gang and seek consolation frae him the better.”

Lizzy, as well she might, was confounded by this solemn objuratioun, of which she could by no means conjecture the cause; nor would her maidenly pride permit her to ask any explanation, or to gratify John by any attempt at doing away the erroneous impressions under which she saw he laboured, although she could not conceive in what these impressions had originated. She merely, therefore, blushed slightly for an instant on being thus assailed, and replied, with a toss of her head—that she did not see that the losing of him (meaning, of course, the aforesaid John Stobie) was a matter wherein she needed the consolation of anybody; it was but a small affair—not worth speaking about; and added—

“But, if I needed consolation o’ any kind, I dinna ken if I could gang to a better hand than Tam Dowie.” Lizzy had discovered this was a sore point; so she probed it.

This reply was altogether too insulting a one to admit of any answer. The easy effrontery of it—the cold blooded, bare-faced heartlessness which it discovered—in truth, deprived John altogether of the power of speech. He, therefore, though he thought much, said nothing, but, taking up a candle, retired to the little out house where he slept. But, alas! it was not to sleep that John retired—it was to think on the treachery of womankind, and of Lizzy Lumsden in particular. John, in truth, passed a miserable night. He tossed and tumbled during the long hours of darkness, and hung weeping and groaning over the ruins of his air-built castles of happiness. John’s peace of mind, in short, was gone—irrecoverably gone.

We have shewn that the cruelly deceived lover slept not a wink during the whole of this unhappy night; and we have now to add, that neither did Lizzy; for she was by no means so indifferent to John’s feelings as she had affected to be; and an intense anxiety and painful curiosity to know the meaning of his mysterious upbraidings tormented her during the whole night. She thought of all she had said and done, as far back as her memory could carry her, to see if she could discover any thing that could possibly have given rise to the strangely altered temper of her lover towards her; but she could discover nothing—notling whatever. But of all the puzzling circumstances in this puzzling affair, by far the most obscure and perplexing to Lizzy,

was John's combat; for he had said nothing to lead her to infer that the fight had been on her account. But what for had he fought? and who, in all the world, had he fought with? These were enigmas, of which Lizzy vainly sought a solution. She could make nothing of them; or, indeed, of any other point in the whole affair. All was mystery and perplexity.

Thus passed the night away with the two lovers; and, when morning came, it found them precisely in the same frame of mind—the one bemoaning his blighted prospects of felicity, and the other suffering from intense and painful anxiety of mind.

On the morning following the night on which he had made the discovery of Lizzy's faithlessness, and on which he had fought with his supposed rival, he found himself in a violent fever, occasioned at once by distress of body and mind. For three entire days thereafter, John kept his bed, where he was repeatedly visited by his worthy master, the minister, who had a very sincere regard for him, having always found him a faithful and honest servant. The former, however, beginning to suspect that his "man's" illness was a disease of the mind, determined on ascertaining the point—not from an idle curiosity, but with the benevolent intention to offer such comfort and consolation as his official character called on him to administer to the afflicted. Acting on this charitable resolution the worthy pastor, on the occasion of visiting John on the evening of the third day of his confinement, after mentioning to the latter his suspicion that there was something weighing on his mind, put the question directly to him. John for some time evaded a reply; but at length fairly confessed that it was so; following up the said confession with a circumstantial account of all that had happened—exposing, with all its enormity, the faithless conduct of Lizzy; and quoting, with due emphasis, the expressions used in the garden, that had at once betrayed and confirmed her guilt.

When John had concluded, the worthy minister—who was perfectly aware of the attachment subsisting between his man and his maid, and who knew that they were soon to have been married, he having been consulted on the occasion, and given it his hearty concurrence—remarked, that it was certainly a very strange circumstance; that

he could not have believed that Lizzy, of whom he always entertained the highest opinion, could have been guilty of such improper conduct. "But," added the worthy man, "have you ever, John, asked Lizzy for any explanation of the matter. It is possible there may be some mistake—some misunderstanding."

John said he never had asked any explanation; that he had not thought it necessary, as the case appeared but too plain as it stood.

The minister admitted that the case seemed a strong one; but added, that there could be no harm in hearing what Lizzy had to say on the subject. Stepping into the house, he brought Lizzy into the presence of the suffering victim of her infidelity.

"Lizzy," said the minister, gravely, and in an impressive tone, "John here, I am sorry to say, has some serious charges against you—charges greatly affecting your moral character—but which I am yet unwilling to believe. He accuses you of having deceived him, of having tampered with his dearest feelings, and given those affections to another which you had led him to believe were his alone. Is this true, Lizzy? Can this be true?"

John, who had turned his face to the wall when Lizzy had come in, gave an audible groan at this stage of the proceedings—much as to say, "Too true, alas!"

Lizzy, however, with a look of perfect innocence, utterly denied the fact.

John groaned again; but now said with great energy—"Ask her, sir, if she didna say yon—ask her if she didna say yon in the garden, on Monday nicht."

"What yon, John?" enquired the minister who had forgotten the particular piece of evidence to which his man alluded—or rather perhaps the particular phraseology in which it was couched.

"Ask her, sir," replied John, indignantly "ask her if she didna say to herself, on Monday nicht, in the garden—'O Tam, Tam ye'll break my heart, and that'll be seen as lang;' meaning, of course, 'Tam Dowie.'"

"Yes. Well, Lizzy," said the minister "did you use these expressions at the time and place mentioned, and with reference to Thomas Dowie?"

Lizzy thought for a moment, then burst into a loud laugh, and said—

"Oh! I daresay I did; but, dear me, sir, I meant the goat—or ain goat, Tam—wha had been abusin a' my claes wi' his dirty feet."

The minister laughed, and John stared in amazement. Need we say more? All was made up, and the two lovers were afterwards married.

## THE ROYAL BRIDAL; OR, THE KING MAY COME IN THE CADGER'S WAY.

Early in July, in the year of grace 1503, Lambert Moor presented a proud and right noble spectacle. Upon it was spread a city of pavilions, some of them covered with cloth of the gorgeous purple and glowing crimson, and decorated with ornaments of gold and silver. To and fro, upon brave steeds, richly caparisoned, rode a hundred lords and their followers, with many a score of gay and gallant knights and their attendant gentlemen. Fair ladies, too, the loveliest and the noblest in the land, were there. The sounds of music from many instruments rolled over the heath. The lance gleamed, and the claymore flashed, and war-steeds neighed, as the notes of the bugle rang loud for the tournament. It seemed as if the genius of chivalry had fixed its court upon the earth.

It may be meet, however, that we say a word or two concerning Lambert, for tho' now-a-days, it may lack the notoriety of Gretna in the annals of matrimony, and though its "run of business" may be of a humbler character, there was a time when it could boast of prouder visitors than ever graced the Gretna blacksmith's temple. To the reader, therefore, who is unacquainted with our eastern Borders, it may be necessary to say, that, at the northern boundary of the lands appertaining to the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and about three miles, a urlong, and few odd yards from this oft-revered good town, a dry stone wall, some thirty inches in height, runs from the lofty and perpendicular sea-banks over a portion of what may be termed the fag-end of Lamnermoor, and now forming a separation between the laws of Scotland and the jurisdiction of the said good town; and on crossing on the northern side of this humble but important stone-wall you stand on the lands of Lambert. Rather more than a stone-throw from the sea, the great north road between

London and Edinburgh forms a gap in the wall aforesaid, or rather "dyke;" and there on either side of the road, stands a low house in which Hymen's high priests are ever ready to make one flesh of their worshippers. About a quarter of a mile north of these, may still be traced something of the ruins of the kirk, where the princess of England became the bride of the Scottish king, and the first link of the golden chain of *Union*, which eventually clasped the two nations in one, may be said to have been formed.

The gay and gallant company were assembled on Lambert, for within the walls of its kirk, the young, ardent, and chivalrous James IV. of Scotland was to receive the hand of his fair bride, Margaret of England, whom Dunbar describes as a

"Fresche rose, of cullor reid and white."

The wild heath presented all the splendour of a court, and the amusements of a crowded city. Upon it were thousands of spectators, who had come to witness the royal exhibitions and the first durable bond of amity between the two rival nations. Some crowded to behold the tourneyings of the knights with sword, spear, and battle-axe; others to witness the representation of plays, written "expressly for the occasion;" while a third party were delighted with the grotesque figures and positions of the morris-dancers; and a fourth joined in, or were spectators of, the humbler athletic exercises of wrestling, leaping, putting the stone, and throwing the hammer.

All, too, were anxious to see the young king, whose courage and generosity were the theme of minstrels, and of whom one sayeth,

"And ye Christian princes, whosoever ye be,  
If ye be destitute of a noble captayne,  
Take James of Scotland for his audacitie  
And proved manhood, if ye will laud attayne."

But the young monarch was as remarkable for his gallantry and eccentricity, as for his

generosity and courage ; and no one seemed able to tell whether he lodged in the magnificent pavilion over which the royal standard of Scotland waved, or whether he intended to welcome his royal bride by proxy.

But our story requires that, for a time, we leave princes, knights, and tournaments, and notice humbler personages and more homely amusements. At a distance from the pavilion, the tourneyings, the music, the plays, and other exhibitions, was a crowd composed of some seven or eight hundred peasantry, engaged in and witnessing the athletic games of the Borders. Near these were a number of humbler booths, in which the spectators and competitors might regale themselves with the spirits and tinpenny then in use.

Amongst the competitors was one called Meikle Robin, or Robin Meikle. He was strength personified : his stature exceeded six feet ; his shoulders were broad, his chest round, his limbs well and strongly put together—he was a man of prodigious bond and sinew—at throwing the hammer, at putting the stone, no man could stand before him. He distanced all who came against him ; and, while he did so, he seemed to put forth not half his strength, while his skill appeared equal to the power of his arm.

Now, amongst the spectators of the sports, there stood one who was known for many miles round by the appellation of *Strong Andrew*. He was not so tall, by three inches, as the conqueror of the day ; nor could he measure with him either across the shoulders or around the chest ; and, in fact, he was rather a thin man than otherwise, nor did he appear a powerful one—but his bones were well set. His sinews were all strength—they were not incumbered with flesh : he was as much a model of activity and suppleness, as Meikle Robin was of bodily power. Now, Andrew was a native of Eyemouth ; he was about three-and-thirty years of age, and he united in his person the callings of a fisherman and cadger : or, in other words, Andrew, being without mother, sister, wife, or servant, sold himself the fish which he had caught—his domestic establishment consisted of a very large and a very wise water-dog, and a small pony ; and with the last mentioned animal he carried his fish around the country. For several days, and on the day in question, he had brought his store for sale to the camps or pavilions at Lamberton, where he had found

a ready and an excellent market. Now, Andrew stood and witnessed the championship of Meikle Robin, his blood boiled within him ; and “oh,” thought he, “but if I had any body that I could trust to the care o’ the Galloway and my jacket, and the siller, but I wad tak the conceit out o’ ye, big as ye are.”

Andrew possessed his country’s courage and its caution in equal proportions ; and, like a wise man, he did not choose to trust his money by risking it to strangers. In such a motley company it would not be safe to do so now a-days—but it would have been much less so then. For at that time, and especially on the Borders, the law of *mine* and *thine* was mozt imperfectly understood. But Andrew’s determination to humble the champion was well-nigh overcoming his caution, when the former again stepped into the ring, and cast off his jacket for a wrestling bout. He stood looking round him for a minute ; and it was evident that every one was afraid to enter the lists against him. Andrew could endure no longer—and he was saying, “Will any person tak charge o’ my Golloway ?”——

When a young man of middle stature, and whose dress bespoke him to be a domestic of one of the noblemen who had come to witness the royal festival, and grace it with their presence, entered the lists. Without even throwing off his bonnet, he stretched out his arms to encounter the champion, who met him—somewhat after the fashion that Goliath met David—with contempt. But the first grasp of the stranger, as he seized his arms above the elbows, instead of throwing them round his waist, (as was, and is the unscientific practice of the Borders) informed Robin that he had no common customer to deal with. Robin, as a wrestler, in a great measure, trusted to mere strength and tripping. He knew nothing of turning an antagonist from his centre of gravity by a well-timed and well directed touch. He therefore threw his arms around the back of his opponent, (so far as the grasp which the other had got of them would permit,) with the intention of giving him a “Hawick hug,” but he found he could not join his hands together so as to effect his purpose, and his strength could not accomplish it. Ignorant of his antagonist’s mode of attack, he had allowed him an advantage over him—and when he endeavoured to gain it by tripping his heels

the other suddenly changed his feet, favoured Robin with a "Devonian kick," and suddenly dashing his bended knee against his person, Robin lost his footing, and fell upon his back with the stranger above him.

The spectators shouted—and Andrew, remounting his pony, exclaimed aloud—

"Weel dune, stranger—I'm as glad as though I had gotten a gowden coin."

Now, it is but justice to Andrew to say, that he had repeatedly defeated Meikle Robin, both at wrestling, cudgel-playing and every athletic exercise; but I shall give the reader an account of his having done so upon one occasion, in his own words, as it is necessary for the forwarding of our narrative.

Andrew went to Lamberton with his fish on the following day, and again he found a profitable market—and some words had again passed between him and Meikle Robin—but, as he was returning home, he overtook the stranger by whom Robin had been defeated.

"Losh, man!" said Andrew, pulling up his pony, "is this ye? I canna tell ye hoo glad I am to see ye, for I've dune naething but thoct o' ye ever since yesterday, when I saw ye tak the brag out o' Meikle Robin just as easily as I would bend a willow wand! Now, I hope, sir, although ye are a stranger, ye no think ill o' my familiarity?"

"Think ill, comrade," said the other, "why should I do so?"

"Why, I watna," said Andrew, "but there seems to be sae mony kind o' butterflies getting about the court now, wi' their frills and their gold laced jackets, from what I can judge o' their appearance for some days past on the Moor, that I wasna sure but it might be like-master like-man wi' ye, and I was uncertain how to speak to ye. I didna ken but that, in some things, ye might imitate your superiors, and treat a cadger body although they hadna been o' the same flesh and blood wi' yoursel."

The stranger laughed, and repeated the dage—

"Why—the king may come in the cadger's way."

"Very true, sir," said Andrew, "and maynd him a man mair like himsel than he imaines. But, sir, what I was gaun to say to you—and it is connected wi' your defeat-

ing o' Meikle Robin yestoday. (At least I wish to make it connected with it.) Weel, just five days synce, I was at Lamberton—it was the very day after the royal party arrived—and Robin was there. Perhaps you was there yoursel; but the tents were there, and the games, and the shows, and every thing were going on, just the same as ye saw them yestoday. But, as I was telling ye, Meikle Robin was there. Now, he gets the brag o' being the best cudgeller, putter, and wrestler, in Berwickshire—and, between you and I that is a character I dinna like to hear gaun past mysel. However, as I was saying, the day after the royal party arrived, at the Moor, and the games were begun, he had the ball fairly at his foot, and feint a' and durst tak him up ava. He was terribly insulting in the pride o' his victoriousness, and in order to humble him, some were running frae tent to tent to look for Strong Sandy—that is me, ye observe; for they ca' me that as a sort o' nickname—though for what reason I know not.) At last they got me. I had had a quegh or twa, and I was gay weel on—for I never in my born days had such a market for my fish; indeed, I got whatever I asked, and I was wishing, in my heart, that the king's marriage party would stop on Lammer Moor for a twelvemonth—but tho' I had a drappie owre the score, Robin was as sober as a judge; for plague tak him! he kenned what he was doing—he was owre cunnin' to drink, and laid himsel out for a quarrel. It was his aim to carry the 'gree' owre a' upon the Moor at every thing, that the king, who is said to be as fond o' thae sort o' sports as any body, might tak notice o' him, and do something for him. There was a cowardice in the very way of such conduct—it shewed a fox's heart in the carcase of a bullock. Weel, those that were seeking me got me, and clean off hand I awa to the tent where he was making a' his great braggadocio, and, says I to him, 'Robin,' says I, 'I'm your man at ony thing ye like, and for whatever ye like. I'll run ye—or, I'll jump ye—I'll putt the stone wi' ye—or, I'll fight ye—and, if ye like it better, I'll wrestle ye—or try ye at the cudgels—and dinna be cutting your capers there owre a wheen callants.' Weel, up he got, and a ring was made aback o' the tent. He had an oak stick as thick as your wrist, and I had naething but the bit half switch that I hae in my hand the now, for driving up the Galloway.—

Mine was a mere bog-reed to his; independent o' its being fully six inches shorter—and, if ye ken ony thing about cudgelling, that was a material point. 'Od, sir, I found I couldna cope wi' him. My stick, or rather switch, was nae better than half a dozen o' rashes plaited together. 'Will ony o'ye lend me a stick, gentlemen?' cried I to the bystanders, while I keepit guarding him off the best way I could. Aboon a dozen were offered in an instant. I gript at the nearest. Now, 'Heaven hae mercy on ye!' said I, and gied him a whissel beneath the elbow, and before ye could say Jock Robinson! cam' clink across hisknee. I declare to ye, sir, he cam' spinning down like a totum. He talked nae mair o' wrestling, or cudgelling, or ony thing else that day. I settled him for four-and-twenty hours at ony rate. Weel, sir, I was perfectly delighted when I saw you lay him on the broad o' his back yesterday; and I saw nae mair o' him, to speak to, frae the day that I humbled him, until about four hours syne, when I met in wi' him on the Moor, amang three or four o' his cronies, at his auld trade o' boasting again. I had nae patience with him. But he had a drop owre meikle, and, at ony rate, I thought there could be nae honour in beating the same man twice. But says I to him, 'ye needna craw sae loud, for independent o' me bringing ye to the ground at cudgelling, and makin' ye no worth a doit, I saw a youngster that wrestled wi' ye yesterday, twist ye like a barley-s-rae.' And to do him justice, sir, he didna attempt to deny it, but said that ye wud do the same by me, if I would try ye, and offered to back ye against ony main in the twa kingdoms. Now, sir, I looked about all the day in the crowd, just to see if I could clap my een on ye, and to ask ye, in a friendly way, if ye would let me try what sort o' stuff ye were made o'; and now I'm really glad that I hae met wi' ye—and as this is a gay level place here, and the ground is not very hard, what do ye say to try a thraw, in a neighbourly way; and after that, we can cut a bit branch frae ane o' the allers, for a cudgelling bout. Ye wil really very particularly oblige me, sir, if ye will."

The stranger readily replied, "with all my heart, friend—be it so."

Andrew cast off his jacket and bonnet, and throwing them on the ground, his large wa-

ter dog, which was called Cæsar, placed itself beside them.

"Dinna thraw till I get a grip," cried Andrew, as the stranger had him already lifted from his feet—"that's no fair—it's no our country way o' thrawing."

The request was granted, and only granted when Andrew measured his length upon the ground, and his dog sprang forward to attack the victor.

"Get back, Cæsar!" shouted his master—"It was a fair fa', I canna deny it! Sorrow tak me if I thought there was a man in ten parishes, could hae done the like! Gie's ye hand," said he, as he rose to his feet; "I'll thraw nor cudgel nae mair wi' you; but as sure as my name's Andrew, I would bite my last coin through the middle, to gie ye the half o't, should ye want it. I like to meet wi' a good man, even if he should be better than myself—and in the particular o' wrestling, I allow that ye do bang me—though I dinna say how we might stand in other respects for they've no been tried. But it was a fair fa'. 'Od, ye gied me a jirk as though I had been kissed by a lightning."

Before reaching Eyemouth, they came to a change-house by the wayside, which was kept by a widow, called Nancy Hewitt, as who was not only noted on account of the excellence of the liquor with which she supplied her customers, but who also had a daughter, named Janet, whose beauty rendered her the toast of the countryside.

"I am always in the habit," said Andrew, "o' stopping here for refreshment, and if ye hae nae objections, we'll toom a stoup together."

"Cheerily, cheerily," answered his companion.

The fair daughter of the hostess was met home when they entered, and Andrew inquired after her with a solicitude that bespoke something more between them than mere acquaintanceship. The stranger slightly intimated that he had heard of her, and after a few seemingly indifferent questions respecting her, for a few minutes became silent as thoughtful.

"Hoot, man," said Andrew, "I'm vexed to see ye sae dowie—gie could care a kirk like a foot ba'. This is nae time to be sae when the king is merry, and the country merry and we're a' happy thegither. Cheer



up, I say, man—what's the matter wi' ye? care has a strange look on a body's shouthers at seven or eight and twenty; and I dinna think ye can be mair. I am on the wrang side of three and thirty, and I would snap my fingers at it, were it blawing its breath in my face as snell as a drift on an open moor!—Losh man! what ails ye? Ye would say I had met wi' a friar in orders gray, lamenting owre the sins o' the world, and the poverty o' his pocket, instead o' a young bang fellow like you, that's a match for ony body. Come, here's to the health o' bonny Jenny Hewitt."

"With all my heart," said the stranger; and pronouncing the name of the fair maiden quaffed off his liquor.

"Now, that's wiselike; there's some spirit in that," said Andrew, following his example—"let's be merry while we can; that's aye my creed. The ne'er a grain o' guid, as I used to say to my mother, comes out o' melancholy. Let's hae a sang—I see you hae a singing face—or I'll gie you ane mysel, to mak a beginning."

So saying, with a voice like thunder broken into music, he sang as follows:—

In our young, young days,  
When the gowany braes  
Were our temple o' joy and glee,  
Some dour auld body would shake his head,  
And tell us our gladness away would flee,  
And our hearts beat as heavy as lead.  
Stupid auld body—silly auld body—  
His mother spained him wi' a canker-worm;  
In our auld, auld days, the gowany braes  
Are memory's rainbow's owre time and storm.

In our proud young days,  
When the gowany braes  
Keen'd the feet o' my luvie and me,  
Some ill-matched carle would gum and say—  
"Pair things! wi' a twalmonth's marriage, and ye  
Will find love like a snaw ha' decay."  
Stupid auld carle—leein' auld carle—  
His mother spained him wi' a canker-worm;  
In our auld, auld days, like gowany braes,  
Our love unchang'd, has its youthful' form.

In our gray-haired days  
When the gowany braes  
Were owre steep for our feet to climb—  
When her back is bowed, and her lovely e'e,  
Once bricht as a beam frae the sun, is dim—  
She'll be still my bit lassie to me.  
Stupid auld body—wicked auld body—  
Love, like the gowan, 's a winter liver;  
The smile o' a wife is the sun o' its life,  
An' her bosom a brae where it blooms for ever.

A few minutes after Andrew had concluded his song, the fair daughter of their hostess entered the house. Andrew's first glance

bespoke the lover, and the smile with which she returned it, shewed that the young fisherman and cadger was not an unaccepted wooer.

"By my sooth, fair maiden," said the stranger, "and thy sweet face doesna belie its fame; admiration fails in painting the loveliness of thy glowing cheeks, and thine een might make a moonbeam blush!"

He seemed practised in the art of gallantry and poured into her ear other compliments in a similar strain. She hung her head, and turned it aside from him, as a woman will when flattered, or when she wishes to be flattered, but she did not rise to depart; and he felt that the incense which he offered to her beauty was not unacceptable. But the words and the attentions of the stranger were as daggers in the ears, and as wormwood in the heart of Andrew.

"The mischief rive his smooth tongue out o' his head!" thought Andrew; "but though I hae nae chance in speaking balderdash wi' him, and though he did thrave me, (and it was maybe by an unmanly quirk after a') I'll let her see if he has the glibest tongue, wha has the manliest arm!"

Neither love nor liquor, however, can allay the cravings of a hungry stomach, and the stranger (who evidently beguiled Andrew to drink more than the portion that ought to have fallen to him) called for something to eat, by way of a relish.

"O sir," said Nancy Hewitt, their hostess, "I'm verra sorry an' vexed that I hae naething in the house that I could gie ye—naething o' kitchen kind but the haddock which Andrew left this forenoon; and I hae been sae thrang wi' folk gaun back an' forret to Lamberton, that they're no gutted yet. But if ye could tak them, ye are welcome to them."

"Gut two, then, good dame, and prepare them," said the stranger.

"I doubt, sir, twa winna do," said she, "for they're but sma'—I had better gut thrie."

"Certainly, gut thrie," said Andrew; "I brought the stranger in—and what is a haddock, or what are they worth?" for Andrew was anxious that the attention of his companion should be turned to any thing, were it only withdrawn from Janet's face.

"You are a generous-hearted fellow," said the stranger, "and gut thrie shall I call you, if we meet again?"

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

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

"Mother! Mother!—O Andrew! Andrew!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

ushered in a glorious morning—its beams fell as a sheet of gold on the broad ocean, melting down and chaining its waves in repose. To the south lay Lindisferne, where St. Cuthbert had wrought miracles, with the Ferine Isles where he lived, prayed, and died, and the proud rock on which King Ida reigned.\* They seemed to speak in the morning sun-beams—smiling in sleep. To the north was gigantic St. Abb's, stretching out into the sea, as if reposing on its breast; amidst their feet and behind them, stretched the Moor and its purple heather; while, from the distance, the Cheviots looked down on them; and Hamiton, manured by the bones of slaughtered thousands, lay at their hand.

Yet, before sunrise, thousands were crowding to the gay scene, from every corner of Berwickshire, and from Roxburgh and the Eastern Lothian. The pavilions exhibited more costly decorations. Fair ladies, in their gayest attire, hung upon the arms of brave knights. An immense amphitheatre, where the great tourneyings and combats of the day were to take place, was seated round; and at one part of it was a richly canopied dais, where the young king, with his blooming queen, and the chief peers and ladies of both countries, were to sit, and witness the spectacle. Merry music reverberated in every direction, and the rocks and the glens re-echoed it; and ever and anon, as it pealed around, the assembled thousands shouted—"Long live our guid King James, and his bonny bride." Around the pavilions, too, strutted the courtiers, with the huge ruffles of their skirts reaching over their shoulders—their scented gloves—flat bonnets, set on one side of their heads like the cap of a modern dandy—pangled slippers, and a bunch of ribbons at their knees.

Amongst the more humble followers of the court, the immortal Dunbar, who was neglected in his own day, and who has been scarce less neglected and overlooked by posterity, was conspicuous. The poet-priest appeared to be a director of the intellectual amusements of the day. But although they delighted the multitude, and he afterwards immortalised the marriage of his royal master, by his exquisite poem of "The Thistle and the Rose," he was doomed to experience what genius could neither procure the patron-

age of kings nor church preferment, and, in truth, it was small preferment with which Dunbar would have been satisfied, for, after dancing the courtier in vain, (and they were then a race of beings of new-birth in Scotland) we find him saying—

"Greit abbaiss graith I nill to gather  
But ane kirk scant coverit with hadder  
For I of lytil wald be fane."

But, in the days of poor Dunbar, church patronage seems to have been conferred somewhat after the fashion of our own times, if not worse, for he again says—

"I knaw nocht how the kirk is gydit,  
But benefices are nocht leil divydit;  
Sum men has sevin, and I nocht ane!"

All around wore a glad and a sunny look and while the morning was yet young, the sound of the salute from the cannon on the ramparts of Berwick, announced that the royal bride was approaching. The pavilions occupied a commanding situation on the heath, and the noble retinue of the princess could be observed moving along, their gay colours flashing in the sun, a few minutes after they issued from the walls of the town. A loud, a long, and a glad shout burst from the Scottish host, as they observed them approach, and hundreds of knights and nobles, dashing their glittering spurs into the sides of their proudly caparisoned steeds, rode forth to meet them, and to give their welcome, and offer their first homage to their future queen. There was a movement and a buzz of joy throughout the multitude; and they moved towards the ancient kirk.

The procession that accompanied the young princess of England into Scotland drew near; at its head rode the proud Earl of Surrey, the Earl of Northumberland, warden of the eastern marches, and many hundreds more, the flower of England's nobility and gentry, in their costly array. In the procession, also, were thousands of the inhabitants of Northumberland; and the good citizens of Berwick-upon-Tweed, headed by their Captain, Lord Thomas Darcy, and the porter of their gates, Mr. Christopher Clapham, who was appointed one of the trustees on the part of the king of England, to see that the terms of his daughter's jointure were duly fulfilled.

There, however, was less eagerness on the part of the young monarch to behold his bride than on that of his subjects. We will not say that he had exactly imbibed the principles of

\* Bamborough.

a libertine, but it is well known that he was a *gallant* in the most *liberal* signification of the term, and that his amours extended to all ranks. He had, therefore, until he had well nigh reached his thirtieth year, evaded the curb of matrimony—and it was not until the necessity of his marriage, for the welfare of his country, was urged upon him by his nobles, that he agreed to take the hand of young Margaret of England. And of her it might have been truly said, that his

“Peggy was a young thing,  
Just entering in her teens,”

for she had hardly completed her fourteenth year. But she was a well-grown girl, one on whom was opening the dawn of loveliest womanhood—she was beautiful, and the gentleness of her temper exceeded her beauty. Young James was the most chivalrous prince of his age; he worshipped beauty, and he could not appear coldly before one of the sex. And having come to the determination, (although unwillingly) to give up his bachelorism, or, as he called it, liberty, he at length resolved to meet his bride as became one whose name was chronicled on the page of chivalry. He accordingly arrayed himself in a jacket of black velvet, edged with crimson, and the edgings bordered with a white fur. His doublet was of the finest satin, and of a violet colour; his spurs were of gold, his hose crimson, and precious stones bespangled his shirt collar: the reiterated shouts of the multitude announced the approach of the queen, and thus arrayed, the young king rode forth to greet her.

He entered the kirk, at the further end of which stood his fair bride between the Earls of Surrey and Northumberland. He started, he seemed to pause as his eyes fell upon her, but in a moment they were again lighted up with more than his wonted lustre. He had heard of her loveliness, but report had failed in doing justice to the picture. He approached to where she stood—he sank upon his knee—he raised her hand to his lips: the English nobility were struck with admiration at the delicate gallantry of the Scottish king.

I need not enter into the particulars of the ceremony. The youthful monarch conducted his yet more youthful bride and her attendants to his pavilion, while the heralds summoned the knights to the tournament, and prepared the other sports of the day. He took

his lute and performed before her, and he sang words of his own composition, which related to her—for like others of his family that had gone before, and that came after him, James had a spark of poetry in his soul.

“And dost thou understand this instrument, my own love?” said he, handing her the lute.

She blushed, and taking it into her hand, began to “discourse most eloquent music,” and James, filled with admiration, again sinking on his knee, and clasping his hands together, remained in this attitude before her, until the trumpets of the heralds announced that the knights were in readiness for the tournament.

Thousands were crowded around the circle in which the knights were to exhibit their skill and prowess. The royal party took their seats on the dais prepared for them. Several trials of skill, with sword, spear, and battle-axe, had taken place, and the spectators had awarded to the successful competitors their shouts of approbation, when the young king, who sat beside his young queen, surrounded by the Lords Surrey and Northumberland, and the nobles of his kindred, together with the ladies of high degree, said—

“Troth, my iords, and whatever ye may think, they play it but coldly. Excuse me, your Majesty, for a few minutes,” continued he, addressing his young bride; “I must put spirit into the spectacle.”

Thus saying, the young monarch left the side of his bride, and, for a time, the same breaking of swords, spears, and battle-axes continued, when the chief herald of the tournament announced the *Savage Knight*. He entered the lists on foot, a visor concealing his face, arrayed as an Indian chief. He was clothed in a skin fitting tightly to his body, which gave half of it the appearance of nudity. In his left hand he held a javelin, in his right hand he brandished a spear.

“Who is he?” was the murmur that rang through the crowd; but no one could tell, and the knights in the arena knew not. He walked onwards to the centre of the circle—raised his spear—he shook it in defiance towards every knight that stood around—and they were there from England as well as from Scotland. But they seemed to demur amongst themselves who should first measure their strength with him. Not that they either

feared his strength or skill, but that knowing the eccentricity of the king, they apprehended that the individual whom he had sent against them, in such an uncouth garb, and who was to hold combat with them at such extravagant odds, they being on horseback, while he was on foot, might be no true knight, but some base-born man whom the monarch had sent against them for a jest's sake. But while they communed together, the *Savage Knight* approached near where they stood, and crying to them, said—

"What is it ye fear, Sir Knights, that ye hold consultation together. Is it my mailed body, or panoplyed steed?—or fear ye that my blood is base enough to rust your swords? Come on, ye are welcome to a trial of its colour."

Provoked by his taunt, several sprang from their horses, and appeared emulous who should encounter him. But at the very onset the *Savage Knight* wrested the sword of the first who opposed him from his hand. In a few minutes the second was in like manner discomfited, and after a long and desperate encounter, the third was hurled to the ground, and the weapon of the wild knight was pointed to his throat. The spectators rent the air with acclamations. Again the unknown stood in the midst of the circle, and brandished his spear in defiance. But enough had been seen of his strength and his skill, and no man dared to encounter him. Again the multitude shouted more loudly, and he walked around the amphitheatre, bowing lowly towards the spectators, and receiving their congratulations.

Now, in the midst of the motley congregation, and almost at the point farthest removed from the dais of royalty, stood none other than Strong Andrew, with bonny Janet under his arm; and it so happened that when the *Savage Knight* was within view of where Andrew stood, his visor fell, and though it was instantly replaced, it enabled our sturdy fisherman to obtain a glance of his countenance—and he exclaimed,

"'Od save us, Janet, woman, look, look, look!—do ye see wha it is! Confound me, if it isna the very chield that I gied the clout in the lug to in your mother's the other night for his good behaviour. Weel, as sure as death, I gie him credit for what he has done—he's ta'en the measure o' their feet onyway!

A knight! he's nae mair a knight than I'm ane—but it shews that knights are nae better than other folk."

There was a pause for a short pace—again the monarch sat upon the dais by the side of his blooming bride. The great spectacle of the day was about to be exhibited. This spectacle was a battle in earnest between an equal number of Borderers and Highlanders. The heralds and the marshals of the combat rode round the amphitheatre, and proclaimed that rewards would be bestowed on all who signalized themselves by their courage, and to the most distinguished a purse of gold would be given by the hands of the king himself. Numbers of armed clansmen and Borderers entered the area. Andrew's fingers began to move, and his fists were suddenly clenched, relaxed, and clenched again. He began to move his shoulders also. His whole body became restless, and his soul manifested the same symptoms, and he half involuntarily exclaimed—

"Now, here's a chance!"

"Chance for what, Andrew dear?" inquired Janet, tremulously—for she knew his nature.

"To mak a fortune in a moment," returned he, eagerly—"to be married the morn! The king is to gie a purse o' gold!"

Now, the only obstacle that stood between the immediate union of Andrew and Janet was his poverty.

"Oh, come awa, Andrew, love," said she, imploringly, and pulling his arm as she spoke—"I see your drift! come awa—come awa—we have seen enough. Dinna be after ony sic nonsense, or thraving away your life on sic an errand."

"Wheesht, Janet, hinny--wheest," said he; dinna be talking havers. Just stand you here; there's not the smallest danger; I'll be back to ye in ten minutes or a quarter of an hour at the utmost: you may tak my word upon that."

"Andrew!" cried she, "are ye out o' yer mind a'thegither; or do ye want to put me out o' mine? I really think it looks like it! O, man, would ye be guilty o' murdering yourself, I may say! come awa; come awa, dear; for I'll no stend to see it."

"Hoot, Janet, hinny," returned he, "come, dear, dinna be silly."

Now, the number of the Highland party was completed, and they stood, a band of hardy, determined, and desperate-looking men; but the party of the Borderers was one deficient.

"Is there not another," cried the herald, "to stand forth, and maintain with his sword the honour and courage of the Borders?"

"Yes! here am I!" shouted Andrew, and drawing Janet's arm from his; "now, dearest," added he, hastily, "just hae patience; just stand here for ten minutes; and I'll let ye see what I can do."

She would have detained him; but in a moment he sprang into the amphitheatre, and exclaimed.

"Now, Sir Knights, ye that hae been trying yer hands at the tourneyings, will ony o' ye hae the guidness to obleege me wi' the loan o' yer sword for a wee while, and I'll be bound for ye I'll no disgrace it; I'll try the temper o' it in earnest."

Andrew instantly had a dozen to choose upon; and he took his place amongst the Borderers.

When he joined them, those who knew him, said—"the day is ours—Andrew is a host in himsel."

The marshals gave the signal for the onset—and a deadly, a savage onset it was.—Swords were shivered to the hilt. Men, who had done each other no wrong, who had never met before, grasped each other by the throat—the Highland dirk and Border knife were drawn. Men plunged them into each other—they fell together—they rolled, the one over the other, in the struggles and the agonies of death. The wounded strewed the ground—they strove to crawl from the strife of their comrades. The dead lay upon the dying, and the dying upon the dead. Death had reaped a harvest from both parties; and no man could tell on which side would lie the victory. Yet no man could stand the sword-arm of Andrew—antagonist against antagonist went before him. He rushed to every part of the combat, and wheresoever he went the advantage was in favour of the Borderers. He was the champion of the field—the hero of the fight. The king gave a signal, (perhaps because his young queen was horrified with the game of butchery) and at the command of the marshals the combatants

on both sides laid down their arms. Reiterated shouts again rang from the spectators.—Some clapped their hands and cried, "Eye mouth yet!" "Wha's like Andrew!" "We'll carry him hame shouter high!" shouted some of his townsmen.

During the combat, poor Janet had been blind with anxiety, and was supported in the arms of the spectators who saw him rush from her side. But as the shouts of his name burst on her ear, consciousness returned; and she beheld him, with the sword in his hand, hastening towards her. Yet ere he had reached where she stood, he was summoned, by the men-at-arms, who had kept the multitude from pressing into the amphitheatre, to appear before the king, to receive from his hands the promised reward.

Anxious as he had been to obtain the prize poor Andrew, notwithstanding his heroism, trembled at the thought of appearing in the presence of a monarch. His idea of the king was composed of imaginings of power, and greatness, and wisdom, and splendour—he knew him to be a man, but he did not think of him as such. And he said to those who summoned him to the royal presence—

"Oh, save us a', sirs! what shall I say to him? or what will he say to me? How shall I behave? I would rather want the silt than gang wi' ye!"

In this state of tremor and anxiety, Andrew was conducted towards the canopied dais before the Majesty of Scotland. He was led to the foot of the steps which ascended to the seat where the monarch and his bride sat. His eyes were rivetted to the ground, and he needed not to doff his bonnet, for he had been in the conflict.

"Look up, brave cock o' the Borders," said the monarch; "certes, man, ye would ha' an ill-far'd face if ye needed to hide it, aft' exhibiting sic a heart and arm."

Andrew raised his head in confusion; but scarce had his eyes fallen on the countenance of the king, when he started back, as though he beheld the face of a spirit.

"Ha! traitor!" exclaimed the monarch, as a frown gathered on his brow.

In a moment, Andrew perceived that his victor-wrestler—his crony in Lucky Hewitt— the tempter of his Janet—the man whom he had felled with a blow, and whose blood he had drawn, and the King of Scotland— was one and the same person.

"It's a' over wi' us," exclaimed Andrew, "I'm a done carle no, that's ay sure."

"That's a truth," said the king.

When he had said it, Andrew recollected that if he had a good sword-hand, he had a pair of as good heels; and if he trusted to the one a few minutes before, he would trust to the other now, and away he bounded like a startled deer, with his sword in his hand.

Some seconds elapsed before the astonished servants of the king recovered presence of mind to pursue him. As he fled, the dense crowd that encircled the amphitheatre surrounded him; but many of them knew him; none had forgotten his terrible courage—and although they heard the cry re-echoed by the attendants of the monarch, they opened an avenue when he approached, and permitted him to rush through them. Though, perhaps, the fear of the sword which he brandished in his hand, and the terrible havoc of which they had all witnessed, contributed not less than the admiration of his courage, to procure him his ready exit through their ranks.

He immediately ran to the sea-banks, and suddenly disappeared where they seemed precipitous, and was lost to his pursuers; and after an hour's search they returned to the king, stating that they had lost trace of him, and could not find him.

"Go back, ye bull-dogs!" exclaimed our monarch, angrily; "seek him—find him—nor gain enter our presence until ye again bring him bound before us at Holyrood."

They therefore again proceeded in quest of the unfortunate fugitive; and the monarch having conducted his royal bride to the pavilion, cast off his jacket of black velvet, and arrayed himself in one of cloth of gold, withappings of purple and of sable fur. His favourite steed, caparisoned to carry two, and with its panoply embroidered with jewels, was brought before his pavilion. The monarch approached the door, leading his queen in his hand. He lightly vaulted into the saddle—he again took the hand of his bride, and placed her behind him; and in this manner a hundred peers and nobles following in his train, the King of Scotland conducted his young queen through the land, and to the palace of his fathers. The people shouted as the royal cavalcade departed, and Scottish and English voices joined in the cry of "long live Scotland's king and queen." Yet there

were some who were silent, and who thought that poor Andrew, the fisherman, the champion of the day, had been cruelly treated, though they knew not his offence. Those who know him, said—

"It bangs a'! we're sure Andrew never saw the king in his life before. He never was ten miles out o' Eyemouth in his days—we ha'e kenned him since a callant, and never heard a word laid against his character. The king must have taken him for somebody else—and he was foolish to run for it."

But, while the multitude shouted, and joined in the festivities of the day, there was one that hurried through the midst of them wringing her hands, and weeping as she went—even poor Janet. At the moment when she was roused from the stupefaction of feeling produced by the horrors of the conflict, and when her arms were outstretched to welcome her hero, as he was flying to them in triumph, she had seen him led before his prince, to receive his praise and his royal gifts; but, instead of these, she heard him denounced as a *traitor*, as the king's words were echoed round. She beheld him fly for safety, and armed men pursuing him. She was bewildered—wildly bewildered. But every motion gave place to anguish; and she returned to her mother's house alone, and sank upon her bed, and wept.

She could scarce relate to her parent the cause of her grief; but others, who had been witnesses of the regal festival, called at Widow Hewitt's for refreshment, as they returned home, and from them she gathered that her intended son-in-law had been the champion of the day; but that, when he had been led forward to receive the purse from the hands of the king, the monarch, instead of bestowing it, denounced him as a traitor; "and when he fled," added they, "his majesty ordered him to be brought to him dead or alive!"—for, in the days of our fathers, men used the *license* that is exemplified in the fable of the Black Crows, quite as much as it is used now. The king certainly had commanded that Andrew should be brought to him; but he had said nothing of his being brought *dead*.

Nancy lifted her hands in astonishment as high as the ceiling, (and it was not a high one, and was formed of rushes)—"Preserve us, sirs!" said she, "ye perfectly astonish me a'thegither! Poor child! I'm sure Andrew

wadna harm a dog! A traitor! say ye, the king caed him? That's something very bad, isn't it? An' surely——na, na, Andrew couldna be guilty o't—the king maun be a strange sort o' man."

But, about midnight, a gentle knocking was heard at the window, and a well-known voice said, and in an under tone—

"Janet! Janet! it is me!"

"It is *him*, mother! it is Andrew! they haena gotten him yet!" And she ran to the door and admitted him; and, when he had entered, she continued, "O Andrew! what, in the name o' wonder, is the meaning o' the king's being in a passion at ye? What did ye say or do to him?—or what can be the meaning o't?"

"It is really very singular, Andrew," interrupted the old woman; "what *hae* ye done?—what *is really the meaning o't*?"

"Meaning!" said Andrew, ye may weel ask that! I maun get awa' into England this very night, or my life's no worth a straw; and it's ten chances to aye that it may be safe there. Wha is the king, think ye? now, just think wha?"

"Wha *is* the king!" said Nancy, with a look, and in a tone of astonishment; I dinna comprehend ye, Andrew—what do ye mean? Wha can the king be, but just the king."

"Oh!" said Andrew, "ye mind the chield that cam here wi' me the other night, that left the gowd noble for the three haddies that him and I had atween us, and that I gied a clout in the haffets to, and brought the blood owre his lips, for his behaviour to Jenny!—*yon was the king?*"

"Yon the king!" cried Janet.

"Yon the king!" exclaimed the mother; "and *hae* I really had the king o' Scotland in my house, sitting at my fireside, and cooked a supper for him! Weel, I think, yon the king! Aha! he's a bonny man!"

"O mother!" exclaimed Janet; "bonny here, bonny there, dinna talk sae—he is threatening the life o' poor Andrew, who has got into trouble and sorrow on my account.—Oh, dear me! what shall I do, Andrew!—Andrew!" she continued, and wrung her hands.

"There's just ae thing, hinny," said he; "I must endeavour to get to the other side o' the Tweed, before folk are astir in the

morning; so I maun leave ye directly, but I just ventured to come and bid ye fareweel.—And there's just ne thing that I hae to say and request, and that is, that, if I darena come back to Scotland to marry ye, that ye will come owre to England to me, as soon as I can get into some way o' providing for ye. Will ye promise, Jenny?"

"O yes! yes, Andrew!" she cried, "I'll come to ye—for it is certainly on my account that ye've to flee. But I'll do mair than that—for this very week I will go to Edinburgh, and I will watch in the way o' the king and the queen, and on my knees I'll implore him to pardon ye; and, if he refuses, I ken what I ken."

"Na, na, Jenny, dear," said he, "dinna think o' that—I wad rather suffer banishment and live in jeopardy for ever, than that ye should place yoursel in his power or in his presence. But what do ye ken, dear?"

"Ken!" replied she; "if he refuses to pardon ye, I'll threaten him to tell the queen what he said to me, and what offers he made to me when ye was running out after the powny."

Andrew was about to answer her, when he started at a heavy sound of footsteps approaching the cottage.

"They are in search o' me!" he exclaimed.

Instantly a dozen armed men entered the cottage. "We have found him," cried they to their companions without; "the traitor's here." Andrew, finding that resistance would be hopeless, gave up the sword which he still carried, and suffered them to bind his arms, Jenny clung around his neck and wept. Her mother sat speechless with terror.

"Fareweel, Jenny!" said Andrew—"Dinna distress yoursel—things mayna turn o' sae ill as we apprehend. I can hardly think that the king will be sae unjust as to take your life. Is that no your opinion, sirs?" added he addressing the armed men. "

"We are not to be your judges," said the leader; "ye are our prisoner, by his Majesty's command, and that is a' we ken about the matter. The king spares nae traitor."

Poor Janet shrieked as she heard the cruel words, and cried—"the queen shall ken it!"

Jenny's arms were rude. . . . on from around his neck, and he was dragged from the horse—and his arms, as I have stated being bound—he was placed behind a horseman, and



body was fastened to that of the trooper.— In this manner he was conducted to Edinburgh, where he was cast into prison to await his doom.

Within two days, Janet and her mother were seized also, at the very moment when the former was preparing to set out to implore his pardon—and accused of harbouring and concealing in their house one whom the king had denounced as guilty of treason.

Janet submitted to her fate without a murmur, and only said, "weel, if Andrew be to suffer upon my account, I am willing to do the same for his. But surely neither you nor the king can be sae cruel as to harm my poor old mother!"

"Oh, dear! dear!" cried the old woman to those who came to apprehend her—"Was there ever the like o' this seen or heard tell? Before I kenned wha the king was, I took him to be a kind lad and a canny lad, and he canna say but I shewed him every attention, and even prevented Andrew frae striking him again; and what gratification can it be to him to tak awa the life o' a lone widow, and a bit helpless lassie?"

But, notwithstanding her remonstrances, Nancy Hewitt and her beautiful daughter were conducted as prisoners to the metropolis.

On the fourth day of his confinement, Andrew was summoned before King James and his nobles, to receive his sentence, and undergo his punishment. The monarch, in the midst of his lords, sat in a large apartment of the castle; armed men, with naked swords in their hands, stood around; and the frown gathered on his face as the prisoner was led to his presence.

Andrew bowed before the monarch, then raised his head and looked around, with an expression on his countenance which shewed that, although he expected death, he feared not.

"How now, ye traitor knave!" said the king, sternly; "do ye deny that ye raised your hand against our royal person?"

"No!" was the brief and bold reply of the cadger and fisherman.

"Ye have heard, kinsmen," continued the king, "the confession of his guiltiness from his own lips—what punishment do ye award him?"

"Death! the traitor's doom!" replied the nobles.

"Nay, truth," said James, "we shall be somewhat more merciful; and because of his brave bearing at Lammermoor, his life shall be spared—but, certes, the hand that was raised against our person shall be struck off—bring in the block!"

Now, the block was brought into the midst of the floor, and Andrew was made to kneel, and his arm was placed upon it—and the executioner stood by with his sword, waiting the signal from the king to strike off his hand, when the fair young queen, with her attendants, entered the apartment. The king rose to meet her.

"What would my fair queen?"

"A boon! a boon! my liege," playfully replied the blooming princess; "that ye strike not off the hand of that audacious man, but that ye chain it for his life."

"Be it so, my fair one," said the king; and taking the sword of the executioner in his hand, he slapped the kneeling culprit on the shoulder with it, saying—"Arise ye, Sir Alexander Gut-thrie, and thus do we chain thy offending hand!"—the young queen at the same moment raised a veil with which she had concealed the features of bonny Janet—and the king taking her hand, placed it in Andrew's.

"My conscience!" exclaimed Andrew, "am I in existence!—do I dream, or what?—O Jenny, woman! O yer Majesty! what shall I say?"

"Nothing," replied the monarch, "but the king cam' in the cadger's way—and Sir Andrew Gut-thrie and his bonny bride shall be provided for."

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It was intended, in the original plan of this publication, not to interrupt the continuous succession of "Wilson Border Tales," but as many of its readers have manifested much satisfaction that the Tales are not brought to a conclusion in each number, the publisher has concluded (when a story does not fill up the number) to close up the deficiency with original articles—and which, both prose and poetical, he has the promise of being furnished with.—*Publisher.*

To the Publisher of the Border Tales—

Sir—I am glad to find that the popularity of the "Border Tales" is increasing as they are better known: and I hope that their success will be co-equal to their intrinsic merit—and then, of course, you will have no cause to regret being their publisher. Within my circle of acquaintance, many have suggested that a department devoted to local Literature, would be very acceptable to the general reader, and have a tendency to elicit much literary talent that would otherwise lie dormant, as also contribute to give a zest to your publication. And as I

" Sometimes seek the Muse's pow'r  
To wile a leisure, lonely hour,"

I send you the following specimen of my lucubrations, in which I have not attempted to mount a Pegasus, but merely sailed in a poetic skiff through some twenty stanzas; and such of your readers as have ever felt the *delicious agony* and *rapturous wretchedness* of love, may be interested in the excursion.

Trafalgar, Gore District.

W. A. STEPHENS.

### THE TIDE OF LOVE.

Floating down the tide of love,  
Steering just as *Passion* pleases,  
We sail through many a flow'ry grove,  
Fann'd by Hope's bewitching breezes.

—Now we're in a magic lake,  
Careless if becalmed or sailing,  
Hope, her strains of joy awakes,  
Spite of Disappointment's wailing.

Hush—she sings the charms of Love,  
And spreads her fascinations o'er us;  
While Beauty's form is seen above,  
Joining in the thrilling chorus.

—Now we'll clasp her glowing charms:  
No—she's vanished like a vision!  
Vacancy is in our arms—  
Despair in dark'ning gloom has risen!

Clouding all our brilliant sky,  
Gardens bright to deserts changing—  
Where Hope's bright palaces rose high,  
Gloomy, craggy mountains ranging.

Fiercely now the currents pour,  
—Now to ice our blood congealing!  
Dark! the mis'ry of that hour—  
Deep the agony of feeling!

Anger, Disappointment, Pride,  
With Love, a fearful war are waging,  
Who the trembling bark may guide,  
While such combatants are raging.

Shall we unto Prudence flee?  
Has *Prudence* aught to do with *Passion*?  
As well the world might hope to see  
*Propriety* controuling *Fashion*!

O! where is Hope—I see her, bright,  
Through yon rocky opening gleaming:  
Avant! Despair! from beauty bright,  
The light of Hope again is beaming.

Forward, like the arrow's flight,  
Down the headlong torrent dashing!  
'Mong rocks just seen by fitful light  
From electric bat'ries flashing!

Again, Hope's music's in the air,  
And the horizon is bright'ning;  
"Faint heart ne'er won lady fair,"  
Vanished is the storm and light'ning.

Follow then, Hope leads the way—  
Beauty will not fly for ever—

Love will bid her feet to stay—  
Love, and Hope! Oh, who would sever!

Love, led by the hand of Hope,  
Makes our Earth a blooming Heaven;  
But when led by dark Despair,  
Happiness from hearts are riven.

—But—what means that double tide!  
'Tis the stream of love dividing;  
One, is rapid, rough, and wide,  
One, o'er pearls in chrystal gliding.

Bearing many a shallop light—  
Each, with a lady and a lover—  
Honey-moon is shining bright—  
Disappointment's reign is over.

But—look down the other stream—  
Many a shallop there is scatter'd—  
Lured too far by Love's bright dream,  
'Till on sunken breakers shatter'd.

Some essay to struggle back,  
Fearlessly with Love contending—  
Every nerve is on the rack!  
Agony each fibre bending!

Others, from their woes to flee,  
Down the headlong torrent rushing!  
Split on the rock *felo de se*,  
See—O see their life's blood gushing!

Hope promised fair she'd safely lead  
Them all to Hymen's bright dominion;  
But left them in despair to bleed,  
And fled on evanescent pinion.

Thus, when we launch on Love's bright tide,  
Our breasts with hope and ardor glowing,  
'Mong bow'rs of bliss we lightly glide,  
On sorrow not a thought bestowing.

Hope, promises the tide will flow  
Clear and evenly for ever:  
But her vot'ries shortly know  
Breakers through the current ever.

Her promises we fain believe,  
Because they are so fairly spoken—  
She does not willingly deceive—  
'Tis want of pow'r her words have broken.

And when on earth, her word is given,  
'Tis often folly to believe her:  
'Tis only when she speaks from Heaven  
That truth and power will never leave her.

## JOHN JOHNSTON.

From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

In the year 1780, there was a John Johnston, a journeyman carpenter from Moffat, who came to Edinburgh to seek work. As he was an excellent tradesman, he soon procured employment, and he might have done very well, for he got the best wages that were going; but no matter how much he worked, he was always in poverty, and had not one penny to rub on another. There was a tipping house kept by a Mrs. Kerr, very near to the shop where he wrought, and there he and some of his companions who had the same taste as himself, got what drink they required through the week, on the express condition that they were to clear scores punctually every Saturday night. This was a very convenient arrangement, but it led to the running up of pretty long bills. Sometimes John's score amounted to six or seven shillings, as it might very well do, considering how speedily the price of one or two gills or a bottle or two of ale every day mount up to a round sum. Whatever the scores were, however, they were always pointedly paid. The allowance of credit with Lucky Kerr was called "having light," and the greatest pains were taken to keep the "light" from going out. How much of John's weekly wages remained after suffering these cuttings and carvings, on Saturday evenings, may be easily guessed.

Things went on in this kind of way till about the Martinmas of the year 1785, just as winter set in, when John took a severe cold, and was fairly laid up in his lodging. He had been working in a new house, which had not got in the windows, and a draught of air had blown all day upon him, so as to give him first a sore throat, and then a terrible cough, that was dreadful to hear. This was a very severe misfortune, more particularly as he had saved nothing from his wages, and he had no money either to get nourishing diet, or firing to keep himself warm. To make the case as bad as it could be, hardly any body came to see him, at least none that could give him any thing, for he did not belong to any box or sick society, and he was therefore now in the greatest straits. If he had not pawned some of his tools, it is believed that he would have actually perished.

In the midst of John's great illness and necessity, he sent his landlady, an old widow woman, who was very poor, and could make him no help, to tell Mrs. Kerr of his condition—and ask if she would be so kind as lend him twenty shillings till he got better, when he would honestly pay her. The request was made, but promptly refused. "Gae way wi'

ye, woman" said Lucky; "dye think naething else to do wi' my siller than gie sic a drunken chield as Jock Johnston? sets him weel to send to me for ony thing kind. Gang away wi' ye; he may dee at back o' a dyke for me." John was much disappointed when the old woman turned with this uncivil reply of the person whom he had for years been enriching with his money. "What an idiot I have been said he to himself, to come to this pinch, I might have plenty to keep me comfortable but if I live, I'll take better care again; as for that randy—, Lucy Kerr, she'll never see another ha'penny o' mine."

Well, fortunately for John, a sister to the town and gave him some small of his constitution at length got the better of the illness, so that he was able to approach his old master, Deacon Bryden, for employment. The Deacon was a considerate feeling man for the poor, and at once John into the shop, and advanced him to redeem his tools from the pawnbroker. Some short time after he returned to work, he had occasion to pass Mrs. Kerr's door, and there she was standing talking to a neighbour. "Good day, John," said "I am glad to see that ye are able to get to your work; will ye no step in and see?" "Thank ye," he replied; "I cannot, and so was passing on." "Hout, you, J she answered, "dinna be in sic a sorry ye ken we're auld freends, and ye ma tak on through the week as ye used!" "That's a' very guid, mistress, but it do for me; your shabbiness in no lending what I wanted when I was sic ill o' your ill tongue to the bargain, hae ye o' ca'ing at your door, or the door o' o' like ye." And with that he manfully on. The victory was completely John was now quite another thing, having a daized drunken look, and w a coat out at the elbows, he now had a tional appearance in the face, and was cent in his apparel as any workman could be. Sensible of the advantage of his manner of living, he persuaded other lads in the same shop to give up their ing, and lay by their odd bawbees. being no Savings Banks in those days, he made himself a small box with a slit top, fastening the lid with screw nail he went upon a fixed plan of putting thing every week into it; and he determined not to break upon these savings, unless a case of very urgent necessity.