

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

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

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

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

APRIL.

VOLUME I.-----NUMBER 5.

CABINET OF LITERATURE.

COMMENCING WITH

WILSON'S BORDER TALES.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
The Leveller—(Concluded).....	129
The Bride.....	129
The Hen-pecked Man.....	135
The Seige, &c.....	142
The Smuggler—(Continued.).....	152

TERMS.—To Mail Subscriber 10s. (in advance,) including Postage,—City Subscribers, 7s. 6d., or 7½ per number, when delivered.

Toronto :

PRINTED BY JAMES GEDD.

Commercial Herald Office, Church-street.

1839.

nor could a son entertain a more honourable ambition, or more one meriting the blessing of Heaven.

Taking Louise with him, they sailed from Antwerp, and in a few days arrived in London, from thence they proceeded towards the Borders, and the place of his birth. They had reached Alnwick, where they intended to remain for a few hours, and they went out to visit the castle. They had entered the square in front of the proud palace of the Percys, and, in the midst of the square, they observed a one-handed flute player, with a young wife, and three ragged children, by his side, and the poor woman was soliciting alms for her husband's music.

The heart of Louise was touched; she had drawn out her purse, and the wife of the flute player, with her children in her hand, modestly, and without speaking, courted before her.

George shook—he started—he raised his hands—

"Catherine! my sister! my own sister!" he exclaimed, grasping the hand of the suppliant.

"O George! my brother!" cried Catherine, and wept.

The flute player looked around. The instrument fell from his hand.

"What! William! and without an arm, too!" added George, extending his hand to the musician.

Louise took the hand of her new found sister, and smiled, and wept, and bent down, and kissed the cheeks of the children.

"My father—my mother, Catherine?" inquired George, in a tone that told how he struggled to ask the question.

She informed him of their mother's death, of their father's infirmities, and that he was an out door pauper in T——.

He relieved his sister's wants, and, with Louise, hastened to his birth place. He found his father almost bed-ridden—a boarder at half a crown a week, in a miserable dwelling, the occupants of which were as poor as the parish lodger. Old James was sitting reading a newspaper, which he had borrowed, when they entered; for his ruling passion remained strong in the midst of his age and infirmities. The rays of the setting sun were falling on his grey hairs. Tears had gathered in the eyes of his son, and he inquired—

"Do you know me?"

James suddenly raised his eyes—they flash, with great joy—he dropped the paper—

"Ken ye! ken ye!—my son! my son!—my lost George!" and he sank on his son's bosom.

When the first burst of joy had subsided—
"And who is this sweet ledly?" inquired James, gazing fondly at Louise.

"Your daughter," replied George, placing her hand in his.

I need not further dwell upon the history of the Leveller. From that hour he ceased to be a pauper—he accompanied his son to Brussels, and spent the remainder of his days in peace, and amidst many of the scenes which he had long before read of with enthusiasm.

But, some reader may ask, what became of poor Catharine and her flute-player? A linen-draper's shop was taken and stocked for them by her brother, and in it Prosperity became a constant customer. Such is the history of James Nicholson, the Leveller, and his children.

THE BRIDE.

Fifty years ago, William Percy rented a farm that consisted of about a hundred acres, and which was situated on the banks of the Till. His wife, though not remarkable for her management of a farm-house, was a woman of many virtues, and possessed of a kind and affectionate heart. They had an only daughter, whose name was Agnes; and, as she approached towards womanhood, people began to designate her *The Rose of Till-side*. Her beauty was not of the kind that dazzles or excites sudden admiration; but it grew upon the sight like the increasing brightness of a young rainbow—its influence stole over the soul as moonlight on the water. It was pleasant to look upon her fair countenance, where sweetness gave a character to beauty, mellowing it and softening it, as though the soul of innocence there reflected its image. Many said that no one could look upon the face of Agnes Percy and sin. Her hair was of the lightest brown, her eyes of the softest blue, and the lovely rose which bears the name of *Maiden's Blush* is not more delicate in the soft glow of its colouring than was the vermilion tint upon her cheeks. She was of middle stature, and her figure might have served a sculptor as a model.—But she was good and gentle as she was beautiful. The widow mentioned her name in her prayers—the poor blessed her.

Now, Agnes was about eighteen, when a young man of her own age, named Henry Cranstoun, took up his residence for a few months in her father's house. He was the son of a distant relative of her mother, and was then articled as a clerk or apprentice to a writer to the signet in Edinburgh. He also was the only child of his parents; for, though they had had eight others, he was all that death had left them. He was the youngest son of his mother; and there was a time when there was no mother had greater cause to be proud of her children. Yea, as they hand in hand, or one by one, went forth on the Sabbath morning with their parents to their place of worship, there was not an eye that looked not with delight or admiration on the little Cranstouns. The neatness of their dress, the loveliness of every countenance, the family likeness of each, the apparent affection of all, the propriety of their demeanor interested all who looked upon them. But, as untimely flowers, that, by a returning frost, are stricken down in beauty, so drooped, so perished, this fair and happy family.—Some had said that they were too beautiful to live; and, as they also manifested much quickness and wisdom for their years, there were others who said to Mrs. Cranstoun, as she was shedding their shining hair upon their brows, that she would never comb an old head! This is a cold, cruel, and ignorant prophecy—it has sent foreboding and unhappiness into the bosoms of many a fond mother; but, in this case, it needed not the gift of a seer to foretell the gloomy tidings. Consumption lurked amidst the beauty that glowed on every cheek; and seven of the fair family had fallen victims to the progress of the insidious destroyer, till Henry alone was left. And now, even upon him also, it seemed to have set its mark. The hollow cough, and the flushed cheek, the languidness by day and the restlessness by night, gave evidence that the disease was there.

Change of air and less study were recommended by the physicians as the only means by which Henry might be saved; and he was sent over to Northumberland, to the house of William Percy, his mother's friend.

It was about that period of the year which is spoken of as the "fall of the leaf," when Henry Cranstoun first arrived at Till-side. William Percy had just gathered in his harvest, and Henry met with the kindly welcome of a primitive family. The father, the mother, and their daughter, received him as

one whom they were to snatch from the hands of death. In a few days, the goat's milk, and the bracing air, which came with health on its wings from the adjacent mountains, wrought a visible change in the appearance of the invalid. His cough became more softened, his eyes less languid, his step more firm, and he panted not as he walked. He felt returning strength flowing through his veins—in his bosom, in the moving of his fingers, he felt it. He walked out by the side of Agnes—she led him by the banks of the Till, by the foot of the hills, by the woods where the brown leaves were falling, and by the solitary glen.

Perhaps I might have said that the presence of Agnes contributed not less than the mountain air, and the change of scenery, to his restoration to health. Of this I have not been told. Certain it is that her beauty and her gentleness had spread their influence over his heart, as spring, with its wooing breath, awakens the dreaming earth from its winter sleep. It was not the season when nature calls forth the soul to love; for the cushat was silent in the wood, the mavis voiceless on the thorn, the birds were dumb on every spray, the wild-flowers had closed their leaves and drooped, and the meadow lost their fragrance. But, as they wandered forth together, a lark started up at their feet; it raised its autumn song over their heads; it poured it in their ears. Both raised their eyes in joy towards the singing bird; they listened to it with delight. His fingers were pressed on hers as he heard it, as though he would have said—"How sweet it is!" But the lustre forsook his eyes while he yet listened—he sighed, and was silent. They returned home together, and Agnes strove to cheer him; but his spirit was heavy, and he pressed her hand more fervently in his. The song of the lark seemed to have touched a chord of sadness in his bosom.

Henry was heard walking backward and forward in his room throughout the night and, on the following morning at breakfast, he put a paper into the hands of Agnes, which was written the following rhymes:—

THE LARK'S AUTUMNAL SONG.

(INSCRIBED TO AGNES PERCY.)

Again in the heavens thy hymn is heard,
Bird of the daring wing!
When last ye sprang from the daisied sward,
Making the welkin ring,
Thy lay the dressing buds awoke—
Thy voice the spell of winter broke—

The primrose, on the mossy brae,
Burst beauteous into life and day,
And smiled to hear thee sing!
The children clapped their tiny hands;
The shout rang through their little bands,
Hailing the bird of spring!
Thy lay made earth and air rejoice,
And nature heard thee as an angel's voice.

Again in the heavens thy hymn is heard,
Bird of the mournful song!
A lonely daisy yet decks the sward,
The last of the summer throng.
While here and there, upon the brae,
A pale primrose, languid as the ray
Of hope that vanisheth away
Upon the cheek of death
Untimely opens its golden wing,
Mistaking, as it hears thee sing,
That thou art come to tell of spring,
And not of winter's wrath.
But now thy strain is as one that grieves—
Thou singest the dirge of the falling leaves!

Again in the heavens thy hymn I hear,
Bird of the merry song!
Thou art ringing a lay in old winter's ear—
Ye bid him farewell and ye welcome him here—
Ye help the old man along!
Ye are singing to look on the fruits of the year
Gathered in, & in ripeness, with plenty around;
And ye pour o'er earth's fulness a rapturous
sound.
Ye are singing a strain that man should have
sung—

Man with ingratitude sealed on his tongue!
At seed-time, thy joyous and hope-breathing lay,
To the ploughman was sung, as an anthem, all
day,

And now, at his harvest, ye greet him again,
And call him to join in thy thanksgiving strain!

Agnes wept as she pursued the foreboding
lines, which he had marked in what printers
call *italics*, in the second stanza, by drawing
a line under them. She felt interested in
the fate of Henry Cranstoun—deeply inter-
ested. We believe that, like the gentle Des-
dimona, she wished that

"Heaven had made her such a man;"

for, though the young writer to the signet
spoke not

"Of war, and broils, and battles,"

his tongue was the interpreter of nature—he
dwelt as an enthusiast on its beauties, its
mysteries, its benevolence, its glorious design;
and, through all, he would point

"Through Nature up to nature's God!"

It is a common saying, "that you cannot
put an old head upon young shoulders;" but,

if ever the truth of the saying might be dis-
puted, it was in the case of Henry Cranstoun.
The deaths of his brothers and his sisters
had rested upon his young mind—they had
struck it with awe—they had made him to
feel that he, too, must die—he, indeed, felt as
though the shadow of death were creeping
over him; and the thoughts and the hopes
of eternity early became the companions of
his spirit. He treasured up the words of the
inspired preacher, "Remember thy Creator
in the days of thy youth." He treasured
them up, and he practised them; and his
deportment gave him a deeper interest in the
eyes of the Northumbrian farmer and his
family.

William Percy was esteemed by his neigh-
bours as a church-going and a good man.
He was kind to his servants; he paid every
man his own; he was an affectionate hus-
band, and a fond father; the poor turned not
away murmuring from his door; and every
Sunday night, he knelt with his wife and his
daughter, before his Maker, in worship, as
though it were a duty which was to be dis-
charged but once in seven days. Now, it
was late on a Saturday night when Henry
Cranstoun arrived at their house; and, on
the following evening, he joined in the devo-
tions of the family. But Monday night came,
and the supper passed, and the Bibles were
not brought. Henry inquired—

"Is it not time for worship?"

The question went to the conscience of the
farmer—he felt that before his Creator, who
preserved him, who gave him every breath
he drew, he had nelt with his family but
once a-week. "Is not He the Almighty of all
time and of all eternity?" asked his con-
science; "and have I not served Him as
though He were Lord of the Sabbath only?
I forsake Him for a week—where should I
be if He left me but for a moment?"

"Agnes, love," said he aloud "bring the
books."

She cheerfully obeyed; and the Bibles
were laid upon the table. The psalm was
read, and the voice of praise was heard; and
as the hinds in the adjoining houses heard
the sound, they followed the example of their
master. Hitherto, like their employer, they
had lifted their voices in thanksgiving but
once a week; as if a few minutes spent in
praise and in prayer, and in the reading of
a chapter, were all that was necessary for
example to a family, or for gratitude to Him
who sustained, protected, and gave them
being from moment to moment. I should

not dwell upon this, were it not that there are many good and Christian parents, who conceive that they fulfil the injunction of "praying often with and for their children," by causing them to kneel around them on a Sabbath night. But this, certainly, is a poor fulfilment of the oath which they have taken—or which, if they have not taken, they are equally bound to perform. I do not say that the man who daily prays with his family will have the gratification of seeing all of them following in his foot steps, or that all of them will think as he thinks; but he may be of one sect, and some of another, yet, let them go where they will, let them be thrown into what company they may, let temptation assail them in every form, and absence throw its shadows over their father's house yet the remembrance, the fervour, the words of a father's prayers will descend upon their souls like a whisper from Heaven, kindling the memory and awakening the conscience, and if the child of such a man depart into sin, the small still voice will not die in his ear. Nay, the remembrance of the father's voice will be heard in the son's heart above the song of the bacchanal, and the lowly remembered voice of psalms rise upon his memory, making him insensible to the peal of instruments. I have listened to the sonorous swell of the organ in the Roman church and the Episcopal cathedral, to the chant of the choristers and the music of the anthem, and I have been awed by the sounds; but they produced not the feelings of peace and of reverence, I might say of religion, which are inspired by the lowly voices of a congregated family joining together in their hymn of praise. I have thought that such sounds striking on the ear of the guilty, would arrest them in their progress.

Such was the change which Henry Cranston introduced into the house of his host. From that moment, Agnes regarded him with a deeper interest, her father loved him, and her mother looked on him as a son. But, although his mind had been early imbued with serious impressions, he was a lover of all that was beautiful in nature, he was warm of heart, and eloquent of speech—and his form was such as the eye of a maiden might look on with complacency.

Christmas had passed before he left the house of his mother's friend, and health again glowed on his cheeks, strength revisited his frame. No one that saw Henry Cranston on his entering the house of Mr. Percy

three months before, and who had not seen him in the meanwhile, would have known him to be the same individual. But Agnes noted no change in him. She knew that his health was now restored; but she had begun to hope and love at the same moment, and she had never thought that Henry would die. His eyes had ever been bright to her—his voice ever pleasing; and her beauty, her gentleness, her sweetness of temper, her kindness, her looks, her tones of affection, had fallen upon his bosom, till every thought, save the thought of Agnes, was banished.

He was to leave her father's house—he bade her *farewell*; till that moment, they had not known how dear they were unto each other. They had never spoken of love—and, to hearts that do love, there is little need for such declarations. The affection of every glance, the guarded delicacy of every action, speaks it more plainly than the impassioned eloquence of language. True eloquence is feeling, and feeling dictates the words to be used, pouring them forth in the full of the heart's emotion; but, though love also be feeling, it is not of that kind which makes men eloquent. True love is dumb, a true gratitude. It speaks from the glowing eye and the throbbing bosom; from the hand passionately grasped—not from the tongue.

Henry and Agnes said little; but they fell upon the necks of each other when they parted. She wept, and from his eyes the tear was ready to fall. He kissed her brow, and said that in the spring he would return.

He left Northumberland, and his parents welcomed him as one received from the dead. He was strong and healthy, and he alone, of all their children, seemed to have overcome the power of the destroyer. Yet a week never passed but he wrote to his friends, who had snatched him as from the gates of death; or rather I should say, that he wrote to the gentle Agnes, requesting that the expression of his gratitude might be given to her parents, until he returned to thank them. But spring came, and with it Henry Cranston returned to Till side. Health still glowed in his eyes and beamed upon his cheeks. He was fond of angling, and, with his rod in his hand, he sought amusement in the gentle art; yet his favourite pastime afforded him no pleasure, save when Agnes was by his side, and then they would sit down on the brae-side together, with her hand in his, and the fishing-rod on the ground, and they forgot that he had gone out to fish, until evening came, and he returned with his creel empty.

Thus five years passed on, and, twice in every year, Henry Cranstoun visited his friends in Northumberland. He had commenced practice in Edinburgh; fair prospects opened before him; his marriage day was fixed; and need I say that the bride was Agnes?

The ceremony was to be performed in the parish church, which was situated about a mile from her father's house. Henry was only expected to arrive an hour or two before the marriage was to take place. The bosom of fair Agnes throbbed with tumultuous joy. Her parents gazed upon her—blessed her, and were happy. She sat before them, arrayed, a bride for the altar. He whom she loved and they esteemed, was that day to make her his wife. Her mother gazed on her with pride—she blessed her Agnes. Her father's heart glowed within him. The bridesmaids were come—Agnes was impatient, but still happy; no fear, no doubt had risen in her mind. She knew her Henry.

But the last hour arrived, and Henry came not. Her uneasiness increased. The servants were sent to a neighbouring hill; but no chaise, no horseman appeared in sight. Agnes became unhappy, paleness overspread her cheeks. The company were silent.—Her father's watch hung over the mantel-piece, and she sat at the opposite side of the room; yet its ticking fell upon her ears slow and heavy, as sounds from a hammer on an anvil. Tears, which she had struggled to conceal, now gathered in her eyes. Some evil, she said, and wept, had befallen Henry. The hour which had been appointed for the ceremony was passed; but still he came not. Her fears, her anxiety increased, and she wept the more, refusing to be comforted. She knew not what she feared; but her breast was filled with misery. She had received a letter from him but three days before. She read it again—it breathed the language of impassioned affection, but his truth she doubted not; yet there was an incoherency, a vehemence, in some parts of the letter, which were not like the style of Henry. A vague horror shot across her thoughts and her hand trembled as she laid the letter aside.

Still the servants were despatched to see if he approached, and at length they brought tidings that two horsemen were riding towards the house. Agnes strove to wipe away the tears from her eyes, but her heart yet quaked, and others rose in their place. The

horsemen drew near the house. Those of the company who beheld them from the windows drew back with a look of dismay. Agnes clasped her hands together as she beheld the expression of their countenances. The evil she apprehended was about to be revealed. The parish clergyman, and the minister of the congregation to which Mr. Percy belonged, entered the room. She started from her seat as they entered—she wrung her hands on her bosom—her eyes seemed fixed and motionless with misery—her lips moved—her tongue struggled for utterance.

"Be comforted!" said one of the reverend visitors, kindly.

"Is my Henry dead?" she exclaimed—"is he dead?"

"He is not dead," was the reply, "but"—and the clergyman hesitated a moment to proceed.

"His mind is dead!" added the wretched bride, and sank back in her mother's arms. The dismal thought flashed upon her soul, the vague horror that she had shrank from before, became tangible—the incoherency and vehemence of passages in his last letter were suddenly and fearfully interpreted.

The tidings which the clergyman had to communicate, her fears had already told. The mind of Henry Cranstoun had become a wreck. A cloud fell upon his reason; and, on the day that he was to lead his bride to the altar, he was placed an inmate of the gloomy cells of Bedlam.

Several months had passed, and the grief of Agnes became more tranquil, but not less deep. She intreated permission to visit her bridegroom in the place of his confinement, and her parents fondly endeavoured to dissuade her from her purpose; but it became the one—the ruling wish of her heart—and they consented. Her father accompanied her to the dreary prison-house. But I shall not attempt to describe the heart-rending interview, nor to tell how the iron which lettered him entered her soul. He knew her—he wept before her as a child—he exclaimed, "My brain!—my brain!" and pressed his hand upon his brow. Around him were strewn scraps of paper: she beheld her name upon each; they were covered with verses of love, and of wildness. But I will not dwell upon the harrowing scene, upon the words that were spoken, and the fitful gleams of reason that flitted across his soul as his eyes remained rivetted on the face he loved. But when her father, with a faltering voice, sug-

gested that they should depart, and took her hand to lead her from the cell, a scream of loud and bitter agony burst from the wretched maniac. "Agnes!—Agnes!" he cried, and his wailing was as the lamentation of a lost spirit. Anguish overpowered her, and she was borne insensible from the cell, in her father's arms.

Seven long and dreary years passed, and the mind of Henry was still bewildered; still was he an inmate of the melancholy asylum, and no hope was entertained of his recovery. But the heart of Agnes knew no change—for him she still shed the secret tear, and offered up the secret prayer.

But her father's fortunes were altered.—He had been induced to enter into a speculation with one who deceived him, and in it the industry of years was swallowed up and lost. He was obliged to leave his farm, and he now resided in a small cottage in its neighbourhood. Still, there were many who sought the hand of the fair Rose of Till-side; but she chose rather to brood over the remembrance of poor, ruined Henry, than to listen to their addresses. But amongst them was a young gentleman named Walker, whose condition was far above hers, and, who for two years had vainly sought a place in her affections. In the day of her father's distress, he had been his friend, and he yet sought to place him again in a state of independence. The health of Mr. Percy, also, began to decline; the infirmities of age were growing upon him; and the little he had been able to save from the wreck of his capital, was wasting rapidly away. He became melancholy with the thought that he should die a pauper, or leave his wife and his daughter in want; and, in the presence of Agnes, he often spoke of Mr. Walker—of the excellence of his character—of his wealth—of what he had done for him, in the midst of his misfortunes—of what he still desired to do—and of his affection for her. She listened to her father's words in sorrow and in silence, and, on her pillow by night, she wept because of them. To her the remembrance of Henry Cranstoun was dearer than the temptations of wealth, and her heart clung to him with a constancy which neither time, misery, nor hopelessness could shake. She was grateful to her father's friend for the kindness he had shewn him, and for the generosity of the proposals he had made—yet she found that she could not love him, that her bosom had room for none but Henry.

Poverty, however, entered her parent's dwelling, and her father seemed drooping for lack of nourishment, which his increasing feebleness required. Her mother, too, sat silent and melancholy, occasionally raising her eyes to her daughter's face, with a look that implored her to save her father. The old man had been ordered wine daily; but their penury was now such that they could not purchase it, and the plainest food had become scanty on their table.

Such was their situation, and they were sitting sorrowful together, when Mr. Walker entered the room. He approached Agnes respectfully, he took her hand.

"Dear Agnes," he began, "can one with a kind a heart look with indifference on the wants and the sufferings of a father and a mother? It is in your power to make them happy, to restore them to prosperity. For two years I have sought your hand, without meeting one look of encouragement, or one word of hope. Yet believe me, Agnes, I admire the constancy which induces you to cherish a hopeless passion and reject me. I do not for my sake, yet for the sake of your poor father, for that of your fond mother, yea, for your own sake, dearest, permit me to call you mine. I do not ask your love now; give me but your esteem, and I will study to deserve your affection. Dear friends, please for me," he added, addressing her parents.

Her father laid his hand upon hers—"Dear Agnes," said he, "your father is now a poor man—he is very poor. I fear the hands of death is already upon me; and when I am gone, who will provide for your poor mother—who will protect thee, my child? It is the only wish of my heart to see you provided for, and your father would die in peace. And oh, my Agnes, as your father's dying request, permit me to bestow your hand upon this generous youth."

"Save us my sweet one!" cried her mother, and she flung her arms around her daughter's neck.

"It is done!" exclaimed Agnes, bursting into tears, and she stretched out her hand to Mr. Walker.

A few weeks afterwards, and the village bells rang a merry peal, children scattered flowers, and there was joy on every face save upon the face of the fair bride, who went as a sacrifice to the altar. She heard not the words of the clergyman as he read the ceremony. She trembled, she would have fallen to the ground, but that the bride's-maid supported her.

The marriage-party were returning by a foot-path from the church, the sorrowful bride resting on the arm of her bridegroom. A stranger met them—he turned aside, that they might pass. His eyes fell upon the countenance of the bride.

"O Heavens! my Agnes!" cried the stranger, in a voice of agony.

"Henry! my Henry!" screamed the wretched bride, and starting from the side of the bridegroom, she sank on the breast of the stranger.

That stranger was indeed Henry Cranstoun. A severe illness had brought him to the verge of death, and with his restoration to health reason was restored also. He had come to take his bride to his bosom—he met her the bride of another. It was a scene of misery.

"O Agnes! Agnes!" groaned Henry, "would to Heaven I had died! You are another's, though your heart is mine! Fare well! farewell!—we must meet no more! I have endured much, but never misery like this!"

She could only exclaim—"Henry!" and speech failed her—recollection fled. Henry Cranstoun struck his hand upon his brow, and rushed wildly away. Agnes was conveyed to her father's house, as being nearer than that of her bridegroom's. She was laid upon her bed, she seemed unconscious of all around, and her tongue only uttered the word "Henry." She rose not again from the bed on which she was laid, and, within a week, her gentle spirit fled. The shock which Henry had met with, occasioned a lapse of the fever from which he had but recently recovered. He was taken to the village inn. He felt that death was about terminate his sufferings, and when he heard of the death of his Agnes, he requested to be buried by her side. Within three weeks he died, and his latest wish was fulfilled—he was laid by the side of Agnes' ery, and a rose tree was planted over their grave.

THE HEN-PECKED MAN.

Every one has heard the phrase, "*Go to Birgham!*" which signifies much the same bidding you go to a worse place. The phrase is familiar not only on the Borders, but throughout all Scotland, and has been in use for more than five hundred years, having

taken its rise from Birgham being the place where the Scottish nobility were, when they dastardly betrayed their country in the hands of the first Edward: and the people, despising the conduct and the cowardice of the nobles, have rendered the saying—"Go to Birgham!" an expression of contempt until this day. Many, however, may have heard the saying, and even used it, who know not that Birgham is a small village, beautifully situated on the north side of the Tweed about midway between Coldstream and Kelso; though, if I should say that the village itself is beautiful, I should be speaking on the wrong side of the truth. Yet there may be many who have both heard the saying, and seen the village, who never heard of little Patie Crichton, the bicker-maker. Patie was of diminutive stature, and he followed the profession (if the members of the *learned professions* be not offended at my using the term) of a cooper or bicker-maker in Birgham, for many years. His neighbours used to say of him—"The puir body's hen-pecked."

Patie was in the habit of attending the neighbouring fairs with the water-cog, cream-bowies, bickers, piggins and other articles of his manufacture. It was Dunsie fair, and Patie said, he "had dune extraordinary weel—the sale had been far beyond what he expectit." His success might be attributed to the circumstance that, when out of the sight and hearing of his better half, for every bicker he sold, he gave his customers half-a-dozen jokes into the bargain. Every one, therefore, liked to deal with little Patie.—The fair being over, he retired with a crony to a public house in the Castle Wynd, to crack of old stories over a glass, and inquire into each other's welfare. It was seldom they met, and it was as seldom that Patie dared to indulge in a single glass; but, on the day in question, he thought they could manage another gill, and another was brought. Whether the sight of it reminded him of his domestic miseries, and of what awaited him at home, I cannot tell; but after drinking another glass, and pronouncing the spirits excellent, he thus addressed his friend:—

"Ay, Robin, (his friend's name was Robin Roughthead,) ye're a happy man—ye're maister in your ain house, and ye've a wife that adores and obeys ye; but I'm nae better than naebody at my ain fireside. I'll declare I'm waur: wife an' bairns laugh at me—

I'm treated like an outlan' body an' a fule. Though, without me, they nicht gang and beg, there is nae mair respect paid to me, than if I were a pair o' auld buuk helms flung into a corner. Fifteen years syne I couldna believe it o' Tibby, though onybody had sworn it to me. I firmly believe that a guid wife is the greatest blessin' that can be conferred upon a man upon this earth. I can imagine it by the treasure that my faither had in my mither, for, though the best may hae words atween them occasionally, and I'm no saying that they hadna, yet they were just like passing showers to mak' the kisses o' the sun upon the earth mair sweet after them. Her whole study was to please him and to mak him comfortable. She was never happy but when he was happy; an' he was! just the same wi' her. I've heard him say, that she was worth untold gold. But, O Robin! If I think that a guid wife is the greatest blessin' a man can enjoy, weel do I ken that a scoldin', domineerin' wife is his greatest curse. It's a terrible thing to be snooled in your ain house—naebody can form an idea o't but they wha experience it.

"Ye remember whan I first got acquainted wi' Tibby, she was doing the bondage-work up at Riselaw. I first saw her coming out o' Eccles kirk ae day, and I really thoct that I had never seen a better-laured or a more gallant-looking lass. Her cheeks were red and white like a half-ripe strawberry, or rather, I should say, like a cherry; and she seemed as modest and meek as a lamb. It wasna very lang until I drew up; and though she didna gie me ony great encouragement at first, yet, in a week or twa, after the ice was fairly broken, she became remarkably ceevil, and gied me her oxter on a Sunday. We used to saunter about the loanings, no saying meikle, but unco happy; and I was aye restless whan I was out o' her sight. Ye may guess that the shoemaker was nae loser by it during the six months that I ran four times a week, wet or dry, between Birgham and Riselaw. But the term-time was drawing nigh, and I put the important question, and pressed her to name the day. She hung her head, and she no seemed to ken weel what to say; for she was sae mim and sae gentle then, that ye wad hae said—"outter wadna melt in her mouth." And when I pressed her mair urgently—

"I'll just leave it to yersel', Peter," says she.

"I thoct my heart wad louped out at my mouth. I believe there never was a man sae

beside himsel' wi' joy in this warld afore. I fairly danced again, and cut as many antics as merry-andrew. 'O Tibby,' says I,

"I'm ower happy now!—Oh, haud my head! This gift o' joy is like to be my dead."

"I hope no Peter," said she; 'I wad rather hae ye to live than dee for me.'

"I thought she was as sensible as she was bonny, and better natured than baith.

"Weel, I got the house set up, the wed ding-day cam, and everything passed ower as agreeably as onybody could desire. I thoct Tibby turnin' bonnier and bonnier for the first five or six days after the wed din', everything was 'hinny,' and 'my love' and 'Tibby dear,' or 'Peter dear.' Bu matters didna stand lang at this. It was on a Saturday nicht, I mind', just afore I wad gaun to drap work, that three or four acquaintances cam into the shop to wish me joy, and they insisted that I should payd for the weddin'. Ye ken I never was behin hand; and I agreed that I wad just fling a my coat and step up wi' them to Orange Lane. So, I gaed into the house and took down my market coat, which was hingin' behin the bed; and after that I gaed to the kist to tak out a shilling or twa; for, up to that time, Tibby had not usurped the office of Chancellor o' the Exchequer. I did it as cannily as I could; but she had suspected something, and heard the jinkin' o' the sill."

"What are ye doing, Patie?" says she. "Wher are ye gaun?"

"I had never heard her voice hae sic sound afore, save the first time I drew up to her, when it was rather sharp than agreeable.

"Ou, my dear," says I. 'I'm just gaun to Orange Lane for a wee while.'

"Ye Orange Lane!" says she—"what the name o' fortune's gaun to tak ye there?"

"O hinny," says I, 'it's just a neebor or twa that's drapped in to wish us joy, and, ye ken, we canna but be neebor-like.'

"Ay! the sorrow joy them!" says she, 'and neebor too!—an' how meikle will it cost ye?'

"Hoot, Tibby," says I, for I was quite astonished at her, 'ye no understand this woman.'

"No understand them!" says she; 'I wad to guidness that ye wad understand them though! If that's the way ye intend to mak' the siller flec, it's time there were someb' to tak' care o't.'

"I had put the selver in my pocket, an'

was gaun to the door mair surprised than I can weel express, when she cried to me—

“Mind what ye spend, and see that ye dinna stop,”

“Ye need be under nae apprehensions o’ that, hinny,” said I, wishing to pacify her.

“See that it be sae,” cried she, as I shut the door.

“I joined my neebors in a state o’ greater uneasiness o’ mind than I had experienced for a length o’ time. I could na help thinkin’ but that Tibby had rather early begun to tak the upper hand, and it was what I never expected from her. However, as I was saying, we went up to Orange Lane, and we sat doun, and ae gill brecht on anither. Tibby’s health and mine were drank we had coveral capital sangs; and, I dare say, it wa snae mair affected wi’ drink than I am at this moment. But, somehow or ither, I was uneasy at the idea o’ facing Tibby. I thought it wad be a terrible thing to quarrel wi’ her. I opened the door, and, bolting it after me, slipped in, half on the edge o’ my fit. She was sitting wi’ her hand at her haffit by the side o’ the fire, but she never let on that she either saw or heard me—she didna speak a single word. If ever there was a woman

‘Nursing her wrath to keep it warm,’

it was her that nicht. I drew in a chair and, though I was half-fear’d to speak—

“What’s the matter, my pet? says I—what’s happened ye?”

“But she sat looking into the fire, and never let on she heard me. ‘E’en’s ye like, leg Dorts,’ thought I, as Allan Ramsay says; but I durstna say it, for I saw that there was a storm brewing. At last I ventured to say again—

“What ails ye, Tibby dear—are ye no cool?”

“Weel!” cried she—“wha can be weel? this the way ye mean to carry on? What time o’ nicht is this to keep a body to, waiting and fretting on o’ ye, their lane. Do ye think shame o’ yourself?”

“Hoot, woman,” says I, I’m surpris’d at ye; I’m sure ye hae naething to mak a wark out—it’s no late yet.”

“I dinna ken what ye ca’ late,” said she; “t’wadna be late among yer cronies, nae doubt; but; if it’s no late, it’s early, for I warrant it’s mornin’.”

“Nonsense!” says I.

“Dinna tell me it’s nonsense,” said she, “or I’ll be spoken to in nae sic way—I’ll let ye ken that. But how meikle hae it cost

ye? Ye wad be treating them, nae doubt—and how meikle hae ye spent, if it be a fair question?”

“‘Toots, Tibby!’ said I, ‘whar’s the cause for a’ this? What great deal could it cost me?’

“But, hair by hair make the carle’s head bare,” added she—“mind ye that; and mind that ye’ve a house to keep aboon your head noo. But, if ye canna do it; I maun do it for ye—sae gie me the key o’ that kist—gie me it instantly; and I’ll tak care how ye gang drinkin’ wi’ ony body and treatin’ them till mornin’ again.”

“For the sake o’ peace, I gied her the key; for she was speakin’ sae loud that I thoct a’ thee neebors wad hear—and she had nae suner got it, than awa she gaed to the kist and counted every shilling. I had nae great abundance then, mair than I’ve now; and—

“‘Is that all ye hae?’ said she; ‘an’ yet ye’ll think o’ gaun drinkin’ and treatin’ falk frae Saturday nicht till Sabbath mornin’! If this is the life ye intend to lead, I wish to goodness I had ne’er had onything to say to ye.’

“And if this is the life ye intend to lead me,” thought I, ‘I wish the same thing.’

“But that was but the beginin’ o’ my slavery. From that hour to this, she has continued on from bad to worse. No man livin’ can form an idea o’ what I’ve suffered but myself. In a mornin’, or rather, I may say, in a forenoon, for it was aye nine or ten o’clock afore she got up, she sat doun to her tea and white scones and butter, while I had to be content wi’ a scrimpt bicker o’ brose and sour milk for kitchen. Nor was this the warst o’t; for, when I cam’ in frae my wark for my breakfast, mornin’ after mornin’, the fire was black out; and there had I, before I could get a bite to put in my mouth, to hend doun upon my knees, and blaw it, and blaw it, till I was half-blind wi’ ashes—for we hadna a pair o’ bellows; and there wad she lie grumblin’ a’ the time, ca’in’ me useless *this*, and useless *that*; and I just had to put up wi’ it. But, after our first bairn was born, she grew far warse, and I becam mair and mair miserable every day. If I had been sleeping through the nicht, and the bairn had begun a hickin’, or whingin’—then she was at the scoldin’ and I was sure to be started out o’ my sleep wi’ a great drive atween the shouthers, and her crying—

“Get up, ye lazy body, ye—get up and see what’s the matter wi’ this bairn.”

"An' this was the trade half-a-dozen o' times in a night.

"At last, there was a day, when a' that I had dune was simply saying a word about the denner no bein' ready, and afore ever I kened whar I was, a cracky-stool that she had bought for the bairn, cam' fleen across the room, and gied me a dirl on the elbow, that made me think my arm was broken. Ye may guess what a stroke it was, when I tell ye I couldna lift my hand to my head for a week to come. Noo, the like o' that, ye ken, what mortal man couldna stand.

"'Tibby,' said I, and I looked very desperate and determined. 'what do ye mean by this conduct? By a' that's gracious, I'll no put up wi' it any longer!

"'Ye'll no put wi' it, *ye cratur!*' said she; 'if ye gie me ony mair o' yer provocation, I'll pu' yer lugs for ye—wull ye put up wi' that?

"It was terrible for a man to hear his ain wife ca' him *a cratur!*—just as if I had been a monkey or a lapdoug!

"'O ye disdainfu' limmer,' thought I; 'but if I could humble your proud spirit, I wad do it!' Weel, there was a grand fnew ballant hawkin' about the country at the time—it was ca'd *Watty and Meg*—ye have nae doubt seen't. Meg was just sic a terrible ter-magant as my Tibby; and I remembered the perfect reformation that was wrought upon her by Watty's bidding her fareweel, and threatenin' to list. So it just struck me, that I wad tak a leaf out o' the ballant.—Therefore, still keeping the same serious and determined look, for I was in no humour to seem otherwise—'Tibby,' says I, 'there shall be nae mair o' this. But I will gang and list this very day, and ye'll see what will come ower ye then—ye'll maybe repent o' yer conduct when it's ower late.'

"'List! ye *totum* ye!' said she; 'do ye say *list?*' and she said this in a tone and wi' a look o' derision that gaed through my very soul. 'What equad will ye list into?—what regiment will tak ye? Do ye intend to list for a fifer laddie?' And as she said this, she held up her oxtar, as if to tak me below't.

I thought I wad hae dropped doun wi' indignation. I could hae strucken her, if I durst. Ye observe I am just five feet twa inches and an eight, upon my stockin'-soles. That is rather below the army standard—and I maun say, it's a very foolish standard; for a man o' my height stands a better chance to sheet awither than a giant that wad fire ower his head. But she was aware that I

was below the mark, and my throat was o' no avail; so, I just had to slink awa into the shop, rubbin' my elbow.

"But the cracky-stool was but the beginnin' o' her drivin'; there wasna a week after that but she let flee at me whatever cam in the way, whenever I, by accident, crossed her cankered humour. It's a wonder that I'm in the land o' the living; for I've had the skin peeled off my legs—my arms maistly broken—my head cut, and ither parts o' my body a' black and blue, times out o' number. I thought her an angel when I was courtin' her, but, O Robin! she has turned out—I'll no say what—an adder!—a teeger!—a sha' fury!

"As for askin' onybody to the house, it's a thing I durstna do for the life that's in my body. I never did it but ance, and that was whan an auld schulefellow, that had been several years in America, ca'ed at the shop to see me. After we had cracked a while.

"'But! maun see the wife, Patie,' says he

"Whether he had heard aboot her behaviour or no, I canna tell; but, I assure ye his request was ony thing but agreeable to me. However, I took him into the house and I introduced him wi' fear and tremblin'.

"'Tibby, dear,' said I—and I dinna think I had ca'ed her *dear* for ten years afore—here's Mr. W——, an auld schulefellow, mine, that's come a' the way frae America an' ca'ed in to see ye.'

"'Ye' aye meetin' wi' auld schulefellow or some set or ither, to tak ye aff your wam, muttered she, sulkily, but loud enough for him to hear.

"I was completely at a loss what to say or do next; but, pretending as though I had heard her, I said, as familiarly and kindly as I could, though my heart was in a terrible swither—'Bring out the bottle, lass.'

"'Bottle!' quo' she, 'what bottle?—wha does the man mean?—has he pairted wi' the little sense that he ever had?' But had ye seen her as she said this!—I've seen a cloud black when driven wi' a hurricane, and I've seen it awfu' when roarin' in the agony o' thunder; but never did I see onything that I was mair in fear o' than my wife's face at the moment. But, somehow or ither, I gathered courage to say—'Hoots, woman, what's the use o' behavin' that way? I'm sure ye ken weel enough it's the speerit bottle.'

"'The speerit bottle!' cried she, wi' a scream 'and when was there a speerit bo'

tle within this door? Dinna shew yourself aff to your American freend for a greater man than ye are, Patie. I think, if wi' a' that ye bring in, I get meat and bits o' duds for your bairns, I do very weel.'

"This piece o' impudence completely knocked me stupid; for, wad ye believe it, Robin, though she had lang driven a' my friends frae aboot the house, yet never did ony o' her friends ca'—and that was maistly every Sunday, and every Coldstream market-day—but there was the bottle out frae the cupboard, which she aye kept under lock and key; and a dram, and a bit short bread nae less, was aye and to this day handed round to every ane o' them. They hae discovered that it's worth while to make Patie the bicker-maker's a half-way house. But, if I happen to be in when they ca', though she pours out a fu' glass a piece for them, she takes aye gude care to stand in afore me when she comes to me, between them and me, so that they canna see what she is doing or how meikle she pours out; and, I assure ye, it is seldom a thimble-fu' that fa's to my share, though she hauds the bottle lang up in her hand—mony a time, no a weetin'; and again and again have I shoved my head past her side, and said—"Your health, Mrs. So-and-so"—or, "Yours, Mr. Such-a-thing," wi' no as meikle in my glass as wad droun a ridge. Or, if I was sae placed that she durstna but, for shame, fill out a glass within half-an-inch o' the tap or sae, she wad gie me a look, or a wink, or mak a motion o' some kind, which weel did I ken the meanin', and which was the same as saying—'Drink it, if ye daur! O Robin, man! it's weel for ye that no kens what it is to be a tooth' at your ain fireside. I daresay, my reend burned at the bane for me; for he got up, and—

"I wish you good day, Mr. Crichton,' said he; 'I have business in Kelso to-night yet, and can't stop.'

"I was perfectly overpowered wi' shame; but it was a relief to me when he gaed awa—and I slipped out after him, and into the trap again.

"But Tibby's isna the only persecution that I hae to put up wi'; for we hae five airns, and she's brought them a' up to treat me as she does herself'. If I offer to correct them, they cry out—"I'll tell my mither!"—and frae the auldest to the youngest o' them, when they speak aboot me, it is *he* did this, *he* did that—they for ever talk o' me as *him!*

—*him!* I never got the name o' *faither* frae ane o' them—and it's a' her doings.—Now, I just ask ye simply if ony faither would put up wi' the like o' that? But I maun put up wi't. If I were offering to lay hands upon them for't, I am sure and persuaded she wad raise a' Birgham about me—my life wadna be safe where she is—but indeed, I needna say that, for it never is.

"But, there is ae thing that grieves me beyond a' that I hae mentioned to ye. Ye ken my, mither puir auld body, is a widow now. She is in the seventy-sixth year o' her age, and very frail. She has naebody to look after her but me—naebody that has a natural right to do it; for I never had ony brothers, as ye ken; and, as for twa sisters, I daresay they just have a 'sair aneugh fecht wi' their ain families, and as they are at a distance, I dinna ken how they are situated wi' their guidmen—though I maun say for them, they send her a stane o' oatmeal, an ounce o' tobacco, or a pickle tea and sugar now and then, which is very likely as often as they hae it in their power; and that is a great deal mair than I'm *allowed* to do for her—me that has a right to protect and maintain her. A' that she has to support her, is fifteen pence a week aff the parish o' Mertoun. O Robin, man!—Robin, man!—my heart rugs within me, when I talk to you about this. A' that I hae endured is naething to it! To see my puir auld mither in a state o' observation, and no to be allowed to gie her a sixpence! O Robin, man!—Robin, man!—is it no awfu'? When she was first left destitute, and a widow, I tried to break the matter to Tibby, and to reason wi' her.

"O Tibby, woman!' said I, 'I'm very distressed. Here's my faither laid in the grave, and I dinna see what's to come o' my mither, puir body—she is auld, and she is frail—she has naebody to look after or provide for her but me'—

"You!' cried Tibby—'you! I wush ye wad mind what ye are talkin' about! Ye have as many dougs, I can tell ye, as ye hae banes to pike! Let your mither do as iher widows hae done afore her—let the parish look after her.'

"O Tibby, woman!' said I 'but if ye'll only consider—the parish money is very sma', and, puir body, it will mak her heart sair to receive a penny o't; for she weel kens that my faither would rather hae deed in a ditch, than been behauden to either a parish or an individual for a sixpence.'

"'An' meikle they hae made by their pride,' said Tibby. 'I wish ye wad haud your tongue.'

"'Ay, but Tibby,' says I, for I was nettled mair than I durst shew it, 'but she has been a guid mother to me, and ye ken yersel' that she's no been an ill *guid-mother* to ye; She never stood in the way o' you and me comin' thegither, though I was paying six shillings a-week into the house.'

"'And what am I obliged to her for that?' interrupted my Jezebel.

"'I dinna ken, Tibby,' says I; 'but it's a hard thing for a son to see a mither in want, when he can assist her. Now, it isna meikle she takes—she never was used wi' dainties; and, if I may just tak her hame, little wull serve her, and her meat will ne'er be missed.'

"'Ye born idiot!' cried Tibby. 'I aye thought ye a fule—but ye are warse than a fule! Bring your mither here! An auld, cross-grained, faut-finding wife, that I ne'er could hae patience to endure for ten minutes in my days! Bring her here, say ye! No! while I live in this house, I'll let ye ken that I'll be *mistress!*

"'Ay, and maister too,' thought I. I found it was o' nae use to argue wi' her. There was nae possibility o' gettin' my mither into the house; and as to assisting her wi' a shillin' or twa at a time by chance, or paying her house rent, or sending her a load o' coals, it was perfectly out o' the question, and beyond my power. Frae the night that I went to Orange Lane to this moment, I never had a sixpence under my thumb that I could ca' my ain. Indeed, I never had money in my hands, unless it be on a day like this, when I hae to gang to a fair, or the like o' that; and even then, before I start, her leddyship sees every bowie, bicker, and piggin, that gangs into the cart—she kens the price o' them as weel as I do; and if I shouldna bring hame either money or goods according to her valuation, I actually believe she wad murder me. There is nae cheatin' her. It is by mere chance, that, having had a gude market, I've outreached her the day by a shillin' or twa; and ane o' them I'll spend wi' you Robin, and the rest shall gang to my mither. O man! ye may bless your stars that ye dinna ken what it is to hae a termagant wife."

"I'm sorry for ye, Patie," said Robin Rough-head; "but really I think, in a great measure, ye hae yersel' to blame for it a!"

"Me!" said Patie—"what do ye mean, Robin!"

"Why, Patie," said Robin, "I ken it is said, that every ane can rule a bad wife, but he that has her—and I believe it is true. I am quite convinced that naebody kens sae weel where the shoe pinches, as they that hae it on; though I am quite satisfied, that, had my case been yours, I wad hae brought her to her senses lang afore now, though I had

'Dauded her lug wi' Rab Roryson's bannet,' or gien her a *hoopin'* like your friend the cooper o' Coldingham."

"Save us man!" said Patie, who loved a joke, even though at second-hand, and at his own expense; "but ye see the cooper's case is not in point, though I am in the same line; for, as I hae observed, I am only five feet va inches and an eight—my wife is *not ne weaker vessel*—that I ken to my sorrow."

"Weel, Patie, said Robin, "I wadna hae ye to lift your hand—I was but jokin' upon that score—it wadna be manly;—but there is ae thing that ye can do, and I am sure it wad hae an excellent effect."

"Dearsake! what is that?" cried Patie.

"For a' that has happened ye," said Robin, "ye hae just yersel' to blame, for giein' up the key and the siller to her management, that night ye gaed to Orange Lane. That is the short and the lang o' a' your troubles. Patie."

"Do you think sae?" inquired the little bicker-maker.

"Yes, I think sae. Peter, and I say it," said Robin; "and there is but ae remedy left."

"And what is that?" asked Patie eagerly.

"Just this," said Robin—"stop the supplies."

"Stop the supplies!" returned Patie—"what do ye mean, Robin?—I canna say that I fully comprehend ye."

"I just mean this," added the other: "be your ain banker—your ain cashier—be maister o' your ain siller—let her find that it is to you she is indebted for every penny she has the power to spend; and if ye dinna bring Tibby to reason and kinkness within a month, my name's no Robin Rough-head."

"Do ye think that wad do it?" said Patie.

"If that wadna, naething wad," answered Robin; "but try it for a twelvemonth—begin this very night; and if we baith live and be spared to this time next year, I'll meet ye again, and I'll be the death o' a mutchkin, but that ye tell me, Tibby's a different woman—your bairns different—your

hail house different—and your auld mither comfortable."

"O man, if it might be sae!" said Patie; "but this very nicht—the moment I get hame, I'll try it—and, if I succeed, I'll treat ye wi' a bottle o' wine, and I believe I never drank ane in my life."

"Agreed," said Robin; "but mind ye're no to do things by halves. Ye're no' to be feared out o' your resolution because Tibby may fire and storm, and let drive the things in the house at ye—nor even though she should greet."

"I thorough understand ye," said Patie; "my resolution's ta'en, and I'll stand by it."

"Gie's your hand on't," said Robin; and Patie gave him his hand.

Now the two friends parted, and it is unnecessary for me either to describe their parting, or the reception which Patie, on his arriving at Birgham, met with from his spouse.

Twelve months went round, Dunsie fair came again, and, after the fair was over, Patie Crichton once more went in quest of his old friend, Robin Roughead. He found him standing in the horse market, and—

"How's a' wi' ye, my freend?" says Patie.

"Oh, hearty, hearty! cries the other; "but ow's a' wi' ye?—how is yer family?"

"Come and get the bottle o' wine that I've gie ye," said Patie, "and I'll tell ye a' bout it."

"I'll do that," said Robin, "for my business is dune."

So they went into the same house in the castle Wynd where they had been twelve months before, and Patie called for a bottle wine; but he found that the house had the wine license, and was therefore content with a gill of whisky made into toddy.

"O man," said he to Robin, "I wad pay half-a-dizen bottles o' wine wi' as great cheerfulness as I raise this glass to my lips as a grand advice, that o' yours—*stop the supplies.*"

"I am glad to hear it," said Robin; I was reit was the only thing that would do."

"Ye shall hear a' about it," said Patie. After parting wi' ye, I trudged hame to Birgham, and when I got to my house—before I had the sneck o' the door weel out o' y hand—

"What's stopped ye to this time o' night, fitless, feckless cratur, ye?" cried Tibby—"har hae ye been?"—gie an account o' your-"

"An account o' mysel!" says I, and I gied the door a drive ahint me, as if I wad driven it off the hinges—'for what should I gie an account o' mysel?'—or wha should I gie it to? I suppose this house is my ain, and I can come in and gang out when I like!"

"Yours!" cried she; 'is the *body* drunk?"

"No," says, 'I'm no drunk, but I wad. hae you to be decent. Where is my supper?—it is time that I had it.'

"Ye might hae come in, in time to get it," then," said she; 'folk canna keep suppers waitin' on you.'

"But I'll gang whar I can get it," said I, and I offered to leave the house.

"I'll tak the life o' ye first," said she.—"Gie me the siller. Ye had five cogs, a dizen o' bickers, twa dizen o' piggins, three bowies, four cream dishes, and twa ladles, besides the wooden spoons that I packed up mysel'. Gie me the siller—and you pair profligate, let me see what ye hae spent."

"Gie you the siller!" says I; 'na, na, I've dune that lang aneugh—I hae stopped the supplies, my woman.'

"Stop yer breath!" cried she; 'gie me the siller, every farthin', or wo betide ye.

"It was needless for her to say *every farthin'*; for I dune as I used to do, I kenned she wad search through every pocket o' my claes the moment she thocht me asleep—through every hole and corner o' them, to see if I had cheated her out o' a single penny—ay, tak them up, and shake them, after a' was dune. But I was determined to stand fast by your advice."

"Do as ye like," says I; 'I'll bring ye to your senses—I've stopped the supplies.'

"She saw that I wasna drunk, and my manner rather dumfounded her a little. The bairns—wha, as I have tauld ye, she aye encouraged to mock me, began to giggle at me, and to make game o' me, as usual. I banged out o' the house, and into the shop, and I took down the belt o' the bit turning-lathe, and into the house I goes again wi' it in my hand.

"Wha mak a fule o' me now?" says I.

"And they a' laughed thegither, and I up wi' the belt, and I lounded them round the house and round the house, till ane screamed and anither screamed, and even their mither got clouts in trying to run betwixt them and me; and it was wha to squeel loudest. Sae, after I had brocht them a' to ken wha I was, I awa yont to my mither's, and I gied her five shillings, pair body; and after stoppin'

an hour wi' her, I gaed back to the house again. The bairns were a-bed, and some o' them were still sobbin', and Tibby was sittin' by the fire; but she didna venture to say a word—I had completely astonished her—and as little said I.

"There wasna a word passed between us for three days. I was beginning to carry my head higher in the house, and on the fourth day I observed that she had nae tea to her breakfast. A day or twa after, the auldest lassie cam to me ae morning about ten o'clock, and, says she—

"Faither, I want siller for tea and sugar.

"Gae back to them that sent ye," says I, 'and tell them to fare as I do, and they'll save the tea and sugar.'

"But it is of nae use dwellin' upon the subject. I very soon brocht Tibby to ken wha was her bread-winner. An' when I saw that my object was accomplished, I shewed mair kindness and affection to her than ever I had dune. The bairns became as obedient as lambs, and she came to say—'Peter, should I do this thing?'—or, 'Peter, should I do that thing?' So, when I had brocht her that far—'Tibby,' says I, 'we hae a butt and a ben, and it's grievin' me to see my auld mither starvin', and left by hersel' wi' naebody to look after her. I think I'll bring her hame the morn—she'll aye be o' use about the house—she'll can knit the bairns' stockin's, or darn them when they are out o' the heels.'

"Weel, Peter, said Tibby, 'I'm sure it's as little as a son can do, and I'm perfectly agreeable.'

"I banged up—I flung my arms round Tibby's neck—Oh! bless ye, my dear! said I; 'bless ye for that!—there's the key o' the kist and the siller—frae this time henceforth do wi' it what ye like.'

"Tibby grat. My mother cam hame to my house the next day. Tibby did everything to mak her comfortable—a' the bairns ran at her biddin'—and, frae that day to this there isna a happier man on this wide world, than 'Patie Crichton, the bicker-maker o' Birgham.'

THE SEIGE.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ—*Sir Alexander Seton, Governor of Berwick; Richard and Henry, his sons.—Provost Ramsay—Hugh Elliot, a traitor.—King Edward.—Earl Percy.—Matilda, wife of Seton, &c*

SCENE I.—*A Street—the Market Place.*

Enter Sir Alexander Seton, Richard and Henry, (his Sons,) Provost Ramsay, Hugh Elliot, and others of the People

Provost Ramsay.—Brither Scotchmen! it is my fixed an' solemn opinion, that the King o' England has entered into a *holy alliance* wi' the Enemy o' Mankind! An' does he demand us to surrender!—to gie up our toun!—our property!—our liberty! to Southern pagans, that hae entered into compact wi' the powers o' the air. Surrender!—no, Scotchmen! While we breathe, we will breathe the *breath o' Freedom!* as it soughs down the Tweed, between the heathery hills o' our ain auld country!—I am but Provost o' Berwick, Sir Alexander, an' ye are the Governor; an' in a time like this, the power o' defending or surrendering the gates is yours; but though ye gie up the keys this very hour, an' were every stane o' the walls turned ane upon anither—here!—the power to defend this market-place is mine!—and here will I stand, while this hand can wield a sword, or a Scotchman is left to die by my side!

Sir Alex.—Fear not, good Provost; through life have learned

To live with honour, or with honour fall!

Richard.—And as the father dies so shall his sons;

What sayest thou, Henry?

Henry.—I would say but this—

(If one with a smooth chin may have a voice; When thou dost nobly fall, I'll but survive To strike revenge—then follow thy example)

Provost Ramsay.—Bravely said, callant! As sure as death, I wish you were my son! Do ye ken, Sir Alexander, the only thing that grieves me, in a day like this, is, that hae naebody to die for the glory an' honour o' auld Scotland, but mysel. But, save a neebor Elliot! ye look as douf an' as dowie like, as if ye had been forced to mak ye breakfast o' yer coat-sleeve.

Hugh Elliot.—In truth, methinks, this is no time for smiles—

In every street, each corner of the town,
Struck by some unseen hand, the dead are strewn;

From every house the children's wail is heard

Screaming in vain for food ; and the poor mother,

Worn to a skeleton, sits groaning by !

My house, 'tis known, o'erlooks the battlements ;

'Tis not an hour gone that I left my couch, Hastening to speed me hither, when a sound, Fierce as the thunders, shook our firm-built walls—

The casements fell in atoms, and the bed, Which I that moment left, rocked in confusion :

I turned to gaze on it, and I beheld!—beheld My wife's fair bosom torn—her heart laid bare !

And the red stream came oozing to my feet !
Is this a time for smiles ?

Provost Ramsay.—Your wife ! Heaven preserve us ! Weel, after a' I hae reason to be thankfu' I hae neither wife nor bairns on a day like this !

Sir Alex.—Behold an envoy from the English camp, Sent with proposals, or some crafty truce.

Hugh Elliot.—Let me entreat you, then, most noble sir,

Give him all courtesy ; and, if his terms

Be such as we in honour may accept,

Refuse them not, by saying—*we will die.*

Enter Earl Percy and Attendants.

Percy.—Good morrow, my Scotch cousins ! My gracious sovereign, your right lawful master

hath, in his mercy, left you these conditions—

Now to throw wide your gates, and, if ye choose,

To walk into the Tweed, and drown your treason ;

Or run, like scapegoats, to the wilderness, bearing your sins, and half a week's provision,

Or, should these terms not meet your approbation,

By midnight, we shall send some fleet messenger.

Now, old Governor, my master's answer ?

Provost Ramsay.—The mischief's in our impudence ! But were I Sir Alexander, the only answer your master should hae, had be your weel-bred tongue sent back up in the end o' an arrow ; an' that wad be as meet a messenger, as ye talk about fleet messengers, as ony I ken o'.

Percy.—Peace, thou barbarian ! keep thy frog's throat closed.

Now, old greybeard, hast thou found an answer ?

Sir Alex.—Had my Lord Percy found more fitting phrase

To couch his naughty mandate, I, perhaps, Had found some meet reply. But, as it is, Thou hast thine answer in this people's eyes.

Hugh Elliot.—Since we with life and honour may depart,

Send not an answer that must seal our ruin, Though it be hero-like to talk of death.

[Enter Lady Seton, listening.]

Bethink thee well, Sir Governor : these men Have wives with helpless infants at their breasts ;

What husband, think ye, would behold, a child

Dashed from the bosom where his head had pillowed,

That his fair wife might fill a conqueror's arms !

These men have parents, feeble, helpless, old ;

Yea, men have daughters!—they have naids that love them—

Daughters and maidens chaste as the new moon—

Will they behold them screaming on the streets,

And in the broad day be despoiled by violence ?

Think of *these things*, my countrymen !

[Aside to Percy.]

Now, my Lord Percy, you may read your answer.

Percy, [aside.]—So ! thou art disaffected, good Sir Orator—

Well, ply thy wits, and Edward will reward thee—

Though, for my part, I'd knight thee with a halter !

Sir Alex.—Is this thy counsel in the hour of peril,

Milk-hearted man ! To thee, and all like thee,

I offer terms more generous still than Edward's :

Depart ye by the Scotch or English gate— Both shall be opened. Lade your beasts of burden—

Take all you have—your food, your filthy gold,

Your wives, your children, parents, and yourselves!—

Go to our Scottish King, and prate of courage !

Or go to Edward—Percy will conduct thee.

[Lady Seton advances forward.]

Lady Seton.--Spoke like thyself, my husband!

Out on thee, slave! [To Elliot.
Or shall I call thee traitor! What didst thou,
On finishing thy funeral service, whisper
In my Lord Percy's ear?

Elliot.--I whisper, lady?

Lady Seton.--You whisper, smooth-tongued sir!

Percy, [a side]--Zounds! by the coronet of broad Northumberland,
Could I exchange it for fair England's crown,
I'd have my body-guard of women's eyes,
And make the whole sex sharp-shooters!

Provost Ramsay.--Waes me! friend Elliot, but you have an unco dumfounded-like look, after that speech o' yours in defence o' liberty, and infants, and fair bosoms, maiden screams, and grey hairs, and what not.

Sir Alex.--Percy, we hear no terms but death or liberty--
This is our answer.

Percy.--Well, cousins, be it so. The wilful dog--

As runs the proverb. Lady fare-ye-will.

[Exit.

Sir Alex.--On with me, friends!--on to the southern rampart!

There, methinks, they meditate a breach.--
On Scotsmen! on--

For Freedom and for Scotland! [Exeunt.

SCENE II.--*Town Ramparts.* Enter Sir Alexander, Richard, Henry, Provost Ramsay, Hugh Elliot, and Populace.

Sir Alex.--To-day, my townsmen, I shall be your leader;

And though my arms may lack their wonted vigour,

Here are my pledges [pointing to his sons] placed on either side,

That seal a triumph youth could never reap.

To-day, my sons, beneath a father's eye,

Oh, give such pride of feeling to his heart,

As shall outshame the ardour of his youth,

And nerve his arm with power strong as his zeal!

[Exeunt all, save Hugh Elliot.

Elliot.--Thanks to my destiny!--the hour is come--

The wished for hour of vengeance on mine enemy!--

Heavens! there is neither nobleness nor virtue,

Nor any quality that beggars boast not,

But he and his smooth sons have swallowed up;

And all the world must mouth their bravery!

I owe a debt to Scotland, and to him!

And I'll repay it!--I'll repay it now!

This letter will I shoot to Edward's camp--
And now, ere midnight, I'm revenged!--re-
venged!

[*Lady Seton appears from the window of the Castle, as Elliot is fixing a letter on an arrow.*

Lady Seton, [from the window.]--Hold traitor! hold!

Or, by the powers above us, this very hour
Your body o'er these battlements shall hang
For your fair friends to shoot at!

[Elliot drops the bow.

Elliot, [aside.]--Now fleet destruction seize the lynx-eyed fiend--

Trapped in the moment that insured success
Thank fate --my dagger's left!--she has a son

Lady Seton.--Go, worthless recreant, and in the thickest fight,

Blot out thy guilty purpose--know thy life
Depends on this day's daring and its deeds

And wounds alone, won in the onset's brunt
Secure my silence.

Elliot.--You wrong me, noble lady.

Lady Seton.--Away! I'll hear thee not
nor let my ears

List to the accents of a traitor's tongue.

[Exit Elliot.

SCENE III.--*An Apartment in King Edward's Tent.*

Enter Edward and Percy.

Edward.--Well, my Lord Percy, thou hast made good speed--

What say these haughty burghers to our clemency?

Percy.--In truth, your grace, they are right haughty burghers.

One wondrous civil gentleman proposed
To write his answer on your servant's tongue

Using his sword as clerks might do a quill--
Then thrust it on an arrow for a post-boy!

Edward.--Such service he shall meet--

What said their governor?

Percy.--Mary! the old boy said I was no gentleman--

And bid me read my answer in the eyes
Of--Heaven defend me!--such a squalid crew!

One looked like death run from his winding-sheet--

Another like an ague clothed in rags--

A third had something of the human form,
But every bone was cursing at its fellow.

Now, though I vow that I could read my fate
In every damsel's eyes that kissed a moon-
beam.

I've yet to learn the meaning of the words
Wrote on the eyeballs of his vellum-spectres.
But the old man is henpecked!

Edward.—Prythee, Lord Percy, lay thy
fool's tongue by,
And tell thy meaning plainly.

Percy.—Nay, pardon me, your majesty;
I wot

Your servant is the fool his father made him;
And the most dutiful of all your subjects.

Edward.—We know it, Percy. But what
of his wife?

Percy.—Why, if the men but possess half
her spirit,
You may besiege these walls till you have
counted

The grey hairs on the child that's born next
June.

Edward.—And was this all?

Percy.—Nay, there was one—a smooth-
tongued oily man,

A leader of the citizens; and one
Who measures out dissension by the rood;
He is an orator, and made a speech
Against the Governor—the people murmured,
And one or two cried out, "Behold an An-
thony!"

But he's a traitor, and I'd hang all traitors!

Edward.—Ha!—then doth the devil, Dis-
affection,
With his fair first-born, 'Treason, smoothe our
path.

So we have friends within the citadel.
Sent they no other answer?

Percy.—I did expect me to have brought
the whole,
Like half-clothed beggars, bending at my
heels,

To crave your grace's succor; but, behold
Ere I could bid them home for a clean shirt,
That they might meet your majesty like
Christians

Out stepped her ladyship, and with a speech
Roused up the whole to such a flood of feeling
That I did well 'scape drowning in the shout
Of Scotland and Seton!—Seton and Scot-
land!—

Then did she turn and ask me—"Are you
answered?"

I said I was!—and they did raise a cry
Of *Death or Liberty!*—

Edward.—They shall have it—death in
its fullest meaning.

Waste, ply our cannon on the opening breach.
Forth!—they attack the camp! Now, drive
them back,

S

Break through their gate and guards,
Till all be ours! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Ramparts. Scots driven
through the gates in confusion.*

Sir Alex.—Wo to thee, Elliot! this defeat
is thine.

Where was the caution ye but preached this
morn,

That ye should madly break our little band,
And rush on certain ruin? Fie on thee,
man!

That such an old head is so young a soldier!
Here, guard this breach, defend it to the last
Henry shall be thy comrade. On, my friends!
They cross the river, and the northern gate
Will be their next attack.

Elliot, [aside.]—"Wo to thee, Elliot! this
defeat is thine!"

So says our Governor! 'Tis true!—'twas
mine!

Though I have failed me in my firm, fixed
purpose,

Once more he's thrown revenge within my
grasp;

And I will clutch it, clutch it firmly, too;
I guard the breach! and with his son to as-
sist me!

The Fates grow kind! The breach he
said the breach!

And gave his son up to the power of Edward!
Henry.—Why stand ye musing there?

Here lies your duty!

Elliot, [aside.]—"Tis true! 'tis true! my
duty nows lie there!"

Henry.—Follow me Elliot. See—they
scale the walls!

A moment lost, and they have gained the
battlement.

[*Shouting.*—*Percy and Followers leap upon
the battlement.*]

Percy.—On! followers on!—for Edward
and for England.

Henry.—Have at thee, Percy, and thy
followers, too!

For freedom and for Scotland! On, Elliot!
on!

Wipe out the morning's shame.
Elliot, [aside.]—Have at thee, boy, for in-
sult and revenge!

[*Elliot strikes Henry's sword from
his hand.*]

Henry.—Shame on thee, traitor! are we
thus betrayed!

[*Percy's Followers make Henry prisoner.*
Elliot.—Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!
—one then is in their grasp!

A truee, Lord Percy. See thy prisoner safe.

Ere his mad father sound a rescue—off!
Thou wouldst not draw thy sword upon a friend?

[Sir Alexander, Richard, Provost Ramsay, and others, enter hurriedly.]

Sir Alex.—Thanks, Elliot! thanks! You have done nobly!—thanks!

Where is your comrade!—speak—where is my son?

Elliot.—Would he had been less valiant, less brave!

Sir Alex.—What! is he dead, my good, my gallant boy!

Where is his body? shew me—where? oh, where?

Richard.—Where is my brother? tell me how he fell.

Elliot.—Could I with my best blood have saved the youth,

Ye are all witnesses that I would have done it

Provost Ramsay.—Indeed, Mr. Elliot, if ye refer to me, I'm witness to naething o' the kind; for it is my solemn opinion, a' the execution your sword did was as feckless as a winnle-strae.

Sir Alex.—Where is my poor boy's body?

Elliot.—I did not say he died!

Richard.—Not dead!

Sir Alex.—Not say he died?

Elliot.—See yonder group now hurrying to the camp,

And shouting as they run.—He is their prisoner!

[*aside.*] Feed ye, friends, on that.

Sir Alex.—Cold-blooded man! thou never wert a father!

The tyrant is!—he knows a father's heart!

And he will play the butcher's part with mine!

Each day inflicting on me many deaths,
Knowing right well I am his twofold prisoner;

For on the son's head he'll repay, with interest,

The wrongs the father did him!

"He is their prisoner," saidst thou? "Is their prisoner!"

Thou hast no sons!—none!—I forgive thee,
Elliot!

Elliot.—Deeply I crave your pardon, noble sir;

Pity for you, and love for Scotland, made me
That I was loath to speak the unwelcome tidings;

Fearful that to attempt his rescue now,
Had so cut off our few remaining troops,
As seal immediate ruin.

Provost Ramsay, [aside.]—Preserve us a'! hear that. Weel, to be sure, it's a true saying, "Satan never let his saunts be at a loss for an answer!" [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*Apartment in Edward's Tent.*

Enter Edward and Percy.

Edward.—How fares it with these stubborn rebbels now?

Do they still talk of death as of a bridal,
While we protract the ceremony?

Percy.—I learn, my liege, we've got two glorious allies,

Two most right honourable gentlemen,
Aiding the smooth-tongued orator—

Disease and Famine have espoused our cause,

And the said traitor, Elliot is their oracle.

Edward.—Touching this man, we have advice from him,

In which he speaketh much concerns the wants

And murmurings of the citizens; he, too,
Adds, they hold out expecting help from

Douglas,

And recommendeth that we should demand
The other son of Seton as a hostage.

In virtue of a truce for fourteen days:

This is his snare. The sons once in our power,

Their father yields, or both hang up before him.

Percy.—'Tis monstrous generous of our friendly Scot;

And what return expects he for his service,
Edward....On giving up the father's head

..his place,

Percy....I fear the lady will have his head first.

Did you but see her eyes!..

I'd bet my coronet 'gainst our friar's cow,
Man wink not treason in his bedchamber

But she detect it. Then her ears, again,
'Sdeath! she can hear the very sound of his

As it does steal, i' the morning, through the curtains.

Should our friend wear his head another week,

His neck, I'll swear, is not as other men's an
Edward....How fares it with the son, a silent prisoner?

Percy....Poor soul, he leans his head 'gainst the wall,

And stands with his arm thus..across his breast..

Pale as a gravestone, gnashing at his teeth
And looking on his guards just as his mother would!

Edward. — 'Tis now the hour that Elliot has proposed

To stir the townsmen up to mutiny.

Take our conditions, add *whate'er* you please.

Get but the son as hostage! — get but that! — And both shall die a thief's death if he yield not.

He is a father, Percy — he's a father! —

The town is ours, and at an easy purchase.

[Exit.

Percy. — And she's a mother, Edward! she's a mother!

Ay! and a mother — I will pledge my earldom,

And be but plain Hal Percy all my life, If she despise not gallows, death and children,

And earn for thee a crown of shame, my master!

In sooth, I am ashamed to draw my sword, Lest I should see my face in its bright blade:

For sure my mother would not know her son, As he goes blushing on his hangman's errand.

[Exit.

SCENE VI — A Street. The Market Place.

Enter ELLIOT and Populace.

Elliot. — You heard, my townsmen, how our gracious Governor

did talk to us of honor! — you all heard him! Can any of you tell us, what is honor?

He drinks his wine, he feeds on beeves and capons —

his table groans beneath a load of meats — his hounds, his hawks are fed like Christian men!

He sleeps in downy couch, o'erhung with purple —

and these, all these are honorable doings!

He talks of liberty!

— it then liberty to be cooped up

Within these prison walls, to starve from want,

that we may have the liberty — mark it, my friends! —

The wondrous liberty to call him Governor!

Had ye the hearts or hands your fathers had, 'ould to the castle, take the keys by force,

and ope the gates to let your children live. Here comes your Provost, now appeal to him.

Enter Provost Ramsay. — The people demand bread.

Provost Ramsay. — Give you food! — your limbs dee wi' hunger! — and ye maun hae bread!

It is easy saying, Gie ye! but where ma I to get it? Do you think there's na-

body finds the grund o' their stomachs but you yersels? I'm sure I hae been blind fastin' these four-and-twenty hours! But wad ye no suffer this, and ten times mair, for liberty, and for the glory and honor of auld Scotland?

Elliot, [to the people.] — He, too, can cant of liberty and honor!

Provost Ramsay. — I say, Mr. Hypocrite! it is my fixed and solemn opinion, that ye are at the bottom o' a' this murmuring! I ken ye're never at a loss for an answer; and there is anither wee bit affair I wad just thank ye to redd up. Do ye mind what a fine story ye made in this very market-place the ither week, about getting over the bed — and your wife's bosom being torn bare — and the blood gushing to your feet, and a' the rest o'? Do ye mind o' that, eir? Do ye mind o' that? I dare say, townsmen, ye've no forgot it? Now, sir, it's no aboon ten minutes sine, that the poor creature, wha, according to your account, was dead and buried, got loose frae her confinement, and cam fleeing to me for protection, as a man and a magistrate, to save her frae the cruelty o' you, you scoundrel. Now, what say ye to that, eir? What say ye to that? What do ye think o' your orator now, friends?

Elliot. — 'Tis false, my friends —

'Tis but a wicked calumny, devised

Against the only man who is your friend.

Provost Ramsay. — Saftly, neebor, saftly! have a care how ye gie the lee to what I say — or, it is my solemn opinion, this bit sword o' my father's may stap you frae giein it till anither.

Enter Sir Alexander and Richard.

Ye are weel come, Sir Alexander: here is Orator Elliot been makin a harangue to the townfolk; and ane cries for bread, and anither for meal — that it is my opinion I dinna ken what's to be done.

Sir Alex. — What would you have? what is it that you wish?

Would ye, for food, sweet friends, become all slaves;

And for a meal, that ye might surfeit on it, Give up your wives, your homes, and all that's dear,

To the brute arms of men, who hold it virtue

To heap their shame upon a fallen foe!

Would ye, that ye might eat, yet not be satisfied,

Pick up the scanty crumbs around their camp,

After their cattle and their dogs have left them ;

Or would ye, for this favor, be content
To take up arms against your countrymen !
For this ! will fathers fight against their
sons ?

Sons 'gainst their fathers ?—brethren with
each other ?

Those who would wish it, may go o'er to
Edward !

[*Sound of French horns without.*]

Provost Ramsay.—Ay, here comes mair
proposals—the sorry proposal them ! I wish
them and proposals an' a' were in the middle
o' the Tweed.

Enter Earl Percy and Attendants.

Percy.—Save ye, my band of heroes ; by
St. Cuthbert ;

Your valorous deeds have wrought a miracle
And turned my master's hatred into mercy ;
For, deeming it a sin that such brave fellows
Should die a beggar's vulgar death from
want,

He doth propose to drop hostilities,
And for two weeks you may command our
friendship ;

If, in that time, you gain no aid from Scot-
land,

Renounce the country, and be Edward mas-
ter ;

But, should you gain assistance—why, then,
we

Will raise the siege, and wish you all good-
by.

Elliot, [to the people.]—Urge the accept-
ance, friends, of these conditions.

Omnes.—We all accept these terms.

Sir Alex.—It is the people's wish, and I
agree.

Percy.—And you, in pledge of due per-
formance, sir,

Do give up this, your son, into our hands,
In surety for your honor—

Sir Alex.—What ! my son !

Give him up, too—yield him into your pow-
er !

Have ye not one already ?—No ! no ! no !

I cannot, my Lord Percy—no, I cannot
Part with him, too, and leave their mother
childless !

Provost Ramsay.—Wad ye no tak me as
a substitute, Lord Percy—I'm a man of prop-
erty and chief magistrate beside ; now I
should think, I'm the maist likely person.

Percy.—Good master magistrate, and man
of property,

I like thy heart, but cannot take thy person
Give up the youth ! or here must end my
truce.

Richard.—Fear not, my father. I will be
their hostage,

For Scotland's sake, and for my father's hon-
or—

Sir Alex.—My boy, my boy, and I shall
lose you thus !

What surety does cruel Edward give,
That, keeping faith, he will restore my son
Back to my arms in safety ? Tell me, Percy,
Gives he his honor as a man or king ?

Percy.—As both, I hold it.

Sir Alex.—And wilt thou pledge thine ?

Percy.—This is my master's business, and
not mine.

Sir Alex.—'Tis an evasion, and I like
not.

Richard.—Farewell ! farewell, my father,
be the first

To teach these men the virtue of self-sacr-
fice.

Commend me to my mother. I will bear
Both of your best loves to our Henry.
Farewell !—Lead on, Lord Percy.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*Apartment in Seton's house.*

*Enter Sir Alexander, Provost Ramsay, H
Elliot, and others.*

Sir Alex.—Would Heaven that all g-
well with my dear boys !

But there's that within me that does tear
My bosom with misgivings. The very sun
To me hangs out a sign of ominous gloom !
A spirit seems to haunt me, and the weight
Of evil, undefined, and yet unknown,

Doth, like a death's hand, press upon my heart

Provost Ramsay.—Hoot, I wad fa-
think that the warst is past, and that there
nae danger o' anything happenin' now. Bu-
do ye ken, sir, it is my fixed and solemn op-
inion, that, before anything really is gaunt
happen till a body, or to any o' their friends
like, there is a kind o' something comes own
ane, a sort o' sough about the heart there, an
ye dinna ken what for.

Sir Alex.—Have ye beheld how they are
raising bastions,

Flanking fresh cannon, too, in front the town
Gaining new reinforcements to their camp,
And watching all our outgoings ? Do you
think

This looks as Edward meant to keep his faith
I am betrayed my friends—I am betrayed.
Fear marcheth quickly to a father's breast—
My sons are lost ! are lost !

Provost Ramsay—It's true that King Edward's preparations and his getting sic fearfu' additions to his army, doesna look weel. But what is a king but his word, mair than a man!

Enter Servant.

Servant.—Lord Percy craves an audience with your honour.

Sir Alex.—Conduct him hither.—'Tis as I boded!

[*Exit Servant—enter Percy.*

You look grave, my Lord.

Percy.—Faith, if I can look grave, to-day I should;

None of my mother's children, gossips said, were born with a sad face—but I could wish that I had never smiled, or that her maid had been my mother, rather than that I had been the hearer of this day's vile tidings.

Sir Alex.—'Tis of my sons!—what! what of them, Lord Percy?

What of them?

Percy.—Yes, 'tis of your sons I'd speak!

They live—they're well!—can you be calm to hear me?

I would speak of your sons—

Sir Alex.—I feel!—I feel!

I understand you, Percy! you would speak of my sons!

Go, thrust thy head into a lion's den, murder its whelps, and say to it—*Be calm!*—Be calm! and feel a dagger in thy heart! 'Twas kindly said!—kind! kind! to say, *Be calm!*

'm calm, Lord Percy! what—what of my sons?

Percy.—If I can tell thee, and avoid being choked!

Choked with my shame and loathing—I will tell thee;

at each particular word of this black mission

is like a knife thrust in between my teeth.

Sir Alex.—Torture me not, my Lord—but speak the worst—

My ears can hear—my heart can hold no more!

Enter Lady Seton.

Percy.—Hear them in as few words as I can tell it—

Edward hath sworn, and he will keep his vow,

That, if to day ye yield not up the town, become his prisoners, break your faith with Scotland,

Ye with the morning dawn shall see your sons

Hung up before your windows. He hath sworn it:

And, by my earldom—faith as a christian—Honour as a peer—he will perform it!

Lady Seton, [*aside*].—Ruler of earth and heaven! a mother begs

Thy counsel—thy protection! Say I mother! No voice again shall call me by that name—Both! both my boys!

Sir Alex.—Ha! my Matilda! Thou here! Dry up thy tears, my love! dry up thy tears!

I cannot sacrifice both sons and mother! Alas, my country! I must sell thee dearly! My faith—mine honour too!—take—take them, Percy!

I am a father, and my sons shall live!—Shall live! and I shall die!

[*Unsheathing his sword.*

Lady Seton.—Hold! hold, my husband—save thy life and honour!

Thou art a father—am not I a mother? Knowest thou the measure of a mother's love? Think ye she yearns not for her own heart's blood?

Yet I will live! and thou shalt live, my husband!

We will not rob this Edward of his shame; Write—I will dictate as my sons had done it; I know their nature, for 'twas I who gave it.

Sir Alex.—Thou wait'st an answer, Percy—I will give it. [*Sits down to write.*

No—I cannot, Matilda.

Lady Seton.—Write thus:—

“Edward may break his faith, but Seton cannot!

Edward may earn disgrace, but Seton honour!

His sons are in your power! Do!—do as ye list!” [*He starts up in agitation.*

Sir Alex.—No, no! it cannot be—say not, my sons!

Lord Percy, let your tyrant take my life! Torture me inchmeal!—to the last I'll smile, And bless him for his mercy!—but spare, oh, spare my children!

Provost Ramsay.—Really, Sir Alexander, I dinna ken hoo to advise ye. To think o' gien up the town to sic a monster o' iniquity, is entirely out o' the question—just impossible a'tgether; and, to think o' the twa dear brave bairns sufferin', is just as impossible as to flee in the air. I tell ye what, my lord, and it is my opinion, it is a very fair proposal (if naething but deaths will satisfy your King,) I, for aye, will die in their stead—their father will for anither; and is there

ane among you, my townsmen, that winna do the same, and let your names be handed down as heroes to your bairns' bairns, and the last generation?

Percy.--Thou hast a noble heart, old honest Scotsman;

But I cannot accept your generous offer.

Lady Seton.--Mark this, my husband!--

That we may still be parents--

That we might have two sons to live and scorn us--

Sell country--honour--all--and live disgraced:

Think ye my sons would call a traitor, father--

They drew their life from me--from me they drew it--

And think ye I would call a traitor, husband!--

What? would ye have them live, that every slave,

In banquet or in battle, might exclaim--

"For you, ye hinds, your father sold his country!"

Or, would ye have them live, that no man's daughter

Would stoop so low as call your sons her husband!

Would ye behold them hooted, hissed at,

Oft, as they crossed the street, by every urchin!

Would ye your sons--your noble sons--met this,

Rather than die for Scotland! If ye do love them,

Love them as a man!

Sir Alex.--'Tis done! my country, thou hast made me bankrupt!

And I am childless! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.--*The River, and Boat.*--
Time, Midnight. Enter one habited as a Friar.

Friar.--'Tis now thick midnight. All around me sleep,

And not a star looks from the curtained heaven.

The very sentinels cease to pace their round, And stand in calm security. I'll brave them.

What though the bridge be guarded, and the river

Rush like a tiger?--love has no such fears, And Heaven is stronger than its waters!

[*A bell tolls slowly.*]

Ha! that slow-tongued bell, that speaks of death,

Falls on my ears as would a solid substance! Pressing my heart down! Oh, cruel speed!

Already they prepare their execution!

But they shall live, or I with them shall die!

[*Kneels.*]

Thou, who beholdest me, and lookest thro' The darkness of Thy heavens upon Thy suppliant,

Let not a tyrant stain Thy earth with blood, The blood of innocence! Thou, who art mercy,

Spare a father's tears! Thou, who art love, Look on a mother's anguish! Thou, who art justice,

Save! oh, save their children! Thou, who art power,

Strengthen my hands to-night. [*Rises.*]

Now, may an angel's hand direct my skiff Straight to their camp, till with one blow I

strike

Their freedom and my country's!

[*He leaps into the boat and pushes off.*]

SCENE IX.--*The English Camp. A Fire in the distance. Enter Henry and Richard, fettered and guarded.*

Henry.--Would it were morning, and the hour were come,

For still my heart misgives me, lest our parents

Do, in fond weakness, save us by dishonor!

Richard.--Rather than purchase life at such a price,

And have my father sell his faith for me,

And sell his country, I would rather thou,

My brother in my birth and in my death,

Should be my executioner! We know them better!

Henry.--Now I seem old and weary of this life,

So joy I in our death for Scotland's sake,

For this death will so wed us to our country,

We shall be old in years to all posterity!

And it will place a blot on Edward's name,

That time may blacken, but can ne'er efface.

Richard.--My heart, too, beats as light as if to-morrow

Had been by young love destined for my bridal;

Yet oft a tear comes stealing down my cheek, When I do think me of our mother, Henry!

Henry.--Oh, speak not of our parents! of my heart

Will burst ere morning, and from the tyrant rob

His well-earned infamy.

Richard.--Oh! I must speak of them--

They now will wander weeping in their chamber,

Or from their window through the darkness gaze,

And stretch their hands and sigh towards
the camp.

Then, when the red east breaks the night
away—

Ah! what a sight will meet their eyes, my
brother!

Henry.—My brother!—oh, my brother!

Enter Friar.

Guard.—Who would pass here?

Friar.—A friend! a friend!—a messenger
of mercy!

Guard.—Nay, wert thou mercy's self you
cannot pass.

Friar.—Refuse ye then your prisoners their
confessor?

Guard.—Approach not, or ye die!

Friar.—Would ye stretch forth your hand
'gainst Heaven's anointed?

Guard.—Ay! 'gainst the Pope himself, if
he should thwart me.

Friar.—Mercy have ye not, neither shall
ye find it.

*[Springs forward and stabs him.—Ap-
proaches Richard and Henry, and unbinds
their fetters.]*

Friar.—In chains as criminals! Ye are
free, but speak not.

Richard.—Here, holy Father, let me kneel
to thank thee.

Henry.—And let me hear but my deliver-
er's name,

That my first prayer may wait it to the skies.

Lady Seton.—Kneel not, nor thank me
here. There's need of neither—

But be ye silent, for the ground has ears,
Nor let it hear your footsteps.

*She approaches the fire; kindles a torch
and fires the camp.*

Henry.—Behold, my brother, he has fired
the camp!

Already see the flames ascend around him.

Friar.—Now! now, my country! here
thou art avenged!

Fly with me to the beach! pursuit is vain!—
Thou Heaven, hast heard me! thou art mer-
ciful! *[Exit.]*

Scene X.—*Apartment in Seton's House.*

Sir Alex.—Oh, what is honor to a father's
heart?

Can it extinguish Nature—soothe his feel-
ings—

Or make the small still voice of conscience
dumb?

My sons! my sons!—Though ye should hold
me guiltless, there's a tongue

Within me whispers, *I'm your murderer!*—

Ah! my Matilda! hadst thou been less noble,
We both had been less wretched! But do I,
To hide my sin, place't on the mother's heart!
Though she did hide the mother from men's
eyes,

Now, crushed by woes, she cannot look on
mine.

But, locked in secret, weeps her soul away,
That it may meet her children's! I alone,
Widowed and childless, like a blasted oak
Rest of its root and branches, must be left
For every storm to houl at! *[Elliot enters
with a dagger.]*

Ah, my sons!

Could anguish rend my heartstrings, I should
not

Behold another sun rise on my misery!

Elliot, *[springing upon him]*—By hea-
vens, mine enemy, I swear thou shalt not!

*[They struggle. Shouting without. Enter
Friar and Seton's Sons, Provost Ram-
say. Friar springs forward.]*

Friar.—Down! traitor, down!

[Stabs Elliot.]

Sir Alex.—My sons!—my sons!—
Angels of mercy, do you mock my sight!
My boys!—my boys!—

Provost Ramsay.—Save us a'! save us a'!
—callants, come to my arms too! Here's an
hour o' joy! This, in my solemn opinion, is
what I ca' livin' a lifetime in the twinklin' o'
an ee! And what think ye, Sir Alexander?
The English camp is a' in a bleeze, and
there are they fleeing awa helter-skelter,
leaving everything behind them.

Sir Alex.—What!—they fly too!—thank
Heaven! thank Heaven!

My cup of joy o'erflows, and floods my heart
More than my griefs!

Richard.—'Tis true my father—
To this, our unknown saviour, do we owe
Our life and yours! 'twas he, too, seized the
torch,

And bid the bonfire blaze to Scotland's free-
dom!

Sir Alex.—Forgive me, reverend stranger,
if that I,

In the delirium of a parent's joy,
O'erlooked the hand that sav'd me—

Kneel, my sons,
And with thy father, at this stranger's feet,
Pour out our thanks, and beg his blessing
also.

*[They kneel around the supposed Friar,
who casts off the disguise, and is dis-
covered to be their mother.]*

Lady Seton.—A mother, in her children's
cause, fears nothing,
And needs not thanks—
A woman, in her country's cause,
Can dare what man dare!

[They start up.]

Sir Alex.—What!—my Matilda!

Richard.—My mother!

Henry.—Ha! my mother!

Lady Seton.—Joy, joy, my sons—your mo-
ther's done her duty!

And joy, my husband, we have saved our
honor.

Sir Alex.—Matilda, thou hast ta'en my
heart anew,

And with it, too, my words!

Provost Ramsay.—The like o' this!--I
may weel say, what, in the universal globe,
tempted me to be a bachelor? [Exeunt.]

Note.—In the foregoing Dramatic Tale, I
have not followed the popular tradition that
the sons of Seton were executed, as the story
is improbable, and is not countenanced by
contemporary history. A skull, however, to
which tradition gives a marvelous history, and
which is affirmed to be that of one of the Se-
tons, has been for some years in possession of
the writer.

THE SMUGGLER.

The golden days of the smuggler are gone
by; his hiding places are empty; and, like
Othello, he finds his "occupation gone." Our
neighbours on the other side of the her-
ring pond now bring us *dry bones*, according
to the law, instead of *spirits*, contrary to law.
Cutters, preventive boats, and Border ran-
gers, have destroyed the *trade*—it is be-
coming as a tale that was told. From Spit-
tal to Blyth, yea, from the Frith of Forth to
the Tyne, brandy is no longer to be purchas-
ed for a trifle; the kilderkin of Holland gin
is no longer placed at the door in the dead of
night; nor is a yard of tobacco to be purchas-
ed for a penny. The smuggler's phrase, that
the "*cow has calved*,"* is becoming obsolete.
Now, smuggling is almost confined to cross-
ing "the river" here, and there the "ideal
line by fancy drawn;" to Scotland saying
unto England, "Will you taste?" and to
England replying, "Cheerfully, sister." There
was a time, however, when the clin-
cher-built lugger plied her trade as boldly,

* A phrase, signifying that a smuggling ves-
sel had delivered her cargo.

and almost as regularly, as the regular coast-
er, and that period is within the memory of
those who are yet young. It was an evil
and a dangerous trade; and it gave a cha-
racter to the villagers on the sea coasts,
which, even unto this day, is not wholly
effaced. But, in the character of the smug-
gler, there was much that was interesting—
there were many bold and redeeming points.
I have known many; but I prefer at present
giving a few passages from the history of
one who lived before my time, and who was
noted in his day as an extraordinary cha-
racter.

Harry Teasdale was a native of Embleton
near Bamborough. He was the sole owner
of a herring boat and a fishing coble; he was
also the proprietor of the house in which he
lived, and was reputed to be worth money.
Nor was it any secret that he had obtained
his property by other means than those had
deck hand-line and the herring-net. Harry
at the period we take up his history, was
between forty and fifty years of age. He
was a tall, thin man, with long sandy hair
falling over his shoulders, and the colour
his countenance was nearly as rosy as the
brandy in which he dealt. But, if there was
the secrecy of midnight in his calling, his
heart and his hand were open as mid-day.
It is too true that money always begets the
outward show of respect for him who pos-
sess it, though in conduct he may be a tyrant
and in capacity a fool; but Harry Teasdale
was respected, not because he was reputed
to be rich, but because of the boldness and
warmness of his heart, the readiness of his
hand, and the clearness of his head. He
was the king of fishermen, and a
prince of smugglers, from Holy Island
Hartpool. Nevertheless, there was nothing
unusual in his appearance. Harry looked
like his occupation. His dress (save where
disguise was necessary) consisted in a russet
glazed sou'-wester, the flap of which came
over his shoulders, half covering his long
sandy hair. Around him was a coarse
open *monkey* or *peé* jacket, with a Guernsey
frock beneath, and a sort of canvas
descending below the knee; and his feet were
cased in a pair of sea boots. When not dis-
serving his hand-lines, or sorting his nets,
he might generally be seen upon the beach
with a long telescope under his arm.
Harry was possessed of more of this world's
substance than his brother fishermen, so
was there a character of greater comfort and
neatness about his house. It consisted

three rooms; but it also bore the distinguishing marks of a smuggler's habitation. At the door hung the hand-line, the hooks, and creel; and, in a corner of Harry's sleeping room, a "keg" was occasionally visible; while over the chimney piece hung a cutlass and four horse pistols, and in a cupboard, there were more packages of powder and pistol bullets than it became a man of peace to have in his possession. But the third room, which he called his daughter's, contained emblems of peace and happiness. Around the walls were specimens of curious needle work, the basket of fruit and of flowers, and the landscape—the "sampler," setting forth the genealogy of the family for three generations, and the age of her whose fair hands wrought it. Around the window, also, carefully trained, were varieties of the geranium and the rose, the bigonia and cressula, the aloe and the ice-plant, with others of strange leaf and lovely colouring. This Harry called his daughter's room—and he was proud of her. She was his sole thought, his only boast. His weather-beaten countenance always glowed, and there was something like a tear in his eyes, when he spoke of "my Fanny." She had little in common with the daughter of a fisherman; for his neighbours said that her mother had her gift for anything, and that Harry was worse than her mother had been. But that mother was no more, and she had left their only child to her widowed husband's care; and, though as he appeared, never was there a more tender or more anxious parent, never had there been a more affectionate husband. Let me here briefly notice the wife of Harry Teasdale, and his first acquaintance with her.

When Harry was a youth of one and twenty, and as he and others of his comrades were one day preparing their nets upon the sea-banks, for the north herring-fishing, a bitter hurricane came suddenly away, and they observed that the mast of a Scotch smack, which was then near the Fern Isles, was carried overboard. The sea was breaking over her and the vessel was unmanageable; but the wind being from the north-east, she was driving towards the shore. Harry and his friends ran to get their boat in readiness, to render assistance, if possible. The smack struck the ground between Embleton and north Sunderland, and being driven side-on, the billows, which were dashing over her, formed a sort of break-water, which rendered her dangerous for a boat to put off to the

assistance of the passengers and crew, who were seen clinging in despair to the flapping ropes and sides of the vessel. Harry's coble was launched along the beach to where the vessel was stranded, and he and six others attempted to reach her. After many ineffectual efforts, and much danger, they gained her side, and a rope was thrown aboard.—Amongst the smack's passengers, was a Scottish gentleman, with his family, and their governess. She was a beautiful creature, apparently not exceeding nineteen; and as she stood upon the deck, with one hand clinging to a rope, and in the other clasping a child to her side, her countenance alone, of all on board, did not betoken terror. In the midst of the storm, and through the raging of the sea, Harry was struck with her appearance. She was one of the last to leave the vessel; and when she had handed the child into the arms of a fisherman and was herself in the act of stepping into the boat, it lurched, the vessel rocked, a sea broke over it, she missed her footing, and was carried away upon the wave. Assistance appeared impossible. The spectators on the shore, and the people in the boat, uttered a scream. Harry dropped the helm, he sprang from the boat, he buffeted the boiling surge, and, after a hopeless struggle, he clutched the hand of the sinking girl. He bore her to the boat—they were lifted into it.

"Keep the helm, Ned," said he addressing one of his comrades who had taken his place; "I must look after this poor girl—one of the seamen will take your oar." And she lay insensible, with her head upon his bosom, and his arm around her waist.

Consciousness returned before they reached the shore and Harry had her conveyed to his mother's house. It is difficult for a sensitive girl of nineteen to look with indifference upon a man who has saved her life, and who risked his in doing so; and Eleanor Macdonald (for such was the name of the young governess) did not look with indifference upon Harry Teasdale. I might tell you how the shipwrecked party remained for five days at Embleton, and how, during that period, love rose in the heart of the young fisherman, and gratitude warmed into affection in the breast of Eleanor—how he discovered that she was an orphan, with no friend, save the education which her parents had conferred on her, and how he loved her the more, when he heard that she was friendless and alone in the world—how the tear was on his hardy cheek when they parted—how more than

once he went many miles to visit her—and how Eleanor Macdonald, forsaking the refinements of the society on which she was a dependent, became the wife of the Northumbrian fisherman. But it is not of Harry's younger days that I am now about to write. Throughout sixteen happy years they lived together; and though, when the tempests blew and the storms raged, while his skill was on the wave, she often shed tears for his sake, yet, though her education was superior to his, conduct and conversation never raised a blush to her cheeks. Harry was also proud of his wife, and he shewed his pride, by spending every moment he could command at her side, by listening to her words, and gazing on her face with delight. But she died, leaving him an only daughter as the remembrancer of their loves; and to that daughter she had imparted all that she herself knew.

Besides his calling as a fisherman, and his adventures as a smuggler on sea, Harry also made frequent inland excursions. These were generally performed by night, across the wild moor, and by the most unfrequented paths. A strong black horse, remarkable for its swiftness of foot, was the constant companion of his midnight journeys. A canvass bag, fastened at both ends, and resembling a wallet, was invariably placed across the back of the animal, and at each end of the bag was a keg of brandy or Hollands, while the rider sat over these; and behind him was a large and rude portmanteau, containing packages of tea and tobacco. In his hand he carried a strong riding-whip, and in the breast pocket of his greatcoat two horse pistols, always laden and ready for extremities. These journeys frequently required several days, or rather nights, for their performance; for he carried his contraband goods to towns fifty miles distant, and on both sides of the Border. The darker the night was, and the more tempestuous, the more welcome it was to Harry. He saw none of the beauties in the moon, on which poets dwell with admiration. Its light may have charms for the lover, but it has none for the smuggler. For twenty years he had carried on his mode of traffic with uninterrupted success. He had been frequently pursued; but his good steed, aided by his knowledge of localities, had ever carried him beyond the reach of danger; and his *stow holes* had been so secretly and so cunningly designed, that no one but himself was able to discover them, and informations against him always fell to the ground.

Emboldened by long success, he had ceased to be a mere purchaser of contraband goods upon the sea, and the story became current that he had bought a share of a lugger, in conjunction with an Englishman then resident at Cuxhaven. His brother fishermen were not all men of honour; for you will find black sheep in every society, and amongst all ranks of life. Some of them had looked with an envious eye upon Harry's run of good fortune, and they bore it with impatience; but now, when he fairly, boldly, and proudly stepped out of their walk, and seemed to rise head and shoulders above them, it was more than they could stand. It was the lugger's first trip; and they, having managed to obtain intelligence of the day on which she was to sail with a rich cargo, gave information of the fact to the commander of a revenue cutter then cruising upon the coast.

I have mentioned that Harry was in the habit of wandering along the coast with a telescope under his arm. From the period of his wife's death, he had not gone regularly to sea, but let others have a share of his boats for a stipulated portion of the fish they caught. Now, it was about day break, one morning in the middle of September, that he was on the beach as I have described him, and perceiving the figure of the cutter on the water, he raised his glass to his eye, to examine it more minutely. He expected the lugger on the following night, and the cutter was an object of interest to Harry. As day began to brighten, he knelt down behind a sand bank, in order that he might take his observations, without the chance of being discovered; and while he yet knelt, he perceived a boat pulled from the side of the cutter towards the shore. At the first glance he descried it to be an Embleton coble, and before it proceeded far, he discovered to whom it belonged. He knew that the owner was his enemy, though he had not the courage openly to acknowledge it, and in a moment the nature of his errand to the cutter flashed through Harry's brain.

"I see it!—I see it all!" said the smuggler, dashing the telescope back into its case, "the low, the skulking coward, to go blab upon a neighbour! But I've have the we theguage o' both o' them, or my name's n Harry Teasdale."

So saying, he hastened home to his house—he examined his cutlas, his pistols, the bullets, and the powder. "All's right," said the smuggler, and he entered the room wher-

his daughter slept. He laid his rough hand gently upon hers.

"Fanny, love," said he, "thou knowest that I expect the lugger to-night, and I dont think I shall be at home, and I mayn't be all to-morrow; but you won't fret—like a good girl, I know you won't. Keep all right, love, till I be back; and say nothing."

"Dear father," returned Fanny, who was now a lovely girl of eighteen, "I tremble for this life which we lead; as my poor mother said, it adds the punishment of the law to the dangers of the sea."

"Oh, dont mention thy mother, dearest!" said the smuggler, "or thou wilt make a child of thy father, when he should be thinking of other things. Ah, Fanny! when I lost thy mother, I lost every thing that gave delight to my heart. Since then, the fairest fields are to me no better than a bare moor, and I have only thee, my love—only my Fanny to comfort me. So, thou wilt not cry now—thou wilt not distress thy father, wilt thou? No, no! I know thou wilt not. I shall be back to thee to-morrow, love."

More passed between the smuggler and his daughter—words of remonstrance, of tenderness, of assurance; and, when he had left her, he again went to the beach, to where his boat had just landed from the night's fishing. None of the boats had yet arrived. As he approached, the crew said, they "saw y his face there was something unpleasant; the wind," and others added—

"Something's vexed skipper, Harry, this morning, and that's a shame, for a better ul never lived."

"Well, mates," said he, as he approached em, "have you seen a shark cruising off e coast this morning?"

"No," was the reply.

"But I have," said Harry, "though she making off to keep out of sight now; and, ore than that, I have seen a cut-throat lub-r that I would not set my foot upon—I an the old Beelzebub inn, with the white d yellow stripe on his yawl, pull from her e. And what was he doing there? Was not telling them to look out for the lug-r?"

Some of the boat's crew uttered sudden d bitter imprecations. "Let us go and k the old rascal before he reach the shore," d one.

"With all my heart," cried another—for y were all interested in the landing of the

lugger, and, in the excitement of the moment they wis not what they said.

"Softly, softly, my lads," returned Harry, 'we must think now what we can do for, the cargo and ourselves, and not of him."

"Right, master," replied another, "that is what I am thinking."

"Now, look ye," continued Harry, "I be-lieve we shall have a squall before night, and a pretty sharp one too; but we mustn't mind that when our fortunes are at stake. Hang all black-hearted knaves that would peach on a neighbor, say I; but it is done in our case, and we must only do our best to make the rascal's story stick in his throat, or be the same as if it had; and I think it may be done yet. I know, but the peachers can't, that the lugger is to deliver a few score kegs at Blyth before she run down here. We must off and meet her, and give warning."

"Ay, ay, master Teasdale, thou'rt right; but, now that the thing has got wind, the sharks will keep a hawk's eye upon us, and how we are to do it, I can't see."

"Why, because thou'rt blind," said Har-ry.

"No, hang it, and if I be, master," replied the other; "I can see as far as most of folks, as ye can testify; and I now see plain enough that if we put to sea now, we shall hae the cutter after us, and that would be what I call only leading the shark to where the sal-mon lay."

"Man, I wonder to hear thee," said Harry, "folk wad say thou hast nae mair gumption than a born fool. Do ye think I wad be such an ass as to send out spies in the face o' the enemy? Hae I had a run o' gud? luck for twenty years, and yet ye think me nae better General than that comes to? I said, nae doubt, that we should gang to sea to meet the lugger, though there will be a squall, and a heavy one too, before night, as surs as I'm telling ye; but I didna say that we should dow sae under the bows o' the cutter, in our awn boat, or out o' Embleton."

"Right, right, master," said another, "no more you did—Ned isn't half awake." The name of the fisherman alluded to was Ned Thomson.

"Well, Ned, my lad," continued Harry "I tell thee what must be done; I shall go, saddle my old nag—get thou a horse from thy wife's father—he has tow, and can spare one—and let us jog on as fast as we can for Blyth; but we mustn't keep by the coast, lest the King's folk get their eyes upon us.

So away, get ready, lad—set out as quick as thee can—few are astir yet. I wou't wait on thee, and thou won't wait on me; but whoever comes first to Felton Brig, shall place two bits o' stones about the middle, on the parapet I think they ca' it; but it is the dyke on each side o' the brig I mean, ye know. Put them on the left hand side in gaunalang, down the water; or if they're there when ye come up, ye'll ken that I'm afore ye. So get ready, lad—quick as ever ye can. Tell the awd man naething about what ye want wi' the horse—the fever that know onything about thir things the better. And ye, lads, will be upon the look-out; and, if we can get the lugger run in here, have a' thing in readiness."

"No fear o' that, master," said they.

"Well, Sir," said Ned, "I'll be ready in a trap-stick, but I know the awd chap will kick up a sang about lendin' his horse."

"Tell him I'll pay for it, if ye break its legs," said Harry.

The crew of the boat laughed, and some of them said—"Nobody will doubt that, master—you are able enough to do it."

It must be observed, that, since Harry had ceased to go regularly to sea, and when he was really considered to be a rich man, the crew of his boat began to call him *master*, notwithstanding his sou'-wester and canvass kilt. And now that it was known to them, and currently rumoured in Embleton, that he was part proprietor of a lugger, many of the villagers began to call Fanny, Miss Teasdale; and it must be said, that, in her dress and conversation, she much nearer approximated to one that might be styled *Miss*, than to a fisherman's daughter. But when the character and education of her mother are taken into account, this will not be wondered at.

It would be uninteresting to the reader to describe the journey of Harry and Ned Thomson to Blyth; before they arrived at Felton, Harry had overtaken Ned, and they rode on together.

On arriving at Blyth, they stopped at the door of an individual who was to receive forty kilderkins of Hollands from the lugger, and a quantity of tobacco. It is well known to be the first duty of an equestrian traveller to look after his horse, and to see that it is fed; but, in this instance, Harry forgot the established rule—the horses were given in charge of a girl to take them to a stable, to see them fed, or otherwise, and Harry has-

tened into the house, and breathlessly inquired of its owner—"I hope to heaven, Sir, ye have heard nothing of the Swallow?"

[The lugger was called the "Swallow," from the carpenter in Cuxhaven, who built her, having warranted that she "would fly through the water."]]

"Why, nothung," replied Harry's brother smuggler; "but we shall be on the look-out for her to night."

"So far well," said Harry; "but I hope you have no fear of any King's lobsters being upon the coast, or rats ashore?"

"I don't think we have anything to fear from the cutters," said the other; "but I won't answer for the spies on shore; there are folk wi' us here, as weel as wi' ye, that canna see their neighbours thrive, and haud their tongue; and I think some o' them hae been gaun ower often about wi' the spy-glass this day or tow."

"Then," said Harry, "the lugger doesna break bulk here, nor at Embleton outh—that's flat. Get ye a boat ready, neighbour, and we maun off and meet her, or ye ma' drink sma' yill to your venture and mine."

"It is growing tow stormy for a boat to venture out," answered the other.

"Smash man!" rejoined Harry; "wad you sit here on your hunkers, while your capital is in danger o' being robbed frae ye as simply as ye would snuff out a candle, and a' to escape a night's doukin'! Get up, man—get a boat—we maun to sea—we maun meet the lugger, or you and I are done ma'—clean ruined a'thegither. I hae risked the better part o' my bit Fanny's fortune upon this venture, and, Heaven! I'll suffer death ten thousandfold afore I see her brought to poverty; sae get a boat—get it—and if ye daurna gang out, and if nane o' your folk daur gang, Ned and me here will gang out tow sel's."

"Surely ye wad be mad, Harry, to attempt such a thing in an open boat to-night," said the Blyth merchant.

"Mad, or no mad," answered Harry, "I hae said it, and I am determined. There's nae danger yet wi' a man that knows how to manage a boat. If ye gang pullin' through thick and thin, through main strength, and for bare life, as many o' the folk upon our coast dee, then there is danger—but there's nae use for the like o' that. It isna enough to manage an oar; you must know how to humour the sea, and to manage a wave—Dinna think I've been at sea mair than thirty years without knowin something about the

matter. But I tell you what it is, friend--ye know what the Bible says--'The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;' now, the way to face breakers, or a storm at sea, is not to pull through desperation, as if your life depended on the pulling; but when ye see a wave coming, ye must back-water, and not pull again until ye see an opportunity of gainin' forward. It is the trusting to mere pulling, Sir, that makes our life-boats useless. The rowers in a life-boat should study the sea as well as their oars. They should consider that they save life by watching the wave that breaks over the vessel, as well as by straining every nerve to reach her. Now, this is a stormy night, nae doubt, but we maun just consider ourselves gaun off to the lugger in a life-boat. We maun work cannily and warily, and I'll take the management o' the boat mysel'."

"If ye dow that, master," said Ned Thomson, "then I gang wi' ye to a dead certainty."

"Well, Harry," replied the merchant, "if it maun be sae, it just maun be sae; but I think it a rash and dangerous undertaking. I wad sooner risk a' that I have on board."

"Why, man, I really wonder to hear ye," said Harry; "folk would say that ye had been swaddled in lambs' wool a' your life, and nursed on your mother's knee--get a boat, and let us off to the lugger, and nae mair about it."

His orders were obeyed--and, about an hour after sunset, himself, with Ned Thomson, the merchant, and four others, put off to sea. They had, indeed, embarked upon a perilous voyage--before they were a mile from the shore, the wind blew a perfect hurricane, and the waves chased each other in circles like monsters at play. Still Harry guided the boat with unerring skill. He ordered them to draw back from the bursting wave--they rose over it--he rendered it subservient to his purpose. Within two hours he discried the lights of the lugger. He knew them, for he had given directions for their use, and similar lights were hoisted from the cable which he steered.

"All's well!" said Harry, and, in his momentary joy, he forgot the tempestuous sea in which they laboured. They reached the lugger--they gained the deck.

"Put back, friend--put back," was the first salutation of Harry to the skipper; "the amp is blown, and there are sharks along bore."

"The devil!" replied the captain, who was an Englishman; "and what shall we do?"

"Back, back," answered Harry, "that is all in the meantime."

But the storm now raged with more fierceness--it was impossible for the boat to return to the shore, and Harry and his comrades were compelled to put to sea with the lugger. Even she became in danger, and it required the exertions of all hands to manage her.

The storm continued until daybreak, and the vessel had plied many miles from the shore; but as day began to dawn, and the storm abated, an enemy that they feared more appeared within a quarter of a mile from them, in the shape of a cutter-brig. A gun was fired from the latter as a signal for the lugger to lie too. Consternation seized the crew, and they hurried to and fro upon the deck in confusion.

"Clear the decks!" cried the skipper; "they shan't get all without paying for it. Look to the guns, my hearties."

"Avast! Master Skipper," said Harry; "though my property be in danger, I see no cause why I should put my neck in danger too. It will be time enough to fight when we canna better dow; and if we can keep them in play a' day, there will be sma' danger in wur gien them the slip at night."

"As you like, Mr. Teasdale," said the skipper; "all's one to me. Helm about, my lad," added he, addressing the steersman, and away went the lugger as an arrow, scudding before the wind.

The cutter made all sail, and gave chase, firing shot after shot. She was considered one of the fastest vessels in the service; and though, on the part of Harry and his friends, every nerve was strained, every sail hoisted and every manœuvre used they could not keep the lugger out of harm's way. Every half-hour he looked at his watch, and wished for night, and as his friend, the skipper, followed his example. There was a hot chase for several hours; and though tubs of brandy were thrown overboard by the dozen, still the whizzing bullets from the cutter passed over the heads of the smugglers. It ought to be mentioned, also, that the rigging of the lugger had early sustained damage, and her speed was checked. About sunset a shot injured her rudder, and she became, for a time, as Harry described her, "as helpless as a child." The cutter instantly bore down upon her.

"Now for it, my lads," cried the skipper--"there is nothing for it but fighting now--I

suppose that is what you mean, Master Teasdale?"

Harry nodded his head, and quietly drew his pistols from the breast-pocket of his great-coat; and then added—

"Now, lads, this is a bad job, but we must try to make the best on't, and, we hae gone thus far," (and he discharged a pistol at the cutter as he spoke,) "ye know it is o' nae use to think o' yielding—it is better to be shot than hanged." In a few minutes the firing of the cutter was returned by the lugger, from two large guns and a number of small arms. Harry, in the midst of the smoke and flame of the action, and the havoc of the bullets, was as cool and collected as if smoking his pipe upon the beach at Embleton.

"See to get the helm repaired, lad, as fast as ye can," said he to the carpenter, while in the act of reloading his pistols; "let us fight away, but mind ye yur wark."

Harry's was the philosophy of courage, mingled with the calculations of worldly wisdom.

The firing had been kept up on both sides for the space of half-an-hour, and the decks of both were stained with the blood of the wounded, when a party from the brig, headed by her first mate, succeeded in boarding the lugger. Harry seized a cutlass, which lay unsheathed by the side of the companion, and was the first who rushed forward to repel them.

"Out o' my ship, ye thieves!" cried he, while, with his long arm, he brandished the deadly weapon, and, for a moment, forgot his habitual discretion. Others of the crew instantly sprang to the assistance of Harry, and, after a short, but desperate encounter, the invaders were driven from the deck leaving their chief mate, insensible from wounds, behind them.

The rudder being repaired, so as to render her manageable, the lugger kept up a sort of retreating fight until night set in, when, as Harry said, "she gave the cutter the slip like a knotless thread."

But now a disagreeable question arose amongst them, and that was, what they should do with the wounded officer, who had been left as a prize in their hands—though a prize that they would much rather have been without. Some wished that he might die of his wounds, and so they would get rid of him, for they were puzzled how to dispose of him in such a way as not to lead to their detection, and place their lives in jeopardy. Har-

ry was on his knees by the side of the officer, washing his wounds with Riga balsam, of which they had a store on board, and binding them up, when one desperate fellow cut short the perplexity and discussion of the crew, by proposing to fling their prize over-board.

On hearing the brutal proposal, Harry sprang to his feet, and hurling out his long bony arm, he exclaimed—"Ye savage!" and, dashing his fist in the face of the ruffian, lolled him to the deck.

The man (if we may call one who could entertain so inhuman an idea by the name of man) rose, bleeding, growling, and muttering threats of revenge.

"Ye'll blab, will ye?" said Harry, eying him fiercely—"threaten to dow it again, and there's the portion that's waiting for yur neck!"—and, as he spoke, he pointed with his finger to the cross-tree of the lugger, and added, "and ye know that the same reward awaits ye, if ye set yur weelfaur'd face ashore!—Out o' my sight, ye 'scape-the-gallows."

For three days and nights, after her encounter with the brig, the lugger kept out to sea; and, on the fourth night, which was thick, dark, and starless, Harry resolved to risk all; and, desiring the skipper to stand for the shore, all but run her aground on Embleton beach. No light was hoisted, no signal given. Harry held up his finger, and every soul in the lugger was mute as death. A boat was lowered in silence, and four of the crew being placed under the command of Ned Thompson, pulled ashore. The boat flew quickly, but the oars seemed only to kiss the water, and no sound, audible at a distance of five yards, proceeded from their stroke.

"Now, pull back quietly, mates," said Ned, "and I'll be aboard wi' some o' wur awn felks in a twinkling."

It was between one and two in the morning, and there was no outward sign amongst the fishermen of Embleton that they were on the alert for the arrival of a smuggler. The party who gave information to the cutter having missed Harry for a few days, justly imagined that he had obtained notice of what they had done; and also believed that he had ordered the cargo to be delivered on some other part of the coast, and they, therefore, were off their guard. Ned, therefore, proceeded to the village; and, at the houses of certain friends, merely gave three

distinct and peculiar taps with his finger upon their shutterless windows, from none of which, if I may use the expression, proceeded even the shadow of light; but no sooner was the last tap given upon each, than it was re-ponded to by a low cough from within. No words passed; and at one window only was Ned detained for a space exceeding ten seconds, and that was at the house of his master, Harry Teasdale. Fanny had slept but little since her father left; when she sought rest for an hour, it was during the day, and she now sat anxiously watching every sound. On hearing the understood signal, she sprang to the door. "Edward!" she whispered eagerly, "is it you?—where is my father?—what has detained him?"

"Don't be asking questions now, Miss Fanny—sure it is very foolish," replied Ned, in the same tone; "Master will be here by and by; but ye know we have bonny wark to dow afore daylight yet. Gud night, hinny."

So saying, Ned stole softly along the village; and, within half an hour, half a dozen boats were along-side the lugger; and an hour before daybreak, every tub and every bale on board, was safely landed and stowed away.

Yet, after she was a clean ship, there was ne awkward business that still remained to be settled, and that was how they were to dispose of the wounded officer of the cutter-*rig*. A consultation was held—many opinions were given.

"At ony rate we must act like Christians," said Harry.

Some proposed that he should be taken over to Holland and landed there; but this the skipper positively refused to do, swearing that the sooner he could get rid of such a customer the better.

"Why, I canna tell," said Ned Thomson but what dow ye say, if we just take him t the door o' the awd rascal that gied information on us?"

"Capital!" cried two or three of the crew; "that's just the ticket, Ned!"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Harry, "it's nae ch thing. Man, Ned, I wonder that sic a ever chap as ye aye talks like a fool. Why might as well go and ask them to take u and me off to Morpeth before dinner time, to lay him at their door this morning."

"Well, Master Teasdale," said the skipper, who was becoming impatient, "what ould you have us t do with him?"

"Why, I see there's naething for it," answered Harry, "but I maun take the burden o' him upon my awn shouthers. Get the boat ready." So saying, and while it was yet dark, he entered the cabin where the wounded officer lay, but who was now conscious of his situation.

"I say, my canny lad," said Harry, approaching his bedside, and addressing him, "ye maun allow me to tie a bit handkercher ower yur een for a quarter of an hour or sae. —Ye needna be feared, for there's naething shall happen ye—but only, in looking after yur gud, I maunna lose sight o' my awn. You shall be ta'en ashore as gently as we can."

The wounded man was too feeble to offer any resistance; and Harry, binding up his eyes, wrapt the clothes on the bed around him, and carried him in his arms upon deck. In the same manner, he placed him in the boat, supporting him with his arm, and, on reaching the shore, he bore him on his shoulders to his house.

"Now, Sir," said he, as he set him down from his shoulders on an arm-chair, "ye shall be at liberty to return, safe and sound to your friends, your ship, or wherever ye like." Harry then turned to his daughter, and continued—"Now, my bird, come awa in by wi' me, and I will let ye know what ye have to dow."

Fanny wondered at the unusual burden which her father had brought upon his shoulders into the house; and, at his request, she anxiously accompanied him into her own apartment. When they had entered, and he had shut the door behind them, he took her hand affectionately, and, addressing her in a sort of whisper, said—

"Now, Fanny, love, ye maun be very cautious—as I know ye will be—and mind what I am telling ye to dow." He then made her acquainted with the rank of their inmate, and the manner in which he had fallen into their hands, and added—"Now, darling, ye see we maun be very circumspect and keep his being here a secret from every body; he maun remain ignorant o' his own situation, nowther knowing where he is, nor in whose hands he is; for, if it were found out, it wad be as much as your father's life is worth. Now, he maun stop in this room, as it looks into the garden, and he can see naething frae it, nor will anybody be able to see him. Ye maun sleep wi' the lass in the kitchen, and yur 'sampler,' and every book,

or onything that has a' name on't, maun be taken out o' the room. It winna dow for onybody but you and me ever to see him, or to wait on him; and, when we do, he maunna be allowed to see either yur face or mine; but I will put my awd mask on, that I used to wear at night sometimes when there was onything particular to dow, and I thought there wad be danger in the way; and," continued he, as the doeing parent rose in his bosom, "it wadna be *chancy* for him to see my Fanny's face at ony rate; and when ye maun have your features so concealed, that, if he met you again, he wadna know ye. Now, hinny, ye'll attend to a' that I've said—for ye remember your father's life depends on't—and we maun be as kind to the lad as we can, and try to bring him about as soon as possible, to get clear on him."

Fanny promised to obey her father's injunctions; but fears for his safety, and the danger in which he was placed, banished every other thought. The "*sampler*," every-thing that could lead the stranger to a knowledge of the name of his keepers, or of the place where he was, was taken out of the room.

Harry, muffling up his face, returned to the apartment where the wounded man was, and, supporting him on his arm, he led him to that which he was to occupy. He then took the bandage from his eyes, and, placing him on the bed; again desired him to keep himself easy, and wished him "good morning," for day was now beginning to dawn.

The name of our smuggler's wounded prisoner was Augustus Hartly. He was about twenty-four years of age, and the son of a gentleman of considerable property in Devonshire; and, at the period we speak of, he was in expectation of being removed from his situation as second officer of the brig, and promoted to the command of a revenue cutter. The wounds which he had received on the deck of the lugger were severe, and had reduced him to a state of extreme feebleness; but they were not dangerous. He knew not where he was, and he marvelled at the treatment he experienced; for it was kind, yea, even roughly courteous, and unlike what he might have expected from the hands of such men as those into whose power he had fallen. Anxiety banished sleep; and when the risen sun lighted up the chamber where he lay, he stretched forth his hand and drew aside the curtains, to ascertain whether the appearance of the apartment would in any way

reveal the mystery which surrounded his situation. But it rather increased it. In the window were the flowers—around the walls the curious needle-work; the furniture was neatly arranged—there was an elegance over all; and, to increase his wonder, in a corner by the window, was a small harp, and a few pages of music lay upon a table near him.

"Surely," thought Augustus, "this cannot be the habitation of a half uncivilized smuggler; and yet the man who brought me here seemed such."

He drew back his head upon his pillow, to seek the explanation in conjectures which he could not otherwise obtain; and while he lay conjecturing up strange fancies, Harry, with the mask upon his face, his hair tied up and concealed, and his body wrapt in a greatcoat, entered the room.

"Well, how art thou now, lad?" said the smuggler, approaching the bed; "dost think ye could take breakfast yet?"

Augustus thanked him, but the appearance of Harry in his strange disguise increased his curiosity and anxiety.

Harry withdrew, and again returned with the breakfast; and though an awkward waiter, he was an attentive one. Few words passed between them for the questions which Augustus felt desirous to ask, were checked by the smuggler, saying—"Now, my canny lad, while here I maun lay an embargo on you asking ony questions, either at me or onybody else. Ye shall be taken gud care on—if ye want onything, just tak that bit stick at your bed-side, and gie a rap on the floor, and I'll come to ye. Ye shall want for naething, and, as soon as ye are better, ye shall be at liberty to gang where ye like. But I maun caution ye again, that ye are to ask na questions."

Augustus again thanked him, and was silent.

At the end of eight days, he was able to rise from his bed, and to sit up for a few hours. Harry now said to him—

"As thou will be dull, belike thou wilt have nae objections to a little music to cheer thee."

Thus saying, he left the room, and, in a few minutes, returned with Fanny. He was disguised as before, and her features were concealed by several folds of black crape, which covered head and face, after the fashion of a nun. She curtsied with a modest grace to the stranger as she entered.

TO OUR PATRONS.

The publisher of this Periodical, respectfully informs his subscribers, that the March number, was withheld, not from neglect, but from unavoidable causes. The scarcity of hands, removing offices, and many other reasons, rendered it absolutely impracticable for him to bring the March number forward. He now assures his subscribers, that they will, in future, have the work regularly every month, and although they may have been a little disappointed, he will strive to conciliate them by rigid punctuality.