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AUGUST.

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WILSON'S BORDER TALES.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Dearth, - - -	289
Archy Armstrong, - - -	297
Widow's Ae Son, - - -	305
The Tar's Yarn, - - -	307
Death of de la Beaute, - - -	308
Ups and Dowsas, - - -	312

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BY S. HERON.



TORONTO :

1839.

After the departure of Willie, Helen felt dreary loneliness she had never felt before. The *Eldrich Stone* used to be her favourite resort; but she was now much dedicated to Elizabeth, who, being left alone, became good of her company, passing the greater part of the day in the farmer's house, but continuing as reserved and taciturn as she had always been. In vain Grizzel endeavoured to know from her who Willie's father was, or his name: all she ever would communicate was, that his was a gallant name; and the time she hoped, was now come, when he might pronounce it with the best of the land. Thus time passed on, and Willie was almost forgot by every one save Elizabeth and Helen—the one dwelling on the loved theme with all the fondness of a parent, the other with that of a beloved brother; but no news of him had as yet reached the Cottage of Elizabeth, who was now become very frail, while Helen paid her every attention in her power.

The seasons had for the last three years, been most unpropitious: the poor were suffering from famine, and the more wealthy were much straightened in their circumstances, and impoverished by the death of their cattle from want of fodder. In summer—if it could be called summer—when the sun was not seen for weeks together, when the whole atmosphere was surcharged with fogs, when the ground was deluged by rain, and the wind blew piercing cold, the grain that was sown did not ripen sufficiently either for food to man or seed to sow; while the cattle seized by unknown diseases, languished and died. Money in those distant parts, was of small avail; for none had grain to dispose of, or help to bestow, upon the numerous applicants who thronged the doors of the larger farmers. Nettles, marsh mallows, and every weed that was not immediately hurtful, were eagerly sought after and devoured by the famished people.

Among all this suffering, William Kerr did not escape. The lengthened and unprecedented deep snow-storms were fatal to his stocks, and before the fourth winter, he had not one left to take care of. His black cattle died, until he was equally bereft of all; and that house where plenty had always been, and from whence the beggar was never sent away hungry, was now the abode of want and ordering on famine. Yet despondency

never clouded his brow, and his heart was strong to Christian faith, and resigned to the will of God. Evening and morning his simple sacrifice was offered up to the throne of grace with as fervent love and adoration as in the days of his greatest prosperity; while the assiduous and gentle Helen mingled her tears with those of Grizzel, as much for the misery that was around them as their own. The winter of the fifth year had set in with unusual severity, long before its usual time, and all that William had secured of his crop was a few bushels of oats, so black and bitter that nothing but the extreme of hunger would have compelled a human being to have tasted the flour they produced. Their only cow—the last of six which had in former years abundantly supplied their dairy—now lean and shrunk, had long since withheld her nourishing stream. It was a beautiful animal, the pride of Helen and Grizzel, was reared upon the farm, and obeyed Helen's voice like a dog. With great exertion and assiduity she had procured for it support; but the grass did not give its wonted nourishment, being stinted and sour, and in vain was now all her care. The snow lay deep on the ground, and the animal was pining with hunger, and must inevitably die from want.

Great was the struggle, and bitter the tears they shed, before they gave consent to have their favourite put to death. Yet it was reasonable; for the carcass was requisite to sustain their own existence and that of Elizabeth, whom the good farmer had removed to his own home, lest she had died for want, or been plundered in those times of suffering and distress—when even the bonds of natural affection were rent asunder by famine, and children were devouring in secret any little eatable they found, without giving a share to their more famished parents, while parents grudged a morsel to their expiring children. Thus passed another miserable winter, and death was now busy around them; numbers died from want and unwholesome food, and, among the rest, old Elizabeth sickened and paid the debt of nature; but, to her last moment, she never divulged to Helen, much as she loved her, any circumstance regarding Willie. Helen, indeed, in the present distress, thought not of him; and when Elizabeth used to regret his neglect of her, she only

remembered him as a former play fellow and generous school companion.

A few days before she died, as Helen sat by her bedside, administering to her wants, she put forth her emaciated and withered hands, and, taking Helen's, kissed them, and blessed her for the care and attention she had paid her. Pointing to a small chest in which her clothes were kept, she gave Helen the key, and requested her to open it and bring a small ebony box to her. Helen did as desired; and, when she received the box she opened it by touching a concealed spring, Helen looked on in amazement; for in the box were many jewels, and several valuable rings. The old woman took them out, one by one, and laid them upon the bed, in a careless manner, as if they had been of no value; then took out a small bundle of letters, which she kissed and wept over for a few moments; then looking up, she said—

"O Great Author of my being! pardon this, my last thought of earth, when my whole soul ought to be employed in thanking Thee for Thy mercies, and imploring pardon for my many sins. Oh, how I now lament my infirmities!—but there is still hope for even the chief of sinners, which I am, in the blood of Jesus." She then sunk overpowered upon her pillow for a time, and at length recovering, continued—"Dear Helen, when I am gone keep these baubles to yourself. Alas! they were purchased by me by years of misery. These papers you will keep for William, should he ever return to inquire after me; if not, destroy them; you are at liberty to look over them if you choose, when I am no more. In this box you will also find a small sum in gold. When it pleases God to give his sinful creatures more favourable seasons, it will restock this present desolate farm, and in part only restore the debt of gratitude we owe a worthy man."

Helen, with tears, accepted the bequest, and restored it to the oaken chest; then knelt by the bedside of the sufferer, and prayed with all her heart for her recovery; but the hand of death was upon Elizabeth—she fell into stupor, and never spoke again. Helen and her foster parents felt real sorrow at the death of their inmate, for she was a pleasant companion to a pious auditory.—Though taciturn on every subject but what was of a spiritual nature, her soul became as if on fire when she conversed on her

favourite theme, and a sublimity was in her language that carried away her hearers, and forced conviction upon the cold and indifferent.

As soon as the funeral was over, Helen showed to William and his wife the magnificent bequest of the old lady. Although they knew not the exact value of the gems, they knew it must be considerable; and the guineas were above two hundred. Their astonishment was great at the good fortune of Helen; for they had always thought, from her dress and humility, that Elizabeth was poor, although she never sought relief, but lived principally upon the produce of her little kail yard, and the meal she purchased each year, in the beginning of winter, along with her meat. This unexpected wealth added not to their happiness, nor in the least abated their grief for the loss of the giver.—Scanty as the necessaries of life were, William Kerr was far from poor; but, at this time, money could not procure food in many of the distant parts of Scotland.

By strict economy they contrived to get over the next long and dismal winter, and even to have something to spare for the more necessitous of their neighbours, in hopes that the ensuing spring would put an end to their privations; but it proved cold and barren as the others had been, and the more necessitous of the surviving population had retired to the sea-shore, to eke out a scanty subsistence by picking the shell-fish from the rocks, and eating the softer sea-weeds. Often in vain the most dexterous fisher essayed his skill, and returned without a single fish; for even those had forsaken the shores of the famishing land, driven off by the storms, and the swell and surge, that for weeks together beat upon the coast. In this the extreme of their distress, William Kerr heard that a vessel had arrived at Stranraer with grain. Without delay he mounted his sole remaining horse, now so much reduced that it could scarce bear his weight, and set off for the port—a distance of twenty miles. Short as it was, it was late in the evening ere he arrived, and he found, to his regret, that all had been disposed of in a few hours—being dispersed about the town and immediate neighbourhood. Through much importunity and by paying a great price, he procured a scanty supply; and next morning laying

on his horse, went back to his home, rejoicing that he had procured it; for what he had reaped the harvest before was now nearly all consumed. As there was no appearance of the present summer being better than the preceding one, he resolved to shut up his house and retire to Stranraer, until it should please God to remove his wrath from the land. He took this step, because there he could procure subsistence for money, although the price was exorbitant.

With regret they bade adieu to the scenes of their former happiness; and taking all their valuables and cash, locked up their home, and with their one horse, which carried the load, accompanied also by Colin, who was now old and blind, led by Helen, the sad procession moved on their dull and weary way. The land was desolate, it was the beginning of June, yet not a bud was to be seen; the whins shewed only their gaudy yellow flowers as if in mockery of the surrounding dreary scenes. Arrived at Stranraer, they found their situation much more comfortable; as provisions could be had there, although the prices were exorbitant.—Several of the inhabitants imported grain from England and Ireland, in small quantities, for themselves and such as could purchase at the price they demanded for it—which comparatively few could; and what was thus brought was in a manner concealed, or the magistrates, by act of the Estates of Scotland had the power to seize any store of grain, either in passing through the burgh or concealed in it, and sell it to the people at their own price. This prevented those who would from importing it from a distance, save in small quantities.

Helen's heart bled to see the famishing wretches wandering along the beach at high water, like shadows—so thin, so wasted looking with longing eyes for the retreat of the tide, that they might commence their search for any shell-fish they could find upon the rocks, or any other substance which the ingenuity of man could convert to food, however loathsome to satisfy the hunger that was consuming them. There were to be seen mothers, bearing their infants—unmindful of the rain that for days poured down, more or less; and fathers more resembling a spectre than men, either upon their knees in the middle of their family, imploring heaven for aid, or following the wave in its slow retreat

to the utmost bound with anxious looks, exulting if their search procured them a few limpets or wicks.

During this tedious summer, William Kerr returned occasionally to his deserted farm; but it lay waste and uninviting, more resembling a swamp than arable land. His heart fell within him at the sight. No one had called, everything remained as it was; even the direction he had written upon his door, telling where he was to be found, remained undefaced, save by the pelting rain. Towards autumn the weather became more warm and dry, and promised a change for the better. The family, with joy, returned once more to the farm, to prepare for better seasons. As soon as they entered the cold damp house, where fire had not been kindled for many months, Colin, the faithful and sagacious dog, blind as he was, gave a feeble bark for joy, ran tottering round each well-remembered spot; then stretching himself on his wonted lair beside the fire, which Helen was busy kindling, licked her hand as she patted his head, stretched his limbs, gave a faint howl, and expired. All felt as if they had lost a friend.

This winter was more mild than any that had been remembered for many years, and gave token of an early and genial spring.—The famine was still very severe; but hope began to appear in the faces of the most reduced and desponding. William Kerr procured seed-corn from Stranraer, and distributed some among his less wealthy neighbours to sow their lands.

For eleven long years no word had been received of Willie, the widow's son, as he had been called, although he had been often the subject of discourse at Willie Kerr's fireside. The little ebony box had never been opened since the day of the funeral. There was now little chance of his ever returning to receive its contents, and far less of Helen's ever leaving Minniegaff in quest of him; and as Elizabeth had allowed Helen, if she choose, to read the papers, William and Grizzel proposed that she should do so. She immediately opened it, and took out the packet, which was neatly sealed, and tied by a ribbon.—There was no direction upon it. Having broken it open, the first paper was found to be directed "To William B—— of B——;" and ran thus:—

"My Dear William—You will not have seen this until I am in the world of spirits, and I hope the communion of saints in heaven, through Jesus our Lord. You have ever believed that I am your parent; but I am not. I am only your aunt—your father being a much younger brother, who was the delight of his mother and myself; for from his earliest dawning of reason, his mind was of a pious turn, and we loved him as much as he was the aversion of his father. His elder brother had engrossed all his parent's love; for he was more like himself, and cared not for any thing that savoured of the fear of God. My father had been a cavalier and suffered a share of his sovereign's misfortunes, and hated the Covenanters with a perfect hatred; but he interfered not with his pious wife in her mode of worship, until your father shewed an aversion, when yet a boy, to join in the profanity and revelry which he and his elder son delighted in. It was after this that he began to storm and threaten his wife, for instilling her puritanical notions, as he called them, into his children. We were immediately taken from her. I was sent to an aunt of his own opinion; and Andrew, your father, to an University in Paris. Your father I never heard of for some years. My mother I never saw again until she was upon her deathbed, when she gave me the jewels you will find in the box with this. Make a good use of them, and may they prove a blessing in placing you above want, if I am taken away before you are claimed by your father, which he will do if he lives, and is allowed to return to Scotland; if not, you will be enabled to trace him out by their means. But I must proceed:—I was still residing with my father's aunt, when your father returned to Scotland, bringing with him from France a Scottish lady of family, whom he had married there. Being very uncomfortably situated, I went to reside with him.—The troubles about religion, which distracted the country, had been laying it waste for some time. Your father took a leading part for the Covenant, and joined the insurgents. The fatal battle of Bothwell Bridge was fought. Your father was dangerously wounded; but escaped: he was concealed by a faithful servant, and brought home, where we concealed him from the search that was made, until his recovery. Your mother who was of a delicate constitution never recovered the shock. She sickened, and died before

her husband was convalescent. Your father was obliged to fly his country in disguise, his property confiscated, and a price set upon his head; for though he had been seen to his body had not been found. I was driven from his house, and retired to this wild as a place of security, of which I informed your father. He was, when I wrote this, at the Hague, a merchant, and wealthy. You were too young to remember any of these events, and I was as familiar in your sight as your sainted mother. If you apply to the Prince of Orange, should your father be dead, he will be your friend for his sake.

Elizabeth B—."

The next paper was a letter in a female hand, which had evidently been blotted by the tears either of the writer or the reader, for it was blistered in many places, and the ink effaced.

"My loving Elizabeth—Pity me; for my heart is broken—I am weighed down by many sorrows, and have no one to whom I can relieve this bursting heart but you. Alas! the illusions of love are gone. I am now the aversion of my lord. I fear his love for me is fled for ever, in spite of all my endeavours to please him. At the birth of my beautiful babe, he left the castle in displeasure. Unfeeling Charles! when I expected rapture in his eye at the sight of his child, he turned from it as if he loathed it, because it was not a boy. For eighteen months he has been in London, at the court, and returned only a few weeks since. Alas! how his manner is changed! I am treated with harshness and scorn. The only consolation I have now when he threatens to deprive me of, and send her young as she is to a nunnery in France, and make her profess. I have been on my knees again and again to my cruel lord to allow me to be her companion. This he sternly refuses. Oh, teach me, my dear Eliza, how I may soften his obdurate heart; for cruel as he is, I love him still, and would die a thousand deaths rather than offend him. Had I never loved him so sincerely, I never had been so miserable. Holy Virgin, be my aid! and all the saints befriend me! I know it is not because I am an unworthy daughter of the universal church that he now has ceased to love me; for he knew I was so before we wed. He, alas! cares for nothing holy; and in his conversation even favours the church

my faith. Again, I implore, advise and
 save me, your poor and heart-broken

Louisa B.—

The only other paper was also a letter in
 the same hand, as follows:—

“My Dear Elizabeth—Fate has done its
 worst, and my heart is not broken, neither
 am I distracted. I am bereft of my treasure
 it was torn from me by its unnatural father
 with threats and imprecations. I know no
 more; for nature sank under his cruelty.—
 When I recovered, my lord—now *my* lord no
 longer—had left the castle. I would have
 followed though I knew not whither; but I
 was detained a prisoner in my room, and
 denied the presence of every one, except
 a range of menials he had appointed as my
 keepers. I have succeeded in my attempt,
 and am now with my uncle. I leave this
 packet in which I have suffered so much, for
 you to search for my heart's treasure—
 or will I cease my wanderings until I have
 found my child. Farewell! perhaps for ever!

Louisa B.—”

Helen and the now aged Grizzel shed tears
 over the sufferings of Louisa, replaced the
 papers, and wished that William might once
 more return, if it were for no more than to
 inquire if he could say whether his relation
 had found her child or not. The packet could
 reveal nothing to him but what he already
 knew.

The following summer was genial and
 warm, and the crops luxuriant to profusion:
 nature appeared anxious to make amends
 for the barrenness of the preceding years.—
 Famine had disappeared, but poverty had
 laid its cold hand upon many a family who
 before had never known want. The more
 munificent William Kerr and Helen distribu-
 ted their aid with a liberal hand to all around
 them—his farm had resumed its wonted
 prosperous appearance—and Helen occasionally
 visited the Eldrich Stone, as she went out of
 her summer evening to meet the worthy farmer
 on his return from the hill. The harvest
 had been gathered in, and a public thank-
 giving made in all the churches for its abund-
 ance, when, towards the end of the year, the
 worthy old minister died, beloved and regret-
 ted by all: his executor sent to William Kerr
 a small piece of paper his wife had found
 in the clothes of Helen, with a certificate of
 the date and circumstances carefully written
 at the time. So little had they thought

of it, as of any importance, that its existence
 was almost forgotten. Helen put it into the
 same box with the papers left in her charge
 by Elizabeth, and thought no more of it.—
 Happy, loving and beloved by her foster pa-
 rents, she had no other wish on earth but to
 see them happy by contributing to their
 comfort. The new incumbent of the parish,
 a pious young man, was assiduous in the per-
 formance of his public duties—visiting all
 his parishioners with a parent's care, speak-
 ing consolation to the afflicted, and soothing
 down any little animosities that arose among
 them; but it was observed that he called
 oftener at William Kerr's, and remained
 longer there, than at any other of the houses
 in the parish; and it was whispered by the
 young maidens that Helen was, more than
 the old man and his wife, the inducement for
 these numerous and protracted visits.

The truth was, that he loved Helen, and
 was not looked upon by her with indifference;
 his many virtues had won her esteem, which
 is near akin to love, and she received his at-
 tentions with a secret pleasure, though no
 declaration of love had yet been made by
 him. In one of their walks, which had been
 protracted more than usual, they were re-
 turning homewards by the Eldrich Stone—
 the evening was mild and serene for the sea-
 son; Helen's arm was in his. She felt no
 fatigue; but stopped from habit at the much
 loved spot. A thought of Willie passed
 through her mind—a faint wish to know
 whether he were dead or alive rose in her
 bosom—and her head dropped with a sigh as
 she thought of his being numbered with the
 dead. The anxious lover remarked the
 change—and taking Helen by the hand, in-
 quired with a tremulous voice the cause of
 her melancholy. The ingenuous girl laid
 open to him the cause, and a pang of jealousy
 wrung his heart as he dropped her hand.—
 “Helen,” he would have said, “you love
 another;” but such was the agitation of his
 mind, that his tongue refused utterance to
 his thoughts.

In silence they walked side by side to the
 farmer's, as if the faculty of speech had been
 taken from them. Contrary to his wont, the
 minister did not enter the gate to the enclo-
 sure, but, stopping short, wrung Helen's
 hand as he bade her good night, and hurried
 away before she could inquire the cause of
 his agitation. She burst into tears, and look-

ed after him : he stopped, and with a quick step he saw him returning. She still stood in the same spot, her eyes following his every motion. Again he approached, and leaning upon the gate where she still stood, said in a voice almost choked—

“Helen, do you love that person?”

“As a brother I love him, and cherish his memory,” the agitated girl replied.

A groan burst from the minister as he ran from the house. She entered the house, for the first time in her life, a prey to anguish—what could be the cause of the sudden change in the manners of the minister, she was at a loss to conceive. She retired to bed, but not to rest.

For several days she saw nothing of her lover : he had never left the manse. On the sabbath following, Helen and her parents were in their usual place in the church—but she had a shade of care upon her lovely countenance, which no one had ever seen there before. Contrary to her wont, her eyes were never once directed to the pulpit, while the preacher sought her face with more than usual anxiety. Although there was a tremulousness in his voice at the commencement of the service, he preached with more than his usual eloquence and fervour.

At the conclusion of the service, the pious hearers crowded round their pastor—but it was remarked that although William Kerr and his wife shook hands with him, Helen passed on out of the churchyard unaccompanied by him, and without being recognised. The worthy pair were not less astonished than the rest of the spectators, and wondered much what could have caused the change: on their way home they inquired at Helen, who without reserve gave them an account of all that had occurred at their last interview. The good dame smiled.

“Oh, he will soon come back,” said she; “it’s a good sign—only a little jealousy of Willie.”

“I am sure,” she replied, “he need not be jealous of my loving my brother—for I shall always love him as such.”

Grizzel was right : in the course of the following week, the minister was as much abroad as ever, and spent more than his usual time with the Kerrs. All was explained to the satisfaction of both parties, and a mutual declaration of love followed. Helen

was soon after led a bride to the manse and became its ornament and boast. With the plenshing of the bride, the old carved oak chest of Elizabeth was also taken, the ebony box was opened, and for the first time her husband knew of the treasure possessed by his wife. With a playful violence he pushed it from him, and clasped her in his arms.

“Helen,” said he, “you are the jewel prize; put away from my sight these baubles—but what papers are these?”

“I am afraid to let you look upon them, said she—“for they are Willie’s—and it’s dangerous for me, you know, to speak of him.”

She undid the ribbon and handed them to him : he read them over with care, together with the slip of paper written in French, and compared the hand in which it was written with the two letters. Resting his head upon his hand, he mused for some time, then again compared them, and seemed lost in thought.

“Helen,” said he at length, “a strange fancy has taken possession of me—that you are in some way or other connected with the papers. It is so improbable that I am greatly at a loss to conceive how it can be—yet the conviction is not the less strong upon my mind. There is a similarity in the handwriting of the letters that struck me at once. Their date, and the date of my predecessor’s certificate, are very near each other—the time is not a month between the first letter and the certificate, and the second letter is a short time after the date of that document. It is very strange; and God, in his good time, agreeable to his will, may bring all to light.”

About eighteen months after this conversation, Helen, one day, as was her wont, had walked over to William Kerr’s, with her young son in her arms, to spend an hour or two with them, and wait until her husband called, on his return to the manse, from his visits. William had the babe on his knee and was talking to it, with all the fondness of age, about its mother, when he first beheld her on his knees in the same chair and at the same hearth. Their attention was excited by the tramp of horses’ feet approaching the house. Helen started up and ran to the window to see who it might be. She could not recognise them : it was a gentleman in military undress, attended by a servant—

dismounted, and giving his horse to the attendant, stepped hastily to the door, which he opened with the freedom of an old acquaintance—and before she could leave the room he was in the room. She recognized him at a glance.

"It is Willie, father," she cried, in a voice of joy. "I am so happy to see you again, and all—for we all thought you had been dead."

It was indeed Willie: but he appeared not to partake of the joy of those who greeted him with such fervour: he gazed at Helen, and then at the babe she now held in her arms, in silence—and a deep shade of disappointment clouded his brow: he had stood thus a minute or two in silence, with a hand on each of the old people grasped in his—Helen felt awkward and abashed at his melancholy and imploring glance—and turning away it appeared busy with her son. Willie rested himself, and seemed as if in a fit of abstraction, his eyes still fixed on the object of his early love, and strong emotion depicted on his countenance. The sight of the child awakened suspicions which he was not at a time able to confirm or dissipate by a single question—and his agitation was so extreme that no one present could call up resources to explain to him how or when Helen had changed her situation. The silence was painful to all, but to none more than to William and Grizzel—the reason why they were unwilling to speak. They felt for him; Helen's eye was filled with a tear, as she looked up blushing into the face of one she had claimed the first love offering of her heart. This state of painful and too pregnant silence was put an end to by him who had most to dread from a disclosure.—Coming, as if by an effort forcing himself out of a train of thoughts, he held out his finger, and pointed to the babe that was looking up into the face of the mother, in whose eye the tear still stood—

"Is it possible, Helen?" said he, in a voice trembling with strong emotion, and unable to finish the rest of the sentence, the meaning of which his pointed finger sufficiently indicated.

Helen was silent—the blush rose higher on her face, and the tear dropped on the face of the child. William and Grizzel looked at each other as if each wished the other to

"Speak, Helen," said Willie, partly recovering himself, "Can it be?" and he again faltered.

His emotion stopped still more effectually the voice of Helen, who hid her face on the breast of her child.

"Indeed, and it is just sae," at last said Grizzel. "That is Helen's bairn, and as bonny a one it is as she was hersel when we found her by the Eldrich Stane, wi' her head restin on the side o' puir auld Colin, wha is since dead. Ah, Willie, ye hae yersel to blame—for ye never let us ken whether ye were dead or alive."

Willie drew his hand over his eyes, and was silent. There was another subject that pressed upon his heart, and one which he equally feared to broach by a question.

"And Elizabeth, my more than mother," he ejaculated in a broken voice—what of her?"

"She's in the kirkyard o' Minniegaff," answered Grizzel. "The sods are again grown together, and the grass is hail and green owre her grave."

"Oh, did I expect to meet all this!" muttered the unhappy man, as he held his hands upon his face. There was again silence in the cottage. "But had my dear friend plenty, and was she well cared for in her last moments?" he continued, with the same broken voice.

"Nane o' us had plenty at that dreadful time," answered Grizzel—"death was the only creature that seemed to have aneugh—we killed auld Hawky to save the life o' puir Elizabeth; but her time was come. She died i' the fear o' God; and you Willie, that was her only love on earth, was her last thought, as she left this world for that better one whar friends dinna forget their auld benefactors."

"You are unkind, Grizzel," said he, "to add to my present sorrow, by the reproof contained in that hint. I have to you the appearance of being undutiful; but I was so situated that it was not in my power to communicate with her by letter—and to visit her in person was impossible. I would have been here years since, if I could have accomplished it—for I can solemnly declare, my heart has been ever here."

"I believe ye, Willie," cried Grizzel—"I

was owre hasty. Ye could hae dune her nae guid, even if ye had been here; for at that time the hand o' God was upon our sinfu' land, and the assistance o' man was o' nae avail. But your Helen mightna hae been the minister's wife this day, if ye had been mair mindfu' o' Minniegaff an' yer auld friends."

The secret which was painin Willie was now fully revealed. The sad truth that he had lost her of whom he had dreamed for years in foreign lands, and to see whom he had journeyed night and day, with the hope of being blessed at the termination of his journey, was fully disclosed. With not again seeing Elizabeth, he had laid his account; but that he should lose Helen had never once entered his mind; and the intelligence, accompanied as it was with the painful vision of seeing her a mother, with the pledge of her love for another sitting smiling on her knee, was too painful to be endured. For some time he again sat silent and moody; but the evil was of that irremediable nature that often contributes to its cure; and, as the first emotion wore off, he gratified his auditors with a statement of what had befallen himself since he left Minie-gaff.

"It was with a trusty servant I left Elizabeth to join my father in London, who had come over from his long exile in the train of King William. Upon my arrival, I was received with rapture by my beloved parent, and introduced to my sovereign. Proper masters, were engaged to finish my education. As soon I was thought ready, I received a captain's commission in the army, and set out with my regiment for Ireland. I was present at the battle of the Boyne where my uncle fell, he having joined the army of James; and my father became, by this event, the representative of the family. Being in favour with the court, the attainder was reversed. I rose rapidly and had important trusts committed to my charge, which required my utmost vigilance. My mind was so occupied with public affairs, that I had little time for indulging in my own private feelings. I heard of the sufferings in Scotland, and wrote twice; but these letters appeared not to have reached, as I received no answer. I could not send a special messenger, as I was in another country, and had no one I could with confidence trust. I was in hopes from year to year, of being relieved,

and coming in person; and thus twelve tedious years have rolled on."

Willie had just finished, when Helen's husband entered, and was introduced by her. Willie shook hands with him, but not with that cordiality he had done with the former. There was during tea a constraint which gradually wore off; and mutual confidence being restored, they were as open with each other and kind, as if they had long been friends. The minister said that he had papers in his possession which Elizabeth had left in Helen's charge, and which he and Helen had read, as Elizabeth had allowed; and mentioned the strange surmises he had regarding the connection his wife had with them. Willie listened in mute astonishment, and the conflict that was passing in his mind was strongly marked upon his open and generous countenance.

"It cannot be," he said at length, "for my uncle always declared that he had sent Elizabeth to France by a trusty agent, from whom he had letters of their safe arrival: he shewed these letters to the relations of his wife, my aunt-in-law, but never would inform them where he had placed her, or who the agent was. My aunt, who is still alive, has used every effort to learn its fate in vain, and still mourns the loss of her babe."

The minister afterwards walked over to the manse and brought the papers. Willie at once recognised the handwriting as that of his aunt. Rising, he embraced Helen on her cheek, and owned her for his cousin. Next morning his servant was sent off express to H— Castle, with a packet to his aunt, who had for several years resided there, having given up her fruitless search on the Continent. In a few days she arrived at the manse, and embraced Helen as her long lost daughter. The scrap of paper she had found again and again, as the means of her present happiness. The silken dress in which Helen was found, had been carefully preserved. She had sewed it with her own hand, and had been last put on by herself; for Grizz thought it too fine for her to wear. No doubt remained. Willie, the widow's son, joined the army again, and made a conspicuous figure in the wars of Queen Anne; and Helen's mother took up her residence in the manse, and once more, in the close of her life, enjoyed that happiness in her grandchild.

children's fancy she had been denied in her youth. The unfeigned piety and example of her daughter and her husband, gradually re-awakened her from her early faith, which had been much shaken in her melancholy hours, by the studies she had pursued to solace her grief. Till her death she was a devout member of her son-in-law's flock, and is yet remembered to have been heard talked of as the Good Lady.

ARCHY ARMSTRONG.

For thirty years, Sandy Armstrong of the Cleughfoot had been one of the most daring and successful freebooters of his clan: his name was a sound of terror on the Borders, and was alike disagreeable to Scotch and English ears; for like Esau, Sandy's hand was against every man, and every man's hand against him: his clan had been long broken, and without a leader, and the Armstrongs were regarded as outlaws by both nations. Cleughfoot, in which Sandy resided, was a small square building of prodigious strength—around it was a court-yard, or rather an enclosure for cattle, surrounded by a massy wall, in which was an iron gate strong as the wall itself. The door of the dwelling was also of iron, and the windows, which were scarce larger than loop-holes, were barred. It was generally known by the name of "Lang Sandy's Keep," and was situated on the side of the Tarras, about ten miles from Langholm. Around it was a desolate morass, the passes of which were only known to Sandy and his few followers, and round the morass was a decaying but almost impenetrable forest. Sandy, like his forefathers, knew no law, save

"The good old law—the simple plan—
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

He had had seven sons, and of these five had been while following him in the foray, the other had been devoured by a blood-hound, and he had but one, Archy, his youngest son, to whom he could bequeath his strong-bow, a fleet steed, and his sword. Land he had none, and he knew not its value: he thought it more profitable to levy black-mail, to the right and to the left, on Englishman and Scot; and he laughed at the authority of

Elizabeth and of James, and defied the power of the Wardens of their Marches—"Bess may be Queen o' England," said he, "and book-learned Jamie, King o' braid Scotland, but Sandy Armstrong is lord o' the wilds o' Tarras."

On the death of Elizabeth, Sandy and his handful of retainers had been out in the raid to Penrith; in that desperate attempt some of them had fallen, and others had been seized and executed at Carlisle. But Sandy had escaped, driving his booty through the wilds before him to Cleughfoot. On one side of the court-yard stood a score of oxen and six fleet steeds, and on the other was provender for them for many days. On the flat roof of Cleughfoot Keep sat Sandy Armstrong—before him was a wooden stoup filled with aqua vitae, and in his hand he held a small quag neatly hooped round, and formed of wood of various colours. It had a short handle for the finger and thumb, was about two inches in diameter, and three quarters of an inch in depth, and out of this vessel Sandy, ever and anon, quaffed his strong potations, while his son, Archy, a boy of twelve years old, stood by his side, receiving from his parent a Borderer's education. But leaving the freebooter and his son on the turret of their fastness, we shall also, for a few moments, leave Dumfriesshire, and carrying back our narrative for some weeks, introduce the reader to the ancient town of Berwick-upon-Tweed.

On Wednesday the 8th of April, every soul in the good town of Berwick was up by day break—wife and maiden flaunted in their newest gowns with ample fardingals, and the sweating mechanic looked as spruce in his well brushed "jack," as a courtly cavalier. By sunrise, the cannon thundered from the

ramparts. Before noon the Marshal, Sir John Carey, at the head of the garrison, composed of horse and foot, marched out of the town towards Lamberton, firing 'feu-d'-joies' as they went, while the cannon still pealed and the people shouted. The thunder of the artillery became more frequent—the bells rang merrily—the volleys of the garrison became louder and more loud, as though they again approached, and "He comes!—he comes!" shouted the crowd; "Hurra! hurra! the King! the King!" The garrison again entered the town, they filed to the right and left, lining the street. In front of Marygate stood William Selby, the gentleman porter, with the keys of the town. The voice of the artillery, the muskets, and the multitude, again mingled together. James of Scotland and of England stood before the gate—Selby bent upon his knee, he placed the keys of the town in the hands of the monarch, who, instantly returned them saying, "Rise Sir William Selby, an', saul o' me, man, but ye should take it as nae sma' honour, to be the first knight made by James, by the grace of God, an' the love o' our gracious cousin, King o' England an' Scotland likewise."—His Majesty, followed by the multitude, proceeded down Marygate, through the files of the garrison, to the market-place, where the worshipful Hugh Gregson, the mayor, his brother aldermen, the bailiffs, and others of the principal burgesses, waited to receive him. The Mayor knelt and presented him with a purse of gold and the corporation's charter. "Ye are a leal and considerate gentleman," said the king handing the purse to one of his attendants—"worthy friends are ye a'; and now take back your charter, an' ye sall find in us a gracious and affectionate sovereign, ready to maintain the liberty and privilege it confers upon our trusty subjects o' our town o' Berwick." Mr. Christopher Parkinson, the Recorder, then delivered a set and solemn speech, after which the king proceeded to the church, where the Rev. Toby Mathews, Bishop of Durham, preached a sermon suited to royal ears. On the following day, the demonstrations of rejoicing were equally loud, and his Majesty visited the garrison and fortifications; and as he walked upon the ramparts surrounded by lords from Scotland and from England, and while the people shouted, and the artillery belched forth fire, [smoke, and thunder, the

monarch, in order to give an unquestionable demonstration of his courage in the presence of his new subjects, boldly advanced to the side of one of the cannons, and took the matter from the hands of the soldier who was about to fire it. Once—twice—thrice, the monarch stretched forth his hand to the touch-hole, but it touched it not. It was evident the royal hand trembled—the royal eyes were closed—yea, the royal cheeks became pale. At length the quivering match touched the powder, back bounded the thundering cannon and back sprang the terrified monarch, knocking one of his attendants down—dropping the match upon the ground, and thrusting his fingers in his ears—stammering out, as plainly as his throbbing heart would permit that "he feared their drum was split in twa." Scarce had his Majesty recovered from this demonstration of his bravery, when a messenger arrived with the intelligence that the Armstrongs and other clans had committed grievous depredations on the Borders, and had even carried their work of spoilation and plunder as far as Penrith.

"Borders, man!" quoth the king, "our kingdom hath nae borders but the sea. It is our royal pleasure that the word border sall never mair be used: wat ye not that what were the extremities or border o' our twa kingdoms, are but the middle o' our kingdom, an', in future it is our will an' decree that ye ca' them nae longer the borders, but the middle counties: an' now, Sir William Selby, as we were graciously pleased yesterday, by our ain hand, to confer on ye the high honour o' knighthood, tak ye twa hundred and fifty horsemen, and gae up our middle counties, commanding every true man in our name, capable o' bearing arms, to join ye in crushing and in punishing the thieves and rievors; hang ilka Armstrong and Johnstone among them that resists our royal will—an' make the iron yetts o' the towers be converted into ploughshares—awa, sir, an' do your wark surely an' right quicky."

On the following day, Sir William Selby set out upon his mission; and before he had proceeded far he found himself at the head of a thousand horsemen. They burned and destroyed the strongholds of the Borderers—they went, and the more desperate among them who fell into their hands were sent in fetters to Carlisle.

It was early in May, and the young lea-

ursting into beauty and being, were spread-
 ing their summer livery over Tarras forest,
 and the breeze wafted their grateful fra-
 grance over the morass; even on the morass
 self a thousand simple flowers, like frag-
 ments of beauty scattered in handfuls amidst
 the wide-spread desolation, peeped forth;—
 and over the sharp cry of the wheeling lap-
 wing rang the summer hymn of the joyful
 lark, when, as we have before said, Sandy
 Armstrong sat on the turret of Cleughfoot
 with his son by his side.

“Archy,” said the freebiter, “this world
 turning upside down, an’ honest men hae
 nae chance in’t. We hear o’ naething noo
 at law! law! law!—but the sient a grain
 o’ justice is to be met wi’ on the Borders. A
 man canna take a bit beast or twa in an ho-
 nest way, or make a bonfire o’ an enemy’s
 haystack, but there’s naethin’ for’t but Car-
 sole and a hempen cravat. But mind cal-
 lent, ye hae the bluid o’ the Armstrongs in
 your veins, and their hands never earned
 bread by ony instrnment but the sword, and
 ye winna be the son o’ Sandy o’ Cleughfoot
 that will disgrace his kith and kin by trug-
 ging at the ploughtail, or learning some beg-
 garly handicraft. Swear to me, Archy, that
 ye will live by the sword like your faithers
 ere ye—swear to your faither, callant, an’
 for neither Jamie Stuart, his twa kingdoms,
 nor his horsemen—they’ll hae stout hearts
 at cross Tarras moss, and there will be few
 deep in Liddesdale before the pot at Cleugh-
 foot need nae skimming.”

“I will live like my faither before me—
 like o’ Tarrasside,” said the youth.

“That shall ye, Archy,” rejoined the free-
 booter—“na’ though the Scotts an’ the Elli-
 s may, like false louns, make obeisance to
 the king, and get braid lands for bending
 their knees, what cares Sandy Armstrong
 for their lands, their manrents, or their sheep-
 skins, scrawled owre by a silk-fingered monk
 —his twa-handed blade and his Jeddart-staff
 shall be a better title to an Armstrong than
 a acre o’ parchment.”

The boy caught the spirit of his sire, and
 grasped his Jeddart-staff, or battle axe,
 in his hand. The father raised the quegh to
 his lips—“Here’s to ye, Archy,” he cried,
 “ye’ll be cooper o’ Fogo!”

He crossed his arms upon his breast—he
 sat thoughtful for a few minutes, and again

added—“Archy—but my heart fills to look
 on ye—ye are a brave bairn, but this is nae
 langer the brave man’s country. Courage
 is persecuted, and knaves are only encoura-
 ged, that can scribble like the monks o’ Mel-
 rose. Ye had sax brithers, Archy—sax lads
 whase marrows warna to be found on a’ the
 lang Borders—wi’ them at my back an’ I
 could hae ridden north an’ south, an’ made
 the name o’ Sandy Armstrong be feared;—
 but they are gane—they’re a’ gane, and
 there’s nane left but you to protect and de-
 fend your poor mother when I am gane too;
 and now they would hunt me like a deer if
 they durst, for they are butchering good and
 true men for our bit raid to Penrith, as tho’
 the life o’ an Armstrong were o’ less value
 than an English nowt. If ye live to be a man,
 Archy, and to see your poor auld mother’s
 head laid in the mould, take my sword and
 leave this poor, pitifu’, king-ridden, an’ book
 ruined country; an’ dinna ye disgrace yer
 faither by making bickers like the coopers o’
 Nicolwood, or pinglin wi’ an elshin like the
 souters o’ Selkirk.”

The sluth-dog, which lay at their feet,
 started up, snuffed the air, growled and lash-
 ed its tail. “Ha! Tiger! what is’t, Tiger?”
 cried Sandy, addressing the dog, and spring-
 ing to his feet.

“Troopers! troopers, faither!” cried Ar-
 chy, “an’ they are comin’ frae ilka side o’ the
 forest.”

“Get ready the dags, Archy,” said the
 freebooter, “it’s twa lang spears’ length to
 the bottom o’ Tarras moss, and they’ll be
 lighter men and lighter horses that find na a
 grave in’t—get ready the dags, and cauld
 lead shall welcome the first man that men-
 tions King Jamie’s name before the walls o’
 Cleughfoot.”

The boy ran and brought his father’s pis-
 tols—his mother accompanied him to the tur-
 ret. She gazed earnestly on the threaten-
 ing bands of horsemen as they approached,
 for a few seconds, then taking her husband’s
 hand—“Sandy,” said she, “I hae lang
 looked for this; but others that are wives the
 now shall gang widows to bed the night as
 well as Elspeth Armstrong!”

“Fear naething, Elspeth, my doo,” replied
 the riever; “there will be blood in the way
 if they attack the lion in his den. But there’s
 a lang and tangled moss atween them an’

Cleughfoot. We hae seen an enemy nearer an' be glad to turn back again."

"They will reach us, faither," cried Archy—"do ye no see they hae muffled men before them."

"Muffled men! then, bairn, your faither's betrayed!" exclaimed the freebooter, "an' there's naething but revenge and death left for Sandy Armstrong!"

He stalked rapidly around the turret—he examined his pistols, the edge of his sword, his Jedburgh-staff and his spear. Elspeth placed a steel-cap on his head, and from beneath it, his dark hair, mingled with grey, fell upon his brow: he stood with his ponderous spear in one hand and a pistol in the other, and the declining sun cast his shadow across the moss, the very horses' feet of the invaders: still the horsemen, who amounted to several hundreds, drew nearer and nearer on every side, and impenetrable as the morass was to strangers, yet, by devious windings, as a hound tracks its prey, the muffled men led them on, till they had arrived within pistol shot of Cleughfoot.

"What want ye, friends?" shouted the outlaw—"think ye that a poor man like Sandy Armstrong can gie upputtin' and provender for five hundred horse?"

"We come," replied an officer, advancing in front of the company, "by the authority o' our gracious prince, James, king o' England and Scotland, and in the name o' his commissioner, Sir William Selby, to punish and hand over to justice Border thieves and outlaws, o' whom we are weel assured that you, Sandy Armstrong, o' the Cleughfoot, are, habit and repute, amangst the chief."

"Ye lie! ye lie!" returned the outlaw; "ye dyvors in scarlet an' cockades, ye lie! I hae lived thir fifty years by my ain hand, an' the man was never born that dared say Sandy Armstrong laid finger on the widow's cow or the puir man's mare, or that he scrimpt the orphan's meal. But I hae been a protector o' the poor and helpless, an' a defender o' the cowa-hearted, for a sma' but honest black-mail, that other men, wi' no

half the strength o' Sandy Armstrong wad ta'en up at their foot."

"Do ye surrender in peace, ye boasin' rebel?" replied the herald, "or shall we burn your den about your ears?"

"I ken it is death ony way ye take it," rejoined the outlaw—"ye would shew me an' mine the mercy that was shewn to my kinsman, John o' Gilnokie,* and I shall surrender as an Armstrong surrenders—when the breath is out."

Fire flashed from a narrow crevice which resembled a cross in the turrets—the report of a pistol was heard, and the horse of the herald bounded and fell beneath him.

"That wasna done like an Armstrong, Archy," said the freebooter; "ye hae shot th horse, an' it might hae been the rider—the man was but doing his duty, an' it was unfair and cowardly to fire on him till the affray began."

"I shall mind again, faither," said Archy, "but I thought, wi' sic odds against us, that every advantage was fair."

While these events transpired, Elspeth was busied placing powder and balls upon the roof of the turret; she brought up also a carbine, and putting it in her husband's hands, said—"Tak ye that, Sandy, to aim at their leaders, and gie Archy an' me the dage.†"

The horsemen encompassed the wall;—Sandy, his wife, and his son knelt upon the turret, keeping up, through the crevices, a hurried but deadly fire on their besiegers. It was evident the assailants intended to blow up the wall. The freebooter beheld the train laid, and the match applied. Already his last bullet was discharged. "Let us fire the straw among the cattle!" cried little Archy. "Weel thought, my bairn!" exclaimed the riever. The boy rushed down into the house and in an instant returned with a flaming pine torch in his hand: he dropped it amongst the cattle: he dashed a handful of powder on the spot, and in a moment half of the court yard burst into a flame. At the same instant a part of the court-wall trembled—exploded

* This subject forms another of the Border Tales.

† Pistols.

well. The horned cattle and the horses were rushing wildly to and fro through the fire. The invaders burst through the gap: Elspeth tore a pearl drop from her ears,* and thrusting it in the pistol, discharged it at the head of the first man who approached the house. It was evident they intended to blow up the house as they had done the wall.—Sandy had now no weapon that he could render effective but his spear, and he said—“They shall taste the prick o’ the hedgehog before I die.” He thrust it down furiously upon them, and several of them fell at his threshold, but the deadly instrument was grasped by a number of the besiegers, and wrenched from his hands.

The sun had already set, darkness was gathering over the morass, and still the fire burned, and the cattle rushed amongst the armed men in the court-yard.

“Elspeth,” said the freebooter, “it is not your life they seek, and they canna hae the heart to harm our bairn. Gie me my Jeddart-staff in my hand—an’ fareweel to ye, Elspeth—fareweel!—an’ eternal fareweel!—Archy, fareweel, my gallant bairn!—never disgrace your faither!—but ye winna—ye winna—an’ if I am murdered, mind ye revenge me, Archy! Now we maun unbar the door, an’ I maun cut my way through them or perish.

Thus spoke the Borderer, and with his battle-axe in his hand, he embraced his wife and his son, and wept. “Now, Archy,” said he, “slip an’ open the door—safely! safely!—an’ let me rush out.”

Archy silently drew back the massy bars; in a moment the iron door stood ajar, and Sandy Armstrong, battle-axe in hand, burst into the court-yard, and into the midst of his besiegers. There was not a man amongst them that had not heard of the “terrible Jeddart-staff o’ Sandy Armstrong.” He threw them down before him—his very voice augmented their confusion—they shrank back at his approach; and while some fled from the infuriated warrior, others fled from the arm of the freebooter. In a few seconds

he reached the gap in the court wall—he rushed upon the moss; darkness had begun, and a thick vapour was rising from the morass. “Follow me who dare!” shouted Sandy Armstrong.

Archy withdrew into a niche in the passage, as his father rushed out;—and as the besiegers speedily burst into the house among them was one of the muffled men bearing a torch in his hand. Revenge fired the young Borderer, and with his Jeddart-staff, he made a dash at the hand of the traitor—the torch fell upon the floor, and with it three of the fingers that grasped it. The besiegers were instantly enveloped in gloom, and Archy escaping from the niche from whence he had struck the blow, said unto himself, “I’ve given ye a mark to find out wha ye are, neighbor.”

The besiegers took possession of Cleughfoot—and the chief men of the party remained in it during the night, while a portion of their followers occupied the court-yard, and others with their horses remained on the morass.—Archy and his mother were turned from their dwelling, and placed under a guard upon the moss, where they remained throughout the night; and in the morning Cleughfoot was blown up before them. They were conveyed as prisoners to Sir William Selby, who had fixed his quarters near Langholm.

“Whom do ye bring me here?” inquired the new made knight—“a wife and bairn!—hae ye been catching sparrows and let the eagle escape? Whar hae ye the head and the hand o’ the outlaw?”

“Troth, Sir Knight,” replied an officer, “and his nead is where it shouldna be—on his ain shouthers. At the darkenin’ he cecaped upon the moss; three troopers, guided by a muffler and a sluth-dog, pursued him; an’ as we crossed the bog this mornin’, we found ane o’ the troop sank to the middle in’t, and his horse below him—and far’r on were the dead bodies o’ the other twa, the sluth-dog and the muffled man. I am sorry, therefore, to inform you, Sir Knight, that Sandy Armstrong has escaped, but we hae made a bon-

* The wives and daughters of the Borderers at this period wore numerous trinkets—spoils without doubt presented them by their husbands and wooers.

fire o' his keep, an' brought ye his wife an' his son—wha are Armstrongs, soul and body o' them—to do wi' them as ye may judge proper."

"Tuts, man," replied Sir William, wad ye hae us to disgrace our royal commission by hangin' an auld wife an' a bairn? Gae awa, ye limmer, ye—gae awa wi' your bairn," he added, addressing Elspeth, "an' learn to live like honest folk—or if ye fa' in my way again ye shall dance by the crook frae a woodie."

"Where can I gang?" said she sorrowfully, as she withdrew. "O Archy! we hae neither house nor hauld—friend nor kindred! and wha will shelter the wife and bairn o' poor persecuted Sandy Armstrong!"

"Dinna fret, mother," said Archy—"tho' they hae burned Cleughfoot, the stanes are still left—and I can soon big a bit place to stop in; nor while there's a hare in Tarras wood, or a sheep on the Leadhills, shall ye ever want mother."

They returned in sorrow to the heap of ruins that had been their habitation; and, Elspeth, in the bitterness of her spirit, sat down upon the stones and wept. But after she had wept long, and the sound of her lamentation had howled across the desert, she arose, and assisted her son in constructing a hut from the ruins, in which they might lay their heads. In two days it was completed, but on the third day the disconsolate wife of the freebooter sank on her bed of rushes, and the sickness of death was in her heart.

"Oh, speak to me, mother!" cried Archy; "what—what can I do for ye?"

"Naethin', my bairn!—naethin'!" groaned the dying woman—"the sun's fa'in' dark on the een o' Elspeth Armstrong—but, oh, may the saunts o' heaven protect my poor Archy!"

She tried to repeat the only prayer she had ever learned—for religion was as little understood in the house of a freebooter as the eighth commandment. Poor Archy wrung his hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Dinna die, mother—oh! dinna die!" he exclaimed, "or what will become o' your Archy!" He rushed from the hut, and with a broken vessel which he had found among the ruins, he brought water from the rivulet—he applied it to her lips—he bathed her brow—"Oh mother! mother! dinna die!" he cried again, "and I will get you bread too!"

He again hurried from the hut, and bounded across the moss with the fleetness of a young deer. It was four long miles to the nearest habitation, and in it dwelt Ringan Scott, dependant of the Buccleuchs. There had never been friendship between his family and that of Sandy Armstrong, but in the agony of Archy's feelings, he stopped not to think of that, nor of aught but his dying mother; he rushed into the house—"Gie me bread!" he exclaimed wildly, "for the love o' heaven give me bread, for my mother is nearly perished!"

"Let her perish—and may ye a' perish!" said a young man, the son of Ringan, who stood by the fire with his right hand in a sling—"ye's get nae bread here."

"I maun, I shall," cried Archy vehemently: half of a coarse cake lay upon the table—he snatched it up, and rushed out of the house. They pursued him for a time, but affection and despair gave wings to his speed; breathless he reached the wretched hut, and on entering he cried—"Mother, here is bread I have gotten!" But his mother answered him not. "Speak, mother! O mother speak—here is bread now—eat it and ye'll be better!" but his mother was still silent. He took her hand in his—"Are ye sleepin' mother?" he added—"here is bread!" He shook her gently, but she stirred not: he placed his hand upon her face, it was cold as the rude walls of the hut, and her extended arms were stiff and motionless: he raised them and they fell heavy and lifeless. "Mother! mother!" screamed Archy—but his mother was dead! He rushed from the hut wildly, tearing his hair—he flung himself upon the ground—he called upon his father, and the glens of Tarras echoed the cry; but no father was near to answer: he flew back to the hut: he knelt by his mother's corpse—he rubbed her face and her bosom—he placed his lips to hers, and again he invoked her to speak. Night drew on, and as darkness fell over the ghastly features of the corpse, he fled with terror from the hut, and wandered weeping throughout the night upon the moss. At sunrise he returned, and again sat down and wept by the dead body of his mother: he became familiar with death, and his terror died away. Two nights more passed on, and the boy sat in the desolate hut in the wilderness, watching and mourning over the lifeless body of his mother. On the fourth day he took a

gment of the iron gate, and began to dig the grave: he raised the dead body in his arms, and weeping and screaming as he went, bore it to the tomb he had prepared for it; he gently placed it in the cold earth, and covered it with the moss and the green sod—the day long he toiled in rolling and carrying stones from the ruins of his father's house, to erect a cairn over his mother's grave. When his task was done, he wrung his hands, and exclaimed, "Now, poor Archy Armstrong hasna a friend in the wide world!" While he yet stood mourning over a new-made grave, a party of horsemen, who were still in quest of his father, rode up and accosted him: his tragic tale was soon told, and in the bitterness of his heart, he accused them as being the murderers of his father and his mother. Amongst them was one of the chief men of the Elliot clan, who held lands in the neighbourhood: he felt compassion for Archy, and he admired his spirit; and desiring him to follow him, he promised to provide for him. Archy reluctantly obeyed, and he was employed to watch the sheep of his protector on the hills.

Eighteen years passed away. Archy was now thirty years age; he had learned to read and even to write, like the monks that were at Melrose: he was the principal herdsman of his early benefactor, and was as much loved as his father had been feared. But sometimes the spirit of the freebooter would stir forth: and he had not forgiven the perpetrators, or, as he called them, the murderers of his parents. Amongst these was one called "Fingerless Dick," the son of Ringan, of whom we have spoken. Archy had known that he was one of the muffled men who had conducted Selby's horsemen to his father's house, and that he was the man from whose hand he dashed the torch from his battle axe. Now, there was to be a ball fray in Liddesdale, and the Border-thronged to it from many miles. Archy was there, and there also was his enemy—Fingerless Dick." They quarrelled—they both came to the ground, but Scott was the undermost. He drew his knife—he

stabbed his antagonist in the side—he was repeating the thrust, when Archy wrenched the weapon from his hand, and, in the fury of the moment, plunged it in his breast. At first the wound was believed to be mortal, and an attempt was made to seize Archy, but clutching an oaken cudgel from the hands of one who stood near him—"Lay hands on me wha dare!" he cried, as he brandished it in the air, and fled at his utmost speed.

Archy knew that though his enemy might recover, the Scotts would let loose the tender mercies of the law upon his head, and instead of returning to the house of his master, he sought safety in concealment.

On the third day after the fray in Liddesdale, he entered Dumfries. He was weary and wayworn, for he had fled from hill to hill, and from glen to glen, fearing pursuit. He inquired for a lodging, and was shewn to a small house near the foot of a street leading to the river, and which we believe is now called the Bank Vennel; and in which he was told "the pig folk and other travellers put up for the night." There was a motley group in the house, beggars and chapmen, and amongst the former was an old man of uncommon stature; and his hair white as snow descended down upon his shoulders: his beard was of equal whiteness and fell upon his breast. An old grey cloak covered his person, which was fastened round his body with a piece of rope instead of a girdle: he appeared as one who had been in foreign wars, and he wore a shade or patch over his left eye: he spoke but little, but he gazed often and wistfully on the countenance of Archy, and more than once a tear found its way down his weather-beaten cheeks. In the morning when Archy rose to depart, "Whither gang ye, young man?" inquired the old beggar, earnestly—"are ye for the north or for the south?"

"Wherefore spier ye, auld man?" replied Archy.

"I hae a cause, an' ane that winna harm

A muffled man was one who, for his future safety, assumed a mark of disguise in going to the enemy to the haunts of his neighbours or associates whom he betrayed.

ye," said the stranger, "if ye will thole an auld man's company for a little way."

Archy agreed that he should accompany him, and they took the road towards Annan together. It was a calm and glorious morning: the Solway flashed in the sunlight like a silver lake, and not a cloud rested on the brow of the majestic Criffel. For the space of three miles they proceeded in silence, but the old man sighed oft and heavily, as though his spirit was troubled. "Let us rest here for a few minutes," said he, as he sat down on a green knoll by the way-side, and gazing steadfastly in Archy's face—"Young man," he added, "your face brings owre my heart the memories o' thirty years—and oh! persecuted as the name is—answer me truly, and tell me, tell me, if your name be Armstrong?"

"It is!" replied Archy, "and perish the son o' Sandy Armstrong when he wishes to disown it!"

"An' your faither your mother," continued the old man, hesitating very much as he spoke, and with a quivering voice—"do they live?"

In a few moments Archy told his father's persecution—of his being hunted from the country like a wild beast—of the destruction of the home of his childhood—of his mother's death, and of her burial by his own hands in the wilderness.

"Oh! my poor Elspeth!" cried the aged beggar: "Archy! my son! my son! I am

your father! Yes! Sandy Armstrong, the outlaw!"

"My faither!" exclaimed Archy, pressing the beggar to his breast. When they had wept together, "Let us gae nae far'er south," said the old man, "but let us return to Tarras moss, that when the hand o' death come ye may lay me down in peace by the side my Elspeth."

With a sorrowful heart Archy told his father that he was flying from the law and the vengeance of the Scotts.

"Gie them gowd as a peace offering," said the old man, and he pulled from beneath his coarse cloak a leathern purse filled with gold and placed it in the hands of his son.

For nearly twenty years Sandy had served in foreign wars, and obtained honours and rewards—and on visiting his native land, he assumed the beggar's garb for safety—They returned to Tarras-side together, and a few yellow coins quashed the prosecution of "Fingerless Dick."

Archy married the daughter of his former employer, and became a sheep farmer, and at the age of four score years and ten, the old freebooter closed his eyes in peace in the house of his son, and in the midst of his grandchildren, and was buried, according to his own request, by the side of Elspeth in the wilderness.

Archy Armstrong lived to an old age, and became wealthy, and brought up a large and respectable family.

THE WIDOW'S AE SON.

We will not name the village where the
 sons in the following incidents resided; and
 is sufficient for our purpose to say, that it
 in the county of Berwick, and within the
 jurisdiction of the Presbytery of Dunse—eter-
 nity has gathered forty winters into its bosom
 the principal events took place. Janet
 Jeffrey was left a widow before her only child
 completed his tenth year. While her
 hand lay upon his deathbed, he called her
 to his bedside, and taking her hand within
 his groaned, gazed on her face, and said
 "Now Janet, I'm gaun a lang an' a dark
 me; but ye winna forget, Janet—ye
 canna forget—for ye ken it has aye been up-
 most in my thoughts, and first in my de-
 sire to mak Thomas a minister—promise me
 the thing, Janet, that if it be His will,
 I will see it performed, an' I will die in
 the." In sorrow the pledge was given, and
 joy performed. Her life became rapt up
 for her son's life; and it was her morning and
 evening prayer that she might live to see
 "dear Thomas a shining light in the
 kirk." Often she declared that he was an
 auld farrant bairn, and could ask a bless-
 ing like ony minister." Our wishes and af-
 fairs, however, often blind our judgment
 nobody but the mother thought the son fit-
 for the kirk, nor the kirk fitted for him:
 he was always something original, almost
 peculiar, about him—but still Thomas was
 a son of a minister as Brutus was." His mother had
 means beyond the labour of her hands
 for their support. She had kept him at the
 parish school until he was fifteen, and he had
 learned all that his master knew; and in
 a few years more, by rising early and sitting
 up at her daily toils, and the savings of his
 labour and occasional teaching, she was
 enabled to make preparation for sending him
 to Edinburgh. Never did her wheel spin so
 busily since her husband was taken from
 her side, as when she put the first lint upon
 the rock for his college sarks. Proudly did
 she shew to her neighbours her double spinel
 wheel—observing, "It's nae finer than he de-
 serves, poor fellow, for he'll pay me back
 the day." The web was bleached and the
 sarks made by her own hands, and the day
 of his departure arrived. It was a day of joy
 mingled with anguish. He attended the
 services regularly and faithfully; and truly

as St. Giles' marked the hour, the long, lean
 figure of Thomas Jeffrey, in a suit of shabby
 black, and half a dozen volumes under his
 arm, was seen issuing from his garret in the
 West Bow—darting down the frail stair with
 the velocity of a shadow—measuring the
 Lawn-market and High Street with gigan-
 tic strides—gliding like a ghost up the South
 Bridge, and sailing through the gothic arch-
 way of the college, till the punctual student
 was lost in its inner chambers. Years rolled
 by, and at length the great, the awful day
 arrived—

'Big with the fate of Thomas and his mother.'

He was to preach his trial sermon—and
 where? in his own parish—in his native vil-
 lage! It was summer, but his mother rose
 by daybreak. Her son, however, was at his
 studies before her; and when she entered his
 bed-room with a swimming heart, and swim-
 ming eyes, Thomas was stalking across the
 floor, swinging his arms, stamping his feet,
 and shouting his sermon to the trembling cur-
 tains of a four post bedstead, which she had
 purchased in honour of him alone. "Oh my
 bairn! my matchless bairn!" cried she,
 "what a day o' joy is this for your poor mo-
 ther! But oh, hinny, hae ye it weel aff?—
 I hope there's nae fears o' ye stickin' or using
 notes?" "Dinna fret, mother—dinna fret,"
 replied the young divine; "stickin' an' notes
 are out o' the question. I hae every word o'
 it as clink as the A B C." The appointed
 hour arrived. She was first at the kirk:—
 her heart felt too big for her bosom. She
 could not sit—she walked again to the air—
 she trembled back—she gazed restless on the
 pulpit. The parish minister gave out the
 Psalm; the book shook while she held it.—
 The minister prayed, again gave out a Psalm,
 and left the pulpit. The book fell from Mrs.
 Jeffrey's hand. A tall figure paced along the
 passage. He reached the pulpit stairs, took
 two steps at once. It was a bad omen; but
 arose from the length of his limbs, not levity.
 He opened the door, his knees smote one
 upon another: he sat down—he was paler
 than death: he rose—his bones were paralytic
 —the Bible was opened, his mouth opened at
 the same time, and remained open, but said
 nothing: his large eyes stared wildly around
 —at length his teeth chattered, and the text

was announced, though half the congregation disputed it. "My brethren!" said he once, and the whiteness of his countenance increased; but he said no more. "My brethren!" responded he a second time; his teeth chattered louder; his cheeks became clammy and deathlike. "My brethren!" stammered he a third time, emphatically, and his knees fell together. A deep groan echoed from his mother's pew: his wildness increased—"My mother!" exclaimed the preacher. They were the last words he ever uttered in the pulpit. The shaking and the agony began in his heart, and his body caught the contagion: he covered his face with his hands, fell back, and wept: his mother screamed aloud, and fell back also—and thus perished her toils, her husband's prayer, her fond anticipations, and the pulpit oratory of her son: A few neighbours crowded round to console her, and render her assistance: they led her to the door. She gazed upon them with a look of vacancy—thrice sorrowfully waved her hand, in token that they should leave her; for their words fell upon her heart like dew upon a furnace. Silently she arose and left them, and reaching her cottage, threw herself upon her bed in bitterness. She shed no tears, neither did she groan, but her bosom heaved with burning agony. Sickness smote Thomas to his very heart; yea, even unto blindness he was sick—his tongue was like heated iron in his mouth, and his throat like a parched land.—He was led from the pulpit. But he escaped not the persecution of the unfeeling titter, and the expressions of shallow pity: he would have rejoiced to have dwelt in darkness for ever, but there was no escape from the eyes of his tormenters. The congregation stood in groups in the kirkyard, "just," as they said, "to hae anither look at the orator," and he must pass through the midst of them.—With his very soul steeped in shame, and his cheeks covered with confusion, he stepped from the kirk-door. A humming noise issued through the crowd, and every one turned their faces towards him: his misery was greater than he could bear. "Yon was an orator for ye!" said one. "Poor devil!" added another, "I'm sorry for him; but it was as guid as a play." "Was it a tragedy or a comedy?" inquired one, laughing as he spoke—the remarks fell upon his ear: he grated his teeth in madness, but he could endure no

more; and covering his face with his hands he bounded off like a wounded deer to his mother's cottage. In despair he entered the house, scarce knowing what he did: he held her where she had fallen upon her bed dead to all but misery. "O mother! mother!" he cried, dinna ye be angry; dinna add to the afflictions of your son! Will ye no mother? will ye no?" A low groan was his only answer: he hurried to and fro about the room, wringing his hands. "Mother," he again exclaimed, "will ye no speak a word? Oh, woman! ye wadna be angry if ye kened what an awfu' thing it is to a thousand' een below ye and aboon ye, a' round about ye, a' staring upon ye like condemning judges, an' looking into your soul—ye hae nae idea o' it, mother—I tell ye hae nae idea o't, or ye wadna be angry." The very pulpit floor gaed down wi' me the kirk wa's gaed round about, and I thought the very crown o' my head wad pitch on top o' the precenter. The very een o' the multitude soomed round me like fishes!—oh, woman! are ye dumb? will ye torment me mair? can ye no speak, mother?" But he spoke to one who never spoke again. His reason departed, and her speech failed; his grief remained. She had lived upon a hope, and that hope was destroyed: the round ruddy cheeks and portly form was away, and within a few weeks the neighbours who performed the last office of humanity, declared that a thinner corpse was wrapped in a winding sheet than Mrs. Jeffrey. Time soothed, but did not heal the sorrow: the shame and disappointment of the school he sank into a village teacher, and often in the midst of his little school he would gaze at his first, his only text—imagine the child to be his congregation—attempt to proceed, gaze wildly round for a moment, and sit down and weep. Through these aberrations the school dwindled into nothingness; and poverty increased his delirium. Once, in the midst of the remaining few, he gave forth the fatal text: "My brethren!" he exclaimed, and smiting his hand upon his forehead,—"Speak mother! speak now!" and with his face upon the floor. The child rushed screaming from the school, and with the villagers entered, the troubled spirit fled for ever.

AN OLD TAR'S YARN.

Some years ago half a dozen friends and myself visited Greenwich Hospital. Our conductor was a weather-beaten middle aged man, whose larboard glim had been doused in the boyhood with the smallpox, and his starboard fin was carried away by a chain shot. By the gold lace which he sported on his chapeau, the sleeves of his coat, &c. he appeared to hold the rank of boatswain in the fleet. He was a communicative old body, and we felt indebted to his civilities; he, however, spurned the idea of being rewarded with money. "No, blow it!" he exclaimed, "not a tissey, not a single brown—but a drop of grog, gemmen, if you please." So saying he led the way to a neighbouring tavern, and stretched himself in a corner of the parlour in which he seemed intimately familiar.—I placed myself at his elbow with the intention of drawing from him some favourite yarn. During the first glass he spoke only of the hospital; during the second he advanced to actions and bombardments; but as he finished the third, as if to induce us to call for a fourth, he said—"But it's of no use talking about battles and them sort of things, gemmen, by your leave, I'll tell you a bit of a story—it's a story that has made many a brave fellow waste his salt in water; and, in the way, I may say it's about a countryman of your own, too—for Tom Beaumont was born in Newcastle, and he was boy, man, mate, and master of a Shields collier, many a long day. During our last scuffle with the Yankees, I was master-gunner of as handsome a gun-brig as ever did credit to a dock-yard, or dipped a keel in water. Love ye, it would have done your eyes good to have seen us skimming before the wind, and breasting the billows as gently as a boy's fist, which only touches the cheek, and that's all. Then we carried fourteen as pretty guns as ever drove a bullet through a Frenchman's timbers. Old Tom Beaumont (God bless him!) was our commander, and a better soul never cracked a biscuit. He was a hardy seaman, the backbone, an' upright and down-straight for nothing; but the kindest hearted fellow in the world, for all that. Well, gemmen, as I'm saying, Tom (we always called him Tom, because we loved him) married young, and for two years he was the happiest dog alive. He had a wife as pretty as an angel,

and as good as himself; and a little rogue their son, the very picture of his own face in a button, who was beginning to climb upon his knee and pull his whiskers. Man alive couldn't desire more: the very scene might make a Dutchman daace, or a Russian happy. After two years fair wind and weather however, in all mortal reckoning it was reasonable to expect squalls. Beaumont had not then joined the navy in a regular way; and at that period he found it necessary to proceed to America, where he had entered into extensive mercantile speculations: finding that he should be compelled to remain there much longer than he dreamed of, he sent for his wife and child. They sailed, but it proved a last voyage to them. However, gemmen, it's a voyage we must all take, from the admiral down to the cabin-boy, that's one comfort; and we may, by the aid of a good chart, steer clear of the enemy's lee-shore and brim-stone shoals! Poor Tom's inquiries were fruitless; no one ever heard of the vessel, and no one ever doubted that all hands were as low as Davy Jones. It was like a shot between wind and water to Beaumont; but he bore up after a way, though it had shivered his mainsheet. Well, as I was saying, it was during our last scuffle with the Yankees, more than twenty years after Tom had lost his wife and child, we were returning with the little brig from the West Indies, when I was roused in my hammock by a bustle upon deck, and the cry of 'A Yankee!' I sprang up at the glorious news, and through the clear moonlight perceived an impudent-looking lubber bearing upon us full sail, and displaying American colours. 'Haul to, my lads!' cried old Beaumont; 'let them smell powder for breakfast.' Small time was lost in obeying the order; for we were always in readiness for welcome company. Twice they attempted to board us, but were driven back for their kindness with some score of broken heads, and the loss of some hundred American fingers. After two hours hard peppering Beaumont seizing a lucky moment ordered us to throw in a broadside. Every shot told; the Yankee began to stagger, and in a few minutes gave evidence that her swimming days were ended. 'Vast firing!' cried Beaumont; 'let us save a brave enemy.' He repeated the word enemy; and I heard him

mutter, 'flesh of our own flesh.' The vessel was riddled like the lid of a pepper-box, and sank so rapidly that we were able to save only thirty of her crew. Their captain was among the number, and a gallant-looking youth he was; but in their last attempt to board us, Beaumont had wounded him on the shoulder with his cutlass. The blood ran down his arm, and poured from his fingers; yet the brave soul never whispered it, nor made a wry face upon the matter, but stood and saw his countrymen attended to. Nature, however, gave way, and he fell upon the deck. Beaumont eagerly raised him in his arms, and conveyed him to his own bed: on examining his wound, the surgeon took a portrait of a beautiful lady from his breast, and handed it to the captain. Poor old Tom gazed upon it for a moment—he started—he uttered a sudden scream—I thought he had gone mad. 'Do you remember that face?' he exclaimed. How could I forget it!—to have seen it once was to remember it a hundred years—it was his wife's! I won't tire you with a long story, for it's all true, and no yarn. For several days the gallant young American lay delirious, as the doctor called it. But—I can't describe it to you, gemmen,—had you seen poor old Tom, during all the time! No, hang me, I can't describe it!—The youth also wore upon his finger a diamond ring, upon which were inscribed the names of Beaumont and his long lost Eleanor. Flesh and blood could not stand the sight—there was the old man keeping watch by the bed-side, night and day, weeping like a child, pacing the cabin floor, beating his breast—and sometimes snatching the hand of the poor sufferer to his lips, and calling

him his murdered son, and himself the murderer. Then he would doubt again, and doubt made him worse. At length the doctor declared the invalid out of danger, and said the commander might put to him a question he pleased. I wish I could tell you this scene; but I can't. However, there the full, bursting-hearted old boy, the tears pouring down his cheeks, with the hair of the young American in his; and sobbing like a child he inquired, 'Were you born an American?' The youth trembled—his head filled, and he wept, just like old Tom. 'Alas!' said he, 'I know not; I have been educated an American. I only know that I was saved by the good old man who adopted me as his son, and who found me almost lifeless, in the arms of a dying woman, on the raft of a deserted wreck, which the wind had driven on shore. My unfortunate mother could only recommend me to his care, and died.' The very heart and soul of the old tar wept. 'And this portrait, and this ring?' he exclaimed, breathless, and shaking like a yacht in a hurricane. 'The portrait replied the youth, 'was a part of what my mother had saved from the wreck, and as I was told by my foster father, is a likeness of herself. The ring was taken from her finger—and from the engraving upon it, I have borne the name of Beaumont.' 'My son!—my own Tom! child of my Eleanor!' cried the happy old father, hugging him to his breast. Gemmen, you can imagine the rest; said our one-armed companion; and raising the fourth glass to his lips, he added, "and by your permission here's a health to old Tom Beaumont, and his son, Heaven bless and prosper them!"

DEATH OF THE CHEVALIER DE LA BEAUTE.

It was near midnight, on the 12th of October, 1516, when a horseman, spurring his jaded steed, rode furiously down the path leading to the strong tower of Wedderburn: he alighted at the gate, and knocked loudly for admission.

"What would ye?" inquired the warder from the turret.

"Conduct me to your chief," was the laconic reply of the breathless messenger.

"Is your message so urgent that you must deliver it to-night?" continued the warder, who feared to kindle the fiery temper of his master, by disturbing him with a trifling errand.

"Urgent! babbler!" replied the other impatiently; "to-day the best blood of the times has been lapped by dogs upon the earth; and I have seen it."

The warder aroused the domestics in the hall, and the stranger entered. He was conducted into a long, gloomy apartment, dimly lighted by a solitary lamp. Around the walls hung rude portraits of the chiefs of Wedderburn, and on the walls were suspended their arms and the spoils of their victories.—The solitary apartment seemed like the tomb of war. Every weapon around him had been stained with the blood of Scotland's enemies: it was a fitting theatre for the recital of a tale of death: he had gazed around for a few minutes, when heavy footsteps were heard coming along the dreary passages, and the next moment Sir David Home entered— "Welcome as for the field."

"Your errand, stranger?" said the young lord of Wedderburn, fixing a searching gaze upon him as he spoke.

The stranger bowed, and replied—"The Regent!"—

"Ay!" interrupted Home, "the enemy of our house—the creature of our hands, whom we lifted from exile to sovereignty, and who, with his minions tracks our path like a blood-hound! what of this gracious Regent? Is he so one of his myrmidons, and seek to strike the lion in his den?"

"Nay," answered the other; "but from childhood the faithful retainer of your murdered kinsman."

"My murdered kinsman!" exclaimed Wedderburn, grasping the arm of the other,—"What! more blood! more! What mean you, stranger?"

"That to gratify the revenge of the Regent," replied the other, "my Lord Home and your kinsman William have been beheaded and murdered. Calumny has blasted their honour. Twelve hours ago I beheld their heads tossed like footballs by the foot of a common executioner, and afterwards rolled over the porch of the Nether Bow, for execration and indignities of the slaves of Albany. All day the blood of the Homes dropped upon the pavement, where the beggar and the clown pass over and tread upon it."

"Hold!" cried Home, and the dreary hall

echoed with his voice. "No more!" he continued, and he paced hurriedly for a few minutes across the apartment, casting a rapid glance upon the portraits of his ancestors—"By Heavens! they chide me," he exclaimed, "that my sword sleeps in the scabbard, while the enemies of the house of Home triumph."

He drew his sword, and approaching the picture of his father, he pressed the weapon to his lips, and exclaimed—"By the soul of my ancestors, I swear upon this blade that the proud Albany and his creatures shall feel that one Home still lives!" He dashed the weapon back into its sheath, and going near the stranger, drew him towards the lamp, and said—"Ye are Trotter, who was my cousin's henchman, are ye not?"

"The same," replied the messenger.

"And ye come to arouse me to revenge," added Sir David: "ye shall have it, man—revenge that shall make the Regent weep—revenge that the four corners of the earth shall hear of, and history record. Ye come to remind me that my father and my brother fell on the field of Flodden, in defence of a foolish king, and that I, too, bled there—that there also lie the bones of my kinsman, Cuthbert of Fastcastle, of my brother Cockburn and his son, and the father and brother of my Alison. Ye come to remind me of this; and that as a reward for the shedding of our blood the head of the chief of our house has been fixed upon the gate of Edinburgh as food for the carrion crow and the night owl. Go, get thee refreshment, Trotter; then go to rest, and dream of other heads exalted, as your late master's is, and I will be the interpreter of your visions."

Trotter bowed and withdrew, and Lady Alison entered the apartment.

"Ye are agitated husband—hath the man brought evil tidings?" said the gentle lady?"

"Can good things come to a Home," said Sir David, "while the tyrant Albany rides rough-shod over the nobility of Scotland, and like a viper stings the bosom that nursed him—away to thy chamber, Alison—leave me—it is no tale for woman's ears."

"Nay, if you love me, tell me, for since your return from the field of Flodden, I have not seen you look thus," replied she, laying her hand upon his brow.

"This is no time to talk of love, Aley; but

come—leave me, silly one—it concerns not thee; no evil hath overtaken the house of Blackadder, but the Homes have become a mark for the arrows of desolation, and their necks a footstool for tyrants. Away, Alison—to-night I can think of but one word, and that is—vengeance!”

Lady Alison wept and withdrew in silence—and Wedderburn paced the floor of the gloomy hall, meditating in what manner he should most effectually resent the death of his kinsman.

It was only a few weeks after the execution of the Earl of Home and his brother, that the Regent Albany offered an additional insult to his family by appointing Sir Anthony D'Arcy warden of the east marches—an office which the Homes had held for ages.—D'Arcy was a Frenchman, and a favourite of the Regent; and on account of the comeliness of his person, obtained the appellation of the *Sieur de la Beaute*. The indignation of Wedderburn had not slumbered, and the conferring the honours and the power that had hitherto been held by his family upon a foreigner, incensed him to almost madness. For a time, however, no opportunity offered of causing his resentment to be felt; for D'Arcy was as much admired for the discretion and justice of his government as for the beauty of his person. To his care the Regent had committed young Cockburn, the heir of Langton, who was the nephew of Wedderburn. This the Homes felt as a new indignity, and together with the Cockburns they forcibly ejected from Langton castle the tutors whom D'Arcy had placed over their kinsman: the tidings of this event was communicated to the Chevalier while he was holding a court at Kelso, and immediately summoning together his French retainers and a body of yeomen, he proceeded with a gay and gallant company by way of Fogo to Langton. His troop drew up in front of the castle, and their gay plumes and burnished trappings glittered in the sun: the proud steed of the Frenchman was covered with a panoply of gold and silver, and he himself was decorated as for a bridal. He rode haughtily to the gate, and demanded the inmates of the castle to surrender.

“Surrender! boasting Gaul!” replied William Cockburn, the uncle of the young laird; that is a word the men of Merse have yet to learn. But yonder comes my brother Wedderburn—speak it to him.”

D'Arcy turned round, and beheld Sir David Home and a party of horsemen bearing down upon them at full speed. The Chevalier drew back, and waiting their approach placed himself at the head of his company.

“By the mass, Sir Warden!” said Sir David, riding up to D'Arcy, “and ye have brought a goodly company to visit my nephew. Come ye in peace, or what may be your errand?”

“I wish peace,” replied the Chevalier, “to come to enforce the establishment of my right—why do ye interfere between me and ward?”

“Does a Frenchman talk of his rights over the lands of Home?” returned Sir David, “by whose authority is my nephew ward?”

“By the authority of the Regent, my Scot!” retorted D'Arcy.

“By the authority of the Regent—dare a foreign minion, speak of the authority of a murderer of the Earl of Home, while within the reach of the sword of his kinsmen?”

“Ay! and in his teeth dare tell him,” replied the Chevalier, “that the Home now before me is not less a traitor than he who proved false to his sovereign on the field of Flodden, who conspired against the Regent and whose head now adorns the port of Edinburgh.”

“Wretch!” exclaimed the henchman, leaping forward, and raising his sword, “said ye that my master proved false at Flodden?”

“Hold!” exclaimed Wedderburn, grasping his arm—“Gramercy! ye uncivilised dog for the sake of your master's head would lift your hand against that face which he would die to look upon. Pardon me, most beautiful Chevalier! the salutation of my servant may be too rough for your French palate, but ye and your master treated my kinsman not what more roughly. What say ye, Sir Warden, do ye depart in peace, or wish ye that we should try the temper of our Border upon your French bucklers?”

“Depart ye in peace, vain boaster,” replied D'Arcy, “lest a worse thing befall you.”

“Then on, my merry men!” cried Wedderburn, “and to-day the head of the Regent's favourite (the Chevalier of Beauty) shall be the head of the Earl of Home!”

“The house of Home and revenge!” exclaimed

his followers, and rushed upon the armed
 of D'Arcy. At first the numbers were
 equal, and the contest was terrible.—
 a man fought hand to hand, and the
 was terrible. Each man fought hand
 and, and the ground was contested inch
 each. The gilded ornaments of the
 horses were covered with blood, and
 movements were encumbered by their
 weight. The sword of Wedderburn had al-
 ready smitten three of the Chevalier's fol-
 lowers to the ground, and the two chiefs now
 ended in single combat. D'Arcy fought
 with the fury of despair, but Home continued
 war upon him as a tiger that has been
 bereft of its cubs. Every moment the force
 of the Chevalier was thinned, and every in-
 crease of the number of his enemies increased, as
 neighbouring peasantry rallied round the
 standard of their chief. Finding the most
 faithful of his followers stretched upon the
 earth, D'Arcy sought safety in flight. Dash-
 ing his silver spurs into the sides of his noble
 steed, he turned his back upon his desperate
 enemy, and rushed along in the direction of
 Berleiny, and through Dunse, with the
 view of gaining the road to Dunbar, of which
 he was governor. Fiercely, Wedder-
 burn followed at his heels, with his naked
 sword uplifted, and ready to strike: im-
 mediately behind him, rode Trotter, the hench-
 man of the late Earl, and another of Home's
 followers named Dickson. It was a fearful
 race as they rushed through Dunse, their
 horses striking fire from their heels in the
 track of the very sunbeams; and the sword
 of the pursuer within a few feet of the fugi-
 tive. Still the Chevalier rode furiously, ur-
 ging on the gallant animal that bore him,
 who seemed conscious that the life of its

rider depended upon its speed. His flaxen
 locks waved behind him in the wind, and the
 voice of his pursuers ever and anon fell upon
 his ear, like a dagger of death thrust into
 his bosom. The horse upon which Wedder-
 burn rode, had been wounded in the conflict,
 and as they drew near Broomhouse, its speed
 slackened, and his followers, Trotter and
 Dickson, took the lead in the pursuit. The
 Chevalier had reached a spot on the right
 bank of the Whitadder, which is now in a
 field of the farm of Swallowdean, when his
 noble steed, becoming entangled with its
 cumbrous trappings, stumbled, and hurled its
 rider to the earth. The next moment the
 swords of Trotter and Dickson were transfix-
 ed in the body of the unfortunate Chevalier.

"Off with his head!" exclaimed Wedder-
 burn, who at the same instant reached the
 spot. The bloody mandate was readily obey-
 ed; and Home taking the bleeding head in
 his hand, cut off the flaxen tresses, and tied
 them as a trophy to his saddle-bow. 'The
 body of the 'Chevalier de la Beaute' was
 rudely buried on the spot where he fell. An
 humble stone marks out the scene of the tra-
 gedy, and the people in the neighbourhood
 yet call it—"Bawty's grave." The head of
 the Chevalier was carried to Dunse, where
 it was fixed upon a spear, at the cross, and
 Wedderburn exclaimed—"Thus be exalted
 the enemies of the house of Home!"

The bloody relic was then borne in triumph
 to Home castle, and placed upon the battle-
 ments. "There," said Sir David, "let the
 Regent climb when he returns from France
 for the head of his favourite—it is thus that
 Home of Wedderburn revenges the murder
 of his kindred."

UPS AND DOWNS, OR DAVID STUART'S ACCOUNT OF HIS PILGRIMAGE.

Old David Stuart was the picture of health a personification of contentment. When I knew him his years must have considerably exceeded threescore; but his good-natured face was as ruddy as health could make it; his hair, though mingled with grey, was as thick and strong as if he had been but twenty—his person was still muscular and active; and moreover he yet retained in all their freshness, the feelings of his youth, and no small portion of the simplicity of his childhood. I loved David, not only because he was a good man, but because there was a great deal of character or originality about him; and though his brow was cheerful, the clouds of sorrow had frequently rested upon it. More than once when seated by his parlour fire, and when he had finished his pipe, and his afternoon tumbler stood on the table beside him, I have heard him give the following account of the ups and downs—the trials, the joys, and sorrows—which he had encountered in his worldly pilgrimage; and to preserve the interest of the history, I shall give it in David's own idiom, and in his own words.

"I ne'er was a great traveller," David was wont to begin: "through the length o' Edinburgh, and as far south as Newcastle, is a' that my legs ken about geography. But I've had a good deal o' crooks and thraws, and ups and downs, in the world, for a' that.—My faither was in the droving line, and lived in the parish o' Coldstream. He did a great deal o' business, baith about the fairs on the Borders, at Edinburgh market, every week, and sometimes at Morpeth. He was a bachelor till he was five-and forty, and he had a very decent lass keep'd his house, they ca'd Kirsty Simson. Kirsty was a remarkably weel-faur'd woman, and a number o' the farm lads round about used to come and see her, as weel as trades' chields frae about Coldstream and Birgham—no that she gied them ony encouragement, but that it was her misfortune to hae a gude-looking face. So, there was ae night that my faither cam' hame frae Edinburgh, and according to his custom he had a drap in his e'e—yet no sae meikle but that he could see a lad or twa hingin' about the house. He was very angry; and,

'Kirsty,' said he, 'I dinna like thae youngsters to come about the house.'

'I'm sure, Sir,' said she, 'I dinna encourage them.'

'Weel, Kirsty,' said he, 'if that's the way if ye hae nae objections, I'll marry ye myse.'

'I dinna see what objections I should ha' said she, and without ony mair courtship, a week or twa they were married; and course o' time I was born. I was sent school when I was about eight years an' but my education ne'er got far'er than i' Rule o' Three. Before I was fifteen, I assisted my faither at the markets, and in a short time he could trust me to buy and sell—there was one very dark night in the month o' January, when I was little mair than seventeen, my faither and me were gaun to Morpet, and we were wishing to get forward wi' t' beasts as far as Whittingham; but just as we were about half a mile doun the loan frae Glanton, it cam' awa ane o' the dreafu'est storms that e'er mortal was out i'. The snaw, literally, fell in a solid mass, an' every now and then the wind cam' roarin' and howlin' frae the hills, and the fury o' t' drift was terrible. I was driven stupid an' half suffocated. My faither was on a straggling mare, and I was on a bit powney, and amang the cattle there was a cramstairy-three-year-old bull, that wad neither hup nor drive—we had it tied by the fore-leg and the horn, but the moment the drift broke owre us, t' creature grew perfectly unmanageable; it wadward it wadna gang. My faither had struck it when the mad animal plunged t' horns into the side o' the mare, and he fell on the ground. I could just see what had happened, and that was a'. I jumped aff the powney and ran forward. 'O Faither!' says I, 'ye're no hurt, are ye?' He was trying to rise, but before I could reach him—indeed, before I had the words weel out o' m' mouth—the animal made a drive at him! 'O Davy!' he cried, and he never saw mair! We generally carried pistols, and I had the presence o' mind to draw ane out o' the breast-pocket o' my big coat, and shot the animal dead on the spot. I tried to raise my faither in my arms, and dark as it was I could see his blood upon the snaw—and

could see where he had been hurt; and though he groaned but once, I didna think he was dead, and I strove again and again to lift him upon the back of the powney to take him back to Glanton; but though I thought wi' my heart like to burst at the time I couldna accomplish it. 'Oh what shall I do?' said I, and cried and shouted for help; the snow fell sae fast, and the drift was so terrible, that I was feared that even if he were dead, he wad be smothered and buried up before I could ride to Glanton and so on. And as I cried, my poor dog came running to my father's body and licked his face, and its pitiful howl mingled wi' the whistles o' the wind. No kennin' what to do I led my father to the side o' the road, and tried to place him, half sitting like wi' his head to the drift, by the foot o' the hedge.—'Watch there, Rover,' said I, and the dog ran yowling to his feet, and did as I desired it. I sprang upon the back o' the powney, and flew up to the town. Within a few minutes I was back, and in a short time a number o' folk wi' lights cam to our assistance. My father was a'covered with blood without a sign of life. I thought my heart wad break, and for a time my screams were heard above the raging o' the storm. My father was conveyed up to the inn, and on being opened it was found that the horns of the devil had entered his back below the left shoulder; and when a Doctor frae Alnwick, who saw the body next day, he said he must have been instantly—and as I have told ye, he never spoke, but just cried, 'O Davy!'

My feelings were in such a state, that I couldna write mysel, and I got a minister to write a letter to my mother, puir woman, telling her what had happened. An acquaintance o' my father's looked after the cattle, and disposed o' them at Morpeth; and I got hired a hearse at Alnwick, got the body o' my father's taen hame. A sorrowfu' business it was, ye may weel think. Before ever we reached the house, I heard the cries o' my puir mither. 'O my fatherless child!' she cried, as I entered the door; but as she could rise to meet me, she got a chair to the coffin which they were taking out in the hearse, and utterin' a sudden scream, her head fell back, and she gaed clean awa.

After my father's funeral, we found that he had died worth only about four hundred

pounds, when his debts were paid; and as I had been bred in the droving line, though I was rather young, I just continued it, and my mother and me kept house thegither.

"This was the only thing particular that happened to me for the next thirteen years, or till I was thirty. My mother still kept the house, and I had nae thoughts o' marrying; no but that I had gallanted a wee bit wi' the lasses now and then, but it was naething serious, and was only to be neighbourlike. I had ne'er seen ane that I could think o' takin' for better for warse; and, anither thing, if I had seen ane to please me, I didna think my mither would be comfortable w' a young wife in the house. Weel, ye see, as I was telling ye, things passed on in this way till I was thirty, when a respectable flesher in Edinburgh, that I did a good deal o' business wi', and that had just got married, says to me, in the Grassmarket, ae day—'Davy,' says he, 'ye're no gaun out o' the town the night—will ye come and tak' tea and supper wi' the wife and me, and a freend or twa?'

"'I dinna care though I do,' says I; 'but I'm no just in a tea-drinkin' dress,'

"'Ne'er mind the dress,' says he. So, at the hour appointed, I stepped awa ower to Hanover Street, in the New Town, where he lived, and was shewn into a fine carpeted room, wi' a great looking-glass, in a gilt frame, ower the chimley-piece—ye could see yoursel' at full length in't the moment you entered the door. I was confounded at the carpets, and the glass, and a sofa, nae less; and, thinks I, 'This shews what kind o' bargains ye get frae me.' There were three or four leddies sitting in the room, and 'Mr. Stuart, leddies,' said the flesher; 'Mr. Stuart, Mrs. So-and-so,' said he again—'Miss Murray, Mr. Stuart.' I was like to drap at the impudenc' o' the creatur—he handed me about as if I had been a bairn at a dancin' school. 'Your servant, leddies,' said I, and didna ken where to look, when I got a glimpse o' my face in the glass, and saw it was as red as crimson. But I was mair than ever put about when the tea was brought in, and the creature says to me, 'Mr. Stuart, will you assist the leddies?' 'Confound him,' thought I, 'has he brought me here to mak' a fule o' me!' I did attempt to hand round the tea and toast; when, wi' downright confusion, I let a cup fall on Miss Murray's

gown. I could have died wi' shame. 'Never mind—never mind, Sir!' said she; 'there is no harm done;' and she spoke sae proper and sae kindly, I was in love wi' her very voice. But when I got time to observe her face, it was a perfect picture; and through the hale night after, I could do naething but to look at, and think o' Miss Murray.

'Man,' says I to the flesher, the next time I saw him, 'wha was yon Miss Murray?'—'No match for a Grassmarket dealer, Davy,' says he. 'I was thinkin' that,' says I; 'but I should like to be acquainted wi' her.' 'Ye shall be that,' says he; and after that there was selidom a month passed that I was in Edinburgh but I saw Miss Murray. But as to courtin' that was out o' the question.

"A short time after this, a relation o' my mither's, wha had been a merchant in London, deed; and it was said we were his nearest heirs; and that as he had left nae will, if we applied, we would get the property, which was worth about five thousand pounds.—Weel, three or four years passed awa, and we heard something about the lawsuit, but naething about the money. I was vexed for having onything to say to it. I thought it was only wasting a candle to chase a Will-o'-the-wisp. About the time I speak o', my mither had turned very frail. I saw there was a wasting awa o' nature, and she wadna be lang beside me. The day before her death, she took my hand, and 'Davy,' says she to me—'Davy,' poor body, she repeated—(I think I hear her yet)—'it wad been a great comfort to me, if I had seen ye settled wi' a decent partner before I deed—but it's no to be.'

"Weel, as I was saying, my mither deed—and I found the house very dowie without her. It wad be about three months after her death—I had been at Whitsunbank; and when I cam hame, the servant lassie put a letter into my hands; and 'Maister,' says she, 'there's a letter—can it be f'r you, think ye?' for it was directed 'David Stuart, Esquire, (nae less) —, by Coldstream.' So I opened the seal, and to my surprise and astonishment, I found it was frae the man o' business I had employed in London, stating that I had won the law plea, and that I might get the money whene'er I wanted it. I sent for the siller the very next post. Now ye see I was sick and tired o' being a bachelor. I had lang wished to be settled in a comforta-

ble matrimonial way—that is, frae e'er I seen Miss Murray. But ye see, while I was a drover, I was very little at hame—indeed I was waur than an Arawbian—and had very little peace or comfort either—and I thought it was nae use taking a wife until something better might cast up. But this wasna the only reason. There wasna a woman on earth that I thought I could live happy with Miss Murray, and she belonged to a great family—whether she had ony siller or no I canna declare, as I'm to be judged hereafter, I never did inquire. But I saw plainly it wad do for a rough country drover, jauped up the very elbows, and sporting a handfu' pound notes the day, and no worth a per the morn—I say, I saw plainly it wadna do for the like o' me to draw up by her elbow and say—'Here's a fine day, ma'am.' 'Hae ye ony objections to a walk?' or say any thing o' that sort. But it was weel on five years since I had singled her out; and though I never said a word anent the subject o' matrimony, yet I had reason to think she had a shrewd guess that my heart was quicker when she opened her lips, than if a regiment o' infantry had stealed behind me unobserved, and fired their muskets over my shouther; and sometimes thought that her een looked as if she wished to say—'Are ye no gaun to ask me, David?'

"But still, when I thought she had been brought up a leddy in a kind o' manner, I durstna venture to mint the matter; but when I was fully resolved and determined, should I succeed in getting the money I was trying for, to break the business clean aff hame. So ye see, as soon as I got the siller, what does I do, but sits down and writes her a letter, (and sic a letter!) I cauld her a' my mind as freely as though I had been speaking to you. Weel, ye see, I gaed bang thro' to Edinburgh at ance, no three days after my letter; and up I goes to the Lawmarket where she was living wi' her mither, and raps at the door without ony ceremony: when I had rapped, I was in a swither whether to staun till they came out or no; but my heart began to imitate the knock, rather to tell me how I ought to have proceeded: for it wasna a loud, solid, drover's knock like mine, but it kept rit-tit-tatting on my breast like the knock o' a hair-dresser's practice bringing a bandbox fu' o' curls and knick-knackeries, for a leddy to pick

on for a fancy ball; and my face low-
 though ye were haudin' a candle to it;
 out comes the servant, and I stammers
 'Is your mistress in?' says I. 'Yes,
 says she; 'walk in.' And in I walked;
 I declare I didna ken whether the floor
 led me, or I carried the floor; and wha
 I see but an auld leddy wi' spectacles
 the maiden's mistress, sure enough, though
 mine, but my mother-in-law that was to
 So she looked at me and I looked at her
 she made a low curtsy, and I tried to mak
 ew; while all the time ye might hae
 and my heart beatin' at the opposite side o'
 room. 'Sir,' says she. 'Ma'am,' says I.
 had hae jumped out o' the window, had it
 been four stories high: but since I've gane
 far, I maun say something, thinks I.—
 I've taken the liberty o' callin', ma'am,' says
 'Very happy to see ye, Sir,' says she.—
 ah, thinks I, I'm glad to hear that, how-
 er; but had it been to save my life, I didna
 what to say next. So I sat down; and
 length I ventured to ask—'Is your daugh-
 ter, Miss Jean, at hame, ma'am?' says I.—
 'What is she,' quo' she. 'Jean!' she cried
 a voice that made the house a' dirl again.
 'Comin', mother,' cried my flower o' the for-
 y; and in she cam, skipping like a perfect
 y. But when she saw me, she started
 as if she had seen an apparition, and coloured
 the very e'ebrows. As for me I trembled
 ean ash leaf, and stepped forward to meet
 her. I dinna ken she was sensible o' me
 ting her by the hand; and I was just be-
 ginning to say again, 'I've taken the liberty,'
 when the auld wife had the sense and discre-
 tion to leave us by oursel's. I'm sure and
 I ain never experienced such relief since
 I was born. My head was absolutely singing
 with dizziness and love. I made twa or three
 attempts to say something grand, but I never
 got half a dozen words out; and finding it
 nonsense, I threw my arms around her
 neck, pressed her beating breast to mine, and
 giving a hearty kiss, the whole story that
 had made such a wark about was ower in
 a minute. She made a wee bit fuss, and
 said, 'Oh fie!' and 'Sir!' or something o'
 that kind; but I held her to my breast, de-
 clared my intentions manfully; that I had
 been dying for her for five years, and now
 that I was a gentleman, I thought that I
 might venture to speak. In fact, I held her
 by my arms until she next door to said—
 'Yes!'

" Within a week we had a' thing settled—
 I found out she had nae fortune. Her mo-
 ther belonged to a kind o' cauld family, that
 like mony others cam down the brae with
 Prince Charles, poor fallow; and they were
 baith rank Episcopawlians. I found the mi-
 ther had just sic nickle a-year frae some o'
 her far-awa relations; and had it no been
 that they happened to ca' me Stuart, and I
 tauld her a rigmarole about my grandfaither
 and Cullouen, so that she soon made me out
 a pedigree, about which I ken ed nae mair
 than the man o' the moon, but kept saying
 'yes,' and 'certainly' to a' she said—I say,
 but for that, and confound me if she wadna
 hae curled up her nose at me and my five
 thousand pounds into the bargain, though her
 lassie should hae starved. Cut Jeanie was
 a perfect angel. She was about two or three
 and thirty, wi' light brown hair, hazel een,
 and a waist as jimp and snua' as ye ever saw
 upon a human creature. She dressed maist
 as plain as a Quakeress, but was a pattern
 o' neatness. Indeed, a blind man might have
 seen she was a leddy born and bred; and
 then for sense—haud at ye there—I wad hae
 matched her against the minister and the
 kirk elders put thegither. But she took that
 o' her mither—of whom mair by and by.

As I was saying, she was an Episcopawlian
 —a down-right, open day defender o' Arch-
 bishop Laud and the bloody Claverhouse;—
 and she wished to prove down through me
 the priority and supremacy of Bishops over
 Presbyteries—just downright nonsense, ye
 ken—but there's nae accounting for super-
 stition. A great deal depends on how a body
 is brought up. But what vexed me maist
 was to think that she wad be gaun to ae place
 of public worship on the Sabbath, and me to
 anither, just like twa strangers—and may be
 if her minister preached half an hour langer
 than mine or mine half an hour langer than
 hers, or when we had nae intermission, there
 was the dinner spoiled, and the servant no
 kened what time to hae it ready—for the
 mistress said ane o'clock, and the maister
 said twa o'clock. Now I wadna gie tippence
 for a cauld dinner.

" But as I was telling ye about the auld
 wife, she thoct fit to read baith us a bit o'
 a lecture.

'Now bairns,' said she, 'I beseech ye think
 weel what ye are about—for it were better to
 rue at the very foot of the altar, than to rue

but, ance afterwards, and that ance be for ever. I dinna say this to cast a damp upon your joy, nor that I doubt your affection for ane anither—but I say it as ane who has been a wife, and seen a good deal of the world:—and oh, bairns! I say it as a mother! Marriage without love is like the sun in January—often clouded, often trembling through storms, but aye without heat: and its pillow is comfortless as a snow-wreath: but although love be the principal thing, remember it is not the only thing necessary: are ye sure that ye are perfectly acquainted with each other's characters and tempers? Aboon a', are ye sure that ye esteem and respect ane anither? Without this, and ye may think that ye like each other, but it's no real love: it's no that kind o' liking that's to last through married years, and be like a singing bird in your breasts to the end o' your days. No, Jeanie, unless your very souls be, as it were, cemented thegither, unless ye see something in him that ye see in naebody else, and unless he sees something in you that he sees in naebody else, dinna marry still. Passionate lovers dinna aye mak' affectionate husbands. Powder will bleeze fiercely awa in a moment; but the smotherin' peat retains fire and heat among its very ashes. Remember that, in baith man and woman, what is passion to-day may be disgust the morn.—Therefore, think now; for it will be ower late to think o' my advice hereafter.'

"Troth, ma'am," said I, "and I'm sure I'll be very proud to ca' sic a sensible auld body *mither!*"

"Rather may ye be proud to call my bairn your wife," said she; "for, when a man ceases to be proud o' his wife, upon all occasions, and at all times, or where a wife has to blush for her husband, ye may say fareweel to their happiness. However, David," continued she, "I dinna doubt but ye will mak' a gude husband; for ye're a sensible, and, I really think, a deservin' lad, and, were it na mair than your name, the name o' Stuart wad be a passport to my heart. There's but ae thing that I'm feared on—just ae fault that I see in ye—indeed I may say it's the beginning o' a' ithers, and I wad fain hae ye promise to mend it; for it has brought mair misery upon the marriage state than a' the sufferings o' poverty and the afflictions o' death put thegither."

"Mercy me, ma'am!" exclaimed I, "what do ye mean? Ye've surely been misformed."

"I've observed it mysel', David," said she, seriously.

"Goodness, ma'am! ye confound me," says I; "if its onything that's bad, I'll de it point blank."

"Ye mayna think it bad," says she, again; "but I fear ye like a *dram*, and my bairn's happiness demands that I should speak o' it."

"A dram!" says I; "preserve us! is there ony ill in a *dram!*—that's the last thing that I wad hae thought about."

"Ask the broken-hearted wife," says she; "if there be ony ill in a dram—ask the starving family—ask the jailor and the grave-digger—ask the doctor and the minister of religion—ask where ye see roups o' furniture at the cross, or the auctioneer's flag waving frae the window—ask a deathbed—ask eternity, David Stuart, and they will tell you there be ony ill in a dram."

"I hope, ma'm," says I, and I was a good deal nettled; "I hope, ma'am ye dinna tak' me to be a drunkard? I can declare freely that, unless may be at a time by chance (and the best o' us will mak' a slip now an then,) I never tak' aboon twa or three glasses at a time. Indeed, three's just my set. Aye say to my cronies, there is nae luck to the second tumbler, and nae peace after the fourth. So, ye perceive, there's not the smallest danger o' me."

"Ah, but David," replied she, "there's danger. Habits grow stronger, nature weaker—and resolution offers less and less resistance—and ye may come to make four, five, or six glasses your set; and frae that to a bottle—your grave—and my bairn a broken-hearted widow."

"Really, ma'm," says I, "ye talked very sensibly before, but ye are awa wi' the barrels now—quite unreasonable a'thegither. However, to satisfy ye upon that score, I'll make a vow this moment, that except—"

"Mak nae rash vows," says she, "for breath mak's them, and less than a breath unmak's them. But mind that, while ye wad be comfortable wi' your cronies, my bairn wad be fretting her lane; and though she might say naething when ye cam hame, the

na be the way to wear her love round neck like a chain of gold—but night af-ter-noon, it wad break away link by link, till the whole was lost—and if ye didna hate, ye wad soon find that ye were disagreeable to her mother. Nae true woman will condescend to be ony man lang, wha can find society with her in an ale-house. I dinna like to say that you should never enter company, but dinna mak a practice o't.

Weel, the wedding morning cam, and I wad ally thocht a great blessing folk hadna been married every day. My neckcloth wad be as it used to tie, and but that I wadna care at onybody on the day of my marriage were I wad hae wished some ill will on the fingers o' the laundress. She had starched the muslins!—a circumstance, I am perfectly certain, unheard of in the memory o' my mother, and a thing which my mother never did. It was stiff, crumpled and clumsy. I wad think it was insupportable. It was within

an hour of the time of gaun to the chapel. I had tried a rose-knot, a witch-knot, a horse-driver's knot, and a running-knot, wi' every kind o' knot that fingers could twist the neckcloth into, but the confounded starch wad be every ane look waur than anither.—I wad see neckcloths I had rendered unwearable, and the fourth I tied in a beau-knot in my pair. The frill o' my sark-breast wadna be in the position in which I wanted it!—the first time my hair rose in rebellion—

wadna lie right; and I cried 'the mischief o' the barber!' The only part o' my dress which I was satisfied, was a spotless pair of nankeen pantaloons. I had a dog named Rover—it was a son o' poor Rover I mentioned to ye before. Weel, it had been raining through the night, and Mettle had been out in the street. The instinct o' the dumb brute was puzzled to comprehend the change that had recently taken place in my appearance and habits, and its curiosity was excited. I was sitting before the looking-glass, and had just finished tying my cravat, when Mettle cam bouncing into the room; he looked up in my face inquisitively, to unriddle mair o' the matter, placed his unwashed paws upon my unsoiled nankeen breeches. Every particular claw left its ugly impression. It was provoking beyond endurance. I raised my hand to strike him, but the poor brute wagged his tail, and I only

scolded him down saying, 'sorrow tak' ye,

Mettle! do ye see what you've done?' So I had to gang to the kitchen fire to stand before it to dry the damp, dirty foot-prints o' the offender. I then found that the waistcoat wadna sit without wrinkles, such as I had never seen before upon a waistcoat of mine: the coat, too, was insupportably tight below the arms; and as I turned half round before the glass, I saw that it hung loose between the shoulders! 'As sure as a gun,' says I, 'the stupid soul of a tailor has sent me home the coat of a hump-back in a mistak'!' My hat was fitted on every possible manner—owre the brow and aff the brow—now straight, now cocked to the right side, and again to the left—but to no purpose; I couldna place it to look like myself, or as I wished—but half-past eight chimed frae St. Giles'. I had ne'er before spent ten minutes to dress—shaving included—and that morning I had begun at seven! There was not another moment to spare; I let my hat fit as it would—seized my gloves and rushed down stairs, and up to the Lawnmarket, where I knocked joyfully at the door of my bonny bride.

"When we were about to depart for the chapel, the auld leddy rose to gie us her blessing, and placed Jeanie's hand within mine. She shed a few quiet tears [a common circumstance wi' mothers on similar occasions] and 'Now, Jeanie,' said she, 'before ye go, I have just anither word or twa to say to baith of ye'—

'Dearsake, ma'am!' said I, for I was out of a' patience, 'we'll do very weel wi' what we've heard just now, and ye can say onything ye like when we come back.'

"There was only an elderly gentleman and a young leddy accompanied us to the chapel—for Jeanie and her mother said that that was mair genteel than to have a gilravish of folk at our heels. For my part, as I thought we were to be married, we might as weel mak a wedding o't. I, however, thought it prudent to agree to their wish, which I did the mair readily, as I had nae particular acquaintance in Edinburgh. The only point that I wad not concede was being conveyed to the chapel in a coach! that my plebian blood, notwithstanding my royal name of Stuart, could not overcome. Save us a', said I, if I wadna walk to be married, what in the three kingdoms wad tempt me to walk.

'Weel, my daughter will be the first o'her family that ever gaed on foot to the altar,' answered the auld leddy.

'And I assure ye, Ma'am, that I would be the first o' my family that ever gaed in any ither way: and to gang on foot shows a demonstration o' affection and free-will, whereas gaun in a carriage looks as if there were compulsion in the matter,' said I. Weel, we walked to the tap o' the Canongate, where the Episcopawlian chapel stood. I had often read over the marriage service in the book, in order to master the time: to say, 'I will:' nevertheless, I had no sooner seen the white gown of the clergyman, and felt Janie's hand trembling in mine, than he might as weel hae spoken Gaelic—and when the minister was done, I whispered to the best man—'is a' owre now?' 'Yes,' said he. 'Heeven be thankit!' thought I.

'Weel, as I had been used to an active life a' my days, I had nae skill in gaun about like a gentleman wi' my hands in my pockets—and I was anxious to take a farm. But Jeanie didna like the proposal, and the auld leddy wadna hear o't. So I put out the monee, and we lived upon the interest. For six years every thing gaed straight, and happy as a family could be: we had three bairns—the eldest a daughter, called Margaret—the second a son, named Andrew—and the third we ca'ed Jeanie. They were as bonny and obedient bairns as ye could see, and every body admired them. There was ane Lucky Macnaughtan kept a tavern: a sort of respectable folk used to visit it, and I was in the habit of gaun at night to smoke my pipe, but it was seldom that I exceeded three tumblers—and among the customers was ane that I had got very intimate with—a genteel looking man as ye could see—indeed, I took him to be a particular honest man. There was ane night that I was rather hearty, and says he to me, 'Mr. Stuart, will you lend your name to a bit paper for me?' 'No I thank ye—I never wish to be caution for onybody,' says I. 'It's of no consequence,' said he, and there was no more pas-ed. But as I was rising to gang hame, 'Come, tak anither, Mr. Stuart—I'll stand treat,' said he. Wi' sair pressing I was prevailed upon to sit down again, and we had anither and anither, till I was perfectly insensible. What took place or how I got hame I couldna tell, and the only thing I remember was a head fit to split

next day, and Jeanie very powty—howe'er I thought nae mair about it, and was glad I had refused to be bond for the person w' asked me—for within three months I heard that he had absconded: a day or twa after was telling Jeanie and her mother o' the circumstance, and what an escape I had had when the servart lassie shewed a bank o' into the room: 'Tak a seat,' said I, for I had dealings w' the bank. 'This is a bad business, Mr. Stuart,' said he. 'What business?' said I, quite astonished. 'Your best security for Mr. So-and-so,' said he: 'Meried I, starting up in the middle of the floor—'Me! the scoundrel—I denied him point blank!' 'There is your signature for a thousand pound,' said the clerk. 'A thousand furries!' exclaimed I, stamping—'it's an infernal forgery!' 'Mr. Such-an-one is writing to your hand writing,' said the clerk. I was petrified: in a moment a confused recollection of the proceedings at Lucky Macnaughtan's flashed across my memory! There was a look of withering reproach in my mother-in-law's een, and I heard her muttering—'aye said what his three tumblers wad cost ye.' But Jeanie bore it like a christian—she cam forward to me, and poor thing, she kissed my cheek, and says she—'Dinna distress yoursel', David, dear—it canna be helped now—let us pray that this may be a lesson for the future.' I flung my arm round her neck—I couldna speak—but at last, I said—'Jeanie, it will be a lesson—and your affection will be a lesson!' Some of your book learning folk wad ca' this conduct philosophy in Jeanie—but I, wha lenned every thought in my heart, was aware that it proceeded from her resignation as a true Christian, and her affection as a dutiful wife. Weel, the upshot was, I had robbed mysel' out of a thousand pounds as simply as ye wad snuff out a candle. You have heard the saying, that some ne'er comes singly; and I have found its truth—I had twa thousand pounds, bearing six per cent. lying in the hands of a gentleman with immense property. Scores of folk had money in his hands: the interest was paid punctually—and I hadna the least suspicion. When looking over the papers one morning, wha's name should I see, but the very gentleman that had my twa thousand pounds! I had the papers in one hand, and a saucer in the other. The saucer and the coffee-glass smash upon the hearth! 'Oh David, what the matter?' cried Jeanie! 'We're a' ruined

.H. The fallow didna pay eighteen-
 e to the pound—and there was three
 and gaen out of my five! It was nae
 with a young family, to talk of living on
 interest o' our money now: 'We maun
 a farm,' says I; and baith Jeanie and her
 her saw the necessity: so I took a farm,
 it took the thick end of eight hundred
 ds to stock it: however, I found mysel'
 pair at home, for I had employment for
 mind and hands, and Jeanie made an
 ellent farmer's wife: we couldna exactly
 we were making siller, yet we were losing
 ing, and every year laying by a little:—
 e was a deepish burn ran near the on-
 al: our youngest lassie was about nine
 us auld: it was the summer time: and
 had been paidling in the burn, and soom-
 feathers and bits of sticks; I heard an
 o' noise, and bairns screamin'. I looked
 and I saw them running and shouting:
 'Miss Jeanie!' I ru-hed out to the barn-yard
 'That is't, bairns?' cried I. 'Miss Jeanie!
 Jeanie!' said they, pointing to the barn
 fairly flew: the burn, after a spate on
 hills, often cam awa wi' a fury that nae-
 could resist. The flood had come awa
 in my bairn—and there as I ran did I see
 bonny yellow hair whirled round an'
 a, sinking out o' my sight, and carried
 a down the stream. There was a linn
 at thirty yards frae where I saw her, and
 how I rushed to snatch a grip of her
 e she was carried ower the rocks!—but
 poor little Jeanie was baith felled and
 wned, I plunged into the wheel below
 linn, and got her out in my arms. I ran
 her to the house, an' I laid my drowned
 on her mother's kneec. Every thing
 could be done was done, and a doctor
 brought frae Dunse; but the spark o' life
 out o' my bit Jeanie. Jeanie took our
 n's death far sairer to heart than I did:
 several years she was never hersel again
 and just seemed dwining awa. Sea-bath-
 was strongly recommended, and as she
 a friend in Portobello, I got her to gang
 e: Margaret was now about eighteen,
 her brother Andrew about fifteen, and
 king it would do them good, I allowed
 m to gang wi' their mither: but it was
 ear bathing to me. Margaret was an al-
 lassie a'thegither: she used to be as
 e as a lark in May, and now there was
 getting her to do ony thing; but she sat

couring and unhappy, and seighin' every
 handel-a-while, as though she were misera-
 ble: it was past my comprehension, and her
 mother could assign nae particular reason for
 it: as for Andrew he did naething but yam-
 mer, yammer, frae morn till night, about the
 sea—or sail boats rigged with lead and paper
 sails, in the burn: he had been down about
 Leith, and had seen the ships, and naething
 wad do but he would be a sailor—but me and
 his mother wadna hear tell o't: we had suffer-
 ed enough frae the burn at our door, not
 to trust our only son upon the ocean. Ae
 night he didna come in as usual for his four
 hours, and supper time cam, and we sent a'
 round about to seek him, but with no success
 —it struck me at once he had gane to sea—
 and I set out immediately for Leith, but did
 nae get any trace o' him: this was a terrible
 trial, and it was mair than a twelvemonth
 before we heard of him. The first letter
 frae him was from Bengal. But Andrew's
 rinnin' awa was no the only trial that we had
 to bear up against. As I was tellin' ye there
 was an unco change ower Margaret since
 she had come frae the bathin': and a while
 after a young lad that her mother said they
 had met wi' at Portobello, began to come
 about the house. He was the son of a mer-
 chant in Edinburgh, and pretended that he
 had come to learn to be a farmer wi' a neigh-
 bour o' ours. He was a wild, thoughtless,
 foppish-looking lad, and I didna like him:—
 but Margaret, silly thing, was clean daft
 about him. Late and early I found him
 about the house, and I tauld him I couldna
 allow him nor ony person to be within my
 doors at any such hours. Weel, this kind of
 wark was carried on for mair than a year;
 and a' that I could say or do, Margaret and
 him were never separate, till at last he drap-
 ped aff coming to the house, and our daugh-
 ter did naething but seigh and greet. After
 bringing her to the point o' marriage, he ei-
 ther wadna or durstna fulfil his promise, un-
 less I wad pay into his loof a thousand
 pounds as her portion. I could afford my
 daughter nae sic sum, and especially no to
 be thrown awa on the like o' him. But Jean-
 ie cam to me wi' the tears on her cheeks
 and 'O David!' says she, 'there's naething
 for't but parting wi' a thousand pounds on the
 ae hand, or our bairn's death—and her—
 shame! on the ither!. Oh, if a knife had
 been driven through my heart, it couldna

hae pierced it like the worl shame! As a father what could I do? I paid him the money, and they were married.

"It's o' nae use tellin' ye how I gaed back in the farm. In the year sixteen, my crops warna' worth takin' aff the ground, and I had twa score o' sheep smothered the same winter. I fell behint wi' my rent; and household furniture, farm-stock, and every thing I had, were to be sold off. Tho day before the sale, wi' naething but a bit bundle carrying in my hand, I took Jeanie on my ae arm, and her puir auld mither on the other, and wi' a sad and sorrowfu' heart, we gaed out o' the door o' the hame where our bairns had been brought up, and a sheriff's officer steeked it behint us. Weel, we gaed to Coldstream, and we took a bit room there, and furnished it wi' a few things that a friend bought back for us at our sale. We were very sair pinched. Margaret's gude-man ne'er looked near us, nor rendered us the least assistance, and she hadna it in her power. There was nae ither alternative that I could see; and I was just gaun to apply for labouring work, when we got a letter frae Andrew, enclosing a fifty pound bank note. Mony a tear did Jeanie and me shed over that letter. He informed us that he had been appointed mate o' an East Indiaman, and begged that we would keep ourselves easy; for, while he had a sixpence,

his faither and mither should hae the o't, Margaret's husband very soon squandered away the money he had got frae as weel as the property he had got frae faither; and, to escape the jail, he ran and left his wife and family. They can stop wi' me; and, for five years, we ha naething o' him. We had begun a shop the spirit and grocery line; and, really, were remarkable fortunate. It was ab six years after I had begun business, night, just after the shop was shut, Jean and her mother, wha was then about nine and Margaret and her bairns, and my were a' sittin' round the fire, when a cam' to the door—an o' the bairns ran opened it, and twa gentlemen cam' in; Margaret gied a shriek, an o' them flung himsel' at her feet. 'Mother!—faither' said the other, 'dc ye no ken me?' It was our son Andrew, and Margaret's gude-man I jump up, and Jeanie jump up; auld gude-man raise totterin' to her feet, and the bairns screamed, puir things. I got haud o' Andrew and his mother gaud haud o' him, and we were all grat wi' joy. It was such a night o' happiness as I had never kenned before. Andrew had been made a ship captain. Margaret's husband had repented o' a' his follies, and was in a good way o' doing in India; every thing hae gane right, and prospered wi' our whole family, frae that day to this.

THE DEW-DROP AND THE FAIRY.

[ORIGINAL.]

The sunbeams changed to gem of light
A dew drop on a flow'ret bright—
A Fairy saw the dazzling prize,
Which rivall'd elfin beautiful eyes;
He touched the pearl with magic wand,
Then took the diamond in his hand;

Which, petrified by mystic pow'r,
He bore away to elfin bow'r—
Where peerless 'mong the sylphs of light
He found his own dear lady sprite;
He gave the gem, then snatch'd a kiss,
Tho' chid by pouting Fairy Miss.