

















Drawn by S. M. Brady

Painted by Joseph Swan



THE  
JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK:

CONSISTING OF  
SELECTIONS, IN PROSE AND VERSE.

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KILMARNOCK :

Printed at the *Columbian Press*,  
BY JAMES PATERSON, BOOKSELLER,  
83, KING STREET.

—  
1829.



*The Pieces contained in this little volume are principally selected from provincial Periodical Publications, whose limited circulation could make them very partially known. Whether the selections are worthy the attention given, the Compiler will not hazard an opinion—but should they either instruct or amuse the youthful reader, his aim will be sufficiently accomplished.*



THE  
JUVENILE SCRAP-BOOK.

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THE LEGACY.

THERE is nothing more awfully grand than a thunder storm. Even the philosopher, who can tell the cause of all the effects produced, trembles whilst he admires, and worships whilst he wonders—the uninformed who imagines he hears in the thunder the voice of the Being he fears and adores, and sees in the lightning the vivid shafts sent from around His throne, flies to the darkest recess of his lonely cot, and on his knees implores that the winged lightning may spare him and his from that destruction conscience tells him he so well merits—the lower animals too, shuddering, seek the deep glen, the rocky fastness, or the bottom of the water—the savage wolf

forgets his prey, and leaving his mangled victim darts deeper into the forest—every thing animate and inanimate seems to dread the struggle which is taking place in the atmosphere—the very rocks appear to shake—the trees of the valley and the heath of the mountain tremble without a breath of wind.

Such a day was the 12th of August, 17—. For some time previous the weather had been suffocatingly hot, but on that day the storm burst forth with tremendous violence.

At about mid-day a traveller left the paltry inn in the village of D—; he was mounted on a beautiful little animal of the Arabian breed; his appearance was that of a person who had passed much of his life abroad, and had but lately returned to his native land; his dress was neat and clean, without being extravagant.—But to be particular:—Mr. Munro was one who had left his native land when young, to seek in a foreign country for that fortune which he deemed it impossible to amass at home, and he succeeded. With little edu-

cation, but a good head and a Scotchman's cunning, he contrived to gain a very respectable share of the good things of this life, and was now about to settle in his native strath to enjoy them.

When about to leave India, one of his dearest and earliest friends had died, leaving him his sole executor. His property, which was worth four to five thousand pounds, was bequeathed to a brother whom he had left at home in good circumstances twenty years before. Mr. Munro found little difficulty in converting it into bills on London; and, with these in his pocket, he was now in quest of the brother of his late friend. He had enquired for him, with little success, at the place he inhabited when his brother left home: all that could be learned, was, that he had removed farther north, and it was believed that he was in very indigent circumstances.

Mr. Munro had not proceeded very far on his journey from the village, when "the loud thunder peal on peal afar" commenced. It became gradually nearer, and was now

roaring with appalling loudness. The rain began to fall in torrents, and he was soon completely drenched. Between the peals all was still as midnight, save the incessant patter of the rain, the shrill bleating of a sheep, or the mournful low of an ox. He had some time before entered that bleak and dreary M—Moor. There was only one house within miles of him, but this circumstance was unknown to him. He pushed on, and never before had he occasion to know the value of his favourite steed so well; at first it snorted and reared, curvetted and bolted—but now it appeared to have got familiar to the scene, and pushed on with a speed that astonished the rider. At every turn of the road he expected to catch a glimpse of some human abode, but it was long ere he discovered any thing bearing that appearance.

It was far in the afternoon when he perceived the lonely cot in the middle of the moor, and some time elapsed before he could be certain that it was the abode of a human being that he had found out,—smoke



issuing from the chimney, which he at length discovered, convinced him that it was so. He knocked at the door: immediately a voice from within demanded "Who's there?"—"A stranger who asks shelter from the storm," was the reply.—"Shelter you can have," added the person, opening the door. "Your horse can stand beside the cow in the byre, which is the only place we can offer you for it, and if the storm abates you may proceed on your journey. Kate put on some fire ben the house cleverly. You must be very wet, sir; this is indeed a terrible storm—if it does not abate we must endeavour to accommodate you, though our conveniences are extremely limited. I have seen the day—but," said he pausing, "How far have you travelled to-day?"—"Only from D—. I feel very hungry, however; I would be glad of something to eat—any thing will do—I wont be at all particular.—During such a storm, and in such a place as this, little can be expected; but I ought to be thankful for having got even into this shelter. I will most willing-

ly pay for my lodgings, and will be, must be, content with my fare."

During these remarks on the poverty of his dwelling, James Armstrong sighed deeply. He had evidently seen better days. There was something in his appearance which indicated as much, wretched though the hovel he now inhabited, and the clothes he wore were.

Contrary to Munro's expectations, the cheer set before him was far from being indifferent. True, indeed, it was homely; but it was also clean and well prepared. After he had dined, his hostess produced a bottle of excellent whisky; and he soon found himself before a cheerful fire, with a pair of well-informed individuals, and in a few hours had made up his mind, to make his quarters good for the night.

In the course of the evening, he gathered from the conversation of Armstrong, that he had formerly been a merchant in the town of S——, but had been unfortunate. He had paid his creditors what they considered a fair composition, and found himself

still possessed of a small sum of money. He took a piece of land in this solitary wilderness, in the only part of it, indeed, that was worth the trouble of cultivating. His wife was an industrious woman; and he soon became convinced, that with her he could be comfortable, even in such a situation. At first, he felt the want of society very much, but had now become habituated to it. He had contrived to amass a little money, as he had never touched upon the small sum he had over paying his instalments; and had resolved, as soon as it had accumulated, to pay off his old debts. The only thing he dreaded, in his lonely situation was from thieves. A band of smugglers were always prowling about the moor. He had ever been civil to them, but their characters were desperate. He therefore avoided keeping any money in the house, in case it should, by some means or other, become known to them, and excite their cupidity. Still, however, they knew him to be in rather easy circumstances; and this was sufficient to make him fear they might at-

tack him. He had, therefore, arms concealed in the house, in case of the worst.

They never had any family, except one son, who had turned out very ill; and it was uncertain what had become of him. The last time he had been heard of by them, was, that he had been tried at Edinburgh for house-breaking, and acquitted for want of proof.

Mr. Munro retired early to rest, and was soon in a profound sleep. Was it a peal of thunder that made him start so? He gazed around. All was now dark and quiet; but he thought he heard a noise in the apartment. The lightning flashed—he saw, within a few paces of his bed, a man standing with a long knife in his hand. Mr. Munro hesitated not—he aimed a pistol at him—the robber fell with a deep groan. All was now confusion through the dwelling. Armstrong was heard struggling in the other apartment. He screamed for help. Munro rushed towards him, but found the door bolted. He pushed it open. The ruffian whom Armstrong had endeav-

oured to lay hold of, had made his escape by the window, the moment that the pistol was discharged. "Thank God, you are safe!" were the first words Armstrong made use of; "had any accident happened you in this house, it might have stood hard with us. You have been the object of this attack, as the fellow who was in this apartment, only endeavoured to prevent me from yielding you assistance; but you discharged a pistol. I hope it took effect."—"I fear it has," was the reply; "but get lights, and we shall see."

Lights were accordingly prepared, and they entered the room. The ruffian was endeavouring to rise from the floor. "Lay hold of him said Munro, "and we will put him into bed; perhaps his wounds may not be mortal. Who the devil are you sir?" continued he, addressing the housebreaker. The man's head was turned away; but he made no reply. Armstrong assisted in putting him to bed; and, for the first time, looked on the face of the prisoner. He started back. "John Armstrong! it is in-

deed you? O Catherine, Catherine! look here; behold our son!"—"Armstrong!" exclaimed Munro; "is Armstrong your name, sir? Strange that I should have omitted to ask it before this!" The father's attention was too much directed towards his wounded son, to make any other reply but "It is, it is!"—"O John John! that it should come to this!" sobbed the mother; and, covering her head with the bed-clothes, wept. Munro begged they would compose themselves, and get the sufferer's wounds examined. Strange to say they had never thought of this, though the wounded man appeared to be in great pain! It had, however, only to be mentioned. Armstrong assisted Munro to undress the young man. The wound was found not to be very deep. the ball had scarce penetrated beneath the skin; but it was on a very sensitive part, and the blood flowed copiously. Munro picked the ball out, without difficulty; and, having dressed the wound, the patient was immediately relieved.

He had not, however, spoken a syllable:

shame seemed to be the prevailing feeling that laboured in his breast. At the solicitation of his father and mother, however, he related the following circumstances :

I may not—cannot relate all the particulars of my wretched life, since I left home. You will, I am afraid, have heard of my trial at Edinburgh. The solitary imprisonment which preceded it, gave me time to think. I determined, if my life were spared, to lead a different course ; and if I could become possessed of a small sum of money to leave a country which I had disgraced. The day of trial came, and I was acquitted. Released from prison, I found myself cast upon the wide world, far worse than penniless. No person would employ me without character—and character I could not produce. What could I do ? I thought of returning home, and throwing myself at your feet ; but was afraid of being spurned from you : conscience told me I merited this, and it was long ere I could make up my mind to face you. At length, however, I had no course left but to renew my old ha-

bits, or adopt the plan. Starvation began to stare me in the face. In a moment of frenzy, I left Edinburgh, and to-day I reached the village of D——. Here I met one of my old acquaintances journeying in a contrary direction. He endeavoured to persuade me to return with him to the metropolis, ridiculing the idea of my acting the part of the prodigal son, and even offered to be my companion abroad, if we could only gain as much money as carry us off. I was, however, resolute. If I left my native land, I wished for no such companion. Finding me determined, we were about to part, when this gentleman arrived at the public-house, in one of the rooms of which we were sitting. The partition between it and the one which he was shown into, was of wood; and, through the crevices of it, we saw him turning over a bundle of money and bills. My companion suggested, that we should endeavour to rob him of them. As it would furnish me with the means, I so much desired, of leaving the country, I agreed to the plan. As



soon as you left the inn," continued he, addressing, Mr. Munro, "we took across the moor, expecting to get before you: but your horse's mettle saved you. The thunder-storm was now raging with tremendous fury, and we were certain you would not proceed farther than this, on your journey, to-night. It was, therefore, resolved that my companion should lay hold of my parents, whilst I effected the robbery of your money. Our plan has been defeated; and I thank God that it is so. Has my companion got off? We opened the window, that we might have no difficulty in escaping. O mother, mother! you will find, if you can pardon me, that your son John Armstrong is an altered man."—"Armstrong! *John Armstrong!*" exclaimed Munro; "pray, is that a common name in this part of the country?"—"Very far from it," was the reply; "I never knew another family of that name within thirty miles of this. But what of that, sir? the name seems to startle you: this is the second time I have heard you repeat it with surprise."—"It was the name of a valued

friend of mine in India," was the reply; "I have been searching for a brother of his, whom I expected to find in this part of the country."—"Was he a tall, dark-complexioned man, with a scar on his left cheek?" asked Armstrong. "He was."—"Your search is then ended: he was my brother: left you him well?"—"I am sorry to say he died a few days before I left Calcutta. I am his sole executor, and have now about me his will and property, which must be yours. Had this stripling known it, he might have saved himself all the trouble and pain he has got. Of course I shall not carry that matter farther. I am proud to find the brother of my late friend, a man of such worth, and would fain hope that your son may persevere in the course he has declared his intention of taking."

James Armstrong became possessed of the money—left his habitation in the moor, which has long since crumbled into decay; and, after paying the balance of his old debts, again commenced business in the town of S——, where he was very for-

fortunate. His son fulfilled his promised reformation, and turned out one of the most respected and honest merchants in that ancient borough. He married the Provost's daughter—lived happily—and had a family of fine children—and died only a few years ago, at a good old age.

Mr. Munro continued the friend of the family, at whose seat (a delightful little house, on the banks of the river E——) Armstrong and his family were frequent visitors. At his death, he bequeathed all his property to the family of the very man who, but for the mysterious interposition of Heaven, might have been his murderer.

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### THE GRAVE OF MY CHILD.

I will go to the grave, where my child has gone,  
And strew its turf with flowers;  
He was my lov'd and only one,  
The charm of my lonely hours;

O ! he was life in its freshest bloom,  
He cheer'd me many a day ;  
His smile and his beauty lit my gloom,  
And chas'd its night away.

Day after day, like an opening flower,  
His mother's pride he grew ;  
He seem'd like an infant germ of power,  
So bright he met my view ;

I saw, in his gay exulting face,  
The future greatness glow ;  
And I thought his light infantine grace  
To manhood strength would grow.

I read, in every word and smile,  
The father's look and tone ;  
And I hung on those dear eyes, the while,  
As when our hearts were one.

So bright a vision could not last,  
That dear illusion fled ;  
Like a rainbow cloud it pass'd away  
To the cold and voiceless dead.

But there is a home, where dear ones meet,  
And blend their innocent love ;

Where hours of happiness never fleet,—  
In the peaceful world above;

Where the links, that bind our souls, by death  
Shall never be broken more,  
But a better life, with its quick'ning breath,  
Shall every charm restore:

Then cease, ye bitter tears, to fall;  
My heart its grief shall bear,  
Till I hear, from heaven the tender call  
Of love invite me there.

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## THE DISAPPOINTMENT.

MR. DES ARCIS, one of the most eminent notaries at Paris, had a son and a daughter, Paul and Virginia, who were still more closely united by the bonds of the tenderest friendship than by the ties of blood. They could not exist asunder; their inclinations, their propensities, were the same. Every where the brother and sister were seen to-

gether, sometimes with a confidential person who never lost sight of them. Of the various talents they had acquired, dancing was that which they practised most frequently. As they were always studying the most elegant steps, the most graceful attitudes, all eyes were anxious to see them execute a pas de deux in the assemblies to which they were invited. They were particularly admired in an episode of the ballet of Paul and Virginia; they performed with an expression, a gracefulness and a charm, which, in addition to the similarity of their names, produced the most perfect allusion. In short, the two lovely children expressed as truly as they felt, that tender and mutual attachment which is so well described by Bernardin de St. Pierre, in his Romance of the Two Creoles.

Having been invited to a very brilliant ball that was to be given in the street in which they lived, exactly opposite their house, they practised their pas de deux more than ever, resolved to deserve once more the applauses of all. Paul got a dress

like that described in the Romance, and Virginia intended to copy the plain, but elegant attire of the interesting female she was to personate. They proposed to enter the ball, as if they were flying for shelter from the rain, and hiding their charming heads under Virginia's garment. They had repeated this pretty attitude a hundred times over after one of the plates of the books which they had so often read together, and which they knew almost by heart. In short, every thing was ready to procure the most agreeable surprise, and display their talents and their improvement.

But fate, which often delights in deranging the best formed plans, would have it that on that very day, one of Mr. Des Arcis's relations, who lived a short distance from them, died suddenly. This occurrence, which was soon reported about, rendered it impossible for Paul and Virginia to attend in the evening the brilliant ball to which they had been invited. There is a decorum which cannot be infringed upon without hurting public opinion; and

although Mr. Des Arcis's old relation had no claim either to his attachment or to his esteem, his being of the family was yet enough to enforce the observation of the rules of decency in this respect.

Virginia felt the disappointment more keenly than her brother. The dress of a Creole suited her so well. She was so pretty in the simple Bandana handkerchief which was to adorn her head! She could not conceal her vexation; she was every moment betraying it. Paul on the contrary had made up his mind. He proposed to his sister, to ask leave of their father to drink tea at a country house which he possessed not far from the gates of Paris, in order to be in some degree indemnified for their disappointment. Mr. Des Arcis granted their request: ordered a coach for the rest of the day, and confided his children to an old domestic, who had been with him at their birth. They played at different games with the youth of the village, where their father's house was situated.— They got a delicious afternoon's repast:



and the sun, that shone that day in all his splendour, allowed them to take a long walk in the forest of Vincennes, which was not far from Des Arcis's country house. At length, after having ended the pleasures of the day in the saloon, they parted with their companions at nine o'clock in the evening, and the same coach took Paul and Virginia back to Paris.

They saw as they alighted, the coloured lamps at the gate of the hotel where the ball was given: they heard the sounds of the orchestra and the noise of the dance. "We should be there now," said Virginia with a sigh, "had not our old relation died this very day." "It seems as if it had happened on purpose to deprive us of the pleasure of the ball," added Paul, smiling. "What a fine entrance it would have been! How pretty we should have looked under your neat green garment." "Let us not think of it, brother. It will do for another time; we shall not always have an old cousin dying to disappoint us." As they were ending these words, they perceived

near the gate an old beggar, whose face was concealed under a large slouched hat, and who appeared worn out with want. He asked alms of them in so penetrating a tone of distress, that Paul, being moved with pity, said to his sister—"What a contrast, Virginia! Yonder they are amusing themselves; they dance, they are happy; whilst this old man is pining in misery, cold and hunger, at the street door." "I am sincerely sorry for the poor beggar," added Virginia. "Well, then sister, an idea occurs to me, which will completely indemnify us for the ball we have missed. Let us calculate what it would have cost us to go thither, and let us employ that money in relieving and clothing the poor old man." "With all my heart," answered Virginia.—"To complete our masquerade, we should each have wanted a pair of elegant shoes and gloves. You would have required a chemisette in the Creole fashion, and I a little apron of Indian muslin; all this would have cost us at least forty livres. Well, let us give that money to the beggar whose im-

ploring accents cause us so great an emotion : he may apply it to get some clothes, and to supply his wants, and thus, our money will, at all events, have procured us a happy moment." "I just happen," said Paul, "to have in my pocket the forty livres which my father gave us yesterday, for our monthly allowance: here, give them to the beggar—the gift will afford him still more from our hands." At these words Virginia gave the gold to the old man, who, instead of returning an answer, seized the young lady's hand, and pressed it so hard that she was frightened; but she soon recovered from her alarm, when she regarded this revolutionary motion as the expression of his gratitude; and requested him to retire to some public house, where he might procure proper food, and above all get himself warmed. Satisfied with this good action, about which they recommended the greatest secrecy to the domestic by whom they were attended, the brother and sister entered their house, and found their mother alone. Mr. Des Arcis had been absent all the evening on

some important business. Paul and Virginia being some days after at breakfast with their parents, lamented again having missed the ball which they had been told was as brilliant as select. Mr. Des Arcis informed them, that as the old cousin who had caused their disappointment, was only related to him in the third degree, he intended, at the end of a fortnight's mourning, to indemnify them by giving a masked ball at his own house, in which they might dance their *pas de deux*, and appear in the charming characters which they were so justly regretting. Paul and his sister were overjoyed at this information. They practised again and again the scene which they intended to act; and to complete their elegant dresses, they borrowed forty livres of their mother, instead of the money they had given to the poor old man.

At last, the wished-for day arrived; it was at the time of the carnival. The company was numerous. Madame Des Arcis, to do the honours of the house, was the only person that was not masked.

When all the guests had assembled, Paul and Virginia appeared in the characters which they had so long studied.— Their entrance corresponded exactly with that which Bernardin de St. Pierre so charmingly describes, and produced the wished-for effect. Their pas de deux rendered the illusion complete. Never was more gracefulness and agility displayed.

At the moment when the brother and sister, quite out of breath, were going to sit down, they were in their turn most agreeably surprised by seeing a mask enter the room, who, in the dress of the old negro, overcome with fatigue, as he is described in the romance, approached, and in most affecting language, thanked them for the generous assistance which they had afforded him. “What do you mean, good negro?” asked Paul, “my sister and I, we know of no assistance.” “Oh! I never fail to remember the kindness,” replied the mask, seizing one of the hands of the pretty Creole, and lifting it to his lips. “Explain yourself,” said Virginia. “Paul is per-

fectly right, we never assisted you, you are certainly mistaken." "Oh! I have good eyes," answered the mask; "you both met me the other night starving with cold and hunger: I asked you for an alms; you immediately gave me some gold, which I shall always keep; yes always." In ending these words, the stranger actually drew from his girdle a gold coin, which he kissed, and on which he gazed with delight. Paul and Virginia were surprised; they looked first at each other, without being able to utter a single word, then seizing, at once, the old negro with their arms, they endeavoured to find out who he was. The stranger's resistance was vain; his emotion hindered him from continuing to disguise his voice. Paul and Virginia recognised their father, who, taking off his mask, and pressing his two children to his bosom, confessed that he wanted to try whether they really possessed the sentiments of the two charming characters which they were personating, and that it was he, who, in the garb of a poor beggar, accosted them when they alighted from the coach.

The company being informed by Mr. Des Arcis of what had occurred, applauded alike the trial of the father and the generosity of the children. Every guest then took off his mask and eagerly lavished the most flattering compliments upon Paul and Virginia, who in their joy, exclaimed;—  
“What a glorious indemnity for our disappointment!”

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#### THE BENIGHTED MINSTREL.

LOUD is the turmoil of the sky,  
The tall forests shake ;  
Oh! while you pledge the wine cup high,  
Think of the Minstrel's weary sigh—  
Kind Pity, awake!

See the forked lightning! how it fast  
Flies o'er the dark heath ;  
Spirits of wrath ride on the blast,  
Skimming the sky, wildly o'er-cast,  
On errands of death!

Now comes the thunder's awful shock,  
And deep in the glen

Is heard the raven's fearful croak,  
 While back in the dark-creviced rock  
 The fox seeks a den.

Hark how the wind whistles loud—  
 Down rushes the stream  
 Of the dark unbosom'd cloud,  
 That folds the stars in its pale shroud,  
 And the bright moon-beam.

Thin are my flowing locks, and bare  
 My uncover'd head;  
 Soon shall the light'ning's vivid glare  
 Lay this sad, sad bosom of care,  
 In peace with the dead!

Loud is the turmoil of the sky,  
 The tall forests shake;  
 O while you pledge the wine-cup high,  
 Think of the Minstrel's weary sigh—  
 Kind Pity, awake!

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## ROWALLAN CASTLE.

(*See Frontispiece.*)

ROWALLAN CASTLE, from a remote period the residence of the barons of Rowallan, stands on the banks of the Carmel water, about three



miles north of Kilmarnock, in the same parish. Closely environed by aged trees, many of which have attained to great size and beauty, in the hollow tract of the stream, this venerable mansion affords a very perfect specimen of an early feudal residence, progressively enlarged, and fashioned to the advancing course of civilization and manners.

The original fortlet, of which only the vaulted under apartment remains, occupied the summit of a small isolated crag, in the course of the rivulet, which, here dilating, obviously has formed a kind of lake around its base, of which many indubitable proofs still remain; thus giving to the castle-crag all the appearance of an slet-rock—from which circumstance, it may still be suggested, may have been derived its Gaelic appellation, 'Rowallan.' Several rocks of similar appearance in the Firth of Clyde, particularly on the shores of the Cumbarry Isles, to this day retain the name of *Allans*; a conterminous projection of the surrounding bank, perhaps artificially lengthened to communicate with the castle, doubtless supplied the *Ru* or *Rudha*.—At a subsequent period, Crawford, *MS. Bar.* states it to have been called the 'Craig of Rowallan;' and that some of the

more ancient proprietors were, equivocally, therefrom designed 'de Crag.'

With great probability, has this more ancient tower been assigned as the birth place of Elizabeth More, the first wife of Robert, the High Stewart, afterwards King Robert II. of Scotland; and the descendants of which marriage have been destined to fill first the Scottish, and afterwards the throne of Great Britain to the present time.

In the mutations of the Carmel, the bed of the stream around the rock has long been consolidated into a firm and verdant small link circumfluently washed by the now restrained brook; thus giving space for the intermediate and more modern buildings which constitute the present fabric. These are united to, and partly embrace the rocky base of the fortalice, which they, on three sides, obscure from the view; together they form a small quadrangle, enclosing an open area in the centre, from the pavement of which springs a sombre yew, an appropriate accompaniment of the deserted walls around; and combine, or rather contrast, almost all the modifications of architecture which obtained from about the end of the fifteenth to the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The southern front, the principal and more ornamental part of the building, however, was erected about the year 1562, by John Mure, of Rowallan, and his Lady, Marion Cunninghame, of the family of Cunninghamehead. This appears from the following inscription on a small tablet on the top of the wall:—JON. MVR. M. CVGM. SPVVIS. 1562. On the right of which, is placed the family arms, having the three grabs for *Cumin* depicted on the field, two in chief, and one in base; whilst on the left side of the tablet is sculptured the paternal bearing of his Lady—a shake fork betwixt three grabs, also for *Cumin*, one in chief, and two in the flank points: the tinctures, it will readily occur, must have been varied in both instances to suit this arrangement. As stated in the account, the more usual way of marshalling the achievements of the family of Rowallan, was by *quartering*. The crest, a *Moor's head*, which also appears sculptured near the same place, is probably allusive of some feat performed during the Crusades against the Saracens—in the old *Fam. Tree*, it seems alluded to, in the 'bludy heid.'

Various other fragments of emblematic sculpture, initials, and dates, appear in different parts;

in an ornamental compartment over the principal door, at the top of a long flight of steps, is cut in stone the Royal Arms of Scotland, with the Supporters and Regal accompaniments, surmounting the family shield, emblazoned as above.

The place of Rowallan, with its old garden adjoining, &c. is fast falling into decay; it has for many years been uninhabited, except so far as it has been partially occupied by Mr. James Reid, a tenant and ground officer on the estate.

The only relics of ancient furniture now in the house, are a large oaken table of antique construction; together with several presses, or cabinets of similar workmanship, also an arm chair of the same material, dated 1612.

Like many other Scottish mansions of the olden time, several traditions and superstitions attach to Rowallan Castle, and its former Lords; none of which, however, have we been able to trace to any historical incident, nor do they seem to possess either much curiosity or singularity.

## WALTER THE SOLDIER.

## A SKETCH.

MANY a night I have sat and listened to the tales of old Walter. He is one of those happy kind of mortals over whom Care has little control. Although he seldom drinks to intoxication, yet a pipe and tankard have still irresistible charms for him; and, while engaged discussing their contents, he fights his "battles o'er again," and narrates his "hair-breadth 'scapes" with all the pride of a veteran warrior.

Walter is married, and his wife is a very amiable and industrious woman. The story of their courtship and marriage is somewhat interesting; and, without attending to the minutiae of his adventures, I will attempt to sketch it for my readers.

Walter was born on the banks of the water of Irvine: his father was a miller, and rented a mill upon that stream. He was sent to school when five years of age, and for some time made considerable progress; but three years afterwards he became

tired of it.—The water had more attractions for him than the school; and he frequently spent whole days fishing in the Irvine. His father threatened and punished; but neither threats nor punishment had any effect upon him—three days out of six Walter was absent from school. At length his father took him from it altogether, and made him assist in the mill; which employment he liked much better.

Janet Davison was the daughter of a small farmer not far distant from the mill. She and Walter had been at school together, and were intimate from infancy. And now that Walter was a miller, and fourteen years of age, he conceived himself already a man. Accordingly, to be in the fashion, he frequently visited Janet Davison after the toils of the day were past.

Janet had always loved Walter; and now that they met often, her affections were completely bestowed upon him. She was withal very pretty; and Walter, although he never expressed his feelings warmly, liked no one else half so well. Two years pass-

ed on very pleasantly ; save that as Janet's love increased, she imagined, from the easy manner in which Walter talked and acted, that he did not care so very much for her as she once thought— and this caused some little jealousy on her part, but he never seemed to mind it.

It so happened, however, that a fair was about to take place, at which a number of the neighbouring youths were to attend with their sweethearts, and to have a merry-meeting in the evening. Walter, according to his customary easy way, did not think proper to engage Janet for the occasion ; which she took very much amiss, and determined to be revenged upon him. Very opportunely, another youngster requested her to accompany him-- which she readily agreed to do. When the day came, Walter repaired to her father's house, but was much disappointed on hearing that she was off with another. He said nothing, however, but determined to go also. He accordingly set out for the fair, and as he sauntered along the streets without any object in view, he

met Janet Davison and her gallant, but pretended not to observe them. She also assumed indifference ; but her heart was with Walter, and she felt sad.

Some time after this, a recruiting party passed in gaudy attire, with bagpipes and drums and fifes playing merrily. Walter was fired with military glory—he loved the plaid and kilt ; and, without much reflection, he enlisted under the banners of the seventy-ninth regiment. He was immediately hurried on to Glasgow, along with some other recruits, where they stayed for two weeks. During which period, his father having traced him out, came to visit, and endeavour to get him off ; but our hero was too much in love with his new profession to be swayed by the wholesome advice of his father, who returned sorrowful to his mill, and Walter shortly after embarked for Ireland to join his regiment.

Poor Janet was so much overwhelmed by the intelligence, that for days she could neither sleep nor eat, but sighed without intermission. At length the scenes which



had witnessed her former happiness, became so torturing, that she resolved to leave them, and accordingly she hired herself as a housemaid to a respectable family in town.

I have already hinted that I do not mean to follow out the adventures of Walter farther than the sketch I promised will require. I will therefore pass over very lightly his first campaign abroad. Suffice it to say that they were put on board a transport at Dublin, and carried to the continent, where Walter began to feel that a soldier's life was not altogether so romantic as he imagined. He often thought of Janet Davison but it was always with pain—and as he had now learned to drink and to smoke, he frequently attempted to drown his sorrows in the bowl. By this means he sometimes brought himself into very awkward scrapes, out of which, however, he generally managed to extricate himself pretty favourably. After being engaged in a few very serious skirmishes, from which he escaped with only one slight wound, the regiment was ordered home again. Thus

Walter, after five years absence, found himself once more in his native land.

He obtained a furlough for a few weeks, and went home to see his friends. His father and other relatives, received him kindly; and he was much admired, according to his own account, for his handsome appearance. He very soon found the way over the hill to Janet Davison—and as each well-known haunt appeared before him, his bosom glowed with ardour. He entered the dwelling—each kindred face was known to him, but he saw not the smile of Janet. They told him the story of her departure, but they had heard no word from her for a considerable while, and then she stated that she was in London, but mentioned few particulars. Walter said little, but despite his reckless mind the intelligence affected him. It could not be helped, however; and as there was nothing very amusing at home, he resolved upon bidding his friends farewell, but not without taking care to draw upon the old Miller, to the amount of five pounds, for

pocket money;—a sum which the old fellow kindly gave him. Walter now joined his companions, and enjoyed himself very merrily while the money lasted.

Walter's regiment was ordered to London to be inspected, with some other Scots regiments, by the commander in chief. At their last billet, before entering the metropolis, Walter met with an old comrade belonging to the ninety-second highlanders, and both being happy at the rencontre, they ajourned to an alehouse, and soon forgot their cares and fatigue over a flowing can. Songs and stories of their native country made time pass swiftly away, and the morning drum had beat before they arose from their potations. Then, however, they were obliged to separate and join their respective regiments—both of which they perceived were already in marching order.

Walter was not in the best condition for travelling, as he had not tasted food for some hours, and the keen morning air operated very powerfully on his stomach. Four or five hours brought them to the entrance

of London, where they made a halt, until further directions should be obtained. They were ordered to coil arms for some time—which order Walter eagerly obeyed, being very tired of his musket. With the intention of beguiling a few minutes, he walked along the pathway, but did not proceed far, when a voice from an uplifted window, hailed him in his native dialect, with “Ha’e ye been in Scotland lately?”—Walter replied in the affirmative; and he was invited to open the front door and walk in—an invitation which he immediately accepted. He was met in the entrance by an elderly Scottish lady, who welcomed him kindly, and led him into the parlour where appearances indicated that it was the hour of breakfast. The tea and toast operated strongly on his stomach, but he turned away his head from the tempting sight, and sat down silently at the window. “I kenna how it is,” said the lady, “but my heart aye warms when I see the tartan; and seing that you were a Scottish callan, I just thought upon asking you in, to inquire what news ye had—

and maybe ye wadna be the waur o' some breakfast, being newly aff the march." Walter's heart leaped at this intelligence, and he returned his thanks in a very sincere manner. "My gudeman," continued she, "will be hame directly—he generally takes a walk before breakfast." She had scarcely done speaking, when a hale old gentleman entered, who welcomed our hero no less kindly than his wife had done. He was now ordered to "draw near," which he immediately did, and commenced a spirited attack upon the several items of the substantial meal which was placed before him. The contents of the tea-pot being speedily exhausted the lady observed that "Jenny must bring up mair water," rung the bell, and Janet, accordingly, entered with the kettle. She advanced to the table, and was in the act of pouring out its contents, when her eyes accidentally turned on Walter, who devoted his whole attention to the good things before him. Her hand trembled—she looked again, and, with an exclamation of surprise, she let the kettle

fall upon the floor. Walter started to his feet, and beheld with astonishment the object of his first love—Janet Davison. Some time elapsed before the lovers recovered their self-possession; and silence was first broken by Walter, who, clasping Janet in his arms, exclaimed “What, brought *you* here at this unseasonable moment, to scaud folk and spoil their breakfast wi’ your havers!”

The old lady and gentleman were surprised at this scene, but being informed of their parting, they were highly delighted with the occurrence, as Janet had been long with them, and had gained their favour by her good conduct. This explanation was scarcely given when the drum beat to arms—and as Walter hastily prepared to leave the room, the old lady slipped some money into his hand, and invited him to return as soon as possible. Indeed, Janet would not have parted with him at this time, had it not been for the assurance of a speedy return.

The regiment was marched into the city;

and as they proceeded along, great crowds flocked to behold so many kilted highlandmen—for at that time they were very seldom seen in London. When they were about to be dismissed, old Colonel M'L. thus addressed them: "Now, lads, ye're at liberty for this day; but see and come sober to muster in the morning, and no affront your country before the southron." The colonel had some fears for the sobriety of his men, owing to the system in England of soldiers being billeted in public-houses. The result proved the justice of his suspicion; for no sooner had they retired to their billets, than the cockneys called upon them in great numbers, and treated them with liquor, for answering the questions which their curiosity prompted. Walter intended to have spent that afternoon in company with his Janet, but he found himself so snugly seated among the cockneys, drinking and smoking, and telling the wonders of his native land, that he could not forgo the pleasures of the moment; but contented himself with resolv-

ing to atone for his neglect on the succeeding day.

The dissipation of the night, however, was prolonged till morning; and neither Walter nor his companions had closed their eyes upon a pillow, when the hour of parade arrived. They proceeded to the place appointed for them to muster; but in spite of the assistance of their comrades, they displayed but a very indifferent appearance. Many of the corps were still worse than them: some came with their feathered bonnets hanging over their shoulders—others trailing their muskets behind them, without their bonnets—and a few came with neither bonnets, firelocks, nor side-arms. The colonel at first was highly offended at the conduct of his men, but when he saw the number of the offenders, and observed their grotesque appearance, he could not refrain from laughing heartily, and ordered them to be dismissed.

It was not until night that Walter found himself sober enough to visit his Janet, who had waited for his appearance with



great impatience and anxiety. Her fears, however, were now dispelled; and before he left her that evening, she had consented to become his wife, with the permission of her kind master and mistress. In the course of two or three days, Walter also obtained leave from his colonel to marry, so that Janet and he were speedily united. The marriage was celebrated in the house of the bride's mistress, who gave the party an excellent supper---beside conferring on both Janet and her husband some substantial tokens of her kindness and esteem.

Janet was now quite happy—she did not trouble herself about the future, nor dreamt of the dangers and vicissitudes of a soldier's life. The regiment continued a considerable time in London, and so long they were comfortable and happy. At length the regiment was ordered to Spain, and had it not been for the great affection which Janet had to Walter, she might have regretted the union she had formed. The first battle which the army fought proved disastrous to the newly

married couple: Walter was severely wounded in the thigh, and taken prisoner by the enemy.

It would be difficult to describe the feelings of poor Janet during the engagement, and still more so when the regiment returned without her husband. She searched for him amongst the slain, but he was not to be found; and she returned so sorrowful and woe-begone, that even those veterans who had lost three husbands in one campaign sympathised in her distress. She followed the regiment several weeks, thinking he might yet be discovered; but he did not make his appearance, and her health daily declining, she thought upon returning to her native land. With great difficulty she procured a passage to England, and from thence she travelled into Scotland.

Some changes had taken place at home during her absence, and her arrival was not greeted with a warm welcome. She therefore fixed her residence at a cottage in the neighbourhood, where, by her frugality and industry, she succeeded in maintaining her-

self comfortably. The old miller frequently saw her, and had presented her with a young cow, two sheep, and as much pasture as they could graze upon; by which means her comforts were much increased, and she had nothing to trouble her mind, but melancholy recollections of her lost husband.

In the meantime, Walter was confined in a French prison: his wound had been properly attended to and soon healed: but although he was well treated, the thoughts of his Janet continually embittered his mind. At length, after some years confinement, an exchange of prisoners brought liberty to him and many companions in misfortune; and they were all shipped on board a transport for London. He remained there till he passed the Chelsea board, and in consequence of his wound and servitude, he was discharged with a pension of one shilling per day. He did not continue much longer in the metropolis, but embarked for Leith in the first smack that sailed. Having safely arrived at that port, he had still fifty miles to travel before he could reach his native

village ; and with no other companion than his tobacco-pipe, he set out on his journey home. When he came within five miles of his father's mill, darkness overtook him, and being weary and exhausted, he wished to enjoy a few minutes' rest and to regale himself with his pipe, which had hitherto beguiled the tediousness of travelling. To his great joy he perceived a small cottage at some distance from the highway, and having walked up to the door, he went in, but was surprised to observe that no person was in the house : this did not discompose him, however, for he seated himself in an easy chair by the fire-side, and very leisurely began to smoke his pipe. He looked round the cottage, and could not help admiring its cleanliness and neat arrangement ; and, as he stretched his aching limbs before the blazing fire, he fervently wished that he was its owner, and that it had concluded his journey.

Walter was thus meditating, and calmly enjoying his smoke, when the mistress of the cot entered. She started at beholding

the red coat; and perhaps would have fainted and fallen— but Walter, who immediately recognised the well-known face of his Janet, although like his own it was much altered, caught her in his arms. When the first sensations of so joyful and unexpected a meeting were over, Walter again resumed the arm-chair, which was now his own, and there he has since continued to preside, in peace and happiness.

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THE LAMB AND THE BRIER.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)

ONE day in a squall  
Of rain, thunder, and all,  
By Jove sent from heaven helter-skelter,  
A poor little lamb,  
Who had strayed from her dam,  
Look'd anxiously round for a shelter.

As all dripping she stood,  
By the side of a wood,  
Says a bramble, with branches so pleasant,

“ Do, pray, love, walk in—  
 You'll be wet to the skin—  
 You had better walk in for the present.”

No sooner sat down,  
 Than this bramble so brown  
 Threw his prickly arms all around her,  
 And so tightly embrac'd  
 Her young delicate waist,  
 With a freedom enough to astound her.

As the storm was gone by,  
 To get home she would try,  
 Though the mud on the path still lay deepish :  
 But the bramble had pass'd  
 Through the fleece, and held fast,  
 Which made the poor baa-lamb look sheepish.

“ Alas ! silly lamb,”  
 Quoth she, “ that I am,  
 Thus to trust to this horrible bramble ;  
 My coat though I lose,  
 And my soft skin abuse,  
 I'm resolved from his clutches to scramble.

“ I've seen just enough  
 Of this brier so tough,  
 To be fully convinc'd, pray ye mind me,  
 That 'tis better to stay  
 In my wet clothes all day,  
 Than shelter, and leave them behind me.”

Then she curs'd the false friends,  
Who, to gain their own ends,  
All the fleece from your back soon would tear off ;  
So, good neighbours, take care,  
And of lawyers beware,  
For they'll leave you no fleece to take care of.

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## A NIGHT AT TROON IN 1746.

### PART FIRST.

ABOUT a month after the battle of Culloden, which proved fatal to the cause of Prince Charles Stuart and his adherents, a stranger stood before the door of John Fisher's public-house at Troon. He was dressed in a short jacket of blue plaiden, made after the fashion of a seaman's ; his trowsers were of the same stuff and colour ; but he wore a waistcoat of scarlet silk, embroidered with gold lace, which he seemed careful to conceal, by keeping his jacket closely buttoned over it. He was about five feet nine inches in height, and of the

most handsome and athletic make. 'There was something in his manner and address, though he strove to conceal it, which bespoke him far superior in rank to the character which he had assumed.

Knocking at the door, which was opened by Tibby, the mistress of the dwelling, he asked whether a stranger could be sheltered for the night? "Whae, I dinna ken," quoth Tibby; "we ha'e nae hauden for ony body but oursel's."—"A corner by your fire-side for the night, good woman, will content me." "Ye may come awa' in. If ye be frien', there'll be the less scathe dune."--- So saying she opened the half closed door, which till this time she held in her hand, eyeing the stranger with a look of distrust. He entered, and was placed by a large fire that blazed in the grate, to await the decision of Johnny Fisher. Tibby left him with "Rest ye a wee, I'll be ben believe," and retired by a door through the partition into the spense.

In the absence of the landlady, the stranger had time to examine the premises, and



every thing promised comfort and plenty, provided John would consent to give him a night's lodging.

Tibby having announced the stranger's arrival and request to her husband and a party of neighbours, who were regaling themselves in the spense with tobacco and gin, "An' what's he like?" asked the landlord. After his better half had given as good a description of him as she could, "It's very likely, noo," says Tam o' the Loans, "that this loon wull be some gauger body frae Irvine or Saltcoats, luckin' after the lugger."—"If he be," says Allan Kirk, lifting his brawny arm, and striking the table—"If he be, I'll mak' him rue his comin' here the nicht."—"Whisht awee," whispered auld Robin Pattieson; "Let us just be cannie, an' try to fin' out if he really be ane, an' whether he mayna hae a band lurkin' some place near han'. But Johnny." addressing himself to the landlord, "ye had better bring ben the lad, an' we'll see what we can mak' o' him."

Johnny went into the kitchen, and asked

the stranger to "Come awa' ben the house among ither folk, for he would be lanely sittin' there, an' aiblins yaup for a bit o' meat."—The stranger readily accepted the invitation and was soon seated among a dozen of the Troon smugglers.—"Bring some cheese an' bread here, my woman," roared Johnny to his spouse; "for I guess he'll no be fu' after his tramp."—The bread and cheese were soon on the table, and the stranger, by the hearty meal which he made, demonstrated that he had indeed need of refreshment. Robin Pattieson thought that by plying him well with gin, he would the more easily come to a knowledge of his business; or, if he did not succeed in that, he was sure of unfitting him for doing them any harm, in case he was so disposed, as they expected the arrival of a lugger that night with gin and tobacco from Holland. "Ye'll be nought the waur o' a drink to synd owre ye're bit," said he, holding out a glass of gin. The stranger accepted of the proffered draught, and drained the glass.—"That's right noo;" said Robin: "I like to see a

chap that has some mettle in him."---"Hae ye heard ony news in your travels, frien'; for doubtless ye hae gane a gae wee bit the day, if ane may guess frae ye're appearance?"---"I have indeed walked a considerable way; but I believe I have heard nothing of importance."---"Ye maybe cam' the Saltcoats road, thro' Irvine?" "No, I have never been that way I think," was the reply.---"Weel, it matters na," replied Robin; "let us drink as lang's the liquor's gude. Here's to thee wi' heart an' han';" and as he put the glass to his mouth, he grasped the stranger's hand, and shook it heartily.

While this was going on, Johnny was frequently leaving the room, and holding conferences with Tibby in the kitchen; and there seemed a general anxiety among the company in the spense, about something which they did not wish to express. At last Robin, tired out with the evasive answers of the stranger to his interrogatories, and his decided refusal to drink more gin than one glass, said, "Will ye

no tell us what road ye cam ava, man?" The stranger's countenance, which before this showed a good deal of thoughtfulness and inattention to the questions of Robin, was for a moment covered with a hasty flush of resentment, and he answered the query by putting another in a high and commanding tone, "What right have you, sir, to put such unmannerly questions to a stranger?" "Nae harm done, I hope, neighbour—nae harm done; but I wad just like to ken—" The stranger here interrupted him, and, as if ashamed of his former manner, addressed Robin politely, "I sincerely ask your pardon, old man, for my rudeness." "Ye hae't, man, ye hae't—What wad gar us cast out?" "Well, since you have forgiven me, will you be so kind as inform me, if you know, whether a Dutch lugger is expected here to-night—the Amsterdam, commanded by Captain Van Bloff?"—This question had the effect of throwing the whole company into an uproar. Each started to his feet, and threw himself into a posture of defence,

as if they had been already surrounded by the band of the supposed excisemen. "I tell'd ye that! stammered out Tam o' the Loans; "I tell'd ye he was ane o' the gauger creatures, an' I's warran he has his comrades no far awa', or he wadna ventured to ha'e come amang sae mony o' us." "It wad be weel done to draw his neck," said Black Geordie frae Dundonald, "an' then he wadna be able to carry ony tidings." "Out o' the room ye's no wun the nicht," cried Allan Kirk, "till ye hae gi'en some account o' yirsel', frien'. I'se gi'e ye sic anither dribbin as some o' your set got no lang syne up at the Loans. An' ye wad offer to come amang a wheen honest men, in the name o' a frien', to trepan them into the han's o' the sodgers. I'll mak' strae rapes o' ye, ye blackguard-looking loon:" and he sprang across the room to collar him.—"Young man," said the stranger firmly, while he drew from his bosom a silver-mounted dirk, and with the other hand caught the angry smuggler by the breast, "you have mistaken your

object—I forgive you ; but beware of compelling me to defend myself. It is not every caitiff that would dare to insult Mac——,” and the name died on his tongue.

The determined air and commanding tone of his voice, awed the smugglers so much that none presumed to open their lips, nor lift an arm against him.

At this juncture the spense door was burst open, and Tibby rushed in, crying, or rather screaming, “Gude guide us! what’s this gaun on amang ye noo? Are ye ill-using the stranger man amang ye?—Shame on ye to meddle wi’ a single man, an’ sae money o’ ye! The like o’ that was never kent in Johnny Fisher’s house afore, an’ him stan’in’ lookin’ on. Are ye no affronted wi’ your conduct? I’ll brain some o’ ye wi’ the tangs, if ye dinna get out o’ that, an’ help the pair men that’s in the lugger. She’s come, an’ in danger o’ being knocked to bits on the Pan-point—an’ you that’s maist concerned fillin’ yirsel’s fu’, an’ quarrelin’ there, whan every ither body’s rinnin’ like distracted, an’ ready to do what they can.

Get aff wi' ye, an' no stan' there like a wheen dumfounded idiots."

Till now the loud wind and pattering rain had been scarcely heard by the smugglers: they were too busily engaged in endeavouring to find out the business of the stranger to mind aught else. They now, however, rushed in a body towards the door of the sponse, unmindful of their former fears of being seized by a party of excise officers and soldiers.

The stranger now saw that unless he told them his errand to Troon, he would lose his passage in the lugger: for if she was saved, they might put off, and land their goods somewhere else, under the supposition that they might lose all by landing them at Troon. He therefore prayed them to stay for one moment till he explained himself. He said he was an unfortunate man, whose exertions in favour of King James had subjected himself to the necessity of leaving his country; and hearing that a lugger was to arrive at Troon, he resolved to flee to Holland, until the aspect of affairs changed.

He threw himself on their honour, and hoped that they would assist him in securing a passage, provided the vessel was saved from shipwreck—"Do what you can for her," he cried, "and this shall be yours"—holding up a large purse of gold.

"Put by your siller," said Robin Pattieson, "for you'll maybe ha'e use for't a' yet some way else; an' I'll be your surety that ye'll get nae scaith amang us, since ye're no a gauger. Come awa', an' we'll do what we can for the lugger an' her precious cargo; for if she be lost the nicht ther'll be mair than ae body ruined. Are a' the horses an' a' the men an' women ready?" said he, addressing himself to Tibby Fisher.—"Ay, lang syne," quoth she, "an' on the shore head."—"Let us be gaun then, kimmers," said the veteran, leading the way to the pier point.

It was one of the most terrible nights that man ever witnessed. The loud wind howled along the face of the deep with desperate fury; the rain fell in water spouts; the angry waves lashed the clouds, and the ele-



mental war was dreadful. Old Ocean raised himself from the bottom, and covered the dark rocks of Troon with the foam of his wrath. The scenery was as dark as before the sun shed his first beams over the new created world. Nothing of the lugger could be seen but now and then the glimmering of the lights, which she had hung out, peering through the spray that enveloped her. The people on shore knew not what to do. To have ventured to approach her in their fishing-boats would have been madness; but happily in a short time they observed by her lights that she had weathered the rocks, and as the wind was westerly, they hoped the master would run her in about the Burnfoot, so that the men's lives and cargo would likely be saved. They were right in their conjectures, for Captain Van Bloff being well acquainted with the coast, ran her upon the beach at the expected spot. All was now hurry and confusion. The horses which had been assembled on the shore for the purpose of carrying off the cargo, were urged into the

sea by their riders, and getting along-side the ship, they succeeded in bringing the master and his crew of thirty-four men in safety to the land. But what to do with the vessel and her cargo was still a matter of difficulty: in the morning she would be discovered, and all the excise and custom-house officers in the country would be about her. At last it was suggested by Robin Pattieson, who was much respected by his companions, on account of his age and experience, that the seamen should be immediately taken to the village, as they were completely exhausted by their exertions in saving themselves and the vessel, and that the most hardy and daring of the landsmen should again approach the lugger on horseback, and try to bring away the most valuable part of her contents. This project immediately met the approval of all, and was instantly put into execution. Thirty horses at once plunged into the water, their riders being emulous who should first reach the vessel. They did reach her, but they found to their sorrow that it was impossible to get

on board, because every sea swept the deck from the stern to the bows. They were therefore obliged to return to their fellows, without any thing by their adventure but fatigue and disappointment.

“Weel, weel, then,” said Robin, “twa or three will stay here an’ catch ony thing that may come ashore frae her, an’ the rest will gang up to Johnny Fisher’s an’ stay till the break o’ day, when something may be dune, for it seems naething can be dune yeno; an’ I’se warrant ye nae gaugers will trouble us the nicht; they’ll think themsel’s oore cozey at hame to come here in sic a tempest.”

This met the wishes of the smugglers, and six men were left, with a promise that half a gallon of gin would be sent to them, and that they would be relieved in the space of two hours by another party.—The rest then bent their way to Johnny Fisher’s, who lived in one of those old houses which still stand beside Mr. Watson’s inn, facing the harbour. It was with some difficulty that they gained an entrance, for the tide had

passed its usual boundaries, and sported on the rude walls of the smuggler's rendezvous. By wading to the knees, however, this obstacle was overcome, and they soon made themselves comfortable over their nappy, after sending out the promised supply to their comrades on the beach. They beguiled the hours till dawn by swilling their gin, and relating deeds of daring against the excisemen and soldiers. Though kitchen, spense, barn, and byre, were chokefull of people, yet no unhappy face was to be seen among them save the stranger's. He seemed revolving in his mind his altered fortune, and was frequently observed to start convulsively, and strike his forehead with his hand, and the floor with his foot. While the smugglers were engaged about the vessel, he cordially took part in all their toils; but now he was entirely absorbed within himself, and careless of every thing around him.

During the absence of the men at the beach, a young lady, muffled in a tartan rachan, with a female attendant, arrived at the

abode of Johnny Fisher, and having communicated with honest Tibby, was instantly shewn into the best, and at the same time the most secret apartment of the humble, yet important dwelling. About a dozen stout fellows, under a leader, accompanied her to the door of the house as a body guard, and there left her, after intimating where they would be found in case of emergency.

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## PART SECOND.

By the time that day appeared, the storm had cleared away, and the smugglers arose, some from their cups, and others from their brief slumbers, to secure the cargo of the Amsterdam. All were now in motion, and thirty horses galloped to the Burnfoot in a body; but before reaching their destination, they beheld a party of cavalry passing the Parten Rocks, and making towards them at a rapid rate. This was altogether unexpected, for they supposed the excise-officers could

not yet have got intelligence, and that the soldiers were all engaged in scouring the country for those unhappy men who had espoused the cause of the Stuarts. Nothing daunted, however, they resolved to become the assailants; and being armed with bludgeons, long ducking-guns, old swords, and pistols, they with precipitant fury rushed forward to meet their enemies. The stranger insisted on them to stop and form into regular order, else, he assured them, the dragoons would undoubtedly cut them to pieces.—“Hoot, man,” cried Robin Pattieson, “ye ken naething about it; we hae aften thrashed fallows like them into Irvine wi’ our kents.”—However, by the united exertions of the stranger and Captain Van Bloff, they were at last stopped, and divided into two divisions; the foot, consisting of the ship’s company, commanded by the captain; and the females, provided with an ample supply of stones and other missiles, in their aprons (for the women would not loose the honour of the action, though insisted on to retire); and the horsemen, by

their new ally, who had gained so much on their good opinion, that he was appointed their leader, being mounted on one of the best horses, and armed with a ponderous sword. Their adversaries were a body of dragoons which had arrived at Irvine only two days previous, for the purpose of suppressing these illicit traders.

They met on the sands opposite Barra-say-Mill, and a fierce rencountre ensued. The combat was carried on by both parties with the most obstinate valour for about fifteen minutes ; but the dragoons were making head against the towns-people, and would soon have put them to flight, had not a party of twelve or thirteen horsemen furiously galloped up to their aid, euthusiasmatically cheering "*Death to the base traitors !*" —The stranger was astonished at the sudden appearance of the bonneted horsemen, and was at first apprehensive that they had come to assist the military, but instantly recognizing among them the faces of some of those who had bravely stood side by side with him, both at Trannet and at Culloden,

his countenance beamed with hope and confidence—his heart swelled with pride and the spirit of revenge—and, smiting his bosom triumphantly, he shouted “*Now for the last stroke for the White Rose!—Hurrah, Down with them!*”—With these words he rode furiously against the nearest of the soldiers—felled their commander to the earth—and being ably supported by the Kilmarnock men, the cavalry were panic-struck, and fled precipitately, leaving their captain dead on the spot.

In this affray one soldier was killed, and a number dangerously wounded. Among the smugglers a few were severely cut by the sabres of the horsemen, and two horses were shot. One man received a ball in his groin, and another had his left hand shot away, after which he received the appellation of “*Handy Tam.*”—Our friend Robin Pattieson, lost his “guid blue bonnet,” which he averred, “He wadna hae tint for a gallon o’ the best gin ever he preed, as it had ser’d him faithfully for maistly a score o’ towmonts, an’ had been wi’ him in



mony a hurly burly shine."—Allan Kirk returned home in pretended triumph, swearing that "He had gi'en some o' them their fairin', wha wadna be ready comin' back again;" and that "an ill-lookin' swingletree o' a fallow cam' ahint him unawar's, an' gied him sic a clure on the hin-head, that the sterns flew frae his e'en; but I belief," said he proudly, "I gart his nose kiss the saund in a hurry." It was, however, found out afterwards that Allan received this dishonourable wound while he was endeavouring to escape out of the hands of an excise officer, about half his size; and hence it happened in future, when he talked loudly of his valour, that the bye-word among his companions was, "Bring the wee gauger to him."

The smugglers carried the horsemen who had come so opportunely to their assistance, along with them to Johnny Fisher's, where they refreshed themselves after there morning's bruilzie, the better to fit themselves for bearing the remaining fatigue of the day. The auxiliaries were those

twelve men with their leader, who, the night before escorted the young lady. They were members of Lord Kilmarnock's disbanded regiment of horse-grenadiers; \* and had been dispatched to conduct the lady to Troon. They very naturally supposed, when they saw the dragoons on the shore, that they had been sent for the purpose of intercepting the flight of the young lady; and they instantly hastened to the Loans, where they had left their horses on the preceding evening, and on their return found the cavalry engaged with the smugglers.

As soon as the stranger had composed himself a little, he was beckoned aside by Tibby, who appeared to have something of importance to communicate, and who, like

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\* In 1745 Lord Kilmarnock commanded a small body of cavalry called the "Horse Grenadiers;" but previous to the battle of Culloden they were dismounted, and their horses given to the better disciplined men of Fitz-James' dragoons, who were in want of horses. Kilmarnock's men were then formed into a regiment of infantry called the "Foot Guards;" which corps, together with Strathallan's and Fitzligo's horse formed the reserve on the bloody day of Culloden, and were commanded by Kilmarnock in person.

all the other daughters of Eve, was ill qualified to be entrusted with a secret in which she was not personally interested. She informed him that a "braw leddy had come there last night, and that she was gaun to Holland in the lugger wi' him."—The stranger on hearing this, naturally became anxious to see the lady: and his hostess, who seemed proud to serve him, said, "She warrant he wad soon see her, for it was unco natural for young folk to like ane anither's company, an' as he was a weelfaur'd gentleman, an' a brave, an', she didna doubt, a noble ane to the bargain, she wad gang that precious minute hersel' an' get her consent." Away she hied into the back-jamb, † and without preface or apology, told the young lady that "a gentleman wha had come there yestreen, to get a passage in the lugger, was unco keen to see her, if she had nae objections till't."

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† An addition built to the back of the house, which contains one room, and is a principal one in an Ayrshire peasant's house.

The lady sent her compliments to the gentleman, and said she would be happy to be introduced to one who was to be her fellow-passenger.

The stranger had no sooner entered the room than the lady, approaching to meet him, gave a scream, and would have fallen on the floor, had not he caught her in his arms. With the assistance of Tibby, he soon got her restored to animation and sense. On opening her eyes she said, in a hurried manner, "May I believe that it is you, Malcom, whom I now see? I thought that you had been in Heaven! for it was said that you fell with the brave at the battle of Culloden."—"No, Helen, you see that I am still in this world, and overjoyed in thus fortunately meeting with you. I thought that you had been in England."—"Heaven forbid that I should ever visit the land of the Saxon," she replied. "No Malcom, no; sooner shall I open life's gates myself, and escape from the world, than ever cross the border as the bride of the hated"—she would have pronounced his

name, but her indignation choked her utterance. "I am fleeing," she continued, "to the continent, where I shall be free from the persecutions of the Saxon Lord and his detested Hanoverian master. But tell me, Malcom, by what means you escaped from the hands of your enemies, and whether you intend going to the continent?"—"Yes my Hélen," he said ardently, "I am on my way to a foreign, but not a friendless land, and will be your protector on our way thither; and Heaven grant that we may never again be separated: but,"—turning round, and observing Tibby present—"but," added he, "we will at a more convenient season talk of these things. The men, I observe, are preparing to unload the vessel and get her afloat; I must therefore leave you to the care of this good woman for a little, and lend what assistance I can. They are hardy fellows, and, with God's aid, will soon get her off. Keep yourself contented, for now we are beyond the reach of danger. So saying, he left her,

and joined the smugglers, who were engaged in removing the goods.

They soon accomplished their object; and so active were they that she was afloat before night. She had not received much injury from the storm; and before next morning, she fired two guns of triumph off the *Lady Isle*, having the stranger and lady on board.

#### CONCLUSION.

MANY conjectures have been formed respecting this Unknown; but they are all alike unsatisfactory. There is no doubt, however, that he was one of those brave Highland Chiefs who were driven from their homes by fighting for the restoration of the exiled family of Stuart.

The lady was Helen Livingstone, niece to Lady Kilmarnock. She had been betrothed to a Highland gentleman (the same who left Troon with her for Holland); but on the standard of King James being unfurled in the Highlands, she came to reside

with her aunt at Kilmarnock, during the absence of the Earl; and as Helen's lover had also joined the Highland army, she had not seen him from that time till their meeting at Troon above-mentioned. The same messenger who brought intelligence of the captivity of her uncle, stated that her intended husband was slain at Culloden.— She had accompanied Lady Kilmarnock on a visit to her unfortunate husband, while a prisoner; and being seen by a young English Peer in the Hanoverian interest, he became deeply enamoured of her, and used every artifice to obtain her in marriage. But she would not hearken to his suit on any terms; and though importuned by no less a personage than the influential and sanguinary Duke of Cumberland himself, she gave him a positive denial. This galled the Englishman so bitterly, that he determined to carry her off by force; but she became acquainted with his design, and immediately sought shelter in Kilmarnock. She remained there a short time, concealed in a house of a follower of the Earl;

but some emissaries from her rejected lover were discovered lurking about the town, waiting for an opportunity to carry her away by force ; upon which she instantly resolved to retire to a nunnery in France, where she would be free from persecution, and spend her days in retirement and devotion.—Hearing of the expected arrival of the Amsterdam at Troon, she engaged some of the most resolute of her uncle's retainers to escort her thither.

It is understood that from Holland she proceeded to Italy, accompanied by her lover, where they were married ; but further the TROON CHRONICLES saith not.

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### THE FOX CHASE.

'Twas early on a morn in May,  
As on my bed I slumb'ring lay,  
Lo ! distant sounds my ear assail,  
Which seem the approaching dawn to hail.  
With joy elate from bed I start ;  
My clothes cast on with merry heart ;



I knew it was the deep-mouth'd hound  
 Which made the distant hills resound.  
 Away I haste with eager speed,  
 Where'er the hounds' hoarse murmur lead ;  
 Neglecting every pleasant scene,  
 Rocks, woods, and fertile meadows green ;  
 And having crossed sweet Afton rill,\*  
 Proceed to climb Craighrineuch hill,†  
 Whose summit stretching far on high,  
 Divide the clouds while sailing bye.  
 As this same hill, in days of old,  
 Had screen'd the robbers of the fold,  
 Lo ! still full many a dark retreat  
 Sly vixen treads with cautious feet,  
 Along its cliffs, so bleak and high,  
 Which seem to prop the azure sky.

Observe o'er yon incumbent rock,  
 Far-spreading, hangs an ancient oak ;  
 Down far below, the streamlet plays,  
 In many a lonely winding maze.  
 This spot, as ancient records tell,  
 A cunning fox once knew full well,

\* A small river in the neighbourhood of New Cumnock.

† A hill bordering on the shire of Galloway, near the source of the Afton.

Oft had it sav'd him from the pangs  
Of murderous slow-hounds' piercing fangs.  
Whene'er this artful fox was started,  
To this, his well known haunt, he darted ;  
A branch lay on the lofty ridge,  
Which often served him for a bridge,  
Or rather was a useful tool,  
To plunge him headlong in the pool.  
Though chas'd by fleet-hounds cross the plain,  
If he this limpid stream could gain,  
The dogs might search—but search in vain !

Long thus he baffl'd every foe,  
Tho' bent upon his overthrow ;  
The strange ingenious means he took,  
To plunge himself into the brook,  
Is surely worthy of record—  
To some it pleasure may afford.  
With's tooth he caught the limber branch,  
Which quickly did him safely launch  
Down from the peak into the pool,  
Where he his fervent limbs might cool ;  
Then steal away down to his den,  
Thro' yonder deep and dreary glen.  
Such is the place, and such the scenes,  
And such one of the many means

Sly Reynard takes his life to save,  
Which shows he is a crafty knave.

The eager pack are on the hill,  
Uncollar'd now they range at will ;  
Towler the first in order rank'd,  
As stout a dog as ever spank'd  
O'er craggy hill, or dewy dell ;  
And next him, Ranger, young and fell ;  
Third, Lightfoot, who was light indeed,  
And Sweeper, sure in time o' need ;  
The rest were all of good repute,  
And for the chase did truly suit.

Old Towler, most acute in scent,  
As coursing o'er the dewy bent,  
Roars out, in his own mother tongue,  
(With his wild notes the echoes rung)—  
“ Come on, come all—the villain's here,  
We'll make him for his game pay dear  
We'll suck his blood—we'll break each bone,  
And mercy on him we'll have none :—  
Methinks I see his glaring eyes,  
While stretch'd upon the ground he lies,  
And all his foes, both dogs and men,  
Exulting over traitor Ren.”  
The pack, as coursing on the plain,  
Bawl'd out aloud, “ Amen, amen.”

The Thief, betray'd by scented dew,  
Springs nimbly off, the dogs pursue ;  
At first across the heath he bounds,  
Outrunning far the fleetest hounds ;  
The hunters now are all agog,  
To watch where flies the crafty rogue ;  
Down yon steep cliff he sweeps amain,  
Yon limpid stream his only aim ;  
And tho' he reach'd the streamlet clear,  
Meandering thro' yon glen so drear,  
To him, so spent with toil and grief,  
Its cooling streams yield no relief ;  
He feels his vigour fast decay,  
And that he soon must fall a prey  
To those who will not pity him,  
But tear his body—limb from limb !

A shepherd, who all night had been  
In company with his lovely Jean,  
Returning with his faithful dog,  
Did light upon the artful rogue,  
Who up the pool could scarcely draw  
His feeble legs, Soon as he saw  
That Gather\* straight at him did make,  
And thinking precious life at stake,

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\* The name of the shepherd's dog.

With throbbing heart he forward sprang,  
But Collie at his shoulder hang,  
And would have worried him alone,  
Had he not been near bye a stone,  
Where, twisting from poor Collie's teath,  
This stone he soon got underneath,  
While Gather stands and waves his tail,  
And with his barking loads the gale.  
Meanwhile, adhesive to the track,  
Come rushing on the steady pack ;  
The men now all come pushing on,  
And strive who first shall reach the stone ;  
Some ran in haste for pick and spade,  
The little tarriers to aid,  
That they may have the greater space,  
The Fox to worry face to face.  
Now, Tearim first attacks the knave,  
Tearim, tho' small in size, yet brave ;  
Tearim, who ne'er was known to fail,  
With courage Reynard does assail.  
A bloody battle now ensues,  
Searcher's sent in to learn the news ;  
Exulting, both attack with might,  
The traitor, now hid from the light ;  
And each, so well performs his part,  
At fighting they have such an art,

That Reynard's forc'd at last to yield,  
And dying—dragg'd out to the field.  
See now the villian who so bold,  
Last night did break a neighb'ring fold,  
And carried off a harmless lamb,  
Regardless of the bleating dam ;  
And who this morn with spirits gay,  
And lightsome heart skipp'd o'er yon brae,  
Now void of motion, void of fear,  
He lies—stopp'd in his mad career.  
Even such the fate of man is oft,  
At morn his spirits are aloft,  
Ere night, in death he shuts his eyes,  
He faints—he languishes—he dies.

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## A CUNNINGHAME TRADITION.

SITUATED in the district of Cunninghame was the cottage of old William Morris and his family, where one night about the latter end of harvest, a *rocking* was held. Many of the neighbouring families were

assembled, among whom came the amiable Flora M'Bryde, a native of the Western Highlands, who had come in early life to the low country, and shortly after being deprived of her parents, was kindly adopted into the family of a farmer in the neighbourhood. Her matchles form and mild engaging manners, soon found a devoted admirer in the person of Andrew Morris, the youngest son of old William. Often before had he seen her fair face, but never all her perfections so artlessly displayed: his soul was wrapt in sweet delusive dreams of love and of happiness, and he only wished the amusements of the evening would close, that he might have an opportunity of invoking the object of his affections. At last the meeting broke up, and the happy lover seized the favourable moment of accompanying Flora home. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and they were seen lingering along the sequestered footpath, the only road which connected the two farms. In their way they had to pass a deep romantic hollow, now called by tradition "the

Glen of the Spirit," which, in moonlight, is one of the most picturesque scenes imagination can create. A small mountain-stream is seen leaping over a high precipice down into the bosom of the glen, where it forms a deep and rapid whirlpool, and then meanders away, in a beautiful serpentine form, down the narrow ravine, which time, and a constant run of water have cut out of the rocky bed: high on the shelving cliffs the clamorous eagle hath built her nest, and the owl and the raven, too, have there taken shelter. The foot-path led the lovers a little above the waterfall, where a small plank conducted them across the tiny stream, and there they turned round to admire the beauty of the water glancing in the moonbeams, as it leaped from cliff to cliff into the chasm beneath. Awhile they talked of love, and short as their intimacy had been, a warm and true feeling glowed within their bosoms, for often had Flora heard of the manly virtues of Andrew Morris, and it needed but one kindly breath to kindle the



smoking flax into a flame : but not long had they stood when the ominous raven croaked thrice, and thrice did the *Spirit* of the glen echo through the damp dull caverns, while the owl, disturbed, attuned his eerie voice. Flora trembled, and instinctively grasped the arm of her lover ;—Andrew felt the innocent appeal, and clasping her to his bosom, bade her fear not : but the midnight hour and lonely scene strongly excited the maiden's fears—and they hurried along the footpath, and soon arrived at the house of her protector.—After the most affectionate assurances of esteem and fidelity, and a promise of again meeting that night eight-nights, they parted, while Andrew, with a heart overflowing with joy, retraced his steps along the same solitary footpath, regardless of the superstitious belief so general over the country at that period. When he arrived at the glen, which was awfully impressive at such an hour, the raven again croaked thrice, which the Spirit thrice re-echoed ; but intoxicated with successful love, he exclaimed, as he hurried along the

path, "I am no believer of the idle tale!"—As he bounded away, a wild *gaffa*, as of scorn, resounded through the deep recesses of the glen, but to which the lover paid no attention, and soon reached his home in safety.

After much anticipation and anxious waiting, the happy evening arrived, on which he was again to meet his beloved Flora. The day had been remarkably stormy—thunder and lightening continuing, with little interruption, accompanied with heavy falls of rain. By night, however, the sky became more serene, while the moon rose with her usual brightness; and as the trysting-hour drew nigh, encouraged by the auspicious face of the heavens, Andrew, with a bounding heart, placed his bonnet on his head, flung his plaid across his shoulder, and, taking a staff in his hand, pursued the same path he had done on the night of their previous meeting. A short time brought him to the glen, which now presented a very different aspect. The small crystal streamlet, that erst danced lightly in the

moonbeam, was now swollen into a mighty torrent, rushing with fearful impetuosity over the rock. Andrew stood awhile undecided, and again the raven's voice was heard above the roaring cataract, but inspired with the feelings of a lover, and the thoughts of Flora standing alone beneath the trysting-tree, he stepped forward, and assisted by the light of the moon, discovered that the plank was still in its former position, although nearly covered with water. Determined to make a desperate attempt, he firmly placed his foot upon the board, and with one bound would have cleared the torrent's course—but the trembling earth gave way, and—one wild scream alone escaping him—he was hurried into the dreadful vortex beneath.—The triumph of the "Spirit" was now complete, and the most unearthly expressions of exultation were heard to issue from the glen.\*

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\* At the time tradition dates this occurrence, the belief in supernatural beings was universal among the peasantry, and every old tower, or sequestered dale, was supposed to be peopled

Flora lingered long beneath the trysting-tree—but no lover came—and at last, worn out with fatigue, and full of the most fearful forebodings, she retired to her pillow—not to sleep, but to pass a night of restless anxiety. Morn at length arrived, and with it the awful tidings of her ill-fated lover. Alas! they sunk too deeply upon her sensitive mind—a settled melancholy took possession of her soul—and, after wandering about a few short months, like some pale spirit of another world, the flowers of returning spring bloomed fresh upon her grave!

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with a variety of spirits, whose propensities were fancied to be governed by the caprice of the moment, or by the feelings with which they were regarded by the neighbouring villagers. Andrew Morris, however, had openly expressed his contempt of their power, for which it was believed, the "Spirit of the Glen" had selected him as a fit object of revenge.

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## THE TWIN FLOWERS.

## AN AMERICAN STORY.

“Will you buy my flowers?” said a neat-looking girl, addressing herself to a young lady in Chesnut-street, and holding out at the same time a small basket containing some beautiful roses; “they are newly blown and fresh; buy a red rose for your hair, Miss; here’s one that will look delightful twined among those pretty locks.” “Not a rose, my child,” said the young lady, “there are thorns among them, but I’ll take this little flower, it looks so lively and sweet; oh, it’s a Forget-me-not!” “Pardon me, Miss,” replied the child, “that flower is engaged.” “To whom?” “To Master Charles Leland.” “Charles Leland, indeed,” said the lady---“Well, but here’s another, what a beautiful pair!” “They are twin flowers---they are both for that gentleman,” said the little girl. “Oh a fig for him,” said the young lady, but an arch smile played upon her

cheek as she said it, and something sparkled in her beautiful dark eye that told a tale her lips refused to utter; while she ingeniously marked both the favourite flowers, and returned them to the basket; then choosing a little bunch of roses, she walked home, leaving the flower girl to visit the rest of her customers.

Love is impatient; and Harriet counted the tedious minutes as she sat at her window and listened for the well-kown rap. The clock struck nine, and yet Leland did not appear; she thought he had been neglectful of late, but then the flowers; he knew they were favourites of her's, and she thought to receive them from his hand, and to hear him say, Harriet, forget me not, would be a sweet atonement for many little offences past. But once the thought stole to her bosom---perhaps they are destined for another! She banished it with a sigh, and it had hardly escaped her ere Charles Leland entered. She rose to receive him, and he gently took her hand; "Accept" said he, "my humble offering,

and forget me---” Harriet interrupted him as he attempted to place a single flower in her bosom---“Where is the other?” said she, as she playfully put back his hand. A moment’s silence ensued; Charles appeared embarrassed, and Harriet, recollecting herself, blushed deeply and turned it off; but the flower was not offered again, and Charles had only said forget me!

This could not have been all he intended to say, but mutual reserve rendered the remainder of the evening cold, formal and insipid; and when Leland took his leave, Harriet felt more than ever dissatisfied. As it was not yet late in the evening, she resolved to dissipate the melancholy that this little interview, in spite of all her efforts to laugh at it, left on her mind, by spending a few minutes at a neighbour’s, whose three daughters were her most intimate companions.

The youngest of these ladies was a gay and interesting girl; and was the first to meet and welcome her young friend, but as she held out her hand, Harriet discovered

a little flower in it; it was a Forget-me-not. She examined it---it was one of Leland's; the mark she had made upon it, when she took it from the basket of the flower girl, was there. This was, at the moment, an unfortunate discovery. She had heard that Charles frequently visited this family; and that he even paid attention to Jane; but she had never before believed it; and now she shuddered at the idea of admitting that for once rumour told truth. "Where did you get this pretty flower, Jane?" said she. "Oh a beau to be sure," said Jane, archly, "don't you see---Forget-me-not;" and as she took back the flower, "I should not like to tell you where I got it; I'll wear it in my bosom though---come sing:

I'll dearly love this pretty flower,  
 For his own sake who bid me keep it---  
 I'll wear it in my bosom's-----"

"Hush Jane," said Harriet, interrupting her, "my head aches, and your singing distracts me." "Ah it's your heart," said Jane, "or you would not look so dull." "Well if it is my heart," said Harriet, as



she turned to conceal her tears, "it does not become a friend to trifle with it." She intended to convey a double meaning in this reply, but it was not taken, and as soon as possible she returned home.

A sleepless night followed: Harriet felt that she was injured; and the more she thought about it the more she felt. She had engaged her hand to Leland six months before; the time appointed for their union was approaching fast; and he acted thus! "If he wants to be freed from his engagement," said she to herself, "I will give him no trouble," and she sat down and wrote, requesting him to discontinue his visits. She wept over it a flood of tears; but she was resolute until she had dispatched the note to his residence. Then she repented of it, and then again reasoned herself into the belief that she had acted right. She waited for the result; not without many anxiously cherished hopes that he would call for an explanation. But she only learned that the note was delivered into

his hands; and about a month afterwards he sailed for England.

This was an end to the matter. Charles went into business in Liverpool, but never married; and Harriet remained single, devoting her life to the care of her aged mother, and ministering to the wants of the poor and distressed around her.

About forty years after Leland left Philadelphia, Harriet paid a visit to New-York, and dining in a large company one day, an old gentleman, who it seemed, was a bachelor, being called upon to defend the fraternity to which he belonged from the asperions of some of the younger and more fortunate part of the company, told a story about Philadelphia, and an engagement, which he alledged was broken off by his capricious mistress, for no other reason than his offering her a sweet new-blown Forget-me-not, six weeks before she was to have been made his wife. "But was there no other cause?" asked Harriet, who sat nearly opposite the stranger, and eyed him with intense curiosity—"None to my know-

ledge, as Heaven is my witness." "Then what did you do with the other flower?" said Harriet. The stranger gazed in astonishment: It was Leland himself, and he recognized his Harriet, though almost half a century had passed since they had met; and before they parted the mischief made by the twin flowers was all explained away, and might have been forty years before, had Charles said he had lost one of the Forget-me-nots, or had Jane said she had found it. The old couple never married; but they corresponded constantly afterwards; and I always thought Harriet looked happier after this meeting than she ever had looked before.

Now, I have only to say at the conclusion of my story to my juvenile reader, never let an attachment be abruptly broken off; let an interview and a candid explanation speedily follow every misunderstanding. For the tenderest and most valuable affections when won will be the easiest wounded, and believe me, there is much

truth in Tom Moore's sentiment :

“ A something light as air—a look,  
A word unkind or wrongly taken—  
The love that tempests never shook  
A breath—a touch like this, has shaken.”

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### DAYS OF MY YOUTH.

DAYS of my youth ! ye are gliding away :  
Days of my youth ! ye will shortly be vanished ;  
Soon will the warm tints of fancy decay,  
Soon from my cheeks will the roses be banish'd.  
Brief as the wild flower that flits on the spray ;  
Brief as the bright dew that spangles the morning :  
Life gives its blossoms to time's pale decay—  
All the drear waste but an instant adorning.  
Soon will the hopes of my bosom be hush'd ;  
Soon will the hours of my day-dreams be numbered ;  
Quickly the shoots of romance will be crush'd,  
All will be lost that I've wak'd or I've slumbered.  
Go then, ye warm beaming joys of a day !  
Go then, ye moments of bliss and of sorrow !  
Calm will I bend me to time's pale decay,  
And from contentment new roses will borrow.

## ISABELLA FAIRHOLM.

A TALE.

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—————"Soon hast thou left  
"This evil world. Fair was thy thread of life!  
"But quickly by the envious sisters shorn."

BRUCE.

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THERE is a secret, solitary pleasure felt by persons of a melancholy disposition, in contemplating the ruins of our fallen nature,—especially if we have been acquainted with the lives of those who lie scattered around us. Although it is a subject, on which the gay part of the world seldom think, and which the serious cannot long contemplate; yet, when we see the acquaintances of our past life sleeping in the dust, and when we trample on the graves of those, with whom we spent our younger years, an irresistible tide of recollections bursts upon the soul; and, for the time, raises us above this world. We linger

round their graves with a secret satisfaction, and leave them with regret.

I was lately an attendant at a funeral in my native village, after an absence of nearly forty years. The grave was covered and the other attendants dispersed, except the beadle and a few old men, who, seated on a large stone, recounted with many a sigh and many a nod, the lives and misfortunes of the village dead: I still lingered behind, ruminating amongst the tombstones, "with shapeless rhyme, and uncouth sculpture deck'd," which the frugal hand of industry had raised to perpetuate the memory of their sleeping inmates: I observed the names of many individuals, who were running in the fulness of their strength when I left the village; but who had now paid "the debt of nature." The western sun shed around his evening beams, and tinged the gray walls of the church and its modest spire, with his golden radiances—What a delightful hour for contemplation, apart from the noise and bustle of the world, and surrounded by my ancestors for many ge-

generations, who seemed to whisper from their tombs "life is short."

My attention was particularly attracted by a stone placed against the wall, in a corner of the church-yard: it was bedecked in a manner that pointed it out amongst the other graves with which it was surrounded. On one side was planted a holly; on the other a weeping willow: and the ivy and honey-suckle almost covered the grave and head-stone: but how was I surprised when, putting aside the shrubbery that covered the stone, I read, "Erected by Charles Wilson, as a testimony of his love for Isabella Fairholm,"—the prettiest little girl that ever trode the village green. Enquiring afterwards with respect to her death, I found it connected with some peculiar incidents which made a deep impression upon my mind; and which, in the following tale, I will endeavour to lay before your readers, hoping that they will not deem a small portion of their time ill-spent in reading "the short and simple annals of the poor."

Isabella Fairholm was the only child of Robert Fairholm, who, for a great number of years, tenanted several acres of land behind the village. He was the most considerable man in the place when I lived in it, and was always the chief at the meetings that were regularly held, every Saturday night, in the ale-house. His wife had rather high notions of their consequence in the place, and too frequently usurped the office of censor morum, although she knew very little of the world beyond the precincts of the village, and saw nothing of the fashions, but what was displayed at the quarterly preachings. Isabella consequently received an education better than the other children, and was taught to consider them as a degree below her, and not altogether fit for her companions. Yet, contrary to the express injunctions of her mother, she was always the foremost on the green, and in all their amusements; neither was she equalled in beauty or expertness, by any of the other children. Often have I eyed with pleasure, this little cherub running



through the village green, with her flaxen hair floating on the wind, and accompanied by little "Charlie Wilson" (the eldest son of the schoolmistress) who was always her partner in their infantine amusements. These two were inseparable companions, and, at the games of "I spy" or "hide and seek" often showed partialities to each other, not very agreeable to the other partners in the play. Their friendship thus early formed, gained strength as they themselves grew up, and when their childish amusements no longer gratified them, they spent their time on her father's lea-rig, or ranged through the woody banks of the Leven. For her, he culled the sweetest flowers that perfume the mountain air, and caught the unwary trout that wantoned in the stream. Whatever the one received the other shared, and all their enjoyments, if they were not mutual were only half enjoyed. In the peaceful summer evenings, when old and young were collected on the green, to talk of times long past, and hear the tales of old, Charles and Isabella were

to be found walking, arm in arm, through the deeply-shaded walks that winded along the banks of the river. Pleased with each other, they sought no companions but themselves, and were happy in no society but their own. In a small village, this mutual affection was the subject of many an evening's conversation to both old and young: the young men envied Charles Wilson of his sweetheart, the maidens Isabella Fairholm of her lover. The old sybils, who had seen the children of two generations, pass like "a school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour," predicted that they would long be happy in each other, and would live to see their children's children flourishing around them. But some, who wished always to exhibit the gloomy side of life, quoted the old saying, that "nae mornin' sun lasts a hale day," and thought their attachment too early formed to be attended with any good consequences.

Charles had been apprenticed to a shoemaker of the place; his term of servitude had expired, and he wrought with his mas-

ter as a journeyman. He now exulted in all the vigour of nineteen, and Isabella bloomed in her eighteenth summer; the attachment which formerly subsisted between them, and which could only be attributed to childish affection, was now cemented by reciprocal engagements. They had, unconscious of dissimulation, and unpractised in deception, mutually declared their love to each other, and bound themselves by mutual promises of fidelity. Isabella's parents had, at an early period, wished to break up this attachment; and now her mother found it necessary to exert all her authority over Isabella, forbidding her to keep company with "Charlie Wilson;"—but like an unruly steed, the more her passion was checked, it grew more violent: their meetings were now less frequent, and more concealed than formerly, although she never communicated to him her mother's prohibition. But, if they were less frequent, they became more interesting, for, after many evening consultations held under the midnight sky,

when the wearied villagers were fast asleep and after maturely considering the evil and incidents attending a poor man's marriage, they agreed to join their hands at the Hymeneal altar, provided the consent of Isabella's parents could be obtained. Charles, who knew nothing of her parents' determination that their daughter should never become a poor man's wife, saw no barrier to the completion of their wishes and waited with the utmost anxiety for an opportunity of procuring their consent. But he had not courted their daughter according to the fashion of the country—he never been admitted into the house as a wooer, and had not undergone the scrutinizing ordeal of a mother's eyes: all that depended on was the possession of Isabella's heart; that he knew he possessed—'twas all he wished. Sometime elapsed before an opportunity occurred for knowing the minds of her parents; and ye, who have been in his situation—who know what it is to wait for a parent's consent can best tell what fancied schemes of plea-

sure, and what ideal years of bliss, would be drawn on his mind. At last, however, an opportunity occurred, and the subject was fairly broached to her mother; but, guess his surprise! when, instead of the cheerful assent to his proposal, and the hearty invitation to the house, which he fondly expected; she told him with a sneer, that "he might seek a wife amongst his equals, for, while she lived, her daughter should never be married to him."

Words cannot convey the state of Charles's mind, on hearing this haughty denial. He had drawn in his imagination, the flattering picture of many long years of happiness which he would spend with his Isabella; had already seen their children rising around them, like tender shoots from the parent tree—and had depicted his expected happiness in such glowing colours, that his present disappointment reduced him almost to a state of despair. The many fond dreams of happiness, which he had formed, and which he had fostered and relied on, as if they had been realities, were

thus vanished, and he was now deprived of the object which gave them all existence. Isabella Fairholm, with whom he had played away his infant years—with whom he had lately chased the butterfly o'er the summer fields, and who he always considered as his equal, had now become his superior: she was the daughter of a farmer, and he was a journeyman shoemaker. Grief, love and despair held their sway, alternately, in his mind. He knew not what to do or what to think. Thousands of half-formed resolutions, and half-considered schemes, occupied his wavering and unsettled mind, and quickly gave place to others of the same description. At length, in a paroxysm of despair, he determined to leave his native place, not to return until he was an equal to Isabella Fairholm: but, how could he leave it—perhaps forever, without taking one farewell of her, on whom his happiness depended, and for whose sake he thus forsook his home.

Isabella's mother had told her in the most imperious manner, what had passed

betwixt Charles Wilson and her; adding, that she certainly had a very poor opinion of herself, when, instead of looking after some of the respectable farmer's sons in the neighbourhood, she took up her head with Charlie Wilson, a poor cobbler. This was the most unwelcome tale Isabella ever heard. To be deprived of Charles, or even to lose his favour, was a death-stroke to her, nor could she expect to retain the latter, after the manner in which her mother had treated him. She could only expect a frown, where she formerly received a smile, and would now be laughed at by the villagers, for having received the "lightly" from her lover. These thoughts reduced Isabella to a situation nearly equal to Charles': she forsook her meat, and sleep forsook her pillow.

'Twas on a beautiful September evening that Charles determined to take his last farewell of Isabella. The peasants, tired with the toils of the day, had long retired to rest. Not a sound broke upon the stillness of the night, save the distant bayings

of the farm dog, and the rushing of the neighbouring river. The harvest moon rose red and round o'er the eastern hills, and spread her yellow glaze over the stubble field. Isabella had laid her aching head upon the weary pillow, which for two nights, had been to her weary indeed, when Charles gave his wonted call at the little window of her bed chamber. She knew the whistle and obeyed it with alacrity.—They met, as they had often done before, in the summer-house at the bottom of her father's garden; but what a contrast betwixt this and their other meetings! Then, they were happy; now, they were miserable: then, they counted upon a long period of mutual enjoyment; now, they were to take a long, perhaps a last farewell. But, still they were the same persons—still they loved as ardently as before—and again they renewed their former mutual promises—again bound themselves by mutual engagements—again promised mutual fidelity to each other, and took Him “who ruleth and overruleth all things” to witness their sincerity.



As a memorial of their vows, Charles cut half-a-crown in twain (another was all he had) and divided it betwixt them, both promising to wear it next their hearts, while they lived on earth.—Morning, at last, began to appear in the east, and Charles, after many a sorrowful embrace and many a farewell kiss, with a bursting heart, tore himself from her arms. Isabella, unable any longer to sustain the weight of grief that hung upon her mind, fainted on the seat of the summer-house, where she was found next morning almost insensible. For sometime, she was thought in a dangerous state, but, as the violence of the passion subsided, she recovered her health. A change, was, however, visible in her face, and in her whole behaviour.—Instead of being the beautiful—the innocent—the frolicsome Isabella Fairholm, melancholy was depicted in her countenance, and sorrow brooded in her eye.—The red still bloomed in her cheek; but it was the mellow taint of a full-blown rose, and not the ruddy blush of an opening flower. So remarkable a

change soon attracted the attention of the village. The youngsters pitied Isabella; and instead of mocking, dropped a tear of distress. The old women, who, in one breath, can both bless and curse, told forth their malisons against "Lucky Fairholm, for killing her dochter, by forcing awa' Charlie Wilson," on whom they pronounced their bennisons with ardent sincerity.

A year had elapsed since Charles and Isabella had parted. The returning harvest moon had again illuminated the night on which they took their last farewell, and yet no word of Charles. Month rolled on after month, but he never came. Some reports had found their way to the village that he had settled abroad and was married there. These reports were industriously circulated by Isabella's parents, in order that her affections might, if possible, be removed from him; but she had only to look at the piece of silver that hung at her breast to convince her of his fidelity, and silence all her disquietudes. Her health, however, began daily to decline. She shunned the compa-

ny and the walks of the other villagers ; and only delighted to linger around those places where Charles and she had formerly told their loves. A pale hectic blush superseded the rosy bloom of her cheek, and the settled sorrow of her eye daily increased. Her parents sorrowfully observed their daughter's increasing indisposition, and tried every means in their power to remove it. They would have given all their little wealth to have brought back Charles, or to give their daughter one day of happiness : but in vain. Time only added strength to her disease. She became more and more abstracted, and more negligent of her person and dress. Her flaxen hair, which, formerly, was her delight to dress, now hung carelessly over her shoulders, and was tossed upon the wind. She was seldom seen, but the lovers, walking at night-fall, would often hear her sweet-toned voice warbling in the summer-house, the plaintive air of "the Absent Lover."

Time continued to fly away ; the summer sun had twice ripened the fields for harvest,

and yet Charles had not returned. By the disease, which had long preyed upon her frame, Isabella was now confined to bed.—Her face, in which the rose and lilly had been sweetly blended, was now coloured with a deadly paleness. Her hands, which had formerly tedded the new-moan hay, and plaited the wild flowers into artless nose-gays, could scarcely do their meanest offices. Every one spoke of—every one pitied Isabella Fairholm. Her mother, when she looked on her daughter, pale and emaciated, and reflected by what cause she had been thus reduced, earnestly prayed that Charles Wilson might return; but her prayer was useless: Her daughter was now past recovery, and sinking almost imperceptibly to her long home.

She was carried out one Sabbath evening to the garden, that she might enjoy the evening breeze. The sun shed his gladdening beams o'er hill and dale—the yellow corn waved ripe for harvest—and the western winds sighed through the woods.—A cheerful serenity overspread nature, and

that pleasing melancholy, which precedes the approach of winter, began to shew itself around. The swallows skimmed over the ripening grain, as if for the last time: now and then a leaf twirled from the trees, with the rising gale, and the sweet-briar hedge which fenced the garden, exhaled its last perfume. The scene had a visible effect upon Isabella, for nature was nearly like herself. The minister and the elders of the parish were present, accompanied by some of the peasants who had come to administer spiritual comfort to the weary, dying maid, and to condole her parents on the loss they were in a short time to sustain. The minister put up a prayer, dictated by a christian heart for her recovery, and for the return of him she loved. Isabella prayed too, but her's was the prayer of the heart. She now sat upon the seat where Charles and she had often sat—where he first said "I love you"—where they last met—and where the last farewell and parting kiss were given: these fitted her for prayer. Many an ardent request was presented to the

throne of grace on her behalf—Isabella only sighed “thy will be done.” Prayers were finished—those present had not put on their hats, nor had spoken to each other, when a man, in naval uniform, burst through the hedge, and flew towards them. Although his countenance was altered by time, and himself covered with sweat and dust, he was instantly known; and they all involuntarily exclaimed, “’Tis he.” Isabella lifted up her head from her mother’s breast. The rose again reddened her cheek, and life again appeared to re-animate her frame.—She flew to embrace him—her strength failed her, and she expired in his arms.

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## GORDON OF BRACKLEY.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH BALLAD.

1

Down Dee-side came Inveraye,  
Whistling and playing,  
And calling loud at Brackley gate  
Ere the day dawing :

“ Come Gordon of Brackley,  
 Proud Gordon come down ;  
 There's a sword at your threshold  
 Mair sharp than your own.”

## 2.

“ Arise, now, gay Gordon,”  
 His lady 'gan cry,  
 “ Look here is bold Inveraye  
 Driving your kye.”  
 “ How can I go, lady,  
 And win them again ?  
 I have but ae sword,  
 And rude Inveraye ten.”

## 3.

“ Arise up, my maidens,  
 With roke and with fan ;  
 How blessed would I been  
 Had I a married man !  
 Arise up, my maidens,  
 Take spear and take sword—  
 Go milk the ewes, Gordon,  
 And I shall be lord.”

## 4.

The Gordon sprung up  
 With his helm on his head,  
 Laid his hand on his sword,  
 And his thigh on his steed ;

And he stooped low and said,  
 As he kissed his young dame,  
 " There's a Gordon rides out  
 That will never ride hame."

5.

There rode with fierce Inveraye  
 Thirty and three ;  
 But wi' Brackley were none  
 Save his brother and he ;  
 Two gallanter Gordons  
 Did never blade draw,  
 Against swords four and thirty,  
 Woe is me what are twa !

6.

Wi' swords and wi' daggers  
 They rushed on him rude ;  
 The twa bonnie Gordons  
 Lie bathed in their blude.  
 Frae the source of the Dee  
 To the mouth of the Spey,  
 The Gordons mourn for him,  
 And curse Inveraye.

7.

O were ye at Brackley ?  
 And what saw ye there ?  
 Was the young widow weeping  
 And tearing her hair ?



I look'd in at Brackley,  
 I look'd in, and, O!  
 There was mirth, there was feasting,  
 But nothing of woe.

8.

As a rose bloom'd the lady,  
 And blythe as a bride ;  
 As a bridegroom, bold Inveraye  
 Smiled by her side ;  
 O ! she feasted him there  
 As she ne'er feasted lord,  
 While the blood of her husband  
 Was moist on his sword.

9.

In her chamber she kept him  
 Till morning grew gray,  
 Through the dark woods of Brackley  
 She show'd him the way :  
 " Yon wild hill," she said,  
 " Where the sun's shining on,  
 Is the hill of Glentannar,  
 Now kiss and begone."

10.

There is grief in the cottage,  
 There's mirth in the ha',  
 For the good gallant Gordon  
 That's dead and awa ;

L

To the bush comes the bud,  
And the flower to the plain,  
But the good and the brave  
They come never again.

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### ANTIPATHY TO CATS.

JOHN DAWSON and his wife Janet Holms, like John Anderson and his helpmate, had long “clamb the hill together,” but like them, also, they were now “tottering down again,” and going, too, “hand in hand;” for not only were they keeping pace with each other in their progress to decay, but continuing to manifest all that mutual satisfaction which had characterised the commencement of their journey. They lived as cottars on an extensive moorland farm, where John was employed by the tenant to superintend his many flocks of sheep and black cattle. He was a man, moreover, “dressed in a little brief authority”—

for under him were placed the other herds of the pasture, whose humble dwellings were situated not far from his own, upon the banks of a little stream that divided the farm into nearly two equal parts.

Like the class of people to which John and his wife belonged, they were by no means free of superstitious feeling: so that, in many trifling things, they believed they could discover ominous indications of events, good and evil, that were destined to fall into the course of their history. From this part of their creed, they doubtless met, in their journey through life, with much that would prove subjects of anxiety and annoyance. But more than by either ghosts or witches, or by hares crossing her path, or by sparks from the fire, or the appearance of blue flame, was Janet disturbed in the presence, or rather *by* the presence, of cats. It is said that "some men's antipathies are cats, rats, mice, old maids, Cheshire cheese, and corkcutters." Janet had antipathy to nothing, whether alive or dead, save to cats; and these, with her,

were ever a hated and a persecuted race. The mew of puss was quite intolerable; but a view of her person, sleek and well-favoured though it might be, was, if possible, a yet more detested thing; so that, whenever one solitary wanderer of the tribe was supposed to be in or about the dwelling, Janet armed herself forthwith, for an attack upon the enemy, with a pitchfork of extreme length, which she kept for the special purpose of slaying every poor cat, that might be unfortunate enough to come within her reach. So oft as she carried John's dinner to the hill, did Janet appear armed with this her weapon of feline warfare; and if, as luck would have it, she happened to fall in with a stray party of the enemy, instead of grounding her arms, she grounded the *coggie* containing the *guidman's* repast, and instantly commenced a vigorous pursuit. But wo betide the contents of the deserted *cog* if the pursuit lasted long, as oft it did, for should they escape the maw of a shepherd's hungry colly which might happen to be engaged

at the time in a "voyage of discovery," they were sure to be found by many degrees nearer the freezing than the boiling point, on the return of the belligerent old dame.

In this way it was that John often suffered from his wife's antipathy to cats; but a yet greater evil than the occasional loss of a dinner awaited him from the same source. On a winter evening, the good couple were engaged in family worship, each occupying a side of the *ingle*, where a peat fire emitted but a dim and unsatisfactory light. They were upon their knees in prayer, when some ashes falling from the grate, arrested the attention of the old woman, who quietly looking over her shoulder to discern the cause of the noise, concluded that she saw, on the farther corner of the hearth, the person of a cat, with which she had a little acquaintance: for it seemed to be one belonging to a neighbour, that, occasionally obtruding itself into her dwelling, she had sworn to slay with every circumstance of aggravation, as soon as

she found it within the reach of her fork. The auspicious moment was now come—although she might have had some desire for a less devout time, in which to execute her fell purpose against the unsuspecting cat; but still the present opportunity was not to be omitted, lest such another might not again present itself. Her favourite weapon, the pitchfork, was not quite at hand, but the poker was—and though, from being accustomed to the use of the former, it would have been preferred, yet she concluded that the latter, if dexterously handled, would suffice for the deed of vengeance. Accordingly it was taken up with some caution, and though the fire and Janet's eyes were both a little dim from age, yet she trusted that between the two enough of light would be afforded to direct a deadly aim. The awful moment for puss's execution had now arrived,—but very hard was her fate, for she neither knew aught of her crime, nor of the sentence that was so soon to deprive her of life. The murderous poker was raised

aloft till it reached the cross beams of the cottage; for Janet firmly believed that a cat had nine lives, and she resolved to give the poker as much scope in its descent as would be sufficient to cause nine deaths.—

Down it came with dreadful vengeance: the air itself was agitated by the rapidity of its motion. The mark was hit! and poor puss's brains—(how shocking!)—*would have been* scattered upon the hearth—had puss been there: but puss was not there! I said, however, that the mark was hit, and so it was; but the mark was a light-coloured stocking, which Janet in her rage and blindness had mistaken for a cat.

The reader concludes, perhaps, that after all the intended tragedy turned out a comedy. Be not too hasty in this conclusion: or stop at least till I tell what was in the light-blue stocking.—It was one of John Dawson's legs still kneeling at prayer, and who was asking, at the moment of interruption, to be protected from the wrath of man, "and from a' dangers and a' temptations o' the yenemy." We need not say that

the prayer was speedily concluded; for the poker acted upon John's leg, even more powerfully than a shock of electricity, and placed him at once upon his feet, without his being aware of having gained that position. He was not in a mood, we may suppose, for sober inquiry into the cause of this outrage, and accordingly when he had recovered a little from his surprise, he vociferated—"The deil's in the woman, what does she mean?" Janet, next perplexed by the turn affairs had taken, stood for a time motionless as a statue, without being able to give the explanation so peremptorily demanded. The poker dropped from her hand, as the unlucky mistake began to dawn upon her mind—she next dropped down upon her easy chair, and with an interjectional "hech!" and "oh waes me!" began to tell her story. From the pain in his leg, John's physiognomy had assumed something of a vinegar aspect, but from this it gradually relaxed, as his old wife advanced in her tale, till at last his countenance brightened into a smile, and then all was well.



Here, it was to be supposed, that the affair had ended. Such, however, was not the case. The story took wing, as the saying is, and far and wide did it fly, with not a few embellishments appended to it.—In its progress throughout the district, the tale reached the ears of John's brethren in office, the members of the Cameronian kirk session; and thinking it behoved them to be very exemplary in their discipline towards an offending elder, he was cited to appear before them to stand a rebuke for using a profane oath in swearing with so much unholy wrath, that "the devil was in his wife."

The summons to appear in session was obeyed; but John went fully resolved neither to confess a fault nor submit to a rebuke. "Well, John," began the minister, with great gravity, "what is sin?" "Sin, sir, is any want of conformity unto a transgression of the law of God." "Is not swearing, John, a transgression of the law?" "There's nae doubt o' *that*, sir," responded John, with some bitterness, as he be-

gan to perceive whither the minister's interrogatories were tending. "Well, John, it seems that you have transgressed this law." "I am guilty o' mony transgressions, sir." "Right, John, very right; but at present you appear before us to answer for the sin of profane swearing." "I deny that I am guilty o' that sin, though, Maister M'Toul." "Did you not say, John, upon a late occasion, that the devil was in your wife?" "And what though I had, sir—are ye sure I was not saying what was true?" "It is not my business, John, to judge of that; but it appears that you have been guilty of profane swearing, and for that crime you must stand the sessional rebuke." "No sae fast, Maister M'Toul," said John, warming on the subject, "no sae fast, I hae nae great mind to comply wi' sic a demand, till ye prove that the deil was not really in Janet, when I declared that he was." This was a poser to the session; for unfortunately none of the members were prepared to prove an *alibi* in the case of his satantic majesty.

In this dilemma, they began to fear that they had got "the wrong sow by the ear;" and as a probable mode of bringing the matter to a conclusion, the minister proposed that John should be dismissed without a rebuke, if he would undertake to prove his own assertion, regarding the devil being in his wife. To this the wily elder replied, that as they had not managed to foul him, though they might have fooled themselves in the affair, he had no occasion to adduce exculpatory proof, yet as he wished to part on good terms with his brethren, he would say a few words to show them that he was in the right. Here John began a long discourse about the arts employed by the devil to interrupt men in the performance of their duties—which he concluded by maintaining, that without doubt the devil had entered into Janet to persuade her that his leg was a cat; and by means of this strong delusion he had stirred her up to use the poker, that the devotional exercises of the evening might be suspended. Neither minister nor elders could gain-

say this sage reasoning; so having agreed to saddle upon the devil the hard words which John had used towards his own wife, they parted good friends—congratulating each other upon the devil, and not John Dawson, being found guilty of the alleged transgression.

Janet Holmes was more careful for the future in her dealings with the feline generation; and never again interrupted the pious duties of her husband.

### THE DEATH OF DEATH.

"The sun he sat on the golden wave  
Of the silent summer sea,  
And I saw a black spot rise on his face,  
And I thought what that spot might be.

"It wasna like the fisherman's boat,  
As it oars athwart the light,  
But it was a thing like a coal-black steed,  
And a rider thereon like a Knight:













