AURUS CLAVUS;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF A GOLD TRINKET;

SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN

WRITTEN BY ITSELF:

CONTAINING

HISTORIES AND ANECDOTES

OF

THOSE WHO WERE POSSESSED OF IT:

BEING

SCENES IN REAL LIFE.

"As a man may attain to a state of PROSPERITY WITHOUT MERIT, so he may fall into a state of ADVERSITY WITHOUT CRIME."

BY JACOB MARKWELL.

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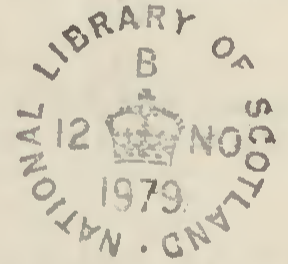

PREFACE.

The following pages are ushered into the world with feelings of great diffidence and unpresuming delicacy. The Author, while yet in the halcyon days of youth, casting his eye around him, discerned much of the secret workings of the human mind—its eccentricities, failings, joys, hopes, fears, and disappointments—in short, mankind in their varied forms and grades of affluence and poverty.

Thinking he might work out for himself some amusement, he sat down calmly and coolly—not with the feelings which agitate the bosoms of some authors, who take up their pens with fear and trembling, weighing the chances of the future, or calculating the success of their embryo productions. He never then dreamed that his "Trinket" would meet the eyes of any one except his own, or those of his most intimate friends.

Not like a sneaking gleaner of scandal or panderer to the tastes of the vitiated, he has mingled

with society in general, and could not help being struck with the numerous scenes which came under his notice; for, without the smallest intention of taking notes, a monitor within quietly whispered "MARK WELL."

To those who feel themselves any way contemplative, as they perform their devious pilgrimage through this sublunary scene, the world appears a stage or amphitheatre, continually shifting its scenes, and each succeeding change brings before our eyes something strangely new and wonderful, and entirely different from the last.

The Author's youth may, in some degree, plead apology for his vanity. He hopes, however, he will not be deemed a Paul Pry, intruding his nonsense on people of soberer judgment than himself—presuming to set himself up as an author, forsooth!

Hoping that the perusal of the following pages may lighten the tedium of a weary hour, or make an interval of languor pass sooner away, he has presumed to lay them before the public, and should a tithe of the pleasure be felt in reading which he has experienced in writing them, he will be more than repaid for his labour; whereas little could

be comparatively gained by their lying on his shelf dusty reminiscences of the feelings of earlier days. They are now cast into the agitated ocean of public opinion to sink or swim, as

——————————————— "A weed,
Flung from the rock o'er ocean's foam to sail
Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail."

It would perhaps display a silliness were he to say that, like the dove of old, he can find no rest for the sole of his foot, or, like a culprit placed before the tribunal of his country, that his heart goes pit-a-pat till he knows his sentence. The public may appreciate with generous sympathy the feelings of a young author on sending into the world the first bantling of his brain, as well as the anxiety he will experience till he learns the issue of its success.

J. M.

AURUS CLAVUS;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF A GOLD TRINKET.

CHAP. I.

THE FOOTMAN AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

I WAS originally part of a small quantity of gold dust belonging to a young man on board of a slave ship, which lay at Cape Coast, on the west coast of Africa, which he obtained from one of the natives in exchange for an old silver watch, a few looking glasses, strings of beads, old clothes, and other articles. Having a large cargo of slaves on board from Anamaboo, the Spitfire sailed for the island of Cuba, the place of her destination; where having arrived, and discharged her devoted cargo of ill-starred human beings, this young man left the vessel,

and being anxious to revisit the land of his fathers, the metroplis of Caledonia, he took his passage in the Mary, a vessel bound for Leith, where, after a pleasant passage, he arrived, and had the satisfaction to find all his relations in good health and spirits. Two days after his arrival in Edinburgh, he carried his small box of precious dust to the shop of a goldsmith, at that time situated on the north side of the Parliament Square, and made an agreement to their mutual satisfaction—the goldsmith happy that he had been put in possession of a sterling article on most reasonable terms, and the sailor pleased that he had procured a sum of money more than three times the value of what the commodity had cost him.

In a few days after the jeweller had made his purchase, (for he was both a goldsmith and a jeweller,) he removed every article from his shop window that had been exhibited during the preceding month, and produced a fresh assortment; and in order the more to attract the attention of the public, he placed a new crimson velvet cushion in the window, on which he placed a number of rings, brooches, and other trinkets which he had made out of

the Cape Coast gold dust. He had taken uncommon pains in my formation; in my head was placed a beautiful stone, somewhat valuable, and I was vain enough to think myself the prettiest pin among them all. I was placed in the centre of the cushion, surrounded by a circle of my fellows, and felt confident that I would soon become the property of some person of taste; nor did I wait long, for in the space of two days I was purchased by a gentleman's servant. I must acknowledge, however, that I was not a little mortified that I had not been purchased by one who maintained a more respectable status in society, but, like the genii who was the slave of Alladin's lamp, I was obliged to submit to be the servant of every one who possessed and handled me.

But if my master was not very respectable himself, he was at least most respectably connected; that is to say, he was in the employment of a gentleman who was one of the most celebrated authors and philosophers of a former generation. Thomas Brushwell having shewn me to his aunt, who was his master's housekeeper, and Dolly the chambermaid, he laid me aside, not intending to make use of me

until a fortnight afterwards, on the occasion of the wedding of an intimate acquaintance. But I must be more particular with respect to my owner. Thomas Brushwell was an Englishman by birth, and had been in the service of his master for a period of seven years prior to my acquaintance with him. He was smart and clever in his way, was a good English scholar, had a very superior hand of write, and a good notion of figures, but his education otherwise had been much neglected, and he had little or no knowledge of, or relish for, matters of a religious nature. As every human being has a sin which more than other sins besets him, reigns in, and has dominion over him, so he had his, and that was, a strong inclination for possessing things which were not his own, and I was not long in his society ere I had occular demonstration of this. He, for instance, had, in course of his servitude, been in the habit of abstracting small sums from his master's pockets when employed in brushing and laying aside his habiliments, and on several occasions he was so daringly incautious as to lay his hands on his paper money when he happened to leave his depository unlocked. Had the philosopher

been a man of business habits, he must soon have detected the nefarious practices of his unworthy servant, but he was not so; for he was in general so much engaged in study, that much mischief might—nay, was done with impunity, for, besides being a complete book-worm, he was of a most unsuspicious disposition, and possessed of a temper uncommonly mild. Of all these circumstances his unworthy servant was fully aware, and could the more easily take an undue advantage of him. Far, however, as Brushwell was left to himself, and though the seeds of dishonesty must have long lodged in his heart, yet he was a long time with the philosopher before he ventured on the perpetration of any act of criminality whatever; and it might have been much longer—nay, he might have maintained an unimpeachable reputation, from first to last, had it not been for a deleterious effect resulting from the following circumstance. Mr. H——, his employer, was, as I have said, an author and philosopher, but he was not a Christian philosopher. Such a person as the latter is truly an exalted character. He was a free-thinker, and though, with respect to household matters, and matters comparatively

of inferior moment, he was meek and gentle as a lamb; yet when engaged in an argument either on the subjects of natural or revealed religion, he was all fire and animation, and in his hostility to the truths and doctrines of Christianity, he not unfrequently shewed more of the lion than the lamb. Although it was not his man-servant's business or place to form a part of an argumentative party, far less to remain in the room and listen to the conversation of his master or his friends, yet it often happened that he was there when they were thus engaged, and overheard many things which ought never to be spoken in the hearing either of children or servants. He, for example, heard the Bible defamed, the whole system of Christianity stigmatized as being a cunningly-devised fable, and nonsense—its promises as humbug—and its threatenings like the rack, the knout, the wheel, and the gibbet, good for nothing but to keep the vulgar in order. These sentiments, so congenial to corrupt human nature, were not lost on my master. He gave over attending at church or meeting because his master did not go. He despised all religious worship, being led to consider it as

priestcraft. With respect to the sacred volume, he disbelieved its promises, its denunciations he despised, and he gradually lost almost all sense of moral obligation; hence it was that Sabbath-breaking was substituted for Sabbath church-going, cards for the bible, and dishonesty for good and prudent policy. Such was the state of things when Thomas purchased me, but matters were now come to a crisis. There was a house in the Lawn Market, a petty gambling-house, which he very much frequented. There, on an evening, one might see shop lads, valets, and chairmen amusing themselves with cards, and playing for stakes which they could ill afford to pay; and in this sink of iniquity my master would often spend the small sums which he had feloniously abstracted from the depository or pockets of his unsuspecting master.

One evening he lost every farthing not only of what he called his own, but in a fit of desperation, he madly ventured part of a small sum which his master had given him that very day to pay an account. He had lost no less than ten shillings, when mad at the idea of detection, and encouraged by a fortunate turn in his

favour, he, in his infatuation, asked other ten shillings, in the hope of making up a pound, to cover payment of the ill-fated account, and lost the little all. What to do he knew not; he tried to borrow, but did not succeed, and in a state of mind far from being enviable, he bent his steps homeward, and threw himself upon his bed, where he spent a sleepless night. In the morning, being more composed, he began to consider the matter on the whole as trifling, and his evil genius suggested the old plan as a remedy, namely, to borrow from his master's depository. The philosopher, being engaged to breakfast with an intimate friend, went out about half-past eight o'clock, and in his usual careless manner left one of the drawers of his escritoir open. This was an excellent opportunity for his worthy valet. He, without loss of time, opened the drawer and supplied himself. Had he taken a guinea, or a couple of half guineas, he might have accomplished his plan with impunity. Had he even taken the uppermost bank note in the small parcel, all might have been well so far; but he, unluckily for himself, laid hold of a pound note that lay in a corner by itself, thrust it into his

pocket, and made all possible haste to pay the account which had given him so much uneasiness. Now it had so happened, that two days prior to this, the philosopher, in some money transaction, received a forged note upon the Bank of Scotland. He had identified it as such, at least one of his friends had, and having put a particular mark on the back of it to prevent the mistake of paying it away for a good one, he laid it, as I said before, in a corner by itself.

Shortly after Thomas had tendered payment, the merchant had occasion to send a sum to the Bank as payment of a bill. No sooner, however, had the teller looked over the money, than he discovered and threw out the forged one, and inquired very sharply at the merchant's lad where his master had got it? On his return to the shop, his master at once knew from whom he had received it, and without loss of time repaired to the philosopher's house. Now, when he called, Thomas was out of the way, so he was at once admitted to the chamber of Brushwell's employer, and after a polite apology, explained the nature of his business. "I am truly astonished," said the gentleman, "that this

note should have come into your possession. I do not well understand it. I indeed gave a little money to my servant yesterday, and ordered him to settle with you, but it was in silver." "I do assure you, Sir, upon my honour," replied the merchant, "that I received this very note from your young man this morning. I cannot possibly be mistaken." "Nay, stop," said the philosopher, "I no longer doubt your word—I cannot, even though I would—for I perceive my own mark on it, as having detected it myself the other day, when I placed it in my depository in which I imagined it now was, and where it ought to be. Can it be possible? It must be so—my escritoir has been violated, and I fear by this very person of whom I have never had the smallest suspicion." At this critical moment, in came my unlucky master, and stood in the presence of Mr. H———, who although much hurt, maintained an astonishing degree of calmness and composure. "Thomas," said he, "did you pay this note to that gentleman?" pointing to the merchant. "Yes," said the confused valet. "Did you take it out of my depository? I insist, Sir, on the answer of truth." For two minutes the patient man wait-

ed and looked in the face of the guilty being, but he received no answer—Thomas was speechless. "Here is another note for you, Sir," said the philosopher, handing one to the merchant, "and truly sorry am I at such an unexpected, such an unpleasant occurrence. As for you, young man, you may retire, I shall ring when I want you." Nothing more was said on the subject for several hours. The philosopher went out to dine, but returned at an early hour in the evening; when having summoned my master, he thus addressed him: "Thomas, the occurrence of this day has greatly vexed my mind; you have been in my service for the long period of seven years. In you I have reposed an unlimited confidence—a confidence which you have most shamefully abused. Were I assured that you had never before been guilty of a breach of trust, I might have overlooked this instance of moral delinquency, but that I cannot ascertain. I will not, however, indulge in hard expressions, for that will serve no good purpose, neither will I attempt to punish you by delivering you over to the civil law. Under all circumstances, however, you can no longer be my servant, and I shall

give you a chance of yet doing well, by permitting you to retire. But I expect that, by to-morrow's sun-rise, you will remove hence. Here is a guinea for you, and as you would avoid infamy and degradation, be more careful for the time to come."

Thus terminated this connexion. My ill-fated master sent off all his luggage to Leith that very evening, and next morning, as the hour of four struck on the clock of St. Giles' Cathedral, High Street, Edinburgh, the philosopher's door closed on my master for ever.

CHAP. II.

THE ROBBER AND THE CLERGYMAN.

It was a lovely summer morning; all nature looked gay. It was the 4th of June, the anniversary of the birth of his late most excellent Majesty George III. Hundreds of happy urchins were busy in their preparations for a day's sport. Some were dressing up the different wells of the city with branches of trees—others in busking the statue of the Second Charles with flowers. Some were engaged in making effigies of the notorious Johnny Wilks, doomed to perish in the bonfires at the close of the day's amusement; and here and there might be seen a Town-guard soldier with his Lochaber axe calling the hour. It was market day too, and early though it was, carts were seen coming from various parts of the country with flowers and vegetables, milk and butter, and other useful articles for home consumption, and every one seemed happy.

There was one, however, who was not so, and that was my unhappy master. He knew

not well where to bend his steps, without a home, a situation, a character, a friend, or a fraction, except the guinea, the last, the unmerited gift of his offended master. He was now a being quite alone in the world, a forlorn outcast from society. He had sent his chest to a public-house in Leith, to remain till called for; but thinking it too early to call there, and having fixed on no plan of future procedure, he strolled the length of the King's Park, and having reached the ruins of St. Anthony's Chapel, he drank of the water from a spring or well which bears the name of that saint. He laid himself down on the grass, and, in spite of all his vexation, fell fast asleep. He did not, however, remain long in that dormant state, for a flock of sheep coming that way awoke the unhappy youth to a full sense of his deplorable situation. It was now half-past five o'clock.

He thought that, under all circumstances, the best thing would be to leave the country altogether; that in a distant quarter he might get on; and hoped to find in a future, happy experience, that the worst of his days were past and gone. But alas! there was one insurmountable barrier in his way, and that was the want of money.

If he had a few pounds in his possession—he cared not how he procured them—he imagined he would yet do well. He now only wished for some opportunity of gaining the object of his desire, and about six o'clock he descended the hill, crossed the park, and in a few minutes was on the easter road to Leith. The easter road to Leith was neither so public nor so good a walk as it now is; it was very private; and, with the exception of a small public house, there was not a habitation between the village of Quarrelholes and the Links of Leith. Thomas was about half way down the road, when he saw a tall venerable-looking gentleman slowly stepping towards the city. In his right hand he held a long gold-headed cane, and in his left he carried a small leathern portmanteau, and seemed from his appearance to have recently arrived by the ferry-boat from the Fife side.

On a nearer approach, my master knew him to be one of the city clergymen, and supposed that the reverend gentleman had just returned from visiting some country clergyman, whom he had probably been assisting in his official character. In so far he was correct, for he had been at Perth assisting a reverend brother at a

sacramental occasion. Rightly judging that he would not be without money, and perhaps as much as would answer the purpose which my owner had in view, he was tempted to embrace the present opportunity, and endeavour to get possession of it. He was conscious both of the criminality and danger of such a daring attempt, but he had no time for reflection, being now in contact with his victim. "There is a fine morning, young man," said the gentleman. "Yes, Sir," replied Brushwell, "it is a very pleasant morning indeed. By the by, Sir, I wish to talk with you a moment. I happen to be placed in most unfortunate circumstances at the present time. I cannot, however, stay to explain. I must leave this country without delay, and I require money; this I cannot procure in a proper and lawful way, and therefore must—it gives me much pain to do so—but I have to request of you, and more than that, I must insist on your giving me, what money you have upon you." "Why, friend," said the clergyman, "that is very hard; you are a stranger to me. I have money, but were I to bestow it in charity, I think I might give it to many persons more entitled to

it than you seem to be." "Well, Sir," said my master, "that I wont dispute—neither have I time for talk—your money I must have. Do not compel me, I beseech you, to use harsher measures." "Well, unhappy misguided youth, there it is, take it, and go your way. You do not, cannot expect a blessing with it; but, nevertheless, I wish you one, and may God so far bless you as to turn you from the error of your ways. May he forgive you as I do. But remember this one thing. On a future day you shall have to answer for this, and perhaps similar transactions, at the awful tribunal of Almighty God; and, if you repent not in time, you will find to your eternal, your miserable experience, that the wages of sin is death." So saying, the good man went his way, and the robber made to Leith with all possible speed. On arriving there, he went instantly to the harbour with his trunk, which he got at the public-house where it had been left the preceding night, and finding a vessel bound for London, he put his luggage on board, and by half-past eight o'clock was, with a fair wind, right on his way to the southern metropolis. On examining the black silk purse,

which he had so unwarrantably obtained, he found himself master of twenty pounds, besides me, and the guinea which the philosopher had given him. He, however, was not happy—how could he? Vice oftentimes carries with it its own punishment. Thomas felt most acutely all the feelings and horrors of remorse. The words of the good man rung in his ears. He resolved, by the help of God, to revolutionize his whole conduct—to act in future a better part—no more to lay his hand on the property of another—and, if ever it should be in his power, to make restitution to the worthy man whom he had used so ill.

When he arrived in London, he rented a small garret room, in the Old Jewry, at two shillings per week, in which he stopped for one month. But though he used all diligence to procure a servant's place, he could not. He might have been employed by several respectable persons, but he had no reference to give, nor testimonials to produce, and therefore was rejected by every one. Seeing that he was so unfortunate in London, he resolved to push his fortune elsewhere. He therefore went on board a ship bound for Lisbon, and arrived there in safety, after a pleasant voyage of ten days.

But there also his evil genius prevailed against him. No one would employ him He told the name of his late master—a name well known to the literati of Europe; and could he have shewn a certificate, bearing the philosopher's signature, he might have had his choice of places, but that was impossible. Finding that his finances were on the decline, and that no good was to be done in the capital of Portugal, he resolved to shift the scene; and after a month's residence in Lisbon, he set out on foot for Oporto. In that place he remained for seven weeks, reducing his means, but met with no success. His wretchedness was extreme. his cash was almost gone. Misery and poverty stared him in the face. A thousand times he repented that he had not begged his good old master's forgiveness. He might have obtained it. He might even have been restored to favour; but now he was on the point of starving in a foreign land, without a friend or a relative either to assist or comfort him. Things were in this dismal state when he happened one day to go into an inn to procure some refreshment; here, among a group of Spaniards and Portuguese, he observed a frank, free,

hearty young fellow, whom, by his dialect, he knew to be a Scotchman. His heart warmed at the sight of him. His eye beamed with delight. He longed to be acquainted with him; and calling for a pint of wine, he filled up a glass, and drank to the health of the Caledonian, who, in his turn, shaking my poor master's hand, exclaimed, as he raised the tumbler to his head, "The land o' cakes for ever." It was not long ere my master found that his new acquaintance was a native of Aberdeenshire; indeed, he soon discovered this by his conversation. "Phat part o' Scotland are ye come frae, my frien—are ye a native o' Edinbro'. Na, yer surely nae that, ye seem to be frae the south; but nae matter, my man, we're a' John Tamson's bairns, as the saying is; so let's drink anither bumper to the health o' them that's far awa." My master, although an Englishman, had been so long in Scotland, that he could talk as like a Scotsman as if he had been one. So the two new cronies cracked and joked, so as to excite the attention of the foreigners, who seemed not a little pleased at hearing their northern jargon. After some time, having retired to an apartment by themselves, my master, in answer to

a number of questions proposed by the honest Aberdonian, told him all his history, (with the exception of the dishonest part of it,) and solicited his friendship and assistance in procuring a situation. "Weel-a-weel, Mr. Brushwell, perhaps it may be in my power to serve you; if I can, I will. Meet me in this place the morn's mornin' at ten o'clock, and keep up your heart man; for, as the auld sang says, 'there's gear to win we never saw.'"

At the hour of ten, on the following morning, the new friends met, and a fortunate circumstance it was for my master that they did so. Mr. Sinclair, for that was the stranger's name, filled a respectable situation in Oporto, and being well acquainted with a number of mercantile people, he was enabled to tell my overjoyed master that he had heard of a situation for him; and by pretending that my master was an old acquaintance, he had recommended him to a gentleman who seemed inclined to engage him as his valet that very day. Good fortune seemed once more to favour him. Sinclair introduced him to his future master, by whom he was that very hour employed in the same way as he had formerly been by Mr. H——.

My master entered on the duties of his new situation with a sincere determination to do well; and he was enabled to act so as to meet and to merit the unqualified approbation of the respectable individual whom he had the honour to serve. So much did he persevere in the business of self-reformation, that at the end of two years he was, on account of his excellent penmanship and knowledge of figures, taken to the counting-house in absence of one of the clerks who was unwell, and, at his demise, was permitted to fill his place, with an excellent salary and every encouragement to do well.

In the school of adversity many bitter lessons are learned, but bitter though they be, they are frequently very useful. Thomas often thought on the parting words of the mild-tempered philosopher—of the interesting, impressive address of the excellent parson, the venerable clergyman whom he had robbed. His heart-rending words ever and anon rang in his ears, and the consequent reflections, like the dead fly in the apothecary's ointment, destroyed every pleasure, and he who was once gay, volatile, and thoughtless, had now become a serious, pensive, melancholy being—he was in-

deed a changed man. On week days he was quite a person of business; and as he had no partiality for the Roman Catholic doctrine or form of worship, and had been in his younger days taken by his parents to an Episcopalian Church, when they went to a place of worship, he generally kept his apartment (while residing at Oporto) on the Sabbath, conversing with his bible and prayer book.

He had been about ten years in the service of his excellent employers, (for there were two brothers of them, wine merchants,) when one of them died; and the surviving partner, the gentleman who had so long before patronised my master, was pleased to give him a share of the business. This was a most fortunate circumstance for Mr. Brushwell, for the business was carried on to a great extent. These circumstances gave him much pleasure, and he began to feel a degree of satisfaction to which he had long been a stranger. He looked forward to better days—to a state of independence, enjoying the delightful anticipation of one day visiting the Scottish capital, and of seeing the good man from whom he had extorted the twenty pounds,

and of returning it with good interest to its legitimate owner.

That worthy person, who had long ceased to think of the circumstance, was, at the end of about fifteen years, sitting one summer morning in his little parlour, preparing his discourse for the ensuing Sunday, when a cart, on which was placed a large cask of wine, stopped at his door, and a letter, sealed with red wax, bearthe initials T. B. was handed to him. On opening the paper he read as follows :—

" The writer of this note is under great obligations to the Rev. Dr. ——, presents his best respects, and requests his acceptance of the cask of wine herewith sent.

"*Leith, September* 10, 17—."

The reverend gentleman, as I afterwards learned, was astonished, nor could he conceive who the person might be who had sent him such a handsome, such an unexpected present. He imagined there might be some mistake, which time alone might clear up, and in the meanwhile ordered the cask to be put into the cellar.

Three days after this occurrence, about seven o'clock in the evening, as the reverend

gentleman was taking a solitary cup of tea, and amusing himself with the *Caledonian Mercury*, the servant announced a gentleman, and laid a card on the table, on which was written my master's name. Being almost disengaged, he ordered the servant to shew the gentleman in, and in an instant Mr. Brushwell stood, for the second time, in front of the patriarchal-looking man, and highly respectable minister of religion. After a few common-place observations had been exchanged, he made himself known to the gentleman, who had not been able to recognise him—adverted with much feeling and delicacy to the robbery—acknowledged himself as the person who had sent the wine—professed sincere and heartfelt contrition for the crime of which he had been guilty—returned the money with interest, and told the worthy man, that if the wine pleased him, he would send him a drop on a future day. "When you, Sir, gave me that money, you bade God bless it to me, and the Almighty has blessed it indeed." The good man was delighted—highly gratified to see such an instance of sterling honesty—gave my master his paternal blessing—invited him to call from time to time, and hoped that

the God of mercy and peace would make his grace even to be sufficient for my now completely-reformed master, and that he might perfect his almighty strength in his weakness. My master then made his way to the New Town. He inquired after his former employer and benefactor, the philosopher, in order to do an honest part also to him; but he learned with regret, that his old, his kind, his injured master, had been some months resting upon the lap of earth, that his spirit had gone to that unseen country beyond the grave. He had now been my owner for upwards of fifteen years, because I was, as he used to say to his old worthy friend Sinclair, a memorandum of Auld Reikie. But the best of friends must part, and I was destined to change my service. He happened to place me one day rather carelessly into the breast of his shirt, dropped me at the head of Calton, and I saw him no more.

CHAP. III.

GILBERT M'COUL, THE MENDICANT.

AFTER having lain on the ground for half an hour, I was picked up by a beggar man, who, with the greatest care, placed me in the inside of his waiscoat.

My new master was what is called a Blue-gown beggar, or licensed mendicant. He had formerly served his Majesty in the American war. He was in the army commanded by General Wolfe, and lost his right leg at the battle of Quebec. Not having any pension, he felt obliged to commence the begging system, and, being protected by Government, was in no danger of being annoyed, either by constables or city-guard soldiers, as a vagrant. He was an old man, a little above the middle size, wore a large blue gown, on the breast of which was placed a round pewter badge, bearing the figure of a crown and the name of "Gilbert M'Coul. Pass and repass." People may talk as they choose about the life of a beggar, but this

I can aver, that in the case of my new master, it was, at least, better than that of a soldier. While in the army, he had only sixpence per day; but his present occupation was worth from 6d. to 2s. per day. On the anniversary of the King's birth, he joined the general assembly of Blue-gowns, (among whom, I have no doubt, was Sir Walter Scott's famous Eddie Ochiltree) in the Old Church of Canongate, and heard a sermon preached by the King's Almoner. After the sermon, he received, in common with his tribe, a new blue gown and badge, a white leathern purse containing as many pennies as the king could number years, a twopenny loaf, and a bottle of beer. All things considered, there was many a man worse off than Gilbert M'Coul. He was his own master, could go where he pleased, and when he pleased, and, being a quiet, sober, inoffensive man, no one so much as said to him, What dost thou? As a mendicant he was very successful. He commonly stood on Leith Walk, at a spot once known by the name of the Gallowlee, where the notorious murderer, Norman Ross, was executed. He carried with him a large snuff-horn, on which he not only made many large personal demands

(for his nose was always hungry), but he gave freely to every well-wisher who would partake with him of the contents of his mull, and at the long run he was no loser; and, besides, on the lid of his capacious companion, there was engraved (it had a copper covered lid)—"He who wont help his friend in a pinch is not worth a snuff." Now this was both a sterling truth and a broad hint.

There are many beggars who spend as fast as they get; but my master was very careful. Supported by his crutch, large oak stick, and wooden leg, he was at the post of honour every morning; and in the evening he carefully deposited his day's alms in an old chest, of which he always kept the key about his person, treated himself with a comfortable diet, and when cold or wet, thought it no harm, before turning in, to regale himself with a drop of good mountain dew. Such was my master's manner of living. He troubled none of his neighbours. He was his own master and his own servant; he was in no man's debt, and, except that in frosty weather he sometimes felt an acute pain in the remains of his mutilated limb, he was as happy as a prince. Gilbert might have had a house-

keeper—one who would have served him both faithfully and affectionately, but he would not. "No, my dear Margaret," said he, one day to his only daughter, "go to service; in a good situation you may learn something useful, and may promote your future interest far better than by staying with a poor old beggar man. Go, I will take no denial. Come on Sundays and see me; and if I should turn sick, and become unable to assist myself, you may then have it in your power to alleviate my distress by your kind attention. It is now ten years since your dear mother's death—you are now fifteen, and really it is high time you knew something more of the world. The lady who wants you has been a good friend to me, and will be so to you also, if you conduct yourself with propriety, which I have every reason to hope you will." Margaret left her poor father with reluctance, for she dearly loved the old man. She left him "along the cool sequestered vale of life to wend the noiseless tenor of his way." There was little or no variety in the life of this man; every day was alike. The only difference was on Sunday; one would not have known him on that day, except by his crutch and wooden leg. On that

day he laid aside his gown and badge, wore a suit of tolerably good black clothes, a good hat, and a clean shirt, and went regularly to an old place of worship on the Castle Hill, where he heard sermons in his native Gaelic. I was in his possession for several years, but for the most part he kept me in a corner of his chest. When Margaret, his daughter, was married, however, he gave me to her in a present, and for the first time in my career I had a mistress. Margaret M'Coul was married, in her twentieth year, to a decent, industrious, journeyman tailor, named James Stichwell. He had no objections to his Peggy, although she was the daughter of a Blue-gown. "No," said he, one day to an acquaintance, "God forbid that I should be ashamed of my father-in-law; he is a good decent man; and although he has shed his blood in defence of his sovereign's right, and even left his precious limb in a far distant land, yet he has received no adequate remuneration, and what else can the poor man do, especially when he never learned any trade? I will ever esteem him; and should I survive him, will see his remains respectably buried in the dust." In about two years after this, poor M'Coul fell sick

and died. His children paid him every possible attention. He left this sublunary scene in tranquility and peace, and his savings, amounting to about seventy-eight pounds, were left to his daughter and her husband, who certainly were worthy of every encouragement, having duly and all along obeyed that good precept which says, "Honour thy father and mother that it may be well with thee."

My mistress thinking that, as an ornament, I would suit her husband better than herself, gave me to him, who, not caring much for any thing of the sort, presented me soon after to an intimate acquaintance to whom he lay under various obligations.

CHAP. IV.

WILLIAM SKIVER.

William Skiver, my new master, was by trade a journeyman bookbinder, a decent sort of a fellow, but like the greatest and the wisest of men, rather foolish when he got a glass. I liked Will very much; he was intelligent, modest, and obliging. His character was respectable, and might have been of the first order, but for his occasional intemperate use of a certain elixir, justly denominated "Scotland's skaith and blue ruin." Modest though Skiver generally was, yet, when inspired by mountain dew, he would have argued his point with kings and nobles had they come in his way; for liberty and equality was the favourite toast of Will. Dearly did he love company and the social bowl; and when singing "Begone dull care," or "Willie brew'd a peck o' maut," his eye would sparkle with joy, and he thought himself the happiest being in Christendom. Now all this might have done, but the mischief was, that if he experienced or met with the smallest op-

position when inebriated, he was very quarrelsome. Alas! is not this the case with thousands? Have not circumstances occurred, and crimes been inadvertently committed while in such a state, which have brought misery, disgrace, ruin, and even death on many a poor infatuated man? This, I am happy to state, was not the fate of Will Skiver; but had it not been for the interposition of a kind Providence, as he has been often heard to acknowledge, he had been utterly ruined and undone.

One evening, about twenty-five years ago, Will and three of his shopmates had a supper and a hearty glass, on occasion of a new workman paying what is termed his entry. Had they contented themselves with the amount of the entry-fee, all might have been well, but Rob Glass and Allan Chrystal were with our friend Will—real jolly boys; and it was the "wee short hour ayont the twall" before they left Libberton's Wynd and the house of the venerable Johnny Dowie, who was called in to drink a glass and gie them his crack. Having, however, roared out "Auld Lang Syne," and drank a parting glass out of Johnny's bottle, they started for sweet home. It was Sunday

morning, the worst possible time to be in such a disgraceful situation, but this they thought not of, and instead of going quietly home, they commenced a prophane song in the very street. They, poor thoughtless wretches, meant no harm; they were incapable of cool reflection, and no wonder that they fell into a scrape. Oh! that young men were more careful—that they in general were more prudent. Will such evening amusements meet the comfortable reflection of a new morning? No, no; the pleasures of intemperance and many other immoral indulgencies are oftentimes rolled as a sweet morsel under the tongue; but lo! in the end, it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder. In their progress towards the West Port, they staggered down the West Bow, and were proceeding along the Grass Market, singing "We're no yet fou—we're no yet fou—but just a wee drap in our ee!" when the watchman on duty challenged them, and threatened to commit them all three to the police office, if they did not keep quiet and go straight home. Well had it been if they had taken the hint. They called him an old highland vagabond; and while Rob Glass, in imitation of the policeman's northern

dialect, called out "Pasht tow of te clock!" Will Skiver, with one kick of his foot, smashed his lantern in pieces. Having performed this feat, these worthies fled. They did not however run far. The rattle was sprung, and the alarm given. The man procured sufficient assistance, and they were seized, taken by force to the office, then situated in the Lawnmarket, and locked up in separate dark cells till Monday morning. When they awoke their feelings were most painfully acute. Rob thought of his aged mother, Allan of his wife and children, and Will of the disgrace and stigma which he conceived would be attached to him in consequence of his very improper conduct, and consequent exposure.

He put his hands into his pockets, but his money was gone, his watch was amissing; for the police, it seems, had taken every thing from him and his comrades before locking them up, with a view of taking care of them. On Monday morning the culprits were taken before the Judge of Police, where being confronted with the watchmen, the case, in the short space of ten minutes, was discerned against them. Their conduct at the bar, however, was so humble and unassuming, that the Judge was

more lenient than they had any reason to expect. Having given them a sharp reprimand for their very improper conduct, aggravated, as he very justly observed, by its being committed on the morning of the Lord's-day, he fined each of them in the amount of half-a-guinea; and as my master was the person who broke the lantern, he was ordered to pay the price of a new one, which amounted to seven shillings and sixpence more; and lastly, that they should each and all of them find caution for their orderly behaviour. Matters being arranged, they were dismissed from durance vile, and next day Rob and Allan were at the binding-shop as usual. Will, however, was absent—he was ashamed to shew himself; his pride was mortified; his spirit was broken. He could no longer bear the sight of a near neighbour or the reproach of friends, and he resolved to leave Edinburgh, and push his fortune in a place where he was unknown. There was one obstacle in my master's way, namely, the want of money. He thought of selling me, but was offered such an insignificant trifle by the goldsmith that he would not part with me. His finances just amounted to half-a crown, and with that he set out on the tramp,

as it is called, without loss of time, or acquainting any of his friends with his intention. On leaving the city, he travelled in a westerly direction, and, having passed through the villages of Uphall and Bathgate, he stopped all night in Airdrie, and next morning, at ten o'clock, he arrived in the city of Glasgow. Here he was so fortunate as to obtain immediate employment, and conducted himself with such steadiness and propriety that, in a short time, he not only saved a little money, but assisted his aged parents with small remittances. It is good when affliction or correction is followed by contrition or genuine reformation. It was so with my master's case; but it might have been otherwise. If, for example, he had kicked the policeman instead of his lantern, death to the poor man, and subsequently an ignominious death to himself, might have been the consequence; or if, constrained by poverty, he had, while on the highway to Glasgow, imitated the conduct of Thomas Brushwell, my former master, by committing a robbery, transportation or the gibbet might have been the lamentable consequence. He, however, was restrained by some superior power, and destined to be what

he now is—a wealthy citizen and a worthy member of society, and one who has been the subject of a real and permanent reformation. In course of two years after his arrival in Glasgow, he married an excellent young woman, who had a little money. They first opened a little shop in the stationary line and turned the penny to advantage. He then chanced to obtain a prize in the lottery, and was thereby enabled to extend his business, so as, in two years more, to purchase property to a considerable amount; and he is still increasing in wealth, respectability, and sterling worth. Such has been the happy result of misfortune with respect to Will Skiver; but let no one be so presumptuous as to imitate the evil part of his conduct, for his case may justly be said to be one of a thousand.

In concluding this history and this chapter, it is proper to be candid with regard to Mr. Skiver. Never, perhaps, did any man seem more deserving of riches than he. He is truly generous; a poor deserving person never applies to him in vain. He is eyes to the blind, feet to the lame, a benefactor to the helpless, and the orphan's friend; a blessing to his own poor

relations; and when his aged parents were on their death-bed, in the exercise of filial affection, he endeavoured to smooth for them the pillow of death. He is himself greatly blessed, and to many a one he has proved to be a blessing.

I had been five years in his possession, when he had occasion to go to London on business concerns. There he remained for about a fortnight. When he had resolved to return to Scotland, he inadvertently left me behind him when hurrying on board the smack which was bound for the port of Leith, and I saw him no more, but passed into the hands of another person, whose history I shall lay before the reader.

CHAP. V.

WILLIAM BENTLY, THE UNFORTUNATE FARMER.

In a very brief space, the apartment lately possessed by my last master was occupied by a Scotch gentleman, who, in course of another week, was likewise to take his passage for Leith. Perceiving me on the carpet, he lifted me, and, having admired my brilliant appearance, resolved to appropriate me to his own use. Mr. William Bently was an extensive dealer in grain, and had a lease of a large farm about ten miles distant from Edinburgh. He was generally thought to be a wealthy man, had the best cattle in the country, a great number of servants, and transacted business to a great extent. But alas, alas! it is an old saying and a true one, that "it is not all gold that glitters, nor yet silver that shines." My master, poor man, laboured under a variety of disadvantages and most heavy difficulties. When he first took his farm, markets were very high, and his rent proportionably so.

He did not contemplate a period when a reverse (happily for the poor) was to take place, and his hard, relentless landlord held him strictly to the terms of the lease; hence it followed, that he struggled in vain to meet the rent, but could not; and although he was once in a fair way to get rich, yet he was now on the road to ruin. What added not a little to his affliction, was that, besides Mrs. Bently, he had ten children, the eldest of whom was only in his fourteenth year. He was much grieved on their account, tried to keep the fair side as much as possible, and, by every means in his power, endeavoured to pay twenty shillings in the pound to one and all of his creditors as long as he possibly could.

Poor William Bently was doomed, like the man of Uz, to severe trials, and to drink the bitter cup of affliction to the very dregs. His distress had commenced about a year before I came into his possession, but it was not till the expiration of three years that the day of his sad, his sore calamity arrived. He was three hundred pounds in his landlord's debt, who really, to do him justice, had borne with his shortcomings a considerable time, and might have done so much longer, but for the circumstance of his having fal-

len behind with two of his creditors, to whom he had given bills to the extent of two hundred pounds, and which were ultimately dishonoured. About this time, also, he met with a sad domestic trial. His eldest daughter, a girl in her twelfth year, went out, after tea, on a fine summer Sunday evening, to saunter on the large green plot in front of the house. One of her father's best working horses was nipping the grass, enjoying that ease and rest which is the privilege of the inferior animals on that sacred day. Susan took it into her head that she would have a couple of long hairs to string some beads on, and going behind the creature, she pulled first one and then another. The animal became restless and kicked its foot against the ground. This ought to have been her warning; it was, but unhappily the heedless girl saw it not, minded it not. Alas! for Susan, lovely unfortunate being!—the fated hour was come when she was to be numbered with the dead, and when her beauty was to be consumed as a moth. She had the temerity to pull out a third hair, when the offended animal threw his right foot behind him, and with one kick literally drove off the top of her skull, and she was instantly carried home a breathless,

mangled corpse. Oh, who can paint the distress of the poor mother, and the agony of the unhappy father! All other causes of grief were for a time out of mind; and the sensitive heart of my distressed master was like that of Israel's King for his once lovely and beloved Absalom. His heart was like to burst with grief, and, like David, in the midst of tears, sighs, and groans, he exclaimed, "Oh, my child! my child!—my Susan!—my own, my lost, my once lovely darling!—would to God I had died for thee!—Oh, my child! my child!" The afflicted mother heard not, saw not this—she had fainted. The two younger children fell from their mother's knees, and the eldest boy lifted and carried them into the kitchen. The house was indeed a house of woe; and no one was quiet save one—the once beautiful, but now dreadfully mutilated Susan, who had so unexpectedly and so suddenly met her unhappy fate.

That misfortunes seldom come single is a truth which might be attested by thousands of the human race. On an early day after the recent catastrophe, a caption was served on my poor master;—he could not meet the demands of his principal creditors, who would come to no

terms short of a final settlement. The instrument was brought from Edinburgh by a king's messenger, that is, a messenger-at-arms, who was observed by a servant of my master's landlord. This servant had gone into a public-house in the village of ——, where also the officer happened to be. The publican was inquisitive, the messenger a babbling minion, and his business with Mr. Huntly was all exposed. In a short time it reached the ears of his landlord, who demanded instant payment of the three hundred pounds, or a bill with proper security. The hapless man could neither give the one nor procure the other. Legal measures were then had recourse to; his effects were seized, put under sequestration, a sale took place, and the unfortunate family were deprived of every article, with the exception of twenty pounds which he had contrived to secret. They went to Edinburgh, but found there few or no friends. Poor man, he knew not what hand to turn to. At last, assisted by his wife's father, he opened a spirit shop in the Grassmarket, in the hope that, on market days, some of his old acquaintances would encourage him for "auld lang syne." But this affair was ill managed; instead of putting his wife's

maiden name on the sign-board, he very imprudently put up his own; in consequence of which, he fell a victim to his former creditors, and, in less than two months, he was in the Heart of Mid-Lothian (the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh).

His courage now began to fail him. He saw nothing but misery and beggary before him;—his family, too, began to pine under the iron grasp of poverty, and he more than once was heard to exclaim, while stretched on his pallet of straw,—"Oh, that I had never, never been born! He was a long time in prison—nearly eighteen months—for his creditors had lodged aliment in the hope that friends would come forward. But his father-in-law wisely thought that the best thing he could do in the circumstances, was to assist his poor daughter and grandchildren, and even that (for he was not rich) was to him a very difficult and serious task.

At the end of seventeen months, however, he, in virtue of an act of grace, was liberated in default of aliment, and left to feel his way in the midst of wretchedness and woe. He was now at liberty, but oh, how changed! His former plump, ruddy face was pale and wan; his

clothes were in rags, torn and threadbare; and the once jolly-looking, honest-like farmer was metamorphosed into a poor, stooping, broken-hearted man. When he entered his domicile, his poor wife and children were dining on potatoes and salt—their only beverage being cold water. His feelings were overcome; he threw himself on the bed, and wept aloud. Seeing, however, on cool reflection, that something must be done, he tried to get employment as a tax-gatherer, as a letter-carrier, and even as a common porter, but was unsuccessful in all his applications. He even tried to get into the police establishment, as a night-watchman, but in this he also failed; and, in a short time, he and his family were reduced to the greatest possible misery before he was provided for. But the reader may say, Why, if he was in such distress, did he not endeavour to raise some money by disposing of me? He did so shortly after he left the jail; he left me in the custody of a pawnbroker, at the foot of Blair Street, for five shillings; and I should not have learned the subsequent part of his history, if I had not, twelve months after, been redeemed by his father-in-law.

I afterwards learned that he was employed as a labourer in L—— Distillery, which is situated in the vicinity of Edinburgh, where he had fifteen shillings per week, and his eldest boy, who had been bound apprentice to a copperplate printer, had four shillings per week. Matters were now greatly improved; for, with his father-in-law's assistance and his wife's economy, the family on the whole began to feel very comfortable; and as he had no hope of regaining his former status in society, he made up his mind to work laboriously for his nearest and dearest, for he had ever been a kind father and an affectionate husband. But the ways and purposes of Providence are oftentimes dark and inscrutible. Sad and mournful was the fate of my once prosperous and happy master. Oh, may few know and feel thy deep distress—thy misery—thy woe! Thou wert once in a state of comparative prosperity; thou didst fall therefrom. It was, however, thy misfortune, not thy fault, and proves this truth—"That a man may fall from a state of prosperity without being guilty of a crime."

One evening, while every hand was busily employed in the process of distillation, a cry

was made that a man had fallen into one of the boilers, which was hot. Ladders and ropes were instantly procured—the person was taken out—but the vital spark had fled. It was poor Bently! His remains were interred in the Greyfriars churchyard. He is now in that place where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.

I had for some time been in the possession of widow Bently's eldest son, who had received me from his grandfather. He was a good lad, and his master was very fond of him. Besides his weekly wages, now five shillings, he received the one-third of what he made above a certain amount, and thus he generally carried home on Saturday from seven to ten shillings, which he never failed to give to his mother, to whom he was very dutiful.

One Saturday, however, his master was from home, and he did not receive any wages. This was a sad disappointment to the poor family as well as to himself. So, without saying a word explanatory of his intention, he carried me to a pawnbroker's at the head of Blackfriars Wynd, and pledged me for four shillings and sixpence. This he immediately

carried to his mother, who felt very grateful to her affectionate son.

I saw them no more, nor did I ever learn any particulars of their subsequent history, as they never redeemed me. I was confined along with many other gold trinkets for a year and a week, and then sold to a wandering jew for principal and interest.

CHAP. VI.

HISTORY OF SERGEANT HAMILTON AND CATHERINE MUNDEL.

Old Nathan, my new master, was a cunning deep sort of a character. Under the mask of poverty he was possessed of a good heavy purse; and while on the one hand he took every possible advantage of the simple and unwary, he made a point of never parting with a shilling without looking at both its sides. Having resolved on a journey into Yorkshire, where he had relations, he set out with a great assortment of pretty sham-sort of trinkets, and in all the towns and villages on his way cheated the simple ones most cleverly while selling or exchanging. For me, however, he found not a purchaser till his arrival at Newcastle, and there he sold me to a Scotch pedlar for six shillings.

My new master was a good fellow. I liked him very much; he was honest, generous, and obliging. His moral character was of the first order. Many a poor person shared of his slender bounty, and

on one occasion, as the reader will soon see, he literally acted the part of the good Samaritan. He, in a critical juncture, relieved one who was poor and indigent, who had fallen among thieves, was wounded, bruised, and had no help of man at all. He had a large well-filled box, and being well known on the road, did business even with persons of respectability, and on the most equitable principles. His name was Robert Hamilton—he had formerly been a sergeant in the army; but having been severely wounded in Spain, he was discharged at the end of the twenty-fourth year of his servitude on a pension of two shillings and sixpence per day. This pension he generally drew in Edinburgh, and was now travelling slowly towards that city, purposing to be there about the eighth of January. My master had been in Yorkshire, where, on former occasions, he had frequently met with old Nathan the Jew, and was as far as Newcastle, on his northern journey, when he purchased me. I could not but admire his mode of living. I found that in every town through which he passed, there was a cheap public lodging-house in which he was well acquainted, and all who kept them seemed

glad when the sergeant (as they commonly called him) made his appearance.

One would almost have thought that the houses were his own, he seemed so happy and so much at home. Nor were his expenses great. In the apartments in which he generally reposed there were four or five good beds; a whole bed was sixpence, and a half-bed was as low as threepence per night. At meal times he purchased his own tea, sugar, &c. from his landladies, who for the most part were small retailers, and no advantage was taken of any traveller. Having done a little business in Newcastle, Alnwick, Berwick-on-Tweed, Ayton, and Eyemouth, he left his lodgings at the latter place, intending on the 14th December, 18—, to be at the village of Coppersmith, or Cockburnspath, on the following day.

The night was cold and stormy, snow descended, and the east wind blew. The moon was enveloped in thick clouds, and not a star was seen to twinkle in the gallery of heaven. Still, however, he seemed determined to prosecute his weary way, which was the more dreary as his proposed route lay through the muir of Condingham. He had not travelled more than

three hundred yards ere he regretted that he had not kept his quarters for that dreary night. Being anxious, however, to proceed, as there was to be a fair at Cockburnspath next day, he still felt his way. The storm now began to grow worse and worse; the wind blew a hurricane; and although he had gone on about a quarter of a mile, he determined to return to the village he had so recently left. My master accordingly turned himself, and had begun to retrace his steps, when a deep groan met his ear. He halted, he listened a minute or two, and thinking himself mistaken, resumed his march, when he heard another deep moan. This, thought the sergeant, must be some poor creature in distress; the object may be worthy or unworthy, but my duty is, to find the unfortunate being out, and endeavour to alleviate his distress. The continued low moaning of the unhappy forlorn stranger conducted him to the foot of a tree, and the moon at that instant emerging from behind a cloud, discovered to the compassionate and astonished pedlar a scene which affected every kindly feeling in his benevolent mind. A young female, half-naked, lay on the ground covered with snow, and almost frozen to

death. She was in a most deplorable condition, and seemed to have fallen among some merciless wretches, who had deprived her of almost all her habiliments, for she had neither mantle, gown, bonnet, nor shoes. As there was no time to be lost, he ran with all speed to the first cottage, procured assistance, returned to the spot, and had the poor creature, now in a state of insensibility, conveyed to his quarters at Condingham. Having explained as far as he could to his landlady, Mrs. Anderson, he requested her and her two daughters to pay the forlorn girl every proper and necessary attention. He laid down a crown piece, and assured her that she should lose nothing by her new lodger, as he would see all expenses defrayed.

The landlady having placed the invalid in a warm bed, my master ran for a surgeon, who having caused her benumbed limbs to be chafed, poured a little brandy into her mouth, on which she began to revive, although for some considerable time she could not distinctly articulate. The surgeon ordered a little warm gruel, and recommended that one of the girls should sit at her bedside all night, and that the patient should be

kept very quiet till next morning, when he would again call; and his injunctions were so strictly attended to that next day she was able to express her gratitude to her kind attendants and her generous preserver.

That circumstance must be very trifling indeed which does not attract the notice of the inhabitants in a country village. Next morning, at an early hour, the matter of the assault on the young woman was generally known. Many inquiries were made concerning her at the landlady; and, in course of the forenoon, two young ladies not only paid the poor invalid a visit, but supplied her with a mantle, gown, and other articles of clothing, in place of those of which it was evident she had been robbed. Penetrated with sincere gratitude, the as yet poor unknown shed tears of joy at the disinterested generosity of those amiable ladies, who, having called in the evening, gave her a donation of ten shillings to assist her, as the inhuman miscreants had not left their poor victim a single fraction.

Mrs. Anderson and the Sergeant were sitting in her private apartment, along with the female stranger, who had been conveyed from her bed

for a little, regaling themselves with a cup of tea, when the young woman thus addressed them:—"It is very natural and proper, my kind friends, that you should know something farther of one to whom you have shewn so much kindness. My name is Catherine Mundel. I am a native of Newcastle, and my father, who is a residenter there, is a journeyman mason. He is a widower, my mother having died ten years ago, and I am his only surviving child. My mother had an only brother, who was appointed an officer in the East India Company's Service, many years ago, and who is supposed to have made a small fortune in that country. It is now nearly eighteen months since we heard a report of his death; but it was merely a report, for we received no proper account at that time. About fourteen days ago, however, my father, who reads the *Edinburgh Weekly Journal*, saw an intimation to the following effect:—'If the heir or heirs of the late Colonel Belfield, in the Honourable East India Company's Service, will apply at the writing-chambers of Mr. F——, Princes Street, Edinburgh, he or they may hear of something to their advantage.' Having seen this advertisement, my

father and I felt not a little interested; and we thought it both our duty and interest to see about it without loss of time. My father could not afford to pay the coach hire to Edinburgh, and walk he could not. Besides, he thought I, being niece of the deceased, was the proper person to go; so, with ten shillings in my pocket, which was all that I could muster, I resolved, winter though it was, to proceed to Edinburgh on foot. Four days ago I commenced my journey, and had got so far on my road as the spot where you, Mr. Hamilton, were so providentially sent to me. So far had I performed my journey when I was attacked by three women and a man, who, after kicking and striking me in the cruelest manner, left me in the deplorable condition in which you, kind sir, happened to find me. It grieves me to think that I should have occasioned you so much trouble; but if ever it be in my power to reward you, I certainly will. I should be the most unworthy, the most ungrateful of all human beings if I did not." "Keep yourself easy on that score," said the worthy pedlar;—"we are glad to have been of such service to you; for my part, I will not leave you till I see you in Edin-

burgh, where I would advise you to go to-morrow by the stage coach. I shall advance the coach hire for you; if you ever repay me, well and good; if not, never mind. I have had many a good turn done to myself when surrounded with hardships in a foreign land, and, in thus assisting you, I only do a duty which I ought in gratitude to Providence to discharge." Seeing that she hesitated, he added—"Say not a word more, Catherine; I feel a satisfaction in serving you that carries with it its own reward."

The next morning, Hamilton and Catherine started, and in a few hours the coach stopped at the Black Bull, at the foot of Leith Street. Catherine expressed a desire to wait on the gentleman without delay. Of this my master approved, and conducted her to his door. Having promised to wait till she came out, he walked to and fro in front of the house for half an hour, when she returned.

The gentleman, who was at home, received her very politely, and having looked at a certificate of her birth and a letter which had been sent by her late uncle to her mother about twelve years prior to this interview, and which document he compared with one sent on a for-

mer occasion to himself, he found the handwriting and signature resemble each other so much that he was perfectly satisfied of her being the proper person. On learning the sad history of her journey betwixt Newcastle and Condingham Muir, and how she had been maltreated, he gave her two pounds, desiring her to call in a few days;—he also recommended her to a gentlewoman who kept a lodging-house in Rose Street, and, ringing the bell, he ordered a servant to conduct her to the place.

After an audience of half an hour, Catherine met my master at Mr. F——'s door, and told him what I have now related. The honest pedlar was overjoyed at the kindly reception she had met with—feeling convinced that she would soon be a lady, and advising her to keep up her heart, for that ere long she would see better days. She offered him one pound, the half of what she had received from Mr. F——, but the noble-minded fellow resolutely refused it, till, as he said, she should come to her kingdom. He promised to call at her father's house in Newcastle on some future day, and in the meanwhile, wishing her health and prosperity, he bade her adieu.

My master set out next morning for Glasgow, and while passing through Linlithgow, Falkirk, and other towns, was very successful in his small dealings. The reader may perhaps wonder that I should have been any length of time in his possession, but it so happened that, by an unlucky accident, I was broken, and having a large assortment of trinkets (although none of them were endowed with the gifts of seeing and hearing like me), he did not put me into the hands of a jeweller for a long time; nor was I sorry at this, as that circumstance now enables me to tell more of the history of one who was possessed of a very superior character indeed. No mean, selfish motive had he in assisting Catherine Mundel as he had done. He regarded her as a poor fellow-creature ready to perish; and from a principle of pure philanthropy, he saved her from death—he saw her fed and clothed; nor did he serve God and suffering humanity in vain. A pecuniary reward he neither sought nor expected; but the blessing of her who had been ready to perish came upon him, and he esteemed that as enough. In the course of the eighteen months spent in the west of Scotland, he had visited Dumbarton,

Paisley, and Greenock, and met with the encouragement which he merited. It was now about pension-time, and he once more visited Edinburgh, where he received his money; and having for a period of two years and a half lived without expending any of his government allowance, he had one hundred pounds deposited in the Bank of Scotland, and nearly ten pounds in his travelling box; — so much for being careful and successful in business. Thus he was, although but a hawking pedlar, in a great measure independent; but that man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward is an incontrovertible truth. About this time poor Hamilton was seized with typhus fever, and brought to the brink of the grave. For a time his life was despaired of, but the native strength of his constitution, assisted by the great attention paid to the invalid, both by his medical attendant and his landlady, prevailed, and my master was once more set upon his legs. Having been advised to take a short turn occasionally, he was in the daily habit of repairing to the Meadow Walk, which is very near to Bristo Street, the place of his residence. There he would wander or rest himself for a

couple of hours, not so much as exchanging a word with any human being. He knew no one, and no one knew him; he was as a stranger in a strange land.

"Like wearied pilgrim in a desert land,
Sighing alone for some familiar friend,
With liv'ning chat and friendly shake of hand,
But none came nigh, and sorrows grew apace."

One day the Sergeant had walked up and down for an hour, when feeling fatigued, he seated himself on the stump of a tree. While thus seated, a lady approached, and passed him closely. As she passed, she looked so very intently at him, that he could not help following her with his eye, as she went along. She had not, however, walked above a stone-cast when she retraced her steps—advanced towards him—stopped, and looking in his face, she politely inquired if his name was Mr. Hamilton; "Madam," said the pedlar, "my name is Robert Hamilton." "Well," said she, "you are the very person of whom I was thinking. Have you no recollection of having seen me before?" "No, madam, I do not," replied the sergeant—"In the course of my wanderings, for I am just a travelling jeweller, I see

so many faces, I cannot mind the half of them. Really I do not remember of having seen you, madam; you have completely the advantage of me." "And do you not," said the lady, "remember Condingham Muir, and the poor young woman whom you found half dead, and whom you so generously saved from starvation, nakedness, and death?" "O, yes, yes! can it be possible, and are you indeed Catherine Mundel? O how happy I am to meet you, once more to see you; I thought I should never have had that felicity again. Are you comfortable? Are you happy?" "Quite so, my much-respected friend; but it grieves me to see you look so poorly. You have been confined to a bed of sickness, and I knew it not; I, who would have felt it my duty and satisfaction to have done the part of an affectionate daughter, by one who has been as a kind father, a guardian angel to me. But never mind, Mr. Hamilton, there are more days coming. Here is my card of address, be so good as call on me to-morrow afternoon at four o'clock, as I wish very much to have an hour's conversation with you." At the hour appointed on the following day, my master repaired to

George's Square, in which was the residence of his quandam acquaintance Catherine Mundel. On ringing the bell, he was instantly admitted by the servant girl, and shewn into an elegantly-furnished apartment, where he was most kindly welcomed by the lady. Having inquired very tenderly into the state of his health, and expressed her gladness in having again met with one to whom, as she said, she owed a debt of gratitude she would never be able fully to repay, she informed him, that after a month's residence in Rose Street, with the person to whose house she had been recommended by Mr. ———, and in which she felt very comfortable, she had been put in possession of her uncle's legacy, amounting to ten thousand pounds; that her father had died about six months prior to their present interview; that she had given her hand in marriage to a young gentleman, a solicitor, in whose house my master now was; that she had been long acquainted with her husband when he was a clerk in Newcastle; that he had an excellent business, and that she felt very happy indeed. Mr. Watters, her husband, who had been informed of her distressed situation, when first my master had met her, and of Mr.

Hamilton's most seasonable and disinterested kindness, joined with her in the most sincere gratitude to him, and said he earnestly wished to meet him face to face. While they were thus conversing, Mr. Watters entered, shook my master most kindly by the hand, and these three worthy persons spent a very happy afternoon in the company of each other. They endeavoured to persuade the pedlar to accept of a very handsome remuneration, but for a long time he declined their kind offer. At last, however, he allowed them to take a small shop for him, which they furnished with a small stock of jewellery and ironmongery articles. They also procured him bank credit to the amount of five hundred pounds, and assured him they would not fail to assist and befriend him by every means in their power. Not long after this, my master gave his hand in marriage to an officer's widow, with whom he had got acquainted in the house of Mr. and Mrs. Watters. In this connexion, so long as I remained in his service, he was very happy. His business continued to increase and succeed. He was respectable and respected. I stated before that I had by an accident been broken. I was, however, at last repaired, and

I looked better than ever. I appeared once more in a shop window, and I again changed my service. One day a person, having the appearance of a master shoemaker, took a notion of me. He had come in to buy a risp, knife, ragstone, and some awls, and feeling induced to become my purchaser,. and having paid my price, I was separated for ever from my worthy old master.

"He was a man among the few
Sincere on Virtue's side."

CHAP. VII.

BENJAMIN BOTCH, THE BOOKBINDER.

Of Mr. Benjamin Botch, my new master, I had a very indifferent opinion. I never knew nor heard of any name more appropriately characteristic than this name—he was altogether a botch; but as his short history may be somewhat entertaining, I shall narrate it. Benjie had been what in former years was called a bookbinder, that is, he could, by a sort of instinct, so fasten the leaves of a book together, as to prevent their falling at a person's feet, but this was all; he could no more gild or finish a volume in a scientific way than make a watch. And after serving seven years' apprenticeship, his master, who was an excellent tradesman and a most worthy member of society, would give him no more (in fact, he could not in justice give him any more) than nine shillings per week. "It is a terrible thing," said Benjie, one day, "to be tied down like a slave, from six o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night, for the poor trifle of nine shillings a-week. It will not do;

I must try something else; for if I dress like other lads, and be like other folk, I will not be able to get salt to my kail." Now, there lived at that time, at the foot of the Cowgate, one Robert Last, a St. Mary's Wynd cobbler or shoemaker, who had a daughter aged twenty years, and unmarried. A more homely specimen of Nature's handicraft than this fair creature was never before seen in Scotland. On this fair damsel Benjie fixed the eye of—I shall not say true love—but ignoble selfishness. "Oh," said Benjie, "if I could but win Mary Last, my bread would be baken. The auld wife, her mother, is agreeable. Her father says, 'My man, Benjie, if you and Mary make it out, I will give you twenty pounds' worth of ready-made shoes for her tocher, and, by opening a small shop in the Grassmarket, the West Bow, or the Cowgate, you may do very well. You will have the world for the winning, boy; and if you be steady and sober, there is no fear of you.'"

Benjie took the hint—proposed marriage to Miss Last—was accepted—procured a marriage certificate—gold ring and gloves, with two pounds, which he contrived to swindle from a

worthy friend and sincere well-wisher; and in three weeks after, he had the fair one's consent. He was united to Miss Last, who from that time forward was called Mrs. Botch.

"Now's the day and now's the hour!" said Benjie, as his delighted eyes surveyed the excellent supper which old Bobby Last had ordered for his new relation. "This is better than stitching pamphlets! I shall," continued he, "be a man before my mother yet, for all that I have come through." In a few days the shop was rigged out and stocked, and my master commenced in the character of a shoe merchant.

It is wonderful how some men get on in the world. This man, by selling ready-made shoes, at a very low rate, turned the penny with such rapidity that he both increased his stock and saved money. But all men are not deserving of such good fortune. Benjie was neither grateful to his benefactors, dutiful to his parents, kind to his children—in course of time he was the father of four—nor affectionate to his wife. No: although she had been the making of him, and was a most excellent wife, yet the fellow treated her so contemptuously, and in general so harshly, that in a few years she died of a

broken heart, and is, with two of her infants, now mouldering in the dust.

After her decease, he still carried on—making money; and having sought the hand of another respectable young woman, he was on the point of being married the second time when he bought me. I should have liked to have known more of his history, but he happened to drop me on the very evening of his second marriage, and I passed into the hands of a policeman, who seemed delighted with his acquisition.

This man would fain have kept me, but he had a large family—was very poor—had only twelve shillings per week, and his clothes were in very bad condition; so thinking it would be a ludicrous piece of vanity and folly to make use of a gaudy trinket as an ornament, he sold me two days after I had come into his possession, to a Mr. Fender, for ten shillings and sixpence.

CHAP. VIII.

JOHN FENDER, THE HABERDASHER'S APPRENTICE.

My new master seemed to be in most excellent circumstances, but I should never have known the former part of his history, had it not been, that on an evening shortly after I had entered into his service, he took it into his head to tell it to a confidential friend.

Mr. Fender was originally bred in the haberdashery line, with a Mr. Goodwill, in the New Town of Edinburgh. He was a smart attentive boy during his apprenticeship, which it seems he served, so far as known to his master, faithfully and honestly; but after he became a journeyman shopman, he was led away by unprincipled companions, and took a notion of doing as my first master did when with the philosopher, purloining his master's property. The first article stolen by him was a red silk scarf, and the next a small web of Irish linen. These thefts not being detected, he now and then committed many other depredations, till he had

abstracted goods to the value of one hundred and thirty pounds. It may seem strange that these matters were not discovered, but the stock was so extensive, his master so unsuspicious, and the delinquent so cunning, that, had it not been for a piece of inadvertency, of which even the most cunning thief may be guilty towards himself, he might have ruined the good man ere it had been discovered. But he began about two years prior to my acquaintance with him to abstract small sums from the till, and carried on this nefarious practice so long, that his master at last grew suspicious. One day a gold seven shillings piece being awanting, Mr. Goodwill resolved to lay a small plot for him, and the consequence was, that John Fender was found out to be a most unworthy servant. Mr. Goodwill mentioned the matter to a lady, a friend of his wife, and requested her to go to his shop when he was out, and make a purchase. Among the silver which she gave as payment of the article were two half-crown pieces, and on these Mr. Goodwill made certain marks. The lady did as desired; the money was paid, put into the till before her face, and the half-crowns were taken out of it again as soon as she had left the shop.

On the merchant's return, the first thing he did was to send John a small message, the next to examine his money, when he missed the pieces in question. His unworthy clerk came in; the merchant desired him to go into the back shop, brought in a couple of constables—taxed him with the theft—searched, and found the money upon him, and committed him to the city jail. Having procured a Sheriff's warrant, they searched his lodgings, and found, in a press and a large trunk, not only money, but goods to a very large amount. Mr. Fender seemed now as fair on the road to exaltation as even Jonathan Wild or George Barnwell. Had the law been permitted to take its course, the culprit would have had half-an-hour's airing at the west end of the Heart of Midlothian. But his master was Goodwill by nature as well as by name; he conceived that he had recovered all his property, and therefore declined any farther prosecution. The wretch was liberated, and cast upon the wide world, without a character to recommend him.

Having got his hands on a little money, he went to London, but having failed in procuring a situation, returned after the lapse of a few weeks, the very picture of misery.

One would have thought that, as this man had sunk below the horizon of every thing that is respectable, he would have never risen again: but some folks are born, as poor Richard says, with a silver spoon in their mouth. An amiable individual took compassion on him and employed him. He was satisfied with his diligence and seeming fidelity, and placed in him unlimited confidence. At the time I entered into his service, he seemed to bid fair for being a very great man in the mercantile world;—being, in every sense of the word, his own master, and at the head of a very large establishment. I had been in his possession about two years, when he set out on a journey to a distant provincial town. My master travelled by the stage coach, and the day being very fine, he anticipated much happiness in his jaunt, especially as he was accompanied by two brother citizens and a lawyer, who were on a fishing excursion. Nothing in particular happened till about six o'clock in the evening, when one of the wheels of the vehicle having fallen off, the coach was upset, and the passengers brought to a level with the dust. The lawyer had his arm broken. One of the cits sprained a wrist. The Rev. Mr. Cymbell,

a respectable country clergyman, oppressed and borne down on the face by the great weight of my master, had his skull fractured. As for Mr. Fender, who was always more fortunate than he had any good reason to expect, he got out of the scrape without the smallest injury. Prompt assistance having been procured, the passengers who were maimed were at once provided for as well as could be in the circumstances of the case; and understanding that there was a populous village only three miles south of the spot at which the coach was overturned, my master resolved to walk thither. On his arrival at the village of ————, he had an unforseen contingency to contend with. There was to be an annual cattle fair in it on the following day, and there was, of course, a great influx of people from the vicinity. My master would fain have secured a bed in the best inn, but could not; he therefore went to the next in respectability, and with much difficulty procured a small bed in what the chambermaid called the travellers' room—a large gloomy-looking apartment, containing only the small bed to be occupied by my master, and another, which she told him was to be used by the ——— carrier, who was such a

tall stout man, that he would require the whole bed to himself. Fain would Mr. Fender have gone elsewhere, but he had no choice; and having undressed, he laid himself down to rest. How long or how short a time he might have reposed in the arms of Morpheus, I cannot say; but all of a sudden he was awakened by the entrance of the carrier of whom the servant had made mention, and who seemed by his blustering manner to have been enjoying his potations very freely.

The carrier, who seemed a real son of Anak, got to bed, and in a short time, by the noise which proceeded from his nasal organ, seemed fast asleep. Thinking that now all was well, my master, having placed his pocket-book, (which was well lined with money) under his pillow, was again composing himself to sleep, when he was once more annoyed by an unwelcome noise. The door opened; my master got up so far, and reclining on his right elbow, he beheld the servant followed by one of the strangest looking men he had ever seen.

The stranger might be about five feet in height, and by his outlandish talk seemed a foreigner. He had a hooked nose, compressed

lips, a pair of small twinkling grey eyes, and appeared to be about sixty years of age. Having taken his seat at the table, on which the girl placed a gill of wine, hot water, cheese and biscuits, the old man said, "Now, my dear, vat ish to be done?" "Indeed, Sir," said she, "I don't know; there is not a bed in the house, except that one," pointing to the son of Anak's, "and it is taken up by a man so very big, that although you are a small gentleman (begging your pardon), I do not think you would have room, although you were willing, to lie down beside him." "Vy Kattie," said the old Italian (for such he seemed to be), "I cannot at dis time of night go elsvere, so you may just go avay, and I vill do de best I can." The young woman retired, and left the worthy trio behind her; the one sipping his negas, and the other two half asleep. The old man sat and thought, sipped his wine, took a pinch of snuff, scratched his head, and seemed far from being happy. At last, however, he said to himself, "Dis vill not do; me must go to bed vither dere be room or no." He then speedily undressed, put on a red worsted night-cap, and went to the carrier's bed-side, when he suddenly

turned and re-occupied his seat at the table. My master, who was still awake, observed his motions, and saw him take out of the pocket of his vest two small globular pieces of glass, known by the name of crackers, and which it seemed were filled with water. These he quickly stuck into the candle, close to the burning wick, and then went to the bed. The carrier, who had a second time fallen asleep, suddenly awoke, and having ascertained by his interrogations, that it was the old little foreigner, prepared to lie a little closer to the wall, inquiring at the same time, in no very gentle tone, the reason why he had not extinguished the light. "O," said the Italian, "never mind, Sir, my servant vill do dat." "And who is your servant, friend?" "Vy, Sir, it is de debil; he alvays put out de candle for me at bed-time." "The devil!" roared the carrier. "Dis," said the old Italian, "de debil—hist, hist, he vill be here in two minutes." The great man was very superstitious, and even my master was not devoid of fear, and they listened with feelings by no means enviable. Nothing, however, having taken place, in the course of two minutes he and the Anakin were about to fall asleep, when suddenly

a noise was heard like to the report of a double-barrelled gun, and the light was extinguished. The little man laughed, and cried "Thank you, master; thank you!" The carrier immediately sprang out of bed, and out of the room; my master followed close at his heels, and left the old chap by himself, which was all he wanted. In his retreat my master dropped me, and I never saw him more.

The servant came into the room about six in the morning, but the old man was gone, and I lay on the carpet unperceived.

CHAP. IX.

SAMUEL POMFRET, THE SCOTTISH LICENTIATE.

It was not long before I was picked up by a middle-aged man of rather respectable appearance, although it struck me he was one of those who, in his time, had seen better days. It was a long while before I obtained a knowledge of his past history; but from what I afterwards learned, his character was of the first order, his disposition most amiable, and his attainments as a scholar were highly respectable. He was born in one of the most southern counties of Scotland; and being the eldest of seven sons, his father, who was an extensive farmer, intended him for the Church. No pains nor expense were spared on him;—all that could be done by the parish schoolmaster was done for Samuel Pomfret, who proved to be an excellent scholar; and at the age of fourteen years, he went to the University of Glasgow. In that most venerable seminary of learning, young Samuel conducted himself so as to obtain the unqualified approbation of the different professors; and having

passed his trials before the presbytery of his native country with great *eclat*, he was licensed to preach the gospel, and became a probationer.

Happy was his excellent father and proud was his affectionate mother to see their son ascend the pulpit of his native parish, in which he was to deliver his first public discourse; and well they might, for he was a wise, a good, and a most dutiful son. He made a most respectable appearance, had a fine delivery, and, from the satisfaction which he seemed to give to all, bade fair to become a popular preacher.

Man, however, is subjected to numberless cares, trials, disappointments, and dangers, while in this sublunary state, which he at times has neither power to withstand nor wisdom to foresee. Poor Samuel felt this—knew this, to his sad experience. Yes, during the first four years after he obtained his license, he, as well as many others, was obliged to acknowledge what is contained in the following lines of an elegant writer and poet to be a melancholy and sterling truth :—

" Hard is the preacher's lot, condemn'd to sail
Unpatronis'd thro' life's tempestuous wave ;
Clouds blind his sight, nor blow a friendly gale
To waft him to one port, except the grave."

His father, who had maintained his darling son comfortably and respectably all the time he attended at the University, had of late been extremely unfortunate, owing to the rascality of others, and a variety of untoward circumstances over which he possessed little or no control. He fell completely behind; and in the fifth year after Samuel was licensed, he was a poor, heart-broken old man. My master had been much employed in preaching for many very respectable clergymen, some of whom were extremely kind to him, doing what in them lay to promote his interest and further his views; but as yet he had nothing in particular to depend on, except the emoluments of a private classical academy, the sum total of which was but small, and little more than sufficient to enable him to keep up a respectable appearance, pay rent of class-room and lodgings, and supply the necessaries of life. But for all that came over him, he was content. "Godliness," he would often say, "with contentment, is great gain; and if my poor, my much-loved parents, who have done so much for me, were happy, or I enabled to render them that assistance of which I know they stand so greatly in nced, I should be resigned and con-

tented, although in a state of comparative poverty."

Matters were in this inauspicious state, when one evening he received a card from the late Rev. Dr. B—— of Glasgow, inviting him to dinner next day, accompanied by a request that Mr. Pomfret would preach for him on the ensuing Sunday, as Dr. B. was to be from home. On the following day, at the hour appointed, my master waited on the reverend gentleman, who received him with the greatest kindness. After dinner, the worthy clergyman requested Mr. Pomfret to tell him the state of his circumstances, and if he had, since their last interview, found his future prospects on the whole to be brightening up. Finding, on inquiry, that his young friend was still in the back ground, admiring at the same time his passive, submissive temper, he thus addressed him,—"My dear friend, I have long been aware of this, and have felt for you as one Christian ought to feel for another. With all your endeavours to bear up under trials and disappointments, I have perceived that at times you are much dejected. You have had hopes, but these hopes have been often blasted; and, as the wise Monarch

of Israel says, 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sad.' Keep up your heart, however; Providence is ever bountiful, and the Almighty will never leave nor forsake any who put their trust and confidence in Him. I have something to tell you which is calculated to make your heart rejoice, and if it turn out as I sincerely desire, I also will rejoice for your sake. The Right Honourable W. M——, Member of Parliament for the county of ——, wants a tutor for an only son, a lad of twelve years of age, and I have most warmly recommended you to the situation. He proposes to give a salary of seventy pounds per annum, with bed and board, and will accept of your services on my recommendation. You will be so kind as preach for me twice on the ensuing Sabbath, as I have to assist Dr. —— in Greenock at a sacramental occasion. Arrange so as to take this letter of introduction (giving him a sealed letter) to Mr. M—— on Monday, when I make no doubt but you will be engaged to fill a situation that may lead to better things, as the gentleman is a man of great influence—nay, more, has a church in his presentation, and in the event of a vacancy, your highest earthly wishes stand a very fair chance

of being fully gratified." So saying, he dismissed Mr. Pomfret, who went home with a heart enjoying the pleasures of hope.

Having preached for his venerable friend according to promise, on Sunday, to a crowded and most attentive congregation, he went on the following day to the Honourable W. M——, whom he fortunately found at home and alone. I need not here record all their conversation; suffice it to say, that the right honourable gentleman engaged him, made the salary eighty pounds, with a promise of his patronage in the event of the tutor's meeting his expectations with respect to his son. My master resigned his class to a young probationer, entered on the duties of his new situation, met the most sanguine expectations of his patron, and the esteem of his pupil, who was an amiable youth.

The ways of Providence are often mysterious and inscrutible to the eyes of mortals. No tutor on earth felt more happy than Samuel Pomfret; no one more grateful to the Father of Mercies, or to any earthly benefactor. His prospects were bright and unclouded, and his hope seemed to be built on a permanent basis. Ah! human hope, how feeble and flexible art thou!

One evening, his master, after enjoying himself with his happy family, retired to rest in his usual health and flow of spirits; indeed, he seemed to Mr. Pomfret to be unusually happy; but in the morning he was found in bed a breathless corpse.

I need not here speak of the dismay, the affliction, the astonishment of the members of his family and his household establishment; suffice it to say, that at the end of two weeks, Mr. Pomfret had been reluctantly obliged to bid his affectionate pupil a long farewell, and was on his way to the south, with a tarnished suit of blacks and twenty pounds in his pocket, to see his aged parents.

Let not the reader be surprised that he had such a small sum as twenty pounds, for he had contributed so very largely towards his father's necessities as to impoverish himself. At same time this was counterbalanced by the sweet reflection that his venerable, his excellent parent, had been completely emancipated from all his troubles, and, with renewed health and spirits, was doing well—happy in the society of his family—blessing the gratitude of his eldest son—and finding, under the blessing of heaven, that, like the holy man of Uz, his latter days were even better than at the beginning.

It was at this period that, having walked many miles, and having reached the village of ———, Samuel Pomfret chanced to enter the house and the apartment in which I had been left by Mr. Fender, my former master. Mr. Pomfret had called for breakfast, and the girl, on laying down the tea service on the table, dropped a silver spoon. Mr. Pomfret was obligingly picking it up, when he observed me. Rightly judging that I was not the servant's property, he called her mistress, who claimed me as hers; but having no particular fancy for me, and seeing Mr. Pomfret admiring the stone in my head, she sold me to him for a trifling sum. Being within twelve miles of his journey's end, he put on an excellent suit which I had not formerly noticed, but which was in his trunk, although unknown to me. He recommenced his journey, and proceeded on towards the house of his father.

Although truly grateful to a kind friend for the multitude of tender mercies which had been conferred upon him, yet he felt dejected and much cast down when he thought upon his kind patron, so recently cut off by death, that great down-hewer of the human race. And although

he believed that all things would ultimately work together for the good of those that fear God, yet still he felt that the clouds of adversity were once more blinding his sight. More than nine years had elapsed since, in his twenty-second year, he had been honoured with a license to be a preacher of righteousness, and still he seemed to be as far from the object of his reasonable ambition as ever—a poor Scottish probationer.

It was a beautiful day in the month of July, when, as he passed along, he found himself by a river side; he felt warm and tired, and laid himself down on its banks to rest himself. There he reposed for about half an hour, and had begun to sleep, when a heart-piercing shriek struck his ear. He started, looked about, and saw an interesting young lady wringing her hands, tearing her hair, and crying "Save! O save my brother!" pointing to a young man who was in the act of drowning. Not a moment was to be lost; there was no time for hows or whys. My master, in a moment, threw off his hat, coat, and shoes, and plunging into the stream, much swollen by recent rains, caught the youth by his hair just as

he had risen to the surface for the third time, and bore him in a state of insensibility to the bank. There he rolled him on the green grass, until he vomited a large quantity of water. He opened a vein in his right arm—bound it up with his white handkerchief—rolled him up in his own cloak, and taking advantage of an empty coach, which at the instant was passing that way, he, by the young lady's direction, had the youth carried to his home, which was about two miles distant. There having delivered the young invalid to his parents, he was about to take his leave, when the gentleman thus addressed him:—"Kind stranger, stir not hence. Suffer, I beseech you, an affectionate father to show his gratitude towards the deliverer, the saviour of his child; and if you are not hurried hence by absolute necessity, make this house, this day at least, your home." The mother too, who seemed a most respectable lady, seconded her husband, and my master complied so far as to stop to dinner; saying, "That he was most anxious to reach home, not having been under his paternal roof for a period of years." The youth, meantime, was doing well. The young lady had made honourable mention of the

prompt and timely exertions of my master in behalf of her brother, and the gratitude of the worthy parents knew no bounds.

My master departed, finding within himself that satisfaction which carries with it its own reward, and met his venerable parents and brothers with inexpressible joy.

On the morning of the second day after the accident, a letter was delivered by the post, requesting his company to dinner at the house of Sir John ——, father of the youth whom he had rescued from a watery grave. At his second meeting with this family he experienced the most delightful sensations; every face wore smiles, every tongue and every heart was gratitude. The clergyman of the parish, who was present, congratulated the Baronet and his lady on the narrow escape of the youth, and in the course of the afternoon seemed much taken with Mr. Pomfret, with whom he had had no previous acquaintance. Having learned that my master was a licentiate, and warmly attached to the Church of Scotland, he invited him to preach for him on an early day, and with every expression of good-will bade the family and Mr. Pomfret farewell. After the

clergyman had departed, the worthy Baronet had a long private conversation with my master, and having heard him narrate all his history, told him, that although he should never be able to repay as he ought the very great obligation under which he lay to him, yet it was in his power to procure him a situation such as, he made no doubt, would suit his desires, and greatly contribute to his felicity. "I have," said he, "the right of presentation to a church in the north of Scotland, and (handing a deed to him) here it is." It is impossible to express or describe the joy and gratitude of my astonished master. "O my kind and noble patron, what have I done to merit this? This is too much. I am now your debtor; and while memory holds her place within me, I will ever remember your goodness with all the grateful sincerity of which man is capable. In process of time my master was settled in his charge, according to the rules of the Church. It was an acceptable appointment, and he still labours among his people respectable and respected.

With this excellent person I could have remained for ever; but fate forbade it, and I passed into the hands of a new master.

CHAP. X.

ANDREW MANSON, THE YOUNG STUDENT.

My next master was a young man, a relation of my former possessor. I was handed to him as a token of affection, on the occasion of his leaving home to pursue his studies at the University of ————. I felt peculiar interest in him, he was so mild, so gentle, and unassuming, and when worn, I was used to tuck together in the front the two ends of his black silk neckerchief, which he always wore twice wound round his neck. I was evidently worn more for use than for ornament, and the associations which I appeared to suggest of home, and friends, and scenes of childhood; and that

"———— Dear delightful spot
We ne'er forget, tho' there we are forgot."

I well recollect the journey from my master's home to college; it was a bleak windy day. He was an outside passenger on the coach, and sat shivering, closely wrapped in a large top coat, and sundry shawl napkins about his neck. The wind swept along in

piercing gusts, and every blast seemed to shake to the core his delicate frame.

Arrived at his destined spot, he took to bed almost immediately, from which he was unable to rise for some days. During that time I was often looked upon with interest by him, and he would commune with himself on the former part of his life; from which soliloquys I gleaned the substance of the following brief memoir:—

Andrew Manson was the youngest son of Mr. Pomfret's uncle; his father was a schoolmaster, and had early imbibed into his son a spark of that fire which burned in his own bosom, a thirst, ardent and unceasing, for knowledge. After drinking with avidity all that his father could give him, he was, in the seventeenth year of his age, sent to *alma mater*, there to enjoy a more copious stream of his favourite beverage. From the very cradle he had been a studious child, and the passion for learning "grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." His constitution, however, was not fitted to bear the buffetings of this rough world. He was weak and sickly, and already that ruthless destroyer of Scot-

land's loveliest sons and daughters—consumption—began to prey upon his vitals. Friends endeavoured to dissuade him from pursuing the bent of his inclinations, and warned him of the result of persevering in them; but he was too ardent a worshipper at the shrine of his Deity to allow any consideration of so slight a nature (so he termed it) to come between him and the primary object of his life. Of his arrival at the seat of learning the reader is already apprised. I shall now hasten to give a brief detail of his life at college.

The first part of the season passed off without any thing worth recording. My master was a complete jail-bird; his midnight lamp was continually burning, and the first dawn of morning saw him again at his task. I thought he grew very pale, and appeared to be more sickly than when I first saw him, and he had contracted a cough which ever and anon tormented him during the hours of rest. He received a letter announcing the death of his father, a shock he was but ill prepared to withstand, and requesting his immediate presence at home. He prepared for the journey—winter was at its bleakest period, 20th December—the snow lay

deep, and the weather was stormy. On the day following he was at the school-house of Mr. Manson, and weeping over the cold corpse of his beloved father. The funeral over, new difficulties presented themselves. His mother! What was to become of her? The new schoolmaster would require the house, and an almost immediate removal was necessary. Her brother offered her an asylum, which she readily accepted, disposing of the articles of furniture which she considered unnecessary, and in a fortnight after the death of her husband she had bidden an eternal adieu to the spot which was so hallowed by the memory of by-gone years. Andrew now resumed his studies with a sadder heart than when he first commenced, but the same ardent thirst carried him on, and the same avidity characterized his efforts to amass knowledge. * * * * * * *

The season was over—the spring was cheering, enlivening the face of nature. The birds sang their sweetest carols, and the hearts of men seemed to join chorus in rejoicing at the approach of genial warmth. But my master seemed an exception to the general joy; he was sad, melancholy, and pensive. When the sun threw his

golden rays into the dreary room, he would gaze on its brightness, and cast a longing look toward that magnificent heaven in which it shone, as if he longed to visit those realms where sun-light is universal and untainted.

Summer came with its fruits and flowers; the sun still shone with splendour, and the earth was still glad. At times my master would venture forth of an evening to watch its setting rays—fit emblem of man's mortality. As he bent his languid steps along the shady side of the green loan, or sat on some rustic bank, I saw that his spirit was fast waning to its last home, and that the frail tenement of clay was a temple unfit for the spirit that inhabited it. I perceived that I would soon have to change hands, and the interest I took in my present master made me the more sorry to part with him.

One beautiful evening in the latter part of July, he stepped out to enjoy the cooling breeze. The day had been hot and sultry, but the calm breeze of the evening braced the nerves of the languid peasants, whose work in the open air, beneath the scorching rays of the sun, had produced that state of langour which the reader

can easier conceive than I could describe. Feebly he wound his way down an avenue of stately oaks, which terminated in an open vista, on one side of which, toward the parish church, stood an old building of moderate size, and of no particular architecture, surrounded by the churchyard, the door of which stood open, and my master entered. He was faint from the exertion of travelling, and seating himself on a grave-stone, he cast his eyes towards the church, and sighing deeply, broke forth into the following reverie:—" Beautiful scene, the time was when I would have contemplated you with elated hopes, and longing for the time when I would be permitted to minister within such walls as these, and declare the glad tidings of my Master to a willing and attentive people; but that hope can no more cheer my dreams of the future, nor animate my struggles. I feel the life-blood ebbing from my heart, and soon must I sleep beneath the green sod, and be forgotten by all save a few dear hearts who will feel for their early lost friend, and perhaps drop a tear to my memory, and heave a sigh as they tread the turf that covers my last, my narrow bed. Truly hath the wise man said—' Man cometh

forth as a flower and is cut down; he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not.' " He slowly retraced his steps, and regained his room. He fell asleep on his chair. It was near morning ere he awoke, and sought his bed. He was evidently much exhausted by the exertion of the preceding evening. In the morning he was somewhat refreshed, but still so weak as to be scarcely able to rise. In this state he lingered for about two months. A friend who dwelt in an adjoining house, and who was in the habit of visiting him frequently, called one day about the middle of September. On recognizing him, my master slowly lifted up his eyes, and extending his pale, lean, slender hand, as if he were conscious of its being the last interview they would have in this life, it seemed as if some prophetic voice whispered in his ear— " Thy golden sands are run, thy hours are numbered." He thought he heard the dark night bird flapping his wings all night against his window. My poor master was too much exhausted to give utterance to his friend of the kind feelings he bore towards him for his kind attention and frequent visitings. One short expression, however, faltered from his quivering

lips. It was a prayer breathed to the Father of Mercies, for all those whose eyes had watched over him in his affliction. Sinking on his pillow from exhaustion, one big tear rolled down his cheek, and he looked the feelings which he could not utter.

* * * *

The golden stores of autumn were falling beneath the sickle of the reaper. The delicious fruits were hanging ripe on the trees, ready to fall by the slightest motion of the branches. All nature seemed to rejoice in the ample store of plenty—the gift of an All-bountiful Father to his unworthy children. Nor was the most relentless of all mowers idle—his harvest is perpetual—all seasons are alike to him. Andrew Manson had fallen beneath his scythe, "not like a shock of corn fully ripe," for he numbered only eighteen summers. Peace to his memory! He was of all my owners the one I most truly loved. How often do we see youth, beauty, talent, and genius prematurely cut off in the very morning of existence; while sour, decrepit, avaricious age is left, like the apas tree of Java, to breathe contagion to the world, by tyrannizing over and making their fellow-crea-

tures miserable. My much-loved master was one of those bright intelligences that now and then, like angels, visit our world.

" He fell the victim of an o'erwrought mind,
Tho' hard he struggled to ward off despair,
The patient gentle, innocent, and kind.
And now with happy spirits, pure and fair,
He rests, from all his trials and cares set free.
Nor grief, nor pain, can e'er disturb their harmony.
Peace to his slumbers! He was one of those
Whom fate had doomed to perish in their prime.
He little dream'd that, at his journey's close,
No gentle hand would mark the devious time.
Far, far removed from friends and kindred dear,
Nor mother, sister, nigh, to shed one parting tear."

CHAP. XI.

EDWIN PRIMROSE.

SHORTLY after being bereaved of my late lamented master, I came into the hands of one of his fellow-students, who, cherishing a great respect for his school and college companion, came and saw his obsequies performed. I was left, as a token of sincere friendship, by Andrew Manson to Edwin Primrose, who had at various times admired my shape, my make, and beauty, while in Andrew's possession. I have little of importance to narrate regarding my new possessor, for the same unvaried scenes and daily routine of monotonous duties had nothing in them worth recording to the reader, except one incident which caused my making a very novel transit into another's possession.

Winter coming on, and the frost setting in, the "curlers were again at their roaring play," and my master among the rest, when two or three of them came in contact in their circuitous skimmings, and rolled their unwieldy hulks against each other, till their fall caused others

to fall also, and the ice giving way, it became a scene of confusion worse confounded. In this scene of sprawling and douping, I was loosened from my place, being worn by my present master in the same manner and for the same purpose as by my former possessor. All his endeavours to find me were vain, for I was "in the deep bosom of the black loch buried," and I thought that the stone which adorned my head was now become that gem of "purest ray serene," hid by "unfathomed caves" unseen, unknown to any one. I now began to think—for, gentle reader, recollect, that for all my sensitive faculties and perceptive qualifications, my glance in perspective is very limited; like man, whom I feared would possess me no more, I cannot see far into futurity, nor boast of any intuitive sense of prophecy, or divinely kindled inspiration—I say, I now began to feel that I would better content myself, since it was my lot to be cast into an element, as I thought, beyond the reach of man—for of all animated beings I loved intelligent man the most—that I must lie here for ever, far from human ken. I was, however, unexpectedly to experience a quick transition, for a large fish swallowed me

up at one gnap. Had he not been successful in ingulphing me at the first attempt, there would have been little fear of him making a second; for the first had, no doubt, taught him that I was indeed substantial gear, though my qualities were not of a very nutritive description for such a laxative machine as the stomach. But as I conjectured, attracted by my brilliant stone, and perhaps being somewhat rare in his locality, he had fancied I was something which would procure him a little *animal* gratification, and he accordingly snapt me up at the first effort. Like Jonah of old, I was doomed to pine my golden existence for some time in the heart of a fish; but he being caught soon after in the net-work of human cunning, was bought by a gentleman's servant, who, while in the act of preparing him for dinner, observed me to her great surprise peeping out from the interior of this little world, which so lately possessed life and animation, and exclaimed, "Losh me, this fish has golden spawning!" On getting a full view of me, and examining with much interest the beautiful stone in my head, she thought of appropriating me quietly to herself; but her curiosity at length overcoming her avarice, she

showed me to her master, and he wishing to become by possessor, gave her a few coins, and so I became the slave of Lord H——.

CHAP. XII.

KENNETH MACALPIN.

With his lordship I remained some time, but his habits being so retired, and his circumstances circumscribing him into very narrow limits, and restricting him from company, I could glean little or nothing that in narration would be of any gratification or amusement to the reader; and in consequence of a certain incident, of which I shall shortly make mention, I passed into the hands of a new master.

This person was a native of Inverness, a hardy highlander, and, like his countrymen in general, had imbibed the passion of enterprize. I passed into his hands in a very curious manner. Having served Lord H—— for some time, and having been a very faithful servant, my master was on the eve of leaving him, when his lordship accused him with having acted a dishonest part towards him. Kenneth, who knew no cause for such an accusation, interrogated his master thereanent. What was my master's

surprise, when he was told that his eagle, which was chained, had been let loose and flown. My master protested his innocence, but his lordship still persisted that Kenneth had set him free, and urged it as the reason for his leaving him so abruptly. My master consented, however, to remain and make search for him, and set out accordingly. After searching for some time, he at length observed him perched upon a very high tree. It required much caution in endeavouring to reach his object. However, he strove to climb the tree upon which he was sitting, and gained his point so far as almost to lay hold of him, when, to his great mortification, the bird flew to the opposite side, to another range of trees, a deep glen intervening. My master, crossing the glen, endeavoured to gain his point a second time, when he winged his way back again. After pursuing him from side to side, repeating his endeavours, he at length caught and took him down gently, and the noble bird struggled not, as his kingship commonly does when hard pressed in his native element. He was again chained, for his lordship would have rather parted with part of his land than lost the bird

which had been so long in his possession, and in which he took peculiar interest. His lordship now became convinced of my master's innocence, and knew not how to repay him for having encountered such personal danger in regaining the eagle. So he made me a present to Kenneth, along with ten guineas and a silk purse, as a reward for his faithfulness as a servant and his activity in catching his bird. Along with these he received, unrequested, certificates of his stewardship, bearing such recommendations as emboldened him to look on his future interest as being more sure, and a chance of getting a situation at no distant date. My master, on leaving Lord H—, bent his steps to the house of his father. On approaching, he found his sister spreading clothes upon the green, chanting to herself the ditty, so popular in that part of the country, "Farewell to bonny Inverness." On lifting up her eyes, she saw her brother approaching, and stood still for some time, with looks of great interest; then with hastened steps she sprang towards him, and fell on his bosom, exclaiming, "O Kenneth, what has become of you? Why have you deserted your father's house so

long?" A long pause of silence succeeded this burst of congratulation, and both remained speechless for some time. At length he broke silence, by exclaiming—"I have indeed been long absent, my Marins; but now that I once more revisit the home of my birth, the dear spot of all my infant joys, and clasp thee again to my bosom, my beloved sister, I think there is more cause for smiles than tears." Mary thinking that his expression carried in it something of reproof, lifted up her eyes, and gazing in her brother's face, looked the feelings which, in this moment of agitation, she was denied utterance; but Kenneth could not resist a look of such sorrowful meaning; and, pressing her closer to his bosom, dropped a tear upon her snow-white brow. Although he knew not the actual cause of her grief, yet feeling his heart-strings thrill responsive to the sorrows of so beloved a sister, and apprehending that there was a cause for sorrow too true indeed, he endeavoured to comfort her; at the same time pressing her to unfold the secrets of her bosom: but he failing to extract from her the cause of such bitterness of spirit, thought proper to defer it to a more favourable opportunity.

But by this time sorrow had purchased some relief by emptying its fountain of tears, and Mary was enabled to talk to him with more calmness—" Come in, dear brother; come in and see your old father, and your dear mother, who has been poorly this long time."

" Indeed," replied Kenneth, with a sigh. " Come in, dear brother," reiterated Mary; " but first look on this green on which we gambled a long time since; and there stands the oaken tree, round which we chased each other in our infancy; and there still runs the purling brook from which we gathered smooth pebbles, with which to play on this green, and catched the silvery trouts, as they hid themselves beneath its grassy banks." Thus Mary stood poetizing, and pointing with her finger to the dear objects, endeavouring to impress them on her brother's recollection, for they had been often looked on with tears of interest, on recalling to recollection her beloved brother's absence.

On entering his father's house, he was received with many congratulations, while a torrent of interrogations put to him regarding health and absence came too quickly on each other to admit of my master's replying. After re-

galing himself with a hearty meal, he narrated to his parents what had chiefly happened to him since leaving home, which ran thus:—

After quitting home, my master bent his course southward, thinking that there a more extensive field would open up, in which he might exercise that industry to which he had been inured from his boyhood. For the space of two months he lingered on in idleness, missing no opportunity, however, of offering his services whereever he saw any chance of becoming successful. At length they were accepted of by Mr. K——, a very kind and indulgent master; but after having been in his employment for some time, a circumstance happened which lessened his master's kindness towards him. This was in the person of a young gentleman, one rather of the nabob description, who was continually in the habit of frequenting his master's house. He was one of those intermeddling, insignificant creatures, who run about purchasing a name of respectability by lavishing their gurrility on the tormented ears of others, who do penance by their being obliged to listen to them—one of those Will-o'-the-Wisp meteors of restlessness, who would fain purchase the approbation of

others by sacrificing the dearest daughter of heaven, Truth, at the tainted, the blackened shrine of falsehood—one of those would-be gentlemen, who endeavour to insinuate themselves into the good opinion and favour of others, by reciting and recapitulating their deeds, and doings, and feelings, and qualifications, with such a torrent of talkativeness as if they were determined that it should not be for want of telling, if they failed to be believed persons of no small consequence. With this person my master's employer was pestered, and it was not for want of many broad hints that this hourly frequenter declined giving over his visits. Mr. K——, had an only daughter, on whom he doated with all the ardour of paternal affection, and it gave him more chagrin to think that she met the fopling's visits with such kindness. There was a sly ogle in his eye, which she thought was the effect of a softer passion towards her; but her father interpreted it as a mark of deep cunning. One morning the female servant went, as usual, to intimate to Julia that breakfast was prepared. After having waited for a considerable time, astonished that she had not made her appearance, her father ordered the servant to re-

pair to her room, and summon her attendance immediately. The servant did accordingly, and, on tapping at her closet door, received no answer; emboldened by her master's injunctions, she entered, but not finding her there, she supposed she had gone out to enjoy the freshness of the morning by sauntering through the garden. To satisfy herself more fully, she hastened to the window which looked into it, but no Julia was there. A general search through the house was instantly set on foot, but all efforts to find her were vain. Her father thought little of it at first, concluding that she had gone to pay a morning visit to some of her acquaintance, and had been detained. But after having indulged in conjectures throughout the former part of the day, he began to get a little astonished at her non-appearance. Her absence would not, perhaps, have been looked upon with such suspicion, had not the idea occurred to her father, that Mr. Foppling had likewise gone past his usual time of calling. Here was the idea now, but not in its full bearing. Evening came, but neither the one nor the other appeared. Next day wore on, and his astonishment and anxiety began now to

create much uneasiness; his conjectures were fast ripening into facts, and his conclusions ended in the idea of an elopement to a certainty, letters having been found in her desk, which she had neglected to fasten in the hurry of escape.

It was now perfectly clear and evident that Julia and Mr. Foppling had laid a plan of elopement—Mr. Foppling despairing of gaining his point on the one hand; and Julia on the other, knowing in what light her father had looked upon him, saw no other way of giving her hand to him for whom she had conceived "the tender passion," than by making an exit, which was understood by her father to be slightly hinted at in the following letter:—

"My dearly beloved Julia,

"Angel of my soul—sun of loveliness—bright scintillation of heavenly beauty—star of light—to whom my languid eyes are turned in admiration and awe—I now approach thee with words which come burning from my inflamed soul. Yet they are too feeble to express the feelings that war against my peace. O! that like that transcendent star, illuminating the heaven of poetry,

I could dip my pencil in the lovely hues of the rainbow, to paint thy beauties, flashing on my soul, bright and successive, like streamers in the northern hemisphere. O, that I were like a little bird, nestling in that bosom, which doth shame the snow with its purity, or hang on thy coral lips, and sip their honeyed sweetness. I would then deem that my bliss were complete. Julia, dearest Julia, I am sick at heart—I am like a bird that hath lost its mate—I am aweary in this world.

" O, look upon me in compassion, for compassion hath found a beautiful palace in that soul of thine. O, were it not for your ———, I would feel myself transcendently happy in serenading thee all night long, beneath thy lattice, and tell to the stars the beauties of my Julia, the brightness of whose eyes would make them blush. Dear Julia, you can make me either happy or miserable. O, let me approach the shrine of Virtue, for she dwelleth in thee—of Beauty, for its sun hath centered in thee—that, falling on my knees, I may have the happiness of swearing fealty to thee, my dear angel, for ever. O, my dear Julia, I could lay me down and die, and would deem my death sweet,

would it insure thy happiness; but, dearest Julia, the time, I hope, is not far distant, when we shall reach ———, and you shall bid adieu to your ——. Farewell, dearest Julia, to-night at nine——green loan. I am burning with anxiety. Farewell! My devotions shall be poured for my——O, my heart aches, adieu!

"Yours, constantly,

"J. F."

Every thing preparatory to their exit had been conducted in such an orderly manner, that there was room for supposing that they had procured the assistance of some of the servants, and they were interrogated accordingly, and my master among the rest. They all protested their innocence of having been in any way accessary in lending them their aid. But my master was now to feel the serpent-sting of malice. Mr. K——'s footman, who was in no way prepossessed in my master's favour, whispered in his employer's ear his supposition that Kenneth knew too well about the affair.

This insinuation, so unfounded, hatched in the hornet nest of malice, proved of great

vexation to my master; but not knowing the source from which such an accusation proceeded, he could adopt no measures which would be of avail in unfounding such belief. He accordingly came under the scowl of his master's anger, and was dismissed from his services. Cast upon the wide world, he wandered about, a stalking monument of offended innocence. My master wishing to remain in the same locality, availed himself of every opportunity of procuring a situation in it, in the hopes that something would occur to break the ice, and thus testify his innocence by opening up the whole affair, and had the satisfaction of learning, in a very short time, that it was established and identified, not blaming Mr. K—— altogether for acting towards him as he had done, knowing that his ear had been poisoned by the footman. Yet thinking that there was a harshness in his proceedings against him, he deemed it necessary to write Mr. K—— a letter, congratulatory on the ascertainment of the event, at the same time slightly tasking him for his credulity, who, in turn, wrote my master an answer, and invited him to call at his house at his earliest convenience. My master accepted the invita-

tion, and went accordingly, when he was received by Mr. K—— with great marks of kindness, who expressed his sorrow that all the blame should have fallen upon the innocent, at the same time giving him to understand that he intended to reward him in some shape or other ere he quitted his house. Sending off a letter immediately, he procured him the promise of a situation, as the one which he held in Mr. K——'s house had been filled up, and also made him a handsome present in coin. The footman was discovered as having been the conductor of affairs for a considerable time previous to the elopement, and he shared the fate which his envy had levelled against my master.

The time soon came about when Kenneth was to fill the situation of which Mr. K—— had procured him the promise. It would be needless to narrate every little particular that happened while in his new employment, as I mean to hasten to more important occurrences. He had not been long in the service of Sir James M——, when he learned that it was his employer's intention to make an excursion to a foreign land; this was in consequence of that foe to human happiness, dishealth. Sir James had

two sons and four lovely daughters, three of whom had been in a very bad state of health for some time. Consumption came creeping in upon them like a serpent among flowers, gradually undermining their health and depriving them of that cheerfulness and elasticity of spirits which are so natural to buoyant youth, and was especially so to them, for a happier and blither family were not to be found. It would have delighted the heart of even the most morbid and insensitive to have seen them sitting around their father's hearth, each singing their favourite ditty in turn—such as the "The Bonny House o' Airlie," "The Blue Bells of Scotland," "Auld Robin Gray," or "My Boy Tammy," and occasionally indulging in humorous slaps of wit, which were received and given like transferences of golden coin.—But these joys were fast taking to themselves wings to fly away and desert the hearts they had once so kindly warmed. A sickly paleness overspread their faces, and it seemed as if the dark cloud of eternal night was fast lowering to envelope them in its dark Cemerian womb. Their mother looked forward to futurity with mournful anticipation and dark for-

bodings of sorrow, that ere long she would have to resign to their parent earth the young and beauteous flowers she had nursed up under her partial eye with tears and blessings.

Matters having been arranged preparatory to our departure from home, much pleasure was anticipated from our excursion, in the hopes that a milder climate would be conducive to the restoration of the health of the daughters, for whom Sir James, in his fatherly affection, was to spare no pains nor expense, provided he thought it would prove beneficial. They set sail accordingly in a large barque bound for Italy, and a very pleasant voyage was expected, the weather being so very fine and settled, with the exception of a few occasional rough winds which broke out, but caused us little uneasiness. I well recollect the beautiful morning that our barque, glided over the waters, like a swift-winged falcon, when they were all on deck, straining their eyes as competitors who should first descry the Alps; some looking this way, and that way, for their towering heights. At length those giants, that seemed to be looking down from their starry altitude upon this world, as something detached,

graduated on our sight. Their glaciers were sparkling like diamonds in the rays of a beautifying sun—the clouds were rolling in massy volumes along their ample sides, upon which the fearful avalanche hung tremendous. The heavens had a more beautiful azure than they had ever before seen—the waters were at rest like a sleeping child—and our barque danced merrily on, for one would have thought that nature had lulled itself into a dreamy silence, listening to the harmonious sounds breathed from Sir James's flute, as he sat on deck, surrounded by his lovely children, whose spirits seemed to be much lightened by the delightfully refreshing scene. But, alas! that our pleasures should be so transitory; for this seemed too beautiful to last long. The wind gradually rose until it strengthened itself into a tempest—a sudden darkness overspread the heavens, the sun was enveloped in clouds —the gloom of angry nature lowered, and she appeared to be mustering the thunder of her wrath. A few large drops of rain fell, which were interpreted as a prelude and omen of something more dreadful. One livid flash of lightning darting from the bosom of a dark

cloud, glanced over the heavens, succeeded by a long peal of thunder, so near to us, as to make Sir James's daughters think they were in its path, and hold down their heads. All were ordered below decks, for the captain's looks of apprehension pictured to the passengers the fearful anticipation of some sad disaster.

Still the storm waxed stronger and stronger; the lightnings continued to play—peal succeed to peal—the day darkened more and more—the waves lashed themselves into anger—the wild sea-bird screamed fearfully—the masts quivered like a feeble wand—the sails were flapping in the storm, as if they wished to rid themselves of their task, and nothing now was apprehended save a total wreck. A loud crash was heard; it knocked against their hearts like the precursor of death. One of the masts was completely broken off, and falling on the deck, shattered the arm of one of the crew. The whole rigging was disordered and carried away, and our ship drifted on the open sea a total wreck, bereft of her bulwarks. All now being in a very forlorn condition, deeming their case hopeless, gave way to despair, and looked forward to a watery grave.

The bare hulk continued to drift along whither the waves drove it. The crew thought on and availed themselves of every opportunity of raising a flag of distress, but as a great part of their necessaries had been swept overboard, they had some difficulty in finding any thing that might be of proper effect. After searching, however, they brought from under deck an old sail, that in the hurry of confusion had been cast out of sight, and contrived to raise it, by supporting it with that part of the mast which was broken off, and still lying on the deck, along with some long planks. This had the desired effect. In the dimness of the evening, a ship was descried making towards her. Joy once more brightened over their countenances, but it was doomed to be short-lived. The hulk struck against an opposing rock and was dashed to pieces. Then arose the wailing of the drowning.

My master, whose courage rather grew than sank in danger, dived and rescued from the grasp of the merciless waves two of Sir James's daughters, while he himself strove to save the other two, as he clung to the fragments in the hope that the ship, which was fast mak-

ing her way, would soon reach them. But all in vain—a heavy sea came and swept them all off. After the fury of the wave had subsided, my master casting his eye around him, saw no one save Sir James, bearing above the water, the only daughter remaining to him, which the next wave might claim as its own. My master straining his endeavours, reached them, and both assisted in bearing up the frail and fragile form that lay extended between them, borne up by their arms, which they placed so as to cross each other.

In this manner, they made for the ship, which was fast gaining upon them, and at length reached them; it was bound for Italy, and within a day's sailing of it. On landing, his daughter being very weak, and as she had not yet recovered the effects of the wreck, Sir James was obliged to stop at the nearest place of entertainment, and provide for her of whom he was much afraid. She pined on for about a fortnight, the skeleton of what she was, for consumption, and the late effects of the struggles in the storm, preyed sadly on her delicate frame. Her father watched over her both night and day; and day after day, and

night after night, saw the ruthless destroyer making rapid advances upon his destined victim—alas, too truly indeed.

Crushed like a young and tender flower in early spring, just putting forth its beauties, she died withered, and was consigned to the cold bosom of her mother earth.

The father hung over the remains of his child, as something that to part with was to lay down his own existence, and cried in this moment of bereavment and agony, "Art thou indeed gone, my child! I am now left like a naked tree in the far wilderness, and the tempest has not even spared my last bough."

Grief had chocked further utterance, and dropping a big tear upon the pale and emaciated form, kissed its death-sealed lips; and throwing himself over it, poured forth his sorrows in silence. He was indeed a broken-hearted man, and instead of being surrounded by a young and beauteous family, he was now a solitary being, roaming, he cared not where, in a foreign land. He wandered about like another Cain with the mark upon his brow, although his was sorrow, not crime. "Alas, alas," he would cry in the agony of reflection,

when in solitude, " Fair Italy, thy sunny climes and fruitful plains, cannot cheer a broken-hearted man like me, nor give a balm for such wounds as mine. The songs of thy nightingale might sooth a soft sorrow, but it cannot mend the heart that has been broken for sweeter nightingales than thine. My joys have gone down into the deep with you, my dear lost daughters; your lovely forms are tossing on the relentless waves. And as for thee, my dear boy, thy aspirations hath been ' like the morning cloud and early dew, which passeth soon away.' And thou, Emma, my youngest, did it indeed fall to the lot of thy distressed father to lay thy beloved bones, my poor child, in a foreign land, and the mother you so loved not here to shed one parting tear over thy dear remains." Thus wept Sir James, and found himself somewhat relieved, for grief sometimes finds its sweetest and most effective balm in unloading itself whilst in solitude.

His health was evidently much impaired, for the awful reflection of a whole family having been swept off, under such circumstances, required no ordinary degree of manly feeling and fortitude to withstand the shock. He intended re-

turning to his native land; but after waiting for sometime, till the ship should set out for Britain, he found his health so much on the decline, as to oblige his taking to bed immediately. Still getting worse and worse, his apprehension was, that in a short time he would be laid in peaceful rest beside his dear lost daughter, to dwell in that cold and narrow house appointed for all living, where sorrow enters not, and where the voice of weeping and wailing is not heard.

One day, while my master was administering some necessaries to him, the poor invalid thus addressed him :—" Kenneth, I feel I am a gone man—my spirit begins to flag—my pilgrimage through this transitory scene is nearly run—and I am now lingering on the confines of the grave. I must unbosom myself to you, as there is none in this strange land that know aught about me." So saying, he confided some things, the knowledge of which was requisite, in order that he might act up to the directions given him. He was directed to the place where to find the few remaining papers saved from the wreck, along with some other valuables which I shall not mention, with the exception of a sum of money, sufficient to convey my master

to his native land, and have a comfortable overplus remaining to himself, besides a sum necessary to procure a decent interment, (almost his all having been lost by the wreck). Extending his hand to my master, he blessed him for his exertions during the storm—reminding and urging him to go forward, and demand on arriving in Britain what his faithfulness merited. Fast fainting away, he uttered some expressions of sorrow for his lady, who would soon have to clothe herself in the mournings of widowhood. One long-drawn breath announced that the vital spark had flown, and the soul returned back to the Giver.

My master superintended the ceremony of burial, and he was laid, but not in pomp or pageantry, beside his daughter. The interment concluded, he returned to that house which had witnessed the flight of two kindred spirits in so short a time. But he too was doomed to experience and realize, in all its fulness, the truth of the saying of the wise preacher, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

That morning on which my master set sail, on making his way to the harbour, carrying with him certain articles, purchased for their novelty,

in Italy, which he thought of turning to advantage in his native land, he asked the assistance of one who seemed to be in no way particularly engaged. He appeared to be of an itinerant occupation, having a curiously constructed cage, in which were a dozen white mice, which, as Kenneth supposed, he went about exhibiting.

His assistance having been readily granted, my master, putting a coin into his hand, on the completion of the work, set sail. The day kept up very well, and twilight drew its veil over the heavens, in which sparkled a few stars, whose brilliancy was transcendent. The hour of rest drew on, and my master, while in the act of undressing for bed, started upon his feet, as if under the influence of an electric shock—"Villain!" he cried, "thou hast undone me, and I shall be the means of bringing further woe upon the remnant of this unhappy family. I would to God I had died with thee, my beloved master, for this world is too full of crosses and vexations for the feeling heart to withstand, and bear up against." I felt very sorry for my poor master; he had been robbed of his pocket-book, which contained all Sir

James's papers and credentials, along with a certain number of guineas, by the mice exhibitor. It was useless to mourn over the loss, as it could be of no avail. He went to bed, and endeavoured to drown his sorrow in slumber. But I must say that downy sleep was not a visitant to his pillow that night. He experienced a very fine voyage, but he was not in a fit state to enjoy it, his heart being galled by his recent loss.

On landing, he had a very unpleasant task to perform; this was to unfold to the widow and the son of his late respected master what had happened. Information, however, of the wreck having reached their ears, previous to my master's arrival, their feelings had by this time been a little softened, and that burst of agony which invariably agitates, when the tidings of mishap and vicissitude first reach the ear, had subsided; so that Kenneth was not a little comforted in having escaped being the first to communicate to them the mournful disaster. He was received with great kindness and feelings of unsophisticated sympathy—it being left for him to reveal particulars. He was kept there for some time. "Alas!" continued my

master, "when I looked upon that hearth, around which the now vanished forms of youth and beauty sat and smiled—where the merry tale winged past with swift speed the lagging hours, enlivened still more by the plaintive song, emanating from hearts a-tune to its sweet feelings—looked upon this, and saw the widowed lady and her only son dwelling in their solitude—the widow still sitting in her old accustomed chair, but not like a tree with all its branches around it—it seemed that there was an awful blank—a ruin engulphing chasm—a gloomy sepulchre, upon which I could not look with apathy, but was compelled in my sympathy to shed a few tributary tears to their beloved memory." After waiting for some time, he took his departure. But it is necessary to mention, for the honour, the respect, the generosity of the lady and her son, that instead of reprobating him for losing the papers, they merely remarked, on his communicating to her their loss—" Poor Kenneth, you have, we fear, indeed lost much—do not let that disturb your mind—we are happy to see you safe home. The letter you brought to us from your late beloved master testified too well your faithfulness for

me and my son to reprehend you in a matter for which you seem so sorry."

My master then took his departure, attended with their blessings, notwithstanding that, by the loss of these papers, they were now comparitively ruined.

Thus concluded my master's narration, but Mary, too agitated with her own sorrows, could not turn a listening ear to it. She evidently evinced signs of non-presence—forgetting frequently the performance of domestic duties. She would at times start in reverie and exclaim, though almost inaudibly—"Never! it shall not be—it cannot be!" The cause of such grief she locked up in her own bosom, to which Kenneth's ingenuity could find no key; he, therefore, resolved to let time reveal it.

One evening after, when the old couple had retired to rest, leaving Kenneth and his sister to their private communications, she broke forth with the following exclamations:—"O, brother, brother, my sorrows are accumulating like the sands of time, the ruthless 'hawk will rob the lintwhite's nest,' and leave nothing behind but a few blood-tinged feathers, torn from the bosom of the helpless songster. Grief will blanch the

cheek with the paleness of coming years, ere they have reached us; and the eye that once smiled with confiding kindness will gather deceit, and then mock our sorrow. The bird of peace and joy that sweetly sang on the bosom of youth will droop and die, like the tender flower that breathes its sweetness in the balmy air, and is crushed ere it hath put forth the fulness of its beauties, or as it sings to charm the ear of man, will fall a prey to his cruel invention. The sun will smile at morning tide till the heart rejoices, but ere mid-day its beauty hath vanished. And, thus, dear brother, how faithless are our hopes, how fleeting our happiness. Dost thou mind, Kenneth, on our young days, when sitting around this hearth, we—." Here Mary's grief, at the recollection of vanished hours, choaked further utterance, and hiding her face in the flowings of her hair, she gave way to the burst of overwhelming sorrow. After indulging in conversation for some time, her grief having somewhat subsided, they both retired to rest. But the eye-lids of sorrow are slow to close in sweet slumber, and her sleep was broken at short intervals by nightly visions. She dreamed that a dark man came

to her bed-side, and tried to put a ring upon her finger, which she strove to resist; he was followed by another of a softer complexion, yet having a look of stern severity, who, with up-raised hand, in the attitude of admonition, warned her to beware.

Time wore on, but spared not, in his corroding course, the pale and delicate frame of Mary. His finger of decay had stamped on her, though young, the traces which are only dreaded in anticipated years. Still time rolled on, and the day was fast approaching when she was to give her hand (alas! but not her heart, for it was broken) to another. The morning of that day arrived, but dawned not on her as on some, with the fond anticipations, elated hopes, and heart-stirring joys, which attend the celebration of their nuptials. The sun rose bright and beautiful—the birds chanted among the trees—the sound of the distant water-fall stole in soft cadence upon the ear. The lambs were bleating on the hill, and the goats skipping on the rocky heights, and all nature shouted with joy. But in this hour of rejoicing arose the sobbings of the sorrowful; she had repaired to the spot where that vow was plighted which

had sealed her heart's dispeace. Her eye was fixed on vacancy—its stedfast gaze seemed to look into futurity; and she thought she saw her future life passing before her, like a scene shifting before the eye of the spectator, and one performing dark deeds, under cover of blackening night—she thought it was he to whom she had given the oath of betrothment. Like the shipwrecked mariner, not knowing whether to attempt land by swimming, or cleave to the wreck, she trembled to break her vow, and she feared to give her hand. The hour of ceremony came, and with faltering steps, and palpitating heart, she repaired, attended by a cheerful train, too joyous for her, to the place where their nuptials were to be celebrated. * * An hour passed away, and the next saw the bride return, leaning on her brother's arm, unwedded. On entering her father's house, she gave a shrill scream, and, fainting in her brother's arms, was borne by him and her young companion, who was to officiate that day as best maiden, an apparantly lifeless corpse, to the bridal bed.

The company dismissed, and the house of anticipated merriment was now become the abode of sorrow.

Morning came, arrayed in all its beauty and cheering influence; the sun broke forth, chasing away the mists that slumbered in the valley, and the lark was chiming its matin song over the roof under which sorrow had taken up its drear abode, when her father was alarmed by his daughter, who sat in bed twining her hair, which fell in ringlets over her shoulder, who, after gazing at him for some time, broke forth in the following reverie—"Sing on, sweet bird, sing on, and Mary will come and deck your bonny neck and dappled breast with young and tender flowers frae the gowny brae. Sing on, sweet bird, and Mary will feed you with crumbs by yon sweet hawthorn." Here she stopt for some time, and again ejaculated—"O, it was cruel of him to trample upon the nest of the helpless songster, as it chirped sweetly in his face. But his look was dark. Back, back, thou gloomy man, or give me back my heart. No, no—broken, it is broken. Back thou dark and faithless. O, it was cruel of him to crush the songster. O, what a dark cloud gathers—the lightning scathes the oak. Haste, haste, the moon is up, but she is sorrowful like a bride. Haste, haste, the eagle is

waiting to bear me to its silvery bosom. Haste, away—haste, away—haste, away." With this she sprang out of bed, and scaled the rocky height. Her parents' fearful apprehensions of what they had all along dreaded, and what she dreaded herself, from her bypast expressions to her brother, were now realized in all their fulness, and she was now become what the heart saddens to contemplate—a maniac.

I will not tire the reader with recapitulating her wanderings and mutterings to herself, from which sometimes her brother would glean a few detached sparks of reason, when they were immediately swallowed up in the heterogeneous mass of broken exclamations and reveries which followed. But reason had not regained her sovereign sway, and the young and gentle child who had grown up under her parents fondling eye, as something

"Like a new existence to their hearts,"

was now the cause of more sorrow to them than if she had been laid in silence in the grave.

From what I could afterwards gather from my master, whose grief was inexpressible for his

poor sister, she evidently looked on him to whom she had plighted her vow, although it was a considerable time after she had discovered it, as one who coolly calculated turning his passion into very base and selfish advantages. She had seen for some weeks previous to the proposed day of their nuptials, something in his nature—for nature will show itself, however it may clothe its deceit in affected smiles—something which pictured coming years as pregnant with trials and tribulations. Her warmth of heart and keenness of imagination were as a mirror wherein she saw, though dimly, the darkness of approaching years big with fearful phantoms, which seemed to be the progeny of an unhallowed heart coming to rob her innocent life of its eternal peace. She was one of those gentle beings whose heart would startle at an act of unkindness or want of sympathy; and this gentleness of nature made her, in her simplicity, expect so from others; for, like the young bird, whose wings have not yet gathered strength to mount its native element, but chirps around the parent tree where first it saw the light, she had never been far

from her father's home, and knew little of the world. * * *

Follow me, gentle reader, to the cells of wretchedness and woe, where the wild look, the hideous laugh, and piercing shriek, melt even the most unfeeling into tears. The scene is changed —but, alas! she, the hapless, is not changed; for her eye is as wild and her brain as heated as on the morn she climbed the rocky height. Fancy then my distressed master, with a tearful eye, leaning his languid form against a dark and blackened wall, with a few narrow holes, barred with iron gratings. The voice of a maniac is heard—it is his poor sister Mary.

CHAP. XIII.

KENNETH MACALPIN CONTINUED.

KENNETH was again in the city of Edinburgh, but with a sadder heart than when he left it. With his eyes cast to the ground, he perambulated the streets unconscious whither he went, and unheeding the bustle, when, in his cogitations with himself, in turning a corner, he came in collision with a person counting his copper coins, calculating, no doubt, how far they might go in procuring him a little more of the mountain dew, having all the appearance of being under its elevating influence. This was a fat, corpulent easy fellow, possessing such a pair of cheeks hanging over his *chafts*, that one would have thought he had been all his days in a brewery. Staggering here and there—each leg he lifted might have been a good shoulder-pull to one of no ordinary physical capability. He saluted my master, as he listlessly rapped against him, with the round compliments of a son of Bacchus—" Hallo! hallo! freen, what's a' yer hurry man; I'm no a stane wa' for you

to knock against, and hammer awa at, neither am I a whisky keg, tho' I maun allow that I'm a we thing chipped the night, and yet I just hae plenty an nae mair." Having said so, he staggered against the wall, and his hat falling off, my master lifted it up, and put it on his head. " Thank ye freen, thank ye man—od yere a kin' chiel after a'—unco obligin', I assure you. Ye might just come hame to my house wi me, if ye be on nae particler hurry, an' we'el hae a drap o' the crater. I gat a wee thing o'er mickle this mornin', an ye see I'm just thinkin' to wear aff the night wee't, sin it is sae. My freen o'er the way there an me hae just had a wee drap, nae mickle, jest as mickle as wet our wizans an' warm our noddles a wee bit. An' I'm just new deen wi gien some orders—let me see now, twal dozen porter; a cask o' the pure crater, half o't unco guid, that's to say strong; some ginger cordial for my wife, puir thing, wha is now unco weakly. Ye see her lassie has just worn awa frae her, an that's the thing that's vexin' her. O ay, puir thing, she was laid yesterday beside her brither, wha was buried just sax months sine, puir chicl. But come awa, freen, hame wi me." After having drawled out this

voluminous bundle of drunken repetitions, he looked my master straight in the face for the first time, and now recognising Kenneth, saluted him. "Kenneth Macalpin, my auld freen! Its nae possible! Is that yer ain sel—man, speak." My master replied in the affirmitive. "Bless me, you look a wee thing pitten out like—what in a' the earth maks ye sae douce. My stars, yer very chafts are fawin in. Come awa wi me, man, an the lassie will mak ready a beef steak for ye, and that'll may be fill them out some, tho' ye should keep it there, and no let it down into your stomach at all. Bless me, but ye are a sad sight, yer looking as if ye was just new deen commissioning your ain coffin; ye surely hae been buried some time, an risen again. My certy but ye are a ghost—od its well that I didna look tae you sooner, or I would a taen heels an ran." My master, after so many repeated requests, complied, and they jogged on, Kenneth not knowing how to reply, in order to keep up humour, at same time feeling himself a little uneasy in his company. The beefsteak was prepared, and Mr. Chafts' loquacity was for the first time silenced, making his grinding engines do their duty to such perfec-

tion, as to astonish my master in no small degree. This was a moment when Mr. Chafts must be up and doing, for now he was in his glory; yet finding time for a few words, he urged my master to apply his knife and fork with nimbleness, as he called it. "Come eat, man; bless me, I could devour a whole bullock while yer eatin' a sparrow, tho' it sid hae as ill-claithed banes as yersel. Ring the bell, Kenneth, my auld freen." The bell was rung, and the servant-maid entered. "Bring's anither steak, lassie." My master expressed himself that he felt quite satisfied. "Na, na, bring's anither, for I hae a man to restore to life wha has lang been dead." When the steak was brought in, Mr. Chafts did as much justice to it as to the first, and strongly urged my master to eat; then leaning himself back on the chair for a few mimutes, he said "De ye no think, Kenneth, that sio a fine fry is worth a guid lang grace—they should be hanged that would gae it a short ane; but as I'm no in the habit o' steeken my een that way, I'll just sweel't down wi' a drap o' the crater; tak' a drap there, Kenneth; it'll fire yer highland bluid, man, and help to scare that charnel-house look o' yours

awa." The second was discussed, for Mr. Chafts had done ample justice to it; but my master, not feeling himself inclined to reply to all his jargon, proposed taking a short walk, and withdrew, signifying that he would return shortly. It was a fine evening, and my master feeling himself in a melancholy mood, extended his walk. The moon was in her crescent, arrayed like a bride on her bridal morn, tinging with her silvery light the antique pile where hoary grandeur still presides, and whose massy walls have withstood in their rock-girt strength the thunders of war and the storms of a thousand years. Not a cloud was seen to ruffle the blue ether of night's studded canopy, and Venus sparkled like a diamond on the blue mantle of heaven—the trees were still—the zephyr was at rest—a soft hum spread over the city—when, as my master was going along Princes Street, his ear was arrested by the sweet melody of a female voice, which stole on his charmed senses, and seemed as a lute breathing its harmony in a lonely vale, when the winds are hushed. Yet, no one heeded—the hand of charity was cold, and withheld from her, who had all the appearance of having one day needed it not. She

carried a child in her arms, muffled up in part of a large grey mantle, drawn straight around her own person, and wore a bonnet that protruded from her face, as if she wished to conceal it. My master approached, and gazed with much interest. A glimmering of bygone days flashed over his mind, and on catching a glance of her features, his conjectures were the more confirmed. "Can it be possible!" he said to himself, and drawing a coin of respectable weight from his pocket, he with delicacy put it into her hand.

When turning round her head to express the gratitude with which she met his charity, my master said in a low and sorrowful voice, "The days have been when thou wert not at the mercy of the cold unheeding passer by. Julia K——!" Here they gazed into each others faces, and looked the feelings which bore the recollection of bygone years. In this moment of recognition and excitement Kenneth dropt me, and I had to part with that kind master who had borne me far and carried me long.

* * * * *

This world is a scene of perpetual change, and nothing changes oftener than fashion. Need

I say, that after having passed through so many hands, I am now rather an old-fashioned article. I begin to tremble, lest I should next fall into the hands of some foppling, who will have me conveyed to the goldsmith and transformed into a new shape. I have, however, this consolation, that, like the human soul, I shall live after death, for men estimate the material of which I am composed at its full value, and that my being differently formed will afford me greater facilities of observing men's minds and characters. I have little doubt that, however gaudy my future appearance may be, I shall be enabled to make use of my faculties of recording whatever comes within the range of my observation, and that what I have already recorded, will escape being drowned in the waters of Lethe.

THE END.

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