

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
						J					





FEBRUARY.



VOLUME I.—NUMBER 4.

CABINET OF LITERATURE.

COMMENCING WITH

WILSON'S BORDER TALES.

—●—
CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
Lottery Hall—(Concluded.).....	97
The Cripple, &c.....	104
The Broken Heart.....	113
The Leveller.....	117

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

Toronto :

PRINTED BY JAMES GEDD.

160, KING-STREET.

1839.



"O help us!—help us!—what's to be done 'i' him?" cried Mr. Donaldson.

"Will you speak so that we can understand our faither?" said Paul.

"Well then," replied Andrew, "for twenty years 'have I purchased shares in the lottery, and twenty times did I get nothing but blanks—but I have got it at last!—I have 't it at last!"

"What have you got Andrew?" inquired Mrs. Donaldson eagerly, whose eyes were beginning to be opened.

"What have ye got faither?" exclaimed Rebecca breathlessly, who possessed no small portion of her father's pride, "how meikle 't?—will we can keep a coach?"

"Aye and a coachman too!" answered he, with an air of triumphant pride, "I have got e half of a *thirty thousand!*"

"The like o' that!" said Mrs. Donaldson, ising her hands.

"A coach!" repeated Rebecca, surveying her fate in a mirror.

Sarah looked surprised, but said nothing.

"Fifteen thousand pounds!" said Peter—
"fifteen thousand!" responded Jacob.
Paul was thoughtful.

"Now," added Andrew, opening the boxes and him, "go each of you cast off the kieloth which now covers you, and in these you will find garments such as it becomes the duty of Andrew Donaldson, Esquire, to wear."

They obeyed his commands, and casting aside their home-made cloth and cotton gowns, they appeared before him in the rain-coat which he had provided for them. The gowns were of silk, the coats of the finest-wool, the waistcoats Mareéilles. Mrs. Donaldson's dress sat upon her awkwardly—the list was out of its place, she seemed at a loss what to do with her arms, and altogether she appeared to feel as though the gown were too fine to sit upon. Sarah was neat, though not neater than she was in the dress printed cotton which she had cast off, but Rebecca was transformed into the fine lady a moment, and she tossed her head with the air of a duchess. The sleeves of Paul's coat were too short, Peter's vest would admit but one button, and Jacob's trousers were deficient in length. Nevertheless, great was the outward change upon the family of Andrew Donaldson, and they gazed upon each other in wonder, as they would have stared on an exhibition of strange animals.

At this period there was a property, consisting of about twenty acres, in the neigh-

bourhood of the village for sale; Mr. Donaldson became the purchaser, and immediately commenced to build *Luck's Lodge, or Lottery Hall*, which to-day arrested your attention. As you may have seen, it was built under the direction of no architect but caprice, or a fickle and uninformed taste. The house was furnished expensively; there were card-tables and dining-tables, the couch, the sofa, and the harpsichord. Mrs. Donaldson was afraid to touch the furniture, and she thought it little short of sin to sit upon the hair-bottomed mahogany chairs, which were studded with brass nails bright as the stars in the firmament. Though, however, a harpsichord stood in the dining-room, as yet no music had issued from the Lodge. Sarah had looked at it, and Rebecca had touched it, and appeared delighted with the sounds she produced, but even her mother knew that such sounds were not a tune. A dancing-master, therefore, who at that period was teaching the "five positions" to the youths and maidens of the village, was engaged to teach dancing and the mysteries of the harpsichord at the same time to the daughters of Mr. Donaldson. He had become a great and a rich man in a day yet the pride of his heart was not satisfied. His neighbours did not lift their hats to him as he had expected, but they passed him saying—"Here's a fine day Andrew!"—or, "Weel Andrew, how's a' wi' ye the day?"

To such observations or inquiries he never returned an answer, but with his silver-mounted cane in his hand stalked proudly on. But this was not all, for even in passing through the village, he would hear the women remark—"there's that silly body Donaldson away past"—or "there struts the Lottery Ticket!" These things were worm-wood to his spirit, and he repented that he had built his house in a neighbourhood where he was known. To be equal with the squire, however, and to mortify his neighbours the more, he bought a pair of horses and a barouche. He was long puzzled for a crest and motto with which to emblazon it, and Mrs. Donaldson suggested that Peter should paint on it a lottery ticket, but her husband stamped his foot in anger, and at length the coach painter furnished it with the head and paws of some unknown animal.

Paul had always been given to books, he now requested to be sent to the University,—his wish was complied with, and he took his departure for Edinburgh. Peter had always evinced a talent for drawing and painting

when a boy he was wont to sketch houses and trees with pieces of chalk, which his mother declared to be as *natural as life*, and he now took instruction from a drawing-master. Jacob was ever of an idle turn, and he at first prevailed upon his father to purchase him a riding-horse, and afterwards to furnish him with the means of seeing the world. So Jacob set up gentleman in earnest, and went abroad. Mrs. Donaldson was at home in no part of the house but the kitchen, and in it, notwithstanding her husband's lectures to remember that she was the wife of Mister Donaldson, she was generally found.

At the period when her father obtained the prize, Sarah was on the eve of being united to a respectable young man, a mechanic in the village, but now she was forbidden to speak to, or look on him. The cotton gown lay lighter on her bosom than did its silken successor. Rebecca mocked her, and her father persecuted her, but poor Sarah could not cast off the affections of her heart like a worn garment. From childhood she had been blithe as the lark, but now dull melancholy claimed her as its own. The smile and the rose expired upon her cheeks together, and her health and happiness were crushed beneath her father's wealth. Rebecca too, in their poverty had been "respected like the lark," but she now turned disdainful from her admirer, and when he dared to accost her, she inquired with a frown—"Who are you sir?" In her efforts also to speak properly, she committed foul murder on his Majesty's English, but she became the pride of her father's heart, his favorite daughter whom he delighted to honour.

Still feeling bitterly the want of reverence which was shown him by the villagers, and resolved at the same time to act as other gentlemen of fortune did, as winter drew on Mr. Donaldson removed with his wife and daughters, and his son Peter, to London. They took up their abode at a hotel in Albemarle-street, and having brought the barouche with them, every afternoon Mr. Donaldson and his daughter Rebecca drove round the Park. His dress was rich and his carriage proud, and he lounged about the most fashionable places of resort; but he was not yet initiated into the mysteries of fashion and greatness; he was ignorant of the key by which their chambers were to be unlocked, and it mortified and surprised him that Andrew Donaldson, Esq. of Luck's Lodge,—a gentleman who paid ready money for every thing,—received no invitations to the routes,

the assemblies, or tables of the *haut ton*; but he paraded Bond-street or sauntered on the Mall with as little respect shown to him as by his neighbours in the country. When he had been a month in the metropolis, he discovered that he had made an omission, and he paid two guineas for the announcement of his arrival in a Morning newspaper. "That will do!" said he twenty times during breakfast, as he held the paper in his hand, and twenty times read the announcement—"Arrived at ——— hotel, Albemarle-street, Donaldson, Esq., of Luck's Lodge, and family, from their seat in the north." But he did not do; he found it was two guineas thrown away, but consoled himself with the thought that it would vex the squire and the people of his native village. With the hope of becoming familiar with the leading men of the great world, he became a frequenter of the principal coffee-rooms. At one of these he shortly became acquainted with a Captain Edwards, who, as Mr. Donaldson affirmed, was intimate with all the world, and better known by every nobleman he met. Edwards was one of those creatures who live,—Heaven knows how,—who without estates and without fortune, but appear in the resorts of Fashion as its mirrors. In a word, he was one of the heroes of the nobility and gentry, one of the blacklegs and purveyors. Poor Mr. Donaldson thought him the greatest man he ever met. He heard him accost noble gentlemen on the streets in the afternoon with—"Good morning my lord," and they familiarly replied—"Ha! Tom! what's the news?" He had borrowed ten, fifty, and a hundred pounds from his companion, and he had believed him of a hundred or two more in taking him to play at whist, but vain as Mr. Donaldson, never conceived that such a great man and such a fashionable man could be without money, though he could not see the trouble to carry it. Edwards was between thirty and forty years of age, but he was younger; his hair was black, and torn into ringlets; his upper lip was ornamented with thin, curved mustachios; and in dress he was an exquisite, or a buck as they were then called, of the first water. Donaldson invited him to his hotel, where he became a daily visiter. He spoke of his father the Earl of another,—of his estate in Wales, and the rich advowsons in his country. Andrew gloried in his fortune, he was reaching the *acme* of his ambition, he be-

on there would be no difficulty in getting his friend to bestow one or more of the benefices, when vacant, upon his son Paul, and he thought of sending for Paul to leave Edinburgh and enter himself of Cambridge. Rebecca displayed all her charms before the Captain, and the Captain all his attractions before her. She triumphed in a conquest, so did he. Mr. Donaldson now also began to give dinners, and to them Captain Edwards invited the Honourable this, and Sir that, but in the midst of his own feast he found himself a cipher, where he was neither looked upon nor regarded, but had to think himself honoured in Honourables eating of the banquet which he had to pay. This galled him nearly as much as the perverseness of his neighbours in the country in not lifting their hats to him, but he feared to notice it, lest by doing he should lose the distinction of their society. From the manner in which his guests treated him, they gave him few opportunities of betraying his origin, but indeed though a man, he was not an ignorant man.

While these doings were carrying on in Berners-street, Mrs. Donaldson was, as she herself expressed it, "uneasy as a fish taken from the water." She said such ongoing would be her death," and she almost wished that the lottery ticket had turned up blank. Peter was studying the paintings in Somerset House, and taking lessons in colours; Rebecca mingled with the company or flouted with Captain Edwards; but Sarah drooped like a lily that appears before its time, and is bitten by the returning frost. She wasted away—she died of a withered heart.

For a few weeks her death stemmed the flow of fashionable folly and extravagance; although vanity was the ruling passion of Andrew Donaldson, it could not altogether distinguish the parent in his heart. But his wife was inconsolable, for Sarah had been her favorite daughter, as Rebecca was his. It is a weak and wicked thing for parents to love the favourites of one child more than another—good never comes of it. Peter painted a portrait of his deceased sister from memory, and sent it to the young man to whom she was betrothed—I say betrothed, for she had said to him "I will," and they had broken a ring between them—each took a half of it, and a poor thing her part of it was found on her breast, in a small bag, when she died. The Captain paid his daily visits,—he condescended with Rebecca,—and in a short time he began to say—"it was a silly thing for

her sister to die, but she was a grovelling-minded girl, she had no spirit."

Soon after this Captain Edwards, in order to cheer Mr. Donaldson, obtained for him admission to a club, where he introduced him to a needy peer, who was a sort of half proprietor of a nomination borough, and had the sale of the representation of a thousand souls. It was called his lordship's borough—one of its seats was then vacant and was in the market; and his lordship was in want of money. Captain Edwards whispered the matter to his friend Mr. Donaldson; now the latter, though a vain man, and anxious to be thought a fashionable man, was also a shrewd and a calculating man. His ideas expanded—his ambition fired at the thought! He imagined he saw the words ANDREW DONALDSON, ESQ. M. P., in capitals before him. He discovered that he had always had a turn for politics—he remembered that when a working man, he had always been too much in an argument for the *Black-nebs*. He thought of the flaming speeches he would make in parliament,—he had a habit of stamping his foot, (for he thought it dignified,) and he did so, and half exclaimed—"Mr. Speaker!" But he thought also of his family—he sank the idea of adoptions, and he had no doubt but he might push his son Paul forward till he saw him Prime minister or Lord Chancellor; Peter's genius he thought was such as to secure his appointment to the Board of Works whenever he might apply for it; Jacob would make a Secretary to a foreign ambassador; and for Rebecca he provided as a maid of honor. But beyond all this, he perceived also that by waiting the letters M. P. after his name, he would be a greater man than the squire of his native village, and its inhabitants would then lift their hats to him when he went down to his seat, or if they did not he would know how to punish them. He would bring in severer bills on the game laws and against smuggling—he would chastise them with a new turnpike act!

Such were the ideas that passed rapidly through his mind when his friend Edwards suggested the possibility of his becoming a member of parliament.

"And how much do ye think it would cost to obtain the seat?" inquired he anxiously.

"O! only a few thousands," replied the Captain.

"How many think ye?" inquired Mr. Donaldson

"Can't say exactly," replied the other, "but my friend Mr. Borrowbridge, the solicitor in Clement's Inn, has the management of the affair—we shall inquire at him."

So they went to the solicitor; the price agreed upon for the representation of the borough was five thousand pounds; and the money paid.

Mr. Donaldson returned to his hotel, his heart swelling within him, and cutting the figures M. P. in the air with his cane as he went along. A letter was dispatched to Paul at Edinburgh to write a speech for his father, which he might deliver on the day of his nomination.

"O father!" exclaimed Paul as he read the letter, "much money hath made thee mad!"

The speech was written and forwarded, though reluctantly, by return of post. It was short, sententious, patriotic.

With the speech in his pocket Mr. Donaldson, accompanied by his friend Edwards, posted down to the borough. But to their horror on arriving they found that a candidate of the opposite party had dared to contest the borough with the nobleman's nominee, and had commenced his canvass the day before. But what was worse than all, they were told that he bled freely, and his friends were distributing *gooseberries* right and left.

"What is the meaning of all this?" said Mr. Donaldson, "have I not paid for the borough, and is it not mine? I shall punish him for daring to poach upon my grounds."

And breaking away from Captain Edwards and his friends, he hurried out in quest of the Mayor to request advice from him. Nor had he gone far, till addressing a person who was employed in thatching a house.

"Hollo friend!" cried he, "can you inform me where I shall find the right worshipful the Mayor?"

"Whoy Zur!" replied the thatcher, "I be's the Mayor!"*

Andrew looked at him. He looked at him!—"Heaven help us!" thought he, "you the Mayor!—you!—a thatcher!—well may I be a member of parliament!" but without again addressing his worship he hastened back to his friends, and with them he was made sensible, that although he had given a consideration for the borough, yet as opposition had started,—as the power of the patron was not omnipotent,—as the other candidate was

bleeding freely, as he was keeping open houses and giving *yellow gooseberries*, there was nothing for it but that Mr. Donaldson should do the same.

"But O! how much will it require?" again inquired the candidate in a tone of anxiety.

"O! merely a thousand or two!" again coolly rejoined Captain Edwards.

"A thousand or two!" ejaculated Mr. Donaldson, for his thousands were becoming few. But like King Richard, he had 'set his foot upon a cast,' and he 'would stand the hazard of the die.' As to his landed qualification, if elected, the patron was to provide that; and after a few words from his friend Edwards, 'Richard was himself again'—his fears vanished,—the ocean of his ambition opened before him,—he saw golden prospects before himself and for his family,—he could soon, when elected, redeem a few thousands, and he bled, he opened houses, he gave *gooseberries* as his opponent did.

But the great, the eventful, the nomination day arrived. Mr. Donaldson,—Andrew Donaldson the labourer that was,—stood forward to make his speech, the speech that his son Paul, student in the University of Edinburgh, had written. He got through the first sentence, in the tone and after the manner of the village clergyman whom he had attended for forty years; but there he stuck fast, and of all his son Paul had written,—short, sententious, patriotic as it was,—he remembered not a single word. But though gravelled from forgetfulness of his son's matter, and though he stammered, hesitated, and tried to recollect himself for a few moments, yet he had too high an idea of his own consequence to stand completely still. No man who has a consequential idea of his own abilities will ever positively stick in a speech. I remember an old schoolmaster of mine used to say, that a public speaker should regard his audience as so many cabbage stocks.* But he had never been a public speaker or he would have said no such thing. Such an advice may do very well for a preacher to a congregation, but as regards an orator addressing a multitude it is a different matter. No Sir, the man who speaks in public must neither forget his audience nor overlook them—he must regard them as his *equals*, but none of them as his *superiors* in intellect—he should

* This, I believe, was the advice to his students of a late Professor in the University of Edinburgh.

* This picture also is drawn from life.

regard every man of them as capable of understanding and appreciating what he may say, and in order to make himself understood, he should endeavour to bring his language and his imagery down to every capacity, rather than permit them to go on stilts or to take wings. Some silly people imagine that what they call fine language, flowery sentences, and splendid metaphors, are oratory—stuff!—stuff!—where do you find them in the orations of the immortal orators of Greece or Rome? They used the proper language they used effective language—

“Thoughts that breathed and words that burned,”

but they knew that the key of eloquence must be applied not to the head but to the heart. But Sir, I digress from the speech of Mr. Donaldson—(pardon me, I am in the habit of illustrating to my boys, and dissertation is my fault, or rather I should say my habit)—well Sir, as I have said, he stuck fast in the speech which his son had written, but as I have also said, he had too high an opinion of himself to stand long without saying something. When left to himself, in what he did say, I am afraid he “betrayed his birth and breeding.” for there was loud laughter in the hall, and cries of *hear him! hear him!* But the poll commenced, the other candidate brought voters from five hundred miles distance—from east, west, north and south, from Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent—he polled a vote at every three proclamations, when Mr. Donaldson had no more to bring forward, and on the fourteenth day he defeated him by a majority of ONE! The right worshipful thatcher declared that the election had fallen on the opposing candidate. The people also said that he had spent most money, and that it was right the election should fall on the best man. He in truth had spent more in the contest than Andrew Donaldson had won by his lottery ticket. The feelings of Mr. Donaldson on the loss of his election were the agonies of extreme despair. In the height of his misery, he mentioned to his *introducer*, Captain Edwards, or rather I should call him his *traducer*, that he was a ruined man—that he had lost his all! The Captain laughed and left the room. He seemed to have left the town also, for his victim did not meet with him again.

In a state bordering on phrenzy he returned to London. He reached the hotel—he rushed into the room where his wife, his son, and his daughter sat. With a confused and

hurried step he paced to and fro across the floor, wringing his hands, and ever and anon exclaiming bitterly—

“Lost Andrew Donaldson!—Ruined Andrew Donaldson!”

His son Peter, who took the matter calmly, and who believed that the extent of the loss was the loss of the election, carefully surveyed his father's attitudes and the expression of his countenance, and thought the scene before him would make an admirable subject for a picture—the piece to be entitled “*The Unsuccessful Candidate.*” “It will help to make good his loss,” thought Peter, “provided he will sit.”

“O dearsake Andrew! Andrew! what is't?” cried Mrs. Donaldson.

“Lost! lost! ruined Andrew Donaldson!” replied her husband.

“O where is the Captain?—where is Edwards?—why is not he here?” asked Rebecca.

“The foul fiend!” exclaimed her father

“O Andrew man! speak Andrew jewel!—what is't?” added his wife, “if it be only the loss o' siller Heaven be praised, for I've neither had peace nor comfort since ye got it.”

“Only the loss!” cried he, turning upon her like a fury, “only the loss!” Agony and passion stopped his utterance.

Mr. Donaldson was in truth a ruined man; of the fifteen thousand pounds he had obtained, not three hundred, exclusive of Lottery Hall and the twenty acres around it, were left. His career had been a brief and a fashionable one. On the following day his son Jacob returned from abroad. Within twelve months he had cost his father a thousand pounds; and in exchange for the money spent he brought home with him all the vices he had met with on his route. But I blame not Jacob—his betters, the learned and the noble do the same. Poor fellow! he was sent upon the world with a rough garment round his shoulders, which gathered up all the dust that blew, and retained a portion of all the filth with which it came in contact, but polished substances would not adhere to it.

Captain Edwards returned no more to the hotel. He had given the last lesson to his scholar in the science of fashion,—he had extorted from him the last fee he could spare. He had gauged the neck of his purse, and he forsook him—in his debt he forsook him!—Poor Rebecca! day after day she inquired after the Captain! the Captain! Lost,—degraded,—wretched Rebecca! But I will say no more of her, she became as dead while

as e yet lived—the confiding victim of a villain.

The harouche, the horses, the trinkets that deformed Mrs. Donaldson, with a piano that had been bought for Rebecca were sold, and Andrew Donaldson with his family left London and proceeded to Lottery Hall. But there, though he endeavoured to carry his head high, though he still walked with his silver cane, and though it was known, (and he took care to make it be known,) that he had polled within one of being a member of parliament, still the squire did not acknowledge him,—his old acquaintances did not lift their hats to him,—but all seemed certain that he was coming down “by the run,” (I think that was the slang or provincial phrase they used,) to his old level. They perceived that he kept no horses now,—save one to work the twenty acres around the Lodge,—for he had ploughed up and sown with barley and let out as potatoe ground, what he at first laid out as a park. This spoke volumes. They also saw that he had parted with his coach, that he kept but one servant, and that servant told tales in the village. He was laughed at by his neighbours and those who had been his fellow-labourers, and with a Sardonic chuckle they were wont to speak of his house as “*the Member o’ Parliament’s;*” I have said that I would say no more of poor Rebecca, but the tongues of the women in the village dwelt also on her; but she died, and in the same hour died also a new-born babe, child of the villain Edwards.

Peter had left his father’s house and commenced the profession of an artist in a town about twenty miles from this. Mr. Donaldson was now humbled; It was his intention with the sorry remnant of his fortune, to take a farm for Jacob; but oh! Jacob had bathed in a sea of vice, and the bitter waters of adversity could not wash out the pollution it had left behind. Into his native village he carried the habits he had acquired or witnessed beneath the cerulean skies of Italy, or amid the dark eyed daughters of France. Shame followed his footsteps. Yea, although the squire despised Mr. Donaldson, his son, a youth of nineteen, became the boon companion of Jacob; They held midnight orgies together. Jacob initiated the squireling into the mysteries of Paris and Rome, of Naples and Munich, whither he was about to proceed. But I will not dwell upon their short career: Extravagance attended it, shame and tears followed it,

Andrew Donaldson no longer possessed the means of upholding his son in folly and wickedness. He urged him to settle in the world,—to take a farm while he had the power left of placing him in it,—but Jacob’s sins pursued him. He fled from his father’s house and enlisted in a marching regiment about to embark for the East Indies. No more was heard of him for many years, until a letter arrived from one of his comrades announcing that he had fallen at Corunna.

To defray the expenses which his son Jacob had brought upon him, Mr. Donaldson had not only to part with the small remnant which was left him of his fifteen thousand, but to take a heavy mortgage upon Lottery Hall. Again he was compelled to put his hand to the spade and to the plough, and his wife, deprived of her daughters, again became her own servant. Sorrow, shame, and disappointment gnawed in his heart. His garments of pride, now worn threadbare, were cast off for ever. The persecution, the mockery of his neighbours increased. They asked each other “if they had seen the Member o’ Parliament wi’ the spade in his hand again?” They quoted the text, “a haughty spirit goes before a fall,” and they remembered passages of the preacher’s lecture against pride and vanity on the day when Andrew appeared in his purple coat. He became a solitary man, and on the face of this globe which we inhabit there existed not a more miserable being than Andrew Donaldson.

Peter was generally admitted to be a young man of great talents, and bade fair to rise to eminence in his profession as an artist. There was to be an exhibition of the works of living artists in Edinburgh, and Peter went through to it, taking with him more than a dozen pictures on all subjects and of all sizes. He had landscapes, sea pieces, historical paintings, portraits, fish, game, and compositions, the groupings of which would have done credit to a master. In size they were from five feet square to five inches. His brother Paul, who was still at the college, and who now supported himself by private teaching, was surprised when one morning Peter arrived at his lodgings, with three cadjes at his back bearing his load of pictures. Paul welcomed him with open arms; for he was proud of his brother; he had admired his early talents, and had heard of the progress he had made in his art. With a proud heart and a delighted eye Peter unpacked his paintings and placed them round the room.

for the inspection of his brother, and great was his brother's admiration.

"What may be their value Peter?" inquired Paul.

"Between ourselves Paul," replied Peter, "I would not part with the lot under a thousand guineas?"

"A thousand guineas!" ejaculated the student in surprise, "do you say so?"

"Yes, I say it," answered the painter with importance—"look ye Paul,—observe this bridal party at the altar,—see the blush on the bride's cheek, the joy in the bridegroom's eye—is it not natural?—and look at the grouping!—observe the warmth of the colouring, the breadth of effect, the depth of shade, the freedom of touch!—now, tell me candidly as a brother, is it not a gem?"

"It is certainly beautiful," answered Paul.

"I tell you what," continued the artist, "though I say it who should not say it, I have seen worse things sold for a thousand guineas."

"You don't say so?" responded the astonished student, and he wished that he had been an artist instead of a scholar.

"I do," added Peter, "and now Paul, what do you think I intend to do with the money which this will bring?"

"How should I know brother?" returned the other.

"Why then," said he, "I am resolved to pay off the mortgage on our father's property, that the old man may spend the remainder of his days in comfort."

Paul wept, and taking his brother's hand said, "and if you do, the property shall be yours Peter."

"Never brother!" replied the other—"rather than rob you of your birthright I would cut my hand off!"

The pictures were again packed up, and the brothers went out in quest of the Secretary to the exhibition, in order to have them submitted to the Committee for admission. The Secretary received them with politeness; he said he was afraid that they could not find room for so many pieces as Mr. Donaldson mentioned, for they wished to give every one a fair chance, but he desired him to forward the pictures and he would see what could be done for them. The paintings were sent, and Peter heard no more of them for a week, when a printed catalogue and perpetual ticket were sent to him with the Secretary's compliments. Peter's eyes

ran over the catalogue—at length they fell upon "No. 210. *A Bridal Party—P. Donaldson*," and again, "No. 230. *Dead Game—P. Donaldson*," but his name did not again occur in the whole catalogue. This was a disappointment, but it was some consolation that his favorite piece had been chosen.

Next day the exhibition opened, and Peter and Paul visited it together. The "Bridal Party" was a small picture with a modest frame, and they anxiously sought round the room in which it was said to be placed, but they saw it not. At length, "here it is," said Paul—and there indeed it was, thrust into a dark corner of the room, the frame touching the floor, literally crushed and overshadowed beneath a glaring battle piece, six feet in length, and with a frame seven inches in depth. It was impossible to examine it without going upon your knees. Peter's indignation knew no bounds. He would have torn the picture from its hiding-place, but Paul prevented him. They next looked for No. 230, and to increase the indignation of the artist, it, with twenty others, was huddled into the passage, where, as Milton saith, there was

"No light, but rather darkness visible."

Or as Spencer hath it—

"A little gloomy light much like a shade."

For fourteen days did Peter visit the exhibition and return to the lodgings of his brother, sorrowful and disappointed. The magical word SOLD was not yet attached to the painting which was to redeem his father's property.

One evening, Paul being engaged with his pupils, the artist had gone into a tavern, to drown the bitterness of his disappointment for a few moments with a bottle of ale. The keenness of his feelings had rendered him oblivious, and in his abstraction and misery he had spoken aloud of his favourite painting the *Bridal Party*. Two young gentlemen sat in the next box; they either were not in the room when he entered, or he did not observe them. They overheard the monologue to which the artist had unconsciously given utterance, and it struck them as a prime jest to lark with his misery. The words "Splendid piece yon *Bridal Party*!"—"Beautiful!—"Production of a master!"—"Wonderful that it sold in such a bad light and shameful situation!" fell upon Peter's

ears. He started up,—he hurried to the box where they sat—

"Gentlemen, he exclaimed eagerly, do you speak of the painting No. 210 in the exhibition?"

"Of the same Sir," was the reply. I am the artist!—I painted it," cried Peter.

You sir! you?" cried both the gentlemen at once, "give us your hand sir—we are proud of having the honour of seeing you."

"Yes sir," returned one of them, "we left the exhibition to-day just before it closed, and had the pleasure of seeing the porter attach the ticket to it."

"Glorious!—joy! joy! cried Peter, running in ecstasy to the bell and ringing it violently and as the waiter entered, he added—"A bottle of claret!—claret boy—claret!" And he sat down to treat the gentleman who had announced to him the glad tidings. They drank long and deep, till Peter's head came in contact with the table, and sleep sealed up his eyelids. When aroused by the landlord who presented his bill, his companions were gone, and stupid as Peter was, he recollected for the first time that his pocket did not contain funds to discharge the reckoning, and he left his watch with the tavern-keeper, promising to redeem it the next day when he received the price of his picture. I need not tell you with his head aching with the fumes of the wine he found that he had been duped, that his picture was not sold. The exhibition closed for the season,—he had spent his last shilling, and Paul was as poor as Peter, but the former borrowed a guinea to pay his brother's fare on the on the outside of the coach—

Andrew Donaldson continued to struggle hard, but struggle as he would, he could not pay the interest of the mortgage. Disappointment, sorrow, humbled vanity, and the laugh of the world were too much for him, and shortly after Peter's visit to Edinburgh he died, repenting that he had ever pursued the Phantom Fashion, or sought after the rottenness of wealth.

"And what," inquired I, "became of Mrs. Donaldson and her sons Paul and Peter?"

"Peter sir," continued the narrator, rose to eminence in his profession, and redeeming the mortgage on Lottery Hall, he gave it as a present to his brother Paul, who opened it as an establishment for young gentlemen. His mother resides with him—and sir, Paul hath spoken unto you, he hath given you the history of Lottery Hall.

THE CRIPPLE;

OR,

EBENEZER, THE DISOWNED.

It is proverbial to say, with reference to particular constitutions or habits of body, that May is a *trying* month, and we have known what it is to experience its trials in the sense signified. With our grandmothers too, yea, and with our grandfathers also, May was held to be an unlucky month. Nevertheless, it is a lovely, it is a beautiful month, and the forerunner of the most healthy of the twelve. It is like a timid maiden blushing into womanhood, wooing and yet shrinking from the admiration which her beauty compels. The buds, the blossoms, the young leaves, the tender flowers, the glittering dew-drops, and the song of birds, burst from the grasp of winter as if the God of Nature whispered in the sunbeams—"Let there be life!" But it is in the morning only, and before the business of the world summons us, to its mechanical and artificial realities, that the beauties of May can be felt in all their freshness. We read of the glories of Eden, and that the earth was cursed because of man's transgression; yet, when we look abroad upon the glowing landscape, above us and around us, and behold the pure heavens like a sea of music floating over us, and hear the earth answer in varied melody, while mountain, wood, and dale, seem dreaming in the sound and stealing into loveliness, we almost wonder that so beautiful, and where every object around him is a representative of the wisdom the goodness, the mercy, the purity, and the omnipotence of his Creator. There is a language in the very wild-flowers among our feet that breaths a lesson of virtue. We can appreciate the feeling with which the poet beheld.

"The last rose of summer left blooming alone;" but in the firstlings of the spring, the primrose, the lily, and their early train, there is an appeal that passes beyond our senses. They are like the lisps and the smiles of infancy—lowly preachers, emblems of our own immortality, and we love them like living things. They speak to us of childhood and the scenes of youth, and *memory* dwells in their very fragrance. Yes, May is a beautiful month—it is a month of fair sights and of sweet sounds. To it belongs the lowly primrose blushing by the brack-side in congregated beauty, with here and there a cowslip bending over them like a lover among the

flowers; the lily hauging its head by the brook that reflects its image, like a bride at the altar, as if conscious of its own loveliness; the hardy daisy on the green sward, like a proud man struggling in penury with the storms of fate. Now, too, the blossoms on a thousand trees unfold their rainbow hues; the tender leaves seem instinct with life, and expand to the sunbeams; and the bright fields, like an emerald sea, wave their first undulations to the breeze. The lark pours down a flood of melody on the nest of its mate and the linnet trills a lay of love to its partner from the yellow furze. The chaffinch chaunts in the hedge its sweet but unvaried *line of music*; the thrush hymns his bold roundelay, and the blackbird swells the chorus, while the bird of spring sends its voice from the glens, like a wandering echo lost between love and sadness; and the swallow, newly returned from warmer climes or its winter sleeps,

“T'witters from the straw-built shed.”

The insect tribe leap into being, countless in numbers and matchless in livery, and their low hum swims like the embodiment of a dream in the air. The May-fly invites the angler to the river, while the minnow gambols in the brook; the young salmon sports and sparkles in the stream, and the grey trout glides slowly beneath the shadow of a rock in the deep pool. To enjoy for a single hour in May morning, the luxuries which nature spreads around—to feel ourselves a part of God's glad creation—to feel the gowan under our feet, and health circulating through our veins with the refreshing breeze is a receipt worth all in the *Materia Medica*.

Now, it was before sunrise on such a morning in May as I have described, that a traveller left the Black Bull, in Wooler, and proceeded to the Cheviots. He took his route by way of Earle and Langleeford; and at the latter place, leaving the long and beautiful glen, began to ascend the mountain. On the cairn, which is perhaps about five hundred yards from what is called the extreme summit of the mountain, he met an old and intelligent shepherd, from whom he heard many tales, the legends of the mountains—and amongst others, the following story:—

Near the banks of one of the romantic streams which take their rise among the Cheviots, stood a small and pleasant, and what might be termed respectable or genteel-looking building. It stood like the home of

solitude, encircled by mountains from the world. Beneath it, the rivulet wandered over its rugged bed; to the east rose Cheviot, the giant of the hills; to the west, lesser mountains reared their fantastic forms, thinly studded here and there with dwarf allers which the birds of heaven had planted, and their progeny had nestled in their branches; to the north and the south stretched a long and secluded glen, where beauty blushed in the arms of wildness—and thick woods, where the young fir and the oak of the ancient forest grew together, flourished beneath the shelter of the hills. Fertility also smiled by the sides of the rivulet, though the rising and setting sun threw the shadows of barrenness over it. Around the cottage stood a clump of solitary firs, and behind it an enclosure of allers, twisted together, sheltered a garden from the storms that swept down the hills.

Now, many years ago, a stranger woman, who brought with her a female domestic and a male infant, became the occupant of this house among the hills. She lived more luxuriously than the sheep-farmers in the neighbourhood, and her accent was not that of the Borders. She was between forty and fifty years of age, and her stature and strength were beyond the ordinary stature and strength of women. Her manners were repulsive, and her bearing haughty; but it seemed the haughtiness of a weak and uneducated mind. Her few neighbours, simple though they were, and little as they saw or knew of the world, its inhabitants and its manners, perceived that the stranger who had come amongst them had not been habituated to the affluence or easy circumstances with which she was then surrounded. The child also was hard-favoured; and of a disagreeable countenance—his back was strangely deformed—his feet were distorted; and his limbs of unequal length. No one could look upon the child without a feeling of compassion, save the women who was his mother, his nurse, or his keeper, (for none knew in what relation she stood to him,) and she treated him as a persecutor who hated his sight, and was weary of his existence.

She gave her name as Mrs. Baird; and, as the child grew up, she generally in derision called him “*Esop*,” or, in hatred—“the little monster!” but the woman-servant called him Ebenezer, though she treated him with a degree of harshness only less brutal than her whom he began to call mother. Wa

shall, therefore, in his history mention him by the name of Ebenezer Baird. As he grew in years, the disagreeable expression of his countenance became stronger, his deformity and lameness increased, and the treatment he had experienced added to both.

When nine years of age, he was sent to a boarding-school about twelve miles distant. Here a new series of persecutions awaited him. Until the day of his entering the school, he was almost ignorant that there was an alphabet. He knew not a letter. He had seen one or two books, but he knew not their use—he had never seen any one look upon them—he regarded them merely as he did a picture, a piece of useless furniture, or a plaything. Lame as he was, he had climbed the steep and the dripping precipice for the eggs of the water ouzel—sought among the crags for the young of the gorgeous kingfisher, or climbed the tallest trees in quest of the crested wrens, which chirped and fluttered in invisible swarms among the branches.* The birds were to him companions; he wished to rear their young that they might love him, for there was a lack of something in his heart—he knew not what it was—but it was the void of being beloved, of being regarded. It is said that Nature abhors a vacuum, and so did the heart of Ebenezer. He knew not what name to give it, but he longed for something that would shew a liking for him, and to which he could shew a liking in return. The heart is wicked, but it is not unsocial—its affections wither in solitariness. When he strolled forth on these rambles about the glen, having asked the permission of his mother or keeper (call her what you will) before he went—"Go, imp! Esop!" she was wont to exclaim, "and I shall pray that you may break your neck before you return." There were no farmers' or shepherds' children within several miles—he had seen some of them, and when they had seen him, they had laughed at his deformity—they had imitated his lameness, and contorted their countenances into a caricatured resemblance of his. Such were poor Ebenezer's acquirements, and such his acquaintance with human nature, when he entered the boarding-school.

* The water ouzel, the kingfisher, and the crested wren, abound in the vicinity of the Cheviots—though the latter beautiful little creature is generally considered as quite a *rara avis*—and last year one being shot about Cumberland, the circumstance went the round of the newspapers! But the bird is not rare, it is only difficult to be seen, and generally flutters among the leaves and near the top branches.

A primer was put into his hands. "What must I do with it?" thought Ebenezer. He beheld the rod of correction in the hands of the teacher, and he trembled—for his misshapen shoulders were familiar with such an instrument. He heard others read—he saw them write—and he feared, wondered, and trembled the more. He thought that he would be called upon to do the same, and he knew he could not. He had no idea of *learning*—he had never heard of such a thing. He thought that he must do as he saw others doing at once, and he cast many troubled looks at the lord of a hundred boys. When the name of "Ebenezer Baird" was called out, he burst into tears, he sobbed, terror overwhelmed him. But when the teacher approached him kindly—took him from his seat—placed him between his knees—patted his head, and desired him to speak after him the heart of the little cripple was assured, and more than assured; it was the first time he had experienced kindness, and he could have fallen on the ground and hugged the knees of his master. The teacher, indeed, found Ebenezer the most ignorant scholar he had ever met with, but he was no tyrant of the birch, though to his pupils

"A man severe he was, and stern to view;"

and though he had all the manners and austerity of the old school about him, he did not lay his head upon the pillow with his arm tired by the incessant use of the ferula. He was touched with the simplicity and the extreme ignorance of his new boarder, and he felt also for his lameness and deformity. Thrice he went over the alphabet with his pupil, commencing—"Big A—Little A," and having got over *b*, he told him to remember that *c* was like a half moon—"Ye aye mind *c* again," added he, "think ye see the moon." Thus they went on to *g*, and he asked him what the carters said to their horses when they wished them to go faster; but this Ebenezer could not tell—carts and horses were sights that he had seen as objects of wonder. They are but seldom seen among the hills now, and in those days they were almost unknown. Getting over *h*, he strove to impress *i* upon the memory of his pupil, by touching the solitary grey orbit in his countenance, (for Ebenezer had but one,) and asking him what he called it—"my *e'e*," answered Ebenezer.

"No, sir, you must not say your *e'e*, but your *eye*—mind that, and that letter is *i*."

The teacher went on, showing him that he could not forget round *O*, and crooked *S*, and

in truth, after his first lesson, Ebenezer was master of these two letters. And, afterwards, when the teacher in trying him promiscuously through the alphabet, would inquire—"What letter is this?" "I no ken," the cripple would reply, "but I'm sure its no O, and it's no S." Within a week he was master of the six-and-twenty mystical symbols, with the exception of four—and those four were *b* and *d*, *p* and *q*. Ebenezer could not for three months be brought to distinguish the *b* from the *d*, nor the *p* from the *q*; but he had never even heard that he had a right hand and a left until he came to the school—and how could it be expected?

Scarce, however, had he mastered the alphabet, until the faculties of the deformed began to expand. He now both understood and felt what it was to learn. He passed from class to class with a rapidity that astonished his teacher. He could not join in the boisterous sports of his schoolfellows, and while they were engaged in their pastime, he sought solitude, and his task accompanied him. He possessed strong natural talents, and his infirmities gave them the assistance of industry. His teacher noted these things in the cripple, and he was gratified with them, but he hesitated to express his feelings openly, lest the charge of partiality should be brought against him. Ebenezer, however, had entered the academy as the butt of his schoolfellows—they mocked, they mimicked, they tormented, they despised, or affected to despise him; and his talents and progress, instead of abating their persecutions, augmented them. His teacher was afraid to shew him more kindness than he shewed to others; and his schoolfellows gloried in annoying the cripple—they persecuted, they shunned, they hated him more than even his mother did. He began to hate the world, for he had found none that would love him. His teacher was the only human being that had ever whispered to him words of praise or of kindness, and that had always been in cold, guarded, and measured terms.

Before he was eighteen he had acquired all the knowledge that his teacher could impart, and he returned to the cottage among the mountains. There, however, he was again subjected to a persecution more barbarous than that which he had met with from his schoolfellows. Mrs. Baird mocked, insulted, and drove him from her presence; and her domestic shewed him neither kindness nor respect. In stature, he scarcely exceed-

ed five feet; and his body was feeble as well as deformed. The cruelty with which he had been treated had given an asperity to his temper, and made him almost a hater of the human race; and these feelings had lent their character to his countenance, marking its naturally harsh expression with suspicion and melancholy.

He was about five-and-twenty when the pangs and the terrors of death fell upon her whom he regarded as his parent. She died, as a sinner dies—with insulted eternity frowning to receive her. A few minutes before her death she desired the cripple to approach her bedside. She fixed her closing eyes, which affection had never lighted, upon his. She informed him that he was not her son.

"Oh, tell me then, whose son am I? Who are my parents?" he exclaimed eagerly—"speak! speak!"

"Your parents!" she muttered, and remorse and ignorance held her departing soul in their grasp. She struggled, she again continued—"Your parents—no, Ebenezer! no!—I dare not name them. I have sworn!—and a deathbed is no time to break an oath!"

"Speak! Speak!—tell me as you hope for heaven!" cried the cripple, with his thin bony fingers grasping the wrists of the dying woman.

"Monster! monster!" she screamed wildly and intently "leave me! leave me!—you are provided for—open that chest—the chest!—the chest!"

Ebenezer loosed his grasp—he sprang towards a strong chest which stood in the room. "The keys! the keys!" he exclaimed wildly, and again hurrying to the bed, he violently pulled a bunch of keys from beneath her pillow. But while he applied them to the chest, the herald of death rattled in the throat of its victim; and, with one agonizing throe and a deep groan, her spirit escaped and her body lay a corpse upon the bed.

He opened the chest and in it he found securities, which settled upon him, under the name of Ebenezer Baird, five thousand pounds. But there was nothing which threw light on his parentage, nothing to inform him who he was, or why he was there.

The body of her who had never shed a tear over him, he accompanied to the grave. But now a deeper gloom fell upon him. He met but few men, and the few he met shunned him, for there was wildness and a bitterness in his words—a railing against the world

which they wished not to bear. He fancied, too, that they despised him—that their eyes were examining the form of his deformities; and he returned their glance with a scowl and their words with the accents of hatred. Even as he passed the solitary farm-house, the younger children fled in terror, and the elder pointed towards him the finger of curiosity. All these things fell upon the heart of the cripple, and turned the human kindness of his bosom into gall. His companions became the solitude of the mountains, and the silence of the woods. They heard his bitter soliloquies without reviling him, or echo answered him in tones of sympathy more mournful than his own. He sought a thing that he might love, that might unlock his prisoned heart, or give life to its blighted feelings. He loved the very primrose, because it was a thing of beauty, and unknot from his deformity as man did. To him it gave forth its sweetness, and its leaves withered not at his touch; and he bent and kissed the flower that smiled upon him whom his kind avoided. He courted the very storms of winter, for they shunned him not, but spent their fury on his person, unconscious of its form. The only living thing that regarded him, or that had ever evinced affection towards him; was a dog, of the mastiff kind, which ever followed at his side, licked his hand, and received its food from it. And on this living thing all the affections that his heart ever felt were expended. He loved it as a companion, a friend, and protector; and he knew it was not ungrateful—it never avoided him; but when mockery or insult was offered to its master, it growled, and looked in his face, as if asking permission to punish the offender.

Such was the life that he had passed until he was between thirty and forty years of age. Still he continued his solitary rambles, having a feeling for everything around him but man. Man only was his persecutor—man only despised him. His own kind and his own kindred had shut him out from them and disowned him—his sight had been hateful to them, and his form loathsome. He avoided the very sun for it revealed his shadow; but he wandered, in rapture, gazing on the midnight heavens, calling the stars by name, while his soul was lifted up with their glory, and his deformity lost and overshadowed in the depth of their magnificence. He loved the flowers of day, the song of morning's birds, and the wildness or beauty of the landscapes, but these dwindled, and

drew not forth his soul as did the awful gorgeousness of night, with its ten thousand worlds lighted up, burning, sparkling, glimmering in immensity—the gems that studded the throne of the Eternal. While others slept, the deformed wandered on the mountains, holding communion with the heavens.

About the period we refer to, a gay party came upon a visit to a gentleman whose mansion was situated about three miles from the cottage of the cripple. As they rode out, they frequently passed him in his wanderings—and when they did so, some turned to gaze on him with a look of prying curiosity, others laughed and called to their companions, and the indignation of Ebenezer was excited, and the frown grew black upon his face.

He was wandering in a wood in the glen visiting his favourite wild-flowers, (for he had many that he visited daily, and each was familiar to him as the face of man to man—he rejoiced when they budded, blossomed, and laughed in their summer joy, and he grieved when they withered and died away,) when a scream of distress burst upon his ear. His faithful mastiff started and answered to the sound. He hurried from the wood to whence the sound proceeded, as rapidly as his lameness would admit. The mastiff followed by his side, and by its signs of impatience, seemed eager to increase its speed, though it would not forsake him. The cries of distress continued and became louder. On emerging from the wood he perceived a young lady rushing, wildly, towards it, and behind her, within ten yards, followed an infuriated bull. In a few moments more, and she must have fallen its victim. With an eager howl, the dog sprang from the side of its master, and stood between the lady and her pursuer. Ebenezer forgot his lameness, and the feebleness of his frame, and he hastened at his utmost speed to the rescue of a human being. Even at that moment a glow of delight passed through his heart, that the despised cripple would save the life of a fellow-mortal—of one of the race that shunned him. Ere he approached, the lady had fallen, exhausted and in terror, on the ground—the mastiff kept the enraged animal at bay, and, with a strength such as he had never before exhibited, Ebenezer raised the lady in his arms and bore her to the wood. He placed her against a tree—the stream passed by within a few yards, and he brought water in the palms of his hands and knelt over her, to bathe her temples and her fair brow. Her

brow was, indeed, fair, and her face beautiful beyond all that he had looked upon. Her golden hair, in wavy ringlets, fell upon her shoulders—but her deep blue eyes were closed. Her years did not appear to be more than twenty.

"Beautiful!—beautiful!" exclaimed the cripple, as he dropped the water on her face, and gazed on it as he spoke—"it is wondrous beautiful! But she will open her eyes—she will turn from me as doth her race!—as from the animal that pursued her!—yet, sure she is beautiful!" and again, as he spoke, Ebenezer sighed.

The fair being recovered—she raised her eyes—she gazed on his face, and turned not away from it. She expressed no false horror on beholding his countenance—no affected revulsion at the sight of his deformity; but she looked upon him with gratitude—she thanked him with tears. The cripple started—his heart burned. To be gazed on with kindness, to be thanked and with tears, and by one so fair, so young, so beautiful, was to him so strange, so new, he half doubted the reality of the scene before him. Before the kindness and gratitude that beamed from her eyes, the misanthropy that had frozen up his bosom began to dissolve, and the gloom on his features died away, as a vapour before the face of the morning sun. New thoughts red his imagination—new feelings transfixed his heart. Her smile fell like a sun-beam on his soul, where light had never before dawned; her accents of gratitude, from the moment they were delivered, became the music of his memory. He found an object on the earth that he could love—or shall we say that he *did* love; for he felt as though already her existence were mysteriously linked to his. We are no believers in what termed—*love at first sight*. Some romance writers hold it up as an established doctrine, and love-sick boys and moping girls will make oath to the creed. But there never was love at first sight that a week's perseverance could not wear away. It holds no intercourse with the heart, but is a mere *fancy* of the eye; as a man would fancy a horse, a house, or a picture which he desires to purchase. Love is not the offspring of an hour or a day, nor is it the *ignis-fatuus* which plays about the brain, and disturbs the sleep of the youth and the maiden in their teens. It slowly veils and dawns upon the heart, as day imperceptibly creeps over the earth, first with the tinged cloud—the grey and the clearer dawn—the approaching, the rising, and the

risen sun—blending into each other a brighter and a brighter shade; but each indistinguishable in their progress and blending, as the motion of the pointers on a watch, which move unobserved as time flies, and we note not the silent progress of light till it envelope us in its majesty. Such is the progress of pure, holy, and enduring love. It springs not from mere sight, but its radiance grows with esteem; it is the whisper of sympathy, unity of feeling, and mutual reverence, which increases with a knowledge of each other, until but one pulse seems to throb in two bosoms. The feelings which now swelled in the bosom of Ebenezer Baird were not the true and only love which springs from esteem, but they were akin to it. For though the beauty of the fair being he had rescued had struck his eye, it was not her beauty that melted the misanthropy of his heart, but the tear of gratitude, the voice of thanks, the glance that turned not away from him, the smile—the first that woman had bestowed on him—that entered his soul. They came from the heart, and they spoke to the heart.

She informed him that her name was Maria Bradburry, and that she was one of the party then on a visit to the gentleman in his neighbourhood. He offered to accompany her to the house, and she accepted his offer. But it was necessary to pass near the spot where he had rescued her from the fury of the enraged bull. As they drew towards the side of wood, they perceived that the bull was gone, but the noble mastiff, the friend, companion, and defender of the cripple, lay dead before them. Ebenezer wrung his hands, he mourned over his faithful guardian. "Friend! poor Friend!" he cried—(the name of the mastiff was Friend!)—"hast thou too left me! Thou, of all the things that lived, alone didst love thy master! Pardon me lady—pardon an outcast, but until this hour I have never experienced friendship from man nor kindness from woman. The human race have treated me as a thing that belonged not to the same family with themselves; they have persecuted or mocked me, and I have hated them. Start not,—hatred is an alien to my soul,—it was not born there, it was forced upon it—but I hate not you—no! no! You have spoken kindly to me, you have smiled on me!—the despised, the disowned Ebenezer will remember you. That poor dog alone of all living things showed affection for me!—But he died in a good cause!—poor Friend! poor Friend!—where shall I find a companion

now?" and the tears of the cripple ran down his cheeks as he spoke.

Maria wept also, partly for the fate of the noble animal that had died in her deliverance, and partly from the sorrow of her companion, for there is a sympathy in tears.

"Ha! you weep!" cried the cripple, "you weep for poor Friend and for me. Bless thee! bless thee fair one!—they are the first that were ever shed for my sake—I thought not there was a tear on earth for me."

He accompanied her to the lodge of the mansion where she was then residing, and there he left her, though she invited him to accompany her, that he might also receive the congratulations of her friends.

She related to them, her deliverance. "Ha! little Ebenezer turned a hero," cried one—"Ebenezer the cripple become a knight-errant," said another. But they resolved to visit him in a body and return him their thanks.

But the soul of the deformed was now changed, and his countenance, though still melancholy, had lost its asperity. His days became a dream, his existence a wish. For the first time he entertained the hope of happiness—it was vain, romantic, perhaps we might say absurd, but he cherished it.

Maria spoke much of the courage, the humanity, the seeming loneliness, and the knowledge of the deformed, to her friends; and their entertainer, with his entire party of visitors, with but one exception, a few days afterwards proceeded to the cottage of Ebenezer, to thank him, for his intripidity. The exception, we have alluded to was a lady Helen Dorrington, a woman of a proud and haughty temper, and whose personal attractions, if she ever possessed any, were now disfigured by the attacks of a violent temper, and the *crow-feet* and the *wrinkles*, which threescore years imprint on the fairest countenance. She excused herself by saying that the sight of deformed people affected her. Amongst the party who visited the cripple was her son Francis Dorrington a youth of two and twenty, who was haughty, fiery, and impetuous as his mother. He sought the hand of Maria Bradbury, and he now walked by her side.

Ebenezer received them coldly—amongst them were many who were wont to mock him as they passed, and he now believed that they had come to gratify curiosity, by gazing on his person as on a wild animal.—But when he saw the smile upon Maria's lips, the benign expression of her glance, and

her hand held forth to greet him, his coldness vanished, and joy like a flash of sunshine lighted up, his features. Yet he liked not the impatient scowl with which Francis Dorrington regarded her attention towards him, nor the contempt which moved visibly on his lip when she listened delighted to the words of the despised cripple. He seemed to act as though her eyes should be fixed on him alone,—her words addressed only to him. Jealousy entered the soul of the deformed and shall we say that the same feeling was entertained by the gay and the haughty Dorrington. It was. He felt that, insignificant as the outward appearance of the cripple was, his soul was that of an intellectual giant, before the exuberance of whose power the party were awed, and Maria lost in admiration. His tones were musical as his figure was unsightly, and his knowledge was universal as his person was diminutive. He discoursed with a poet's tongue on the beauties of the surrounding scenery; he defined the botany and geology of the mountains. He traced effect to cause, and both to their Creator. The party marvelled while the deformed spoke, and he repelled the scowl and contempt of his rival with sarcasm that scathed like a passing lightning. These things produced feelings of jealousy also in the breast of Francis Dorrington; though from Maria Bradbury he had never received one smile of encouragement. On their taking leave the entertainer of the party invited Ebenezer to his house, but the latter refused; he feared to mingle with society, for oft as he had associated with man, he had been rendered their sport,—the thing they persecuted,—the butt of their irony.

For many days the cripple met, or rather sought Maria, in solitary rambles; for she too, loved the solitude of the mountains, the silence of the woods, which is broken only by the plaintive note of the wood pigeon, the *chirm* of the linnnet, the song of the thrush, the twitter of the chaffinch, or the distant stroke of the woodman, lending silence a charm. She had become familiar with the deformity, and as it grew less singular to her eyes, his voice became sweeter to her ears. Their conversation turned on many things, there was wisdom in his words, and she listened to him as a pupil to a preceptor. His feelings deepened with their interviews, his hopes brightened, and felicity seemed drawing before him. As hope kindled, he acquired confidence. They were walking together he had pointed out the beauties and explained

ed the properties of the wild flowers on their path, he had dwelt on the virtues of the humblest weed, when he stopped short, and gazing in her face,—“Maria! he added, “I have loved these flowers,—I have cherished those simple weeds, because they shunned me not,—they shrank not from me, as did the creatures of the human race,—they spread their beauties before me,—they denied me not their sweetness. You only have I met with among the children of Adam, who persecuted me not with ridicule, or who insulted me not by my deformity with the vulgar gaze of curiosity. Who I am I know not,—from hence I was brought amongst these hills I cannot tell—I am a thing which the world has laughed at, and which my parents were ashamed. But my wants have been few. I have gold to purchase flattery if I desired it, I have buy tongues to tell me I am not deformed; but I despise them. My soul partakes not of any body’s infirmities.—it has sought a spirit of love, that would love it in return. Maria, as it found one?”

Maria was startled—she endeavoured to speak but her tongue faltered—tears gathered in her eyes, and her looks bespoke pity and astonishment.

“Fool! fool!” exclaimed the cripple, “I have been deceived! Maria *pities* me!—*only pities me!*—Hate me Maria,—despise me as does the world,—I can bear hatred,—I can endure scorn,—I can repel them!—but *pity* consumes me!—and *pity* from you! Fool! fool!” he added, “wherefore dreamed there was one that would look with love on a deformed Ebenezer? Farewell, Maria! farewell!—remember, but do not pity me!” and he hurried from her side.

She would have detained him—she would have told him that she revered him—that she esteemed him; but he hastened away, and she felt also that she *pitied* him—and *love* and *pity* can never dwell in the same breast, for the same object. Maria stood and wept.

Ebenezer returned to his cottage; but the peace which he had cherished, the dream which he had fed, died reluctantly. He accused himself for acting precipitately—he believed he had taken the tear of affection for pity. His heart was at war with itself. Day after day he revisited the mountain-side, and the path in the wood where they had met, but Maria wandered there no longer. His feelings, his impatience, his uncertainty, were superior to the ridicule of man—he resolved to visit the mansion of his neighbour

where Maria and her friends were residing. The dinner bell was ringing as he approached the house; but he knew little of the etiquette of the world, and respected not its forms. The owner of the mansion welcomed him with the right hand of cordiality, for his discourse in the cottage had charmed him; others expressed welcome, for some who before had mocked now respected him, and Maria took his hand with a look of joy and her wonted sweetness. The heart of Ebenezer felt assured. Francis Dorrington alone frowned, and rose not to welcome him.

The dinner bell again rang; the Lady Helen had not arrived, and dinner was delayed for her, but she came not. They proceeded to the dining-room. Ebenezer offered his arm to Maria, and she accepted it. Francis Dorrington muttered angry words between his teeth. The dinner passed—the dessert was placed upon the table—Lady Helen entered the room—she prayed to be excused for her delay—her host rose to introduce her to Ebenezer.

“Ebenezer!—the deformed!” she exclaimed in a tone of terror, and dashing her hands before her eyes as he rose before her, she fell back in hysterics.

“Turn the monster from the house!” cried Francis Dorrington, springing forward, “my mother cannot endure the sight of such.”

“Whom call ye monster, young man?” said Ebenezer, angrily.

“You—wretch!” replied Dorrington, raising his hand, and striking the cripple to the floor.

“Shame! shame!” exclaimed the company.

“Coward!” cried Maria, starting from her seat.

The cripple, with a rapidity that seemed impossible, sprang to his feet—he gasped, he trembled, every joint shook, rage boiled in his veins—he glanced at his insulter, who attempted to repeat the blow—he uttered a yell of vengeance, he clutched a dessert knife from the table, and within a moment, it was plunged in the body of the man who had injured him.

A scream of horror burst from the company. Ebenezer, with the reeking knife in his grasp, stood trembling from rage, not from remorse. But he offered not to repeat the blow. A half-consciousness of what he had done seemed to stay his hand. The sudden scream of the party aroused the lady Helen, from her real or affected fit. She beheld her

son bleeding on the floor—she saw the vengeful knife in the hands of the cripple. She screamed more wildly than before—she wrung her hands! "Monster!—murderer!" she exclaimed, "he has slain!—he has slain *his brother!*"

"*My Brother!*" shouted Ebenezer, still grasping the knife in his hand—"woman! woman!—mother! mother!—who am I?—answer me, who are you?" and he sprang forward and held her by the arm. "Tell me," he continued, "what mean ye?—what mean ye?—*my brother—do ye say my brother? Art thou my mother? Have I a mother? Speak!—speak!*" and he grasped her arm more fiercely.

"Monster!" she repeated, "offspring of my shame!—away! away!—*he is thy brother!* I have shunned thee, wretch—I have disowned thee—but thou hast carried murder to my bosom!" and tearing her arm from his grasp, she threw it round the neck of her wounded son.

The company gazed upon each other.—Ebenezer stood for a moment, his eyes rolling, his teeth rattling together, the knife shaking in his hand. He uttered a wild cry of agony,—he tore the garments from his breast, as though it were ready to burst, and with the look and the howl of a maniac, he sprang to the door and disappeared. Some from an interest in his fate, others from a desire to secure him, followed after him. But he fled to the woods and they traced him not.

It was found that the wound of Francis Dorrington was not mortal, and the fears of the company were directed from him to Ebenezer, whom they feared had laid violent hands upon his own life.

On the following day, without again meeting the company, lady Helen left the house, having acknowledged the deformed Ebenezer to be her son,—a child of shame,—whose birth had been concealed from the world.

On the third day the poor cripple was found by a shepherd wandering on the hills,—his head was uncovered,—his garments and his body were torn by the brambles through which he had rushed. His eyes rolled wildly, and when accosted, he fled, exclaiming—"I am Cain! I am Cain!—I have slain my brother!—touch me not!—the mark is on my forehead!"

He was secured and taken to a place of safety.

The circumstances twined round Maria's heart—she heard no more of Ebenezer the cripple, but she forgot him not. Several

years passed, and she, together with a friend, visited a lunatic asylum in a distant part of the country, in which a female acquaintance, once the admired of society, had become an inmate. They were shewn round the different wards—some of the inmates seemed happy, others melancholy, but all were mild, all shrank from the eye of their keeper. The sounds of the clanking chains around their ankles, filled Maria's soul with horror, and she longed to depart. But the keeper invited them to visit the garden of his asylum. They entered, and beheld several quiet-looking people engaged in digging, others were pruning trees, and some sat upon benches on the paths, playing with their fingers, striking their heels upon the ground, or reading stray leaves of an old book or a newspaper. Each seemed engaged with himself,—none conversed with his neighbour. Upon a bench, near the entrance to a small arbour or summer-house, sat a female, conning an old ballad, and as she perused it, she laughed, wept, and sang by turns. Maria stopped to converse with her, and her friend entered the arbour. In it sat a grey-headed and deformed man; he held a volume of *Savage* in his hand, which had then been but a short time published.

"I am reading '*The Bastard*,' by *Savage*," said he as the stranger entered, "he is my favourite author. His fate was mine—he describes my feelings. He had an unnatural mother—so had I. He was disowned—was I. He slew a man, and so did I—but my brother!"

The voice, the words, fell upon Maria's ears. She became pale, she glanced towards the arbour,—she cast an inquiring look upon the keeper.

"Fear not Ma'am," he replied, "he is an innocent creature. He does not rave now,—and but there is an occasional wildness in his language, he is as well as you are. Enter and converse with him Ma'am—he is a great speaker, and to much purpose too, as visitors tell me."

She entered the arbour. The cripple's eyes met hers—he threw down the book—"Maria!—Maria!" he exclaimed—"this is kind!—this is kind indeed!—but do not pity me—do not pity me again. Hate me Maria!—you saw me slay my brother."

She informed him that his brother was not dead,—that he had recovered within a few weeks.

"Not dead!" cried the cripple, "thank Heaven—Ebenezer is not a murderer! But I am well now,—the fever of my brain is passed. Go, Maria, do this for me, it is all I now ask— inquire why I am here immured, and by whose authority; suffer not my reason to be buried in reason's tomb, and crushed among its wrecks. Your smile, your words of kindness, your tears of gratitude caused me to dream once,—and its remembrance is still as a speck of light amidst the darkness, of my bosom,—but these grey hairs have broken the dream"—and Ebenezer bent his head upon his breast and sighed.

Maria and her friend left the asylum, but in a few weeks they returned, and when they again departed Ebenezer Baird went with them. He now sought not Maria's love, but he was gratified with her esteem, and that of her friends. He outlived the persecution of his kindred, and the derision of the world, and in the forty-sixth year of his age he died in peace, and bequeathed his property to Maria Bradburry—the first of the human race that had looked on him with kindness, or cheered him with a smile.

THE BROKEN HEART.

A TALE OF THE REBELLION.

Early in the November of 1745, the news reached Cambridge that Charles Stuart, at the head of his hardy and devoted Highlanders, had crossed the Borders and taken possession of Carlisle. The inhabitants gazed upon each other with terror, for the swords of the clansmen had triumphed over all opposition; they were regarded also by the multitude as savages, and by the more ignorant as cannibals. But there were others who rejoiced in the success of the young adventurer, and who, dangerous as it was to conceal their joy, took but small pains to conceal it. Amongst these was James Dawson, the son of a gentleman in the north of Lancashire, and then a student at St. John's College. That night he invited a party of friends to sup with him, who entertained sentiments similar to his own. The cloth was withdrawn, and he rose and gave as the toast of the evening—"Prince Charles, and success to him!" His guests, fired with his own enthusiasm, rose and received the toast with cheers. The bottle went round—the young men drank deep, and other toasts of a similar

nature followed. The song succeeded the toast, and James Dawson sang the following, which seemed to be the composition of the day:—

Free, o'er the Borders the tartan is streaming,
The dirk is unsheathed, and the claymore is gleaming,
The Prince and his clansmen in triumph advance,
Nor needs he the long promised succours of France.
From the Cumberland mountain and Westmoreland lake,
Each bravo man shall snatch up a sword for his sake;
And the 'Lancashire witch' on her bosom shall wear
The snow-white cockade, by her lover placed there.

But while he yet sang, and as he completed but the first verse, two constables and three or four soldiers burst into the room, and denounced them as traitors and as their prisoners.

"Down with them!" exclaimed James Dawson, springing forward and snatching down a sword which was suspended over the mantel-piece. The students vigorously resisted the attempt to make them prisoners, and several of them, with their entertainer, escaped.

He concealed himself for a short time, when his horse being brought he took the road towards Manchester, in order to join the ranks of the adventurer. It was about mid-day on the 29th when he reached the town which is now the emporium of the manufacturing world. On proceeding down Market-street he perceived a confused crowd, some uttering threats, and others with consternation expressed on their countenance, and in the midst of the multitude was Serjeant Dickson, a young woman, and a drummer boy, heating up recruits. The white cockade streamed from the hat of the serjeant; the populace vented their indignation against him, but no man dared to seize him; for he continued to turn round, with a blunderbuss in his hand, facing the crowd on all sides, and threatening to shoot the first man that approached, who was not ready to serve the Prince and to mount the white cockade. The young woman carried a supply of the ribbons in her hand, and ever and anon waved them in triumph, exclaiming "Charlie yet."—Some dozen recruits already followed at the heels of the serjeant. James Dawson spurred his horse through the crowd.

"Give me one of your favors," said he, addressing the serjeant.

"Aye a dozen, your honor," replied Dickson.

He received the ribbon and tied it to his breast, and placed another at his horse's head. He conducted an effect upon the multitude, numbers flocked around the serjeant, his

favours became exhausted, and when the Prince and the army entered the town in the evening, he brought before him an hundred and eighty men which he had that day enlisted.

The little band so raised were formed into what was called the Manchester regiment, of which the gallant Townly was made Colonel, and James Dawson one of the Captains.

Our business at present is not with the movements of Charles Edward, nor need we describe his daring march towards Derby, which struck terror throughout all England, and for a time seemed to shake the throne and its dynasty; nor dwell upon the particulars of his masterly retreat towards Scotland—suffice it to say, that on the 19th of December the Highland army again entered Carlisle.

On the following morning they evacuated it, but the Manchester regiment, of 300 men, was left as a garrison to defend the town, against the entire army of proud Cumberland. They were devoted as a sacrifice, that the Prince and the main army might be saved. The dauntless Townly, and the young and gallant Dawson, were not ignorant of the desperateness and the hopelessness of their situation, but they strove to impart their own heroism to the garrison, and to defend the town to the last. On the morning of the 21st, the entire army of the Duke of Cumberland arrived before Carlisle, and took possession of the fortifications that command it. He demanded the garrison to surrender, and they answered him by a discharge of musketry. They had withstood a siege of ten days, during which time Cumberland had erected batteries and procured cannon from Whitehaven; before their fire the decaying and neglected walls of the city gave way; to hold out another day impossible, and there was no rescue left for the devoted band but to surrender or perish. On the 30th, a white flag was hoisted on the ramparts—on its being perceived the cannon ceased to play upon the town, and a messenger was sent to the Duke of Cumberland, to inquire what terms he would grant to the garrison.

"Tell them," he replied haughtily, "I offer no terms but these,—that they shall not be put to the sword, but they shall be reserved for his Majesty to deal with them as he may think proper."

There was no alternative, and these doubtful and evasive terms were accepted. The

garrison were disarmed, and under a numerous guard placed in the cathedral.

James Dawson and seventeen others were conveyed to London, and cast into prison to wait the will of his Majesty. Till now his parents were ignorant of the fate of their son, though they had heard of his being compelled to flee from the university, and feared he had joined the standard of the Prince. Too soon their worst fears were realized, and the truth revealed to them. But there was another who trembled for him, whose heart felt keenly as a parent's,—she who was to have been his wife, to whom his hand was plighted and his heart given. Fanny Lester was a young and gentle being, and she had known James Dawson from their childhood. Knowledge ripened to affection, and their hearts were twined together. On the day on which she was made acquainted with his imprisonment, she hastened to London to comfort him,—to cheer his gloomy solitude,—at the foot of the throne to sue for his pardon.

She arrived at the metropolis—she was conducted to the prison-house, and admitted. On entering the gloomy apartment in which he was confined, she screamed aloud, she raised her hands, and springing forward, fell upon his neck and wept.

"My own Fanny!" he exclaimed, "you are here!—weep not, my sweet one—come, be comforted—there is hope—every hope—I shall not die—my own Fanny, be comforted."

"Yes!—yes there is hope!—the King will pardon you," she exclaimed, "he will spare my James—I will implore your life at his feet!"

"Nay, nay love—say not the King," interrupted the young enthusiast for the house of Stuart; "it will be but imprisonment till a day is over—the *Elector* cannot seek my life."

He strove long and earnestly to persuade to assure her, that his life was not in danger—that he would be saved—and what she wished, she believed. The jailer entered and informed them it was time that she should depart, and again sinking her head upon his breast, she wept—"good night."

But each day she revisited him, and they spoke of his deliverance together. At times, too, she told him with tears of the efforts she had made to obtain his pardon—of her attempt to gain admission to the presence of the King,—of the repulses she met with,—of her applications to the nobility connected with the court,—of the insult and inhumanity she met with from some,—the compassion of

experienced from others,—the interest that they took in his fate, and the hopes and the promises which they held out. Upon those promises she fondly dwelt. She looked into his eyes to perceive the hope that they kindled there, and as joy beamed from them, she half forgot that his life hung upon the word a man.

But his parents came to visit him; hers followed her, and they joined their efforts to hers, and anxiously, daily, almost hourly, they exerted their energies to obtain his pardon. His father possessed an influence in electioneering matters in Lancashire, and hers could exercise the same in an adjoining county. That influence was now urged—the members they had supported were importuned. They promised to employ their best exertions. Whatever the feelings or principles of the elder Dawson might be, he had never avowed disaffection openly,—he had never evinced a leaning to the family of Stuarts, he had supported the government of the day; and the father of Fanny Lester, high in office took an interest in the fate of James Dawson, or they professed to take it; promises, half official, were held out—and when his youth, the short time that he had been engaged in the rebellion, and the situation that he held in the army of the adventurer were considered, no one doubted but that his pardon was certain—that he would not be was an upholder of the house of Hanover. The influence of all their relatives, and of all their friends, was brought into action; peers and commoners were supplicated, and they pledged their intercession. Men brought to trial. Even his parents felt assured,—but the word of the king was not passed.

They began to look forward to the day of his deliverance with impatience, but still with certainty. There was but one heart that feared, and it throbbed in the bosom of poor Fanny. She would start from her sleep, crying—“Save him!—save him!” as she fancied she beheld them dragging him to execution. In order to soothe her, her parents and his, in the confidence that pardon would be extended to him, agreed that the day of his liberation should be the day of their bridal. She knew their affection, and her heart struggled with her fears to believe the “flattering tale.”

James tried also to cheer her,—he believed that his life would be spared,—he endeavored to smile and to be happy.

“Fear not, my own Fanny,” he would

say, “your apprehensions are idle. The Elector?”—

And here his father would interfere. “Speak not so my son,” said the old man earnestly, “speak not against princes in your bed chamber, for a bird of the air can carry the tidings. Your life is in the hands of a King,—of a merciful one, and it is safe, only speak not this! do not as you love me, as you love our Fanny do not.”

Then would they chase away her fears, and speak of the arrangements for the bridal; and Fanny would smile pensively while James held her hand in his, and as he gazed on her finger he raised it to his lips, as though he took the measure of the ring.

But, “hope deferred maketh the heart sick” and though they still retained their confidence that he would be pardoned, yet their anxiety increased, and Fanny’s heart seemed unable longer to contain its agony and suspense. More than six months had passed but still no pardon came for James Dawson. The fury of the civil war was spent, the royal adventurer had escaped, the vengeance of the sword was satisfied, and the law of the conquerors, and the scaffolds of the law, called for the blood of those whom the sword had saved. The soldier laid down his weapon, and the executioner took up his.

On the leaders of the Manchester regiment the vengeance of the blood thirsting law first fell. It was on the evening of the 14th of July, 1746, James Dawson sat in his prison, Fanny sat by his side with her hand in his, and his parents were present also, when the jailer entered, and ordered him to prepare to hold himself in readiness for his trial, in the court house at St. Margaret’s Southwark, on the following day. His father groaned,—his mother exclaimed “my son!” but Fanny sat motionless. No tear was in her eye, no muscle in her countenance moved. Her fingers grasped his with a firmer pressure,—but she evinced no other symptom of having heard the mandate that was delivered. They rose to depart and a low, deep sigh issued from her bosom, but she shewed no sign of violent grief,—her feelings were already exhausted, her heart could bear no more.

On the following day eighteen victims, with the gallant Townly at their head, were brought forth for trial before a grand jury. Amongst them, and as one of the chief, was James Dawson. Fanny had insisted on being present. She heard the word *guilty* pronounced with a yet deeper apathy than she had evinced at the announcement of his trial. She folded her hands upon her bosom, her

lips moved as in prayer, but she shed not a single tear, she breathed not a single sigh. She arose, she beckoned to her attendants and accompanied them from the court house. Still his friends entertained the hope that the Pardon Power might be removed, they redoubled their exertions, they increased their importunities, they were willing to make any sacrifice so that his life might be but saved, and even then, at the eleventh hour, they hoped against hope. But Fanny yielded not to the vain thought. Day after day she sat by her lover's side, and she in her turn became his comforter. She no longer spoke of their bridal, but she spoke of eternity,—she spoke of their meeting where the ambition, the rivalry, and the power of princes should be able to cast no cloud over the happiness of the soul.

Fourteen days had passed, and during that he betrayed no sign of terror, she evinced none of a woman's weakness. She seemed to have mastered her griefs, and her soul was prepared to meet them. Yet, save only when she spoke to him, her soul appeared entranced, and her body lifeless. On the 29th of July an order was brought for the execution of the victims on the following day. James Dawson bowed his head to the officer who delivered the warrant, and calmly answered—"I am prepared!"

The cries of his mother rang through the prison house. She tore her hair, she sank upon the floor, she entreated Heaven to spare her child. His father groaned, he held the hand of his son in his, and the tears gushed down his furrowed cheeks. Fanny alone was silent, she alone was tranquil. No throes of agony swelled her bosom, flushed in her countenance, or burned in her eye. She was calm, speechless, resigned. He pressed her to his bosom, as they took their last farewell:

"Adieu!—adieu!—my own!" he cried—"my Fanny—farewell! an eternal farewell!"

"Nay, nay," she replied, "say not eternal—we shall meet again. 'Tis a short farewell—I feel it—I feel it. Adieu love! adieu! Die firmly. We shall meet soon."

Next morning the prisoners were to be dragged on sledges to Kennington Common, which was the place appointed for their execution. In the first sledge was the executioner, sitting over his pinioned victims with a drawn sword in his hand. No priest, no minister of religion attended them, and a-

round the sledges followed thousands; some few expressing sympathy, but the majority following from curiosity, and others venting their execrations against all traitors. In the midst of the multitude was a hackney coach, following the sledges, and in it was the gentle Fanny Lester, accompanied by a relative and a female friend. They had endeavoured to persuade her from the fearful trial, but she was calm, resolute, and not to be moved, and they yielded to her wish. The coach drew up within thirty yards of the scaffold. Fanny pulled down the window, and leaning over it, she beheld the piles of faggots lighted around the scaffold, she saw the flames ascend, and the soldiers form a circle round them. She saw the victims leave the sledge, she looked upon him whom her heart loved as he mounted the place of death, and his step was firm, his countenance unmoved. She saw him join in prayer with his companions, and her eyes were fixed on him as he flung papers and his hat among the multitude. She saw the fatal signal given and the drop fall—she heard the horrid shout, the yell hurst from the multitude, but not a muscle of her frame moved. She gazed calmly as though it had been on a bridal ceremony. She beheld the executioner begin the barbarities which the law awards treason—the clothes were torn from the victims, one by one they were cut down, and the finisher of the law, with the horrid knife in his hand proceeded to lay open their bosoms, and taking out their hearts, flung them on the faggots that blazed around the scaffold. The last spectacle of barbarity was James Dawson, and when the executioner had plunged the knife in his breast, he raised his heart in his hand, and holding it a moment before the horror stricken and disgusted multitude, he cast it into the flames, exclaiming as he flung it from him "God save King George!" Fanny beheld this, her eyes became blind, she heard not the shout of the multitude, she drew back her head into the coach, it dropped upon the shoulder of her companion. "My dear! I follow thee! I follow thee!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, "sweet Jesus! receive both our souls together!" They attempted to raise her head, to support her in their arms, but she sank back lifeless—her spirit had accompanied him she loved, she died of stifled agony and a broken heart.

THE LEVELLER.

How far the term "Leveller," is provincial or confined to the Borders, I am not certain, for before I had left them to become as a pilgrim on earth, the phrase had fallen into disuse, and the events, or rather the cause which brought it into existence, had passed away. But, twenty five or even twenty years ago, in these parts, there was no epithet more familiar to the lips of every school boy, than that of a Leveller. The Juvenile lovers of mirth and mischief displayed their loyalty, by "smocking" the houses, or burning the effigies of the Levellers; and he was a good subject, and a perfect gentleman, who, out of his liberality and patriotism, contributed a shilling to purchase powder to make the head of the effigy go off in a rocket, and its fingers start away in squibs. Levellers were persecuted by the young, and suspected by the old. Every town and village in the kingdom had its coterie of Levellers. They did not congregate together; for, as being suspected individuals, their so doing would have been attended with danger; but there was a sympathy, and a sort of brotherhood amongst those in the same place, and they met in twos and threes, at the corners of the streets, in the fields, or the workshop, and not unfrequently at the operating rooms of the barber, as though there had been a secret understanding in the growth of their ears. Some of them were generally seen waiting the arrival of the mail, and running cross the street, or the highway, as the case might be, eagerly inquiring of the guard—"What news?" But if, on the approach of the vehicle, they perceived it decorated with banners, or a flag displayed from it, away turned the Levellers from the unwelcome symbols or national rejoicing, and consoled one with another, in their own place of retirement. They were seldom, or never, found amongst rosy faced country gentlemen, who walked in the midst of their fellow mortals, as if measuring their acres. Occasionally they might be found amongst tradesmen, but they were most frequently met with at the loom, or amongst those who had learned the art and mystery of a cordwainer. The Leveller, however, was generally a peaceful and a moral man, and always a man of much reading, and extensive information. Many looked upon the Leveller as the enemy of his country, and as wishing the destruction of its institutions: I always regarded them with a more favourable eye. Most of them I

have met with were sincerely attached to liberty. they frequently took strange methods of shewing it. They were opposed to the war with France, and they were enthusiastic admirers, almost worshippers, of Napoleon and his glories. They could describe the scene of all his victories, they could repeat his speeches and his bulletins by heart. But the old Jacobins of the last century, the Levellers of the beginning of this, are a race rapidly becoming extinct.

I shall give the history of one of them, who was called James Nicholson, and who resided in the village of T———. James was by trade a weaver—a walking history of the wars, and altogether one of the most remarkable men I ever met with. He had an impressive and ready utterance; few could stand before him in an argument, and of him it might have been truly said—

"In reasoning, too, the parson owned his skill,
And, though defeatell, he could argue still."

He possessed also a bold imagination, and a masculine understanding, and both had been improved by extensive reading. With such qualifications, it is not a matter of wonder that he was looked up to as the oracle, the head, or king, of the Levellers in T——— (if, indeed, they admitted the idea of a king.) For miles around, he was familiarly known by the designation of Jemmy the Leveller; for though there were others of the name of James who held the similar sentiments in the village and neighborhood, he was Jemmy par excellence. But in order that the reader may have a correct representation of James before him, I shall describe it as I saw him, about five and twenty years ago. He then appeared a man approaching to sixty years of age. His shoulders were rather bent, his height about five feet eleven, and he walked with his eyes fixed upon the ground. His arms were generally crossed upon his breast and he stalked, with a long and slow step, like a sheperd toiling up a hill. His forehead was one that Spurzheim would have travelled a hundred miles to finger—it was both broad and lofty; his eye brows were thick, of a deep brown colour, and met together; his eyes were large, and of a dark greyish hue, his nose appertained to the Roman; his mouth was rather large, and his hair was mixed with grey. His figure was spare and thin. He wore a very low crowned, and a very broad brimmed hat, a short brown coat, a dark striped waistcoat, with a double breast, corduroy breeches, which buckled at

the knees, coarse blue stockings, and strong shoes, or rather brogues, neither of which articles had been new for at least three years—and around his body he wore a coarse, half-bleached apron, which was stained with blue, and hung loose before him. Such was James Nicholson, as he first appeared to me. For more than forty years, he had remained in a state of single blessedness; but whether this arose from his heart having continued insensible to the influence of woman's charms—from his never having met with whom he thought he could safely take "for better, for worse"—or whether it arose from the maidens being afraid to risk their future happiness, by uniting themselves with such strange and dangerous character as Jemmy the Jacobin, I cannot tell. It is certain, however, that he became convinced, that a bachelor's life was at best a *dowie ome*; and there was another consideration that had considerable weight with him. He had nobody to "*fill his pirns,*" or "*give in his webbs,*" but he had to hire and pay people to do these things, and this made a great drawback on his earnings, particularly when the price of weaving became low. James, therefore, resolved to do as his father had done before him, and to take unto himself a wife. He cast his eyes abroad, and they rested on a decent spinter, who was beginning to be what is called a '*stayed lass*'—that is, very near approaching to the years, when the phrase, a "*stayed lass,*" is about to be exchanged for that of an old maid. In a word, the object of his choice was but a very younger than himself. Her name was Peggy Purves, and it is possible she was inclined to adopt the language of the song, and say—

"Oh mother, ony body!"

for when James made his proposal, she smirked, and blushed—said she "didna ken what to say till't"—took the corners of her apron in her fingers—hung her head—smiled well-pleased, and added, she "would see!" but within three months became the wife of Jemmy the Leveller.

James became the father of two children, a son and a daughter; and we may here notice a circumstance attending the baptism of the son. About three weeks after the birth of the child, his mother began to inquire—

"What shall we ca' him, James? do ye think we should ca' him Alexander, after your faither and mine?"

"Hand yer tongue, woman," replied James somewhat testily; "g'o'ness me! where's

the use in everlastingly yutter yattering about what I will ca' him? The bairn shall hae a name—a name that will be like a deed o' virtue and greatness engraven on his memory as often as he hears it."

"O James! James!" returned Peggy, "ye're the strangest and perversst man that ever I met wi' in my born days. I'm sure ye'll ne'er think o' gien ony o' yer heathenish Jacobin names to my bairn?"

"Just content yoursel', Peggy," replied he, "just rest contented, if ye please—I'll gie the bairn a name that neither you nor him will ever hae cause to be ashamed o'."

Now, James was a rigid Dissenter, and caused the child to be taken to the meeting-house; and he stood up with it in his arms, in the midst of the congregation, that his infant might publicly receive baptism.

The minister inquired, in a low voice—"What is the child's name?"

His neighbours were anxious to hear the answer; and, in his deep, sonorous tones, he replied aloud—"George Washington!"

There was a sort of buzz and a movement throughout the congregation, and the minister himself looked surprised.

When her daughter was born, the choice of the name was left to Peggy, and she called her Catharine, in remembrance of her mother.

Shortly after the birth of his children, the French revolution began to lower in the political horizon, and James Nicholson, the weaver, with a fevered anxiety, watched its progress.

"It is a bursting forth o' the first seed o' the tree o' liberty, which the American planted and George Washington reared, cried James with enthusiasm; "the seeds o' that tree will spread owre the earth, as scattered by the winds o' heaven—they will spring up in every land; beneath the burning sun o' the West Indies, on the frozen deserts o' Siberia, the slave and the exile will rejoice beneath the shadow o' its branches, an' their hearts be gladdened by its fruits."

"Ay, man, James, that's noble!" exclaimed some brother Leveller, who retailed the sayings of the weaver at second hand, "Losh! if ye haena a head piece that wad astonish the Privy Council!"

But, when the storm burst, and the sea's blood gushed forth like a deluge, when the innocent and the guilty were butchered together, James was staggered, his eyes became heavy, and his countenance fell. At length, he consoled his companions, saying—

"Weel, it's a pity—it's a great pity—it is bringing disgrace and guilt upon a glorious cause. But knives shouldna be put into the hands o' bairns till they ken how to use them. If the sun were to rise in a flash o' unclouded glory and dazzling brightness in a moment, succeeding the heavy darkness o' midnight, it wad be nae wonder if, for a time, we groped more blindly than we did in the dark. Or, if a blind man had his sight restored in a moment, and were set into the street, he would strike upon every object he met more readily, than he did when he was blind; for he had neither acquired the use o' his eyes, nor the idea o' distance. So is it wi' our neighbors in France: an instrument has been put into their hands before they ken how to use it—the sun o' liberty has burst upon them in an instant, without an intermediate dawn. They groaned under the tyranny o' blindness; but they hae acquired the power o' sight without being instructed in its use. But hae patience a little—the storm will gie place to sunshine, the troubled waters will subdue into a calm, and liberty will fling her garment o' knowledge and mercy owre her now un-instructed worshippers."

"Weel! that's grand, James!—that's really famous!" said one of the coterie of Levellers to whom it was delivered; "odd! ye eat a' thing—ye're a match for *Wheatbread* itself!"

"James," said another, "without meaning to flatter ye, if Billy Pitt had ye to gie him a blessing, I believe he wad offer ye a place the very next day, just to keep yer tongue quiet."

James was one of those who denounced, with all the vehemence and indignation of which he was capable, Britain's engaging in a war with France. He raised up his voice against it. He pronounced it to be an impious attempt to support oppression, and to stifle freedom in its cradle.

"But in that freedom they will find a Hercules," cried he, "which in its very cradle, will grip tyranny by the throat, an' a' the kings in Europe winna be able to slacken its rasp."

When the star of Napoleon began to rise, and broke forth with a lustre which dazzled the eyes of a wandering world, the Levellers of Britain, like the Republicans of France, lost sight of their love of liberty, in their admiration of the military glories and rapid triumphs of the hero. James Nicholson was one of those who became blinded with the name, the splendid success, and the daring genius of the young Corsican. Napoleon

became his idol. His deeds, his capacity, his fame, were his daily theme. They became the favourite subject of every Leveller. They neither saw in him one who laughed at liberty, and who made it his plaything, who regarded life as stubble, whose ambition circled the globe, and was the enemy of Britain—they saw in him only a hero, who had burst from obscurity as a meteor from the darkness of night—whose glory had obscured the pomp of princes, and his word consumed their power.

The threatened invasion, and the false alarm put the Leveller's admiration of Napoleon, and his love of his native land, to a severe trial; but we rejoice to say, for the sake of James Nicholson, that the latter triumphed, and he accompanied a party of volunteers ten miles along the coast, and remained an entire night, and the greater part of a day, under arms, and even he was then ready to say—

"Let foo come on foo, like wave upon wave,
We'll gie them a welcome, we'll gie them a grave."

But, as the apprehension of the invasion passed away, his admiration of Napoleon's triumphs, and his reverence for what he termed his stupendous genius, burned with redoubled force.

"Princes are as grasshoppers before him," said James; "nations are as spiders webs. The Alps became as a highway before his spirit—he looked upon Italy, and the land was conquered."

I might describe to you the exultation and the rejoicings of James and his brethren, when they heard of the victories of Marengo, Ulm, and Austerlitz; and how, in their little parties of two and three, they walked a mile farther together in the fields, or by the sides of the Tweed, or peradventure indulged in an extra pint with one another, though most of them were temperate men; or, I might describe to you, how, upon such occasions, they would ask eagerly—"But what is *James* saying to it?" I, however, shall dwell only upon his conduct when he heard of the battle of Jena. He was standing with a brother Leveller at a corner of the village, when the mail arrived, which conveyed the important tidings. I think I see him now, as he appeared at that moment. Both were in expectation of momentous information—they ran to the side of the coach together. "What news?" they inquired of the guard at once. He stooped down, as they ran by the side of the coach, and informed them. The eyes of James glowed with delight—his nostrils were dilated.

"Oh! the great, the glorious man!" he exclaimed, rubbing his hands in ecstacy, and turning away from the coach, "the matchless!—the wonderful!—the great Napoleon!—there is none like him—there never was—he is a sun among the stars—they cannot twinkle in his presence."

He and his friends received a weekly paper amongst them—it was the day on which it arrived; they followed the coach to the post office to receive it—and I need not tell you with what eagerness the contents of that paper were read. James was the reader; and after he had read an account of the battle, he gave his hearers a dissertation upon it.

He laid his head upon his pillow, with his thoughts filled with Napoleon and the battle of Jena; and when, on the following morning, he met two or three of his companions at the corner of the village, where they were wont to assemble for ten minutes after breakfast, to discuss the affairs of Europe, James, with a look of even more than his usual importance and sagacity, thus began:—

"I hae dreamed a marvellous dream. I saw the battle o' Jena—I beheld the Prussians fly with dismay before the voice o' the conqueror. Then did I see the great man, arrayed in his robes of victory, hearing the sword of power in his hand, ascend a throne of gold and of ivory. Over the throne was gorgeous canopy of purple, and diamonds bespangled the tapèstry as a firmament. The crowns of Europe lay before him, and kings, and princes, and nobles, kneeled at his feet. At his nod, he made kings and exalted nations. Armies fled and advanced at the moving of his finger—they were machines in his hand. The spirits of Alexander and of Cæsar—all the heroes of antiquity—gazed in wonder upon his throne; each was surrounded by the halo of his victories and the frame of ages; but their haloes became dim before the flash o' his sword of power, and the embodiment of their spirits became as a pale mist before the majesty of his eyes, and the magnificence of his triumphs. The nations of the earth were also gathered around the throne, and as with one voice, in the same language, and at the same moment, they waved their hands, and cried, as peals of thunder mingle with each other—'Long live the great Emperor!' But, while my soul started within me at the mighty shout, and my eyes gazed with wonder and astonishment on the glory and the power of the great man, darkness fell upon the throne, troubled waters dashed around it, and vision

of night and vastness—the Emperor, the kneeling kings, the armies, and the people, were encompassed in the dark waves—swallowed as though they had not been; and, with the cold perspiration standing on my forehead, I awoke, and found that I had dreamed."*

"It is a singular dream," said one.

"Sleeping or waking, James is the same man," said another, "aye out o' the common run. You and me wad hae slept a twelvemonth before we had dreamed the like o' that."

But one circumstance arose which troubled James much, and which all his admiration yea, all his worship of Napoleon could not wholly overcome. James, as we have hinted, was a rigid Presbyterian, and the idea of a man putting away his wife, he could not forgive. When, therefore, Napoleon divorced the gentle Josephine, and took the daughter of Austria to his bed—

"He hath done wrong," said James; "he has erred grievously. He has been an instrument in humbling the Pope, the instrument foretold in the Revelation; and he has been the glorious means o' levelling and destroying the inquisition—but this sin o' putting away his wife, and pretending to marry another, casts a blot upon a' his glories, and I fear that humiliation, as a punishment, will follow the foul sin. Yet, after a', as a man, he was subject to temptation; and, as being no common man, we maunna judge his conduct by common rules."

"Really, James," said the individual he addressed, "wi' a' my admiration o' the great man † and my respect for you, I'm no just clear upon your last remark—when the Scriptures forbade a man to put away his wife, there was nae exception made for kings or emperors."

"True," said James—"but"——

James never finished his "but." His conscience told him that his idol had sinned when the disastrous campaign to Russia shortly after followed, he imagined that he beheld in its terrible calamities the punish-

* Many in this neighbourhood, who read the Loveller's dream, will remember the original. Twenty years ago, I heard it related by the dreamer, with all the enthusiasm of a staunch admirer of Napoleon, and I have preserved his words and imagery as closely as I could recollect them.

† I have often remarked, that the admirers of Napoleon were wont to speak of him as the great man.

ment he had predicted. The sun of Napoleon had reached its meridian, the fires of Moscow raised a cloud before it, behind which it hastened to its setting. In the events of that memorable invasion and retreat, James Nicholson took an eager and mournful interest. Thoughts of it haunted him in his sleep; and he would dream of Russian deserts, which presented to the eye an unbounded waste of snow; or start, exclaiming, "The Cossacks! the Cossacks!" His temper, too, became irritable, and his family found it hard to bear with it.

This, however, was not the only cause which increased the irritability, and provoked the indignation of James the Leveller; for as the glory of Napoleon began to wane, and the arms of the British achieved new victories in the Peninsula, he, and his brethren in principle, became the objects of almost nightly persecution. Never did the mail arrive, bearing tidings of the success of the British or their allies, but as surely was a figure, intended to represent one or other of the Levellers, paraded through the village, and turned before the door of the offender, amidst his shouts, the groans, and laughter, of some two or three hundred boys and young men. The reader may be surprised to hear, that one of the principal leaders of these young and mischief loving loyalists, was no other than *George Washington*, the only son of an old friend, James Nicholson. To turn him on conduct, and the manifestation of a principle so unworthy of his name, James would receive neither admonition, reproof, nor the aid of correction. But George was now too good for his father to apply the latter, and his silence and reproof in this matter was like pouring water in the sea. The namesake of the great President never took a part in such exhibitions of his father, and in holding his principles up to execration and contempt; on the contrary, he did all in his power to prevent them, and repeatedly endeavored to prevent them—but he entered, with his whole heart, into every proposal to make a mock spectacle of others. The young tormentors knew little or nothing of the principles of the men they delighted to persecute—it was enough for them to know that they were *Levellers*, that they wished the *French to win*; and although James Nicholson was known to be, as I have already said, the very king and oracle of the levelling party in the neighborhood, yet, for his son's sake, he frequently escaped the persecution intended for him, and it was visited upon the heads of more insignificant characters.

One evening, James beheld his son heading the noisy band, in a crusade against the peace of a particular friend; moreover, George bore a long pole over his shoulder, to the top of which an intended resemblance of his father's friend was attached. James further saw his hopeful son and the crowd reach his friend's house, he beheld him scale the walls, (which were but a single story in height,) he saw him stand upon the roof—the pole, with the effigy attached to it, was again handed to him, and, amidst the shouts of his companions, he put the pole down the chimney, leaving the figure as a smoke doctor on its top.

James could endure no more. "Oh, the villain! the scoundrel!" he cried—"the—the"—but he could add no more, from excess of indignation. He rushed along the street—he dashed through the crowd—he grasped his son by the throat, at the moment of his springing from the roof. He shook with rage. He struck him violently. He raised his feet and kicked him.

"What is a' this for?" said George, sullenly, while he suffered even more from shame than his father's violence.

"What is it for!" cried James, half choked with passion; "ye rascal! ye disgrace! ye profligate! how can ye ask what is it for?" and he struck him again.

"Faither," said George, more sullenly than before, "I wad advise ye to keep yer hands to yersel—at least on the street and before folk."

"Awa wi' ye! ye reprobate! exclaimed the old man. "and never enter my door again—never while ye breathe—ye thankless!"

"Be it sae," said George.

James returned to his house, in sorrow and in anger. He was out of humour with everything. He found fault with his daughter—he spoke angrily to his wife. Chairs, stools, tables, and crockery, he kicked to the right and left. He flung his supper behind the fire when it was set before him. He was grieved at his conduct; but he was also angry with himself for his violence towards him.

A sergeant of a Highland regiment had been for some time in the village, on the recruiting service. He was to leave with his recruits, and proceed to Leith, where they were immediately to embark on the following morning. Amongst the recruits, were many of the acquaintances of George and his companions. After the affair of the effigy, they went to have a parting glass with them.

George was then about nineteen. He had not yet forgiven his father for the indignity he had openly offered to him—he remembered he had forbidden him his house. One of his companions jestingly alluded to the indignation of the old man—he “wondered how George stood it.” The remark made his feelings more bitter. He felt shame upon his face. Another of his companions enlisted; in the excitement of the moment, George followed his example, and, before sunrise on the following morning, was on his road to Leith with the other recruits.

Old James arose and went to his loom, unhappy and troubled in his spirit. He longed for a reconciliation with his son—to tell him he was sorry for the length to which his temper had led him, and also calmly to reason with him on the folly, the unreasonableness, and the wickedness, of his own conduct, in running with a crowd at his heels about the street, persecuting honest men, and endangering both the peace of the town and the safety of property. But he had been an hour at the loom, and George took not his place at his (for he had brought him up to his own trade); another hour passed and breakfast time arrived but the shuttle which had been driven by the hand of his son, sent forth no sound.

“Where is George?” inquired he, as he entered the house; wherefore has he not been at his work?”

“Ye ken best,” returned Peggy, who thought it her time to be out of humour, “for it lies between ye; but ye’ll carry on yer rampaging fits o’ passion till ye drive baith the bairns an’ me frae ’bout the house. Ye may seek for George whar ye saw him last; but there is his bed, untouched, as I made it yesterday morning, and ye see what ye’ve made o’ yer handywark.”

“Oh, haud yer tongue, ye wicked woman, ye,” said James, “for it wad clip clouts. Had Job been afflicted wi yer tongue, he wad needed nae other trial!”

“My tongue!” retorted she: “ay gude truly! but if ony woman but mysel’ had to put up wi’ yer temper, they wad ken what it is to be tried.”

“Puir woman! ye dinna ken yer born!” replied James, and, turning to his daughter, added “rin awa out, Katie, an’ see if yer brother is wi’ ony o’ his acquaintances—he’ll hae been sleeping wi’ some o’ them. Tell him to come hame to his breakfast.”

She left the house, and returned in about ten minutes, weeping, sobbing, wringing her hands, and exclaiming—

“George is listed and awa!—he’s listed and awa!—O my poor George!”

“Listed! exclaimed James; and he fell back against the wall, as though a bullet had entered his bosom.

“Listed! my bairn—my darling bairn listed!” cried Peggy: “O James, James!—ye cruel man! see what ye’ve done!—ye hae driven my bairn to destruction!”

“Woman! woman!” added he, “dinna torment me beyond what i am able to endure; do ye no think I am suffering enough and mair than enough, without you aggravating my misery? Oh! the rash, the thoughtless callant! Could he no forgie his faither for ae fault?—a faither that could lay down his life for him. Haste ye, Katie, get me my stick and my Sunday coat, and I’ll follow him—he canna be far yet—I’ll bring him back. Wheesht now, Peggy, he added, “let us hae nae mair reflections—just compose yersel’—George shall be hame the night, and we’ll let bygones be bygones.”

“Oh, then, James, rin every foot,” said Peggy, whose ill-humour had yielded to her maternal anxiety; “bring him back whether he will or no; tell him how ill Katie is, and that if he persists in being a sodger, he will be the death o’ his mother.”

With a heavy and an anxious heart, James set out in pursuit of his son; but the sergeant and his recruits had taken the road six hours before him. On arriving at Dunbar, where he expected they would halt for the night, he was informed, that the sergeant, being ordered to push forward to Leith with all possible expedition, as the vessel in which they were to embark was to sail with the morning tide, had, with his recruits, taken one of the coaches, and would then be within a few miles of Edinburgh. This was another blow to James. But after resting for a space, not exceeding five minutes, he hastened forward to Leith.

It was midnight when he arrived, and he could learn nothing of his son, or the vessel in which he was to embark; but weary as he was, he wandered along the shore and the pier till morning. Day began to break—the shores of the Firth became dimly visible; the Bass, like a fixed cloud, appeared on the distant horizon; it was more than half-tide, and, as he stood upon the pier, he heard the *yo-ho-ee-ho!* of seamen, proceeding from

smack which lay on the south side of the harbour, by the lowest bridge. He hastened towards the vessel—but, before he approached it, and while the cry of the seamen yet continued, a party of soldiers and recruits issued from a tavern on the shore. They tossed their caps in the air, they huzzaed, and proceeded towards the smack. With a throbbing heart, James hurried forward, and in the midst of them, through the grey light, he beheld his son.

"O George!" cried the anxious parent, what a journey ye hae gien yer faither!"

George started at his father's voice, and for a moment he was silent and sullen, as though he had not yet forgiven him.

"Come, George," said the old man affectionately, "let us forget and forgie—come awa hame again, my man, an' I'll pay the smart money. Dinna persist in bringing yer mother to her grave—in breaking yer sister's heart, puir thing, and in making me miserable."

"O faither! faither!" groaned George, grasping his father's hand, "its owre late—its owre late now! What's done canna be undone!"

"Why for no, bairn?" cried James; "an' how is it owre late? The ship's no sailed, and I've the smart-money in my pocket."

"But I've ta'en the bounty, faither—I'm sworn in!" replied the son.

"Sworn in!" exclaimed the unhappy father, "Oh mercy me! what's this o't! My happiness is destroyed for ever. O George George, man! what is this that ye've done? How shall I meet yer poor wretched mother without ye?"

George laid his head upon his father's shoulder and wrung his hand. He was beginning to experience what hours, what years of misery may proceed from the want of a minute's calm reflection. The thought of buying him off could not be entertained. The vessel was to sail within an hour—men were needed; but even had no other obstacles attended the taking of such a step, there was one that was insurmountable—James Nicholson had never in his life been possessed of half the sum necessary to accomplish it, nor could he have raised it by the sale of his entire goods and chattels; and his nature orbade him to solicit a loan from others, even to redeem a son.

They were beginning to haul off the vessel; and poor George, who now felt all the

bitterness of remorse, added to the anguish of parting from a parent, thrust his hand into his pocket, and, as he bade him farewell, attempted to put his bounty-money in his father's hand. The old man sprung back, as if a poisonous snake had touched him. The principles of the Leveller rose superior to the feelings of the father.

"George!" he cried, "George! can my ain son insult me, an' in a moment like this? Me tak yere blood-money!—me!—me!—Ye dinna ken yer faither! Before I wad touch money gotten in such a cause, I wad starve by a dyke-side. Fling it into the sea, George!—fling it into the sea!—that's the only favour ye can confer upon yer faither." But, again, the parent gained the ascendancy in his heart, and he added—"But, poor chield, ye meant it kindly. Fareweel, then, my man!—Oh, fareweel, George! Heaven be wi' my misguided bairn! Oh! what shall I say to yer poor mother? Fareweel, lad!—fareweel!"

The vessel was pulled off—and thus parted the father and his son. I shall not describe the feelings of James on his solitary journey homewards, nor dwell upon the grief of his wife and daughter, when they beheld that he returned alone, and that George "was not."

It was about two years after his son had enlisted, that the news of the peace and the abdication of Napoleon arrived. James was not one of those who partook of the general joy; but while he mourned over the fall of the man whom he had all but worshipped, he denounced the conduct of the allied sovereigns in strong and bitter terms of indignation. The bellman went round the village, calling upon the inhabitants to demonstrate their rejoicing by an illumination. The Levellers consulted James upon the subject, and his advice was, that they ought not. Let the consequences be what they would, comply with the request or command of the authorities, and which had been proclaimed by the town-crier; on the contrary, he recommended, that at the hour when the illumination was to commence, every man of them should extinguish the fires in his house, and leave not a lamp or a rushlight burning. His advice was always akin to a command, and it was implicitly followed. The houses were lighted up—the illumination was general, save only the windows of the Levellers, which appeared as in mourning; and soon attracted the attention of the crowd, the most

anruly amongst whom raised the cry of "Smash them!—send them in!" and the cry was no sooner made than it was obeyed; stones flew thick as hail, panes were shattered, sashes broken, and they ran from one house to another carrying on their work of destruction. In its turn, they came to the dwelling of James—they raised a yell before it—a stone was thrown, and the crash of broken glass was heard. James opened the door, and stood before them. They yelled louder.

"Break away!" said he, contemptuously; "ye pair infatuated sauls that ye are—break away, an' dinna leave a hale pane, if it's yer sovereign will an' pleasure! Ye silly, thoughtless, senseless idiots, how many hunder millions has it cost this country to cram the precious Bourbons on the people o' France again?—an' wha's to pay it, think ye?"

"No you, Jemmy," cried a voice from the crowd.

"But I maun toil frae mornin' til night to help to do it, ye blockhead ye," answered James; "an' ye hae to do the same, an' yer back has to gang bare, an' yer bairns to be hungered for it! Cetes, friends, ye hae great cause for an illumination! But, as if the hunders o' millions which yer assistance o' the Bourbons has added to the national debt were but a trifle, ye, forsooth, must increase yer county burdens by breaking decent people's windows, for their sake, out o' pure mischief. Break awa, friends, if it's yer pleasure, the damage wi'na come out o' my pocket; and if yer siller is sae plentiful that ye can afford to throw it awa in chucky-stanes!—fling! fling!" and, withdrawing into the house, he shut the door.

"Odd! I dinna ken," said one of the crowd, "but there's a deal o' truth in what he says."

"It was too bad to touch his windows," said another; "his son, George, has been in the wars, an' the life o' a son is o' mair value than a pound o' candles."

"Ye're richt," cried a third.

"Hurra for Jemmy the Leveller!" cried another. The crowd gave a loud cheer, and left the house in good humour; nor was there another window in the village broken throughout the night.

Next day, James received the following letter from his son. It was dated

Toulouse, April 14th, 1814.

"Honoured Father and Mother—I hope this will find you and my dear sister well, as it leaves me, thank Providence for it. I

think this war will soon be over now; for, whatever you may think of the French and their fighting, father, we have driven them from pillar to post, and from post to pillar, as the saying is. Not but that they are brave fellows, and clever fellows too; but we can beat them, and that is everything. Soult is one of their best generals, if not their very best; and though he was in his own country, and had his positions all of his own choosing, I assure you, upon the word of a soldier, that we have beaten him out and out, twice within this fortnight; but, if you still get the newspaper, you will have seen something about it. You must not expect me to give you any very particular accounts about what has taken place; for a single soldier just sees and knows as much about a battle as the spoke of a mill-wheel knows about the corn which it causes to be ground. I may here, also, while I remember, tell you what my notions of bravery are. Some people talk about courageous men, and braving death, and this and that, but, so far as I have seen and felt, it is all talk—nothing but talk. There are very few such cowards as to run away, or not to do their duty, (indeed to run away from the ranks during an action would be no easy matter) but I believe I am no coward—I daresay you think the same thing; and the best man in all T—durst not call me one, but I will tell you how I felt when I first entered a battle. We were under arms—I saw a part of the enemy's lines before us—we were ordered to advance—I knew that in ten minutes the work of death would begin, and I felt—not faintish, but some way confoundedly like it. The first firing commenced by the advanced wing; at the report, my knees shook, (not visibly,) and my heart leaped within me. A cold sweat (a slight one) broke over me. I remember the sensation. A second discharge took place—the work was at hand—something seemed to crack within my ears. I felt I don't know how; but it was not courageous, though, as to running away or being beaten, the thought never entered my head. Only I did not feel like what you read about heroes. Well, the word 'fire' was given to our own regiment. The drum of my ear actually felt as if it were split. My heart gave one terrible bound, and I felt it no more. For a few moments all was ringing of the ears, smoke and confusion. I forgot everything about death. The roar of the action had become general—through its din I at intervals heard

the sounds of the drum and the fife. But my ears instantly became, as it were, 'cased.' I could hear nothing but the word of command, save a hum, hum, something like a swarm of bees about to settle round my head. I saw nothing, and I just loaded as I was ordered, and fired—fired—fired!—as insensible, for all the world, as if I had been on a parade. Two or three of my neighbours were shot to the right and left; but the ranks were filled up in a twinkling, and it was not every time that I observed whether they were killed or wounded. But, as I say, after the third firing or so, I hardly knew whether I was dead or living; I acted in a kind of way mechanically, as it were, through a sort of dumfounded desperation, or any thing else ye like to call it; and if this be courage, it's not the sort of courage that I've heard and read about—but it's the only kind of courage I felt on entering on my first engagement, and as I have said, there are none that would dare to call me coward! But, as I was telling ye, we have twice completely beaten Soult within these fourteen days. We have driven them out of Spain; and but for the bad winter weather, we would have driven them through France before now. But we have driven them into France; and as I said, even in their own country, we have beaten them twice. Soult had his army all drawn up and ready, upon rising ground, before a town they call Ordhies. I have no doubt but ye have some idea of what sort of winter it has been, and that may lead ye to judge of what sort of roads we have had to wade through in a country like this; and that we've come from where nobody ever had to complain of being imprisoned for the destroying of toll-bars! I think that was the most foolish and diabolical action ever any person in our country was guilty of. But, besides the state of the roads, we had three rivers to cross before we could reach the French. However, we did cross them. General Picton, with the third division of the army, crossed or forded what they call the Gave de Pau on the 26th of last month, and we got over the river on the following day. Our army completed their positions early in the afternoon, and Lord Wellington (for he is a prompt man) immediately began to give Soult notice that he must seek different quarters for the night. Well, the action began, and a dreadful and sanguinary battle it was. Our third division suffered terribly. But we drove the French from their heights—we routed them.

We thus obtained possession of the navigation of the Adour, one of the principal commercial passages in France; and Soult found there was nothing left but to retreat, as he best might, to Toulouse, (from whence I write this letter,) and there we followed him and from here, too, though after hard fighting, we forced him to run for it. You may say what you like, father, but Lord Wellington is a first rate general—though none of us over and above like him, for he is terribly severe; he is a disciplinarian, soul and body of him, and a rigid one. We have beaten all Buonaparte's general's; and I should like to meet with him, just to see if we can beat him too. You used to talk so much about him; that, if I live to get to Paris, I shall see him, though I give a shilling for it. I mean, that I think the game is up with him; and four or five Irish soldiers, of my acquaintance, have thought it an excellent speculation to club together, and to offer the Emperor Alexander, and the rest of them, (who I dare say, will be very glad to get rid of him on cheap terms) a price for him, and to bring him over to Britain, and exhibit him round the country, at so much a head."—

"O depravity!—depravity!" cried James' rising in a fury, and flinging the letter from him—"Oh, that a bairn o' mine should be capable o' pennin' sic disgracefu' language!"

He would allow no more of the letter to be read—he said his son had turned a mere reprobate; he would never own him more.

A few weeks after this, Catherine, the daughter of our old Leveller, was married to a young weaver, named William Crawford, who then wrought in the neighbourhood of Sterling. He was a man according to James' own heart; for he had wrought in the same shop with him, and, when a boy, received his principles from him. James, therefore, rejoiced in his daughter's marriage; and he said, "there was ane o' his family—which wasna large—that hadna disgraced him."—Yet he took the abdication and the exile of Napoleon to heart grievously. Many said, that, if he could have raised the money, he would have gone to Elba to condole with the exiled Emperor, though he should have begged for the remainder of his days. He went about mourning for his fate; but, as the proverb says, they who mourn for trifles or strangers, may soon have more to mourn for—and so it was with James Nicholson. His son was abroad—his daughter had left the house, and removed to another part of the country—and his wife fell sick and

died—he became fretful and unhappy. He said, that now he “hadna aue to do any thing for him.” His health also began to fail, and to him peace brought neither plenty nor prosperity. The weaving trade grew worse and worse every day. James said he believed that prices would come to nothing. He gradually became less able to work, and his earnings were less and less. He was evidently drooping fast. But the news arrived that Napoleon had left Elba—that he had landed in France—that he was on his way to Paris—that he had entered it—that the Bourbons had fled; and the eyes of James again sparkled with joy, and he went about rubbing his hands, and again exclaiming—“Oh, the great, the godlike man! the beloved of the people!—the conqueror of hearts as well as countries!—He is returned!—he is returned!—Every thing will go well again!”

During ‘the hundred days’ James forgot all his sorrow, and all his solitariness; like the eagle—he seemed to have renewed his youth. But the tidings of Waterloo arrived.

“Treachery! foul treachery!” cried the old man; and he smote his hand upon his breast. But he remembered that his son was in that battle. He had not heard from him—he knew not but that he was numbered with the slain—he feared it, and he became tenfold more unhappy and miserable than before.

A few months after the battle, a wounded soldier arrived at T—, to recruit his health among his friends. He had enlisted with George. He had served in the same Regiment, and had seen him fall at the moment, the cry of “The Prussians!” was raised.

“My son!—my poor son!”—cried the miserable father, “and it is my doing—it is a’ mine—I drove him to list; and how can I live wi’ the murder o’ my poor George upon my head?” His distress became deep and more deep; his health and strength more rapidly declined; he was unable to work and he began to be in want. About this period, also, he was attacked with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of his right arm; and was reluctantly compelled to remove to Stirlingshire, and become an inmate in the house of his daughter.

It was a sad grief to his proud spirit to feel himself a burden upon his child; but she and her husband strove anxiously to sooth him, and to render him happy. He was still residing with them when the Radical meetings took place in various parts of the country, and especially in the west of Scotland, in

1819. James contemplated them with delight. He said the spirit of liberty was casting its face upon his countrymen—they were beginning to think like men, and to understand the principles he had gloried in, through good report and through bad report—yea, and through persecution, for more than half a century.

A meeting was to take place near Stirling and James was sorrowful that he was unable to attend; but his son in law was to be present, and James charged him, that he would bring him a faithful account of all the proceedings. Catherine knew little about the principles of her father, or her husband, or the object of their meeting. She asked if it would make wages any higher; but she had heard that the military would be called out to disperse it—that government would punish those who attended it, and her fears were excited.

“Tak my advice, Willie,” said she to her husband, as he went towards the door, “tak a wife’s advice for ance, and dinna gang near it. There will nae gude come out o’ it. Ye can mak naething by it: but will lose baith time and money, and I understand that it is likely great danger will attend it, and ye may be brought into trouble. Sae, dinna gang, Willie, like a guid lad—if ye hae ony regard for me, dinna gang.”

“Really, Katie,” said Willie, who was a good natured man, “ye talk very silly: but ye’re just like a’ the women, hinny—their outcry is aye about expense and danger. But dinna ye trouble yoursel’, it’s o’ nae use to be put about for the death ye’ll ne’er die. I’ll be hame to my four hours.”

“The lassie’s silly,” said her father, “wherefore should he no gang? It is the duty o’ every man to gang that is able; and sorry am I that I am not, or I wad hae rejoiced to hae stood forth this day, as a champion, in the great cause o’ liberty.”

So, William Crawford disregarding the remonstrances of his wife, went to the meeting. But while the people were yet assembling, the military were called out; the riot act was read; and the soldiers fired at or over the multitude. Instant confusion took place, there was a running to and fro, and the soldiers pursued. Several were wounded, and some seriously.

The news that the meeting had been dispersed, and that several were wounded, were brought to James Nicholson and his daughter as they sat waiting the return of her husband.

"Oh! I trust in goodness, that naething has happened to William!" she exclaimed. "But what can be stopping him? Oh! had he but ta'en my advice—had ye no persuaded him, faither; but ye was waur than him."

James made no reply. A gloomy apprehension, that "something had happened," was stealing over his mind. He took his staff, and walked forward, as far as he was able, upon the road; but, after waiting for two hours, and after fruitless inquiries at every one he met, he returned, having heard nothing of his son-in-law. His daughter, with three children around her, sat weeping before the fire. He endeavoured to comfort her, and to inspire her with hopes which he did not himself feel, and to banish fears from her breast which he himself entertained. Night set in, and, with its darkness, their fears and their anxiety increased. The children wept more bitterly as the distress of their mother became stronger—they raised their little hands, they pulled her gown, and they called for their father. A cart stopped at the door, and William Crawford, with his arm round up, was carried into his house by strangers. Catherine screamed when she beheld him, and the children cried wildly. Old James met them at the door, and said, "O William!"

He had been found by the side of a hedge, fainting from loss of blood. A bullet had entered his arm below the shoulder—the bone was splintered—and, on a surgeon's being sent for, he declared that immediate amputation was necessary. Poor Catherine and her little ones were taken into the house of a neighbour while the operation was to be performed, and even her father had not nerve to look on it. William sat calmly, and beheld the surgeon and his assistant make their preparations, and when the former took the knife in his hand, the wounded man thought not of bodily pain, but the feelings of the father and the husband gushed forth.

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "had it been my leg, it wad hae been naething; but my arm—I will be helpless for life. What am I to do now for my poor Katie and my bits o' bairns? Said gracious! I canna beg! and auld aames, poor body, what will come owre him? O, Sir!" added he, addressing the surgeon, "I could bear to hae my arm cut through in twenty different places, were it not that it deprives me o' the power o' working for bread for my family."

"Keep a stout heart, my good fellow,"

said the surgeon, as he began his task: "they will be provided for in some way."

"Grant it may be sae!" answered William; "but I see naething for us but to beg."

I must here, however take back my reader to 1815, and, from the neighbourhood of Stirling direct their attention to Brussels and Waterloo. George Washington Nicholson, after the battle of Toulouse, had been appointed to the rank of Sergeant. For several months he was an inmate in the house, of a thriving merchant in Brussels; he had assisted him in his business; he, in fact, acted as his chief clerk and his confidant; he became as one of the family, and nothing was done by the Belgian trader without consulting Sergeant Nicholson.

But the fearful night of the 15th of June arrived, when the sounds of the pibroch rang through the streets of Brussels, startling soldier and citizen, and the raven and the owl were invited to a feast. The name of Napoleon was pronounced by tongues of every nation. "Ho comes!—he comes!" was the cry. George Nicholson was one of the first to array himself for battle, and rush forth to join his regiment. He bade a hurried farewell to his host; but there was one in the house whose hand trembled when he touched it, and on whose lips he passionately breathed his abrupt adieu. It was the gentle Louise, the sole daughter of his host.

The three following days were dreadful days in Brussels: confusion, anxiety, dismay, prevailed in every street; they were pictured in every countenance. On one hand were crowded the wounded from the battle, on the other were citizens flying from the town to save their goods and themselves, and, in their general eagerness to escape, blocking up their flight. Shops were shut, houses deserted, and churches turned into hospitals. But, in the midst of all—every hour, and more frequently—there went a messenger from the house of the merchant with whom Sergeant Nicholson had lodged, to the Porte de Namur, to inquire how it fared with the Highlanders, to examine the caravans with the wounded as they arrived, and to inquire at the hospitals, if one whom Louise named had been brought there.

Never was a Sabbath spent in a more unchristian manner than that of the 18th June 1815, on the plains of Waterloo. At night the news of the success of the British arrived in Brussels, and before sunrise on the following morning the merchant in whose house

George Nicholson had been lodged, drove through the *forêt de Namur*, with his daughter Louise by his side. At every step of their journey appalling spectacles presented themselves before them; and as they proceeded, they became more and more horrible. They were compelled to quit their vehicle, for the roads were blocked up, and proceeded through the forest de Soignes, into which many of the wounded had crawled to die, or to escape being trampled on by the pain-maddened horses. On emerging from the forest, the disgusting shambles of war, with its human carcasses, its blood, its wounded, and its dying, spread all its horrors before them. From the late rains, the field was as a morass. Conquerors, and the conquered, were covered with mud. Here lay heaps of dead—there, soldier and citizen dug pits to bury them in crowds, and they were hurled into a common grave.

“Unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.”

Let the eyes turn where they would, there the ghastly sight of the wounded met them; nor could the ear be rendered deaf to the groans of the dying, and the cry from every quarter, and in every tongue, of—“Water! water!”—for the wounded were perishing from thirst, and their throats were parched, and their tongues dry. There, too, prowled the plunderer, robbing the dead—the new-made widow sought her husband, and the mother her son. To and fro rushed hundreds of war-horses, in a foam, and in agony, without curb or rider—others lay kicking and snorting on the ground, their broad chests heaving with the throes of departing life, and struggling as though they thought themselves stronger than death.

Louise and her father were shewn to the positions that had been occupied by the Highland regiments. They inquired of every one whom they met, and who wore the garb of old Scotland, if they could tell them aught of the fate of Serjeant Nicholson; but they shook their heads, and answered, “No.”

Louise was a beautiful and interesting girl, and the bloom of nineteen summers blushed on her cheeks; but they were now pale, and her dark eyes were bedimmed with tears. She leaned upon her father's arm, and they were passing near a field of rye, which was trodden down as though a scythe had been passed over it. Many dead and dying Highlanders lay near it. Before them lay a wounded man, whose face was covered, and dis-

figured with blood—he was gasping for water, and his glazed eyes were unconscious of the eagerness and affection with which they gazed on him.

It is he!—it is he!” cried Louise.

It was indeed George Nicholson.

“He lives!—he breathes!” she continued. She bent over him—she raised his head—she applied a cordial to his lips. He swallowed it eagerly. His eyes began to move—a glow of consciousness kindled in them. With the assistance of her father, she washed and bound up his wounds, and the latter having procured a litter, he had him conveyed to his house at Brussels, and they accompanied him by the way. Louise watched over him; and, in a few days, his wounds were pronounced to be no longer dangerous, though he recovered slowly, and he acknowledged the affection of his gentle deliverer with the tears of gratitude, and the glance of love.

As soon as he had acquired strength to use a pen, he wrote a letter to his father, but he received no answer—a second time he wrote, and the result was the same. He now believed, that, because he had been an humble instrument in contributing to the fall of a man, in whose greatness his father's soul was wrapped up, he had cast him off, and disowned him.

The father of Louise obtained his discharge, and entrusted him with the management of his business. He knew that his daughter's heart was attached, with all a woman's devotedness, to the young Scotchman, and he knew that his affection for her was not less ardent. He knew also his worth; he had profited by his integrity and activity in business; and when the next anniversary of Waterloo came, he bade them be happy, and their hands were united.

There was but one cloud which threw a shade over the felicity of George Nicholson, and that was, that he had never heard from his parents, and that his father would not acknowledge his letters; yet he suspected not the cause. Almost six years had passed since he became the husband of Louise, yet his heart yearned after the place of his birth, and in the dreams of the night his spirit revisited it. He longed once more to hear his mother's voice, to grasp his father's hand, to receive a sister's welcome. But, more than these, he was now rich, and he wished to remove them from penury, to crown their declining years with ease and with plenty.