

1. New Ground.  
 2. Scotch Kirk.  
 3. St. Dick.  
 4. Mr. Gavin.  
 5. Colin Dunlop  
 in Major Monteth.  
 6. Facade.  
 7. Pillar of Sigs.  
 8. Egyptian Vault. **N. J. & R. D. P. C. L. I. & C.** to Colonel Paterson  
 Glasgow, James Mitchell & Co. 45 Argyll Arcade

# DOMESTIC SCENES;

OR,

SKETCHES OF NOTED CHARACTERS,

AND OF

FORTUNATE AND UNFORTUNATE FAMILIES,

IN

DIFFERENT SHIRES OF SCOTLAND.

EDITED BY

J. SMITH, M.A.



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## PREFATORY NOTE.

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INCIDENTS of Scottish life have, during many generations, enriched the pages of philosophers, poets, historians, and moralists, yet no attempt has been made till now to embody these in a national work. A number of literary men have, for a considerable time, been collecting materials from all parts of Scotland, and they now offer the first fruits of their labour to the public, as the first volume of "Domestic Scenes."

The "DOMESTIC SCENES" comprises Sketches of "Noted Characters"—of persons who have risen in the world by their own efforts; and of others who have become eminent by the aid of adventitious circumstances: Love Scenes, in prose and verse: Sketches of Fortunate and Unfortunate Families; interspersed with Proverbs and Anecdotes, as the contents indicate.

The compilers have endeavoured to exhibit their thoughts in a popular style, and to exclude every-

thing frivolous, or of immoral tendency. Every tale is designed to impress the heart, as well as to excite curiosity ; and every scene has been depicted, in order to make vice appear hateful, and virtue lovely.

It is hoped that Scotland, which has repudiated the superficial and questionable effusions of some of the more ephemeral annuals, will welcome " Domestic Scenes," as a judicious Christmas present and New Year gift, to its vigorous sons, and virtuous daughters.

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## ABERDEENSHIRE.

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THE SOCIAL HABITS AND CUSTOMS OF "OUR PARISH  
FIFTY YEARS AGO,"

AT THE CLOSE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

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### DRESS.

The habiliments of the men were manufactured at home. The young women spun the wool on the "mickle wheel," and the gudewives dyed the yarn a light-blue colour in a metal-pot by the side of the fire. It was then woven into a rough cloth, called *serge*. From the web of serge was made the men's clothing for Sabbath, as well as for week days. There was no such thing as trousers or pantaloons in my young days, for every man, young and old, wore "knee breeches;" and the dandy young men wore tartan kilts in the heat of summer, which barely reached their knees. There were no braces used; but the breeches were suspended by a tight headband. The vests were made very long, to reach the breeches; but, after all, a double of the shirt generally hung out between the two garments. The coats were very long in the body, and very short in the tails—not unlike the cut of the coats of some of our modern dandies. So true is it, that "extremes meet." There were no hats worn by country people. The young men wore blue bonnets, stitched stiff in the sides, and called "cocked bonnets;" and the old men wore broad

bonnets of the same material, some of which approached in breadth to the size of a cake-gridiron. With the exception of an inch breadth in front, which was cut short, the men allowed the hair of their heads to grow as long as it chose. They twisted it into a bunch, then winding round it a piece of blue tape, it hung down the back of the coat resembling a pig's tail. When liming of the land commenced, this long tail was a sad bore, for the grease of the hair and the lime combined in such a way that it was almost impossible to "raid" it with a comb. On Sundays some of the most dandy occasionally uncoiled the tape, and neatly combed the hair, which then hung down their backs in a thin fleece. The heels of the men's stockings were always covered with a piece of white plaiding; this was called "heel-caping," and the heelcaps were often coated over with tar to prevent them wearing away by the "janking" of the "brogs." Both men and women wore brog shoes. Brog leather was hides only half-tanned, or steeped in the bark of birch trees. To avoid the tax, some of the shoemakers barked their own leather, but it was generally poor stuff. The brog shoes were of a very simple construction. When the sole and upper were placed on the "last," a stripe of leather was inserted between, called the walt, and these three edges were sewed together. The shoes were then turned inside-out, and in this stage they left the hands of the shoemaker, who received about three shillings per pair. Every man was cobbler for himself; and the first thing he did on receiving new brogs was to take the quarter heels of the old pair, and, stitching the pieces together, made outer soles to the new shoes. That part of the old shoes called the "uppers," was reserved for a second soleing when the first wore thin. The hollow between the two rough seams was filled up for the feet by a bed of straw, which was renewed every morning. When a person wished "spats," he cut the feet from a pair of old stockings, and drew the legs of these over his shoes. A few old men wore long "overall hose," which came up over their thighs; while a few young men wore leather boots

and tops, which looked extremely well—and we wonder that they have never come into fashion again. The farmers had great-coats dyed dark-blue, which were called “palonions.” The dress of the women was not so odd. They made woolsey themselves for their winter dress, and for summer they purchased some calico prints, which then cost half-a-crown per yard. On Sabbath, at church, their head-dresses were white muslin caps, called “mutches,” and in process of time the mutch was ornamented by a ribbon. In cold weather they wore tartan plaids thrown loosely over their shoulders. The better sort wore beautiful red plaids, and, after these became unfashionable, scarlet cloaks were worn. Some of the most vulgar of both sexes might have been seen at their employments clad in white plaiding from top to toe, the buttons of which were pieces of leather cut out from the old brogs.

#### FOOD.

The gudeman, gudewife, children, and servants, took their meals together at the kitchen table, with only this difference, that the heads of the family sometimes favoured themselves with a slice of cheese, while the rest got none. This sometimes bred bad feeling. A farmer, whose better-half mixed a little butter into his side of the brose-plate, knew his own side by a notch cut in the dish. The servant, detecting the deception, turned the side containing the butter nearest himself one day. The farmer missing his mark, said to the servant, “This plate cost me a groat,” giving the plate, while he said so, a whirl half round with his forefinger. The servant replied, “It was cheap o’t,” and gave the dish another half revolution, which brought the buttery side back to himself. This farmer forgot the proverb, “Those who sit at one table should eat from one trencher.” The breakfast invariably consisted of porridge and milk, when there was any milk; but this beverage was often scarce, because there were no turnips for the cows. The substitutes for milk to the porridge were home-brewed beer or raw sowens, which was called “oxen’s milk.”

Raw sowens to porridge was often used, and old people say it was delicious. The "kail" left at supper was occasionally reboiled next morning, and thickened with meal for breakfast. This was called "tartan-purry." During winter the dinner was invariably "drinking sowens," and in summer boiled sowens with whey. Seeds for making sowens were then abundant. The supper in summer was always green kail and kail brose, and in winter red cabbage kail. The stalks, or "custocks," of the cabbage were boiled amongst the kail, and distributed, by way of a lunch, around the family circle sitting by the blazing fire in the winter evenings. The custocks were held in the hand, and greedily eaten—the very bark being striped through the teeth. Some persons were not over-nice about their companions at table. A shepherd was so very kind to his dog, that he allowed him to sup from a side of his dish, the only division between them being a stroke drawn across; and, when the dog ventured to cross the line, the shepherd daubed his nose amongst the porridge. When a neighbour made a call, he was generally entertained, in token of respect, with a quarter of oaten cake heated on the coals, and broken into a wooden bowl, over which was poured a bottle of home-brewed beer: the beer was first drunk off, and then the bread, while being eaten, was held between the fingers and thumb. When a particular friend or relation paid a visit, milk porridge and curds and cream were provided for him, and on very high occasions eggs were roasted in the turf ashes, and eaten with the tail of a horn spoon; and, as there were no egg-holders, they were held in a piece of cloth, sometimes in the "dishclout." There were no tea parties; in fact, tea was then quite unknown amongst common country people as an article of food. Those who began to use it first were characterised as extravagant spendthrifts, and became the evening's gossip of the whole district. Indeed, the farmers' wives were very awkward at first in handling the tea dishes. One wife made herself the sport of her neighbours by ladling the boiled tea, leaves and all, into a wooden bowl, when the family at-

tempted to sup the mixture with spoons like kail, it being duly sweetened with sugar and thickened with curdled milk.

#### COURTSHIPS.

From the following recollections of courtships in my early days, it would appear that more matrimonial matches were made for convenience than from real affection, and that the suitors often set to work in a very mercantile-like way. Very few farmers' sons thought of marrying until they had accumulated as much money as put them into a small farm of their own, and by that time they were generally past thirty years of age, often nearer forty. At this age it is probable that the ardour of youthful affection had cooled down considerably, which may in great measure account for *convenience-marriages*, and the traits of strange courtships we are about to narrate. Parents not unfrequently proposed matches for their children, and sometimes concluded the bargain. When a man thought of paying his addresses to a young woman, he selected from his acquaintances a confidential "spokesman," to broach the subject for his fellow. As the spokesmen were generally intelligent and sprightly, they were sometimes most favoured themselves, and became the wooers. I knew a spokesman, who, on delivering his message, was told by the fair one that she could not think of complying; but if it had been for himself, it might have been otherwise. He took the hint, followed it up, and was in a short time her husband. I remember hearing my father and a neighbour, while at a winter evening's conversation, saying to each other, that "a man should always know on the *third* visit if he was to be a successful wooer or not." I knew a silly man who went in search of a wife. The young woman was a servant. He said, "I am to ask, Maggie, if ye would engage wi' me?" Maggie asked what kind of work it was to do. When Jamie replied, "It's nae for simmer, nor for winter, but for aye, aye, aye." Another man, known to my father, went to seek a wife, and at once made proposals on the first visit. The woman said "she was not ready for marriage." He replied, "that she should

have time to be ready before he came back ;" so saying, he went away, and before going home proposed marriage to another, who agreed, and a bargain was struck forthwith. My mother used to tell me of a lad who came to her, bemoaning his fate, as his sweetheart had given him up. My mother comforted him, and said, "if he would follow her directions, he might yet be married before his faithless one." She directed him to a respectable "young lass." Jamie went and spoke of marriage to her, and found no difficulty, for my mother had gone to her privately, and given Jamie such a warm recommendation, that the result was a marriage in the course of a few days. One simple man, after his housekeeper had been with him for a year, her brothers came to him one evening, and would not allow their sister to stay longer with him unless he would immediately marry her, consented to do so, and said to a neighbour next morning, "that yon folk were a' for marriage, and I made little resistance." A middle-aged man who went a wooing, had bought a piece of black sugar for his sweetheart ; but not finding an opportunity on this occasion for presenting it to her alone, he slipped it down on the hearthstone before him, then pirling it towards her with his walking-stick, unobserved by the rest as he thought, he said, "take up the peat cloddie 'oman." At his next visit, he purchased twopence worth of shoe tacks, and said to her on presenting his delicious "fairing," "here are twopence worth of tacks, my dear, to tacket your brog shoes." Another gudeman wished his son to go and court a farmer's daughter. The son was soft and bashful, and did not like, through shyness, to make the first proposals. The father himself went on a winter evening, and, in the course of conversation, took an opportunity of breaking the ice on this subject for his "laddie." The son was sent to speak for himself next evening. He talked well all the long evening about corn and cattle, and before he took his departure, said to the parents, with his eyes fixed on the fireplace, "Well, am I gaun to get yon?" "What yon?" was the immediate



reply. "Oh, yon that my father spak' about yester-e'en." There is a man still alive, who, on endeavouring to woo a young lady, said to her amongst his first visits, "Will I give you a kiss this night, or will I wait till I come back again?" Her reply was, "Wait till you come back again." Whether he went back again for his kiss or not I cannot tell, but she never became his wife. He did get a wife, however, and while courting her, said one night, "I'm nae a man o' mony words; but oh, Annie, Annie, hae ye ony siller?" Whether Annie had siller or not, she became his wife, and they have lived happily together for nearly half a century. Another case of courting shall suffice. I was well acquainted with an intelligent and respectable farmer, who was a widower, but wished a second wife. He sent a message one morning to a young clever dame to come and sift for hire a mclure of meal he had at the mill. It was then "their courtship first began." While braiding her hair, her mother said, "Lassie, ye used to say that if ye had an opportunity ye would do something, let us see that ye do something now." She sifted the whole of Friday and Saturday; the farmer, as was usual, attended the milling of his corn. At the close of the milling on Saturday evening, he took her to his own house, and addressed her thus: "Now, lassie, if ye be willing to become my wife, you may rise early in the morning, and tak bread and cheese in your lap, and go to your own parish, and get us proclaimed at the kirk." She assented without farther ceremony—ran home in the morning—got the marriage proclaimed that day, and was married a few days after.

#### WEDDINGS.

A wedding engrossed the whole talk of the parish, long before the first proclamation, and until the event was over. The neighbours, acquaintances, and nearly all the relations of the bride and bridegroom, were invited to the wedding. The bride's party assembled for breakfast at her father's house, about noon. The breakfast consisted of milk por-

ridge sprinkled with sugar, and also curds and cream. After breakfast, there was a dance until the bridegroom's two young men, called "sends," arrived for the bride. The party then set out, the bride leaning on the arms of the "sends," until they reached the parish church, where they met the bridegroom and his party; and there the happy couple joined hands, and the minister declared they were "one flesh;" and, to seal the ceremony, the bridegroom put a gold ring on the third finger of his spouse. The whole party then walked to the husband's house, each man carrying a pistol: a constant volley was kept up as expressive of rejoicing. The firing was re-echoed by men standing with guns at every house which they passed. When the new wife approached the door of her new abode, she was met by her mother-in-law, or some other relative, with a cheese, which she broke over her head; it being, of course, previously cut nearly half through. The cheese was then sliced and regularly distributed to all the guests outside the door. She was then introduced to her house by getting the pot-crook hung round her neck, and her hand put into the meal giral. The door of every apartment and press was thrown open before her as she was shown through the dwelling. All things were now ready for the dinner, which was always laid in the barn. The first dish at dinner was uniformly kail, often red cabbage; next broth, then beef, and a great abundance of fowls. The dinner was not so expensive as might be supposed, it being the fashion that every guest, a few days previous, sent a present of fowls and butter. As soon as the dinner was finished, music and dancing commenced, which continued without intermission until midnight. The bride, with the official maidens and young men, led the first dance, and the bride chose the tune. My mother's choice was, "I've got one, part the rest amongst you." At the close of the "shemit dance," (*Anglice*, ashamed dance,) blue ribbons were tied about the arms of these young men, which was a badge of honour all night. About this stage the fiddler was paid by a voluntary contribution

amongst the guests—the spruce young men gave sixpence, others coppers, and the whole generally did not much exceed five shillings. When the party were exhausted dancing, preparations were made for the bedding of the happy couple. Be not startled, gentle reader; for it was then the custom that every guest must see the bedding! All the married wives prepared the bed, each having a hand in it; but, in an especial manner, mothers were thought to be lucky. There was great mirth and joking at the bedding. (When my father was a boy, the new married couple were always bedded the first night in the barn, at the side of the drying kiln.) When the bedding was over, the young people sometimes returned to the barn and continued the dancing for several hours; and the relations who remained all night not unfrequently took a round of dancing next morning after breakfast. On the first Sabbath after the wedding, the maidens and young men returned to the house and escorted the new pair to church, which was called the “kirking.” After sermon they returned to the dinner party, and had a merry round of conversation. After the marriage, all those who had been guests at the wedding invited the couple to a dinner. As these parties were held on Sabbath after worship, it sometimes required a whole year to complete the circle of their invitations. The people were not then over-nice about keeping the Sabbath, for on these occasions loose reins were given to worldly conversation, which was generally of the most mirthful kind.

When my father was very young, penny weddings were common, and any person was at liberty to go to these who chose to pay his own expenses. Great crowds collected at penny weddings, to get a merry rant, which often continued several days. Every person at these carried his knife and fork with him in his pocket.

#### BIRTHS AND BAPTISMS.

When there was to be a birth, two of the best horses were saddled, and the farmer, or else one of his best ser-

vants, set off at full gallop for the midwife, or "howdie," as she was commonly called. Doctors were never invited for this purpose; and as the midwives were not very plenty, they had to ride sometimes a long journey; but it was often remarked that no person ever yet saw the horses any worse of a jaunt of this interesting nature. The second horse was for the "howdie." The father was far more joyful when a son was born to him than a daughter. This preference is still common; but I see no just reason for it, as women were designed for companions to men, and are generally more exquisite in symmetry and complexion; for my own part, I like the lasses better than the boys. After the birth, all the neighbouring wives who were present were treated to a great "bicker" of meal and ale, with whisky. The best cheese was also produced, which was called the "crying kebbuck," and it was always selected for the purpose months before the event. It was now sliced and divided amongst the wives, that they might carry it home to their families. If the child was a girl, the young men put a piece of the cheese below their bolster to dream over it; but, if a boy, this was the privilege of the females.

The parents were very anxious to get their children baptised as soon as possible after their birth, almost thinking their state unsafe if they might die without baptism. Some people were very superstitious about baptism. A woman had occasion to travel a great way to get her boy baptised. She was overtaken by a snow-storm, and asked the favour of a night's lodging at a farmer's house. He was at first willing, but, when he understood that her child was some weeks old, and not baptised, he would on no account allow them to remain on his premises, lest it should be unlucky! There were no public baptisms in the church before the congregation. The minister went to the houses and baptised the children privately, without any sermon on the occasion. The services were very brief. My brother once looked his watch at a baptism, and the whole, including three prayers and an address to the parents, was accomplished within five minutes. The bap-

tisms were always concluded by a dinner party, or else by bread and cheese and a good bowl of toddy, a few neighbours being invited. The minister took the lead in the conversation, and was in general the merriest of the party.

#### WAKES AND FUNERALS.

The people were full of superstition. When a person died, a plateful of salt and a bible were placed over the corpse, and a few ounces of tobacco; but for what purpose we cannot now tell, only that this, and saying a few words, were called "saining the corpse." The cats were all imprisoned until the funeral was past, for it was believed that, if a cat passed over a corpse, the first person it met would be sure to become blind! All the young people in the neighbourhood came and offered their services to sit with the corpse. A houseful of young men and women sat all night, every night, until the funeral. This was called a "wake," or, more commonly among the most vulgar, a "like." They behaved themselves with ordinary decorum for several hours, and read chapters of the bible, and other good books. About midnight they were treated with bread and cheese and a dram, and after that their tongues were loosed, and a very merry conversation was carried on, with much laughing and joking; altogether, it was most incongruous with the image of death which lay beside them. I knew a case of sporting with death at a wake, which was a disgrace to humanity. A young man fell asleep while sitting beside the corpse; a sportive comrade lifted up an arm of the dead, and hooked a little finger, which was very crooked, into a button-hole in the coat of the sleeping man, and then raised an alarm that the house was on fire. The sleeping man arousing, jumped to his feet, and, before he was aware, pulled the dead man after him to the floor.

The drinking customs at funerals were even worse than at wakes. A great crowd of people were collected to funerals, and then there was always a great drinking of toddy in the forenoon; in fact, the company were insisted

on to take all that they would. As the toddy was handed round in jugs, the conversation soon became brisk, and, before the meeting broke up, they were generally all talking loudly together, and some were intoxicated. I saw a man who was not able to mount his horse, and who, instead of going to the churchyard, walked home, leading his horse after him. A farmer, who was a hard drinker himself, when his wife died, made all his guests drunk at the funeral, so that they were moving away to the churchyard without the corpse, when the bereaved man cried out, "Stop, lads, you have forgot the gudewife!" When the coffin was taken to the outside of a house, it was placed on two chairs. As the coffin was lifted, the chairs were overturned, and left lying until the people returned from the churchyard. If they had been left standing, or if they had been removed before the return of the relatives, it would have been thought so unlucky an affair that they assured themselves that another of the family would die very soon. Being at a funeral along with Mr S., afterwards a missionary in the East Indies, we resolved to put a stop to this superstitious fret; and, for this purpose, each of us took hold of a chair, and would not allow them to be overturned, to the no small astonishment of the bystanders. No hearses were used, and the coffin was carried on two cross-bars, called the bier; but the animal spirits were so much aroused by the toddy, that the party hurried through thick and thin, deep snow or anything. In a deep snow-storm there was a funeral to come from a parish at some distance. A number of young men volunteered to go and meet the mourners, and render assistance. As they drew near, one after another, to take hold of the bier, and relieve the others, those who were carrying made a rush forward, and tumbled the newcomers, heels over head, in the snow for sport. They were drunk, these fellows, and madly sported with death.

#### ECCLESIASTICS OF "OUR PARISH FIFTY YEARS AGO."

In the year 1795, I became a member of the Established Church, according to custom, being in my eighteenth year. The Rev. D—— D—— had entered on his labours as assistant and successor to the then incumbent of the parish church of —— . I recollect well the frequent complaints of Mr D—— as to his poverty, having only a part of the stipend. My father would endeavour to cheer him in his despondency, by reminding him that his colleague could not live always. "Oh, but," said D——, "I am credibly informed that the Stewarts are all long livers;" and the disconsolate priest would take his departure, muttering as he went, "*long livers, long livers.*" As is customary in the country on occasions of catechising, several families were collected together into one house. The first of these, in Mr D——'s time, took place at my father's, and I never forgot the words of peace with which he closed his exhortation: "Be not alarmed, my friends; just do as well as you can, and Christ will make up any deficiency." On another occasion he asked my brother, "Whether the law of God required *sincere* or *perfect* obedience?" My brother answered, "Perfect obedience, sir." To which Mr D—— replied, "Well, Saunders, I am inclined to differ from you on that point; for if we do all that we are able, our Maker is not so unreasonable as to demand of us any more." My brother then ventured to say, "Our inability, sir, cannot alter the purity of God's law." At this the minister got into a passion, and ordered him to leave the room. My brother then said, "Will I not wait for the blessing, sir?" "No, no," roared the divine, "I have no blessings for you the day, Saunders." He had, in all, a hundred and four sermons, which went their two yearly rounds in regular rotation. One stormy Sabbath, as mishap would have it, the wind had robbed him of his sermon. Other preliminaries being settled, he began to feel for his sermon, but no sermon had he. He then gave out a psalm, and left the church, and commenced search, but the search was in

vain, and as the manse was at some distance, a substitute could not be had. He then returned to the pulpit, and addressed the congregation thus: "I am unwell to-day, and not able to preach, but shall read to you the best of all sermons, Christ's sermon on the mount." He read three long chapters in Matthew—when the common remark of the congregation on dismissal was, "Na, but, sirs, that's the langest an' best sermon he ever gied us." One Sabbath, when preaching on affliction, he said, "Anything that's severe, never lasts long, unless the punishment of the wicked, *if such a thing be!*"

In those days very little regard was had to the keeping of the Sabbath, while the maxim seemed verified, "Nearest the kirk, farthest frae grace." At an early hour on Sabbath morning, dogs, men, and lasses assembled in the churchyard, each for purposes of their own: the elderly portion squatted on gravestones, or, leaning with their backs against the walls of the church, smoked, snuffed, and talked, of markets, crops, and the farmers' prospects, while the younger portion collected in groups, said "soft things," simpered, laughed, and talked scandal. Seldom a Sabbath passed without the dogs winding up their gambols by a fight, either in the churchyard, or in the church itself, during the service. No sooner had the minister pronounced the benediction, than the congregation flocked to the door to hear the "sries," as they were called. This term requires explanation. In those days newspapers were rare, and few reached our parish, save for the minister, the schoolmaster, the laird, and the doctor. Advertisements of "bargains," "lost property," "roups," and so forth, were then made by proclamation, at the church doors, on dismissal of the congregation. These were called "sries." The bellman or beadle of our parish was a bad reader, and the very awkward mistakes he often fell into, by guessing the subject, excited roars of laughter, and formed the subject of conversation and amusement, not only for the night, but for the whole week. But although we thus spent the Sabbath in seeking amusement for ourselves, we looked



for better things from our minister. I recollect how startled we were one day, to hear him say, on entering the church arm in arm with the minister of K——, who was to preach for him that day—"It is not ascertained as yet what the price of bere shall be this year, but Druminer has sold his bere already for 35s the *bou!*" We neglected at the time to apply to ourselves the Scotch adage, "Sic minister, sic people." This minister of K—— was a curious person in his way, and disliked much being sent for to visit sick persons. A friend of mine, who lived in an adjoining parish to his, was thought dying, and the minister being seen at a short distance from the house *setting peats*, was hastily called in. He came in a passion, and declared he would not pray for her, unless they got a letter from the minister of her own parish; and went away without asking for the state either of her soul or body. At another time, being asked to visit a sick person, he inquired, on going to the house, why he had been sent for. The sick person replied, "O, it was to gie me a prayer, sir." "I reckon," said Mr ——, "my prayers are like the priest's holy water, gweedless, ill-less. Why do you sick folk aye send for me? do you think I can carry you to heaven on my back?" Our own minister was less doubtful as to the future state of his flock, as he invariably assured us all of heaven. When preaching about the heavenly bodies, he wound up his discourse thus:—"The stars are all worlds, my friends; and when you die, my dear brethren, you will all be made overseers of these worlds." We were thus kept pretty easy as to the future, and gave ourselves little concern about it, save that we might occasionally ponder as to which of the stars we were to inhabit, and the character of the subjects destined to submit to our sway. But we were not allowed long to cherish our delusion. A change came o'er our dream. When I was in my twenty-fifth year, Mr Cowie, a very zealous minister of the Secession Church at Huntly, came to our parish, and instituted Sabbath schools and prayer meetings. About the same

time the Haldanes of Edinburgh sent preachers to the North. A new light seemed to break in upon the people; and as they began to thirst for knowledge, the parish priests took the alarm, and vowed vengeance against all who gave any countenance to the "missioners," as all dissenters were then denominated. The dissenting preachers were denounced from the pulpit as "strolling vagrants and firebrands of hell." Mr M. of K—— one day wound up a furious tirade against "vagrant preachers" thus:—"I'll cause them all to be taken up; yea, I'll take them up myself." The influence of the landed interest was obtained to extirpate dissent by exciting alarm, from the representation that schism in the Church was the origin of anarchy and bloodshed in France. Our family, amongst others, were noted heretics. My father received a letter from his laird, intimating that he must either quit his farm or attend, with all his family, the parish church! This took place in the year eighteen hundred and three!! I wrote, in reply, that we were ready to quit our farm, if we could not retain it with the liberty of conscience allowed by Government; but that, as we were under no restrictions by lease, we would plough up all our grass land for crop. Next day we had a letter requesting us not to plough up our lea, as he had not made up his mind, and we never heard more upon the subject. Our neighbour, Mr. W. L., got at same time a similar warning to quit. William went to the proprietor to reason the matter with him, when he was gravely asked whether these "strolling dissenters were *really* APOSTLES."—"Oh no," said William, "they make no such pretensions." About this time a neighbouring minister introduced himself amongst the men of business at the letting of the farms of Whitehaugh, and got the landlord persuaded to bring in a clause into each lease, binding the tenants under a penalty to attend the parish church. He considered that to leave the parish church was as great a sin as that of fornication; and as the fine for that sin then was "four pounds Scots and a birn of

heather," a clause was actually introduced, binding the tenants under a similar penalty. My brother demurred to sign, remarking that we had a right to use the liberty God and our king had given us. The minister, enraged at such presumption, cried for men to put out the "young rascal." As might be expected, these penalties were never enforced. One of Mr Haldane's missionaries, when itinerating in the north, assembled the people in the old parish church of Tough. A neighbouring laird, a Justice of the Peace, hearing of the circumstance, set off with a constable, for the purpose of apprehending the "missioner." On arriving at the spot he found him engaged in prayer, and after having waited a little he lost all patience, and commanded the officer to drag him from the pulpit, handcuff him, and put him in a cart; when he was driven to Aberdeen, and lodged in jail. The officer told me he got much affronted by this transaction, as the missionary, on meeting any one by the way, lustily bawled out, "I'm a prisoner for Jesus." A dissenting minister from Huntly, at another time, was preaching in a barn in our parish. As the congregation was dispersing, Captain G. of — came galloping up, crying out, "Where is the villain that was preaching?" When shown him, he actually rode half way in at the door after him, exclaiming, "Where is your warrant for preaching, you villain?" Mr C. calmly held up his Bible, and said, "This, sir, is my warrant"—when the Captain rode off as he came.

Such are a few of the quaint sayings and strange doings of the lairds and clergy in our parish fifty years ago; but it would be impossible to convey any idea of the small persecutions or petty annoyances to which dissenters were then subjected. They were privately laughed at—publicly insulted—and universally hated. They were thrown, as it were, out of caste, and regarded even by their nearest relatives as creatures of inferior grade. Most of their persecutors have now gone the way of all the earth, while many of them died in despair, cursing God and their own

souls. To the honour of the memory of one of the principal landed proprietors of our parish be it spoken, that although, in every sense of the term, a "man of the world," he hated religious intolerance, and never joined the cabal of his neighbouring lairds against dissent. The General granted a site on his own estate for a dissenting chapel, and placed it in such a position that, as he remarked himself, "he might see it from his own mansion."





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## A Y R S H I R E.

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### HOW TO RISE IN THE WORLD.

EXTRAORDINARY HISTORY AND SUCCESS OF A TRADESMAN BORN  
IN IRVINE, AND SOME TIME RESIDENT IN GLASGOW.

(*Written by Himself.*)

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On the 1st of April, 1810, I was born in Irvine, in a house a few doors from the place where James Montgomery—the Sheffield poet—drew his first breath. My father was a journeyman shoemaker, and depended solely on his hands for his own and his family's support. My mother's health was very delicate, so that, though prompted at once by maternal and deep Christian feeling, she was unable to do what she would for the temporal and eternal welfare of her children. I was the third son of a family of ten, and my mother dying in giving birth to the tenth, I was left motherless at the early age of six years. At that time I was sent to the free school, and continued to attend it about two years, which was the only schooling I ever received, with the exception of a few weeks at a night-school after I grew up. At nine years of age I was taken from school to assist in domestic work, and to learn my father's trade. On account of the dulness of trade and the largeness of the family, we were then sorely pinched to obtain our necessary supplies. As to clothes, I may say I had none, a few rags composing my whole dress. A neighbour, observing our destitution, gave my father a soldier's old coat, which was designed for an older brother, but, not being to his liking, it fell to me, and I remember well how warm and comfortable I felt when buckled in the vestment of the son of Mars. I never had a new shoe till I made one for myself, which I did when in my tenth year. The introduction of a stepmother into the family relieved me of my duties as cook, and allowed me to devote my attention to my trade. When about twelve years of age

my father had a stroke of apoplexy, which disabled him from work for a period of nearly three years. As long as my father was able to work I had only *sewed* and my father *finished*, but now the whole devolved on myself. My father sat up in bed—to which he was close confined—and, by his instructions, I finished them myself. During the three years of his illness I made weekly *six* pair of men's shoes before I had completed my fifteenth year. During that period, with the exception of 1s 6d earned weekly by a younger brother, the family depended entirely on my efforts. On my father's partial recovery, he resumed his calling, and in 1826 I went to Glasgow in search of work, which I obtained in a shop in Prince's-street. My father's health again declined, so that he was laid aside from his work and involved in poverty. In order to commence him with a small grocery shop, I resolved to live on two shillings a-week, and aid him all in my power. In the course of eighteen months, with the assistance of a friend, I had the high satisfaction of seeing my father in a shop tolerably well filled with groceries. I now, in the beginning of December, 1828, set out for Edinburgh, and stayed for eight days, but failed to obtain employment. I left Edinburgh for Haddington with a heavy burden of *kitt*. The night was cheerless and gloomy as December. Cold and hungry and wearied, I reached my destination with just twopence of money in my pocket. I fortunately obtained lodgings for the night, and next morning I got employment. I lodged with an old woman who had been a hearer of good old John Brown, and who often, in speaking of his worth, shed the tear of sorrow for departed worth. Having spent the winter in Haddington, I determined to push my fortune in London. On the morning of the first of April, 1829, being exactly nineteen years of age, I sailed from Leith, and after a stormy passage I reached London on the 6th. I obtained lodgings at 12, Bowers-street, Golden-square. But I had miscalculated my time of immigration having arrived too early in the season, so that work could not be obtained. I happened to meet with a person of the

name of T——, a native of Ayr, and one of the first bootmen in London, who kindly took me under his patronage, and procured work for me as soon as trade allowed. In the interim I have often wandered along the streets of the great city, cold and hungry and hopeless, for as yet I knew almost no one, and I knew no higher hopes than those bounded by time. I sometimes was reduced to great difficulty, not having a penny to meet my necessities. Six long weeks elapsed before I found employment. At last I found myself seated along with T—— in a first-rate wages-shop in New Bond-street, and I laboured there for upwards of a year. The shop was called the *Irish* shop, because one of the clickers or foremen was an Irishman, who had employed a number of his countrymen. I was sadly pestered with these men, who annoyed me the more, the better I succeeded. I often made a pair of dress shoes in six and a half hours, for which I received five shillings, so that in thirteen hours I have often earned ten shillings. Having gained the favour of my employers, I at the same time incurred the displeasure of the Irishmen, so that they could have taken my life. On one occasion, when visiting a tap-room in Little Windmill-street, I found a number of Connaught *boys* enjoying themselves. After a few words between us I happened to go to the door, when one of them came after me and warned me that there was danger. I took the hint, and had scarcely got across the street to my lodgings when I heard a rush—the Connaught *boys* were at my heels; but they missed their mark; and it is but fair to mention that one of the *boys* themselves warned me of my danger, which proves that they are not all alike bad. I was afterwards told that “the West-end Sailor Boy,” as he was called, and who was in the London ring a prize-fighter, and a powerful fellow, had been employed to give me a *beating*. I associated much with T—— at this time, who, though a first-rate workman, was a most incorrigible drunkard. He often earned £3 a-week, but it was no sooner made than drunk. Sometimes he continued drinking, and fighting, and swearing a whole week. Such

was my daily associate and bosom friend. He advised me strongly to put in a piece of prize work ; but I yielded after much hesitancy, and after enduring the lampooning of *competitors* or jealous *companions* for many a day. I had seen two prize shoes, but I never had seen them a-making. The one of these was made by the celebrated Bob Jones, and exhibited at the Crispin public-house, and the other by Oliver Williams, exhibited at Ben Burns's shoemakers' house of call. These were deemed the best England had produced. I agreed with a Mr Henderson, landlord of a public-house in Golden-square, to make a man's prize shoe, for which I was to receive £4. According to custom, a supper was held in honour "of the undertaking" about a fortnight before the work was given in, and it was attended by not fewer than eighty of the craft—English, Welsh, Irish, and Scotch. Many were the conjectures about the prize shoe : some said I was too young to attempt anything of the kind—that I was a conceited young man—and others that it would be a *party thing*. But none of their rubs affected me, nor in the least shook my purpose. At this time T—— and a few others met with me in Golden-square, when a regular row ensued, and poor T—— was taken to the police-office, and fined ten shillings next day. I made my *last* eight days before the shoe was put in, and commenced the shoe on Thursday, and finished it on *Sunday*—for I wrought every Sunday when not in a tap-room. On Monday the shoe was exhibited, and many an admission shilling was paid to get a sight of it. Jack Stanley, an English bootman, was father to the shoe—as every piece of prize-work must have a father, who has to point out all its supposed and imaginary excellencies. The father of my shoe did it ample justice, so that I was pronounced the first Scottish craft living—even by *Pat* himself. At this time I lived a wild life. The *boys* ceased to trouble me, and my favour was widely courted. On one occasion I met with T—— in a tap-room in Windmill-street, and some of the *boys* were there. T——, who always called me his son, or the "boy from the moors," had high words

with some of them—words came to blows, and I had to assist my father in the scuffle. Nothing delighted me better than a tap-room fight, though I never was drunk, and I never swore. Drinking companies I relished only *for the sake of company*. I took great delight in hearing others swearing, and seeing them fighting. Strange as this now appears to myself, it is not more strange than true. I now left the west end of the city, and lodged in Drury-lane, Covent-Garden. My landlord was a Scotchman, who paid no respect to the Sabbath, but laboured as closely as on the other days. I got on as bootman in my landlord's shop, where I wrought every Sunday when not in the tap-room. About this time the proclamation of King William gave occasion to some splendid rows. About this time, one Sunday, when at work and well, suddenly a pain, most excruciating, seized me in my head. For a year I had never thought of God, but now I thought he was about to cleave me in pieces, on account of my wicked life. I remembered I had a mother who had shown solicitude for my happiness. I remembered her prayers—her counsels—her warnings given in my infant days. My headache soon left, but the impressions connected with it were permanent. I thought of death, and judgment, and preparation I deemed indispensable. In order to rid myself entirely of my wicked companions, on the following Sunday, 27th June, 1830, after completing fourteen months and two weeks in London, I left for Scotland, and reached Leith on the third day. On my arrival in Edinburgh I found my money gone, and but for acquaintances I had been in difficulties to get home. I was hospitably entertained by an old friend in Glasgow, in Saltmarket-street. After lodging with him during the night, I made my way to my birth-place; but though friends were kind, I felt miserable. I then proceeded to A—, where I had a joyful meeting with my old father. I made other friends there, and married on 1st January, 1832. I left A— about a year after, and arrived in Glasgow with a wife, child, and furniture, and got work from Mr W., Queen-street, and Mr

T., Buchanan-street, and for two years I made six pairs of Wellington boots every week; at the end of which time I had saved £70, with which I commenced business in Irvine, in May, 1836. I got on well, but found the place dull. In two years after, though I had but two men, besides apprentices, I bought a fine property with seventeen falls of ground attached. I brought my father from A—, and gave him a house and shop, rent free. I resolved to leave Irvine as soon as an opening occurred; and though friends opposed, I went to A—, and opened a shop there, in May, 1839. The rent of the shop was less than in Irvine, and much more business was done. I ought to have mentioned that, in Glasgow, I was a member of Dr Heugh's church. In Irvine I was first a member, and afterwards an elder, of Mr Campbell's church. But though my life was regular, I knew not the joys of real religion. An unfortunate introduction of election and predestination into all the sermons of Mr C. led me into difficulties, and doubts, and fears. One evening I got relief from reading John iii. 16, where I saw I was included, and received the testimony, and found peace in believing. On searching the scriptures, I considered congregational principles most in accordance with them. After a long struggle, I was satisfied that believers' baptism only was scriptural, and acted accordingly. Some said I was become infidel, others said I wished to become preacher; but my purpose was immovable. I commenced a meeting, and gathered those who went to no place of worship, and read and expounded the scriptures in my own way.

In the course of the first four years, in this place, I cleared £500, by dint of hard labour. Besides cutting, shopkeeping, &c., I made twelve pair of shoes every week. I purchased a valuable property also in this place. I can now spend a day in recreation without injuring my family, and have the satisfaction of being able to give to him that needeth.

## RENFRESHIRE.

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### MARION DEMPSTER THE SEMPSTRESS.

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#### CHAP. I.

##### JOYS AND SORROWS.

JOHN DEMPSTER was one of an extensive and industrious class—a class whose peculiar circumstances are little known beyond their own circle, and who, whilst comprising a considerable portion of our population, and contributing largely to the comforts of society, yet experience, in these times, few of these comforts themselves; in short, John Dempster was a weaver. He had married in early life, during a long period of flourishing trade, and had been enabled to bring up a family, of whom all were dead save two, in tolerably comfortable circumstances. He was a man of uniformly steady and correct life. His religion was not of the Sabbath-day coat description, but was manifested in the daily and cheerful discharge of those relative duties to God and his fellow-creatures which his Bible enjoined. But, though he lived for fourteen years after his marriage in unchequered prosperity, earning his daily bread ungrudgingly by the sweat of his brow, a time of trying adversity at length came. The two years stagnation of trade is still fresh in our memory. Among the many who experienced the iron rod of poverty with all its concomitant horrors, few more so than John Dempster's

family. What a painful and soul-crushing agony it must be to men and women offering to sell their labour—to yield themselves bondsmen for a scanty pittance, yet finding no one willing to purchase their services! Seeing day by day one hope, one resource, fading after another; futurity growing darker and gloomier as their little stock of money, treasured for time of sickness, exhausts; their furniture sold or bartered for life's necessaries, and nothing but absolute starvation staring them terribly and grimly in the face. Such was then the everyday experience of many, and still too frequently is. Many emigrated to foreign lands in the hope of bettering their condition. A certain party, composed of about a dozen male heads of families, made up their minds to gather together what little they had remaining and proceed to America, leaving their families behind them till once a settlement could be effected in the land of promise—agreeing among themselves to keep all together, and endeavour to form a small settlement in the far West. After much reluctance and painful misgiving, John Dempster agreed to accompany them, arguing wisely that he could, at least, make it no worse. Here for a time we must leave him. His family being left to struggle for themselves for a while, seemed involved in a sort of stupor. A sense of utter helplessness gradually led his wife into a state of sullen indifference, and she seemed about to sink under its influence. Her only daughter, Marion, a girl of eighteen, who possessed much of her father's resolution and energy of character, chastened, it might be, under the painful infliction of poverty, struggled hard to sustain her mother's drooping spirits, and at same time plied every effort for support of her and her little brother David, who constituted the whole of John Dempster's family. The influence of her cheerful temper at length succeeded in dispelling the gloomy forebodings which brooded over her parent's mind. With much difficulty, work was procured from a warehouse—work of an ill-remunerating description indeed, yet, by increasing application, they managed to earn a scanty livelihood; and



the little family, while far from being relieved of the sting of poverty, still experienced much of that comfort which nothing save a clear unfettered conscience, and humble reliance on God's goodness, can alone effect. Marion, while she possessed sterling qualities of heart, had withal a comely attractive countenance, which, coupled with her light-hearted cheerfulness, made her many friends. Ere she was eighteen years of age, however, not a few young men of her acquaintance had sought her friendship; in other words, had she chosen she might have had a goodly train of wooers. But her heart was not at her own disposal, and she liked not to tamper with the affections of others. Those whose attentions became marked, she immediately checked so firmly as to banish all hope of success. Willie Douglas, a distant relation of her own, had long been recognised as the favoured party, and they both were now struggling against the tide of adversity, hoping in a manner against hope. If in periods of prosperity Willie had been kind and attentive, in time of trial and adversity he was no less so, and the two, with unabated love, looked forward to some dim and distant period when their happiness might be consummated. Letters, occasionally, were received from her father containing most encouraging news, and about two years after his departure, in one of these he stated he had made some money, and intended returning home to take out his wife and children. Marion, however, had made up her mind not to go. Trade by this time had experienced a sudden revival, and she thought, as Willie was very pressing, to say nothing of her own inclinations, she would on her father's arrival become Mrs Douglas. Not long after receipt of his letter, John Dempster arrived home—and what a welcome back to the bosom of his family he received. His wife embraced him with all the tenderness of a wife's affection. Little Davie, who had but a hazy recollection of his father prior to his departure, clambered up on him, asking all strange questions about where he had been so long; the sea he had crossed, and the "great muckle ships wi' the sailer men."

Marion went about laughing and crying alternately for sheer joy—hugging her father one moment, and then bustling about the next; and that night as Willie's whistle was heard in the close, she flew down the dark stair without slipping a foot, flung her arms about his neck, exclaiming, "Oh! Willie, my father's hame."

Alas! how often human hopes and prospects are doomed to disappointment. The brimming cup may be dashed from our lips ere it has well reached them. Man's brightest joys are ever surrounded by the blackest dangers. Well for him he knows not of them. Seated at the feast he often is, and the Damoclean sword suspended by a hair above him. It is but a step from the house of joy to that of mourning. To-day, we bask in the sunshine of life; to-morrow, perchance, stretched on a bed of sickness. To-day, full of life and beauty; to-morrow, "the mourners may be heard going about the streets." To-day, in the active bustle of existence; to-morrow, silent in death.

Within a fortnight after his arrival, John Dempster was dead. He had caught a fever on the passage home, which began to exhibit itself soon after his arrival, and despite all medical effort he was carried off.

Here was a new trial, and a heavy one too. It was found that the little money Dempster had made would barely pay the doctor's bill and funeral expenses; so Marion and her mother were again cast helpless on the world. No! not helpless, for the widow's stay and orphan's parent was theirs, and they were enabled through their affliction to look to and lean on Him for protection.

Marion's marriage with Willie was, of course, delayed. He called a few weeks after the funeral, and again made offer of his hand, promising to use every effort to promote her comfort. Marion's answer was quite characteristic.

"Willie, gin ye're in sic a hurry, look out for some ither lass. I dinna doubt your love; but, however, willing my heart may be, my conscience tells me my first duty is to my mother and wee Davie. The best way I can discharge it is by remaining single. I canna ask ye Willie to hae

patience; I canna bid ye wait; so just get a girl wha's better able and mair fitted than me to become your wife."

Willie vowed he never would look out for any other, though his hair should turn grey in waiting, and so the matter dropped.

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## CHAP. II.

### TEMPTATION AND A SNARE.

Under her straitened circumstances, Mrs Dempster found it necessary to remove to a smaller lodging in another quarter of the town. With some difficulty a room and kitchen were procured, but after settling with her present landlord, she found her resources so drained as to be unable to pay the expense of removing her furniture to such a distance. A new difficulty thus arose, but with the difficulty a new friend.

In the same land with this family resided one of those eccentric characters who are not unfrequently erroneously regarded as the excrescences of society. Robin Chucks, the carter, was a very uncouth specimen of humanity indeed, yet, under all his bluster and roughness, there lay concealed a good kindly disposition. Towards him had John Dempster, in his better days, shown some little kindness during a period of sickness consequent on a broken limb, which Robin had received in a fall. Marion herself had frequently provided such delicacies for him as his means would not permit him of procuring, Robin never forgot the Dempster's kindness, but though he had no direct means of returning their good offices, he cherished a warm regard towards them. Little Davie never wanted toys so long as Robin had a penny to spare, and many a sound rating the honest fellow had to undergo from Tibby, his sister (an antiquated maiden who kept house for him), for his prodigality and extravagance. Robin never thought fit to combat with his sister's explosions, but merely contented himself with exclaiming, "Hoots, woman, be

easy, your tongue's longer than your wit." Hearing from Tibby, who was an invaluable medium for gossip and scandal of all sorts, that the Dempsters were going to flit, a sudden thought struck his mind. Without saying a word, he strode down stairs, cap in hand, to Mrs Dempster's door. Little Davie opened it, and greeting his benefactor with a face lit with joy, he rushed immediately to his mother, informing her of the visitor. Robin, at the invitation of Mrs Dempster, came in, performing a curious gymnastic evolution, intended for a bow, comprised in pulling his forelock and shuffling his left foot.

"Weel, mem," he began, "I understaun yere gaun to flit, and I've just steppet down to see giff ye'll tak the loan o' the cart the morn to fetch hame your furniture."

"I am much obliged to you, my friend," said Mrs Dempster, "but I am afraid you would lose a day's work by assisting me, besides I must confess I am not just in a situation to remunerate you at present," and the tear stood in the widow's eye at the recollection of her poverty.

"Hoot, awa, ne'er fash your head about that, mem," rejoined Robin, "I reckon myself already deep in your books, sae just tak the cart and oblige me. When I need the siller I'll come for't."

With many expressions of gratitude, Marion and her mother agreed to accept of Robin's timely offer, and he departed highly pleased with being able to discharge part of what he considered as a long standing obligation.

Next day the Dempsters removed to their new home.

Not long after Marion obtained permanent work as a sempstress in one of the warehouses in town. Here her steady conduct and obliging disposition won her the good-will of all her fellow-workers, as well as the approbation of her master, who promoted her to the charge of the department in which she was engaged. Sally, the former mistress, had been suspected of several petty acts of dishonesty, and although nothing could be proved against her, the general distrust and suspicion with which she had always been looked upon rendered her

anything but a favourite. She was a fair waxen-faced woman, and had a soft-sawdery way of speaking with closed eyes, which, when she had an end to gain, greatly aided her, yet her appearance somehow never secured your confidence, whilst it might be difficult to assign any reason for your dislike. She was one who inwardly might be your most deadly foe, yet outwardly all was fair and smooth, never getting into a passion, always calm, calculating, and insinuating. She had rendered herself generally feared and abhorred, yet no one could lay any direct charge at her feet. This woman, immediately on Marion's promotion in her stead, attached herself to her like a leech, continually haunting her steps, obsequiously offering her services and advices in an apparently disinterested manner. Some of the other girls, however, had warned Marion of the character of Sally, so that she kept aloof from her as much as possible, accepting none of her friendly offers, or in any way incurring obligations to her; yet, from the circumstance of being brought frequently into contact, it was scarcely possible to steer clear altogether of her influence. This woman cherished under her pretended friendship an implacable hatred to Marion, and from the moment of her promotion resolved to leave no stone unturned in order to effect her ruin.

One day Marion, in weighing a quantity of silk thread, accidentally let fall unnoticed a parcel. After the rest was bundled up and laid past, and she had resumed her seat, Sally sided up to her and pointed out the accident; but on Marion's rising to remedy the error, she caught her by the gown, and, pulling her backwards, whispered,

"Surely your not gaun foolishly to put back that pickle o' silk?"

"Certainly I am," replied Marion; "why not?"

"Oh, bother, just slip it into your pouch; you'll find use for't; it'll ne'er be missed. Naebody will ken ocht about it, and what folk dinna ken does them nae ill," suggested the tempter.

"No, I will not," replied Marion; "I will not commit it.

Even did no one miss it, my conscience would check me. God would know it, and his command is, 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

A flush of red rose into Sally's cheek ; but instantly vanished as she pertly said, "Well, Miss Compunction, tak your ain way. Advice is thrown awa on a fule. Gin ye count sic sma' trifles as that thievery, I wunner whar honesty ends."

No more passed between them ; but Sally resolved to try other and deeper plans to effect her purpose, while Marion made up her mind that all intercourse should immediately cease.

Not long after this, complaints were made in headquarters of handkerchiefs and other small articles having gone amissing. More than one of the girls was suspected ; but as no direct evidence could be obtained, the master (Mr Oswald) felt unwilling to turn off any of them, lest he might fix upon the innocent instead of the guilty. In order, however, to secure detection, he determined to keep a strict look-out on every one in his employment. Two small shawls of a very superior description had been manufactured as specimens for a house in London, and were left one evening on a counter in the room of which Marion was mistress. They were not laid past or covered, as instructions had been given to dispatch them early next morning. But on the following morning, one of these shawls had gone amissing. Marion was the last in the room at night ; she had locked the door, and the first in it next morning. The loss was not discovered, however, till an hour afterwards. Immediately intimation was sent to Mr Oswald. He had every one in the room searched ; but no trace of the missing article could be found. Two of the girls, the last who left the room, solemnly averred that it was lying safe when they went out. The others had all seen it there in the course of the evening. Suspicion, of course, at once pointed to Marion. Mr Oswald went up to her, and inquired if she knew aught concerning it.

"No, sir," she replied, "I do not, though I perceive

plainly enough I will be made out the guilty person;" and she met Mr Oswald's gaze with a clear, calm, unshrinking eye, conscious of her own bright integrity.

Mr Oswald at once disclaimed all such intention as that of fastening guilt on her causelessly; but, as so many thefts had lately been committed, he felt determined, he said, to bring the offender to justice. And as every suspicion was against her, he must unwillingly commit her to trial, unless she could prove her innocence.

That day a warrant was made out for Marion's committal, and she was carried off in a coach to prison.

When the officers conveyed her out of the room, in a fainting state, a sudden gleam of fiendish triumph lit up the waxen countenance of Sally for a moment, and again all was placid.

The fluttering bird was in the coils of the snake.

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### CHAP. III.

#### IMPRISONMENT.

O! what a sad thing it is for an artless and innocent creature to be penned up in the dark cheerless precincts of a jail; a jail!—ominous word. How it teems with associations of all that is dark and loathsome—with vice and cruelty in every shape—with the gloomy and fearful! How many men and women have crossed its threshold to the gallows! How many have bidden farewell to the world and to hope as they heard its heavy door clang behind them, and the huge bolts springing into their sockets, croaking with their iron voices, "Doomed! doomed!" How many have entered it children in vice, and left it men tutored and trained to every wickedness! How many more have left it repentant characters, yet returned again felons!

Reader, pardon the digression, but forget it not. Marion was in jail. When first locked up in her solitary cell she

staggered to a seat and gave vent to a flood of tears. Gradually, however, she settled down into that quiescent state consequent on deep mental suffering. All her hopes and future prospects seemed for ever blasted. The bright anticipations that bore her up amid her past trials and sufferings, seemed totally and irretrievably quenched. Like the deceitful lake to the traveller in Arabia's deserts, her only solace vanished as she neared it. Even her confidence in the goodness of Providence was for the time shaken, and as the prospect of being for ever an outcast from moral society crossed her mind, she again burst into bitter tears. These thoughts, however, speedily vanished, and rallying at the thought that God would not forsake her, though men might deem her guilty, and that He might even yet declare her innocence, she felt reassured, became quieter, and, taking a retrospective glance at the events of the day, endeavoured to obtain some clue to the strange mystery which cast its shadow over her existence. Thus engaged, the day passed slowly on. The shadows of night began to gather, and the cold gloomy cell became chiller and gloomier. Suddenly the bolts of the door were withdrawn, it swung partially on its hinges, and the jailor ushered in Willie Douglas.

"Come now," said the turnkey, "as I have granted you this favour, be as speedy as possible. I dare not permit you to remain above half an hour at most," and again the massive door creaked and closed, and the receding footsteps were heard sounding in the vaulted passages.

We ought to have premised that none of Marion's friends had carried the tidings of her disgrace to her mother, rightly judging of the severe shock it would give her; but one who knew Douglas, as she went home, called on him and related all the particulars of the matter, with sundry embellishments of her own—adding, that though Marion had been thus harshly used, none who knew her could suspect her guilty.

Willie, almost overwhelmed with grief, immediately rushed away down to the prison, and so earnestly entreated



the jailor as to prevail on him to allow him a few minutes access to the object of his affections.

Marion was the first to speak.

"Oh! Willie, Willie," exclaimed she, advancing and seizing him by the hand, "why came you here? You might have left me alone in my disgrace, and not come to crush the bruised heart," and the poor girl leaned her head upon his bosom.

"Mirren, you belie my intentions," replied he fondly. "Think ye that you whom I have loved since we were schule weans—you who have been as the day-star of my existence—in whom has centred all my long-cherished hopes—that I would now in adversity forsake ye? No, no, Mirren, I canna, willna believe ye guilty o' that with which foul tyranny charges ye. I have known you too long for that, and I firmly believe that God, who never forsakes those who trust in him, will vindicate your innocence in the sight o' men."

"Willie, while I thank you for these kind words, I'd rather you had spared them. Far better it were to see me nae mair. I will not bring disgrace on your name. Go, go, Willie, and forget me. Let me be as something lang gane by—a dream o' past years. Your hopes and mine, too, maun now be at an end. Ha! think what the world would say, 'There goes Willie Douglas and his felon wife!' It cannot be! Bless your kind heart, Willie, for coming to see me; but, mark me, it must be for the last time. Come weal or woe, we meet no more."

"No, Marion, it shall not be for the last time. I feel assured there are brighter days yet in store for us; and whatever the world may call you, still to me you shall be the same gentle, kind Marion. But let us talk of other matters. To-morrow you will be brought up for examination. Now, hae ye no key to unlock this inexplicable mystery? While I and many others believe you to be innocent, nay, are assured of that, still this is not enough. Is there no one you can suspect of the theft? Can you not recall any circumstance whereby you might attach the

guilt to the proper party? Oh! could you do so; could you find the smallest clue to it, tell me, I beseech you.

A sudden thought passed through Marion's mind as she recollected the conduct of Sally on the occasion of the silk thread already alluded to, but as there was nought else to criminate her, she instantly dismissed the idea, and replied that she could blame no one.

"Alas, Mirren, the case is indeed very dark," replied Willie, after a pause, "I fear there's some deep underhand work attempting your downfa', which we canna fathom.

"Time's up," said the turnkey, opening the door and thrusting in his head, "come away."

With great reluctance Willie tore himself from the object of his affections, and, sighing heavily, followed the man's footsteps through the dreary passage of the prison, till they arrived at the gateway, where the janitor, taking from his girdle a ponderous key, unlocked the door and bade him good night.

Willie thanked the man for his kindness, and, with a sad aching heart, departed homeward.

That night was one of sore anguish to Marion. Sleepless vigils she kept in her dark cell. Hour after hour struck on the adjoining clocks; she heeded them not, neither did she note the hoarse tones of the night watchmen as they took up the dying echoes of the clock and proclaimed the time to slumbering men. Deep misery at her own helpless and hopeless condition, and because of the shame and sorrow it would bring on others, overpowered the poor girl, and rendered her dead to all else. There she sat on the edge of her straw pallet, sick and heavy at heart. The balmy spirit of slumber visited not her eyes. She felt weighed down as if some heavy curse had fallen upon her. The dark and gloomy reigned in her soul—the light and beautiful had fled. It was beyond all doubt a night of sore torture. Morning at length dawned—slowly, oh! how slowly. Yet at last the tardy beams of the sun began to dispel the night mists and shadows. Bye

and bye it cheerfully came smiling into Marion's cell, bidding her a bright and happy day; and certainly its kindly glow revived the poor girl's drooping spirits. Anon the sounds of life were heard throughout the town. Bells, warning men and women to their toil, began a-ringing. The bustling of feet to and fro, and sound of voices, mingled with the yelping of dogs, the rattling of cart wheels on the hard causeway, and the clang of hammers, declared that king labour had again resumed his throne. Yet how few, if any, of the crowd that passed that dark prison, chatting as they went of the events of yesterday, and picturing enjoyment for to-day, turned a glance towards it, or gave a moment's thought of the shame and suffering within its grim walls. The day still wore on. In an hour or two, Marion would be free, or condemned as a felon, and what hope had she that it could be otherwise?

Our readers must now accompany us for a little to a different scene.

A little garret room, high above the rest of the world, would we now enter. Beautifully trig and clean it was. Every piece of earthen or tin ware, with which the shelves and walls were adorned, seemed bright and shining as if new burnished. The chairs, table, and floor were white—invitingly so. All was the very pink and pattern of neatness and precision, from the blue-checked curtains of the bed down to the shells and metal images that rested on the mantel-piece. In the grate burned a cheerful fire; on the one hob lay the kettle, on the other a suspicious-looking little black tea-pot, containing, doubtless, a drop of comfort. Tibby, already referred to as the antiquated sister of Robin Chucks, was seated close by the fire, diligently repairing a pair of worsted hose. Robin sat at the little table before a huge bicker of porridge, and a minor one of milk, intended for his breakfast; for with an honest Scotch partiality he had a thorough dislike at “tea an’ a’ sic watery trash.” But Robin appeared to have no appetite that morning—not the slightest. He seized his horn spoon, dug it into the porridge, then into the milk, brought it

back again to the porridge, where he allowed it to rest for a few minutes; finally, he essayed to raise it to his mouth, but in vain. This pantomime was repeated several times. As if like a child pampered with sweets, he would wish to eat, yet could not. At last he gave it up in despair, and, gazing at the cat as she lay basking herself on the hearth, and purring away in fond enjoyment of the warmth, Robin sighed.

Tibby had not been unobservant of all this, but had hitherto refrained from speaking, waiting till she saw the result. At length she could hold out no longer, but burst forth—

“Robin, are ye gane dementit? Sit doon, I say, an’ tak your parritch. Pretty conduct this to carry on wi’ ower your breakfast. I hae seen weans tak the sturdy at their meat; weans are excusable; but wha e’er saw a wean o’ your size? Ne’er a haet ye’ll get, ma boy, to your dinner the day till ye sup your breakfast. That’ll punish ye, I’m thinkin’. Sit doon, I say—sit doon, an’ if there’s aught wrang, tell’t at ance.”

“Pruchie, leddy—pruchie,” replied Robin. “Ca’ the mare canny up the brae.” So saying, he sprang up from his seat, and snapping his fingers, exclaimed, “Ha! ha! Tibby, little wat ye what’s what. There’ll be braw doin’s the day.”

“Robin,” said Tibby, looking seriously in his face, “are ye mad, or in love, or bewitched? Raily, man, ye seem labourin’ under what Dominie Drumwheezle ca’s a mental illumination (hallucination Tibby meant). Fye, for shame, behave decently an’ soberly as becomes your standin’, an’ no caper like a mountebank in a show. Ye’d gar ane ettle ye had gotten a fit or Sent Venus’ dancer. Wha e’er saw ony body, barrin’ at a waddin’, fling aboot in sic a manner? Tak your breakfast, like a sensible man, an’ then yoke the horse an’ drive doon that draucht o’ coals to Widow Mason she ordered yesterday.”

“I hae ither fish to fry, fegs, than drivin’ coals the day. Ha! ha! Auld lass, there’s routh o’ luck in store for

somebody," and Robin rubbed his horny paws and laughed till the tears came passing over his nose. "But the times come.

'Fareweel, Meg, noo I'm awa.'

So snatching up his bonnet, he started off at full speed down stairs, leaving the door wide open behind him.

Sorely puzzled at his incomprehensible conduct, Tibby remained gazing at vacancy for a few minutes, then proceeded to shut the door, muttering, "Megsty me! this is awfu'; the lad's gane gyte—clean gyte!"

The hour at which Marion was to be brought before the Sheriff for examination approached. Pale and trembling, she was led from the place of her confinement. As she entered the court hall, however, her trepidation in a measure ceased; the consciousness of her innocency inspired her with confidence; and though her cheek was blanched and bloodless, there was a degree of firmness about her compressed lips and in her steady unflinching eye that told of the tranquillity of her mind, and almost won you to the conviction that her hands were unsullied by crime.

Mr Oswald was there in waiting with the two girls who had previously asserted that the stolen article was in its place when they left the warehouse, and Sally was present with her cold dead face, and her gaze rivetted on the ground, she having professed to have some additional evidence to find; besides, as usual, a throng of people who had no business there at all, save curiosity to ascertain what was going on.

Mrs Dempster, to whom Willie had cautiously communicated the tidings of Marion's disgrace, was sitting close by the witness-box. Her eyes were red, and her whole countenance bore traces of recent tears.

As Marion was led through the crowd, a hand hastily touched hers, and she mechanically grasped a bit of paper. On hastily opening it, she found written in large sprawling characters the following:—

"Lassie,—Dinna be down-heartit. The mirkiest hour's

afore the dawnin'. Ane wha's willin' though no unco fit  
to befreen ye's at haun. Gin ye're sair jamm'd, ca' for  
"ROBIN CHUCKS."

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#### CHAP. IV.

#### T H E T R I A L

What a strange medley does a court hall present! How many important events hang there upon a thread! Happiness or misery dependent on a word! Hope and fear conflicting in all their different shades and degrees! There sunshine and gloom alternately elevating or depressing the spirits of the litigants! Characters varied as any that move upon the face of the earth meet there—meet on a common footing. All grades of society, from the toil-worn labourer to the tinselled scion of nobility, congregate within its walls. O the blessed uncertainty of law, that gives the same assurance, the same chance of success, to the scoundrel as to the honest man! How many long-fostered hopes have been crushed, how many expectations blighted and heart-broken, how many beggars enriched, and rich men beggared, how many knaves honoured, and honest men impoverished, in a court of justice! Yet so it will be till that era arrives when men will not cheat nor defraud one another, but live as brethren of the same family, in unity, in love.

Our heroine's case was amongst the first called. Mr Oswald, already regretting that matters had gone so far, came forward and briefly stated that as many acts of petty embezzlement had occurred of late within the premises, he had come to the determination of punishing the first individual to whom he could trace the blame. For some time past he had kept a strict eye on his workers, and although articles still unaccountably disappeared, he had not, till the present occasion, been able to effect the slightest discovery. He regretted that Marion had been found in the fault, as he had always hitherto believed her

to be a person of irreproachable conduct, and even among her fellow-workers she bore the name of being strictly honest, and nothing would afford him greater satisfaction than to discover that, in the present instance, his suspicions had been unfounded. He then detailed the various circumstances attending the abstraction of the shawl, and sat down.

The two girls were next called, who deposed to the facts that had come under their notice, but which, being already known to the reader, we need not reiterate.

Sally, on being requested to give her evidence, stated that ever since the iniquitous system of taking away the master's goods had begun, she had observed the girl Dempster very unwilling to converse about the subject, and seemingly very suspicious when it was introduced. Often had she endeavoured to draw Marion into conversation on the matter, but always she found means of evading a direct answer, and not unfrequently, when it was mentioned in her hearing, she trembled violently, and was very anxious to turn the conversation into another channel. She added further, that, to her certain knowledge, Marion had lately much more money in her possession than she thought a girl in her circumstances could honestly come by. Only the day before her arrestment, she had, on drawing a handkerchief out of her pocket, pulled out a pound note along with it, which, on observing, she hastily lifted and put back. She might also mention that Marion had been making purchases of trinkets, for which she could possibly have no use, and had at various times exhibited them to her (Sally), who, on asking how she obtained them, was told, very impertinently, that "it was nane o' her business." She stated further, that she had not come forward with any desire to implicate Marion, but as she had heard rumours going about very injurious to the character of the other girls in the room as well as her own, she, as a matter of duty, made bold to state the entire truth. As Sally finished her evidence she sat down with a smile of mali-

cious triumph resting on her countenance, which was unusually flushed by the excitement.

His lordship then turned to Marion, and inquired if she had any questions to put to the witness or anything to say in her own defence, remarking that there was a strong chain of circumstantial evidence against her.

"My lord, all I can do is to assert my innocence," replied she. "As I stand here in the sicht o' God an' man, the hail story that woman has told is naething save a fabrication o' falsehoods."

Sally's waxen countenance still bore the impress of confident assurance—not a muscle moved as she answered, "Very likely indeed."

"It will not do," said his lordship, "to use such terms to any one in court without proof. You had better be silent."

"I stand here a friendless orphan, having no one to say aucht in my favour. I maun wait that punishment others merit. May God forgive them for the wrang they hae done me," answered Marion.

"I fegs, the ne'er o' that ye'll dae," said a voice from a corner, "sae lang's I'm here," and Robin Chucks was seen struggling and elbowing his way through the crowd towards the bench.

Marion had forgotten the note and its contents. "Who are you?" inquired the Sheriff, as Robin came up, bonnet in hand, scraping and bowing like a pigeon on a housetop.

"I'm a witness, my lord, sir," replied Robin, nothing daunted. "I hear folk this day crawin' mair crouselly than there's ony ca' for, an' so am gaun to pu' a wheen feathers oot o' the peacock's tail."

"Whom are you witness for?" again asked his lordship in some surprise.

"Wha for, does your honour's worship want to ken? Wha for, but for this bit lassie here," pointing to Marion.

"Will you be good enough to mount the witness-box and let me hear what you have got to say."



Robin was sworn.

"What's your name?" inquired the Sheriff.

"What's your worship's wull?"

"Your name, my good fellow."

"Robin Chucks, the carter."

"And, pray, what have you got to say about this business?"

"Tak' yer honour's time, your worship. Ge's room to turn. Ye'se get a' the inklin's o't by an' by. Hech?" says Robin, fetching a sigh, "I'm wae to see sae mony corbies huntin' a pair maukin; but ne'er heed, Mirren, we'll jink them yet. They wha saw hemp maun get the cordage."

"I really do not understand," interrupted his lordship, "what all this outbreak tends to. If you have got anything to the point, pray, say it at once."

"Hurry nae man's cattle, yer honour. Ilk ane has a way o' his ain—an' gin ye dinna humour a camstrary cout ye winna get mickle pleasure o' him. But I'm just comin' to the point, sir—seeing the pins are out, the coals maun fa'. I hae kent that lassie there syne she was nae higher than a kail stock, and mony's the kind turn she's dune to Robin; an' here I'm the day just in nick o' time to befreund her. But to mak' the story short, as I see yer honour's worship's gettin' gae fidgetty, I'll e'en begin at the beginnin'. Weel, ye see, Tam Howe an' me had a bit settlement to mak' about a beast I bocht frae him short syne. The nicht afore last I steppit ower tae Tam's, an' we sat maybe a trifle late—an' ye see, as Tam's no a member o' the Teetotal, we had a drop or twa to souther the bargain, no that muckle tae dae ocht ill, but just made us a hair cheery. We crackit about ae thing an' anither, and Tam tauld sae mony droll stories (od, I wish yer honour had heard him!) that I ne'er noticed the time slippin' by till it was nigh haun twall. At last I gathered mysel' up, meanin' to creep awa' hame, dredidin' a fearfu' upblawin' frae Tibby—(Tibby's a sair ane when angered, yer honour). An' ye see I was gaun doon the stair as quiet's a cat in a dairy, no likin' to disturb

ony body. After I had fand my way to the second stairheid I saw a door open—stan'in' agee a sma' bit jist—an' I heard a whisper-whisperin' gaun on atween a man an' a woman. Quo' I to mysel', quo' I, this is some chiel sayin' a saft word or twa tae his lass afore they pairt, so I'll pass on. I ne'er heedit it, and was slippin' on, when I heard him say,

“Cleverly managed, by Jingo, Dempster's done for now.” When I heard this, yer honour, I pricked up my lugs, an' quo' I to mysel' quo' I, here's a go! Bide a bit, Rab, the cream o'ts comin'. So says she,

“I guess the prim slut will get six months' oakum pickin' and short allowance in limbo, and richly she deserves it! How I'd like to see her upsetting airs shown off in Bridewell! Bonny on her!”

“But, Sally, quo' he, ye haena tauld me how ye got into the wareroom.”

“Weel,” said the jaude, “ye ken when they were puttin' the bolts into the windows at nicht, I assisted them, but managed to keep ane o' them oot, so that it could open on the ootside. Afore we gaed awa' I ca'd the attention o' the lasses to the shawls by some remark, taking care they should see them lying in safety, and keptit them taigling on till the hindmost. They gaed out just afore Mirren, sure that a' was richt. Afterwards I gaed down an' in by the window, and ye ken the rest.”

“Capital! capital!” quo' the male wretch; “but what'll we do wi' the shawl? Best burn it?”

“Na, na,” replied the huzzy, “I'll hide it in the clock for some days, and then I'll find a use for't, depend on't.”

“Very well; but you'd better shut the door, lest any one is listening.”

I crooched doon oot o' sicht till the door was steekit, and then crept awa hame. Now, your honour's worship, what do ye think o' that?

“Sally, during the recital of Robin's narrative, once or twice became ghastrly pale, and seemed ready to sink to the earth, but recollecting that the eyes of all in the court

were intently fixed upon her, as if trying to read her guilt, she summoned up, by a fearful effort, her remaining courage, and screamed or yelled, "It's a lie—all a false lie, my lord. Just a paction between the twa villains to screen themselves, and turn the crime on my guiltless hands."

"It winna be fashious to pruve that y'er honour," said Robin. "Just sen' ane o' your beagles up and let him look the house. Then we'll see wha's in the richt."

"Do so, my lord," solicited Sally, trembling violently, "Is'e gang wi' the man, an' allow him to mak' a' investigation your honour may think fit."

"You had better stay where you are," said his lordship, with a disapproving frown, and, turning to two officers, he directed them to make the search as speedily as possible.

In fifteen minutes the men returned, bringing with them a small parcel, which they opened in court. It was found to contain the missing shawl, and was at once recognised by Mr Oswald.

A deep groan of execration unanimously burst from all in court, and Sally, on perceiving this indubitable evidence of her guilt, dropped like a stone on the floor.

"It seems," said his lordship, rising, "that this woman, Sally, has, out of jealousy and revenge, along with some other person unknown, hatched a scheme of deep villainy, in order to effect the ruin of a helpless girl. I am glad Providence has, in the wise disposal of events, frustrated her plans, and caught the wicked in their craftiness. This woman shall be detained to undergo her trial in the ordinary course of law; her punishment, I hope, will be commensurate with her villainy."

Here the audience set up a tremendous shout, perfectly deafening to hear, and it was some time ere the crier could effect silence.

Mr Oswald now came forward, and, taking Marion by the hand, expressed his deep regret at the sufferings he had caused her to undergo, and apologising for the treat-

ment she had received, said he would, by all means in his power, endeavour to atone for the past.

Marion thanked him for his kindness, and they left the court.

She was reinstated in her office, and a present of twenty pounds made to her mother, by way of compensation for the injury she had received.

One evening, about a month afterwards, Marion was sitting at home busily plying her needle, and humming snatches of songs in a low soft voice. She seemed paler than her wont, and there was a sweet yet mournful expression that played upon her thoughtful countenance. One tress of her braided auburn hair had escaped from its confinement and rested negligently upon a partly shrouded alabaster shoulder, while the neatly fitting dress she wore displayed her coy and trim little figure to great advantage as she sat stooping over her work. Little Davie sat on a stool at her feet, conning over the lesson for to-morrow, ever interrupting her by demands for assistance to find out what "they ca'ed this kittle word," and interminable stories of his own prowess at school; to all which Marion listened with becoming patience, and lent him that assistance which he required; yet, though thus engaged, her mind seemed elsewhere. The half-suppressed sigh, the sad air that stole at times like a cloud over her features, and the absent, vacant glance she frequently cast to her brother, when interrogating her, showed plainly that something lay heavy at heart. Suddenly a light footstep came into the room, and ere she was aware Willie Douglas stood by her side, habited in deep mourning.

"Willie," she ejaculated in some surprise, "what brings ye here; I thocht a' correspondence between us was now at an end?"

"Read"—said Willie, with a countenance of imperturbable gravity, handing her a letter—"Here's news for us!"

Marion read as follows:—"William Douglas, Esq., Sir, —As agent of the late Hew Douglas of Jamaica, your uncle, I am happy to inform you that by his will you are

appointed sole executor and legatee on his property situated in the said Island of Jamaica, the value of which may amount to about £6000. I hope to be favoured with your early instructions on the subject ; and remain, yours respectfully,

EZRA SEISINE."

"Willie, I am glad o' this for your sake," said Marion, handing him back the document, while a tear trickled down her cheek ; "I ken none mair deserving, and I trust you will mak' an honourable use of the riches God has given you."

"Na, na, Mirren, your joy maun be on your ain account as weel as mine : an' ye dinna consent to share't wi' me, I'll ne'er touch a penny o't. Let bye ganes be bye ganes. Say, Mirren, will ye ?" and Willie sat down close beside her, and despatched little Davie to see what o'clock it was on the Cross steeple, who soon found himself involved in a game of marbles, and entirely forgot all about his errand.

We must presume Marion relented, for not long after, as we passed the door, two coaches stood in waiting, surrounded by a group of children, shouting and hallooing for sheer joy and halfpence, while wives, with arms akimbo, looked over windows, and stood in small clusters at doors, descanting on the braw bride and groom. Speedily out came the bride herself—

"Blooming like young May,"

arrayed in a neat light dress. At her heels followed Willie Douglas, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the coachman cracked his whip, the horses dashed along the street, throwing a cloud of dust into the atmosphere, and the happy pair were whirled out of sight, followed by the gaze of an admiring multitude.

And was Robin, inquires the reader, honest Robin Chucks, forgot ? No, no ; Robin, large as life, may be seen any Thursday, arrayed in green coat and plush per-tinents, standing cracking with his brother farmers at the Cross. He was established by William Douglas in a neighbouring farm, ready stocked to his hand, and possess-

ing a tolerable knowledge of the profession, is now a thriving agriculturist. Tibbie has ceased to call him "Rab," and now dignifies him with the title of "Mr Robert;" but, if all tales be true, it is more than probable she will soon require to vacate her office of housekeeper to a certain damsel, towards whom Robin has been casting a sheep's eye for sometime back; and for our part, we entertain fond hopes of having a hand in giving away the aforesaid damsel ere the moon is many weeks older.

## TOWN VERSUS COUNTRY.

### A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

Let kintra folk brag o' their fields,  
Their forests, lakes, an' a' that,  
As muckle joy the city yields  
To them wha never saw that.

For a' that an' a' that,  
They FITY us for a' that ;  
They think we envy them their lot,  
An' pride themsel's on a' that.

They talk about their waterfa's  
That croon sae sweet an' a' that,  
An' birds that sing in birken shaws—  
Hech sirs! an unco blaw that,

For a' that an' a' that,  
We've just as guld as a' that ;  
Lift up the pipe—see there's a stream  
A splendid waterfa' that.

We've birds that sing as well as theirs,  
(Our cages weel can shaw that)  
That's never fashed wi' anxious cares  
About their meat an' a' that.

Wi' a' that an' a' that,  
We're better far wi' a' that ;  
“A bird in han's worth twa on bush ;”  
An auld an' truthfu' “saw” that.

They've bloomin' flowers that scent the air  
Wi' perfume sweet an' a' that ;  
They think—puir gowks—wee havens share  
(As weel as them) o' a' that.

For a' that an' a' that,  
We HA'E our share for a' that ;  
We've boxfu's in our window soles,  
As braw as theirs for a' that !

## COUNTRY VERSUS TOWN.

They've mountains grand that "cleave the sky,"  
 We ken, an' credit a' that;  
 But, then, we've buildings just as high,  
 An' steeples abune a' that.  
     For a' that an' a' that,  
     Their *dizzy peaks* an' a' that;  
     Just tak' them up to Tennant's lum  
     An' ask them what they ca' that!

Then let us prize a city life—  
 An' weel we may for a' that—  
 As num'rous comforts there are rife,  
 The kintra never saw that.  
     We've a' this an' a' that,  
     An' ten times mair than a' that;  
     We've concerts, solrees, promenades,  
     Huzzah! ye braggarts, claw that!

## COUNTRY VERSUS TOWN.

## REPLY TO "TOWN v. COUNTRY."

Let cities boast about their wealth,  
 Their palaces, an' a' that,  
 G!e me the vales where rosy health  
 Sae sweetly smles, an' a' that.  
     For a' that, an' a' that,  
     Their stringent laws, an' a' that,  
     Will ne'er wile me frae the green vales,  
     Where freedom dwells, an' a' that.

Mid luxuries the rich may lean  
 In cities; what o' a' that?  
 There, too, the vices a' convene,  
 To ruin men, an' a' that.  
     For a' that, an' a' that,  
     Their outward shows, an' a' that,  
     Too aft conceal what frae the heart  
     Drives peace awa', an' a' that.



Our vales are fu' o' lusty life,  
 Where plenty smiles, an' a' that,  
 Your cities wi' disease are rife,  
 An' waefu' want, an' a' that.  
     For a' that, an' a' that,  
     A smiling vale, an' a' that,  
     Is dearer far to men, I trow,  
     Than sooty reek, an' a' that.

Their gaudy shops may please a crew  
 O' beaux an' belles, an' a' that,  
 But daur they frae the winnocks pu'  
 Ae scentless flower, for a' that.  
     For a' that, an' a' that,  
     Let them but try't, an' a' that,  
     An' soon within a watchman's grasp  
     They will be fixed, an' a' that.

In cages they may vex'd birds keep,  
 In boxes, flowers, an' a' that,  
 But then they ha'e the jalls, whare weep  
 Baith men an' maids, an' a' that.  
     For a' that, an' a' that,  
     There fathers lie an' a' that,  
     While cauld at hame their wives an' weans  
     May sigh, an' weep, an' a' that.

Then, O! gi'e me the flowery vales,  
 Where age, an' youth, an' a' that,  
 The breath o' liberty inhales,  
 An' daur be blyth, an' a' that.  
     For a' that, an' a' that,  
     Whare knaves an' rogues, an' a' that,  
     Their trickeries maun lay aside,  
     Or banished be, an' a' that.

### THE LADS ACROSS THE WAY.

The following verses were addressed to two ladies, in consequence of a "window flirtation," which seemed to afford mutual amusement. May, 1845 :—

"What's in a name?" the poet cries, "the rose would smell as sweet,  
Though known by any other name," we read upon the street;  
And though we may not give our names, in writing you to-day,  
You surely cannot fail to know—the lads across the way!

Although we see you every day, alas! we never meet—  
We're never near to catch your ear, although across the street;  
We look at you, and you at us, like birds in cages strong,  
And, like such birds, we mean to chirp our love to you in song!

And answering *notes* of love from you, we hope to hear through time,  
In sweetest words of verse or prose—more loved, of course, in rhyme :—  
The hour may come when, bars removed, our fate may haply choose,  
That we may meet in closer bonds, and then you wont refuse!

While sitting by our windows oft, in dark and gloomy weather,  
How have we wished that you and we could only meet together—  
And even when sunshine lit the sky, and ushered golden hours,  
We deemed it hard we could not share the sunshine with the *flowers!*

'Tis sweet, indeed, to see you sit so near us for a while,  
But then we scarce your faces see, or catch their magic smile;  
We see your brow, your cheek, your chin, and guess your eyes 'tis true,  
But ne'er can know your cheek is red, your eyes are black or blue!

We'd like to feel your scented breath in gentle accents speak;  
We'd like to watch the opening rose, if such be on your cheek;  
We'd like to gaze with stolen glance into your melting eyes,  
And see ourselves reflected there, as ocean does the skies!

We'd like to twine a dewy wreath among your silken hair,  
 And kiss from off your cheek and brow, the faintest trace of care;  
 We'd share your sorrows and your cares, and all our joys impart—  
 Give tear for tear, and smile for smile, yea, give you heart for heart!

And now when summer's dewy steps attend the sunny hours, [flowers,  
 O'er daisied meads, by laughing streams, 'mong buda, and bees, and  
 O! might we not, when evening veils the heaven with starry blue,  
 Go wandering forth to feast on love, as flowrets feast on dew!

The moon with bright and silvery streaks would gently light your way,  
 The stars with sweet though silent speech, would gently bid you stay;  
 The flowers would twine around your feet, and, kissing them with dew,  
 Would pray your steps to linger yet, while we might fondly woo!

And now to end as we began—a word about the name—  
 We know not yours, you know not ours, 'tis something near the same;  
 We look at you, you look at us, each day across the street,  
 We write to you, you write to us, in verses soft and sweet!

We ask to meet—you wont say no, but something nearer yes—  
 We meet, we speak, alas! we apart, but meet again we guess—  
 Each time we part, we'll hope to meet, and, meeting day by day,  
 You soon will know, and, knowing, love

THE LADS ACROSS THE WAY!

## A WINDOW FLIRTATION.

REPLY TO THE "LADS ACROSS THE WAY."

DEAR LADS,

WE owe our gratitude at least

For your rich gift: it was indeed a feast  
That gives an appetite—makes us wish  
We only were alone, except the dish!

We will not say how often we did con  
Your letter, or its contents mused upon;  
We read it o'er and o'er, and aye, when done,  
Just turned the leaf, and then again begun.  
Would we were poets, for our pens would take  
A dip from Helicon, wer't only for your sake;  
But, ah! we are as far from poesy

As these rude verses from the Odyssey;  
And never on Parnassus can we meet,  
Although we may, indeed, across the street!

Although our street (we like to be emphatic)  
Is not just what is called aristocratic,  
Yet still we must not, dare not be disloyal:  
Its name has more than thrice, you know, been royal!  
And even yet, 'tis known throughout the town,  
For being trod by men of riches and renown—  
Where even royal blood has set its carriage down!  
At all events, we know that study here  
Makes classic paths—a certain time of year;  
And scarlet robes are seen, but then that matters  
Nothing, for—they sometimes hang in tatters!

But riches and renown, even learning, too,  
It need not boast, since it may boast of you;  
And though you give no names, we dare to say  
You are not nameless lads—across the way.  
We only wish we knew them; for o'er the city  
We'd spread your fame, you are so wondrous witty—

We would, indeed ; but, then, we only fear  
 You would no longer send your verses here :—  
 So, on the whole, if you will tell—none shall  
 Know that you have ever had a name at all !

You love us, say ye ? yet you wish to know  
 If roses on our cheeks or lilies grow—  
 Or whether, should we meet, we'd gaze on you  
 With dark, bright eyes, or those of softer blue.  
 As for our cheeks, sometimes (just as we pass)  
 We take a peep into the looking-glass,  
 And now a rose and now a lily find,  
 And sometimes see them lovingly combined !  
 And, for our eyes, you each can choose the hue,  
 For Jessie's eyes are black and Mary's eyes are blue !

How sweetly do you write of summer and of flowers,  
 As if, among their smiles, you scaree would think of ours !  
 And yet we would not blame you, for in truth  
 They have the lost brightness of primeval youth—  
 And yet a youth so short, we think their breath  
 Is like the swan's—most sweet and pure in death !  
 Theirs is a joyous birth-time, for the earth  
 Is green and bright—all nature full of mirth—  
 Theirs, too, a happy death-time, for decay  
 Creeps on them when bright days are hastening away !  
 And yet their lifetime is a life of sighs,  
 And the fairest and the brightest of them soonest dies !  
 We love to stray among them—so do you—  
 Only you like best when they are wet with dew,  
 And Cynthia's beams, on every waving stem,  
 Woo the eyes from her to look on them—  
 Or rather, you prefer to state it thus :  
 To draw your eyes from both, and turn them upon us !

So generous, too, for you not only part  
 With joys and smiles, but with the very heart !  
 Hearts are so seldom gifted, or so often lost,  
 That it were difficult to reckon what they cost ;  
 And if we scorned them, we might look in vain  
 To have such treasures offered us again !

We'll therefore take them ; but, pray, don't blame us  
 If we give not presents like them—'twould shame us  
 To offer gifts less rich ; and so we shall,  
 Rather than do so, give you none at all !  
 Yet still we thank you, as we said before ;  
 You surely would not wish us to say more ?  
 Thanks are enough—indeed, they are far better  
 Than aught else—especially with a letter !

We are, &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

Adieu ! for mother just this minute pinn'd you  
 Making your mute speeches to us at the window,  
 And has debarr'd us now from sitting there,  
 Or walking after tea to take the air !  
 She says you're impudent—in short, that you  
 Are laughing at us ; and, indeed, 'tis true,  
 We've all the while been laughing hard at you !

## LANARKSHIRE.

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### HOW TO MAKE MONEY.

#### SKETCH OF A GLASGOW CITIZEN.

As a large class of readers are interested in the history of the working classes, especially in such of them as have had the good fortune to acquire a competency through the blessing of heaven on their honest industry, there may be some instructive facts in the somewhat chequered, though comparatively obscure, history of one, who lately died in Glasgow, after acquiring a considerable amount of property. The leading particulars were communicated by himself verbally and in writing, and are given as nearly as possible in his own words. He thus tells his own artless story:—"I was born in a remote part of B—shire, of humble but industrious parents, who, instead of putting me to school, sent me to service at the early age of seven years. When I was sent to the humble employment of a shepherd, the whole of my education consisted of a tolerable knowledge of the English alphabet, and of a few psalms and hymns, and questions of the Shorter Catechism. Two of us being engaged in tending the flock, and my companion being greatly my superior in years and knowledge, I placed myself under his tuition. With the wide-spread canopy of heaven over our heads, and the bleating sheep around us, having seated ourselves now on some haunted hillock, and now on some everlasting rock—we studied our country's legends, and also dabbled both in

politics and religion. We committed to memory all those little legendary works which formed the basis of the rural education of the place. Though my fellow-herdsman acknowledged me as a companion, the other servants on the farm made me the butt of their jokes. I have never moved in any class possessing more inventive genius of a certain kind than farm-servants. Their rough puns are often caustic, and in my case they were keenly felt. I was so often pestered with their mischievous fun that I wished I had been dead. They attempted to persuade me that I was a necromancer, and that I had dealings with Satan. All the mischief done in the way of injury and breaking implements, and all accidents among cattle and otherwise, were saddled on my supernatural power. I was almost reduced to idiocy or madness by their wicked attempts. In that part of the country the youngest herd-boys always shared a similar fate—the tricks played on them were altogether incredible. At the age of sixteen I was what is vulgarly called 'orra-man,' and my wages for the first half-year were fifty-two shillings, besides victuals. After continuing three years in this employment with slowly advancing wages, I resolved to better my condition. Having heard of Glasgow, I resolved to push my fortune in that place. Accordingly, after settling all items at the term, I found myself in possession of eight shillings and sixpence, and with that stock I set out for Glasgow, without mentioning my purpose to a single soul. Finding that labour did not pay to my liking, I determined on my arrival to commence business on my own account immediately. After travelling 150 miles, I found on my arrival that my whole stock, with which I had to commence business, amounted only to one shilling. I had besides a suit of clothes half-worn out, and a few trifling pieces of dress in my parcel, and with this stock I commenced *the world*. Though I could have gazed for days on the wonders of the city, dire necessity urged me to business, and though wearied and hungry on my arrival, I could not break my shilling to procure food or accommodation. Accordingly,



I at once procured sixpence worth of small books, and had the good fortune to make them a shilling in the course of an hour. With the profits of this first bargain I procured accommodation for myself during the first night of my sojourn in Glasgow. I shall not soon forget the appearance of my first lodging-house. It certainly was not creditable to my host. Having but little inducement to remain long, I left as soon as possible, and longed for business hours. The next morning was a lovely June morning, and favourable to my enterprise. I risked my whole shilling in a book speculation, and at night was in possession of one shilling and ninepence; so that, after paying for the provisions of the day and the accommodation of the night I had one shilling and threepence next morning. I considered this increase begun prosperity, and determined not to relax my efforts till I had made the one shilling and threepence a hundred pounds. Next day made my one shilling and threepence produce two shillings and twopence, and I now considered myself established as a successful trader. Sabbath, however, reduced my stock,—so that, on Monday morning, despite economy I was reduced again to one shilling and fourpence; and, to my great grief, on Monday, though I had embarked the whole sum in books, I had only drawn fourpence. My formerly scanty fare was scantier still, and I feared that business was not to succeed with me. I had three days' work to dispose of that unfortunate Monday's purchase, and on the close of the third day I had just fivepence. I risked the whole remaining fourpence—for I passed that night on a penny—and had ninepence that evening. From this time business flourished, so that I could endure a bad sale without it seriously affecting me. My whole expenses during the first year of my stay in Glasgow, for board, washing, and lodging, amounted to five pounds nineteen shillings, besides about eighteen shillings for old clothes. I found myself in possession, at the close of the year, of about twenty pounds. I generally breakfasted on porridge or brose. I dined on a herring, and when I allowed myself

supper, porridge was the dish. Being now satisfied that Glasgow was the place for making money, I wrote for my only brother to come to Glasgow, with all speed. I aided him to get into business; and, being possessed of thorough-going business habits, he soon annually cleared a sum too great for popular belief. But his prosperity destroyed him. He imbibed atheistical tenets—and from atheism proceeded to drunkenness, and from drunkenness to the most outrageous profligacy, until he was lost sight of among the haunts of dissipation, and it is uncertain whether he is dead or alive. In addition to aiding my brother to get into business with my twenty pounds, I established a book stand on the banks of the Clyde. Many a day have I stood gazing on the waters as they rolled past, and almost prayed for passers-by to stop and make purchases of my books. Some days I did not draw one penny, while on more fortunate days I drew a considerable sum. As I always purchased my books in the most economical manner, I could sell cheaper than those who had splendid shops. During the first year of my trading in the book-stand way I cleared about seventeen pounds. My lodgings were certainly not extravagant, and every penny I possibly could save I did save. After being located a few years on the banks of the Clyde, I found I had cleared one hundred and five pounds, and now I determined to have a shop. I procured one in the west end of the town, in — street, where, in the course of a few years, I had a clear stock of two thousand volumes (the exact amount of money was known only to a fortunate relative to whom it was left, it was supposed it must have been about £700). On taking my shop I fitted up a small apartment in the back of it which served as kitchen, parlour, dining-room, and bedroom. My whole furniture consisted of a pot, and kettle, and pan, and bowl, with some half-dozen of other shattered utensils. I cooked my own victuals, and prepared my own bed, and, in a word was one of the most independent men of Glasgow. My breakfast generally consisted of pease-brose or oatmeal porridge; my dinner consisted of

a little salt herring, and a little water gruel. Supper was seldom required, though at times I treated myself to a little pork ham. Tea was a luxury I seldom thought of; and though I began to have friends, I generally preferred my morsel alone to eating in the house of friends. Indeed, I seldom accepted invitations, as I found I could not repay my friends by asking them again. I found myself unhappy when I was not in my shop. On the corner of my trunk I sat, for I never yet had a chair to call my own."

On being seized with illness he was obliged to shut his shop, for there was none on earth to whom he would intrust his books or his money. Accordingly trunks were procured, and the books were all packed up and placed in an apartment beside him. He had now become what may be called a respectable miser, for he appeared in tolerable clothing, but pinched his stomach to the last degree. His lodgings cost him four shillings a-week, which he mourned over every day as ruinously extravagant. Insidious consumption now quickly wasted his frame, but he still spoke of recovery, and hoped he would soon be able to re-open his shop. A medical man he would not call till he was in the last stages of the disease. After coming to Glasgow he joined a small but respectable body of Christians, but he gave up their communion, and remained out of fellowship with any church till his death. His love of money had fearfully deteriorated his religion; and occasionally his heart, dead to every joy but that of hoarding, seemed to melt when he referred to the former joys of religion which he possessed. The writer of these remarks visited him daily on his death-bed, and found the ruling passion strong in death. When he felt himself dying, he sent for a relative, to whom he had willed almost all his property and money, and though the will secured the chief part to that relative, he would not allow that relative to open his trunk but in his presence; within half an hour of his death, he wished something taken from his trunk, and he watched every movement, and seemed anxious till he had the key in his hand—a hand already cold in death. He spoke of

his books and of his shop to the last moment, and he seldom referred to any other subject. He looked back on the past with considerable complacency. He had been scrupulously exact in all his bargains—in fact he was deemed a Quaker by many on account of his strict mode of conducting business; but he knew better than to trust to that alone. He made occasional reference to the true ground of hope, and gave some reason to believe that his heart was still open to religious impressions, and that there might be room in it for what is more valuable than gold, both in life and death. In mean and neglected lodgings died the man who, by the excess of penuriousness, had acquired more than a competency; and scarce was he in his grave, when that trunk, which had been his companion through life, and which contained what had been too dear to him, was remorselessly ransacked, and the spoil divided among tearless relations, who seemed well pleased the old “*hunks*” was gone. Many a curious package did that trunk contain—here a parcel of silver, there another of gold, and there another of bank notes, carefully wrapt in pieces of old napkins. His papers, on which he set a high value, were committed to the flames, and in an hour every remnant belonging to him was removed far from Glasgow; and now, though but a few years have elapsed, his memory has almost perished, while his body lies unmarked in one of the Glasgow burying grounds. The history of such a person is full of instruction. In his character we find much commendable, and much objectionable. His strict honesty in his dealings with his fellows, and his determination to live below his income, deserve the highest praise; but his niggardly habits are highly censurable. After he could call his stock his own, and had a considerable sum deposited in the bank, it was time for him to become more social, and live and act like others. He was of the opinion that persons of ordinary abilities could accomplish almost anything they fairly purposed. Hence, after making fifty pounds, he resolved to gain other fifty pounds, and still fifty pounds more, till the passion of accumulating fairly

mastered him, and he became the slave of money. Had his desires been moderated by the introduction of higher principles, he might have been one of the best and most useful members of society; but the man who, with his hundreds, shuts himself up from society, and spends his days in silence and solitude, contravenes the end of his creation, refusing to fulfil other duties than those of living to himself.

## LIFE OF OLIVER NAPPE.

The following is from an unpublished manuscript of the author of "The Linnings of Life :"—

Who would have surmised, yea, who would have suspected, that grave Elder Nappe, the man who walked with such a sober gait, and whose reverend countenance beamed with gathered wisdom—who was a pattern of uprightness and steadfastness, a perfect black letter primer to the youthful generation to study in—that he had been such a wild frolicsome fellow in his time. Aye! who would for a moment have conjectured that Oliver Nappe, the honest burgess, as he walked with the gravity of a bishop, arm in arm with his trig little dame, up the High Church Brae on a Sunday, had been such a madcap in his youth. Alas! so it was. We chronicle it in much sorrow. Every man has his failings, and Oliver's was a petticoat. Oliver was born with the crooked spoon in his mouth, and engraved on it in cabalistical characters was woman. Poets speak of woman as being man's good angel. She always was Oliver's bad genius; instead of being his guardian star, was his Jack O'Lanthorn, leading him into all kinds of mishaps, under fair pretences. Here we mean to narrate, for the benefit of the rising generation, a few of the ups and downs, crosses and vexations, whereunto this failing led him. At the period we first speak of, he had long become impregnable to his early weakness, and, save in his own heart's recesses, and in the recollection of a few old friends, no knowledge of these existed among men, and Oliver was looked up to and venerated as a sage, and doubtless too his manifold experiences in life entitled him to respect. But, as his biographer, it becometh us to state how we obtained the right and possession of the matter

hereinafter conveyed to a discerning public. Oliver, the patriarchal elder, although he stoutly fought his way through the tide of the affairs of this life, eventually succumbed to death. He was gathered to his fathers, and his loving spouse, then far down the vale of years, soon followed. When his last will and settlement was read, it was found to contain a clause to the following effect:—  
 “To my young friend —, I leave and bequeath certain papers in a sealed packet, which, on my decease, will be found in my writing-desk addressed to him, and as they contain many of my own experiences of the ways of the world, I trust he will be enabled to turn them to good account, and endeavour to glean experience by that of others.” The packet was duly delivered to us, and now, from a sentiment of universal charity to our race, we have taken upon us the duty of making known the contents of some of the papers, particularly those which relate to Oliver’s doings amongst the fair sex.

As the narrative would lose to a great extent by our sacriligious touch, we shall allow him, so far as possible, to tell his own tale.

Passing over the three first chapters, the fourth may afford some amusement.

## CHAPTER IV.

“First get aff wi’ the auld love  
 Afore ye tak on wi’ the new.”—*Old Song.*

We may pass by several pages of Oliver’s manuscript, and proceed to where he relates his next adventure. We find him thus beginning:—

It behoveth me noo to inform you of the second o’ my unfortunate experiences with the fickle sex, more especially as it contains, I conceive, a warning to youth how far appearances may lead them astray. But, alas! I fear me, young men will be young men, and the advices o’ hoary age produce but sma’ effect in influencing their conduct. My duty, however, consists in setting forth, for the benefit

o' my fellow creatures, the wiles and snares o' the female kind, wherewith they seek to entrap and deceive. My ain conviction is, they are a' tarred wi' the same stick as their mother Eve.

I came now to be about twenty years of age, having waxen greatly in strength and stature, and my apprenticeship was well nigh expired. Nearly a twelvemonth had elapsed since the eventfu' night at the ball, which had changed entirely the current o' my youthfu' dreams. It came to pass about this time that a singing schule was established in our town, for the sole and special purpose of teaching the young the most delightful and sacred exercise of psalmody. Forty o' us, lads and lasses, met in a hall ance a week, and being led on by the maister, screeched till our voices were roupy, and our throats husky, at Old Hundred and Bangor. The lads sat on ae side o' the lang table and the lasses on the ither, so that we couldna positively help looking at them, and they at us. Glances and smiles were exchanged—this of course led to meetings after we scaled, lang moonlicht walks, and finally weddings. Oh! a deal of mischief was wrought in that singing class. There was one bright black eyed wicked little maiden invariably for a length o' time sat opposite me, and shot piercing glances from aneath her long eye-lashes at me, till my heart was riddled like a sieve. When the tune was going on, I sat gaping and gazing at her, entirely forgetfu' o' my bass, and I verily believe, instead of singing auld hundred, I was often profanely conning "the lass wi' the bonny black een." Matters couldna lang bide thus. I grew deeper and deeper smitten, and albeit we had never yet spoken, my fancy led me to suppose she was correspondingly heart sick in love. Ae nicht as I was thus lost in admiration o' her dimpled rosy cheeks, I felt a little foot touch mine, just for a minute and then withdrawn, while a bashfu' smile played upon her countenance. A thrill ran through my haill body and bones, enough to set Etna in a blaze. Flesh and blood could endure no langer; so, whenever we cam out, I sidled up to her and made an observa-



tion on the weather. She answered me. Then the singing was introduced. I of course praised her fine voice, and talked a' the soft nonsense I could conjure up, on the road home wi' her, a full mile frae the town. Here I left, making an appointment for an early nicht. I ought to have stated she was the youngest of three daughters of Mark Scott, of Cairnybraik. Mark was a farmer, and reputed to be worth some bawbees. This of course drew not a few wooers at the heels of the daughters, who were a' good looking damsels, but the youngest carried the palm. But to the point. With no sma' degree of confidence and self-assurance, one evening about a week afterwards, I dressed myself in my Sunday coat, knee corduroys, and silver buckled shoon, and having stuck my lang sugar loaf satin hat on wi' a jaunty air, set out to keep my tryst. The evening was clear and cloudless. The sun had just set, leaving a lang red streak across the western sky, while the moon seemed combating for the mastery wi' the little remaining light, and the stars came one after another, peeping and winking out of their holes, just to see if the sun had gone, and when satisfied he had, then they glimmered awa richt merrily. By the time I reached Cairnybraik, the echoes of the throstle's sang had ceased, to resound through the woods. Gloamin' was gathering on, though scarcely perceptible, so clear and strong was the silvery light the moon cast around. After taking a turn or twa ere I came in sight of the house, just by way o' recruiting my courage, and giving my hat an extra squeeze down on my head, I buttoned my coat and walked smartly up. It was now pretty nearly dark, and the tall elms and firs that surrounded the house were throwing their giant shadows athwart the surface of the ground. As I drew near the house, I perceived the figure of Mary standing at the barn door, evidently in expectation of me, but just on coming up to accost her, the tramp of a man's foot was heard coming round the house, and she hastily said—

“There's my faither—quick—awa into the barn, I'll follow you in a minute.”

Without another word I hurried in, and, after groping my way in the dark, found some sacks o' corn that lay in a corner, and sat down. I waited with impatience for nigh ten minutes, when the door opened, and a saft low voice said, "Oliver."

"Here," replied I.

Without hesitation, she cam and sat doon beside me, saying, "I'm glad you've come. How I wearied every night for you since we pairtit."

"Did ye, dear," quo I, taking her saft warm hand in mine.

We sat in silence for a few minutes, my heart being too full for speech; at length Mary said, "Oliver, d'ye think there's sic a thing as love at first sight? I merely put the question, because some dispute its possibility. I wad like to hear your opinion on't."

"Surely," replied I, "there must be. Generally speakin', love is the result o' continued acquaintance in an object, but there are some objects (giving her hand an extra press,) in the world that man wad be callous indeed, did he fail to love, nay, even almost to worship at sight;" and so saying, I drew mysel' a bit closer to her, and encircled her waist wi' my arm, while she, nothing loath, allowed it to remain.

"Oh! what a sad thing it maun be," pursued Mary, "for a young devoted and ardent spirit to find that the object on whom that affection is lavished, coldly disregards and spurns it."

"I wad ca' the man who did so, if man he were," quo I, "the greatest villain on earth;" and waxing valiant, added, "in my esteem he wadna be worth a four and sixpenny damaged hat."

"Oliver, have you ever loved?" she inquired in a tremulous voice.

This was indeed a poser. It dang me perfectly stupid in a manner. A thousand conflicting thoughts ran through my brain, and lights of every hue seemed dancing before my een. For a young man to be speert at by a pretty

lass gin he ever loved, and that, too, on the second nicht o' their acquaintance, was indeed carrying matters wi' a high hand. Though staggered a bit by the question, I answered, "Once."

"When, Oliver?"

"This hour, and the dear object is in my arms," boldly giving her a smack, which, to my surprise, she returned.

"Oh! can it be true—would it were," quo she, pressing my hand, and pillowing her head on my bosom.

Completely stunned between love, joy, and wonder, I dropped on my marrow bones alongside the corn sack, and poured out my affection in the wildest language man ever uttered—and entreated her to be mine—the princess—the jewel of my heart—mine through life—I'd love her as man never loved before. While going on in this extraordinary manner, suddenly a ticher tichering arose in a far off corner, and then a tremendous gaffaw o' lauchter rang through the place, in which the supposed Mary joined. Starting to my feet, I fand mysel' surrounded by half-a-dozen lads and lasses with a lantern, and among the core I recognised the real Mary. The hail truth flashed on my mind—I had been duped—fully deceived and betrayed. A young brother of Mary's had personated her in the dark, and the rest had listened to my nonsense. Quickly gathering together my remaining faculties, I made a sudden rush, leaving my hat behind me, through the squad, and bolting right out at the door, among the deafening shouts o' "catch the hatter," I stopped not nor slackened my pace till I reached home. All that nicht and next day I felt as if twenty fathoms of saut water couldna quench the burnin' shame I experienced, whenever I thoct o' my ridiculous position, and the consequence o' an exposure, should such occur.

Next afternoon, as I was cogitatin' alane in the shop, unco doon in the mouth, a bit callan, wi' a wonnerfu' snub nose on his face, came in wi' a hat wrapped up in paper, which he handed up to the counter. I speert gin it was to alter or renovate. The cheild gaed a grin an' a curl up o'

the squab nose, and said, if folk wad keep their heids richt, their hats wadna need mendin', and darted out o' the shop. No comprehendin' this ategither, I untied the paper and beheld my ain best satin nap which I had left behind in my race the nicht previous, wi' a bit written direction on't, "to the love sick hatter." O! but I was an abused man. Gang wherever I micht, everybody seemed to have heard o' the trick, and I was aften inquisitively speir'd at "if I was partial to a run by moonlicht," or, "was I publishing a new version o' Johnny Gilpin," and siclike nonsense. The singing class of course I daurdna face, and indeed it was nigh three months afore the sough o' the matter flew by, and I could haud up my head in public.

## SKETCH OF "AN ORIGINAL."

A TRUE STORY.

GEORGE W—— was born in France, of rich and respectable parents, in the year 1777. At an early age he was apprenticed to a jeweller, in order to cure him of the frolic and fickleness which greatly distressed his parents. George, however, soon showed that no restraint would cure him of his love of company, and his insatiable thirst for the comic and eccentric in their different forms. Instead of being at his employment, George was now with a company of strolling players, now figuring on the theatre as some distinguished personage, and anon where nobody knew aught of him. Having gone the round of continental amusements, George was curious to see what could be had in England and Scotland. Having visited all the lions of England he found his way to Scotland, and took up his residence in Edinburgh. He soon exhausted all the sports of our metropolis, and then began to ask what next. Having often heard of the shrewdness and hospitality and drollery of the Scottish peasantry, he began to think of attempting to mingle with them. But he was a Frenchman and a gentleman, and his approach, as such, to the villages and hamlets of the peasantry he thought would alarm the natives, and prevent them from indulging themselves in his society. George had heard of a certain Duke begging in Scotland, and was much pleased with his adventures, and resolved to throw himself among the Scottish peasantry as a beggar. He found, however, that his new work was one of some difficulty, and, consequently, set himself to prepare for it. He sought out some determined beggars, and catechised them on the manner in which they pro-

ceeded to their work. He thus describes his first attempt:— ‘I commenced in good earnest to exercise myself in the beggar’s slang. I imitated his approaching tottering gait, when about to solicit charity. I accustomed myself to weep at pleasure, and heave tremendous groans, and to utter sepulchral voices. I dressed myself in beggar’s weeds, and addressed myself to my work. I started with a little bundle on my back, and a meal-pock in my hand, and made my first call as a beggar at the farm of P——. On entering the kitchen I put on my most dismal face, and placing my two hands on my stick, and raising my shoulders to their highest elevation, I muttered, in a hollow tone, “A peer thing.” The mistress, who had just finished scolding one of the damsels, turning to me with a fierce look said, “Ay, we hae plenty o’ them. Whare came ye frae?” “Frae Inverness, mistress,” was my laconic reply. “Inverness!” said she, “they’re surely all beggars in Inverness! Hae, take that, and dinna let me see your face again,” (handing me a thick piece of cake). I hobbled on to the next town, and met with a similar reception. I began to think it might be an improvement to *halt* on my approach to a house. Accordingly, I walked on one leg, and uttering, when any one was near me, heavy groanings. On entering the door at K——, I muttered, in a pitiful voice, “A puir distressed thing!” “A puir thing!” says the fat and angry-looking housewife: “whare came ye frae?” “Frae Embro’, mistress,” I replied. “Embroch—gang back to Embroch,” says she, “We don’t want you here.” “Oh! but this leg,” said I, holding it in my hands, “I’ll never see Embro’,” and with this the bear started into my eyes. This had the effect. I got bread and cheese, and many good things, besides some conversation with a queer old customer who had seen some eighty summers. Night approaching, I made up my mind to seek lodgings for the night; and I thus addressed the housewife of B——: “Could ye gie a puir body a nicht’s quarters, mistress?” “A nicht’s quarters at this time o’ day!” said the angry vixen. “It’s lang to late; gang twa hours

yet there are nae quarters for any o's at this time o' day." As she thus spoke, she was gathering a little meal into her dirty hand, which I received into my poke and went away. Beginning to suspect that my appearance was not sufficiently beggarly, I tore the crown from my hat and otherwise maimed it, and neared the town of A——. My wretched appearance opened the hearts of the inmates, and I was invited to take a seat at the hearth. I never was in a more anxious state than on that eventful night. First the mistress, then the farmer, then every clown, and even the servant girls, teased the beggar with questions, and I knew so little of their customs as to feel awkward in their presence. The farmer asked me where I belonged to? I replied, "I belonged to Connusmogan in the East Country." "Hae you been lang in the begging way?" "Na, sir," was the reply. "I was a jeweller to her Majesty in Connusmogan, but my house and property were burnt, and I fled naked; and my mind was so disturbed by the fright, that I could do nothing but wander about." I was then asked if I was well *edicate*? To which I replied, that at the school of Connusmogan I got seventeen different prizes in the language classes, and five in hydraulics, and seven in moonology. The old farmer put on his spectacles, and took a full view of me as I looked half gay, half grave. After eyeing me, he says to one of the handmaidens, "Gie this man some supper, and make ready the bed for him in the upper barn." I continued to astonish the man with my knowledge of science. Despite of my pretensions to former greatness and present misfortune, I was shown to the barn, and allotted a bed of straw, with a few ragged blankets. To my fortune I submitted, and spent the night in the barn, and, on the whole, slept soundly.

Such is his own account of his first adventure in the begging way, but the strangest part of his story is yet to tell. What he commenced in sport, he ended in good earnest, and begged to his dying day. Being reckless of his scanty means, he was soon reduced to straits, and his

friends had disowned him, so that there was nothing for George but the poke and the string. He made himself friends among the farmers in A——, and with some of them he remained for weeks, amply repaying their kindness with his original jokes and endless stores of pleasantry. His appearance was peculiarly striking. His person was tall and slender, his gray locks hung down to his shoulders, and his dress, though a beggar, was neat and clean. His knowledge of the French language and of French manners, and his endless resources of general knowledge, were sufficient proof of his origin and circumstances, while his jokes and comic stories destroyed the tedium of a winter evening, and rendered him a general favourite. He often declared that he never was happier than when among the Scottish peasantry, and that he would rather beg among them than sit on a throne in his native country. About two weeks previous to his death, when taking his leave of a family with whom he sojourned, he left with great reluctance. He said, again and again, that it was his impression he would never return; but their kindness to George the beggar would be rewarded. Tidings at length arrived that a short illness had carried him off, and that his remains were interred in the churchyard of Y——. He was the only man of genius and real goodness we ever found begging, and to his singular form of mind we must attribute the rare phenomenon.



## A N E C D O T E S, &c.

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### MARRIAGE.

It was one of the laws of Lycurgus, that no portions should be given with young women in marriage. When the great lawgiver was called upon to justify this enactment, he observed—"That in the choice of a wife, merit only should be considered; and that the law was made to prevent young women being chosen for their riches, or neglected for their poverty."

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### STITCHES IN A SHIRT.

THE following singular calculation of the number of stitches in a plain shirt has been made by a sempstress in Leicester:—Stitching the collar, four rows, 3000; sewing the ends, 500; button holes, and sewing on buttons, 150; sewing the collar and gathering the neck, 1204; stitching wristbands, 1228; sewing the ends, 68; hemming the slits, 264; gathering the sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1468; stitching on shoulder straps, three rows each, 1880; hemming the bosom, 393; sewing the sleeves, 2554; setting in sleeves and gussets, 3050; tapping the sleeves, 1526; sewing the seams, 848; setting side gussets in, 424; hemming the bottom, 1104; total number of stitches, 20,649.

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### ADVERTISEMENT IN TRINIDAD.

"STOLEN or strayed from the subscriber, on Monday evening last, while he was in a state of intoxication on the

St Joseph's Road, a dark grey he ass, small size, laden with fish, tobacco, &c. A reward will be given to whoever may restore the ass, or give such information as will lead to its recovery. Apply to William H. Goin, Esq., Maucica Estate, or to Manuel Neata. Arima, 28th March, 1846."

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#### LOVE AND DEBT.

THERE is very little difference between the man in love and the man in debt. Both the debtor and the lover commence operations by *promissory notes*; the former giving bills to his creditor, and the latter sending *billets-doux* to his fair one. The lover, by promising to cherish, is honoured with a place in the lady's *good books*; and the debtor, by promising to pay, winneth admission into the creditor's ledger. Love keepeth its captive awake all night; so doth debt. Love is uncalculating, and debt holdeth no reckoning. The man who oweth money is in need of *brass*, and so is the swain that poppeth the question. Debt bringeth a man into court, and no gallant can succeed in love who is unprepared to go to court. The enamoured one hath a suit to prefer, and the indebted one a suit to defend; the lover is his own *solicitor*, and the debtor employeth an attorney. There is, however, one painful dissimilarity between love and debt, which rendereth the latter the less of the two evils—love cannot be quenched, but debt may be *liquidated*.

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#### EARLY RISING IN THE MORNING.

It has been well remarked that life never perhaps feels with a return of fresh and young reeling upon it, as in early rising on a fine morning, whether in country or town. The healthiness of it, the quiet, the consciousness of having done a sort of young action (not to add a wise one),

and the sense of power it gives you over the coming day, produce a mixture of lightness and self-possession in one's feelings, which a sick man must not despair of because he does not feel it the first morning.

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## SHORT AND SWEET.

ONCE upon a time, as all love stories begin, a young gentleman of rank and wealth laid siege to the heart of the daughter of the famous Colonel Crockett; and finding favour in the eyes of the lady, he wrote to her father requesting her immediate union. The following characteristic reply was promptly acted upon:—"Congress Hall, Washington.—Dear Sir,—I received your letter. Go a-head!—DAVID CROCKETT."

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## SAM SLICK'S GENERAL RULES FOR SOCIETY.

"I'LL tell you, now, what I call general rules for society. First, it ain't one man in a hundred knows any subject thorough, and if he does, it ain't one time in a thousand he has an opportunity or knows how to avail it. Secondly, a smatterin' is better nor deeper knowledge for society, for one is small talk, the other is lecturin'. Thirdly, pretendin' to know is half the time as good as knowin', if pretendin' is done by a man of the world 'cutely. Fourthly, if any crittur axes you if you have been here or there, or know this and that one, or seen this sight or 'tother sight, always say yes, if you can without lyin', and then turn right short round to him, and say, 'What's your opinion on it? I should like to hear your views, for they are always so original.' That saves you makin' a fool of yourself by talkin' nonsense, for one thing, and where a room ain't not over well furnished, it's best to keep the blinds down in a general way; and it tickles his fancy, and that's another thing. Most folks like the sound of their own

voices better than other people's; and every one thinks a good listener and a good laughter the pleasantest crittur in the world. Fifthly, lead when you know; when you don't, foller; but soft sawder always. Sixthly, never get cross in society, especially where the gals are, but bite in your breath, and swallow all down. When women is by, fend off with fun; when its only men give 'em a taste of your breed delicately like, jist hintin' in a way they can't mistake, 'for a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.'

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#### WOMEN AND THEIR WAYS.

How often do we see a lady who cannot walk; cannot rise in the morning; cannot tie her bonnet strings; faints if she has to lace her boots; never in her life brushed out her beautiful hair; would not, for the world, prick her delicate finger with plain sewing; but who can work harder than a factory girl upon a lamb's-wool shepherdness; dance like a desvish in a crowded ball-room; and, whilst every breath of air gives her cold in her father's house, and she cannot think how people can endure the climate, can yet go out to dinner parties in February and March, with an inch of sleeve and half-a-quarter of boddice!

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#### ORIGIN OF THE "FORGET-ME-NOT."

THE banished Duke of Lancaster, afterwards Henry IV., appears to have been the first person who gave to the *myosotis avensis*, or "forget-me-not," its *Souvene* emblematic and poetic meaning, by uniting it, at the period of his exile, on his collar of S. S. with the initial letter of his *mot* or watchword, "Sovereigne vous de moy," thus rendering it the symbol of remembrance; and, like the subsequent fatal roses of York, Lancaster, and Stuart, the lily of Bourbon, and violet of Napoleon, historical flowers. Poets and lovers have adopted the sentiment which makes the blue *myosotis* plead the cause of the absent by the eloquence of

its popular name, "forget-me-not," but few indeed of those who, at parting, exchange this simple and touching appeal to memory, are aware of the fact, that it was first used as such by a royal Plantagenet prince, who was perhaps indebted to the agency of this mystic blossom for the crown of England. It is most likely that Henry of Lancaster presented a myosotis to the Duchess of Bretagne (whom he afterwards married) at his departure from the Court of Vannes. He certainly afforded a convincing proof that his fair hostess was not forgotten by him when a proper season arrived for claiming her remembrance.

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## DEAN SWIFT ON WOMEN.

DEAN SWIFT says, a woman may knit her stockings, but not her brow; she may darn her hose, but not her eyes; curl her hair, but not her lips; thread her needle, but not the public streets.

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## THE RAILWAY QUEEN.

MR HUDSON, the Railway King, is stated, at a party in his own house, to have committed a sad blunder, in applying the term "*prima donna*" to one of his own sex. The following, which we heard some time ago, in the ancient city of York, is a good match. The Railway Queen, it seems, is in the habit of giving fine parties to the inhabitants of York, and the neighbourhood. On one of the occasions, wishing to show off a little before the *magnates*, her Majesty called one of her servants, when the following dialogue occurred:—"John," said her Majesty. "Yes, Ma'am," said the servant. "Bring me a bucket," said the Queen. "Yes, Ma'am. John, as in duty bound, instantly disappeared. On his way down to the kitchen, he began to wonder what her Majesty could want with a bucket; and wondering whether he could not have been mistaken, consulted the other servants on the subject. It was

agreed, however, that her wishes should be complied with; and a bucket was accordingly brought out. John filled it with water, carried it up stairs, and, marching through the crowd in the drawing-room, much to the astonishment of all present, placed it at her Majesty's feet. "Here it is Ma'am." "What is this, Sir?" "The bucket, Ma'am, the bucket." "Oh, you stupid fellow," said her Majesty; "it was not a bucket of water I wanted. It was a 'bucket o' floors." Her Majesty, it is useless to say, had asked for a *bouquet*.

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#### THE AMENITIES OF MATRIMONY.

THE excellent Dr Paley, after hearing a blubbering husband declare that during their long life together, he and his wife had never had a cross word, pronounced that their union must have been "shocking flat."

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#### NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

There has been a mighty advance of late years in the talent and whole staple of our periodical literature. The very newspapers teem with eloquence of the highest order—insomuch that, were one to compile now a volume of extracts under the title of Beauties or Specimens of the British Classics, he needs be at no loss to find editorial articles in some of our leading journals, which outrival the finest paragraphs of Johnson, or Milton, or Addison. They are precisely such effusions as might be expected from the highest minds, lured into the services of great capitalists and proprietors, by offers of the highest remuneration; and so, if the subject happen to be one which they have mastered and thoroughly studied in all its bearings, we are presented with compositions which in respect of matter are characterised by a deep and sound philosophy, and which, in respect of style, charm and even astonish the

reader by the magical powers and combinations of a most fertile phraseology. Even on subjects which they have not studied, but on which they are called to write by the present exigencies of the day, if they often fail in apprehending the just and true principles of the question at issue—still, in the course of their rapid and extemporaneous sentences, are we as often presented with the impressive plausibilities and salient features of the argument. It is thus that while powerful organs for giving a right direction to popular and public sentiment, they may be alike powerful in giving diffusion to error, and in maintaining at least, the ascendancy of a mischievous delusion over the understandings of the community at large.—*Dr Chalmers.*

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THE WIFE.

THE wife, whose sweet nature can kindle worthy delights, is she who brings to her hearth a joyous, ardent, and hopeful spirit, and that subtle power whose sources we hardly can trace, but which yet so irradiates a home, that all who come near are filled and inspired by the deep sense of womanly presence. We best learn the unsuspected might of a being like this when we try the weight of that sadness which hangs like lead upon the room, the gallery, the stairs, where once her footstep sounded, and now is heard no more. It is not less the energy than the grace and gentleness of this character that works the enchantment. Books can instruct, and books can amuse, and books can exalt and purify ; beauty of face and beauty of form will come with bought pictures and statues, and for the government of a household hired menials will suffice ; but fondness and hate, daring hope, lively fear, the lust for glory, and the scorn of base deeds ; sweet charity, faithfulness, pride, and, chief over all, the impetuous will, lending might and power to feeling—these are the rib of the man, and from these, deep veiled in the mystery of her very loveliness, his true companion sprang.

## SAM SLICK'S "BENEFITS OF A BAZAAR."

THE gals in Parson Longtext's church got up a rag fair last fall, for the benefit of the poor. Made up a whole lot of old contraptions; hearts stuck full of pins, paper baskets, and other queer notions; the consarnedest lot of trash you ever did see. Then you see the chaps all went a shopping: paid a dollar for sixpence worth, and had a good store in the bargain. It's a positive fact that forty-nine matches (not locofoco's, but genuwine love ones) were concluded on the strength of that 'ere fair. Joe Lutestring, a dreadful nice young man in the dry-goods line, fastened on old Sall Sparks, kase he diskivered she had a slick way of taking the flats in. They do say her dad thought the same thing, for the piece of goods had got kinder shop worn, and the old man thought he'd never get her off his hands; but gals, keep up your hearts, gals, every Jack has his Jill.

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## YES, GET MARRIED.

YOUNG man! if you have arrived at the right point of life for it, let every other consideration give way to that of getting married. Don't think of anything else. Keep poking about among the rubbish of the world till you have stirred up a gem worth possessing in the shape of a wife. Never think of delaying the matter; for you know delays are dangerous. A good wife is the most constant and faithful companion you can possibly have by your side while performing the journey of life. She is of more service, too, than you may at once imagine. She can "smooth your linen and your cares" for you—mend your trousers, and, perchance, your manners—sweeten your sour moments as well as your tea and coffee for you—ruffle, perhaps, your shirt bosom, but not your temper; and instead of sowing the seeds of sorrow in your path, she will sew buttons on your shirt, and plant happiness instead of harrow teeth in your bosom. Yes—and if you are too con-



foundedly lazy and too proud to do such a work yourself, she will chop wood and dig potatoes for dinner; for her love for her husband is such that she will do anything to please him—except receive company in her everyday clothes. Get married by all means. All the excuses you can fish up against doing “the deed” arn’t worth a spoonful of pigeon’s milk. Mark this: if blest with health and enjoyment, you are not able to support a wife, depend upon it you are not capable of supporting yourself. Therefore, so much the more need of annexation, for in union, as well as an onion, there is strength. Get married, I repeat, young man! Concentrate your affections upon one object, and not distribute them, crumb by crumb, among a host of Susans, Sarahs, Maries, Loranas, Olivias, Elizas, Augustas, Betsies, Peggies, and Dorothies—allowing each scarcely enough to nibble at. Get married and have something to cheer you as you journey through this lonely “vale of tears”—somebody to scour up your whole life, and whatever linen you possess, in some sort of Sunday-go-to-meeting order.

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LADY STANHOPE'S ACCOUNT OF HER PERSONAL BEAUTY.

DOCTOR, at twenty my complexion was like alabaster; and, at five paces distant, the sharpest eye could not discover my pearl necklace from my skin; my lips were of such a beautiful carnation, that, without vanity, I can assure you very few women had the like. A dark blue shade under the eyes, and the blue veins that were observable through the transparent skin, heightened the brilliancy of my features. Nor were the roses wanting in my cheeks; and to all this was added a permanency in my looks that fatigue of no sort could impair. When I was young I was never what you call handsome, but brilliant. My teeth were brilliant, my complexion brilliant, my language—ah! there it was—something striking and original, that caught everybody's attention.

## THE LATE REV. SYDNEY SMITH v. LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

“THERE is not a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his worst feature is, that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing which he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone—build St Peter’s—or assume (with or without ten minutes notice) the command of the Channel fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died, the Church tumbled down, and the Channel fleet knocked to atoms. I believe his motives are always pure, and his measures often able; but they are endless, and never done with that pedetentous pace and pedetentous mind in which it behoves the wise and virtuous improver to walk. He alarms the wise liberals; and it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has command of the watch.”

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SMALL WAISTS.

It is astonishing that our ladies persist in that ridiculous notion, that a small waist is and must be beautiful. Why, many an Italian woman would cry for vexation if she possessed such a waist as some of our ladies would acquire only by the longest and painfullest process. I have sought the reason of this difference, and can see no other than that the Italians have their glorious statuary continually before them as models, and hence endeavour to assimilate themselves to them; whereas, our fashionables have no models except those French stuffed figures in the window’s of milliner’s shops. Why, if an artist should presume to make a statue with the shape that seems to be regarded with us as the perfection of harmonious proportion, he would be laughed out of the city. It is a standing objection against the taste of our women all the world over, that they will practically assert that a French milliner understands how they should be made better than nature herself.

## THE COVENANTER'S CURSE.

### A TRUE TALE.

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"The mosses and the moors of Scotland are flowered with martyrs."

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How beautiful is autumn!—more so indeed than any season of the year. There is a mellow ripeness on the glorious earth—a sweetness in the sunshine—a coolness in the shade—a fragrant perfume in every breeze, as it steals soothingly upon the senses like a dream of the "better land," which summer, with all its brilliant beauty, cannot boast of, nor spring, with its unnumbered blossoms and teeming verdure, equal. May not the revolving seasons be well likened, as they often have been, to human life. Spring—that period of showers and bright sunshine—to youth, when the seed that shall blossom, develop, and fructify in future years, must be cast upon the mind. Summer—when the grain in waving majesty clothes the dale—to manhood in the sunshine of life and prosperity. Autumn—when the sowing of spring is tested by its produce—to the grey hairs and wrinkles of age. Winter—now that the ripe fruits are gathered into barns—to the day of separation from the world; but here our simile may end, for he who in youth has sown in faith and hope, shall blossom in eternal spring.

These remarks have been evoked from a circumstance that has much to do with our tale.

It was a bright harvest morning in the year 168—, when a party of dragoons marched through the little village of Mossend, in the west of Scotland. Halting at a lowly public-house they called for some liquor, which the hostess, an elderly woman, who knew the character of her guests, immediately produced. One of the party then put some indirect questions to the good woman concerning various localities in the neighbourhood—their position,

nature, and the roads, and finally enquired the route to Pengatrick Hill, a natural fastness about two miles distant. After obtaining the desired information, he bade the troopers, five in number, finish their liquor and set out. The poor woman made a curtsy, and appealing to the spokesman, requested her reckoning as they seemed to have forgot it.

With an oath he turned round, and told her to be thankful they had not sent a bullet through her, adding, "Is'nt it enough we scour your country for vermin, and drill you into order, to deserve any trifle you can bestow, instead of having our ears dinned with pay, pay. Come away lads."

The widow looked after them with a beating heart as they passed down the lane, and glancing her eye up to heaven, implored safety for the persecuted.

Most of the way to Pengatrick led through gently swelling uplands. A stream issuing from a distant lake meandered quietly through the vale; over it a high stone arch of ancient architecture was cast, a little below, a dense copse lined each side of the river, which there became rapid and boisterous in its course, being hemmed in by precipitous rocks. This bridge the soldiers passed, and struck off into a cross road, fringed by fields of ripe yellow corn in process of reaping. Many a muttered curse and deep execration was cast after them by the labourers, who paused in their toil, with scowling features, expressive of deep undying enmity to the emissaries of the "Man of Sin." There was no object so much hated and feared throughout Scotland at this time as a dragoon, nor any epithet, which the wide range of its language could supply, too opprobrious to be applied to those agents of a blood-thirsty priesthood. But the soldiers heeded not the scowls of the peasantry; they rode on with many a shout of laughter and profane jest, rejoicing in their work, as if it had been an errand of peace and mercy. A little way in front, partially shrouded by the foliage of tall elm and ash trees, forming a small plantation, on a rising ground on the border of the stream, lay the mansion house of Picket-

law, a high-roofed giant-looking old edifice, that peered curiously out from the trees. Past this, half a mile, in the deep recess of Pengatrick glen lay embosomed a small lake—a spot seldom visited by foot of man, and even at the present day only occasionally haunted by the lovers of the gentle art. On three sides high precipitous hills rear their summits amid the clouds. These hills bear a very wild and picturesque appearance, the greater part of them being entirely barren, and rent with large fissures and holes, while the rude fantastic masses of stone, which from time to time have been hurled from their side by the Titan hand of the storm, lying strewn at their base, might form a secure and almost inaccessible hiding place for a large number of men. Tradition tells of the spot as having been about the middle of the thirteenth century the haunt of a body of noted freebooters; and, indeed, to look at the place one could perfectly reconcile the wondrous deeds that are recorded as having occurred there with the aspect of the spot. Towards this spot the troopers now bent their steps. They had left behind the farm houses and corn fields. Now no sign of human habitation was visible. Heath clad hills and mooses surrounded them on all sides, and the road which had led them a considerable way now diverged into small sheep tracks. At their feet rose the plover, and circling high in the air, mingled its plaintive cry with the bleating of the goats and sheep on the mountain sides.

“Now lads,” said the leader, as they approached the brink of the loch, “let us be cautious. A confounded ugly hole indeed this is, where men might be picked off by a few good shots, in half dozens, and never be able to return the compliment. If our information be correct, the quarter we are likely to find our prize in lies a little to the left. Two of you get behind that rock, and if we can drive the quarry in sight, you know the use of your carbines. Now, a little care and the game’s safe.”

The two men posted themselves by the side of a large grey rock, which had rolled down from a neighbouring

height, lying flat on the heath with their muskets on cock in a position that commanded a range of the track by the loch side.

Two hundred yards beyond this spot there juts out into the water a high rugged point of one of the hills, inaccessible at the base, and which can only be approached by a circuitous route. Directly above the water, on the face of the rock, a natural cavern exists, situated about midway from the surface, the descent to which, to an inexperienced cragsman, is both difficult and dangerous. In our school-boy days we have often clambered down into the cave at the risk of broken limbs, and gazed with fearful hearts into its dark abyss, but never dared venture farther, for we had heard, and implicitly believed, that those who had the hardihood to penetrate into its secrets never returned alive. Be this as it may, it was not always tenantless. On the present occasion it contained a human being. Near its mouth sat a young man, in shepherd dress, with his hands resting upon his face. Beyond him a few decayed embers indicated that a fire had lately burned there, while at his feet lay a gun and a part of a torn bible. He seemed deeply wrapt in thought; once and again he raised his pale haggard face, and glanced across the lake, and then let it slowly droop. You would have supposed him about thirty, but extreme suffering and toil had evidently reduced a robust frame to a mere shadow; his features were pinched and wan, his eyes far sunk in their sockets, and glistening with almost unearthly brilliancy; barely, indeed, did the skin cover his high cheek bones, upon which a burning spot rested, and the long bony fingers that twisted themselves in his dark matted hair, plainly told that privation and misery had wrought their work upon him. Rising from his stone seat, he stepped slowly to the mouth of the cavern, and gazing upwards intensely into the heavens, as if his eye could penetrate the secrets of another world, he uttered aloud, "How long, O Lord! shall thy servants be hunted and persecuted—chased like the partridge on the mountains. When shall the reign of

the men of Belial cease. Scotland, Scotland! thy sin hath brought its punishment, having cast off thy first love and worshipped kingly power rather than the God of thy fathers. He hath forsaken thee, saying, Ephraim is joined to his idols, let him alone! Where now are the godly few who gathered by these wilds to hear the living Word?—gone, all gone!—their aged pastor shot like a dog—others cruelly tortured—some driven far from home—and I alive, hiding from an infuriated soldiery. But their spirits cry aloud around the throne for vengeance, and the day of retribution shall come." He paused, and paced moodily to and fro for a little, then added, "I feel as if my own hour were at hand. Last night the spirit of good James Gray, who has now joined the witnessing throng, appeared to me, and beckoned with his hand, saying, come brother, we tarry for you. There is something tells me they shall not tarry long. A dull, sad foreboding of evil, clouds and oppresses my soul. Oh! to be at rest. How glorious seems this earth—the bright sunshine sparkling on the wave—the heath-clad hills—the green valleys—but there is a curse on man, the curse of heaven, and what matters the beauty of the world to the persecuted. Another brighter land awaits Christ's servants, faintly, feebly typified by this—there would I wish to be. Ha! what's that."

A faint prolonged whistle reached his ears, and, looking up to the summit of the rock, he perceived three soldiers standing on its brink. Quick as thought he grasped his gun, and presenting it, demanded what they wanted?

"Surrender in the king's name, Walter Rhynd," replied one. "You are now discovered, and better give up peaceably than bring your own blood on your head."

"Never while this pulse throbs with life—king, did you say? I own no such king."

"Fire then men—let the fool take perdition!" Two shots echoed through the hills in answer to the command. One bullet whistled harmlessly past him, the other grazed his arm. Raising his piece, the fugitive returned the fire

with fatal effect; one of the party staggered and fell. Then casting aside his piece, he plunged into the lake, and, swimming round the point, reached the path a hundred yards in advance of his pursuers.

"Quick," shouted the leader, "keep him in sight. Once out of this we have him safe. Ha! we've lost him—no, there he goes."

Now the pursuit began in earnest—the Covenanter, though wounded, had gained more than three hundred yards in advance, and from his acquaintance with the ground, bade fair soon to distance the pursuers. Two other shots were ineffectually fired at him as he neared the spot where the troopers lay concealed, who, perceiving they had missed, gave a shout of baffled rage, and starting to their feet, joined in the pursuit.

Now began the chase in earnest, the pursuers thirsting like hungry tigers for blood, the pursued fleeing with death at his back as men alone in such cases can do. Over crag, moss, and stone they sped. Now he stumbles; no, he rises again with renewed vigour. A glance behind tells him they are losing ground. Before him rushes a stream, foaming down its rocky channel. A single spring carries him across. Now he is beyond the loch. Is there no friendly house in sight, no hiding place among the hills? None—he must still flee. Hark! the troopers are gaining on him. Bounding down the hill, he takes the road, knowing it has many turnings, many bye paths that lead to shelter.

On, still on, with unabated strength they fly, as on the wings of the wind. The fugitive is out of sight—a dense copse conceals him. Again he emerges. A thought strikes him. Could he gain Piketlaw unseen, he would be safe. Summoning up, by supernatural strength, his long wasted energies, he leaves the road, striking into the wood. A few minutes brings him through. His enemies, he sees, are for the time baffled. They pause on the hill a moment to consult. 'Tis only a moment, the chase begins again. Creeping swiftly along a field of tall corn, he reaches un-



perceived the mansion of Piketlaw. The door stands open.

Mr Braid, proprietor of Piketlaw, was a man doubted by both parties. Of a selfish, sordid nature, he sought to maintain such a position during the religious struggles of his country as would best enhance his own interests without involving himself in the quarrels of either. In reality, religion to him was a fable—a chimera; and, as such, he continually made it subservient to base purposes. He dreaded the anger of the civil power should he involve himself with the people, and at sametime wished to gain the favour of the people when no danger was to be apprehended. His astonishment may be guessed when encountering in the hall the blood-smeared and exhausted form of the fugitive. On demanding what he wanted, in a tone of surprise, by entering his house in such a manner, the young man eagerly turned an imploring look to him, and said, “shelter.”

“From whom or what,” inquired Ebenezer Braid, placing himself in front of the intruder?

“From a bloody soldiery who seek my life, and are now at hand. Here I am safe; they will not dream of searching your house. Then grant my request, and the blessing of Walter Rhynd be yours. I am weary, and cannot flee further.”

“You ask what I cannot—dare not grant, young man. I certainly pity you, but my allegiance to the king forbids my harbouring rebels. Go, I entreat, ere it be too late, you may yet escape otherwise.”

“Oh, man, have you no pity. Surely you would not drive me into the hands of certain death. Remember when you yourself was by these hands snatched from the angry floods of the Adden, and say, if you do not owe me, in common justice, a life.”

“Begone, sir; begone, no more of this. I will not endanger my own life by attempting to preserve yours. Ho! Robin, come here.” A stout labourer appeared, and Ebenezer Braid added, “help this fellow to the door.”

"Is this your mercy—your gratitude? Stand back, sir, I need no aid. But mark me, Ebenezer Braid, my blood be on your head—on the head of your posterity. May they perish from earth. May the bitterest fate that can light upon man be theirs; and may your own hair be brought in sorrow to the grave with their iniquity. My curse shall cling to you through life, at death, and go with you to judgment." Rhynd had drawn himself up, and stood like an old Hebrew prophet, stern and inflexible; a wild fire sparkled in his eyes; a tremulous excitement shook his frame as he uttered these words. Mute with astonishment and horror, Braid and his man stood gazing at the majestic wild-looking figure before them, but ere their palsied tongues found utterance, he was gone.

Without, a wild shout indicated that the troopers had discovered their victim. They caught a glimpse of him emerging from Piketlaw-house, and with feelings of intense burning revenge, started anew in pursuit.

As you've seen a crippled panting hare straining its every nerve to escape from the fangs of the remorseless dogs, doubling and winding in circuits, aware of the impossibility of life, yet still struggling on, so Walter Rhynd, weary and wounded, again fled before his enemies.

Forward, still forward, hopelessly on. High overhead the sun pours down a flood of light. Far beneath the noonday glories of autumn are revealed in the long strath dotted with cottages and grain fields, bursting into being, as it were, by the dissipating morning haze. Triumphant rises the lark's joyous carol, and the richest melody of the thrush, rings from many a clump of whin, as they express their praise and gratitude. But for all these, what cared men whose hearts thirsted for life. The Adden, tearing along in its rocky bed, spanned by the bridge—that high old bridge—now came in view. The pursuers neared the fugitive—his strength was failing—he sunk—he rose again—made one more effort—reached the bridge, and dropped upon it.

A wild yell of exultation escaped the foremost trooper,

as he saw Walter Rhynd fall, like some Indian rejoicing in the prospect of a barbarous orgie. A few bounds brought him to the spot. Now, Rhynd had raised himself, and stood with his back to the parapet at bay, determined not to yield so long as life remained. The trooper started back, awed for a moment by the glance of determination cast at him by his prey, but the shouts of the others now close in his rear, urged him on. He flew upon Rhynd, and endeavoured to bind his arms, but a sudden well-directed blow stretched him upon the earth. Leaping up again, he renewed the assault, supported by other two. The fugitive fought with an energy and fierceness almost supernatural, every nerve was strained to its utmost tension, every joint cracked with intense efforts.

"Ho! pitch him over the bridge at once," shouted the leader, coming breathlessly behind. "Is a single Scottish loon a match for you three?"

Stung by the taunt, they grappled again with Rhynd. A moment more, and he was precipitated over the parapet. A terrific scream rent the air, accompanied by a dull, crashing sound of the martyr's body falling heavily upon the rocks beneath. Even the hardened soldiery shuddered, and dared not look down at their work, but gazed into each others countenances in doubt and horror. At length the leader, in a hoarse whisper, broke the silence, saying,

"The reward is ours now, so perish all enemies of our king."

No one responded to the sentiment, but moodily they retraced their steps homewards, not fearing to cast a look behind, as men at whose heels some horrid spectre stalked.

Thus perished one of Scotland's best friends.

## CHAPTER II.

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"The stage was darkened ere the curtain fell."

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EBENEZER BRAIRD, proprietor of Piketlaw, has already been referred to, as a man whose principles accommodated themselves to circumstances, and who would not scruple to perform a base action if a corresponding gratification of any selfish passion was likely to be obtained. His whole life had been a series of successful ploddings and petty enterprises to gain one end—wealth. Dark rumours were afloat, that much of his property was accumulated by unfair means—means which honest men would have spurned to adopt. Be this as it may, Braid disregarded these reports, if he had ever heard them, and continued adding acre to acre, and house to house, till he became one of the largest landholders in the district. Of his early history nothing was known. Twenty years previously he had purchased Piketlaw, and had come there with his family, consisting of his wife and two sons. Shortly afterwards his wife died—men said of a broken heart, having been cruelly, shamefully used by her husband—and left him sole guardian of the two children. Strange to say, although Ebenezer Braid had apparently no common feeling of kindness to mankind, was stern and inflexible in his exactions, and rigid in all his dealings, yet he doted upon these two boys with all the tenderness a parent could be supposed capable of experiencing; perhaps it might be on the same principle that a tiger loves its young. The boys themselves as they grew towards manhood exhibited tastes and pursuits entirely opposite. Hugh, the elder, was proud and revengeful, with passions easily aroused and difficult to quell, frequently making his own days bitter, and sowing discord and anger in the bosoms of those around him; while the younger, Jacob, the older inhabitants said, resembled his mother. He was slimmer in body than the elder; of a make better fitted for the drawing-room than

the field. He seldom enjoyed the rustic sports of the other, or took any part in the chase, of which Hugh was passionately fond, but loved to ramble among the woods and by the river side, generally accompanied by a fishing-rod or book; yet he had few friends, for though the peasantry respected him more than they did Hugh, his solitary retired manners, and pointed avoidance of all society, was so far from being in accordance with the habits of those simple-hearted people, that little sympathy existed among them towards the recluse. An accident, however, occurred that broke the spell which so long knit the heart of Jacob Braid to the woods and streams, and turned the current of his affections into a different channel. Rambling one day, some months after the death of Walter Rhynd, when the bloody tragedy was nigh obliterated from men's minds, at a considerable distance from home, he heard, issuing from a secluded part of the glen, the scream of a female apparently in terror. A few hasty steps brought him to the spot, and he beheld a young lady, whom he recognised as the daughter of a neighbouring laird, clinging for support to the branch of an oak, and an adder coiling itself around her ankle. Not a moment was to be lost—the danger was imminent, as from the angry hiss of the reptile, its bite was almost certain. Rolling his hand in a scarf belonging to the girl, which lay on the ground, he clutched it suddenly by the neck, and, with a rapid jerk, pulling it off, cast it into the stream. Scarcely had he accomplished this, when the lady, uttering a faint cry, fell insensible on the ground. Jacob turned, and raising her in his arms, gazed upon her inanimate countenance. He thought he had never seen aught so beautiful. He never had read among all the fabled heroines of Greece or Rome, of one so lovely. A thrill of delirious pleasure passed his frame, like the feeling of one awakening into a new state of being from some sluggish dream. Whilst gazing in rapture upon the marble features and rich auburn locks that nestled on his shoulder, it never once struck him that any means were necessary for her recovery, and

he might thus have stood entranced till midnight, had not the fair creature opened a pair of humid blue eyes, and looked wistfully into his face. She struggled gently to disengage herself from his grasp, and in words that sounded in Jacob's ears like the murmurings of distant music, thanked her deliverer, and inquired his name.

Jacob felt almost afraid to open his lips lest he should break the pleasant spell, and all vanish like some fairy vision, but a second glance convinced him of the reality of the lady, and he stammered out,

"Miss Joyce, I believe—although not personally known to you—yet, perhaps, you may have heard of Jacob Braid, who feels more than rewarded for having been the means of preserving you from danger. I think you are acquainted with my brother, as I have often heard him speak of you."

The young lady acknowledged having heard him spoken of before, while a faint blush suffused her face as she added, "You would no doubt think it very strange to find me wandering alone so far from home—but tempted by the beauty of the glen, I had involuntarily strayed much further than I intended—a fault I am too often guilty of."

"Well," rejoined Jacob, "I am really glad you did ramble this length to-day, and hope it will not be the last time you enjoy the beauties of Glen Adden. As you must feel the bad effects of your fright, permit me to see you home."

The lady, with a little hesitation, accepted his offer, and after a walk of about a mile they reached her father's house, where Jacob was introduced to the family, consisting of Edgar Joyce and his wife, now both in the vale of years. Mr Joyce received him with much cordiality, and said he was happy to be indebted to him for the preservation of his daughter Marjory's life. He had long known Mr Hugh Braid, but, although often hearing of his brother, had never seen him before. The good woman was equally grateful towards him, while Marjory expressed her feelings by the rapid stolen glances which spoke far more strongly

to the young man's heart than the garrulity of the parents.

Jacob's rambles henceforth were not so solitary as they had formerly been, though he still was shy and reserved to others, and for a long time so in Mr Joyce's family, yet at length the ice broke—he became, we might almost say, a new man.

One cloud shrouded the sunshine of Jacob Braid's happiness—one drop of gall mingled in his sweet cup. It was this. He knew that his stern gloomy brother loved Miss Joyce—loved her with an intensity that men of deep passions can alone feel. This was no secret, for Hugh had often openly avowed his intentions, and spoken in such a manner of Marjory as to remove all doubt from either his father or brother's mind on the subject. To all, apparently, save the young lady in question, was the matter known—to her, Hugh had never breathed a syllable of love. Jacob dreaded his brother's wrath, should he discover the intimacy between them—a discovery he felt must sooner or later take place. Indeed, from several indications, such as dark fierce looks cast at him by Hugh when her name was mentioned, and significant hints at times thrown out, he feared the storm was brewing which would soon break upon him. More than once he felt inclined, nay, was almost on the point of dissolving the intimacy, but the thought struck him that she could not love Hugh, and why should he surrender his claim; peradventure some lucky turn in the wheel of fortune might yet put matters all right, and thus, agitated between hope and fear, he clung to the doubtful delusion.

It was a cold gusty night sometime after as three individuals were seated around the kitchen fire of Picketlaw. These consisted of Robin the ploughman, Jock the herd, and Janet, dairy-maid to Ebenezer Braid. A word descriptive of these personages may not be amiss. The first was a tall swarthy man of about thirty-five, in whose open countenance there was little indication of any remarkable intelligence, though a deeply-indented crow's foot, as it is

called, at each corner of the eyes betokened considerable humour. Robin, in common with most of his countrymen, was not only deeply imbued with the superstitious principles prevalent at the period we write of, but was more than dyed in superstition—he was a master of all its mysteries, having long and deeply studied the subject, and could converse for hours to any patient listener on all points of mythic lore, from the omen up to the ghost—being quite at home among, and eloquent upon the intermediate wraith, corpse-candle, wisp, brownie, and elf. Nothing delighted him more than an opportunity of displaying his conversational powers upon these matters; and, indeed, his talent was of no ordinary kind, for Robin, besides being well qualified to tell a horrible tale effectually from his ready tact, was, we lament to say, not always biased in favour of the truth, but was a little given to coining when any way at a loss. Jock the herd was just a type of the class, as they have always been, and probably will ever be, simple, affectionate, dauntless in time of physical danger, but a thorough moral coward—ever in abject fear of the unseen—he might be said to live between earth and heaven, for Jock's mind was much more occupied in believing what he never saw, than in attempting to understand what he did see. Robin knew his fellow-workman's weak tendencies, and often played upon them to the latter's disadvantage. Jock's heart was of too tender a nature to escape ignition long from some pair of dark eyes, and, to confess the truth, he felt a strong hankering after Janet, but doubted much whether the flame was reciprocal. The ploughman was perfectly well aware of this, being the repository of all the herd's secrets, and often, for his own amusement, turned his knowledge to uses most malicious, at least so its objects felt when Robin's wit was launched against him and Janet.

On the present occasion the two latter were seated, "cheek by jowl," on one side of the ingle, on a rough wooden bench, Jock's arm occasionally stealing round Janet's waist, and soft remarks made, that caused her to blush and gaze with intense eagerness into the blazing



wood fire. Opposite, lounging on a quaintly carved oak chair, with his legs dangling over its arms, sat Robin, apparently unconscious of what was going on on the opposite side, unless the occasional twinkle of his grey eye betrayed he knew more than he seemed. He had just been regaling them with a fairy tale of unusual strength, and had paused to take breath ere he began again.

"Weel," resumed he, after a long pause, "I remember brawly about sixteen years syne."

"Gudesake, Robin, drap telling sic awfu' things. They gar me a' grue," interrupted Janet.

"No, no, gang on wi't," urged Jock, determined to tease his lass a little, for she had been rather coy towards him to-night.

"Aye," continued Robin, heedless of the interruption, "he was a droll blade, was Donald Macgubb, the Perthshire heilandman, an' mony an auld tale o' witch and warlock he kent. I haena seen him thae sixteen years, as I was sayin', but I'll ne'er forget him. Up by there in Glen-Quoich, there was a narrow woody strath, in which ae laird o' Killongarth was said to hae dune some foul deed. Folks reported he had inveigled a young leddy, and after betrayin' her, brocht her ae gloamin', on pretence o' takin' a walk into a solitary pairt o' the glen, whaur the burn ran through a deep rocky hollow. He went along wi' her, speakin' fair and smooth, till they arrived at the brink o' the precipice, when, wi' a sudden start, he let her go, an' she fell among the rocks far beneath."

"O, horrible!" ejaculated the listeners.

"But the business was investigated by the laird's ain sanction, and he pruv'd the haill matter to hae been the result o' an accident. The body was duly buried in the auld kirk yard, tho' the bluidy spots ne'er washed out frae the rocks by rain or winter spate, and aye after that at gloamin' a white figure was seen wringing its hauns, and wailin' piteously like somebody in sore anguish. Donald himsel' telt me, that ance when up in the glen cutting fire wood along wi' his faither, they heard an awfu' shriek cloe

to them. The colley-dog that accompanied them covered wi' its tail atween its legs, and uttered a howl, and ran off. Donald felt like to sink into the earth, when his faither whistled on him to come awa; then the twa ran like shelties hame, but the haill road the shriek kept at their heels till it reached the kirk-yard, when they heard a sudden russle, a long moan, and a' was still. You may be sure they ne'er ventured in the glen again, even in braid daylight. A judgment fell on the laird no lang after: his cattle died—his corn was swept awa' by a spate—and he himsel'; in attempting to save it, was carried down the stream. When the waters fell, his corpse was discovered lying in the spot—the very spot—where the girl was killed, but sae fearfully riven and piket by the eagles, that, had it na been for a ring on his wee finger, naebody could hae recognised him."

"Man, Robin," said Janet, "that's awfu'; I'll no sleep a blink the nicht; I daurna gang to bed after't." Janet shuddered as she spoke; but Jock, squeezing himself closer to her, whispered that he knew a remedy for such a terror, giving her hand an affectionate press at the same time.

"Haud aff," retorted she; "behave yoursel' decently, and keep a ceevil tongue in your head."

"Whishtna, Janet, dinna be sae camstrary. I wadna wonner though ye were kissed afore lang, to sae naething else."

"Weel," retorted the damsel pertly, "there might be waur than that."

A faint scuffle hereupon ensued, succeeded by a smack like a pistol shot, and Jock, at length gratified, resumed his seat.

"Did ever onybody see sic impidence. I declare my hair's toussilt like a perfect fricht. My patience, ye seem tae think folks is to be harlt aboot jist as ye like. Ye'd better no try't again, my man, I advise ye." But, if the eye can express an invitation to "do again if you choose," Janet's certainly did so at present, strongly belieing her words.

"It's an awfu' nicht o' win', indeed," uttered Robin, soliloquisingly, after the two had relapsed into silence, "hear how it soughs an' moans doon the glen. I wunner neither Mr Hugh nor Jacob hae come hame yet. The laird's been in the tantrums a' afternoon; he looks as gin he'd seen a speerit."

"Nae mae, on the score o' speerits, an' ye like"—hastily replied Janet—"but bless us a', what's that?—a horse comin' up the gate. Jock, gang and see wha it is; I'm feart to face oot in the dark."

The clattering of a horse's feet were indeed audible, and soon a thundering knock came to the hall door, the sound of which caused the maid to shrink into a corner, and Jock after her; even Robin, the boldest of the three, felt queerish, but ashamed to own it before a woman, lighted a torch and proceeded to the door.

On opening it, a stranger stood before him. He had dismounted from his horse, the bridle of which he held in one hand, the other was fastened by a sling to his side. A long dark cloak clothed his upper person, looped in front, and covered at the wide cuffs with rich lace. On his head was a slouched beaver, looped up in front by a stone that glittered in the flickering light of the torch like a star. A pair of long horseman's boots adorned his lower limbs, and from beneath the cloak dangled the point of a rapier. The lineaments of his countenance Robin could hardly trace, owing to the uncertain light, but he observed that it was clothed with a strong shaggy iron-grey beard, surmounted by two bright piercing eyes that seemed to flash fire. The stranger inquired, in an accent slightly foreign, if he was at Piketlaw, and receiving an answer in the affirmative, asked for Mr Hugh or Jacob.

Robin replied that neither of them had been at home since morning, and he could not say where to find them.

"I have ridden forty miles to see either of them, and must to-night. Girl, do you know aught of them?" beckoning to Janet, who came tremblingly forward, and in-

formed him that she was almost sure he would find Mr Jacob at Laird Joyce's, and described the road thither.

The stranger muttered his thanks, and, mounting the steed, rode off.

Not more than an hour elapsed after the sound of the horse's feet had died away, and the various suggestions as to who the stranger could be, and what he wanted had run out also, when a new and widely different visitant appeared. The latch of a back door was raised, and a female figure stalked in silently. She was dressed in an old tattered brown cloak, bare-headed, and shoeless. Strictly speaking, her physiognomy was of a repulsive, if not disgusting cast. Masses of long tangled grey hair hung down her back and cheeks, which were shrivelled and crossed by a hundred lines. A pair of deep set eyes, wandering continually to and fro, showed that the mind was unsettled, while a prominent sharp nose and angular chin completed the picture. Yet people said Elpseth Aird had been beautiful in youth, but that was a long, long time since. We need hardly wonder she was unsettled in mind, when we know the trials she had endured. Ten years previously she had seen her husband and son both shot in one day—the one as a rebellious Covenanter, the other in a fight with a party of troopers. The shock was more than she could bear; and since that black day, she had wandered up and down the country, never resting more than a night in any one place. In most houses she had free exercise of her will, either from pity or fear, for Elpsa was reported to know more than philosophy dreamt of.

As soon as she made her appearance on the present occasion, the three servants instinctively rose and asked her to sit down. She walked forward, and, casting herself on the settle, stretched her long slimmy hands over the fire, and began muttering to herself, while her eyes kept fixed intently on the glowing embers.

“Gude preserve us, Robin, saw ye ever siccan an un-yerthly creature? hear her noo, naething but bluid, bluid,

she's raving about," whispered the maid to the ploughman, who had retired on Elpsa's entrance to a respectable distance.

"Whisht, Janet, speak lower, woman, she's no chancy. There's something brewin'. Speir gin she winna eat ony-thing, an' that'll maybe pit the wildness aff her."

Janet approached with doubtful countenance, and inquired if she were not hungry. The woman paid no attention to her for some time; but, at length lifting her eyes and gazing around, she shrieked aloud—

"Ha! ha! what a brave sight I saw yestreen. Twa bonny snaw white doves perched on ae bush—they look't sae lovin' an' fond—but there cam a black hawk an' lichted aside them—he tried to wile awa the hen frae the mate wi' his fause tongue, but she wadna hear his sang. Then he flew upon the ither and buried his talons deep in his side, a bluidy stream trickled ower his white feathers, he fluttered frae his perch, and died. Come, read my riddle." Like an ancient Pythoness, she drew herself up erect, and stretching her hands upwards, exclaimed—"Oh, heaven, save the innocent." Then passing her hand across her brow, as if some sudden thought had struck her, she inquired, "How long is't syne Walter Rhynd perished?"

"Twa years this nicht," replied Jock.

"So, so, the destiny is fulfilling, and wha daur hinder't? Wo! wo! to the persecutors, they shall be cut off, root and branch."

So saying, she passed out as she entered, unopposed, leaving the three domestics in a state of mental perturbation not easily described.

## CHAPTER III.

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“O'er all there hung the shadow of a fear—  
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted.”

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NEXT morning Piketlaw Hall was in a state of dire confusion. The laird was walking up and down in extreme mental agitation, giving and countermanding orders without number, while Janet went about wringing her hands and crying most piteously. Running into the barn, she found Jock seated on a heap of straw, absort in some deep thought.

“O Jock, Jock,” said she, “what’ll become o’ us, noo! oh! waes me (*sobbing*), a judgment’s fa’n on us (*sobbing*)! puir Jacob!”

“What’s wrang, lassie, ye’re gaun gyte surely! What about Jacob? Sit doon a minute an’ tell us a’,” said Jock, somewhat surprised.

Janet obeyed, and after numerous interruptions and vague surmises, acquainted him with the truth, that Jacob was amissing. He had left Mr Joyce’s early in the night, and had never been seen since; his hat was found near the stream, from which it was supposed that, mistaking the bridge, he had fallen into some pool and been drowned. Hugh, as soon as he had heard of this, had gone out, but returned with no further tidings.

The matter was, indeed, as Janet stated. On a more minute investigation it was discovered, on the testimony of Mr Joyce’s household, that about ten o’clock, a stranger on horseback had called there for Mr Jacob, who had left with him, saying the business was urgent. The horseman was described, and his appearance tallied exactly with that given by Robin of the person who, half an hour previously, had inquired at the laird’s for either of the sons. Hugh was then questioned whether he knew any person answering such a description, but he professed himself entirely ignorant. He had been out late with some acquaint-

tances at a neighbouring village, he said, and, on coming home, missed the light usually in Jacob's window, but thinking no more of it, went to bed. This was all he knew of the matter, and he, indeed, seemed very much averse to answer any questions relative to the disappearance of his brother, or to hear it spoken of. Little more, after several days anxious inquiry, could be discovered. One cottager, who resided on the borders of a morass or bog, about half-way between Mr Joyce's and Picketlaw, declared that he and his wife had been aroused during the night from their slumbers by a long shriek that seemed to proceed from the neighbouring woods. They both thought it a very unusual sound; indeed, it seemed like a human voice in death agony—but after patiently listening for half an hour they heard no more, and presuming some beast or bird of prey had occasioned it, fell asleep again. Days and weeks of prolonged suspense passed, but still no tidings. Search was made in the stream, but after every pool had been dragged, it was apparent he had not been drowned. Rewards were then offered for the capture of the stranger, who seemed somehow mysteriously connected with Jacob's disappearance, but no one ever came to claim them. Every measure possible was tried even to recover the body, for it was generally thought he must have perished somehow—but all was in vain.

Like wildfire the tidings circulated through the district, exaggerated by every repetition, till soon the real circumstances of the case became enveloped in a web of mysticism almost impenetrable. The most commonly received version was, that a stranger horseman—no less than the father of evil himself—had come, and, in disguise, carried Jacob away bodily. This, coupled with the well known curse of Walter Rhynd, which Robin had circulated among his acquaintances, seemed to be a fulfilment of the judgment awaiting the Braid's. The improved version also added, that the horse had last been seen, with its double burden, flying over the top of Dunbecken, a hill in the neighbourhood no horse could climb, while fire was flash-

ing from its nostrils and eyes, as it started on its aerial flight to the unseen world. In short, the tale was one in the course of a few months only to be shudderingly whispered over by the winter fire, amid fervent aspirations that heaven would preserve teller and listener from such a fate.

On the father of Jacob a great change seemed effected, although it did not appear for the better. We already said he loved his sons, and particularly towards the younger was his affection most frequently evinced. Instead of resigning himself under this dispensation of providence, and submitting to the stroke with Christian meekness, he blasphemed the name of his Maker, called in question the justice and mercy of God in such terms as appalled the hearts of his boldest listeners. From morning till night, his time was wholly occupied in lamentation and cursing; he wandered about like a man bereft of judgment, his clothes hanging in disorder, his features lit up with rage, indifferent to reproof or remonstrance. Even his servants became terrified at his manner, and, without an exception, had intimated their intention of leaving. Towards his eldest son, he evinced little affection, indeed, he seldom paid the slightest attention to him, more than if he had been an entire stranger; but this change did not appear in the slightest to disturb Hugh, who, if he formerly was moody and sullen, was now ten times more so. He seldom made his appearance in the house during day-time, and at night often came home flushed with liquor. Since the disappearance of his brother, he too had become exceedingly nervous and restless. Whenever the name of Jacob was mentioned, his eyes involuntarily darted maliciously on the speaker, and he seemed often agitated and trembling, as if under some guilty apprehension. To all other danger he seemed indifferent—reckless indeed as to life—often exposing himself in situations, and undertaking desperate feats which none but a madman would have thought of attempting.

Near Picketlaw there were the ruins of an old tower,



situated on a rocky eminence on the verge of the stream. A party of village youths, among whom was Hugh, were hunting a wild fox with pitchforks and dogs amongst the old walls. It had taken refuge in a long narrow subterranean cavity, formerly an entrance to some apartment, but now nearly filled with rubbish, from which the dogs could not dislodge it. Hugh proposed he should go in with his hunting knife and ferret out the animal, as there was another passage that led into it by a narrow stair-case. The party at once agreed to accompany him, being afraid of the imputation of cowardice should they permit him to go alone, and lighting a piece of bogwood, which they carried for the purpose, descended the winding stair, part of which tottered beneath their tread. As they went down, one of the party observed, accidentally —

“ Who knows but Mr Jacob may have been murdered and concealed in this same old vault ? ”

Had the speaker seen the livid ashy colour of Hugh's face, as he uttered these words, and the intense inexpressible gleam of malice that snake-like glistened in his eyes, he would have repented using them. As it was, Hugh merely replied to the remark, “ that it was not at all unlikely.”

A little farther on and the party were obliged to crawl on their knees and scramble over large heaps of rubbish which impeded their progress. The youth who had referred to Jacob's disappearance was directly in front of Hugh, the light of the torch, blazing away considerably in advance, cast long deep shadows on the crumbling walls. Suddenly a large stone descended from the roof and fell with a crash on the earth. By almost a miracle it had missed the head of the person in front of Hugh—an inch nearer would have been destruction. On hearing the noise the torch-bearer and others turned round, and more than one observed the strange ashy colour of Hugh's features as reflected in the red light. He, with a hoarse hollow laugh, said, “ the devil's own have devil's luck ! It was a narrow miss that.” In that laugh there was something so fiendish,

that it thrilled the heart of every one present. It sounded like a mockery of mirth, so horribly discordant and untimely was it. A gloom was cast over the spirits of those present more powerful and oppressive than the darkness of these old ruins, and, after having captured and slain the fox, more than one remarked in a whisper to his neighbour that the accident was strange, very strange.

Let us now turn a few minutes to the Joyces. The effect of Jacob's mysterious disappearance was there severely experienced. Mr Joyce was no less active than the laird in prosecuting every means which he thought might prove successful in obtaining some clue to the mystery; but farther than what the reader is already acquainted with, he could not succeed in penetrating. His suspicions were directed against several individuals, but conflicting circumstances soon showed him how unfounded these suspicions were, and he at length abandoned all hope of unravelling the business, and trusting that some future day would explain all satisfactorily, resigned his attempts in despair. Marjory, poor girl, little dreamed of the strength of the attachment which hitherto slumbered in her bosom towards the unfortunate young man, till thus unexpectedly deprived of him. In vain she sought for hope or comfort in the many plausible suggestions of her parents and friends. Day after day passed, and hope became fainter, till it ultimately vanished, and she became a prey to sorrow of the deepest and most painful description. For hours, nay almost days at a time, she remained shut up in her chamber sad and moping, and soon her changed complexion and spiritless manner indicated that her health was beginning to be affected by the stroke. At this juncture Hugh visited the family with inquiries after Miss Joyce's health, having heard, as he said, she was suffering severely in consequence of his brother's loss. The family received him kindly, especially the old man, who thought that perhaps his occasional company might tend to alleviate his daughter's grief. Of this feeling towards him Hugh took every possible advantage, and visited and prevailed upon

Marjory to resume her walks. He well knew that formerly she had been indifferent to his suit, if not averse from him altogether, but the passion which years previously had been kindled in his bosom now burned stronger as every obstacle seemed removed, and he struggled by every art he could command to ingratiate himself securely into her favour. Marjory noticed these efforts, but supposing they originated from a desire to soothe her feelings on account of the loss she had sustained, received them kindly, although still her affections were far from being engaged in his favour. Somehow an involuntary dislike sprung up in her bosom towards him—an unconquerable aversion, for which, on endeavouring to investigate the cause, she could not account, far less overcome. At times she felt inclined to forbid him altogether, but, as there seemed no proper reason for such a course, she allowed him still to visit, hoping that some opportunity might occur which would cause him to withdraw his attentions. Thus several months rolled by after Jacob's supposed death, and still not the slightest trace of any perpetrator or individual engaged in it could be obtained.

But whatever might have been the feelings of Marjory towards Hugh, his affection, if such it could be called, daily increased. The fire of a guilty passion requires little oil to fan it into a blaze, and Hugh was one of those who, whether animated by love or hate, always run to extremes, ferocious in his wrath, unquenchable in his enmity, and of a nature which could not brook to be thwarted in his designs, be they what they may. He resolved that Marjory should be his, if not by persuasion, then by force. He thought that time which blunts all sorrows would eventually bury in oblivion her remembrance of Jacob, while, at the same time, he could ill brook delay. Having resolved to declare his mind to Miss Joyce, he eagerly awaited an opportunity. Such soon presented itself. Five months had now passed by, and spring had clad the earth with blossoms, the woods were budding in verdure, and that remembrancer of winter—the snow-wreaths that

peaked the high mountains—was evanishing under the genial rays of the sun, as Hugh and Marjory strolled leisurely along one afternoon by the side of Pengatrick Loch. She was still pale and thoughtful. Too deeply, indeed, had the dart pierced and wounded to heal so soon. Glancing at the smooth unruffled surface of the loch—in which the shadows of the surrounding hills were strongly cast—like some fairy land, deep, deep, beneath, Marjory heaved a sigh, as if struck by some painful recollection.

“Why should you be so sad, Miss Joyce?” said Hugh. “Surely the beautiful world which surrounds you cannot yet have lost all its charms. Bethink you now, would it not be better to bury the past for ever, and look forward to a bright future?”

“How can that be, Hugh?” rejoined she. “The past hath both so much sweet and bitter mingled in it, that memory must ever cling to it!”

“Nay, nay! would you but believe it, there are friends who would soothe those pangs, who would study to cause the bitter past to be forgotten, in the ever-joyful present. But this rests with yourself; and why should it do so?”

“What mean you, Hugh?” replied the maiden, gazing at him in some surprise.

“Let a word explain, and judge me not too harshly. Marjory, I love you—love you as none ever did—with a fervour that blinds every other feeling—with a constancy that untold ages could not change. Say, then, will you let me fill, howe'er unworthily, the void in your heart?”

“Stop, Hugh, I'll hear no more of this—dare not, cannot listen to it. I doubt not what you say; but till one thing is discovered, such language from other lips I shall never listen to. I need say no more, let us go home.”

Hugh seemed agitated by some intense passion he could scarcely conceal. His brows knit, his fingers clenched, while a fearful nervous excitement pervaded his whole frame. He hesitated a moment what answer to make, then turned and walked moodily along with Marjory.

On turning down into the glen, they perceived a figure

on the path approaching them, which they recognised by the dark cloak to be Elspa Aird. Marjory recollected having heard of the appearance of Elspa at Laird Braid's on the night on which Jacob went amissing, but no one having seen her since, her mysterious words had given no satisfactory explanation, as somehow the two events were connected in her mind, she felt anxious to speak to the woman. In a little she neared them, muttering to herself. Looking up into the faces of the two, she uttered a hoarse laugh, and said,

“ A braw couple, in sooth. The vulture and the dove mated ; but it winna be ; destiny is mysterious, and maun be accomplished.”

Both Hugh and Marjory started involuntarily at the sound of her voice and her uncouth appearance. The latter, however, stood still, saying,

“ My good woman, there is one question I wish to ask you. Do you remember being at Piketlaw on the 20th of August last, and using some expressions relative to the loss of a certain individual ; I need hardly mention who ? Now, could you tell me what you know of that matter, and you shall be rewarded—yes, rewarded with all I can bestow ?”

Elspa stood a moment, and darting her strong piercing eyes into Hugh's face, exclaimed, “ The corbie kens whaur the carrion's hid,” and strode out of sight.

Hugh trembled like an aspen leaf ; he bit his lips till the blood sprung, and, drawing his sword, would have pursued Elspa, had not Marion restrained him. At the same time she experienced a vague undefinable fear stealing over her breast, doubts crowding on her mind to which she had hitherto been a stranger, and noticing the altered manner of Hugh, felt horrified at his voice.

## CHAPTER IV.

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“Judgment ne'er sleeps!” the war-worn said,  
As, striding into light,  
He stood before that shuddering maid  
Between her and that knight.”

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IN a little ale-house, in the village of Mossend, about a month after the events recorded in our last had transpired, a party of shepherds, ploughmen, &c., were collected. It was the evening before the annual cattle fair, and many acquaintances and friends, who had not probably an opportunity of seeing each other during the twelve preceding months, invariably collected at that time, for the double purpose of transacting business and hearing the news of the countryside. In the room—which was a long, low-roofed, whitewashed apartment—were a number of rude oak tables, at which, in little knots, sat various parties engaged in conversation, and discussing the merits of divers measures of ale and other liquors. The subjects seemingly occupying the principal attention of the talkers and listeners were the religious and political aspects of the country; and it was easy to perceive that the numerous outrages perpetrated in consequence of the determination of government to enforce episcopacy were subject of remark, and cast a gloom over the meeting. However, as the liquor circulated this feeling wore off, and other matters came upon the table. In one corner were seated our old acquaintances Robin and Jock, with three other lads, who, to judge from the laughter that proceeded at times from the group, were little afflicted with melancholy. One of the party was engaged reciting some rustic love adventure—a subject alone possessing intense interest to such unmarried youths as themselves. “Hilloa, lass!” shouted Robin, “another measure—and, Harry, let’s hear that story anent Alan Marr you spoke about.” The former request was soon complied with, and the party drew themselves toge-

ther to hear the promised tale, especially as Alan's name was connected with it, for be it remarked that he was the recognised wag of the village, and everything foolish or absurd was laid at his door in consequence of this notoriety.

"Hech, man," said Harry, taking a long pull, "I'll tell ye how it came aboot—that's prime maut"—a second pull. "Weel, ye see, auld Habbie Hogg, the cadger, dee't some syne, and Alan being an oe of his, or something o' that kin, was invited up to the watchin'.\* Alan put on a lang face, and at nicht daunert up the gate, expectin' to meet ane or twa mae wha maybe wadna object tae mak a comfortable nicht o't, but when he enter't the house the sorrow ane was there but Humphy Dunbar. Noo, if ever there was ae man Alan liket waur than anither it was Humphy, for he has sic a dour grusome way wi' him, an' pretends, forbye, to be a verra saunt. So Alan thought he'd play a trick or twa on him afore lang. The twa were set sentry in the room wi' the corpse, along wi' some women bodies, wha did feint a haet but yowl and grane, as gin they'd lost the king instead o' auld Habbie. Alan sat a blink unco demure-like; an' at last looking to Humphy, said, 'Ye'd better tak the books, man.' This was just to Dunbar's taste, for he likes naething better than to show aff that way, and, after he had expounded a chapter or twa, geid them a screed o' prayer mair than a hail hoor lang. By the time Dunbar was dune maist o' the folk was sleepin', but the sough o' his voice haeing stopped, they rose up hauf waken and glowert aboot. Then Alan an' they sat still a quarter o' an hoor langer without maken ony particular observes. There was nae sign o' ocht in the shape o' talk or liquor forthcoming, so he lookt again unco doucely into Humphy's face, and said, solemnly, 'I think, Dunbar, ye'd better tak the books again.' Naething loth, he began this time by singing a psalm, read twa chap-

\* Watching the corpse was a superstitious custom practised at that period in the rural districts of Scotland, and, we believe, still, to some extent, observed in the north.

ters, and geid them anither hoor on their knees. This time, when he rose, he seemed the only man onyways refreshed by the exercise, for even Alan himsel' was getting grumbly about the een. Twal o'clock had passed, and Alan, pittin on a still langer face than afore, observed, 'This is indeed a melancholy and solemn occasion; wha kens hoo sune it may be our turn, for flesh is as grass an' the flower o' the field. Dunbar wad just improve it, an' oblige the company by takin' the books again.' Humphy looked very glum, but no daurin' to refuse, began the psalm, chapter, and prayer. His voice got thick and rusty, so much so, that he could scarce be heard. On rising he looked daggers at Alan, wha still kept on an ell-lang countenance, and as for the rest they were sae far gone that sleepin' came equally the same on their knees as on the seat. Alan sat still wi' his arms crossed, lookin' at the lamp, which was burnin' done, then lifted up his heid, gave a deep sigh, sayin' 'Maister Dunbar, mornin's drawin' on, I think ye'd better resume the books again.' Books! ye villain o' the earth,' shouted Humphy, wi' a voice as hoarse as a rusty wheel. 'I'd see you at Jericho first. It's been naething but tak' the books, tak' the books since I cam in—tak'them yoursel' noo, since your sae fond o' them.' At this Alan shook his head, and replied, 'Oh! that pious Dunbar should be sae short in the temper, what sinfu' mortals we are.' Humphy got up in rage, and would have felled Alan had not the women interfered, and desired the latter to gang hame as day was drawin' on."

This story of Harry's, which was loudly applauded, naturally enough led the group to converse concerning corpses, next spirits. Here a fine field was opened for Robin, who immediately launched forth on his hobby. After a great many "true-as-gospel" wonders were related, one interrupted him by inquiring—

"But, Robin, do you really believe in spirits? Maister Birnie, the minister, says it's a' doom's nonsense."

"Maister Birnie's very far wrang, as I could sune pruve



to him," replied Robin, petted at being called in question regarding such an important point of faith; "I'll settl't a' in twa words. Disna the Bible tell you that there were witches an' apparitions in auld times?" The rest assented that it did. "An' pray, what's to hinner sic being the case noo? I dinna alloo that a' that men see for ghosts are such; but the fact that there are false spirits proves that there are true anes, just as many false religions must prove the existence o' a genuine ane."

The argument then waxed hot, and continued long, both parties becoming eventually so confused betwixt ale and syllogisms, that they hardly knew what the subject in dispute was; but, satisfied that they were disagreed on one point, quarrelled as much as possible on everything else. By the time Robin rose with Jock to depart homewards, both were considerably advanced towards a state of great intellectual mysticism with ale and argument. The latter was lachrymose and loving by turns, while Robin, having a latent sense of dignity still remaining, frequently reproved his friend for impropriety of conduct. Thus the two, with many gratuitous windings, journeyed homewards arm in arm. Robin philosophising and Jock singing some snatch of a love song, parts of which gathered at intervals, ran as follows:—

My Janet is lovely as mornin',  
 Clad in a' its bricht gowden hues;  
 An' mild as the gloamin' adornin'  
 Each floweret wi' clear hanging dews.

Her smile is mair sweet than the blossom  
 That hangs frae the heather or haw;  
 Her ilk word inspires hope in my bosom,  
 And sorrow an' dool dings awa.

Her form 's as lithe as the fawn  
 That wanders on yonder green height;  
 Luve beams in her e'e, saft as dawn,  
 Entrancing my soul wi' dellight:

Her raven-like tresses entwining,  
 O'er a brow in beauty serene;  
 As if nature's works wère combining  
 To render my Janet their queen.

"Bless us, what's that?" interrupted he, subsiding at once into a state of sobriety, while every joint shook and trembled. The last note of the song scarce died away among the echoes, ere Jock was on his knees pleading for mercy. Robin, in astonishment, paused, and with a look of maudlin authority commanded him to get up, and inquired what had gane wrang.

"Och hone! alack me!" replied Jock on his knees, still wringing his hands. "We're gone men. It's a' ower, Janet; I'll ne'er see the morn."

"Can ye no speak, ye great cuif, an' tell us what it is? Speak, or I'll shake the banes oot o' ye," replied Robin, half sensible that something was wrong.

"Oh, I darena open my een again; but look, Robin, up to to Whaupmoss, in the far en'.—D'ye see 't noo?"

"Heaven forgi'e us, Jock! it's the corpse-licht.\* Ow! ow! ow! Gie's a grip o' your haun, Jock; we'll dee in company. Say a prayer, man—odsake try 't—say something."

Jock immediately began to mumble over all the disconnected sentences he had ever picked up in the shape of prayers or scripture quotations, to which Robin invariably responded a fervent amen; but the whole time not daring to withdraw his eyes from the spot in which the light shone. It appeared like a feeble phosphoric glow, covering about two yards of ground, or moss rather; for the place was a shaking bog, dangerous to walk upon, owing to its deceitful character. At times it burned less brightly, and seemed on the verge of expiring, and again broke forth more brilliantly. To add to Robin's horror, a dark figure appeared near the spot, hovered around it a little, and then crouched down out of sight. A cold sweat broke out over all his body—his teeth chattered and limbs shook, for he conceived the figure could be nothing less than his own wraith. Jock, with his eyes firmly closed, and intent at

\* A light which when seen by mortal, is a certain indication that the death of himself, or of some near relative, is at hand; at least so says our authority—tradition.

his prayers, saw nothing of all this ; but judging from the terrible groans of his companion, and his deep aspirations for mercy, that the death-light was approaching them, got excited to such a pitch that terror forced him upon his feet. Without one glance behind, he dashed off at full speed, followed by his older friend. They neither slackened pace nor spoke one word till a full mile from the scene of their fright, and within a short distance of home. It is said misfortunes travel in company, and perhaps the same rule applies to frights ; for scarcely had the two recovered their breath a little, and beginning to feel more at ease as they neared Piketlaw, when a sound of angry voices, issuing from a little clump of trees, smote their ears, followed by a clashing of swords. The two felt the pangs of terror again creeping over their frames—they had evidently escaped one horror to fall into another of a worse description—behind them was the fatal corpse-candle, before them angry demons quarreling. Jock, fairly overcome, threw his arms about Robin's neck, and blubbered away like a child, while the ploughman's knees rattled like a pair of castanets. He stood, however, listening to the sounds, and thinking he recognised some of the voices, said—

“Jock, gin I'm no far wrang, it's flesh and bluid the scuffles atween, an' no speerits. Haud up, man, on your feet and we'll see.”

“Na, na,” whispered the other, “I daurna venture. Oh, Janet, Janet ! oor doom's sealed noo.”

“Whisht, cuddy,” said Robin, now getting valliant, “I'm sure I hear the young laird's voice amang the crew. Maybe he needs our help. Come awa, we can keep out o' sight.”

Jock, beginning to feel persuaded that it was indeed mortals, and not spirits, they had now to deal with, reluctantly followed his companion. They softly entered the wood, and crouchingly proceeded forward about fifty yards. Here, embosomed among tall firs, a little glade, covered with long meadow grass, opened to their view. Down into it streamed a ray of moonlight, exposing the persons of four young men, two of whom stood a little way

off, watching the others who were engaged in conflict. The latter, who had cast aside their upper garments, and stood face to face, armed with long rapiers, from which a shower of sparks fell, as they clashed with inconceivable rapidity, seemed well matched. For upwards of ten minutes neither moved from the spot, alternately pressing each other and defending. They changed their position, and the watchers recognised the faces of Hugh and the son of a neighbouring proprietor. The former made a rapid lunge, and slightly wounded his adversary in the arm, from which a stream of blood trickled. Returning the thrust ere Hugh could regain the defensive, the other caught his sword and sent it whirling into the air.

“Pick up your sword,” said the victor, “I shall not kill you defenceless.”

Hugh lifted up the weapon, and again the combat began with unabated ardour. For a long time it seemed doubtful which had the advantage, although both began to pant and shew symptoms of weariness. Sometimes the one retreated, while the other pressed him round the circle, and again the case was reversed; seldom did two better masters of their weapons engage, both being about the same age and stature, equally nimble and wary in their every movement. The concealed ploughman and herd looked on for a time with intense interest, plainly perceiving that the fight must terminate in death; while the other two, who stood holding the coats of the belligerents, seemed wrapt up in the same state of silent passive excitement. Hugh received a wound—a slight one in the side. He muttered an execration, and fought on; but plainly the sight of blood had deprived him of a measure of self-possession. He no longer handled his sword coolly, but thrust about him with a blind rage. With admirable caution and watchfulness, his adversary received and parried the tremendous despairing efforts of Hugh, who seemed endowed with Herculean strength for a few minutes, and plied his strokes thick as hailstones. The other wavered, and reeled backwards. Hugh made a sudden thrust; his

foot slipped, and he fell forward on the point of his adversary's weapon, which passed through his chest. He gave a terrific scream, and fell among the trodden grass. There he rolled about, clutching handfuls of it in agony, while his adversary coolly put on his coat, and with one of the attendants retreated, leaving the other to provide assistance for Hugh. The man came forward, and looking at the body, now insensible, merely remarked, that "little good would medicine do him now," began to lift it carefully, when Robin rushed from his quarters, and interposed, bidding him look to his own safety. The other immediately departed, and Robin, calling Jock to his aid, tore a piece of cloth from his coat, and endeavoured to staunch the blood welled copiously from the wound in the dying man's breast. Lifting him on their shoulders, they struck through the wood by the nearest route to Piketlaw. Occasionally a faint moan from their burthen indicated that life was not yet extinct, and the hinds quickening their pace, soon neared the house. A dark figure soon fitted across their path, and Elpsa Aird stood in front of them. "Ha, ha!" shouted the witch, hysterically, "More blood! my dream's fulfilling; but the cup's not yet full. Rhynd's spirit is still unsatisfied. Gang on, men, wi' your bonny young laird!" So saying, she passed out of sight.

## CHAPTER V.

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“ ——— last scene of all,  
That ends this strange eventful history.”

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HUGH, on being carried home, appeared, beyond all question, dead. He was laid on a bed, and his upper garments, which were clotted and soaked with blood, were removed. A faint respiration or two, accompanied by a contortion of the muscles of the countenance, as if experiencing intense anguish, first warned the attendants that life still lingered in the body. The old man, not being aware of this calamity—no one having had the hardihood to inform him of it—was seated up stairs awaiting his son's arrival, as he wished to consult him about the purchase of a piece of land in the neighbourhood. He had heard the entrance of the servants, and an unusual disturbance going on beneath, but believing they had returned from the village, where he knew they had been, this cost him no anxiety. At length, losing patience, he seized a large bell which lay on the ground beside him, and rung it. Robin, who generally acted in the capacity of footman, when otherwise disengaged, appeared, in answer to the summons, pale and agitated.

“Do you know if Hugh has come home yet, or have you seen him anywhere?” inquired the laird.

Instead of receiving any answer to the question, Ebenezzer was surprised to see his man tremble all over, and cling to the door for support. He made an effort or two to speak, but unavailingly. A horrible fear glanced through the old man's mind. He looked at Robin with a wolfish eagerness, and, springing to his feet, exclaimed:—

“Tell me is there aught wrong? What of my son? Speak, dolt! Death and furies, can't you speak?” and he rushed forward, and seizing Robin by the throat, literally forced him on his knees. “Ha! what's that?” added he, gasping with rage and suspense, as he perceived the man's

blood-stained hands and dress. "How came these marks? Tell me the worst? Is he murdered?"

Robin detailed briefly the whole circumstances so far as he was acquainted with them, while the father stood in a stupified state, listening to the melancholy narrative. The moment he heard that his son was lying down stairs, not dead, he dashed aside the informer, and rushed out of the room. On entering the hall, a sad spectacle presented itself. His son lying, scarcely conscious from loss of blood, stretched on a couch, and Jock and Janet hanging over him, administering spirits, which the wounded man by a faint effort endeavoured to swallow. A cold clammy perspiration had broken upon his countenance, pale and ghastly, and his eyes wandered vacantly around. Noticing his father hanging over him, he attempted to turn towards him, but the effort unloosed the bandage that was upon his chest, and the wound bled afresh. The muscles of his face contracted with the pain, but motioning his parent, he whispered, "Send for Mr Birnie and a doctor."

"Haste!—Robin—Jock!" exclaimed the father,—  
"Twenty crowns to the first of you who brings a doctor! Take horses and fly down to Mossend. O! for heaven's sake, lose not a moment! and on your way home call at the ministers."

The order was promptly obeyed. In less than five minutes the two were tearing down the road at full gallop.

We have noticed the strange anomaly existing in Ebenezer Braid's bosom—indifference to all around him—careless as to the weal or woe of any human being—avaricious and grasping in the extreme—yet loving his children with all the tenderness of the finest humanity. Two objects alone engrossed his thoughts—wealth and his sons. Since the loss of Jacob that affection had centred in the elder; and, strange to say, although the parental love seemed in no way reciprocated, yet it burned not the less strongly. We can well, then, imagine, but not describe, the anguish

into which he was plunged by this new stroke. By the bedside he stood wringing his hands in despair, and calling upon God to save his son—then cursing the very name he sought a blessing from. By the time the doctor arrived he was quite frantic, running at times and grasping Hugh's cold hand, and hanging over him with a wistful countenance—then striding up and down the room in all the bitterness of despair.

The doctor—a little wiry active man, advanced in years—made his appearance in about half-an-hour after the departure of the servants, accompanied by Robin. The father opened the door to him, and, without uttering a word, dragged him by the hand to the bedside of the patient. "Now," said he, "can I hope? Tell me honestly."

"Bide a little, laird, till I inspect the damage;"—so saying, the good man—for an honest kind-hearted fellow, indeed, he was—gently unloosed the clumsy bandage from Hugh's right side, looked at the wound a moment, then at the patient's countenance, shook his head sorrowfully, and, turning to the parent, said,

"My dear sir, I needna conceal the truth frae ye. Your bairn's life's no worth twenty-four hours' purchase. Puir young fallow, cut aff in the prime o' life, withered afore the blossom spread! He has mair need o' the priest noo than the doctor. Truly man walketh in a vain shadow."

"You do not mean to tell me," replied Ebenezer, like one awakening from a trance, "that my son is dying? Surely you do not say so."

"Alas, auld man, I daurna deceive you!"

"Dying! No!" repeated the father, "it cannot be! My son, my only son! dying! terrible! Save him! O God, save him! Doctor, I'll make you rich! I'll give you lands, houses,—all, all I have! But recall that word—Dying! my brave Hugh! Hold me, hold me, or I'll go mad! My brain's reeling! Will no one bring a doctor? You, sir, know nothing about your profession! Go, go,



and send some one who can cure him! Dying!—my dark-haired boy?—my hope? No, no! you'll live yet! See!—see! he breathes! He speaks! Oh!—my head!”

He sunk into a seat, overpowered by mental excitement, and, pressing his fingers on his brow, called for water. A drink was handed him, and the doctor whispered to the attendants to keep him quiet, as the patient was again recovering consciousness, and any such disturbance would shorten the few hours he had to live.

Hugh, opening his eyes, inquired, in a faint hollow voice, “Is Mr Birnie come yet?”

Some one answered that he had not, but was momentarily expected; and scarcely were the words uttered when a noise was heard at the door, and the clergyman entered.

He was a spare middle-aged man, habited in a suit of rusty black. His countenance wore a thoughtful, though not unprepossessing cast, and upon it time had prematurely cast many furrows. Though he had chosen, during those perilous times of civil and religious liberty, to succumb rather to the temporal powers than forsake his living, as many of his brethren had done, still, save in this respect, Mr Birnie was an honest straightforward man. While many condemned his temporising principles, there were also many who entertained a deep respect for him as a man otherwise faithful in proclaiming the truth. On hearing from Jock the disaster of the young laird, he immediately mounted his nag and set out.

On his entrance the doctor gently led away old Braid, who seemed now scarce conscious of what was going on, and motioned to the other domestics to retire, rightly judging that in such circumstances it was better to leave him alone with the dying man.

“Sir,” said Hugh, as the minister approached his bed and sat down, “I rejoice you are come ere it be too late. I know, without the doctor's authority, that I have but few minutes to live. O that I may be able to tell you all in that time! My limbs are already getting cold; but within a fire unquenchable rage, that death cannot extin-

guish! O God, that I could bury my mind as I buried him! See!—see! he's there!—still there!"

"My good fellow," said Mr Birnie, seeing Hugh was getting agitated, "whatever is in your mind relieve it first as calmly as possible, and then you will be better able to give heed to such things as concern most your eternal condition."

"Come closer then. My breath is failing. The blood's choking me. Listen! I disguised myself—murdered my brother Jacob—buried him in Wardend Moss—quarrelled to-night with a friend, and retribution has fallen on me!"

Mr Birnie was so overpowered with horror that he wist not what to say. He stood aghast, looking at the dying man, whose features were contracting in agony.

"Yes!" repeated Hugh, again opening his eyes, "the curse of HIM has rested on me! The voice of God has ever rung in my ears, 'Where is thy brother?' Night and day that dying look of his has haunted me! He has stood by my bedside—pursued me on the hills—crossed my path wherever I went! There is no rest for the murderer!—none on EARTH—none in HELL! O God! could I have closed conscience as I saw the moss closing over him! Could I shut him out from sight, as the grave does! See! see him there! He speaks! He mocks my agony!" Hugh rose up as he spoke, his fingers clutched convulsively the bed-clothes—he gave one shriek—and fell back dead.

"May God have mercy on his soul," ejaculated the clergyman, gazing upon the terrible scene with feelings of intense horror and pity.

"Amen!" added a shrill voice, and Elspa Aird's gaunt uncouth figure stood in the dimly-lighted hall. "One more, and the curse shall be fulfilled." So saying, she departed as she came.

The doctor, alarmed by the scream Hugh had uttered, entered with the three domestics at his heels. One glance sufficed to tell him that all was over. Mr Birnie called him aside and communicated the confession of Hugh, sug-

gesting the propriety of immediately searching Wardend Moss, or better known as Whauplin's Bog, for the body of the lost brother. The doctor at once concurred that it should be done next morning as soon as daylight permitted, and with all possible secrecy. The two hind's services were absolutely necessary for making the search, and on being inquired at if they were acquainted with the Moss, confessed, with considerable hesitation, the fright they had in passing it on a previous part of the evening. The doctor elicited from them, by dint of cross questioning, the whole truth regarding the light burning in the remote part of it, which their superstitious terror magnified to an alarming extent. After a moment's pause he said, if they could pitch on the spot where they had seen it, all further search would be unnecessary, as he had no doubt that the luminous appearance proceeded from the body of Jacob Braid.

Next morning dawned, but light never broke again on old Braid's mind. The chords of reason were unstrung. He sat on his old chair, his countenance twitching nervously, and his eye wandering vacantly around. A change had passed upon him. Ten years' infirmities seemed to have bowed him down in one night. By his side stood the kind hearted old doctor, endeavouring vainly to fix the laird's mind to some subject. He whispered the name of Jacob in his ear. The old man's eye sparkled a little; he looked around and muttered—

"What keeps my boy, he's long o' coming. Jacob! Hugh! come here. Why don't you come. Ho! they said, he was wounded—dying. Its false—false, I say. This will not do. Give me my staff. I'll see if my boys are not coming home from school. When did you say they would return? Ha! ha! what a merry bridal there will be when Hugh brings home his young wife."

Ebenezer Braid was mad—hopelessly mad.

So soon as daylight allowed, and proper instruments for making a search were procured, the doctor, having got the laird confined to bed and a watch set over him, proceeded t

Wardend Moss in company with Robin and a neighbouring servant or two, whose assistance was thought necessary. On arriving at the moss, or bog, as it more properly was, Robin pointed out as nearly as he could recollect the spot where he had seen the light, and the doctor having examined the appearance of the surface, thought that one part of it seemed to have been recently disturbed, prints of footsteps were strong in the black quaking soil. Robin noted the footstep marks, and suggested to the doctor the probability of them having been caused by the figure he saw on the preceding night. From this conjecture the doctor at once inferred that Jacob Braid must have been buried there in the soft and spongy moss. Causing the men to unloose their implements, they turned over carefully a quantity of the surface, and discovered lying, face upwards, the body of the unfortunate young man, as fresh apparently as when newly interred. This was owing in a measure to the nature of the soil. Its qualities being such that bodies buried in it, even after years had elapsed, have often been found in a complete state of preservation. Having carried home the corpse, it was washed and dressed. In the side a blue mark was discovered, indicating plainly enough the means by which he had been killed. The fratricide had slain his brother with a small hand-dagger, part of which had broken in the body, the hilt being found lying beside it.

Old Braid saw his two sons thus stretched in death side by side—the murderer and the victim—but appeared quite unconscious of them; nor did he ever in this world learn the fearful truth. He lingered on a few years in hopeless imbecility, wandering about in second childhood, an object of compassion and pity to everybody, and was found one morning sitting dead in his old chair.

Little remains to be added to our sad narrative. Years afterwards, when Jock and Janet were established in the "Sheaf of Corn," a thriving little hostelrie in Mossend, with a flock of little cherubs playing around them, and the tale had been reckoned among the things that have been,

one cold morning as Janet passed the churchyard where the remains of poor Jacob were interred, she saw, in the dim twilight, a figure kneeling on his tombstone. Hurrying home, she informed her husband, who returned with her to the spot, but the person was gone. Not long after another fresh mound of earth appeared beside Jacob's. It was the grave of Marjory Joyce.

Often in our lonely angling excursions to the little loch which lies in Pengatrick hills, where the Covenanter was concealed, when returning home by Piketlaw in the grey evening, have we noticed the crumbling old ruins, surrounded by long rank grass, and the neglected fruit trees knarled and hoary with age, and almost expected to see the spirits of its unfortunate tenants stalking among the scenes of their former life. It was on such an occasion that we first learned that the curse of Walter Rhynd, the Covenanter, rested on the spot.

## ALBUMS.

YE poets who in albums write,  
 Why choose the pages that are white?  
 Eschewing those of varied hue—  
 Gray, green, pink, yellow, buff, or blue?  
 Permit me humbly to suggest  
 That coloured paper is the best.  
 Colour with poesy combined,—  
 For its reception tones the mind,—  
 And tint and subject harmonising,  
 Have an effect that's quite surprising.  
 Thus if your muse would wax sublime,  
 Sky-blue will elevate your rhyme.  
 The dewy mead or sylvan scene  
 Should figure on a page of green;  
 As also should the jingling strains  
 Produced by heads devoid of brains.  
 Such things then cannot fail to pass as  
 Choice bits of verdure from Parnassus.  
 If morn or night ye would pourtray,  
 The page should then incline to gray.  
 Precepts, and grave effusions too,  
 Look better written on that hue.  
 'Tis also admirably suited  
 For rhyme whose sense may be disputed.  
 The stated product of the head,  
 Rich in the veins of native lead.  
 The poet who may feel inclined  
 To scourge the failings of mankind,  
 Of which, alas! we know enough,  
 Should always do it on the buff.  
 The mustard-coloured page, for wit  
 Or satire will be found most fit.  
 The muse will find it must assist her  
 In raising laughter or a blister.  
 The sentimental style, I think,  
 Tells best when written upon pink;  
 And songs of love appear to gush  
 Fresh from the heart on maiden's blush.

But those who would of woman write  
 Should choose the page of spotless white,  
 Pure as herself; and in her praise  
 Avoid each silly hackneyed phrase.  
 Prate not of "ruby lips," or "teeth  
 Of pearl," or "aromatic breath,"  
 "Swan's neck," or "alabaster brow,"  
 Or "marble nose," or "breast of snow."  
 The woman formed of these would be  
 A living curiosity.  
 Of nature's works she stands alone  
 Beauteous beyond comparison!

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 THE FIRST-BORN.

GENTLE pledge of early love,  
 In thy artless beauty smiling,  
 Art thou come from fields above,  
 And left young hearts the loss bewailing?  
 Is that little eye a star,  
 Eloquent of love and duty,  
 Telling what joyous spirits are,  
 Roaming above in bowers of beauty?  
 Art thou come to sweeten toil?—  
 Art thou come to soften sorrow?—  
 To tell us by thy cloudless smile  
 That sunny hours shall rise to-morrow?  
 Ah! this is a world of care—  
 We know little of such pleasure.  
 Oh! wilt thou stay to bless us here?  
 And thou shalt be our only treasure.  
 When gathering cares disturb our joy,  
 And all the world looks dark before us,  
 We'll look, sweet flower of truth, on thee,  
 And hope again shall heighten o'er us.  
 Then peaceful be thy rosy sleep,  
 New pleasures ever o'er thee teeming;  
 And may'st thou never wake to weep,  
 But life be all like infants' dreaming.

## THE BROWNIE OF BIRKENLAW.

## CHAPTER I.

ABOUT twenty miles from Jedburgh, on the banks of that romantic little stream, the Teviot, situated on a knoll or rising ground, at the mouth of a picturesque glen, stands the old farm-steading of Blaw-weary. On each side rises a range of gently sloping hills, clothed with verdure to their eminences, and doted over at intervals with small cottages and farms. Farther up, the hills concentrate closer on each side of the stream, and at Birkenlaw becomes more rugged and wild. Furze, stunted heath, dwarf firs, and bare rocks supply the place of verdure, and instead of the lowing oxen, sheep and goats browse upon their sides. The change, however, is not so sudden as to render it disagreeable to the eye; indeed, we know of few streams more worth, in point of pastoral scenery, the trouble of a day's journey along its course than this same celebrated Teviot, there is such a mingling of rugged nature and cultivation—of strath and hill—of gentleness and sublimity—that at every step you become fascinated with new beauties.

One fine breezy summer afternoon, in the year 1755, two females were engaged in washing linen immediately beneath Blaw-weary. Propped up against an old dyke stood a huge iron pot, supported upon large stones, raised ingeniously from the ground, leaving a space beneath on which burned a peat fire. The lid was off, and a thick dense wreath of steam curled up about the face of one of the women, who stood stirring it with a wooden pole. She, for we must describe them separately, seemed, if from appearances we may venture a guess at a woman's age, about forty or thereby, of a huge, loose, half-disjointed sort of make, possessing neither grace nor flexibility in her movements, but looking just like a figure worked on wires,



instead of bones and muscle. Her long skinny arms were of a strong yellow tinge, but partly blanched white with the steam, and her neck and face partook strongly of the same saffron hue. Yet her countenance was by no means displeasing. It bore a sort of "haveral" contented cast; a judge of physiognomy would have set her at once down as minus something of the shilling. This was Grizzy Hornshottle, housekeeper in Blaw-weary. Grizzy, like all Eve's daughters, was embued with strong unquenchable curiosity, and a remarkable tendency for scandle. Indeed, it is a fact perhaps worth noting, that maidens, after passing a certain age, seem frequently to grow suspicious of their younger sisterhood, and to believe in no virtue or truth having existed since the time of their own reign. Grizzy set down every young woman as a fool, if not something worse, and, perhaps, were the truth inquired into, most of her acquaintances conceived Grizzy to be no better. However, with all her predilections for the failings of others, and despite the malicious gratification she experienced in gloating over the faults of her less virtuous sisters, she was, in other respects, a kind-hearted unselfish creature, a trustworthy, honest servant, in so far as no secret happened to be entrusted to her keeping. The other female was by some twelve or fifteen years her junior, a smart, trig, lively-looking little girl, by name Peggy Armstrong, an under-servant in Blaw-weary, subject to Grizzy's authority, though not by any means to her example. She was engaged spreading out the linen in long webs upon the grassy bank of the stream, and as she stooped over it, you could not help admiring her neat bust and the golden ringlets that fell loosely upon her bosom, and the ease and elasticity of her movements while she passed to and fro, humming aloud an old air, indicating in her pleasant rosy smile and the clear melody of her voice that her heart was full of gushing happiness. Grizzy having poked and turned the contents of the aforesaid big iron pot to her hearts satisfaction, turned round and said—

"Peggy, get into the boyne, and tramp the things while I spread oot the rest. Haste ye, for I'm needed at the house."

In a few minutes the young damsel was plashing away, Scotch fashion. She had not continued long, however, till, uttering a faint scream, she leapt out, and pretended to be very busy arranging a web which the wind had loosened from its fastenings.

"Megsty me!" exclaimed Grizzy, with an impatient gesture, "is the water scading your tae that ye loup oot like a puddock that way? Set you up in troth in your whims. I reckon we maun get a pair o' leather boots for to tramp wi'!"

"Whisht, Grizzy, woman! d'ye no see Tam o' the Todburnhowe coming doon the water?"

"Tam o' the Taedburn! my certy, but ye're unco nice!"

The subject of remark was not far beyond ear-shot. He was a sheep farmer in the neighbourhood, young, unmarried, and, of course, a suitable and legitimate object of female attack. Just now he was proceeding leisurely along the burnside, armed with a fishing rod, throwing across every pool and eddy in which a trout was likely to lie in ambush. Around a rough skin cap, which almost shrouded his visage, a few flies were twisted. A small bag hung suspended from his button hole, containing bait, and from his capacious pockets the tails of some well-sized yellow fins protruded. His nether garments were heavy with water and plashed with mire, but from this he experienced not the slightest inconvenience. About a hundred yards above the spot where the washers were engaged, the stream took an abrupt turn, forming a deep sluggish pool. The wind caught its surface, causing a fine regular ripple. Approaching it stealthily the fisher cast his line lightly across its head, allowed the flies to float with a dancing motion slowly down the current—suddenly a sullen plunge ruffled the surface—a moment more, and the line was rapidly careering up the stream. Tam stepped

swiftly backwards, gradually wound up, and checking the course of the fish, gently turned him down the water. It made several rapid darts to and fro, rose to the surface, sprang four successive times nearly a yard high, became gradually weaker, and after one or two ineffectual struggles, was pulled up on the pebbly bank.

"Ha! ha! Tam," ejaculated Grizzy, who had watched the operation, "there's routh o' luck in store for ye. That's a braw ane."

"Permit me," replied he, wading across the burn, "to present it as a token of respect for your many excellent qualities, and admiration of your beauty, Miss Griselda;" and suiting the action to the words, he laid it at the saffron lady's feet.

Tam was a bit of a wag, and having sufficient knowledge of human nature to know how susceptible the female heart was to flattery, made up his mind, for purposes of his own, to secure Grizzy's favour.

"What an excellent speechifier ye wad mak, Tam. It's a pity ye werna a priest. But, when ye address young women, ye maunna lay't on jist so strong," replied the gratified maiden, pulling her long angular body straight up.

Oh! vanity, vanity! Daughters of Eve! how this one great failing has, from the fountain-head, flowed in uninterrupted progress through the wide family of earth. All classes, all colours, all minds, all degrees of wisdom or barbarism, wherever woman is, there vanity has an altar and a sacrifice.

"Folk maun say what's nearest the heart. Ye ken, Grizzy, how difficult it wad be to keep the full fountain frae overflowing," pursued Tam, perpetrating a mock courteous bow.

Peggy meantime had, in arranging the linen, so managed that she found herself within a few feet of the sheep farmer, and seized an opportunity, when Grizzy's eyes were turned elsewhere, to give him a look of deep meaning. Tam understood, and telegraphed a similar signal.

"By the by, Grizzy," said he, "have ye seen the Brownie

yet? It's reported he's favouring the master wi' his attentions."

"Seen him! na, na. Forbid I should hae ony dealings wi' him. Look ye there, Tam, ye see that meadow new cut—five acres, no an inch less—dune this morning afore skreik o' day. Aye, ye may glower, feint a better finished job human hands e'er wrought. Odsake, I wish it mayna be a' glaumary yet. I whiles hardly ken whether I'm in the flesh or oot o't—a woman or a wirricow. But that's naething ava. Yesterday morning I waukened to kirn, and, when I gaed down to the dairy, as sure's my name's Grizzy Hornshottle, the milk was kirked, the butter washed, and everything in order; but sic an awfu' smell o' brimstone. I drappit doon like a chuckystane on the floor, and swarft awa in clean terror, and had the maister no heard the noise and cam in to help me, I wad ne'er hae seen the morn. Och, Tam, it's an awfu warl'."

"Really, Grizzy," replied Tam, demurely, "it amaist seems the Brownie has an e'e to yoursel'. Maybe this is his rough kind o' way o' courtin. I'm no jokin, upon my honour, there's mony a waur look oot for an eident young lass than Brownie."

"Heaven forfend! the lad's in a creel. A Brownie! I'd as sune tak a twa-year-auld black face tup. A half and between sort o' creature that's neither kith nor kin to ocht in this warl' or the next. It's no come to sic a pass as that yet, that a young woman should be paired wi' a Brownie."

Assuming a most dignified look, Grizzy tossed her head and walked off, as if highly insulted by the proposition. Tam, determined to persecute her a little longer, pursued.

"Hoots, Grizzy lass, ye needna look sae huft. It's said if a young maiden marries ane o' them he becomes humanised, and returns to natural life."

"Humanised! wha e'er heard o' humanising a brownie? A great hairy, grousy, shapeless being, wi' nae mair sense than a colly; twa e'en like saucers, and a tail for ocht I ken. And the bairns—sicklike bairns! Na, na! let some ither body hae him."

"Come, come, hizzy, he's no sae ill-faurt's a' that, Cuthil saw him yestreen. Cuthil was comin' doon by Birkenlaw, looking after twa ewes that had gane amissing. He got into the glen, and, whistling on his dog, climbed down the rocks near the dead man's thrav. It was geyan dark at the time, and jist as he was turning the corner of a crag, he saw a big burly figure standing between him and the water, on the vera edge o' the boiling cauldron. Cuthil felt his flesh creep, for he was sure nae mortal wad venture on the spot at such an hour. The figure said something he couldna hear for the noise o' the lin. Slowly it turned round, and Cuthil shrank behind the rock to escape observation. When he looked out again it was gone. He was quite sure it must hae dropped into the foaming waters, for it couldna leave the place without passing where he stood. Feint a smell o' brimstone, or blue lowe was about it. I can assure ye, Grizzy, there are waur-looking beings than the Brownie—forbye, no mony hauf sae industrious. But, after a', I wad rather tak ye mysel', than see a young lass like you fa' into the hands of a half-human being; only I fear your fancy has a higher mark."

"Spoken like a sensible man, Tam," replied Grizzy, ogling him with her great expressionless eyes.

"Well, we'll see about it some o' thae nights when I've mair time; meanwhile, lass, gudebye," said Tam, approaching, and, with an affected grimace of tenderness, chucking the ancient virgin under the chin.

He then lifted his rod, apparently about to leave—took one or two steps, but, finding his tackle fastened on something, turned round, exclaiming,

"Ho! Peggy, you're aff wi my flees sticking on your petticoat. Stop, or you'll work mair mischief than a' the trouts in the burn. See, dinna meddle them—I'll loose them." He sprang forward, and, stooping down, began extricating the hooks. While so engaged, he whispered, "Here it is, deliver it quickly," and drew from his pocket a letter. Peggy caught it, and returning the pressure of

the hand which conveyed it, thrust it out of sight unobserved by Grizzy. Tam then unfastened the hook, and uttering in a low tone, "To-morrow at gloamin," to which Peggy replied by a glance, walked slowly off. Resuming his rod he fished slowly up the stream for a few hundred yards, when a turn concealed him from view—then he darted off at a rapid pace towards home.

As soon as he was out of sight Grizzy's tongue got loose, and she fell into a half-interrogative soliloquising mood peculiar to maiden lovers of a certain or uncertain age, in which "Marry a brownie!—humph!—think mair o' myself than that! Decent lad, Tam—coming back again.—Bide my time," were distinguishable principally.

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## CHAPTER II.

**OFTEN** the explanation of one circumstance or event depends upon another, and not unfrequently must we look to the result to understand the cause. Somewhat in this position, as a faithful chronicler of the past, do we now find ourselves called upon for satisfactory explanation of the matters narrated in last chapter, and able only to refer the reader to this and succeeding portions of our narrative. Do not fear, gentle reader, that your patience will be too long taxed, or your pleasant forbearance tampered with. It is more our interest to make the road smooth and pleasant, that we may jointly travel comfortably along, than to cast unnecessary and disagreeable barriers in the way, tending only to mutual annoyance and distrust. If, however, dear friend, your intuitive genius enables you to overcome, without our aid, all the petty obstacles necessary to be climbed over, and to behold afar off the end—the goal to which we journey, you are welcome to take credit for your cleverness, and may sit down, fold your arms, and lay aside the volume, and with a complacent smile adorning

your phiz, exclaim, "ha! ha! I see it all—can guess it at once!" Perhaps though, there may be a few duller minds like our own claiming to be no more than common dross, who do not enjoy this felicitous penetration of their subject, and for their behoof we proceed.

Evening was setting in as Maud Leslie, the Lily of Teviotdale, celebrated alike in song and story, sat gazing out her chamber window, rapt in thought. Her small taper hand rested on her head, half hid in a cluster of rich dark hair, that wantoned in the cool evening breeze, as if rejoicing in its very freedom. Pure as alabaster was her high forehead, upon which a golden halo was cast, as a departing sunbeam stopped to kiss it. The colour on her cheeks struggled with the spotless purity of her clear skin as it went and came, as the rapid thoughts flitted through her mind. From beneath her dark silken eye-lash a single tear escaped, and dropped down upon her ruby lip, nestling there like a dew-drop upon a rose. Her handsome faultless bust was shown to advantage by a tight-fitting boddice of dark green, open at the throat, discovering a neck of perfect symmetry. At times the quick restless movement of her tiny foot betokened impatience or uneasiness of heart. No one could look for once on that fair girl, and doubt that she was well named the Lily of Teviotdale. Brightly the sun shone on the green strath and purple-clad hills that stretched out before her, but Maud saw it not. Cheerfully the thrush poured forth his evening song, and the linnet and redbreast joined him with their humbler strains, as in very joy they proclaimed God's praise, but Maud heard them not. A softer melody the evening zephyr sung among the dark green pines that sheltered her home as it fanned her heated brow, but she felt not. Poor girl! her heart was sad—very sad!

As she thus sat, an elderly matron, a woman bowed down with years, yet on whose time-furrowed countenance a placid contentment was seated, opened the door, and informed her that Peggy Armstrong wished to see her.

Maud hastily rose and went towards the door. Peggy's

honest countenance met her in the hall. On her arm hung a small basket of eggs, which, with a curtesy, she presented to the young lady, telling her they were a present from her master. Maud replied, that she felt obliged to Hugh Erskine, for so was the tenant of Blawweary called, for his kind attention, and that she would not forget it.

"Will ye be guid enough to lift oot the eggs yoursel', mem?" suggested the damsel, with a significant smile, "an' I'll bide here for the basket."

Maud hastily retired with it, and obeyed the hint, half-suspecting that she should find, what she actually did discover, neatly deposited at the bottom, a letter. Thrusting it hastily out of sight, she returned Peggy the empty basket, observing that they were all safe, and proffering her a small brooch for her kindness. Peggy refused it with many blushes, saying that "she didna need sic things — they wad just gar her turn pridefu'."

"Nay, nay! but accept it as a keepsake, if you cannot wear it. This is not the first time, Peggy, I have been obliged by you. I hope it is not the last,—but I would feel, indeed, happy would you take this small token of my gratitude."

"Weel, mem, syne ye insist on't, Ise tak it—but lasses like me are nae better o' whirligiggs like thae," replied the maid, curtsying, and moving off.

Maud immediately returned to her chamber. She hastily tore open the epistle and read it. A tear or two dropped on the paper as she did so. Then sitting down, she fell into the same melancholy train of thought she had but recently been awakened from. At length grey twilight began to spread over nature, the mists of evening were descending on the hills, and "fod's lamps" kindling here and there in the sky, she rose, and, casting another glance at the letter, said, "Well, since he wishes it, I will meet him once more, but my heart bodes a sad result. The full cup of all my happiness shall soon be dashed, I fear, from my lips." Arraying herself in a thick shawl, she stole out unobserved by any one, and proceeded, with light foot-



steps, to Birkenlaw. As she passed by the old fir plantation that fringed the stream, a young man suddenly darted out, and exclaimed, "Maud!" She turned hastily, and whispering, "Edward!" sunk into his arms, and her young fair cheek rested on his shoulder, while her dark beaming eyes looked up with a timid inquiring expression into his countenance. And an honest countenance it was, too! Just such a face you would have trusted to—believed that the heart it indexed would carry out manfully any honest purpose it might devise. Thus they stood—she like the clinging ivy, he the oak that bears it up. The young man was the first to break a silence that had lasted pleasantly enough, no doubt, for a long, but to them short, time.

"Maud, dearest!" he said, "I feared you would not come; I knew my messenger was trusty, but doubted whether your uncle, who has grown so suspicious of late, would not debar you."

"He would do so, Edward, had he the power. Fortunately, however, he cannot carry his tyranny to such a length, although he has threatened."

"Threatened, did you say! Dare he?"

"Now, Edward, be calm, or I'll go home. He is still my uncle, and, by my father's last command, I am bound to obey him. He has threatened to make it the worse for me, to confine me to the house, if he discovers me in communication with you again. I know not what dislike has taken possession of his mind, though I can well guess."

"And pray, Maud, what do you suppose is the reason?" replied Edward, taking her arm, and moving slowly along.

"Alas! I dare hardly tell you. I wish I had not met you to-night; but will you promise to do nothing without my sanction, and I shall inform you of my suspicions? Without such a promise I will not. You are too rash."

"Well, I promise faithfully in this to obey you. Say on, for I am all impatience."

"About nine years ago, when I was a mere child," pursued Maud, "my father, as you are aware, after having seen the last attempt of the Pretender to regain the throne

defeated at Culloden, followed him in his wanderings through the Highland fastnesses into which he at first fled for safety. My recollection of him is very indistinct; but I remember well enough the last night he spent with us at the hall. Early in the morning he came to my bedside. I awoke, and saw him standing beside me, imploring the protection of God over his daughter; his streaming eyes lifted up towards heaven, as he pled that He would be a Father to the fatherless, and the orphan's stay. He called in my uncle, and beseeching him that he would guide and tend me as his own daughter, bade a hasty farewell. This was all I then knew. The other evening, as my uncle and I were seated alone, he said in somewhat a jocular tone, 'Maud, I suppose you will be going to marry one of these days? You have flirted long enough now with Edward Gray. You must look seriously about you. What would you think of Templeton Ware as a husband; he is not very young, to be sure, but is still an attractive man, and a man of means?' I felt my blood rush to my face as he mentioned the name of Ware—a man profligate and abandoned—steeped in every kind of crime. I turned indignantly to my uncle, and asked if he meant to insult me, telling him I would sooner die than marry such a man. 'Very well, Miss,' he replied, 'just as you please; but, perhaps, you are not aware that your father has left to me the choice of a husband for you. See, there is the deed, and unless you comply with my wishes, you are cut off from your father's possessions.' Be it so, said I; but I am convinced there is some fraud practised here. So I left him."

"Do you doubt my faith, Maud, when you conceive that this act of your uncle's, even though he carries into execution the desire, or assumed desire, of your parent, would make me love you the less?"

"Oh, surely no!" replied the maiden; "but you know what he has in his power. I have no one to look to were I to disobey his will; besides, he is in league with Templeton Ware. Some avaricious passions must have tempted him to consort with that man."

"I see it all plainly enough, dear Maud. Your uncle has been bribed over to give his niece—give, no! sacrifice you for some promised advantage!"

Edward Gray spoke truly, when he said his home was a poor one. An elder brother, upon the demise of his father, had succeeded to a pretty extensive moorland estate, but, being a youth of dissipated abandoned habits, he, with the assistance of Templeton Ware and a few such choice spirits, soon sold and encumbered every acre of land upon which money could be raised, in order to meet his daily increasing debts of honour, and the continual borrowing of his obliging friends, who, like the grave, swallowed all, and returned nothing. A drunken frolic of unusual length which they engaged in, resulted in a brain fever in the brother of our hero, which, after three days agony, carried him off. It was to that property Edward had succeeded, mortgaged and curtailed so much that it appeared almost a hopeless task ever to be able to redeem it. Edward, however, set to work in right earnest, and by unceasing application for a considerable length of time set matters in something like order, cleared off the smaller debts, and, at the sacrifice of much personal comfort, narrowed his expenditure within the limits of the clear returns in order to satisfy the larger demands, and, if possible, pay off part of the incumbrances. Tam of the Todburnhowe was a very useful ally to him in forwarding his scheme of improvement, as the former had acted as a sort of greive to his brother, although, honest fellow, he had been sorely vexed at the riotous conduct of his master. Tam felt a strong predilection in favour of the new laird, and won so upon his favour that he was employed as emissary in all matters which required tact and prudence, nor did Tam ever act unfaithfully.

What thoughts occupied the minds of the two lovers as they walked silently along by the side of the old pine wood we cannot pretend to guess, but Maud seemed sad and depressed, while Edward, as if some deep sympathy existed between them, felt infected with the same conta-

gion. At length the night dews began to glitter on the herbage, and the cold clear beams of moonlight were casting a silvery halo on the hill-tops, whose long shadows stretched across the glen. The night bird's melancholy notes were prolonged dolefully among the echoes, as with slow steps Maud returned homewards.

"I know not how it is," said she, clinging closely to Edward's arm, "but I feel unusually depressed to-night. The future seems to shed a dark shadow across my mind, my bright anticipations are overcast, as if some dull dead weight clogged and subdued my spirits."

"Hope on, dear Maud, do not let the threats of your uncle or your own doubts darken your confidence in Him whose arm is able to protect you against all the machinations of man."

"Yes!" said a strong deep voice beside them, "trust in God."

"Ha! who was that," replied Edward, starting, as he saw a dark shadow retreating in the wood.

"The Brownie of Birkenlaw," repeated the voice, "ask no more."

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### CHAPTER III.

WHILE these events were occurring, there was almost in the immediate vicinity, and at the same time, a scene of a very different description enacted. In a retired nook by the stream side a young man stood leaning against the knarled trunk of an old oak, with his arms folded, gazing moodily down a narrow path that led through the forest. There rested on his face an air of fretful impatience, often darkening it like a thunder cloud, then it assumed a cast almost fiendish. Although not in years seemingly more than twenty-six, there were traced in every feature unmistakable evidences that he had lived more in that brief space than most men at sixty, and that his life had been one of reckless dissipation and debauchery. The dilated

nostril and thin curling lip denoted the sensualist, while a certain wild light that glimmered at times in the otherwise dull eyes, told the rest—wine and profligacy had wrought their work, and man was half a demon. Who he was the reader may have already guessed. We need scarcely say that Templeton Ware had made the grim shady wood his rendezvous for no good purpose. He stood in silence for a matter of ten minutes, but his patience was rapidly evaporating at the close of that brief period. He took one or two turns up and down, knocking with a staff he had the heads and buds off the fern and blue bells that luxuriated at his feet. Once or twice he muttered a hasty oath or execration, while his thin lips were contracted so firmly together that they seemed like a red thread; on his hollow cheeks a hectic angry tinge had arisen, and his dark eyes flashed forth. Suddenly his attention was arrested. A smile, dark and demoniac almost as his anger, lighted up his face, as he recognised coming slowly down the path another figure. Putting his fingers to his mouth he uttered a prolonged whirr, like the cry of a startled partridge; the other repeated the sound, and advanced more rapidly forward. On entering into the light you could at a single glance have set him down as a villain. His deep-set twinkling eyes that avoided any honest straightforward gaze, the low brow overhung with iron-grey grizzly locks, meeting a pair of thick bushy whiskers, in a measure concealing a large portion of his face, which was on one cheek ornamented with a blue seam or scar, the legacy of a sabre, fully corroborated your first disagreeable impressions of the man. From his belt, over which a rough blue coat was partially buttoned, peeped the handles of a pair of horseman's pistols, and a dirk or small sword glittered suddenly in the light, as a bush turned aside the corner of his upper garment.

"So, Gilmour, come at last," observed Templeton, casting a searching glance on the recent arrival, who turned his eyes on the ground. "I began to fear you were going to balk me after all; be seated, there's a stone."

"No danger of deceiving you, I think, master, anyhow. It would take a deeper man than I to do it; besides, those who serve me well in need I serve well; man never said yet that Gilmour Dykes was untrue to his word."

"Ah! well, never mind that. You have an idea, I presume, of the reason why you and I are here to-night."

"New work, and good work, master, I have, and have not a notion. If you refer to a pair of turtles I saw cooing down at Birkenlaw. Ha! near the mark I see."

"Yes! hit it for once, Gilmour," replied the younger villain, suppressing an exclamation of anger at the unpleasant information the former was the bearer of. "Listen then a minute; you would know well enough the persons you had the opportunity of seeing on your way here to-night."

The ruffian assented by a nod.

"Supposing then you saw the gentleman to-morrow night at Birkenlaw, and that a friend of yours had particular reasons for wishing to get rid of him, how would you act? You understand me."

"Perfectly," replied the elder, grimly smiling, as he pointed to his poinard: "but,—"

"I want no particulars, keep them for your own private use. Only mind whatever you do do it quietly. Take that, and it shall be trebled if you perform your task well."

The youth handed him a well filled purse, which the other clutched eagerly, and thrusting it into his bosom, chuckled horribly.

"Then to-morrow night about sunset at the rocks near the Deadman's-thraw. You know the spot. *He* will be there; but leave this letter at Todburn to-night after dark. Now you can go."

The fellow looked at the letter, and placing it carefully in the crown of his cap, moved off by the forest path.

Templeton, now alone, stood a few minutes meditating. Taking a turn or two up and down, he muttered, in a low tone, "all things are in a train now; I don't relish the job

half, yet it is the only way. You, old Leslie, want money; I, the girl; both shall be managed, and that by a better scheme than would strike your dotard fancy. That white-livered sneak, Gray, the only obstacle, will go on receipt of the letter to meet her, as he thinks, at the Craggs, to-morrow night. A pretty maiden, in sooth, he'll woo there! I trust Dykes will finish his business, and then—pshaw! I can easily rid myself of him, and no suspicion can attach to me." He turned and struck off into the wood, in an opposite direction to that taken by the other; but scarcely was he gone when a figure crept out stealthily from behind a clump of bushes, and looking after his retiring form, gradually becoming indistinct in the increasing gloom, paused a little, and then followed in the same track.

Meanwhile, night had drawn its curtain over the earth. All living creatures, save those who prowl about under cover of darkness, with rapine in view, had sought to bury care and weariness in slumber. Gentle slumber! guardian genius of the life-weary and unfortunate! How potent the spell thy sway exercises on all! Rich and poor, young and old, bend to thy rod! Type of that slumber in which all distinctions are for ever levelled, and the worm turns no longer a haughty eye upon his fellow, because not clad in purple and fine raiment. Yet slumber is a blessed thing too—one of heaven's best gifts. O how gladly the starving wretch flings himself into its arms and dreams of sumptuous banquetings, of unheard-of luxuries, among which he revels in full enjoyment! It is one of those few blessings riches cannot wrest from poverty. The debtor forgets his dungeon, the criminal his prison, the harrassed toil-worn artisan his cares, the warrior his lost fields, the lover his jealousy, the statesman his disappointments, in the sweet oblivion. Surely, then, it is a blessed gift!

Silence reigned within Blawweary kitchen, unbroken, save by the dull monotonous ticking of an old clock, that for years, amid the changes on all created things, had unweariedly fulfilled its duty—a great moral lesson surely it

conveyed to fallen ambition. Suddenly it gave a hoarse whir, and struck the hour of twelve. Grizzy, who slept with her fellow-domestic in a concealed oak-pannelled bed in one end, awoke at the sound, gave utterance to a prolonged yawn, and was rolling herself round, when something caught her half-sleepy eye. She gave a convulsive shudder, closed her eyes, and opened them again. No! it was no dream! A huge dark object was plainly discernible, seated beside the faint fire, with its back towards her. She heard its teeth scrunching something. A cold perspiration burst all over her, succeeded by a hot one; her heart beat and rattled against her ribs, as if it would have knocked itself out. In vain she attempted to twist her tongue, so voluble at times, into the formation of a sound; it seemed as if glued for ever to the roof of her mouth. She expected nothing less than that the figure would next walk coolly to the bedside and perpetrate some awful deed on her helpless self and slumbering Peggy. Had it been a mere mortal who was making himself thus quite at home, Grizzy could have adopted either of the feminine alternatives common in such cases—that of shrieking or fainting; but unfortunately, as the visitor was no flesh and blood one—nothing less evidently than the Brownie—such procedure would have been quite unavailing. In horrible suspense she thus lay, able to think of nothing, say nothing, and do nothing, with her eyes fixed on the dreaded form, which, having now finished its meal, rose and went into a distant corner of the apartment. She heard it rattling amongst a lot of spoons and knives which lay in a drawer. Dreadful thought! was it going to kill them both? But no! it had some other purpose in view. Again resuming its seat by the fire, she heard it give the hearthstone three gentle taps with some instrument, then, stooping down, it thrust the instrument between the bars of the grate, rose up, and went out. As it turned to shut the door, Grizzy could have given a solemn oath that she saw an eye in its forehead like a glowing hot coal. Then



the sound of its footsteps, echoing on the hard earth of the passage that led to the barn, smote her ear like so many notes of joy.

Grizzy replied by a prolonged half-audible ah, ah, ah, ah!

"Bless me, Girzy, is there ocht wrang? Hae ye got the gripes or rheumatism in your shouthers that ye grane sae awfully?" inquired Peggy, now thoroughly awake, and sitting bolt upright.

"Wrang, oh, oh, oh! Weel a wat, a body might be far enough wrang afore ye wad hae ony sympathy, or fash your head a haet aboot them! As I'm leevin' flesh, I'll quit this house the morn! I'll gather my gear and bundle—I'll thole this nae langer! Wha kens but I may wauken some morning wantin' the head or waur provided for? aye, and you tae, you hizzy, for a' ye tak' it so easy!"

"Dear me, this is surprisin'—you've been dreaming!"

"Feint a bit. I saw it as plain as I see you. There's the brimstone smell comin'—winna that convince you?"

"Saw what, Grizzy?" entreated Peggy, whose feminine curiosity was now wide awake.

"Saw the Brownie, ye gowk, or the waur deil—ablins, wha kens, sitting there, eating his supper, wi' twa big saucer een in his head, and a tail an ell lang flapping on the floor ahint him."

This intelligence produced a most surprising effect upon Peggy. Her body became most alarmingly convulsed; she flung herself about in a manner quite surprising, while she uttered a thick husky gasping sound resembling a fit of strangled laughter, but which her companion mistook for terror.

"Goodness," ejaculated Grizzy, snifting the air, "it's no brimstone, but tobacco! Wha e'er kent a Brownie smoke? Ah! nae wonner, considering the place he comes frae, that he likes something warm. Oh! did ye hear that?—mercy on us!" And Grizzy flung her arms about her companion, and hugged her like a huge bear embracing his prey.

Peggy gasped out a "No, what was't?"

"Hark! there it's again. Well—my—if he isna thrashing in the barn! I'll no bide here anither day. Oh! it's awfu' woman! Stop," said she, a sudden thought striking her. "I'll rise and tell the gudeman. It's no richt to leave him in ignorance o' thir doings. He promised me a gown-piece gin I could help him to catch the Brownie."

"No, no," replied Peggy hastily, catching her by the arms, "dinna leave me here! What if he was to come when you're up the stair, or maybe to grip you comin' doon! Let Blawweary catch his ain cattle."

Probably the thought of being overtaken by the Brownie on the way deterred Grizzy more than anything else; for certainly the promise which Erskine had jocularly given her of a new gown when she discovered the midnight worker to him was a very powerful inducement to brave the terrors of the act.

For two long hours did the flail continue its unwearied task, falling with dull monotonous thumps upon the grain; and for an equally long period did Grizzy give vent, in mingled anger and ill nature, to the feelings burning in her bosom. She slept none, nor allowed Peggy to close an eye till grey daylight came glimmering in at the window, when the sounds in the bara ceased, and the maids arose.

Peggy seized the first opportunity of slipping into the barn, followed by her companion. A quantity of new thrashed straw lay in one end, and a sack of clean corn in another.

## CHAPTER IV.

By this time our readers may have some insight of the character of Mr Leslie, and be partly aware of the position he stood in relative to his niece, "the Lily of Teviotdale." At the period of his brother's flight to Holland he was left guardian of the fair Maud, then a child, and undertook the sole management of his brother's property, according to his instructions, who wished that his daughter should, till married with the approbation of her guardian, be placed under proper restrictions. The sudden and unexpected acquisition of wealth as often entails a curse as a blessing, and that which might place the possessor in a position to diffuse happiness around him, as well as secure it to himself, becomes, to an ill-regulated mind, the worst possible misfortune. So long as Asa Leslie was comparatively poor he was comparatively happy and contented, desiring no better lot than that of a sheep farmer; but upon being entrusted with the unlimited use of his brother's estate, new wishes and wants sprung up, like so many gourds of a night, around him. The cravings of an unholy appetite for play fascinated and spell-bound his better feelings, and to this passion he sacrificed the noblest sympathies of humanity, as well as squandered the proceeds of his stewardship. By the time that Maud had arrived at the age of nineteen, and the bud of promise bloomed in luxuriant beauty, Asa found himself embarrassed on all sides. One mode of extrication alone remained—to sacrifice his niece. At this juncture Templeton Ware appeared. "The devil has an apple for every Eve," a temptation for every Adam. With snake-like subtilty Ware won over the gambler to his views, destroying the remaining seeds of heaven's planting that remained in his bosom, and poisoning his heart by ministering to his passion, till the victim was completely within his clutches. Probably had Leslie not been backed and supported by Ware, on the one hand, and wealth on the other (for one-half of Maud's large possessions were to be his portion of the spoil), he had

drawn back at the firm resistance of his niece, but the influence from without was too strong.

Maud and her uncle were seated together, on the evening of that day on which the Brownie had worked such wonders in Blawweary barn. The room was furnished in the heavy massive style peculiar to the times. At one end hung a long curtain of richly-wrought tapestry, representing the rescue of Moses from the Nile, dividing it from another room of smaller dimensions. Several portraits of warriors in armour — grim old heroes — and likenesses of former days adorned the dark oak-pannelled walls, and on the wide marble fire-place were painted and carved a crowd of quaint grotesque figures, nigh relations to the lions' and griffins' heads that ornamented the backs and arms of the cumbrous chairs. Through a coloured-glass window, of narrow dimensions, a golden light flowed into the chamber lighting up the visages of some of these framed warriors, and casting others into the deep shade, who looked in truth none the worse for all the gloom. On Maud's face was a flush of anger as she turned her dark expressive eyes to her uncle, who sat at a little distance from her, saying,

"I have made up my mind and will abide the result. One hope still clings to me, that my father is, perchance, yet alive. The rumour of his death could never be fully substantiated. Oh! would that he were here! Surely this would have been spared me! I tell you again that I will not wed that man, and surely you will not compel me to listen any more to his odious suit! I hate him! — loathe him as I would a viper!"

"Your aversion is, indeed, a most unaccountable one, as well as unfounded on any ground of reason," replied the uncle, rising and pacing once or twice across the room. "I know, and ought to know, much better than you can, whether Templeton be a suitable husband or not, and will not be thwarted in my purposes, because, forsooth, a love-sick fancy now occupies your mind."

"Hear, then, uncle," said Maud, rising proudly and

facing him, "to-morrow I quit this house, and leave you in full enjoyment of my rights—I am convinced you desire more than the peace and happiness of your brother's daughter. I shall never bend to tyranny, and cheerless though my lot may henceforth be, it will be happier far than as the victim of gilded ruffianism, for such and nothing else could the wife of Templeton Ware ever be!"

"You cannot, will not, leave the house. I have this much power left yet. Think calmly over the matter, and your foolish resolve will melt beneath better convictions."

"Cannot! Who dare forbid me?"

"I do," replied a deep-toned solemn voice, that caused Asa and Maud to start. Both recognised it, but with widely different feelings. Instantly the tapestry was raised and an elderly man stood in the middle of the room. He was about fifty years of age, dressed in a half-soldier, half-gentleman fashion. His head was uncovered, and his long white hair, blanched apparently more by suffering than age, hung over his shoulders. He looked alternately at Maud and her uncle, who shrunk into a seat in a corner, and buried his face in his hands. Recovering a little, the latter ventured to gaze fearfully on that long-forgotten figure, as if he doubted the reality of his vision; but no! there was no room for the disbelief. Falling back again, he murmured, with his pale ghastly lips, "My brother!"

"Yes, your brother!" replied the stranger, while a sarcastic smile curled on his face as he spoke—"or," he added, "perhaps better known hereabouts as the Brownie of Birkenlaw."

Maud stood a moment as if stupefied betwixt doubt and joy. A moment more and she was in the stranger's arms, clinging to him with a heart too full for utterance. Dear soul! now was her sorrow and fear transformed into hope and gladness. The parent kissed tenderly his daughter's pale forehead, and gazing at her with all the feelings of pride a father in such circumstances can alone be supposed to realise, he turned to his now humbled and trembling brother, and said,

"Asa, have you acted a brother's part, as you promised to do, when I intrusted you with what I value more than my life, my daughter? You have not! Your own conscience condemns you! Doubtless you dreamed I would never trouble you more in this life; and, indeed, I often thought so myself—yet still what a poor paltry excuse is this for faithlessness! Your heart, I fear, has been sadly corrupted from what it once was, when you would sacrifice to an unhallowed pursuit what you ought to have guarded as a sacred trust. Surely you have been far misled; but you are my brother still, and I forgive you."—So saying, he approached and took the other by the hand. Asa hesitated. Shame and sorrow struggled in his mind. A tear streamed down his cheek at the unexpected return for his selfishness—so strangely does kindness conquer where harshness fails. He grasped the proffered hand, exclaiming, "I have been faithless, brother! Oh! how terribly I feel it!"

"Let the past then be forgot," replied the elder. "Here comes one I have a different reckoning to make with." As he spoke Templeton Ware appeared in front of the house. He came sauntering heedlessly along, and finding the door opened, boldly walked in. On entering he was surprised to find an accession to the family circle, but, supposing him a visitor or friend, seated himself with an impudent swagger, and addressing himself to the stranger, said,

"A brave night, good sir! Have you travelled far?"

"Far enough to prefer choosing my company instead of having it unceremoniously thrust upon me."

Templeton bit his lips, and replied, "I thought Mr Leslie had more respect for himself than allow his house to be made a refuge for every impudent unknown that may choose to insult as he deems fit."

Asa began to stammer out a reply, but his brother interfered, observing, "As I happen to be engaged with Mr Leslie to-night you had better retire."

"First I should wish to know who bids me," replied Templeton, rising and grasping the hilt of his sword.

The stranger noticed the action, and, smiling sarcastically, said, "I never fight with assassins."

"Assassins! Death and furies! Do you mean to apply that term to me?" replied Templeton, foaming with rage—"I'll make you prove your words, braggart, or your grey hairs shall not save you!"

"Easily done," said the other, quite unmoved. So saying he stepped to the window and blew a shrill call on a whistle that hung at his belt. In a minute or two Tam o' the Tudhope appeared, leading by the collar Gilmour Dykes, and followed by Edward Gray. Gilmour's hands were bound behind him, his cap was off, and his ghastly hideous visage appeared threefold more so from excessive terror. As soon as Templeton saw them he started back, his limbs quivered, and he gasped for breath. A fearful nervous struggle enabled him to assume a degree of unnatural calmness, and he turned to the party, inquiring, "What means all this? Surely I have fallen in with rare company!"

"You shall soon ascertain," said the elder Leslie. "Now, Sir," continued he, pointing to the terror-stricken ruffian who knelt like a dog at his feet, "you see these oaks there, fronting the house? From the highest branch you shall swing in ten minutes time unless you confess all your connexion with this person," looking to Ware. "Which do you choose?"

Gilmour stared alternately at his interrogator and employer, weighing in his own mind the chances in his favour. Without confession there seemed no hope for him—with it but little, though there was a little. He chose the latter.

"Were you employed by Templeton Ware, at your meeting in the wood with him last night, to murder a person you never suffered wrong from?"

"I was," replied the ruffian.

"Do you recognise him here?"

"I do. He and Todburn entrapped me to-night and brought me here."

"It's false," screamed Ware—"I know not the villain! You are extorting confessions from him by threats; but I'll be revenged!" So saying he sprang through the circle ere an arm could be stretched to intercept him, and was in a few minutes lost from view.

"Let him go, then," said the stranger. "Meanwhile take this fellow and securely confine him. Ware shall be brought by his means to another tribunal."

"My friends," said he, after his commands were executed, "a word of explanation may be necessary in accounting for my late procedure. On my return home, after having experienced much hardship and suffering in other lands, I learned from Hugh Erskine of Blawweary, the first individual who recognised me on my way hither, the position in which matters stood amongst those whom I loved dearest. I did not credit all he told me, but thought that surely there might be reasons of higher import than he alluded to, for my brother's seeming desire to force Maud into a marriage with one whose reputation was of no high standing. To convince myself of the truth or error of this, I adopted, after binding Hugh to secrecy, and with the concurrence of a tried friend—I allude to Tom here—the disguise in which I have of late been so popular. By these means I ascertained how matters really stood, and have to-night reason to thank heaven for being the means of preventing much suffering and misery to my daughter; and I may add, turning my brother's better feelings into their proper channel. For further disguise there is no need. Edward, I already know your secret; daughter, I know inclination runs in the same direction."

"O father!" said Maud, burying her face on his shoulder.

"You have no reason to be ashamed, my child. I believe the object is worthy of your affection. If I mistake not, you, too, have an eye to a certain blooming damsel somewhere about Blawweary."

Tom blushingly owned the "soft impeachment," but not feeling himself comfortable in the presence of so many strangers, or, peradventure, overpowered by the heat, he



slipped away quietly to the open air. Somehow he found himself soon, to his own, and a certain young damsel's unmitigated surprise, standing in Blawweary kitchen, with his arm most lovingly around her neck. Not many weeks after, there were new occupants in Todburn and at Edward Gray's; and sincerely do we wish our lady readers of all classes as much happiness as Maud and Peggy then and in many after years experienced.

## THE HIGHLAND HILLS.

The Highland hills! There are songs of mirth  
And joy and love on the gladsome earth,  
For Spring in her queenly robes hath smiled  
In the forest glade and the woodland wild.  
Then come with me from the haunts of men  
To the glassy lake in the mountain glen,  
Where sunshine sleeps on the dancing rills  
That chainless leap from the Highland hills.

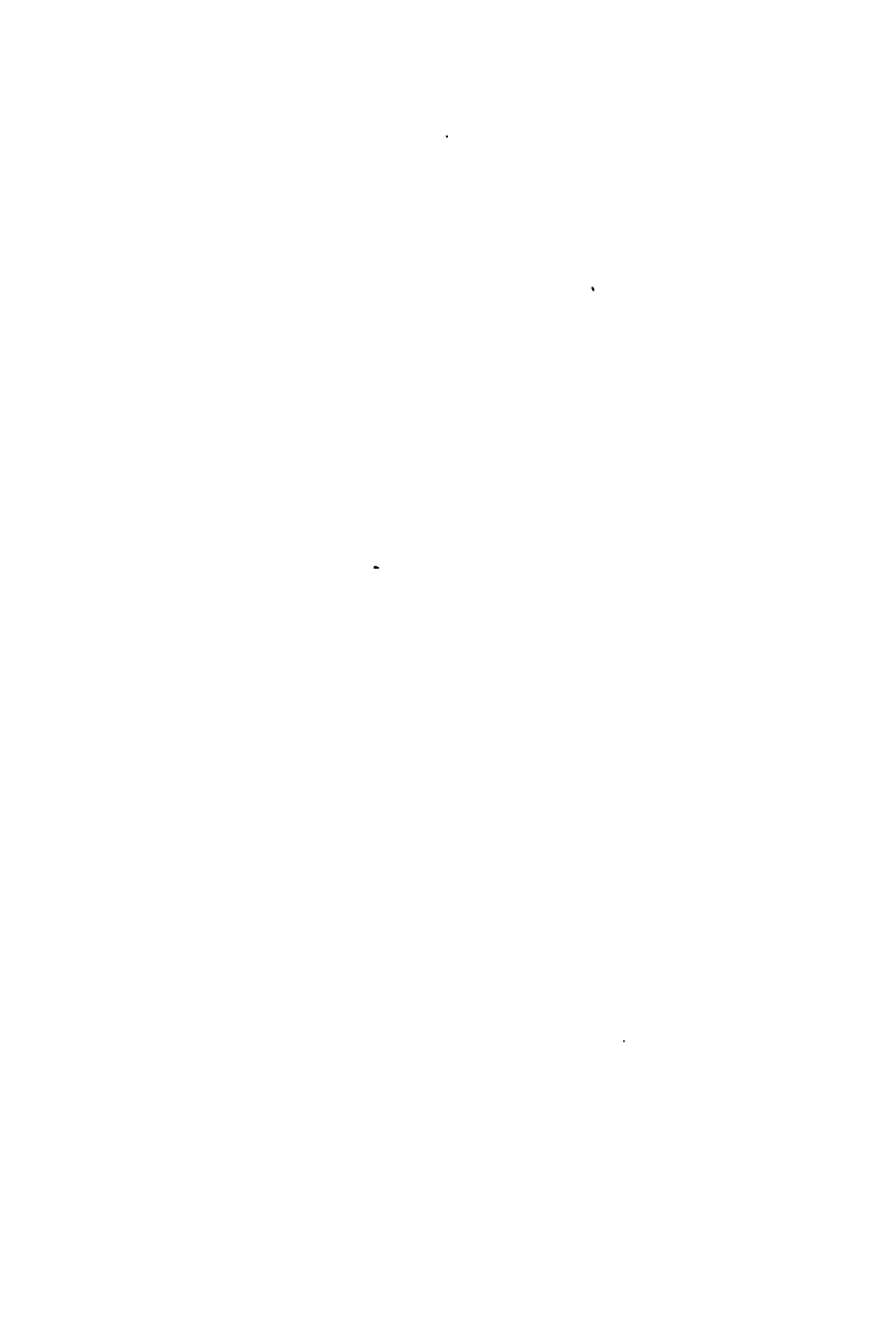
The Highland hills! It is summer now,  
And the song-bird sits on the leafy bough,  
And the trees bend down in the golden light  
Their foliage green o'er the waters bright,  
Where flowers by the brook's fair margin bloom,  
And scent the breeze with their wild perfume,  
Till the zephyr bland with their odour fills  
In the silent vale of the Highland hills.

The Highland hills! When the sparkling rays  
Of the silver dews greet the orient blaze,  
When noon comes forth with her gorgeous glow  
While the fountains leap and the rivers flow,  
Thou wilt roam with me where the waterfalls  
Bid echo wake in the rocky halls,  
Till the grandeur wild to thy heart instills  
A deep delight to the Highland hills.

The Highland hills! When the noonday smiles  
On the slumbering lakes and the fairy isles,  
We'll clamber high where the heather waves  
By the warrior's cairn, and the foemen's graves,  
And I'll sing to thee in "the bright day's prime"  
Of the days of old and of ancient time,  
And thy heart unknown to the care that chills  
Shall gladly joy in the Highland hills.

The Highland hills!—in the twilight dim  
To their heath-clad crests shall thy footsteps climb,  
And there shalt thou gaze o'er the ocean far,  
Till the bacon blaze of the evening star,







THE RIVER



And the lamp of night with its virgin beams  
Look down on the deep and the shining streams,  
Till beauty's spell on thy spirit thrills  
With joy and love in the Highland hills.

The Highland hills! There are palm-tree bowers,  
And spicy groves with their balmy flowers,  
Where Araby's children love to roam,  
And away in the Indian's sunny home;  
But dearer far is the storm-beat strand  
And the rugged shores of our own loved land,  
When nature reigns as her fancy wills,  
In the mountain glens and the Highland hills.

## THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

A TRUE TALE, THE NAMES ALONE FICTITIOUS.

## CHAPTER I.

At the close of the last century, several bad years reduced many respectable farmers to bankruptcy and innumerable hardships. The farm of Easkie, in the west of A——shire, was several years in the market before a tenant could be found. The boundaries were extensive, amounting to between three and four hundred acres; but it was only partly cultivated, and in bad order. At length A. Pirie, who had hitherto been a small dealer in cattle and wool, found some persons of influence willing to befriend him; and having received the certainty of their support, he rented the farm for twice nineteen years. He commenced with great vigour to cultivate and improve his fields, and his industry was rewarded by enormous crops. In the course of a few years the old steading was swept clean away, and spacious and elegant erections occupied its place. The humble dwelling-house, which had stood upwards of a century, was superseded by a fine mansion of two stories and attics. The *dealer*, for so the farmer was at first called from his former employment, soon became a person of consequence. His fields produced in handfuls; and in a few years he had a fine steading and stock which he could call his own. The farmer, however, was deemed by his domestics and dependants a very hard man. His servants were early and late in the fields; and eventually he could get none but at a much higher rate than his neighbours. Mr Pirie found it now time to look out a help meet, and as he was in everything a thorough man of business, he went systematically to work in this matter too. Mr Pirie had for some time kept his eye on Miss Green, the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, and having wrought himself up to the requisite courage, he stated his wants and wishes. Mr Pirie was at once accepted, and the nuptials were cele-



brated in due form. Mrs Pirie was a thoroughly provident, and withal a very religious person, and had made an agreement with her husband that he would accompany her on the Sabbaths to the neighbouring meeting-house. Mr Pirie, too, had come under obligation to observe morningly and nightly family worship; but he found there was no time for any such exercises in the morning, and in the evenings he delegated the task to John the foreman. After being together about a year, they disagreed on some religious points, and strange to say, Mrs Pirie gave up the meeting-house, and went to the parish church, but Mr Pirie continued for above twenty years to worship in the Dissenting congregation. Their only daughter was now fast approaching to womanhood; and though the father and mother seldom spoke to each other, both of them were fond to distraction of young *Amelia*. In addition to strong natural common sense, *Amelia* was decidedly religious when very young, and on no account would she be absent from the chapel on Sabbath. Her father being now deemed wealthy and respectable, young *Amelia* was greatly admired by the neighbouring farmers. Though her parents received but a scanty education, they sent their daughter early to a friend in A——, under whose patronage she received an excellent education. On her return to her father's home, at the age of sixteen, she became the talk of the place—so buxom—so sweet—so accomplished, and so very respectable did the young men of the place consider her, that many made an errand past the garden adjoining the family mansion which lay on the public road, in the hope of seeing or being seen. If her father or mother had a headache, fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, besieged the house with anxious inquiries, but the daughter was seldom seen. Company was strictly prohibited, so that the bustle of A—— was changed for the cloisters. *Amelia*, however, had to go out occasionally, and had the young men of the place the management of the morning journals, her outgoings, &c., had been registered with as much fidelity as those of his Majesty. On the Sabbath it

was very edifying to see the mother of some young dandy hobbling after Amelia, on her way to church, and clasping her hand, and having blown off the accumulated steam with a few prodigious gasps, the ardent salutation followed. Even grave elders might be seen quickening or slackening their pace, to secure a meeting with her, if possible, and to give her a hint of some meeting where her presence was expected. Of course, these devout men would be thinking nothing of their sons "on sic a day." The young farmers soon became desperately jealous of each other, so much so, that instead of eyeing the good man in the pulpit, side-long glances were exchanged to ascertain what eyes were fixed on the fair one. When they accidentally met, they jealously avoided the least allusion to Amelia, their minds being so much set on her, that to have opened their lips would have been decreed by themselves a betrayal of the profoundest love. In passing the fair one's dwelling on their way to markets, &c., it was instructive to see them riding as for their lives, in order to satisfy their fair one, if she chanced to look out, what spirited steeds they rode, what gallant fellows themselves were. Poor George Brown, as he was attempting to astonish her as she walked in her garden, was thrown into a cess pool with great violence, and had his shoulder dislocated. Several similar mishaps occurred by the riders being otherwise occupied than in minding their saddles. But while the greater part of the youths could only see, or suppose they saw, the fair one at a distance, some had more courage, and making a bold front, they called at Easkie. Among those, Allan Kay deserves special notice. Allan was the eldest son of one of the elders of the meeting-house, and observing that Amelia was a very devout person, he became also extremely devout, and withal very active. Though his father's family never saw any symptoms of religion about him, he was remarkably demure when he met Mr Pirie, or any of Mr Pirie's acquaintances. Even at fairs and markets he would lecture Mr Pirie at great length on the five Armenian and five Calvinistic points, giving

reasons for his preference of the latter. Shrewd Mr Pirie, however, soon saw that the religion of Mr Kay lived on his tongue, and that it was of much too noisy a character to be real, and hence, instead of gaining the favour of the old people, he soon thoroughly disgusted them. Through sheer impudence he continued to occasionally see Amelia. He had very special messages to deliver to her, sometimes from the *minister*, sometimes from the elder, his father, and sometimes from very particular friends. The fair Amelia, who hated all pretence, and who knew hypocrisy almost intuitively, had no words of comfort to the love-sick religionist. When he would be descanting on some sentimental religious theme, she would reply that "shallow waters are noisy," or "religion is not a thing to be talked of, but lived." Finding that he had not courage to broach the question, he wrote as follows, and his letters show what a muddle-headed, canting mortal he was:—

WINDYEND, *May 4, 1826.*

MY DEAR MISS AMELIA PIRIE,

I was very happy in your company last evening, but I was unable to tell you all that I thought. Allow me to express to you in writing what I was unable to tell you when I saw you. I have been reading Paley's Natural Theology, and the proofs of design which he mentions please me much. He tells us of a man that struck a stone and a watch with his foot, and learned from the watch that there was a designing cause. Allow me to say that I have met with a better proof of design than a watch. In travelling I have alighted on one more beautiful than the flowers; more noble than the lion of the forest; more religious than Deborah, and more ingenious than a watch. I think, my dearest Amelia—pardon this great familiarity—that I see a great design in this object I have met—a design more striking than in Paley's watch. You know if Paley had taken up the watch and pocketed it, he might have been taken up as dishonest; but I think, with your leave, I can take any dear object without any such fears.

Need I say, my fair one, that you are that object, and an object that I see a beautiful design in. Tell me whether, at any distant day, I will be allowed to possess that object as mine own. I shall say no more, but subscribe myself your ardent admirer,

A. K.

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To this extraordinary epistle the following answer was sent:—

EASKIE, *May 10, 1826.*

SIR,

Your letter not a little surprised me. I can give you no reason to hope for the consummation of your wishes. You had better content yourself with the watch meantime, as glasses and lasses are very brittle wares.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

AMELIA P.

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Not being the least put about by the above, he immediately penned the following epistle:—

WINDYEND, *May 11, 1826.*

MY DEAR AMELIA,

The course of true love never runs smooth. Your letter I like on the whole, because young ladies that are too easily caught are not worth catching. But, my dear Amelia, I believe that you are only trying my love, and it can stand the trial, for it is of the true kind. I am very greatly in error if you are not designed to come my way. I may say, without boasting, that I have a kind of gift of knowing things, and many of my friends have the same, and we are all agreed in concluding that we shall one day be one; but still, my dearest Amelia, though I am satisfied that our merciful Creator has designed you for me, means must be used in perfecting His purpose, and I therefore beg to inform you that I love you with a pure heart. So much do I love you that everything puts me in mind of

you. The rising sun, with his fleecy clouds about him, reminds me of your rising from off your soft and downy pillows—the rising moon reminds of your mildness. The little stars blink like your eyes—the birds sing very like you. The gathering storms put me in mind of your frowns—the thunder of your anger. I cannot go to the fields but I see you. The young hares are light hearted like you—the grass looks green and fresh like you—the little lambies graze like you—and the very ravens bring your raven tresses to my warmest thoughts. I connect all this with a gracious design. I do believe these things were made to bring you to my thoughts, and when I have you in possession, their chief use will be served.

O my dear Amelia, listen to the great voice of nature!—a voice that always tells me of Amelia! The cock cannot crow but I think he says *A-me-li-a!*—the swine cannot grunt, but even that ugly beast says to you, *Come, come!*—the little birds sing of lovely Amelia!—and, if I mistake not, the mavis and blackbird have been taught to couple my unworthy name with yours in their song! Creation, providence, revelation, all proclaim you mine! For your sake I can endure all things, because I am sure you are mine in the end. Modesty did not allow me to say, what is often said, that my beautiful, my lovely Amelia, is very like myself.

I am, very dearest Amelia,

Yours most devotedly,

A. K.

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To the preceding *thunderer* her ladyship dryly replied as follows:—

EASKIE, June 1, 1827.

SIR,

I certainly doubt your orthodoxy as an interpreter of creation, providence, or revelation, if what you forwarded is a fair specimen of your comments. Forget

not that the greatest fanatics in the world suppose they have a divine mission. I should think your proposals are entirely your own, and it is not likely they will receive a seconder. Your pigs, I have no doubt, are very eloquent, and I have no reason to doubt your knowledge of their language, but I fear they are but sorry advocates in such a case. Nature has a voice, but its voice directs to its great Author and Preserver. I doubt whether you are in a proper state of mind to receive its lessons. May I request you not to send any more letters, as they are unpleasant to me and to my friends. I have no doubt but you will meet with many young women very anxious to forward your views soon as you make propositions to them ; but look not to this quarter on any account.

Your obedient servant,

AMELIA P.

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The sensible young man was nothing abashed by this reply, but penned another, more logical and cogent, as he thought, but it was returned unopened, so that he had to employ other artillery.

In the meantime a dashing manufacturer from A——lighted, *by accident*, at the farm house of Easkie. He soon explained who he was, and his gentlemanly appearance and bearing confirmed his statements. Instead of the rough-spun farmers who had been offering their loves to Amelia, she is now in company with a very fine gentleman—rings, gold watch and appendages, fine cane, *cigar*, eye-glasses, and other jewellery. In a few minutes he was a favourite. The father thought him clever, the mother thought him civil, and the daughter thought him

After being hospitably entertained he left his card and imposed obligations on the old man to call on his first visit to A——. Shortly he redeemed his pledge, and found Mr Bogle a capital fellow—fine house, fine table, fine *company*, fine purse (according to his own showing), and

fine prospects. Mr Bogle must come to Easkie, not as a passing visitor, but as a friend, to spend a week or two—and in August, 1827, he found his way to Easkie. Half a dozen servants unharnessed his horse, and the father almost wept for joy as he guided the distinguished stranger to the house. Mrs Pirie was uncommonly frank, and Miss Pirie thought herself favoured for once. Mr Bogle was not known at A—— as a religious man, but at Easkie he was extremely devout. Morning and evening he acted as chaplain in the family, and as he was a person of good education and address, he managed well, though his prayers were thought “*a little dry.*” Mr Bogle was entertained to the best the house could afford, and seemed to enjoy himself extremely. The farmer and his provident lady fancied they saw their son-in-law, and a very splendid fellow they thought him, and no mistake. His fascinating and condescending manners soon moved the heart of Amelia, and though she kept her distance the wily Mr Bogle could perceive that he was making a conquest. During his stay they were seen walking often in the fields and gardens, while Mr Bogle, who was a great talker, and withal tolerably sensible, astonished Amelia with his eloquence. Astronomy, geology, natural history, politics, and religion, were successively discussed, and *Amelia*, though shrewd and intelligent, was dumb in his presence. In fact she considered herself in company with a very great man. Other topics being exhausted, love became the theme. Mr Bogle said all that Mr Kay meant to say, and said it well. To make a long tale short, Mr Bogle offered his lily-white hand, ring and all, to the fair *Amelia*, and, after due consultation with her parents, his suit was virtually accepted. As the parting time approached the lovers became more and more ardently attached, and a more decent-looking and sprightly couple have not been led to the hymeneal altar since the times of Adam. The last evening before Mr Bogle's departure was spent in health-drinking.—Speedy return—prosperity—lovers, and all other appropriate toasts, were drunk,

and the lovers spent a special hour in sighs and tears. On Thursday morning, 10th August, business called the young *Caledon* to his home, and fair *Amelia* parted from him with many an expressive look and significant sigh, and warm press of the hand, and retired to meditate on future scenes of bliss.

Immediately the visit of Mr Bogle circulated through the entire neighbourhood, and awakened innumerable envies. Many a father who had a promising heir, and many a mother with an extraordinary son, as well as many a hopeful youth, considered the visit ominous, and began to fear for the future. Mr Pirie was getting hints that strangers were not to be trusted, and Mrs Pirie was lectured on the innumerable benefits arising from the intercommunion of neighbouring families. The attention of the minister of the meeting-house was turned to the subject, and he, good man, delivered a long discourse on the danger of new acquaintanceships. A young man on whom *Amelia* had bestowed not a few of her smiles viewed the matter as alarming, and, like a true hero, resolved that he should not be robbed of his heart's desire with impunity. Accordingly, having ascertained when the lucky *Caledon* was to return, determined to be revenged. Having found a number of accomplices, he resolved to meet him in the wood, through which he had to pass, about two miles from the house of his inamorata. Having, along with his companions, completely disguised himself, he lay in wait to meet his enemy. Soon as he approached he was seized, carried into the wood—his fine moustachios shaved off, and his face, stripped of all its natural and artificial ornaments, was bedaubed with paint, and then he was ordered to march on. Poor *Caledon* would have cried for help, but his life was threatened if he spoke a word. Instead, therefore, of meeting his intended, he returned with all possible speed, vowing vengeance on his abusers. Before he reached home second thoughts struck him as best, and, instead of exposing himself in the newspapers, he deemed it advisable to take quietly what he had got, and send an



apology for disappointing Amelia. Accordingly, a letter was instantly despatched, stating, that matters over which he had no control had caused the disappointment, but that he would certainly see her on an early day. In the meantime letters reached him, threatening his life if ever he was seen within a mile of Easkie, so that poor Caledon got himself into trouble. Letters now passed between him and Amelia almost daily, and nothing but the extreme pressure of business kept him from her home! Of course, nothing was said of the wretched state of his face furniture, or the perils that threatened him did he near the much longed-for spot. The youth who was leader in the trick continued to retain the good graces of Amelia. He was young, clever, handsome, and cheerful, but then he was not a *manufacturer*, and he had not four hundred workers, and he flourished no gold, and smoked no cigars. In a word, Amelia, despite her good sense, found some of the fascinations which charms every woman absent in her humble youthful lover, and all he could make of the closest questioning was something to the effect that she *was engaged*, or that she could, meantime, come under no obligation. The manufacturer was uppermost in her *ambition*—the youth in her affection—but she took care not to avow it. In due time Caledon got all adjusted, and again visited Easkie. He was most cordially received, and matters went to his liking. He examined the cattle, crops, steading, and thought of their value in gold, but when he saw Amelia, it is to be hoped she was deemed a treasure in herself—altogether inestimable. At all events looks were more bland, and words more sweet, and promises and pledges more numerous than ever. The best of friends must part, and so must Caledon from Amelia; and though she had no reason to doubt but the separation would be but partial, he must have had his suspicions that the plot was ripe. The nuptials, however, were set, and about the end of November the marriage was to be consummated. Scarce, however, had he left, when the following communication reached Mr Pirie:—

A——, *Sept. 12, 1827.*

**MY DEAR SIR,**

I have just learned that Mr Bogle has been spending some time at Easkie. As your friend, let me warn you to be on your guard. Mr Bogle is certainly not what one would suppose. But a word is enough.

Yours, very truly,

J. THOMSON.

Mr Pirie was confounded when he read the letter. He knew Mr Thomson was his friend, but he tried to hope that in this case he must be mistaken. He determined, at first, that he would conceal the letter from his daughter till he made strict inquiry, but he found he could not forbear.

## CHAPTER II.

THE 12th September, 1827, was a day to be remembered at Easkie. The clock had just struck ten when Mr Bogle started for his home, after many soft words, and softer sighs. Scarcely had he disappeared in the adjoining wood, when the postman—that messenger of mercy and wrath, that wholesale breaker and healer of hearts—arrived with the letter just mentioned. Mr Pirie was giving some orders to his servants when the terrible missile was put into his hand. He opened the letter, and turning quickly into the garden, he read intently, and thrusting the letter into the depths of his side pocket, he quickened his pace, thus musing, “Mr Bogle *not* what one would suppose. Be on your guard. What does this mean! Have I been entertaining a swindler, a rogue! My daughter on terms of intimacy with a suspected person! Is it possible that guile lurks under the glossy exterior! I shall see to the bottom of this immediately! I shall go to A—— this day! I shall tell no one of this! Yes, I must! Amelia may write before my return. I must tell her the whole truth!” Amelia had from the window seen the hurried and anxious manner of her father. Again and again did he snatch the letter from his pocket, and hastily returning it, he walked rapidly round the flower-beds, and entirely lost his usual tranquillity. He looked at the letter, and he cast his eye towards the window where stood his daughter. Her countenance had just parted with the deep flush it wore, as she had good-bye to him who in less than two months was to call her wife. The glossy ringlets encircled in profusion her lily-white neck, and her bosom heaved the sigh which is peculiar on such occasions to unsullied honour and blushing modesty. Her father on eyeing her, bethought himself, “What, have I sold Amelia into the hands of a villain? Never!—She shall die sooner than fall into doubtful hands.” Amelia would have hastened to her father, but, knowing his peculiar temper, she waited the result. At

last he entered the house, and making his way to his daughter's apartment, he sat down in the opposite side, "Is all right, father?" asked the anxious Amelia. I hope so, Amelia, was the reply, and a pause of some minutes followed. The anxiety on Mr Pirie's countenance belied the hope just expressed; and Amelia no longer able to restrain herself, threw her arms around the old man's neck, and emphatically said—"What is it, father?—tell me what letter perplexes you?" The old man drew the letter from his pocket, and after making a suggestion that it *might* be incorrect, allowed Amelia to read it. She knew well Mr Thomson was a man of honour, and one that never took up reports without reason; and having read the document twice over with apparent firmness, it dropped from her hand, and she sunk down on the sofa beside her agitated father. Soon as she could speak, she said, "What can be the matter?—Mr Bogle suspected! Is it possible that deception can lodge in a person so fascinating!—I *will* not, I *cannot* believe it! But, O how teasing that Mr Bogle could be suspected!—one so amiable, so honourable, so pious! No! Mr Bogle is all right—Mr Thomson must be misinformed!" Mr Pirie looked thoughtful, and hoped all would be right. He immediately ordered his riding horse to be prepared, and in a few minutes he was on his way to A——. Amelia revealed the matter to her mother, and many a bitter regret was expressed that Mr Bogle had been taken so much on trust without any special inquiry regarding him. The day was spent by the mother and daughter in great perplexity. For the first time in her life, when in health, Mrs Pirie gave up all cares about her domestic affairs, and remained with Amelia all day. Everything that Mr Bogle had said was discussed—his political and religious views were estimated. His prayers in the family were considered, and hopes and fears alternated as to the future. Mr Pirie reached the house of his friend, Mr Thomson at A——, at seven o'clock. After making known his errand, Mr T. called in several persons who knew Mr Bogle well, and as he did not make it known

that Mr Pirie was interested, they freely spoke of Mr Bogle. It appeared from what they said, that they knew little of his previous history; but that about eight years ago he came to A—, where, after being successively a broker, a provision merchant, and a corn merchant, he, in company with other two persons, raised money and commenced cotton-spinning. How the money to start the concern was raised was a mystery; but there were surmises about it, and every day the firm was looked for in the bankrupt list. Mr Bogle was spoken of as a reckless speculator, and hints were thrown out that he was after a rich farmer's daughter to save him from the hammer; and, to sum up the whole, it was asserted that he was already married. This was enough. Mr Pirie could retain himself no longer; and rising hurriedly, he begged to be excused, and retired to an adjoining room. He revealed his perplexity to Mr Thomson, who recommended him to keep himself quiet as all would be right. Mr Pirie retired to bed, but sleep refused to come, and after a feverish night he rose early and returned home. His appearance indicated that fears were too well grounded—and soon the worst was told. Amelia heard the narration unmoved, till it was announced that Bogle was a married man, and then she fainted away. Mr Pirie on his arrival at home, wrote as follows:—

*EASKIE, Sept. 13, 1827.*

SIR,

Circumstances that have just come to my knowledge compel me to say that you cannot again visit my house. Trouble not my daughter with any more of your letters. She wishes to see you no more, nor to hear of you more. This is final.

J. Bogle.

A. PIRIE.

Mr Bogle immediately wrote as follows:—

A—, *Sept. 14, 1827.*

DEAR SIR,

I received a note this morning bearing your signature, but it must be a forgery. If it is possible you

wrote it, explain yourself. I cannot conceive its meaning. An enemy has been injuring me, but you ought not to believe such.

Yours ever,

J. BOGLE.

No answer being returned, he thus wrote:—

A——, *Sept. 20, 1827.*

MY DEAREST AMELIA,

You will have seen a note addressed to your father, from which it appears that some villain has been attempting to hurt my good name. I know you will believe nothing against your dearest friend, to whom in less than two months you will be indissolubly united. What means your strange silence? Write, or I shall go mad. \*

\* \* \* \*

Your husband,

J. BOGLE.

—  
The same post brought the following:—

A——, *Sept. 20, 1827.*

MY DEAR SIR,

According to promise, I along with Mr L. and Mr G. have made careful inquiry regarding Mr Bogle's affairs. I think we may say with certainty, that £2000 would not save him from bankruptcy. We have seen his alleged wife, who lives in G——. She claims him as her husband, though they were not regularly married. She holds a line from him, in which they mutually consent to live together. She has two fine boys. The case is fearful, but you will find an escape.

I am, dear friend,

Yours ever,

J. THOMSON.

This was a settler for poor Amelia. She swooned away, and continued in a dangerous state for ten days. Meanwhile, letters arrived daily, but they were unopened, and committed to the flames. On the 4th of Oct., the firm of Bogle, Cowley, & Co., was declared bankrupt. Mr Bogle was seized for forgery; and at the following circuit he was sentenced to transportation for twenty-one years, and from then till now he has laboured as a felon in Van Dieman's Land. Easkie was sad, and the entire neighbourhood was astonished at the tidings. In less than one short month after Mr Bogle was seen walking with the fair Amelia among the lovely things at Easkie, is he confined in a felon's cell, charged with what was then a capital offence, and shortly after he was crowded into a convict ship among hundreds of malefactors. Poor Amelia was not seen for weeks. Her parents were ashamed to hear of Bogle's name, but the mishaps of Bogle were the best of tidings to rejected and expectant suitors. Many a youth walked more erect and more firm the day that intelligence reached that Bogle was transported as a felon. Ill, indeed, is the wind that "blows naebody" good, and dire is the event that brings pleasure to none.

Bogle is beyond the seas, but the world went on much in the old fashion. Amelia found many sympathisers, from the minister of the meeting-house to the remotest expectant. She never spoke of Bogle. Every memorial of him was destroyed. His letters were burned, his presents destroyed, and not a vestige that could recall him was left. Amelia almost took the vow of celibacy. No man, she purposed, in future would she acknowledge as a lover. By and by her health and spirits recruited, and once more was Amelia herself—cheerful and happy.

## CHAPTER III.

AMONG those who rejoiced at the downfall of Bogle, we must not omit to mention the young man of her heart, formerly noticed. This high-minded youth, whom we shall call Adonis, watched with intense anxiety the proceedings at Easkie in connexion with Mr Bogle, and his heart beat high with expectation when the convict ship carried that ruined man from the shores of the land which he had disgraced. The event that sealed the fate of Bogle, immensely added to the popularity of Amelia. A thousand now heard of her, where one only knew anything of her before, and many were the youths who thought Amelia would be proud—after such a disappointment—to call any decent young man her husband. Mr Jameson, a staid bachelor of forty-five, and an old associate of Mr Pirie's, had just fallen heir to the fine estate of Waterford. From being a small farmer, he was now a proprietor of some consequence; and from being a kind of godfather to Amelia, he began to look young, and to talk of taking to himself a wife. Mr and Mrs Pirie soon understood his meaning, and encouraged his suit. Mr Jameson was a short dumpy man, of about five feet four inches high, and nearly half as wide. His face was short and broad—his nose a thorough snub, with a pair of small red eyes peering out beneath huge eyebrows. His shoulders were high, and his neck short. In a word, such was Mr Jameson, that as long as he was the small farmer, no young woman would have allowed her eyes to light on him; but such is humanity, that soon as he was Waterford, his neck seemed to lengthen—his shoulders lost their squareness—his eyes were decidedly fine—his nose was passable, and he looked quite aristocratic. Not a few of the fair ones lifted their countenance on him; but of all his acquaintance none could dare to hope regarding him saving and excepting the fair Amelia. Already he saw he had the consent of father and



mother; but, alas! for "the best laid schemes of mice and men," Amelia indignantly rejected his suit, and spoke of him as grandfather. Such is man, that the more a young lady shrinks from him—if she shrink properly—the more anxious and the more determined will he be to gain her favour. Her father and mother, who had hitherto allowed her to take her own way, gave serious advices. She was reminded that the outward man was a minor consideration—that Mr Jameson was a very upright man—that they had known him from his infancy—and now, when his rank and circumstances were equal, indeed superior greatly to their own, they knew no reason why his claims should be treated with contempt. Amelia was not to be guided in this matter. She took firm ground, and at once told her parents, that though Mr J. were my lord Duke she would never think of him as a husband, and that they would particularly oblige her by saying no more of the matter. They now left Waterford to speak for himself, though they took every opportunity of allowing the *young* people to meet, and many were the mutual visits between *Waterford* and *Easkie*. It is not a little remarkable that the mind fascinated by one form of greatness heartily repudiates others much more attractive. Bogle wore a good exterior—he had the appearance and manners of a gentleman. Mr Jameson lived in the fine old mansion of Waterford, and called lands his own. He had a dashing equipage, a showy retinue, and frequently drove across in his carriage to Easkie, though the distance was but two miles. Amelia was charmed by the former person—the latter had no attractions. In her case, at least, she preferred showy personableness to gold and lands. The more she spurned the laird the more he fawned and flattered, assuring her that one day she would be the "grandest lady in the land." In the meantime Adonis was very active, but he had to contend with serious obstacles. Amelia was now wooed by Waterford, and Adonis could offer her nothing but a very agreeable and active person. Being now approaching to twenty-five, she had lost her girlish love, and

Adonis, though still welcomed, was not allowed to call her aught but his friend. Waterford heard of his attentions, and treated him with great contempt; but he was not so greatly beloved himself as to give his word particular weight. The laird was determined to make a bold effort to secure Amelia. He was a welcome visitor among the most respectable farmers, and the petty lairds acknowledged him, but no woman save Amelia had any charms for Waterford. Along with a relative from a distance, who, for a time, made Easkie her home, Waterford had frequently treated Amelia to a drive in his carriage, and by the aid of longer heads than his own, he contrived a plan which he thought would secure Amelia. The relative was about to return to her home at A——, and Waterford kindly offered to take her along with him, as he was going to A—— on business. The day being appointed, Waterford's carriage called at Easkie, and whether preconcerted or not, Amelia's father and mother hinted that she might accompany her relative. This was exactly what Waterford wanted; and, accordingly, all being got ready, the carriage started for A——. The day was fine. May had covered the country with beauty and loveliness, and never did lover more ardently admire than did the *young* laird. At length they reached A——, and Amelia having spent the night with her friend, was to be in readiness to return with Waterford's carriage next day. Accordingly, the carriage called at the time, but instead of driving home the carriage had to go a short way out of town to pick up the laird. Having halted at the door of a stately dwelling, Amelia was invited in "just to taste a glass of wine." She saw only two servants, who, having presented the wine, abruptly left Amelia and Waterford in the room. She instantly started to her feet, and proposed to be gone, but Waterford assured her that the carriage had just gone some distance for another friend, who was going some miles with them. Amelia, after some entreaty, sat down, and Waterford began to ply her with arguments to induce her to accept his suit. Amelia briefly answered all his arguments by

assuring him that she never would—she never *could* marry him. Promises now gave way to threats. He assured her that out of that house she should not go till she consented. Amelia now assumed the attitude of defiance, and as her keen eye flashed, she rebuked the meanness that would thus take advantage of a woman. Waterford, unable to remain in her presence, retired and locked the door behind him. Poor Waterford felt the words of the lady's brother, in Milton's *Comus*, terribly true:—

I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,  
Which, if heaven gave it, may be term'd her own:  
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:  
She, that has that, is clad in complete steel;  
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,  
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,  
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;  
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,  
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,  
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:  
Yea, there where very desolation dwells,  
By grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,  
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,  
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.  
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,  
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,  
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost  
That breaks his magic chains at curfeu time,  
No goblin, or swart faery of the mine,  
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.  
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call  
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece  
To testify the arms of chastity?  
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,  
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,  
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness  
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought  
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men  
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' the woods.  
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield,

That wise Minerva wore, unconquered virgin,  
 Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,  
 But rigid looks of chaste austerity,  
 And noble grace that dash'd brute violence  
 With sudden adoration and blank awe?  
 So dear to heaven is saintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried angels lackey her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;  
 And, in clear dream and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear;  
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal: but when lust,  
 By unchaste looks, loose gestures, and foul talk,  
 But most by lewd and lavish act of sin,  
 Lets in defilement to the inward parts,  
 The soul grows clotted by contagion,  
 Imbodies, and imbrutes, till she quite lose  
 The divine property of her first being.  
 Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,  
 Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres  
 Lingered and sitting by a new-made grave  
 As loth to leave the body that it lov'd,  
 And link'd itself by carnal sensuality  
 To a degenerate and degraded state.

Amelia in vain rung the bell—no servant came to her relief—hour after hour passed slowly away while she wept in solitude. About two o'clock, Waterford entered with two persons in the garb of gentlemen with him—one of them a writer, and the other a justice of the peace. Amelia maintained a stern firmness in their presence, and hesitated not to tell them that they were a band of organised villains. Waterford taking the hand of Amelia, the justice declared them married persons. Amelia saw that resistance was vain, and hence allowing them to go through their farce, she was left alone with Waterford. So indig-

nant was she, and so keen was her rebukes, that poor Waterford stalked out, and again left her alone. It was now a little past mid-day, and Amelia was determined to escape or to die. One of the servants, aware of what was going on, and who was left with Amelia to see to bring her round, determined to procure the young lady relief. Accordingly, in the absence of Waterford, who had gone to take farther advice—for he was a coward at heart—the maid carried clothes to Amelia, and attiring her in the garb of a servant, she allowed her to escape to a friend at A——, who was at no great distance. It seems Waterford had determined not to return till it was dark, and he hoped then to take possession of his wife. In the meantime, the servant girls agreed to play a trick on the frantic laird, and one of them put on the attire of Amelia, and waited his coming. On arriving, the worse of wine, at night, he wished to ascertain before entering the apartment where Amelia was imprisoned, whether she was reconciled to her fate. The message sent from Amelia—who was now merely a servant girl—was to the effect that the ceremony must be gone through again, and that he must enter in the dark, as she could not now be seen, and allow the justice to make security doubly sure. He was overjoyed at the intelligence, and immediately hastened for his friends who had been drinking hard over their conquest. On arrival they were warned that she was very weak, reclining on a couch, and they were not to speak on any account. Waterford seized her hand with rapture, and she now consented to the match. The ceremony over, and Waterford remained with his Amelia as he thought; but to his utter astonishment the morning light deprived him of his *wife* and of his supposed Amelia, and lo! in her stead a substitute! Confounded at the mistake, he swore vengeance; but as the girl was young and handsome, he became reconciled to her, and after advising with his friends, who assured him she was his wife, he consented to allow her to share his fortunes at Waterford.

Meanwhile, Amelia having been provided with proper

dress by her friends, was returned all safe and sound ; and, though at first, she was horrified at the scene she had gone through, she eventually laughed as heartily as any at the trick played on poor Waterford. He, however, was very happy. The servant was a very superior person, and few enjoy more domestic happiness than do Waterford and his lady, and their numerous family at this day.

So finishes adventure the second of Amelia, but one more, and probably the most stirring, yet remains.







The first part of the document discusses the importance of maintaining accurate records of all transactions. It emphasizes that proper record-keeping is essential for ensuring the integrity and transparency of the financial system. This section also outlines the various methods used to collect and analyze data, highlighting the role of technology in streamlining these processes.

In the second part, the focus shifts to the implementation of these systems across different departments. It details the challenges faced during the rollout phase, such as resistance to change and data migration issues. The document provides a comprehensive overview of the training programs and support structures put in place to facilitate a smooth transition for all users.

The final section of the report addresses the future outlook and ongoing maintenance of the system. It discusses the need for continuous updates and improvements to keep the system relevant in a rapidly changing market. The document also includes a list of key performance indicators (KPIs) used to measure the system's effectiveness and a timeline for the next phase of development.



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## CHAPTER IV.

ADONIS was now in his twenty-eighth year, of prepossessing appearance and manners. By the death of an old maiden aunt he had come into possession of considerable property. He conducted himself with great circumspection, and no young man in the place was more generally beloved or more highly respected. He was now a frequent visitor at Easkie, and was, on the whole, well received by the old people, and Amelia was always "very happy" to see him. They were of congenial mind and temper, and few lovers enjoyed more pure and exalted happiness. Amelia had seen quite enough of fine gentlemen and lairds, and resolved to content herself with her plain, but attractive, Adonis. On a fine summer evening the sprightly pair might be seen slowly wending their way in linked sweetness, along the banks of the meandering Shanney, enjoying the feast of reason and the flow of soul. Things went on thus for upwards of a year, and many a sweet epistle and sweeter word passed between them. Tidings reached that Mr Barrack, a relative of Adonis, and an East India merchant, had died and left his entire estate to him. The exact value was not known, but it was supposed to be above £25,000. Adonis, though a person that knew things more valuable than gold, could not help walking a little more stately, and talking a little more grandly, and carrying it towards his former companions with somewhat more dignity. To Amelia, however, he continued what he had been. The hand-shaking was cordial, and the soft words were as numerous, and the visits were as frequent as when he was the penniless Adonis. The estate of Craigend being in the market, talk was general that he was about to purchase it. It is unnecessary to state that Adonis was now greatly admired among the young ladies, and found easy admission where formerly there were shut doors. Like many unsophisticated young men, he entertained the opinion that rank

confers a kind of respectability on its favoured scions, and that the mean, the sneaking, and the gossiping, never find admission into high places. He consequently listened with interest, and believed without suspicion, the statements made to him by the very respectable parties with whom he was honoured to associate. Among these was the family of the Dalmenies, who boasted of aristocratic lineage, and had been owners of the mansion and lands of Meadowbank for many centuries. Mr Dalmenie, who was an affable, hospitable, generous man, and lived to the full extent of his income, had four daughters who had been *young ladies* for a good many years. They were tall and handsome, being nearly six feet each, or, according to a common saying in the place, they were the twenty-four feet family. Like their father, they were kind and open in their manners, and possessed very considerable educational accomplishments. Adonis was frequently invited by the old man their father to pass an afternoon with him, and see his numerous agricultural improvements. In the absence of Mr Dalmenie, who had been suddenly called from home, Adonis happened to call on the 9th of October, 1830. The young ladies invited him to stay dinner, which, after much pressing, he consented to do. The young ladies—now unquestionably on the wrong side of twenty-five—in the absence of their sire, entered on a most free and fluent conversation with Adonis. They knew he was a visitor at Easkie, but they had hitherto carefully avoided all reference to the subject, though they had anxiously watched an opportunity to say something of the matter. Miss Dalmenie, being none the less inclined to talk after a glass of wine, began to ask about Mr Pirie. The others at once struck in, and in a few minutes Adonis heard more of the family of Easkie than he had ever done till then. The substance of their very voluble remarks was that the family of Easkie was a very nice family, *but* the old people were very vulgar—that it was great pity so excellent people had not had the benefit of *good society*—that Mr Pirie, like all men, who make money, had been sadly blamed for

hard bargains—but they knew not if he deserved blame—that had he been educated he might have been a very useful man, but his early life had sadly destroyed the finest feelings and disqualified him for future eminence. Adonis heard all their glib remarks about Mr Pirie with comparative indifference, but they soon found an easy transition from the father to the daughter.

“Excellent person Miss Pirie,” says Miss Dalmenie.

“O yes,” adds the second daughter, “very religious, sober, decent woman!”

“Curious man the laird of Waterford!” adds the second daughter, addressing Adonis, “Do you know what a talk that person is?”

“What a happiness,” adds the fourth daughter, “that man is married, for he did torment people sadly!”

“Funny marriage he made!” says the eldest daughter; at which all of them heartily laughed, turning their eyes with peculiar meaning on Adonis. They then went on to state that they knew “Watery” well—for so they contracted the term Waterford—and he was a very curious man. He delights to tell that he got all of Miss Pirie that he wanted and then dismissed her. Here the eldest daughter ordered silence, and added that though there were rumours about Watery and Miss Pirie, they knew nothing of their truth, and they were not inclined to believe his statements, as he was a stupid ignorant man.

The second daughter remarked that they knew nothing of the matter farther than general opinion, and that the young lady returned home in very suspicious circumstances.

Adonis said little, but the conversation had its effect. He concluded at once that Amelia was at least suspected, and suspected by very *respectable* persons—persons far above low gossiping, and persons that might *pity*, but who could not *envy* her. He went home thoughtful and agitated and distressed. The poison was taking rapid effect. Thus he mused—Amelia is an excellent person, but grave suspicions rest on her; besides, there are many young ladies as lovely

as she—more so, indeed. I am welcome now, because I am Craigend; but while I had no property, no money, Mr Bogle or any one had the preference. A remark of the eldest daughter to the effect that these low uneducated people can appreciate nothing but gold, found a deep lodgement in his mind. He could not forbid the thought that, after all, Amelia loved him for his property and prospects rather than for himself, and that he had been a very silly man to run after her as though she had been the only woman in the world. In addition to these reflections, Amelia was now beginning to lose her personal charms. The youthful bloom on the countenance began to give place to anxious care, and Time was threatening to draw his furrows in her lofty brow. Terrible, indeed, was the night of the 9th of October to Adonis. To part with Amelia was parting with an eye—with his heart;—to continue his attachment would hinder his prospects, if not, indeed, injure his character. He could get over everything but the insinuation regarding that unfortunate visit to A——, but a thousand circumstantialities strengthened the suspicion. Waterford and she had been often seen together in his carriage. She went with him to A——, knowing she would have to return alone. Waterford was known to be fond of her to distraction—her parents gave him every opportunity to see her—and his suddenly marrying a servant threw doubts on his character. In a word, Adonis, through the insinuations of the Meadowbank family, fancied a very strong case against the honour of Amelia. Adonis resolved to be done with her, unless very satisfactory proof could be adduced that all was right. The hour arrived at which he had engaged to visit Amelia, and he sent a polite note, stating he was suddenly called to A——, and would be there for some days. He said nothing of writing, nor did he leave his address, but the hurry of leaving readily accounted for the oversight, and hopes were entertained that the address would be forwarded. In A—— he found those who had heard of Waterford's transaction, and these, though they said no-

thing directly against Amelia, strengthened begun antipathies by such remarks as the following:—"Pity of Miss Pirie!"—"It must have greatly damaged her character!"—"She placed herself in a most unwarrantable position by going so far with an unmarried man!"

Adonis was much taken out in A——. In fashionable circles he was introduced with much ceremony as Craigend, and rank and beauty threw their fascinations around him. He wrote hurried notes to Amelia, containing nothing beyond the state of his health and extreme hurry, and hoped to be home as soon as possible. Amelia did not like these "How do ye do" epistles after the long sweet ardent ones she had so often received, but she still hoped the best, and returned very warm effusions, and longed for his return. After spending a week in A——, he returned half mad. How could he visit, or rather, how could he not visit, Amelia? was the question. He resolved, however, to visit Easkie, and was received with every possible mark of respect. His purposes to reveal his anxiety to Amelia were broken off. He tried to make himself at home as on former occasions, but the thought that he was injuring himself, and Amelia too, marred his enjoyment. He passed the evening as he best could, and returned more embarrassed than ever. The following afternoon he dined at Meadowbank, and there got all his antipathies invigorated. The family of Easkie was again referred to, and though Mr Dalmenie was too much the gentleman to gossip, he remarked—and the remark went through the very bones of Adonis—that it was "a pity of Miss Pirie, as no man that respected his character could marry her!" This now determined the matter. Adonis vowed perpetual celibacy, never would he think of marriage any more. Accordingly, he went home and addressed the following epistle to Amelia:—

"CRAIGEND, Oct. 19, 1836.

MY DEAREST AMELIA,

What a world of change?—nothing stationary below the sun! How lofty that incommunicable attribute

*unchangeableness.* Will you believe it, that the only fixed purpose which I ever supposed I formed I have abandoned. This day I have vowed perpetual celibacy. I know that you will be inclined to look upon this as but a joke, or the statement of a moment of misanthropy. It is not so. It is a firm and immoveable resolution formed on grounds that entirely satisfy myself. But though as lovers we cannot now meet, we may often meet under still higher and more enduring appellations, as *friends*, as *Christians*, as *heirs* of immortality. Our life here is so short and uncertain, that the married should be as though they were single, and the single as married. I hope, my dear Amelia, you will be able to receive this purpose with firmness. I should be glad you would form a similar one; but should you not so incline, hundreds will be proud to link their fortunes with you. Wishing you every blessing,

I am,

My dear Friend,

Yours ever,

J. T.

Amelia read the letter and fainted away. The servant screamed, and her mother came to her assistance. Amelia was laid insensible on the sofa, and remained motionless for a considerable period. The letter was picked up, and on glancing at its contents, the cause of Amelia's illness was ascertained. On partially recovering, she spoke incoherently—reason had departed—and she exhibited all the symptoms of mental derangement. Medical aid was called in, but without avail, for some days. Her lover's name and "celibacy," and "perpetual celibacy," were the only intelligible words she uttered. Adonis heard of her calamity, and a deep melancholy seized him. He called at Easkie, and though civilly received, he could not be admitted to the solitary chamber of Amelia. He retired moody and dismal, and shunned all society. He refused



to eat or drink ; his days were cheerless, and his nights sleepless ; and by and by he, too, was a raving maniac, talking of Easkie, Waterford, and Amelia, in turn, now singing, now sighing, now laughing, now weeping. Meantime Amelia gradually recovered, but on no account would she allow the name of Adonis to be mentioned in her presence. The fate of the letters of Bogle overtook the letters of Adonis, and no vestige calculated to recall former scenes was left. Under the best accessible medical treatment and much care, Adonis gradually recovered, and after two years' confinement, he again took possession of his mansion and lands. The name of Amelia he never mentioned, and though their homes were not a mile asunder, they never for years saw each other or held the least communication. It is not a little curious that his antipathies became strong against the Meadowbank family. He could not look on them other than as enemies. The daughters were well enough pleased that all intimacy was broken off between Amelia and him ; but all their efforts to gain his favour were unavailing.

Amelia recovered in a few weeks, and found many anxious to gain her favour. Several second-rate wooers spoke kindly to Amelia, but the contrast they presented to the sprightly youths of former days was much against their success. In fact, Amelia had now reached that period in female life not particularly favourable to a high estimate of the merits of the other sex. Ten tedious years passed away, and Amelia was now considered as entering on that peculiar female estate called old maidenism, and Adonis was still the solitary lord of Craigend. It happened in the year 1842, that a servant, who had been a number of years in the Meadowbank family, was hired by Craigend as his cook. Among other pretty little stories she repeated regarding the Dalmenies, their proceedings in reference to Miss Pirie were mentioned. They had been frequently heard stating that Craigend had just been warned in time, and that they had done the canting hypocrite. These say-

ings reached the ears of Craigend, and he began to think that even the very respectable twenty-four feet ladies could indulge in gossiping and the sly inuendo, and that it was possible all they had said of Miss Pirie was false. The knowledge that years had given him of the mean tricks perpetrated in high places, confirmed this view of the matter, and he began to think well after all of Amelia. He determined to see her, and went to the meeting-house where she was still a constant worshipper, and his old love rekindled—rekindled in the meeting-house, and in the presence of a minister whose stern and misanthrope appearance was enough to extinguish any such kindly feelings. Craigend, who had been extremely unhappy during the years of separation, determined to make another attempt to gain his prize, and he found the task much easier than he expected. In a few weeks he was a constant visitor at Easkie, and on the 22d of November, 1842, he led to the hymenial altar Miss Amelia Pirie, fair, fat, and forty, and at this moment Craigend and his lady enjoy no small share of domestic felicity. The great drawback to their happiness is the absence of successors. An heir to the house of Craigend is likely to be a desideratum. Often does Mrs —— lecture her young lady acquaintances to beware of treating their sweethearts saucily, and missing their first opportunities.

A visit to Craigend suggests many very instructive reflections. Everything that this world can supply to enhance domestic comfort is found there in rich profusion. Craigend and his lady are as portly a pair as ever paced the ancient halls of that venerable mansion; but instead of prattling infancy, or buoyant youth, there is a fine collection of monkeys, jackdaws, parrots, starlings, canaries, *et hoc genus omne*.

Young ladies, think of Craigend, and treat your youthful lovers with more than respect, else the furniture of a garret may command your affections.

Young men, think of Craigend, and beware of gossip—

gossip that may unsettle your purpose and your mind, and make you embrace old age instead of buxom youth, and leave your inheritance to strangers, and your name to oblivion!

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## TO WOMAN.

Woman, thou art lovelier far  
Than crescent moon or evening star!  
Thine eye emits a milder ray  
Than queen of night or god of day!  
Through the dark blue expanse of heaven  
I've seen the lightning's chariot driven.  
That, though sublime, moves not man's soul—  
A look from woman melts the whole!  
The universal bloom of flowers,  
Though wet with summer-evening showers,  
Is lovely too, but not so meek  
As the fair hue of woman's cheek.  
The mild breeze fleeting on the hill,  
The whisperings of a wandering rill,  
Are softish sounds,—but not so sweet  
As the light fall of woman's feet.  
When God the universe did plan  
Thou wert his first best gift to man!  
Earth were a round of joyless years  
Without thy smiles, without thy tears.  
Thou art the source of every pleasure—  
Man's all, his only earthly treasure—  
The harmony of all his ways—  
The sceptre that his bosom sways.

## A WEEK IN ARRAN.

## CHAPTER I.

A LOVELY autumnal Sabbath morning,

“Serene, in all its dewy beauty bright,”

after a day and night of almost incessant storm and rain, greeted our enraptured vision. Slowly the mists were wreathing off Goatfell's hoary top and the clustering peaks that range beside it, half revealing the wildly picturesque scenery of Glen Rose and Glen Cloy, down whose sides a hundred night-born torrents were gushing. The waters of Brodick lay sparkling in the rising light, as the gentle breeze stirred their bosom, while the little low whitewashed cottages of the village, partially catching the struggling sunbeams, appeared in beautiful lustrous contrast to the dark foliage of the fir and plane trees by which they are shrouded. A few boats lay moored in the harbour, whose tall masts gently nodded to the breeze, and a number of small craft were hauled up on the golden strand. The gulls floated undisturbed over the wave; no footstep alarmed the solitary heron, “the fishes of the wilderness,” at his watchful perch. Everything breathed that serene quiet so peculiar to the day of rest, unless it were that now and then you heard the echoing bleat of the sheep afar off, or the scream of the curlew from his watery rest, sounds that lend a charm to silence. By and by, however, unusual appearances of life and animation were exhibited on the roads leading to the village—unusual, for it was yet early,—and seldom the quiet of the Sabbath morn is broken upon in rural districts till the distant noise of kirk bell proclaims the hour of worship. Long trains of light carts and cars, loaded with men and women, from different parts of the island, lined the road leading to Brodick, and solitary herdsmen and pedestrians came straggling across the moors by bye-paths and sheep tracks,

bent for the same destination. On inquiry, we learned it was the Free Kirk Sacrament Sabbath, and that the people were gathering to it. As the morning advanced the numbers gradually increased; fewer conveyances appeared, but more foot passengers proceeded along the roads, walking in little groups, with slow measured pace; the father leading his family by the hand, and the mother carrying her Bible wrapped in its snowy covering. A short time previous to the hour at which we were informed the services commenced, we set out with a friend who acted as our cicerone, having some acquaintance with the locality. On arrival at the place of worship we found two congregations, English and Gaelic, assembled. The former, and smallest, met in a saw-pit, and the other in a meadow about four hundred yards distant. After hearing an eloquent and impressive discourse from one of the Free Church ministers from Edinburgh, we strolled leisurely forward to where the Highlanders were met. It was, indeed, a picturesque and interesting scene to witness this assemblage, rendered doubly so by the peculiarities of the locality in which they were. Behind rose the towering heath-clad mountains, shelving down almost to the very spot. On one side ran a little stream gurgling over its peebly course; and on the other, a long dark plantation of firs bounded them, and in front stretched out the waters of the bay. It reminded one of the hill-side gatherings in olden times of the children of the Covenant. About, as near as may be guessed, two thousand people of all ages, from the grey sire, on whose furrowed brow time had sown his scars, to the prattling child—sat upon the green sward, listening to the fervid natural eloquence of the preacher, poured forth in the language of the heart. Indeed, as a language, judging from its effects, there are few more calculated to arouse the feelings, to strike the hidden chords of the heart, and awaken slumbering sympathies, than the Gaelic. On the females in the present case was this most observable, some of whom, rolled in their dark cloaks, and their white head-gear gathered closely around their faces,

rocked a slow accompaniment to the not unmusical intonation of the speaker. Others evinced their more excitable disposition by low moanings and sharp hysteric screams. But, on the whole, setting aside all that might be deemed fanatical enthusiasm, there was far more devotion exhibited by the natives than was apparent among the more tutored and civilised lowland audience. As we turned to depart, a Psalm was given out, and in a minute more the plaintive coronach-like music was wafted along on the breeze. There was something so utterly inartificial and sweetly mournful in the tune, breaking out in long fitful strains from female voices, and anon, as the men joined, rolling in fuller volume, that we stood for a time rivetted to the spot—even yet it rings in our ears. There was one thing gratifying to observe—the total absence of all those means of desecrating the sacred institutions which once, and we fear in some rural districts still, disgrace the religious profession of the worshippers, affording a strong argument to the satirist for turning the holiest rite into ridicule.

Next day (Monday), we strolled along the coast, and wandered up some of the glens. In these the scenery is very grand. A visit to the head of Glen Rosa amply repays all the difficulties. As you advance you leave the regions of cultivation in your rear, a straggling patch of corn only here and there meeting the eye, fenced in amid the purple heath; each step carries you farther into a scene of sublime grandeur. You at length find yourself enveloped by bare heathless rocks, whose shingly sides are absolutely precipitous; high up overhead tower the peaks of Goatfell, Benhuish, and Ceimna-caillach, nestling amid the clouds,—their beetling cliffs, the resort of the carrion crow and rooks, whose incessant croak sounds ominously far up in the mist. Beneath you winds a silver stream fed by many parent hills; it discourses soft music, mingling its tones with the humming noise of the myriads of midges that dance above it. You see it winding like a long silver cord far down the glen, till its waters mingle

with the ocean. After satiating our visual appetite on the beauties of the scene we turned downwards towards the village. It possesses little to recommend itself. A row of low-roofed primitive cottages, containing one or two small shops, constitutes the whole. The only artificial work possessing any claim on the tourist's attention is the castle, which stands immured in a pine forest, only a turret and flag staff being visible at a distance; but even it has little in keeping with the scenery. It is a lumbering mass of stone and lime, partly ancient and partly modern, of no particular style of architecture. Internally it is well furnished,—and this is saying the most of it; to which we may add the usual donjon and a few pieces of armour and instruments of torture, as forming the only other attractive feature about it. At these one cannot look without associating many dark remembrances of foul deeds and horrible cruelties perpetrated in past times, in an age which, however much it may boast of valour and fidelity, was still an age of mental thralldom to a benighted people.

Our main object in going to the island—for we may as well make a clean breast of it—was piscatory. Many flattering accounts of wonderful takes had reached our ears afar off, and we had resolved to test the truth of flying rumours by personal investigation. A friend, zealous in the art, had promised to join us, and cross the island—the only streams and lochs of any importance lying on that side. The weather on the morning after his arrival, just as good luck would have it, proved what the brethren of the gentle art rejoice in. All night and that day the rain descended in torrents, without the slightest intermission or faintest prospect of a relapse. It was considered, after some consultation, out of the question to walk to the burns—the nearest of which was nine miles distant—but, resolved not to miss such a promising opportunity, we, with some difficulty, induced the proprietor of a car to drive us part of the way. We set out, cheered by the prospect held forth by our conductor, that “she was a

gran weather for feeshin"—a fact, from long past experience we were sufficiently aware of. No one of your warmth-loving townsmen need ever face the Highlands in quest of sport, if he desire a dry back. One and all of its streams and lochs never fish to perfection except in rainy weather. Take this to heart ye Cockney tribe who love to dangle about, with par-destroying intent, by the side of the moorland stream or remote tarn! You'll never kill your first salmon till you have the city dust washed off your skin by the mountain mists. If you dread the attempt tie up your brass-jointed toy, pitch the flies into the fire, and don't disgrace the craft by a puny weakness. The only trouting waters, we have already observed, are situated on the west side of the island. Of these the three principal streams are Blackwater, Mauchry, and Iorsa. Our destination was first to Mauchry, being the nearest. The road thence from Brodick lies principally up hill, running alongside a long range of mountains. Beneath you, after gaining the ascent, stretches a deep glen, where the Mauchry rises. On the opposite side springs up another ridge of high precipitous hills. As we drove through this defile we saw few of its beauties. A dense heavy drizzling mist had settled down. At times a blast of wind lifted it up like a curtain from the hill sides, revealing a mass of dark rock and heath; at others, you were privileged with a glimpse of some yawning gulf beneath you, down which a mountain torrent was careering madly. Everything was blank, dreary, and uncomfortable; even the rain seemed not content with wetting one, but soaked in to the very joints. Repeatedly was the inquiry put by our junior friend, who had never previously been so highly favoured, "Do you think there is any chance of it clearing up?" "Hoo, 'tweel, it whiles rains this way an aicht days, but maybe 'till clear too!" was the invariable comforting assurance of the driver. Occasionally the dim outline of a human figure flitted by us, like a spectre, on the road, muttering, "A wet morning." Coming down the hill we encountered an angler returning home, excessively woeb-



gone in aspect. On hailing him, in passing, we were informed that he had lost his way in the moors, been out all night, and left a companion lying at the back of a dike nearly dead. By and by we met another figure crawling along, his nether garments hanging in tatters, looking, by all the world, the type of despair, who gave himself out as the individual who had lain down to die in the moor. On day light coming in, it seems he had thought better of it. A mouthful of anti-teetotal liquor revived him wonderfully, and he pursued his homeward route. There was not, to be sure, much encouragement in all this; but anglers have been proverbially, from Ryp Van Winkle downwards, a hopeful body, and not easily deterred by unpromising appearances. Our driver set us down within sight of the stream, about three miles from its foot, and wishing us a successful fishing, and a continuance of fine weather, returned homewards. One invigorating pull at the grey-beard, which had suffered considerably on the way, our creels strapped firmly on, and we were under weigh. We waded along about half a mile through long wet heather, sometimes almost waist high, ere we reached the stream, which, running through a broken rugged channel, is at all times rapid, but now, swollen with heavy rains, roared and foamed along terrifically. As we gazed into its dark surging boiling pools and eddies, madly whirly and dashing among the rocks, we felt ourselves instinctively shrink backwards. It was vain to think of fishing that part. No line would for an instant lie on its surface, setting aside the danger of attempting it, which was great enough, as a single false step would to a certainty have hurled the fisher into eternity. We turned away and struck into a sheep track, leading along its side. Pursuing this track through moss and brake, for better than two miles, with the rain still heavily descending, we came upon a fine open tract of country, fronting Kilbrannan Sound. Here the turbulent stream, finding a more level channel, had settled down considerably. To our delight a strong breeze arose and the rain gradually subsided. On again approaching the

water we perceived a party of anglers hard at work. Not a moment was lost. Up went the rods and we fell to, though, for our own part, we admit to having felt a little chagrined at the dark opaque colour of the stream, inspiring sundry doubts in our mind as to whether even a red palmer would take. With a strong reluctant feeling we tried first the worm, hoping that by evening the water might clear off a little. Bait fishing, in our view, apart from its being an ungentlemanly branch of art, involves considerable cruelty, and ought never to be adopted, save when necessity impels to it. We would rather kill a dozen trout with the fly than half a creelful with the worm, and will back the former as affording double the sport. As this happened to be the first fresh of any importance during the season the sea trout were running plentifully, and we fished it carefully down to Mauchry Bay, picking out a thumping fellow every now and then. Several of the natives of the island passed us with long strings of fish. They had been at work since the forenoon. One long bony hard-featured youth came up to us as we were striking a light—his reasoning faculties being forcibly brought into operation by means of a lucifer match, and, after gazing intently at the proceeding, and subsequent kindling of our pipe, pointed to his fish and inquired “Hoo mony flee heucks will she gie for thae?” We assured him that we never bartered tackle for fish, but, on noticing some chagrin developed on his lank countenance, made him a present of one—a large guady article at which no salmon or trout could possibly be induced to rise—informing him, with all gravity, that it would kill all the fish in the water, if he once got them on. Whereupon he expressed himself to the effect that “he feart the flee wasna guid for her”—a fact of which we were fully convinced on seeing him sometime after flogging away at the stream like a man thrashing corn. Ye heavens! what a sight presented itself to our view on nearing the foot of the water! Standing in a long pool were some four or five highlanders fishing, armed with rods of the most primitive architecture

imaginable, and at their back, on the sandy shore, lay, *in articulo mortis*, some bushels of fine white trout, from half a pound up to two pounds and better. Never being convicted of excessive modesty, we thought it no sin, seeing so many already on the spot (though in the case of a single fisher being engaged at a pool no brother save a snob would cast a fly or worm within thirty yards of the spot), we made bold to take our stand a little way beneath them, and picked out fish about with them. One of them hooked a grilse, a little beyond us. Then followed an illustration of the popular proverb, "Pull baker," &c., and, as might be expected, after a deal of struggling, the fish came off victorious, carrying a portion of the tackle. Having some hope, as the water was clearing, that the trout would rise we adopted two favourite flies—a brown palmer and dusky yellow body and wing, ribbed with black hackle and tinsel. These will succeed with sea trout under almost any circumstances, and if you are ignorant of the taking fly on any particular stream no better choice could be recommended. We found them answer in the present case. The trout rose freely, and ere gloaming we had a respectably filled creel. After a little hunting about, lodgings were procured in the clachan at the foot of the stream. At a blazing peat fire, suggestive of immense comfort, we got dried, and our inward man invigorated with a cup of tea. Afterwards, over a glass of something hot, we compared notes, and speculated on next day's chances, till the snoring of one of the party, from a corner, reminded us of bed.

## CHAPTER II.

HA! morning's breaking, the grey light's stealing through the window! Jump, comrades—now's the time for killing your maiden fish! The silvery-sided salmon loves the early dawn—why should not you, disciple of old Isaac? There, that will do—dip your face in the water, kick up the slumbering turf fire—one mouthful of nectar to keep the raw air out of your stomach, and forth with you! There's a morning for you—grey as the ghost of Fingal! A gentle breeze comes whispering down the glen: it catches the tail of the pool, making just such a ripple as your heart rejoices in. Now for a cast at it—the water seems rather clear. We'll try our old friend the grey palmer and his neighbour with the black body and pale wing. Here goes, softly—keep in the shadow of that bush. Throw gently, and bring the flies in dancing measure down to the tail of the line. There, mighty Jove, what a rise! Again—whir-r-r-r! She's on!—snooving along with thirty yards of line! Ha, there goes a leap for ye! Another! yet another! We thank our stars our rod and tackle were never manufactured in a toy shop, else that plunge would bereave us of them. Down, down into the dark depths she sullenly sinks, watching for any root or rock to rub out the pestilent hook against. Hold hard—keep her head up—now off the flies again. Slackening at last—a few more springs, and she comes slowly sailing into the side.

The sun is rising now; mark the golden streaks brightening in the east, reflected back in the blue waters of the Sound; the bleak dark hills of the Mull are now tinged with a radiant purple. Gradually the morning breeze is dying away—idly are the sails of yon wherries flapping to and fro; you may almost see the dip of their oars in the water. Already, though they are some miles distant, you hear them grating in the row locks; and at times a snatch of a Gaelic roundelay steals along, indicating last night's successful take of herring. But a truce

to this. There is an internal craving arising about the diaphragm of our youngest comrade, inducing his steps towards the sheiling where we lodge, whence issues a fragrant peculiar alone to a highland breakfast. That done ample justice to, we shoulder our creels and depart.

The road from Mauchry to Iorsa lies along the coast, and a beautiful one it is, as much as any in Scotland. The Sound is about six miles broad, and you have on a clear day a distinct view of the opposite hills, barren enough in all conscience. This is hallowed ground we tread. There, above that cliff, is the Druids' temple; a little way farther on, Auchincarr, or the field of the stone, named so from one of those upright blocks of grey sandstone, common throughout the island, standing above the surface some fourteen feet, and probably half as much beneath. The most remarkable cluster of these is betwixt Shiskin and Mauchry, in the middle of a moor, where four or five huge stones form parts of a square. For what purpose they were intended, must ever remain unknown, wrapped in the mists that shroud the worship of Hesus and Andraste. Whether they are the remains of temples where the priestcraft of the long past immolated their human victims, and celebrated their mysterious orgies, or whether they mark the field of strife, or are the cairns of buried heroes, tradition tells not, and conjecture terminates in obscurity. One thing, however, is remarkable. These stones, large as those of which the Pyramids of Egypt are built, must have been excavated with great care and under many disadvantages, and besides carried over rock, stream, and moor, to great distances, as only in particular parts of the island is stone of that character found. But this is hallowed ground for another reason. Here the mind reverts to the time when Bruce sought a refuge from his foes—here the hero of Bannockburn, in his partial expatriation, wandered a time with a handful of followers. A little way below Mauchry, are the remarkable natural excavations known as the King's Caves, from whence the monarch may have cast many a hopeless glance to the famed Carrick shore.

Farther on northward lies Loch Ranza, immortalised by Scott as the place of the king's landing. The glen there is well worth a day's visit.

As we passed leisurely along a breeze sprung up, bringing with it from the west a train of clouds which softened down the oppressive glare of the sun, and raised the mercury of our piscatory expectations. Iorsa was in glorious trim. We fished up to the source, a small loch. There are not many pools in the river; it runs over a rough stony bottom, difficult to fish with the fly. A good bait fisher may kill a great quantity of sea trout in it, in their progress up to the loch by dropping his worm at back of these stones, but his line must be heavily leaded, for the stream is very impetuous when anything large. We tried the loch, but from want of wind did not succeed. It may be laid down as a rule in loch fishing, especially where the water, as in the present case, is clear, that, unless you have a strong wind blowing, fish will not rise well. Towards the evening, however, a very little sometimes will suffice. This is the most difficult, in our opinion, of all branches of practice; because, although the trout may be abundant in the loch, you may labour perseveringly for half a day without receiving a single encouraging rise. The reason seems to be, that in lochs the fish feed at particular times, and are more regular in their habits than in streams. If you are sure of the existence of trout or salmon do not give up hopelessly, although you should work away half a dozen or a dozen hours without killing a fish. Adopt the old motto, "I bide my time." The fish will, must rise, and perhaps in a single half hour's time you will be amply repaid if you possess yourself in patience. We have laboured from dewy morn till sunset, doing nothing to purpose—black hackles, red hackles, hare ear, and yellow body, all alike ineffective, till the moon rose, and then came the thumpers walloping up to the surface. With a short line, a light fly, and a steady hand, we could, in such circumstances, have shown you a goodly sight of beauties.

Patience, tyro—patience—remember it is an angler's great virtue, and at the loch side, above all places, will you be required to practise it. We retraced our footsteps at evening, fishing the stream down again. During the day, when the sun was strong, some of our company had felt a little nervous from stumbling over snakes among the heather. They are exceeding plentiful in the island. We saw them basking in the sun on every sheep track almost. There are two kinds—yellow and black; the former is harmless, but the bite of the other is very painful. Another annoyance, however, sprung up at sunset equally bad, and from a very ridiculous source. The air literally swarmed with midges, or *houlaes*, as they are in Gaelic graphically designated. It was absolute torture to stand still a single moment; our hats and coats were white with them. We have indistinct visions still of seeing two of the party seated on huge boulders, scrubbing away at their faces and throats, as if for life and death, with countenances horribly contorted and ghastly with smoking too many cigars. No whisky rubbed on the visage, or tobacco smoked, would drive them off. On they came with vampire lust in scores and hundreds. It was vain to calculate how often we lighted a pipe of about an inch long, and raised a cloud in the vicinity of our eyes and nose, but it ended all in smoke. There is but one remedy for this, and we had overlooked it in leaving the regions of civilisation—a thin gauze veil. It affords a complete safeguard against the annoyance. We have often wondered, in some deep glen, when, at evening, pursuing our quiet sport under grievous affliction, why the code of barbarity of former times never numbered amid its many horrible inventions for torturing humanity, that of exposing victims bound naked to midges. There is something ridiculous in the idea, but we believe the suffering in such a case would be little inferior to flaying alive.

That night we found comfortable lodgings in Auchinear, already noticed. Next morning was cold, raw, and rainy—not a pleasant rattling rain by any means, but one of

those incessant drizzles peculiar alone to the land of the mountain and flood. After breakfast, as we were cogitating what to do—whether to resume the burn or seek new quarters, a fellow-angler announced himself, whom we had a distant view of the day previous. No formal introduction was necessary. We were friends in five minutes, and in less than an hour after, striding across the hills in company on a short cut to Loch Iorsa. Again we were unfortunate, the wind came in puffs, and from a wrong quarter. The stream that flows into the loch was next tried; but the matter was still worse. For some miles it lies through a long narrow strath, winding slowly along, forming often beautiful pools, but clear as crystal, and unless you have abundance of wind blowing down the glen, you may as well try to charm the fish out with a pair of bagpipes as induce them to rise. In the vicinity of Iorsa are several other moorland tarns, abounding with native trout, but of a small species. In one alone, Loch Dhu, are they of any size, but this water is difficult of access without a guide. It is generally found that in these remote high lochs the trout are exceedingly plenty. We have fished them at times, where the foot of man rarely trod, and found them literally swarming, but the poor cold nature of the soil forbids them arriving at any size. You may, however, stumble occasionally on large fish in these places. In some of them there are huge black trout affording glorious sport, and requiring strong tackle. On such points your best authority is the shepherd of the district. As the rain still continued, two of our party, after exercising patience some five hours, returned homewards, and taking a short cut across the hills lost their way. They wandered about a good while till they hit on a large rivulet, which conducted them to known regions.

After alternating for some days longer betwixt loch and stream, we returned to Brodick. We left Auchincarr early one forenoon, taking the road as leisurely as possible; the day being rather oppressive for walking, and we being incommoded with baggage, we crossed the Mauchry, and



proceeded through the moors to the highway. Here the black cock and grouse sprang at every side—often so tame that we approached within a few feet of them ere they rose. At length we reached the main road. Some of the party being desirous to catch the boat leaving Brodick that day had left us, and we were allowed to wander slowly along, drinking in all the beauties of the scene. As we wound round the foot of Craigmore, there stretched out behind us the long strath, and beyond the blue waters of the Sound; in advance, the narrowing glen, forming one of the most beautiful views the island possesses.

“I wadna like tae pass this spot at nicht,” said an old Highlander, as we stood on a bridge crossing a deep ravine, known as Glenloig.

“Why, friend?”

“Folk say she’s a dreadfu’ place for seein’ unchancy things. Ou tere’s mony a story o’ Glenloig,” added he, with a portentous shake of the head.

“Mayhap you remember some of them. Come take a pull of this, and let’s hear one. Tell us why the glen is haunted.”

“Aweel! it’s an auld tale o’ byegane times, and a true ane, but ye winna beleave’t for a’; I see ye’re lauchin’ at it already.”

We assured him of a large measure of faith in legendary lore. Whereupon he told us what may be entitled

#### THE WHITE MAID OF GLENLOIG.

Some hundred and fifty years since—before Highland lairds had learned that sheep were more valuable than human lives, or had began to eject poor tenantry to make room for the gor cock and muirfowl—this island was much more densely peopled than it now is. The M’Kinnons and M’Brydes formed two powerful clans—their clachans rose by many a hill side, and their corn fields stretched over many a now waste glen. Up in the Bishop’s Glen, as it

is called, about a mile above Glenloig, was a small village of the M'Brydes—there might be some twenty hamlets in it. Standing a little beyond the rest, in a sheltered hollow, at the foot of Tuie-hill, was a house wearing an aspect of more comfort than many of the others. It was then tenanted by Ronald M'Bride, the chief's brother—a man well to do in the world. He had sheep on the hillside and cattle feeding in the strath, and people said there was gold in his coffers too. But Ronald, though an old man, and strong in his love of worldly wealth, had a greater treasure than these. He was a widower, with one daughter, Minna—a fair light-footed maiden—beautiful as the early sunbeam, gentle as the cushat. She was the pride, the idol of old Ronald's heart; nor did the maiden less love her parent. Ever ready was her winning smile and her soft word; often her kind effort spared the domestics of her father's house the dire effects of the bodagh's wrath, for old Ronald was irascible and subject to terrible fits of gloom and wrath. Woe to the man or woman who in such an hour dared vex him! Alone could Minna quell the storm. Her words fell like oil on the troubled waters.

But Minna was not loved alone by her parent or his retainers, nay, or even generally, by all who knew her; there was one who loved her with a devotion unchangeable—a sincerity unquestionable. Young Alan M'Bryde, a distant kinsman of her own, had long wooed the fair Minna, and not hopelessly. Often they stole out in the calm evening by the hill side, and sat watching the sun setting in the western sea till the bright stars gemmed the heavens. And then Alan would tell her tales of heroism and love of former days—of midnight raid and foray—of heartless treachery and true devotion. He had a winning voice as well as a bold heart, and we wonder not he gained the young girl's love. This was no paltry triumph, for many had endeavoured to secure the smile of Minna, but in vain. Foremost among the most unsuccessful was Malcolm Dhu M'Kinnon. Between him and Alan there was a wide contrast. Alan was open, generous, and brave, while he was

dark, treacherous, and revengeful. Often had he watched, concealed among the hazels, the gloamin wanderings of Minna and his rival. Dark jealousy burned within him, and he nursed the flame. Prudential motives alone deterred him from openly sacrificing his rival; he sought a fitting opportunity.

Alan lay slumbering on his couch while the red sun was streaming on high; he had been chasing the deer on the heights of Glen Ranza by moonlight, at early dawn, and was weary with long toil and watching. His sleep was not sweet—dark visions haunted him—his spirit quailed within its fleshly covering. He thought he stood alone with his loved Minna by the hill side, pouring forth into her willing ear the story of his affection, when a yawning gulf opened at their feet. He reeled and fell, clutching in vain at its slippery sides. Down, down, he fell—still above him was the earnest horrified face of his love, stretching forth her hands towards him. An eldrich laugh rent the air, as if a thousand fiends grinned at his despair. Hideous visages surrounded him; a hundred forms of no human mould flitted through the gloom, yelling as he fell. Then the vision changed. A fair spirit, whom Alan knew as the guardian of his clan, stood by his side. There was a mournful sweetness upon her pale countenance. She spoke in low accents, "Go not to the Bishop's Glen to-night!" and waving her hand, glided out of sight. Alan started and awoke. Still the words rang in his ears, "Go not to the Bishop's Glen!" "Pshaw!" said he, "'twas an idle dream," yet never had Alan dreamed so wondrous-like reality.

The day wore on, and he had forgot the terrors of his slumber; the sun was sinking in the west when a little lad arrived with a message from Minna. She wished to see Alan, but the boy knew not why. Young M'Bryde looked inquisitively at the errand-bearer as he stood before him. There was something peculiar about him—a likeness, yet no more, to the human family. On a close inspection his countenance wore marks indicating age. He seemed

shrunk and shrivelled—rather a puny old man than a healthy child; his voice was squeaking and discordant, and, as he spoke, his dark eyes shot forth bright flashes. “He looked not like an inhabitant of earth.” Alan dismissed him, saying he would not fail to come, though a strange vague feeling stole over his heart as he said so. Prompted by curiosity to look after the boy, he went to the door, but no trace of him could be discovered. This was astonishing, he had not left five minutes, and there was no possible concealment for half a mile on the level ground that stretched out around the house. Hesitating not a little, for Alan, though brave, was not exempted from the prevailing notions of the time, he at length set out for the Bishop’s Glen. On reaching Ranald M’Bryde’s, he found Minna seated by the fireside. She seemed surprised to see him. Alan wondered, and inquired the reason, adding that he had almost immediately followed her messenger.

“I sent no messenger, Alan, you must be dreaming.”

“What! did you not send a strange elfin-looking boy—so strange I wondered where he came from or whom he belonged to—to bring me hither?”

Minna’s blue eyes expressed her astonishment, and, half doubting whether Alan was properly awake or not, asked him to explain. He told her all; his perturbed dreams—the visit of the boy—his appearance, and message. Minna shuddered; a chill feeling stole over her heart, which she could not account for. There seemed a shadow, dark and heavy, resting above her. She felt dull and sad, notwithstanding the efforts of Alan to cheer her. The hours passed quickly over—when with lovers did they ever fly tardily?—and Alan rose to depart. A few whispered words of hope and love softly uttered in his mistress’s ear, and he found himself on the way homewards. The Bishop’s Glen was passed—Tuir Hill was lost sight of in the dark—dimly in the starlight were Craig Vore’s dark sides discernible. Alan strode rapidly on till he reached Glenloig; here, in one spot, the ravine was spanned by a rude bridge—a few branches laid with tuff, resting upon two ledges of rock,

crossed the deep chasm. Alan stood on the bridge ; it crashed beneath his feet—he tottered, and, with a despairing cry, rolled over into the dark abyss. A human figure appeared in sight from among some brushwood near the spot. It crept slowly forward, and looked over the bank of the precipice. A straggling beam of moonlight, now rising above the Raven's Crag, revealed the features of Malcolm Dhu M'Kinnon. He gave one low chuckling laugh, but started back horrified, as he heard it echoing among the rocks, repeated in almost demoniac tones on every side. He dared not look again, but, trembling with horror, rushed from the spot.

Morning dawned, and revealed a mangled body lying at the bottom of the chasm. The carrion crow attracted the shepherd's notice to the spot, and the remains of Alan M'Bryde were gathered up. On examination, the half-sawn props of the bridge told the tale of treachery ; nor was suspicion long in attaching itself to Malcolm Dhu, his well-known rival, who could at first nowhere be found. Minna heard the tidings of her lover's death ; she rushed wildly to the spot where his remains lay. No entreaty or persuasive effort could prevail on her to leave them. She sat and gazed at the body till it was removed. A wild fire at length burned in her eyes. She grew haggard and restless : reason wavered—it fled. Helpless now, the once beautiful Minna wandered by the lone hillside. She went and came, none knew whence. Often at night was the traveller startled when passing Glenloig to see a grey form seated on the bank of some precipitous rock, singing a low mournful dirge. One cold winter morning a young female was found frozen stiff by the hillside. It was Minna. Her spirit had gone to join Alan. Tradition says that still, in the clear moonlight, a female figure may be seen seated overlooking the glen, where she pours forth a song no mortal tongue can learn. Old people, whose grandsires told them the tale, call her 'The White Maid of Glenloig.'

“And what became of Malcolm Dhu?”

“When he saw the destruction which he wrought, not merely in the death of Alan, but in Minna's madness, and her father's death caused by sorrow, it was supposed he was haunted by remorse. He was a changed man; from that hour he wandered abstractedly about, feared and abhorred. One night, as he sat by the hearth in a moody fit, a knocking was heard at the door. Malcolm went to open it. He started and turned ghastly pale, as he saw in the visitor a little antiquated-looking boy, who whispered something in his ear. Malcolm replied that he would soon come, and the boy departed. Shortly afterwards he left the house, saying that he would return by morning. Morning came, and many mornings followed it, but Malcolm was never seen more. About a year after, the bones of a human skeleton were found in a hollow away up among the Eagles' Rocks. They might be Malcolm's, they might not.”

We presume the demon dwarf was never afterwards seen to explain his part in the business. Well, it does not matter much. It is the pipes. Hurrah for them! There's no organ, harp, piano, seraphim, or cremona, equal to the bagpipes,—nothing in all the catalogue of musical instruments half so sweet. How they make one's blood rise and thrill through each vein! We could almost lay down our creel and dance, albeit ten minutes since we were fagging and weary. Confound the fellow who called the pipes “a squeaking drone!” He knew nothing of music—had no soul for it, any more than that mountain has. Our heart warms at their sound. We never heard them at home that we ran not to the window. All that is romantic, wild, and sweet, is associated with the heaven-inspired sound.

How beautiful! we involuntarily uttered, when standing on the height above Brodick. We at length looked down on the glen at our feet, and the mountains on each side, and the silver tide beyond. We felt the force of Scott's description of such a scene:—

“ Each puny wave in diamonds roll'd  
O'er the calm deep, where hues of gold  
With azure strove, and green  
The hill, the vale, the tree; the tower  
Glow'd with the tints of evening's hour,  
The beach was silver sheen.  
The wind breathed soft as lover's sigh,  
And, oft renew'd, seem'd oft to die,  
With breathless pause between.”

Ha! yonder comes a nymph whose form and face are not unknown to us. You will pardon us, kind reader, for choosing other company than dame nature; the more readily, peradventure, on the explanation that we are still single.

## PADDY O'REILLY;

OR,

## LIFE IN SCOTLAND.

'A FINE morning, this, sir,' said a dapper little man, one clear frosty morning, as I proceeded to my counting-house. 'The top o' the morning t'ye, sir!' he continued, as I did not reply. 'Ye are the man that will make the fortune'—he run on—'Ye've wisdom enough to see that sleep leads to poverty. As auld Tam Thamson used to say, "Rise an' be rich, lie an' be puir." As I only noticed his remarks by a 'Humph!' or an 'Oh!' he changed his subject. 'Fine weather for the pigs, sir!' he said. 'Ah, you remind me of Joseph. He would be in the pig market two hours ago. Let Joseph alone, he knows when to buy.'

'Joseph,' I at last said, 'who is he?'

'Well, well,' he said, 'not know Joseph—a director of the bank, and one of our principal curers! but you've never been in Ireland, sir,' he went on, 'never seen a pig market. Ah, then, you've never seen life! But the curing yard, that would try ye. I am a Scotsman, sir—a naturalised Scotsman—but my heart bleeds for my suffering countrymen, o'er the scenes that take place in a curer's yard.'

'How is that, Paddy?' said I.

'Why, sir,' said he, 'the pigs are bought at a certain price, as sound, and when brought into the yard laid out for inspection. Five hundred carts of dead pigs are generally bought in the market at one rate, but when brought home the fun begins. "Five shillings off Paddy Roonie's pig for a black spot on the shoulder," says the buyer; and the clerk marks it down. "By dad, then," says Paddy, "an' natur' made that speck, for the cratur's been black an' white from an infant." "Three shillings off Mike M'Grath's for a wound in the jiggot." "Och,



murthur, an' that's but a scratch with a nail!" says Mike. "Silence!" cries Joseph, and the boys all shake. "By the blessed virgin, thin," says Mike, an' I'm a ruined man!"—and poor Mike blubbers like a baby. "Oh, sir, had you seen such scenes as I have seen in a curer's yard you would say with me that Ireland is ruined by the Irish. A poor man has no chance with his rich countrymen."

Such was my second meeting with David O'Reilly, and no one could have met him once without setting him down as a genuine character—half Irish, half Scotch, as he really was. I had often opportunities of meeting with David afterwards, and gleaned from him the following particulars of his history.

'My father, David O'Reilly, was a true Irishman, but resided some time in Scotland, and while there got acquainted with, and married the daughter of a Methodist minister. He afterwards joined that persuasion, and when he returned to Ireland, commenced to hold forth in that line, and at the same time supported himself by curing a little bacon. I lost my mother in infancy, and my father died when I was only a few years old, leaving me all he possessed, valued at three to four hundred pounds, under charge of executors, selected from his own congregation. I had no desire for school, nor did I like the gloomy counsels of my executors, and so at twelve years of age, I determined upon trying my fortune in the world, and sailed for Glasgow with three bales of bacon.

'Off this first adventure I cleared four pounds, but with this I was dissatisfied, and determined on trying other means by which I might make money faster. At that time there was a heavy duty on shawls imported into Ireland, and I heard of several of my countrymen having made a little fortune by smuggling them. I accordingly laid out the little money I had in small silk shawls, and black and brown earthenware teapots. I never shall forget the solemnity with which the good Quaker, who owned the crockery shop in High-street, gave me the following advice:—"Young man," he said, while I packed the shawls

into the teapots with a little straw, and the lids over them, "young man, thou mayest be ciever: but take care that thy cleverness lead thee not to too elevated a position!" I have no doubt that he alluded to the gibbet, but I for a time forgot his advice in the success of my adventure. Being entered in the custom-house as teapots, though the two hogsheads containing them was scrutinised, nothing was discovered, and after making sales, I found I had doubled my capital, or cleared nearly twenty pounds. Had I had prudence to keep quiet, I might have continued to make money in this way; but I was so proud of having outwitted the excise, that the circumstance got wind, and in my next attempt the shawls and teapots were seized, and it was only through the intervention of my father's executors that I escaped without a public trial. I was now sick of smuggling and of an irregular life, and as I could not walk the streets of my native town without being pointed at by old and young as the "smuggler," I determined to forswear my native country and settle in Scotland. I accordingly opened a ham and bacon store in Paisley, and having little opposition at that time, and being attentive to business, I managed, with great economy, to clear during the first five years nearly one thousand pounds. One day while standing behind my counter with my coat off and my apron on, as was my wont, a sweet little creature came into the shop, and, though like myself, she was at first blushes all over, she soon came to herself, 'and so,' said she, 'how do you do, Mr O'Reilly?' Ha! ha! thinks I to myself, my dove your caught at last, and that moment added a considerable length to my stature. This young lady was none other than Mary Cuthill, now married to James Jamieson, Shore Street, Greenock. At that time she lived with her father on the opposite side of the street, and often have I sat at the small desk at my window pretending to write up my accounts, but having all the while the tail of my eye directed to the window where sat my beloved Mary. There seemed a wonderful coincidence between Mary's movements and my own.

Seldom did I thus sit, that I did not find Mary similarly seated, and when glance met glance,—O, sir, I cannot now speak of it—at this day it overpowers me! When our eyes met, the thrill of ecstasy which passed through my soul, electrifying my whole person, was happiness worth living to attain. Mary was then young, about sixteen years of age, and for three years I carried on these stolen glances, without an opportunity of speaking to her. That she loved me I could not doubt, otherwise why did she look upon me from her window with such bewitching tenderness?—why always sit there when I went from and came to the shop? The solution was easy. She loved me, and I gloried only in the belief of it. These three years were the happiest years of my life, and the day alluded to when Mary called upon me, consummated my bliss. For the first time I heard her sweet voice, and was invited to her house; for, said she, on leaving the shop, “Mr O'Reilly, my father will be glad to see you some evening.” Well, sir, will you believe it?—whether from pride, or from the excitement caused by her visit, I cannot say; but I stammered out, “Much obliged, Miss; but where does your father live?” Mary got deadly pale, and left the shop on saying, “Mr O'Reilly, I seem to have misunderstood you.” It is needless to say I was thunder-struck at my own folly. I paced the shop, and stamped and raved like a madman, and cursed the day I was born. My brain was in a fever, and disregarding clamorous customers, I shut my shop, went home, and took to bed; but my bed brought no repose. After a sleepless night, I felt hot as a coal, and in order to cool myself, determined to try a walk in a secluded part of the canal side, not far from my lodgings. I had not proceeded far when, on looking round, I observed Mary and her father coming up behind me. My head got dizzy; I staggered and rolled into the canal. I know not how long I was in the water; but when brought out, I found myself surrounded by a crowd of people, and heard *her* exclaim to her father, “Well, I declare, if it's not the

little Irishman." The shame of my position and the taunt conveyed by the expression of Mary, again deprived me of my senses, and how I got home I know not. Four weeks after this, I awaked from a brain fever. My raving had been of Mary, water, and bacon. It was several days before I could fully recall the past, and a full knowledge of my disconsolate condition renewed the disease, and another month passed before I was able again to visit the shop. But the shop had now no charms for me. I had lost Mary by my own folly, and that was enough. Money I disregarded—woman I hated—life I loathed, and wished for death. But a change was not only wrought on myself, but in my position. During the whole of my illness the shop had been shut up—for I could never trust another to do what I could do myself. The opportunity was too tempting to be neglected, and on my first returning to my shop after my illness I was thunderstruck to find a rival establishment a few paces from my own, crowded to the door with customers. I put the keys in my pocket and walked round to reconnoitre. You may judge of my consternation on seeing at the head of the counter my old rival, lang Jamie Jamieson, the present husband of her whom I must still call my Mary. James was a very decent man, of a sombre aspect, who rented a shop in High Street. I had often seen him call upon Mary and was grieved at the length of his stay, but the next morning's beamings of her eye, as she stood or sat at her window, completely dissipated my jealousy, and I set him down as a plodding, but unsuccessful rival. Now the whole truth flashed upon my mind. She had only wished acquaintance with me in order to benefit my rival, Jamieson, and when I was laid up by sickness *she* had advised him to open a shop and oppose me. I walked up and down the street in a state of distraction. I vowed vengeance against both, the only difference in my feelings being that while I hated both, I could not help my heart occasionally burning towards her. From this time I became an altered man. I had formerly shunned drink as I

would poison, but I now took to it with avidity, in order to drown the past, and every day brought with it enlarged desires. My downfall was very sudden—for it easier to go down the hill than to climb it; but before I became completely debased an incident occurred which gave me increased hatred of women. Big Geordie Jacob, as we called him, from the foot of Causeyside Street, called upon me one evening. "Man," quo he, "I hae a tryst the nicht wi' Miss Graham, an', as I'm something bashfu', I wish ye wad just tak a step along wi' me as blackfit." "What Miss Graham?" quo I. "Is that her at t' huttlepark? 'It's nae ither,' says Geordie. 'Weel, weel!' quoth I, 'but things are looking up with you Mr Jacob, if ye're setting your e'e in that quarter.' 'Odd, man,' quo he, 'ye ken I hae made a little siller since I began business, and though the lassie's fair to look at, I'm thinkin' I'm about as guid's her father, for they say he lives up till a' he maks. Gin he wur in a strait I could len' him a five hunner poun' note ony day. Maybe Miss Graham's mair favoured than George Jacob."

Curious to know what would come of it, I agreed to join him at six o'clock. It was autumn, and the moaning south of the wind among the poplars which lined the avenue to Mr Graham's cottage, with the occasional fall of the leaf, reminded me of my own blasted prospects and desolate condition. I could only be a seared and withered thing for life. I looked at my companion who was full of hope, and while I thought of Miss Graham—an intellectual laughter-loving girl of eighteen—I could scarcely conceive it possible that she could encourage the visits of my vulgar, demure, pound-shilling-and-pence companion. "But women are not easily fathomed," I involuntarily exclaimed. "They are the"—— "I was here interrupted, however, by Geordie asking, "What's that ye're saying about women?"—but having reached the entry I was happily preserved from a reply. "Losh, man, quo Geordie, "dinna ring yet, for I feel a' queer—let me come to mysel' a little." I looked at him—his face was pale as

death, while his whole body trembled like the leaves around us. "Man," quo he, come aside a little, I hae that in my pouch 'ill mak me better. I just thoct, on coming awa', that I micht need it." I led him to the end of the cottage, when he took out a small bottle and drained it to the bottom, and declaring that he would do now, we proceeded to the door. "Noo, Mr O'Reilly," said Geordie, when my hand was upon the bell, "min' ye to speak, for I haena muckle to say." We were immediately admitted, and, on account of company being in the house, were shown into Miss Graham's bedroom. In a little the lady entered, and I, as in duty bound, kept in the background, while Geordie rose, and, fumbling and cressing his hat into a thousand shapes, attempted to make a bow. Miss Graham at once relieved him from his embarrassment by heartily shaking his hand and expressing pleasure at seeing him, and after bowing to me we all sat down. Miss sat upon her bed, Geordie a little from her, while I retired to a seat in the window. Geordie had not yet spoken, but his eyes were intently fixed on Miss Graham, and no doubt spoke a language well known to lovers. I had scarcely exhausted the common topics of the weather, rheumatism, &c., when Geordie, with a queer and sheepish look, said, "Odd, Miss, ye micht let me come and sit beside you." "With all my heart," said Miss Graham. I saw Geordie sit down beside her—I saw him encircle her waist, but I saw no more, for the lights were immediately extinguished, and I felt myself in the grasp of a strong burley fellow, who was like to choke with laughter, while he whispered to another, "What shall we do with him?" "Throw him into the horse midden," was the reply. Up went the window, and in a second I found myself in light air between heaven and earth. Then followed a splash, when the upper part of my body rested softly on a bed of straw, while the under part was immersed in water and mud. I crawled out the best way I could, and having rubbed myself down with a "wisp" of straw, I got to my lodgings without much observation, having selected the most

unfrequented streets I could find. I had scarcely seated myself, when Geordie arrived. With a most rueful countenance he began, "O man, is she no a most terrible limmer yon to use decent folk in the way she did?" "I fear," said I, "you were the cause of the whole yourself. Why did you go there without an invitation, and thus disgrace us both?" "Me gang without an invitation! Na, na; George Jacob is no the man to do ony thing o' the kind. Did she no come into my shop the ither day, an' laugh, an' smile as gin she would eat me up. So, weel, as she was gaun awa, I mustered up courage to say, Miss Graham, I wid like to gang out an' see you at your ain house, some nicht." "I'll be glad to see you, Mr Jacob," quo she. She said Mr Jacob; I noticed that. "What nicht will ye come?" So I said the nicht—the very nicht, we went out—an' ye see the upshot o't; but how got ye out o' the hole, Mr O'Reilly?" quo he. Hole! said I, what hole? "O, then," quo he, "you've got easier off than I did. Only look at my Sunday coat, an' judge of my treatment, Mr O'Reilly. I'm a' dreepin' weet; but I'll tell ye my adventure, only I houp this 'ill never get to the Advertceeser, or I'll fice the country. Ye saw me muster up courage to gang beside her; but odd, man, when I got there, wi' her bare neck an' lang ringlets, she lookit so lady-like, that I was dumfounirt. I coudna speak a word. But auld Tam Sharp had aften telt me that if I gaed as a courter, an' had naething to say, I maun jist kiss; for," quo he, "there's some resistance made to kissin', an' that passes owre the time agreeably; an' after all," quoth he, "if ye dinna kiss, the woman 'ill no care a fig for ye." Nae sooner had I enclosed her in my arms, than the trickey jad rang a bit bell at the head o' her bed, an' in a twinklin a' was dark. What became o' her I dinna ken; but I fan mysel in the han's o' a strong man, who grippet me fast, and swore he would spen me fae robbing their house. I cried for mercy; for odd, Mr O'Reilly, I thoct they'd take my life; but they gae nae quarter. Up banged the window, an' doon went I into the stable yard

pool, sax feet deep. I was scramblin away here, tryin to get out, when I heard Jock Horn ask, "Are ye drooned yet, Jacob?" I kent's word fine, for he's in my books for sixteen an' eightpence, an' everybody that's due me I wid ken either by sicht or word. But he said plain "Jacob," an' the rascal, if he hadna thocht me droont, wad hae gien me maister. Jock got me oot, an' telt me the hale thing was concertit atween Miss Graham an' twa o' her father's workmen; but I'll raise an action o' damages against her at the first coort, Mr O'Reilly, ye may depend on that."

Next morning David received a note from Miss Graham, expressing regret that the joke had gone so far as to include him, which she said was a mistake of the men. "As for your companion," said she, "he really deserved all he got, for I could never meet him on the street but he stood and stared so, that people in passing remarked it; but I hope he is now cooled." This apology did not satisfy David, and while he publicly avowed his hatred of women, he determined never to go a blackfooting again. Poor man, he was seldom afterwards in a condition to do so. In course of a twelvemonth from the date of this occurrence David O'Reilly was a beggar. His money gone, his constitution shattered, and a habit imbibed which had proved his ruin, David returned to his native town in rags and misery. One of his father's executors was still alive, and kindly received him into his house; and here he had time for reflection. Shame and remorse so wrought upon his mind as to affect his weakened frame, and for six weeks he lay in his bed without speaking to or acknowledging any one. The sage and appropriate remarks of his worthy friend who had taken him into his house, and whose attentions were never wanting, at last wrought a change. And here it may be remarked that no one can be so far gone in dissipation as to render his case hopeless. Recrimination and hard words were in David's case useless; but what these could not accomplish was effected by kindness and love. David, before he rose from his bed, swore on the holy book that he should never during the remainder of



his life pay so much as one farthing for drink, and he religiously kept his vow. In addition to this he privately vowed that so long as life was spared him he would never spend a penny he could save, and that his ambition should be to live independent, and when he died to owe no man anything. In course of a short time, by regular and abstemious living, David became himself again, and began to enjoy the witticisms and fun of his countrymen. About this time he was called upon to attend an Irish wake, a description of which, whether original or not, is given as nearly as possible, in his own words.

"I had previously made known to a distant relation, a cousin-german, in Drumshag, my desire to be present at an Irish wake, accompanied by a request to inform me of the first one likely to take place in his neighbourhood. Scarcely had I been three months in my native town, till I had a letter from cousin Mahoney desiring my immediate presence, as mother O'Shanashy was near her last, and might be gone before I reached. On the third evening after this notice I was sitting with Mahoney in his back parlour at Drumshag. I had reached in the nick of time. Mother O'Shanashay had died, and my cousin was dressed for the wake. After a little rest and partaking of the hospitalities of Billymaholl, we started in the evening for mother O'Shanashay's dwelling, about four Irish miles distant. My cousin beguiled the way by informing me of the history and circumstance of the person now dead. She was ninety-eight years of age, and had been for many years obliged to sit in a recumbent position, and after she died it was with difficulty that the corpse could be stretched. These last particulars were just completed when we reached the dwelling of the O'Shanashays, a wretched mud hovel on the confines of Drumshag Bog. The loud laughter from within had little in keeping with the occasion, or with the poverty without. 'Hisht!' said my friend, as he put his ear to the frame of the window, for glass there was none, "hisht, and I shall see what goes on within!" Where glass should have been were bundles

of straw and rushes, with an old hat with a hole in the crown, from which issued the light which guided us to the cabin. To this hole my friend now applied his eye, and surveyed the interior, and proclaiming all right, we proceeded to the door. It was composed of wicker basket-work, and yielded to our advance. The tumult within was speedily stilled. Both being dressed in black, we were at first taken for the priests. On recognising my friend I was introduced to the head of the house, and the proceedings we had interrupted were quickly resumed. On a table in the centre of the floor lay the corpse covered with a white sheet, and on each side were placed six candles in bottles or pieces of turf, emblematical, as I understood, of the twelve apostles, while at the head of the corpse was a candlestick, typifying our Saviour. Along the wall, on pieces of turf, rested deal boards, on which the guests were seated, and near to the fire-place, an honourable position, sat the chief mourners. These were not, as may be supposed, members of the family, but persons hired for the purpose of bewailing and lamenting the loss of the dead. The fire-place was most capacious. There was no chimney, the smoke escaped by a hole in the roof, and from the gable to the nearest couple-board was placed a beam, from which depended the crook. On the left side of the fire-place sat a stout and healthy-looking, but cripple, old man in an arm-chair, entire wholly, barring one arm, and opposite to him on the right sat a withered old woman of no pleasant aspect. To this couple were the eyes of the company directed, as the leaders of the ceremony. They were well known in the neighbourhood as chief mourners on such occasions, and there could be no wake without Mike O'Hannachan and Judy O'Brady. Saving these two all rose on our entrance. I was placed near to O'Hannachan, and never did potheen and real unadulterated Irish humour produce such an invigorating influence on my spirits. I had been previously warned that unless I entered into the spirit of the scene I should be looked upon with suspicion, and I became the loudest of all, and, consequently, a gen-

eral favourite. On our being seated, the heroine O'Brady "took up the tale," and chaunted—

"The equal of Granny O'Shanashay  
You will not get for many a day."

The old man's turn now came, who, continuing the theme, and at the expense of his opponent, screamed out—

"I troth, my honey, you may well say so,  
As your mother's meal pock did very well know."

At this a universal burst of applause arose from the company, which had scarcely subsided when knocking was heard at the wicker entrance, and whispers ran through the room—"It is the priest." His reverence was introduced, and, in the universal stillness that prevailed, he proceeded to the ceremony of anointing the body. He had barely commenced this holy rite when I observed a large stone fall to the floor, and the corpse resume its recumbent position. The utmost consternation ensued. All stood aghast, and looked to the priest, who shrunk back in horror, and made for the door, followed by the greater part of the company. Poor cripple O'Hannachan, in the midst of his extremity, took to the crook, and having speeled to the top, disappeared. The old female mourner, finding no other way of escape, made for the window, and, thrusting her head at the old hat, speedily made her exit, frame and all. I afterwards learned that she was found in hysterics at the back of the house, with the frame about her neck. My friend and I, as well as the relatives, aware of the cause, beseeched the company to remain, which being ineffectual, we again stretched the corpse as well as we could, and Mahoney and I took our leave. But poor mother O'Shannashay never got Christian burial."

While remaining with his friend, David was employed in many small offices of trust, and otherwise placed in tempting positions, whereby the firmness of his purposes was completely proved. In course of a few months, through the interest of his friend, he obtained the situation

of Scottish agents for a provision house in his native town.

Though the emoluments were small, and often subject to diminution from David's being accountable for a share of the losses, he took care not only to keep within his income, but every year to add a little to his reserve stock. Expenses were always to be avoided, but the national temperament of David led him into them, and he could do nothing by halves. From the extreme of frugality he became thoroughly indifferent to dress, and for the next fifteen years never had a new suit upon his back. From the extreme of liberality he became careful of every penny, even to a fault, laying himself the common necessities of life. As it is easy to run into a habit of lavish prodigality, as easy is it to acquire a habit of penurious economy. David became a miser just and just. He began, he said, about this time, "to know the value of a penny, for twelve of them make a shilling; and of a shilling, for twenty of them make a pound; and of a pound,—far," said he, "the man who has a hundred of them is not far from having a thousand; and cō, sir," he continued, "the man who has a thousand may carry his head as high as a king's, for he is more independent."

David now occupied a small room in a common lodging house in Bridgegate. The room may be called small with emphasis. It was not only the smallest in the house, but it was actually small, only occupying seven feet by six of Mrs Scanlan's lodgings. Three feet in the breadth were occupied by a sort of settle, on which David rested at night, and the remaining four feet he magnanimously turned into breakfast room, parlour, dining, and consulting rooms. For these apartments David paid one shilling weekly, having the privilege of Mrs Scanlan's kitchen fire, and the use of her handmaid for the purposes of cooking. This was not a very laborious work. It was a maxim with David never to pay more for the kernel than the cost of the shell that held it, consequently his weekly expenditure was two shillings for board and lodging, and three

halfpence for snuff. Should it at any time, on account of a rise in the price of provisions, exceed that amount, there was a hole made in David's heart as well as his purse.

The following was David's weekly bill of fare:—

1 oz. tea, ... ..	3d.
7 large coarse herrings, at $\frac{1}{2}$ d. each,	$3\frac{1}{2}$ d.
10 rolls at $\frac{1}{2}$ d each, ... ..	5d.

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11 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

David took no sugar to his tea when at home, because it did not agree with him, and he required no cream, as there was a sufficiency of loose flour upon the rolls to dust into his cup, and thus give the tea a proper colour. On questioning him one day as to his mode of living, David said, 'When I sit in a morning o'er my solitary cup o' tea, reeking hot, wi' the steam wirpling up about my chin and nose, my heart's blood stirs up in me, an' I become young again. I'm but a little man, sir, and little serves me, but my very heart's grieved to think o' the hundreds o' pounds stuff't into the swollen paunches o' the people here—the very beggars feed like my Lord Duke. "There's somethin' wrang," they say, "wi' their stomachs this mornin' an' they canna eat, if it's no somethin' tasty." Ay, ay, let them keep a cool head an' there's nae fear but they'll hae a clear stomach. David O'Reilly never wanted a stomach for his half roll in the mornin' for the last ten years. Believe me, sir,' he continued, 'there is not a beggar in Glasgow but might be richer this day than David O'Reilly. I kent an ould wife myself that lived up in High-street. She was a countrywoman o' my own; but nothin' the worse for that, I hope, sir. I often met her on the street, an' wished to get acquaint wi' her, for I thought the first time I saw her something could be made out o' her, an' so it proved. Meg had aye a good cup o' tea about six o'clock, and if she had made free wi' the bottle during the day, I had to lend her threepence for her next morning's breakfast; but Meg was never at fault. Next evening I

was sure of a good tea, with my threepence lying on the table, and a penny for interest. Once I called on Meg when she was due me sixpence, and found her house dark and disconsolate. The embers in the small grate were scarcely red where used to blaze a cheerful fire. The table and only chair were gone, and Meg invited me to a seat upon a stone. I was beginning to upbraid her for cheating me, when she cut me short by saying, "Be aisey, boy, is it your sma' dribble o' a sixpence yeer a' in a steam about? Ca' here to-morrow's morrow, at the same hour, and ye'll get a' that I owe, plack and bawbee, an' somethin' to the bargain. Margaret O'Flaherty was never the woman to yird i' the dirt an' no see her way out." Next morning, in passing up High-street, my eye glanced at Meg's dwelling, for small as the sum was, I felt a little uneasy about it. Meg was turning the lock of her door, being about to proceed on a begging excursion. She was changed entirely from the previous evening. Around her head were rolled two yards of flannel, for she had taken what she called the 'rheumatis' in her head. Over this she had placed an over-crowned mutch, with a border reaching to the chin. This mutch, or cap, was drawn so closely over her face as to give it such a long and emaciated appearance as to lead one to conceive that Meg was in the last stage of consumption. Evils seldom come single, and since the former evening, Meg, in addition to rheumatism in her head, had taken a running in her knee, and she appeared supported by a crutch. The metamorphosis was so complete, that I had no fear of my money, but determined on calling in the evening. She had not arrived, but after sauntering a little through the close, Meg came hobbling up. On entering her house, she unbuckled a strap, which she found necessary to support her leg in a recumbent position, and throwing aside her crutch, she began to exhibit her gains. She had nearly counted out two and sixpence of copper money, when a rap was heard at the door, and Meg, gathering up her coppers, desired me to hide in her bed. I had scarcely concealed myself behind her curtains, through which was

a rent, when I observed a gentleman enter. He was dressed all over in black, and was of a sombre aspect. He was not long seated on the stone, till he addressed Meg thus:—"My good woman, you are in a dangerous way,—you are posting, with your eyes open, fast, fast down to hell; for it is written, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven.' The year before I gave up the spirit line for conscience' sake, I counted the number of times you visited the shop, and the sums you spent in it, and the amount was fearful. Your visits were 942 during that year, and the amount spent above seventeen pounds. While ruminating this morning on the past, your case was forcibly—and may I not say providentially—brought to my mind, and I could have no peace till I cleared my conscience by warning you, that unless you repent, vengeance will overtake you." "Be aisey! be aisey!" said Meg, who had hitherto stood in that humble position which dependents exhibit in the presence of their superiors, "be aisey till I spake a word. Yeer conscience waldna be aisey, wad it, maisthur, till ye teld Meg to repent, as she was gawn to hell. An' who kinnels the fires there, think ye, Masthur Scrimpit? An' sure nane but them that kinnelt them on airth! An' ye wid hae the imperence to put on a lang face an come to Meg's dwelling, an' spake o' repentance, an' profsaway evil, wid ye! An' thin yee'd gae hame, an' kame the lang hair farther doon on ye'r hipritical face, an' spake o' duty, an' sit doon at the warm fire, 'an ait the fine baif, and the dhry praities off Meg's seventeen pouns a year; but ye widna think o' repintin yeersel, an' comin' to Meg an' sayin', 'Here, Margat O'Flacherty, here's fifty pouns to set ye up in a dacent way i' the world,' an' thin gae hame, an' whin a pure thing calls on ye that ye kin had 'tipt the blues' at yer coonter, say, 'Here's a poun te ye; begin a new life.' That's Meg's repintance! Ye widna do that, wid ye, maisther? Thin, be all the Poors above us, James Scrimpit leaves not Margat O'Flacherty's dwellin till she fingers five pouns o' his notes." Scrimpit now became uneasy—he looked from

one side to the other, and would have made for the door, but Meg stood between him and it. "Stur an inch," she said, "or cry for the powlice, an' we'll gag ye wi' a praitie. I hae help at han'." I knew Scrimpit, and became alarmed for a discovery. My agitation made me change my position, and with a fearful crash, down went Meg's bed under me. It was sometime before I could gather myself up; but on getting to my peep-hole, I saw Meg dancing through the floor, and shaking the notes above her head.'

'What comes lightly goes lightly,' and this was Meg O'Flaherty's experience. Having deposited four of Scrimpit's notes below the blanket, and after rumbling among the broken boards of her bed, obtained an old blacking jar, which had often been in use for the same purpose, she told David to rest him on the stone till her return, when she would bring something to comfort him. Meg, with the fifth pound, proceeded to Scrimpit's successor, in order to procure some whisky; and whether it was that she had got drunk o'er the successes of the day, Meg could not say, but on her return she found her house empty, and the four pounds gone. The fact seems to have been, that David, wearied waiting for her return, and being ignorant of the money deposited in the bed, considered her property safe from depredation, being too worthless to carry off, and having drawn the door closely behind him, he made for home, after an unsuccessful search for Meg in the spirit cellars of the neighbourhood. David was ill satisfied with this night's success. He was aware of Meg's indifference for money, otherwise than its use in procuring a temporary supply, and he accused himself for want of tact; for, said he, 'had I acted properly, one of the pounds at least would have been in my pocket.'

As David advanced in years, he found enlarged opportunities of acquiring money. He became generally known amongst his acquaintances to be possessed of wealth, and this he contrived to turn to his own advantage. For the promise of his gold 'repaeter,' to several young men of



his acquaintance, David could calculate upon at least two teas a-week, and about half that number weekly for the promise of his silver snuff-box. Then there were his own old countrywomen, who were all promised a name in his will, and in consequence, David found himself, if not a welcome, at least a weekly visitor at the tea table of each. David had a peculiar way with each of his female acquaintances, by means of which he secured another invitation. 'Weel, weel,' he would say, 'but Mrs Moore, its yourself can make the tae. I never get tae equal to yours.' Then he would say to Mrs Duffy, and while he spoke to his countrywomen, he imitated their mode of speech as closely as possible, though this was difficult, from his long residence in Scotland, 'O ma'm, bit wee Patt's a jewel of a boy. I never sees 'im but I knows the difference. Luck sarve him, an' he'll be a broth of a rousterer!' During this speech little Pat would climb upon David's knee, and his mother would chidingly say, 'Be aisey, Pat, an' no molaest the gentleman.' But the more Pat was corrected, the more would he pull at David's wig, till the mother, retiring on some culinary purposes, David would seize the opportunity, and, widening his legs, let Pat plump on the floor, as if by accident, when he would run squalling to his mother. The whole would, however, be speedily settled by David declaring his admiration of the spirit of the boy, and his expectation to see him yet a 'livtenant cornel in her Majesty's sarvice.' Then when Mr Duffy came home, Mrs Duffy would mention with pride the high opinion Mr O'Reilly had of Pat's abilities, and Mr Duffy would get angry and say, he was a 'naidy slate of a cratur, comin to paeple's houses to ate up the best o' the mate, the baste that he was!' Mrs Duffy always got the better of Mr Duffy, however, on these occasions, or supposed she did, when she spoke of Mr O'Reilly's will; for 'Sure, said she, 'it was only this blessed night that he spake o' larning Pat to read his Testament, when he knows his letters, the cratur, "and maybe I ken," says he, "what name's written on it."' By these means David contrived

often to live within his scanty allowance of two shillings a-week ; but this was not the only benefit he obtained from the report of his being rich.

It is well known that the Irish are naturally a trading people on a small scale. If any doubt it, let them reflect on the hundreds of Irish old clothes men and women who lodge about the Bridgegate, and molest the peaceable lieges at every corner of our streets with the cry of "Old cloes, sir?" The Irish in this lucrative trade have a complete monopoly. Watch the Irish steam boats as they reach the Broomielaw, and mark the "ould boy" with his frieze coat, knee breeches, unpolished shillelagh, and ten firkins butter ; or the shrivelled poor-looking woman, with her muslin cap wet with the rain or dew, her grey-coloured clock drawn closely around her, anxiously watching the landing of her small box of eggs and two or three crocks of butter, speculating all the while on her probable profits and the additional number of crocks she may be able to bring in future. Proceed from the Broomielaw to the Bazaar, and examine the booths piled up with bacon and smoked hams, surrounded with pigs' heads and trotters, hough beef, and all sorts of small meat ; the stands with dried fish, cod, ling, and herring—greens, cabbages, and turnips—the boxes of eggs, hen, duck, and turkey—the cart loads of onions—the hundred weights of carrots and apples. Examine these and you will find by the 'plase yer honour,' that the dealers are all Irish. David was acquainted with most of them, and as it became generally known that he had money, many were the applications made to him for loans. David at first was shy in trusting his money out of his pocket, but having ventured on a few fortunate engagements, he gained confidence and went largely into the business. David hated the mention of all rates per cent ; his charge was five shillings for two pounds per week, and if kept beyond that period one shilling extra. But the dealings of Paddy as a banker must be reserved for a future chapter, wherein shall be detailed an account of his last will, together with a few particulars of his dis-

appointed expectants; but then Paddy must first sleep with his fathers.

Reader, are you poor? Dare to resolve as did David O'Reilly, and you may yet become rich.

## PADDY MALONY.

WHAT a broth of a boy was Paddy Maloney,  
 With his heart full of fun and purse short of money!  
 With blarney so rich that 'twould plase ye, I'm thinking,  
 To knock ye in love or to set ye a drinking!  
 He'd shoot ye a long bow from here to Killarney,  
 For Paddy's own tongue was well tipt with the blarney.

Paddy loved all the ladies, the sweet little darlin's,  
 And kissed them all round, till fat widow O'Carlins  
 Jumped plump through his heart, like a pig through a shebeen  
 roof—

Sure an Irishman's heart was ne'er whisky or woman proof!  
 Her hair like a carrot, and feet bare and frisky,  
 Entirely kilt Pat from shillelaghs and whisky.

Och, he left his best coat to blow where it listed—  
 'Case it dropt off in pieces poor Paddy scarce missed it!  
 The soles of his brogues went much faster than plases,  
 Yet Paddy was hot, for his heart was in blazes.  
 Oh, there was never a row, for Pat couldn't raise them,  
 And coleens couldn't smile with no Paddy to plase them.

His two cows fell sick, and his pigs never did right,  
 For he roasted the praties from morning till midnight.  
 Soon his Judy, grown hopeless, went off with a pig buyer,  
 And Pat sunk in spirits and then in a quagmire.  
 So they waked him with whisky and baccy adorning,  
 And buried the joy of the ladies next morning.

## H O P E O N .

It may be that the friends ye love,  
 Like autumn leaves shall fade away—  
 That some shall false and fickle prove,  
 Some sink 'neath death's decay :  
 Though grief may rend thy heaving breast,  
 All weary of life's desert grown,  
 Hope's heavenly power can make thee blest—  
 Then courage!—Still hope on !

Perchance kind fortune's genial sun  
 Its beams upon thy path may cast ;  
 But clouds may gather, tempests frown,  
 And chase her smiles at last :  
 Yet ne'er despair—though winter's breath  
 Leaves field's and forests bare and lone,  
 Glad spring returns, like life from death—  
 Trust God, and still hope on !

Perhaps fair children, one by one,  
 May from thy heart of hearts be riven—  
 Be murmuring hushed!—their journey run,  
 They found bright homes in heaven!  
 But nature's voice is nature's will—  
 Then, while escapes affection's moan,  
 Let other scenes thy vision fill,  
 Look upward, and hope on !

The barque that stems the stormy waves  
 May strike the hidden treacherous rock,  
 And visions dread of helpless graves  
 Quick rush upon the shock :  
 Hope, fear, life, death, small bounds divide,—  
 Yet with *one* raft to lean upon,  
 Look heavenwards!—God rules wind and tide—  
 Take courage, and hope on !

A trodden people long may brook  
 The tyrant's law—oppression's chain—  
 But will not freedom's outraged look  
 Dissolve its links in twain ?

Yes, ever when a nation willed  
To shake oppression's despot throne,  
Right conquered! Let thy fears be stilled,  
Trust God and still hope on!

Perchance thy generous soul o'erflows  
With glorious hopes for human kind—  
With schemes to mitigate the woes  
We 'mong its myriads find:  
It may be that the fond desire  
Thy ardent spirit feeds upon  
Is warred against—quench not its fire—  
Take courage!—Still hope on!

Immortal souls were made for hope!  
'Tis only with that heaven-born flame  
Man 'gainst the gloom of life can cope  
And vindicate his name!  
Then fan its fire within thy breast,  
Be withering doubt and fear o'erthrown—  
Life o'er, it tells of realms of rest  
And glory!—Oh, hope on!

THE SPATE ;  
A STORY OF THE CLYDE.

THE sun was beginning to bid the world good night, as a young man turned slowly from the old Bridge of Bothwell, or "Clyde's Bridge," as it was once called—the long and narrow "brig" so fatal to the Covenanters in 1679—and, bending his steps eastward, proceeded towards the pleasant little town of Hamilton. He had been viewing with delight the glories of the setting sun, as they were reflected in the fair bosom of the Clyde, wending its way slowly through the rich and picturesque grounds of Scotland's premier duke. Few places in the west present so sweet a landscape. Woods and lawns stretching down to the very edge of the river—which here pursues its course smoothly and gently, as if it loved to linger there—give to the scene something of an English aspect, while higher up, the rocky and broken banks that overhang its current vindicate its Scottish character. As the young man proceeded on his homeward way, a few drops of rain that fell warned him of the necessity of hastening his steps. The rustling of the wind through the trees that line both sides of the road, had in it something of a startling sound, prophetic as it were of some coming evil. And now in the fast thickening shades of night, one glimpse at the heavens revealed a heavy dark catafalque of clouds, that had gathered rapidly, and assumed at once a lowering, threatening look, the foreboding presage of a storm.

The town of Hamilton, at the period of our story, was not the neat and jaunty-looking place it has now become. The Moor or Muir Wynd, a long and steep thoroughfare, (it can scarcely be called a street,) having on both sides the cottages of the principal inhabitants, was the chief entrance into the town on the western side, and at its foot stood the old jail, an important place in its day, but now sadly dilapidated. Beside it is—or was at one time—a stone, having nothing remarkable in its appearance, but

celebrated as the "louping stane" from which Mary, Queen of Scots, mounted her horse to proceed to the fatal field of Langside, that saw her chivalry overthrown, and all her hopes of liberty and dominion crushed for ever in the dust. And it was, indeed, a most dilapidated pile, that old jail. It may have been at one period a place of security and strength, but *when* is lost, like many other important matters, and especially like all dates that puzzle antiquaries, in the remoteness of antiquity—a phrase that, from time immemorial, has formed a very convenient niche into which has been stowed away out of sight many old-fashioned things; "quietly inurned," as it were, to be no more resuscitated, or brought forth to the light of day. The only real prisoner was the jailor, for all the other inmates, when there were any, coolly "lifted the sneck," as their pleasure or occasion prompted, and walked out to take an airing, or their "morning," their "meridian," or their "evening," just as it suited them, and returned when they listed. Some of them, however, 'listed without returning. But the keeper of the keys, poor soul, was compelled, *ex officio*, to be always at his post, condemned by virtue of his office to be within call of his duty, and to "pace his weary round," or rather to round his weary pace, to the circuit of the cells. In this respect the old jail of Hamilton was in no way singular. It had its counterpart in the upper ward, in the old jail of Lanark. But Hamilton has got a new jail, and the old one is now portioned out among the lower sort of Irish, while Bothwell Brig has been widened and modernised; and if Claverhouse himself was to make his re-appearance on the scene, he would not recognise it.

"A change has come o'er the spirit of our dream," or rather the dream of our spirit, since last we stood on Bothwell Brig, now many years ago. Is it in the nature of things that when "change passes over all," and fleeting shadows trace their course along this earth, and mark its pathways with their presence, the spirit of man should alone remain unchanged and unmoved, even when the body

that encloses it partakes the general lot? Shall the old ever gaze upon the scenes of their youth, with the same enthusiasm that they felt ere their brow had become wrinkled, or their hair grown grey? Is the summer beauty still where it was on the hills and dales, the meadows and lowlands, in summer, or the winter sublimity still present in winter? Is there still music in the murmur of the brooks, or the dash of the foaming cascade? Is there still solace in a morning stroll on the upland, or a noonday ramble along the daisied greensward, where memory recalls the joys of other days? On the "old familiar" features of Nature itself, there is no change, but what the seasons bring, though the sense of their past enjoyment may have waned, and become as sere as the falling leaf of autumn. A few years buffeting with the world, some small amount of toil and suffering, a practical experimental knowledge of the exact meaning of the word struggle, teach man many things of man which give him rather a different view of matters than he had before, and it may be a somewhat less lofty estimate of the species in general, and of himself in particular, than he once entertained. But the more he knows of Nature, the more he clings to her. The dream of his spirit undergoes a change, but not the spirit itself. Man is estranged from man. He goes into other lands, or passes from the pilgrimage of life, never again to tread the same rugged road, or tell his cronies, as was his wont, the incidents of his journey, or what befalls the passenger from Time, on his arrival within the confines of Eternity. Towns, and streets, and human habitations, put on other aspects and appearances than their wont; and strange faces take the places of those that were once familiar and well known; but Nature remains always the same, and the spirit that loved her once will love her unchangeably onwards to the end!

But to our story. It was somewhat late in the evening, that in a neat and comfortably-furnished parlour, in a house in one of the principal streets of the town—it needs not that we be particular about the exact "whereabouts" of



the same—sat a lady, young, and not without considerable pretensions to that species of good looks which entitles the possessor to the appellation of pretty. A cheerful fire blazed in the grate, and on the “hob” before the fire stood the teapot, while the table in the middle of the room was covered with what are usually and expressively denominated “the tea things.” The tray contained but two cups, each with its attendant saucer, and it was flanked on either side by a goodly show of toast and butter, with a crystal dish of jam and another of honey, sufficient to tempt any one in whom appetite was not wholly dead. It was, however, evident that but two persons were to partake of the cheering beverage. One of them was there, the lady aforesaid, as the lawyers say, and she began to manifest signs of impatience at the prolonged absence of the other. The lady was, as we have said, young, but we may as well confess at once that she was nearer thirty than twenty, and had been married for two or three years. The natural expression of her countenance was sweetness itself, but, somehow, married ladies about that age sometimes contrive to give to their countenance an expression very different from what nature intended. Mrs Crosby, as we shall call the lady, was engaged in the homely but useful occupation of mending, or rather, as it is called in Scotland, darning her husband’s stockings. Every now and then, or, if we wished to be fine, we would say, ever and anon, she rose from her chair, and going to the window, vainly attempted to look out into the darkness, as if on the watch for the approach of some one whom she anxiously expected, and who, she thought, was, as the old song says, “lang, lang o’ coming.” A few drops of rain pattering on the panes, with the melancholy sigh of the wind as it swept past, told her of the gathering of a storm.

“I wonder what can detain him?” she said to herself on one of these occasions. “He ought to have been here at least an hour ago. The wind is rising, and I wish he were well in from the rain. But men have no idea of the comforts of home on such a night as this, otherwise he would

have been here long before now. Come when he may, however. I'll give it him for keeping the tea waiting !”

And truly indications threatened a storm within as well as without. The poor wight Crosby, if he escaped the tempest brewing out of doors, was sure to catch the one nursing within, when he returned to his home. Mrs Crosby rang the bell with some degree of impatience, and after a due delay. Mysie the servant appeared. Now Mysie was a cheerful buxom lass, as good-natured as she was bonnie, an excellent worker and washer, and not wanting in any of the good qualities which go to make up the character of a maid of all work. But Mysie, with all her recommendations, had two great faults—the one was, she never could be prevailed upon, in summer or winter, spring or autumn, by any reason or argument, to wear stockings and shoes. Out of doors she was seldom seen with them, except, perhaps, on a Sunday ; but within the house she deemed them altogether superfluous, and totally useless and unnecessary. Her other fault was of a more heinous nature—she always forgot to shut the door behind her, on leaving, or on entering a room, though repeatedly scolded for not doing so. She devoutly believed that doors of parlours and dining rooms were made to open and not to shut. She had heard of the fairy tale of “Open Sesame !” but she invariably forgot the “Shut Sesame !” and had lost one or two good places in consequence of her inveterate negligence in this respect.

It is really surprising the partiality that our female servants have for open doors. Whether it arises from sheer heedlessness, or from a desire to know more of the family secrets than in ordinary circumstances they are enabled to come at the acquaintance of, it would be difficult to say. In some instances it may be the former, but in the majority of cases we should think it the latter, as curiosity is “the badge of all the tribe,” and the besetting sin of the daughters of Eve in every station, whether high or low. All over Scotland, in the middle ranks of life, servants generally are chargeable with this disagreeable

fault of not shutting the door when they leave a room, and in nine cases out of ten, they require to be called back to perform this necessary duty. There is a story upon record of Dean Swift sending to a distance of five miles after a servant who had asked away to a marriage, to return and shut the door, which she had neglected to close behind her. It would be satisfactory if those who build our houses would, in every instance, adopt the ingenious plan followed in London, of so hinging the doors thereof as to allow them to fall to, of their own accord, on being opened, and thus often save a great deal of trouble on the part of the servant, and not seldom a vast expenditure of lungs on that of her indignant mistress. It is chiefly in the West of Scotland, however, that bare feet and bare legs are seen on carpeted floors. They would not be tolerated anywhere else. The display of red, coarse, naked arms anywhere, is not by any means an agreeable one; but that of red, coarse, naked feet, on the floor of your snug parlour, or quiet study, when you ring for your servant, is infinitely worse. Both presented to your view at once, as is pretty often the case in this peculiar "West Countrie," are a sight sufficient to drive a decent man distracted.

But, some impatient reader may exclaim, "What has all this to do with 'The Spate, a Story of the Clyde?'" A word in your ear, my gentle friend. We are only labouring in our vocation in thus throwing out a few brief and seasonable hints for the improvement and special edification of those whom it may concern. We are "working the oracle," according to certain arts and rules, in such cases made and provided, from time immemorial. We are getting up the scenes as best we may, and summing the scene-shifters to their respective posts. The curtain will rise immediately upon another scene of this our little drama.

"Mysie," said Mrs Crosby, on her entering the room, "bring your master's slippers and lay them before the fire. It is a very wet night, and he'll need to change his feet when he comes home."

This singular phrase of "changing the feet," is a very common one in the south and west of Scotland. It literally means changing the shoes and stockings, but is often applied merely to the former.

"Yes, Mem," answered Mysie, "I'll bring them in a minute." And she disappeared for the purpose of getting them. On her return she brought also her master's dressing gown, and hung it over a chair before the fire.

"That's right, Mysie," said her mistress. "The poor man will be wet to the skin. But he deserves it," she added, in a different tone, and looking in anything but the best of humours. "He deserves it for keeping me waiting so long for him. He'll need to change more than his shoes and his coat, I'm thinking; he'll have to alter his habits and his hours of coming home. I've a good mind to send you over to the inn, or to the Clydesdale Arms, to see if he is there; or, perhaps, I'd better go myself, and shame him before the companions whose society he prefers to mine."

"Na, na, mistress," said Mysie, "that wadna dae ava. It wad only be telling a' body mair nor a' body should ken. As my auld faither used to say, 'That cock winna fecht.' Aye keep yer ain secrets for yer ain fireside, as my faither says,—yer ain fish guts for yer ain sea-maws. I dinna think ye wad find the maister in either the tane or the tither o' the places you mention. Its mair nor likely that its the rain that keeps him. 'Ony port in a storm,' as my faither says."

"None of your familiarity, Mysie," said her mistress, pettishly. "What care I for what your 'faither' says. I wonder how it is that you are always so ready with your excuses for my husband when he is absent. Did he put it in your head to be so?"

"Atweel, no," responded Mysie, "he pat naething in my head, nor naewhere else, I'm surc. 'Evil be to them wha evil think,' as my faither says. But in a wat nicht like this its the maist natural thing in the warl' that he should tak shelter in the hame coming. And 'better late than never,' as my faither says."

"Leave the room," said her mistress, imperiously, "and remember to shut the door behind you. See also that when your master does come home, you have your shoes on when you enter the room. He cannot endure to see your naked feet, and they are an abomination in my eyes."

"And an ill-natured jealous mistress is a perfect scunner in mine," muttered Mysie to herself, as she shut the door and wended her way back to the kitchen.

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## CHAPTER II.

IN the meantime the innocent subject of this colloquy had been detained abroad by an unexpected incident. He was hastening to his home when caught in one of those continuous dripping descents—they can scarcely be called showers—of rain, so common and so much dreaded in the West of Scotland, and the onset of which is so full of ominous portent of the rise of the rivers, and the inundation and devastation of the lands adjacent. Slow, heavy, and penetrating, comes down the watery scourge, as if nature were dissolving away into one of its original elements, and men and women were destined to become fishes, and "monsters of the deep,"—soaking to the skin, through under-clothing and all, the unhappy wight "condemned by fate to roam" under its influence. To be caught in a pretty smart shower is nothing in comparison to being overtaken by one of those cold drizzling visitations, when the rain oozes out, as it were, of the thick heavy clouds which are suspended on high, like so many wet blankets, not to dry, but to have the water squeezed out of them on the heads of erring mortals below. Disease, fever, death,—with these the atmosphere at such a time is laden, and a smell, as of the grave, pervades the universal air. The breathing becomes close and suffocating, while a clammy perspiration overspreads the whole body of the person so exposed.

It was on such a night, and in such a plight, that Mr Crosby reached the bottom of the Muir Wynd, on his way home from beholding the setting of the sun, a view which, taking into account the dense and continuous fall of small rain by which it was followed, might well be styled a "dissolving view;" and now, in the thick gathering gloom of the late twilight, he was quickening his steps all the faster as he neared his own house, when he felt himself touched on the arm, and looking round, he beheld a lad, the son of the keeper of the town's jail, who, accosting him by his name, said, "Ye're wanted, sir, doon bye to speak to Maister Sainson in the jyle." Mentioning to the lad to call at his house, and inform his wife of the reason of his absence, Crosby turned round, and bent his steps towards the prison. On arriving at the gloomy pile, the jailor ushered him into a cell where Sainson, a friend and neighbour of his own, was sitting by himself at a table, leaning on his elbows, and musing in a melancholy mood.

"This is kind of you, Crosby," said he, "to come and see me here, and on such a night as this. I took the liberty of sending for you to ask you to do me a service."

"It is an inclement night, certainly," answered Crosby, "and I am pretty nigh wet to the skin, and therefore the sooner I am home the better. If there is anything I can do for you, you may command me. But how is it that I find you here?"

"The fact is," said the *detenu*, "I am completely in the power of my creditors, and one of them more concerned about me than the rest, has thought proper this evening to place me where you find me. But come, its dry talking, and you require something as a preventive against the cold. I suppose the jailer, honest man, will not refuse to let us send for a drop of something cheering."

"It's clean again' the rules, gentlemen," said that functionary, on being applied to. "Nae speerits o' ony kind are alloo'd to enter within thae wa's."

"I daresay thae wa's have been haunted by speerits before now," said Mr Crosby. "But there's no law against

a bottle of porter or ale, is there? For my part, I would rather have porter."

"Oh! weel, as to that, you may use yer ain discretion," replied the jailer. "Gie me the siller, and ye sall 'hae the drink. But it's wearin' on to the shuttin' time, and ye'll no be gaun to stay lang, will ye, Mr Crosby?"

"As short time as possible," he answered. "But there's the money, make haste, and get the drink." He put some silver into the hand of the jailer, who immediately withdrew, closing the door after him, and left them together.

"And now, Crosby, that we are alone," said his friend, "let me tell you why I sent for you, and what I want you to do for me. I am here at the instance of your brother-in-law, Roger Easton, who, not content with depriving me of my late uncle's property, has thrown me into prison, with the view of utterly ruining me."

"Of ruining you!—Nonsense!" exclaimed Crosby; "what motive can he have for desiring your ruin? As to your uncle's property, that was bequeathed to him; and though it was your misfortune to be passed by in your deceased relative's will, surely no blame can be attached to Easton on that account?"

"As for his motive," replied Sainson, "I am well aware of it, and may yet defeat the object he has in view. Being heir-at-law, I was entitled, at his death, to all my uncle's property, valued altogether at upwards of £7000; and as I always stood well in his good graces, and he often assured me that there was no occasion for his making a will, as I was sure to succeed to all his effects, in due course, as his heir, I cannot conceive how a will, or rather a document purporting to be his will, and bearing his signature, properly witnessed and attested, should have been found after his death in his repositories, leaving everything to your wife's brother, who was never much of a favourite with him, though often enough in his house,—once, at least, too often for me. The fact of there being a will at all, first excited suspicion in my mind, and various circumstances of late have arisen to confirm it."

"Suspicion!" said Crosby. "Of what, or of whom are you suspicious?"

"Hush!" said Sainson, "here comes the jailer with our porter."

The turning of the key in the lock of the cell door warned them that the jailer had returned. That worthy soon entered with his lad bearing two bottles and two horns—tumblers and glasses being things unknown within the precincts of the jail—and the latter, after placing them on the table, left the presence, while the jailer remained "to do the honours," and see that all was right. The two friends sat down, Sainson, as being at home, on the edge of the table, and Crosby, as his visitor, on the only chair which the place afforded—a broken cane-bottomed one, without a back, and somewhat rickety in the legs. The corks had been previously drawn, and Sainson filled up the two horns before him from one of the bottles.

"I am sorry, friend," said he to the jailer, "that there's not a horn for you, too."

"Oh! I'm aye provided," said he of the keys, "wi' yin o' my ain, in case ony kind gentleman like you should ask to look at it. See here!" And he produced from his coat pocket a curious old tin can, somewhat in the shape, but rather longer in the body, and of more capacious dimensions than an ordinary horn. "A wee drap will dae neither me nor you ony harm in a wat night like this, though its clean against ma conscience to tak mair nor jist a tastin'!"

"You are welcome to more than a tasting," said Sainson. "Here's for you to drink our healths, and now be so good as leave us to ourselves for a short time, as I have something to say to my friend, and not a great deal of time to say it in."

"Ye're very good healths, I wish!" exclaimed the jailer, drinking off. "Hech, sirs, that's good stuff! It nearly took awa' my breath, like the dram that a Heelant drover body got frae a stupid bit callant in Rory M'Cruddle's speerit shop, on his way through to the Falkirk Tryst. Ye see, he had been in the habit o' ca'in' there for a dram baith



in the outganging' and the hamecomin'; and it happened that yince whan he gaed in as usual, there was naeboddy in the shop but a haffins laddie, wha didna ken unco weel about whaur the kind o' drink was keepit that's gien to gaun-aboot folk like drovers, and sic like. Sae, on bein' asked for a glass of whisky, the callant looked about him awee, and spyin' on a shelf a bottle, he taks it doon, and fills oot a glass for the Heelantman, wha swallows it at a gulp. But had ye seen his face when it was owre! He sputtered and he spat, he chokit and he bockit; his een stood in his head, his cheeks swalled oot, and turned first red, and then white, and he gripet fast by the counter, as he laid doon the money for his dram. At last, after a long breath, he got settled like, and went his wa's wi' his stirks and his stots to the Tryst. M'Gruddle himself cam' in before the laddie had time to cork up again and pit awa' the bottle."

"And what are ye daein' wi' that bottle there, my man?" asked the maister at the boy.

"I was jist gien' a drover a dram oot o't," answered the callant, "and here's the money for't."

"A dram oot o't!" said the maister, in consternation. "Ye've poisoned the man, as sure as death, ye have," said he; "rin for a doctor, and see if ye canna catch the drover," said he; "tell him to bring his stomach pump wi' him, the doctor, I mean, for its the strongest o' turpentine," said he, "and no whisky awa, that ye've gien him, said he."

"The boy ran oot in a state mair easily to be conceived nor described, and the terrified M'Gruddle sat himsel' doon on a barrel end, and commenced wringing his hands and bemoanin' himsel' in a maist piteous and melancholy way. A wee while after wha should rin in but the doctor wi' his stamach pump, and seein' him in that state, immediately clapped it intil his mouth, and began pumpin' awa like mad! But this the whisky-merchant didna seem to relish, for up he starts aff his seat, and shovin' the doctor and his apparatus to a side, he asked him angrily what it

was he meant, and if he was gane clean oot o' his senses to set on him in that gate.

"Your boy told me that you had swallowed poison," said the doctor, "and that you had sent him for the stomach pump."

"Nonsense," said M'Gruddle! "that young imp o' Satan is the very soul o' a mischief! Odd! I'll dook his head in a cask o' whisky, as sure as I'm a leevin' man! He first gies poison to a drover, and then he wants to pump my inside oot!"

"A drover!" said the doctor, "well, I'm glad it is no worse. But where is the poisoned man?"

"That's mair nor I can tell you, doctor. I've sent that young rascal after him, and I hope that when he finds him, the drover will be able to gie him a good whackin' for the mistak' he has made in giein him turpentine instead o' whisky."

"The doctor, finding that his services were not needed, left the shop. The boy returned, without bein' able to find the drover, and for a very sufficient reason, because he never went to seek for him. Havin' scarcely understood the confused message he had received, he contented himsel' wi' sendin' the doctor wi' his stomach pump to his maister, and returned to the shop at his leisure. The spirit dealer made up his mind that the drover wad be fund some mornin' lyin' dead behind a dyke, and that night he could scarcely get sleep for the thought o't. Three or four days thereafter, however, the drover himsel' made his appearance in his shop, as stout and weel as ever he was in his life, and asked as usual for a dram. Mr M'Gruddle was, as ye may suppose, quite overjoyed at seeing him. He shook him heartily by the hand, asked kindly after his health, and prepared to gie him a dram o' the very best whisky in the shop. But whan the drover saw him stoop doon to fill the glass frae ane o' the barrels, he exclaimed, "Nae tat, nae tat; och, ta bottle's tae gran trink!—oot o' tae bottle up yonder," (pointing to the turpentine,) "whar

I got it frae the laddie. Tat's tae tram for me! She took awa my breath, but och, she made my inside het, het!"

The two friends laughed heartily at the story of the jailer. "And noo, gentlemen," said he, "I'll leave ye for a wee. But, Mr Crosby, ye'll no be bidin' lang, for its near the steekin' time." So saying, he quitted the apartment.

He had no sooner gone than Sainson, resuming the subject of their conversation, which had been broken off by the entrance of the jailer, proceeded to explain to Crosby that he suspected the will found at his uncle's to be a forgery, and placed there clandestinely, either sometime before his death, or just when the seals were about to be affixed to all his uncle's repositories, immediately on that event taking place. The man whom he suspected, he said, was present on the occasion, and could easily have managed to slip in the spurious document unperceived, when nobody was looking on.

"But," said Crosby, "the will was properly attested. All the formalities required by law were complied with."

"I think that I will be able to show," replied Sainson, "that they were not. The law, you are aware, directs that the testator shall sign his name at the foot of the will, in the presence of two witnesses, both present at the same time, and they are then and there to sign their names thereto in his presence, and in the presence of each other."

"Well," asked Crosby, "was that not done? You surely do not mean to say that all the names attached to the will were forgeries?"

"No," replied Sainson, "only the signature of my uncle. One of the witnesses died soon after, and the other has left the country. But they were suborned. You remember the man servant, who was my uncle's constant attendant during his increasing infirmities. Well! that man I suspect of having placed the will where it was found. His name being mentioned in it, and two hundred pounds bequeathed to him, seemed only a grateful remembrance for his attention to my uncle in his last illness, and so far

tended to give an appearance of authenticity to the document. But I have no doubt that the sum he so obtained was the bribe he received for his connivance, and for procuring the names of the witnesses; for that they were procured by his assistance, I have every reason to believe."

"But still," interrupted Crosby, "you have not stated anything that can be considered corroborative of your suspicions, nothing but your impressions, your doubts, and your beliefs. Something more than these will be required to sustain such a weighty charge, and my brother-in-law's character has hitherto been without reproach or stain."

"I am aware of that," said Crosby, "and, therefore, it behoves me to go warily to work. I mentioned that one of the witnesses had left the country. No sooner had he arrived at his destination, and was out of the reach of your brother-in-law, than, goaded by his conscience, he wrote me a letter revealing the whole transaction so far as he was concerned, and stating that he had also written to Roger Easton, informing him that he had communicated to me the fact of his having put his name as a witness to the will, without having been present when the testator signed it. In fact, he had seen only what purported to be his signature, and was assured by his man servant that it was the veritable signature of his master. He received a few pounds only for his share in the business."

"And a very ugly business it is," said Crosby, "if what you say be true."

"Of its truth," observed Sainson, "another evidence is furnished by my being here, as you shall judge. I was owing your brother-in-law a couple of hundred pounds on a bill, which circumstances prevented me at the time from taking up. Now, I am quite satisfied that on receipt of the letter addressed to him by the surviving witness, he at once decided upon taking proceedings, and throwing me into prison, in order to cast suspicion on any steps I might be advised to adopt in relation to the will."

"Do you really believe so?" asked Crosby.

"Yes I do, most fervently," replied Sainson; "for don't you see, should I be in a condition, as I expect to be soon, to pronounce it publicly a forgery, he will say that I do so out of revenge, for his having incarcerated me for money due to him, and that, by this means, I aim at evading payment of my debt? But I have written to my correspondent on the subject, and I am not without the hope of prevailing on him to return to Scotland to see justice done.—Here is his letter to me."

So saying, he produced it from his pocket-book. Mr Crosby having read it, returned it without any remark.

"And now, Crosby," said Sainson, "I have said I wished you to do me a service—and it is this. You must call upon your wife's brother to-morrow if you can, and if you have any regard for him, and attach the slightest credence to the letter which you have now read, warn him of the precipice on which he stands, and advise him to make reparation to me before it is too late. As for the money I justly owe him, you may assure him that, whether he does so or not, that will be paid to him in the course of a few days."

"I shall do so," said Crosby, "both for his sake and yours, although it is an affair altogether that, personally, I should not, otherwise, wish to meddle with. However, I shall make it a point to see him to-morrow on the subject. Meantime, is there any occasion for your remaining here? Could you not go home with me to-night. You will be far more comfortable in my house, or anywhere else, indeed, than here. The jailer, I daresay, would not make much objection if I became responsible for your appearance; and at any rate, if he did, I daresay you might find your way out without consulting him."

"No, no," said Sainson, "I'll stay where I am. I'll manage to make myself comfortable, never fear, at least till to-morrow. I have reasons for it. I shall not give the enemy any advantage, you may depend upon it."

"As you please," said Crosby. "And now, good night! I hear the rattling of the keys and the turning of locks.

If I do not make haste, I may perhaps stand a chance of being compelled to take up my night's lodging here beside you. So, once more, good night! I shall see you sometime to-morrow, and report progress."

"Good night!" said Sainson, and the friends separated.

We shall now conduct the reader to Mr Crosby's house. Mrs Crosby was sitting pouting by the fire, the tea things where they were, when Mysie again entered the room.

"It's an awfu' nicht o' wet, mem," said Mysie, as she stood with the door in her hand. "'It never rains but it pours,' as my faither says."

"Well, what is it?" asked her mistress. "Any word of Mr Crosby?"

"Ou aye," said Mysie, "I hae heard tell o' the maister; but he's no in the inn, nor the Clydesdale Arms, either. Troth, 'you may gang farther, and fare waur,' as my faither says, for he's doon in the jyle."

"What does the woman mean," said Mrs Crosby. "In the jyle! did you say?"

"Aye, jist in the jyle," replied Mysie. "He was taken up at the foot of the street, on his way hame."

"Taken up!" exclaimed the lady.

"Hoot, aye," said Mysie, "arreested, I mean. No, I dinna mean exactly that either. It was at the foot of the street, ony way, and when he was hurrying to get hame. But 'there's a hantle atween the cup and the lip,' as my faither says."

"May the mischief take your faither, and his sayings, too!" exclaimed her mistress. "D'ye mean to drive me distracted? Tell me at once what is it has happened to my husband!"

"Naething has happened to him, that I ken o'," said Mysie. "A laddie cam to the door this minit, and said that Mr Crosby had gane doon to the jyle to speak to Mr Sainson who had been 'unco sair-herted,' as he ca'd it, this afternoon, and wanted to see the maister."

"Unco sair-herted!" said Mrs Crosby, smiling, her

mind now much relieved ; “ incarcerated, I suppose, you mean.”

“ Weel, the two words hae aften enough pretty much the same meaning,” replied Mysie. “ But the maister’s even noo wi’ Mr Sainson in the jyle, and he sent word that you was na to wait tea for him, but he wad be hame as soon as he could get awa.”

“ Very well,” said her mistress, “ I’m glad to hear accounts of him. I suppose it is for debt that our neighbour Sainson is in prison ?”

“ I dinna ken,” said Mysie. “ It’s as like that as onything else ; and ‘ there’s aye some water whar the stirkie droons,’ as my faither says. He’s no there for naething, Ise warrant.”

“ That’ll do,” said her mistress, and Mysie once more quitted the parlour. The lady sat down to tea, and shortly after Mr Crosby made his appearance, very much to the satisfaction of his *cara sposa*.

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### CHAPTER III.

A spate! The dwellers on the banks of the Clyde, far and near, well know what that means; and who that has once beheld one in all its magnitude can ever forget it! There is something drearily sublime in the aspect of one of these tremendous inundations, when the mighty flood of waters comes dashing and raging along, surging and engulfing, in its awful and resistless depths, everything animate or inanimate, living or dead, it meets with on its way, sheep, cows, and horses, haystacks and cornstacks, houses, bridges, mills, and barns, men, women, and children—nothing escapes that the force of the torrent can reach in its onward headlong course to the ocean. The largest of the Clyde’s tributaries, the Avon, after emerging from a gloomy and rocky defile, and sweeping past the romantic ruins of Cadzow Castle, floods, when a spate occurs, the low-lying

haughs of Hamilton, and pours into the Clyde at Hamilton bridge an overwhelming volume of water, which adds considerably both to its depth and force; swelled by which, and by the accumulated waters of the various smaller rivulets and burns which run into it, and which, on ordinary occasions, are no more than little purling streams, wherein the gentle minnows delight to disport themselves, and children harmlessly "paidle" all day long, the Clyde, often becomes, in such dangerous times of inundation, like an arm of the sea, no longer a smoothly-flowing river, but a vast body of extended water, overspreading great tracts of country, and carrying desolation and ruin wherever it encroaches. The soil along its banks, saturated with heavy and continued rains, gives out, as from a compressed sponge, its collected moisture, only to receive it back again with tenfold interest. And then up rises in its might, and on every side advances in its power, the great heap of waters, sweeping everything before it, and mocking on its onward course the pride and the littleness of man. Who can stop its progress, or place an effectual barrier in its way? Well may a spate on such a river as the Clyde claim to be considered an image and a memory of the deluge, when "the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened;" although in comparison to the great flood which destroyed the world, on a scale in itself small and insignificant. Many and disastrous have been the spates in this river; but the most memorable of those which have occurred during the last seventy years, were on the following occasions:—On the 12th of March, 1782, when the flood was nearly two feet higher than was ever remembered before, and the Clyde rose about sixteen feet perpendicular above the ordinary level of low water; in the autumn of 1807, when a vast quantity of grain standing in the stook was carried off by the flood, which swept away the two centre arches of Hamilton bridge; and on February, 9, 1831, on the sudden melting of the snows, when the river rose at Blantyre mills to the height of twelve feet nine inches above its usual level; and at Hamilton



bridge it was within six inches of the floodmark of 1782. Very few years elapse without the occurrence of a spate of lesser or greater extent; and we ourselves remember to have seen the water so high in the Bridgegate of Glasgow, that a boat sailed up through it, and was instrumental in saving the people in their houses, the lower parts of which were flooded.

When Mr and Mrs Crosby met at breakfast on the morning after the visit of the former to the prison, as recorded in our last chapter, it was an understood thing between them that Mr Crosby was to proceed immediately to see her brother, at his house, some ten or twelve miles distant from the town, and for that purpose he required to go to the inn to procure a gig. Mrs Crosby was anxious to accompany him, but he thought it better that she should not under the circumstances. He had explained to her that Mr Sainson had been incarcerated at her brother's instance, and he pretended that his object in visiting Roger that forenoon, was only to try and prevail upon him to grant Sainson his liberty. He did not think it necessary to entrust her with the more momentous information regarding the disputed will. *That* he kept to himself, having some hopes of being able to induce Easton to give up the property to its rightful owner quietly, and without resistance, as the only way to prevent exposure, and avoid a criminal prosecution for forgery and fraud. Besides, he wished to spare her feelings the shock, that a knowledge of the dreadful suspicion hanging over her brother would inevitably bring with it. So, Mrs Crosby, who, like all women, dearly loved a jaunt, was obliged to content herself with staying at home, to which she was the more reconciled from the inclemency of the weather. Had she known, however, that a secret was in the case, and one, too, of such vast importance, and involving so many near interests, it would not have been the weather, however inclement, that would have hindered her from proceeding to get at the bottom of it. For what woman would not go through fire and water to satisfy her curiosity, and to ferret out secrets and con-

coalments? And Mrs Crosby was a true woman in every respect, as Mr Crosby, poor man, sometimes found to his cost.

Well, taking an affectionate leave of his better half, and not without misgivings as to the course he was about to adopt, to the inn Crosby hastened, and ordered a gig to drive him to Roger Easton's. The day was gloomy and thick with heavy rain. The streets were ankle-deep in mud, and everything around wore a most desolate and uncomfortable aspect. Few individuals were out of doors, and only those persons whom business or duty absolutely compelled to go from home, would have thought of venturing on a country excursion on such a day.

"The river is rising fast, sir," said the ostler, while harnessing the horse to the gig. "There will be a spate, I am afear'd, and a plaguy heavy one, too."

"The roads are good, are they not?" asked Crosby, as he took his seat.

"There's been a power o' rain, and roads are saft and bad, far and near," replied the ostler. "Comin' back to-night, sir?"

"I expect to return in the afternoon," answered Crosby.

"Well, then, sir, if you please, Jim 'll go wi' you, as he knows the mettle o' the horse, and its a dreary day. I'll warrant you'll be comfortable and all snug enough with Jim."

"As you like," replied Crosby, not sorry to have a companion, even in so humble a capacity, to relieve the tedium of the journey, and to look after the horse and gig. "I shall, be very glad to have some one to drive—so Jim, if that's your name, jump up."

Jim did as he was bid, and taking the reins and whip, away they rattled out of the inn yard, and in a few minutes were fairly holding on their course for the country.

For some days previous, there had been continuous rains; the rivers everywhere had become flooded, and the soil surcharged with wet. It was the end of autumn, a

season of the year when Nature puts on her dismallest features, and assumes a dull and widowed aspect. The trees are despoiled and bare; the fallen leaves are withered and scattered; the flowers have faded from the earth. Where now are the sweet singers of the woods that made every day a holiday in the blithe and laughing sunshine of summer? The dying year, divested of all its glories, weeps its close with heavy and bitter tears. The winds arise and howl its passing requiem, in dolorous chorus, as it merges for ever into the mighty Past, while the whole universe looks disconsolate, drear and lone.

Roger Easton, to whose cottage his brother-in-law, Mr Crosby, was now hastening, had not been at ease in his mind since the receipt of the letter mentioned by Sainson, from the person who had been induced to act as witness to the will, and who was now residing in England. He was, to all appearance, a prosperous man, and as the world judges, in his circumstances a much-to-be-envied one. But that appearances are often deceitful, is a saying as old as any in familiar use, and as true as that the devil by flattering words, and seeming friendship, seduced Eve, the mother of us all. He had laid his plans with great art and contrivance; and from his knowledge of the deceased's handwriting, and of his domestic habits and ways, with the assistance of his treacherous man-servant, he had been so far successful in his nefarious designs, as that, all the requirements of law being complied with, he had been duly put in possession of the deceased's property. But villains are, in general, shortsighted, and always sure to be entrapped in their own snares. Vidocq, the famous French thief-catcher, once remarked that he knew nearly all the rogues and villains in Paris, and that, with all their cunning and ingenuity, they were, so far as judgment or foresight was concerned, about the stupidest class of people in existence. Relying on the secrecy of his accomplices, who, in the eye of the law were as guilty as himself, and believing that they would not blab, for their own sakes, Roger Easton sat down to the enjoyment of the property which he had so

fraudulently acquired. But in the midst of his fancied security, the letter he had received came upon him like a thunderbolt; and the information it contained, that the forgery of the will had been divulged to Sainson, filled him with the greatest alarm. In his first feelings of trepidation, scarcely knowing what he did, but determined at all hazards to crush his antagonist, he put the unpaid bill of Sainson, which he had in his possession, into the hands of his lawyer, and instructed him to proceed at once to recover payment. And little time elapsed before, as we have seen, Sainson became the inmate of a gaol. But this being done, did not tend to give peace to his mind. He felt that he was betrayed, and that, too, by one who had given him no clue to his place of residence, otherwise he might attempt to gain him over by means of money; but it was now too late. Sainson knew the secret, and he could not dismiss from his mind the dreadful apprehension of being in the power of the man whom he had cheated and deprived of his rightful inheritance. Nevertheless, being an avaricious man, and his opponent a poor one, and remembering that possession is nine points of law, he resolved upon holding fast by the property, and contesting the matter to the utmost, before surrendering it. Such a resolution, however, did not make him the less miserable, but only added the more to his perplexity and anxiety, and the fear of the punishment and loss of character that would inevitably follow exposure and defeat, (the penalty of DEATH for forgery not being then remitted,) nearly drove him into a state of distraction.

He was in this unhappy mood when waited upon by his brother-in-law, on the day we have described. It was a difficult mission which Crosby had undertaken, and he determined to go about it with as much delicacy as possible. On arriving at Mr Easton's, the horse, unharnessed from the gig, was led to the stable, where Jim saw to its comfort and refreshment, and afterwards removing himself to the kitchen, attended to his own. In the meantime Crosby had found his brother-in-law alone; and, the first

compliments over, Easton rang the bell, and ordered in luncheon.

"And how did you leave my sister?" said Easton. "I had some thoughts of being in town this week, but the heavy rains have prevented me."

"Your sister is well," replied Crosby, "and would have accompanied me, but was prevented by the same cause—the rain has kept her at home."

"I should have been glad to have seen her," said Easton. "But I take it very kind of you to have come yourself, on such a dreadful day."

"I have an object in coming to see you to-day," said Crosby, "and one that would take me farther away from home, even in more dreadful weather."

"An object!" exclaimed Easton, "of course, every one has his particular object. In this world nobody does nothing for nothing. Even the smallest favour is not bestowed without the expectation of a return, in some shape or other."

"But the object I have in view," observed Crosby, "is, so far at least as I am concerned, quite disinterested. You have heard, doubtless, of the incarceration of my friend and neighbour, Sainson."

"I have," replied Easton. "So then, your object in calling on me to-day is not so much to pay me a friendly visit, as to plead on his behalf."

"Why," said Crosby, "I had both aims in view. But with regard to Sainson, it is really a pity that he should be kept in prison. Cannot this matter be accommodated?"

"Easily," remarked Easton. "Let him pay down the two hundred pounds due to me, with the expenses, and he is as free as you are."

"As regards the money," observed Crosby, "he desired me to say that it will be paid in a few days. But there's another business connected with Sainson that I wish to speak to you about."

"Another business!" exclaimed Easton, starting, and turning pale. "What other business can there be between us?"

"It would be painful to me to explain to you," said Crosby, "all that Sainson has informed me of; but I wish you to believe that I am acting as the friend of you both, anxious, on your account especially, to bring about a right understanding between you. He has shown me a letter he received from England."

"I know! I know!" said Easton, hurriedly. "But do you think that I am to be imposed upon by such a shallow contrivance? It is nothing more than an attempt on the part of the writer of the letter to obtain money on false pretences. I also have received a letter from the same person, but have paid no attention to it."

"I have not said who the person is that wrote the letter," said Crosby, "nor what the letter is about; but I see you know what I mean. The matter, I assure you, is one which concerns you too nearly to permit me to remain passive on the occasion. As soon as Sainson communicated to me his determination to proceed on the information he had received, I resolved to see you on the subject, without delay."

"It's all a lie, from beginning to end," said Easton. "And Sainson is a villain, and a fool, if he believes it."

"Be calm, I beseech you," said Crosby. "It is but natural that Sainson, believing himself deprived of his rights, should be ready to snatch at anything that offers a chance of his being restored to them. But, my dear sir, if—I only put the case hypothetically—if there is anything in the man's statement, surely a friend's advice to you would be to prevent exposure as much as possible."

"There is no truth—no truth, I tell you—in the story!" exclaimed Easton. "And if Sainson thinks there is—I do not put the case hypothetically—let him adopt whatever measures he pleases to establish what he calls his rights, and as soon as he likes. I am ready for him. His informant is a scoundrel, even on his own showing, and nobody will believe him!"

Few more words passed between them on the subject. Crosby began to think that he had given too ready credence to the letter shown to him by Sainson, and to the latter's

version of the business, and on reflection, he was inclined to believe that there might be some foundation, after all, in his brother-in-law's statement, that it was only an attempt to extort money from him. In the meantime luncheon was brought in, and the conversation was directed to mere ordinary topics. Nevertheless Crosby could not fail to perceive that Easton was ill at ease. Now, he was free and joyous in his manner, and more than usually pressing in his entreaties, to "eat, drink, and be merry;"—anon, he became silent and reserved, and he swallowed two or three glasses of whisky one after the other, as fast as he could fill them. But Crosby attributed this to the irritation and annoyance, which the mere suspicion of being concerned in such a transaction must inevitably cause in a person of warm and excitable temperament.

Finding that it would be useless to enter again on the subject, and seeing that the rain had stopped, Crosby proposed starting for home—not sorry to leave Easton to himself in the strange mood which he exhibited. The latter was eager that he should stay all day, and till the next morning, but Crosby pleaded business, and the horse and gig being ready, Easton offered to accompany him a short way on his homeward journey. So, the gig was sent on before, and the two men walked on together for a mile or two of the road. At one part they had to cross a wooden bridge which was thrown across the Clyde, and as they did so, they stopped and looked up the stream, which at that time presented all the appearance of one of those fearful inundations for which this river is remarkable. Down came the water, slow, swollen, and sullen, and bearing along on its turbid surface stacks and stooks, trees and other solid and heavy substances, all tumbling and turning over and over, round and round, but still all flowing onward, with one resistless impulse, in the dark and fathomless surge into which they had been hurled. Higher and higher rose the waters as they flowed past, until they were nearly on a level with the bridge on which these two

men stood, watching their progress. Crossing the bridge, Crosby and his companion passed on to the road, where the gig had been directed to wait for them, and, bidding farewell to each other, they parted, and Easton, after seeing his friend seated in the gig and fairly off, turned his face for home.

But a few minutes had elapsed when he again stood on the wooden bridge, with his eyes directed down the stream. And what were his thoughts, as he stood there alone, and left to his own dark reflections? The little courage he had assumed in the presence of his brother-in-law, now that he was gone, had quite deserted him. The knowledge, which he was but too surely convinced of, that Crosby, the husband of his sister, shared in the suspicion of his enemy, Sainson—for such he considered him—filled him with unutterable fear and anguish, and he was tempted, as he stood, to cast himself headlong into the boiling and eddying waters beneath him, in the hope that his memory and his crime would be for ever buried in their mysterious depths. We have said that Easton considered Sainson his enemy, and he hated him the more that he had himself made him so, by wronging him irreparably. It will generally be found that where one man inflicts a gratuitous injury on another, he becomes, from that very cause, the enemy of the person injured. He hates him, because he has wronged him. And so it was in the present instance. Meantime the low, hissing, gurgling noise of the river increased. Up to his feet came the water, as that wretched man leant against the railing of the bridge, and wished he had never been born, or that he had died ere he had become the guilty thing he was. Suddenly, a kind of suppressed roar was heard, a dash and a wrench followed, and the wooden bridge and he who stood upon it were, the next moment, floating on the breast of the waters, with the multifarious objects and substances which the furious and overflowed river had gathered on its onward way.

At a turning of the road, Crosby, who had looked back



to see Easton recross the bridge, observed what had happened, and immediately stopping the gig, he hurried to the bank of the river, followed by the driver, in the hope of being able to save him.

"He's a gone corbie!" said Jim, rushing past him, with the long whip in his hand, for the want of anything better, to aid him in his attempt at rescue.

Though deprived at the first plunge, of all consciousness, Easton, as he rose to the surface, recovered his senses and his presence of mind, a quality for which he had been all through life remarkable, and clinging to a bit of the broken bridge floating beside him, he was not without the hope of yet preserving his life. A minute or two before, he had even meditated suicide, but life is sweet, and now that he felt himself on the very verge of death and eternity, his soul recoiled from the thought of rushing unprepared into the presence of his Judge. And in that short and desperate struggle with the waters, as he felt himself sailing onwards to his doom, what vivid and burning thoughts passed through his mind! A revolution had taken place in his whole feelings and being. He saw his guilt in its most hideous light, and he resolved, should he ever reach his house alive again, to make ample reparation to the man whom he had wronged so foully. While this was passing in his mind, the course of the eddy into which he had been thrown, brought him near to the bank where Crosby and Jim were standing. He saw them, and the renewed prospect of safety added strength to his heart. Something like a cord fell smartly across his face. He eagerly grasped it with one of his hands, while the other retained hold of the broken piece of the wooden bridge that had been his prop in the water. He was pulled gently towards the bank, and in a few minutes, by the aid of Crosby and Jim, rescued from his perilous situation. Jim had saved him with the whip.

No sooner, however had Easton found himself out of danger than he fainted. The shock had been too much for him, and a deep gash on his forehead proved that he

had been cut severely by some portion of the bridge when it fell.

Jim shook his head, and looked serious. "He's booked, sir," said he, "for the long journey. One driver throughout, and no fees to the guard."

"My good fellow," said Crosby, much alarmed, "the case is much worse than I thought. Help me to remove him to the nearest house. We must have medical advice immediately."

They carried him to the gig, and drove to a neighbouring cottage, where Easton was well known, and where on the inmates being informed of the sad accident that had befallen him, they readily took him in, and showed him every attention. He was undressed and put to bed, his head being bound up, while Jim was despatched to Hamilton for a medical man and Mrs Crosby, Mr Crosby himself remaining with the dying man, for such we must now consider him.

Our story is soon told. On recovering his consciousness, he desired to be left alone with Crosby, to whom he revealed his crime, and expressed his readiness to do Sainson every justice. He asked for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote an order for his immediate discharge from prison. With the view of saving his credit and character, Crosby advised him to make his will, and bequeath to Sainson all that he could claim as belonging to his deceased uncle, with full interest, and thus put him in possession of what was his undoubted right. His own property he could leave to whom he pleased. This he agreed to do, saying that his sister should possess whatever was his own.

Next day, Easton was removed to his own house, where, after lingering for a few weeks, he expired, and on opening his will, it was found that Sainson was restored to all the property of which he had been unjustly deprived.

## THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

THE subject of the following lines rests on the sea-shore, between Girvan and Ballantrae, at a place called Londefoot. A very plain gravestone may be seen, on a green spot a little from the roadside, with the following inscription:—"Erected in memory of Archibald Hamilton, a native of Arran, who was drowned near this place, 11th September, 1711." Hamilton carried on a trade in cattle between Arran and the mainland, and the little vessel by which he was a passenger was wrecked on this rugged shore. The body was so decomposed when found, that the stranger had to make a grave for him near the spot on which he was cast by the waves.

He sleeps on the shore—on the lonely shore—

Far away from the church bell's sound,  
Where a grave had never been dug before,  
Nor a relic of death been found.

His bier was the crest of the heaving wave,  
And it bore him gently along;  
His pall was the spray which the light winds gave,  
And his dirge was the sea-bird's song.

The stars looked mournfully down on the dead,  
And their radiance burned on the deep,  
And the lovely moon had a veil o'er her head  
As she rode on her giddy steep.

They lighted the way to his resting place,  
And they wept when their work was o'er,  
Till the mantling cloud hid the heavenly race  
From the stranger's fun'ral shore—

Where the gray cliff hangs o'er the rugged way,  
And its shadow dips in the wave,  
Where the wild winds stir the ocean in play,  
On the beach of the stranger's grave;

And the evening breeze from the craggy steep  
Glides along with her cooling breath,  
'Tis the vesper bell for the flowers to weep,  
And they weep o'er the home of death.

'Tis a lovely spot where the stranger lies,  
And the stranger buried him there—  
The dome of his tomb is the azure skies,  
And his grave is the stranger's care.

**MR GABRIEL TROTTERSON'S BIRTH-DAY.****A TRUE STORY.**

It was the birth-day morning of Mr Gabriel Trotterson, teller of the Daisy Bank of G——. This day, eventful in the annals of the Trotterson family, had been looked forward to for the preceding three months with unusual interest, and the 10th of July had at length arrived. Mr Gabriel Trotterson never felt more anxiety, and at the same time experienced greater happiness, or imagined himself of more importance than on the morning of his thirty-third birth-day. He had no wife, though he looked forward to some indefinable period when the stain of bachelorism would be wiped away for ever from his home and character. Though a bachelor, Mr Trotterson loved the ladies; he looked upon them as superior beings, and hoped, by a process of celebatic penance, he might ultimately render himself worthy of matrimonial blessings. He was unmarried only because of certain imaginings of his own unworthiness to enjoy connubial felicity, and of inability to support in the meantime in due dignity and respect the honourable line of the Trottersons.

We have said it was Mr Trotterson's birth-day, and he had determined for many weeks past that it should not pass without more than the ordinary degree of eclat. About a dozen of his most intimate friends were invited with all ceremony, to pay their respects to Mr Gabriel and the savoury edibles he had provided for the occasion. The morning dawned in rain and hopefulness, and Gabriel felt happy in the contemplation of the excellent preparations he had made for the reception of his friends, and the sup-

port of the family dignity. With no slight satisfaction did he survey the cod's head and shoulders, with the accompanying ocean of oyster sauce ; the tongue, eloquent of the most delicious tenderness ; the shoulder of mutton, that looked as if it could bear with ease the attacks of the strongest stomach ; the fowls, that displayed unmistakable tokens of barn-yard breeding ; the desert, which it was impossible the most fastidious could run away from ; the port and sherry, of unexceptionable quality, and whisky that breathed of illicit origin among the heathy wilds of Caledonia.

The hour for dinner had arrived, and the guests were, one by one, making their appearance. Mr Trotterson received them in white kid gloves, and with more than his usual condescending urbanity. It was Saturday afternoon, not one of the best of evenings for a birth-day dinner, but what innocent can control the day when the world is to be blest with its first shout of existence, or its earliest smile ? The friends of Mr Trotterson showed the respect in which he was held by the manner in which the good things he had provided were demolished in his honour. The host felt his importance increasing with the disappearance of the fish, and when the tongue was well down in the mouths of his guests he was elevated to the highest pinnacle of his own good opinion. The removal of the cloth was the signal of toasts and speeches, and Gabriel looked more grave and important than at any other hour of the day, for he knew the moment was at hand when his health was to be proposed with a more-than-ordinary degree of solemnity, and drunk with much enthusiasm, and words of gratitude required to be replied to the silent, yet expressive eloquence of bumpers of port wine.

It is scarcely necessary to relate how Mr Trotterson did the honours of the table, or attempt to describe the "feeling manner in which he responded to the toast of the evening." He felt himself completely happy, but not more so than those who had eaten his dinner and were now drinking his liquors. The evening passed away with

the songs and stories, and compliments, and opening of new bottles, which, in every instance are characteristic of such gatherings. The hour of ten arrived, and what with the flow of friendship and whisky, the most of the gentlemen present felt that at such an hour, and on such an evening, their respective couches were the best quarters whereon to terminate the proceedings of the day. Gabriel was entirely overcome by the manner in which his best speeches and standard jokes were received, and his dearest friend, out of pure sympathy, occupied the opposite corner of the sofa on which the now oblivious Mr Trotterson reclined after the hospitable victory of the day.

Gabriel's sofa friend, above all others present, required to be consigned to his own domicile, for reasons very obvious; he had long been wived. A noddy was ordered to convey him home, for it was before the period in which cab drivers are privileged to extort sundry sixpences from unfortunate "fares," under the old highwayman threat of your money or your life. The vehicle arrived at the door of Mr Trotterson's lodgings, but by some unaccountable mistake—it must have been the darkness of the night—the friend was left in quiet possession of the sofa, while—O dreadful blunder!—Mr Trotterson himself was led down stairs and deposited in the bottom of the noddy at the time the beetroot-nosed driver was paying his respects to an Islay or Campbelton acquaintance in an adjoining spirit cellar.

The driver returned, and perceiving no signs of his "fare," waited with not a little patience—"for patience is the badge of all his tribe"—for the next hour, but at last, fairly tired out, he mounted the dickie without inquiring as to the nature of the supposed delay, and drove back to the stable yard of the White Bull Hotel, whence he had an hour and a half previously been called. The noddy was put in its usual place, the wearied horse in his stall, and the driver retired in drink and indignation, and in complete ignorance that the luck-

less Gabriel was lying in the nobby in the now lonely yard, and sleeping off the effects of his birth-day toasts and speeches.

Fortunately it was the month of July, and little danger was to be apprehended from the unexpected exposure. The atmosphere was close and warm, but the rain fell in torrents. The greater portion of the occupants of the hotel had retired to rest, and the servants only whose duties were required, were to be found afoot at that time. The hour which told of the beginning of a day of rest, struck as if with more than the ordinary solemnity of the midnight peals. Down came the rain in copious streams, clearing the streets of filth and passengers, till they (the streets we mean,) were nearly as deserted as the solitary stable yard of the White Bull Hotel.

One o'clock struck, but Gabriel Trotterson slept soundly, undisturbed by the cry of the half drowned guardian of the night, or the rain which splashed on every side of him, and pattered with its large heavy continuous drops on the roof of his strange resting 'place. Two o'clock pealed from every steeple of the town, scarcely interrupting the monotonous splashing sound of the rain, and "past two" was caught up by a hundred voices, and passed with a rapidity for which charlies are not famous, from street to street, but still Gabriel slept in happy unconsciousness of rain and stable yards. Another hour passed away, and the dim rays of morning, after a severe struggle through rain, and among stacks of chimneys, reached the resting-place of the solitary Trotterson. Whether it was by the noise of the cattle in the adjoining stables, or the uneasy position in which he lay, he slowly became conscious of existence. Feeling the air raw and chilly, his first action was to attempt to wrap the bedclothes closely around him, but no warm blankets met his expectant hand. Gabriel had no conception where he was, or where he had last been, but certain sensations of thirst, and aching of the head, too plainly told that he had been exceeding the bounds of sobriety. He heard a strange dropping immediately above

his head, and water seemed to be falling close by his ears, so he began to grope about in order to ascertain his whereabouts. It was easy to perceive he was not in a bed, and he thought it must be one of the queerest and smallest rooms he had been in all his life. He passed his hand around the supposed walls of the apartment in search of a bell pull, and though he tugged at everything that had any resemblance, no sound greeted his anxious ears. He now endeavoured to get upon his feet, but his head coming bump against the roof, sent him down faster than he got up. Strange room this, thought the now sober and anxious Mr Trotterson.

He endeavoured to reflect where he could be, but after bothering himself till his head, as he thought, was fifty per cent. worse, he could no more comprehend the nature of his abiding-place and its locality, than he could the nature of a phoenix, or the language of the man in the moon. He now recollected that he had been honouring his birth-day with more enthusiasm than discretion, but how he got to his present *locale* was a problem which he must be contented to solve at some future period.

Determined to get at the bottom of the mystery, he wished to get out of either door or window, no matter which, if he could only discover where they were. After some little exertion he succeeded in pulling down one of the blinds of the noddy, and putting his head out among the rain, in a moment ascertained the nature of the vehicle in which he was confined and the yard in which it stood; but how he had got into this rather unpleasant position, he thought it was at the time a useless labour to attempt to discover.

"Pa-a-a-st fo-o-o-o-ur" was drawled forth in the drowsiest tones of the drowsy watchman, as Gabriel re-seated himself to consider what he should do. "Past four!" he exclaimed. "Is it possible that I can be here on such a day at such an hour?" for he respected as he was bound to do, the purpose for which that day was set apart. He considered his wisest course would be to



get into the hotel with as little noise as possible, and thus be sure to prevent any slanderous questions that might arise as to his character. Cautiously opening the door, he let himself out, and was rapidly proceeding towards the closed door which led from the yard to the hotel, when the angry growl of a dog from a distant corner saluted his ears, which was in an instant followed by the huge animal, rushing forth to seize the suspicious intruder on his master's property. The unfortunate Gabriel knew that it was quite impossible to get into the house before the dog would be upon him, even though the door were standing wide open, so he retraced his steps, with the ferocious animal at his heels, with a greater degree of speed than he had ever achieved at any former period, and had scarcely bolted into the nobby and closed the door, when the dog thrust its huge paws into the window. The animal finding it could not reach its intended victim, deliberately walked round the vehicle, like the French cuirassiers the British squares at Waterloo, and seeing no means of ingress, lay down, as the prisoner saw with a heavy heart, within a few yards, and with his eyes fixed on the door by which Gabriel had disappeared.

For about a quarter of an hour, which to the prisoner of the nobby seemed a whole one, the dog and he eyed each other, such as a dog and a man under such circumstances only could. At length the rain and keeping the eyes continually fixed on one object, appeared to operate with some sort of mesmeric influence upon "Bob," for his optics gradually diminished in lustre and size, until, after one or two ineffectual winks, to keep himself awake, in appearance he sunk, considering the puddle in which he lay, into a sound slumber. Gabriel beheld the drowsiness of his canine turnkey with no little satisfaction; and when he thought he was fairly in the capacious arms of that very considerate insensible Morpheus, who kindly encircles all who indulge in a nap, he gently slipt down on the side opposite to the dog, and gazing round the corner of the nobby, satisfied himself that he still slept, commenced his

second advance towards the yet unopened door of the hotel. Having proceeded a few paces, he looked back to ascertain if his foe was still unconscious of his flight, and was horrified to observe the eyes of the brute glaring full upon him as if on the point of springing on his victim. Without a moment's reflection the unlucky and terrified Mr Trotterson dashed to the shelter of his prison, but he was more unfortunate in this retreat than the former, for Bob was upon his rear in a twinkling, and after a severe struggle of a few seconds duration on the threshold of the noddy, Bob carried off one of the skirts of the coat, which having placed on the ground, lay down upon it, to deceive his wretched prisoner, by pretending to fall into another comfortable sleep.

Poor Gabriel again resigned himself to despair and the bottom of the noddy. There lay the ugly, rough, and huge beast, scarcely two yards from the prison house, as still and motionless as if he were sleeping his last, but no dependance could be placed on such treacherous slumbers. "Pa-a-a-st fi-v-v-e" fell upon his ear in tones that told of the speaker's being more than half asleep. He thought it was now all over. The servants would soon be abroad; the why and the wherefore of his presence in the yard would be inquired into, and hostlers and "boots" would look upon the delapidated coat, which was worn for the first time on the preceding evening, and jest about the gent who had his tail docked by the incorruptible four-footed guardian of the White Bull Hotel. A half hour of agony passed away, and Gabriel saw, with inexpressible delight, his enemy, without apparently looking at the noddy, rise and walk slowly off to the quarter from whence he first made his appearance. No time could now be lost; a very second was precious. Though danger was to be apprehended from the powerful and subtle foe, the attempt to get inside of the hotel as quietly as possible, must be made at all hazards. Summoning all his resolution to his aid, he sallied forth and gained the door without interruption, at which he rapped as gently as his trepidation would

allow, but the victory was not yet achieved. He heard the growl of his indefatigable enemy, and saw him rush forth from his den to renew and decide the combat. Escape was now hopeless; and, snatching a besom which leaned against the wall, the forlorn and persecuted Gabriel stood upon the defensive. To it the two went in right earnest, and for a short time Bob had the worst of the affray. Half a score of times, at least, the besom, wielded by arms nerved by despair, came down with excellent effect on the shaggy form of Bob; but it was quite obvious that if relief was not at hand, the human combatant must be speedily vanquished in the desperate encounter and help was nearer than any of the excited belligerent imagined. Gabriel shouted and Bob barked; Gabriel plied his trusty weapon right and left, and Bob rushed toward his antagonist with the most untiring perseverance. Gabriel in the excitement of the engagement, could not perceive that the whole house was alarmed. At last, aiming a desperate blow at Bob, Gabriel slipped a foot, and fell his whole length in the mire. Bob was too old a warrior to lose such an advantage, and was in the act of springing on his prostrate enemy, when a bevy of policemen and servants, with Boniface at their head, indignantly shouting to secure the thief, rescued the hapless head of the Trottersons from his inglorious position, and remorselessly dragged him into the kitchen, covered with mud, defeat, and disgrace, to undergo a few questions preparatory to being consigned to a dismal cell in the police office.

It was a considerable time before the most solemn asseverations of Gabriel could be believed that he was not a thief, but only an unfortunate wretch that had been introduced into the stable yard by evil agency, for aught he knew; for who could have recognised in the wretched figure before them the well-dressed and precise teller of the Daisy Bank of G—, of the twelve hours preceding. At length, after tedious explanations, and the arrival of one or two of his friends, who had been sent for on purpose, the whole mystery was unravelled, and all

dishonesty that could be attached to his character was cleared off much easier than the mire from his person. But a long day's voluntary confinement had to be endured in the hotel, as appearing on the streets in daylight in the miserable figure which he then cut, was not for a moment to be thought of.

Before many months passed away, Mr Gabriel Trotter-son took unto himself a wife, and from that day to the present (and he has now sons and daughters as tall as himself), never did honour to his birth-day on a Saturday, nor was guilty of an excess such as that which led to his dismal imprisonment in the midnight stable yard of the White Bull Hotel of G——.

#### THE SUMMER FLOWERS.

The summer flowers! how I love the time  
 When the bright day beams in its radiant prime!  
 When nature, imparadised, wantons fair  
 In the sunny light of the silver air!  
 When zephyrs roam o'er the violet's bloom,  
 Caressing the rose while it breathes perfume  
 In the fragrant shade of the woodland bewers,  
 When earth is gem'd with the summer flowers.

The summer flowers! when the morning beam  
 Hath silvered the breast of the shining stream  
 All gaily they blush in the native light  
 Of their silken smiles and their beauty bright,  
 Exhaling odours, whose balmy flow  
 Commingles sweets with the noonday's glow,  
 As breathing delight to the gladsome hours,  
 All joyous and bright bloom the summer flowers.

The summer flowers! when the dewy lawn  
 Is bathed in the light of the silver dawn  
 There blossoms awake on the heath-clad hill,  
 And bedeck the mead where the glassy rill

Trills its gentle song to the golden ray  
That heralds the beauty of noontide gay,  
While hymning the lark to the arch'd-sky towers  
'Mid the incense sweet of the summer flowers.

The summer flowers! in the sunny vale  
Where the hawthorn gladdens the gentle gale  
They shine in the glow of their fairy dyes,  
Entrancing each scene 'neath the cloudless skies.  
They bloom in the upland with witching smiles,  
Enamelling earth and its sun-gilt isles;  
For nature the essence of grandeur showers,  
And bright is its shrine in the summer flowers.

The summer flowers! when the glen and wold  
Are clad in the robes of autumnal gold,  
When mournfully wanders the sighing breeze  
To wither the bloom of the leafy trees,  
They blossom no more with the young bright hues  
That lustrous shone 'mid the vernal dews;  
But, drooping, they die ere the winter lowers  
To chill the delights of the summer flowers.

The summer flowers! I have seen the sage  
Descend to the grave in the depths of age;  
I have marked the fall of the fair and young,  
Whose eyes beamed light, on whose accents hung  
The music of love. Ah! the chill of death  
Had blighted their smiles with its icy breath;  
For life, like the beauty of vernal bowers,  
But blossoms to fade, as the summer flowers.

## A TALE FOR THE LADIES.

## MR GAUDY AND HIS ADVENTURES.

TOWARDS the close of the last century Alexander Gaudy of Frisky House—to the astonishment of the whole quiet parish of L——, that had, for a quarter of a century, considered Mr Gaudy a confirmed bachelor—took to himself a wife. Like most bachelors, Mr Gaudy chose for the woman of his latter days a damsel scarcely out of her teens; and though he had seen threescore summers come and go, the lady that called him husband was as promising and pretty as was ever girl of sixteen. Mr Gaudy celebrated his nuptials with all the usual festivities of such occasions in rural districts, and many a fair damsel, while she slyly expressed her wonder at the choice of the bride, had secret wishes for a similar consummation. Frisky—for so he was called from the name of his house and land—though pretty far advanced in years, had a comfortable home, and was withal a man of long-tryed and unimpeachable integrity. About three years after the wedding, and exactly at twelve o'clock on the last night of 1799, or, if you prefer it, on the first morning of 1800, an heir was born to the house of Frisky, and his patriarchal father, now in his sixty-fourth year, welcomed him into the world with great formality and cordiality. The entire married ladies of the neighbourhood were convened,

and it was their unanimous and decided opinion that the new comer would be a genius. He was *so* like his father, and *decidedly* like his mother about the mouth and nose, that the virtues of both were supposed to fall to his share. The facts that there were to an hour twenty years between his birth and that of his mother, and sixty-three years and six months between his birth and his father's, were deemed ominous of coming greatness, (for in that district the people are great chronologists). After due consultation he was named after his mother's father, Robert Anderson. Robert was the most remarkable child ever his father saw, and such prudence did the infant heir of the house of Frisky possess, that his inclinations were all gratified when gratification was at all possible. Robert had the good fortune to be the only child, and thereby secured the undivided affection of his fond parents. As it was not considered advisable to thwart his wishes in any one particular, his education was not forced on him, as that would have been deemed exciting precociously his *acknowledged* genius. Robert did not choose his primer till he began to be ashamed among his compeers that he could not read, and when he did commence his A B C, it was found so contrary to his taste, that he never went much beyond the first elements of education. The only branch he was ambitious to acquire was the art of writing, but the labour of orthography was such as to fairly defeat his best resolves. By the time, however, that he was fourteen years of age, he could spell his own name, and the parish schoolmaster, as he pocketed the quarter's fees, declared to the fond old man that his son was unquestionably clever, and would he just continue him "at the learning," he could make a *minister* or a *schoolmaster* of him. Robert, however, soon tired of school and left it, after making a few, not very successful, attempts at reading, writing, arithmetic, and geography. He had been, from his earliest days, duly instructed about the gracefulness of his person, and the superiority of his mind and manners over his equals, and, as might have been

expected, he improved this part of early culture. So thoroughly was he satisfied of his high status, that when a youth of eighteen he considered his mother a very ignorant person, and his father a very *doited* old man; and hence, instead of yielding them that comfort they had anticipated, he treated them with supercilious contempt, and preferred the company of any one to theirs. But it is time to contemplate the young heir of Frisky House as he was, and not as over-fond parents considered him. Robert Anderson Gaudy when eighteen years of age, was exactly five feet three inches high, of slender form and spare habit. His brow was low and projected forward—his eyes were small and his eyebrows heavy—his nose was Wellingtonian—his mouth wide—his lips thick—and his chin projected so as to threaten his nose—his cheeks were lank and his whiskers red, and his teeth elephantine, two of them refusing to keep within his mouth. His hair was light and his skin dark—his shoulders were high and his neck brief. His body was short and his legs long—his arms and legs small and his hands and feet large. Robert, fully aware of the symmetry of his person, was at great pains in decorating it. He had long cultivated moustachios; but such is nature that it will not force, and Robert's mouth ornaments were very shabby and stunted affairs. The sudden death of Robert's father and mother left him sole possessor of Frisky House, and he soon felt his solitary position, and resolved, like a wise man, to take to himself a wife. As he lived in a remote district of the country, he had seen but comparatively little of the world, and still less of its beauty or fashion. The heir of Frisky House, however, concluded that the neighbouring damsels were no match for him, and he wisely resolved to see the Glasgow ladies before "he made up his mind." Robert never suspected but he could have any one on whom his eyes should rest with favour. The heir of Frisky House he deemed an object for the best and the fairest in the land. It may be here necessary to explain, that in the district of country from which Robert drew his origin, there is a number of



petty proprietors—lords of fifty or a hundred acres of the soil—known by the soubriquet of *cock lairds*. To this class young Frisky belonged, his father having had the good fortune to be able to purchase the land which he had previously cultivated as a tenant. As the land had been but held by the Gaudy family for a short period, the more aristocratic of the cock lairds considered young Frisky as an upstart, and expressed their doubts whether the hundred acres of Frisky might not soon be in the market, as its possessor neither knew nor cared aught about agriculture. Robert, though he held all the land in his own hand, did not trouble himself with its culture, but left it to servants, and was constantly on the fly himself. Though he could carry a high head in his own locality, he found when he visited Glasgow that he was not exactly such a great man as he had assumed, and met with many severe rebuffs. He managed, however, to get himself introduced into several very respectable families, and occasionally he sustained his pretensions astonishingly well. We have formerly referred to his personableness, and it may be proper here to notice somewhat of the peculiar features of his mind and acquirements. We stated that great care was taken to avoid crushing his early genius, but it turned out that he had very little to crush. He possessed a sort of dancing master agility and quickness of body, but his mind never stirred beyond a small attempt at a pun. He was, as might have been expected, bold, impertinent, pragmatical, and passionate. His acquirements were certainly slender enough—he hated books, and considered them fit for old women only. Shakspeare he had heard of, but he considered him a fool—Milton and Newton were pompous and ambitious men. The whole host of authors was a conclave of imposters, and for himself he derived his knowledge from nature, and from studying men and things. As might have been expected, he found some difficulty to sustain these views in Glasgow. Mr Drymen, a Glasgow gentleman with whom he got acquainted, and who was a knowing one, became gentleman usher to young Frisky, and

took particular delight in introducing him, which he did with peculiar taste. Mr Drymen lost no opportunity of making mention of his friend the laird, and excited curiosity—especially among the fair sex—to see what he was like. Frequently on calling, Mr Drymen found difficulty to go through the farce of introduction with gravity. Instead of the dashing sprightly young laird, the inmates stood aghast before the short, square, primp man, whom Mr D. introduced as “Mr Gandy of Frisky House.” After recovering from their astonishment, and becoming a little reconciled to the personal appearance of the young laird, Mr Drymen drew him out in grand style,—while some deemed him a great man, and others considered him a mere pretender. The *laird*, however, like *ordinary* mortals, soon fell profoundly in love. The fair one that fascinated him was, unfortunately for him, a person of very superior mind and manners, and though she treated him civilly, never looked on him otherwise than as a “conceited gowk.” Being unable to secure the young lady’s consent by all his own powers of persuasion, he applied to his friend Mr Drymen, who at once undertook his cause. As Frisky House was nearly twenty miles from Glasgow it required some time and expense to reach his lady love, who lived in the west end of Glasgow; but so much was he in raptures with Miss Fox that he declared to his friend he could walk the distance on foot daily for twenty years to accomplish his object. Mr Drymen resolved to test his friend’s sincerity by giving him a few visits, and agreed to let him know the times and seasons he was to come to call on Miss Fox. Accordingly, on the 25th of December, 1820, he wrote to Frisky demanding his presence in Glasgow on the last day of the year, as arrangements had been made to observe his birthday in a very stylish manner. Frisky, to make sure, came on the day previous. Mr Drymen assured him that he had learned Miss Fox’s objections, which were solely concerning Mr Frisky’s moustachios, which she considered shabby, and which Mr Drymen proposed should be

changed by the barber. No sooner said than done. Frisky went instantly to the barber's and got his moustachios that he had cultivated night and day for six long years clean shaved off, and in their place he substituted the fiercest that Mr Periwig could furnish. On the last evening of the year off went Drymen and Frisky, specially fitted out for the occasion, to spend the evening with the Fox family, and were received with much cordiality. The younger Misses Fox were inclined to be very merry over the fierce mouth furniture of Mr Gaudy, but his lady-love seemed to eye it with satisfaction. The evening was spent with great hilarity, and the health of Mr Frisky was drunk with all the honours. In reply, Mr Frisky attempted a speech, which he and Mr Pawky, the parish schoolmaster, had laboured at for a whole month, but his memory was deceitful, and he stood and said nothing. He had acquired a custom of rubbing his brow, and pulling his moustachios when in any difficulty, and accordingly unmindful of the difference of a natural and borrowed ornament, he seized the luckless tuft, and at the first pull brought it clean off. His friend Drymen seeing his difficulty, immediately got to his feet, and placed his handkerchief over his friend's mouth, gravely assuring the ladies that the effort Mr Frisky meant to make had started a blood vessel in his tongue, and begged to be shown into a side-room to get him repaired. Both were shown to a bed-room, and Mr Drymen assured the family that alarm was needless, as a few minutes quietude would set all to rights. Being left in the room alone, the moustachio was replaced, and after the pause of a few minutes, Frisky was in his place, and his friend made the speech for him, assuring the ladies that the palate organs of Frisky would not allow him to attempt public speaking. The rest of the evening passed off pleasantly, and young Frisky thought that, on the whole, he had managed well. As he remained a few weeks in Glasgow, Mr Drymen made himself very active in adding to his popularity. He procured his admission as a member of the Physicocurgical Society, and an evening

was named for his recognition. It happened that Frisky had to take tea with the Misses Fox on the same evening, and as Mr Drymen was jesting about the inaugural speech, some of the idle and mischief-makers in the Fox family, resolved to get some sport with the young physiocurgicalist. Accordingly, as tea and fun go on, the top-coat of Frisky is examined—a pair of moustachios is sent for, and sewed firm into the pocket of the top-coat. The other pocket, where his handkerchief was deposited, is also sewed up, and the lining of the sleeves. In the hurry of departure Mr Frisky seized his coat, but on it would not go. Annoyed with its obstinacy, he thrust in his arm with great violence, and tore out the lining of the sleeve. Provoked at the obstinacy of the coat, he put it on his arm, and off he went to the installation ceremony. Frisky was duly reminded of the perils of speechmaking, and of the precarious state of his mouth furniture, and resolved to take care. Mr Drymen had “great pleasure in introducing Robert Anderson Gaudy, Esq. of Frisky House, as a member of their learned body.” Mr Frisky was received with loud cheers, and assured the gentlemen present that it was the proudest moment in his life, and that he considered the landocracy only honoured themselves by patronising *learned societies*. “For my part,” continued the speaker, “I always patronises the fine arts, and I always loves to see learning supported by nobility. I shall always be proud—be proud—be proud.” At this part the unfortunate speaker seized his topcoat to get his handkerchief; but the pocket being sealed, he, in a great hurry, seized the moustachio, and tore it violently from its basis, while, at the same time, his friend Drymen again aided him with the handkerchief, till in an ante-room all was set at right. On their return, Drymen accounted for the trick by assuring Frisky that a tailor was in another room in the house of the Misses Fox, and that the mischievous and envious tailor had done the deed. This explanation quite satisfied Mr Gaudy. The members of the Physioeurgical Society had a literary supper at this time,

and Mr Gaudy was invited to be present. Supper being over, the members of this learned body formed themselves into coteries for literary conversation, and as Drymen and Gaudy happened to be seated next to Dr Bookey, they, along with him, formed one of these coteries. Dr Bookey immediately commenced a conversation with Mr Gaudy, by asking him if there were any learned societies in his part of the country? Mr Gaudy replied that there was a library connected with the parish, and that he was a member. Dr Bookey, on making inquiry regarding the books, was informed that he (Mr G.) understood they were chiefly of a religious character, and that he did not know much of them—intimating his preference of literary works to the trashy productions of common libraries. Some allusion having been made by Mr Drymen to the beauties of poetry, Dr Bookey asked Mr Gaudy, what he thought of Milton? As Milton was the name of the town where the library was kept, Gaudy, stroking his moustachios, observed that it was greatly improved of late. Dr B. asked if he referred to any special edition? To which Gaudy replied, that he referred to the appearance of the place generally. The Doctor seeing his friend was on the wrong scent, but being unwilling to disturb his self-complacency, immediately changed the subject, and said he admired Campbell very much. Mr Gaudy instantly replied, that Campbell was a very fine looking young man, and that he too admired him very much—referring to one of the members of the society of that name. Dr B. said, he referred to Campbell the poet. Mr Gaudy instantly replied, that he was thought nothing of in his country—that he had called at his house with some of his poems, but that he considered them all nonsense, and, therefore, gave him sixpence, and packed him off. Dr B. expressed his surprise at this extraordinary statement; but Drymen was able to reconcile the parties, by mentioning that a person of the name of Campbell lived near Frisky House, and that Mr Gaudy had confounded the pedlar with the author of the Pleasures of

Hope. Mr Gaudy felt a little uneasy at this mistake, and chose rather to listen than to speak. Dr Bookey was quite a reading man, and, in the course of an evening, he could go over about five hundred authors, mentioning the peculiarities of each. Mr Gaudy felt himself from home, and the evening was to him one of the dullest he ever spent. Indeed, he thought learning a very dangerous and troublesome thing, and set down Dr B. as a wretched bookworm. After arousing himself from a dreaming lethargy in which he had freely indulged, he heard the Doctor express his great liking for Bacon, and considered that a subject was at length broached in which he might shine. He put on a face of surprise, and marvelled how the Doctor could relish bacon, for the very name was enough for his stomach. "Bacon," says he, "'pon my word, Doctor, if you knew as much of bacon as I do, you would change your opinion."

"Indeed!" says Dr Bookey, "pray what do you know? let us have it."

"Why," says Mr Gaudy, "I keep pigs in my dungstead, and they eat all the abominations in the world. Like them!—I would die sooner than taste them!"

Mr Drymen was convulsed with laughter, and Mr Gaudy considered the laugh proof of his victory, while the astonished Doctor thought he had met a queer couple.

"Pray," says the Doctor, "and what connexion is there between your pigs and Bacon?"

"All the connexion in the world. Why, *our* pigs are just your Glasgow bacon!"

The Doctor at length understood the argument, and yielded, while Drymen enjoyed the laird's notions of Bacon exceedingly. In retiring with his friend from the meeting, he remarked, that Bookey seemed to have lived among books all his days, and added, that were he out at Frisky, he might be taught something of the world.

The laird was making little progress in his suit to Miss Fox, and after due inquiry, Mr Drymen assured him that the cause was the manner in which he wore his hair.

Drymen recommended a fashionable wig, which he considered indispensable, as his own hair would never please Miss Fox.

After the lapse of three months, Mr Gaudy again visited Glasgow, and having applied to a barber, his head was shaved, and an enormous wig placed upon it. Having tried how the wig suited ordinary life for a few days, he was satisfied that he could see Miss Fox to her entire satisfaction. Mr Drymen immediately procured an invitation, and on the evening of the 7th of April, both of them joined a party in the residence of the Misses Fox. After enjoying freely the good things of the house, dancing commenced, and though Mr Gaudy was not a very graceful dancer, he could jump as high, and move as fast as any one in the company. As bad luck would have it, just as the happiness of the evening reached its climax, and as he was tripping it with his lady-love, "on the light fantastic toe," one of the stopcocks of the unfortunate gasilier seized the fine wig, and lo! poor Frisky alighted on the floor a scalped man. Unmindful of his position, out he ran from the room, and seizing his hat, or some one else, he hastened to the house of Mr Drymen, while the company behind were convulsed with laughter, as the luckless wig hung suspended like a malefactor. As soon as Mr Drymen was able, he followed his friend, whom he found contemplating the best means of suicide. The laird assured his friend that life was for no use to him now—that he was disgraced before the only person in the world he cared for, and that life was no longer desirable, nor possible. Mr Drymen approved of his project, and made propositions as to the preferable modes of "shuffling off this mortal coil." The Clyde was at last fixed on, and both set out to rid the young laird of his troubles. Mr Drymen knew that Mr Gaudy had not courage to become a suicide, and therefore wished to carry out the joke a little. As they approached the water's edge, Frisky was talking of the regret that would be felt in his own neighbourhood, and of the disappointment that many a hopeful damsel would meet, when

tidings of his death was circulated. His friend assured him that he would do justice to his memory, and that but for the fatal affront he had got before Miss Fox, he might have been soon her happy husband, and retiring to his own comfortable bedroom in Frisky house, instead of lying down in the cold waters of the Clyde. They were now at the water's edge, and Mr Drymen advised him to lay off his coat, &c., as they might do good to some naked creature. Mr Gaudy went near, and felt the water, and then stated that as he had been heated with the proceedings of the evening, he considered the water too cold. Mr Drymen instantly obviated these objections, when lo! the fortunate thought occurred to Frisky that he was intestate, and that he could not die till his will was made. This objection was insuperable, and both returned home. Mr Drymen proposed an instant settlement, but Frisky was rather cooled of his suicidal purposes, and left the willmaking till his head would be in a better state. He then went to bed, but was feverish and restless. The doctor was called early next day, and Frisky got sweating draughts, and was muffled over the eyes in new flannel. Several days did he lie groaning and sweating, and asseverating that he was a ruined man. Worse and worse he became, till at last he told Mr Drymen to prepare a fatal dose for him. No sooner said than done. A draught is prepared; and after the will is made, and his interests settled for this world, he, with much urging, takes the fatal dose, and closes his eyes, and bids farewell to the world and to Miss Fox. He soon fell asleep, and continued to sleep soundly for about eighteen hours. He then began to stir, and his friend had taken care to darken the room, and to give it as sombre an appearance as possible, and carefully watched his awakening from his long sleep. At last opening his eyes, he looks all around him, and asks emphatically, "Am I no dead yet?" Mr Drymen remarked, that he thought not, and he suspected the effects of the dose were all over. Meantime Mr Drymen had sent a message to Miss Fox, requesting her to call at his house, and she



had just arrived a few minutes before Friaky awoke, not from his *deadly*, but from a *sleepy*, dose. Mr Drymen intimated that Miss Fox had just called to see him. Friaky, confounded at the intelligence, started up from the bed, and said "Miss Fox—and me still living!—am I dreaming, or is this reality?" Mr D. soon assured him that he still dwelt with mortals, and advised him to get up and see Miss Fox. Friaky, after being satisfied that he was neither dead nor sick, threw off the bed clothes, unfolded the flannels in which he was almost smothered, washed himself, put on the ill-fated wig and neglected moustachios, and in a few minutes is introduced to Miss Fox with great ceremony by Mr Drymen. Miss Fox was very sorry that he (Mr Gaudy) had been so poorly, but was happy to see him so much recovered. After everything else had been talked of, she at length hinted something of the unlucky wig affair. She assured him, however, that wigs were quite fashionable, and his was a very pretty one, and that they had all admired it exceedingly after he had left. She was sorry that *illness had made him leave the party* so abruptly, but hoped he would soon be able to spend another evening with them. The speech of Miss Fox was life from the dead. Mr Gaudy thought he might not only live, but yet might be the husband of Miss Fox. She never appeared so fascinating in his eyes. She was so tall (about five feet ten inches), so handsome, so beautiful, so kind, that he was very happy, indeed, that he was not dead. Miss Fox kindly invited him, as soon as he was able at all, to pay them a visit. On her leaving, Mr Friaky and his friend Drymen mutually expressed their surprise that the wig accident had had so little effect, and their happiness that Friaky had escaped the cold waters of the Clyde and oblivion, and the effects of the dreadful soporific. Mr Drymen and he next day called at Miss Fox, and the laird took his leave for the country, as business called him home. Miss Fox gave him a hint as they sat at the parlour window, that she would be happy to hear from him, and having got a half

promise that she would acknowledge his letter, he *consented* to let her hear of his safe arrival. Things being now considered in a very good way, Mr Gaudy left for home, and his neighbours, who had heard of his illness, congratulated him on his recovery and return to the home of his fathers! But Mr Gaudy thought of Glasgow, and of Glasgow alone, and accordingly on the day after his arrival, he wrote as follows to Miss Fox :—

FRISKY HOUSE, *April 14th, 1820.*

MY DEAR MISS FOX,

As I know you feel some interest in me, I, agreeable to my promise, write to you to inform you of my safe arrival. I got safely home last night about seven o'clock, and found Frisky House all in order for my return. May I be granted leave to say that there is everything in my mansion to render life happy save one thing. I have plenty of meats and drinks, of furniture and servants, of relatives and visitors, but I still want something, and you only can give me that. I am here called the *laird* of Frisky; how do you think the lady of Frisky would sound? There is not a woman in the world that I would call that but yourself. I hope, therefore, you will let me know what you think of this matter. It would give me some comfort to assure me that you are not yet engaged, and that I have, at least, a chance. You have no idea of the fine country we have here, and of the rural happiness we enjoy. Compare, dear Miss Fox, the smoke of Glasgow with the fine air of Frisky, and the mere show of towns to the solidness of countries, and then say whether ye will spend your days at F.

I am,

DEAREST MISS FOX,

YOUR FRIEND AND ADMIRER,

ROBERT ANDERSON GAUDY.

To this letter Miss Fox replied that she was happy to hear of his arrival and welfare, and that she would be glad to see him when he was in Glasgow. Mr Gaudy, though there was no positive encouragement in the reply, considered it on the whole satisfactory, and soon made an errand to Glasgow, and spent a few weeks with his friend Mr Drymen. Miss Fox was, of course, the chief subject of conversation, and Mr Drymen assured the laird that perseverance overcomes all obstacles, and he saw no reason why general principles should not apply in this case. During his residence in Glasgow, he was introduced to a number of ladies, who, having heard of his wig adventure, were desirous of seeing him. Some of them formed a high estimate of the laird, and one, at least, a very beautiful girl, about sixteen years of age, was positively in love with him. So ardent was her affection for him, that she spoke of it to some of her confidants, and tidings soon reached Mr Drymen, and, of course, the laird himself. This so excited his vanity, that he could look on Miss Fox with much more composure, and seemed to say, "If you wont, Miss Bell will, and she is as pretty as you." The elated laird illustrating a very general, if not, indeed, an almost universal maxim—that a gentleman seldom falls in love with a lady after she makes declarations—cared not for Miss Bell farther than that he was proud that his charms had captivated one so fair. The acquaintance of Miss Bell frowned on her young affections, and even the most philosophical of them have failed to explain the rationale of this love-making. The laird, however, had to visit his manor, and leave his fair ones behind. He was satisfied that he had made but little progress with Miss Fox, but he returned with the consolation that he was able to secure the affections of the fairest of the land. Just as he was preparing to return to Glasgow in the autumn, he received tidings that Miss Fox was married to Mr Lamb. The information sadly deranged the laird, who, after partially recovering, wrote a letter to his friend, Mr Drymen, in which he perpetrated his one solitary joke. He stated,

that after all, it was not "very wonderful that a Fox should take a Lamb, for what was bred in the bone was ill to put out of the flesh." Resolved to make the most of the second best, he proposed to visit Miss Bell, when another evil messenger advertised him that Miss Bell was now Mrs Crawford. Mr Gaudy might have endured the loss of one of the ladies, but to lose both almost in a day was intolerable. He betook himself to the bed and flannels, and sleeping draughts and doctors, and sent for his friend, Mr Drymen, to see him die. Mr Drymen was soon at his bedside, and after listening to his long narration of misfortunes, he (Mr D.) assured him there were above 20,000 ladies in Glasgow as good as Miss Fox, and that he could get one of the best of them any day. The laird rose from his bed, and doffed his sick habiliments, and again walked erect. Soon as the arrangements connected with the Martinmas term were over, he was to visit Glasgow to make a choice, but the "best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gie." Mr Gaudy had made a thorough clearance of servants, housekeeper, and all, and got home a complete set—all new. Ann Graham, a damsel nearly six feet tall, entered service as his housekeeper, and before a week had expired, Robert Anderson Gaudy had forgot his lady-loves in Glasgow, and had made declarations to his handmaiden. Such is the glory of man. The young laird that was to die for his honour in the Clyde, lays all that honour, and much more, at the feet of his servant, and on the 1st of January 1821, he leads to the hymeneal altar, for better or for worse, Miss Graham of Scutrie, the daughter of Robert Graham, Esq., fish driver and egg cadger. The only thing visibly remarkable about the laird and his lady is, that when they wish to walk in linked sweetness, he has to take her arm, as she is so much beyond his stature, that any attempt, on her part, to descend to his arm is hopeless. The once dashing young laird of Frisky has now been a husband and head of a family for twenty-five years; and though his father-in-law could not be present at the nuptials, because he was poor, he is now in partnership

with him, not a hundred miles from Glasgow—what doing, gentle reader?—selling herrings! His lands were imperfectly tilled—his servants robbed him—his small patrimony was lost—his own habits were inactive, and a few years after his marriage he was sold out—his face robbed of its ornaments—his ring, and cane, and gold watch gone—and the young laird of twenty is now the herring seller of forty-six, and some think he shines most in the sphere he has now reached.

Reader, beware of habits of idleness—avoid dandyism—shun pretenders.

Ladies! measure gentlemen by their intellectual and moral worth, and not by the fineness nor fierceness of their moustachios, nor by the extent of their lands.

The mind and heart after all are the man.

## CHILDHOOD.

I love to sing of childhood's joys,  
Its loud and laughing glee ;  
I love to hear its artless speech,  
And love its sports to see.  
And, oh ! I love the innocence—  
The sweet simplicity—  
The guileless trust of bosoms young,  
When yet from sorrow free !  
I love to bless the blooming boy,  
And kiss his cheeks so fair ;  
And kindly lay my hand upon  
His head of flaxen hair !  
I love to look upon his face  
Unclouded yet by care—  
Whose every feature tells that bright  
And bounding hope is there !  
I love to see on infancy  
The slumbers softly fall—  
As deep on bed of humble cot  
As couch of lordly hall.  
And often my imaginings  
Can fondly picture all  
The rosy dreams that glad his mind  
At fancy's fairy call !  
I love to mark the early flowers  
By sheltered hedge-bank spring ;  
I love to hear the budding woods  
With April's music ring !  
Life's pure and peaceful morning tide  
To memory back they bring—  
O ! childhood's hopes and noisy glee  
It soothes my heart to sing !

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**T**HE GRIEVANCES of the WORKING CLASSES; and the PAUPERISM and CRIME of GLASGOW; with their CAUSES, EXTENT, and REMEDIES. By J. SMITH, M.A.

CONTENTS.

- I.—Lodging-Houses in Glasgow—their Number—Accommodation, and Charges, &c.
- II.—Dwellings of the Humbler Classes—their Localities—Appearance—Unhealthfulness, and Rental.
- III.—Frightful Degeneracy—Wee Pawns—Sabbath Desecration, &c.
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- XV.—The Causes of Pauperism—Untenable Dwellings—The Gin Shop—Improvvidence—Ignorance—False Political and Religious Systems—Cures of Pauperism and of Crime—Influence of Magistrates, Ministers, and Manufacturers—Extraordinary Instance of Banishment of Pauperism from a Parish by Clerical Influence.**

**THE PAUPERISM AND CRIME OF GLASGOW, &c.**—A little work, under this title, has just been published from the pen of Mr J. Smith, M.A., of this city, author of "Sacred Biography," &c. The principal statistics are made up from personal observation; the work is evidently one of industry and research, and presents an interesting, but, at the same time, an appalling picture of the every-day condition of that immense floating mass of wretched vagrants and thieves, which form the lees of Glasgow society, and people its closes, wynds, and vennels. The work also contains a succinct account of all the principal Glasgow charities, public and congregational.—*Glasgow Herald.*

The object of this work is a very benevolent one, that of pointing out the causes and extent of pauperism and crime in Glasgow, with the view of suggesting remedies for the deplorable state of matters which is shown too truly to exist. That the author has succeeded in one part of his object there is no doubt, and it is almost frightful to contemplate the masses of misery, and wretchedness, and crime, which he brings to light. We cannot estimate to what extent, but certainly to exist in the neighbourhood of so much physical and moral pestilence, must have an injurious effect upon the whole community, and to remove this, consequently, should be regarded as much on the self-protective principle as any other. We would have much pleasure in noticing in detail some of the remedies brought forward by Mr Smith, but we think the whole subject will be better understood and appreciated by a perusal of the volume, which we cordially recommend to the notice of our fellow-citizens.—*Glasgow Argus.*

The pauperism and crime that exist in Glasgow exceed all belief. Thousands and tens of thousands of wretched beings inhabit its narrow and unwholesome closes, wynds, and vennels,



in the midst of disease, squalor, poverty, and vice; few ministering to their necessities, and "no one caring for their souls." The book before us, which is the result, in a great measure, of personal observation, presents a most appalling picture of the penury, want, and suffering, and the abounding iniquity which exist in what may be truly styled "the waste places" of our great cities, and of which there are but too many instances in Edinburgh, although not nearly to such a frightful extent as in Glasgow. In suggesting plans for the alleviation, correction, and remedy of the prevalent evils, Mr Smith refers to the proceedings of Dr Chalmers, while in St John's, Glasgow—which went far to expel pauperism and crime from that parish—as worthy of all example and imitation. Some interesting information, relative to the local charitable institutions, is also included in the contents.—*Edinburgh Witness*.

This unpretending but interesting volume embodies in itself the substance of practical inquiry into the state of the criminals and pauper population of Glasgow, and of the lodging-houses and dens in which they squat in a state tenfold more filthy and disgusting than that of the most savage tribes. It also enters into statistical particulars respecting the houses of the working classes, and the rents paid for them. Not content with pointing out the evil, it offers lucid practical suggestions for its remedy. Amongst others, it propounds a plan for the improvement of the dwellings of the working classes, by means of a joint-stock company of capitalists, which we consider to be recommended not only by considerations of humanity but of private interest. This little work is useful not to the citizens of Glasgow only, but to those of every large city in any part of the British islands.—*Edinburgh Weekly Register*.

The revelations of this little work are of the most startling kind. We learn from it, that in Glasgow, no less than from 5000 to 10,000 persons, of both sexes, who have no settled abode, are nightly received into twopenny and threepenny lodging-houses, and these of the very worst description, both in a moral and social point of view; that the dwellings of the poorer classes in Glasgow are situated in filthy and unwholesome lanes and alleys, called, in Scotland, wynds, and that the most frightful degeneracy, crime, pauperism, and disease extensively prevail. The author calculates that there are, in that large manufacturing and flourishing city, 14,000 beggars and 5000 thieves hanging loose on society. As remedies for some of the evils described, he recommends the removal of the wretched dens and cabins, the nests of disease and crime, with which the old lanes of the city abound, with the improvement of the dwellings of the working-classes, on the plan pursued in Liverpool, by a Joint Stock Company, which supplies the labouring portion of the community with houses, at the rate of five pounds a-year, water and gas inclusive. He also suggests, among other things,

the adoption of a complete registration system, and the formation of a society for assisting the really necessitous poor, with the active influence of ministers, magistrates, and masters, in their respective positions.—*Church of England Journal*.

There are some books which, before they please must pain us, and Mr Smith's is one of the class. The most vivid descriptions of Crabbe, the most powerful pencillings of Hogarth, scarce call up more painful sensations than are consequent upon a perusal of the calm statistics of Mr Smith. It is, indeed, in one sense, a horrible book. Ainsworth's novel descriptive of the plague in London hardly shocks us more. And yet we owe Mr Smith thanks for having published it. The knowledge of a disease is said to be half its cure; and if Glasgow hereafter sin, it will not be the sin of ignorance, for the facts cannot be denied: 'The majority of the facts in this volume,' says Mr Smith, 'were brought before the public in another form, and their accuracy, even by those whose interest it was to contradict them, has not been impugned.' Let the ladies of Glasgow especially, throwing mawkish sensibility overboard, give the book a perusal, and let them rouse up to instant effort that part of the creation over which they are understood to exercise no small amount of control. Men can do much of themselves, but the most magnificent achievements of public benevolence have been always, to a vast extent, consequent upon the impulsive influence of woman. It is time, however, that we draw to a close, which we do by earnestly recommending the book to the attention of the citizens of all our large towns, as it not only points out the extent of the evils which exist in these, but also the measures by which they may be greatly modified, if not altogether removed. \* \*

\* \* There is much pleasant writing in the volume, particularly where Mr Smith describes the numerous benevolent institutions for which among the British cities, Glasgow stands pre-eminent. It is quite refreshing, too, to discover, in the large sums given by the Glasgow churches for merely charitable purposes, the beneficial influence which Christianity exerts over the human heart. \* \* \* \* Is graphic—Miss Edgeworth has nothing better.—*Hogg's Instructor*.

Mr Smith does good service here to the cause of practical philanthropy. The work before us furnishes a mass of statistical facts on the causes and extent of pauperism in Glasgow which are most appalling, and which could scarcely be credited, but from the circumstance of their being collected by the personal inquiries of the author. It merits a wide circulation, and will, we doubt not, secure it. The statistical information which it furnishes, of the 'efforts for alleviating poverty and crime,' in the city of Glasgow, are highly valuable for reference, and as a proof of the benevolent spirit of that densely populous town.—*John o' Groat Journal*.

The author of this volume has made himself advantageously

known to the public by his connexion with the periodical press. He has already done the state some service; and we venture to predict, that he has yet before him a literary career of honour and of usefulness. The volume before us we can conscientiously recommend. The doctrinal views are, in our judgment, sound and scriptural; the illustrations are felicitous; and the moral tendency of the whole is very salutary. We are glad to find that the public have already confirmed our favourable view, by demanding so soon a second edition.—*Universe*.

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This work has been published with a humane intent, and we cannot but agree with the author, that surely the great distress prevalent in our land only requires to be made known to enlist in its behalf those sympathies now directed in other and foreign channels. The author, from personal observation, unmasks a dreadful amount of destitution and vice existing in Glasgow.—*Ayr Observer*.

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